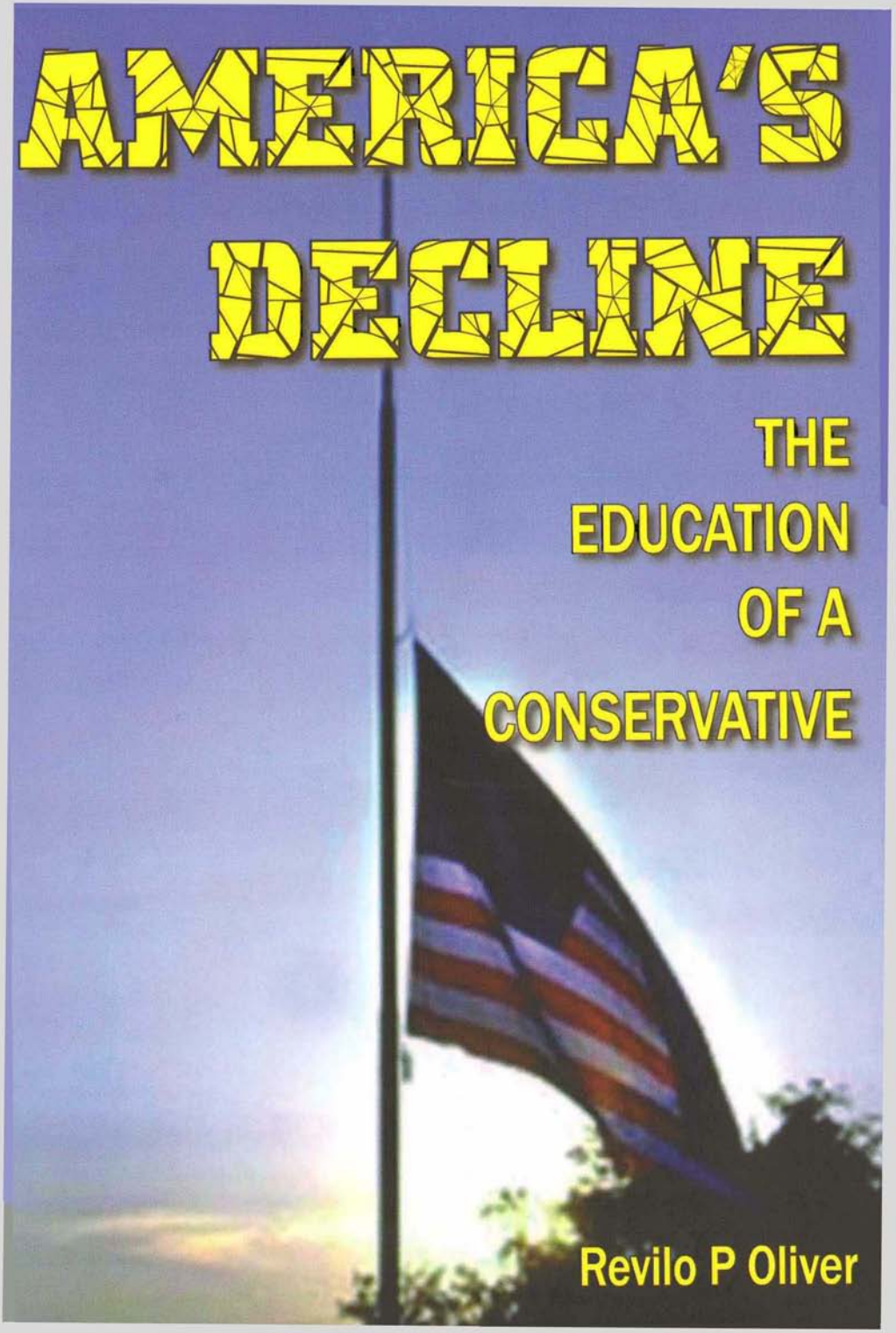

AMERICA'S
DECLINE
THE
EDUCATION
OF A
CONSERVATIVE
Revilo P Oliver

AMERICA'S DECLINE

THE EDUCATION OF A CONSERVATIVE

Revilo P Oliver

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Preamble

CONSERVATISM, when that word was first used in a political sense, correctly implied the maintenance of existing governmental and social institutions and their preservation from all undesirable innovation and substantial change. In Europe and the United States, however, the term has now acquired a quite different and linguistically improper meaning: it implies the restoration of political and social institutions that were radically changed and subverted to produce the governmental and social institutions that now exist.

Strictly speaking, therefore, 'conservatism' has come, paradoxically, to mean reaction, an effort to purge the nation's social and political organization of deleterious accretions and revolutionary changes imposed upon it in recent times, and to restore it to the pristine state in which it existed at some vaguely or precisely defined time in the past. The persons who now call themselves conservatives, if they mean what they propose, are really reactionaries, but eschew the more candid word as prejudicial in propaganda.

In Britain, for example, persons who by conviction call themselves conservative (as distinct from politicians who think the word useful to stimulate the glands of their victims) have no wish to conserve and preserve the existing situation, which has resulted from the invasion of their country by hordes of aliens who are, by a biological necessity, their racial enemies. On the contrary, they desire a reaction, a return to the time when the British Isles were the property of the creators of their civilization, the Aryan inhabitants, whether Celtic or Teutonic in origin. And I doubt whether there is any contemporary institution — not even the present degradation of the Monarchy — that a British "conservative" would wish

to preserve as it now is and without restoring it to its condition in some more or less specific period of the past.

In the United States, a comparable mutation of the word's political meaning has taken place during the decades through which I have lived. I began as an American conservative: I wished to preserve the American society in which I grew up, not because I was unaware of its many and gross deficiencies, but because I saw it threatened by cunningly instigated agitation for changes that would inevitably destroy it and might ultimately result in a reversion to total barbarism. And with the euphoria of youth, I imagined that the existing structure, if preserved from subversion, would, under the impact of foreseeable and historically inevitable events, accommodate itself to the realities of the physical and biophysical world and perhaps give to the nation an era of Roman greatness.

Over the years, as the fatal subversion proceeded gradually, relentlessly, and often stealthily, and was thoughtlessly accepted by a feckless or befuddled populace, I became increasingly aware that 'conservatism' was a misnomer, but I did entertain a hope that the current of thought and feeling represented by the word might succeed in restoring at least the essentials of the society whose passing I regretted. And when I at last decided to involve myself in political effort and agitation, I began a painful and very expensive education in political realities.

Since I have held positions of some importance in several of what seemed the most promising "conservative" movements in the United States, for which I was in one way or another a spokesman, and I was at the same time an attentive observer of the many comparable organizations and of the effective opposition to all such efforts, friends have convinced me that a succinct and candid account of my political education may make some contribution to the historical record of American "conservatism," should someone in an unpredictable future be interested in studying its rise and fall.

Memoirs and recollections are always subject to the subtly perverting influence of hindsight. Prometheus always abdicates to Epimetheus, try as we may to exclude the intruder. The opinions that I held and the positions that I took at any given point in

my education are recorded in the articles that I contributed to the periodicals of the groups and organizations in which I supposed myself to have a leading part and to which my principal contribution was precisely writing and speaking on their behalf. *Scripta manent.* Writing preserves thoughts and sentiments that quickly fade from the consciousness that entertained them and are inevitably dispersed in the amalgam of a newer present. Therefore, to verify and validate the political and cultural positions that I took during the decades of my education, I have documented my account with a selection of what seem to me the most important, but yet typical, articles that I published, and have added at the end of this volume a complete bibliography for anyone who may wish to look further. Whether, as some of my friends tell me, these articles, although mere journalism, written for the passing day, have some permanent, perhaps literary, value, is not for me to judge and is not relevant here. The present volume is to be a contribution, perhaps minor and necessarily personal, to the history of the "conservative" movement in the United States.

When I called these articles typical, I meant only that they fairly represented my position at the time they were written. I do not pretend, and would not suggest, that they were typical of the oddly amorphous reaction in the United States that was called "conservatism" or "patriotism" by sympathizers and called "extremism" or "Fascism" by our racial enemies and their lackeys.

I think I may claim without immodesty that I always saw reality more clearly than anyone in the motley procession of self-appointed "leaders" who, inspired by illusory hopes and imagined certainties, arose to "save the nation", fretted out their little hour on the darkling stage of an almost empty theatre, and vanished, sometimes pathetically, into the obscurity from which they came. What I dare not affirm is that I ever saw reality as clearly as some of the shrewd men who cynically exploited — and exploit — the residue of patriotic sentiment and the confused instinct of self-preservation that remains in the white Americans who still respond to one or another variety of "right-wing" propaganda.

If you consider objectively the career of a highly successful

confidence man who is profitably vending patriotic nostrums to worried Americans, you cannot prove that the man did not, with lucid sagacity and cold realism, take into account all the multiple factors of the present situation and by a penetrating analysis perceive that our nation and race is hopelessly and inalterably doomed by its own fatuity and a subconscious, but irresistible, death-wish and only then did he decide to extract as much profit and exhilarating amusement as he could from a doomed species, which, be it remembered, had involved him and his progeny in its insane suicide; he may even have told himself that by swindling the patriotic suckers with delusive projects to absorb their money and energies, he was being as merciful as a physician who promises recovery as he injects morphine into the veins of a dying man to ease his pain. With one or two of the great hokum-hucksters of the "right-wing," the possibility that I have suggested cannot be excluded; and if that is the explanation, one may, of course, raise questions about their morality, but none about their intelligence. And if the future shall have proved them right, the present volume may still have some slight value as an example of naïveté.

If what I tried to do is more than an example of a kind of sophisticated credulity, readers of the present and students of the putative future may find some interest in the "education", in Henry Adam's use of that word, I received as my most pessimistic fears were again and again proved to have been wildly optimistic. And if this book is to have such interest, I shall have to explain how I came to involve myself in activities that effectively diverted a large part of my time and energy from a form of scholarship in which, if it be not vanity to confess it, I had flattered myself that I could attain the eminence and influence of an A E Housman or a Wilamowitz-Moellendorff.

Before I do so, however, I must interject an explicit warning, for this book may come into the hands of readers for whom it is not intended. I do not propose to entertain with anecdotes or to soothe by retelling any of the fairy tales of which Americans seem never to tire. If these pages are worth reading at all, they deal with a problem that is strictly intellectual and historical, and they are therefore addressed only to the comparatively few individuals who are willing

and able to consider such questions' objectively and dispassionately, thinking exclusively in terms of demonstrable facts and reason, and without reference to the personal wishes and emotional fixations that are commonly called 'faith' or 'ideals'. It is not my purpose to unsettle the placidity of the many who shrink from unpleasant realities and spare themselves the discomfort of cogitation by assuring themselves that some Savior, most commonly Jesus or Marx, has promised that the earth, if not the whole universe, will soon be rearranged to suit their tastes. As Kipling said of the fanaticists of his day, they must cling to their faith, whatever the cost to their rationality: "If they desire a thing, they declare it is true. If they desire it not, though that were death itself, they cry aloud, 'It has never been'".

Persons who are not capable of objectivity or are unwilling to disturb their cerebral repose by facing displeasing facts should never read pages that cannot but perturb them emotionally. If they do so, they must blame the curiosity that impelled them to read words that were not intended for them. The reader has been warned.

Part I
America after the Holy War

I

When the westbound Capitol Limited ran through Silver Springs in the autumn of 1945, my wife insists that there was a visible change in my countenance and some subtle alteration in my whole being. She even suggests, half-seriously, that the lifting of our spirits may somehow have been sensed by our little dog, for she leaped down from the transverse seat at the end of the Pullman compartment, on which she had settled herself comfortably, and bounded towards us, as though greeting us after a long absence. It is true that I felt that we were leaving forever the mephitic miasma of the District of Corruption, and, with an optimism that now seems fantastic, I was persuaded that never again would I have to concern myself personally with public affairs. I thought it certain that within a very few years the United States and Great Britain would be swept by a reaction of national indignation that would become sheer fury as the facts about the Crusade to Save the Soviet became known, as I believed they inevitably must. That reaction, I thought, would occur automatically, and my only concern was for the welfare of a few friends who had innocently and ignorantly agitated for war before the unspeakable monster in the White House successfully tricked the Japanese into destroying the American fleet at Pearl Harbor. I

wondered whether a plea of ignorance would save them from the reprisals I foresaw!

Many of the reasons for my confidence in the nation's future I could not then explain even to the lady whose unfailing affection has sustained me through the greater part of my life, for I respected the various oaths of secrecy I had taken, and indeed there were a few facts which I hoped might never become publicly known. They are now commonplace, but the significance of the disclosures may not be fully apprehended.

Perhaps the most exhilarating message ever read by American Military Intelligence was one sent by the Japanese government to their Ambassador in Berlin (as I recall), urging him not to hesitate to communicate certain information by telegrams and assuring him that "no human mind" could decipher messages that had been enciphered on the Purple Machine. That assurance justified the merriment it provoked, but to those who thought about it, it was also a grim warning that the fact that it had been read so easily in Washington was a secret that must never be disclosed. The methods of analysis that had permitted human minds to do what the Japanese believed impossible naturally showed why the complicated device that Americans called the Purple Machine had been vulnerable to that analysis, and therefore indicated how it would be possible, with the electronic equipment even then available, to produce enciphering machines that would be proof against such analysis.[1] The comforting axiom that what man's ingenuity can do, man's ingenuity can undo, is not strictly correct, and in dealing with certain of the more intricate problems encountered, analysts were grimly aware that they were working close to the frontiers of the human mind. If an alert enemy learned what it had been possible for them to do, he might well have the ingenuity to make such accomplishments impossible in the future. That has happened.

In that sense, the secret of Pearl Harbor should have been kept, if possible. Everyone now knows, of course, that the message to the Japanese Ambassador in Washington, warning him that Japan was about to attack the United States, was read by Military Intelligence not long after the Ambassador himself received it, and that the

frantic cover-up, involving some successful lying about details, was intended, not to preserve that secret, but to protect the traitors in Washington who made certain that the Japanese attack, which they had labored so long to provoke, would be successful and produce the maximum loss of American lives and destruction of American ships. It would not have been necessary to divulge the military secret to expose the treason and punish the traitors.

In January 1941, almost eleven months before Pearl Harbor, preparation for it began in Washington when Franklin D Roosevelt summoned the Portuguese Ambassador to the United States and, enjoining him to the utmost secrecy, asked him to inform Premier Salazar that Portugal need have no concern for the safety of Timor and her other possessions in Southeast Asia; the United States, he said, had decided to crush Japan forever by waiting until her military forces and lines of communication were stretched to the utmost and then suddenly launching an all-out war with massive attacks that Japan was not, and could not be, prepared to resist. As expected, the Portuguese Ambassador communicated the glad tidings to the head of his government, using his most secure method of communication, an enciphered code which the Portuguese doubtless imagined to be "unbreakable," but which Roosevelt well knew had been compromised by the Japanese, who were currently reading all messages sent in it by wireless. The statement, ostensibly entrusted in "strict secrecy" to the Portuguese Ambassador, was, of course, intended for the Japanese government, and, as a matter of fact, it became certain that the trick had succeeded when the contents of the Portuguese Ambassador's message to Salazar promptly appeared in a Japanese message enciphered by the Purple Machine. Roosevelt had only to wait for Japan to act on the "secret" information about American plans thus given her, and to order naval movements and diplomatic negotiations that would appear to the Japanese to confirm American intentions.

The fact that I have just mentioned is really the ultimate secret of Pearl Harbor, and seems to have been unknown to Admiral Theobald when he wrote his well-known book on the subject. The treason of our great War Criminal could have been exposed without

disclosing that Japanese or even Portuguese messages had been read by Military Intelligence. That the statement had been made officially to the Portuguese Ambassador would not have been denied by his government, and the public could have been left to assume that the Japanese had learned of the threat through their spies in Lisbon, and that American Intelligence knew of the efficiency of Japanese espionage in Portugal.

The implication would have been made obvious by other facts that were matters of common knowledge in military circles, but had been successfully concealed from the American victims of the depraved creature they had elected to the Presidency. As is now well-known, he had, beginning in 1934, meddled assiduously in the diplomatic affairs of Europe, in conspiracy with a person of half-English ancestry named Winston Churchill, to get a war against Germany started in Europe to please his Jewish owners and gratify his own nihilistic lusts. When the gullible Poles had been successfully cozened by promises they should have known to be absurd, and when Chamberlain proved himself a cheap politician instead of a statesman and, yielding to the pressures of aliens, involved his nation in an immoral war against its own best interests, the criminal in the White House began at once to seek means of inflicting disaster on the Americans.

His first plan was defeated by the prudence of the German government. While he yammered about the evils of aggression to the white Americans whom he despised and hated, Roosevelt used the United States Navy to commit innumerable acts of stealthy and treacherous aggression against Germany in a secret and undeclared war, hidden from the American people, hoping that such massive piracy would eventually so exasperate the Germans that they would declare war on the United States, whose men and resources could then be squandered to punish the Germans for trying to have a country of their own. These foul acts of the War Criminal were known, of course, to the officers and men of the Navy that carried out the orders of their Commander-in-Chief, and were commonly discussed in informed circles, but, so far as I know, were first and much belatedly chronicled by Patrick Abbazia in *Mr Roosevelt's*

Navy: the Private War of the U.S. Atlantic Fleet, 1939-1942, published by the Naval Institute Press in Annapolis in 1975. The shocking facts are reported in that book, with only daubs of rhetorical whitewash applied perfunctorily here and there to disguise a little the hideous *caput mortuum* of the traitor, but with no intention to deceive an alert and judicious reader.

Although the U.S. Navy's acts of outrageous piracy on the high seas were successfully concealed from the majority of the American people before Pearl Harbor, they were, of course, well known to the Japanese, and partly account for Roosevelt's success in deceiving them with his "confidences" to the Portuguese Ambassador. Of course, using the Navy, which then had a long and honorable tradition of implicit obedience to its Commander-in-Chief; for secret aggression was quite different from arranging surprise attacks in the Pacific with armies embarked on transports to be immediately landed in Asia, but it may be that the Japanese did not see that difference, given the great and unbridgeable difference between the mentalities of the two races, or, if they did, it may be that they assumed that when Roosevelt was ready to attack them, his power over the American press and communications would enable him to simulate an attack they had not in fact made. That the deception was successful was, of course, shown in December 1941, when they made a desperate effort to avert the treacherous blow they feared.[2]

In 1945 it did not seem unreasonable to anticipate that when Americans learned that the vilest of traitors himself was guilty of the "infamy" of which he had accused the Japanese – that he had knowingly contrived the death of the Americans who perished in the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines – that their lives and fortunes had been sacrificed to inflict indescribable suffering on almost all the civilized peoples of Europe – that the "war guilt," of which so much has been said in the verbal excrement thrown in their faces by their domestic enemies, was really the guilt of the American people, though unwittingly incurred – it did not seem unreasonable, I say, to predict that the Americans would have sufficient manhood and intelligence to inflict on their betrayers a signal and exemplary chastisement that would be forever memorable.

There was the added consideration that the ties of consanguinity and language between Americans and the English have always been so close that one nation is affected by what happens in the other. The guilt of Great Britain and especially the treason of Winston Churchill, who, while a private citizen, had conspired with Roosevelt to overthrow the legal British government of poor Neville Chamberlain, had been temporarily concealed, but there was one potentially great difference in 1945. In April of 1944 sane observers had been startled by the publication of a book written by a former Principal Secretary of the British Air Ministry, J M Spaight, and they were even more startled when Churchill's government did not suppress the book and hustle its author off to the Bolshevik-style imprisonment that had been inflicted on Admiral Domville, Captain Ramsay (a Member of Parliament), and other true Englishmen guilty of insufficient veneration of the Jews, and even on an American, Tyler Kent, who would have been protected by diplomatic immunity, had he represented an independent and self-respecting nation. Spaight had committed what was an appalling indiscretion, an almost unbelievable breach of national secrecy. He not only admitted — he boasted — that Great Britain, in violation of all the ethics of civilized warfare that had theretofore been respected by our race, and in treacherous violation of solemnly assumed diplomatic covenants about "open cities", had secretly carried out intensive bombing of such open cities in Germany for the express purpose of killing enough unarmed and defenceless men and women to force the German government reluctantly to retaliate and bomb British cities and thus kill enough helpless British men, women, and children to generate among Englishmen enthusiasm for the insane war to which their government had committed them.

It is impossible to imagine a governmental act more vile and more depraved than contriving death and suffering for its own people — for the very citizens whom it was exhorting to "loyalty" — and I suspect that an act of such infamous and savage treason would have nauseated even Genghis Khan or Hulagu or Tamerlane, Oriental barbarians universally reprobated for their insane blood-lust. History, so far as I recall, does not record that they ever

butchered their own women and children to facilitate lying propaganda. Spaight had blurted out the truth about the foulest of war crimes, and it seems inconceivable that when the immediate perils of the war in which they had been involved by treason were over, Englishmen would be so lost to all considerations of honor and human decency and even compassion for their kinsmen and friends who had been thus sacrificed, that they would not take vengeance on the self-confessed and vaunting authors of their misfortune and disgrace. In 1944 members of British Military Intelligence took it for granted that after the war Marshal Sir Arthur Harris would be hanged or shot for high treason against the British people, since Spaight's book would preclude the defence that he had reluctantly obeyed a higher authority (discreetly unnamed).

There were further considerations. Both British and Americans have always claimed to be humane and have loudly condemned unnecessary bloodshed, mass massacres, and sadistic delight in the infliction of pain, although one must now wonder whether those fine sentiments extend to members of their own race and are not instead restricted to their enemies, both civilized and savage, who will help them satisfy a morbid death-wish that has somehow been implanted in their diseased souls. However that may be, in 1945 their professions could still be credited without doubt, and that meant they would be stricken with remorse for a ferocious act of unmitigated savagery unparalleled in the history of our race and unsurpassed in the record of any race. The bombing of the unfortified city of Dresden, nicely timed to insure an agonizing death to the maximum number of white women and children, has been accurately described by David Irving in *The Destruction of Dresden* (London, 1963), but the essentials of that sickening atrocity were known soon after it was perpetrated. To be sure, it is true that such an act might have been ordered by Hulagu, the celebrated Mongol who found pleasure in ordering the extermination of the population of all cities that did not open their gates to him — and of some that did — so that the severed heads of the inhabitants could be piled up into pyramids as perishable but impressive monuments to his glory. The Americans and British, however, deem themselves more

civilized than Hulagu and less sadistic. And at the time that they, in their official policy of frightfulness and savagery, were incinerating their own blood brothers and sisters in Dresden, they were howling with indignation over the supposed extermination by the Germans of some millions of Jews, many of whom had taken the opportunity to crawl into the United States, and while Americans seem to feel a particular reverence for God's People, one could have supposed in 1945 that when the hoax, devised to pep up the cattle that were being stampeded into Europe, was exposed, even Americans would feel some indignation at having been so completely bamboozled.

The prompt exposure of the bloody, swindle seemed inevitable, particularly since the agents of the O.S.S., commonly known in military circles as the Office of Soviet Stooges, who had been dispatched to conquered Germany to set up gas chambers to lend some verisimilitude to the hoax, had been so lazy and feckless that they merely sent back pictures of shower baths, which were so absurd that they had to be suppressed to avoid ridicule. No one could have believed in 1945 that the lie would be used to extort thirty billion dollars from the helpless Germans and would be rammed into the minds of German children by uncouth American "educators" – or that civilized men would have to wait until 1950 for Paul Rassinier, who had been himself a prisoner in a German concentration camp, to challenge the infamous lie, or until 1976 for Professor Arthur Butz's detailed and exhaustive refutation of the venomous imposture on Aryan credulity.

Germany, after a valiant and heroic defense against the forces of virtually the whole world that the Jews had mobilized against her, was forced to surrender in 1945, but with the American invasion of German territory began the innumerable atrocities against her civilian population – the atrocities against prisoners began even earlier – that have brought on our people the reputation of Attila's hordes. The outrages were innumerable and no one, so far as I know, has even tried to compile a list of typical incidents of rape and torture and mayhem and murder. Most of the unspeakable atrocities, it is true, were committed by savages and Jews in American uniforms, but many, it must be confessed, were perpetrated by Americans,

louts from the dregs of our own society or normal men crazed with hatred. All victorious armies, it is true, contain elements that want to outrage the vanquished, and few commanders in "democratic" wars can maintain the tight discipline that made Wellington's armies the marvels of Europe or the discipline that generally characterized the German armies in both World Wars; what so brands us with shame is that the atrocities were encouraged by our supreme commander in Europe, whose orders, presumably issued when he was not drunk or occupied with his doxies, made it difficult or hazardous for responsible American generals to observe what had been the rules of civilized warfare. Almost every American soldier in Germany had witnessed the barbarous treatment of the vanquished, the citizens of one of the greatest nations of Western civilization and our own kinsmen, and — despite the efforts to incite them to inhuman hate with Jewish propaganda — many of our soldiers witnessed such outrages with pity and shame. The cumulative effect of their reports when they returned to their own country should have been great.

It is needless to multiply examples, some of which may be found in FJP Veale's *Advance to Barbarism* (London, 1953). I have, I believe, sufficiently explained my confidence, in 1945, that the following years would witness an inevitable reaction by the American people — a reaction far more intense and violent than the reaction that followed the First World War, which had been rather a kind of disillusion, since there were then no recognized culprits who could be called to account for indubitable and inexcusable crimes rather than vanity, folly, and venality.

In 1918 the reaction had been confused and aimless, diverted and distracted by marginal agitations. Unthinking persons, for example, perhaps influenced by Wilson's idiotic phrase, "a war to end wars", actually believed that the horrors of 1914-1918 proved that war was thenceforth impossible in the civilized world or, if not quite so fatuous, entertained wild fantasies that wars could be averted by a kind of solemn vaudeville show called the League of Nations or some other magic to be performed with scraps of paper spotted with meaningless verbiage. In the United States a motley gang of shysters and swindlers had exploited the uterine thinking

of fat-headed females newly permitted to vote and the itch of professional holy men to yell in their pulpits, and the result had been a constitutional amendment that probably had the purpose, and certainly had the effect, of subsidizing organized crime and promoting a fusion of crime and politics. In 1945, however, there could be no mistake about responsibilities, about the natural function of war in civilization, or about the folly of the weird quasi-religious cult of humanitarians and self-styled "Liberals", whose superstitions and ignorance had made them unwitting instruments of the basically criminal mass of parasites and looters that battened on Roosevelt's "New Deal".

Obviously, I sadly overestimated the intelligence of the American people — an error I was to commit often thereafter — and grossly underestimated the power of the Jews.

My generation thought of the Jews as pests rather than as an international race, and there were some Jews who were not Jews. Persons who have grown up since 1945 will find it difficult to understand what we, who grew up around 1930, then took for granted but now seems inconceivable.

In the 1920s and 1930s there were a few Jews — very few in comparison with the millions that were in the United States even before the great influx under Roosevelt — who seemed to be Americans or Europeans and, without trying to disguise their racial origins, seemed to have so little in common with the majority of their race that one did not think of them as Jews. They had the manners of gentlemen, had apparently assimilated the traditions, learning, and spirit of our culture, and had evidently lost the intense racial consciousness that is the prime characteristic of Jews. If they felt (and even today I find it hard to believe that they did) the Jews' contempt for the stupid Aryans and the other races that their tribal god or their innate superiority have made their natural subjects, they concealed that sentiment perfectly, and, when the question arose, expressed a well-bred contempt for the "Kikes", the mass of crafty, industrious, instinctively dishonest, and naturally dirty aliens who were battening on our society and exploiting our Christian weakness, a foolish toleration of, and sympathy for, anything that whines.

Some of the civilized Jews were or claimed to be of Sephardic stock, and pointed out that the mass of parasites were Ashkenazirn, not Semites at all but of Turko-Mongolian origin, and therefore not Jews by race, but only by having professed an obsolete and barbarous religion that educated men must regard with amusement. I well remember one gentleman who, with the careful courtesy with which a citizen of one country alludes to the shortcomings of another in conversation with one of its citizens, discoursed on the deplorable blunder of the Americans in admitting immigrants without discrimination in the Nineteenth and early Twentieth Century, when we permitted an influx of such Jews from Poland and Russia, who had corrupted our entire society; and he marvelled that Americans of that time, yielding to the greed of their capitalists and their own silly sentimentality, had not had the intelligence to impose at least a financial and educational test to exclude such human dregs. He was, of course, eminently right. Another man, speaking from his own bitter experience, commented on the disastrous and inevitable consequences of marriage between the children of civilized Jews and the children of Kikes who had cheated and clawed their way to wealth. And the Sephardic Jews, proud of their own ancestry, knew how many of the very wealthy Jews in New York City were really the "scum of the earth" despite their crude aping of civilized manners.

Civilized Jews never complained about "discrimination" or "persecution" (past or present) — it would have been preposterous if they had — and neither flaunted nor dissembled their race. They had (so far as one knew) no connection with synagogues or the other racial organizations of the Jews. I knew two who professed a Christian mysticism that was Mediaeval and at least partly aesthetic, but even those who listed themselves as Christians to mark their alienation from Jewry took the educated man's attitude toward superstitions about the supernatural, and they were no more embarrassed by the Old Testament than the Celts of France and the British Isles today are embarrassed by the religion of the Druids and the sacrifices to Esus and Taranis that are so vividly described by Caesar. I never heard from them a word of sympathy for, or even toleration of, the

Bolsheviks, and quite a few, more perceptive than most Americans, saw the need for Europeans to take military action to excise the cancer of Western civilization and destroy the pretensions of the Soviets by either placing the valuable parts of the former Russian Empire under civilized rule as colonies or at least rendering the barbarians powerless and leaving them to rot in their own filth.

There was a racial fact of which no one at the time seemed to appreciate the significance. With the exception of Sephardim who contracted marriages according to the aristocratic code of family alliances, none of the civilized Jews whom I knew was married to a Jewess. And, what is more important, while I knew or now remember nothing of the parents of many, of those whose parents I met or had been given some account, none, if memory serves me, was the son of a Jewess. Thus, although those men thought of themselves as Jews by race, according to the standards of the Jews, who obviously know much more about the hereditary transmission of racial traits than we do, they were not Jews at all.[3] Having rejected the Jewish cult-practices, they rejected also the Jewish criterion of race, and were not perturbed thereby.[4] Not perturbed, I mean, before the late 1930s, when the strident Jewish propaganda against Germany made their position increasingly uncomfortable.

The civilized Jews were, of course, a tiny minority among the members of their race in this country. No one in his senses and not willfully obtuse could overlook the disastrous consequences of the policy that is epitomized by the inscription on the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor: it is verse written by a Jewess and purports to praise the United States, but what it really says is, "World's garbage disposal: dump your human refuse here."

The Jews who infested the nation even before the mass importations under Roosevelt, were clearly unassimilable and uncivilized aliens, but, as I have said, their actual power was clandestine and unnoticed, and one thought of them as pests, comparable, perhaps, to boll weevils in a cotton field or army worms among the corn. They were undoubtedly the principal source of a corruption of which the stench could not be ignored indefinitely. The comment that one heard so frequently under the "New Deal" expressed concisely the

sentiments of many Americans: "We need a Hitler here." The German statesman was often referred to sympathetically, with a smiling allusion to a product that was then widely advertised, as "The Dutch Cleanser" and his policy of encouraging the emigration of Jews from his country was so generally approved that, despite the lamentations of holy men, well-paid journalists, and sentimental women, the Jews were able to arouse only scant sympathy before they invented the hoax about "gas chambers" and the "extermination" of God's Own People. The great mass of Jews, who obviously were what some of the more literate openly boasted they were, an "island within" and an alien nation lodged in the United States, whether they were small shopkeepers who, by their industry and craft, could usually undermine and drive out of business competing *goyim*, or mighty financiers, manipulating markets and subsidizing Bolsheviks, were an infection that the nation could not endure indefinitely, but, as I have said, they seemed entirely distinct from the civilized Jews.

Even today, I cannot believe that all or most of the civilized Jews were merely marranos.[5] They were, however, the principal reason why very few Americans were aware of the racial solidarity of Jews or could imagine a Jewish "conspiracy," however that word was defined. To be sure, there were in circulation pamphlets and booklets that made such allegations, but all of them — all, at least, that I saw — began with what Jesus said about "the synagogue of Satan," "your father, the Devil," etc., and were naturally discarded unread by persons who, unlike most Christians, had read and understood all of the New Testament and had noticed the passages in which the same Jesus is reported as having said quite different things.[6] One heard of the famous *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, but regarded them as a fabrication on the grounds that no body of conspirators would be so foolish and rash as to describe in a written document the secret purposes of their conspiracy, which they presumably took for granted before meeting to forward it. More cogent was the veritable treatise that Henry Ford had published in installments in his magazine, *The Dearborn Independent*, but that was generally left unread, having been neutralized by one of the most adroit strokes

of Jewish propaganda, the endlessly repeated attribution to him of a statement, "History is bunk", that effectively identified him as an ignorant and uncouth misologist.[7]

When one read the eminent conservative writers in French and German, men of the highest intellectual and literary attainments, their discussions of the Jewish problem were invariably limited to the nation of the writer and incorporated in arguments in defense of religious and monarchical traditions that seemed to be irrelevant, for all practical purposes, to America.[8] The most distinguished critics of the Jews in Europe were Charles Maurras and his collaborators of *L'Action française*, who were also the chiefs of a political movement that at one time included 75% of the university students in France and at least 200,000 Frenchmen of all social classes — a movement that seemed formidable in the early and middle 1920s, when the few followers of Hitler in Germany seemed comic to most observers. In the 1930s, however, it required no perspicacity to see that the political movement had been out-manoeuvred, and that, what was more important to an American, Maurras and his fellows, for all their brilliance, had trapped themselves intellectually in a pitfall from wh.ich there was no escape.[9] One admired their literary culture and the sure rapier thrusts of polemics that reminded one of D'Artagnan and his three *Mousquetaires*, but one could hardly fail to see that their politics, taken as a whole, were sheer romanticism.

The great work on the Jewish question was Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. It lacked the literary glitter and scintillating wit of the French polemists, but also lacked their political romanticism. It was pedestrian in style and sober in content, and although it dealt specifically with a situation peculiar to Germany, it should have been cogent.

The failure of *Mein Kampf* to be more persuasive in the 1930s will seem strange today — except, of course, to the millions of boobs who have been conditioned to yap about a book they have never read — but is not inexplicable. It was the work of a political leader, whom an American almost automatically assimilated to the creature in our White House, who was generally said to have conscientious scruples against telling the truth and, at least, could not be suspected of veracity in the cunning spiels, called "Fireside Chats," that he

regularly broadcast over the radio to befuddle light-headed women and stupid men. It was easy to assume that when Hitler wrote the book as an almost unknown politician in 1924, he was making a calculated bid for power and so appealed to his compatriots' justified resentment of the Jews' looting of Germany after her catastrophic defeat in 1918. And perhaps everyone who had an intelligent interest in the Jewish problem had been influenced by Bernard Lazare, who was the Jews' most effective apologist, although they show him no gratitude today and even denounce him as "anti-Semitic," using the catachrestic and grossly misleading epithet that he did so much to fix in common use. His *L'Antisémitisme* (1893) was persuasive because he honestly acknowledged that the Jews have been, since the beginning of their history, the fomenters of sedition and trouble in the nations in which they have lodged themselves; he attributed their hostility toward their hosts and their solidarity to their barbaric religion, which could no longer impose on rational men; and he predicted a peaceful and seemingly reasonable solution to the problem, the eventual absorption of the Jews into our race.

Lazare was a learned man and seemed candid, and his book was accordingly influential. It was not generally known that he, after his probably innocent involvement in the Dreyfus affair[10], changed his mind and decided that the only feasible solution was the one that Hitler later tried to put into effect, ie, the emigration from the nations of the West of all Jews — or, at least, all unwilling to join the nations in which they were residing — and their establishment in some area of the world in which their international nation would be geographically united and thus become a nation like the others in this world. In Lazare's time the plan that Hitler later tried to carry out was called Zionism by its Jewish advocates.[11]

Another factor in determining American attitudes was the fact that Jewish power was not openly displayed, and it was possible for an American to refer intelligently to the Jewish Problem even in our most respected publications, and to do so without fear of punishment. In the period 1920-1940 there flourished at least half a dozen monthly periodicals of general circulation addressed to educated readers, that enjoyed a high prestige and had standards of literary

excellence and culture that would be impossible today, although the names of one or two have survived as ghosts of a vanished past. For example, *The Forum* in March, 1926, published, with illustrative plates, Lothrop Stoddard's summary of the great variety, in terms of physical anthropology, of racial strains, including the Negroid, that appear in Jews, thus posing a problem in genetics that remains unsolved, since the diverse physical types share a distinctive mentality. In January and February 1928, the *Century* published Marcus E Ravage's "Case Against the Jews," surveying the extent of their subversion of our culture. And as late as June and July, 1941, the *Atlantic Monthly* published Albert Jay Nock's demonstration that the Jews are an Oriental race, fundamentally incompatible with our race. Such articles in the foremost magazines, which could be purchased each month at any newsstand, were written without a polemic interest, it is true, but that was simply in keeping with our traditions of well-bred equanimity and courtesy, which Americans maintained when they believed themselves the dominant race in their own country, and they were written and published without trepidation, strange as that will seem to the American of today, who cowers at the thought that he might inadvertently offend his masters and be sternly chastised for his indiscretion.

So great was the confidence then felt in the essential stability of the United States that few Americans paid attention when a wealthy representative of Jewish finance, Samuel Untermeyer, in August 1933 declared, in the name of his international race, a Holy War against Germany, implying, however, that his people's financial power over all the nations of the Western world would suffice to squash the insolent Aryans who wanted a country of their own. His speech, in which he said nothing about eventually stampeding herds of British and American goyim against the Teutonic goyim, was, if noticed at all, dismissed as mere rodomontade and, indeed, soon forgotten.[12] The only man, so far as I can recall, who fully understood its significance at the time was a civilized Jew, who may have been of Sephardic ancestry but whose wife was a charming American woman. He was a prominent and reputedly honest attorney of about fifty, and in a moment of bitterness he said, "The world will never know peace

so long as there are Jews. I have done my part: I have no children." The statement, which, although triggered by Untermeyer's speech, clearly represented a conclusion reached early in life, shocked me at the time and seemed wildly emotional exaggeration, and it was only many years later that I perceived its tragic import.

When the war finally got under way in Europe and Roosevelt began to stir up simple-minded Americans with drivel about "quarantining aggressors", observers generally concluded, not that he was a performing puppet of the Jews, but that he was serving his own dictatorial ambitions and using the aliens for his own revolutionary purposes. Intelligent people, however, did not fail to recognize the blatantly vicious propaganda for American participation in the European war as Jewish pollution of the American mind.

Paul Beshers, who had enjoyed a season of political prominence in the early 1930s as the exponent of a plan to relieve farmers by utilizing part of the corn crop for manufacture of alcohol which would be mixed with gasoline as fuel for automobiles[1], told me that he assured his Jewish acquaintances, "If you do get us into the European War, it won't be long before men are shooting Jews on Michigan Avenue without a hunting license." A cultivated Jew whom I knew was substantially in agreement: "If those crazy fanatics," he said, "succeed in pushing the United States into a war against Germany because they have lost their dominant position there, they will have to leave this country fast after the war, and I am afraid we will have to go with them." And in the late 1930s a Jew, whose name I have forgotten, published a bathetic novel of the future that was widely read and seemed prophetic: the Jews, having been expelled from every nation in the world, assemble as a multitude and begin a toilsome migration to the only area on earth left open to them, the most sparsely inhabited and desolate part of Siberia.

It must not be thought that the Jews gained favor from Americans during the war that was, in reality, fought for their pleasure. On the contrary, one heard everywhere a growing resentment that was merely biding its time until the end of the war. In the Army and Navy there was only resentment that the "Son of a Bitch" in the White House not only lavished on Jews spurious commissions in the

O.S.S. but actually thrust them into the legitimate military with direct commissions and usually with some special function that insured them against damage to their hides. Jews were Bolsheviks, of course, and therefore agents of the Soviet (some even unintentionally, for while they might have refused direct help to the Soviets, the latter had only to send a Jewish agent to speak to them about the "plight of Our People" to learn everything they knew), but it was thought, on the whole, likely that they could provisionally be trusted in a war against the Soviets' enemy — and after that war, there would be a purge that would leave us prepared for whatever action might be necessary to put our real enemies in their place.

Civilians who had much contact with the hordes of "refugees" made their own observations. Academic circles were expected to recognize Hitler's bootmark on coat-tails as the highest scholarly distinction, and many a Jew who claimed to have been an Ordinarius in a German university turned out to have been, at most, a Privatdozent and sometimes merely a graduate student. Many a business man charitably gave a job to a poor, unfortunate refugee, who, as soon as he had learned the business and studied the community, produced a hundred thousand dollars or so from one pocket and bought out the man's competitor. Many Jews let it be known that they resented the bigotry of Americans who did not at once yield their positions when their superiors arrived. Not all refugees, to be sure, behaved thus, but the difference in racial mentalities inevitably made itself felt. And many of the Jews who had long resided in our country saw in the war an opportunity for looting and for exhibiting their arrogance.

In the teeming bureaucracy in Washington, it would be hard to say which set of Jews was considered the more offensive, although I did hear of an immigrant who, made the head of a department in a lie-factory, listened to his goyim servants, who protested that a particular piece of propaganda about German atrocities was so rankly incredible that even ignorant Americans wouldn't believe it, took the cigar from his mouth, and complacently remarked, "We speet in die fazes uff die American schwine." At all events, when Roosevelt died[14], the general rejoicing in the bureaucracy was aug-

mented by a rumor, based on remarks that Truman was said to have made in private, that the inauguration of the new president would be the beginning of a great house-cleaning.

With the kind of humor that is peculiar to administrative circles in Washington, such comments were made over cocktails as, "I hear that the Pennsylvania Railroad is rising to the occasion. Immediately after the inauguration, through trains to the Bronx will leave Union Station every ten minutes, and the parlor cars will have Yiddish-speaking attendants". That is the kindest quip I recall; when the roseate expectations were disappointed, the jokes became more acerbic.

No informed person paid any attention to the nonsense about "extermination" of Jews in Germany that began to be disseminated widely near the end of the war: that was just hokum to pep up the populace, like the "Atlantic Charter" (supposedly drawn up and signed by Churchill and Roosevelt at some conspiratorial meeting on a battleship), which was, of course, a fiction, although purported copies of it were printed and profitably sold to the suckers. And naturally one never heard from responsible persons adverse criticism of the German policy toward Jews during the war, which was simply what one would expect in a country not governed by morons.

Today one occasionally hears from silly sentimentalists regret for the treatment of Japanese in this country after Pearl Harbor. They were all interned in concentration camps in keeping with an obvious military necessity. It is likely, indeed, that there were some Japanese who were not spies and who would not have sabotaged railways, power lines, or whatever else they could reach, but there was no possible way of identifying them. Had the Japanese not been interned for the duration of the war, it would have been necessary to consider every one of them an enemy agent and keep him under surveillance — and it requires no acumen to estimate the magnitude of that impossible task. It is meaningless to talk of "injustice" to individuals. It is one of the simple facts of life on this planet that members of a race or nation must usually participate in the common fate of the group to which they belong. The German

children whom we burned to death in Dresden and other cities can have been guilty only of having been born in a nation that could not stand off the rest of the world and that had been so simple-minded as to assume that the British and Americans had honor or humanity when serving in a Jewish Holy War.

In Germany, when the war began, every Jew was a potential enemy, and the remarkable thing is that the Germans were less thorough in dealing with their resident aliens than we were. Had they interned *every* Jew in concentration camps, they would have taken the minimum precautions for their own safety. Had they failed to intern their domestic enemies, they might as well have surrendered before firing a shot. This, of course, does not take account of what seems to be the general belief of Americans today, that Jews, being God's People, are correct in believing that they are a vastly superior race whom it is an honor for an Aryan to serve and obey. On that supposition, the Germans should never have tried to emancipate themselves from their divinely ordained masters. That view, however, was not generally held by Americans in 1945.

I did not then anticipate so drastic a solution as that suggested by the Jewish novelist of the future exodus, but I did think it likely that when the American people discovered what had been done to them, the Jews, perhaps including some who were innocent, would be well advised to flee to their own country, the former Russian Empire, which they had subverted and captured in 1917-1919. But I did not think of the international race as a world power, greater than any nation of our people. I did not even regard them as ultimately responsible for the war, as distinct from the unfortunate form that war had taken. In this I can claim to have shared the common error of our people, here and in Europe, before that war. When one reads Spengler today, for example, one marvels that no account is taken of Jewish forces on the history of any civilization, ancient or modern. But before 1940, unless I am much mistaken, no reader in England or the United States noticed the omission — not even if he noticed Spengler's failure adequately to measure the influence of biological race.[15]

This will seem odd, perhaps even improbable, to younger read-

ers today, but, as my elder teachers assured me when they spoke of Tango Time, those halcyon days of Western civilization before the First World War, it is impossible to convey in words the spirit and atmosphere of an era to one who has not lived in it. Perhaps I can most concisely illustrate what I mean by quoting from a journal that I kept for some years while I was in school, primarily to exercise myself in treating contemporary topics in passable Greek and Latin prose, but in which I entered some reflections on politico-historical tendencies. In June 1934, a time at which our supposedly literary and intellectual periodicals were filled with endless chatter about disarmament, world peace, and similar hallucinations, which I then thought the product of unassisted fatuity, I made the following entry:

> The coming war in Europe will necessarily be fought to determine continental hegemony . . . The war, although it will probably involve participation of all or almost all of the nations of Europe, must assume one of three forms, viz.:
>
> 1. Great Britain and Germany vs. France.
> 2. Great Britain and France vs. Germany.
> 3. Great Britain and Germany vs. Russia.
>
> The probable results of each of these three combinations can be calculated with some nicety.
>
> 1. This type of war . . . should most please the average pacifist: it would be brief, involve comparatively little destruction, and probably be followed by a comparatively permanent peace (ie, twenty to forty years). If France should be in the hands of radicals, the Soviets, despite their malevolent cowardice, would probably join France; Italy would join Great Britain and Germany: thus the results would be even more desirable.
>
> 2. This type of war, I pessimistically fear, is the most probable. It will be the most insanely stupid and disastrous . . . Germany cannot be ready before 1940 at the very earliest, and probably not before 1942 or 1944. England's democracy makes it impossible for her to fight the war earlier, when her chances of success would be so much greater . . . The longer the delay, the greater the destruc-

tion and suffering the war will cause . . . The results of such a war are conjectural in the highest degree, although only three conclusions are possible.

a. A British victory. This must result in a complete regeneration and revitalization of the Empire, with a return to the healthy and normal imperialism of the Victorian era. Ireland and India will be reminded of their necessary subordination, the Labourites and other termites will be suppressed, and the world may expect once again of England a moral and cultural hegemony.

b. A German victory, although its results will be analogous to the triumph of Rome over Greece in the ancient world, is far preferable to the third alternative.

c. No victory. This possibility is nightmarish but not merely a dream. If Germany and England carry the war to the point of mutual exhaustion, there will no longer be the possibility of an hegemony in Europe for anyone to fight for in the war that will inevitably follow the next peace. This would offer to the Soviet bandits a great opportunity and they would seize it (for predatory creatures are informed of such opportunities by instinct). The spread of Communism (= Nihilism, not Socialism) in Europe would be an epochal catastrophe and make it imperative for the United States to fight a long and bitter war to save our civilization or rather some of it, for the ineluctable deterioration of culture would be so great that the mind instinctively refuses to envisage it. This is precisely the result I most fear.

3. A war by the major powers of Europe against barbarism is the obvious and best solution of the present difficulties in Europe . . . Here is a common cause in which it is possible for all nations of the continent to unite: they will all profit greatly and simultaneously remove the Damoclean menace that will otherwise hang over them for an indefinitely long time. Russia, that pack of slavish barbarians that stares with greedy eyes at the wealth of Europe and with savagely malevolent eyes at the culture of Europe, is always, whether militarily weak or strong, a constant focal point of infection from which the Bolshevik plague may, at any time of economic strain in the civilized world, emanate with anaeretic effect. Of all the many and grave blunders made by the victorious nations in 1918, the most foolish and lamentable was

their decision to abandon the invasion of Russia. That blunder will, in any future conjunction of circumstances, cost them dearly, but the cheapest and most efficacious way of repairing their mistake is a concerted war now. But such a war holds promise of other and greater advantages. Healthy nations are always imperialistic, and the collapse of the will to expand and colonize in post-bellum Europe is the sign of a profound malady, a social neurasthenia, that must speedily be remedied if the whole continent is not to become culturally gerontic and sterile. A war against the enemies of Europe is a means not only of submerging the dissension between European powers, but also of finding by conquest a new vigor and youth. Such a war would, of course, be directed to (1) systematic and permanent destruction of all factories and heavy industries in Russia, (2) capture and occupation of the remaining ports in Soviet territory, and (3) capture and colonization of the Ukraine and other border districts of high economic value.

This third alternative is so obviously the one that Europe should choose that it is heartbreaking to watch the hopelessly purblind leaders of England and France continue their ancient, half-hereditary attempts to secure a balance of power on the continent. There are, of course, difficulties, but . . . it would surely be possible for sagacious statesmen to create within three or four years an excellent *casus belli* which even their liberals and cowards would eventually be forced to support.

This was written at a time when European "statesmen" were performing in Geneva a dreary farce called a Disarmament Conference; when the press and even serious periodicals everywhere were filled with jabbering about world peace and similar fairy tales fit only for minds that had not yet doubted the existence of Santa Claus; when boys at Oxford were taking oaths never, never to fight for King and country – oaths which, by the way, they never broke, for they said nothing about not fighting for the Jews.

My analysis, written in a time of almost universal fatuity, is one of which I am not ashamed – it was certainly realistic in the sense that, as is now obvious, a mere fraction of the military power that was wasted in the war that began in 1939 would have sufficed to abolish the world's plague-house – but it is noteworthy that I did not even think of a possibility of American involvement in

the European war, and that I took no account of the Jews, except insofar as they are implied in references to Bolshevism. How *naif* I was — and long remained — on this subject is amusingly evident from an entry in October 1934:

> I cannot understand why intelligent Liberals condemn Hitler: he is the expression of the will of the majority; he is the triumph of democracy . . . I suspect that *soi-disant* democrats who object to Hitler are fundamentally and, for the most part, unconsciously opposed to democracy in both theory and practice.

That was, of course, the *pons asinorum* in both. In political theory, which deals with abstractions and is therefore inherently Utopian, rational men either approved the Hitlerian regime or repudiated the whole concept of majority rule. In practical terms, rational men perceived that Germany was not the United States, so that what was feasible or desirable in one was not even likely to be feasible or desirable in the other — whence it followed necessarily that all the yelling about "Fascism" was merely a new version of the mental aberration that three centuries before had identified either Luther or the Pope as the Anti-Christ, ie, a kind of epidemic insanity.

Stated in those terms, the problem appeared to be intellectual and psychological, and I think that is why I, in common with almost all Americans who thought about such matters, so signally failed to perceive the extent of Jewish power, even in the most striking exhibitions of it. One good example will suffice.

In his fundamental work on German politics, Adolf Hitler, commenting on the Jews' concerted and frantic defamation of General Ludendorff after the defeat of Germany in 1918, said:

> It remained for the Jews, with their unqualified capacity for falsehood, and their fighting comrades, the Marxists, to impute responsibility for the downfall precisely to the man who alone had shown a superhuman will and energy in his effort to prevent the catastrophe . . . All this was inspired by the principle — which is quite true in itself — that in the big lie there is always a certain force of credibility; because the broad masses of a nation are always more easily corrupted in the deeper strata of their emotional nature than consciously or voluntarily, and thus in the primitive

> simplicity of their minds they more readily fall victims to the big lie than the small lie, since they themselves often tell small lies in little matters but would be ashamed to resort to large-scale falsehoods. It would never come into their heads to fabricate colossal untruths, and they would never believe that others could have the impudence to distort truth so infamously . . . From time immemorial, however, the Jews have known better than any others how falsehood and calumny can be exploited. Is not their very existence founded on one great lie, namely, that they are a religious community, whereas in reality they are a race? . . . One of the greatest thinkers that mankind has produced (Schopenhauer) . . . called the Jew "The Great Master of Lies". Those who do not realize the truth of that statement, or do not wish to believe it, will never be able to lend a hand in helping Truth prevail.[16]

The statement, including the sound psychological observation, is unexceptionable, and the Jews immediately proved its veracity.

With the contempt they feel for Aryans, whom they regard — not without justification — as a vastly inferior race, stupid and easily manipulated by appeals to their venality and superstitions, the Jews at once instructed their hirelings to spread the audacious lie that Hitler had advocated the use of the Big Lie as a valid "Fascist" technique. And from almost every journalistic nozzle, that stinking hogwash was sprayed in the faces of the gullible and despised Americans. That the Jews' Big Lie was believed by the simple-minded was not remarkable, for the reasons that Hitler so clearly stated. What was significant was that it was believed — and irrationally believed — by persons who had an obligation to know better. Some of the journalists who repeated it were Americans and claimed to believe it, and it is a grim fact that a few university professors repeated it, although the German text of *Mein Kampf* was available in the library of any respectable college or university and could have been obtained in a few days from importers in New York and Boston, while indolent or very busy men, who might begrudge the few extra minutes to read the German, could have purchased an acceptable English translation in any good bookstore in any large city or university town.[17] When one observed the success of the Jews' propaganda on both levels, however, one thought in terms

of two social problems that were crucial in contemporary thought, both, as it happens, formulated by French authors: *la psychologie des foules* and *la trahison des clercs*[18].

There was another factor that was exploited by Jewish propaganda and added to popular confusion. Reasonable men, even if they did not believe that the Hitlerian regime represented the Germans' only means of emancipating themselves from the covert domination of the Jews[19], naturally saw that it was the legitimate government of Germany and that only our light-headed busybodies, chiefly sexually frustrated women, publicity-seeking dervishes, and utterly unscrupulous politicians, could have the impudence to denounce it as a *German* institution: what the German people deemed fitting and proper in their situation was obviously *their* business. It was equally obvious, however, that a German institution could not well be adapted to the United States, but if it could, there were very few Americans who did not feel, as I did, that it would be deplorable. I doubt that the many business men, attorneys, and others who were wont to say "We need a Hitler here," were thinking of more than a counterpart of the "Dutch Cleanser" who would as efficiently deal with the malodorous and ever spreading corruption of our society. They doubtless did not desire the economic and other governmental controls that were necessary in Germany but unnecessary here and to which they vehemently objected when the schemer in the White House contrived ways to impose them. And in all probability they did not even consider, let alone want, the unmitigated democracy of the Hitlerian government, which was, of course, based on the principle of unlimited majority rule.

It must be remembered that my generation had seen something of the consequences of democracy – enough, at least, to teach one to hope ardently for the restoration of the American Republic and its Constitution. Furthermore, even in 1930-32 Americans enjoyed a degree of personal freedom, almost inconceivable today, that no rational man wished to lose, while one could reasonably hope that our traditional liberty could soon be recovered.

One of the most effective denunciations of European Fascist regimes originated, it seems, with R. Aron and A. Dandieu, who,

in their *Décadence de la nation française*, identified Fascism as "la démonstration de l'esprit américain". That neat identification, though grossly unfair to the Fascisti, became commonplace in political polemics, for it was plausible and contained an element of truth, if one considered only the worst aspects of Mussolini's reform of Italian government. To prove their point, the authors pointed to the insanely authoritarian government of the United States, where Americans acquiesced in a tyranny that the most despotic government in Europe's history would not have dared to impose on its subjects.

The Eighteenth Amendment, which made the United States ridiculous, and its government contemptible, in the eyes of the civilized world and of its own rational citizens, formally repudiated all the principles of the American Constitution and, indeed, the very concept of personal dignity and freedom that is instinctive in our race. And we must sadly remember that while the Jews naturally lurked in the background, snickering and profiting, the persons responsible were exclusively White, Anglo-Saxon Protestants, all of them above the age of puberty and literate. It will be no irrelevant digression to remind ourselves summarily of the essentials of a political fatuity that must be taken into consideration in any estimate of the prospects of our people and race.

Woodrow Wilson appears to have been primarily a crackbrained idealist and only secondarily a shyster[20]. Unfortunately, instead of following his father and grandfathers into a pulpit, where he could have ranted about his fantasies harmlessly, he became a professor of "political science", which he had the ingenuity to make a kind of secular theology. As President of Princeton University he manifested such priggish arrogance and self-righteous dishonesty that he became intolerable to the faculty and would have been dismissed in disgrace, had not a kindly alumnus of the university (William F McCombs) found a way to avoid public scandal by procuring for him a nomination for the governorship of New Jersey.

Wilson showed such dexterity in betraying his sponsors, and such skill as a pseudo-intellectual rabble-rouser, that the Jews residing in the United States saw in him a potentially useful *shab-*

bat-goy, and decided to train him. As one of them later boasted to Colonel Dall, Barney Baruch, the Jewish satrap, led Wilson around "like a poodle on a string" and taught him to sit up and bark ideals for political bon-bons. Fido, having been taught to do the proper tricks to promote (a) the Federal Reserve System, (b) the Income Tax, and (c) the Seventeenth Amendment (to avert the danger that legislatures might send honest men to the Senate) and (d) having pledged himself to obey his masters' voice when the war started in Europe, was saved from the consequences of his govemorship in New Jersey by purchasing for him the Democratic nomination for the Presidency and ensuring his election by inciting Theodore Roosevelt, to form a third party and thus split the Republican vote in 1912. Donkeys, it should be noted, are not the only animals that trot docilely when a carrot is dangled before their nose.

Wilson's success as a politician seemed incredible to contemporary politicians who were not in the know. They, noting his record in New Jersey, knew better than to trust him, and throughout his life, as his principal bodyguard, Colonel Sperling of the Secret Service, had ample opportunity to observe, he was always uncomfortable in the company of men, who might guffaw when his prating became too absurd, and he avoided them (except his supervisor, 'Colonel' House) as much as possible, preferring to flounce about before an audience of sentimental women, who would listen raptly while he orated about the beauties of democracy (which the American Constitution had been designed to avert), the "New Freedom", "World Peace" and similar niaiseries, and they would then, round-eyed with admiration, exclaim, "Oh, Mr Wilson, what big ideals you got!" (There was the further advantage that the more attractive and impressionable young matrons might consent to hear more about his ideals in bed; there was the slight disadvantage that some of them might believe and preserve the promises he rashly made in writing, but that was no great risk. When a disappointed lady demanded $250,000 for his letters, he had only to appoint a Jew to the Supreme Court and her attorney, Mr Untermeyer, found that his compatriots in the United States were glad to apply golden balm to the lady's broken heart and assure the future of her inconvenient

son[21]. If his owners had other expenses to keep Fido in trim, there is no record of them, so far as I know.)

Although Wilson, inspired by his high ideals, had not hesitated to stab in the back the men who made him Governor of New Jersey, he knew better than to fail in obedience to the aliens who made him President of the United States. With the aid of the venal press and thoughtless intellectuals entranced with humanitarian verbiage, the Federal Reserve swindle, the White Slave Act (euphemistically called the "Income Tax"), and the Seventeenth Amendment were speedily put over on the starry-eyed victims in 1912 and 1913. The war in Europe came on schedule in 1914, but some time was needed to condition the American cattle for a stampede thither, and the Jews preferred to wait until the desperate British bought American troops with the Balfour Declaration, promising Palestine as the future capital of the International Empire.

The conditioning of the Americans was, of course, not neglected. Expert professional liars cudgeled their brains to invent tales about German "atrocities". The famous lie-factory operated by Lord Bryce, with the assistance of Arnold Toynbee, developed such expertise with a razor-blade and paste that a photograph of a German iron foundry with loaded coal-cars in the foreground was converted into a picture of a soap factory with gondolas loaded with the bodies of soldiers in the foreground. And British ingenuity could do better than that.

In February 1913 Winston Churchill (who had divined that the great war was scheduled to occur, to everyone's astonishment and dismay, in September 1914), had the British liner, *Lusitania*, converted to an auxiliary cruiser, armed with twelve six-inch naval cannon — a fact that was known to the publishers of the authoritative naval handbook, *Jane's Fighting Ships*, in which the *Lusitania* was so listed in the volume for 1914. But while copies of the British publication were on the desks of the commanders of every warship and of the larger merchant ships in the entire world, and in the reference libraries of our major newspapers (it was the source of pictures of warships in the news), the average American did not even know that such a publication existed.

The *Lusitania* was accordingly advertised as a passenger liner, loaded with munitions (in violation of both American and international law) and with stupid Americans who elected to take a passage on the ship and ignore the formal warning published conspicuously by the German Embassy in the newspapers of New York. Thus what Churchill had earlier described as "45,000 tons of livebait" was dangled before the German submarines, care being taken to make sure that the *Lusitania* had no naval escort when it entered the zone of the blockade that the Germans had officially announced in keeping with the recognized rules of warfare. A German submarine took the bait, and the British Admiralty took the action necessary to ensure the maximum loss of life[22]. In this country there was an epidemic of frenzied shrieking about the "barbarity" of submarine warfare and especially the "frightful" and "savage" conduct of the German commander of the submarine, who had torpedoed the ship without first coming to the surface to be destroyed by the concealed naval guns with which, his copy of *Jane's* informed him, the *Lusitania* was equipped. But that minor detail was discreetly omitted when whipping up the passions of the suckers.

Wilson, doubtless after conferring with higher authority, dispatched a stern note of protest to Germany, although, as he may or may not have known, the staff of his own State Department had officially reported that, even assuming that the *Lusitania* was an unarmed passenger ship, "the British had obliterated the distinction between merchantmen and men of war; therefore Germany had every right to sink the *Lusitania*." When Germany returned a mild and conciliatory reply to the impertinent American note, Wilson officially accused the Germans of lying, and the Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan, resigned rather than be a party to such a fraud. An inconvenient witness, who had somehow glimpsed the armament of the *Lusitania*, was kidnapped by the Secret Service and eventually deported to Switzerland. The efficiency of organized crime, when directed from the White House, is noteworthy. The one incident I have mentioned is merely typical of the conduct of Wilson and his masters during the two years that were needed after the sinking of the *Lusitania* to get the Balfour Declaration signed and the

Americans ready for a Declaration of War.

The significant fact is that the Americans did not enter that war as a civilized nation that fights to protect or extend its own power. They entered the war in the manner of a tribe of Apaches who had whipped themselves into a frenzy with war dances and anticipation of the fun of taking scalps. Wilson yammered about "making the world safe for democracy" and a "war to end wars" and the Americans, instead of confining the lunatic in a padded cell, imagined that he was talking sense. They collectively raved about "saving civilization" from one of the most civilized nations on earth. From almost every pulpit, the holy men howled for blood. Newspapers not already under control, felt a patriotic duty to print every kind of preposterous drivel that would augment the frenzy. The Creel Commission found college professors who were glad to lie for a fast buck or — what was worse — for just a pat on the head. Attorneys and business men did "their bit" by rushing into cinema houses, theatres, ball parks, and music halls to interrupt programmes and recite for four minutes canned speeches on the glory of butchering "the Huns"! A whole nation went mad, while squads of great financiers, delighted that their time had come, systematically looted the crazed Crusaders[23].

The facts of the Holy War — in comparison with which the wildest Moslem jihad seems a sober and reasonable foray — which the Americans fought in an access of religious delirium are too well known to require allusion here. And I need not mention two of its most important by-products, the Jewish capture of the former Russian Empire, and the shocking sadism by which millions of Germans were deliberately starved to death after the Armistice in preparation for the great inflation of their currency that enabled the Jews, who naturally received money that was still valuable from their colonies in the victorious nations, to buy for a few dollars almost any valuable piece of property they thought worth owning (eg, one of the best apartment houses in Berlin for $50.00)[24].

Since I have spoken harshly of Wilson, I shall in fairness digress a moment to note that he may not have been entirely devoid of a moral sense. He eventually broke with his supervisor, 'Colonel' House, and

soon thereafter came that memorable day on which, in the faint light of dawn, he was rushed from a special train to the White House in an open car, lifting his hat and bowing to the cheering throngs with which his mind had filled the deserted streets. The precise cause of his breakdown is uncertain, but there is a report — I wish that it were more securely attested — that in his intervals of lucidity he moaned, "God help me! I have ruined my country".

As soon as the frenetic Americans began to squander their men and money in Europe, the Federal government, using its "emergency powers" forbade the production of all beverages containing alcohol, and by the end of the year the Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution was enacted in Washington and approved by a majority of the state legislatures before the end of the war. Very few Americans were sufficiently sane to perceive that they had repudiated the American conception of government and had replaced it with the legal principle of the "dictatorship of the proletariat," which was the theoretical justification of the Jews' revolution in Russia. A government which had the power and the right to forbid a man to drink a glass of beer or wine obviously had the power and right to apply its tyranny to every detail of his personal life: it could forbid him to own property, to raise children, to read books, to speak English, to drink water . . . There could be no theoretical limit to the imposition of total slavery, and a pretext that it was "not good for him" to have the freedom to make his own decisions about any act of his private life would not be theoretically necessary, although convenient for keeping the dumb brutes docile in their stalls. The foolish Americans recited Wilson's gabble about "democracy" but lacked either the intelligence or the honesty to admit frankly that they were carrying out a totalitarian revolution and destroying a society based on the principle that it bestowed on its *citizens* certain rights that *no* government could infringe. They had a Constitution that had been designed to prevent the "democracy" about which they had become enthusiastic, and had they been logical, they would simply have abrogated that Constitution, instead of circumventing and nullifying its spirit by an amendment that was legally possible only because the authors of that document had not foreseen the

possibility that citizens could become so mad as to contemplate such an enormity.

The hysteria of a jihad may account for the enactment of 'Prohibition', but the Americans persisted in this lunacy from 1918 to 1933, for reasons which I, who grew up in the last years of that era, could not understand. Every legislator – every politician to whom I talked had a stock excuse: "It's those God-damn women and their votes". To which I had a stock answer, that females formed only half of the adult, population, of which the other half was supposed to have a quality called manhood. That was more effective than arguing that women were not necessarily irrational.

It is true that the whole nation was filled with the clamor of epoptic females who, drunk with "do-gooding" and the ecstasy of imposing their fanaticism on their betters, rushed around, wilder than Maenads in pursuit of fawns on Mount Cithaeron and exalted by the delusion that they were chasing the Demon Rum. But many males encouraged delusions profitable to themselves. In almost every pulpit a holy man was bawling for legislated righteousness and the sanctity of preventing people from having private lives. They had, of course, the unscrupulousness of theologians, who are never concerned with factual truth or consistency, but only with what they can make people believe – for the people's own good, of course, which, by divine dispensation, is always equivalent to what will augment the theologians' revenue and power. I remember having heard one of them make his spiel, claiming that he had done philological research and ascertained that the word ο υος ; meant, not wine but grape juice, with the happy result that Jesus had not been guilty of violating the Eighteenth Amendment[25]. As he spoke, his eyes roved over the upturned countenances of his audience to make certain that they were too ignorant or somnolent to protest, and when he saw that only a stranger was grinning, he could not prevent his visage from betraying his unctuous satisfaction at having put that one over on his flock. And the marabouts were inspired by idealist plans to chevy the populace some more: they were talking of constitutional amendments to prohibit the use of tobacco and to prohibit sexual intercourse to unmarried persons. (Prohibiting

married men and women from indulging in it would have been very bad for business.) Their secular emulators were no better: the professional educators, always alert for a chance to cadge more bucks from the taxpayers, promised that, if enough bond issues were approved, they would so deform the minds of the young that the next generation would identify alcohol with Satan, and in many states they were able further to dilute and debase the curriculum by requiring in high schools year-long courses in "Americanism" that were entirely devoted to twaddle about the virtues of Prohibition. (The result, naturally, was that self-respecting young men felt a moral obligation to have a drink before enduring such a class, and for some reason it seemed proper to buy the drink at the "speak-easy" nearest the school instead of taking it from one's own pocket flask.) Politicians cursed women, but were careful to protect their greatest source of income, and they could always afford to buy reasonably good whiskey, which they usually kept in bottles behind the law books in their office, secure from the eyes of such Prohibitionists as might come to receive assurances that The Law would be more stringently enforced as soon as taxes were raised.

As sane men knew from the very first, it was absolutely impossible to interdict a pleasant form of relaxation that was a custom of mankind much older than civilization itself; it might have been possible to coerce a mass of closely supervised slaves with fair success, but it certainly could not be done with a population that had a tradition of personal liberty and self-respect. And no sane man pretended that it could, although many a gentleman, in both New England and the South, would remark, while filling your glass, on the virtues of legislation that made liquor expensive and so helped to keep it out of the throats of the rabble or the niggers. The gentlemen were mistaken.

It is true that it would have taken the entire monthly salary of a teller in a bank to purchase five fifths of genuine, unadulterated Scotch whisky from a dealer of known reliability, but for the price of a seat in a repertory theatre one could purchase anywhere a pint of non-poisonous alcohol that was potable when mixed with fruit juice, and the very poor, if willing to risk their eyesight or their

stomachs, could purchase for much less nauseous liquids that would produce intoxication.

I very much doubt that there was any inhabited spot in the United States in which potable alcohol was not available[26]. And this vast business, remember, was criminal, operated by syndicates of gangsters who protected their allotted territories with machine guns, drove specially equipped models of the most expensive and powerful automobiles, always had wads of "C-notes" and sometimes "G-notes" in their pockets, and flourished mightily, although their business expenses included payoffs to all influential politicians in their territory and, of course, the cost of "putting the fix" on the local police and on most of the special Federal agents. Occasionally, to be sure, in the swarms of Federal agents there were a few, usually new recruits, who could not be corrupted. If they tried to interfere with large-scale operations, their bodies were found by the side of lonely roads, while the individual bootlegger, if pursued while making his deliveries, could always count on the sympathy and protection of a considerable part of the population: he could, for example, take refuge in almost any country club or college fraternity with confidence that he would be sheltered as a benefactor of mankind.

The Americans, who had had the reputation of being a conspicuously law-abiding people (outside the slums), became a nation of scoff-laws, justly contemptuous of both statute law and government, since they knew full well that there was scarcely a politician or officer who did not have his palm crossed regularly with treasury notes redeemable in gold, and that the numerous arrests and raids (conducted "on suspicion" without warrants) were chiefly (a) to suppress individuals who tried to go into business for themselves without a license from the local syndicate, (b) staged to give publicity to deserving officials before the next election, or (c) to teach the entirely innocent proprietors of hotels and restaurants that they should pay "protection" to induce Federal agents not to smash up their furniture and break their mirrors. The Americans also became a nation of hypocrites: the newspaper editor who boasted about the quality of the liquor he was serving his guests had just written editorials in commendation of the "Noble Experiment". And the

hypocrisy was contagious: when, near the end, a few public figures dared to denounce the tyranny, they did not boldly affirm the basic principles of American society, but instead talked meachingly about the additional revenue governments could obtain from taxation of a legal trade in liquors.

The consequences of the "Noble Experiment" which any man not imbecilic or moon-struck should have anticipated from the first were, not necessarily in order of importance:

1. The petty local gangs that had flourished chiefly in the slums of large cities were expanded into a great and powerful network covering the entire country and provided with an unfailing source of wealth.

2. Local governments, which had been reasonably honest outside large cities that had slums filled with immigrants who were foolishly permitted to vote, became universally corrupt and venal, and the constable of even the meanest village learned to augment his salary with "sweeteners" from the violators of laws that he thought ridiculous, while men sought the office of state's attorney or sheriff primarily to enjoy the luxuries they could buy with "payoffs" from the syndicate.

3. Americans became accustomed to the concept of totalitarian (ie, unlimited) government. As I have remarked above, a government that has the acknowledged right to prevent a man from taking a glass of wine with his dinner has the right to impose on him any form of despotism it wishes. So when, a few years hence, Federal thugs batter down your front door because they say they suspect you may be bootlegging a cure for cancer, or an agent of Infernal Revenue pulls open your jaws to make certain you have no undeclared gold fillings in your teeth, you may in your own mind (if you dare have thoughts of your own) curse the Commissars and the Jews, but do not forget the holy men and the "do-gooding" Maenads of the 1920s.

4. The egregious folly of "Prohibition" was made the paramount political issue for more than a decade, virtually eclipsing every real issue of national importance. Except in a few communities in which foreigners were dominant, election to public office was limited to

hypocrites, who would publicly promise to tighten the control of a police state over Americans, and privately tell themselves that the "Noble Experiment" was sure to provide them with untaxable income and good liquor.

5. The Jews were officially recognized as a privileged race that must not be subjected to laws imposed on lower species. As a face-saving gesture, the law limited the Jews' consumption to ten gallons a head per annum, but no one ever suggested that the theoretical restriction should or could be enforced. The Jews used their religion as a pretext for the exemption, just as they have used that pretext to claim special privileges throughout their history, eg, at Rome in the time of Cicero, when, as every reader of the *Pro Flacco* well knows, their devotion to their tribal god gave them the right to create financial crises among the *goyim* by suddenly contracting the supply of gold under the cover of a holy duty to export it to Jerusalem.

6. The solid bulk of the American population, comprising almost the whole of the middle class and a large part of the other classes, the 'White Anglo-Saxon Protestants', made themselves ridiculous. It was then that the derisive acronymous epithet, 'Wasp,' came into use, and the racial body that was meant, here and abroad, when the word 'American' was used ethnically, forfeited the respect it had formerly enjoyed and has never since regained.

To be fair, we must recognize that the Americans' unwitting abrogation of their Constitution was not entirely a matter of unreasoning fanaticism. The trade in alcoholic beverages, which was almost entirely in the hands of Jews except on the retail level and except for small local breweries, had become an essentially criminal operation, both as a source of revenue for gangs in large cities and for political corruption, and, more importantly, because most of the wine, whiskey, gin, etc. sold to the general public had been illegally adulterated with poisonous ingredients and the only way to obtain spirits that were not injurious was to purchase very expensive imported liquors from a dealer who could be trusted not to have opened the bottles and adulterated the contents or simply to have put forged labels on his own concoctions[27]. The great American industrialist, Henry Ford, was probably right when he explained

in 1921 the success of the agitation for the Eighteenth Amendment, of which he himself had been one of the leaders:

> The Prohibitionist has been able to command victory over the "personal liberty" advocate because the stuff that the Prohibitionist is against ought not to be sold or used under any circumstances, whereas the stuff the "personal liberty" advocate thinks he favors is not the stuff he thinks it is at all . . . The liquor which caused the adoption of Prohibition was most dangerous to the individual and society. The question was not one of "liberty" but of safety.[28]

That, no doubt, was true, but none seemed aware of the fatal concession to expediency in a society that was traditionally founded on principle.

It is hard to say what secret motives may have been in the minds of the advocates of Prohibition. Two old men, one of whom had been the Prohibition Party's candidate for President early in this century, told me that Prohibition was the only way of breaking the power of the Jews, which, of course, was recognized as already great and formidable before they put Wilson in the White House[29]. I cannot believe that such a motive was consciously entertained on a very wide scale; if it was, it would have made more sense to prohibit Jews, instead of prohibiting alcohol: that would have been a proposition that could have been considered on its merits. The abrogation of the American concept of government was a high price to pay for a covert blow at our resident aliens, even if it had not been illusory. Of this, Ford himself may have been uneasily aware, for he wrote, with a prescience that must seem impressive now:

> In time to come . . . they [the American people] will see how much better it would have been, how much more efficacious and clarifying, if the attack on whisky had included an exposure of the men who had driven whisky out of the country and were selling rank poison as a substitute. The saloon, the brewer, the man who used strong drink were all of them made the target for attack; the Jews who demoralized the whole business went on collecting their enormous and illegitimate profits without so much as their identity being revealed[30].

The net effect of Prohibition was vastly to increase the "illegiti-

mate profits" of which Ford spoke, and vastly to increase the international nation's power over every aspect of our national life. The great criminal syndicates were all owned by Jews, although members of that race seldom appeared in public. The actual work, with speed boats, clandestine distilleries, trucks, and machine guns, was almost entirely done by Sicilian and Irish immigrants or children of immigrants. The most famous gangster of the era was a Sicilian named Capone, who came to have delusions of grandeur and fancy himself a boss in his own right, whereupon his masters neatly eliminated him by having the Federal government convict him of evading income taxes.

I have devoted some space to cursory mention of the significant aspects of the Wilson regime and its aftermath, for it seems to some of our contemporaries that the evidence suggests as a logical inference that Aryans, and specifically Americans, do not have the intelligence to govern themselves and must therefore be ruled by superior races. Perhaps so, but I claim that such an inference was by no means necessary in 1945.

The evidence seemed to show that Americans were not incapable of learning from experience, and that if they battered their heads against a stone wall a dozen times or so, they would come to the conclusion that it had not been a good idea to do so. It took them a long time to learn, but in 1932 they finally perceived that the "Noble Experiment" had been utter stupidity, and, what was more, they had not been precipitated into a fresh wave of madness by the cunning use of the Federal Reserve to create an economic crisis by exploiting the folly of individuals who had contracted enormous debts to purchase stocks or real estate at prices they knew to be far above the current value.

It must never be forgotten that when Roosevelt campaigned for the Presidency, he pledged himself (a) to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment, and (b) to reduce the expenditures of the Federal government by one-third within six months (with the implication of further reductions thereafter). And it was those promises which won for him the election, for even Americans who were most cynical about politics could not believe that they were electing the instru-

ment of a criminal conspiracy who was merely baiting them with promises he regarded as sucker-bait. It was, of course, easy to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment, which had served its purpose, and the thugs it had trained were needed as leaders, organizers, and muscle-men in the labor racket and for miscellaneous criminal activity, such as levying blackmail on small business men with threats of violence, primarily to show a need for more police powers in the hands of the Federal government. The important pledge had been to deflate the bureaucracy, which, although minuscule and innocuous in comparison with what is accepted as normal today, then seemed huge and intolerably meddlesome, with the implication of a return to government more nearly American in spirit.

That is what the people voted for. Of course, as soon as the diseased criminal had his hands on the greatest of all instruments of corruption, the US Treasury, and assembled about him a gang of aliens and degenerates, his seizure of dictatorial powers was tolerated by a bewildered and bribed Congress and even by the people who had elected him, partly because he claimed to be able to perform economic magic, but primarily because he had histrionic abilities of the highest order. He was able to charm the simple-minded by reciting scripts prepared for him by the most cunning manipulators of words, and the radio brought his insinuating voice into every American home in recitations which were officially called "Fireside Chats", but were described by his entourage (and perhaps by himself) as "hog calling"[31].

But the design to install a Communist regime in the United States had to be carried out slowly, and the conspirators prudently retreated whenever it was obvious that they were trying to go too fast, and even so, the plot would probably have failed, had not the large banks blackmailed the delegates to the Republican convention into nominating a repulsive stooge named Wendell Wilkie to oppose Roosevelt in 1940.

I have tried – and I hope I have succeeded – in explaining to younger readers why an American in the 1930s would be strongly averse to any increase in the powers of centralized government, however great the apparent need for it, and could not sympathize

with the fairly numerous Americans who said, "We need a Hitler here". At the same time, rational men, even if they had the impertinence to disapprove of the National Socialist regime in Germany for the Germans, who had by overwhelming majorities put it in power and enthusiastically maintained it in power, had to concede that there was an enormous moral difference between the German Führer and the American one. Hitler was undeniably an honest man: he had written and published *Mein Kampf* when he was a political nonentity with a following that numbered at most a few hundred, and when he at last attained power, he did not perform a single act that was not simply the fulfilling of promises he had made years before in a book that everyone had read and could have open before him. He had to be acquitted of even the slightest deception. In glaring contrast, the disgusting occupant of the White House had attained power by the most shameless lying and brazen deceit of which a human being is capable. Of that, there could be no question whatever, since George Orwell's *1984* was still in the future and there had been no means of destroying and replacing the files of the newspapers that had reported Roosevelt's campaign speeches.

Near the end of 1939, it is true, this clear contrast was obscured by the grotesque alliance between Germany and the Soviet for the conquest and partition of Poland. Although we can see in retrospect that Hitler's decision to form a temporary alliance with his implacable enemies was an expedient adopted in a desperate attempt to avert the European war that Churchill, Roosevelt, and their masters were determined to provoke, the effort, which proved to be futile, may have been a disastrous blunder even in terms of the situation in which it was adopted[32]. Certainly, so far as the United States was concerned, the utmost exertions of professional liars would not have availed to arouse antagonism against Germany among Americans, had not Germany adopted that expedient, which permitted hypocritical, but superficially plausible, propaganda that all "totalitarian" governments were alike and even joined by a common interest, that there were no significant differences between Communism and National Socialism (which was called "Nazism"), and that Hitler's *Mein Kampf* was, after all, just a device for manipulating Germans,

no more honest than the sucker-bait that the Roosevelt gang was using to manipulate Americans. The after-effects of that propaganda are visible even today in the writings of some "anti-Communists", some of whom, no doubt, are trying to exploit for their own purposes the hostility towards "Nazis" that the Jews have induced in our populace. But although the temporary alliance alienated much American sympathy for Germany, the warmongers, even with the advantage thus given them, failed to achieve their goal.

In 1945, that was another reason for an optimistic belief that Americans could learn from experience. All the putrid propaganda sprayed in their faces from 1939 to 1942 did not suffice to induce the delirium of 1917 and stampede cattle into Europe "to make the world safe for democracy".

It is true that soon after Roosevelt and Churchill got the war started in Europe, the boobherds were able to induce loud clamoring for American participation by a comparatively small number of Americans, chiefly excitable females, male busybodies whose Christian love for all mankind quite naturally took the form of a passionate blood-lust, and others, who expected the Administration or the Jews to throw them a bone. In a few individuals, the mindless hysteria became so acute as to become ludicrous[13], but massive bribery was needed to obtain from the Congress consent to various violations of neutrality under the specious pretext of "national defense," and the great War Criminal had to make public pledges that no American troops would ever be sent abroad or used for any purpose other than the defence of our own territory.

I will add a fact which, although it was politically inconsequential, is of some intellectual interest today, when it seems to be totally forgotten. There was a small group, probably only a few score, of rational men who were prepared to endorse American intervention. They reasoned that the European war was in itself proof of a fatal declension of our civilization on that continent, comparable to the suicidal struggle for predominance among the Greek city-states, and that the inexorable movement of history made it necessary for the United States to become the Macedon or the Rome of the modern world and to fight for an hegemony that would revitalize

the imperialism that our race needs, if it is to survive on a planet on which it is a small and inexorably hated minority.

These thinkers, I need not say, were not unaware of the terrible consequences of imperialism in the brilliant examples of it in Antiquity. The Macedonian hegemony resulted in the dispersal of Greek genius through the greater part of Asia, where it was eventually absorbed by the prolific natives and forever lost. Rome — involuntarily, for the most part — created, by matchless discipline and courage, the greatest and noblest empire the world has ever known, with the result that the Romans (including all the cognate peoples of Italy) became extinct and were replaced in their own empire by their former subjects and slaves, some of them, to be sure, barbarians of our own race, but a majority hybrids or of entirely alien races from Asia Minor and Egypt. Some rational proponents of American intervention in Europe believed that an American Empire could avoid the blunders, now obvious to an historian, that had made the ancient imperialisms ultimately suicidal; others maintained, with an essentially Spenglerian fatalism, that we had no alternative but to assume our destined responsibility and know the glory of empire while marching with virile courage to our eventual doom, centuries hence.

The handful of educated men who held such views are now utterly forgotten, but I mention them to show that it was possible for a rational man to advocate American intervention in Europe, especially so long as it seemed possible (and that was well into 1944) that after some defeats of the previously invincible German armies, an alliance with Germany could be formed for a concerted and inevitably victorious assault on the Soviet, which, even if it had not been a Jewish colony, would nevertheless represent an alien civilization necessarily hostile to us.

The central fact, unmistakable and seeming to promise a fair future for our country, in 1945 was that the most vicious and strenuous propaganda had failed to reproduce the insanity of 1917, and that the United States would never have entered the European War — would never have embarked on what turned out to be an insane Crusade to Save the Soviet — had not Roosevelt succeeded in

tricking the Japanese. And it did not seem unreasonable to assume that the American majority, which had proved itself immune to the propaganda, would react appropriately when they discovered how they had been deceived by the great War Criminal and for whose benefit he had expended our money and our lives.

As many ranking American military men said privately when we first shipped troops to Europe, we fought "the wrong war at the wrong time", but when the war was over in 1945, it was possible to draw up a balance sheet that was by no means discouraging.

On the credit side there were two great achievements:

1. We had effectively destroyed the power of the Japanese and decisively humiliated them[34]. The only non-Aryan nation that had dared lift its hand against our race had been eliminated as a military power – and the example of its ruin would convince intelligent Asiatics that, however insanely our race might indulge in absurd civil wars (for in their eyes that was what wars between our nations amounted to), we had the power and the will to destroy our biological enemies, if they presumed to dispute with us the mastery of the earth.

2. We emerged from the war as the greatest military power on the planet – not merely mightier than any other nation, but, in sober fact, mightier than all other nations combined. Our dominion was absolute. Whether we had wished it or not, whether it was entirely good or not, we had become, in fact, the great imperial power, the masters of the world. Seneca had been right: *Ducunt volentem fata, nolentem trahunt.*

On the debit side (remembering that the losses we had suffered and had inflicted on the Europeans were events that had happened and could not be altered, by penance or prayer) there was only one considerable item:

1. We had failed to destroy – we had even insanely saved from destruction – our eternal enemy, the Soviet Empire, which was then the principal possession of the international nation. But that was an error which, though deplorable, could be quickly corrected. Despite the massive support that we had given them – much of it by treason, for the preference given the Soviet over our own

armies had needlessly cost us the lives of many of our men — the barbarians were prostrate and virtually helpless. They could not have offered more than a temporary resistance to the will of the nation that now unquestionably had the power to determine the future of all other nations on the globe. It was taken for granted that as soon as we realized what we had done, we would destroy the Soviet menace. And when we did that, we would deal with the instigators of our blunder, the enemy aliens in our country, at least as efficiently as we had neutralized the Japanese population — and it seemed likely that we would be less kind, when the guilt was so much greater.

The balance sheet, therefore, seemed to be conclusively — overwhelmingly — in our favor. At least it seemed so to me, and that is why, in the autumn of 1945, as the Capitol Limited rushed westward, I entertained no doubt whatsoever about the future of the American people, which was now assured by a manifest destiny inherent in the very facts of the contemporary situation.

II

For a decade, from 1945 to 1955, lulled by the miscalculations and illusory confidence I have confessed above, my time and attention were entirely devoted to scholarship and my graduate courses in the University. To be sure, I was not unaware of major political events, but, in my preoccupation with less transitory problems, I lapsed into the common human error of interpreting events in terms of a preconceived theory.

I was, of course, profoundly shocked by the foul murders at Nuremberg that brought on the American people an indelible shame[35]. Savages and Oriental barbarians normally kill, with or without torture, the enemies whom they have overcome, but even they do not sink so low in the scale of humanity as to perform the obscene farce of holding quasi-judicial trials before they kill, and had the Americans — for, given their absolute power, the responsibility must fall on them, and their guilt cannot be shifted to their supposed allies — had the Americans, I say, merely slaughtered the German

generals, they could claim to be morally no worse than Apaches, Balubas, and other primitives. Civilized peoples spare the lives of the vanquished, showing to their leaders a respectful consideration[36], and the deepest instincts of our race demand a chivalrous courtesy to brave opponents whom the fortunes of war have put in our power.

To punish warriors who, against overwhelming odds, fought for their country with a courage and determination that excited the wonder of the world, and deliberately to kill them because they were not cowards and traitors, because they did not betray their nation — that was an act of vileness of which we long believed our race incapable. And to augment the infamy of our act, we stigmatized them as "War Criminals" which they most certainly were not, for if that phrase has meaning, it applies to traitors who knowingly involve their nations in a war contrived to inflict loss, suffering, and death on their own people, who are thus made to fight for their own effective defeat — traitors such as Churchill, Roosevelt, and their white accomplices. And to add an ultimate obscenity to the sadistic crime, "trials" were held to convict the vanquished according to "laws" invented for the purpose, and on the basis of perjured testimony extorted from prisoners of war by torture to confirm the foul Jewish hoax, the Big Lie that the Germans had "exterminated" six million enemy aliens, members of the Master Race that Yahweh appointed to rule the world and the lesser breeds in it.

If we are Aryans, we must judge ourselves by our own standards, for we believe that among nations, as among individuals, *noblesse oblige*. The moral responsibility for those fiendish crimes, therefore, falls on our own War Criminals, and, as a practical matter, nations always bear the responsibility for the acts of the individuals whom they, however mistakenly, placed in power. We cannot reasonably blame Dzhugashvili, alias Stalin: he was not a War Criminal, for he acted, logically and ruthlessly, to augment the power and the territory of the Soviet Empire, and he (whatever his personal motives may have been) was the architect of the regime that transformed a degraded and barbarous rabble into what is now the greatest military power on earth. Strictly speaking, we should not blame the

Jews morally, for they acted only in accordance with the principles, clearly enunciated in the Old Testament and the Talmuds, that have preserved their race for millennia and made the international nation a world power; and their race not only does not have our standards of honor and personal integrity, but regards our standards as foolish and childish[17]. But whatever strict logic may require, we are human, and since we abominate certain forms of deceit and cunning, we instinctively, and with some justification, apply our own morality when we judge aliens who have chosen to reside in our country to profit from us. That is why the outrages at Nuremberg and the many other crimes for which we were made responsible did not really alarm me. I made the assumption that we commonly make when we read in newspapers that kidnappers have murdered their victim after collecting a ransom: they have merely made their eventual punishment the more certain and drastic.

There were not wanting indications that could be interpreted as confirming my projection of future events. In 1945, the best informed opinion in military circles regarded the inevitable war against the Soviet as certain to occur in five to eight years. And the so-called "cold war" begun by Truman seemed an obvious prelude to armed combat, even though it was used by traitors and looters as a pretext for exporting our resources to our eventual enemies on the idiotic theory that we could so overload them with gifts that they would become our friends. And the military action in Korea naturally seemed the beginning of a world war that we would, this time, fight to win, even though it was begun in the name of the vaudeville show called the United Nations; and it was not until the traitor in the White House recalled General MacArthur for having won a victory that it became obvious that we were fighting under the direction of our eternal enemies for the specific purpose of squandering American money and lives to make our nation weak and contemptible in the eyes of the world. But even then there were indications that American fatuity would not last forever.

In 1949 Congressman Rankin introduced a bill that would recognize as subversive and outlaw the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, the formidable organization of Jewish cowboys

who ride herd on their American cattle, and while the necessary number of votes in Congress to enact the legislation had not then been available, a later Congress might show a greater awareness of American interests. In both the Houses of Representatives and the Senate committees were beginning investigations of covert treason and alien subversion, and although they had finically touched only the unimportant outskirts of the Dismal Swamp, what they had found would necessarily lead them farther. Then Senator McCarthy undertook a somewhat more thorough investigation, which seemed to open a visible leak in the vast dike of deceit erected by our enemies, and it was easy to assume that the little jet of water that spurted through that leak would grow hydraulically until the dam broke and released an irresistable flood.

It was not until our domestic enemies and the traitors in their employ silenced Senator McCarthy that I received an intellectual jolt that made me aware that the projection of presumably inevitable future events that I, and men older and more experienced than I, had made in 1945 had been a serious miscalculation.

I was abroad in 1954 and it was from reports in the European press that I perceived that McCarthy, abandoned by those whom he sought to save, and traduced by the great lie-machines and propaganda mills, was doomed, a caribou who would eventually be pulled down by the wolf-pack that had been set on his trail.

That posed for me two very grave questions when I returned to the United States: (1) Was I, as an American and a scholar, personally under a moral obligation to make an effort to preserve my country and my race and thus to endanger my academic career and even the welfare of a lady who is far dearer to me than myself, or could I instead assume that the research on which I was then engaged and the standards of scholarship that I was striving to maintain in the increasingly perverted and debauched universities were my proper concern, so that I should leave to others a responsibility that was not mine? (2) Even supposing that I had such a duty, what could I do that would be more effective than encouraging rationality and intellectual integrity in the comparatively few graduate students who came under my tutelage? If, in the exercise of textual criticism

and study of Graeco-Roman history men learn the methods of determining objective facts, which the best minds of our race hold to be of all things the most sacred and inviolable, and of making the nice calculation of probabilities that is the basis of the scientific method in both the exact sciences and in historical and philological researches, are they not equipped to understand their own times, to see reality through the shifting mists of vulgar illusions and crafty propaganda, and to perceive what is necessary for the survival of the race and nation into which they were born? Perhaps so. I do not know the correct answer to those questions.

As so commonly happens in human affairs, mere chance and coincidence determined my decision. My friend, Willmoore Kendall, one of the keenest minds I have ever known, a master of eristics and a practitioner of the Socratic dialectics, which, although often misunderstood, are based on the belief that truth or the closest feasible approximation thereto can be elicited by debate, had long believed that the decisive sapping of American culture had been the work of journals of opinion that advertised themselves as intellectual, ostentatiously addressed a presumed elite, and by acute criticism, in which what was valid lent plausibility to what was merely sophistical, undermined Americans' belief in their own culture; and he specifically recognized as the most influential two weekly periodicals, the *Nation* and the *New Republic*. A serious effort to counter and undo what those publications had done required the establishment of a comparable journal of opinion that would defend what the two weeklies had undermined. With Professor Kendall's conclusion I agreed in general, for in the 1930s, when the Roosevelt gang was quite obviously working gradually to bring the United States under a totalitarian dictatorship, I constantly marvelled, that all the intellectual vigor should be directed against us and pejorative criticism, however flimsy and sophistical, left effectively unanswered, with the result that subversion gained prestige in the academic circles that ultimately determine the set of a nation's mind — circles which are extremely vulnerable, for scholars and scientists, even in their own specialties, must rely on the integrity and judgement of their peers, and outside the areas of their own research they naturally

tend to rely on the conclusions of persons who have been accredited as honest and highly intelligent experts in other fields.

At Yale, Pro-fessor Kendall found an apt pupil, a brilliant young man with a real talent for eristics and debate, the son of William F Buckley, an American gentleman and financier, who, although he had suffered great losses through the confiscation of his holdings by revolutionary governments in Central and South America, was still wealthy, undoubtedly patriotic, and well known in certain circles for his discreet subvention of effectively anti-Jewish periodicals and his drastic private opinion about the aliens' perversion of our national life.

Professor Kendall's pupil had, through his family, the resources requisite to found the desiderated periodical. He made himself known to the public with a book, *God and Man at Yale*, that very adroitly and cleverly punctured the arrogant complacency of the "Liberal" fanatics who had, by essentially conspiratorial tactics, gained control of Yale University; and he gained practical experience in the offices of the *American Mercury*, then an outspokenly anti-Jewish monthly owned by Russell Maguire[38]. The young man then prepared to launch the journal, which was to be called the *National Weekly* and to begin with the ample financial resources necessary to establish a new periodical of national circulation on the newsstands.

A corporation was formed, but unfortunately, as the event proved, the youthful founder, against the advice of his poorer friends, issued a prospectus, under the rules of the Securities and Exchange Commission, in which he described the new periodical as one designed, not to promote any cause or political principle, but to make money, and he set forth estimates to show that the heavy losses to be expected during the first two years of publication would be more than offset by the handsome profits that would be realized in the fourth year and ever increasingly thereafter[39].

The new journal, its name changed to *National Review*, was scheduled to begin publication in the first week of January, 1956, but as rumors about the plans for it spread in New York City, an unexpected development had consequences that certainly deter-

mined its future. There was then being published and distributed on newsstands as well as by subscriptions a mildly "conservative" periodical, *The Freeman*, which had revived the name of a famous journal once edited by Albert Jay Nock, and was trying to revive, after discreet censorship, the "libertarian" principles that Nock had espoused and had tried to bring back from the vanished era of American life before it was blighted by Woodrow Wilson and his masters. The new *Freeman*, which had seemed to flourish for a short time, was caught between editorial salaries and other expenses that were very high in proportion to its circulation and the huge losses it suffered on the copies it continued to place on the newsstands in the hope of attracting subscribers. It was in financial difficulties, and the majority of its editors, dominated by two "anti-Communist" Jews, approached the prospective publisher of the new weekly with an interesting proposition: if promised suitable salaries as editors of the new periodical, they would torpedo the foundering *Freeman* by sending out to all of its subscribers a letter in which they, in their official capacity as its editors, urged those subscribers to change to a really worthwhile publication, the nascent *National Review*, which could then start by taking over the entire subscription-list of the bankrupted *Freeman*.

In keeping with this ingenious scheme and the projected date of the *Freeman's* demise, the schedule of *National Review* was hastily advanced and the first issue rushed through the press with a date of 19 November 1955. The coup was well planned, but there was a slip between the cup and the eager lip, largely because one man, thinking the methods objectionable, mistrusted the new publisher. *The Freeman* was taken over by the Foundation for Economic Education, which converted it to a pocket-size journal, fulfilled its subscriptions, and for years published it and distributed it gratuitously to former subscribers and anyone who evinced an interest in it.

When the plans for *National Review* were being matured, but before the attempted take-over of *The Freeman*, Professor Kendall assured me that he had been unable to find a single university professor who, although secretly espousing the purposes of the projected weekly, would dare to contribute openly to a journal that

was certain to arouse the anger of the "Liberal" Establishment and provoke clandestine reprisals.

That was a challenge. I took it up.

III

In 1955, I had at last to discard all the optimistic conclusions about what was historically necessary and inevitable that I had reached ten years before.

I had to re-examine the available data and reconsider the plight and potentialities of the American people, who had signally failed to do what I had once been certain they would naturally and instinctively do. And I was handicapped by the fact that for more than five lustra I had been – or had thought myself – too busy to establish much direct contact with the majority of average Americans, whom it was then fashionable to call "the man in the street".

Not thoughtlessly, but perhaps with no more prescience than I had shown in 1945, I reached the conclusion that our race, including specifically the Americans, was a viable species, and that therefore, like all viable species of animal life, it had an innate instinct to survive and perpetuate itself. In 1955, as in Cicero's time, our men still planted trees that would not mature in their lifetime and so could benefit only their posterity, and they made the other provisions for their children of which the trees were used by Cicero as a vivid symbol. Our women still bore children, and even if, as mere proletarians, they underwent the pains of travail thoughtlessly, they, whether consciously or unconsciously, expected their offspring to survive and, perhaps, be happier and more secure than they were. In 1955, so far as I could learn, no American wittingly destined his children for degradation and servitude.

In 1955, perhaps because I was imperceptive, I saw no clear evidence of the subconscious death-wish, the degenerate yearning for annihilation as a Nirvana, a secure refuge from the stress of living and striving in an imperfect and disagreeable world, that Whittaker Chambers had identified as the lethal soul-sickness of a

self-doomed civilization. The possibility of such an explanation did not even occur to me. At that time, I had not met Chambers. Later, although I could not doubt either his intelligence or the sincerity of his bleak and integral pessimism, I optimistically found grounds for rejecting his conclusions[40].

There seemed to be no historical or biological precedent for suicidal mania in an entire species. It was true, for example, that the Romans had destroyed themselves, but their suicide, which had been a gradual process, extending over two centuries, could be satisfactorily explained by their ignorance of the relevant historical and biological knowledge that is available to us. Among the lesser mammals, the lemmings are the outstanding example of a suicidal urge, but although great hordes of the rodents, crazed by some strange biological impulsion, leap to their death in the sea, the species survives, and one hypothetical explanation of the mass suicides is that the species thus relieves the pressure of overpopulation and averts the otherwise disastrous consequences of a fecundity that produces individuals too numerous for the available food.

Neither analogy seemed applicable to Americans, and it was only a decade after my last contact with Chambers that I began seriously to ask myself whether he had not, after all, been right. Since that time, I have seen nothing that would disprove or even logically impugn the validity of his fearsome analysis. And nothing, certainly, has occurred to support the alternative hypothesis, that the American mind was (and is) in a state of temporary irrationality, such as might be induced by hypnosis or opium, and subject to delusions that could be dispelled by confrontation with reality or a traumatic shock; during the past two decades, shock after shock has produced no perceptible reaction. Even so, however, I am inclined to believe that the hypothesis is still tenable.

To return to 1955: the very fact that Chambers could be so vilely traduced by our enemies' hirelings and a chorus of pseudo-intellectual witlings was proof of alien control of the channels of quotidian communication[41]. And the fact that Senator McCarthy's mild and almost tentative efforts to explore the periphery of treason had failed to evoke massive and irresistible support was proof that our national

consciousness had been paralyzed by some malefic spell imposed by agencies of great power. In other words, the United States was no longer an independent country, having been clandestinely occupied by its enemies[42], whose control over it differed from the Soviets' control over Poland and Eastern Germany only in that it was secret, and consequently the occupying power could not feasibly indulge in open reprisals against its critics and would have to budget strictly even surreptitious assassinations. To prevent its subjects from becoming inopportunely restive, it would have to silence its critics by obloquy and defamation in the press and radio, over which it had prudently established almost complete control.

The problem, therefore, was essentially a strategic one, the most effective use of such means of resistance as were still available. To use a metaphor then in common use, it was necessary to "awaken" the American people. But how?

In the Western world today, masses are set in motion and controlled by propaganda, an art which, as the name indicates, was first distinguished from rhetoric and theology in the Roman Catholic studies *de propaganda fide* and subsequently elaborated, on the basis of psychological research, into a virtually infallible technique for implanting any desired faith in the minds and consciousness of a large population[43]. Although the power that has a virtual monopoly of the means of forming the consciousness of the masses, from public schools to newspapers and (in recent years) the boob-tubes, appears to have an insuperable advantage, propaganda directed against that power is possible on a limited scale, so long as it is not feasible for the masters openly to suppress, by pseudo-legal terrorism and naked violence, all dissent[44]. In 1955, however, the need for counter-propaganda was not apparent to me, and if it had been, I should have had to recognize my irremediable incompetence in an art and technique for which I was by temperament unfitted. I thought, however, that there was one contribution I could make.

A first-rate propagandist, like a theologian, evangelist, or modern "educator", is interested only in what he can make people believe and has no interest in the truth *per se*. If he is really a master of his technique, he will respect truth in the sense that he will carefully

avoid, in propaganda intended to have a lasting effect, statements that are *demonstrably* false, and he will use even the old Jesuit device of *suppressio veri* with caution. The reason for this restraint is obvious: if an intricate web of propaganda can be shown to depend at important points on lies, the entire web collapses, and rational minds reject the whole[45]. And when this happens, even powers of physical coercion such as the Inquisition once exercised will be inadequate, for the best minds will always murmur, as Galileo is said to have done, *e pur si muove.*

From this standpoint, the propaganda that is used to herd Americans is woefully inept and vulnerable at so many points that it should be easy to demolish the great festoons of cobwebs, and to sweep them from the minds of individuals whose thinking is cerebral rather than glandular. Factual and rational cricitism is therefore a potent weapon against our masters and can, when addressed to the literate part of our population, effectively demolish the gross and bungling impostures on which the control exercised over Americans so obviously depends. It was for this activity that I believed myself to have some capacity.

This was precisely the function of the new weekly periodical, as conceived by Professor Kendall, and since it seemed adequately financed to sustain heavy losses for three years, its success seemed assured. It obviously could not become a journal of mass circulation, for which the techniques of propaganda would be needed, but it could address a fairly large audience that had an influence far greater than its numbers: essentially all men of scientific and scholarly competence in the universities and learned professions plus the greater part of the American bourgeoisie, the class that had the most to lose from the subjugation of their country, most of whom had acquired in colleges (which in 1955 were yet far from reaching their present state of degradation) at least a certain familiarity with the standards of scientific and scholarly learning. To these could be added readers who might, for various reasons, be attracted to opposition to the Establishment.

There was, indeed, one grave handicap that was not perceived at the time. The sudden influx of "professionals" from the moribund

Freeman seemed to be only normal in the context of "literary" circles in New York City, where eyes are always fixed on the markets for written work, and it was only long after Professor Kendall had been shouldered out of the organization and I had severed my connections with it that I perceived that whenever a potentially influential journal is founded, it receives the assistance of talented "conservative" Jews, who are charged with the duty of supervising the Aryan children and making certain that they play only approved games.

The new journal, like all efforts to release Americans from the Old Man of the Sea, who has wrapped his puny legs around their necks in a stranglehold, faced an almost insoluble dilemma. From the time, immediately after the First World War, when Americans first became alarmed by the progressive Communist and "Liberal" subversion of their nation and culture, virtually the only organized opposition was offered by associations that were at least nominally Christian and claimed a religious basis for their efforts against their "godless" opponents[46].

These "anti-Communist" leagues and publications had unintentionally and inadvertently been the Communists' most influential propagandists, for their endless yelping about "atheistic Communism" effectively procured for the Bolsheviks in Russia and here the toleration and even sympathy of the very large number of educated men who could not believe the Christian mythology and were repelled by the hypocrisy, obscurantism, and rabid ambitions of the clergy. It is a grim paradox, therefore, that it was the "anti-Communists" who, in the 1920s and 1930s, won for our enemies some measure of support from the influential men who would otherwise have been revolted by the vulgarity, fanaticism, and brutality of the votaries of the Marxist superstition[47]. But the effects of this perhaps fatal blunder were a prime datum in 1955 and are, indeed, crucial even today.

IV

The dilemma was not merely one of adroitly enlisting the support that should have been sought before 1939 while conciliating a com-

paratively large body of potential allies by more or less hypocritically catering to their ignorance and superstitions. The function of Christianity in our society cannot be considered apart from the very delicate and intricate problem of the relation between religion and civilization — a problem that admits of several hypotheses but no indubitable solution. Much of the support of Christianity comes from educated men, including a few honest clergymen, who do not believe any of the tales in the Christians' storybook and are unimpressed by the sophistries of clever theologians, but are convinced by one or more of three highly relevant considerations, viz:

(1) Religion doubtless had its origin in primitive man's sense, of utter helplessness before the fearful powers of a nature he could not understand — *primus in orbe deos fecit timor* — but in some prehistoric time the gods, who were imagined to be the cause of storms, floods, drought, pestilence, and similar phenomena, were enlisted to support the basic morality on which all organized societies must depend.

Although we must suppose a gradual development as tribes grew larger, so that each individual was no longer under the eyes of all the others, and the invisible deities, who may have been first invoked to sanction oaths, were increasingly charged with enforcing moral obligations, there is essential truth in the well-known explanation of religion by Critias (Plato's uncle): that since laws can always be secretly evaded by men who can conceal either their crime or their responsibility for it, gods were invented, deathless beings who, themselves unseen, observed, by psychic faculties that do not depend on sight or hearing, all the acts of man, including the most covert and stealthy, and overheard not only every utterance but even unspoken thoughts[48]. This ingenious and, indeed, noble device for policing society, which was invoked as early as the eighth century B.C. in the lofty morality of Hesiod[49], had only the defect that men soon learned by experience that the supposedly omniscient gods failed to punish the transgressions they observed, and this was remedied by alleging that men had souls that survived death, and that while sinners might flourish in this life, the gods would inflict condign punishment on them in a hereafter[50].

The social efficacy of supernatural terrors is uncertain. Everyone knows that no religion, however ingenious and no matter how unanimously it was accepted without question by a given population, has ever prevented a fairly high incidence of crime, but one can always plausibly conjecture that without the fear of superhuman sanctions the incidence would have been much greater, and even so great that the state would explode in anarchy. Lord Devlin, in an address to the British Psycho-Analytical Society in 1965, after considering the statistical chances that the perpetrator of an ordinary crime would escape detection, decided that if half of a population were deterred from crime only by a calculation of the likelihood that violators of the laws would be arrested and punished, civilized society would become impossible. He concluded pessimistically that "there is not a discernible sign of anything that is capable of replacing Christianity in the mind of the populace as the provider of the necessary moral force", leaving it to be inferred that with the waning of the religion and the gradual dissipation of the residue that it has left in society[51], Britain and presumably the whole of the Western world is moving toward an ineluctable doom.

The crucial question is whether in large nations (as distinct from aristocracies and comparable small groups) the requisite moral force can be provided without invoking supernatural sanctions. The one good instance, unfortunately subject to qualifications that render it less than conclusive, is provided by Soviet Russia, where, after the orgy of bestiality that accompanied the Jewish Revolution, society was organized on the basis of the Marxist cult, which expressly denies the existence of gods. Although reliable statistics are wanting, it seems likely that the incidence of crime under Stalin was no greater than it had been under Nicholas II — and certainly the society did not end in anarchy, as many observers in the Western world confidently predicted[52]. It is not impossible — though certainly not demonstrable — that an active faith in our race and the obviously urgent need for racial solidarity against our enemies might provide in Western nations the moral force of which Lord Devlin despaired.

There is a factor more fundamental than prevention of the crimes

that are normally forbidden by domestic laws. Even the earliest tribes of our race must have been aware of the potential conflict between an intelligent individualism and the society's absolute need to inspire in its members a willingness to subordinate personal advantage to the good of the whole, and especially to inspire its young men to risk their lives, and often die, on its behalf[53].

Dante, in what should be regarded as one of the great Christian gospels, saw at the gates of Hell the angels who had been loyal neither to God nor to Satan, but only to themselves. Milton, in another of the great gospels, portrays Satan as a true individualist whose pride and ambition make him destroy with civil war the celestial society to which he owes allegiance — and every reader of the epic is aware that even the poet's intent and genius could not prevent that individualism from so appealing to the innate sentiments of our race that Satan is, in fact, the hero of *Paradise Lost*. The two poets have given us magnificent symbols of the social dilemma, most acute, no doubt, among Aryans, of nations that must encourage individual excellence and superiority and yet prevent man's natural philautia from weakening, and an unbridled egotism from destroying, the society and culture that, in a real sense, created the individuals.

The foregoing considerations led the great minds of our race, almost without exception, to regard religion as an indispensable instrument of government. Plato devoted himself to devising, most explicitly in his *Nomoi*, a political system that preserved the power of religion, which his uncle's candid anthropology had so deeply compromised. Aristotle thought gods requisite to induce in the majority an adherence to the standards of civilized life. Every reader of Cicero's *De natura deorum* has seen how its author was torn between the rationalism of the Academics and Stoicism, which preserved, at least partially, the divine sanctions that encouraged men to serve their society rather than themselves. Machiavelli insisted that the first duty of a ruler or other government was to maintain the established religion. And the principle was bluntly expressed in Cardinal Dubois' famous dictum that God is a bogeyman that must be brandished to scare the masses into a semblance of civilized behavior.

The Cardinal's maxim was taken to heart by many thinkers who were too discreet to repeat it, and undoubtedly played a large part in the revival of Christianity in the Nineteenth Century as civilized men recoiled from the horrors and savagery of the French Revolution. The problem has become particularly acute in our own time, when disbelief in myths and the concomitant removal of praeternatural sanctions can plausibly be regarded as the prime cause of the implacably egotistic and utterly ruthless mentality that is evinced by Aryans who hold high positions in Western governments and "education" —a mentality brilliantly depicted in C S Lewis's novel, *That Hideous Strength*. Although Lewis wrote to frighten us into believing the unbelievable, he has the merit of having quite accurately described the thinking of many minds that are sufficiently shrewd, for example, to pierce the ungrammatical verbiage and platitudinous jargon with which John Dewey enveloped his Pragmatism[54], and to draw from the absconse substance of his doctrine the logical and congenial conclusion that true sanity is found only in the mentality that society regards as criminal. (It is understood, of course, that only very stupid wights take the risk of violence, embezzlement and other activities that might result in inconvenience; intelligent men rise above the laws by professing noble purposes and gaining control of the government that administers and corrupts the laws, which, even then, it is best to flout by hiring ordinary thugs to do the dirty work.) Dewey, needless to say, was only one of the exponents of Pragmatic mentality, which appears under other names, but always draped in idealistic fustian, lest the naked Death's Head affright the vulgar.

A society such as ours, quite understandably, shudders when it sees the autocratic rulers of the Soviet quite coolly murder millions of human beings to facilitate an agrarian reform or carry out a project in "social engineering" and our contemporaries can avoid panic only by resolutely telling themselves that their own rulers are more scrupulous — by steadfastly refusing to believe, for example, that as early as 1909 the trustees of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, while spraying the populace with idealistic hokum about the beauties of "world peace", were imprudently

recording in their own minutes their deliberations about the most efficient way to precipitate a major war that would involve the United States and kill enough American boobs, and produce sufficiently great economic stresses and social dislocations, to facilitate the destruction of American society and the assembly of the debris into a form more conducive to their own and their principals' profit and satisfaction[55].

Americans refuse to see the conclusive evidence concerning the ways in which, and the purposes for which, their wars since 1909 were contrived, and they avert their eyes from the indications that bureaus of their "own" government deliberately work to increase deaths from various diseases to obtain total control over the medical profession. This blocking of their minds is prudent, for they would run mad in screaming insanity if they realized that even their presumably-Aryan governors and the chiefs of their ever-multiplying bureaucracies regard them as swine, whom it is only reasonable to butcher, whenever expedient, to obtain more power, to have fun, or to win *baklıshish* from the enemies of their nation and race. But while the people are determined to regard their plight as unthinkable, a vague suspicion of the logical behavior of keen intellects that are unfettered by any loyalty or compunction suffices to make them passionately desiderate a lost religion as a guarantee of their terrestrial salvation.

(2) There is undeniably a strain of religiosity in our nature that is not necessarily atavistic. It is possible, indeed, that taking our race as a whole, the capacity for objective thought, like the ability, not necessarily the same, to make a high score on intelligence tests, appears only in a small fraction of our people. If the problem is biological, there is no more to be said. If it is not, the problem remains psychologically far too complex for discussion here, where we can note only a few relevant considerations.

We are equipped with strong imaginations and an emotional need to use them to transcend the limitations of reality. Prudent men satisfy this need with poetry, fiction, music, and fantasy, while vigilantly guarding their powers of reason against insidious subversion by delectable sentiments. Children, however, only slowly

and sometimes painfully learn to distinguish between imagination and observation. The wildest fairy tales, including the commonly practiced hoax about Santa Claus, seem real to them, and are supplemented by illusions produced by their own imaginations.

As is well known, children, especially if they, for any one of various reasons, feel lonely, give themselves imaginary companions in whose reality they firmly believe, often to a fairly advanced age[56]. So vivid does the consoling illusion appear to them that the efforts of adults to dissipate it, including ridicule and punishment, merely teach the child not to express a belief that it inwardly retains, while it continues to commune in secret with its unseen companion, who is usually a child of its own age and sex, but sometimes an adult patron or even a supernatural being. Now of all the imaginary beings that a child's fancy may body forth to him, the image of a god, by definition invisible, powerful, and having a personal interest in him, may be the most vivid and enduring, especially if the child grows up among adults who, far from dissuading him, assure him of its reality; and the faith thus imprinted on the mind may persist into adult life and so constantly renew itself imaginatively as to make the consciousness automatically exclude evidence that impugns the comforting, long-cherished, and now habitual illusion[57].

Emotional fixations on divine friends or patrons are, of course, bolstered by other factors. All human beings naturally share the fear of death that is common to all mammals, and the higher races have imaginations that can portray paradises in which their own ghosts could enjoy forever the satisfactions they were denied on earth. To dispense with an assurance of a blissful immortality or, at least, with a precariously cherished hope of it, requires a very high degree of spiritual fortitude. There is a very real basis for the exclamation of the amazed Moslem pilot in one of Conrad's novels, "Oh, the strength of unbelievers!" A prospect or chance of surviving death and enjoying a felicity beyond the attainment of mortals is not lightly rejected by any man[58].

Imagined intimacy with supernatural beings, furthermore, provides compensation for the frustrations and disappointments that are inevitable in life, and are felt with particular distress by

women, who, for physiological as well as social reasons, desire a tender affection they may fail to find in marriage and which their romantic fantasies in adolescence may have led them to expect beyond human possibility. The strength and prevalence of religiosity among women is notorious, and is reflected in the common French axiom that men talk with men, while women talk with Jesus or the Virgin[59]. Some historians attribute the ascendency of Christianity over the Mithraic and other Oriental cults in the decaying Roman Empire to the fact that virtually all of the Christian sects catered especially to women, while other religions either excluded females, as did the cult of Mithras, or relegated them to a very minor position; and some of our contemporaries believe that without women and their influence over males, the Christian churches would completely collapse. However that may be, the force of this factor should not be dismissed with a smile.

A few years ago, I was a guest in a relatively opulent household, in which dinner was always served by a manservant with the help of a maid. One evening, when ten or so of the family's friends, all presumably of the same social status, had come in, a rational discussion of immediately practical economic and political problems, which must have been of urgent concern to most of the individuals present, was interrupted by one of the women, who declaimed a few words about a deity who "makes folly of the wisdom of this world" ending with the assertion, "And a little child shall lead them." This nonsense did not suggest the logical step of sending one of the servants next door to borrow a leader from the nursery there, but other women joined in with affirmations that "we must have Faith" and the like, while the other guests, including at least two intelligent women, politely refrained from comment. The evening ended in a babble of mysticism, and while it is true that on the following morning everyone seemed to have become sane again, the mere possibility of such emotional orgies in the very circles in which one would least expect them is a *fact* of the gravest import.

It is entirely possible that religion is an emotional necessity for a large part of our race, and one could even argue that in our time it has become more necessary than ever before. The loss of the

old illusion that we are living in a cozy little world that has been thoughtfully provided with a sun and moon just above the clouds, and our discovery of the appalling size and implacable mechanisms of the universe in which we are merely the ephemeral consequences of a chemical reaction produced by a fantastically improbable coincidence[60], has made the human condition one that few men have the courage to contemplate for even a moment. It is probably true that, as James Branch Cabell once remarked, "Five minutes of clear vision of man's plight in the universe would suffice to set the most philosophical gibbering."

(3) There is the further consideration, related to, but not identical with, the foregoing, that a rational society may have to be based on irrationality. James Burnham, who has by far the keenest mind ever associated with *National Review* and certainly one of the best in our time, in *The Machiavellians* (New York, 1943) has very cogently argued that the very nature of human society requires a mythology, a set of illusions, that the masses accept and believe, since they are, for many reasons, incapable of objective observation and logical reasoning. All societies are necessarily ruled by an elite of some kind (even, as with us, by a stupid and purblind elite, *faute de mieux*), and the only problem is that of developing and maintaining a competent elite that will govern intelligently, primarily in its own interest, of course, but secondarily for the benefit of the masses, the indispensable basis of its own power. This the elite must do by intelligently calculated deception, so we reach the paradox that "The political life of the masses and the cohesion of society demand the acceptance of myths. A scientific [= rational] attitude toward society does not permit belief in the truth of the myths. But the leaders must profess, indeed foster, belief in the myths, or the fabric of society will crack and they be overthrown. In short, the leaders, if they themselves are scientific, must lie."[61]

Now, if myths are the *sine qua non* of civilization, are there any myths more consoling and beneficial than those of a religion that fosters belief in gods? Or, for that matter, are there myths more suited to a rational government?

If a religion of the supematural[62] is desirable, it would be idle to

consider as relevant to our present situation religions other than the traditional Western Christianity. Anyone can invent a socially efficient religion, but it can be propagated only by a prophet, a person who has the extraordinary force of character that we call charisma, in addition to a most unusual combination of real or cunningly feigned fanaticism, shrewdness, and showmanship; if the sect is to be more than an ephemeral sensation, the prophet must have competent assistants and successors; and the sect must acquire a long tradition before it can become a generally accepted religion[63]. The non-Christian sects that have a considerable following today in the United States are promotions by clever evangelists whose only interest is in milking the suckers; and all are likely to disappear after a brief vogue among the lightheaded, and are, while they exist, socially disintegrating forces. It is vain to speculate about possible religions that might be acceptable to our race in a distant future, if our race survives[64].

It is futile to deplore the triumph of Christianity in the mongrelized Roman Empire and its consequent adoption by our barbarous ancestors, and to dream of reversing the process is sheer romanticism. Gods that have been overthrown are dead; some poet, indeed, should elaborate the Tuat of the earliest Egyptian cosmology into a Heaven for all dead gods, in which they can enjoy the immortality that men could not give them. Today, worship of Zeus or Odin or the Sun can never be more than a histrionic gesture.

It is otiose to regret that the Christian sect that made a deal with the despotic government of the once-Roman Empire and was thus able to exterminate all the others was a sect that brought with it the most pernicious of all Jewish hoaxes, the Self-Chosen People's insolent claim to be God's Race[65]. Erasmus, the most erudite and perspicacious Christian of his time, regretted that the Church had burdened itself with the embarrassing baggage of the Old Testament, but he realized that it was too late to correct the blunder[66]. It is now much later.

It is impossible in the Twentieth Century to restore a variety of Christianity that was suppressed in the Fifth. The late Dr David Hamblen, seeking to develop a form of Christianity that would be

more resistant to the slightly disguised Communism that is peddled as the "Social Gospel" by cynical clergymen, tried to revive Marcionism, one of the earliest and largest Christian sects and one that the Catholics found very difficult to extirpate[67], but his very able efforts were fruitless, and he had to reach the conclusion that Christianity as such could not be salvaged and was therefore a fatal weakness in our society.

A much less reasonable reformation is being attempted by the sects that are called "British Israel" and claim that the Anglo-Saxons or Aryans generally are the real Israelites of the Old Testament, whom the Jews helped the Assyrians conquer, and that these Israelites, after being defeated, migrated to England or to northern Europe under the protection of Yahweh. While historical absurdity seems not to deter the credulous from believing anything that stimulates their glands, it seems most unlikely that these sects can capture a majority of contemporary Christians[68]. The foregoing considerations indicate that the only feasible choice today is between the traditional Christianity of the West and no religion at all. For persons interested in persuading our race not to commit suicide, the question is whether the religion is, on the whole, a help or a hindrance in that endeavor.

In 1955, the answer to that question seemed obvious to anyone who proposed to make what contribution he could to the American cause. It was only prudent to evince a courteous regard for the feelings of persons who were emotionally addicted to the religion, and a decent respect for the opinions of those who regarded it, perhaps correctly, as socially indispensable – and this could be done without hypocrisy by simply refraining from raising a divisive issue. There was no need to simulate or dissemble – only to forbear obtruding a complex of historical facts of which many individuals had never heard, had no wish to hear, and could not hear without feeling distress and perhaps a natural reaction of defensive anger[69]. One had only to emulate the tact of the Christians themselves, who, given the multiplicity of sects that violently disagreed about almost every article of dogma and the prevalence of incredulity, had learned to exclude their own religious opinion and doctrinal pronouncements

from polite society and from politics. One thereby avoided offense to some of the most estimable and sincerely patriotic men and women in the nation.

In 1955, furthermore, Christianity seemed still to have a very considerable strength as a bulwark against subversion. It was true that the Protestant churches, with the exception of certain "Fundamentalist" and "British Israelite" sects, had fallen almost entirely under the control of clerical shysters and mountebanks who were peddling a "Social Gospel" as a profitable substitute for a religion in which they did not believe. Within many of those sects, however, the masqueraders were encountering vocal protest and an opposition that might become formidable. And there were two large sects that, so far as one could tell, had been almost entirely immune to the infection and seemed to have a social and doctrinal stability that was likely to endure through the foreseeable future.

The Latter-Day Saints, equipped with supplemental gospels, the *Book of Mormon* and the *Book of Abraham*, and an astute hierarchy, were the most solidly cohesive religious organization in the nation, and, despite one understandable concession to persecution and military force in 1890, had remained true to their beliefs. Their church seemed invulnerable to subversion[70].

Above all, there was the vast edifice of the Roman Catholic Church, seemingly monolithic and immovable, having survived many wars, revolutions, and political mutations, having suppressed many heresies and outlived its numerous schismatics. It had endured for almost sixteen hundred years with an unbroken tradition and monarchic solidarity, and it retained an effective ascendency over the greater part of the Western world. It had recently shown itself impervious to subversion, for early in 1944, as I remember, the Communists had sent into South America large sums of money in gold (doubtless supplied through channels by the world's beasts of burden, the American taxpayers) to hire agitation for disrupting the Church by making the College of Cardinals similar to our House of Representatives, each country to have a number of Cardinals proportional to its Catholic population — and, so far as one knew, the gold had no more effect than a stone thrown into the ocean. The

Catholic Church seemed the most stable, as well as the oldest, of all existing institutions. In 1955, no one foresaw that within a few years this venerable religion would begin, under Jewish pressure, to destroy itself by publicly proclaiming that its supposedly omniscient god, speaking through his infallible deputy on earth, had for sixteen centuries either lied to his worshippers or ignorantly misrepresented his own affairs.

It seemed, therefore, that the traditional Christianity of the West, which took form during the Middle Ages[71] and had been an integral part of our culture until the Twentieth Century, retained a considerable social force that could be mobilized against the religion's bastard offspring, the various cults that may collectively be called "Liberalism".

V

"Liberalism" is a succedaneous religion that was devised late in the Eighteenth Century and it originally included a vague deism. Like the Christianity from which it sprang, it split into various sects and heresies, such as Jacobinism, Fourierism, Owenism, Fabian Socialism, Marxism, and the like. The doctrine of the "Liberal" cults is essentially Christianity divested of its belief in supernatural beings, but retaining its social superstitions, which were originally derived from, and necessarily depend on, the supposed wishes of a god. Thus "Liberalism", the residue of Christianity, is, despite the fervor with which its votaries hold their faith, merely a logical absurdity, a series of deductions from a premise that has been denied.

The dependence of the "Liberal" cults on a blind and irrational faith was long obscured or concealed by their professed esteem for objective science, which they used as a polemic weapon against orthodox Christianity, much as the Protestants took up the Copernican restoration of heliocentric astronomy as a weapon against the Catholics, who had imprudently decided that the earth could be stopped from revolving about the sun in defiance of Holy Writ by burning intelligent men at the stake or torturing them until they recanted. Pious Protestants would naturally have preferred a cozy

little earth, such as their god described in their holy book, but they saw the advantage of appealing to our racial respect for observed reality to enlist support, while simultaneously stigmatizing their rivals as ignorant obscurantists and ridiculous ranters.

The votaries of "Liberalism" would have much preferred to have the various human species specially created to form one race endowed with the fictitious qualities dear to "Liberal" fancy, but the cultists saw the advantage of endorsing the findings of geology and biology, including the evolution of species, in their polemics against orthodox Christianity to show the absurdity of the Jewish version of the Sumerian creation-myth. The hypocrisy of the professed devotion to scientific knowledge was made unmistakable when the "Liberals" began their frantic and often hysterical efforts to suppress scientific knowledge about genetics and the obviously innate differences between the different human species and between the individuals of any given species. At present, the "Liberals" are limited to shrieking and spitting when they are confronted with inconvenient facts, but no one who has heard them in action can have failed to notice how exasperated they are by the limitations that have thus far prevented them from burning wicked biologists and other rational men at the stake.

It is unnecessary to dilate on the superstitions of "Liberalism." They are obvious in the cult's holy words. "Liberals" are forever chattering about "all mankind", a term which does have a specific meaning, as do parallel terms in biology, such as "all marsupials" or "all species of the genus Canis", but the fanatics give to the term a mystic and special meaning, derived from the Zoroastrian myth of "all mankind" and its counterpart in Stoic speculation, but absurd when used by persons who deny the existence of Ahura Mazda or a comparable deity who could be supposed to have imposed a transcendental unity on the manifest diversity of the various human species. "Liberals" rant about "human rights" with the fervor of an evangelist who appeals to what Moses purportedly said, but a moment's thought suffices to show that, in the absence of a god who might be presumed to have decreed such rights, the only rights are those which the citizens of a stable society, by agree-

ment or by a long usage that has acquired the force of law, bestow on themselves; and while the citizens may show kindness to aliens, slaves, and horses, these beings can have no rights. Furthermore, in societies that have been so subjugated by conquest or the artful manipulation of masses that individuals no longer have constitutional rights that are not subject to revocation by violence or in the name of "social welfare", there are no rights, strictly speaking, and therefore no citizens — only masses existing in the state of indiscriminate equality of which "Liberals" dream and, of course, a state of *de facto* slavery, which their masters may deem it expedient, as in the United States at present, to make relatively light until the animals are broken to the yoke.

"Liberals" babble about "One World," which is to be a "universal democracy" and is "inevitable" and they thus describe it in the very terms in which the notion was formulated, two thousand years ago, by Philo Judaeus, when he cleverly gave a Stoic coloring to the old Jewish dream of a globe in which all the lower races would obey the masters whom Yahweh, by covenant, appointed to rule over them. And the "Liberal" cults, having rejected the Christian doctrine of "original sin" which, although based on a silly myth about Adam and Eve, corresponded fairly well to the facts of human nature, have even reverted to the most pernicious aspect of Christianity, which common sense had held in check in Europe until the Eighteenth Century; and they openly exhibit the morbid Christian fascination with whatever is lowly, proletarian, inferior, irrational, debased, deformed, and degenerate. This maudlin preoccupation with biological refuse, usually sicklied over with such nonsense words as *'underprivileged'* [!], would make sense, if it had been decreed by a god who perversely chose to become incarnate among the most pestiferous of human races and to select his disciples from among the illiterate dregs of even that *peuplade*, but since the "Liberals" claim to have rejected belief in such a divinity, their superstition is exposed as having no basis other than their own resentment of their betters and their professional interest in exploiting the gullibility of their compatriots.

In the Eighteenth Century, Christians whose thinking was

cerebral rather than glandular, perceived that their faith was incompatible with observed reality and reluctantly abandoned it. A comparable development is taking place in the waning faith of "Liberalism" and we may be sure that, despite the cult's appeal to masses that yearn for an effortless and mindless existence on the animal level, and despite the prolonged use of public schools to deform the minds of all children with "Liberal" myths, the cult would have disappeared, but for the massive support given it today, as to the Christian cults in the ancient world, by the Jews, who have, for more than two thousand years, battened on the venality, credulity, and vices of the races they despise. In 1955, however, the extent and pervasiveness of their power in the United States remained to be determined.

There is one crucial fact that we must not overlook, if we are to see the political situation as it is, rather than in the anamorphosis of some 'ideology,' ie, propaganda-line, whether "Liberal" or "conservative". The real fulcrum of power in our society is neither the votaries of an ideological sect nor the Jews, clear-sighted and shrewd as they are, but the intelligent members of our own race whose one principle is an unmitigated and ruthless egotism, an implacable determination to satisfy their own ambitions and lusts at whatever cost to their race, their nation, and even their own progeny. And with them we must reckon the bureaucrats, men who, however much or little they may think about the predictable consequences of the policies they carry out, are governed by a corporate determination to sink their probosces ever deeper into the body politic from which they draw their nourishment[72]. Neither of these groups can be regarded as being "Liberal" or as having any other political attitude from conviction. The first are guarded by the lucidity of their minds, and the second by their collective interests, from adhesion to any ideology or other superstition.

Bureacracies contain, of course, ambitious men who are climbing upward. One thinks of the bureaucrats who, shortly before the "Battle of the Bulge" in the last days of 1944, were openly distressed "lest a premature victory in Europe compromise our social gains at home" meaning, of course, that they were afraid that peace might

break out before they had climbed another rung on their way to real power. After the defeat of Japan, one of them, a major in the ever-growing battalions of chair-borne troops, too precious to be distressed by such nasty things as fighting battles, frankly lamented his hard luck: if only the war had lasted another three months, and a suitable number of Americans been killed, he would have been promoted to colonel and would also have a "command" that would have qualified him as the foremost expert in his field and thus assured his prosperity after the evil day on which he would have to face the hardships of peace. This attitude may not be admirable, but it is quite common and a political force of the first magnitude, which it would be childish to ignore. It is not, of course, peculiar to the United States. When the National Socialists came to power in Germany, they had many enthusiastic adherents of the same type, who, after the defeat of their nation, did not have to be tortured to become witnesses to the "evils of Nazism" and endorse any lie desired by the brutal conquerors. The attitude, furthermore, though especially prevalent in our demoralized age, is not peculiar to it. One thinks of the Popes who are reported to have told their intimates, "How much profit this fable of Christ has brought us!"[73] And the same realistic appraisal of the main chance was doubtless present in many ecclesiastics who did not reach the top or did not have so much confidence in the discretion of their immediate associates.

Unmitigated egotism, which is necessarily a prime factor on all the higher levels of society in a "democracy",[74] is a political force with which one cannot cope directly; one can only attack the masks that are worn in public. It is, however, an obstacle that can be circumvented and one which could become an asset. The only strategic consideration here is represented by the truism, "nothing succeeds like success" — a crude statement, which you may find elaborated with elegance and sagacity in the *Oráculo manual* of the great Jesuit, Baltasar Gracián. Our formidable enemies today will become our enthusiastic allies tomorrow, if it appears that we are likely to succeed. I speak, of course, only of members of our race, but the most competent and acute "Liberals", who today declaim most eloquently about the "underprivileged" and "world peace", could

become tomorrow the most eloquent champions of the hierarchical principle (with which they secretly agree) and a *guerre à l'outrance* against our enemies, if their calculations of the probable future were changed. And, as the Jews well know, the great humanitarian, whose soul shudders today at the very thought of insufficient veneration of the Jews, could become tomorrow grateful to the Jews only for the wonderful idea about gas chambers that was incorporated in the hoax about the "six million", and he would probably find a real personal satisfaction in putting the idea into practice at last. As Gracián says, the prudent man will ascertain where power really lies, in order to use those who have it and to spurn those who have it not.

If one wishes to talk about principles or even long-range objectives to the representatives of this extremely powerful political force, one should wear motley and cap with bells; the only arguments that will be cogent to them are of the kind that always taught the Reverend Bishop Talleyrand precisely when it would be profitable to kick his less nimble associates in the teeth. Some historians claim, and it may be true, that Talleyrand had principles. If so, he never let them interfere with his conduct. He was a man of great talent and perspicacity, and he always found the right moment and right way to join the winning side in time for it to boost him yet higher. When age at last forced his retirement, he was equally adroit in conciliating impressionable historians by simulating regret for the methods by which he had attained eminence. He is one of the comparatively few perfect models for brilliant and pragmatic young men today.

Many of my conservative readers will find this fact disagreeable or even depressing, but I trust they will not dream of resuscitating an etiolated religion, and will not count too heavily on the *spiritual* effects of a possible restoration of racial self-respect and sanity. If the fact is unpleasant *per se*, it is also the basis for some cautious optimism, since it leaves open the possibility that movement on behalf of our race, if it ever seems likely to succeed, could quickly become an avalanche. In certain circumstances — not likely, perhaps, but possible — the despised "racist" of today could be astounded

by the discovery that an overwhelming majority of the bureaucracy and of the white men in power above it had always been with him in heart. The sudden conversions will not necessarily be hypocritical, for it is quite likely that there is now such a majority which, *ceteris paribus*, would prefer to belong to a virile race rather than a dying one. But remember the proviso, *ceteris paribus*: no personal sacrifices, no risks.

VI

In 1955, if rational criticism were to have a political effect, it would have to be directed against the three obvious targets: the "Liberal" cults in general, the Communists in particular, and the Jews. The first of these, although as multiform and elusive as Proteus, was the most important in the United States, since its mythology, administered in the public schools, shielded the other two.

Communist doctrine represents, of course, a schismatic "Liberalism" standing in much the same relation to the orthodoxy as the Puritans stood to Catholicism. It was, however, a particularly inviting target in 1955, because the general public was to a certain extent then aware of it as a menace. When the American cattle began to recover from the great stampede into Europe and to show signs of restlessness, their drovers decided to distract and further exploit them by discovering that the Soviet, which so many Americans had died to save, was a danger, after all, and that the Bolsheviks were not really archangels come to earth. Thus was begun the "cold war", with much rhetorical fustian and a few token gestures, such as the ostentatious disposal of two worn-out tools, the Rosenbergs, to create the illusion that treason was no longer normal in the District of Corruption. The "cold war," needless to say, was devised to bleed the American economy and to subsidize the enemies of America under the idiotic pretext that "poverty breeds Communism". An official simulation of hostility toward the Communists was also necessary to permit intensive squandering of American resources in military operations primarily designed to degrade the Americans and so to advertise their degradation as to make them contempt-

ible in the eyes of even the most stupid races on earth. The Korean War, for example, was made possible only by assuring the suckers that they were "fighting Communism" and by deploying squads of brainwashed rabble to howl Communist slogans in protest, thus neatly estopping rational criticism of the covert treason by making it seem that the critic was acting in the interests of the Communists, who were, for the nonce, recognized as our enemies. The success of the Korean War was momentarily endangered by a nasty general named MacArthur, who did not have wit enough to understand that his duty was to get as many stupid Americans killed as possible, and to waste as much of American resources as he could, without serious inconvenience to the Bolsheviks. But as soon as MacArthur was eliminated, everything went according to the plan that had been agreed upon in Washington and Moscow, and it was easy to herd the cattle into other disgraces until the bloody farce in Vietnam finally exhausted the utility of the hoax about "fighting Communism" and prepared the boobs for more open submission to their "invincible" enemies, now reconverted into friends by crude, but effective, propaganda.

In the meantime, however, and so long as it was desired to put the hoax over on the American peasantry, it had been expedient to permit some of them to say unkind things, about the real beneficiaries of the "cold war," who, of course, did their part by pretending to take it seriously.[75] And although this permission was always subject to the stringent limitation that the unkind remarks must be superficial, Americans who hoped to recover control of their country were encouraged, and for a number of years the populace was allowed to feel some vague alarm over the obvious threat to their national survival. The carefully rationed pro-Communist agitation in the United States fostered the illusion that some real struggle to decide national policy was under way. This gave worried individuals the exhilarating distraction of campaigns, often successful, to elect "anti-Communist" candidates, most of whom, aware of political realities, were amused by the naivete of their supporters.

In these circumstances, the most direct means of revivifying and focusing the Americans' instinct of self-preservation was a direct

attack on the Bolsheviks, elucidating their nature and purposes, explaining their seizure of Russia and other territories, and, above all, pointing out that the major base of their power had always been located in the United States. And in 1955, when the United States was still a world power, one could hope that an aroused people might exert such pressure as would convert their government's pretense into a reality and force a military confrontation with the Soviet, which would either prudently retreat or rashly commit itself to a war in which we would probably be victorious.

So much was clear, but the third target of political criticism, the Jews, presented a problem, of extreme difficulty and exasperating delicacy. The rare individuals who perceived the extent of their covert power were desperately afraid of them, and said that to offend the Jews openly was to exhibit temerity pushed to the verge of madness. But that was not the real problem. A man who wished to serve his race might be as audacious and foolhardy as you please, but he would find his utterances nevertheless confined within very narrow limits by the factors we have already reviewed. There were only two things that he could do.

He could speak of Bolsheviks, and since a large proportion of the Jews involved had not concealed their race by assuming distinctively Aryan names, and the real names of many who had adopted such aliases were matters of public record, he could hope that the names would suggest a significant fact to minds that were not hopelessly sluggish or hebetated. He could also suggest rational thought about current propaganda by avoiding use of the absurd term 'anti-Semitic' that the Jews, yielding to their instinct for concealment and disguise, had foisted into use when it was expedient to confuse the stupid Europeans by pretending that Jews are of the same race as the Semitic peoples of the Near East.[76] And there was then the additional advantage that the notion that criticism of Jews residing in Europe was tantamount to hostility toward the Semitic race would help to excite disaffection among the Semitic peoples, who were, until 1945, all either directly under European jurisdiction in the various colonies or under European influence (even in the Turkish Empire before 1914). Such disaffection, naturally, facilitated destruction

of the European empires. When the deceitful term was invented, of course, the Jews did not anticipate the situation today, when the nations of the Near East have been alarmed by the bandit state of Israel, and even unthinking persons are jolted by the ludicrous paradox that the real Semites are vehemently "anti-Semitic."

Even a cowed American could venture to insist on an honest use of words, and ask people to say "anti-Jewish" when that was what they meant, but even the most temerarious critic could not go beyond such oblique hints. He was simply impaled on the two horns of a dilemma. Even if he were willing to become a propagandist and, like a radio announcer, try to say with conviction what he did not believe, he could not echo the polemics of anti-Jewish Christians without exciting the derision of the readers whom he most needed to convince. But factual and objective criticism of the Jews would automatically provoke the Christians to the most violent antagonism.

VII

In the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century, conservatives who hoped to free their nations from Jewish infiltration and stealthy control, based their opposition on specifically Christian premises. The most brilliant critic of the Jews, however, was Edouard Drumont, who, in his masterly *La France juive*[77], was able to take Catholic Christianity for granted, avoid all doctrinal and Scriptural questions, and take his position on the solid ground of French history, from the Middle Ages to his own time, to draw up a damning and irrefragable inventory of the baleful results of Jewish intrigues and influence. So cogent was his work that the Jews were able to neutralize it only by means of the Dreyfus affair[78]. But when Protestants, less sagacious and learned than Drumont and perhaps influenced by their own tradition[79], tried to oppose the Jews, they did not emulate his discretion and so, abandoning the solid ground of racial realities[80], they jumped into the quagmire of Biblical quotations and theological disputation. From that bog there is no escape.

Christians are committed to endorsement of the Jews' great

hoax about God's People, and particularly to the notion, thoughtfully inserted in the doctrine of the sect that prevailed in the Fifth Century, that Yahweh, although he might spank the Jews a little for killing his son, was certain to arrange everything for the eventual "conversion" of the superior race to which he had for centuries ruthlessly sacrificed all others[81]. And when Christians, who have to believe some parts of their holy book, although I should suppose that none of them now believes all of it, try to wriggle out of that dilemma with theological twists about Satan etc, they merely sink deeper into the morass. It would be an unpardonable waste of time even to mention typical specimens of the innumerable (and often almost unreadable) polemics in which contemporary Christians explain how God's People became the Devil's People. And I do not have the heart to comment on the brave fellows who wade through the mephitic swamps of the *Talmuds*, the *Shulhan 'Aruk*, the *Zohar*, and the like, to dredge up statements that, to be sure, are shockingly immoral by our standards, but merely corroborate what is patent in the Old Testament, which the laborious searchers resolutely ignore. There seems to be an underlying assumption that the Jews are deliberately perverse and evil, and it seems to occur to no one that they cannot in their own minds regard as immoral or improper conduct that violates *our* moral instincts and standards.

Here, too, we find the cultural phenomenon of the residue. Many men who regard the Bible as mythology, nevertheless regard the Jews as a uniquely gifted people who invented a particularly admirable religion. The real basis of this odd belief is, of course, the respect and even nostalgia with which cultivated men must regard the religion into which our people transmuted during the Middle Ages the cult they had inherited from the dying Roman Empire. It is impossible not to revere the faith that created our great cathedrals, from Cologne to Salisbury, from St Peter's to St Paul's, and a thousand churches, some of them in humble towns, that are "prayers in stone" — the faith that glows in more than half of all our great paintings, that soars heavenward in so much of our music, that inspired some of our magnificent literature and is implicit in almost all of the rest of it, including even the poetry of unbelievers.

But with those wonderful creations of our culture — of what we may, with Spengler, call the Faustian soul — the Jews have nothing to do; they are so alien to it that they can regard it only with covert or open contempt. But, nevertheless, they are credited with having invented monotheism and a wonderful system of ethics.

The idea that monotheism is an improved form of religion is highly debatable — a monotheism always founders on the impossibility of constructing a logical theodicy[H2] — but is irrelevant. In its great age and even with many believers today Christianity retained and retains its Zoroastrian basis, considering the world as the battleground of a great struggle between good and evil, the good championed by a good God, while evil is championed by an anti-God (Ahriman or Satan); the two gods fight for men's souls, whence the Zoroastrian (and later Christian) idea of "conversion", a change of allegiance from one monarch to the other, and the ancillary idea of the equality of races, since, as in the significant story that Zoroaster's first convert was a Turanian (ie, a Turko-Mongolian was spiritually transformed into an Aryan), the only important thing was recruitment to the army of either good or evil. As for monotheism, a reading of the Old Testament (except the very late apologue called Job) suffices to show that the Jews were not monotheists, but instead believed that they had made a bargain with a tribal god, Yahweh, who would, when necessary, beat up the gods of other nations, and who, in the much-touted Commandments, specifically recognizes the existence of the other gods over whom Jews are to give him precedence in their own rites. The Jews did not become monotheists until they saw the benefits they would derive from appropriating the real monotheism of the Graeco-Roman Stoics.

The attribution of an ethical superiority to the Jews is even more fantastic. The converse is true. The Graeco-Roman and Germanic peoples thought of morality as inherent in the very nature of society, since without established and accepted codes of conduct, peaceful association and cooperation of individuals would be impossible. And, as a matter of fact, Christianity, except in certain sexual relations (to which it gave cardinal importance), added nothing to practical morality — to the prohibition of theft, murder, rape, adultery,

perjury, fraud and the like — that had been commonplace in the laws of all the Greek and Roman states, in the laws of the Germanic tribes that invaded and dismembered the rotted Empire, in the laws of ancient Egypt, and, indeed, in the laws of all organized societies known to history. The conception of morality as a necessary regulation of intercourse between individuals (and therefore to be observed by gods, as well as men, in their relations with one another) is not perfect, but I fail to see any improvement in the Jewish conception of practical morality as rules laid down by the caprice of a deity shortly before he exposed his buttocks for the admiration and veneration of Moses. In fact, the Judaic notion of morality as a body of rules, including prohibition of theft etc among members of the tribe, circumcision, and intricate regulations about diet, physical functions, and the like, imposed by their tribal deity as a condition on which he was prepared to fight off other gods and help his Chosen People plunder other tribes and seize their territory — all that seems to me a distinct regression, when considered from the standpoint of our own morality, which, of course, must not be thought of as binding on other races.[83]

Now a rational consideration of the Jews — which would require a volume, not a paragraph — would have to begin with a candid recognition that, as the learned and candid Maurice Samuel told us, there is an insuperable biological difference between their race and ours. Neither can have the instincts of the other, and if one emulates the outlook and standards of the other, that can be done only by simulation, whatever the motive. Further, we must understand that, in the absence of the Stoics' *animus mundi* or a creator who for some reason made most of his products inferior, no race can be thought of as having a morality and instincts that are good from any point of view but its own, while the corresponding qualities of other races are intrinsically bad. The question that Blake asked of the tiger when he admired its fearful symmetry, "Did He who made the lamb make thee?" embarrasses theologians, but not biologists: the tiger's morality is excellent by its own standards, though deplorable by the lamb's.

We must further understand that all races naturally regard them-

selves as superior to all others. We think Congoids unintelligent, but they feel only contempt for a race so stupid or craven that it fawns on them, gives them votes, lavishly subsidizes them with its own earnings, and even oppresses its own people to curry their favor. We are a race as are the others. If we attribute to ourselves a superiority, intellectual, moral, or other, in terms of our own standards, we are simply indulging in a tautology. The only objective criterion of superiority, among human races as among all other species, is biological: the strong survive, the weak perish. The superior race of mankind today is the one that will emerge victorious — whether by its technology or its fecundity — from the proximate struggle for life on an overcrowded planet.

An objective discussion of the Jews would infuriate them — understandably and, from their point of view, righteously — because it would threaten the bases of their power. It would also exasperate those among us who hate them, because we should have to concede to them some virtues that are superior by our own standards, first of all, their absolute loyalty to their own race. It would be possible to argue that no Jew, despite the intense antagonism between individuals and factions, has ever committed treason against his own people, but we need not try to determine the putative motives of such rare individuals as Raymond Martin, Pfefferkorn, and Samuel Roth[84]. Those who can be suspected of betrayal are certainly rare, and although Aryans like to talk about the greed and unscrupulous rapacity of the Jews, they would do well to remember — and ponder with shame — the fact that, so far as I know, there is no example of a Jew who betrayed his race for a bribe or profit.

There are instances of racial loyalty that at first sight seem to us unbelievable. Virtually all of the opulent and luxurious ghetto in Frankfurt am Main was destroyed by fire in 1711, and the Jews believed that the conflagration had been caused in spite by a Kabbalist named Cohen, who, to be sure, prudently fled to Prague. But there seems to have been a singular lack of resentment against Cohen, who was not hunted down and was permitted to attain eminence among his fellow Kabbalists in Poland and the Ukraine. One explanation of his odd immunity is that the Jews of Frankfurt, who

even issued a quite handsome gold medal with an inscription that described the devastating fire as having occurred with the permission of their god, resolved not to excite a scandal that would increase suspicion of their race.

An even more singular example is the fact that Jews, including those who resided in Germany during the Hitlerian regime, evince no resentment or even disapproval of the intensive efforts of their Zionists before 1939 to instigate pogroms in Germany as a means of arousing among the goyim in Britain and the United States enthusiasm for a crusade against the Germans and for a repetition of the Jews' seizure of Palestine as described in the Old Testament[45]. It is true that the Zionists were unable to incite the Germans to a massacre of the Jews in Germany and thus had to devise the hoax about the "six million" after the war they had induced by other means, but their efforts to sacrifice a part of their own people, which seem shocking to us, are evidently regarded by the Jews as proper and justified by the strategic purpose. They apply, as they have done throughout their long history, the one absolute standard: "Is it good or bad for the Jewish people?[46]" We make foolish jokes about that criterion, instead of recognizing a capacity for self-sacrifice that is admirable by our own standards and is also a biological force that assures the survival and promotes the dominion of the international race on earth.

Aryans are also a small minority on this planet, but how many members of our race seem to have even an inkling of that fact? We may have to ponder that question for several minutes before we think of Commodore Josiah Tattnall, who, in June 1859, exclaimed "Blood is thicker than water", and led the American squadron to the assistance of the British gunboats that were hard pressed as they tried to pass the forts at the mouth of the Pei-ho river. And if we rack our memories, we may eventually extract ten or a dozen more names from the past two centuries and all our nations. I see no monument to Tattnall, and I suspect that if the little punks that are hatched out by the public boob-incubators heard of him, they would spit on his memory. You will remember that not long ago, when it was desired to keep Americans under the illusion that they

were "fighting Communism" in Vietnam, swarms of the disgusting creatures were sent out to protest and demonstrate, and they howled because darling Mongolians were being killed, but one never heard from them a word of sympathy or compassion for the young men of our race who were being butchered in that bloody fraud.

There are no monuments to Tattnall, but Americans have been taught to venerate a particularly vicious homicidal maniac named John Brown, who, after a long series of murders in Kansas, appointed himself President of the United States and slipped into Virginia in the hope that he could enjoy seeing white men, mutilated but alive, hanging by their heels from trees while their intestines were pulled out of their bodies and torches were used to ignite their hair, and he yearned to see white women blinded and herded together in pig-pens, but kept alive for the amusement of black beasts[87]. And those facts were, of course, well known to the liars, chiefly of degenerate Puritan stock, who started the canonization of Brown and publicly compared him to Jesus Christ as they labored to arouse enthusiasm for an invasion of the more civilized states in the southern half of the nation — enthusiasm for the war that they greatly enjoyed, to say nothing of its aftermath, when they so richly appeased their sadistic lusts with the suffering they inflicted on the conquered white population. That, it seems, is the "idealism" Americans love. And there is no need to multiply the many examples from the recent past. Today, you can watch "educators" gloat as white children are hauled around in buses so that they can be spat on, robbed, beaten, and raped by savages. And you can see our clergymen lick their lips in joyous anticipation of the time when the white men and women, of Rhodesia will be pauperized, virtually enslaved, and eventually butchered.

This spectacle of insane racial hatred — hatred of our own race by some of its members — does not perturb our people. They all willingly subsidize it through their taxes and many contribute further subsidies through their churches, and, so far as we can tell, not one in a thousand Americans (or Englishmen or Swedes *et al*) feels even a momentary qualm, to say nothing of uttering (or even muttering) one word of protest.

The cause of this psychopathic state of sadism blended with masochism is not quite certain. Our minds may have been rotted by centuries of Christian and "Liberal" superstitions about "love of all mankind" and morbid preoccupation with whatever is lowly, inferior, proletarian, diseased, deformed, and degenerate. Or it may represent a biological degeneracy, a progressive atrophy of the vital instincts, for which there can be no remedy[88].

Let us assume, however, that we have been brought to this suicidal mania by the cunning of the Jews, who are unmistakably using other devices to afflict and destroy us. That, to be sure, is very wicked by our standards, but (as we must recognize, if we are to be rational) not by theirs.

For a long time our people in North America thought that the American Indians were children of Satan, diabolically evil creatures, because they scalped their victims, fought by skulking behind trees, treacherously murdered defenceless women, children, and other non-combatants in our settlements[89], and were guilty of many other "crimes against humanity". Eventually, however, we realized that they were not inspired by Satan, were not innately evil, and also realized that they could not be transformed into white men by telling them our favorite myths and sprinkling them with, or dousing them in, magic water. They were a biologically different race, so different from ours that no real comity was possible, and they fought by methods that seemed entirely right and proper according to their own standards, using, indeed, the only weapons with which they could defend the land that we wanted to take from them — the land to which we had a right by our own standards and our race's need for new territory[90]. And we proved our right — that we were the superior race by the only criteria that have real meaning.

The Jews' major weapons are, and always have been, cunning and deceit — except in rare situations, they have no other. Their use of these weapons is justified by their own standards, their sublime confidence in their immeasurable intellectual and moral superiority to all other races. And without cunning and deceit they could not survive. They are a tiny minority — much smaller than the Aryans — on this planet, and they are the only human race that is by nature

parasitic on other races, just as we are parasitic on cattle, sheep, horses, and other animals that we use for food or enslave. So far as the historical evidence goes, the Jews never had a "homeland" — only a kind of capital they established after they dispossessed the inhabitants of part of Palestine, probably, as they admit in moments of candor, by fraud and deceit, although their legends speak of military aggression and conquest[91].

When Jews first appear in history, they are an international race with colonies in many lands. (The tale about a Diaspora after the siege of Jerusalem in AD 69 is, of course, just another hoax.) They always maintained a very large colony in Babylon, which they betrayed to Cyrus and the Persians in 538 BC, just as, much later, they habitually betrayed the Graeco-Roman cities of Asia Minor to the Parthians. During the Graeco-Roman period, in fact, Babylon was their real capital, the seat of their *Nasi*, the Chief Executive of their international nation. In oracles that they forged near the beginning of the second century BC under the name of an early Greek prophetess, the Jews boast that all the lands and seas of the earth are full of them. In the first century BC, Strabo, one of the foremost geographers of antiquity, stated that it was almost impossible to find an inhabited place on earth into which the Jewish race had not penetrated and *acquired an effective control over the natives*. And at that time, although Strabo probably did not know it, they were already in China, where they have today an influential but unnumbered colony[92]. In the first century of the present era, Josephus repeatedly boasts that there is no people anywhere on the globe who do not have a segment of the Jewish race lodged among them. Other Jewish writers agree, of course[93].

It would probably be no exaggeration to say that ever since some indeterminably early date no people on earth has become prosperous enough to have property worth taking without having Jews appear to get some of it. And the Jews, always whining about persecution and using their own religion to enlist sympathy and conceal their real but clandestine power, have survived and flourished, outlasting all their victims[94]. And this they have been able to do only through their phenomenal ability — their genius

— for deceiving the peoples on whom they feed and whom they eventually destroy.

Now all this is reprehensible and wicked by our standards, not by theirs. Their right to our property is exactly like our right to the Indians' land: a certainty of their own superiority. And they are using their only weapons as we used ours. And although you may disapprove of the weapons (and what do you suppose the Indians thought of firearms?), if they batten on us and destroy us, as they have so many nations, they will have proved that they are biologically superior.

The Jews are a unique race. They began, so far as we know, with a belief that they had made a bargain with a god who was stronger than some or many other gods, and when they learned that there were *goyim* who were monotheists, they probably began to claim their tribal god as the one universal god for propaganda purposes, but they soon, I think, convinced themselves. It paid.

The Jews are a unique race, and the secret of their strength is disclosed in all their writings. As Maurice Samuel phrases it concisely, religious Jews always conceived God as a Big Jew[95]. And Jews who are atheists nevertheless have a god in whom they have an ardent, unshakable, and instinctive faith: the Jewish People — the Master Race whose vast superiority has been demonstrated by its survival[96]. This is no figure of speech: it is a psychological fact. As Samuel says, "The feeling in the Jew, even in a free-thinking Jew like myself, is that to be one with his people is to be thereby *admitted to the power of enjoying the infinite*"[97]. You may be, as I am, unable to comprehend such a feeling, but do not be so foolish as to ignore it or to underestimate its power in history and the world today.

I have written these few pages, not to examine the Jewish problem, but only to show why it was not feasible in 1955 — and may not be feasible today — to discuss the Jews in political writings that are intended to be factual and rational, as distinct from anti-Jewish propaganda.

On the one hand, one could not — and cannot — appeal directly and cogently to a scholarly and scientific audience in terms of books that are yet unwritten. The data are available but scattered

in hundreds of sources in different fields of knowledge, and in an age of ever increasing specialization in minutely divided areas of research, historical, linguistic, and biological, few men are likely to have encountered more than a small number of seemingly random data in their own work, and many will have noticed none at all. For sixteen centuries the minds of our race have been injected with the idea that veneration of the Jews is the beginning of wisdom, and even the perpetual whining about "persecution" has been accepted as evidence of some moral superiority. Even in anthropology, the very concept of an international race that exhibits the physical characteristics of many different races is as novel as was Lavoisier's idea about oxygen in his day, and requires as careful demonstration. In genetics, the little that is certain indicates the need for intensive research that is now, for all practical purposes, forbidden[98]. In short one would have to begin with a treatise that brings together the data now scattered in many and diverse sources and examine each datum critically and without prejudice — a study at once historical and biological, and written with the cold objectivity of the *vue de Sirius*. Such a work would require more pages than Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* and more years than he spent on his masterpiece. And, incidentally, if the treatise were written, who would brave the Jewish Terror to publish an expensive and unpopular work? Occult but irresistible powers would assure his financial ruin, with assassination a possibility, if he did not cringe promptly[99].

On the other hand, one could not discuss the Jews rationally without infuriating the Christians. A factual consideration of the Jewish problem must begin with rejection of the greatest and most pernicious of all their hoaxes, the Self-Chosen People's impudent claim to have been chosen by God to inherit the earth. But although the Christians have tacitly jettisoned many articles of their faith[100], they cling desperately to the central theme of their mythology, the unique holiness of the Jews. That they will not abandon. Nominal Christians want no further impairment of a religion they believe socially necessary. Believing Christians, retaining the faith that was developed during the Middle Ages, now hold to what is really a mysticism, and if they read their Holy Writ, they do so in the light

of preconceptions so strong that they, like Ophelia's friends, botch the words up to fit their own thoughts. The facts of history, if not denied with feminine outcries, are stored in a drawer that is tightly closed before the drawer of faith is opened. And the two groups include many of the most amiable, honest, and estimable Aryans to be found in this hapless nation[101].

In 1955, the only feasible thing to do, for a man who was determined to be a critic, not a propagandist, was "to concentrate on the "Liberals" and Bolsheviks, and, at most, to drop an occasional hint that might set an alert reader to thinking about antecedents and causes.

VIII

I thought it necessary to offer the foregoing observations as a background to an explanation of political journalism over a period that begins in 1955, a date already so far in the past that even men who were then adult find it difficult to remember clearly what they then believed and took for granted. I shall here mention a marginally relevant matter that may be of some general interest, what may be termed a foreshortening of perspective in a rational attempt to foresee the future.

In the physical world, if we determine accurately the direction and magnitude of all the vectors of force acting upon a number of solid bodies, we can predict with certainty their position at any future time. When one deals with human societies, however, the problem becomes so complex, and the difficulty of identifying, let alone measuring, the vectors becomes so great, that accurate prediction would be impossible, even if one did not have to allow, as at present, for the effect of the impact on events of movements made by politically powerful entities according to plans and purposes that are secret and can only be conjectured by the observer. The most common result, I believe, is that the observer will underestimate the time required for the vectors he has identified to produce a logical result, and he will thus set too early a date for the predicted consequences.

When George Orwell published in 1949 his very acute analysis of the forces acting on the Western world at that time, he correctly identified tendencies which, although unperceived by most of his contemporaries, have produced results that are already obvious. It now seems certain that the whole of the future society that he then envisaged cannot come into being by 1984, his set date, and, indeed, it seems unlikely that precisely such a society will ever become a reality, although our future may be even more horrible than he anticipated.

The hazards of conjecture about secret plans may be illustrated by an incident not yet forgotten. In the late spring of 1972, the adroit and very successful simulation of an unsuccessful burglary in the Watergate Building in Washington was obviously intended to create a political scandal. A highly intelligent lady, who milks the suckers by claiming "psychic" powers, deduced that the scandal was designed to affect the next quadrennial contest between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, and so decided to have the stars inform her that Nixon would not be re-elected. The lady (with whom I sympathize, since I made the same miscalculation) must have been worried in the autumn, when the fire that had been set was permitted to smoulder instead of being fanned into a blaze, and she was chagrined when the election was called a "landslide" for Nixon, although she wisely refused to recant, perceiving that the scandal had for some reason been postponed. It only later became apparent that the "burglary" had been designed not only to keep the boobs agog and hold their attention from significant changes in policy, but also to set a precedent in the first resignation of an American President. At the time of the incident, however, the lady quite naturally anticipated the logical consequences at the earliest possible date, and only a person in the counsels of the real planners could have anticipated a delayed, but much more successful, result.

Intelligence services, needless to say, have vast facilities for ascertaining facts that are completely concealed from the public; nevertheless they, too, may in some intricate or obscure matters be misled, either by misinformation or disinformation[103] so cunningly planted by the enemy's intelligence service that they do not detect

its spuriousness, or by the same kind of miscalculation of vectors that leads lay observers into error. Of this, I shall give a significant example.

In the spring of 1960, I was still uncertain how to explain the fact that the *National Review*, instead of becoming what Professor Kendall had expected it to be, had become a basically "Liberal" periodical, witty and entertaining, but, under the cover of a devotion to Catholicism, subject to strict Jewish censorship, so that it purveyed a kosher "conservatism," distinguishable only at certain points from the orthodox "Liberal" line, and having the effect of exciting bright young men to play innocuous games with words and ideas on a constantly supervised playground. I accordingly consulted a man who had been a colonel in Military Intelligence during the Korean War and a member of the Central Intelligence Agency, with some segments of which he had continued to maintain contact. His reply, in June 1960, was that the "defection" of the magazine did not matter, because the American cause was already lost: treason and alien penetration were already so great and ineradicable that the United States could no longer defend its own territory successfully. Americans, within a few years, would have only a choice between passive surrender and a hopeless resistance that would have the same result. He advised me, accordingly, to stop wasting my time and energy on chimaerical and futile efforts on behalf of a people already doomed, concluding:

> So why don't you give up the speaking, the worrying about the Jews, and get back to your business, which is scholarship? . . . There are only ten years left at most before the occupation of the US by the USSR; and nothing you are doing is going to prevent that, any more than a fish's wriggling its tail in a net affects its consignment to tomorrow night's *poêle*. The question is how we spend those ten ytears: we are all going to be shot anyhow, and the order in which we are shot doesn't really matter — well all go off in a truck to the nearest lime-pit.

The ten years to the lime-pits expired in June 1970, but the advice which I — no doubt foolishly — disregarded was, I am sure, based

on a careful extrapolation from the data then available, which may have included knowledge of plans for the sabotage of the American Army and Navy, which was then still in the future[104]. The writer's estimate of time was foreshortened, as was Orwell's in his 1984, and it now seems likely that either a change in plans or the effect of a vector that the ex-colonel did not take into account will alter the precise form of the catastrophe, if it is still in the future[105].

IX

This small contribution to the historical record ends with 1966, the year in which I terminated my participation in the "conservative movement" for reasons which I shall set forth in the concluding part of this book. When I was asked to compile a list of my political publications during that period, I was amazed by the total: 578 items. All but about a hundred of these are listed in the bibliography that forms Appendix I to this volume.

Beginning in 1957, I addressed various conservative and patriotic organizations at their annual conventions or special rallies. The text of many of the speeches was printed by the organizations concerned in the form of pamphlets or articles in the organization's bulletins, and some of these were widely reprinted by other groups. Of one speech, I knew of seventeen different reprintings, and there may have been more. Speeches, which require quite different stylistic qualities and, if collected, would be in some measure repetitive, have been excluded from the bibliography, together with some other pamphlets and ephemeral publications, such as newspapers. They would add nothing to the record, for I expressed in them no opinion that was not also set forth in more formal publications. That leaves the total of about 480 articles and reviews listed in the bibliography, which, with the exceptions I have noted, is complete. I have intentionally omitted nothing.

I selected from this mass of material about half as fairly representative of the whole. The final decisions about what was to be included in this volume were made by the publishers.

All the selections are printed here as they were originally written. Although they contain a few statements which I now regret and some which I could wish to amplify, I have not altered or revised the texts at any point. To do so would be to falsify the historical record, whatever that may be worth.

My favorite means of expression was criticism of current books, for it seemed to me that reviews served a double purpose, since appraisal of a book entails exposition of the facts and other considerations on which the judgement is based. In the reviews reprinted here, space has been saved by the omission of the bibliographical details (number of pages, name of the publisher, his address, and the price), since in almost every case the data are now obsolete — except, perhaps, as reminders of the steady erosion of the publishing business and the enormous increase in the price of books in terms of the counterfeit currency that Americans are forced to use in place of real money. The date of publication of each book is approximately that of the review, and the title and author's name will suffice to identify it.

The following selection includes only a very limited number of items that were thought to retain some present relevance or interest. Many of these are here printed from my carbon copies of my manuscript, rather than from the pages of the journal in which they appeared, and so may contain short passages that were, with my permission, omitted to facilitate the make-up of pages in print or, occasionally, to conform to the journal's editorial policy, which, to avoid the wrangling normal in the "right wing", I never presumed to set, subject, of course, to the condition that I must never appear to have said anything that I knew to be false. There were only a few attempts to circumvent this stipulation through changes that were blamed on the printer, and I need not say that patently dishonest subterfuges gave evidence about the secret purposes of the persons really responsible.

Almost all of these selections, I believe, will require no explanation, even when they refer to events that have now largely been forgotten, but in a few instances I have prefixed in italics a note that may clarify a point that might be obscure now. I have made no ef-

fort to add notes to bring up to date the arguments or references in the various selections. It will be obvious what was then mistaken or is now obsolete, and those are the elements that may make the collection instructive to the "right wingers" of today. To economize space, I have omitted some passages that would be repetitive or now irrelevant, especially in excerpts from reviews of books now forgotten or superseded; the omissions are indicated by asterisks.

NOTES TO PART I

1. Such a machine had been designed by American experts and was in limited use for communications of the greatest secrecy. In 1944 an undersecretary in the State Department was caught in an attempt to betray that machine to the Soviet by giving several machines to an ostensibly allied nation of which the government was known to be honeycombed with Bolsheviks on the highest level. That the would-be traitor was not dismissed was an indication of the character of the American government at that time, but it seemed inconceivable that the Dismal Swamp of treason in Washington would not be drained and its slithering vermin destroyed when peace and sanity returned. I was startled when, years later, the man in question became Secretary of State.

2. Intelligent men try to understand, so far as possible, the motives of their enemies, and the instincts of our race, when not poisoned, make us respect courageous foes, even those who are biologically and therefore irrevocably our antagonists on this too-narrow globe. When they attacked Pearl Harbor, the Japanese well knew they were taking a desperate risk that could be justified only as less certainly disastrous than what they believed to be its only alternative. Of the resources of the United States their methodical and industrious espionage service had fully informed them, and they must have foreseen the possibility of the military defeat they eventually suffered when American forces in Asia were supplied only with such materials as could not conveniently be given to the Soviet or expended in Europe. Naturally, the Japanese could not foresee that they would, in a sense, be eventually victorious because the United States would be ruled by enemies who would systematically sabotage American industry to profit Japan — not because they love the Japanese, but because they hate their American serfs.

3. The rejection of hybrids born of women of alien races is, of course, simple biological common sense in races that, unlike our own, intend to survive. What is extremely significant and, indeed, unique is the fact that by definition the offspring of Jewesses are Jews, *regardless of the race of the father*. This could be considered normal in a total matriarchy, such as some anthropologists and novelists (e.g. Robert Graves) imagine to have been practiced by some very primitive and prehistoric peoples, or even in an effective gynaecocracy (as among the rulers of Madagascar before the French conquest), but the Jews, as is manifest from virtually all the legends of their Old Testament and the dogmas of both of their Talmuds, and is also obvious from the segregation of women in their synagogues and the rest of their contemporary social organization, are a strictly patriarchal people whose belief in male superiority is even more absolute than among the true Semites. The acceptance of a provision so humiliating to males, therefore, is proof of recognition of a biological necessity that has not been identified by Aryan geneticists. (Orthodox racial standards are relaxed in "reformed" synagogues and the like, where the offspring of Jews by females of the lower races are accepted as Jews, but, according to reports from some of them, are never admitted to the inner circles or regarded as equals by the children of Jewesses.)

4. The only exception whom I can call to mind is the attorney whom I shall mention below.

5. The word which now generally designates Jews who feign participation in Western civilization was first applied in Spain to the very numerous Jews who pretended "conversion" to Christianity in order to exploit and ruin the gullible *goyim*. The strongly pejorative epithet was suggested by the filthy personal habits by which some betrayed themselves, but, given the Christian belief in the magical powers of holy water, they were able to dominate both church and state by their power as a cohesive minority. Naturally, they usually controlled the Inquisition that was established to expose them.

6. Eg, *Matth.* 15.22-28, where is expounded the doctrine of one of the earliest of Christian sects, the Ebionites, that persons who are not Jews by race are mere dogs, but that Jews may throw their table-scraps to curs that admit their inferiority and are properly submissive to their masters. The Ebionites and the less tolerant Nazarenes are usually termed Judaeo-Christian sects to distinguish them from the many early sects that did not exclude or humiliate *goyim* and thus became the source of what developed into Western Christianity.

7. It seems unlikely that Ford ever made such a statement, since he acknowledged authorship of the articles that were collected under the title, *The International Jews* (4 volumes in the edition now in print), which appeal to historical records *passim*. He could have made such a comment about specific books of pseudo-history, such as those now commonly inflicted on the young victims of the public schools, for which "bunk" would be a mild term. Another reason why Ford was not taken seriously was his championship of the "Prohibition" Amendment to which I shall refer below.

8. I should be astonished if the American Monarchist Party ever had as many as one hundred members, or if any one of them thought in terms of political action within the foreseeable future. It gave a basis for keen criticism of contemporary superstitions by Colonel Hoffman Nickerson and others, and for the exhilarating sport of puncturing "Liberal" gasbags.

9. *L'Action française* committed itself to the Catholic Church, restoration of the Bourbon monarchy, and intransigent hostility to Germany. A champion of the Church, it was excommunicated by a stupid or venal Pope; the champion of the Bourbons, it was repudiated and denounced by its legitimate king, the Count of Paris, a young man of extraordinary personal charm and irresolution. In France after 1918, hatred of Germans *per se* was a grotesque anachronism. Furthermore, observers could not but notice that the most distinguished member of the group, after Maurras and perhaps Leon Daudet, was the historian, Jacques de Bainville, who, however, was such an opportunist or coward that he could write a history of France without even mentioning the often disastrous consequences of Jewish intrigue and pressures. For a lucid analysis of the paradoxes and failures of *L'Action française*, see the first volume of Lucien Rebatet's memoirs, *Les Décombres*, 1938-1940; published in 1942, it was suppressed by the Jewish terror in France under that supple turncoat, Charles de

Gaulle, but republished in 1976 by a publisher to whom we must be grateful for making the book again available, even though he pavidly pasted into it a slip disavowing it to protect himself from Jewish reprisals. Rebatet notes that the daily *Action française* was the "finest newspaper ever published in Paris" — he could have said Europe, with an exception for the *London Times* in its great days — but he discloses its internal weaknesses and the strange bungling of its several opportunities to attain real power. He dates its decline from 1924, when it had "the bizarre notion of trying to elect its own parliamentary candidates on a platform calling for the abolition of parliaments", because the "mad caprice of attacking a democracy on its own ground, where it is invincible", thanks to its inherent corruption, resulted not only in a vast waste of money and energy, but in the discouragement and demoralization of many of its supporters — and incidentally gave the Pope the courage to earn a sack of candy from his enemies in France by laying an interdict on Catholics who thought the Papacy respectable and worth preserving.

(I should, perhaps, remark that all translations from foreign and ancient languages in these pages are my own, unless I specifically cite an English translation. I keep references to a minimum, with no intent to sketch even, a summary bibliography, and cite books written in English when they are available, excluding others, and usually only the one book in English that seems to me best or most generally accessible. A bibliography would require a large volume.)

10. Since lies about this famous scandal are regularly rammed into the minds of American children, it is worthwhile to note summarily the salient facts. So much printers' ink has been spilled over the record — enough to float a fleet of battleships — that it is no longer possible to determine the guilt or innocence of Captain Dreyfus, who was convicted of trying to sell to the Germans a military secret that was known to him and only a few other French officers. What is certain is that, contrary to the Jewish tale, he was properly convicted by an unprejudiced Court Martial on the basis of what seemed overwhelming proof of his guilt, and on the basis of his own behavior. Whether he was guilty or innocent, he appeared so guilty when he gave testimony in his own defense that one of his staunchest supporters, Maurice Paléologue, admits in his memoirs that when he saw and heard Dreyfus in court, he could not believe in the man's innocence and had thereafter to convince himself anew. Those mannerisms may have been caused by some nervous disorder or sheer panic, but an accused person who exhibits them to a jury will almost certainly be convicted, even if the evidence against him is less cogent than the evidence against Dreyfus. So far as we can now tell, that evidence, as sometimes happens in criminal trials, was misleading and based on a most unusual coincidence. Paléologue, whose opinion should carry very great weight, was convinced that Dreyfus was innocent and that his conviction sheltered the guilty persons, who were the notorious Jewish swindler and blackmailer, Maurice Weil, who had been expelled from the Army shortly before, and his confederates, Major Count Esterhazy (whose title came from a fictitious genealogy; he claimed

to be an Hungarian, but was probably a Jew), and at least three Army officers who seem to have been French, of whom two were subject to blackmail for sexual indiscretions. Because Paléologue was intimately concerned in the investigation and seems to have been strictly impartial, his conclusions may be accepted, subject to the formal reservation that while Esterhazy was the member of the conspiracy who tried to negotiate the sale of the military secrets to the German Military Attache, that does not prove that Dreyfus was not himself a member of the conspiracy,

What is certain is that the innocence of Dreyfus was established in popular opinion by forgery and treason. After the Jews, who were primarily interested in silencing their critics in France, had kept up their agitation for some time. Major Henry, an officer in French Intelligence with strange associations, undoubtedly forged documents that purported to establish the guilt of Dreyfus, but were so absurd that no rational man could believe in their authenticity. One of these purported to be an autograph letter (!) from the German Kaiser (!) thanking Dreyfus personally (!) for betraying French military secrets! Henry was arrested, admitted the forgeries, and was confined to a prison cell in which he was soon found with his throat cut, thus permanently precluding a confession that would have named his employers. It is exceedingly strange that there were Frenchmen who could believe that Henry's forgeries were a belated attempt by the French Army to produce new evidence against Dreyfus if the case were reopened. It is not remarkable that after Dreyfus was "exonerated" in 1906, promoted to Colonel in the Army, and decorated with the Legion of Honor, many French officers, not being childish, were more firmly convinced of his guilt than ever. A civilized Jew of my acquaintance, who discussed the matter with them during the First World War and looked into the record himself, shared their opinion. In fairness, however, we must notice that the methods used by the Jews to create, for their own ends, a presumption that Dreyfus was innocent do not prove that he was really guilty.

11. Modern Zionism was founded by Theodor Herzl on the premise that there is a fundamental and irremediable incompatibility between Jews and European peoples, and that Western nations will therefore always resent the presence of Jewish colonies in their territory; the only solution, therefore, was an exodus from all Western nations to a territory in which the international nation could be geographically assembled. So far as one can tell from Herzl's *Tagebucher*, published in Berlin, 1922-23, and the passages suppressed in the German edition but restored by Marvin Lowenthal in his translation of excerpts (New York, 1956), Herzl was sincere in this purpose, and he did succeed in obtaining in 1903 from the British government an offer of the country that is now Rhodesia. To his disappointment, the offer was rejected by the Jewish Congress, evidently under pressure from rabbis, who foresaw little power in a non-religious state, and financiers, who saw that boll weevils cannot flourish without cotton. It is well known that the National Socialist government of Germany exerted itself to obtain a homeland for the Jews in Palestine, in Madagascar, and in a large part of the territory of the former Russian Empire; the efforts were successively frustrated by Great Britain, France, and the defeat of Germany in 1945.

12. It was so completely forgotten that it was not mentioned six years later by Edwin D Schoonmaker in his *Democracy and World Dominion* (New York, 1939), Although the author, writing to avert American involvement in the European war that he foresaw, believed, as did the stupid British and French, that Britain and France would attack Germany to preserve their colonial empires, he was fully aware of the Jewish conquest of Russia by subversion in 1917-18 and of the Jews' designs to use their British, French, and Russian subjects to invade and destroy Germany, as shown, *inter alia*, by an article in the *American Hebrew* that he quotes (p. 222). His failure to cite Untermeyer indicates that the yell for a holy war in 1933 had been forgotten by Americans.

13. The project failed, partly through the opposition of the oil companies and of the Federal government, which saw in it no opportunity for expanding the bureaucracy and further subjugating individuals, and partly for economic reasons. Gasoline was widely sold at the rate of ten gallons for one dollar (including tax) or a little more for widely advertised brands, and the addition of alcohol would have increased the price. Today, of course, our farms must produce food to be given to our enemies to help them breed faster, and furthermore, Besher's plan would make it more difficult to arrange an "energy crisis" whenever it seems expedient to chevy the boobs some more.

14. I know nothing of the manner of his death, which was one of the most closely guarded secrets in Washington and naturally gave rise to a wide variety of rumors. When the Soviet Ambassador made a formal demand to view the body, he was refused, and that is significant, since it may have been the only Soviet demand that the servile government in Washington did not grant: it suggests that the corpse was mutilated beyond repair. Colonel Curtis Dall, who was Roosevelt's son-in-law, was told that the corpse had been secretly cremated, so that the coffin exhibited in Washington contained only ashes; see his *F.D.R.* (1968; now published by Action Associates, Washington, D.C.), p. 143.

15. Spengler is merely an example of a phenomenal obtuseness. Around the middle of the Nineteenth Century, the younger D'Israeli, proud of his racial superiority over the stolid Anglo-Saxons who eventually made him the Prime Minister of their Empire, repeatedly boasted that in all the nations of Europe, whether monarchies or republics, the real power was exercised by Jews behind the scenes, but Aryans evidently refused to believe him. The Dreyfus affair, in which the putative innocence of Dreyfus was scarcely relevant, gave proof of the Jews' ability to manipulate the French masses and even most of the supposed intellectuals, but the most sagacious students of causality in contemporary history ignored the lesson. If one reads such studies written from 1896 to the end of the First World War — eg Brooks Adams' *The Law of Civilization and Decay*, his brother's *The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma*, Correa Moylan Walsh's *The Climax of Civilization*, C H von Moray's *Weltmutation*, or any similar work that I can now call to mind — one will find no mention of the influence of Jewry over historical events. What is even more astonishing is that the same unwillingness to see appears in works written long

after the lesson of the Bolshevik capture of Russia should have been obvious, eg, José Ortega y Gasset's *La Rebelión de las masas* (1930), Alexander Raven's *Civilisation as Divine Superman* (1932), and even — incredible as it seems — in R Vipper's *Kruguvorot istorii* (Berlin, 1923; I rely on a German summary), in which the Russian historian, although himself a refugee from the Terror in his own country, blandly formulated a cyclic theory of history based largely on analogies between the collapse of the Roman Empire in the Fifth Century and his own time, without considering the Jewish influence on both periods as more than merely incidental.

16. I quote the translation by James Murphy (London and New York, 1939, frequently reprinted in both countries and currently available); in the two-volume edition of 1942, the passage is found in Vol. I, p 134; cf. p 174, where it is elaborated with reference to "further lies, for example, in connection with the language spoken by the Jew. For him language is not an instrument for the expression of his inner thoughts but rather a means of cloaking them." For a perceptive summary of the Jewish infiltration and conquest of Germany before 1924, see the following pages in that edition.

17. For the benefit of those who have seen only the academic jungles today, from Harvard to Podunk, it may be well to explain that in the 1930s professors of academic disciplines in reputable colleges and universities were respected, and it was taken for granted that they were sane and rational men who, if not brilliant, at least knew the nature of evidence and were intellectually honest, recognizing a duty to ascertain and accept demonstrable facts. Some vestiges of this tradition persist today but are becoming antiquated. I used the term "academic disciplines" to exclude the "educators," who were even then peddling their hokum to the suckers and prostituting the public schools, but no one then thought it conceivable that they would within two or three decades capture and defile even the colleges and universities that were once scholarly. There were few Jews in the reputable disciplines in those days, and, of course, they were loyal to their international nation and respected for a loyalty that one wishes Aryans would emulate; they were generally regarded as exempt from an obligation to state truths disadvantageous to their race, but it should be noted that some of them accepted, so far as one knows, the Aryan criteria of objective truth in their publications.

18. In addition to the works of Gustave Le Bon (still fundamental) and Julien Benda, one should perhaps mention Jose Ortega y Gasset's *La Rebelión de las masas*. Historionomy was, of course, relevant.

19. At the time, I thought it unfortunate that Great Britain and France, in effect, brought Hitler to power in Germany in 1932; their politicians must have read *Mein Kampf* and, if not imbecile, must have known that they had one last chance to avert an Hitlerian regime by making to the government of Von Papen the concessions that they would have to make to Hitler.

20. A darker view of his character seems precluded because he is known to have performed some acts of disinterested generosity. For example, when he

was President, learning that the Hammond Typewriter Co, a small firm that manufactured a machine extremely useful to scholars and men of letters but too fragile and slow for use in offices, was in financial difficulties, he spontaneously wrote a glowing endorsement of their product on his own Hammond and on the official stationery of the White House — an act which, in those days of propriety, would have been scandalous, had it not been so obviously altruistic: everyone knew the firm could not possibly have paid for the unsolicited endorsement.

21. The stories of Wilson's "Peck-adillo," which dated from his time at Princeton and only much later resulted in the first appointment of an alien to our Supreme Court, and of the emergency created when a husband unexpectedly returned home from out of town in the middle of the night and had to be detained at his own front door while the fire department raised its long ladder to a bedroom window in the rear to permit the Governor of the Sovereign State of New Jersey to crawl to safety, are well-known. Colonel Dall in his *F.D.R.* points out their significance in a system by which only *goyim* who are subject to blackmail and are thus under control are permitted to rise politically.

22. Most of the facts I have stated have long been known, but were not officially confirmed until the files of the British Admiralty were opened to public inspection and reported by the well-known British journalist, Colin Simpson, in *The Lusitania* (London, 1972).

23. For example, four billion dollars (the equivalent of about twenty times that number of dollars today) were poured down a rathole under the pretext of building "the world's greatest shipyard" in a location at which the water was so shallow that ships of the projected size could never have been launched anyway. See James J. Martin, *The Saga of Hog Island and Other Essays in Inconvenient History*, Ralph Myles, Colorado Springs, 1977.

24. I recommend a study of the methods which induced the inflation by which a majority of the Germans were despoiled of their property, for the same basic methods, with slight changes of detail, are being applied to the Americans, and, of course, for the same purpose. The subject, however, is irrelevant here.

25. The reference was to a miracle reported in the New Testament (*Ioan.* 2) by which water was transformed into wine. Somewhat comparable miracles were frequently performed in antiquity by practical jokers, who could buy trick *oenochoae* and *hydrae* (equivalent to pitchers and kegs) that had two inner compartments connected to a single spout or spigot and so constructed that the user, by an imperceptible movement of the thumb or fingers, could pour liquid from whichever compartment he wished. It was great fun, for example, to serve a cheap wine to one guest and an excellent wine to another and then hear them dispute over the merits of what they believed to be the same wine since they had seen it served to them from the same container.

26. I remember that when I was driving (too fast) through a desert region on a hot day, a sudden blowout sent my car off the road into sand from which I could

not extricate it. From horizon to horizon, the only sign of human habitation was a large and well-kept gasoline station down the road. When, after a walk of some two miles under a blistering sun, my companion and I entered its cool interior, I remarked that we were thirsty. The attendant, who could see we were not Revenue Agents, replied promptly, "Through the door to the left and down the corridor". Then he pressed the buzzer that instructed the barkeep to unbar the door for another customer. I had a somewhat similar experience in the public library of a large city. Having failed to specify that the drink that I then had in mind was of water, I was told by the guard to go to the barber shop across the street, tell the cashier that Joe had sent me for a special, and walk through the shop to the door at the rear.

27. It is hard to tell precisely how poisonous and injurious were the liquors commonly sold before Prohibition, for, as always happens with political issues in a democracy, the statistics and other evidence produced on both sides are suspect. Ford's quotations from trade journals of the distilling industry must be accepted as significant admissions, and are confirmed by what I was told by men who grew up before 1918, eg, that a sensible man never drank spirits that were on sale in saloons. A man who had owned a large saloon told me that he never drank the stuff that was served his customers unless they specifically asked for a certain brand that he kept always available at *twice* the price — of course, it is not impossible that the man was himself a victim of the notion that what is more costly is more salubrious or otherwise better.

28. Reprinted from the *Dearborn Independent* in Ford's *The International Jew* (in the four-volume edition now in print, Vol. IV, p. 31). Several men have claimed, each that he wrote Mr Ford's book — presumably all of it — but I have no means of knowing which claimant is veracious or, indeed, that anyone was more than an assistant who looked up references for Mr Ford.

29. Eg, John Foster Fraser, *The Conquering Jews*, New York (Funk & Wagnalls), 1916, but said to be a work written in 1912 and revised only to take account of subsequent developments. Another example is the anonymous *The Original Mr Jacobs*, issued in 1898 by the Minerva Publishing Co., a premature enterprise that hoped to create a market for good books in cheap paperback editions. I cannot verify the rumor that Mark Twain was associated with it.

30. *Op. cit.*, Vol. IV, p.9.

31. The epithet was derived from a radio programme that had an ephemeral vogue. Women, supposedly farm women, competed in uttering shrill and prolonged calls of "coo-ee, coo-ee," such as they purportedly used to call their hogs from the field to fresh swill that had been poured in the troughs.

32. The most convincing explanation of Hitler's decision may be found in the memoirs of one of the most sagacious and honorable statesmen of the Western world. Prince Sturdza, who had unequalled opportunities for impartial observation. Unfortunately, the Prince, who wrote in excellent French his prophetic book, *La Bête-sans-nom: enquête sur les responsabilités* (written in 1942, published

at Copenhagen in 1944), chose to write *The Suicide of Europe* in Romanian. An English version was subsidized by a wealthy American, who, however, entrusted the task to the Birch business in Belmont, Massachusetts, which published the book in 1968, but only after the translation had been censored by the Jews. Even in this bowdlerized translation, however, an alert reader will understand what is left of Sturdza's explanation on pp. 120 ff. See also the introduction to the English translation of D. Bacu's *The Anti-Humans* (1971, now published by T.L.C., Monticello, Illinois), pp. xxxiii ff.; some examples of the censorship to which Sturdza's work was subjected are given on earlier pages. What is lacking, so far as I know, is information that would enable us to determine with certainty (a) whether Hitler stepped into a trap that Churchill and Roosevelt had arranged with Stalin, and (b) to what extent Hitler's decision may have been based on a notion that the Jews had lost control of the Soviet (an hypothesis first agitated when Bronstein, alias Trotsky, was expelled or sent on a mission outside Russia in 1924; it was revived again during Stalin's once-famous "Purge Trials", 1934-1939).

33. A university professor told me that at a small party in his home tor some of his colleagues and their wives, all Americans, in the autumn of 1941, one of the men made some loud-mouthed statements, about some horrid passage in *Mein Kampf*. The host, having two copies at hand, gave one to his guest and translated from the other for the company. The men, understanding the nature of evidence, necessarily agreed, willingly or sullenly, that the anti-German propaganda was a total lie, but one of the women, in a state of hysteria, ran screaming across the room, snatched the book from her host's hands, and began to rip out the pages, yelling that people who published such books should be killed. The insane woman was brought under control, but her fit necessarily ended what could have been a pleasant evening. Less spectacular manifestations of irrationality were not uncommon.

34. I recall an amusing example of the tripe manufactured by the O.S.S. (commonly known as the Office of Soviet Stooges). It was a secret "study" of the war in the Pacific leading to the conclusion that we should be careful not to defeat the Japanese in a way that would force them to surrender, since that would be bad for them psychologically!

35. The most concise account of this crime against civilization and our race may be found in the booklet, *Nuremberg and Other War Crimes Trials*, by Richard Harwood, published in England by the Historical Review Press, Brighton, Sussex. See also the first, and still indispensable, exposure of these outrages in F J P Veale, *Advance to Barbarism* (London, 1953. Reprinted 1979, Institute for Historical Review, Torrance, California).

36. It is true that the Romans executed certain enemy leaders — everyone will think of Jugurtha — but only because they treacherously renewed a war in violation of a solemn treaty, confirmed by oaths, into which they had entered when they were first defeated. The modern tradition of our race was less stern. When Napoleon was defeated, he was given an honorable status as an

independent sovereign on Elba; when he formed a conspiracy in France and broke his treaty, he was, after the "Hundred Days" and Waterloo, exiled to St. Helena, but even that precaution appeared too severe to many contemporaries. The youthful Alexander was notoriously capable of excesses under the influence of passion and wine, but he was an Aryan and would have treated the vanquished Darius with courtesy and honor, had not the Persian king' been murdered by one of his own followers. When the traitor came into his power, Alexander handed him over for execution to the brother of Darius, to whom he showed the courtesy he would have shown to his great enemy.

37. The most concise and lucid exposition of the Jews' opinion of our race is Maurice Samuel's *You Gentiles* (New York, 1924; recently reprinted). The author, a learned and courageous Jew, undertook to explain frankly the inherent and biological differences between his race and our own, and to indicate, as courteously as possible, the reasons for the Jews' great superiority. His work merely confirms and elucidates the tenor of all Jewish writing for Jews, and is remarkable only in that it was written for *goyim*.

38. The *American Mercury* was driven from the newsstands by pressures from the Jews, who naturally felt that Americans should not be permitted to read impious criticism of God's Race. Mr Maguire told me that large printing establishments under contract to print the magazine were bought so that the contract could be violated, and that he finally decided, as is the custom of financiers, to set a time limit to his investment: if, at the predetermined date, the magazine had 100,000 paid subscriptions, he would buy a printing establishment large enough to produce it; otherwise, he would scrap his enterprise, much as General Motors, for example, had earlier scrapped its investment in the Viking automobile. When the date arrived, the *Mercury* had about 90,000 subscribers (if I was correctly informed), and he gave it to a second-rate salvation-huckster in Kansas, who later sold it to Jason Matthews.

39. This promise naturally aroused resentment in the holders of the corporation's stock and debentures when it was reduced to begging for contributions to keep it alive as a "conservative voice." The legal implications, under the rules of the Federal Commission, also proved acutely embarrassing until the corporation was finally liquidated.

40. The considerations on which I based that rejection will have occurred to every attentive reader of Chambers' candidly autobiographical *Witness*, to which his later publications, including the posthumous *Cold Friday* (New York, 1964), add nothing that was not explicit or implicit in his major work. Chambers had been an enthusiastic and dedicated votary of the Marxist cult, in which he had believed and for which he had made personal sacrifices; and even the kindest observer cannot have confidence in the mental equilibrium of a man in whom that strange doctrine induced an emotional fixation: he may be intelligent, in the common acceptance of that adjective, but if he is, he must be deficient in one or the other of the powers requisite for rational judgement — in terms of the ancient distinction of human faculties, to which modern

psychology has added only confusing terminologies, a mind captivated by superstition must be deficient in *nous*, in *episteme*, or in *phronesis*. Furthermore, Chambers, when he abandoned the Marxian cult, became the equally enthusiastic votary of another faith and consoled himself for the tribulations of this world by believing that the essential part of him was an immortal ghost which would be condignly rewarded and enjoy felicity in a post mortem existence. Finally, Chambers had been the object of frantic and intensive vilification and calumny, as American journalists, eager to win commendation and perhaps a bonus from their employers, covered him with their most noisome spittle, and American "intellectuals", eager to prove that their big brains could parrot the latest fashion in "advanced" views, had expectorated in chorus. A man who had undergone that martyrdom, like a man who had been tortured to the utmost in the dungeons of the Inquisition but had somehow survived, maimed and broken, could not be expected to judge, dispassionately and objectively, the historical tendencies of his age. To these considerations, obvious from the published record, my slight personal knowledge could add only the minor, but not insignificant, detail that he seemed to have an implicit faith in the integrity of an adroit politician, "Tricky Dicky" Nixon, who visited him in secret regularly on prearranged nights, sometimes every week. That, to be sure, was explicable, but did not encourage confidence in Chambers' powers of judgement.

41. The guilt of Alger Hiss, which the sheer implausibility of apologies for him should have made manifest to everyone from the first, is now acknowledged; see Professor Allen Weinstein's *Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case* (London, 1978). Whatever fuzzy-minded "Liberals" may have imagined, the purpose of the frenetic agitation was never to protect Hiss: such tools are dispensable and usually discarded when they become a little worn with use. The object, of course, was to avert the many investigations which should logically have followed and, with cumulative effect, would have become a catastrophe for our covert foes.

42. In March 1958, Congressman Francis E. Walter, Chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, officially reported to the Congress that "there are at this moment the equivalent of twenty combat divisions of enemy troops on American soil." The statement, of course, measures effective political control in terms of the units of military power, much as the force of magnetic attraction and repulsion in an electric motor is commonly measured in terms of the pulling power of horses, despite the obvious mechanical differences; but, in terms of that equation, the estimate substantially agrees with one made years earlier by a colonel in the C.I.A., which was then partly a proAmerican intelligence agency. When Senator McCarthy began his campaign against traitors and enemy agents in American armed forces and government the colonel took it upon himself to warn the Senator that he drastically underestimated the power of our domestic enemies and would be ruined, if he persisted in annoying them. McCarthy, who may have doubted the estimate of the forces covertly arrayed against him, replied, "No, the American people will never let me down."

43. By far the most lucid and objective treatise on this subject is the work of Jacques Ellul, which is available in an excellent English translation (which I have checked against the original) by Konrad Kellen and Jean Lemer, *Propaganda* (New York, 1965).

44. I hope that I need not remark that the techniques of propaganda have in themselves no political or social implications; they are like nitro-cellulose and atomic fission and produce certain specific results when properly applied. Whether the results are beneficial or baneful depends, of course, on the purposes of the persons who determine the application. The techniques are like a machine gun, which will operate equally well, whether we use it against the enemy or the enemy uses it against us. Its effectiveness depends, of course, on the accuracy with which it is aimed.

45. This observation, I need not say, applies only to Aryans, whose peculiar mentality, when fully developed, has an instinctive respect for objectively ascertained facts. We are not here concerned with other races. Although the technique of propaganda rests on objective observations, it may be that our racial respect for facts limits the efficiency of Aryans as propagandists. I suspect that the Jewish mind is best suited to use of the technique.

46. I think it likely that the availability of Christian support, financial and other, prevented the emergence of a rational opposition to our enemies, for which Madison Grant, Lothrop Stoddard, Correa Moylan Walsh, and others had provided an ample basis. There was, of course, the further consideration that an opposition to subversion that ignored the traditional superstitions would have encountered an attack from the Christians that would have been fanatical and unscrupulous.

47. Many men of scientific and scholarly attainments, who could not take seriously the Marxist and "Liberal" faith, saw in those cults a useful backfire to check the aggressive efforts of the clergy and their congregations to impose their superannuated myths on society, e.g., forbidding the teaching of scientific fact and theory, as in a sensational trial in Tennessee.

48. The text is preserved by Sextus Empiricus, *Adv. math.*, IX.54 (= *In phys.* 1.54), but may be most conveniently consulted in Diels's *Fragmente der Vorsokratiker*. There are certain textual problems, but none that affects the meaning. There is said to be an English translation in Kathleen Freeman's *Ancilla to the Pre-Socratic Philosophers* (Oxford, 1948).

49. *Erga*, 248-285. I need not say that I am here interested only in our race and so disregard social phenomena peculiar to other races, such as the Jews, the Mongolians, and the hybrids of India.

50. Or, alternatively, would reward the righteous and honorable with a blissful immortality, as claimed, for example, in the beautiful verses of Pindar's second Olympian ode, which also illustrates, by an almost painful contrast, the sheer vulgarity of Christian eschatology.

51. The development of civilized societies is governed by the natural law of

residues, that is to say, beliefs and customs long survive the superstitions or conditions on which they were based. Everyone knows, of course, that social conventions, such as the custom, which prevailed so long as women were generally respected, which required men to raise their hats in greeting women and to walk on the street-side, persist long after the circumstances in which those acts had utility have been forgotten. The same persistence of secondary beliefs after the source of them has been discarded is an historical phenomenon of the greatest importance. The cults which replaced Christianity at the end of the Eighteenth Century and are commonly called "Liberalism" preserved the social superstitions of the superseded religion (eg, "all mankind", "human rights", "One World," and similar nonsense) after discarding belief in the Christian god, whose reported wishes were the source of those concepts.

52. I myself see no valid reason for disputing the Soviet claim that after the regime was stabilized, the number of domestic crimes (theft, rape, murder, etc) was much less than it had been when Christianity provided supernatural sanctions. The decrease cannot be attributed to an increased efficiency of the police, but must correspond to a moral force in the populace. This confirms the sagacious observation of Philip Wylie in *The Innocent Ambassadors* (New York, 1957) that "Communism is the most successful religion yet evolved." That it is a cult and faith of religious intensity is indisputable, but the point here is that it dispenses with gods and other supernatural forces. If the Jews had not been able to stampede vast herds of their white cattle against National Socialist Germany, we might have seen the emergence of another great religion divested of supernatural sanctions.

53. Caesar, when commenting on the religion of the Gauls, remarked on the great military advantages of a belief in immortality, but it should be noted that the Gauls were vanquished by his own men, who, to judge from his comment, were not fortified by such a superstition.

54. Dewey used with consummate skill many of the tricks of theologians and other propagandists; for example, he used one of his emotionally charged words, 'democracy', to mean thirty different things; these are listed by Professor Clarence B Carson in *The Fateful Turn* (Irvington-on-Hudson, 1963), pp. 237-242. One cannot tell how many administrators below the highest levels in the "education", racket take the trouble to understand the real implications of their Pragmatism and extract the substance from the enveloping jargon – in Rabelais' phrase, "rompre l'os et sugcer la substantificque mouelle." Many of them, no doubt, have vestiges of conscience that make them avoid seeing whither they are going.

55. The secret minutes of the trustees of the Carnegie Endowment were, through an oversight by its officers in 1953, made available to the staff of Mr Norman Dodd, Director of Research for the Reece Committee of Congress, and examined over a period of two weeks. The facts thus discovered have repeatedly been stated by Mr Dodd, a man of unimpeachable integrity, in sworn testimony, most recently before a Joint Committee of the Legislature of Illinois on 28

September 1978. On the frantic and generally successful efforts to suppress the findings of the investigation, see Rene A. Wormser, *Foundations: their Power and Influence* (New York, 1958), pp. 342-383.

56. There are, of course, comparable phenomena of almost infinite variety. A learned man once confessed to me that he; an only child born shortly before his wealthy father became bankrupt, had long imagined that he was being brought up in conditions of poverty and austerity to form his character, and that if he proved himself morally responsible, he would, when he came of age, be told that the lost fortune had really been preserved for him to inherit. The illusion gradually waned to a hope that he did not discard until he was in high school.

57. The Reverend Mr G Vincent Runyon, in his well-known booklet, *Why I Left the Ministry and Became an Atheist* (San Diego, 1959), says that until he was thirty-seven "No man walked and talked with God more than I. God was my constant companion." He adds that if he had not then had a sabbatical year of leisure for study and reflection, the illusion might have persisted to the end of his life. He was born in 1897 and given a religious education, and although conditions have changed greatly since his youth, his candid account suggests that even today there may be more sincerity among the professional clergy than one is inclined to suppose.

58. Mark Twain's sarcastic comments about persons who, although they cannot sit through an hour of chamber music without fidgeting, expect to spend all eternity listening to the twanging of harps and, what is worse, even having to associate with niggers and Jews, fails to allow for the power of a votary's imagination to charge a heaven, however described officially, with whatever charms he most desiderates or desires. The hallucinations of Swedenborg, which may have been induced by ingestion of the *Amanita muscaria* (the mushroom which is probably the most common source of religious experiences) and which are described in great detail in his *Arcana coelestia*, are a case in point. One may doubt, for example, that all Christians in their own minds really accepted the official doctrine that in the hereafter beatitude is attained by an absence of sexual instincts. The official doctrine, of course, is that of the particular Christian sect that, in the late decadence of the Roman Empire, succeeded in allying itself with the despotic government and using military power to persecute and exterminate the many other Christian sects; and the doctrine is specifically based on a very peculiar interpretation of one passage in the New Testament, *Matth.* 22.30. If one assumes that the author of this passage (which is correctly translated in the Vulgate: "In resurrectione enim neque nubent neque nubentur") had an adequate knowledge of Greek, the passage merely predicts the abolition of legal marriage with its restraints on wives, and suggests a paradise in which all women will be held in common in a joyous promiscuity. It is presumably so understood by the Christian sects that perform marriages that will be binding even under the laws of Heaven, and will thus ensure the continued and uninterrupted enjoyment of favorite spouses.

59. Or, significantly, turn to some other mysticism when they find Christianity incredible. I once had an opportunity to glance at the books of one of the many disunited branches of the United Brotherhood of Theosophists: more than 90% of the contributions that sustained the cult came from women. I have never forgotten an instance of religiosity that astonished me when, as a youngster, I gave some time to observation of the operations of various holy men in the salvation-business. An attractive young widow, who was literate, had read some literature, was able to drive her automobile through the cut-throat traffic of downtown Los Angeles, and had prudently invested the proceeds of her husband's insurance, firmly believed that Jesus came in person to visit her every night after she went to bed. The sexual implication is obvious, but *honi soit qui mal y pense*. The young lady was completely unaware of it, and sufficiently rational to consider the question how the celestial visitor could come to her without snubbing the many other women who might desire his company at the very same hour: that, she decided, was "a mystery". A prominent attorney calls my attention to the implications of a Christian hymn that is a great favorite of the female members of congregations, and, he says, almost always demanded by them when they have a choice. It is called "In the Garden" and represents a woman as affirming that "He [*sc.* Jesus] walks with me, and He talks with me, and He tells me I am His Own."

60. Some men of scientific training indulge themselves in speculations about the possibility of life — even human life — on the hypothetical planets that, according to some theories, may revolve about some other G-class stars, but, so far as we now know or have good reason to conjecture, it is true that, as was concisely stated by the distinguished Australian biologist, Sir John C Eccles, "there is no evidence that life started more than once" in the entire universe, and "the chances of rational beings existing elsewhere in the universe are so remote as to be out of the question."

61. *Op. cit.*, p. 269. Jacques Ellul (*op. cit.*, pp. 138-149, cf. p. 101) believes that the conditions of modern society, and especially the "loneliness inside the crowd" which is "the most terrible ordeal of modern man" force us to substantially the same conclusion. Incidentally, this proposition will suggest to us the disturbing possibility that some of the small identifiable groups of persons who, although certainly or presumably of our own race, seem to have great power and to be exercising it for our destruction (eg, the Rockefellers) may have secret purposes of which we would approve.

62. The qualifying genitive should be unnecessary, for in English the word 'religion' as distinct from the more general term 'faith' should be restricted to belief in praeternatural beings or forces, but it is possible to speak, without obvious metaphor, of, eg, Communism as a "most successful religion" as in the passage I quoted in note 52 *supra*.

63. Islam spread like an epidemic, but among a race that has a mentality far different from ours and at a time when a large number of virile, aggressive, and reciprocally hostile tribes of the same race needed a unifying force to permit

co-operation in looting decadent and wealthy nations.

64. My own guess is that such a religion would revive the belief in metempsychosis, which is congenial to our racial psyche and, if one grants the existence of ghosts, not patently irreconcilable to observed phenomena. It is also possible that if our race recovers its lost vigor and ascendency, a future religion may recognize Adolf Hitler as a semidivine figure. The potentiality of such a religion may be seen in the works of a highly intelligent and learned lady of Greek ancestry, Dr. Savitri Devi, especially her *Pilgrimage* (Calcutta, 1958). Dr. Eberhardt Gheyn in *Los Neo-nazis en Sudamerica* (Liverpool, West Virginia, 1978) reports that National Socialism, having attracted the devotion of many women, has become the New Evangel, preached in modern "catacombs" as is made necessary by Jewish terrorism, observing the birthday of Hitler with ceremonies that are distinctly pious, and computing dates in the New Era that began with his birth. The veneration of Hitler as a *heros* is not surprising, but worship, I think, would require the elaboration of a notion that he was an avatar of some superhuman being — a development that would require a century or more.

65. Early Christianity was a religious emulsion, essentially Zoroastrianism with the addition of the Jews' tribal deity, whom they impudently identified with the God of Stoic monotheism, together with details borrowed from Neoplatonic, Neopythagorean, and Hermetic (Egyptian) sources to make the inconsistent doctrine palatable to *goyim*. Each of the very numerous sects, however, had its own formula, varying the proportions of the ingredients, and, of course, its own collection of gospels, composed or revised to fit. Many of the sects either disregarded the Jews' collection of tales about Yahweh or relegated the Jews' god to an inferior status as merely a subordinate of the supreme god who had dispatched Jesus to proclaim a true religion; some sects logically identified Yahweh with Satan and so regarded the Old Testament as a record of his evil deeds.

66. See especially Allen's edition of the *Opus epistolarum*. Vol. III, No. 798, a letter which is particularly significant because it is addressed to Capito, who was an Hebraist and was not a close friend.

67. The Marcionites appear to have been the largest of the various sects that are classified as "Docetian" because they recognized the absurdity of supposing that an immortal god or his avatar could be killed, and accordingly reported that the Crucifixion had been a hoax or an illusion. Marcion also had the wit to see that the doctrines of love, justice, and mercy for all men ascribed to Jesus in many gospels were utterly incompatible with the savage and unscrupulous god who is described in the Old Testament as helping the Jews plunder civilized tribes and seize Palestine. Marcionite churches were established throughout the Empire, and, until very recently, the oldest extant inscription that had been part of a Christian church came from a Marcionite church built in 318. The Marcionite faith long survived Catholic persecution. A Christian poetaster (Prudentius), writing around 400, is made almost hysterical

by the failure of the government to hunt down all the Marcionites, although he consoles himself with the certainty that he will enjoy seeing them tortured in Hell for all eternity. The sect seems to have persisted as an underground cult for two centuries thereafter.

68. One of the "British Israel" sects seems to be trying a new approach. A recent publication reviving the myth of Joseph of Arimathea (invented by the monks of Glastonbury at the end of the Thirteenth Century to stimulate the tourist trade), claims that St Paul, instead of wasting his time in the Mediterranean, dashed to London to dispense salvation by preaching on the site of St Paul's, although he is not credited with building Christopher Wren's magnificent church. I doubt that this line will be very effective without an appropriate gospel, discovered by accident or divine revelation; it would be extremely difficult to compose a text that is philologically plausible, and our present knowledge of epigraphy and palaeography makes it absolutely impossible to plant such a gospel successfully.

69. This is not to be confused with the vanity that makes men resent being caught in error. An unquestioning faith held since infancy and become an emotional necessity attains the force of the reflexes that all mammals acquire by experience or instruction to supplement their instincts. The subconscious reactions are the very basis of what is called personality in human beings and make mammalian life possible. The burnt child dreads the fire, and so does the burnt puppy, and both thereafter automatically avoid fire with no need for conscious thought, which would be impossible if the mind had to concern itself with every action that is performed by instinct or reflex. Contravention of instinct or reflex is felt as a threat to the integrity of the organism, which naturally seeks to defend itself. It *is* a threat, for the Pavlovian technique for inducing disintegration of personality and nervous prostration, whether in dogs or humans, is simply the use of force to destroy the animal's confidence in its instincts and acquired reflexes.

70. I refer, of course, to the church that has its headquarters in Salt Lake City; the other Mormon sects are too small to be considered. The church was said to have very few Marranos. Disintegration did not begin, so far as I know, until 1978, and then only for reasons which are still obscure, since one must assume that the President and his Apostles, as intelligent men, must know that cults that profess to dispense divinely revealed truths cannot rescind one of their doctrines without making even their zealots dubious of all the rest.

71. I need not remark that Western Christianity was ennobled by infusion of much of the Aryan and essentially aristocratic and heroic traditions of the Germanic tribes that dismembered the mongrelized Roman Empire. One has only to read the great literature of our Christianity, from the *Chanson de Roland* to the *Idylls of the King* and *Morte d'Arthur*, to see how little it really owed to the proletarian *Sklavenmoral* of the New Testament, in which you can find no slightest authorization of the noble code of personal honor, valor, and chivalry that made Christendom great.

72. The leeches can successfully, and often completely, conceal their parasitism from themselves through one characteristic of our racial mentality that the Jews regard as especially contemptible, our propensity to form teams to which we give an overriding loyalty. Before the catastrophe of 1914 and the consequent degradation of our society, this characteristic was most clearly seen in men's emotional loyalty to their alma mater or their regiment, although deep in their minds, though not really in their hearts, they well knew that old Siwash was not really superior to comparable colleges and that the Greys were not braver or better disciplined than other crack regiments. In bureaucracies today one hears much of "loyalty to the Bureau" and corporations often make efforts, generally unsuccessful, to cultivate in their permanent staff a factitious loyalty to the corporation. This propensity seems childish to the Jews, who never lose sight of their total loyalty to their race, and so regard their teams and the like as merely temporary groupings for personal convenience or advantage, and never hypostatize them, as we tend to do. See the keen analysis of this fundamental racial difference in Maurice Samuel's *You Gentiles*, a work that I cannot too highly recommend to those who would understand the present.

73. It would be futile to debate the accuracy of the attribution of the statement to any given individual, for the quotation necessarily depends on hearsay and in every instance is hotly denied by churchmen who, perhaps holding the same opinion, see that such statements are bad for business. One can only identify numerous individuals, in both Catholicism and Protestantism, in whom such a statement would have been entirely in character. Anatole France, speaking of Muratori, once toyed with the idea of writing a treatise on the great theologians who were atheists. It would have been a voluminous work, but would have depended almost entirely on circumstantial evidence.

74. Some years ago, I heard a young executive, already well on his way to the top in the television business, discourse on the fallacies of intelligence tests: a man's intelligence is automatically measured by his income less any part that may come from inherited property. This delightfully simple computation, however, does not yield constant results. In one large corporation, the five ranking vice presidents staged a *coup d'état* at a stockholders' meeting and got rid of the unprogressive old duffer who had founded the company. Not long thereafter, the new president and three of his associates ascertained that 25% is more than 20%, and accordingly, 'twixt Friday eve and Monday morn, they kicked their erstwhile confederate far out into the cold and cruel world, thus causing a precipitate drop in his IQ. The victim, by the way, was the only one of the five who had come up from the engineering staff and had shown the technical competence by which he designed or improved some of the rather intricate machinery the company manufactures. I am glad to add that, when I last heard, the company's earnings under the progressive new management were progressively declining.

75. It will suffice merely to mention here another important and planned result of the "cold war". Intelligent Europeans, and especially Frenchmen, who

could not, forget how the Americans had betrayed them in Indo-China, were not deceived by the hoax and the sheer folly, from the Western standpoint, of such preposterous operations as the Korean War. Remembering the barbarism and insane fanaticism the Americans had displayed in Germany, European observers came to the conclusion, certainly plausible and perhaps correct, that the Washington-Moscow Axis planned to crush the rest of Europe between the two jaws of its monstrous nutcracker, and that Europe's only hope lay in dissociating itself from both of the two world powers that were vocally antagonistic and tacitly allied. Thus began the concept of a "Third World" which permitted Europeans to hope that, by adroit diplomacy, they could foster and exploit the latent hostility between the populations of the two world-powers. This view was forcefully and too frankly expressed by a young American, Francis Parker Yockey, in a book that was published only in a German translation, *Der Feind Europas*, which was promptly suppressed by the Americans who were occupying Germany and who vehemently disapprove of even symbolic "book burning" without Jewish permission.

76. The trick was facilitated, of course, by the imprecision of our racial terminology (beginning with the word 'race' itself) and the grossly deceptive, though inveterate, use of geographical and linguistic terms to describe biological phenomena. As everyone knows, the term 'Semitic' comes from a myth in the Jews' holy book, and was adopted, early in the Nineteenth Century, by linguists to designate the group of cognate languages that includes Hebrew, which appears to be a dialect that the Jews corrupted from the Phoenician language of the Canaanites, much as Yiddish is essentially a corruption of a dialect of German. Hebrew, therefore, was basically the language of the people whose country the marauding tribe seized, doubtless by its normal methods of infiltration and subversion, before exterminating or enslaving them. That explains why the Jews sometimes called their dialect Canaanite (see *Isa.* 19.18), and confirms the Jews' own derivation of 'Hebrew' from 'ibhrī' – 'outlander, alien', a term that the Canaanites would naturally apply to their invaders, but which no tribe would apply to itself. There is, therefore, no proof that the invaders who took over a Semitic language were themselves of the race that we call Semitic; the modern Jews' use of corrupted German does not make them Germans.

The Jews, although unquestionably a distinct race in Sir Arthur Keith's definition of that term and as their behavior and mentality make obvious, are a major problem in anthropology — a race unlike all others since it transcends the criteria of physical anthropology. It is quite certain that by 300 BC (and probably earlier) their race showed the physical characteristics of several different races, as do the Jews today, when it is sometimes difficult for even experienced observers to recognize some Jews who are masquerading as Europeans or Americans. Note the very striking differences shown in the portraits accompanying the article by Lothrop Stoddard I cited on p 21 *supra*. He could have added the even more startling example of the numerous Jews in China, who are (at least to our eyes) physically indistinguishable from the

real Mongolians, but are still Jews and openly or secretly loyal to their own race, of which they are always conscious. The Jews obviously know much more about genetics than we have thus far been permitted to discover.

77. Paris, 2 vols., 1885. There are a few minor historical inaccuracies, such as are inevitable in a work of such compass and compression, but more of these favor the Jews than work to their disadvantage. Drumont was a man of wide learning and acute judgement: for example, he foresaw in 1885 the eventual loss of British dominion in India, and perceived that Disraeli, the great Tory (who openly boasted of the racial superiority of the Jews and their effective control of all European governments), had actually undermined the British Empire while ostentatiously acting to extend it. Drumont also quickly perceived that in his major work he had overestimated the vitality of the French nation; see his melancholy admission in *La fin d'un monde*, published only three years later. He continued to struggle, however, and had the satisfaction of exposing, in a newspaper he founded, the great Panama Scandal.

78. Which I have tried to summarize above, note 10.

79. Luther, although he was surrounded early in his career by Jews who cheered him on, while their compatriots in the Catholic Church were agitating for his execution, near the end of his life wrote his *Von den Juden und ihren Lügen* (Wittenberg, 1541), in which he calls for the enslavement of all able-bodied Jews and Jewesses, a procedure that is regarded as too drastic by the church that today reveres him as its divinely-inspired founder. (A prominent Lutheran informs me that four out of five clergymen in his church have never heard of their founder's mature views on the Jewish question — or claim they have not.) Although Luther does recognize the Jews as a race, he writes from a doctrinal standpoint and wants to have them all converted to Christianity, and, of course, quotes Holy Writ.

80. Drumont always bases his argument on the irreconcilable racial differences between Aryans and Jews, and his conception of the Aryan mentality should not be disregarded. I have identified as our great characteristic the capacity for rigorously objective observation and reasoning that underlies our achievements in science. This is virtually ignored by Drumont, who identifies the antithesis of dispassionate reason as our major characteristic: "The Aryan is an amiable and childish giant. He is happy so long as he is told one of the legends that he needs to satisfy his imagination, fascinated by the marvellous . . . He can be moved only by fictions of which the plot turns about a man who dedicates himself, who fights for a cause, who sacrifices himself, who; like Parsifal, encounters a thousand perils to win the Holy Grail, that chalice filled with the blood of a god. The Aryan is still the simple-souled being who, in the Middle Ages, forgot himself in listening to the *chansons de geste* . . . While he is naively absorbed in tales of heroism, it is the easiest thing in the world to filch his purse and even to take his shoes on the pretext that they would impede his steps on the road to progress." Drumont goes on to say that there is a point beyond which it is not safe to harass the good giant, and he spent the rest of his life hoping from

day to day that the point had at last been reached.

The power of our racial imagination and our psychic need for supernal beauty and the emotional exaltation of heroic drama are indubitable, but unless we can rationally satisfy with literature, art, and music the demands of our spirit, I fear that the good giant will always be outwitted and go absent-mindedly to his doom.

81. The Reverend Father Denis Fahey in his last book. *The Kingship of Christ and the Conversion of the Jewish Nation* (Dublin, 1953), which is an excellent survey of Jewish activities and their significance in terms of the Catholic faith (which had not yet been repudiated by the Roman Church when he wrote), was nevertheless certain that "a day will come when the Jewish nation will cease to oppose order and will turn in sorrow and repentance to Him Whom they rejected before Pilate." If Father Fahey were alive today, he would probably think the same thing, although he would now be forbidden to say it. Such deep faith commands respect, but convinces no one.

82. Undeniable instances of gross injustice in human affairs are always extremely numerous, and even the cleverest theologians cannot plausibly explain them away. It follows that it is logically impossible to construct a god who is omniscient, omnipotent, and perfectly just — any two of these attributes may be combined, but not all three. The point, by the way, was neatly made in the early Renaissance by Laurentius Valla in his *De libero arbitrio*. The writer, the best mind of his day, protected himself by speaking of pagan deities and, at the end, using the doctrine of "two truths" (one of reason and the other of faith), a subterfuge that imposed only on very dull minds, but effectively protected men from ecclesiastical persecution at that time.

83. The regression is especially conspicuous in certain sects that understand and apply the morality of the Old Testament. Many years ago, when I was a graduate student, a senior professor, nominally a Christian, told me of a study that had been made in the late 1920s of a community (somewhere in Pennsylvania, if I remember correctly) in which most of the population belonged to one Protestant sect. Although they were of Anglo-Saxon and Germanic ancestry, they believed themselves to be the Children of the Lord and, on that assumption, correctly deduced from the Old Testament that it was entirely proper and pious for them to cheat and swindle the Children of the Devil (ie, the members of all other sects as well as infidels) in every possible way, and that if one of the Devil's Brood appealed to the courts of the Ungodly, it was a moral duty for God's Elect to protect one another by committing perjury. In one instance, the righteous ones succeeded in perjury that gave legal effect to a forged will, the forgery having been perpetrated (they said) for the godly purpose of preventing property from passing into the hands of a "backslider" (a son or grandson of the purported testator), who had left the community and, yielding to the blandishments of Satan, had Turned His Back on The Lord.

84. Whose candid *Jews Must Live* (New York, 1934; reprinted, Birmingham, Alabama, 1964, and *S.l.*, 1973) cannot have pleased his compatriots, who doubtless

regarded it as a betrayal of matters of which the stupid *goyim* should be kept ignorant. A number of Jews have courageously condemned the Zionists' seizure of Palestine and especially the frauds by which it was disguised, but they may be deemed to have done so as patriots who foresee (whether correctly or incorrectly) that the Zionists may involve the entire race in a disaster that could be definitive.

85. The evidence, including photographic reproduction of some documents, is presented by J G Burg (Ginsburg) in his *Schuld and Schicksal* (Munich, 1962). The author, who describes himself as "only a little Jew who was caught up in the tempest of our time" resided in Germany or Rumania throughout the period from 1932 to 1945, and he leaves no doubt but that the Zionists tried very hard to incite a massacre of the Jews in Germany, who numbered 500,000, and perhaps also in Austria, where there were 200,000 more. He quotes Weizmann's defence of that policy: "I would much rather witness the destruction of the Jews in Germany than failure to obtain the territory of Israel for the Jewish people".

86. As Maurice Samuel (whom I cite in preference to other Jewish sources because he wrote in English and without circumlocution) points out, religious Jews always think of their god as a Big Jew, the praeterhuman representative of the Jewish People, while the atheists worship the collectivity without imagining a supernatural symbol of the race; cf. *infra*, note 95.

87. Of Brown's purposes and plans there can be no possible doubt, for he openly boasted that he would model his work on the great slave revolt in Hispaniola, which, after the extermination of the Aryans by the procedures I have mentioned, eventually produced the fetid pest-hole now called Haiti. This illustrious example, I need not say, has served ever since as an inspiration for "abolitionists" and "civil-rights workers" although the blood-lust is usually given a tenuous veil of humanitarian verbiage, as, indeed, was done by the inciters of the massacres in Hispaniola, who were both Jacobin vermin from France and Christian vermin from England. Incidentally, the British missionary societies that supplied guns, money, and encouragement to the savages in Hispaniola covered their tracks so well that there seems to be no documentary evidence to show the amounts spent or to fix precisely the responsibility; the National Council of Churches and allied organization are less cautious.

88. There is another aspect that I shall indicate by asking, How many Aryans do you know in the television business, in the press, in the schools, who would not betray and defame our race for a hundred bucks? Who do not actually do it? Say five hundred bucks, to allow for high principles.

89. As we treacherously killed German women, children, and noncombatants in "open" cities to please the Jews.

90. At present, one frequently hears "Liberal" punks bellyaching about the "injustice" of our conquest of North America. I will believe in their sincerity when I hear that they have committed suicide and left by will whatever property they possess to an Indian tribe.

91. Philo Judaeus (whom the Jews, with their instinct for concealment, now want us to call Philo Alexandrinus), was the most influential and effective of the Jewish propagandists after they were inspired to appropriate the Stoic monotheism and identify their tribal deity with the Graeco-Roman *animus mundi* (also called Providence, a term that survived in Christian usage) in the first century B.C. He retells the legends when he writes for the gullible, but when he tries to persuade rational Aryans, he frankly admits (*Hypoth.* 6.5-7) that the tales about an armed invasion are incredible, and he says that what must have happened is that God so befuddled the minds of the Canaanites that they voluntarily invited the Jews, as a superior people, into their country and permitted the Jews to set up their colonies and synagogues — after which, we must assume, the Jews soon put the stupid *goyim* in their place. Philo expressly states that the Jews recognized the Canaanites who thus generously permitted them to immigrate as enemies at the time — "necessarily as enemies", he says, "inasmuch as they (the Jews) entered the country with the intention of taking it from them (the Canaanites)." The Canaanites' folly in admitting their enemies is proof that the Jews are God's favorites. Q.E.D.

92. According to two contemporary writers, the Pole, Louis Bielsky, and the Hungarian, Itsvan Bakony, the powerful Jews in China undermined the regime of Mao Tse-tung and took over after his death, which may explain the present rapprochement of the rulers of China and the United States. I know the work of both writers only in unidiomatic English translations published as booklets by the Catholic organization in Mexico, Udecan, *s.a.* They rely chiefly on Jewish sources.

93. Modern Jewish scholars agree that it would be preposterous to think that a majority, or even a very large part, of the Jews ever resided in Palestine; e.g., Jean Juster, *Les Juifs dans l'Empire romain* (Paris, 1914; reprinted, New York, c. 1960); he gives,Vol. I, pp. 180-209, a list of the many cities in Europe, Asia, and Africa in which inscriptions or other documentary evidence attests the existence of Jewish colonies; the list could be very considerably extended from inscriptions more recently discovered and sites outside the ambit of the classical world.

94. See, eg, Max I Dimont, *The Indestructible Jews* (New York, 1971). He speaks much of persecutions (ie, the efforts of the wicked hosts to shake off their righteous parasites), and is quite sure that his superior race will soon rule the entire earth.

95. The Kabbalists.who so strongly influenced the early Protestants, add another Big Jew, the "primal man," Adam Kadmoni. According to some, he was ninety-six miles tall and an hermaphrodite, but he was unmistakably a Jew and the archetype of all their virtues.

96. Eveuyone must have observed that this implicit confidence is so strong that, eg, the Jews see no inconsistency or even tactlessness in simultaneously agitating — sometimes on the same page of a newspaper — for the jealous preservation of the purity of their race and the mongrelization of ours. A

number of Jewish rabbis have quite frankly said that Aryan curs that do not venerate their masters are "mad dogs" and must be exterminated — and they doubtless felt the proposition so obvious that it did not occur to them that some of the curs might feel offended. When the Jews go on television to boast of their cleverness in having murdered more than a thousand German officers by slipping poison into the bread of the unsuspecting Aryans (see the *Toronto Daily Star*, 9 March 1968), it does not occur to them that they are being indiscreet, although they know that Aryans are so feeble-minded that they think it better to kill men in a fair fight than by sneaking treachery. (Jews have no silly ideas to prevent them from killing in the safest and most convenient way; see Samuel, *op. cit.*, pp. 47-51). The point is that when Jews murder Aryans or other inferior mammals, they feel as much compunction as does a Texas rancher when he massacres jack rabbits and coyotes. According to the Jewish terrorist who boasts of his murders under the pseudonym of "Avner," in the estimate of his organization, "an Englishman would always be a filthy *Goy*, who could be killed for this reason alone", and the Jewish plan to blow up the Houses of Parliament in London failed because the bombs planted in December 1948 were defective and did not explode; the plan was cancelled by the Jewish command, which seems to have suddenly thought of the possibility that some of the British rabbits might be so unreasonable as to resent effectively the making of mincemeat out of Members of Parliament. See the terrorist's *Memoirs of an Assassin* (New York, 1960), especially pp. 91-121.

97. *Op. cit.*, p. 74; my emphasis. This feeling is implicit in practically every Jewish composition that is not produced merely to befuddle *goyim* — and even creeps, unperceived by the authors, into many that are.

98. Even in quite elementary matters; e.g., it is known that certain diseases occur only in Jews, the race usually being identified according to our conception of race, but do those racially determined diseases occur only in the offspring of Jewesses?

99. Financial squashing of insubordinate Aryans is, for obvious reasons, the normal Jewish method, and it is only recently that unconcealed murder is becoming common. For example, in France on 18 March 1978, Professor Francois Duprat, guilty of having challenged the Jewish hoax about the "six million" of God's Race "exterminated" by the Germans, was blown up with a bomb that shattered the pavement of the highway on which he was driving, and the Jewish agency boasted of having dealt justly with the Aryan cur who did not heel when commanded. In June 1968, the Jewish cowboys, known as the A.D.L., who ride herd on the goyim, hired some agents of the F.B.I. to murder some insubordinate Aryans, evidently just to terrorize the white population of Mississippi, since the contract left the choice of victims to the agents. The brave officers of the F.B.I. were able to entice two Aryans into a position in which they could conveniently be cut down with machine guns from an ambush, but although the woman's body was thoroughly riddled, the nasty man persisted in remaining alive with sixteen bullets in his body. The Jews, therefore, paid only $36,500, half of the promised blood-money. The F.B.I. agents

felt cheated and eventually complained to a courageous reporter, with the result that the whole story appeared in the *Los Angeles Times* of 13 February 1970, beginning on the first page. If J Edgar Hoover, then officially head of the F.B.I., disapproved of his boys' earning a little on the side as assassins for God's People, he did not dare to say so publicly. The story, instead of being suppressed by the press, as one would expect, was published in one of the most widely circulated newspapers in the nation, but in such circumstances, of course, Americans no more protest the murder of Americans than rabbits protest the shooting of rabbits.

100. So far as I know, the last Christian sect that believed that the earth is a practically flat cake of mud, as stated in the Bible, disappeared around 1930. I know of no sect that believes God's statements that the sun is a ball of fire that moves over the earth at an elevation of not more than 100,000 feet. Many Christians killed off the Devil and his numerous subordinates long ago, and it was possible for a witty French clergyman. Father Louis Coulange, in the book translated as *The Life of the Devil* (New York, 1930), to conclude, "Satan . . . [now] is like the Son of Man, of whom the Gospel tells us that He had nowhere to lay His head." A recent survey showed that only 5% of "believing Christians" believed in the "resurrection of the flesh" after it was explained to them what the words in the Athanasian Creed actually mean, and even the Virgin Birth got a bare 20%.

101. Although the fact is not strictly relevant here, when one considers the operations of "conservative" and "right-wing" organizations that are not fraudulent, one must consider a statement by one of the few "right-wing" leaders whom I believe to have been really sincere and dedicated to his patriotic task: "A review of our bookkeeping indisputably shows that the greatest part of our contributions comes from devout Christians, No general, not even the greatest strategist, can win a war without ammunition, and if the persons who have a monopoly of munitions insist that I recite a silly rigmarole before they give me arms to fight the enemy, I'll recite the rigmarole every day and every hour, no matter how preposterous it is." Some of us may think him hypocritical and feel morally superior, but we have never tried to finance an organization disapproved by the Jews.

102. The sequel was curious and still somewhat puzzling, apart from the obvious creation of precedents. The forced resignation of the Vice President (who was reported to have made some unkind remarks about Jews, but not so publicly as to require that he be fired from his position) was obviously designed to permit the first appointment of a Vice President under the provisions of the Twenty-Fifth Amendment, and hence the eventual elevation to the Presidency of an appointee, Ford, a person principally known for his participation in the illegal Warren Commission that had been hurriedly created to prevent disclosure of the responsibility for the assassination of Kennedy in 1963. However, when Ford as President appointed Rockefeller to the Vice Presidency, there was a logical inference about the plan of which the incident at Watergate was the first step. In 1952, a Jewish physician, Dr Emanuel M Josephson, published

a well-known book. *Rockefeller "Internationalist"*, which is the prime source of the now fashionable doctrine that the Rockefellers are the root of all evil. In that book he asserted that Nelson Rockefeller was determined to become President, and predicted that he would do so by being appointed Secretary of State and then disposing of the President and Vice President in office, thus making himself the nation's first unelected President. Josephson later identified the Twenty-Fifth Amendment as a measure promoted by Rockefeller to shorten the path to the White House. It seemed logical, therefore, to suppose in 1975 that Ford would either be stricken by illness and resign or would, like Kennedy, be given special treatment by a technician from the C.I.A. and a glorious tomb in the Arlington Cemetery. In the spring of 1975, two sources from within the Congress and apparently reliable reported confidentially that all the pay-offs for the elevation of Rockefeller to the Presidency had already been made, and that the date had been set to prevent Rockefeller from incurring the onus of the well-planned defeat in Vietnam. It is still uncertain whether these sources were merely making guesses on the basis of Josephson's prophecy or the plan to make Rockefeller President was abandoned for some reason, possibly a veto from a directorate that feared he might prove unreliable. It may be significant that such newspapers as the *Times* of New York and the *Post* of Washington began to publish reports that intimated that the leading Rockefeller bank in New York City was insolvent and might become bankrupt — reports that were obviously smoke from an unseen fire underground.

103. The distinction, as observed in informed circles, is that misinformation is a statement that is false about a given matter (e.g., Carter is suffering from cancer and will die within a few months) while disinformation is normally a series of apparently independent statements, probably equally false, designed to suggest the desired conclusion to observers (eg, leading senators are consulting the Vice President about all matters of policy; the stockmarket has shown a sudden and inexplicable increase or decrease; several officers of the cabinet have made secret arrangements to return to their law firms or other private posts this summer; etc).

104. Both Army and Navy are now impotent. British officers who were invited on board the *Nimitz*, one of our largest carriers, were amazed to find that it was necessary to maintain constant "mugging patrols" to protect white sailors and officers from the blacks, and that there were parts of the great ship that were off-limits to white men to avert more murders on board than are normal. On both land and sea, of course, the savages will murder the hated "honkies" at the first declaration of war, and within this country a very reliable informant learned from the leader of a black paramilitary organization that as soon as there is an attempt to mobilize the country for war, the savages will start butchering the white population. This, I need not say, is only natural and must have been anticipated when the sabotage of the nation's defensive powers began. The Air Force is not yet completely paralyzed, but soon will be. There is a possibility — probably slight — that we have developed secret weapons of great power that could be used by a small corps of technicians and have

not been betrayed to the Soviet or China, whichever is our destined enemy in the next war.

105. A determining factor will be the character and purposes of the present governments of Russia and China, about which the available and sometimes contradictory evidence permits only speculation.

Part II
Articles and Reviews, 1955–1959

THE EDUCATIONAL BUREAUCRACY

Arthur Bestor has the undisputed honor to be the first college professor who openly and effectively challenged the pseudo-educational gang that has now virtually consolidated its control of the public schools and is zealously proceeding to take over the colleges.

When it became known that Bestor's first book on this subject, *Educational Wastelands* (1953), was in preparation, the professors of academic subjects looked on with amusement and hope as swarms of pedagogues, pale and gesticulating like a rout of specters affrighted by the cock's crow, streamed in to emergency meetings in the "colleges" of "education", hastily appointed committees, and hustled into executive sessions.

These meetings accomplished astonishingly little. There was, to be sure, much screaming and howling by angry warlocks. Vile gossip concerning Bestor's private life was concocted and circulated. His publishers were threatened with "police action" if they should print his book. In one university, where the pedagogues had boosted one of their number into the presidency, a professor was summarily discharged for having shown his colleagues a copy of an article by Bestor. And the academic world was filled with rumors of the various vials of vengeance that would soon be broken on Bestor's head. Strangely enough, however, Bestor has survived – long enough,

at least, to publish a second book on education (*The Restoration of Learning*).

In his new volume Bestor again suryeys modestly and dispassionately the present status of public education from the kindergarten to the graduate school. It is a dismal and frightening story. Although, he reminds us, there is no evidence whatsoever that anyone ever became a better teacher by subjecting himself to the tedium and hypocrisy of courses in the "science" of "education," the shamans long ago bamboozled the legislators of every state into granting them a virtual dictatorship over the elementary and secondary schools. They then proceeded, by terrorizing competent teachers and befuddling the public with their own brand of conjurer's jargon, to eliminate intellectual discipline from the teaching of the established subjects of study, thus degrading them to suit the mentality of nincompoops and the taste of louts. By this process the minds of intelligent children are, ofcourse, debauched and crippled, and the result is that almost everywhere, as Bestor puts it, "the elementary and secondary schools are, with devastating success, killing off every budding intellectual interest." That goal attained, the professional boob-breeders are now suppressing even what was left of the usual curriculum, and are replacing all the normal subjects of instruction, from English to mathematics, with classes in "life adjustment" designed for the feeble-minded. Having made certain, in other words, that any moron can be graduated from a high school, they are now striving to make certain that every graduate will be a moron. Some pupils, they recognize, have been denied the benefits of imbecility by birth; but strenuous application of modern techniques for twelve years should correct this deficiency. In the meantime the colleges imd themselves inundated by an ever-increasing horde of illiterates, and are desperately trying to provide the elements of a secondary education in "survey" or "remedial" courses — or are cynically consoling themselves with the reflection that anything that can stand on its hind legs long enough to receive an A.B. is worth at least two thousand bucks on the hoof (counting, of course, both what is collected as tuition and what is wheedled from alumni or legislators). The very thought

of attracting another thousand head of customers suffices to make the ideals drool down the jaw of an ambitious diploma-peddler, and the land now resounds with singsong cries about "modern needs" and "wider opportunities". And finally, the corruption has inevitably spread to the graduate schools, in some of which, at least, the highest academic degree, PhD, is now being sold to incompetents whom their examiners admit to be incapable of original investigation or even lucid thought, and who, often enough, cannot write a paragraph of correct, intelligible English.

The general accuracy of Professor Bestor's account of what has happened and what is happening cannot be disputed. But some readers, at least, will suspect that in one respect he has been less than fair to the self-appointed "educational experts." For, whether frbm courtesy or from a desire to delimit his subject, he avoids discussion of the experts' motives, and leaves it to be inferred that their activities have been largely or entirely instinctive, determined subconsciously by the blind forces of ignorance and greed.

It is a delicate and difficult question. When termites find lodgement in the beams of your house, they instinctively settle down to multiply and to exercise their mandibles; and when your piano descends suddenly to the basement, to speak of a conspiracy or even of a motive would be absurd. But the educationalists are, after all, human beings, and we are accustomed to think of human beings as acting with a rational purpose which may usually be deduced from the probable consequences of the act. When a man rolls a boulder onto a railway track, we infer that he intends to wreck a train, and we should be skeptical were he to assure us that, in the spirit of blithe experimentation which the pedagogues hold sacred, he merely wishes to ascertain whether railroads can be used as rock crushers. We cannot avoid, therefore, the question whether the educational Harpies, or at least the more intelligent among them, are not acting from rational motives and carrying out a consciously formulated plan.

To answer that question with certainty will be difficult, perhaps impossible. But once it is asked, one's mind is beset by a swarm of disturbingly suggestive recollections.

One remembers, for example, that in the palmy days in which Hitler and Roosevelt came to power, the educationalists of both countries were talking openly of using the schools to produce "a new social order". And was this not in some measure produced?

One remembers, furthermore, that the only perfect example of an educational system pragmatically operated to produce "life adjustment" is the one that now functions so successfully in Russia. And one vainly strives to discern a perceptible difference, other than in the jargon used as camouflage, between the announced objectives of the American educators and the avowed practice of their Soviet counterparts — or should we say colleagues?

The rational mind instinctively recoils from so sweeping a generalization, from so drastic a conclusion. But then one must ask onself, What other intelligible purpose can be served by systematically instilling into the adolescent mind contempt for the traditional culture of Western man? What results would a man expect to produce by inculcating the brutalizing doctrine that the intellectual, aesthetic and moral values which have always been the object of true learning are now the "snobbish relics" of a dead past, and that the true function of society is to satisfy the animal appetites of the proletarian? Would a man strive to produce boobs if he did not intend to have serfs?

These are questions which each of us must anxiously answer for himself. In fairness to the architects of the new "education," we must note that they — unanimously, I believe — protest they are not Communists, though some of them have only recently ceased to swing the censers before the shrine of St Marx, and that some have expressed mild disapproval of the thugs who succeeded Stalin. I wish we could find in these facts complete reassurance.

"Truth", said a noted educationalist to me one day with the iron dogmatism of his tribe, "must be Social Truth". "And what", I asked, "is Social Truth?" "It is", he said quite simply, "what it is expedient for a society to tell its members."

National Review, 14 December 1955

THOSE WONDROUS SCROLLS

***The Scrolls from the Dead Sea*, by Edmund Wilson**
***The Dead Sea Scrolls*, by Millar Burrows**
***The Dead Sea Scriptures in English Translation*, by Theodor H Gaster**

Mr Wilson has given us an almost breathless account of the discovery and study of the now famous scrolls found in caves not far from the ruins of the old Essene monastery at Engada in ancient Judaea. He necessarily writes at second or third hand, and with much more emotion than knowledge of his subject. His violently anti-British and anti-Roman prejudices are as obtrusive as his hope that the scrolls will "revolutionize" our conception of Christianity. But when, for example, he lists the sources of "all our knowledge of the word of the Bible", many a layman with no scholarly pretensions will smile at the omission of such well-known items as the early Latin versions, the Syriac translations, and the *Hexapla* of Origen. He is excited by the discovery that the Jews made "a Greek translation [of the Old Testament] that does not correspond to the *Septuagint*," but many a Sunday-School teacher could have told him that there were at least three such versions (Aquilla, Theodotion, Symmachus).

Professor Burrows is one of the few scholars who have made themselves authorities on the new scrolls. The scholar has vanquished the journalist on the latter's own ground: his is by far the more lucid and readable book. Explanation is always more intelligible than rhapsody. Mr Wilson writes in feverish expectation of apocalyptic revelations; Professor Burrows is calmly aware that the scrolls merely provide us with (a) some interesting, but not necessarily authoritative, variant readings in the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, and (b) information concerning one or more of the many groups of sectarian fanatics that flourished and fought in Judaea in the first two centuries of the Christian Era.

Dr Gaster has given us the most complete set of English translations now available. Of the fourteen documents in his collection, six were less fully translated by Professor Burrows, and anyone who is seriously interested in the scrolls would do well to compare the two

versions. Some of the many discrepancies result from ambiguities inherent in the linguistic structure of Hebrew, a language in which, for example, the finite verb has two aspects but no tenses, so that the distinction between past, present, and future depends on context, not on inflection. The two translators, furthermore, follow fundamentally different methods. Where the text is seriously mutilated or corrupt, Mr Burrows normally leaves a lacuna; Mr Gaster restores and emends. Where the text is certain, Mr Burrows translates as literally as possible; Dr Caster not infrequently uses his great erudition to devise an interpretation that seems to him more consistent. In one passage, for instance, we find the Hebrew word *pah*, which undoubtedly means 'trap, snare' and Mr Burrows so translates. Mr Gaster thinks this meaning inconsistent with the spirit of the document, assumes that the writer was only imperfectly acquainted with Hebrew, finds in Syriac a word of similar sound which means 'debility' and accordingly translates "a symbol of weakness". The historical significance of these scrolls depends largely on the date at which they were written. Mr Burrows and Mr Gaster both accept the prevalent view that the scrolls were placed in the caves *for safekeeping* shortly before the capture and destruction of the monastery in AD 68 or 70 – a view which makes it necessary to ignore the only documents that bear definite dates (AD 124-135) found in the caves in this area. It is astonishing that of the many scholars who have debated the age and value of these scrolls, no one, so far as I know, has remembered that the *Assumption of Moses*, an apocryphal work published from a sixth-century manuscript in 1861, was the sacred book of a Jewish sect whose members were obligated to perform regularly an act of worship which consisted of copying religious texts, enclosing them in clay jars, and storing them "in the places which God made at the creation of the world" – places which, it seems to me, must be caves such as those in which the clay jars containing our scrolls were found.

National Review, 8 December 1956

INTELLIGENT COMMUNISTS

***A Ride to Panmunjorn*, by Duane Thorin.**

During the war in which the United States destroyed its prestige in the Orient Mr Thorin was taken prisoner by the North Koreans. His "novel" is a study of a group of American prisoners and their reactions to the privations and abuse to which they were subjected by their captors. Since his perception of human character has not been distorted by psychological twaddle, he understands and makes clear why each of these men either broke under pressure or had the strength to remain loyal to himself and his comrades.

Among the traitors there is one figure who should particularly arrest the reader's attention because he represents an "element of modern American society" that we are often afraid to contemplate. He is the normal, the inevitable product of the Welfare State (currently called "modern Republicanism"). He cheerfully co-operated with his captors and betrayed his comrades because "the nature of his upbringing had taught him to cater to whatever hand ladled out the welfare."

Even more instructive, perhaps, is Mr Thorin's report on the Korean and Chinese Communists. The lower ranks were composed of ignorant and stupid creatures who believed in egalitarianism, but above them were the "interrogators", intelligent and educated men. They were not primarily interested in obtaining false "confessions" of "war crimes" but rather in forcing on their victims the intellectual and moral degradation in which the distinction between truth and falsehood becomes meaningless. They sought to bring their prisoners to equality with themselves on the level of pure pragmatism.

Mr Thorin's observations confirm Czeslaw Milosz' *The Captive Mind* and complement Gerhart Niemeyer's *Inquiry into Soviet Mentality*. The people whom he saw in control were not dupes of the creed they professed. "Intellects that failed to see through the falsities of Communism were so arrested that they were of only limited use in the totalitarian state."

The point is worth noting — particularly if you have been in the habit of assuming that the American "intellectuals" who scream for

more and more socialism are merely sentimental boobs who repeat the nonsense they learned from "progressive educators". Some of them may be more intelligent than you think.

National Review, 12 January 1957

SYMBOLS OF TRANSFORMATION

***Symbols of Transformation*, by CG Jung, translated by RFC Hull**

One hestitates to call Dr Jung a psychologist. He is a scholar, has a philosophical mind, and has demonstrated his ability to appraise man in the world of reality. (One remembers, for example, his comment after his interview with Franklin Roosevelt, long before the war: "A man of superior and impenetrable mind, but perfectly ruthless . . . He has the most amazing power complex . . . the stuff of a dictator absolutely".) Like Schopenhauer or Croce, Jung is a man with whom we may disagree, but must respect.

The present volume is a revision of the work in which he repudiated Freud and formulated his well-known system of analysis which is based essentially on the postulate that the unconscious part of the psyche uses the symbols of religious mythology. It is not, however, an entirely cogent work. Even if we accept the validity of the postulate, there are a number of logical flaws in its application. A large part of the book is devoted to analysis of a dream which seems (at least at first sight) to be the kind of melodramatic story about an Aztec prince that might have been composed by any imaginative girl who had read the Romantics. We are told, however, that the prince represents not an idealized lover but the dreamer herself, and the clearest proof of this is the prince's statement, "I have kept my body inviolate." According to Dr Jung, this is a statement "which only a woman could utter, since a man is not given to boasting about such matters". True, but irrelevant. The dreamer is a woman. The question, therefore, is whether it is inconceivable that a young woman could momentarily desire to find in an ideal world a lover as virginal as herself. An analysis that disregards such points is distinctly less than cogent.

But even those who are most skeptical about Jung's theory of the nature and value of "the religious myth" will be impressed by one significant fact. In the first edition of this book (1912) the author found it necessary to warn his readers that civilized men were so protected from violence that they would find it difficult to believe in the potential brutality of the human psyche. This revision is addressed to a disillusioned and wiser audience. "We have had bitter experience of what happens when whole nations find the moral mask too stupid to keep on. The beast breaks loose, and a frenzy of demoralization sweeps over the civilized world."

Dr Jung is doubtless entitled to speak for Europeans when he writes: "We now know what human beings are capable of, and what lies in store for us if ever again the mass psyche gets the upper hand." But so far as I can discover, most Americans are still living with the illusions of 1912. By a kind of national schizophrenia they escape from reality into the dreams of their lost childhood.

National Review, 30 March 1957

WHOPPERS BY "MONTAGU"

***Man: His First Million Years*, by Ashley Montagu.**

Dr Montagu, who composed the "UNESCO Statement on Race" has again skillfully trimmed the facts of anthropology to fit the liberal propaganda line. Every anthropologist knows, for example, that aborigines in Australia propagated their species for a hundred thousand years without ever suspecting that pregnancy might be a consequence of sexual intercourse. Equally striking evidence of intellectual capacity is provided by the many peoples that never discovered how to kindle a fire or plant a seed. But Dr Montagu, after making a great show of cautious objectivity, proclaims that "anthropologists are unable to find any evidence" of "significant differences in mental capacity" between "ethnic groups". If you can tell such whoppers with a straight face, you too can ask the 'United Nations' to recognize your right to largesse from the pockets of American taxpayers.

National Review, 2 November 1957

ACADEMIC PETER PANS

Grammar, said Dante, was invented to preserve the intellectual tradition. Although such a purpose cannot have been consciously present in the mind of the first grammarian, who was probably an Egyptian priest, in the larger sense Dante was indubitably right. And in the same sense it is true that "modern linguistics" has been invented to destroy the intellectual tradition.

Grammar, on the whole, has done its work well. Every literate American or Australian reads Macaulay and Gibbon and Addison as readily as though they were his countrymen and contemporaries. Grammar, in other words, stabilizes language and inhibits the rapid changes that take place in a state of nature. It is law in language, and like all law, it substitutes the discipline of civilization for the lawless spontaneity of savagery. Had no grammar been imposed on English, we should now find Boswell as difficult as Chaucer; *Hamlet*, like *Beowulf*, would be written in an alien tongue; and the plays of Shaw would have had to be translated for presentation on Broadway.

But this fact, like all evidence of the continuity of civilization, is most distressing to minds that suffer from the cultural disease now called Liberalism. And one of the most significant manifestations of that contagious and potentially fatal malady is the vast amount of pretentious nonsense that is now being written about the English language by persons who call themselves "scientific linguists" thus appropriating to themselves the title and prestige of scholars who are seriously interested in the comparative study of languages. The latest symptom of the disease is a remarkably foolish book entitled *A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage* published with a mighty ballyhoo that it is a "comprehensive and reliable guide" to the "effective use of the English language" because it is "based on modern linguistic scholarship".

The authors, Professor Bergen Evans and his sister, Cornelia Evans, have doubtless adapted themselves to their market with the same shrewd calculation that enables him to operate his successful television show. Their taste, we may be sure, is superior to that of the yokels whom they flatter for business reasons. Indeed, they themselves write an English which is generally correct, and they

show a commendable, although apparently limited and provincial, knowledge of literature. They work very hard to imitate the urbane humor of Fowler's *Modern English Usage*, and not infrequently they succeed. But (perhaps also for business reasons) they want the plaudits of the Vandals, and they have earned them.

There is, to be sure, a good deal of sound information to be found in this book. From it you may learn, for example, that the plural of *wife* is *wives*, and that an *analyst* is not an *annalist*, although you will usually look in vain for help on more serious matters, eg, the distinction between *autarchy* (political independence) and *autarky* (economic self-sufficiency). But the many articles that are useful or, at least, innocuous merely serve as disguise for a fundamentally subversive book.

The authors lose no opportunity to sneer at grammar or to echo the vulgarian's contempt for dose ol' geezers what useter learn Latin an' such stuff. As is now fashionable, they howl with indignation because formal English grammar is based on Latin, evidently believing that if they say often enough that English is not Latin, they can efface the historical fact that the English language was molded to its present form by writers whose grammatical training had been exclusively Latin. This may be regrettable, just as it may be regrettable that the Spanish Armada did not conquer England, but it is a fact, and four centuries of history cannot be cancelled by a scream.

One finds in this volume such dicta as "Sentences such as . . . 'whom do you mean?' are unnatural English . . . *Who* is generally preferred." "If you are in doubt whether to use *me* or *I*, the chances are that *me* is better." The authors endorse *that is him* and similar absurdities. Their great standard, of course, is "usage," that delightful measuring stick that changes size whenever you want it to. We are told, for example, that "educated people do say *more unique*." What this means, of course, is that Professor Evans is willing to call "educated" persons whose thinking is so muddled that they can say "more unique" or "more equal." You can also claim that honest men steal, if you do not regard theft as incompatible with honesty. And if Alice objects that "'glory' doesn't mean 'a nice knockdown argument'", a whole host of Humpty Dumpties perched on our

academic walls will shout her down in unison.

It would be wrong to impute sinister motives to most of our noisy "linguists". Like moppets who have just discovered that there is no Santa Claus, they ostentatiously parade their discovery that rules of grammar are the work of the human mind, not Nature. They yearn for linguistic change, however irrational, since change in itself fascinates them, much as children are fascinated by the violent movement of a roller coaster. They feel an adolescent's romantic longing for a primitive paradise somewhere east of Suez where nobly ignorant savages, free from the trammels of tradition, wander happily under breadfruit trees and copulate whenever the spirit moves them. And they shrink instinctively from the heavy burden of high civilization. Like all honest socialists, they are tormented by the adolescent's dread of responsibility, and cry for a new world in which they may forever remain children, with the State replacing Mama.

Our academic Peter Pans would be quaint and amusing, if their sport were not fraught with an ominous political significance. Their knowledge of the techniques of scholarship and their bumptious claims to "science" lend a specious endorsement to the "progressive" educators who use the public schools to blight the minds of intelligent children. As the authors of that excellent pamphlet "How 'Progressive' is Your School?" put it, the immediate object of the teaching of English in such schools is "debasement of the language for the 'masses' so that it will be a less effective vehicle of independent thought and expression". The socialist dream, after all, can be realized only by the abolition of tradition and the submergence of the individual in a uniformly ignorant and brutalized rabble that will be perfectly plastic material for "social planners". Meanwhile the pseudo-linguists will tolerate no dissent. Whenever a professor of English temerariously defends the traditional grammar, he becomes the target of pseudo-learned vituperation that resembles in its emotional violence the screeching of the character-assassins who mobbed Senator McCarthy. It is extremely significant that the most drastic term of abuse in the pseudo-linguists' vocabulary is "moralist"; this is the ultimate obloquy, reserved for vile reactionaries who believe in rules of grammar. If you claim that "it's him" is

wrong, you are the kind of person who may even tell children that it is *wrong* to use an axe on their parents. The modern school, of course, teaches the child that "it is not at present socially acceptable" to axe one's parents so long as the old duffers do not get in the way.

National Review, 30 November 1957

MYTHOLOGICAL MUD PIES

Mr Robert Graves, who is best known for novels ranging from realistic pseudo-history (*I, Claudius*) to wild and unearthly fantasies (*Hercules, My Shipmate*), has chosen to write his latest work of fiction under the guise of an ostensibly scholarly work of reference. His *Greek Myths* is either a little more or much less than worthless: its slight utility is offset by the danger that uninformed readers may take Mr Graves seriously.

The book consists of a series of articles, somewhat capriciously arranged, on the principal figures of Greek religion and myth. The first half of each article gives a reasonably accurate, though skeletally dry, summary of ancient traditions, and will not greatly mislead a wary reader who keeps his eye on the footnotes and so distinguishes what was said by classical writers from what was reported or imagined by such late scribblers as Tzetzes, a careless and pretentious Byzantine of the twelfth century. If you really want the "retelling of the stories" in the "harmonious narrative" promised by the publisher's blurb, you will have to seek it in such works as Gustav Schwab's *Gods and Heroes*, but if you want merely the kind of information that is given in the standard alphabetical dictionaries of mythology (Who was Clytaemnestra's mother? Who rescued Andromeda?), you can find it, though less conveniently, in this part of Mr Graves' book. You need observe only one fundamental caution: disregard all of the "translations" of Greek proper names. If you know Greek, the many blunders will annoy you; if you do not, you will put yourself at the mercy of a philological quack.

The second half of each article is devoted to Mr Graves' private dream-world, which his publisher describes as "the conclusions of modern anthropology and archaeology."

The basis of this pseudo-scientific fiction is a pretense that the Greek myths are to be elucidated by what is known as the "anthropological method". To this there are three major objections:

1) the method is of extremely dubious validity,
2) the results are in any case irrelevant to the subject at hand, and
3) Mr Graves isn't interested in anthropology anyway.

In the hands of serious students, such as Jane Harrison, the anthropological method yields a series of interesting but unverifiable hypotheses. The investigator begins with anthropological observations of Bushmen, Hottentots, and other tribes whose capacity for civilization is so low that they have remained savages to our own day. Then, on the assumption that all men are necessarily alike, the theorist uses this data to reconstruct the hypothetical beliefs of the hypothetical ancestors of the Greeks, the uniquely gifted people who created the essentials of Occidental civilization. It is as though one were to reconstruct Shakespeare's boyhood by observing feeble-minded children.

But even if the conclusions were demonstrably correct, they would still, for all practical purposes, be irrelevant. Conjectural origins of rites no more help us to understand the Greeks whom we know, from Homer through Aeschylus and Euripides to Sallustius, than the parallel deduction that the Christian Eucharist was originally a cannibalistic feast helps us to understand the thought of the late Monsignor Knox.

The noble religion of the historical Greeks, which was in its way no less profound than Buddhism or Vedanta and was certainly more beautiful, is often misunderstood by the modern mind because it differed from Christianity in a basic postulate that is sometimes overlooked. Today, both believers and skeptics regard religion as based on historical fact — eg, the Immaculate Conception either did or did not take place — whereas the Greek mind saw no possibility of ascertaining historical facts concerning its gods. There was no revelation and therefore no dogma.

In the Greek mind four distinct concepts took the place of what we regard as theology:

1) religion as a work of art, ie, the legitimate exercise of poetic

fancy which produced the literary mythology;

2) religion as speculation by the human reason about natural phenomena — a concept already present in Homer, for which see R K Hack, *The Concept of God in Greek Philosophy to the Time of Socrates*;

3) religion as civic rites which affirmed participation in a common polity but not a common faith; and

4) religion as an irrational emotional experience, particularly for those who chose to be initiated into one or another of the mysteries.

The four apparently diverse concepts were united by an underlying piety which is well described in Thaddeus Zielinski's *Religion of Ancient Greece*, and which developed historically in the way described in Gilbert Murray's *Five Stages of Greek Religion*.

After he has buried the poetry and the religion of Greece under the muck that he shovels from the swamps of savagery, Mr Graves sits down happily to make mud pies. Under his busy fingers anthropology becomes the revelation of a new religion. When he tells us that the *Iliad* is "clearly" religious propaganda produced by "a secret worshiper of the Great Goddess of Asia" he knows, for, as he himself tells us in a recently published autobiographical sketch, this Great Goddess not only inspires him but also condignly smites with madness and death publishers who reject Mr Graves' books. Presumably, therefore, Mr Graves' august patroness also authorizes his historical absurdities.

As either a cause or a consequence of his new religion, Mr Graves' mind is haunted by dreams of women such as never existed on this dull planet — massive, fecund, brutal women who, like the female spider, treat the males of their species as inferior animals of merely momentary utility. Accordingly, as Mr Dick forever saw King Charles' head before him, so Mr Graves sees everywhere the sacred signs of matriarchy, orgiastic priestesses who rape their male victims, year-kings, and the like. It is, of course, entirely legitimate to purvey such fantasies to those who find them delicious, but to publish them as a handbook with the implication that they are the "results of modern scholarship" is an act of irresponsibility that must excite both wonder and dismay.

National Review, 15 February 1958

SUPERSTITIOUS MATERIALISM

Methodist Bishop G Bromley Oxnam is probably one of the best known churchmen in the United States. He is certainly one of the most doctored. He is D.D.[3], Litt.D.[3] D.Sc., L.H D.[2] S.T.D.[3] LL.D.[6] and Th.D. — and only one of his nineteen degrees was bestowed by an institution behind the Iron Curtain.

He has a remarkable record. For the benefit of reviewers his publishers have crowded into 126 square inches a list of his honors and affiliations, but the list is incomplete, for it omits the numerous activities in which he had to admit participation when he was under oath before the congressional Committee on Un-American Activities in July 1953. It does not include the significant facts that his name appears in almost every discussion of the Communist Party's extensive infiltration of the American clergy, and that he is usually a member of the various Councils, Conferences, and Associations that from time to time discover a singular coincidence between Christian doctrine and whatever policy happens at the moment to suit the convenience of the Kremlin. There is no mention of his connection with American University, which boldly championed Professor Herbert Fuchs so long as there was hope that he would defy the Committee on Un-American Activities and immediately discharged him when he testified against Communist conspirators (see *National Review*, Jan. 25, 1956).

Bishop Oxnam's career suggests some interesting questions, but the reader who hopes to find the answers in his latest book (*A Testament of Faith*) will be disappointed. The Reverend Bishop's opinions as set forth therein are Protean, amorphous, elusive. They are hedged on all sides by apparently ingenuous confessions of ignorance: "I know little about heat and light and the constitution of matter", "I am not a theologian", "I cannot prove it." There is even a winsome humility: "I do not condemn. I speak as one who has sinned."

Behind these hedges of modesty is planted a variegated garden of opinions in which everyone can find some blossom to his taste. The reader may elect, for example, to believe with the author on p.71 that there must be a hell in which Hitler is currently tormented because on any other hypothesis "the universe is an insane asylum" or he

may prefer to smile with the author on p.148 at the "old pictures of men suffering the torments ofhell"or he may choose to share the indignation excited on p.131 because "the doctrine of hell gave the priestly class great power in the Middle Ages". If you are pained when you hear from the pulpit propaganda for "a cooperative social order" without "differences of race, of nation, and of class" you will be relieved to learn on p.123 that "the so-called social gospel" is now obsolete: "Much of contemporary social drive is a carry-over from the day when it was believed that dedicated men . . . could . . . build a Kingdom of God on earth". But if you enjoyed that propaganda, turn to p.167 and read that "it is an affront to God" to doubt that men can now "abolish war and establish peace, fashion justice, and set up racial brotherhood". In fact, unless you are distracted by such matters as the question whether Christ was really the Son of God or merely a young Jew who said some things of which Bishop Oxnam approves, you can be sure of finding in this book some support for your favorite brand of social uplift: you name it, the Bishop's got it.

But what does the Bishop really believe? He professes, to be sure, Love for almost everyone on earth except Whittaker Chambers, "chief witness in the Hiss case" who "seems to have lost faith in man". ("How dare such a voice speak of 'tokens of hope and truth'!") But what are the fruits of Love?

Love somehow makes it certain that "Man . . . has learned that class, race, and *nation* are concepts too small to unite mankind to win world law and order". Therefore "Man now enters . . . a world in which we *are to be* educated for universal living." Beyond the hints that I have italicized the Bishop cautiously does not go. But I note that another exponent of "universal love," Mr Zoltan Sztankay, is more explicit in his recent *Christianity, Democracy and Theology*.

Mr Sztankay also writes unctuously, but in the end he candidly tells us that the United States must be destroyed to make way for "a better world of institutionalized world-cooperation" which will be "the divinely-designed common political community of the whole human family." Americans must be stripped of their wealth, and all men must be ruthlessly leveled by Christian Love, for "in a Chris-

tian society, no political, social, or economic discrimination can be permitted." Such candor has, of course, the disadvantage that some readers will discover without pleasure that the writer's Christianity differs from Communism only by an impudent claim to divine sanction. And even if such readers are willing to assume that the strange coincidence is purely coincidental, they may ask whether such men as the outspoken Mr Sztankay or the more circumspect Bishop Oxnam are entitled to call themselves Christians.

Among the innumerable sects that have called themselves Christian one can find a precedent for almost any doctrine. Even in the earliest centuries of Christianity there were sects which discovered, for example, that God had ordained nudism (Adamites), prostitution (Simonians), homosexuality (Cainites), communism (Carpocratians), and even snakeworship (Ophites). And one of the most common heresies in all ages has been the doctrine of "progressive revelation" by which an Amalric of Bena or a John of Leyden or an Oxnam of Washington claims authority to pick out of Scripture whatever passages please him and to cancel or rewrite the rest. But if Christianity is not merely a name for any man's whims, it must be defined historically by reference to its canonical books and the theological tradition that recognizes their authority.

By such a definition, however wide the latitude that we allow for all the differences of theological interpretation, Christianity excludes all schemes of social reform. The fact that the converts to Christianity in the early centuries were drawn almost exclusively from the lower classes has led to the gratuitous inference – drawn by polemists against Christianity, but widely accepted by the uninformed and by agitators in search of a protective covering - that the *orthodox* Christian religion spread as a kind of revolutionary movement for "social justice". Nothing could be farther from historical fact.

There is not even the slightest indication that that Christianity, a religion of the spirit and hence exclusively concerned with the moral choices that individuals freely make in their own minds, promised or desired to change the structure of society. Far from calling for equality in this world, it expressly sanctioned all forms of inequality.

No historical evidence for Christianity is more impressive than the fact that this religion, which for more than two centuries was almost exclusively the creed of slaves and paupers, sanctioned slavery explicitly and repeatedly (eg, Eph. vi.5; Col. iii.22; I Tim. vi.l ;Tit. ii.9; I Pet. ii.l8). It commands slaves to obey their masters in deeds as faithfully as they obey Christ in their hearts (*servi, oboedite dominis... sicut Christo*). The point is made emphatically, for Christianity was honest in its appeal to the humble and the unfortunate; it sought converts to religion, not adherents drugged with dreams of universal comfort or bribed with promises of loot. Its apostles knew that a man who could confuse the peace of the spirit with better living conditions was fundamentally irreligious — would become, whatever his professions of faith, merely a superstitious materialist.

Since the only moral acts are those which an individual performs voluntarily, Christianity could not advocate social reform by legislation or violence. It is an historical fact that Christians had no political influence whatsoever until long after the Roman Empire was doomed by an incurable cancer — by the socialism which, engendered by the greed and malice of reformers, multiplies its bureaucratic cells until the society in which it has rooted itself expires in anguish.

Logically and historically, Christianity must be the antithesis of the "universal love" that is currently peddled by men who find their country a "concept" too small to deserve loyalty. And a crude counterfeit of religion, whether manufactured by folly or by cunning, must not be used as a narcotic to blunt our perception of danger with romantic visions of a "world community" and "enduring peace." Those are the hallucinations that precede disaster. *For when they shall say, Peace and safety; then suddenly destruction cometh upon them.*

National Review, 15 March 1958

LINGUISTIC BOLSHEVIKS

We live in a world in which men are becoming increasingly ignorant and increasingly irrational. Our culture already presents a curious

analogy to the political chaos of the Dark Ages. As the collapse of the Roman Empire shattered the Western world into thousands of petty and virtually autonomous fiefs, each with its own arbitrary laws and toll gates, so the collapse of our educational system has shattered what was once the common domain of all educated men into petty and virtually autonomous "fields of specialization" each with its own arbitrary methodology and its academic toll gates. We may say that this is the "inevitable result of the increasing complexity of human knowledge" just as Medieval serfs could have told themselves that feudalism was the inevitable result of an increasing complexity of human society, but such explanations are mere euphemisms that thinly disguise the loss of a common allegiance and the triumph of the barbarians.

One by one all of the basic propositions that were once self-evident and obvious in the light of common sense are being converted into dark and confused "problems" reserved for debate by "specialists" in a jargon that seemed to be modeled on the thieves' cant used by the "experts" who are looting the public schools.

Not long ago the nature of language was obvious to every literate and rational man. A language is a body of symbols that we use in our own thinking much as counters are used on an abacus, and we communicate with one another by giving to each symbol a phonetic and a written form so that one man who may be listening or reading can reproduce on his own abacus the computation that another has made. Obviously this complex use of symbols is possible only when they are manipulated according to established rules and when each symbol has a fairly clear and uniform meaning. The language of civilized men, therefore, must be codified by a rigid grammar to minimize syntactical misunderstanding, and every word must be strictly defined. And since we feel as well as think, rhetoric and formal logic must control every use of language.

In an age of common sense it was also obvious that no language can be foolproof — that we are all in danger of being misled by the idioms of our native language or by words whose meaning has been blurred by abuse or emotional association. And everyone knew that the speediest way to attain control of our own language

is to master a second language of basically different grammatical and lexical structure.

Fortunately for modern Europeans, the traditional language of scholarship, Latin, happened also to be the language that provides by its structural limitations the most complete control over their vernaculars. It is only too easy, for example, to translate "the socialist" as *der Sozialist, le socialiste, il socialista* or *el socialista* without being conscious of more than a vague feeling that you have said something nice (or nasty), but before you can translate the word into Latin, you must know precisely what you mean, and if you choose to write, for example, *publicandorum bonorum fautor*, you can deceive neither yourself nor your reader with double talk. That is what Lord Soulbury meant when a few years ago he remarked that in "an ideal democracy" only those men should be eligible for Parliament who could deliver their election addresses in "reasonably good Latin prose." But now the obvious has been made controversial by impudent quackery, by honest confusion, and by the creation of metaphysical linguistics, a speculative system which, however inherently sound, is as remote from the business and concerns of this world as non-Euclidian geometry. Our most immediate danger comes from the linguistic Bolsheviks who whine that the rules of grammar are man-made and therefore an impious attempt to interfere with the majestic processes of nature that produce solecisms in the speech of the uneducated, dandelions in your lawn, and weeds in your cornfield. But two recent books are worthy of more serious consideration.

Largesse from the Rockefeller and Ford Foundations made possible a year-long huddle of superminds at the University of Michigan, and the consequence of their collective cerebrations is a volume entitled *Language, Thought & Culture*. It contains many observations that are self-evident, some sound speculations in symbolic logic, and much pother about factitious or illusory "problems."

The authors are distressed because the argument *Men are mortal; Socrates is a man; therefore Socrates is mortal* is "structurally indistinguishable" from the argument *Men are widely distributed over the earth; Socrates is a man; therefore Socrates is widely distributed over the*

earth. Even the most untutored mind, if not natively stupid, would see at once that one has only to prefix the word *all* to both propositions to perceive that they are structurally distinguishable, but a band of "highly trained specialists" can usually be counted on not to see the obvious.

The value of the book as a whole may be inferred from the solemn asseveration that "There are two ways in which a state of mind may be rooted in belief. It may be based on a belief in the sense that a belief is one of its main causes, or in the sense that it will be altered by a change in the person's belief."

If you are properly awed by that logic, try this specimen of accuracy in the use of the English language: "If the buzzer, in avoidance training, is no longer followed by shock the fear will extinguish." If you can take that one in your stride, you are ready to join the elite in the joyous discovery that such words as God "have no conceptual content".

Miss Bess Sondel, who is the Professorial Lecturer on Communication in the University of Chicago, has produced 245 pages labeled *The Humanity of Words: A Primer of Semantics*. Soaring deftly above the earnest fumblings of the Michigan group, she has produced a work which is more than significant - it is ominous. Starting from carefully chosen truisms, Miss Sondel concocts her own specialty, which she calls a "field theory of communication" and thus defines:

> A field theory of communications[nb] conforms[nb] with a field theory of personality which admits no strict boundary between the communicator and the relevant environment.

Now although it is not entirely clear whether man is a vegetable or a bottle full of fireflies, Miss Sondel, like many of the psychologists who proudly reduce men to similar status, has strangely contracted the now epidemic itch to revise the universe, presumably in the interests of the vegetable or the fireflies. She finds cosmogonic magic in a terminology devised by a man named Morris according to which true statements of fact, for example, are called "designators" and she concludes a chapter of rapture with a proclamation set in the blackest of bold-face type:

> The science of signs of Charles Morris will help man to fulfill himself. But self-making and man-making is a circular process. Man makes institutions that far outlast him. And these institutions fashion the making [*sic*] of men. The science of signs of Charles Morris will help man in this circular enterprise of man-making through self-making.

Such collocations of impressive words will awe some readers and amuse others, but the true significance of the book will appear only to those who are willing to make a painstaking analysis of the whole. Their reward will be the frisson, the cold grue, that they may vainly seek in tales of the supernatural (including "science fiction"). For the underlying thought is simply not that of Western man. It has nothing in common with the logic of Aristotle or Descartes, and if it is, as it appears to be, systematic, the system is that of a world in which, for aught we know to the contrary, the radius of a triangle may be equal to the cosine of its Electra complex. We feel ourselves confronted by the incomprehensible purposes of an alien race, and shuddering we wonder whether Martians or Neptunians, inwardly more weird than any imagined by H G Wells or Clark Ashton Smith, may not already have quietly invaded our luckless planet.

National Review, 19 July 1958

NOT EVEN SCIENTIFIC ILLUSIONS

It is a general rule of modern politics that the vociferousness of "liberals" is directly proportional to their ignorance of the subject under discussion. Naturally, therefore, the prophets who frantically urge us to abase ourselves before the masses of Asia think it unnecessary to inform themselves concerning the culture of the Orient and contemptuously disregard the great religions that have formed the Oriental mind.

To one of these religions Maurice Percheron's *Buddha and Buddhism* (translated by Edmund Stapleton) is a concise and, on the whole, reliable introduction. I believe, however, that the available evidence, both historical and textual, warrants a clearer statement of the origins of Buddhism, which was not at first a religion at all.

In the sixth century BC the Vedic polytheism, which was strictly analogous to that of Homer, disintegrated under the skeptical and rationalistic criticism of the *hetuvádins*, who were the Indian counterparts of the Greek Sophists. The collapse of the old faith left the contemporary mind drawn between two diametrically opposed forces: materialism and mysticism. At the time it appeared that the first was by far the stronger force.

The Lokáyata philosophy, which was in all essentials identical with the strict materialism of our own day, was openly championed or tacitly espoused by practical men, and few could have then foreseen the great Brahmanic synthesis that was to dominate and transform the Hindu mind in future centuries. It was in this age that the son of a petty Aryan princeling produced the Indian analogue of Graeco-Roman Stoicism on the basis of an epistemology comparable to that of Immanuel Kant.

Gautama turned the rationalistic criticism upon materialism. If matter is reality, it is unknowable, for we perceive only phenomena, and cause is inseparable from effect. The phenomenal world is a perpetual flux in which things and events seem discrete and identifiable only through an illusion produced in the mind of the spectator. But man is himself an illusion: he is not an independent and stable entity, but merely a flux of constantly changing sensations. But all sensations from birth to death are pain concealed only by an irrational craving for future sensations in the fantastic hope that they will differ generically from those of the present. The world, therefore, is a labyrinthine Hell in whose blind mazes of anguish humanity is trapped by its own blind will-to-live.

Since man is merely a sequence of sensations, there is, of course, no soul or identity that could be reincarnated, but Gautama assumed, although he did not clearly explain, that the will-to-live is a force which, as in Schopenhauer's philosophy, may undergo a certain palingenesis and thus engender new life. Thus suicide, which is an effort to attain a pleasure (surcease from pain), is paradoxically a manifestation of the will-to-live and therefore self-defeating. The only escape from mankind's unending torment is the wisdom of the sage who, recognizing himself as merely an illusion produced by pain, rejects

the hallucinations of property, ambition, love and faith, thus blowing out in his own mind the lamp of desire and attaining the perfect calm (*nirvána*) of absolute indifference. In practical terms, he will become an itinerant mendicant, owning nothing, caring for nothing, neither seeking nor avoiding death, and, above all, maintaining chastity lest he beget another victim of illusion and pain.

Gautama's disciples, eager to spread the glad tidings of annihilation, emphasized in their exoteric preaching the moral implications of the doctrine: even men who could not yet forsake goods and kindred could recognize that where there is no self there should be no selfishness, but only compassion for all victims of illusion – a uniform kindness toward all living creatures without distinction of caste, race, or species. (Only a man blinded by prejudice would claim for himself rights that he would deny to a bedbug or a pismire.) Thus the grim philosophy of Gautama became the theoretical foundation for a practical ethics (*dharma*) which in the third century BC won the allegiance of the Emperor Asoka, who made it a state doctrine and lavishly subsidized it. But the ethical philosophy was already being converted into a religion by a revival of the will-to-believe.

Gautama, who had denied personality even to living men, was venerated as the Enlightened (*Buddha*), the Lord (*Bhagavat*), the Savior (*Bodhisatva*). He was supplied with a virgin mother, a divine father, a devil (*Mára*) who had tempted him, innumerable miracles, detailed biographies of hundreds of his earlier incarnations, and an account of the motives which led him to descend from heaven to save the world.

The religion thus created proliferated into a hundred sects, each with its own theology and demonology, yet retaining in its sacred books some traces, at least, of the bleak negations of its misunderstood founder. But with the religious revival in India, none of these sects could compete with the perfected theodicy of Brahmanism. Thus Buddhism, driven from the land of its birth, survives only in the lands to which it was carried by its zealous and indefatigable missionaries: Ceylon, Burma, Siam, Cambodia, Tibet, China, Japan. In the latter country alone there are some sixty sects, many of them indigenous.

M. Percheron concludes his survey with the observation that the ideas which Western men regarded as "moral, religious, and social truths" now "appear to have had their day" for "modern science . . . each day brings us nearer to the truths divined and proclaimed by the Buddha." He notes the increasing reliance on relativism and indeterminacy in atomic physics, but he is particularly impressed by the psychologies which deny human personality and recognize only "an essentially labile psyche, a fluid personality governed by temporary conjunctions escaping all control." But if that is what we really are, it would surely be better to pass over the religious accretions of Buddhism and return to the pure pessimism of Gautama. He entertained no illusions about a "new universal humanism" for he knew that the only good that can come to a "labile psyche" is that of not being born.

National Review, 8 November 1958

THE GREEK EXPERIENCE

***The Greek Experience*, by C M Bowra.**

An ignorant or venal reviewer, whom the publishers of this book have seen fit to quote on the jacket, claims that "every page bristles with bold and original conclusions". This balderdash, which will repel most prospective purchasers with its suggestion of charlatanry, libels the author. He is a highly respected scholar and he has written a competent and orthodox introduction to the culture of Greece in the great age of creativity that ended with the Peloponnesian War. He is sometimes pedestrian and occasionally somnolent ("The expense [sic] of spirit gave place to a sense of shame"), but he concocts no novelties. Like all responsible historians, Professor Bowra understands that Greek art and literature are the expressions of a single supreme and immortal creation. Before that creation, all organized societies consisted of hordes of mass-men sunk in ignorance and socialism — mere livestock herded by shepherds whom their brutish minds mistook for gods. The Greeks made themselves individuals: they discovered that man may be the architect of his own mind and the arbiter of his own will. They thus produced the great climacteric

in human history, and ever since there has been not one world but two: Greeks and barbarians.

National Review, 17 January 1959

THE DECAY OF THE ACADEMY

Americans as a nation, in this century, have shown little serious interest in education, least of all in colleges and universities. To be sure, they have lavishly endowed a large number of private institutions of higher learning, and they have given the many state institutions the right to make enormous and ever-increasing claims on the public treasury. But what was to be done with their money was a question with which Americans could not be bothered. They commented on the football scores and left everything else to the "experts". Only now, when the more thoughtful understand that they may soon lose their country, are Americans coming to suspect that, in Dr Richard Weaver's fine phrase, 'Ideas have Consequences'.

Americans who now wonder what has been happening in the colleges are discovering that it is no easy matter to find out. Nothing, of course, is to be learned from the masterpieces of double-talk that are written by "public-relations secretaries" and read in public by the more ambitious college presidents when they feel the urge to drum up more trade, to put the squeeze on the alumni or the legislature, or to get their names in the newspapers. The constant rattle of this prefabricated oratory subdues the pronouncements of the occasional president who has something to say and dares to say it. Even the most alert college student is unlikely ever to obtain a glimpse of the inner working of the scholastic machine through whose sieves he is passed with more or less effort. And there are almost no other sources of information, for what really defeats the inquirer is the rigid system of taboos that governs the academic Polynesia. It is a close world in which there is much that should not be said aloud – certainly not within the hearing of outsiders.

One is reminded of the mid-Victorian novel which created a realm of fantasy by systematically suppressing a large part of the reality that it pretended to describe. Dickens, for example, blandly

recounted sentimental episodes in the lives of men and women who dwelt in a strange land in which sexual intercourse was apparently unknown. Cooper went even farther: he felt obliged to lie to his readers about the manners of Indians so that his virginal heroines might be represented as undergoing a long captivity among savages without "suffering an offence to their delicacy". The illusions thus created were pleasant to Victorian readers, and the novelists flourished accordingly. A similarly self-imposed censorship distorts most of what college professors say in public about colleges, and, on the whole, they too have flourished.

For this reticence there seemed to be good and sufficient reasons. College professors, like physicians, feel that the prestige of the profession demands that scandals should, so far as possible, be concealed from the public. There is, furthermore, the universally accepted dictum that the attitude of Americans toward learning and scholarship ranges from obstinate indifference to contemptuous hostility. There is always fear of reprisals by administrators or by colleagues on those who break the taboos. But the major cause of the academic silence is the fact that the men whose interests are most directly affected are the least willing to speak. For the true scholar the keenest of all intellectual pleasures is that provided by the study and research which he regards as his true function in life. By instinct and tradition he withdraws from politics, whether national or academic, and, knowing that his life will not be long enough for him to learn all that he wishes to know or even for him to complete the investigations that he has undertaken, he feels an imperative need for peace and tranquillity, and is ready to purchase them at almost any price. If he is to attend to his real life's work, he must not dissipate his time and energy in controversy, whether in public or within the precincts of his own college.

The reasons for the academician's withdrawal from contemporary debate were unexceptionable in a time of social stability, but that time has passed. Reticence and tact are no longer feasible for the scholar, who must now — however reluctantly and fretfully – see that his very existence is menaced. He may still be willing, for the sake of peace in his own little cell of the ivory tower, to ignore

the skeletons that have been accumulating in the closets and the corridors for more than half a century, but the choice is no longer his. The chronic indifference of the American public is yielding to a growing conviction that something is seriously wrong, and public inquiry has become inevitable. College professors must explain how the skeletons got into the academic closets or be suspected of complicity in murder.

The past season brought forth a dozen books that in various ways impugn the integrity and the usefulness of the whole academic profession. The two that I shall notice here, although written with widely different purposes, are so drastic in their implications that they lead their readers to the conclusion that colleges and universities are a menace to civilized society.

In *The Academic Marketplace* two sociologists, Theodore Caplow and Reece J McGee, present a "study" which differs from the usual thing in sociology in that it is written in intelligible English and that there is no indication that the questionnaires on which it is based were contrived to produce a predetermined conclusion. The book is therefore convincing - and damning.

The authors attempt to describe the ways in which college teachers obtain their positions. The scope of their inquiry was limited to liberal arts colleges and to the departments, from anthropology to zoölogy, which are normally a part of such colleges. No reader, therefore, can take refuge in the hope that any comment recorded in this book may come from a Professor of Outdoor Camping or a Professor of Hog Butchering.

The authors quote extensively and verbatim from many of the replies to their questionnaire. From these quotations the reader will discover that the ranking professors in liberal arts are a collective disgrace. Some of them draw their vocabulary from the inspirational messages that are sometimes scrawled on the walls of low-class latrines; many are so nearly illiterate that such barbarisms as "between you and I" flow smoothly from their pens; most of them write English crudely and awkwardly; and no more than four or five seem to have discovered that language can be used lucidly and accurately. But even more appalling than this mass of linguistic

ineptitude is the sheer vulgarity and meanness of the thinking that it expresses. Aside from a few differences in terminology, we might be listening to ditch-diggers describing the ways in which ditch-diggers get jobs. Indeed, if this were a book about ditch-diggers, some do-gooder would now be collecting funds or demanding legislation to redeem them from intellectual and moral squalor.

I do not overstate the conclusions that must be drawn from this book. They are so obvious that Professor Jacques Barzun in his introduction had to apologize for the authors' "unwillingness to take up the cultural conditions of the repeated failures of mind, ethics and dignity which they report. Why has the American college and university so little connection with Intellect?"

A complete answer to this question would be virtually a cultural history of the United States, but I think that the basic reasons for the "repeated failures of mind, ethics and dignity" can be suggested by summary mention of five developments that belong largely or entirely to our own century.

I. Although education and training were sharply distinguished in the Western world from the time of the Renaissance, the distinction has been almost obliterated in American colleges. The traditional conception of education was that it was liberal, ie suited to free men. Its aim was to produce cultivated gentlemen and intelligent citizens, not to teach a trade or profession by which a man could earn a living. This education included mathematics and natural sciences, but its principal emphasis was literary and historical, and the greatest amount of time was devoted to the attainment of proficiency in reading and writing Latin and Greek. This concentration on the learned languages was believed to be justified by many considerations, including (1) the most important competence that any man can acquire - must acquire, if he is to be an intelligent member of a free society - is mastery of all the processes of language, including all the devices of logic, rhetoric, and poetry; (2) the history of the ancient world, particularly of the Athenian democracy and the Roman republic, including their final failures, are the world's most impressive lessons in the problems of society and hence most likely to impart to young men, so far as that can be

done by education at all, a certain wisdom and maturity; and (3) the classical literature, free from both the grotesque eccentricities of the Baroque (eg Rabelais, Cervantes, Shakespeare) and the wild irrationality of Romanticism, combines a restrained beauty with sober consideration of all the fundamental ethical problems of mankind. It was further believed that the very severity of the discipline thus imposed on the pupil would develop both intellectual and moral powers that would make the educated man superior to the uneducated in all the walks of life.

The validity of these claims need not be discussed here, but we may note that the historian of the classical tradition, Mr R R Bolgar, believes that all the many objections urged against it can be reduced to one: "classical training inculcates a view of life which respects individual responsibility and the individual integration of human experience." And the distinguished economist, Mr Ludwig von Mises, says bluntly that "The passionate endeavors to eliminate the classical studies from the curriculum of the liberal education and thus virtually to destroy its very character were one of the major manifestations of the revival of the servile ideology."

II. This tradition, though earlier attacked, was first effectively breached in the years following 1884 by the establishment and gradual extension of the "elective system" in Harvard College. The result has been the conversion of colleges into collections of rival shops engaged in furious competition among themselves. There was frantic proliferation of courses of all kinds, first in the natural sciences and foreign languages, then in English and the so-called social sciences, next in training for trades, such as accountancy and journalism, and finally in such unabashed frivolity as basket-weaving and hair-dressing. Since in most institutions the size and hence the standing of a department depends on its enrollment, each department is under strong pressure to sell its wares as cheaply as possible. Those which can promise their "majors" immediate employment at high salaries can usually maintain standards, but the "humanities," except to the extent that they may be protected by college requirements that may be changed from year to year, are more and more driven to substitute entertainment for instruction.

Conditions vary greatly from institution to institution, but the demoralizing effects of departmental competition for business are almost universal. In some low-grade colleges the classics have completely disappeared; in others, the lone survivor tries some shyster's method of "hot Latin," just as the incurably sick often listen eagerly to the promises of any quack. In the modern languages Molière and Goethe are being replaced by idle conversation, and English literature is more and more regarded as a harmless amusement for those co-eds who are interested only in marriage.

III. It is a biological fact that parasites, if not checked, multiply until they destroy their host. The process by which bureaucrats multiply in government has been paralleled in the colleges. The ever-growing swarm of directors, counsellors, advertising experts, and statisticians instinctively seek to build larger nests, and, except where enrollments are strictly limited, strive to abolish the few remaining standards in order to expand the market for diplomas. They instinctively see in every undergraduate an infant who needs a nurse, and in every teacher a hired hand who needs a supervisor.

IV. The old faiths, both religious and cultural, on which the colleges were originally founded have to a large extent been replaced by Pragmatism. This is not the place to discuss this doctrine's superficial resemblance to the methods of empirical science, nor to analyze its endless double-talk about "democracy" and "social good." The central idea that lies concealed behind the fog of verbal incoherence in which John Dewey loses his less wary readers and perhaps himself is neither complex nor novel. It may have been formulated, as it certainly has been practiced, by cut-purses and cut-throats since the dawn of history. By denying the concept of truth, Pragmatism necessarily denies the possibility of moral values. With the abolition of right and wrong, man can consult only his appetites and his calculations of expediency. The only test of an action is whether "it works". Logically a Pragmatist must condemn himself for a foolish weakness if he refuses, for example, to grind up his grandmother and sell her for hamburger in circumstances in which it is certain that he could get away with it and either realize a profit or have fun in the process. For anyone who carries Pragmatism to its logical

conclusion, the criminal mentality is the *only* form of rationality.

There are less spectacular, though not less baneful, applications of the doctrine to daily life. When the practicing Pragmatist expounds an argument, his words are merely the cover for his purposes. They are the flag hoisted by the pirate while stalking or approaching his victim. Where there is no truth there can be no rational debate, and the function of speech is to befuddle the gullible. And when the disinterested pursuit of truth is recognized as the Quixotic pursuit of an illusion, colleges must become hunting grounds for petty scoundrels.

V. The academic world has been treated to a most impressive demonstration that Pragmatism does work. Every college teacher now works in the shadow of a vastly successful "college" of "education." How completely the horde of "educators" has captured the public schools and converted them into machines for destroying mind and character, has been amply described by Professor Arthur Bestor in his *Educational Wastelands* and *The Restoration of Learning*. But even more demoralizing to the colleges than the annual influx of mental cripples has been the prodigious success of this gigantic hoax. Even when the very many "educators" stowed away in the numerous institutes, "research" appointments, and administrative positions are excluded, the number of professors of "education" in American colleges is about four times the number of professors of mathematics. In some places the proportions become spectacular. The University of Southern California in a recent summer session had on its faculty two professors of physics, two professors of chemistry, and – *ninety-seven* professors of "education." The academician who looks over his wall at this flourishing forest of green bay trees can have no doubts: Pragmatism works!

The inevitable result of the five processes that I have mentioned has been a general collapse of ethical standards. The groves of Academe have been invaded by brigands. Mr Norbert Wiener in his recent autobiography, *I am a Mathematician*, has recorded the dismay which he and his colleagues felt when they encountered the new breed of freebooters in science:

> We all knew that the scientist had his vices. There were those

among us who were pedants; there were those who drank; there were those who were overambitious for their reputations; but in the normal course of events we did not expect to meet in our world men who lied or men who intrigued.

Wiener complains of the "general breakdown of the decencies in science" but his observation is at least equally applicable to the whole academic world. Practicing Pragmatists out for loot have made their appearance in every field, and even in the oldest of the humanistic disciplines a scholar may now be forced to recognize with shock and pain that a cloak of routine learning or of zeal for "creative teaching" may cover the soul of a pick-pocket.

So much for the causes of the "repeated failures of mind, ethics and dignity" reported by Messrs Caplow and McGee — causes of which they show not even the slightest awareness. The shocked reader of their book must look elsewhere if he is to discover that their report is fragmentary and partial.

As perusal of a learned journal in any serious discipline will adequately prove, the academic world also contains scholars who, at least in the narrow area of some highly specialized research, are devoting their energies and their lives to the disinterested pursuit of truth. The standards *and the ethics* of scholarship have thus far survived the disintegrating forces of our time; they are the residuum of health and vitality in the academic organism. So long as the belief in intellectual integrity persists, there is a citadel that has not fallen. But the citadel must be defended. It has become necessary for everyone seriously engaged in the pursuit of objective truth to realize that, however absorbing his research may be, he will have to take timeout to defend his faith in the principles of science and learning. Neither he nor his work can survive an application of the dogma, now enunciated by some "educators" and "social engineers" and tacitly accepted by their numerous allies, that "the only truth is social truth" and that "social truth is what it is expedient for [the thugs who-capture] a society to tell its members." Every man who seeks by research to ascertain objectively the facts of natural phenomena or of history implicitly repudiates that dogma; the time has come for him explicitly to say so.

Another exposé of the academic world, different in its purpose but even more drastic in its results, was financed by the Fund for the Republic and sponsored by Columbia's Bureau of Applied Social Research. *The Academic Mind*, by Paul F Lazarsfeld and Wagner Thielens, Jr, is (of course!) based on a questionnaire, but although the statistics may be accurate, the critical reader will from the first suspect manipulation. The academic mind is represented exclusively by "social scientists," including historians and geographers, but strangely excluding all but a few psychologists. Although the authors once suggest "possible differences" between this group and teachers in other fields, they usually imply that they are describing "the professorial mind" in general.

The authors' purpose is disclosed by the scarcely subtle slanting of the statements that are embedded in ostentatious displays of formal objectivity. We are assured that the *Nation, New Republic,* and *Reporter* are all "*moderately* left-of-center" but the editor of an unnamed conservative periodical, W K [sic] Buckley, represents a "rather *extreme* stand". Fear of Communism is blandly explained by reference to "general hysteria" and the prosecution of witches in Salem in the 1690s.

Equally revealing is the elaborate system of jargon used to avoid clear distinctions. Colleges, for example, are divided into the "traditional" and the "secular". The former, which include teachers' colleges, are relicts which remain "wedded to the earlier function of improving the educational level of the population at large [sic]" because they have not yet "evolved into the fully secular type". The characteristic of "secular" colleges is that they "see their main task as the training of students who will later perform specific intellectual functions either in the professions or in specialized managerial roles throughout the community." Perhaps you will find some clue to what all this means when you learn that "in the 1952 campaign . . . Eisenhower stressed more traditional and Stevenson more secular values." The neatest trick, however, appears in the classification on which the whole book is based. When the authors tell us that some professors are "conservative," they mean politically conservative, but the opposite of "conservative" is not "radical" or "liberal" – it

is "permissive." The statistics show that 14% of college teachers are "clearly conservative," but by cumulative hints and comments it is made clear that they are a rather dull lot and hopelessly out-of-date. Indeed, we are finally assured that "scholarly accomplishment . . . is not . . . consonant with the intellectual mood of the conservative". And we may wonder whether such fellows have any business in the academic world at all, for the authors quote with approval Carl Becker's pronouncement that the old-fashioned scholar, who sought to preserve the cultural tradition, has been replaced by the "new class of learned men . . . whose function is . . . to undermine rather than stabilize custom and social authority". "Permissives", on the other hand, are obviously the élite of the academic world. They form "the most distinguished and representative sector of the professorate" and therefore, "the better a college, the more of its social scientists are permissive". In fact, "it is the function of the social scientist . . . to be permissive" because only thus "his way of thinking is in harmony with the tasks entrusted to him". Now, if you look closely, you will find that "permissives" are people who approve of two things, viz. Communist teachers in faculties, and Young Communist Leagues in the student body. Although the authors report that 72% of college teachers are basically "permissive," many of them were either timorous or confused, so that only an élite of 48% were sure that Communist activity on the campus is a Good Thing.

Professors Lazarsfeld and Thielens most solemnly assure us that an eagerness to see Communists at work in the universities is not a proof of sympathy with Communism. Perhaps so, but they could have made the point more convincing had they thought of ascertaining how many of the "permissives" would permit anti-Communists on the campus, if the decision were left entirely to them. And only the most inattentive reader will fail to see that they have ignored the really interesting question: how many of the teachers they interviewed are Communists? And how many of those who are not actually members of either the official or the underground party are, through either stupidity or opportunism, collaborating with the conspirators?

In 1953 Dr J B Matthews estimated that the Communists had by that time "enlisted the support of at least 3500 professors" and it is no secret that powerful cells exist in most major and many minor institutions. The membership of these cells may be uncertain, but their power may be estimated from the terror they inspire - the kind of terror that may be inspired by any gang of ruthless criminals. At least two highly placed administrative officers, admittedly from fear of vendettas, will discuss Communist activities on their respective campuses only in strict confidence behind closed doors. But we may ignore this point.

The important point is that it is no longer possible for a moderately well-informed person to mistake the nature of Communism. In the 1920s it was still possible for apple-cheeked freshmen to regard Communism as a delightful naughtiness, as appealing as Satanism had been at the fin du siècle; it was a dramatic pose that compelled attention, but was inherently safe since obviously nothing would really come of it in a civilized country. By this time volume after volume of sworn testimony before congressional committees has placed the imminence and the nature of the danger to the United States beyond all doubt, and although these reports are usually ignored or only vaguely mentioned in the newspapers, "social scientists" have a professional duty to inform themselves on such matters. Communism is a criminal conspiracy actively engaged in preparations for a coup d'état in the United States on the pattern of its successful operations in other countries, and its present strength has been estimated by the Chairman of the Committee on Un-American Activities as "the equivalent of some twenty combat divisions of enemy troops on American soil." No one doubts that the Communists plan systematically to torture and massacre all whom they regard as real or potential opponents. And the really frightening thing is that 48% of the "social scientists" – if Messrs Lazarsfeld and Thielens are to be believed - think that this criminal conspiracy should be promoted in colleges and universities. This view, regardless of the proportions in which it may be based on ignorance, doctrinaire bigotry, pragmatic opportunism, and complicity in the conspiracy, is proof of an appalling moral collapse.

It should be obvious to the academic community, as it will be obvious to all conservative readers of the book, that Americans are being offered a choice between national suicide and some drastic reform in the colleges and universities. And while the liberals may shriek that the alternative to suicide is "unthinkable," it is hazardous to assume that an alarmed people could not think of it,

The Communists and all their allies take refuge behind the principle of "academic freedom," which is the proudest and most cherished prerogative of the academic profession — which is universally an ideal and to a considerable extent an acknowledged reality in major institutions (except for the clandestine infringements of it that self-righteous "liberals" sometimes permit themselves). Now the American conservatives who would solve the problem by simply revoking the principle and granting powers of censorship to a board of trustees or a state commission are committing, it seems to me, both a tactical error, since the proposal will alarm many of the most conservative teachers, and a philosophical blunder, since they seem to deny the scholar's ethical duty to state the truth as he sees it. But there is much less excuse for academicians who think it either proper or feasible to contend that their profession absolves them of ethical responsibility to the nation in which they live and the culture that they represent.

It would be well for everyone concerned with the question to remember two simple historical facts.

The principle of academic freedom, which gave the scholar the right to speak the truth as he saw it, came into being at a time when all university men shared a common culture and were the products of an education that was antecedent to all specialized or technical training. The principle was therefore based on the assumption that there was a common ethos and an acceptance of standards of right and wrong inherent in the Classical and Christian traditions and confirmed by the long experience of the Occidental world. Men assumed that it was the function of the learned man to preserve and refine the Western tradition, not to undermine it.

The principle of academic freedom was conceived at a time when the recognized disciplines from astronomy to zoölogy did

not profess to teach a science of government or claim the right to change the social order. Now no one has ever proposed to extend the principle to matters of faith. No one has ever suggested that Christians, who must as an article of faith believe that Christ was the Son of God, have an academic right to train Jewish rabbis, who must as an article of faith believe that Christ was either an impostor or a myth. No one has contended that Jesuit priests should be taught theology by Lutheran ministers.

Both history and observation assure us that a society exists only by virtue of a common faith in certain ethical principles that are, at least in their origin, religious. They are no more susceptible of *scientific* demonstration than the proposition that a man is a nobler organism than an amoeba. (Scientifically man is more complex, the amoeba, simpler, but neither complexity nor simplicity has value in itself.) "Thou shalt not steal" may be the command of a deity or, at least for a certain fraction of the population, the dictate of personal honor, but so long as the injunction represents the common faith of a society, a cohesive association of free men is possible. The Pragmatist's revision of this dictum, "thou shalt not steal when there is a chance of being caught", can produce only a horde of brutalized slaves terrorized by master criminals.

If America can regain, both morally and intellectually, the bond of faith in the Occidental tradition, it can live and resist, with some hope of success, its foreign enemies. If it does not, its colleges and universities will have exactly the importance of the brain in the corpse of a suicide. And the sooner that academicians realize this, the better.

Modern Age, Fall 1959

CONSERVATISM AND REALITY

In 1959 a man of property thought to preserve the United States by inviting a dozen of the "best minds" in American conservatism to a conference at which, he fondly imagined, they would work out a strategy by which the American people could be united and Constitutional government restored. His guests assembled for dinner

and informal conversation on the evening before the first session of the phrontisterium, and the best mind present proved to be that of a gentleman who, when the party dispersed around midnight, hastened from the hotel, hailed a taxicab, and reached the airport just in time for the last plane to his home town, whence he telephoned the hotel to pack and forward his luggage.

Early in the opening conference the next day one of the editors of *National Review*, a Jew whom I knew to be an atheist, proposed a policy that would lead eventually to the establishment of Christianity as the state religion, which could then be enforced by legislation that would put Jews, Communists, "Liberals" and other subversives in their place. To my utter astonishment, the suggestion started a pack that went baying away on the scent of the red herring, and the greater part of the entire conference was devoted to (a) defining Christianity, which was by compromise fixed as the doctrines of the Roman Catholic, Anglican, and Presbyterian churches, to the exclusion of all others, and (b) determining that the Federal Constitution did not forbid states to establish state religions, whence it followed that as soon as two-thirds of the forty-eight states had been artfully persuaded to adopt the state religion to which our massive minds would in unison guide them, the Federal Constitution could be immediately amended to impose the official religion on all the remaining states and dissidents could quickly be brought to heel.

There were, to be sure, some skeptics who thought this master strategy neither feasible nor desirable, and they were courteously permitted to expound their views. It had been stipulated that the phrontisterium was "off the record" so that no allusion to it could be made in public, but I thought it worthwhile to summarize in the following article the position I had taken.

Politics is the art of the possible. Conservatives can forget that only to their own peril — indeed, in present circumstances, their own destruction.

It is true that the reality perceived by observation must be comprehended by theory, but the mind of man is forever tempted by imagination, the lovely sprite who can, with a swiftness that eludes the eye, leap over the gulf that separates the idea (*eidos*)

from reality.

The greatest of all political theorists strove to state in unmistakable terms the precisely delimited scope of each of his political writings. In the *Republic*, he emphatically warns his readers that he is tracing a *politeia en ouranôi*, and repeatedly reminds them of the distance between sky and earth. The *Laws*, to be sure, are more "practical", but after a long prologue of deductions from existing constitutions and their historical antecedents, the problem to be treated theoretically (*logôi*) is explicitly defined: construct a constitution for a new city to be founded in a given place at a given time by a man who (for the purposes of the hypothesis) will be able to impose whatever institutions he deems best on inhabitants whom he will select from a given racial stock within a stated range of social status and previous political experience. Like the architect's exercise in designing a house to be built with absolutely unlimited funds (solid gold floors, if you wish), the problem is highly instructive, but obviously remains in the realm of theory. Yet these treatises — and significantly the *Republic* far more than the *Laws* - have over and over again, in every age in which they were read, inspired a Plotinus to suppose that he can establish a Platonopolis, if only the all-powerful Emperor will issue the orders and put up the money.

Throughout most of its history in English, the word 'philosopher' has correctly implied a union of the highest speculative faculties with a ruefully wise acceptance of the imperfection of the universe and the fallibility of man. I do not deprecate metaphysical thought, of which I am the first to vindicate the necessity, but I do suggest that when conservatives undertake to formulate a political doctrine, they will do well to give priority to thought about problems within the very narrow range of what is now possible. As the author of the most penetrating analysis of our contemporary plight, Richard M Weaver, puts it in *Ideas Have Consequences*: "We are looking for a place where a successful stand may be made for the *logos* against modern barbarism." The question is strategic, which is to say that it is eminently and urgently practical.

We need above all to know accurately the strength of the enemy and our own. And within our own ranks, agreement on

strategy is far more important than unanimity in metaphysics. In recognizing this, we no more compromise whatever absolute truths we may know than we compromise the laws of gravity when we compute the path and velocity of a body that moves, not in an ideal vacuum, but in the atmosphere that, however regrettably, makes shape and weight as important as the gravitational constant. And if we recognize this frankly, we may at least hope to mitigate the querulous anarchy of contemporary conservatives, whose often suicidal dissensions are less frequently the result of personal friction and rivalry than of a habit of bringing to every question from free trade to ethnic differences a set of beliefs so absolute that they absolve their holders of the tedious duty to ascertain and weigh facts.

The diversity of conservatives' principles is, indeed, the very first datum that we must consider. You and I (who are, of course, real conservatives) can easily assemble in any city thousands of persons who are conservatives in the sense that they are *on our side* against the motley horde, made up of Communist conspirators, socialists, greedy proletarians, and superannuated children yelling for a warless world with free ice cream, which has promoted and imposed the continuous "New Deals" of the past three decades. But if you and I seek to convey that audience to our perfect orthodoxy, expounding candidly the full implications of our views on every subject from taxes to transubstantiation, we shall be operating a suburban train outward bound at five o'clock. Passengers will get off at every station in our argument, and we shall be lucky if we reach the end of the line with enough real conservatives to man two or three bridge tables.

Though the fact may be distressing to some of us, conservatives today are as hopelessly divided by divergent principles, discordant faiths, and conflicting interests as were the British colonists whose united efforts created the United States. If a conservative doctrine is to be formulated, it must be in terms of essentials on which a reasonable consensus is possible. And if it should be impossible intellectually to seek such a consensus by a dispassionate and objective determination of what is essential, or emotionally impossible

to attain a mutual forbearance as great as that of our forefathers in 1776, we may as well go home and leave our future to the arbitrament of Spengler's *Schicksalsmenschen* and Amaury de Riencourt's *Coming Caesars*.

If conservative thought is to be politically effective, it must rely on human experience, logic, and common sense; it needs Edmund Burkes and Irving Babbitts, not young Shelleys possessed by a Demon of the Absolute. A proposition, whatever its justification in faith or theory, is for political purposes excluded if it does not fall within the range of present possibility.

Perhaps the most seductive absolutism of our time on the conservative side is the illusively simple equation of politics to religion. It may have its origin in a personal and intuitive faith, or in theological demonstration, or in the consideration that history provides no example of an ethical system that could long survive divorce from supernatural sanctions, or in the observation that our political collapse is the result of a moral nihilism produced by contemporary scientism (in violation of the scientific method), skepticism (when accompanied by infinite credulity), relativism (when a cover for concealed absolutes), and pragmatism (with its conclusions pragmatically dissembled). From one or more of these perceptions it is easy to infer that the only correct – or the only feasible – political conservatism must be based on an affirmation of Christianity. This is, in fact, one of the propositions most generally accepted by conservatives; certainly, of all persons covered by the very wide and inclusive definition we suggested above, more than ninety per cent, including (*nota bene*) some agnostics and atheists, would give it unqualified assent.

But affirmation obviously implies something more than the ostentatious neutrality of the modern state, which legally equates Christianity with voodoo, exhibiting a lofty and impartial disdain for both. The public schools, in particular, encourage and, in some instances, virtually enforce repudiation of Christian ethics and morality, and certainly undermine Christian faith by at least the tacit negation of excluding it from consideration in questions that are religious by Christian definition. Unless the public schools are

either suppressed or very rigorously restricted to grammar, arithmetic, and other subjects without religious implication, they will be extremely powerful anti-religious forces until they affirm and inculcate the values of Christianity. And similar arguments apply in some degree to other organs of the state, which by their nature must either express or implicitly deny the Christian faith. It follows therefore, in this view, that American governments must be officially Christian and must actively promote the faith.

At this point, of course, it becomes necessary to say specifically what the governments are to promote. From its very origins, Christianity has required doctrinal definition. As every one knows, early Christianity included innumerable heretical sects that espoused everything from nudism to snake-worship, and today doctrine has in many quarters become so nebulous that members of the Communist conspiracy are spouting from their pulpits Communist propaganda only slightly flavored with a pseudo-religious vocabulary. Contemporary "modernists" can usually evade issues with amphigoric double-talk, but before schools, for example, can teach Christianity, they must know whether Christ was the Son of God or a young neurotic who managed to make some remarks of which a "modernist" bishop approves. An official Christianity must be a clearly defined body of doctrine, and if it is to be effective, an active faith in that doctrine must be imparted to at least the controlling majority of our population. Therefore, in effect, the United States must have an Established Church, although it may be well to avoid that term. The conclusion is entirely natural; during the greater part of its history since Constantine, indeed, Christianity has regarded the state as obliged to suppress heresy, and the comparatively recent and milder concept of a state church established by various legal prerogatives is still accepted in both Protestant and Catholic countries of Europe. Our federal constitution does not forbid states to establish churches, and if a sufficient number establish the same church, a constitutional amendment permitting a national establishment would be a mere formality. So far as I know, there are three conceptions of what the "Established Church" must be, viz. Catholicism, a selected group of Protestant churches, or a compromise by which the two would

be regarded as formally equal. Here, of course, the proponents of an established church are most sharply divided.

Even if we ignore this division, however, by the time that we have reached this stage in the argument, our majority of over ninety per cent has dwindled to a comparatively small minority. The argument, however, is entirely logical, and those who follow it are to be commended for having avoided the slough of currently fashionable pseudo-religious nonsense which achieves a sickly semblance of toleration by urging that all cults unite in combating skepticism, because the important thing is to have "a faith" chosen from the contemporary flowerbed that provides nosegays to match any complexion. That, of course, is the equivalent of saying that it does not matter what you believe, provided you believe it hard enough — and is probably the most drastic and contemptuous repudiation of religion known to the modern world. Just as the antithesis of love is not indifference but hate, so the opposite of a true religion is not doubt, but a false religion.

But the path that avoids the morass leads to some very solid conclusions, and one can only admire the hardihood and candor of the few who admit having followed it to its very end. For if true conservatism is identified with true faith, logic forces them to proceed — in some cases, I know, reluctantly - to the final conclusion that political conservatives who do not share their faith must be regarded either as tools to be used in opening the way to power or as "albatrosses hung about the neck of True Conservatism", who must be dumped into the sea before conservatism can become morally pure.

Now although I believe, that this chain of reasoning contains errors (including an initial misunderstanding of Christian doctrine), I see no need either to argue its validity or to comment on the curious transformation of conservatism into a movement subversive of the American Constitution, and one to be forwarded by methods that at least smack of the conspiratorial. For political purposes, I think, it suffices to note that the end proposed is one that simply cannot be attained.

An obvious calculation should suffice to show that, whatever

ought to be true, no existing church in the United States possesses the numerical strength, internal discipline, and intellectual and financial resources needed to found a new state in North America. And even if, *per impossibile*, a way were found to transcend the real and vital theological differences and the inveterate suspicions that divide Catholics from Protestants and separate from one another the Protestant churches that still take Christianity seriously, the aggregate of forces would remain insufficient to produce the desired transformation, except in the improbable event of either (a) the miraculous conversion of the many people who can discern no evidence of intervention in the affairs of this world by a praeterhuman being, or (b) a national catastrophe involving such loss of life and material destruction as effectively to destroy social and political organization while leaving the territory free of occupation by non-Christian troops and leaving the organization of the church or churches concerned relatively intact.

In other circumstances, to be sure, the proponents of an established church, if sufficiently energetic and adroit, can exert some influence on our future by allying themselves with, and striving to deflect to their own ends, other forces in our political complex. But in such a manoeuvre they risk the error of the Victorian Englishmen who – incredible as it now seems – did imagine that Fabian Socialism was a means of restoring power to the landed aristocracy. In politics as in physics, the path of a moving body is determined by the sum of all the vectors of forces acting upon it. I strongly suspect that if the theocrats were to calculate the vectors of the various forces to which their own efforts could be added, they would discover that these efforts could promote only a fundamentally secular authoritarianism, and might do no more than contribute a few Christian terms to the vocabulary of an American Hitler. And it is possible that, with an irony endlessly repeated in history, their efforts might add precisely the moment of force needed for the triumph of the very antithesis of the terrestrial *civitas Dei* they have so carefully planned.

The argument that I have adumbrated above and tried to criticize objectively was chosen merely as a convenient and specific illustration of the facility with which, in political thought, *la logique*

mène aux abîmes. It would be easy to multiply examples, including theories that most emphatically forbid the state to show the slightest religious inclination. My point is simply that our thinking must be Aristotelian and Thucydidean rather than Platonic.

In urging conservative political thinkers to turn from metaphysical formulations to the arduous task of measuring and understanding historically the forces now operating in American society, I do not pretend to predict what such an investigation would finally disclose (assuming that it can be made with sufficient objectivity to permit a reasonable consensus as to what is actually observed), and — obviously! — I can do no more than indicate by illustration the kind of question that we need to answer.

There does exist in American society a distinct force which is best termed centripetal to avoid the common mistake of identifying it with the ends which it is currently used to promote. Its origins are undoubtedly complex, ranging, perhaps, from a Pelagian concept of man to a residue of faith in tribal magic, but it is manifest in the apparently simple concept of a highly centralized and unlimited government as a means of legislating universal virtue. Politically this force is inevitably authoritarian, and in this sense R Aron and A Dandieu were right when, in their *Décadence de la Nation française* (1931), they described Fascism as a "*démonstration de l'esprit américain*", basing that judgment on the Eighteenth Amendment and similar phenomena. Economically and socially, however, as the single example of Prohibition suffices to remind us, the centripetal force does not necessarily operate on behalf of objectives which are generally recognized as those of the Left.

It is true that in recent years the centripetal force has been used almost exclusively by the Left, and so effectively that it is now a valid generalization that every centralization or increase of governmental power on any political level automatically advances the purposes of the Communist Conspiracy. But it is clear that centralized power, if somehow captured by anti-Communists, could be used against the conspiracy; it could be argued that only such power would be adequate to suppress the criminals; and there are some observers who are convinced that the centripetal force is *per se* irresistible. At

all events, the force is one with which we must reckon.

If the centripetal tendency is ambivalent, there are two interrelated forces which the Left has consistently alienated and desperately fears. It will, I think, be generally conceded that under all the layers of sentimentality and frowsty sophistry with which our schools bedaub the minds of their victims there persists a latent but strong sentiment of American nationalism, which, as an awareness that the United States is at least potentially a great, powerful, and superior nation, may be distinguished from commitment to particular political forms. This is the sentiment that is offended and perhaps sharpened almost daily, ie, whenever the American government with morbid self-abasement cringes before a handful of rabble in a comic-opera country smaller than Baltimore that impudently demands our canal, or degrades itself to formal equality with the savage survivals of the Stone Age that are currently trooping into the "United Nations". This sentiment, I believe, is being intensified by present efforts to repress it, and will certainly persist as a force of very considerable magnitude until the territory of the United States is actually occupied by the armies of a "world government."

A second force is less obvious and may have escaped the notice of observers who protect themselves from contact with ordinary people, but unless I am much mistaken, there is to be discerned among a large mass of Americans, whose complacency conservatives so often deplore, a yet generalized and inarticulate mood of frustration and resentment. The mass of which I speak is composed of persons who are not conservatives in the sense that they read conservative publications, have thought deeply about political principles, or have even examined the insane platitudes dispensed by our newspapers; they could be described as uninformed, but they are numerous and may even be a majority of the ill-defined group called the middle class. For years they have been bamboozled by do-gooders, hectored by sob-sisters and shysters, insulted by snobbish vulgarians, bled by tax-sucking parasites, and betrayed by traitors; it has seemed, indeed, that their patience or apathy was infinite. As a whole they are as yet only vaguely aware that something untoward has happened to them, but they have been disturbed – most of all,

perhaps, by what may have been a fatal error in the strategy of the Left, which, for the first time in its entire campaign, has committed itself to an advanced position from which it cannot retreat without losing the war. The racial bigotry of "liberal intellectuals" the racial agitation organized by the Communists, and the open pandering of political parties to racial blocs have produced a shock greater than the total effect of all the economic and international folly and fraud of our time. In other areas the resentment of which I have spoken is even less vocal and less definite, but slight manifestations of it may perhaps be seen in the regularity with which new issues of school-bonds, once a mere formality, are now defeated even in communities in which there is no organized opposition, and in the tedium and disgust with which many ordinary voters reacted to the recent presidential campaign. Though yet inchoate and unvoiced, the growing resentment of the "middle class" is potentially a force of great – and in some circumstances explosive – power.

In all probability, the three forces that we have named will coalesce as a single force, possibly blind but irresistible, if the present inflation ends in a simple economic collapse; they will certainly so act, in the event of a war in which the United States is not decisively defeated or surrendered by treason within the first month of hostilities. And it is entirely possible that they could even now be set in motion by a concerted effort on the part of American conservatives. The point should be stressed, for conservatives, who are sometimes inclined to think of themselves as a helpless (as well as disorganized) minority, should realize that they are making a moral abstention — that they have the power to call up the whirlwind, if they choose.

But storms, apart from the morality of raising them and the violence with which they move, have distinct disadvantages. The forces thus released in American life would necessarily result in a high concentration of power in the hands of an individual who, whatever his intentions and however his power might be disguised under conventional formulae, would be in fact a *tyrannus*, and this concentration would automatically involve the sacrifice of part, if not all, of the economic and personal liberty that conservatives so highly

prize. The very best that could be hoped for would be an Augustus, and while many of us would, perhaps, be willing to settle for that, we must remember that when the Romans accepted Augustus, they also accepted, unwittingly but predictably, Tiberius and Caligula. One should have no illusions about the inevitable declension of personal power — and of the society that has accepted it.

If conservatives are unwilling to resign themselves to a nationalist dictatorship as the only escape from the horrors of international Communism, they must find a feasible alternative, and while there is a wide variety of theoretical models for which one could express a theoretical preference, I confess that I can see no available force or combination of forces of sufficient magnitude other than that represented by the American Constitution. A majority of the American people, despite the best efforts of our educators and publicists, retain a deep respect and an emotional attachment for the Constitution. It widely commands loyalty without a need for argument or persuasion; it is the natural focus of all patriotic sentiment, including the force that we called American nationalism; and it satisfies the misgivings of the "middle class" whose resentments have been almost entirely occasioned by violations of its letter or spirit. Furthermore, whatever its shortcomings in comparison with *Ideae* laid up in Heaven, it undoubtedly is Western man's supreme intellectual achievement in a design for government that was actually put into practice. And despite perversions of its letter and intent, the nation that adopted the Constitution did flourish to a degree unparalleled in history.

It seems to me, therefore, that the political doctrine of American conservatives must be based on the Constitution, and that accordingly our political thinking, if not frankly speculative exercise, must start from the premises of the Constitution. And we need most urgently to ascertain, so far as we can, whether the forces available to us can possibly countervail the forces that operate for our enemies, including the centripetal forces, which, it seems, we must leave in their hands.

We need also to understand the Constitution - particularly to understand clearly what is not expressed in the text. It is a curious

fact that while many can recite the substance of the Constitution and are, of course, aware that it creates a federal government, very few know anything at all about the thirteen state constitutions which were, of course, the necessary complement of the federal in forming the United States, and which provided the context within which the latter was written. RC Collingwood in his *Autobiography* remarks that we really do not understand a statement until we have formulated precisely the question that it was intended to answer, for a part of the meaning is contained in what the question excludes or takes for granted.

The authors of the Constitution, for example, thought it necessary to provide that no state should ever become a monarchy, but thought it unnecessary to stipulate that the "republican form of government" guaranteed to the states should never degenerate to a rule of the mob. They took it for granted that no state would ever be formed of Indians or have a population of Chinese. They took it for granted that the culture of the nation would always remain Christian and Humanistic, assuming that the classical tradition would be esteemed for its own sake, and that Buddhists and Moslems (who, by the way, are now our most rapidly growing sect) would be no more common than elephants. And it did not occur to them that the people of the states would ever permit property to be endangered by a mass of irresponsible voters.

We also need to understand clearly why the Constitution was, in a certain sense, a failure. Certainly, had its authors been able to foresee the bitter end of the third quarter-century of the Republic they founded – to say nothing of subsequent events – they would have either drastically revised the document or urgently called back the British troops. It is no disparagement of them to note that they were not omniscient; when Macaulay justly remarked (in 1857) that the Constitution was "all sail and no anchor" he was speaking of a ship whose rigging and trim had already been sadly altered by journeymen who understood neither the original plan nor the consequences of their own acts. And the designers can scarcely be held responsible for the explosion of irrational fanaticism that a century ago wrenched the whole fabric with a shock from which

future historians (if any there be) may say that it was never able to recover. We need now to understand the nature and limits of the repairs that can be made. And if patching up a battered fabric seems an inglorious task to more aspiring political thinkers, I wish them luck, but I remark that Antarctica does not seem a promising site for settlement.

Conservative thought, it seems to me, must first of all be realistic, understanding that politics, like the law, must be founded on regrets, not hopes. It deals with limited and refractory materials in limited ways to preserve as best it can the precious and perishable creation of the human spirit that we call culture. For just as we must leave the notion of the natural goodness of man to glandular optimists and other clowns, so we must recognize that civilization, far from being natural and spontaneous, is, like a bed of flowers or a field of corn, an artificial planting that man must maintain by unremitting work against the forces of an encompassing and hostile nature.

That distressing fact has long been indubitable. Educated men had no need to journey to Baalbeck and Persepolis with the Comte de Volney to ask "*par quels mobiles s'élèvent et s'abaissent les empires*" and the contemporaries of Paul Valéry should not have had to learn from a world war that all civilizations are mortal — nor should they have lost their nerve at the discovery of what had been obvious to Herodotus.

The earth is strewn with the graves of civilizations. Nine great and dead cities lie heaped upon one another under the desolate mound of Troy. The very recent excavations on Bahrein Island have found, buried upon one another, seven cities of an elaborate culture whose very name has been lost. A thousand Ozymandiases have left their shattered memorials on the lone and level sands, and a thousand poets have, with Firdousi, seen with melancholy wonder the owl stand sentinel on the watchtowers of Afrasiab. The disquieting thing is that these nations of the past perished from internal decay at least as often as from foreign conquest. The frantic edict of Suppiluliumas II, the last of the Hittite kings, shows us a demoralized empire in which treason was as rife and as covert as it is in Washington, D.C.

Occidental civilization, it is true, has shown itself more resistant than the great aggregates that Eric Voegelin calls the cosmological empires. A literature of the mind and spirit can survive the sack of cities, and a living tradition runs unbroken from Homer to our own day. But no one needs to be reminded how precarious has been that survival; how often the vital thread was all but snapped off; how brief in our three thousand years were the ages of greatness; how quickly the glory of the creative spirit passed from Athens and Rome.

The West has always been a comparatively small clearing in the wilderness. At every hour of its history the barbarian world, vast, prolific, brutish, patient, and eternal, has encompassed the area of civilization, and has scarcely been disturbed by the outposts of the most far-flung empires. The nomads of the desert grinned derisively and waited while the Macedonian phalanx, the Roman legions, and the British regiments marched over the ruins of Nineveh and into the past.

Far more painful to contemplate is the barbarism inherent in the West itself. It was the fellow citizens of Sophocles and Socrates who voted to massacre the inhabitants of Mitylene. In the Thirty Years War the armies of the most enlightened nations of Europe marched back and forth, creating and recreating wastelands for the glory of God. And the "splendid strategy" of the British government that bombed the civilian populations of defenseless German cities to force the German government to bomb the civilian populations of defenseless British cities so that enough Englishmen would be killed to rouse enthusiasm for the war against Germany – that "strategy" might have brought a moment of nausea to even Attila or Hulagu.

Yet more painful is the knowledge that the savage is always present in our choicest assemblies, and that there is no way to keep him out: high lineage, social standing, democratic selection, education are all tests that we invoke in vain. The patrician Catiline nourished his diseased soul with dreams of blood and burning cities; and the elegant Fulvia thrust her bodkin through Cicero's tongue. Thaddeus Stevens sat in an American senate, and there were men who willingly touched his hand. And in the academic processions

of Harvard, clad in the regalia of scholarship, march *Doctores philosophiae* whose spiritual home is a wizard's hut on the banks of the Zambezi or the blood-spattered tents of Genghis Khan.

The simple fact is that barbarism is the natural state of man. Men, anatomically modern, have existed on this planet for at least 50,000 years, but the first sporadic traces of rudimentary civilization appeared less than 6,000 years ago. And within every culture there always live great masses of people who know it only as an outward routine. The highways and subways of our great cities nightly bear homeward millions who no more understand the civilization in which they live than does the trained seal in his pool at the zoo. What is remarkable is not that civilizations have disintegrated, but that they came into being at all.

In his mature years Renan reduced human culture to a grim formula: "*A force de chimères, on avait réussi à obtenir du bon gorille un effort moral surprenant.*" The formula, to be sure, leaves unexplained how the good gorilla is capable of moral effort under any stimulus, and whence came the transcendent perception of the good and the beautiful that inspired any men, however few, to create a culture of the spirit. But as a reminder of the precariousness of all civilization, the statement is unexceptionable.

On us, who would take thought to conserve the civilization of the West and the nation that, fulfilling a prophecy that seemed fantastic fifty years ago, is now the last great power of that civilization, devolves a task of painful delicacy and appalling magnitude. But the duty is one that no one of us can evade, for there are no longer ivory towers to which scholars may escape as Marie Antoinette escaped from politics to the simple life of the Petit Trianon. That very fact is a measure of the terribly rapid declension of our civilization. There is no cultivated man today who does not look back, as to a lost Paradise, to the beautifully stable world of 1910, and who would not gladly settle for 1926 or even 1932 — and there is a very good chance that a few years hence 1960 will have charms that have not yet been disclosed by contrast.

The historical process is governed by laws which should not be beyond the powers of human observation and reason. It is possible,

of course, that the West is irredeemably senescent — that through some biological deterioration of our racial plasma, or through the biological principle to which Spengler and Raven submit the incorporeal concepts which constitute a culture, history moves in a preordained cycle: *nascentes morimur*. But if we reject this quasi-astrological fatalism, there remain historical laws of the kind with which the Occidental mind is peculiarly equipped to deal — laws of the kind studied by Correa Moylan Walsh in three volumes that are almost unknown even to devotees of "historionomy", largely, I believe, because their author was an American. Probably all the phenomena so brilliantly analyzed by Spengler and his imitators can also be explained by laws of cause and effect set in motion by human decisions. Such laws do not lead to fatalism any more than does the law which inexorably decrees that men who leap from roofs must suffer predictable consequences. And if history is governed by laws of this kind, conservative thought may not be powerless to conserve our heritage.

It is in such terms, I believe, that we, as rational men, must strive to outwit the forces of nature — to preserve (and perhaps, in some happier future, enlarge) our clearing in the wilderness. It is the task of conservative political thought, as I see it, to understand and measure all of the dismaying forces that threaten our survival, from the Communist Conspiracy that is today gnawing away another root of American life to the somewhat less immediate menace of the prolific barbarians in other continents. Its task is to devise strategy and to formulate, on the only available basis, the principles of our Constitution, a realistic and rational patriotism. Its task - if I may be permitted a naughty word that will chill tender minds raised in our "liberal" hothouses - is to formulate a coherent and specific Americanism.

St Augustine's *De civitate Dei* is indeed an imposing monument of Christian metaphysics, and it may even have consoled some of its readers for the sack of Rome by Alaric. It doubtless also consoled its author, who died while the Vandals were battering down the walls of Hippo Regius. Our task is to defend Rome.

Modern Age, Fall 1961

Part III
The Politician

I

In 1958 my writing for *National Review* brought me to the attention of Mr Robert H W Welch, Jr, who began, by correspondence and telephone, an acquaintance that progressed during the year to what I believed to be friendship.

Mr Welch was a man of some wealth and had attained a certain prominence at that time. He was one of the proprietors of a large firm that distributed wholesale chocolate and other ingredients used by the manufacturers of candies and similar confections. He had been an officer of the National Association of Manufacturers and a candidate for the office of Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts. He had published an admirable book, *May God Forgive Us*, and he issued at regular intervals a private periodical called *One Man's Opinion*.

He owned some stock and debentures of the corporation that then published *National Review*, and he was disturbed by the periodical's tendency toward frivolity and superficiality. It was not only assuming the mannerisms of the pseudo-literary cliques that flourish in the squalor and miasma of the world's largest Jewish city, but — despite or because of the preponderant influence of editors who claimed to have defected from the Communist Party — it increasingly minimized or ignored the existence of an alien-directed

conspiracy in the United States. It consistently implied that what was happening to our nation was a spontaneous and native aberration, to be combatted with witticisms and sophisticated tolerance, as though it were no more important than quarrels over literary and artistic standards, such as followed the production of Victor Hugo's *Hernani* in France or as drove Handel from England to Dublin. Mr Welch and I seemed to be in complete agreement about the plight of our nation and civilization, about which, when we met, we spoke, so far as I know, with candor and unreservedly.

On 1 October 1958 I received by first-class mail, registered with return receipt demanded, a bulky manuscript of 304 pages, which I had agreed by telephone to accept on the conditions stated on it: "confidential" and "for your eyes only". The manuscript, of which my copy was purportedly No. 13, had apparently been produced from typewritten copy by an office duplicator, and was entitled *The Politician*. It contained a damning review of the career of Eisenhower, followed by a prospectus for the formation of a national society, then unnamed but later known as the John Birch Society, and for the promotion, as an instrument of that society, of the periodical, renamed *American Opinion* and published regularly eleven times a year.

The Politician was a brilliant piece of work, made the more cogent by its few defects. A few scabrous details of Eisenhower's career had been overlooked, but such oversights are inevitable when one man collects data from very numerous, diverse, and often obscure sources. The occasional stylistic defects merely intensified the impression that the author wrote with deep earnestness and absolute sincerity.

The Politician told me nothing new. I had previously regarded Eisenhower, as did officers in the Army who had long outranked him, as a hopelessly incompetent booby and toady, a mere puppet, devoid of both principles and understanding, manipulated by Franklin Roosevelt and his successors, much as puppets are manipulated in a Punch-and-Judy show. Welch went much further and attempted to prove that Eisenhower was, instead, "a dedicated, conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy."

The prospectus for a national anti-Communist society was

equally convincing. The organization of "a powerful nucleus of influential and patriotic citizens" recruited from the upper middle class and especially including the more prosperous business men and manufacturers, and operating with both determination and discretion, could give our enemies the first effective opposition they had encountered in this country. And when I heard the details of the plan, it seemed eminently feasible. It was to be a much improved and more tightly structured version of Colonel Hadley's Paul Reveres, an anti-Communist society that had flourished and established chapters throughout the nation, from Boston to San Diego, in the early 1930s, and had then seemed likely to attain great political power within a few years[1]. I accepted an invitation to participate in the foundation of the society in Indianapolis on 8 and 9 December 1958. I was the only man present who was not wealthy.

There were, as I recall, fourteen men present in addition to Robert Welch, whose conduct of the meeting confirmed my belief in his complete sincerity. I was especially impressed by his frankness about his own beliefs. There were several Christians among the wealthy men whom he hoped to enlist as founders of the new society, including even one of whom Welch told me "Believe it or not, every night he gets down on his knees beside his bed and prays to an old man with a white beard up in the clouds to increase his profits." But knowing this, Welch did not dissemble or evade; he candidly stated at the meeting (and later in print) that he was not a Christian, and held no religious faith whatsoever; his confidence was in the blind force of nature that had produced the evolution of life on this planet, from the first amoeba-like organism to the mammals, from quadrupeds to anthropoids, and from the Neanderthaler to the best representatives of the highest species of mankind — an evolution that had tended upward from the first and, he believed, would continue upward in the future. This belief is obviously atheism, although Carruth, in his well-known verses, was able to give it a poetic coloring as a vague pantheism: "Some call it Evolution,/ And others call it God."

Welch's avowal of atheism in circumstances in which it could and did operate to his disadvantage (it deprived him of the sup-

port of one wealthy man, who thought the avowal imprudent and refused to participate, and may have influenced the two others who withdrew) seemed to me a guarantee of his honesty, and, on the basis of our complete agreement about objectives and strategy when we conferred after the foundation, I gave him an unlimited confidence, such as I have reposed in no other man.

I intend this book to be disfigured by no puerile attempts at self-justification, so I must confess that even today I cannot decide in my own mind whether I was cozened. I am aware that Welch was a master salesman and the author of a manual that teaches salesmen how to gain the confidence of their customers, and I have, I believe, considered and pondered all the indications and inferences that can be advanced in support of an argument that the Birch Society was a cunning hoax from its very inception, but nevertheless, when I recall the conversations and related incidents of that time, I should conclude that Welch was then sincere in his purposes and totally dedicated to the enormous task he had undertaken, were I not aware that vanity may subconsciously incline me toward an explanation that absolves me from the humiliation of having been merely a dupe.

In 1958 the situation was already critical and nearly desperate. Whether the Birch Society could have succeeded, had the original plan and corresponding strategy been followed, I do not know. When one looks back from 1980, one is apt to consider hopeless an effort to undermine and overthrow a power that had effectively occupied the United States and had almost total control over the press, the radio, the schools, the bureaucracy, and the politicians; and it may even seem as fantastic as the fairy tale about the Jack who climbed the beanstalk and slew the ogre that fed on the blood and bones of Englishmen. But in 1958 it seemed that there was a chance of success — not, as we candidly admitted, a great chance, but a chance which, though slender, saved the effort from being merely foolhardy — and we know from history that resolute troops under sagacious commanders have sometimes obtained brilliant victories over overwhelmingly superior forces arrayed against them under overconfident or inept generals.

Our estimate in 1958 was that the chances of success were at best one in ten, assuming both highly competent strategy and a large measure of the luck that, as Thucydides observed long ago, plays so large a part in all contests between opposing forces. Whether or not that estimate was overly optimistic, the estimate of potential support probably was excessive. One cannot exclude the hypothesis that Welch was at first sincere in his purposes, and only later captured by the enemy, perhaps under the dual pressure of financial exigencies (a phase of the operation with which I had no concern and of which I knew almost nothing) and an embittering discovery that the American bourgeoisie as a whole, did not have the measure of intelligence and instinctive will to survive with which it had been credited in the estimates.

In war and in contests for political control of a nation, strategic plans are necessarily secret and conditional: they become worthless, if divulged, and dangerous, if known to the enemy, and they must always be made in terms of multiple contingencies (if the enemy attacks at point A, we will do this; if we attack at point B and are thrown back, we will do that, but if the enemy retreats, we will follow Plan X, unless we suspect a ruse and so implement Plan Y — and so on). A general, however, cannot dishearten his troops by telling them he has foreseen a possible defeat, and no society can tell prospective recruits that in possible future contingencies it may be necessary to go underground. One would defeat oneself by announcing publicly that one does not attack the Zionists because (a) one wants to leave open the possibility of a schism among the Jews, when many of them may become impatient of the financial demands put upon them and foresee the logical consequences to themselves of Zionist agitation, and (b) one heartily endorses the announced objective of the Zionists, that of removing all Jews from this country, and one wishes them such success in grabbing so much of Asia Minor that the Jews will have a large country of their own and no longer have an excuse for remaining as unwanted and troublemaking aliens in the countries of other peoples. For that matter, in 1958 even a hint of a rational wish for Zionist success would have evoked an outcry from the many Americans who, imbued with the idiotic

notion that they have a Christian obligation to assure the welfare of everyone on the globe except themselves, would have wailed over the misfortunes of the "poor Arabs" who had been, and were going to be, dispossessed, while simultaneously wailing over the sorrows of the "poor Jews," who were not given complete possession of the territory they fraudulently claimed as an "ancestral homeland". Failure to allow for such illogical fixations in the public could be as fatal in an anti-Communist campaign as was Ney's misdirection of D'Erlon at Waterloo.

I know of no instance during the first year and a half of the Birch Society's existence in which Welch made to me considered statements that I am sure he knew to be false.

II

In retrospect, it is now clear that the Birch Society failed in the autumn of 1960 and should have been disbanded to leave open the field for a potentially effective substitute. I must confess, however, that that was not clear to me at the time. What happened, IF I was not misinformed, is this:

A Jew on the staff of a newspaper in Chicago, having been supplied with a copy of *The Politician*, made at a public meeting and in his newspaper the quite truthful charge that Welch had called "Ike" Eisenhower a Communist. The Jew's attempt to create a scandal aroused little interest, and was echoed in only one other newspaper, until a member of the Council of the John Birch Society in a panic yelled to the press that he had always adored dear old "Ike," and that *The Politician* was just a foolish letter by Robert Welch that had nothing, absolutely nothing whatsoever, to do with the Birch Society, which would never think of being disrespectful to The President of our glorious nation.

Instead of disavowing this flagrantly mendacious statement and announcing the resignation of the pusillanimous member of the Council (who, to be sure, was a former director of the Federal Reserve and a major contributor of financial support), as I urged, Welch felt obliged to put himself on record as telling lies without

the slightest possibility of deceiving the enemy, whose possession of at least one copy of *The Politician* was soon made certain by the printing in newspapers of photographic reproductions of one or two passages in it. He asseverated that:

(1) *The Politician* — of which something like a thousand copies had by that time been distributed "in strict confidence" [!] — was just a "private letter" that had been sent only to a "few [sic] friends" to stimulate discussion of an "hypothesis."

(2) *The Politician* — which proposed the formation of a "nucleus of influential and patriotic citizens" — had nothing, no, nothing, to do with the formation of the John Birch Society, and had been "disavowed" (presumably by the other founders) when that society was formed. The fact was that *The Politician* had presumably been read and had been at least tacitly approved by every man present at the meeting in Indianapolis, and was so far from having been "disavowed" by anyone (except, possibly, in private comments of which I had no knowledge) that I recommended then and later that no one who had not read and approved the document should be admitted to membership in the Birch Society.

Members of the Council were requested, and members of the salaried staff were instructed, to endorse these falsehoods and even not to deny the banker's statement that "most of those who have read the Welch letter, disagree with the conclusion!' Thus began the period of almost three years during which everyone who spoke for the Birch Society was placed in an acutely embarrassing position: if he had read *The Politician* and was not willing to lie outright, he had to resort to equivocation and evasion; if he had not read it, he confessed that he was a person in whom Welch did not have sufficient confidence to show him a copy.

The Politician was really a quite incomplete survey of Elsenhower's career and quite mild in comparison with what could have been written, but it raised or suggested questions about his origins and especially about his complicity in the foul and horrible crimes committed on his orders in Europe that would have made it clear that the reference to him as a "Communist agent" was really euphemistic. It represented, therefore, a certain menace to the power that had

clandestinely occupied the United States, but it is noteworthy that while the Chicago Jew's screech was uttered on 5 August 1960, the creation of a real scandal did not begin until December of that year. Only then did it seem certain that Welch, instead of publishing and defending his work, was going to disclaim a connection between it and the Society that was under his absolute control, and was going to try to keep secret a "Black Book" of which there were already in the hands of the enemy copies from which an unlimited number of photocopies could be made. Only then did the Jewish cowboys decide to stampede their Aryan cattle in the direction in which they desired to drive the herd, and their most expert outriders, both Jews and hirelings, began to whoop and yell about the wickedness of being disrespectful to their stooge or accomplice, Dear Old "Ike". Their press and radio began a deafening clamor that did stir the boobs who had been captivated by the old scoundrel's fatuous grin, bumbling speech, and uncouth manners. And as soon as it became apparent that Welch was on the run, even honest reporters joined the pack, actuated by the very instinct that makes a dog pursue a fleeing rabbit.

I was not greatly disturbed. In fact, although I should have preferred to avoid a scandal at that time, once it had occurred, I did not regret it. I was even pleased. The obvious thing to do was to wait patiently while the clamor grew ever louder and shriller and the scandal gained momentum through the spring, summer, and early autumn of 1961, until everyone in the country who could read a newspaper, watch the boob-tube, listen to a radio, or hear conversation in his office or club had heard about the awful and secret "Black Book" that had — believe it or not! — called Dear Old "Ike" a Communist. It was ascertained that through wealthy intermediaries it would be possible to buy in advance from one of the largest printing establishments time and overtime for the production of a book of which the nature would not be known until a few minutes before the copy was distributed to the waiting linotype operators, so that, within the time of a long weekend, a hundred thousand copies of *The Politician* in an inexpensive paperback edition could be ready for shipment while the presses continued to

roll. The enemy had so excited universal curiosity about the secret and shocking "Black Book" that other members of the Council and I were convinced that a million copies could have been sold within a few weeks, incidentally netting for the Society a very handsome profit. The enemy had provided us with a strategic opportunity that we could never have obtained for ourselves. Great generals owe victory to the enemy's blunders more often than to their own most subtle manoeuvres.

The moment for the counter-attack came — it was much more than a moment; it was months, a whole year — while the general exhibited only tergiversation and procrastination. In justice to the twenty other members of the Council, I must say that a majority of them always favored publication of the book at the right time, and that at least two of them repeatedly offered to underwrite personally the expense of getting it into production. It was the general — and the general alone — who refused to stir, alleging an endless variety of pretexts that were more or less plausible, especially to persons to whom he confided his distrust of some of his closest associates, and his reasons for invoking at one meeting of the Council his authority to revoke instantly the membership of any one or all of them. So the months and the years passed, while the general hid behind his secretaries in Belmont or, at last, reluctantly ventured into public to talk generalities and dodge specific questions.

And so, for almost three years, the American public was daily told that Dear Old "Ike" had been libellously called a Communist, while the evidence on which that conclusion had been based was kept from them in a "secret" book of which the author even tried to recall the copies he had distributed. Everyone was warned about a professedly patriotic organization that was admittedly "monolithic" and under the absolute direction of one man — a man who had clandestinely circulated a defamatory book so outrageous that its contents had to be concealed from almost all his followers — a book so preposterous that almost no one was convinced by it — not even the author's closest associates, who had so little respect for his "expert" judgment that they did not take his statements seriously, and so little loyalty to him that they publicly repudiated his work.

I cannot sufficiently express my admiration and esteem for the thousands of Americans who remained loyal to the Society in these circumstances, and even more, of the almost eighty thousand men and women who during this time came forth voluntarily to affiliate themselves with a Society so covered with almost universal opprobrium — not because they believed the silly pretense that the "Black Book" had no connection with the Birch Society, but because they knew from their own investigations or sensed in their hearts that the "Black Book" must be right. I wish it were possible to salute them with the honor they deserve and of which I was always mindful.

I do not know what pressures, financial or other, Welch may have been under, or what deals he may have made. I had no leisure to investigate and verify the innumerable explanations given me, often purportedly based on secret information from private intelligence sources. I was teaching full-time in a major university, giving graduate courses, directing doctoral dissertations, and necessarily conducting research in Classical Philology. Every remaining moment of my time was devoted to my share of work for the Society. I had assumed editorial responsibility for a large part of each issue of *American Opinion* in addition to writing copiously for it; I spoke frequently in public and often in private on behalf of the Society and appeared on the platforms of organizations with which the Society was to maintain an unofficial liaison; I undertook certain negotiations in which Welch was unwilling to appear personally; and other activities for the Society entailed a voluminous and sometimes exacting correspondence.

III

The three years of mystification about the "Black Book" came to an ignominious end in June 1963, long after the strategic opportunity had been irretrievably lost. Welch then published and put on sale a counterfeit that he passed off on the public as the text of his "private letter". In this first and expensive edition of *The Politician*, the text was reproduced from typewriting to lend verisimilitude to the pretense that it had been photographed from the text distributed

in the fall of 1958, and the binding was made to simulate that of manuscripts typewritten and bound in offices. There was a printed preface in which Welch repeated the stale old lies about a "private unfinished manuscript for limited confidential distribution" with which the John Birch Society "never had any connection in any way" and which had been "disavowed" by "the founders of the Society" to which was added the unblushing assertion that "the COUNCIL of the Society long ago officially made it clear that this was a purely personal problem of my own, with which they wanted nothing whatsoever to do in any way"! At the end appeared a copious bibliography and detailed documentary notes that (as was not stated) had been compiled to substantiate the text on very short notice by the most competent member of the staff in Belmont, Dr Francis X Gannon, who produced a work of great accuracy, finding and assembling data from literally thousands of sources, by often working twenty hours a day and at the cost of permanent impairment to his eyesight.

The purported photographic reproduction of the original was a shabby hoax. The prospectus for the Birch Society and its organ, *American Opinion*, was entirely omitted. What was even more dishonest, the text had been thoroughly censored to eliminate almost all of the many references to Jews, and to eliminate or modify the more forthright statements about Eisenhower. Even the passage in the original that had been reproduced photographically in newspapers in 1959 and 1960 was rewritten to make it gentle! (So audacious a fabrication – tantamount to forgery – was deemed safe, because by June 1963 the public had lost interest in what Welch might or might not have said, and was unlikely to recall what it had read years before on a subject that had become merely boring.) This counterfeit and the many subsequent editions of it were purchased in large quantities and distributed in good faith by many members of the Birch Society for the personal profit of Robert Welch.

I must confess that despite all this, I continued to work to the best of my ability and the limit of my strength for the Birch Society. It was almost a year before I began to entertain suspicions which the most ingenious explanations did not entirely lull, and another year

before I decided to resign, and then, for good reasons, I postponed my resignation until 30 July 1966.

The following pages contain selections from the large quantity of my writing that was published in *American Opinion*. In making these selections, I have not deleted the passages laudatory of Robert Welch, of which I am now deeply ashamed. If these pages are to represent one aspect of the "right-wing" during crucial years, they must stand with their errors, however gross.

I cannot forbear to add, as some slight extenuation of the errors, that had I been asked to join the Birch Society after the summer of 1961, I should have refused. But I had given Welch certain pledges in December 1958 and I kept them to the end. I gave him a personal loyalty so long as I could bring myself to believe in his integrity and professed purposes; and I gave him the impersonal loyalty that one owes to the commander of an army that is the last hope of a nation.

One does not desert a beleaguered army because its general has blundered.

One does not leave a defeated army because its general is incompetent.

One does not abandon a lost cause before one knows that the cause was lost because the general is a traitor.

Note

1. The Paul Reveres were neutralized and began to disintegrate when some members in California wished to admit to their chapter a supposedly anti-Communist Jew. Sentimental women, their heads stuffed with Christian love etc., made of the question an issue they communicated to other chapters, and Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling, who was really the Executive Director and supervised all of the administrative work, resigned because she believed that Colonel Hadley had an un-Christian prejudice against the poor, virtuous, and persecuted tribe of the Lord's Chosen. A few years after the disintegration of the Paul Reveres, Mrs. Dilling became one of the two most widely known "anti-Semites" in the nation, retaining her Christianity, on which she based a conviction that the Jews are the "synagogue of Satan."

A NOTE ON CERTAIN OMISSIONS

A friend, who kindly looked over the proof-sheets, has remarked on the omission of the articles that undoubtedly attracted the widest public attention. They are both long and obsolete, and I agree with the publishers that space should not be wasted on them, but perhaps some mention should be made of the circumstances in which they were written.

On 22 November 1963, John F Kennedy was shot in Dallas, Texas, which had obviously been selected as a site for the assassination because it was the city in which patriotic sentiment was strongest. As soon as he received from Dallas the news that he was evidently awaiting, Earl Warren, head of the Revolutionary Tribunal that had replaced the Supreme Court in all but name, declaimed over the air a carefully prepared speech in which he averred that the crime had been committed by "right-wing extremists" and cleverly intimated that they should be massacred throughout our great democracy. His design was marred by the mischance that a young Communist gunman named Oswald was arrested and was promptly murdered by another Communist, Rubenstein, before he could name his employers.

Despite this mischance, the Chief Justice's yell for blood was repeated and amplified by all the boobherds in a strenuous effort to excite national frenzy, and the great American "anti-Communists" who had been thumping their manly chests in bravado the day before, ducked under their beds and hoped no one would remember their existence. A funeral was staged with elaborate pageantry by a unit of the Army that had been rehearsed in advance for the show, and various actors, including the histrionically talented widow, gave tear-jerking performances. The press, radio, and television worked frantically to whip up in the masses the kind of hysteria that grips savages when there is an eclipse of the sun.

Welch was panic-stricken. The December issue of *American Opinion* was already in the mails, but a desperate and expensive effort recalled all copies, except a few that had already been delivered to subscribers. The able young editor in Belmont then prepared an excellent issue for January, including an article by the distinguished

American journalist, Westbrook Pegler. Welch saw the issue before it was sent out-and ordered all the copies shredded at the printers. The two suppressed issues are shown at the end of Appendix I.

The pavidity of most "anti-Communists" was simply contemptible, and it was obvious that the Birch Society must show itself rational, if it was to be taken seriously thereafter. I accordingly wrote a two-part article "Marxmanship in Dallas," for the February and March issues[1]. The evidence available at the time indicated that Oswald's bullets had killed Kennedy. It was obvious to anyone whose common sense had not been paralysed that the assassination had been the work of a conspiracy of which Oswald and Rubenstein had been only disposable agents. There was then no proof of participation by the CIA or the FBI or the Secret Service. I accordingly stated only the facts that were then publicly known and their logical implications.

After the check to their original plan, Warren and his masters decided that the best story to put over on the populace was that Oswald had been a poor lorn critter who done the wicked deed all by his lonesome, and that Rubenstein was just an emotionally overwrought Jew. Warren was appointed the head of an illegal commission to frustrate investigation in Texas and to cover up the spoor of the conspiracy with a misleading report that was eventually published in twenty-seven volumes that few would ever read.

It was naturally exasperating that a university professor should dare to consider rationally the evidence that the mishap in Dallas had so disconcertingly disclosed. The boobherds screeched that I was a disgrace to the university and a danger to the nation, and must be hounded into obscurity, if not exterminated. Their howls, of course, were echoed in the empty heads of "intellectuals" and the like. The war of nerves thus directed against me was a diverting, if inconvenient, episode of which I could relate a hundred amusing anecdotes. The telephone rang constantly with calls from persons eager to vomit insane execrations or utter death-threats; reporters and zombies besieged the house; and the mail was packed with abusive letters, of which I had a few of the more characteristic reproduced in the May issue of *American Opinion*. So far as my schedule

of classes permitted, I went on tours, lecturing on the subject to the great benefit of the Birch Society, until I was interrupted by a subpoena from the Warren gang. My attorney and I took precautions to avoid disappearing mysteriously *en route*, and a good look at Warren made me credit the story, current in his home town, that when he was a District Attorney he murdered his own father, a local rapist who had been caught in the act, to avoid the embarrassment of a trial and conviction.

Although quite a few accessories to the crime and witnesses were murdered to prevent further disclosures, it is now known, of course, that the assassination was carried out by an elaborate conspiracy, as a Congressional Committee had to report on 30 December 1978. Oswald's function had been to fire shots that would cover the sound of shots fired by experts. And despite an enormous amount of misinformation and disinformation industriously disseminated, it is now clear that the assassination was an operation of the CIA, apparently carried out in the spirit of the Jews, who bomb their own synagogues so that they can screech intimidatingly at persons who wickedly refuse to believe whatever they are told by Yahweh's Master Race.

Note

1. Reproduced in very small type in Volume XV of the Warren Report.

Part IV
Articles & Reviews 1959–1966

FREUD'S ETHICS

One of the most important books of our time is the singularly courageous work of Richard LaPiere, *The Freudian Ethic: An Analysis of the Subversion of American Character* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, New York; 301 pages, $5.00). The author, who is Professor of Sociology in Stanford University, has limited himself to a dispassionate and objective description of the disastrous effects on American society produced by the general acceptance of what he calls the "Freudian ethic" which has gradually and almost surreptitiously replaced the doctrine of individual responsibility and rationality that sociologists, following the lead of Max Weber, somewhat inaccurately call the "Protestant ethic." (Historically this view of human nature, which made possible all the achievements of modern civilization, may be traced directly to the Italian Renaissance.)

Dr LaPiere begins by showing succinctly but clearly that there is no scientific basis whatsoever for the Freudian psychology. Its method is the very reverse of scientific, for it depends not on truths demonstrable by experiment and self-evident to reason, but on revelation. The Freudians unabashedly declare that a man must accept and believe in the Freudian doctrine *before* he is capable of recognizing the motivations of human beings. You must believe in pixies before you can tell who is pixilated. Fire is caused by unseen spirits, because people who think otherwise are not competent

to study chemistry. Such propositions can be maintained only by fanatics, and it is small wonder that, as Dr LaPiere puts it, "the Freudians profess to an omniscience that is, to the scientific mind, simply frightening." Although "a case of sorts can be made for the claim that Freudianism is a new version of Judaistic doctrine" it cannot properly be considered a religion, because "it is a doctrine of social irresponsibility and personal despair" whereas every religion necessarily imposes on its adherents ethical obligations and holds out to them a hope of becoming morally better. Freudianism is as much an inversion of religion as it is of science; it is an anarchical and purely destructive superstition. It is, in the strict sense of the word, witchcraft.

Dr LaPiere, who carefully follows the ethically neutral methods of sociology, finds the social essence of Freudianism in its denial that man is a creature of reason and, above all, its denial that a man is responsible either toward himself or others. "The psychoanalyst . . . strives to relieve the patient of all responsibility for his difficulties, and to shift it to society." Man is the helpless victim of society, which is the only evil in the world, because it frustrates him by repressing his natural and necessary desire to commit incest with his mother and to castrate all his male children.

Now Freudianism, in defiance of all logic and even of Freud's own conclusions, is used to disseminate and justify the grotesque belief, rapidly becoming universal in this country, that man is an imbecile creature whom government must somehow protect from society and even from himself.

With emotionless lucidity Dr LaPiere shows that under the influence of this delusion we are now committing national suicide. In our homes children are systematically corrupted by gullible mothers who treat them "as though man were in fact what Freud's fancy made him out to be". Our public schools perforce "strive to prevent any individual from rising above the intellectual mediocrity of the majority." Our colleges are being taken over by ignorant and feckless bureaucrats, the instinctive enemies of learning and intellectual integrity. Our government madly attempts to relieve citizens of responsibility for themselves, and therefore "necessarily becomes

itself irresponsible."

We can already see all about us the ineluctable consequences of Freudianism, "the creation of a population of indolent, undisciplined, unprincipled, and incompetent people quarreling in random and fretful ways over the diminishing fruits of a dying social system." This is a book which should be read by everyone interested in the future of the United States. The sorcerers' guild will undoubtedly try to howl it down, and the innumerable parasites who find in "social welfare" a license to feed upon us will try to have it suppressed with either obloquy or silence. It is therefore incumbent on a reviewer to point out that Dr LaPiere has written with an extreme restraint. At seven major points, either by stopping short his analysis or by failing to raise crucial questions, he magnanimously gives the Freudians the advantage of every possible doubt.

There is, for example, abundant evidence that, under the veneer of culture and urbanity imposed upon it by a great university, Freud's mind was hopelessly diseased. You may find the evidence for yourself even in a eulogistic biography such as Helen Walker Puner's *Freud: His Life and His Mind* (Grosset & Dunlap, New York, 1947).

Someone should expound in detail the remarkable similarities between Freud's doctrine and the tenets of the Hasidim, a strange sect which flourished in eastern Europe in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries – tenets which the learned and generally sympathetic historian of Kabbalism, Dr C D Ginsburg, can explain only in terms of "the evil effects of nervous degeneration." Was Freud directly or indirectly influenced by the doctrine of the Hasidim?

Anyone who dares to speculate concerning the motivations of Freudianism could profitably examine the appalling history of demonolatry and Satanism, which almost attained the proportions of a mass movement in western Europe at the close of the Middle Ages.

Other inquiries will suggest themselves, but there is one question of great and immediate urgency: To what extent has this weird witchcraft been used as a subtle and terrible weapon by the Communists in their unremitting warfare on Western civilization?

Dr LaPiere's book should remind us of the frenzied agitation about "mental health" which is principally financed from the three-billion dollar budget of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, although, of course, an effort is made to wheedle contributions out of every available sucker.

The main purpose of this hypocritical propaganda is to induce fatuous Americans to waive their few remaining legal safeguards, and to confer powers of arbitrary imprisonment on "experts" — most of whom, at least, are Freudians. One wonders how many Americans realize that under the proposed legislation their sanity will be determined by persons who passionately believe that every father really wants to castrate his son, and that every boy spends his childhood in abject terror lest the old man grab a butcher knife and go to work.

October 1959

THE ANTI-CULTURED MAN

The desire for self-improvement felt by so many Americans explains the heavy sale in drug stores these days of a book by Ashley Montagu, *The Cultured Man* (Permabooks, New York; 308 pages, 35¢). This is a reprint of a book published last year by the World Publishing Co of Cleveland, the firm that recently profited from a governmental order that junked the thousands and thousands of copies of *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary* that had been supplied to the employees in our Civil Service, and replaced them with a counterfeit entitled *Webster's New World Dictionary*, in which slovenly lexicography is accompanied by frequent doses of the kind of propaganda that is disseminated by the "United Nations" and other anti-American organizations.

Dr Montagu, who obtained his degree from Columbia soon after he came to this country, established his reputation with a competent dissertation on one of the lowest forms of human life, the aborigines who in Australia multiplied for at least fifty thousand years without once suspecting that pregnancy might in some way be related to sexual intercourse. Recently, however, he has become

noted as an anthropologist who is both willing and able to claim with a straight face that there is no difference between races, and he has accordingly flourished mightily as a darling of the "United Nations" and its collaborators.

If *The Cultured Man* were an obviously bad or silly book, we should not notice it here. But it is not. The book opens with an evidently earnest, persuasive, and generally sound essay on the nature and value of culture, which is properly defined by reference to the Graeco-Roman concept of *paideia* and *humanitas*, everyone will be pleased by the author's eloquent praise of humanistic education and his acute criticism of the tendencies that are reducing us to a society in which "one becomes grateful to 'Big Brother' for assuming the task of directing the life that one is no longer capable of directing himself." The author's standards are high — given the audience to which he addresses himself, courageously high: no university president would dare to say publicly that "an ordinarily well-educated man" must be able to read Latin, Greek, French and German, and to speak at least one of these.

The greater part of the book consists of questions and answers in almost all of the many areas of human culture, so that the reader may, by scoring himself, "take a survey of his own cultural status." There are, to be sure, a few errors. Dr Montagu thinks, for example, that *The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma* was written by Brooks Adams, that the yolk is the part of the egg used in tempera painting, and that the Supreme Court is the legislative branch of our government. A considerable amount of space is wasted on trivialities, such as the information that "the first person to win over $100,000 on a quiz show was Charles Van Doren". But although no one who does not employ the now famous technique used in "quiz shows" could answer all the questions in this book offhand, the questions are, on the whole, well chosen and correctly answered.

It is in this generally laudable context that we find some very curious affirmations. Given Dr Montagu's prejudices or financial interests, we are prepared to discover that, as surely as the earth revolves about the sun, the interbreeding of whites and blacks is biologically beneficial, and that the Americans must be taught

"democracy" at the point of a bayonet. We expect to be told that everybody is equal to everybody else, but we are a little astonished to find that an exception to this general rule is made for officers in our army and navy, whose intelligence, we are told, is less than that of animals.

We pardon such statements as "man is the only living species that attacks and enters into conflict with members of his own species," since it is possible that Dr. Montagu, in the course of his extensive education, never witnessed a dogfight, but we are disconcerted when we learn that every educated man knows that "economic planning would assist every segment of society" and that American physicians are such a greedy lot that the practice of medicine must be "socialized" because "the health of the people should not be in the charge of any private monopoly".

The most distinctive activity of a cultured man – or at least that to which he is most frequently exhorted in these pages – is spitting at the late Senator McCarthy, who was "a nasty piece of work" and is to be equated with Attila the Hun and Hitler. The next most important activity? "To protest against the testing of atom bombs is the least that a man can do."

When we have passed this point, however, we can foresee that everybody who is not subhuman knows that the Russians "have long been exceptionally gifted scientists." And we are then ready to climb to the peak of the cultural Olympus, from which we see that "our attitude to the Russians should be such that we inspire them with a feeling that we can be trusted."

We really cannot be angry with many of our "intellectuals," for they frequently exhibit a winsome naiveté.

One of the many things that the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare does with your money is publish a monthly magazine called *Public Health Reports*. The July issue contains a variety of things, including, of course, a yell from the Secretary of Health &c. for more money and "more professionally trained personnel in all fields of mental health" but you should not overlook the glad

tidings (p. 646) that a psychiatrist has at last arrived in the Sudan to scatter the blossoms of mental health among the fuzzy-wuzzies. On the basis of clinical observations in his new practice, however, the emissary of modern science reports that while Freud is OK, "a dream book written by a Moslem healer, Ibn Sireen," is "of much more value."

The psychiatrist undoubtedly refers to Muhammad ibn Sîrîn, an ascetic of Basra who died in AD 728, having written nothing at all. Under his name, however, were forged in later centuries some four or five dream books, all of the same general type, of which the best known and most widely circulated is the *Kitâb Tab'ir al-Ru'yâ* ("Book of the Explanation of Dreams"), from which I extract the following bit of wisdom for your guidance:

If, while sleeping on your right side, you dream that you are riding on an elephant by night, you will have to undertake within the next few days an important piece of business that will eventually be very profitable to you; but if you dream that you ride on the elephant in the day time, you will soon divorce your wife and consequently find yourself in lots of trouble. (I must caution you that this is true only if you dream while in the position indicated, but, as is explained earlier in the book, every sensible person will be careful to sleep only on his right side, because in that position he is much more likely to have dreams of good omen.)

The psychiatrist out in the Sudan also reports that he is co-operating with the local medicine men. "He said he often referred patients to them, and they, in turn, were beginning to refer patients to him." And you may be sure that when a half-naked Sudanese witch-doctor, with a brass ring in his nose and a human rib in his matted hair, passes the American-trained psychiatrist on a jungle trail, they tip one another a knowing wink.

WITCH-DOCTORS

The witchcraft practiced by primitive peoples is a subject of great importance to us, both for our understanding of human beings who differ so much from us, and for our understanding of ourselves, who

in many ways resemble them. It is a great pity, therefore, that the study of anthropology has been so long perverted by the influence of Franz Boas, a twisted little man with a deep-seated malice toward the civilization that gave him a professorship at Columbia, and one of our most noted Communist-fronters. It was he who imposed the iron dogma that there can be no innate differences between human beings, and so placed a whole generation of anthropologists in the position of the Mediaeval astronomers, who had to make their observations conform to the dictum that the sun revolves about the earth. It is to this pseudo-scientific dogmatism that we owe, together with other current plagues, the silly notion that we can make aborigines happy by providing them with Cadillacs and ballot-boxes.

One of Boas' more exhilarated disciples was Ruth Benedict, who is now the subject of a biography by Margaret Mead, *An Anthropologist at Work* (Houghton, Mifflin, Boson; 584 pages, $6.00). Although the book suggests nothing so much as a biography of a sophisticated Joanna Southcott by a literate devotee, it will be of some interest to observers of the cult.

Some information of the kind that we need in more systematic form is to be found in the still current book by Dr Harry B Wright, *Witness to Witchcraft* (Funk & Wagnalls, New York; 246 pages, $3.95). The author, who has observed savages in all parts of the world, ascertained that the sorcerers really do effect cures of apparently pathological conditions by methods which, although usually involving the ancillary use of drugs and prestidigitation, depend primarily on the patient's susceptibility to suggestion. Many an oedema or fever that Dr. Wright had verified by palpation or a thermometer *was* cured by incantations and the application of disgusting substances of no medicinal value. When we pass from the baffling problems of psychosomatic medicine to the strictly psychological, the results, as the author pointedly remarks, are entirely in the patient's mind and therefore usually beyond the reach of scientific observation, but he did find evidence that the more able sorcerers can procure death by simply convincing the victim that he will die at an appointed time.

The lesson, of course, is clear. When a fetish-man heals a patient

by sucking out the evil spirit in the form of a dead grasshopper from his shoulder, or a psychoanalyst induces his patient to remember or imagine some "conflict" that presumably causes his unhappiness, the efficacy of the cure does not in the least prove that the patient really had a grasshopper in his shoulder or an Oedipus-complex in his head. All societies have their witches and warlocks who, with respect to their customers, are, in Dr Wright's phrase, "intellectuals who live by their wits."

December 1959

MEN AND DINOSAURS

One frequently hears these days the aphorism that the only thing we learn from history is that men learn nothing from history. If that is true, it simply means that the *homo sapiens* is not a biologically viable form of life — that the species must meet the fate of the great saurians that dominated the world in the Jurassic Age and became extinct when their minuscule brains proved inadequate to deal with slight changes in environment. But so long as there is hope that the aphorism is merely a cynical quip, thoughtful men will continue to scrutinize the past that is our only guide to the future.

The current (ninety-first) volume of Transactions of the American Philological Association contains a number of excellent articles, of which two deserve our notice.

In 1948, a distinguished British historian, Dr W W Tarn, yielding to the romantic lure of hero-worship and the journalistic passion for novelty that are the twin banes of serious historiography, produced a biography of Alexander the Great in which he claimed that his hero had "proclaimed for the first time the unity and brotherhood of mankind" and had sought to create "a world in which all men should be . . . citizens of one State without distinction of race or institutions, and united . . . by Love." Since such phrases are to "liberals" what catnip is to cats, Tarn and Alexander are much admired by our more literate "intellectuals".

Dr E Badian's short article in the Transactions is a study of one of Alexander's exploits — his cunning and carefully contrived murder

of Philotas and Parmenio, two Macedonian generals whose courage, military sagacity, and devotion had made possible Alexander's conquest of the Middle East. There is, to be sure, a great deal of other historical evidence concerning the moral character of the shrewd, supple, and highly intelligent young man who, by skillful use of his deluded subjects and allies, created for himself one of the greatest empires known to history, but the one episode studied by Dr Badian well suffices to illustrate the brotherly love that all great tyrants feel for the brothers-in-arms who have made them great.

Professor Frank C Bourne contributes to the volume a concise account of the "alimentary program" of the Roman Empire. This interesting institution had its inception in private benefactions comparable to the endowments that founded most of the colleges and universities in the United States, but in this case intended to provide for the children of poor parents food and clothing until they came of age, thus assuring the children of an opportunity to attend local schools instead of going to work, and indirectly encouraging the lower middle class and wage-earners to have large families. (If the Latin that you read in high school or college included letters of the younger Pliny, you may remember that he set up a foundation of this kind.)

Under Nerva (96-98 AD) the Welfare State assumed responsibility for children throughout Italy, intending at first, merely to supplement private benefactions, but soon and inevitably the imperial treasury took over the entire operation and converted it into a "program" far more ingenious and practical than anything thus far devised by our professional parasites in Washington. The governmental system not only (a) provided the sustenance of poor children, but also (b) tried to solve the Roman "farm problem" by making available to reputable cultivators loans at low interest for the improvement of their lands, especially lands of the kind now called "marginal," thus (c) reducing unemployment in, and stimulating the economic life of, towns in "depressed" agricultural areas, and thereby (d) restoring prosperity to many municipalities and large parts of the countryside, and so (e) creating the conditions in which responsible people are willing to beget children. And the objectives

of (e) are further fostered by (a), since the children are guaranteed sustenance and education in the event of the financial failure or death of their parents. The plan that combined these various purposes was not only ingenious but feasible. It was, furthermore, well administered by a judicious division of responsibility between the central government and local authorities, evidently designed to hold to a minimum the number of administrators; and Roman bureaucrats, unlike our own, appear to have been, on the whole, both honest and diligent. The plan worked for a hundred and seventy-five years, and the institutions thus established survived, despite occasional difficulties, until the revolving funds were extinguished by the great monetary inflation and concomitant catastrophes of the Third Century.

But the plan failed from the beginning — was doomed to failure by ineluctable forces which the Romans, who had before them so much less history than we, may be pardoned for not seeing. And Professor Bourne, although well disposed toward bureaucracies and economic planning (which he regards as the mark of a "mature civilization"), shows why the plan's apparent success merely masked for a time a profound and inevitable failure. "While the alimentary institution, to judge from its hearty acceptance by landowners, was a success in respect to the agrarian problem, and while it undoubtedly fed and clothed many children" it was essentially an extension of the Welfare State. "Generations of governmental support for hundreds of thousands of Italians, without requiring from them any tangible service, made it clear to them that they had rights on which they could insist, but taught nothing of commensurate duties." Paternalistic government merely created "a social and political irresponsibility based on an arrogant and childish belief in 'rights' and confidence in immunity to danger." The net result was a population whose "lack of vigor, and irresponsibility" doomed it to extinction at the hands of the barbarians.

This is a clear illustration of the operations of forces inherent in the very nature of society. As every student of politics (including, I suspect, our more intelligent "liberals" despite their artful verbiage) well knows, a Welfare State necessarily entails a totalitarian

despotism — and despotisms, for obvious purposes of their own, foster "lack of vigor and irresponsibility" in their subjects. The economic price of a Welfare State is crushing taxation. The social price is national suicide,

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Such works as Martin P Nilsson's *Imperial Rome* and M Rostovtzeff's *Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire* present synoptic pictures of the process of internal decay, but you may find the operations of the Welfare State epitomized in a detail that I do not recall having seen mentioned in the histories. Of this detail there are many examples; I choose one at random.

In the Second Century a freeborn Roman citizen named C Sergius Alcimus buried his son and recorded the following facts - and only these facts - on the marble tombstone: the boy (1) died at the age of three years, three months, and three days; (2) got his handout from the public treasury on the tenth day of each month; and (3) got his handouts from Wicket No. 49. This particular inscription is No. 10,224-b in Volume VI of the great *Corpus inscriptionum Latinarum*, and you will find many other inscriptions of identical form on the same and adjacent pages of this volume and in other volumes of the Corpus - all proudly recording for posterity the unconscious debasement of their authors. But perhaps you will not find these inscriptions as significant as I do; I shiver when I read them.

The great tragedy of Rome came to an end in the Fifth Century, when the Empire, except for what survived under rule from Constantinople, was dismembered and taken over by the barbarians. This era is covered in twelve brilliant chapters of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, where the essential facts are set forth in some of the finest prose ever written in English. A quite different approach to the period is provided by C D Gordon in *The Age ofAttila* (University of Michigan Press, Ann Arbor; 240 pages, $3.95).

Professor Gordon's work is essentially a logical arrangement and translation into English of all that has survived from the writings

of Fifth-Century historians who deal with political (as distinct from ecclesiastical) affairs. In the translations (which are printed in Italics) he has inserted (in Roman type) such explanatory additions as are necessary to facilitate comprehension, and he has also supplied the information (drawn from later historians) needed to unite the various passages into a coherent narrative and to correct errors and significant omissions in the sources. The translations, to judge by the fairly numerous passages that I have checked, are accurate, and the supplementary material is adequate, although it would be possible to raise unimportant questions about a few very minor details. And I do not understand why Zosimus, who almost certainly lived in the Fifth Century and has some penetrating comments on the causes of political decline, was not included among the authors quoted.

Professor Gordon has made it possible for an English reader to see how the Fifth Century looked to intelligent men who lived in it and who beheld the great catastrophes of which we cannot think without awe. For a reflective reader cannot behold without pity and terror the tragic fall of a great empire, with inhabitants far more numerous than the attacking barbarians, with a far more advanced technology and industry, with all the advantages of interior lines of communication, the very highest degree of social and economic organization, and the capacity for long-term planning and strategy, and with wealth and resources that seemed inexhaustible until they inexplicably failed — an empire that falters, retreats, cowers, and finally collapses before mere hordes of ignorant and often anarchic barbarians. The Romans of the Republic, beginning as the small population of a tiny territory, had conquered all of the world that it seemed desirable to take and never doubted their power to annex the rest of it (including China) whenever they chose, how was it possible for their heirs, who had inherited an empire that ran from the misty mountains of Scotland to the sun-drenched valley of the Euphrates, to surrender gradually, step by step, to uncivilized and largely undisciplined barbarians from the forests of the North and the deserts of the East — to surrender something every year, year after year, until at last the Roman mass, despite the exertions of a few, perished ignominiously by the sword amid the ashes of their

homes or more ignominiously lived under the yoke of uncouth and brutal masters?

An easy and superficial answer could be made in terms of contemporary persons and events. With few and brief exceptions, the empire was ruled by despots who ranged from ruthless pirates to mutton-headed fops, including such figures as the well-read and pious Theodosius II, who professed and probably felt, "love of mankind", but, in the words of the contemporary historian, "lived in cowardice" and was "under the control of his eunuchs in everything . . . They beguiled him, to put it briefly, as children are beguiled with toys." One can draw up a long list of battles lost by folly or treason, and ask why supreme command of the greatest naval effort of the century, equipped at a cost that had strained to the utmost the resources of a declining nation, was entrusted to Basiliscus, who appears to have been *both* a fool and a traitor.

But even in the first chapter an attentive reader will see a deeper cause as he notices with increasing wonder that most of the prominent figures on the Roman side are not really natives of the Empire. Strike out the names of mercenaries imported from across the border, or superficially naturalized barbarians, and of first-generation Romans: the pages of history are left almost vacant. You cannot read far without confronting the appalling fact that that vast empire is one in which irresponsibility and torpor have become virtually universal; it has a multitudinous population, great cities, a noble culture, a new and elevating religion, wheat, gold, iron . . . But it has to import the one thing that no nation can really buy — men.

When the Romans finally destroyed Carthage in 146 BC, they destroyed a powerful nation that had combined a high degree of civilization (in commerce, industry, scientific agriculture, navigation, and politics) with the terrrible religious savagery evident in such institutions as the great bronze machine that was used on ceremonial occasions to shovel living children by the hundreds — including sons and daughters of the Carthaginian aristocracy — into the furnace that burned within the colossal idol of Baal. To the Roman mind, as to ours, the masochistic sadism of the Carthaginians was

incomprehensibly alien and horribly inhuman. Yet before long — in less time than has elapsed since our Constitution was ratified — the Romans had set up a socio-political machine that was far more deadly — a machine, adorned with specious phrases and built, in part, with good intentions, for the sacrifice of their own children. The machine devoured the Romans — almost all of the great families of the Republic were extinct by the time of Nero. It devoured the other peoples of Italy. It devoured the hardy provincials who had been brought into the *imperium Romanum*. It devoured whatever was virile and valuable in the descendants of the innumerable slaves that the Romans had recklessly brought into Italy and then set free with indiscriminate generosity. And when the machine had devoured the last manhood of an exhausted world, its work was done — and the empty husk of a dead nation collapsed of its own weight.

Some of the best minds of the Republic foresaw the danger, but there were educated and intelligent men who did not: they had before them, for all practical purposes, only the experience of the Greek states and so they could argue that theirs was a new era in which history would not repeat itself. Today, with the history of virtually the whole world spread out before every man who can read, such illusions can no longer be entertained by rational men. We, who have constructed and put into operation a machine for the sacrifice of our posterity to Baal, cannot plead that what we are doing is novel and untried. If we Americans permit the machine to go on running, then either we have chosen to become extinct or we belong to a species equipped with brains of such limited capacity that it has become biologically obsolete.

December 1961

THE CASE OF TYLER KENT

***The Case of Tyler Kent* by John Howland Snow. Long House, New Canaan, Connecticut: 57 pages.**

The republication of this little book should remind the Senate of the United States of an obligation that it has pusillanimously evaded for twenty years — an obligation to a long-suffering man and, above

all, an obligation to History.

Tyler G Kent, whose ancestors came to Virginia in 1644, entered our diplomatic service in 1933 and was transferred to the American Embassy in London in 1939. As part of his duties, he had to encode and decode secret messages that were being exchanged between Winston Churchill, then a private citizen of Great Britain who used the cover name "Former Naval Person," and Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who styled himself "Commander in Chief of the United States." The full content of these messages has not yet been disclosed. But it is known that the messages were proof of a conspiracy between Churchill and Roosevelt, who told one another that together they "could control the world" to drive Prime Minister Chamberlain from the British Government, get the Second World War going in Europe, and make the United States participate in that war. A well-known American journalist, Arthur Sears Henning, intimated that the conspirators may have discussed the misrepresentations made by American ambassadors in various, European capitals, on instructions from Washington, whereby Poland was maneuvered into the position in which the Soviet Union and Germany partitioned her territory. (The Soviet grab of half of the unfortunate country evoked in Washington and London a perfunctory murmur of "naughty, naughty!" for the benefit of the press: the German grab of the rest evoked howls of rage and enabled London to start the Second World War, possibly with assurances from Roosevelt that he would have expendable Americans in the front lines pronto – a pledge that he had some difficulty in fulfilling.)

It is entirely possible that the messages discussed the secret attacks on German ships by the American Navy, through which Roosevelt hoped to egg Hitler into a declaration of war against the United States. But despite the implication of an article in the *New York WorldTelegram* in December, 1945, it is extremely improbable that the correspondence between the conspirators in 1939 and the first five months of 1940 dealt with plans for Pearl Harbor. As Vice Admiral Frank Beatty, who was aide to our Secretary of the Navy and therefore in a position to know, has reported, it was not until "all our efforts to cause the Germans to declare war on us failed"

that Roosevelt and his henchmen determined to use Japan for their purpose. It is believed that the first move by Roosevelt to trick the Japanese into a "surprise" attack on the American fleet and American bases was made only ten or eleven months before the attack on Pearl Harbor took place. It seems unlikely, therefore, that plans for that strategy could have been made as early as May, 1940, or earlier.

An American who discovers that the President of the United States is engaged in high treason is in a very difficult position. It is his inescapable duty as an American to defend his country and to report the treason to the highest authority, the Senate of the United States. On the other hand, in an age of Caesarism and incipient dictatorship, a man's duty as a citizen is likely to conflict with a prudent regard for his own safety. Mr Kent, however, attempted to return to the United States and to place the documents before members of the Senate.

The cables by which he sought to arrange an appointment with leading Senators may have aroused suspicion. At all events, he was kidnapped in May, 1940, by British police. Although he was an American citizen and furthermore, by virtue of his diplomatic status, immune to prosecution except in an American court, he was hustled off to a British prison with the connivance of Mr Joseph P Kennedy, who was at that time the American Ambassador to Great Britain and also financially interested in the exportation of British whisky to the United States under "Lend-Lease," which he helped to arrange.

One of Mr Kent's British friends was Captain A H M Ramsay of the Coldstream Guards, who was a Member of Parliament and would probably have asked a question in Parliament when he became aware of the disappearance of Mr. Kent. He was accordingly seized and, without hearing or trial, thrown into a cell in which he remained for four years and four months. In his booklet, *The Nameless War*, now in its fourth edition (Britons Publishing Co., London), Captain Ramsay quotes the official order for his abduction and confinement; the only specific reason given in the long rigmarole is that he "associated" and "permitted his wife to associate" with Tyler Kent and with two British ladies, who were victims of Churchill's

Gestapo-technique at the same time. One of the ladies was the widow of Admiral Nicholson, who had distinguished himself at the Battle of Jutland and had been Third Sea Lord of the Empire. Another eminent victim of despotism at that time was Admiral Sir Barry Domvile, Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire and former Director of Naval Intelligence. But, from his account of his experiences in the British concentration camp, *From Admiral to Cabin Boy* (Boswell, London, 1947), it does not appear that he was acquainted with Mr. Kent.

The British victims were simply seized and thrown into dungeons under the provisions of a little-known law by which British "democracy" imitates the *lettres de cachet* of the Bourbon kings of France. ("Liberal intellectuals" forever squeak about "civil liberties" but it must be understood tliat "civil liberties" are the perquisite of criminals and degenerates.) Mr Kent, however, was accorded the mock formality of a secret "trial" at which he was not permitted to defend himself.

In 1943, a grandson of William Jennings Bryan undertook to expose the "Kent case" and tried to have some information about it printed. He was found dead in his apartment in New York City with his head and face bruised and bloody. The story the press told was that he had committed suicide by taking a "large dose of veronal".

Tyler Kent was released from the British prison in December, 1945. He is – astonishingly – still alive, and since the files have undoubtedly been destroyed, he may well be the only living man (aside from Mr Churchill) who knows the contents of the secret correspondence (said to have totalled "1,500 individual papers") in which arrangements for getting the United States into the Second World War were made. Under American law, however, he cannot disclose what he knows unless he is summoned to testify before a proper Committee of the Senate.

The political considerations which prevented an investigation in 1946 no longer apply. The effort to fabricate history, officially underwritten, under the perfunctory cover of a little double-talk by the Rockefeller Foundation (see Dan Smoot, *The Invisible Government*,

pp. 164f.) and doubtless abetted by other tentacles of the complex of organizations that seems to be centered in the Council on Foreign Relations, has failed. The enormous political pressures invoked to prevent or corrupt Congressional inquiries were only partly successful, Although the old hogwash is monotonously reiterated in our prostituted press and school textbooks, even the general public is vaguely aware of what students of the period have long known. So much evidence, direct and circumstantial, has leaked out by this time that it seems improbable that any further disclosures could augment the infamy of the gang of vicious criminals who stealthily took control of the United States in the years that followed 1933. But many details of their secret contrivances remain obscure, and there is no reason why historians should have to depend on inference and conjecture when the facts can so easily be made known.

The indispensable testimony of Tyler Kent must be obtained and recorded without further delay. The Senate of the United States has a solemn duty to us and to all future ages to clarify the historical record.

February 1963

KARL MARX, MASTER OF FRAUD

***Karl Marx, Master of Fraud* by Commander S. M. Riis. Speller & Sons, New York; 122 pages.**

This is a valuable book. It is a pity that its defects of style and organization will place an extraordinary burden on the reader.

The author has been interested in Communism throughout his long life. He has had unusual opportunities to observe it in action, including some that, so far as I know, were accorded to no other living American.

When he was a mere child the author came under the influence of a teacher who was evidently so childish that he thought that Marx's vapid verbiage was idealism. Accordingly the author, when he was a young man at the beginning of this century and was travelling in England, made an effort to find persons who had known Marx. He did locate a family that had lived next door; they had regarded

Marx and the bizarre creatures who frequented his house as a gang of "thieves and liars". He also interviewed a sodden female derelict who had once been a maid in Marx's household; her recollections, if not too greatly colored by the alcohol needed to evoke them, may be significant.

In 1918, Commander Riis was an officer in our Naval Intelligence. His thorough knowledge of standard Russian and of several spoken dialects enabled him to disguise himself as a Bolshevik and take the name of Galinski. He attained the rank of Commissar and was even decorated by Trotsky himself. Part of the Commander's experiences were narrated in his book, *Yankee Komisar*, published in 1935. (Many of his friends and acquaintances who have long wished that he would record in print the startling episodes that he felt obliged to omit from the volume printed in 1935, will be disappointed to find no mention of them in the present book.)

Since his experiences in Russia, the Commander has watched with dismay the increasingly suicidal perversion of American policy. He illustrates the change by a single datum. In 1921, the United States, in one of its frequent fits of madcap humanitarianism, was engaged in feeding ten million starving Russians in the Volga Basin (and thereby thoughtlessly enabling the Bolsheviks to remain in power). The Communist in charge of receiving the handouts was a creature named Moe Finklestein, who had "more aliases than the best of our racketeers". He asked to visit the United States, ostensibly in connection with our "humanitarian" effort to feed the starving, but the Secretary of State ruled that "under no conditions should this grossly undesirable alien be granted an entry visa". Just twelve years later the same vicious criminal, operating under the alias of Maxim Litvinov, was an honored guest in our White House and the "good friend" of Franklin Roosevelt, with whom he secretly negotiated the disastrous treaty by which the United States recognized the Soviet and saved the criminals' rule of terror in Russia from imminent collapse by supplying them with money filched from the pockets of American taxpayers.

The first half of this volume is a somewhat desultory series of reminiscences and comments; the second is composed of seven

memoranda that the author submitted to Truman, Eisenhower, and Kennedy in an effort to convey to them, with due courtesy and some flattery, an elementary understanding of Communism.

It is difficult to follow the Commander's thought at some points unless one bears in mind what he has said (often not too clearly) elsewhere in the book, and even then it may be necessary to read between the lines. The Commander's English, unfortunately, is often far from adequate. His use of words is frequently imprecise, and his style is sometimes ponderously Germanic. For example: "With discreet management on our part in that direction we will go far inducing [sic] Russian and Russian people to want to co-operate with us, rather than to follow the none [sic] Russian, unacceptable, impractical to life for the people of Russia, idol [sic] as envisaged by the lamentations of Karl Marx . . ." I had to re-read that one three times before I could be sure of what the author was trying to say.

Although I know that it will seem ungracious, and may seem an impertinence, for a reviewer to presume to correct a man of Commander Riis' venerable age and long experience, the very fact that this is a valuable book obligates the reviewer to call attention to a small part of it which, if not properly interpreted, may be dangerously misleading.

Many readers will be puzzled by what will seem to them a paradoxical *volte-face* on the part of the author. In most of his memoranda to Presidents, Commander Riis emphatically and correctly warned them against the "fetid fallacy" that it is possible to negotiate with the vicious criminals of the Communist Conspiracy. He told Truman that "to appease crime would be tantamount to becoming a partner in the crime" and "there can be no temporizing with international, criminal gangsters of Moscow, without involving us in the conspiracy". He warned Eisenhower that any conference — "Summit" or otherwise — with the world's vilest scum could serve only to degrade the President of the United States and disgrace the nation he presumed to represent. Such conferences are as absurd as though "a syndicate of criminal racketeers in one of our larger cities" were to "propose a conference with the city government at which the racketeers will demand the rights of co-existence with

the law-abiding citizens, and then continue their nefarious trade without interference." He pointed out that the visit of Khrushchev to the United States was a fatal blunder on Eisenhower's part. The Commander may not have been telling the Presidents anything that they did not already know, but he was undoubtedly and obviously right. Still, after all this, we find Commander Riis urging on Kennedy a "private, social, unofficial" meeting in this country with some Soviet officials.

A close study of the book will show what happened. When the bloody beast from the Kremlin came for his triumphal tour of the United States and the famous cuddling-session at Camp David, Commander Riis conversed with him in Russian, talked at length with many members of the thug's escort, and even went aboard the Russian ship to chat with members of the crew. And despite his long experience in intelligence work (in which one of the primary problems is always that of detecting misinformation subtly planted by the enemy), Commander Riis apparently forgot that every member of the party, including the lowest menial, must have been carefully and exhaustively screened by the Soviet Secret Police to make sure that they would say only the right things to Americans, *including* the few Americans who could converse with them in Russian. The Commander accordingly heard a great deal about "de-Stalinization" and the "new nationalism" in Russia. It is possible, even likely, that his informants of lower rank were largely sincere in what they told him. After all, Stalin during the German invasion did incite Russian nationalism as a desperate expedient to check wholesale desertions to the Germans and to avert the anti-Communist revolution that probably would have taken place anyway, had the Germans under Hitler been less inept and obtuse. And Khrushchev's denunciations of Stalin have served the useful purpose of calming unrest among his subjects by exciting vague expectations of a New Order.

Paradoxically, Commander Riis' weakness was the intimate knowledge of Communism that he had acquired while serving as an undercover agent in Russia. He had observed that the Communist system was alien and repugnant to the Russian people — as,

in all probability, it still is; and he had further observed that not only Lenin and Trotsky, but almost all of their accomplices were not Russians. *When Commander Riis was in Russia, only seventeen out of the 556 most important Bolshevik officials were Russians.* Naturally, the only propaganda-line at that time was the "One World" chatter that is now so effective in the United States. Commander Riis, therefore, was not prepared for the superficial, though apparently great, change in attitude that he found in Khrushchev's escort and servants. What they told him so fitted his own preconceptions that he was taken in. I am sorry to say, by a masquerade that he had not seen before. He assures us that "Only since the mysterious death of Stalin in 1953 and the purge of the alien elements within the Soviet government by Nikita S Khrushchev, a genuine [!] Russian, have the Russian people begun to break away from the alien ideology of Marxism." And thus cozened, he conceived the hope, shared by other American observers, that it might he possible to reach an understanding with "real Russians" as distinct from "foreign opportunists." And this hope was further stimulated by what he heard concerning rivalries within the Kremlin, much of which may have been true enough. As the fate of Trotsky, Beria, Malenkov and a thousand others shows, the wolf who misses his footing in the pack is always devoured by his fellows.

February 1963

HISTORY FOR CONSERVATIVES

In the spring of 1963, I planned, in agreement with the editor of *American Opinion*, a long article, to be published in six installments, designed both to raise the intellectual level of the journal, by suggesting to all readers the need to consider contemporary events in the perspectives of history and ethnology, and to relieve the growing monotony of the standard phrase "International Communist Conspiracy" that was used, more or less indiscriminately, to designate the effects of Jewish activity and influence throughout the world, whether direct or indirect. The first four parts, which are here reprinted, appeared in the issues of the magazine for May, June,

November, and December, having been interrupted by the pair of articles "The Black and the Red" that seemed needed to elucidate a current political agitation. The December issue was suppressed by Robert Welch in his panic at the assassination of Jack Kennedy, and Part IV was eventually reprinted in the issue for December 1964. By that time I had decided not to complete the series.

HISTORY AND THE HISTORIANS

Part 1

A conservative is essentially a man who is willing to learn from the accumulated experience of mankind. He must strive to observe dispassionately and objectively, and he must reason from his observations with a full awareness of the limitations of reason. And he must, above all, have the courage to confront the unpleasant realities of human nature and the world in which we live. That is why history, the vast record of human trial and error, is a discipline for conservatives. It necessarily lies beyond the emotional and intellectual capacities of children, savages, and "liberal intellectuals" who instinctively flee from reality to live in a dream-world in which the laws of nature can be suspended by the intervention of fairies, witch-doctors, or "social scientists".

History is a high and arduous discipline in which it is always necessary to collect and weigh complex and often elusive data, and in which, as in so many other fields of research, we must frequently content ourselves with a calculation of probabilities rather than a certainty. And when we try to extract from history the laws of historical development we find ourselves calculating the probability of probabilities — as difficult and delicate a task as the human mind can set for itself.

Fortunately for us, in the practical affairs of this world prudence and common sense (though somewhat uncommon qualities) are an adequate guide and do not depend on answers to the great questions of philosophy. A man may learn not to buy a pig in a poke without finding a solution to the epistemological problem that Hume posed so clearly and that yet remains unsolved. We can learn much from

history without answering the ultimate questions.

Our minds, however, by their very nature desire a coherent philosophy that will account for the whole of perceived reality. And we live in a time in which we are constantly confronted by claims – some obviously mere propaganda but others seriously and sincerely put forward – that this or that development must take place in the future because it is "historically necessary." Furthermore, we live in a time in which all but the most thoughtless sense that our very civilization is being eroded by vast and obscure forces which, if unchecked, will soon destroy it utterly – forces that we can identify and understand only if we can ascertain how and why they are shaping our history. And here again we are often told that those forces represent a destiny inherent in civilization itself and therefore irresistible and inescapable.

That is why the development of a working philosophy of history is the most urgent, as well as the most difficult, task of Twentieth Century thought.

It will be obvious that in this brief article I can do no more than offer a few comments on the nature of the problem and on some books that deal with it.

THE FIRST QUESTION

We are so often assured that we live in a "changing world," and we are so pleased by the progress of our technology, that we sometimes imagine that change, or at least the rapidity of it, is a peculiarity of our time – an originality of which we are as proud as an adolescent who has discovered that he is in love.

The most drastic and rapid social change that mankind has ever experienced took place approximately five thousand years ago in Egypt. (I avoid the long discussion that would be necessary to set a more precise date or determine what was happening in Sumeria more or less contemporaneously.)

In terms of history, the change was sudden. A great Egyptologist, Professor John A Wilson, has compared it to the speed with which a supersaturated solution crystallizes in a flask. And it was drastic. Within a century the Egyptians were hustled from barbarism to

civilization. At the beginning of that period, they were roughly comparable to the Indians of our Southwest in their adobe villages before the coming of the white man: a timeless people, without a past to remember or a future to plan: a people for whom tribal mores took the place of formal government or social organization: a people that could live almost entirely by instinct, since the monotonous collection of food was varied only by an occasional raid on a neighboring village. At the end of that century, Egypt was a nation extending from the First Cataract to the Mediterranean and subject to the absolute rule of a completely centralized and socialist government.

For the first time in man's long existence on this planet, there was a nation: and that nation's resources were consciously marshalled and used by a government which necessarily planned for the future. Writing and written records appeared suddenly to make possible the bureaucracy that managed the nation. And the intelligent direction of human effort soon required or induced technical accomplishment. At the end of the Second Dynasty there was nowhere on the surface of the earth a permanent structure: Nothing had ever been built of stone. Within a hundred years Egypt had erected the most enduring structure that man has ever built — what was until quite recently, both the tallest and the most massive building in the world. It was also one of the most accurately constructed: the two and a half million blocks of stone in the Great Pyramid were faced with blocks, many of them weighing sixteen tons, which were finished to a tolerance of plus or minus one one-hundredth of an inch.

When civilization liad come to Egypt, it must have seemed eternal. It was, of course, designed, like the pyramids, for all time. For reasons made clear by Karl A Wittfogel in his brilliant *Oriental Despotism* (New Haven, 1957), the earliest and most primitive form of civilized society is always socialism, with an omnipotent central government, a completely managed economy, and with inhabitants reduced to the kind of serfdom that our planners in Washington are now imposing, step by step, on the American people. The Egyptians defined the good state as one in which "well directed are men, the cattle of God." Men were simply the cattle of Pharaoh, who had all

the power that Jack Kennedy craves, and who was, by definition, the Son of God and therefore God himself. He owned every acre of ground, every house, every stick of wood in Egypt from the First Cataract to the Mediterranean, and he naturally owned all the livestock on that plantation, both quadrupeds and bipeds.

A total socialism, such as Egypt had from the beginning, necessarily excludes all thought of change. That fact, indeed, may explain its appeal to men. The many hundreds of Utopias imagined by idle dreamers from Iambulos to Sir Thomas More to Edward Bellamy differ greatly in all details, but have one thing in common: They imagine a state in which no governmental or social change is possible or even conceivable. And the sincere socialists of our own time, though vociferous in praise of "inevitable change" leading to socialism, promise us the joys of a social order that can never again change and will be immutable forever in *saecula saeculorum* — or, at the least, " 'Till the sun grows cold, And the stars are old."

Necessarily, therefore, the basic assumption of Egyptian civilization was that it was a social order as eternal as the granite of its monuments. But four hundred years after Cheops built his pyramid, that order suddenly disintegrated into anarchy and utter chaos.

The one thing that we know with certainty about the causes of the collapse is that they were internal. Egypt was not invaded by a foreign people and was not involved in a major war or even any military action other than routine policing of the few points at which she was not isolated from the rest of the world by natural barriers. There appears to have been a steady trickle of immigration across the isthmus of Suez into Egypt, but there is no reason to suppose that the immigrants were sufficiently numerous and active either to affect the character of the Egyptian population or to attempt an insurrection. When we look for internal causes, we note that the last king before the collapse, Pepe II, ruled for ninety years, which suggests that if he did not begin his reign as God in diapers, he ended it as God in senile imbecility, possibly inspiring one of his sons, grandsons, or great-grandsons with impatience to start enjoying the blessings of divinity himself. That is merely a guess that the spark which set off the explosion was struck by a

civil war for possession of the throne. But whatever the source of the spark, it is clear that the explosive materials lay deep in the structure of the society they destroyed. Since a small body of literature, especially the lamentations of Ipu-wer and Nefer-rohu, who witnessed the collapse, has survived, modern historians can learn a good deal about the causes. You will find them discussed at length in any good history of ancient Egypt.

What happened in Egypt was not a mere political upheaval to change the ruler or form of government; it was the ruin of a whole civilization through the collapse of its moral foundations. "If three men go along a road", says Ipu-wer, "they become two men, for the greater number kills the lesser." "I show thee," says Nefer-rohu, "the brother as an enemy, and the man who kills his own father. Every mouth is full of 'Love me!', and everything good has disappeared." Order had vanished in anarchy and universal banditry, and no man knew when he would be struck down from ambush or murdered in his own house.

Yes, "his own house", for the lamentations incidentally show us that during the centuries preceding the collapse the perfect socialist state under its incarnate God had not been able to maintain its pure form; it had somehow progressed from socialism toward a higher form of social organization in which there was private property in practice and quite possibly even in theory. The writers take it for granted. Nefer-rohu complains that "Men take a man's property away from him, and it is given to him who is from outside. I show thee the owner in need and the outsider satisfied." And Ipu-wer: "The robber is now the possessor of riches. . . . The children of great men are dashed against the walls . . . Great ladies now glean in the fields. . . . The owners of fine robes are clad in rags, but he who never wove for himself is now the owner of fine linen." It is clear that Egypt had risen, though perhaps precariously, to a level far above pure socialism. That must have made the collapse the more terrible.

A great nation, which was coterminous with a civilization, had simply caved in. And since it had not been overthrown by an external force, the structure must have been poorly designed or poorly

maintained. Or, to vary the metaphor, the culture had contained in itself the seeds of its own destruction. Or, perhaps, the civilization, like a dog, simply grew old and feeble and finally died. But whatever metaphor we use, the Egyptian collapse poses for us the basic problem of history. What were the causes of the collapse? And, since causes imply the existence of natural laws by which they operate, what laws of history can be inferred from them? The Egyptians either violated some natural law that applies to civilizations, and could therefore have averted the collapse had they been more prudent, or they underwent a change that was "historically necessary" because imposed by some natural law that human ingenuity cannot circumvent. That alternative simply states the central problem that a philosophy of history must solve. And since we are subject to the same natural laws, the problem is vital and urgent.

Of course, Egypt eventually recovered from the chaos that historians euphemistically call the First Intermediate Period; and she went on to complete with many vicissitudes her three thousand years as a great and independent nation — a record that only China can rival. But the men who witnessed the collapse could not foresee that. The apparent end of human civilization, overthrown by a barbarism made more savage and terrible because it had captured the weapons and resources that civilization had produced, must have been a traumatic shock unsurpassed (thus far) in the experience of mankind. Contemporaries felt utter despair, "The land is completely perished, so that no remainder exists," concluded Nefer-rohu. And Ipu-wer could only regard mankind as a failure and wish that it would disappear: "Ah, would that it were the end of men! That there were no conception and no birth! Then would the earth cease from turmoil and be at rest."

But it did not occur to either Nefer-rohu or Ipu-wer — nor, so far as we know, did it occur to any later Egyptian — to ask why the catastrophe had befallen them. That may be a very significant historical datum,

THE HISTORICAL MIND

It is not at all astonishing that the two Egyptian writers, with no

precedent or record of comparable human experience to guide them, did not see in the cataclysm an intellectual problem. Nefer-rohu was right when he said, "What has never happened has happened". But it seems that at no time in their long existence as a nation did the Egyptians think in terms of historical cause and effect. They compiled chronologies, but they never wrote history. They kept careful record of the sequence of events, but did not try to explain them. Some years brought national misfortune, just as the Nile in some years did not rise to its normal height and the fields consequently bore but a scanty harvest. Such things happened; if they had a cause, that cause lay in the mysterious and perhaps capricious will of the gods, far beyond human understanding.

History as the reasoned reporting of political and social change was the product of the Greek mind. Indeed, it could be argued that the capacity for history in that sense is the exclusive property of the Western culture that the Greeks created and we inherited – but it would be a fairly long argument. We cannot indulge ourselves in it here, any more than we can undertake a survey of ancient historians. But we should observe that the two basic conceptions of the historical process between which the modern mind must choose were both formed in Classical antiquity. I merely mention two historians who illustrate the contrast.

If we consider his almost superhuman dispassion and objectivity, the intellectual power that enables him to extract the essential from great masses of detail and so write concisely of highly complex events, and his lucid presentation of the evidence unclouded by theory or thesis, we must regard Thucydides as the great historian of all time. With perfect precision he tells us what happened and how it happened; he sees reality with an eye that is never blurred by a tear for his country's fate; and the implacable lucidity of his intellect is no more perturbed by a theory to be demonstrated than it was perturbed by the temptation, which no other writer could have resisted, to add at least a few words to explain or defend his own conduct as a general or to mention his own misfortunes. We cannot read Thucydides without deep emotion, but the emotion is ours, not his; we cannot read him without pondering the lessons of

history, but they are lessons that we must draw from the facts, not accept ready-made from the writer.

The future will always resemble the past because human nature does not change; men will always be actuated by the same basic desires and motives; the limitations of human reason and of human willingness to reason constitute a kind of fatality, but the events of history are always the result of human decisions, of wisdom or folly, in dealing with matters that can never be calculated with certainty in advance because the result will to some extent depend on chance – on factors that cannot be predicted. Nations, like men, must suffer the consequences of their own acts – consequences often unforeseen and sometimes unforeseeable – but there is no historical force which compels them to decide how they will act: they are subject, therefore, to no fate, other than that inherent in the limitations of their physical, mental, and moral resources. History is tragic, but it is tragedy in the strict sense of the word, the result of human blindness.

That conception of history contrasts strongly with another, which may be described as either more cowardly, since it does shift responsibility, or more profound, since it tries to account for decisions. The elder Seneca, writing his history of the Civil Wars after the fall of the Roman Republic and the establishment of the Principate, was certainly influenced by the Stoic conception of a universe that operates by a strict mechanical necessity in vast cycles from one *ecpyrosis* to another, endlessly repeating itself. Seneca saw in the Roman people an organism comparable to a man and undergoing, like men, a kind of biological development. Rome spent her infancy under the early kings; adolescent, the nation established a republic and, with the indefatigable vigor of a growing organism, extended its rule over the adjacent parts of Italy; with the strength and resolution of maturity (*iuventus*), Rome conquered virtually all of the world that was worth taking; and then at last, weary and feeling the decline of her powers, unable to muster the strength and resolution to govern herself, she in her old age (*senectus*) resigned herself and her affairs into the hands of a guardian, closing her career as she began it, under the tutelage and governance of a monarch.

Unfortunately, the surviving fragment of Seneca's history does not tell us how soon he thought decrepitude would be followed by death. We cannot even be certain how strictly he applied the fatalism implicit in the analogy; he seems to have believed that nations, like men, could in their maturity a little hasten or retard the onset of senility by the care that they took of themselves. But at best, human will and wisdom can but little affect the biological necessity that carries all living things to the inexorable grave. Seneca was thinking of Rome, rather than of Classical civilization as a whole, but his analogy anticipates the essentials of what we now call the organic, or cyclic, conception of history.

THE MODERN DILEMMA

Modern history begins with the Renaissance, an age which thought of itself, as the name indicates, as a "rebirth" of Classical antiquity. For a long time, men's energies were concentrated in an effort to ascend to the level of high civilization represented by the great ages of Greece and Rome. The most common metaphor described cultural change in terms of day and night: Civilization had reached high noon in the age of Cicero and Vergil; the decadence of the Roman Empire was the gloaming that preceded the long night of the Dark Ages; and the revival of literature and the arts that began with Petrarch was the dawn of a new day — the return of the sun to illumine the earth and rouse the minds of men. This metaphor was intended to mark contrasts, not to draw an analogy. Culture did not come to the world as the sun rises and sets, independently of human effort; on the contrary, literature, philosophy (including what we now call science), and the arts were the products of the highest and most intense creativity of the human mind. It followed, therefore, that civilization was essentially the body of knowledge accumulated and maintained by the intellect and will of men. This sense of constant striving precluded a cyclic or deterministic conception of history, while the awareness that the thread of civilization had been all but broken during the Dark Ages precluded a facile and unthinking optimism.

From the dawn of the Renaissance to the early years of the

Twentieth Century men thought of the history of civilization as a continuum that could be reduced to a line on a graph. The line began at the bottom somewhere in pre-history before the time of Homer, rose steadily to a peak in the great age of Athens, dipped a little and then rose again to the Golden Age of Rome, fell steadily towards zero, which it almost reached in the Dark Ages, rose a little in the later Middle Age, and with the Revival of Learning climbed sharply toward a new peak. History thus conceived divided itself into three periods: Ancient, Mediaeval, and Modern.

That linear conception of history was simply taken for granted by historians. Guicciardini, Juan de Mariana, Thuanus, Gibbon, and Macaulay differ greatly from one another in outlook, but they all regard the linear conception as apodictic.

That conception of history has an implication that we should not overlook: The history of civilization is the history of the West. What had happened in Egypt, Assyria, China, India, and Islam might be picturesque and interesting, but was not really significant except at the points at which the Orient had impinged on the Occident. The history of the Oriental empires was alien to *our* history. Furthermore, those empires, however wealthy and powerful, were barbaric. That was the only adjective available to describe them, for "civilization" was not a word that could be used in the plural: it was a word that specifically meant the culture of the West. And we should note that that use of the word, although it implies a fundamental difference in quality, did not spring from an assumption of superiority. Europe was long inferior in both numbers and resources to the adjacent Mohammedan nations, and down to the Eighteenth Century there was a real and ever present danger that the multitudinous armies of Islam might overwhelm and capture the whole of the Christian West. And for many years after 1683, the West stood in awe of the wealth of –

> Ormus and of Ind,
> Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
> Showers on her kings *barbaric* pearl and gold.

The Nineteenth Century brought to the West the assurance of mili-

tary superiority over all the other peoples of the world. It seemed certain that the white man, thanks to his technology, would forever rule the globe and its teeming populations. And from this confidence sprang a mad-cap euphoria — a bizarre notion that progress was inevitable and automatic; that civilization, instead of being a precious and fragile creation that men must work very hard to maintain and even harder to improve, had become self-perpetuating and self-augmenting; and that the line on the graph, having risen higher than the highest point attained in antiquity, was destined to move upward forever and forever. That childish fancy, to be sure, did not impose on the best minds of the century (eg Burckhardt), but like a heady wine it intoxicated many writers (eg Herbert Spencer) who passed for serious thinkers in their day. And it did serve to suggest to reflective minds the question whether or not there was a destiny inherent in the nature of the historical process itself as distinct from the wisdom or folly of decisions made by men.

Toward the end of the century, deep misgivings that could no longer be repressed found expression in such works as Theodore Funck Brentano's *La civilisation et ses lois*, Brooks Adams' *The Law of Civilization and Decay*, and Henry Adams' *The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma*. No one thought of doubting the supremacy of the West or its perpetuity, but men began to wonder whether civilization was not falling to a lower level. And to find an answer, they sought to establish a "science of history" — what is now called historionomy in English and *métahistoire* in French — which would ascertain the natural laws that govern the development of civilization.

On the eve of the First World War, a few remarkable minds, prescient of the coming catastrophe, formulated the historical question in more drastic and fundamental terms: Was the civilization of the West mortal and already growing old? Would a traveller of some future and alien civilization meditate among the mouldering ruins of New York and London and Paris as Volney had meditated among the ruins of Babylon, Baalbec, and Persepolis — and perhaps, like Volney, soothe himself with illusions that his civilization could endure, although all its predecessors had left but heaps of broken stone to attest that they had once existed?

We must understand that the grim question thus posed was at that time, and remains even today, entirely a question ofinternal decay — of a sickness or debility of the Western mind and will. It was not then, and has not yet become, a question of strength relative to the rest of the world. The power of the nations of the West was, and is, simply overwhelming.

In 1914, men debated whether or not Russia was part of the Western world. Assuming that it was not, it was obvious that there were only two non-Western nations on earth that possessed the military and industrial capacity to offer serious resistance to even a medium-sized nation of the West. And neither Russia nor Japan could have hoped to defeat a major Western power except by forming an alliance with another major power of Europe or America. And despite all the efforts of the West to destroy itself in fratricidal wars and by exporting its technology and its wealth to other peoples, that remains in large part true today.

The retreat of the West has been self-imposed, and we must not permit the screeching of "liberals" to distract our attention from that obvious and fundamental fact. Great Britain, for example, was in no sense compelled to relinquish India as a colony. During the great Indian Mutiny of 1857, fifty thousand British troops cut their way through the whole of the Indian sub-continent, and in little more than a year reduced to complete submission its population of more than one hundred million. And this, *nota bene*, was done at a time when the only basic weapon of warfare was the rifle, so that a man with a rifle on one side was the match of a man with a rifle on the other side, except insofar as discipline and individual intelligence might make some difference in the use of the common and universally obtainable weapon. In 1946, Great Britain, with all the weapons of modern warfare at her disposal, including tanks, airplanes, high-explosive and incendiary bombs, poison gas, and other weapons that are by their very nature a monopoly of great nations, could have snuffed out in a few weeks the most formidable revolt that Nehru and his gang could conceivably have instigated and organized.

The power is still ours. The greater part of the globe lies open for our taking, if we as a nation resolve to take it. Despite all the frenzied efforts in Washington to sabotage the United States for the past thirty years, it is still beyond doubt that if we were so minded, we could, for example, simply take the whole continent of Africa, exterminate the native population; and make the vast and rich area a new frontier for the expansion of our own people. No power on earth — certainly not the Soviet that we have so diligently nurtured and built up with our resources — would dare to oppose us. To be sure, there are good reasons for not annexing Africa, but if we are to think clearly about our place in the world,we must understand that lack of power is not one of them.

That the Western world, with its virtual monopoly of the instruments of power, should slavishly cringe before the hordes for which it felt only contempt when it was less strong than it now is, is obvious proof that our civilization is suffering from some potentially fatal disease or decay that has deprived us - temporarily or permanently - of the intelligence and the will to live. Every philosophy of history, or, if you prefer, every system of historionomy, is simply an effort to diagnose our malady - to tell us, in effect, whether the debility and enervation of the West is the result of a curable disease or of an irreversible deterioration.

We should also note that the historical question can, except in its most immediate aspects, be partly separated from the problem posed by the International Communist Conspiracy. That band of criminals was so well hidden in 1914 that no one suspected the extent of its secret strength or anticipated the almost incredible growth of that strength in subsequent decades. Many philosophies of history simply ignore, and others barely notice the existence of the conspiracy whose capture of governments and the organs of public opinion in the West is the obvious cause of the paralysis from which we are now suffering.

There is nothing new about the Bolsheviks except the scale on which they operate. History provides many examples of criminal conspiracies to capture entire nations: the Catilinarian Conspiracy is an obvious example and many others could be cited. Every race

and nation has produced throughout its history depraved creatures animated by a blood-lust that we regard as inhuman, and these fearful animals have sometimes formed conspiracies whose motivation was simply the joy of killing, with no thought of profit or political power: One of the clearest examples is provided by the biped beasts described by Louis Zoul in his excellent *Thugs and Communists* (Public Opinion, Long Island City: cf. *American Opinion*, January, 1962, pp. 29-36). The only innovation that the Communists have made is their success in organizing the depraved and the degenerate throughout the world, and their determination to capture the entire globe instead of a part of it.

But the members of the Communist Conspiracy are never more than a tiny fraction of the populations they subjugate; they are a small gang that could in any country be handled by the local police force in a merely routine operation. The terrible power of the unhumans is entirely obtained by their ability to deceive and manipulate human beings.

So the historical question remains. What sickness of our civilization has so paralyzed us that we permit the vermin to swarm over us? What stupor prevented us for so long from recognizing them? What has palsied our hands so that we make no move to rid ourselves of the infestation?

Many of the criminals are almost impenetrably disguised as "liberal intellectuals". The nature of the "liberal" has been clearly and brilliantly analyzed by S E D Brown and Taylor Caldwell (see *American Opinion*, October, 1961, pp. 35-44: March, 1963, pp. 29-41), and we can only marvel that such weak, ignorant, and irrational little men, bearing a secret and morbid animus against the civilization that nurtured them, should have been able to occupy the positions of intellectual prestige and influence in our society. How does it happen that we have the herds of "liberal intellectuals" among whom the members of the Criminal Conspiracy can so easily and effortlessly conceal themselves?

The Communist Conspiracy is therefore a proof that there is something seriously wrong with our civilization. If that were not so, the Conspiracy would be helpless. As we all know, everyone is daily

exposed to tuberculosis and many other potentially lethal infections, but healthy bodies simply throw off those infections automatically. All societies will always have criminals in their midst, but a healthy society will automatically keep those ever-present germs of evil and death under control, partly by the exercise of police-powers, but mostly by the social pressures that are generated by the refusal of individuals to countenance subversion and crime.

If God in His Mercy were to remove from our globe tonight every member of the International Communist Conspiracy, we would rejoice wildly in our liberation. But within a century – perhaps in half a century – we should find ourselves in our present plight once again, unless we developed powers of resistance to infection that we obviously have not yet developed.

THREE DIAGNOSES

Before the outbreak of the First World War in 1914, three important theories of historical devel opment were formulated by their authors, although they were not published in book-form until later.

C H von Méray's *Weltmutation* (Zürich, 1918) is an elaborate system that subsequent events have made largely obsolete, but it is still worth the attention of the student who wishes to explore the intellectual ambience represented by it.

One of the most lucid and penetrating of all analyses of the historical problem was made by the American scholar and economist, Correa Moylan Walsh, in a work which was published both as a unit of three volumes and as separate books, of which the first was entitled *The Climax of Civilisation*, the second, *Socialism*, and the last, *Feminism* (New York, 1917). For decades I have been discussing the numerous modern philosophies of history with anyone who seemed interested in the subject, but in all that time I have encountered only one man who had read or even heard of Walsh's unique formulation of a cyclic theory that is not fatalistic. Americans, I suppose, just take it for granted that Europeans are brighter than they. I hope to discuss Walsh's interpretation in some future issue, but I can here do no more than remark that the three volumes, published on the wrong side of the Atlantic, seem to have had no influence whatso-

ever on later writers.

The third and magisterial work conceived before the War was, of course, Oswald Spengler's *Der Untergang des Abendlandes* (Munich, 1918). Read in this country chiefly in the brilliantly faithful translation by Charles Francis Atkinson, *The Decline of the West* (New York, two volumes, 1926-28), Spengler's morphology of history was the great intellectual achievement of our century. Whatever our opinion of his methods or conclusions, we cannot deny that he was the Copernicus of historionomy. All subsequent writings on the philosophy of history may fairly be described as criticism of the *Decline of the West*.

Spengler, having formulated a universal history, undertook an analysis of the forces operating in the immediately contemporary world. This he set forth in a masterly work, *Die Jahre der Entscheidung*, of which only the first volume could be published in Germany (Munich, 1933) and translated into English (*The Hour of Decision*, New York, 1934). One has only to read this brilliant work, with its lucid analysis of forces that even acute observers did not perceive until twenty-five or thirty years later, and with its prevision that subsequent events have now shown to have been absolutely correct, to recognize that its author was one of the great political and philosophical minds of the West. One should remember, however, that the amazing accuracy of his analysis of the contemporary situation does not necessarily prove the validity of his historical morphology.

I should, perhaps, explain why the work is incomplete. As we all know by experience, when cats see a dog they spit and arch their backs; when "liberals" see an inconvenient fact, they spit and devise a lie. Our "liberals" have so assiduously peddled the story that Spengler was "the philosopher of National Socialism" that even some Americans who should know better have come to believe it. The facts of the matter are that the Hitlerian regime soon after it came to power in Germany quietly forbade its captive press to mention Spengler, saw to it that the first volume of *Die Jahre der Entscheidung* was suddenly "out of print," and declared that the second volume must never be published. Even Spengler's great *Untergang des Abendlandes*, which had been in print since 1918, suddenly disappeared from the market and new copies were not again available

in Germany until 1950. It is not clear whether Spengler, confronted by the Hitlerian prohibition, did not finish the second volume of his last work or the completed manuscript was destroyed. Spengler devoted the few remaining years of his life to a study of the second millenium BC, of which he completed a few chapters.

These facts are well known, and are admitted by cautious "liberals" (eg H Stuart Holmes, in his covertly hostile *Oswald Spengler*, New York, 1952), but our journalistic lie-machines operate on the assumption that the general public can be made to believe anything. And in the case of Spengler, they have generally succeeded, by constant repetition, in conveying the impression that the great philosopher was somehow the favorite or ally of the little tyrant who silenced him. One effect of this denigration of Spengler was the exaltation of Toynbee, whose work we shall consider in a future article.

THREE OBJECTIONS

The publication of Spengler's first volume in 1918 released a spate of controversy that continues to the present day. Manfred Schroeter in *Der Streit urn Spengler* (Munich, 1922) was able to give a précis of the critiques that had appeared in a little more than three years; today, a mere bibliography, if reasonably complete, would take years to compile and would probably run to eight hundred or a thousand printed pages.

Spengler naturally stirred up swarms of nit-wits, who were particularly incensed by his immoral and preposterous suggestion that there could be another war in Europe, when everybody knew that there just couldn't be anything but World Peace after 1918, 'cause Santa had just brought a nice, new, shiny "League of Nations." Such "liberal" chatterboxes are always making a noise, but no one with the slightest knowledge of human history pays any attention to them, except as symptoms.

Unfortunately, much more intelligent criticism of Spengler was motivated by emotional dissatisfaction with his conclusions. In an article in *Antiquity* for 1927, the learned R S Collingwood of Oxford went so far as to claim that Spengler's two volumes had not given

him "a single genuinely new idea," and that he had "long ago carried out for himself" — and, of course, rejected — even Spengler's detailed analyses of individual cultures. As a cursory glance at Spengler's work will suffice to show, that assertion is less plausible than a claim to know *everything* contained in the Twelfth Edition of the *Britannica*. Collingwood, the author of the *Speculum mentis* and other philosophical works, must have been bedeviled with emotional resentments so strong that he could not see how conceited, arrogant and improbable his vaunt would seem to most readers.

It is now a truism that Spengler's "pessimism" and "fatalism" was an unbearable shock to minds nurtured in the Nineteenth-Century illusion that everything would get better and better forever and ever. Spengler's cyclic interpretation of history stated that a civilization was an organism having a definite and fixed life-span and moving from infancy to senescence and death by an internal necessity comparable to the biological necessity that decrees the development of the human organism from infantile imbecility to senile decrepitude. Napoleon, for example, was the counterpart of Alexander in the ancient world. We were now, therefore, in the phase of civilizational life in which constitutional forms are supplanted by the prestige of individuals. By 2000, we shall be "contemporary" with the Rome of Sulla, the Egypt of the Eighteenth Dynasty, and China at the time when the "Contending States" were welded into an empire. That means that we face an age of world wars and what is worse, civil wars and proscriptions, and that around 2060 the West (if not destroyed by its alien enemies) will be united under the personal rule of a Caesar or Augustus. That is not a pleasant prospect.

The only question before us, however, is whether Spengler is correct in his analysis. Rational men will regard as irrelevant the fact that his conclusions are not charming. If a physician informs you that you have symptoms of arteriosclerosis, he may or may not be right in his diagnosis, but it is absolutely certain that you cannot rejuvenate yourself by slapping his face.

Every detached observer of our times, I think, will agree that Spengler's "pessimism" aroused emotions that precluded rational

consideration. I am inclined to believe that the moral level of his thinking was a greater obstacle. His "fatalism" was not the comforting kind that permits men to throw up their hands and eschew responsibilities. Consider, for example, the concluding lines of his *Men and Technics* (New York, 1932):

"Already the danger is so great, for every individual, every class, every people, that to cherish any illusion whatever is deplorable. Time does not suffer itself to be halted; there is no question of prudent retreat or wise renunciation. Only dreamers believe that there is a way out. Optimism is *cowardice*.

"We are born into this time and must bravely follow the path to the destined end. There is no other way. Our duty is to hold on to the lost position, without hope, without rescue, like that Roman soldier whose bones were found in front of a door in Pompeii, who, during the eruption of Vesuvius, died at his post because they forgot to relieve him. That is greatness. That is what it means to be a thoroughbred. The honorable end is the one thing that can *not* be taken from a man."

Now, whether or not the stern prognostication that lies back of that conclusion is correct, no man fit to live in the present can read those lines without feeling his heart lifted by the great ethos of a noble culture — the spiritual strength of the West that can know tragedy and be unafraid. And simultaneously, that pronouncement will affright to hysteria the epicene homunculi among us, the puling cowards who hope only to scuttle about safely in the darkness and to batten on the decay of a culture infinitely beyond their comprehension.

That contrast is in itself a very significant datum for an estimate of the present condition of our civilization.

When a student of history undertakes an objective examination of Spengler's great architectonic construction, he finds that, as he expected, it would be possible to argue almost endlessly over details. To begin with, an ordinary book of history, which purports to do no more than tell us what happened in a given country within a stated period, is, as we all know, necessarily like a map, which can show only as much detail as is indispensable for its purpose

and proportional to its scale. A useful map of a state cannot record the curves in highways or the streets of towns. A useful map of the United States must omit most of the towns and rivers. Even in orthodox narrative history, the same kind of drastic selection must be made, but the difficulty of selecting is much greater; only an extraordinary genius, such as Thucydides, can keep everything in perfect proportion to its importance. To this must be added, of course, the difficulty that there is so much in history, both remote and recent, that we cannot ascertain for want of adequate records. It is unlikely that we shall ever be able to decide whether or not the founders of the First Dynasty in Egypt were native Egyptians, or to identify positively the persons who arranged for the assassination of Lincoln (cf. Otto Eisenschimi, *Why Was Lincoln Murdered?*, Boston, 1937). There is in both cases a possibility, of course, that new evidence may come to light, but in the meantime, at least, there will be blank spots on the historical map.

Spengler, in his great analytic and synthetic work, has to start from the narrative histories of the many nations that were parts of the civilizations that he studies. He assumes, so to speak, that we have a world-atlas before us to which we can refer, if any point in his discussion seems obscure to us. Hence more opportunities for argument. Spengler's dating of the early dynasties of Egypt, for example, differs from both the so-called "longer" chronology of Professor W M Flinders Petrie (who was, by the way, himself the author of a very interesting theory of civilization) and the "shorter" chronology which I, following the more recent computations of Professor Wilson and others, used when I wrote the phrase, "approximately five thousand years ago" near the beginning of this article. Neither chronology is certain; it would take twenty pages to summarize the reasons for the disagreement; an Egyptologist could write a fairly long book on this one question; and if, in the end, he was able to prove that one computation was necessarily correct, that conclusion would not really affect, one way or the other, the validity of Spengler's morphology.

Criticism of Spengler, therefore, if it is not to seem mere quibbling about details, must deal with major premises. Now, so far as I can

see, Spengler's thesis can be challenged at three really fundamental points, viz.:

(1) Spengler regards each civilization as a closed and isolated entity animated by a dominant idea, or *Weltanschaaung*, that is its "soul". Why should ideas, or concepts, the impalpable creations of the human mind, undergo an organic evolution as though they were living protoplasm, which, as a material substance, is understandably subject to chemical change and hence biological laws? This logical objection is not conclusive: Men may observe the tides, for example, and even predict them, without being able to explain what causes them. But when we must deduce historical laws from the four or five civilizations of which we have some fairly accurate knowledge, we do not have enough repetitions of a phenomenon to calculate its periodicity with assurance, if we do not know why it happens.

(2) A far graver difficulty arises from the historical fact that we have already mentioned. For five centuries, at least, the men of the West regarded modern civilization as a revival or prolongation of Graeco-Roman antiquity. Spengler, as the very basis of his hypothesis, regards the Classical world as a civilization distinct from, and alien to, our own — a civilization that, like the Egyptian, lived, died, and is now gone. It was dominated by an entirely different *Weltanschauung*, and consequently the educated men of Europe and America, who for five centuries believed in continuity, were merely suffering from an illusion or hallucination.

Even if we grant that, however, we are still confronted by a *unique* historical phenomenon. The Egyptian, Babylonian, Chinese, Hindu, and Arabian ("Magian"), civilizations are all regarded by Spengler (and other proponents of an organic structure of culture) as single and unrelated organisms: Each came into being without deriving its concepts from another civilization (or, alternatively, seeing its own concepts in the records of an earlier civilization), and each died leaving no offpsring (or, alternatively, no subsequent civilization thought to see in them its own concepts). There is simply no parallel or precedent for the relationship (real or imaginary) which links Graeco-Roman culture to our own.

Since Spengler wrote, a great historical discovery has further

complicated the question. We now know that the Mycenaean peoples were Greeks, and it is virtually certain that the essentials of their culture survived the disintegration caused by the Dorian invasion, and were the basis of later Greek culture. (For a good summary, see Leonard R. Palmer, *Mycenaeans and Minoans*, London, 1961). We therefore have a sequence that is, so far as we know, unique:

Mycenaean ® Dark Ages ® Graeco-Roman ® Dark Ages ® Modern. If this is one civilization, it has had a creative life-span far longer than that of any other that has thus far appeared in the world. If it is more than one, the interrelations form an exception to Spengler's general law, and suggest the possibility that a civilization, if it dies by some kind of quasi-biological process, may in some cases have a quasi-biological power of reproduction.

The exception becomes even more remarkable if we, unlike Spengler, regard as fundamentally important the concept of self-government, which may have been present even in Mycenaean times (cf. Palmer, *op. cit.*, p. 97). Democracies and constitutional republics are found only in the Graeco-Roman world and our own; such institutions seem to have been incomprehensible to other cultures (see *American Opinion*, April, 1961, pp. 21-29).

(3) For all practical purposes, Spengler ignores hereditary and racial differences. He even uses the word "race" to represent a qualitative difference between members of what we should call tlie same race, and he denies that that difference is to any significant extent caused by heredity. He regards biological races as plastic and mutable, even in their physical characteristics, under the influence of geographical factors (including the soil, which is said to affect the physical organism through food) and of what Spengler terms "a mysterious cosmic force" that has nothing to do with biology. The only real unity is cultural, ie the fundamental ideas and beliefs shared by the peoples who form a civilization. Thus Spengler, who makes those ideas subject to quasi-biological growth and decay, oddly rejects as insignificant the findings of biological science concerning living organisms.

It is true, of course, that man is in part a spiritual being. Of that, persons who have a religious faith need no assurance. Others, unless

they are determined blindly to deny the evidence before us, must admit the existence of phenomena of the kind described by Franz F Winkler, MD, in *Man, the Bridge Between Two Worlds* (New York, Harper, 1960), and, of course, by many other writers. And every historian knows that no one of the higher cultures could conceivably have come into being, if human beings are merely animals.

But it is also true that the science of genetics, founded by Father Mendel only a century ago and almost totally neglected down to the early years of the Twentieth Century, has ascertained biological laws that can be denied only by denying the reality of the physical world. Every educated person knows that the color of a man's eyes, the shape of the lobes of his ears, and every one of his other physiological characteristics is determined by hereditary factors. It is virtually certain that intellectual capacity is likewise produced by inheritance, and there is a fair amount of evidence that indicates that even moral capacities are likewise innate. Man's power of intervention in the development of inherited qualities appears to be entirely negative, thus affording another melancholy proof that human ingenuity can easily destroy what it can never create. Any fool with a knife can in three minutes make the most beautiful woman forever hideous, and one of our "mental health experts," even without using a knife, can as quickly and as permanently destroy the finest intellect. And it appears that less drastic interventions, through education and other control of environment, may temporarily or even permanently pervert and deform, but are powerless to create capacities that an individual did not inherit from near or more remote ancestors.

The facts are beyond question, although the Secret Police in Russia and "liberal" spitting-squads in the United States have largely succeeded in keeping these facts from the general public in the areas they control. But no amount of terrorism can alter the laws of nature. For a readable exposition of genetics, see Garrett Hardin's *Nature and Man's Fate* (New York, Rinehart, 1959), which is subject only to the reservation that the laws of genetics, like the laws of chemistry, are verified by observation every day, whereas the doctrine of biological evolution is necessarily an hypothesis that cannot be verified by experiment.

It is also beyond question that the races of mankind differ greatly in physical appearance, in susceptibility to specific diseases, and in average intellectual capacity. There are indications that they differ also in nervous organization, and possibly, in moral instincts. It would be a miracle if that were not so, for, as is well known, the three primary races were distinct and separate at the time that intelligent men first appeared on this planet, and have so remained ever since. The differences are so pronounced and stable that the proponents of biological evolution are finding it more and more necessary to postulate that the differences go back to species that preceded the appearance of the *homo sapiens*. (See the new and revised edition of Dr Carleton S Coon's *The Story of Man*, New York, Knopf, 1962).

That such differences exist is doubtless deplorable. It is certainly deplorable that all men must die, and there are persons who think it deplorable that there are differences, both anatomical and spiritual between men and women. However, no amount of concerted lying by "liberals," and no amount of decreeing by the Warren Gang, will in the least change the laws of nature.

Now there is a great deal that we do not know about genetics, both individual and racial, and these uncertainties permit widely differing estimates of the relative importance of biologically determined factors and cultural concepts in the development of a civilization. Our only point liere is that it is highly improbable that biological factors have no influence at all on the origin and course of civilizations. And to the extent that they do have an influence, Spengler's theory is defective and probably misleading.

One could add a few minor points to the three objections stated above, but these will suffice to show that the Spenglerian historionomy cannot be accepted as a certainty. It is, however, a great philosophical formulation that poses questions of the utmost importance and deepens our perception of historical causality. No student of history needed Spengler to tell him that a decline of religious faith necessarily weakens the moral bonds that make civilized society possible. But Spengler's showing that such a decline seems to have occurred at a definite point in the development of a number of fundamentally different civilizations with, of course, radically

different religions provides us with data that we must take into account when we try to ascertain the true causes of the decline. And his further observation that the decline was eventually followed by a sweeping revival of religious belief is equally significant.

However wrong he may have been about some things, Spengler has given us profound insights into the nature of our own culture. But for him, we might have gone on believing that our great technology was merely a matter of economics – of trying to make more things more cheaply. But he has shown us, I think, that our technology has a deeper significance – that for us, the men of Western civilization, it answers a certain spiritual need inherent in us, and that we derive from its triumphs a satisfaction analogous to that which is derived from great music or great art.

And Spengler, above all, has forced us to inquire into the nature of civilization and to ask ourselves by what means – if any – we can repair and preserve the long and narrow dykes that alone protect us from the vast and turbulent ocean of eternal barbarism. For that, we must always honor him.

APRÈS SPENGLER, LE DÉLUGE

The First World War, fought on a scale and with a fury that men had thought impossible, and ending in the disastrous defeat of *all* the belligerents, was a traumatic shock to the West. "Nous autres, civilisations," wrote Paul Valéry a few weeks after the Armistice, "nous savons maintenant que nous sommes mortelles." And reflective men everywhere in the West felt the same sentiment – the sudden realization that the West could perish utterly.

Had Spengler published his work before that war, it might have passed virtually unnoticed. In 1918, it posed an immediate and urgent problem which engaged the attention of many of the best minds of the Occident. And the volume of writing about that problem has grown steadily ever since. The periodical *History and Theory* (cf. *American Opinion*, December, 1961,p.41) recently issued a bibliographic *Beiheft* which lists 1307 books and major articles on the philosophy of history published between 1945 and 1957. This bibliography is not complete; it omits three of the five books within

its period that I cite below.

So far as I know, the gamut of serious historical thinking after Spengler is fairly represented by the fourteen books which I here list in chronological order; for foreign books I also note English translations of which I have heard:

Leo Frobenius, *Paideuma* (Berlin, 1920);

Henri Massis, *Défense de l'Occident* (Paris, 1927);

Egon Friedell, *Kulturgeschichte der Neuzeit* (Munich, 1928-31; translated, New York, Knopf, 3 vols., 1930-33);

Karl Joël, *Wandlungen der Weltanschauung* (Tubingen, 1928-34);

José Ortega y Gasset, *La Rebelión de las masas* (Madrid, 1930; translated, New York, 1932, and reprinted by Mentor Books);

Alexander Raven, *Civilization as Divine Superman* (London, 1932);

Alvaro Fernández Suarez, *Future del mundo occidental* (Madrid, 1933);

Christopher Dawson, *Enquiries into Religion and Culture* (New York, 1933);

Robert Fruin, *Historie en metahistoire* (Leiden, 1952);

ShepardB Clough, *The Rise and Fall of Civilisation* (London, 1953);

Luis Díaz del Corral, *El rapto de Europa* (Madrid, 1955; translated, London, Allen & Unwin, 1959);

Alejandro Deulofeu, *Nacimiento, grandeza y muerte de las civilizaciones* (Barcelona, 1956);

Amaury de Riencourt, *The Coming Caesars* (New York, 1957);

Philip Bagby, *Culture and History* (London, 1958).

I have tried only to sketch a background – or, if the term be not too pretentious, to offer a minuscule prolegomenon – for a review in subsequent issues of some current books that, in one way or another, propose a philosophy of history, using the past to illumine our dubious future.

Part II: Arnold Toynbee

The most fashionable and widely publicized philosophy of history today is undoubtedly that of Arnold J Toynbee, whose massive and imposing *Study of History* was only recently brought to completion with the publication of tlie twelfth and final volume, *Reconsiderations* (Oxford University Press, New York, 1961; 740 pages).

Mr Toynbee has enjoyed a success perhaps never before attained by a writer on a subject that is necessarily complex and, in some of its aspects, abstruse. Thirty years ago he was virtually unknown. No one remembered a book which, although widely circulated many years before, had quickly become obsolete and had, by general consent, been completely forgotten. A few persons in England knew that a man named Toynbee was somehow connected with an umbratile Institute of some kind and with its even more obscure periodical. That was all.

THE DUAL DOCTRINE

When the first volume of *A Study of History* was published in 1934, Mr. Toynbee, like Byron, awoke to find himself famous; unlike Byron, he also found himself universally respected. The learned journals reviewed his work with scrupulous attention; periodicals of mass circulation, such as *Time*, quickly made his name a household word. And for a quarter of a century his fame increased with each new volume that came from the press of the world's most venerated university. The twelve volumes have sold widely. An abridgement of the first ten volumes stood high on "best seller" lists. And the Oxford Press's republication of the whole work in paperback form, now in progress, will bring Toynbee into the hands of many thousands who previously knew him only by reputation.

Mr Toynbee, unlike other writers on the subject, was not content to formulate just one philosophy of history. He has given us, of his abundance, at least two.

With the publication of Volume I in 1934, he embarked on the presentation of a cyclic theory of history that could fairly be described as a revision of Spengler's. He adopted the Spengle-

rian conception of world history as the record of several different civilizations, each a discrete entity fundamentally different from all others and having a *Weltanschauung*, or conception of reality, irreconcilable with theirs. These diverse civilizations were similar, however, in that they all naturally passed through the same stages of growth and decline; and Mr. Toynbee, adopting the Spenglerian term, undertook to study their morphology.

By drastically lowering the standards for determining what constitutes a civilization, Mr Toynbee increased the number of cultures to be compared and studied to the astonishing total of twenty-one, but he undertook to examine each of these as an essentially closed system in conformity with the Spenglerian model, although in terms of his own conception of historical causality.

Along the course thus charted, Mr Toynbee sailed steadily enough, *secundis ventis*, through four volumes. In the fifth, his more attentive readers noticed an odd vacillation, as though the hand on the wheel had become unsteady. And then, at the mid-point in his voyage, the skipper suddenly threw his helm hard-a-port and veered away on a study of "universal" religions. Before long, it became apparent to his astonished passengers that he was heading back toward some notion of universal progress. He was in fact, steering with ever increasing excitement and exaltation toward the "One World" of contemporary anti-Western propaganda.

THE SAGE OF CHATHAM HOUSE

The first volume sufficed to establish Toynbee's reputation as a great philosopher of history. And for this there were good reasons that had nothing to do with journalistic acclaim.

Toynbee's elaborate, though often muzzy, doctrine strongly appealed to his readers because it offered them an escape from the determinism of Spengler. Without rejecting the striking parallels between civilizations that make Spengler's thesis so cogent, Toynbee taught that each civilization was periodically confronted with "challenges" to which it had to respond, and that the kind of response that it made determined its immediate future, and hence its ability to respond to the next. That interpretation corresponds

so closely to our experience as individuals in our own lives that it seems correct – as, indeed, it may be.

The author, as is obvious from the very first page, is a man of great erudition. He has read all the standard works on the history and culture of every nation in the world, and he has read many thousands of books besides, including monographs such as are usually known only to specialists in some small field. He has stored his mind with innumerable facts and conjectures, and his ability to draw comparisons from the whole ambit of recorded history shows that his learning is not of the pedestrian variety that depends on voluminous and systematic notes. His readers stand in awe of a man who knows so much.

Mr Toynbee's subject is comparison of the beliefs and development of different cultures, and for his purposes it really does not matter whether the First Dynasty in Babylon, for example, began its rule in 1950 BC or in 1806 BC or in some year between those limits. He treats us, however, to an appendix of forty-two closely printed pages in which he examines critically the views of Sidersky, Thureau-Dangin, Goetze, Sidney Smith, Ungnad, Albright, Van der-Waerden, Cornelius, Poebel, Böhl, Dossin, Schubert, and others, and judiciously concludes that the correct date is probably either 1894 or 1831. This shows his concern for *acribeia*, the minute precision and meticulous accuracy that the true scholar strives to attain wherever possible.

Mr Toynbee, furthermore, bears the weight of his learning easily. Although he does not always do so, he can, on occasion, write with the urbanity and wit that so frequently mark the best British scholarship, and so rarely grace the work of learned men of other nations. With those qualities he combines an almost ostentatious modesty. He appears to especial advantage in the concluding volume of his work, where the sweet reasonableness, deference, and even humility with which he answers his critics would disarm the pen of a Zoilus or an AE Housman. When one has read those pages, it seems positively wicked to say anything unkind about Arnold J Toynbee.

The author, furthermore, is at some pains to let us know that,

although he is not in the least proud of it, he comes from old British stock. His Danish forefathers probably came to Lincolnshire in the time of King Canute. Although he is too polite to say so, Mr Toynbee could look down on the descendants of more recent immigrants, such as the Normans, who did not arrive until 1066. We think of him as a representative of the stability of the English people and their enduring traditions.

To this we must add the great prestige that comes from the finest and most thorough education that the Western world has ever been able to bestow on its youth. As he frequently reminds us with apologetic phrases, Mr Toynbee, in the years immediately preceding the First World War, so distinguished himself in Litterae Humaniores at Oxford that he was appointed a Fellow of Balliol. He is therefore a scholar in the original and proudest sense of the English word. And although educational hucksters today recommend various kinds of cheap *Ersatzstuff*, Mr. Toynbee necessarily appears to the modern eye as a figure illumined by the sunset glow of a Great Age when men could afford to cultivate the human mind and spirit for their own sake. He gives us, furthermore, some proof of his accomplishment. The poem (Vol. X, p. 135), which begins with a felicitous reminiscence from the Chorus of the *Agamemnon*, αἴλινον αἴλινον εἰπέ must be reckoned among the best Greek elegiacs written in the past few decades. They are certainly worthy of a place in a collection of modern writing in the learned tongues, such as *Some Oxford Compositions* (Oxford, 1949). If, as Mr Toynbee implies, the verses are his, he mastered — at least for a time — a high and difficult art.

But Mr Toynbee, unfortunately, overdoes it. He doth protest too much. With his mannered self-abasement and orgulous apology he finally confesses with many a sigh (Vol. XII, p. 590) that he, poor fellow, would have found it *easier* to write his twelve volumes in *either* Greek *or* Latin. That does it. We simply cannot believe him, for the same reason that we could not believe a sculptor who claimed that he found it easier to carve in marble than to model in clay. If the seven great scholars of Oxford who contributed their carefully wrought prose and verse to the *Compositions* cited above saw that

page, they undoubtedly clutched at their collars and rushed for the brandy.

Though impressive at first, Toynbee's ostentatiously masochistic modesty soon reminds us of Landor's line: "Humility, a tattered cloak that pride wears when deformed." And eventually we suspect that we have all along been in the presence of an erudite and polyglot Uriah Heep.

THE TANGLED WEB

It would be extremely difficult — and, within limits of less than three or four hundred pages, impossible — to criticize the *Study of History* systematically and fairly. There are errors of fact, but few for which Mr Toynbee does not, or could not, cite some book from which he took the statement; we should thus find ourselves arguing about his use of many hundreds of secondary sources, and we should have to consider each instance separately.

We could examine such points as the claim that Alexander the Great had a "vision" of the "Unity of Mankind," and we could review in thirty-five or forty pages the evidence that shows that Toynbee (*and* Sir William W Tarn) were dreaming when they saw that vision in Alexander's mind. But even if we proved our case to everyone's satisfaction, we should have dealt with a detail that is insignificant when one considers the scale of the *Study* as a whole.

If we examine Mr Toynbee's discussions of historical causes, our objections at many points will deal not so much with what he says as with what he does not say, the alternatives that he does not consider. It is as though we were reading the first part of a detective story in which the victim dies after drinking a cocktail, but the sleuth does not think of questioning the butler. To correct the omission, however, we have to rewrite the story.

If we consider Mr Toynbee's two or more synoptic views of history, we find that his theories are stated with such involution of language, so much back-tracking and proviso, so many nebulous hints of unexplored possibilities,that it is very difficult to say, with any confidence, precisely what his philosophy of history is at any point in his narrative. To elicit a comprehensive system from his

discussions, we should have to compare what he says here with what he says there, and then both with what he says in another place, and in the end we should find ourselves weighing one view against another in an effort to determine how they may be reconciled or which represents what Toynbee usually believes.

But we need not undertake so formidable a task. Fortunately for us, Mr Toynbee, once again, could not let well enough alone. Not content with having produced the *Study*, he needs must favor us with a series of shorter works. And these, presented to the world as embodying the conclusions to which the Sage was led by his long study and meditation, give us an opportunity to check the answers without going step by step through the involved computations from which they were presumably derived. Or, to vary the figure, we need no longer examine the separate strands to see the shape of the web that Toynbee so laboriously wove.

WHAT TOYNBEE LEARNED

We need not here consider Toynbee's *Hellenism* (Oxford, 1959), a quick survey of the field in which he claims the greatest competence. It is the only book in which he appears as an historian describing events rather than as a philosopher of history seeking to elicit a comprehensive theory from the events. As I pointed out in a brief review written at the time, the book contains a number of errors of fact, some errors of sheer carelessness (such as mistaking the names of persons for names of places), and frequent and undiscriminating confusions of conjecture with fact. It would disgrace a tyro. But more immediate — and important — matters claim our attention.

When Mr Toynbee's *The World and the West* was published in 1953, readers who respected him could not believe that he really thought that the budding civilization of Soviet Russia had been affrighted in its tender soul by the ruthless aggressiveness of Europeans and Americans. They accordingly assumed that the book was merely a journalistic *tour de force* designed to tickle "liberal" reviewers in the proper places and so win a wider audience and better income for Mr Toynbee.

Few who made tliat charitable assumption in 1953 knew that

Mr Toynbee had for the past thirty years been a senior member of the salaried staff of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, and that Mrs Toynbee had been on the same payroll for an even longer time. In fact, according to the information that Mr Toynbee has volunteered (Vol. X, p. 241), the *Study* was written "under the auspices" of the Royal Institute, which paid for much, if not all, of the time that was devoted to its composition. That is worth noting, for the Royal Institute of International Affairs is the British counterpart of our tenebrous and recently exposed Council on Foreign Relations, having been established by the same international clique at the same time for the same purpose (cf. Dan Smoot, *The Invisible Government*, p. iv).

And unfortunately, few who read Mr Toynbee's silly little book also read an important work by Paul W Shafer and John Howland Snow, *The Turning of the Tides* (The Long House, New Canaan, Connecticut, 1953; new edition, 1962). They could have learned from that book that the Rockefeller Foundation — which is virtually a subsidiary of the Council on Foreign Relations (see Dan Smoot, *op. cit.*, pp. 161-8) — had, according to its annual reports, subsidized Mr Toynbee's work to the extent of $200,000.00 in 1946, and of $50,625.00 in 1947. An examination of later reports would probably show that the Rockefeller Foundation did not abate its eagerness to help Mr. Toynbee study history. And the Foundation's cheque-writing affection for Mr Toynbee is particularly significant when we note that, according to Messrs Shafer and Snow (pp. 116f.), the Foundation simultaneously subsidized a publication designed to counteract "prejudice" in favor of the continued existence of the United States — a project also described by Mr. Smoot (*op.cit.*, pp. 164f.), who observes that its express purpose, thinly veiled in a little double-talk, was so to falsify the historical record that Americans would go on believing the sleazy lies fabricated by the Roosevelt gang and its criminal allies before and during the Second World War.

Since those facts were generally unknown, many readers continued to respect Mr. Toynbee until he produced a combined travel-book and supplement to the *Study* entitled *East to West* (Oxford Press, 1959). Even readers who had been thus far dazzled

by Mr Toynbee's erudition and affectations had to reconsider after perusing that screed. In the *Study*, the author had with fair consistency appeared in the role of an historian engaged in expounding the meaning of ancient and recent events, and his admirers could always point out that it was not his fault, any more than it was Spengler's, if his prognosis of our future seemed dismal to us. But in *East to West*, Mr. Toynbee injudiciously spoke *in propria persona* and thus disclosed what was either a strange tropism of his own mind or a conscious intent to impose on his readers.

Toynbee, for example, visited Australia; his comments show that he perceived and appreciated the many admirable qualities of the Australians and especially of those who live in the regions that correspond to the American frontier of a century ago. But he speaks of them with the melancholy resignation with which we speak of a friend who is suffering from an incurable and fatal disease. The pullulant mass of barbarians commanded by Sukarno wants Australia, so, as a matter of course, the Australians will have to be butchered and liquidated to make way for that avid and feral horde. So far as we can tell, it never occurred to Mr. Toynbee that the British or Americans could or should help Australia resist, the coming invasion — or, at least, desist from financing Sukarno and supplying him with the weapons that he and his savages will use to exterminate the Australians. Now, had Toynbee considered that possibility and come to the conclusion that cowards or degenerates or traitors in London and Washington would permit or contrive massacre of the Australians, we should have to regard him as either a congenital pessimist or an observer who shrewdly foresaw in 1958 the policies Macmillan and Kennedy are obviously, and almost admittedly, pursuing in 1963. But there is no slightest hint that such a consideration ever presented itself to the Toynbean intellect, which evidently just found it unthinkable that white men and Occidental civilization should not be abolished whenever and wherever a horde of prolific bipeds from the jungle covets land that generations of Western men, by their sweat and blood, redeemed from wilderness and desert.

That was but one of many indications that there were short-

circuits in the high-voltage mind. In Burma, Mr. Toynbee was delighted to find that at any moment "a mob of [Buddhist] monks may suddenly fling off the yellow toga and start fighting with staves, swords, revolvers, or even hand-grenades." If I remember correctly, every military man who has reported on guerrilla operations in Southeast Asia has remarked that the garb of Buddhist mendicants is the favorite disguise of Communist agents; and many detectors from the Communist Conspiracy (most recently, Aleksandr Kaznacheev in *Inside a Soviet Embassy*, which we reviewed last November) have made it clear that the international criminals have penetrated Buddhism as deeply as they have penetrated the National Council of Churches in the United States. Now if Mr Toynbee, perhaps out of consideration for the Rockefeller Foundation (which was, of course, standing by with its cheque-book and financing his globe-trotting) had simply clapped his hands over his eyes and ears with a resolve to see no Communists and hear no Communists (whatever he might think), we could understand and even forgive him. But he was enraptured by what he saw. He perfervidly assured us that the monks' high-jinks with revolvers and hand-grenades were evidence of "the spiritual light that is radiating from Burman minds" – and that these effulgent minds were determined "to give something precious to the World."

The easiest explanation was that Mr Toynbee, like many men who have no religion and no capacity for religious faith, had inflated himself with a vaporous and vapid religiosity. And although it is an historian's wearisome task to catalogue and distinguish the thousand varieties of Gnostic gibberish that the *goëtae* of the Near East have been peddling for millennia, Mr Toynbee, it seemed, could not get enough of mystical mish-mash. He made a pilgrimage to see the Druz, a tribe of about 100,000 squalid and ignorant fanatics in the mountains of Lebanon and Syria. They call themselves the *Muwahhidin* ("Unitarians") because they worship the One True God, who was Hakim Biamrillahi, a crazy Fatimite caliph now chiefly remembered because his hatred of Christianity led him to destroy the Charch of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem in 1010 and thus to arouse in Europe indignation that found expression in the Crusades.

Although the Druz believe in the propriety of professing any religion that will help them take advantage of the foreign devils, it is known that their creed is a grotesque compound of some Judaism, several Moslem heresies, a doctrine of reincarnation borrowed from India, some primitive magic, and a spice of devil-worship taken from the Yezidis. After poking around in this religious refuse, Mr. Toynbee opined that it may contain "the pearl of great price for which a frustrated world is seeking," and thus represent the future religion of the whole world.

There were many similar passages. No attentive reader could escape the painful conclusion that the most important lesson to be learned about Mr Toynbee's ponderous *Study of History* was that Mr Toynbee had learned nothing from the study of history.

LEARNING ABOUT TOYNBEE

The earlier books, though very significant, left us unprepared for Mr. Toynbee's latest, *America and the World Revolution* (Oxford University Press, New York; 231 pages). This brings us to the end of the story, and much that was obscure has now become clear.

For one thing, we learn at last exactly how Mr Toynbee, as a superhistorian, evaluates historical sources. He repeatedly quotes as "authoritative" the blatant propaganda about Latin America manufactured by the notorious Herbert L Matthews, who lied so brazenly on behalf of his pal, Fidel Castro, that even the *New York Times* felt obliged to suspend him from its staff — an event as noteworthy as the expulsion of a man for creating an unpleasant odor in a glue factory. Other authorities on eternal truth invoked by our macrocephalic historian are Adlai Stevenson, Kennedy's speech-writers, and the like.

It is not remarkable that Mr. Toynbee once again rebukes the crass and crude Americans, who are all so rich and so corrupted by their wealth that they want to own whatever property their masters in Washington permit them temporarily to retain. We boors have long known that if only we were properly irradiated with "spiritual light," we would be ashamed of ourselves for wanting to keep some part of the fruit of our labor when the world is full of cannibals, pygmies, and other superior beings, who want to be given Lincoln Continentals,

goldplated beds, and similar civil rights.

What is noteworthy is that the book at last discloses the full perspective of world history, as seen by Mr Toynbee, and we can now see to the end of the vista. For the philosopher explains our own history to us, and exhorts us to be true to the ideals of our great forefathers. And here, for your information, is our history in a nut-shell.

As we all know, it was at Concord Bridge that the embattled proletarians fired "the shot heard round the world." And the sound of that shot has been rolling around the world ever since. It inspired the exhilarating massacre known as the French Revolution. And then it went on rolling round and round until it inspired the true successors of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson – Lenin and Trotsky – to raise Hell in Russia. And the sound went on rolling until it roused true American Ideals in the noble breast of Mao Tse-tung in China. And now the sound has come rolling back to us, for it has exalted the heart of the new George Washington, who made Cuba a base for Soviet missiles, submarines, and troops.

Mr Toynbee admits that there are a few minor details that disturb the beautiful simplicity of that historical panorama. There were some Americans, such as John Adams, who were so bigoted that they disapproved of the French Revolution. (That, I know, is hard to understand. Prudhomme, who witnessed a good part of it, calculated that during the Reign of Terror, which was but one phase of the Revolution, the French idealists butchered 1,022,351 human beings; and one would suppose that the odor of that much blood would suffice to set any true 'liberal' slavering for social reform.) Adams, Mr Toynbee concedes, would have disapproved of even the Bolshevik take-over of Russia. And even today there are Americans so benighted that they disapprove of Castro, despite the fact that, as Mr Toynbee wistfully remarks, "Fidel is really a rather beautiful name if American lips could pronounce it dispassionately."

As a fair-minded man, Mr Toynbee grants that even Bolsheviks have some shortcomings. Although he does not bring up the question, I feel certain he would not deny that Khrushchev, when he murdered millions of people in the Ukraine and elsewhere, was guilty of a certain gaucherie — was, in fact, downright rude. I

am sure Mr Toynbee would not deny it, because he does admit — reluctantly — that the "generous-minded vein in Communism" is marred by something much worse, a tendency toward "nationalism." But even that is no excuse for failing to see that Communism "does stand in principle for winning social justice for the great majority of mankind." If our gross and earth-bound minds had not become insensitive to spiritual light, we piggish Americans would all see this — and we would not be troubled by a bit of indecorum with machine-guns now and then.

It is true, however, that there is some friction between the United States and the Soviet. You see, we have let the Bolsheviks get ahead of us and take over "America's historic role as the revolutionary leader of the depressed majority of mankind." But there is still hope for us, provided we heed the Voice of History. We can take the lead again by just becoming more Communist than the Soviet. It's as simple as all that.

Mr Toynbee might have told us more about the spiritual aspects of killing and looting, had he not been distracted. But he remembered the Atomic Bomb and so, of course, he started yammering. "If we are to avoid mass-suicide, we must have our world state quickly," he cries. But he is more frank than most of the One-Worlders who plant boob-bait on behalf of the "United Nations." Mr Toynbee says that "parliamentary institutions" just won't work in One World — there isn't time. So, if we do not want to be frizzled with sizzling neutrons, "we have to start building a world-state NOW on the best design practicable at the moment." Why say more? Even earth-bound minds may be able to figure out that the only alternative to parliamentary institutions is a dictatorship. And the world's most experienced and successful technician is fortunately available for the job. You will find him in his office in the Kremlin — unless, by the time this appears in print, he is back in the United States with his arm around an elected President and his eye on us.

THE PRICE OF THE HEAD

And so, after thirty years of coy cavorting, Mr Toynbee has brought his Dance of Ishtar to a climax, and the last of the Seven Veils has

fallen. What is disclosed will, I trust, charm no one.

It is now obvious that:

(1) To absorb Mr. Toynbee's wisdom, you need not trouble your head about what happened in history. Just toss the twelve volumes of the *Study* in the waste-basket and go around to the nearest church in which a crypto-Communist is administering the "social gospel" to the drowsy members of his Sunday Morning Club. Or, if you prefer a little less hypocrisy, read the *Worker* or the *People's World.*

(2) The vistas of American history disclosed in Mr Toynbee's latest book are, as we can now see in retrospect, the port towards which he has been steering on a calculated course ever since he executed tlie hard-a-port maneuver mid-way in his *Study of History.* To be sure, if we go back to Volume I, we find no hint of his ultimate destination. I cannot help reflecting, however, that if Mr Toynbee had not begun as a scholar engaged in a revision of Spengler, he would never have been taken seriously as a philosopher of history. Had he begun as an irradiator of his brand of "spiritual light," his audience would have been limited to the little coteries of would-be Illuminati who frequent "Temples of Understanding" and play religious charades.

It is a rule of our basically kind and generous society that a man's early lapses must be ignored and unmentioned, if he seems to be "going straight". But a recidivist is another matter. I deem it proper, therefore, to point out that Mr Toynbee began his public career as an intellectual prostitute. According to H C Peterson (*Propaganda for War,* Norman, Oklahoma, 1939), Toynbee was a member of the original staff of Lord Bryce's famous lie-factory, and served in the division that specialized in duping Americans. It was in this capacity that he produced his first widely-circulated book, *The German Terror in France, An Historical Record,* "by Arnold J Toynbee, Late Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford," published in New York in 1917. Our great historian's "historical record" was a tissue of malodorous mendacity couched in the language of scholarship. It was, in the words of S L Mock, "especially crass and unreliable propaganda." It belongs with the famous photograph of loaded coal cars on railway sidings outside a German foundry which, when Lord Bryce's experts got

through with it, showed cars loaded with dead soldiers outside a soap factory. It was a job done by an expert to deceive the people whom his employers wished to manipulate.

With that accomplishment to his credit, Mr Toynbee became the highest ranking employee of the British half of the organization that operates in our country as the Council on Foreign Relations. In this capacity he was, by his own admission, paid to work on his *Study of History*, and there are rumors that he was provided with a staff of busy bees to collect erudition for him. He received munificent subventions from various subsidiaries and affiliates of our Council on Foreign Relations. And I venture to suggest that in the forty-five years since 1917 the aging leopard did not change a single spot.

Part III

The social and political questions of our day are all primarily historical problems. To think about them rationally, we must begin by consulting the record of human experience in the past. And we soon realize that if only we knew enough about history — and understood it — we should have the answers to all our questions.

Unique events are always incomprehensible. And every change is unique until it has been repeated often enough to be recognized as forming part of some intelligible pattern. We could not identify even so simple a sensation in our own bodies as hunger, had we not experienced it a thousand times and observed that a good meal invariably abolishes it — for a while.

No man lives long enough to behold with his own eyes a pattern of change in society. He is like the midge that is born in the afternoon and dies at sunset, and which, therefore, no matter how intelligent it might be, could never discover, or even suspect, that day and night come in regular alternation. Unlike the midge, however, man can consult the experience of the comparatively few generations of his species that have preceded him during the comparatively brief period of about five thousand years in which human beings have had the power to leave records for the instruction of their posterity.

That, unfortunately, is not enough history to give positive and indubitable answers to many of our questions — but it is all that we have. The historian today is often in the position of the Greek philosophers who tried to decide whether the solar system was geocentric or heliocentric, and could not reach a definite conclusion simply because there was not available in the world a record of sufficiently exact observations recorded over a sufficiently long period of time. The modern historian who tries to explain the rise and fall of civilizations may possibly find the right explanation; but if he does — and if he is really an historian — he knows that, at best, he is in the position of Aristarchus, who first systematized and formulated the heliocentric theory, and who must have known that the theory could not be proved during his own lifetime or for many years to come (i.e. not until the annual parallax of at least one fixed star had been determined. This was first accomplished by Bessel

in 1838 – three centuries after Copernicus). What Aristarchus could not anticipate, of course, was that the level of civilization would so fluctuate that it would be twenty-one centuries before men could be certain that he had been right.

The historionomer, though aware that his hypothesis must remain an hypothesis in his time, can draw an analogy in terms of an historical certainty. When civilized mankind lost interest in the problem that Aristarchus tried to solve with his unverifiable theory, it was headed toward a Dark Age in which men forgot facts that had been ascertained – an age so stultified that men forgot that they had once known that the earth was a globe, and so relapsed to the primitive notion that it was flat.

In this little series of articles in *American Opinion*, of which the first was published in May and the second in June, I do not attempt to do more than describe briefly some recent efforts to formulate a general theory of historical causality.

MAN AND GOD

Among the new formulations, a very honorable place must be given to Eric Voegelin's *Order and History*, of which the first three volumes appeared in 1956-57 (Baton Rouge, Louisiana State University Press: 542 + 390 + 384 pages). The announced plan of work calls for three more volumes, which will carry the analysis from the Fourth Century B.C. on to the present. I hear that Volume IV may be published before the end of 1964.

Dr Voegelin writes inductively. He reviews historical development, not in the manner of a Spengler to illustrate and substantiate an enunciated theory, but to elicit the theory step by step from the historical changes that he reviews. His philosophy of history differs radically from all other recent formulations. It may prove to be comparable to St Augustine's. It certainly is essentially Platonic – at least, I am sure that Dr Voegelin's work will not appeal to anyone who shares Edward Lucas White's regret that the Platonic writings survived while the works of "the great philosophers", such as Democritus, perished. But it is scarcely possible to infer the whole of Professor Voegelin's historical conception from the parts of his

work thus far published. He has not yet come to the three points that will most severely test the validity of his hypothesis: the origin of Christianity, the fall of the Roman Empire, and the Renaissance. To attempt to predict how he will explain those historical climacterics in his theory would be no less foolish than presumptuous.

What is certain, in the meantime, is that *Order and History* is the work of a first-rate mind, and that what has been published deserves very serious study.

Dr Voegelin, unlike Spengler and most authors of cyclic theories, regards Western civilization as a unity from Homer to the present, subject, indeed, to fluctuations of ascent and decline, but with no break in its continuity. Though the difference may have been only potentially present in its origins, Western civilization early became *generically* different from the Oriental civilizations of what Voegelin calls "the Cosmological Empires" and defines by an analysis of the Egyptian and Sumero-Akkadian cultures. The generic difference was the result of a "leap" toward a higher order of being in which men became truly conscious of their identity as individuals and, at the same time, of their participation as individuals in a moral order willed by God.

It is this leap which makes history, in the fullest sense of the word, possible. The world of the cosmological myth is essentially a timeless world; for while it may be convulsed by catastrophes, such as wars, massacres, and plagues, men, scarcely conscious of their own spiritual individuality, can conceive of only one world order, that of their monarch-god. Men are, as the Egyptian phrase had it, "the cattle of God". But with the "leap in being, the epochal event that breaks the compactness of the early cosmological myth and establishes the order of man in his immediacy under God," men can conceive of a real future, for they have a purpose toward which they are working in conformity with the divine will.

In a preliminary volume, which bears the subtitle *Israel and Revelation*, Dr Voegelin seeks to define the "leap in being" by means of a long analysis of the Hebrew prophets, in which he is concerned only with showing the "epochal significance" of their conception, familiar to everyone from the Old Testament, of man's relation to

God. In the second volume, the author goes back to the time of Homer and traces the development of the concept of social order through the maturity of the Greek polis and the Peloponnesian War. The third volume is *Plato and Aristotle* — much Plato and little Aristotle.

The adequacy of the general theory that Dr. Voegelin is developing through these volumes remains to be tested. He has undertaken the formidable task of trying to incorporate in an historical analysis, which must be philosophically objective, the transcendental values that are, for most people, matters of faith. But he has, at the very least, demonstrated the clear and vast difference between the transcendental perception, however it is stated, and a grotesque phenomenon with which it is often confused by superficial writers, the perverse will to believe what is contrary to manifest reality. To designate that mental perversion more specifically he coins the correct and useful word *metastatic*.

"The metastatic will to transform reality by means of eschatological, mythical, or histriographic phantasy, or by perverting faith into an instrument of pragmatic action," is a sinister force that runs through history from the Gnostic *hallucinés* to the "liberal intellectuals" of today. But although common sense, in weak minds, can be drugged with verbiage, reality cannot be changed by a lie. In religions terms, the will to transform reality into something which by essence it is not is rebellion against the nature of things as ordained by God — and must never be confused with religion. In human terms, it is a revolt against reason — a war upon sanity waged by phrenetic "intellectuals."

Dr Voegelin is indisputably right when he says that "metastatic faith is one of the great sources of disorder, if not the principal one, in the contemporary world; and it is a matter of life and death for all of us to understand the phenomenon and to find remedies against it before it destroys us."

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET

Far more modest in size and limited in scope is the last book written by the late William S Haas, *The Destiny of the Mind, East and West*

(New York, Macmillan; 319 pages). Professor Haas does not attempt to formulate or even suggest a philosophy of history, but he does isolate and identify a phenomenon that will have to be taken into account in formulating a valid theory of history.

Professor Haas attacks — and I believe, demolishes — an assumption that underlies almost all modern theories of history: that the minds of all human beings, if not defective or disordered, work in essentially the same way.

I suspect that Haas's work will instantly convince every Westerner who has made a really intensive study of an Oriental culture. He will find in the book a sudden clarification of his own disconcerting experience. Reading it, he, like the heroine of one of Edith Wharton's best stories, "will say, long after, that was it!"

I should suppose that no one begins serious study of an Oriental culture without a certain romantic enthusiasm, for nothing less is required to surmount the very formidable linguistic barriers. It takes a long time to surmount them, and during that time the student's studies seem to bring him ever nearer to a fundamental unity of mankind underlying the diversity of regional cultures. But when language has ceased to be an obstacle, there inevitably comes, sooner or later, a day when the student has to admit to himself that the more he learns, the less he understands. He is confronted by minds whose operations he can glimpse from time to time, but cannot follow. He realizes, for example, that to the Hindu mind it simply *does not matter* whether George Washington lived earlier than Christopher Columbus or later. And then he realizes that he cannot himself really understand how it is possible to think about events without considering the sequence in which they occurred. While pondering that enigma, he will perceive that he has been translating Hindu doctrines into the terms of Western thought, assuming that each proposition has logical antecedents or consequences of which there is usually no trace in the original texts, and so he comes to suspect that his understanding of a specific doctrine, such as Vedantic *karman* or the Buddhistic *skandhas*, is no more a reproduction of what the doctrine means to a Hindu mind than Puccini's *Madame Butterfly* is a reproduction of life in Japan. He can learn a great deal about such

doctrines, to be sure, but only so long as he remembers that he is an observer standing outside a barrier that he can never cross.

Professor Haas went through this common experience, but he resolved to ascertain precisely what the barrier was. In the book that he wrote as the conclusion of many years of study, he identifies and by copious illustration demonstrates the existence of two generically different mentalities. The Occidental mind, which appears fully formed in the earliest Greek philosophers and has not since changed, is the mind of conceptual thought — of thought directed from the mind toward an object. So completely are we dominated by this mentality that the only way in which we can think about ourselves is by placing ourselves momentarily in the position of an outside observer looking at us — we must try (as best we can) to make an *objective* study of ourselves. The Oriental mind, which appears fully formed in the earliest *Upanishads*, does not think conceptually; its thought is never directed away from itself. The Oriental mind cannot separate what it is thinking about from itself.

The capacity for objective thought is peculiar to the philosophical mind of the West. For the Oriental mental configuration, Haas coins the term *philousian*.

One consequence of this distinction is that there is, and can be, no Oriental philosophy; for when we apply the word "philosophy" to an Oriental doctrine, we misrepresent it as grossly as though we were to call a woman's intuition "logic". It also follows that there is no Oriental mysticism. Mysticism is the term by which the philosophical mind designates what is for it a leap over the logical steps of conceptual thinking; the term therefore misrepresents a mental process which is not conceptual and in which, therefore, there can be no leap.

The Western mind simply cannot understand the Eastern mind without disowning itself. And not even then, unless it destroys its own capacity for the only kind of thinking that it recognizes as rational.

Professor Haas, as a conscientious scholar, warns us that his conclusions concerning the Orient are based on his own observations in the two fields in which he is specially competent. Thus he

is primarily concerned with India and secondarily with China.

The use of India as the primary source of data greatly simplifies the problem: it shows that the difference in mentality cannot be a result of linguistic structure and suggests that it may not be racial. When we study a language of radically different grammatical structure and basic metaphors, such as Hebrew or Japanese, we realize that persons who think in those languages must do so in a way that seems very strange to us, though not necessarily by a different process; but Sanskrit (with its derivative, Pali) is an Indo-European language. Although it is more complicated, it does not differ from English or German or Greek in its basic way of expressing thoughts. And if the philousian mentality appears in the *Upanishads*, it is noteworthy that most students are inclined to believe that the earliest of those "mystic" rhapsodies were written before the Aryan blood was absorbed in the teeming masses of polyphyletic India, which would make it seem likely that the authors were Aryans themselves.

Professor Haas's analysis may need to be refined or elaborated, and it is entirely possible that there are more than two kinds of thinking. But by showing that there is a difference so fundamental – a difference more elemental and deeper than Spengler's *idées maîtresses* – the author has, I believe, done for the study of comparative history what Böhr did for atomic physics.

Although Professor Haas in his concluding chapters reveals a certain pessimism, as though he shared the fashionable view that our only future is liquidation, he and Professor Voegelin agree in regarding the unique civilization of the West as a unity – a single continuity that runs, with fluctuations but no break, from the ancient Greeks to ourselves. How crucial this conception is may be seen from the two books to which I now turn which deny such a continuity.

THE MOOD OF EMPIRE

About a decade ago students of history began to hear of a great new formulation of historical perspectives, admittedly based on Spengler, but extending and revising the Spenglerian analysis. It was the work of an unknown American, rumored to have been an officer of our diplomatic service, who wrote in Ireland under the strange

pseudonym of Ulick Varange. It had been published by an obscure house in London in 1948. But it was virtually unprocurable. Book dealers despaired of finding a copy. When I finally obtained one, it cost me (unbound!) well over one hundred dollars, and I have been told of a man who paid three hundred for his.

The book was at last reprinted in New York in 1962 in an edition that was quickly sold out. A new edition, handsomely printed from the same plates, is now available: *Imperium - The Philosophy of History and Politics* (Sausalito, California, the Noontide Press; 666 pages).

It is now known that Ulick Varange was not, as first rumored, a diplomat. His real name was Francis Parker Yockey, and he was an American lawyer, author of a still unpublished work on Constitutional law. Born in Chicago in 1917, he was a County Attorney in Michigan when he was recruited for service on the legal staff of the "trials" that the American conquerors staged in Germany as an obscene prelude to the lynchings at Nuremberg. (See, on this subject, FJP Veale, *Advance to Barbarism*, Devin-Adair, New York; and Captain Russell Grenfell, *Unconditional Hatred*, Devin-Adair). Yockey, who appears to have entertained some illusions when he accepted the position, was disillusioned when he worked in Germany — probably by the spectacle provided by the sadists in American uniform who inflicted unspeakable tortures on helpless German prisoners to extort perjured testimony at the "trials". (The American judge, Edward L van Roden, who was a member of the official Commission of Enquiry, reported that in 137 of the 139 cases that he investigated, the victim had been sexually maimed for life.)

Had Yockey been willing to become an accomplice in those crimes, he could probably have risen to membership in the Warren Gang. But instead of being a good "liberal," he resigned.

In 1947, he settled down in Ireland and wrote *Imperium*. He was, I believe, the youngest man who has undertaken to formulate a synoeretical philosophy of history – he was only thirty-one when he completed it – and it is not remarkable that his book bears traces of the shock and bitter disillusion that he had experienced in Germany. After his book was published, he appears to have been subjected to persecution by "our" State Department, which somehow managed

to confiscate his passport, and he is said to have had to go "underground" to dodge assassins. He was arrested in San Francisco in June, 1960, held under a preposterously high bail that his sister and friends could not raise at once, and so kept in jail until his body could conveniently be discovered as that of a "suicide."

Yockey's tragic career, which I have mentioned briefly because it explains some elements in his book, will naturally awaken sympathy in every generous heart, but we must judge his work as dispassionately and objectively as though it had been written, as most works of its kind are, by an unperturbed scholar in the tranquillity of his study.

Writing in a small Irish town, with few or no books at his disposal, the author made quite a number of unfortunate errors in his reporting of history. He says, for example, that after 1267 "Germany disappeared from Western history, as a unit of political significance for five hundred years ... During those centuries, the high history of Europe was made by other powers mostly with their own blood. This meant that – in comparison with the others – Germany was spared." When he wrote that, of course, Yockey had simply forgotten the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648), in which, according to the best estimates of cautious historians, *two-thirds* of the population of Germany perished — a war far more bloody and disastrous than any more recent conflict. That is the most obvious blunder in the book, but there are at least a dozen more that are only a little less serious.

But Yockey's major conclusion is substantially that which emerges from every honest and discerning attempt to construct a philosophy of history, although it is sometimes stated less clearly or with more reservations. And that conclusion is the fundamental unity of the West today. As against the rest of the world, the West is a political unity, since, the differences between Germany, Italy, France, Britain, and ourselves are, like the differences between Maine, Virginia, Wyoming, and California, relatively negligible —and *necessarily* negligible when the survival of the whole is at stake. Furthermore, the culture of the West, like every viable civilization, is a unity in the sense that its parts are organically interdependent. Although architecture, music, literature, the mimetic arts,

science, economics, and religion may seem at first glance more or less unrelated, they are all constituent parts of the cultural whole, and the disease of any one will sooner or later affect all the others. Your hands will not long retain their strength, if there is gangrene in the foot or cancer in the stomach.

Now, unless history has been written in vain and the human mind is impotent, that proposition is a fundamental truth. And Yockey expresses it so persuasively and even eloquently that it lends cogency to the whole of his argument. His book, therefore, can be dangerous, if you accept it without a full awareness of its implications. Arid there are two of these that you should note with particular care.

Yockey follows Spengler in treating the West as a separate civilization that came into being about the time of Charlemagne and therefore has no continuity or generic relationship with the Classical. The consequences of that proposition may be most conveniently examined when we discuss below the book by Mr Brown.

Yockey also follows Spengler in the paradox to which I called attention in my first article. He discounts the importance and even, in large part, denies the reality of biological heredity and hence of races. But he regards a civilization, which thus becomes entirely a body of mental concepts, as a quasi-biological organism subject to quasibiological laws.

Yockey goes even farther than Spengler in applying the doctrine that a civilization is a conceptual organism which, by its very nature, has an inherent Destiny that it must fulfill or perish, just as an acorn has undoubtedly within it a destiny which requires that it grow to an oaktree or die. If the acorn were conscious, it could not by any effort become a palm tree or a cabbage.

Now for Yockey — and this is the central point that you must bear in mind to understand him — that Destiny, inherent in the structure of a civilization, must take precedence over all other considerations and therefore is in itself the highest morality. To take an extreme case, if a tiger came to believe that it was immoral to shed blood, it would starve and so commit suicide, the most immoral act of all.

It is true that every society not actually moribund recognizes its own survival as a moral imperative. We all recognize that there are few moral greatnesses greater than that of the soldier who lays down his life for his country. And, when we hear a pacifist squawking in fear lest something damage a hide whose value is perceptible to no one but himself, we feel contempt for the little creature — not so much because he is a coward as because he, like the sneak-thief, is dishonestly trying to evade the responsibilities of participation in a society which he wants to exploit for his own comfort. The little wretch is simply immoral. That's what makes his pretenses so disgusting.

But the doctrine with which we are here concerned extends the principle of survival far beyond that point. Yockey, following the renowned historian, Mommsen, describes Cicero and the younger Cato as "Culture-retarding weaklings." Yockey must have been a little influenced by Mommsen's prestige, but he is thinking primarily in terms of his own historical reasoning, viz. that the triumph of Caesar was not merely inevitable but *right*, because it was historically necessary for the preservation and expansion of Rome.

If you believe, as I do, that the Roman Republic could have been preserved, had enough of its ruling classes had the wisdom and patriotism to follow Cicero and Cato, or even if you grant that Cicero and Cato were Fighting for a Lost Cause, you will probably resent Yockey's characterization, which disparages highly cultivated men of great moral probity and by implication exalts above them scoundrels such as Curio, who, after squandering his own fortune, was secretly financed by Caesar and posed in public as a staunch and devoted conservative, thus gaining a political position which he used surreptitiously to sabotage the conservative cause and eventually to betray it into the hands of its enemies.

You and I may feel that Curio was despicable. Yockey, without praising Curio, will insist that Cicero and Cato were far worse because they, by their influence,wasted Roman lives and resources on a hopeless effort to impede the inevitable. Now we could argue that their cause was not hopeless, and we could show that Caesar was repeatedly saved from defeat by the mistakes of his enemies (ranging

from their gullible willingness to trust and elect to office the "great conservative," Curio, to inept strategy at the battle of Pharsalus). But we should not persuade Yockey, who would reply that the defeat of Caesar would have meant, at most, a delay of a few years: that the very possibility of the Civil War was in itself proof that the Roman state had reached the point at which such instruments of corruption as elections and political parties must be effectively superseded by authoritarian rule, if the state is to survive at all.

Now Yockey applies the same principles to the United States today. Our efforts to restore and preserve the Republic are futile, because the United States, like Rome, has reached a stage of such irreversible moral decay that the only form of government now possible for us is an authoritarian one. And that means, a government with power to control economic life. In this, Yockey seems at first sight to agree with our "liberals," who are working so industriously for a totalitarian dictatorship. The difference is that Yockey does not want a government that will be authoritarian merely to deliver us to the savages. He wants a Caesar who will represent America and the West – not a sneaking hireling of our enemies.

Obviously, our problem in historical theory has by now become an extremely urgent and practical one. And it is not a coincidence that it corresponds to the only really serious intellectual disagreement among American conservatives today.

This disagreement has come farthest into the open, and hence may most clearly be seen, in some of the attacks, by really intelligent and well-informed American conservatives, on The John Birch Society.[1] If you will examine carefully the premises implicit in the intellectually serious criticism, you find that the critic, whether he chooses to describe Mr Robert Welch as "extreme" or "timid," is really speaking from a position that is, for all practical purposes, Yockey's. (I do not imply that all the critics are as brilliant as Yockey, or have thought their position out as carefully, nor am I unaware that there is also some bitter disagreement among them.) They agree that we must fight and defeat the International Communist Conspiracy (although it may be better strategy at the present time to pretend that it doesn't exist or, on the other hand, to give it some

other name). But to fight for less government is foolish – and yes, *immoral*. For one thing, the nation has become too corrupt and demoralized; for another, we shall need the utmost powers of government to enforce morality and cut out the rot. Opposition to centralized government is an attempt to attain the impossible, which would be harmful, if it could be attained. Americans must strive by any and all means (for the end will justify them) to capture the highly centralized government that the "liberals" and Communists have built up – capture it and then use it ruthlessly for the benefit of Americans. (It would be bad strategy to come right out and say that, but *verbum sat sapienti*.)

And there you have the real intellectual issue that divides Americans today. We are either Ciceronians or Caesarians.

1. Since these articles are reprinted as part of the historical record, I have let stand this and other references to the Birch business of which I am now heartily ashamed, since they show me to have been, during at least part of the time that I labored for it, the dupe of a clever promoter. Given the professed purposes of the Society (which corresponded to the purposes that Welch had professed to me in 1958 and which, in 1963, I still believed to be genuine), the distinction drawn in this paragraph is valid, although it is now of only historical significance. If we still had a choice in 1963, as I then optimistically hoped, the opportunity to make such a choice is now gone forever. The Ciceronian position is no less valid as a statement of what is desirable, but to imagine that it is still feasible is to indulge in the charming but dangerous romanticism of *laudatores temporis acti*. To be sure, we can still dream that, if our race and civilization survive and become again viable, our remote descendants, centuries hence, may be able to afford the luxury of a constitutionally limited government *after* they have destroyed or effectively reduced to impotence our racial enemies.)

THE DRUNKEN GIANT

The most recent formulation of a philosophy of history is a brilliant book by Lawrence R Brown, *The Might of the West* (Ivan Obolensky, New York; 562 pages). The author is an American engineer and mathematician who evidently undertook a study of history to ascertain why the United States and the West are committing suicide.

So far as I can tell from a careful reading of the text, there is no indication that Mr Brown has read Yockey or even heard of him. It is significant, therefore, that he has reached, by an entirely different route, what are substantially the same conclusions.

Mr Brown has read Spengler, to whom he owes a great deal, but he has dropped the greater part of Spengler's conception of an organism with a fixed life-span, in this respect, Mr Brown's philosophy is one of the most optimistic: far from being doomed by some inherent or external destiny, we of the West, if only we come to our senses, may be just beginning the great age of our civilization.

The author has made a survey of other civilizations, including the Egyptian, Babylonian, Hindu, and Chinese, covering both their political history and culture (with the exception of literature, which appears not to interest him). For Spengler's 'Magian' civilization he substitutes a 'Levantine' culture, which he describes and analyzes without Spengler's need to force it into the same pattern as other civilizations; and many readers will feel, as I do, that this description is both more illuminating and more nearly right than Spengler's.

The historical reporting is not infallible, of course, and Mr Brown slips more than once, particularly when, engaged in demonstrating a total and absolute division between Classical antiquity and the modern West, he permits himself to be carried away by polemical ardor. The charitable reader will simply overlook the comparison between India and Greece on page 121; Mr Brown knows very well that the Parthenon is not built of wood, that Athens was a thalassocracy, and that the plays of Aeschylus were written down before the time of Marcus Aurelius — he just forgot all that in a moment of zeal.

For Mr. Brown, the great proof of the generic cultural difference

is the failure of the Classical world to develop a technology comparable to our own. This, I grant, is a real problem. I think, however, that the author could profit from reconsideration of many points in his argument.

He mentions, for example, the development of cannon - and that is important. As everyone knows (and has recently seen demonstrated by such developments as radar, atomic fusion, and guided missiles) the necessities of war are the mother of invention, and all of the major technical advances are the direct or indirect results of military need. The need to cast bigger and better cannon created the metallurgical skill without which most subsequent machines of any kind would have been impossible. Now one reason why the modern world developed cannon and the ancient world did not may be the fact that the Western world had lost the art of building the great torsion-artillery of Hellenistic times, which was superior in both hitting power and rate of fire to any cannon that Europe was able to produce for two centuries after cannon were first introduced (see Erwin Schramm, *Die antiken Geschütze der Saalburg*, Berlin, 1918).

Mr Brown makes a strong case - stronger, I should say, than Spengler's - for the independence of European civilization. He is eminently right in making the principal criterion the great technology and the scientific method that are the true glory and the unique creation of our civilization - and alien to all others.

Our civilization, on this showing, was born in the time of Charlemagne, and it went through the process that Spengler calls pseudomorphosis, by which a young people emerging from barbarism takes over some of the outward forms and the learning of a more advanced civilization. We took over a very little from the Classical and much from the Levantine world that was represented by both Byzantium and Islam. But we failed — at the time and ever since — to eliminate the alien elements after they had served their purpose, and that is why it has been the West's dolorous fate to be "a society whose inward convictions have been at hopeless variance with its outward professions".

Mr Brown proves that the dominant mentality of the West appears in St Anselm; he rightly emphasizes the great intellectual

activity of the Scholastics; and his disquisition on the emergence of real scientific enquiry among them will astonish, I dare say, all but the very few of our contemporaries who take the trouble to read the most uninviting of all the uninviting texts in Mediaeval Latin.

Mr Brown is further right in emphasizing, as too few writers on the subject have done, that one great cause of weakness and decay, and one that seems to have had more baneful effects on our own culture than on any other, is the sheer unwillingness of the childish, the loutish, and the selfish to bear the responsibilities and the burden of a high civilization. (On this point, it is always instructive to read Correa Moylan Walsh.)

But Mr Brown's absolute dichotomy between Classical and Western has consequences. If one accepts it, one must follow him in seeing "the Renaissance and Reformation as two manifestations of the same retreat from the exacting moral and intellectual responsibilities of Western civilization." And we must further follow him in the sweeping generalization that "Eighteenth-Century liberalism was in fact the direct intellectual and moral ancestor of modern leftism." This statement does not mean that Mr, Brown is thinking only of the obvious fact that there must have been some fatal mental flaw in an age that could tolerate such mountebanks as Cagliostro or take seriously a half-educated, half-crazed chatterer like Rousseau. He has not forgotten such writers as Montesquieu, whom Emile Faguet, for example, identifies as the real liberal and as the very opposite of Rousseau, whom Faguet classifies as a democrat. Mr Brown thinks that the difference doesn't matter.

This will suggest the amount ofpseudo-morphosis that we must find in Western culture, if we are to accept Mr Brown's philosophical view. It is simply enormous.

Let us grant that Christianity is a Levantine and alien doctrine except insofar as it was changed by Western thought and became the symbol of the unity of the West. Religion is, in many ways, a peculiar and anomalous force in history, and there are many proofs that a religion can somehow cross cultural frontiers. The cultures of China and India differ profoundly, but Buddhism was not only accepted in China but also survived there as a major religion long

after it had virtually disappeared in the land of its birth. And if we grant that Christianity was such a religion, we can further grant that it made possible the intrusion into the West and the persistence of other alien elements from the Levant.

But what, on this hypothesis, shall we say of Humanism? From the end of the Fifteenth Century to about the beginning of the Twentieth, our civilization so identified itself with the Graeco-Roman that it devoted the greater part of the youth of every educated man to the extremely difficult and even painful task of so mastering the modalities of Classical thought that he could think directly in Latin and Greek and so compose both prose and verse in those languages in conformity with the purest models and the most exacting standards. For that vast expenditure of human energy, there is no analogy in recorded history. And if that was pseudo-morphosis, what accounts for so great and continuous an hallucination? It was surely not the result of Levantine influence, for the Classical is in most ways the antithesis of Levantine culture. Although the Humanistic schools were usually church schools in both Catholic and Protestant countries, the Humanistic education was certainly not necessary for religious purposes, and, as a matter of fact, there were always groups of vociferous fanatics who claimed that it was anti-religious. Nor was that education needed for the development of Western science and technology; if anything, it impeded that development by diverting so much mental energy into its own channels.

Why the West did it is clear. Apart from literary beauty, and apart from the profound historical analysis that one learns from Thucydides and Tacitus, the modern world sought in the ancient a system of civil ethics and of political life. Cicero was admired for his eloquence, but also for his vision of, and devotion to, the Republic. And, as Mr. Brown is aware, it was the Graeco-Roman conception of the mixed constitution (Cicero, Polybius, Aristotle) that ultimately produced the American Constitution.

So that, too, is pseudo-morphosis. To put it a little more bluntly, on the basis of this analysis not only democracy (whatever you may mean by that) but all notions of representative government or a Republic such as ours was designed to be are alien importations that

the West has, through a gross misunderstanding of itself, permitted to pervert its nature. The true form of Western government must be found in a stable hierarchical system based on personal loyalties, either the feudal system at its best or the national monarchies of the Seventeenth Century.

REPEATING HISTORY

I have neither space nor inclination here to debate the conclusions reached by minds of indubitable power and integrity. (No subsidiary of the Council On Foreign Relations hovered round Mr Brown with two-hundred-thousand-dollar cheques to subsidize his study of history, nor have *Time*, the *New York Times*, and the other piffle-peddlers burst into ecstasy over his book. Indeed, it seems likely that this article will be the first mention of his book in any periodical of national circulation.) I merely call your attention to the logically necessary conclusions that follow from an analysis of Western civilization that would have seemed fantastic before the First World War but seems quite cogent to some vigorous and independent minds today.

That analysis, furthermore, is one that respects and even exalts the great technology that is the unique creation of the West and must be recognized as such by any rational philosophy of history. Our technology is so obviously the source of our-power that, until quite recently, it was spared by the nihilists who have been openly engaged for the past fifty years in perverting and defiling our literature, music, painting, religion, ethics, and virtually every other major part of our culture. And the campaign, now begun, to subvert and paralyze Western science is still clandestine and masked by professed eagerness to "finance vital research" or to "modernize outmoded mathematics." For many of our disinherited contemporaries, the physical and biological sciences appear to be the *only* intellectually serious and viable element in our civilization. Minds of native power, therefore, when they outgrow the sordid fairy-tales told by "liberals" and see what crude superstitions masquerade as "social science," most easily and naturally come to the historical analysis set forth by Mr. Brown.

So I shall venture a brief speculation about the future. As I write, the Communist Conspiracy is trying to force through the Senate a treasonable treaty that is unmistakably a preliminary to actual occupation – and liquidation – of the United States; and there are many other indications that the international criminals are making frenzied efforts to disarm and destroy us within the next year or two. If the Conspiracy succeeds in demolishing the United States, then, in all probability, Western civilization will have come to an end.

Let us suppose, however, that the Communist Conspiracy is thwarted. The principal force now opposing it is the body of Americans who are working both to defeat the Conspiracy and to restore our Republic of limited and divided powers. It is possible, of course, that they will succeed in the first, but fail in the second, purpose. Let us suppose that they do.

In that event, taking into account the present level of education, our obvious dependence on technology, the complex of countervailing political ambitions directed in one way or another toward exploitation of the state, the instinct for survival that is strong in all healthy men, and the movement of contemporary thought that may be discerned beneath the surface in many serious writings although it is explicit or even intimated in but very few – taking all this into account, I think it likely that, as sometimes happens in history, even if Mr Yockey and Mr Brown are entirely wrong in their analysis, the future will make them right.

In that event, if we have a future, it will belong to Caesar.

Part IV History and Biology

History is the record of what men do. Scientific discoveries and technological applications of them are often events of historical importance, but do not affect our understanding of the historical process since they shed no light on the behavior of men in civilized societies.

For example, the recent use of atomic fission to produce a more powerful explosive has no significance for a philosophy of history. Like the many changes in the technology of war that have occurred throughout history, this one will call for changes in tactics and strategy, alters to some extent the balance of power in the world, and may well occasion the fall and extinction of a world power so fat-headed that it does not understand the importance of technological superiority in warfare. But all this is merely history repeating itself. It is true that the improved weapon sets bands of addle-pated neurotics throughout the country to shrieking as wildly as a tribe of banshees out on a week-end spree; but that is merely another instance of the rather puzzling phenomenon of mass hysteria. It is also true that Communist agents have been scurrying about the country to brandish the phrase "nuclear holocaust" as a kind of up-to-date Jack-o'-Lantern to scare children. But while it is the historian's task to understand the International Conspiracy in the light of such partial precedents as are available, the new weapon will not help him in that. He will merely marvel that a large part of our population is not only ignorant of history in general, but evidently has not read even the Old Testament, from which it would have learned that atomic bombs, as instruments of extermination, are much less efficient than a tribe of Israelites armed with the simplest weapons (see Joshua vi. 20 *et passim*).

As an exception to the general rule, however, our century has brought one new area of knowledge in the natural sciences that must profoundly affect our understanding of history both past and present — that is as relevant to the rise and fall of the Mitanni and the Hittites as it is to our future. Distressingly enough, the new science of genetics raises for the historian many more questions

than it answers, but it discloses the existence of a force that must be taken into account in any philosophy of history.

MULTIPLEX MAN

Civilized human beings have long been puzzled by the mysterious diversity of human beings. It is possible, indeed, that perception of, and thought about, that mystery was part of the process by which some people were able to rise from barbarism to civilization. The perception requires mental powers that are by no means universal. The aborigines of Australia, for example, who are probably the lowest form of human life still extant, have a consciousness so dim and rudimentary that they multiplied on that continent for fifty thousand years without ever suspecting that sexual intercourse had anything to do with reproduction. Most savages, to be sure, are somewhat above that level, but no tribe appears to have been aware of its own diversity, let alone capable of thinking about it.

Human beings capable of reflective thought, however, must have begun early to marvel, as we still do, at the great differences obvious among the offspring of one man by one woman. Of two brothers, one may be tall and the other short; one stolid and the other alert; one seemingly born with a talent for mathematics and the other with a love of music.

Many were the theories that men excogitated to explain so strange a phenomenon. One of the principal grounds for the once widespread and persistent belief in astrology was the possibility of explaining the differences between two brothers by noting that, although engendered by the same parents, they were conceived and born under different configurations of the planets. In the Seventeenth Century, indeed, Campanella, whose plan for a Welfare State is the source of many of our modern "liberal" crotchets and crazes, devised a whole system of eugenics to be enforced by bureaucrats who would see to it that human beings were engendered only at moments fixed by expert astrologers.

Again, the doctrine of metempsychosis, once almost universally held over a wide belt of the earth from India to Scandinavia, seemed to be confirmed by the same observations; for the differ-

ences between brothers were understandable, if their bodies were animated by souls that had had far different experiences in earlier incarnations.

There were also some theoretical explanations, such as the one that you may remember having read in the stately verse of Lucretius, that were sound bases for scientific inquiry, but they were not followed up. Until the last third of the Nineteenth Century, men learned nothing of the basic laws of heredity. Darwin's knowledge of the subject was no better than Aristotle's, and Galton's enthusiasm for eugenics was no more firmly founded than was Plato's. It remained for a humble and too modest priest, Father Johann Gregor Mendel, to make one of the most important scientific discoveries ever made by man.

Father Mendel's *Versuche über Pflanzenhybriden* was published in 1866, but the famous professors in the great universities could not take a mere priest seriously — certainly not a priest so impudent as to contradict Darwin — and so they went on for decades pawing over problems that Father Mendel had made as obsolete as the epicycles of Ptolemaic astronomy. He was simply ignored and forgotten until 1900, when three distinguished biologists discovered independently and almost simultaneously some of the laws that he had ascertained and formulated.

It required some time for systematic study of genetics to get under way, and research has been greatly impeded by two catastrophic World Wars and by the obscurantism of Communists and "liberal intellectuals."

In Russia and other territories controlled by the Conspiracy, Marx's idiotic mumbo-jumbo is official doctrine and the study of genetics is therefore prohibited. There are, however, some indications that research may be going on secretly, and it is even possible that, so far as human genetics are concerned, the knowledge thus obtained may exceed our own; for the Soviet, though usually inept in scientific work, has facilities for experiments that civilized men cannot perform. In the mid-1930's for example, there were reports that experiment stations in Asiatic Russia had pens of human women whom the research workers were trying to breed with male apes in the hope of producing a species better adapted to life under Social-

ism than human beings. It was reported a few years ago that the Soviet is now trying to create sub-human mutations by exposing their human breeding stock to various forms of irradiation. One cannot exclude the possibility that the monsters who conduct such experiments may incidentally find some significant data.

In the United States, the situation differs somewhat from that in Russia. Geneticists are permitted to continue their studies in peace so long as they communicate only with one another and do not disclose to the public facts of which the American boobs must be kept ignorant. Since it requires rare courage to provoke a nest of "liberal intellectuals" or rattlesnakes, the taboo thus imposed is generally observed.

GRIM GENETICS

Despite the restraints placed on scientific investigation, and despite the awesome complexity of genetic factors in so complicated a creature as man, it is now virtually certain that all of the physiological structure of human beings, including such details as color of eyes, acuity of vision, stature, susceptibility to specific diseases, and formation of the brain are genetically determined beyond possibility of modification or alteration except by physical injury or chemical damage. Some of the processes involved have been well ascertained: others remain unknown. No one knows, for example, why the introduction of minute quantities of fluorine into drinking water will prevent development of the brain in some children and so roughly double the number of Mongolian idiots born in a given area.

It is far more difficult to investigate intellectual capacities, since these must involve a large number of distinct elements, no one of which can be physically observed; but all of the evidence thus far available indicates that intelligence is as completely and unalterably determined by genetic inheritance as physical traits.

Moral qualities are even more elusive than intellectual capacity. There is evidence which makes it seem extremely probable that criminal instincts, at least, are inherited, but beyond this we can only speculate by drawing an analogy between moral and intellectual potentialities.

Many persons find the conclusions thus suggested unpleasant, just as all of us, I am sure, would be much happier if the earth were the immobile center of the universe and the heavens revolved about it. But although vast areas in the new science of genetics remain unexplored, and although the complexity of many problems is such that we cannot hope to know in our lifetime many of the things that we most urgently need to know, the principles of heredity have been determined with a fairly high degree of scientific probability. They are, furthermore, in accord with what common sense has always told us and also with the rational perception of our place in the universe that underlies religion.

We can blind children, but we cannot give them sight. We can stunt their minds in 'progressive' schools, but we cannot give them an intelligence they did not inherit at birth. It is likely that we can make criminals of them by putting them (like the somewhat improbable Oliver Twist) in Fagin's gang or its equivalent, but we cannot induce a moral sense in one who was born without it. We have always known that it is easy for man to destroy what he can never create.

ONE CERTAINTY

The Mendelian laws and hence the finding that human beings. physically and intellectually, at least, are absolutely limited to the potentialities they have inherited - which may be impaired by external action but cannot be increased - are the accepted basis of all serious biological study today. From the standpoint of scientific opinion, to deny heredity is about equivalent to insisting that the earth is flat or that tadpoles spring from the hair of horses.

The point is worth noting, for even if you choose to reject the findings of genetics, that science will enable you to demonstrate one very important truth.

Our "liberal intellectuals", who have done all in their power to deride, defile, and destroy all religion, are now sidling about us with hypocritical whimpers that the facts of genetics ain't "Christian". This argument does work with those whose religion is based on the strange faith that God wouldn't have dared to create a universe with-

out consulting their wishes. But if you inquire of the "intellectual" as though you did not know, concerning scientific evidence in these matters, the chances are that he will assure you, with a very straight face, that he is, as always, the Voice of Science. Thus you will know that he still is what he has always been: a sneak and a liar.

THE WARP OF CULTURE

Given the facts that all men are born unequal; that the inequality, apparent even among children of the same parents, increases with differences in genetic strains; that civilization, by the very fact of social organization and the variety of human activity thus made possible, accentuates such differences; and that the continuity of a culture depends on a more or less instinctive acceptance of the common values of that culture - given those facts, it becomes clear that historians who try to account for the rise and fall of civilizations by describing political, economic, philosophic, and religious changes without reference to genetic changes in the population are simply excluding what *must* have been a very important factor, however little we may be able to measure it in the past or the present.

Whatever should be true of statutory and often ephemeral enactments in human jurisprudence, it is undoubtedly true of all the laws of nature that ignorance of the law excuses no-one from the consequences of violating it. And it may be unjust, as it is certainly exasperating, that we must often act with only a partial and inaccurate knowledge of such laws. But that is a condition of life. Societies are like individuals in that they must make decisions as best they can on the basis of such information as is available to them. You may have stock in a corporation whose future you may find it very difficult to estimate, but you *must* decide either (a) to sell, or (b) to buy more, or (c) to hold what you have. What you *cannot* do is nothing.

The scope of genetic forces in the continuity of a civilization, and, more particularly, of Western civilization, and, especially, of that civilization in the United States was illustrated by one of the most brilliant of American writers, Dr Lothrop Stoddard, in *The Revolt Against Civilization* (Scribner's, New York, 1922). The book was

out of print for many years, for our "liberal intellectuals" promptly decided that the subject was one that American boobs should not be permitted to think about, and accordingly shovelled their malodorous muck on both book and author, in the hope of burying both forever. Copies of it disappeared from many libraries, and the book became hard to find on the secondhand market (I obtained my copy from a dealer in Italy). I am told, however, that the book has just been reprinted by photo-offset from the original edition.

I commend *The Revolt Against Civilization*, not as a revelation of ultimate truth, but as a cogent and illuminating discussfon of some very grim problems that we must face, if we intend to have a future. The book, you must remember, was written forty-two years ago, when problems in genetics seemed much simpler than they do now in the light of later research, and when Americans felt a confidence and an optimism that we of a later generation can scarcely reconstruct in imagination. Some parts of the book will seem quaint and old-fashioned. Dr Stoddard assumes, for example, that the graduates of Harvard are a group intellectually and morally above the average. That probably was true when he was an undergraduate and when he took his doctorate; he did not foresee what loathesome and reptilian creatures would slither out of Harvard to infest the Dismal Swamp in Washington. And when he urged, forty-two years ago, complete toleration of Communist talk (as distinct from violence), he was thinking of soap-box oratory in Bug-House Square and the shrill chatter of parlor-pinks over their teacups; he did not foresee penetration and capture of schools, churches, newspapers, and political organizations by criminals who disseminate Communist propaganda perfunctorily disguised as 'progressive education', 'social gospel', and 'economic democracy'. But the book remains timely. What were sins of omission in 1922, when we were, with feckless euphoria, repeating the blunders that destroyed past civilizations, are now sins of commission, committed with deliberate and malicious calculation by the enemies whom we have given power over us. And we should especially perpend Dr Stoddard's distinction between the ignorant or overly-emotional persons who "blindly take Bolshevism's false promises at their face value," and the real

Bolsheviks, who "are mostly born and not made". That dictum is as unimpeachable as the *poëta nascitur, non fit*, that it echoes.

THE OPTIMISTIC PESSIMIST

Since Stoddard wrote, the horizons have darkened around us. A recent and stimulating book is Dr Elmer Pendell's *The Next Civilization*. The title may remind you of an article that Arthur Koestler published in the *New York Times* on November 7, 1943 — an article whose bleak pessimism startled all but the very few readers who were in a position to surmise, from the hints which Koestler was able to smuggle into the pages of the *Times*, that he, an ex-Communist, was able to estimate the extent to which the Communist Conspiracy had already taken control of the government of the United States. Koestler, stating flatly that we would soon be engulfed in a Dark Age of barbarism and indescribable horror, called for the establishment of monasteries that, like the monasteries of the early Middle Ages, would preserve some part of human culture as seed for a new Renaissance in some distant future. Dr Pendell, although he does not entirely deny us hope for ourselves, is primarily concerned with preserving the better part of our genetic heritage as seed for a future civilization that may have the intelligence to avoid the follies by which we are decreeing our own doom.

Dr Pendell very quickly reviews the historical theories of Brooks Adams, Spengler, Toynbee, and others to show that they all disregard the fact that decline in a civilization is always accompanied by a change in the composition, and deterioration in the quality, of the population.

We know that such changes took place in every civilization of which we have record. The majority of Roman citizens in 100 AD. were not related at all to the Roman citizens in 100 BC. We know that the great Roman families died out from sheer failure to have enough children to reproduce themselves, and we have reason to believe that all classes of responsible Romans, regardless of social or economic position, followed the fashion of race suicide. Since the Romans had the preposterous notion that any person of any race imported from any part of the world could be transformed into a

Roman by some magic in the legal phrases by which he was made a Roman citizen, the children that the Romans did not have were replaced by a mass of very diverse origins. Some of the importations undoubtedly brought with them fresh vigor and talent; some were incapable of assimilating civilization at all and could only imitate its outer forms without understanding its meaning; and some, while by no means inferior in intelligence and energy, had a temperament which, although eminently suited to some other civilization, was incompatible with the Roman. For some estimates of the deterioration of the population of the empire that the Romans founded, see the late Tenny Frank's *History of Rome* (Holt, New York) and Martin P Nilsson's *Imperial Rome* (Schocken, New York).

When Dr Stoddard wrote, we were merely behaving as thoughtlessly as the Romans: *carpe diem* and let tomorrow take care of itself. But now, as Dr Pendell hints and could have stated more emphatically, the power of government over us is being used, with a consistency and efficiency that must be intentional, to accelerate our deterioration and hasten our disappearance as a people by every means short of mass massacre that geneticists could suggest. To mention but one small example, many states now pick the pockets of their taxpayers to subsidize and promote the breeding of bastards, who, with only negligible exceptions, are the product of the lowest dregs of our population, the morally irresponsible and mentally feeble. An attorney informs me that in his state and others the rewards for such activity are so low that a female of this species has to produce about a dozen bastards before it can afford a Cadillac, and will have to go on producing to take care of the maintenance. Intensive breeding is therefore going on, and the legislation that was designed to stimulate it may therefore be said to be highly successful.

The United States is now engaged in an insane, but terribly effective, effort to destroy the American people and Western civilization by subsidizing, both at home and abroad, the breeding of the intellectually, physically, and morally unfit; while at the same time inhibiting, by taxation and in many other ways, the reproduction of the valuable parts of the population — those with the stamina and the will to bear the burden of high civilization. We, in our

fatuity, but under the control of persons who must know what *they* are doing, are working to create a future in which our cliildren, if we have any, will curse us for having given them birth.

When Dr Pendell tells us what we must do, if we are to survive or even if we limit ourselves to the more modest hope that human civilization may survive on our planet, is to reverse the process — to encourage the reproduction of the superior stock and to check the multiplication of the inferior — he is unquestionably right. He may also be right when he urges that we must do more than desist from interfering with nature for the purpose of producing biological deterioration — that we must, instead, interfere with nature to ameliorate and improve our race. But here, I fear, Dr Pendell, although he almost despairs of our civilization and looks to the next one, is yet too optimistic. There are two practical difficulties.

OUR *COUP D'ETAT*

Dr Pendell proposes voluntary eugenic associations and "heredity corporations", which, no doubt, would help a little, as he argues, but which, as he is aware, would not have much more effect than a few buckets — or barrels — of water thrown into the crater of Mauna Loa. At this late date, to accomplish much for ourselves or even for our putative successors, we must use at least the taxing power of government, if not its powers of physical coercion, to induce or compel the superior to have children and to prevent the inferior from proliferating. So here enters on the stage that most unlovely product of human evolution, the bureaucrat, whom we shall need to apply whatever rules we may devise. And — if you can stand a moment of sheer nightmare, dear reader — imagine, just for five seconds or so, what mankind would be like, if the power to decide who was or was not to have children fell into the hands of a Senator Fulbright, a Walt Rostow, an Adam Yarmolinsky, a Jack Kennedy, or a Jack The Ripper.

For that dilemma, of course, there is an obvious solution — but, so far as I can see, only one. You, my dear reader, Dr Pendell, and I must form a triumvirate and seize absolute power over the United States. Unfortunately, I can't at the moment think of a way of carry-

ing out our *coup d'etat*, but let's leave such details until later. Assume that we have that power, which we, certainly, are determined to use wisely and well. What shall we do with it?

Dr Pendell is certainly right. We must breed for brain-power: We must see to it that the most intelligent men and women mate with one another and have many children. And we can identify the intelligent by testing their I.Q. and by their grades in honest college courses (as distinguished from the childish or fraudulent drivel that forms so large a part of the college curriculum today).

Let us not digress from the subject by questioning the relative validity of the various tests used to determine an "intelligence quotient". And we shall ignore the exceptions which, as every teacher knows, sometimes make the most conscientious grading misleading. Father Mendel, to whom we owe the greatest discovery ever made in biology, failed to pass the examination for a teacher's license in that field. A E Housman, one of the greatest classical scholars in the world, failed to obtain even second-class honors at Oxford, and was given a mere "pass". But such exceptions are rare. Let us assume that we can test intelligence infallibly. *Is that enough?*

It is always helpful to reduce generalizations to specific examples. Percy Bysshe Shelley was one of the great English poets; Albert Einstein, although fantastically over-advertized by yellow journalism, was a great mathematician. Both were brilliant men in more than one field of intellectual activity (Shelley is said to have exhibited a considerable talent for chemistry, among other things, and Einstein is said to have done well in courses on the Classics). Both, I am sure, would have placed themselves in the very highest bracket of any intelligence test, and (if so minded) could have been graduated *summa cum laude* from any college curriculum that you may advise. Both were, in their judgement of social and political problems, virtually morons. Merely a deficiency of practical common sense, you say? Yes, no doubt, but both acted on the basis of that deficiency and used their intellectual powers to exert a highly pernicious influence. One need not underestimate either the beauty of Shelley's poems or the importance of the two theories of relativity to conclude that the world would be better off, had neither man existed.

But we must go farther than that. It is odd that most of the persons who urge us to foster "superior intellect" and "genius" whether they recommend eugenics or educational subsidies or other means, simply ignore the phenomenon of the mattoid (see Lothrop Stoddard, *op. cit.*, pp. 102-106, and the article by Max Nordau there cited).

A mattoid is a person possessed of a mentality that is, in the strict sense of the word, unbalanced. He is Shelley or Einstein tilted just a few more degrees. He exhibits an extremely high talent, often amounting to genius, in one kind of mental activity, such as poetry or mathematics, while the other parts of his mind are depressed to the level of imbecility or insanity. Nordau, who was an acutely observant physician, noted that such unbalanced beings are usually, if not invariably, "full of organic feelings of dislike" and tend to generalize their subjective state of resentment against the civilized world into some cleverly devised pseudo-philosophic or pseudo-aesthetic system that will erode the very foundations of civilized society. Since civilized people necessarily set a high value on intellect, but are apt to venerate "genius" uncritically and without discrimination, the mattoid's influence can be simply deadly. Nordau, indeed, saw in the activity of mattoids the principal reason why "people [as a whole] lose the power of moral indignation, and accustom themselves to despise it as something banal, unadvanced, and unintelligent."

Nordau's explanation may be satisfactory so far as it goes, but moral insanity is not by any means confined to minds that show an extraordinary disproportion among the faculties that can properly be called intellectual and can be measured by such things as intelligence tests, academic records, proficiency in a profession, and outstanding research. The two young degenerates, Loeb and Leopold, whose crime shocked the nation some decades ago although the more revolting details could not be reported in the Press, were reputed to be not only among the most brilliant undergraduates ever enrolled in the University of Chicago, but to be almost equally proficient in every branch of study. One could cite hundreds of comparable examples.

Most monsters that become notorious have to be highly intel-

ligent to gain and retain power, Lenin and Trotsky must have had very active minds, and the latter, at least, according to persons who knew him, was able on occasion to pass as a cultivated man. Both probably had a very high I.Q. All reports from China indicate that Mao Tse-tung is not only extremely astute, but even learned in the Chinese culture that he is zealously extirpating. A few Communists or crypto-Communists who have been put in prominent positions may be mere stooges, but the directors of the Conspiracy and their responsible subordinates must be persons of phenomenally high intelligence.

It is clear that there is in the human species some biological strain of either atavism or degeneracy that manifests itself in a hatred of mankind and a lust for evil for its own sake. It produced the Thugs in India and the Bolsheviks in Russia (cf. Louis Zoul, *Thugs and Communists*, Public Opinion, Long Island City). It appears in such distinguished persons as Giles de Rais, who was second only to the King of France, and in such vulgar specimens as Fritz Haarmann, a homosexual who attracted some attention in Germany in 1924, when it was discovered that for many years he had been disposing of his boy-friends, as soon as he became tired of them, by tearing their throats open with his teeth and then reducing them to sausage, which he sold in a delicatessen. And it animates the many crypto-Communists who hold positions of power or influence in the United States.

It is probable that this appalling viciousness is transmitted by the organic mechanisms of heredity, and although no geneticist would now even speculate about what genes or lack of genes produce such biped terrors, I think it quite likely that the science of genetics, if study and research are permitted to continue, may identify the factors involved eventually — say in two or three hundred years, I know that we most urgently and desperately need to know now. But it will do no good to kick geneticists: The most infinite complexity of human heredity makes it impossible to make such determinations more quickly by the normal techniques of research. (Of course, a brilliant discovery that would transcend those methods is always possible, but we can't count on it.)

It is quite likely that at the present rate, as eugenicists predict, civilization is going to collapse from sheer lack of brains to carry it on. But it is now collapsing faster and harder from a super-abundance of brains of the wrong kind. Granting that we can test intelligence, we must remember that at or near the top of the list, by any test that we can devise, will be a flock of diabolically ingenious degenerates. And even if we could find a way to identify and eliminate the spawn of Satan, we should still have problems.

What causes genuine "liberal intellectuals"? Many are pure Pragmatists. They have no lust for evil for its own sake, they wouldn't betray their country or their own parents for less than fifty dollars – and not for that, if they thought they could get more by bargaining. Others are superannuated children who,want to go on playing with fairies and pixies, and are ready to kick and bite when disturbed at play; but they have the combination of lachrymose sentimentality and thoughtless cruelly that one so often finds in children before they become capable of the rational morality of adults. But all of our "liberal intellectuals" were graduated from a college of some sort, and many of them, I am sure, have a fairly high "intelligence quotient" by modern tests. I do not claim or suggest that they are the result of hereditary defects; I merely point out that we do not know and have no means of finding out. We can't be sure of anything except that our society now has as many of those dubious luxuries as it can endure. And yet we are going to encourage them to raise the intellectual level.

Come to think of it, my friends, I guess we'd better postpone our *coup d'état* for a couple of centuries.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

For a neat antithesis to Dr Pendell's book and, at the same time, a very significant application of genetics, I suggest Roderick Seidenberg's *Anatomy of the Future* (University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill; 175 pages). Mr Seidenberg - I call him that because I haven't been able to find out whether or not it should be "Dr" – told us what our future was going to be in an earlier book, *Posthistoric Man* (same publisher; 256 pages), which, according to the 'liberal'

reviewers, made him a gigantic 'philosopher of history'. In the present volume, however, he has condescended to tell us again and in fewer pages — which may make this one the better bargain.

Mr Seidenberg, according to Mr Seidenberg, has surveyed with his eagle eye the whole course of human history and, what is more, the whole course of biological evolution since life first appeared on this planet. That is how he knows about the "ineluctable determinism" that is going to put us in our places.

The Prophet takes his departure from the now familiar phenomenon called the 'population explosion' (see *American Opinion*, April 1960, pp. 33 f.). He says that an increase in the number of human beings automatically increases the "complexity" of society.

Of course, we have been hearing about this "complexity" for years. I am sure that you, poor harried reader, have reflected, every time that you leap into your automobile, how much simpler life would be, if you had to worry about the health of your horses, the condition of your stable, the quality of your oats and hay, the disposition and sobriety of your coachman, the efficiency of your ostlers, and the reliability of the scavengers whom you have hired to keep clean your mews. And I know that whenever you, in Chicago, pick up the telephone to call your aunt in Miami, you remark, with many a bitter oath, how much less complex everything would be, if all that you had to do was find and hire a reliable messenger who would ride express to her house and deliver your handwritten note in a month or so — if he was not waylaid on the road, and if his horse did not break a leg or cast a shoe, and if he did not decide to pause at some bowsing-ken *en route* for an invigorating touch of delirium tremens. Sure, life's gettin' awfully complicated these days; ain't it a fact?

Well, as we all know, life's getting complexer every minute 'cause there are more Chinese and Congolese and Sudanese than there were a minute ago; and that means, according to Mr Seidenberg that we have just got to become more and more organized by the minute. And the proof of this is that, if you want to resist the ever increasing organization and socialization of society, you have to join some organization, such — I interpolate, for I need not tell you that

Mr Seidenberg would never mention anything so horrid — such as The John Birch Society. The need to join organizations to resist the organization of society proves the point, for, as is obvious, if you in 1776 had wished to resist the rule of George III, you would not have needed to join the patriots of your colony. And if, in 490 B.C., you had wished to resist the Persian invasion of Europe, you would have had no need to join, or cooperate with, your fellow Athenians who marched to Marathon. In those days of greater individualism, you, as an individual, could have stood up alone on your hind legs and stuck out your tongue — and that, presumably, would have scared Darius and his armies right into the middle of the Hellespont. But alas, no more! So, you see, History proves that the day of the individual has passed forever, and the day of Organization has come.

You must not smile, for Mr Seidenberg is in earnest, and even if he is a bit weak in knowledge of past and present, his projection of the future has seemed cogent not merely to "liberals," but even to thoughtful readers.

FORWARD TO IRKALLA!

Mr Seidenberg bases his argument on inferences that he draws with apparent logic from three indisputably correct statements about the contemporary world and from a widely accepted biological theory.

(1) We have all observed that we are being more and more subjected to a Welfare State, which, with Fabian patience, takes away each year some part of our power to make decisions for ourselves regarding our own lives. It is perfectly obvious that if this process continues for a few more decades (as our masters' power to take our money to bribe and bamboozle the masses may make inevitable), we shall have lost the right to decide anything at all, and shall have become mere human livestock managed by a ruthless and inhuman bureaucracy at the orders of an even more inhuman master.

(2) Our Big Brains agree with Mr Seidenberg in believing, or pretending to believe, that "the kernel of Marxism . . . consists in elaborating . . . the social message of Christ". They assure us, therefore, that it is simply unthinkable that Americans could ever

be so wicked as to fight to survive. Thus we have got to be scared or beaten into One World of universal socialism in which, as Walt Rostow, Jack Kennedy, and others now gloatingly and openly tell us, not only our nation but our race must be liquidated and dissolved in a vast and mongrel mass of pullulating bipeds.

(3) The number of human beings — anatomically human, at least — is undoubtedly increasing at an appalling rate. The United States is already overpopulated for optimum life, although no critical reduction in our standard of living would be necessary for the better part of a century, if our masters permitted us to remain an independent nation. But our increase is nothing compared to the terrible multiplication of the populations of Asia and Africa, caused, for the most part, by our export to those regions of our medical knowledge, medicines, food, and money. Although we Westerners might stave off a crisis for a few decades by working harder and ever harder to support our betters and to speed up the rate at which they are breeding, it is clear that we (unless we do something unthinkable) must soon be drowned in the flood that we, like the Sorcerer's Apprentice, started but do not know how to stop. So, even if we did not have Master Jack and his accomplices or employers to arrange for our liquidation, the sheer multiplication of the human species would produce the same result anyway.

One has but to glance at a graph of the world's population to see that it is rapidly approaching the point at which the vast human swarm can be kept alive, even on the level of barest animal subsistence, only by the most expert management of every square inch of earth's arable surface plus expert harvest of the very oceans themselves. In that monstrous human swarm jammed together on our planet, like a swarm of bees hanging from a limb, there can be no privacy, no individuality, no slightest deviation from the routine that must be maintained just to keep alive the maximum number that can subsist at all.

Now the theory of biological evolution, as usually stated, provides that species must adapt themselves to the conditions of survival. Men, having bred themselves into a maximum swarm, become mere units of the species, and will obviously be most efficient when

they perform every action of the routine by an automatic reflex. This means that thought and even consciousness will become not only unnecessary but intolerable impediments to the efficient functioning of the human animals. Obviously, the human minds must disappear in order to permit billions of human ants to make the globe an ant-hill in which they can all live in perfect socialism.

That is what "ineluctable determinism" makes ineluctable, but Mr Seidenberg, who is as adroit in twisting words as any editor of the *New York Times*, shows you how nice that will be. The Revelations of Freud have shown that we are now just bundles of instincts. Mankind will necessarily evolve to the higher stage of what Mr Seidenberg calls "pure reason". As he explains, "pure reason" is now found only among the forms of life that are biologically superior to us because better adapted to environment. The examples which he gives are "ants, bees, and termites," whose "essentially unchanged survival during sixty million years testifies to the perfection of their adjustment . . . to the conditions of life." We must strive to become like them – nay, the "ineluctable determinism" inherent in the "population explosion" and the need for a "more advanced society" will make us, willy nilly, just like ants and termites – intellectually and spiritually, that is, for Mr Seidenberg does not seem to entertain a hope that human beings will ever be able to crawl about on six legs.

In this perfected socialist world there can be no change and hence no history: That is why the perfect man of the near future will be, in Seidenbergian terminology, "post-historic". Everybody will be happy, because there will be no individuals - only organisms that are part of a species and have no separate consciousness. To see how attractive the inevitable future is, you have only to reflect, dear reader, how much happier you would be, if you were an ant or a cockroach in your basement. You would operate by what Mr Seidenberg calls "pure reason". You could not possibly be affected by religion, art, literature, philosophy, science, capitalism, racial discrimination, or any of the other horrid things that will have to be blotted out anyway in the interests of Equality and Social Justice. You could never have a thought to trouble you. You would have

no consciousness; hence you would not know that you exist, and would have no organ that could feel pain when somebody steps on you. What more could you want?

If you are so reactionary as to prefer to be conscious, even at the cost of being unhappy from time to time, you may be amused by the similarity of Mr Seidenberg's vision of the future to the scene described in one of the oldest of the Babylonian tablets, on which the cuneiform characters represent an oddly sibilant and stacatto language: *a-na mat la tari kak – ka-rifi-ti-e ila ištar marat ilu sin u-zu-un-sa iš-kun*, etc.

"To the land whence none return, the place of darkness, Ishtar, the daughter of Sin, her ear inclined.

"Then inclined the daughter of Sin her ear to the house of darkness, the domain of Irkalla; to the prison from which he that enters comes not forth; to the road whose path does not return; . . . to the land where filth is their bread and their food is mud. The light they behold not; in unseeingness they dwell, and are clothed, like winged things, in a garment of scales. . ."

Of all of mankind's nightmarish visions of a future existence, that Babylonian conception of the dead as crawling forever, like mindless insects, in a fetid and eternal night has always seemed to me the most gruesome.

JOY IS NOT AROUND THE CORNER

Mr. Seidenberg's ecstatic vision of the New Jerusalem has, I am sorry to say, imposed on at least two men of scientific eminence who should have known better. They permitted themselves to be confused by the theory of biological evolution. If man evolved, over a period of 500,000 years or more, from an ape (*Australopithecus*) that discovered that by picking up and wielding a long bone it could increase its efficiency in killing other apes, is it not possible that our species can go on evolving and become, in another 500,000 years or less, the perfectly adjusted biped termite that Mr Seidenberg predicts? Heavens to Betsy, I'm not going to argue that point. Granted!

And isn't the "population explosion" a fact? Sure it is, but don't

overlook one detail – the time factor. At the present rate, the globe, sometime between 2000 and 2005 AD – that is to say *within forty years* – will be infested by 5,000,000,000 anatomically human creatures, the maximum number for which food can be supplied by even the most intensive cultivation. And *then*, to keep the globe inhabitable at that bare subsistence level, it will be necessary to kill *every year* more people than now live in the whole United States – kill them with atomic bombs or clubs, as may be more convenient.

I shall not argue about what human beings could or could not become by biological evolution in half a million years: We all know, at least, that there is going to be no biological evolution in fifty years. And, if we stop a moment to think about it, we also know that the world is not going to have a population of five billion. Not ever.

The population of the world is going to be drastically reduced before the year 2000.

The reduction could come through natural causes. It is always possible – far more possible than you imagine, if you have not investigated the relevant areas of scientific knowledge – that next week or next year may bring the onset of a new pestilence that will have a proportional mortality as great as that of the epidemic in the time of the Antonines or the Black Plague of the Middle Ages. Alternatively, the events described in John Christopher's brilliant novel, *No Blade of Grass*, could become fact, instead of fiction, at any time. And there are at least three other ways, all scientifically possible, in which the world could be partly depopulated in short order by strictly natural forces beyond our control.

But if Nature does not act, men will. When things became a bit crowded in east Asia, for example, the Huns and, at a later time, the Mongols swept a wide swath through the world as locusts sweep through a wheat field. And wherever they felt the inspiration, they were every bit as efficient as any quantity of hydrogen bombs you may care to imagine. In the natural course of human events, we shall see in the near future wars of extermination on a scale and of an intensity that your mind will, at present, refuse to contemplate. The only question will be what peoples will be among the exterminated.

If the minority of the earth's inhabitants that is capable of creating and continuing (as distinct from aping) a high civilization is exterminated (as it now seems resolved to be), or if for some reason wars of extermination fail to solve the problem, civilization will collapse from sheer lack of brains to keep it going, and the consequent reversion to global savagery will speedily take care of the excess in numbers. In a world of savages, not only would the intricate and hated technology of our civilization be abolished, but even the simplest arts might be forgotten. (Every anthropologist knows of tribes in Polynesia and Melanesia that forgot how to make canoes, although without them it became almost impossible to obtain the fish that they regard as the most delicious food, or how to make bows and arrows, although they needed them for more effective hunting and fighting.) A world of savages in 2100 probably would not have a population more numerous than the world had in 4000 BC.

The ordinary course of nature and human events (separately or in combination) will, in one way or another, take care of the much touted "population explosion" and Mr Seidenberg knows it. You have only to read him carefully to see that all his talk about history, biological evolution, and "ineluctable determinism" is strictly for the birds — or, at least, bird-brains.

DO-IT-YOURSELF FOR SOCIALISTS

Like all internationalists, Mr Seidenberg envisages a One World of universal socialism.

Every student of history and mankind (as distinct from the ignorant theorists who prefer to chirrup while hopping from cloud to cloud in Nephelococcygia) well knows what is needed for a successful and stable socialism. And our intelligent socialists know it, too. There are two essentials, viz.: (1) a mass of undifferentiated human livestock, sufficiently intelligent to be trained to perform routine and often complicated tasks, but too stupid to take thought for their own future; and (2) a small caste of highly intelligent planners, preferably of an entirely different race, who will direct the livestock and, with the aid of overseers who need be but little more intelligent than the overseen, make sure that the livestock work hard and breed

properly and do not have unsocial thoughts. The owners must be so superior to the owned that the latter will not regard themselves as of the same species. The owners must be hedged about with a quasi-divinity, and their chief, therefore, must be represented as an incarnate god.

Mr Seidenberg knows that and tells us so. Our blissful future, he says, is assured by the emergence of "administrators [whose] special talents place them above other men". The most important of these special talents is enough intelligence to understand that "moral restraints and compassions [and] . . . the attitudes and values upon which they were based have become obsolete". On the basis of such progressive thinking, "the relatively small elite of the organizers" will manipulate the "overwhelming social mass" and guide it toward its destiny, "the mute status of unconscious organisms."

The Chosen Few will do this by promoting "the spiritual and psychological dehumanization of man" and "a vast organizational transmutation of life." For this glorious purpose, various techniques are available; for example, as Mr Seidenberg tells us, "there is, plainly, *more* than a nihilistic meaning in the challenging ambiguities of modern art." And, in a masterfully managed society, "the gradually *inculcated* feeling of helplessness . . . will make the mass of humanity ever more malleable and dependent upon the complex functioning of society, with its ensuing regimentation under organized patterns of behavior". But the Supermen will use, above all, "*a scientific program of genetic control* to assure the complete adjustment of the human mass to its destiny" and "the final elimination of the socially maladjusted," such as Right-Wing Reactionaries and other American swine, whose "anachronistic stance" and silly efforts to avoid "the mute status of unconscious organisms" show that they "belong essentially to the past."

As for the Supermen, who form "the nucleus of an élite of administrative functionaries and organizers ruling over the vast mass of men", you can bet your bottom dollar (so long as Master Jack permits you to have one) that that Master Race has no intention of becoming like the bipeds that it will supervise and selectively breed for more and better mindlessness until it has attained its "historic"

goal, "the settling of the human race [as distinct from its owners] into an ecologic niche of permanent and static adjustment," which, as Mr Seidenberg says in a moment of candor, is simply "living death." Obviously, when this goal has been achieved, human beings, deprived of mind and even consciousness, will differ from the Master Race as much as ants and bees now differ in intelligence from human beings. Glory be!

To any attentive reader of the book, it is clear that the author, under the guise of a transparently inconsistent prophecy about a distant future, is presenting a plan for a near future that is to be created, in spite of history, in spite of nature, and in spite of mankind, by the purposeful and concerted action of a small band of "elite" conspirators, comparable to, if not identical with, the directors of the International Communist Conspiracy.

To publish such a plan in a book sold to the general public seems a fantastic indiscretion, even when one allows for the breath-taking effrontery that our Internationalists are now showing in their confidence that Americans have already been so disarmed and entrapped in the 'United Nations' that, for practical purposes, it's all over except for the butchering. When I first read these books, therefore, I was inclined to believe that the author was trying to warn us.

THE VEILED PROPHET OF DOYLESTOWN

My inquiries, necessarily hasty and perfunctory as I write this article to meet a deadline, have elicited almost no information about Mr Seidenberg. I do not know what region on earth was blessed with his nativity, what academic institutions bestowed the benison of their degrees upon him, or even what may be his liaison with the University of North Carolina. He is said to be an architect, but he is not listed in the 1962 edition of the *American Architects' Directory*. He is said to practice that art in Doylestown, Pennsylvania, but an informant in that town reports that he is not listed in the telephone directory as an architect, although there is listed under his name, without indication of profession or occupation, a telephone which did not answer, when called on successive days.

I do not have the facilities of the FBI, so all that I really know

about Mr Seidenberg, apart from his books, is that he surfaced momentarily on February 22, 1962, in the pages of the *New York Times*, to emit a yip for the abolition of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. (And if you wonder why anyone should now yip against a Committee that appears to have been virtually silenced by the concerted howling of our enemies after the release of *Operation Abolition*, I can only tell you that, according to persons who should know, the Committee has amassed in Executive Sessions testimony which, if published, would expose some of the most powerful anti-humans in Washington.)

Mrs Sarah Watson Emery, in her excellent book, *Blood on the Old Well* (Prospect House, Dallas, cf. *American Opinion*, October, 1963, pp. 67 ff.), reports that the elusive Seidenberg, in a conversation with her, "clearly implied that he wrote the books in order to bring about the ghastly future" that he "so confidently predicts". If Mrs. Emery is right, Mr Seidenberg's books are inspirational literature for the Master Race of "administrators" who are now taking over the whole world. They can own and operate the world forever in perfect Peace, if, by a scientific application of genetics, they reduce human beings to the status of mindless insects.

IS ONE WORLD FEASIBLE?

You, my patient reader, may be a member of the Radical Right and hence unenthusiastic about the happiness that is being planned for you, If so, I confess that I, whom a learned colleague recently described as a "filthy Fascist swine", share your misgivings. But let us here consider the Seidenbergian ideal exclusively as a problem in genetics. Is it possible?

Probably not, by the hit-and-miss methods that the Conspiracy has thus far employed.

As Mr Seidenberg carefully points out, "Russia [under Lenin, Stalin, and Khrushchev] and America [under Roosevelt, Eisenhower, and Kennedy] are basically akin by reason of the dominance of their organizational trends", but – *hélas!* – even today "the collectivization of society is only in its incipient stages in Russia." And the reason is obvious. Although Ulyanov (alias Lenin), and Bronstein (alias

Trotsky) butchered millions of reactionary Russians who wanted to be individual human beings, and although Dzhugashvili (alias Stalin) butchered millions more, and although Saint Nick (formerly Khrushchev) shot, hacked to pieces, or starved seven million in the Ukraine alone when he was just a local manager for the Communist Conspiracy, the nasty Russians are still unregenerate. Although the world's vermin have had absolute control of Russia for almost half a century and have certainly worked hard to exterminate every Russian who had in himself a spark of self-respect, human decency, or even the will to live, observers agree that the recent failure of crops would have precipitated a crisis and possibly even a revolt of blind desperation, if Master Jack had not ordered his American cattle to provide the wheat that Comrade Nick needed to keep his own restive cattle fairly quiet. And it is quite likely that if the Conspiracy were to lose control of the United States and so be forced to retreat somewhere in the world, the Russian people would revolt anyway. The most systematic butchery has not destroyed the genetic transmission of human instincts. And it is unlikely to do so for centuries, at least.

Americans are apt to be even more refractory, and I am sure that One Worlders, now that they think their final victory almost achieved, must be giving thought to the problem of what to do with them. (And I need not remind you that advanced minds are not troubled by "moral restraints" and the other "attitudes and values".) The American kulaks were useful and even necessary to fight wars "to make the world safe for democracy" and to finance with "foreign aid" the Communist conquest of the world, but when that goal has been achieved, they are likely to be a real nuisance.

There are rumors, for example, that Master Jack is planning to send the U.S. Army — which, as purged by Yarmolinsky and his stooges, will presumably be a docile instrument for the abolition of the nation it was established to defend — to seal off one area of the country after another, drive the white swine from their homes, and search them to confiscate such firearms or other weapons as they may have in their possession. It may be necessary to beat a few hundred of the white pigs so that their squealing will teach the

other livestock to obey their owner, but, according to the rumors, nothing more than that is contemplated. But even if the operation is successful, one can foresee endless trouble. Human instincts are more or less fixed by heredity.

It is no wonder, therefore, that Mr Seidenberg foresees "long-range genetic manipulation designed not only to improve the human stock according to the social dictates of [the proprietors of] a collectivized humanity, but *above all* to eliminate, in one manner or another, any traces of anti-social deviation".

Those are, doubtless, sound general principles, but what, specifically, is to be done with the Americans when the 'United Nations' takes them over? One could, as Mr. Seidenberg delicately hints in one passage, just castrate all the males. (If the idea seems shocking to you, remember that that's just your "anachronistic stance".) Or one could adopt the policy which the Soviet, according to a report that was leaked "from UN official sources" and reported in the now defunct *Northlander* (September, 1958), uses in Lithuania, where all potentially troublesome males were rounded up and shipped to Siberia and then replaced in their own homes by public-spirited Mongolian males eager to improve the quality of the Lithuanian population. A Baluba or a Bakongo thus installed in every American home would not only effectively end "discrimination" and promote the 'world unity' desiderated by Internationalists, but would also – according to a 'scientific' study made by a Professor of Sociology in a tax-supported American university and reported both in his class-room lectures and in his broadcasts over a radio-station entirely owned by that university – fulfill the secret yearnings of all American womanhood.

This may seem a perfect solution (if you have a 'One World' viewpoint), but it has, I fear, its drawbacks. Balubas and such are just fine for exterminating white men in Africa and creating chaos under direction from Washington and Moscow, but I suspect that anyone who tries to regiment them to do work is in for a powerful lot of trouble. After they have served their purpose, it will be necessary to exterminate them, too. And the Masters, after they have blotted out the civilization they hate, are going to need *workers*, not

cannibals and other savages, if, in keeping with the Seidenbergian vision, they are to rule the world forever.

Now Americans and Europeans are excellent workers. What is needed, obviously, is not to destroy them but to convert them, as Mr Seidenberg predicts, into true zombies, that is to say, creatures that have no will or personality of their own and therefore do whatever they are told. But that transformation, so far as I can learn from geneticists whom I have consulted, is genetically impossible by any process of selective breeding within any reasonable length of time – say a thousand years or less. This, I am sure, our author realizes, for after admitting that "the art of brainwashing and, even more so, *the science of controlling society by pharmaceutical manipulation*, are in their infancy" he places his hope for the future in "the ever increasing techniques and the ever more refined arts of mental coercion." Presumably, the human mind and will can be destroyed by drugs, or perhaps by an improved technique of lobotomy, to produce the kind of "mental health" requisite in the zombies who, like mindless insects, are to work to support the Master Race of the future. But this is not genetics, and the qualities thus induced in individuals cannot be transmitted genetically. The Masters, therefore, will be put to the trouble of operating on each generation of biped insects as it is produced – and, what is even worse, there is some reason to doubt that the zombies would or could reproduce themselves.

So, you see, the New Dispensation of which Internationalists dream is by no means assured, either historically or biologically. For that matter, it is even possible that enough Americans may object in time to frustrate the "determinism" that only their ignorance, apathy, or cowardice could make "ineluctable". But I cannot speculate about that possibility here. I have sought only to show you, as dispassionately as possible, what kind of thoughts very advanced minds are thinking about you these days.

RACIAL DEMOCRACY

[In 1963, American newspapers devoted much of their drivel to propaganda about the island of Hispaniola. The purpose was to stimulate the Christians' inveterate itch to meddle in other people's business and the Americans' more recent delusion that they are a People Chosen to make the world safe for "democracy" and unsafe for civilized men. I thought it worth while, therefore, to place in the July-August and September issues a two-part article describing the actual state of affairs in both Haiti and Santo Domingo, entitled "The Black and the Red" with, of course, a punning allusion to Stendhal. The first of these is reprinted here.]

HAITI

Haiti, which has an area a little larger than that of Vermont and is about as mountainous, occupies the third of the island of Hispaniola that was ceded to France by Spain at the close of the War of the Grand Alliance in 1697. It was a prosperous and flourishing colony of plantations - operated with slaves imported from various parts of Africa - until 1791 , when some slaves attending a voodoo-orgy thought of butchering their masters. The idea aroused enthusiasm that spread to some other plantations and initiated a series of disorders — chiefly stealthy nocturnal assaults on isolated homes — which the colonists were unable to suppress because they were at first confused by a series of unusually injudicious and always conflicting orders from the various revolutionary governments in France; and then they had to fight off a British invasion.

In 1802, a black who first called himself Dessalines, and later Emperor Jacques, gained control with help from the British, who regarded him as an ally against the French. In 1804, with the approval of his secret backers and advisers, the British Abolition Society, he proclaimed a new era of Civil Rights, including extermination of the whites. All white men, women, and children in the territory were systematically butchered, many of them with tortures that showed no little ingenuity, and some of them were eaten. It is said that a number of white women were secretly spared and kept in pens for future fun. That is doubtless true, but the story commonly

told in Haiti, that this accounts for the presence of a minority of mulattoes in a population that is otherwise entirely Negro, is false. Free mulattoes formed about ten percent of the population before the revolt began; and, as a matter of fact, Emperor Jacques, having discovered that the existence of mulattoes was incompatible with true Equality, had made preparations to exterminate them also when he was bushwhacked in 1806 by one of his generals.

After an interlude of anarchy, Haiti came under the rule of a freeborn Negro of great vision and talent called Christophe, who proclaimed himself Emperor Henry and gave the territory the most stable and efficient native government that it has ever had. He is still celebrated for the ruses and hoaxes with which he baffled, bluffed, and blackmailed the British. The ruins of his great palace, Sans Souci, are an enduring monument to his genius. He was determined to civilize Haiti and he maintained order with a strong hand, often whacking off with his own cutlass the head of an unruly or dilatory subject. He revived agriculture and trade and even succeeded in making his subjects work. That he was a man of foresight is shown by the fact that he always carried with him the bullet of solid silver that he fired into his brain when the time came in 1820.

Since then, Haiti has been ruled by a succession of Presidents, Generals, Dictators, Emperors, and the like; the more intelligent of them have always been careful to stay in Port-au-Prince so that they would have a chance to sprint for a ship in the harbor when the winds of change began to blow. (Executives leaving office in this way may also head for a foreign embassy, but when President Sam made it to the French legation in 1915, his constituents simply followed him in, tied a rope about him, and spent the rest of the day dragging his body through the streets of Port-au-Prince until he was literally worn out.)

THE PEOPLE TODAY

Most of the plantations that made Haiti so prosperous under the French have, of course, long since reverted to jungle; but enough food is raised, chiefly in small clearings, to feed the population. In addition, considerable quantities of coffee, sisal, sugar, and cacao

are grown, mostly on larger farms, for export.

The official language is French, which is spoken fluently by a small minority of the population and understood, to some extent at least, by about two-thirds of it. Most of the people communicate in the dialects called "Creole," which are grotesque mixtures of various African languages with French and some English, and with a little Spanish thrown in for good measure.

According to the best estimates, the population consists of about 3,500,000 Negroes and about 158,000 mulattoes. The latter include most of the educated class and so dominate the professions, business, and the commissioned part of the army.

Most of the mulattoes are educated, and some of them are very well educated indeed — traditionally in France. Through them, Haiti has produced a respectable quantity of good French verse and prose. (For a good conspectus, see Louis Morpeau's *Anthologie d'un siècle de poésie haïtienne*, Paris, 1925, which contains some admirable lyrics.) There is a tradition of culture and refinement, although, for reasons to be mentioned sliortly, it is now declining. The cultivated mulattoes are sometimes called "aristocrats," which is true in the sense that they regard themselves as superior; are, unlike the majority of the population, born in wedlock; and can often proudly trace their ancestry to a French colonist. They must not be confused with the "nobility" that Haiti has enjoyed from time to time in the past, e.g. under the rule of Emperor Faustin I, who created hundreds of black dukes, barons, counts, and knights to adorn his court, including the holders of such distinguished and memorable titles as the Duke of Lemonade,the Duke of Marmalade, and the Duke of Castor Oil. Such nobility, it is needless to say, vanished when its royal or imperial master found it expedient to scram.

The great majority of the Negroes in Haiti are illiterate and intend to stay that way. A team of high-powered educational experts was rushed in by the 'United Nations' in 1947, spent half a million dollars of your money, and claimed that it had succeeded in teaching fifty persons to read a little.

Haiti now has a small resident white population (as distinct from foreign diplomatic and commercial representatives) of about

three thousand persons, mostly traders, money-lenders, and the like, and principally of Levantine origin. These are cordially hated by both Negroes and mulattoes and thus provide the one issue on which the two groups can agree.

THE RACIAL PROBLEM

Since the time of Dessalines, there has been a strong and ever increasing tension between the Negroes and the mulattoes in Haiti. And for almost a century this racial antagonism has been a bitter and, on occasion, ferocious hatred for winch there was almost no parallel in the world until the American "liberals" of our own day got down to work in Africa.

Some Negroes in Haiti now blame Dessalines, who is usually regarded as the national hero, for not having exterminated the mulattoes at the time that he took care of the whites. There have been numerous attempts to remedy his oversight, but on a comparatively small scale. In 1879, President Solomon, although only partly Negro himself, felt an idealistic urge to end racial discrimination. He began the massacres very systematically, but he accomplished little before he found it necessary to concentrate his entire army of thirteen thousand men to reduce a group of one hundred young mulattoes who, being so reactionary as to object to being butchered, equipped themselves with rifles and took refuge on a promontory. After more than nine months of hard fighting, the Haitian Army was finally victorious and killed the last of its hundred opponents; but it lost more than nine thousand of its best troops by rifle fire and desertion, and only with the greatest difficulty had recruits been obtained to replace those losses. The campaign had strained President Solomon's military resources to the utmost and left his army so shattered that it was unequal to further operations, so that social reform had to be postponed indefinitely. Many attempts were subsequently made, but none appears to have been on a larger scale than the incident in 1915 in which some two hundred of the leading young mulattoes of Port-au-Prince were rounded up and, if not exactly liquidated, were reduced to such a state that their remains had to be removed with shovels.

Further application of the principle of majority rule was prevented by the U.S. Marines, who moved in to impose order in 1915 and remained until 1934. The United States continued official supervision of the Haitian government until 1941. Since that time no serious incidents have occurred, but President Estimé is reported to have considered — or even planned — a massacre of mulattoes as a means of regaining his popularity shortly before he ran out of office in 1950.

Although, thanks to the normal inefficiency and instability of Haitian governments, the various efforts to promote Equality had numerically insignificant results, the unremitting pressures of racial animosity have been so great that the mulattoes, who as late as 1910 still formed about ten percent of the population, are now reduced to about five percent.

Economic necessity imposes a surface calm in normal times, but the majority and the racial minority in Haiti are forever separated by an implacable and undying hatred that will inevitably manifest itself in action whenever violence becomes feasible.

RELIGION

Almost all of the mulattoes and many Negroes, especially in the towns and larger villages, are practicing Catholics. The total number of Christians has been very variously estimated, but it is clear that they form a minority — possibly a small minority — of the population.

The "religion" of the majority of the inhabitants of Haiti is undoubtedly represented by the voodoo-cults, which are all weird conglomerations of savage superstitions and sub-human rites derived from many parts of Africa. Voodoo is certainly the strongest — and possibly the only really powerful — force in Haiti today.

For an introduction to the complex and confusing mass of superstitions and practices, we must refer the reader to such standard works as J J Williams' *Voodoos and Obeahs* (London, 1933) and Z N Hurston's *Voodoo Gods* (1939). And we may particularly recommend the candid work of a highly talented Haitian writer, Milo Rigaud, whose *Jésus ou Legba?* (Paris, 1933) is disguised as a

"novel" for reasons which will become apparent as you read it. We can offer only a few general comments:

(1) You will find it impossible to understand Voodoo until you realize - as many careful investigators failed to do - that you are dealing with a mentality fundamentally and generically different from your own. It is a mentality to which logic is simply incomprehensible, and to which, therefore, the processes of reasoning that you must use when you think are alien and meaningless; it is a consciousness that can hold, in quick succession or even simultaneously, contradictory and antithetical feelings about the same subject without perceiving the slightest conflict between those feelings. The Western mind, which can understand only in terms of logical and definite relationships, automatically tries to define, classify, and systematize, and so it often defeats itself when it tries to comprehend the productions of a radically different mentality. Investigators usually begin by trying to identify the Voodoo "gods" often without realizing that they have risked misleading themselves by applying the word "god" to a vague supernatural entity that is both amorphous and polymorphous. They anxiously inquire concerning the attributes of such spirits as Baron Samedi, Legba, and Damballa, and they try to ascertain what functions each has, which is superior to the others, and how they are related. Since they are asking questions which are really *meaningless* to their informants, they naturally obtain a wide variety of answers and either try to decide which informants were lying or conclude that there are a great many different cults. (Note, for example, the dismay of investigators who, having correctly ascertained that *obeah* and *myal* are rival and mutually antagonistic forms of primitive magic, discover that the same individuals practice both.) When we try to impose logic where there is none, we simply delude ourselves.

(2) Believers in Voodoo take toward Christianity the attitude that the white man has to his own spirits and witch-doctors, who, although inferior, have some power in certain areas. When you have to deal with whites or Christian mulattoes, it is a good idea to conciliate their supernatural allies. And if you can buy or purloin some of the enemy's fetishes, such as a cross or a picture of the Virgin,

and put them in a Voodoo-shrine, that neutralizes the enemy's magic. It is, at least, a precaution that can do no harm.

(3) Voodoo rites are secret. In the back country, the shrines, most commonly called *hounforts*, are undisguised and open huts, usually equipped with at least one grotesque and obscene wooden idol, as mis-shapen and repulsive as the sculpture that is awarded first prizes in our more barbaric museums of "contemporary art". (For an indication of what these idols mean to their worshippers, see the report, somewhat veiled with euphemism, in Richard A Loederer's *Voodoo Fire,* New York, 1935, pp. 158 ff.) In the smaller towns, the shrines are in houses, but readily identified by the designs painted on the exterior. In Port-au-Prince, the cult-rooms have a status somewhat resembling that of 'speakeasies' during our Prohibition Era: they are unmarked, but you may be sure that you are never very far from one, if you can find it. But only members of the cult are admitted to the shrines, and only rarely does a student have an opportunity for surreptitious observation of what goes on inside.

(4) Communal rites normally take place out-of-doors at night in isolated spots to which the votaries will gladly travel long distances. Here, again, observation must be surreptitious, and the more important the rite, the greater the precautions taken to make sure that there are no outsiders in the vicinity. There is no fixed ritual, and hence the reported differences between *arada, legba,* and *pétro* rites, which some writers suppose to represent different cults, is largely nugatory; the difference, at most, is of the same order as the difference between our words "dance" and "ball" as applied to social occasions. The rites are led by a male or female witch-doctor, *papa-loi* or *mama-loi,* and always involve orgiastic dances that soon induce in all the participants a state of emotional frenzy. What happens next depends on the whims and impulses of the hysterical leader and her (or, less commonly, his) hysterical followers. Commonly, however, as the emotions become paroxysmal, the votaries twist off the heads of chickens and, placing the neck in their mouths, suck out the blood. If goats are available, their throats are slashed open and the blood is both lapped-up as a stimulating beverage and smeared over the body as a refreshing ointment. The most potent rite calls for the use

of a "hornless goat," ie human being. The eating of adults is said to have been discontinued, but it is believed that some cults on certain very special occasions still serve babies, either raw or stewed. Since the victims are always the children of participants in the celebration, the chances of discovery are slight, if precautions have been taken to prevent observation by outsiders.

(5) We should not be supercilious about black magic. The *papa-lois* and *mama-lois* undoubtedly practice hypnosis and are acquainted with the use of many locally available narcotics and poisons, including cocaine (from the leaves of the coca), *mancenilles* (mancineel apples), *roiry* (a leguminous seed which contains cyanidic acid), and, it is believed, the *kingo* or *kingolo*, which is said to paralyse certain areas in the brain and thus produce real zombies (*guédés*). We cannot really blame the followers of these witch-doctors when we remember that many Europeans have been convinced that the witch-doctors do, in fact, possess supernatural powers, and report having observed phenomena for which it is difficult to suggest a natural explanation.

(6) Since you may see, even in recent works, some nonsense predicated on the assumption that the word *voodoo* (French *vaudou*) is derived from the Christian heresy of the Vaudois, I note that it is simply an African term, usually written *vodu*, which means "magic" in various dialects of Dahomey and Senegal.

The U.S. Marines, during the nineteen years in which they kept order in Haiti, sought to repress the practice of voodoo, and, despite the yapping of American 'liberals' accomplished a great deal, not so much by breaking up celebrations as by hunting down and destroying bandits who were also *papa-lois*. (On the best known of these, who called himself Charlemagne, see J D Kuser, *Haiti*, Boston, 1921.) Repeated demonstrations that even high-grade *ouangas*, anointed with grease obtained by boiling human brains, did not inhibit the action of either a Springfield rifle or the Marine who was carrying it shook the faith of some of the faithful and discouraged others.

Since the departure of the Marines, the voodoo-cults have steadily revived. Mr Loederer (*op. cit.*, p. 257) quotes a long-time

resident of Haiti who appears to have had unique opportunities for observation and who reports that he can "say with certainty that ninety-five percent of the black population are in varying degrees adherents, active or passive, of the cult." There are other estimates, some as low as eighty percent. The latter comes from a Christian missionary and may accordingly be affected by his hopes.

THE PRESIDENT

The present ruler of Haiti is Francois Duvalier, who claims to be a full-blooded Negro, received some medical training in the United States, and practiced as a physician before he went into politics. He was — what is very unusual in Haiti — chosen President in a regular election, and he was inaugurated on September 22, 1957.

His predecessors in office during the nine months preceding his election were: President Paul Magloire (December 6-12, 1956), President Joseph Pierre-Louis (December 12, 1956-February 3, 1957), President Frank Sylvain (February 7-April 2), General Cantave (April 2-6), Executive Council (April 6-27), General Cantave (April 27-May 2), Reorganized Executive Council (May 2-21), Colonel Pierre Armand (May 21-25), President Daniel Fignolé (May 26-June 14), General Antonio Kébreau (June 14-September 22): It will be seen that the inauguration of President Duvalier greatly relieved the ambassadors stationed in Port-au-Prince, who were beginning to feel a little dizzy.

Duvalier has remained in office ever since - a noteworthy accomplishment. His term would have expired on May 15, 1963, had he not taken the precaution of having himself re-elected in 1961 in an election in which he was the only Presidential candidate. That procedure, to be sure, is regarded as unsophisticated by "liberals" in the United States, who believe that American voters should always be given a choice between Tweedledum and Tweedledee in a Presidential election, since such superficial courtesies help to keep them quiet.

Duvalier is by no means a despicable figure. He is said to have been both popular and competent when he practiced medicine. Like President Kennedy, he is nominally a Catholic; his real opinions are

uncertain. If, as is frequently reported, he also professes and practices voodoo, it must be remembered that any shrewd politician would try to appeal to the beliefs of a large block of voters. So far as I know, no one has claimed that he emulates his fairly numerous predecessors in office who celebrated voodoo-ceremonies in the Presidential Palace. And everyone will see that it was politically necessary for Duvalier to expel Bishop Paul Robert from Haiti in November, 1962, whatever Duvalier may have felt personally about the matter. The *papalois* and *mamalois* of Haiti no more mind denunciations of voodoo than American Communists mind denunciations of Marxism as a "doctrine"; but if anyone tries to *do* anything about the practice of voodoo, they become as excited as our "liberals" at the mention of Senator McCarthy. And the Bishop, instead of thundering away in his cathedral about the wickedness of voodoo, tried to incite his congregations to *do* something about it by interfering with voodoo-rites and demanding the enforcement of certain laws that are on the books because they look good to foreigners. No President of Haiti could risk offense to more than three-quarters of the electorate – not when they all have machetes.

Political expediency – which Haitian politicians, surely, are as much entitled to take into consideration as the politicians of any other country – also requires of a President of Haiti an avowed belief in Black Supremacy. Duvalier has said the right things, but rather mildly, and he has thus far given no indication that he wishes or intends to do more than talk. So far as I have been able to ascertain, neither the few resident whites nor the still numerous mulattoes fear a massacre under Duvalier's regime, although a majority of both groups now opposes him for other reasons.

It is quite true that Duvalier, by having himself re-elected, showed a little less respect for the Constitution of Haiti than President Kennedy and the Supreme Court have thus far openly shown for ours. But after all, there is a difference. Duvalier may well feel that the constitution that he violated is *his*. He proclaimed it some months after he took office in 1957. And Haitians, long accustomed to having a constitution made obsolete by "modern needs" every few years, take a very "liberal" attitude toward such

documents: easy come, easy go.

It is also true that Duvalier made campaign promises which he has not kept, but it is entirely possible that he made them in the spirit in which Kennedy promised American voters that, if elected, his first act would be to destroy the Communist base in Cuba. As all "liberal" idealists and practical politicians have known, ever since Franklin Roosevelt got into the White House by pledging himself drastically to curtail the activities and to reduce the expenditure of the federal government, one has to tell the boobs something to coax them into the voting booth.

It cannot be denied that Duvalier, although he has been almost as careful as his counterparts in more civilized countries to provide a legal pretext for his actions, has, in fact, ruled in a quasi-dictatorial manner. In Haiti, however, that is what is expected of an executive who is not a contemptible weakling. Duvalier was elected President by a little more than two-thirds of the voters in an election in which there were three candidates. He took office in October, and it was not until May and June of the following year, respectively, that the two rival candidates, in the order of their popularity at the polls, were outlawed by the Haitian Congress. And even Duvalier's severest critics admit, as a proof of his moderation and humanity, that both were allowed to escape from Haiti alive.

Duvalier has shown an extraordinary ability to stay in office. Since groups in the Army on at least two occasions were admittedly planning a *coup d'etat* in the traditional Haitian manner, Duvalier, by arresting or exiling more than sixty generals and other ranking officers, has paralyzed the regular army and has virtually disbanded some parts of it. Using the authority conferred on him by the Haitian Congress, he rules with the support of a newly established organization whose members are popularly known as *Tonton Macoute* ("Bogeymen"). Though generally described as a militia, this force corresponds more closely to the horde of goons, technically enrolled as U.S. Marshals, that Kennedy sent into Mississippi to terrorize the white population and beat them into submission to the will of their Master.

The *Tonton Macoute* have thus far shown themselves astonishingly

efficient, operating on several occasions of alarm with a precision that astonished foreign observers and dismayed domestic plotters. They are composed in part of fanatical admirers of Duvalier, whom they affectionately call "le Papa Doc" and in part of strong-arm men hired for the purpose. It cannot be denied that they are as ruthless and brutal as U.S. Marshals in Oxford, Mississippi, and equally lawless by instinct or executive command. Duvalier's more outspoken critics or secret opponents have often been kidnapped with no more compunction than was shown in the kidnapping of General Walker and with the same terroristic intent. Matters are simpler in Haiti, where the kind of violence to which Americans have not yet been accustomed is merely normal and almost quotidian. The *Tonton Macoute*, therefore, instead of hustling their victims off for torture by imported sadists in "mental health" institutions, simply beat reactionaries to death or murder them in other ways. The number of such victims should not be exaggerated, however, for a few instances of ruthlessness suffice to show that the *Tonton Macoute* mean business; and they do not need an army to back them up, for the population is easily cowed.

Direct action, whether by the army or a corps of special officers deputized for the purpose, is the usual means of maintaining a semblance of order in Haiti whenever things become a little tense. It is probable that the total number of victims of Duvalier's regime, if averaged over the years that Papa Doc has been in power, is not much above par for the course.

STRIKING A BALANCE

From the foregoing report, which could be extended to great length, it will be obvious that much of Duvalier's conduct in office is reprehensible and merits the strongest condemnation in terms of abstract political theory or humanitarian sentiment. But, needless to say, it would be silly to compare Papa Doc's government to the Guardians of Plato's imaginary Commonwealth, the *Senatus Amauroticus* of More's *Utopia*, or even the more modest governmental institutions that were once typical of the United States and that many of us hope to see restored on all levels - national, state, and local.

The only rational way to judge Duvalier is to compare him with his predecessors in executive office since 1820 — or rather, to be more exact, with those who managed to stay in office a full year or more and thus had time to exhibit their capacities. Anyone who glances at the monotonous pages of Haitian history will grant without argument that it would be possible to compile a long list of executives who were certainly far worse than Duvalier. How many were better?

This list will be headed by President Fabre Geffrard, who was not only intelligent but, on the basis of all the evidence, a man of high principles. He was, beyond question, far superior to Duvalier in every way, and governed Haiti well, until his term of office ended suddenly and by the usual procedure in 1867. (He won the thousand-metre dash to the harbor, and spent the rest of his life in Jamaica.) It is only when we look for someone to put in second place that our difficulties begin. We could, I think, unhesitatingly agree on President Cincinnatus Leconte, if he had been able to hold office for more than a year; but he was retired in 1912 by the simple expedient of dynamiting the whole of the Presidential Palace in which he had barricaded himself with his family and guards. And it would not be fair to count the Presidents of Haiti who nominally held office and did the bidding of American advisers while the Marines kept order.

All things considered, we may assign second place to President Estimé, whom we have already mentioned, since we cannot fairly put on his record a plan which he had no chance to carry out and may not, in fact, have resolved upon. There is something to be said for two or even three other executives of Haiti, but when we reach this point, we must recognize that it would require nice discrimination and anxious debate to determine which, if any, should be given precedence over Duvalier on our honor roll. We have neither space nor inclination for long and involved discussions here.

PAPA DOC'S TROUBLES

There has been no significant change in the character of Duvalier or his government since his inauguration in 1957. In Haiti, efforts to

replace executives normally begin on the day of their inauguration and continue until one is successful. The present crisis, however, though augmented by such natural forces, is primarily the work of 'our' State Department.

One of the purposes served by our "foreign aid" is to make foreign governments dependent on the decrees of the State Department. A foreign country quickly becomes accustomed to the idea that it is the duty of American serfs to work for the comfort and pleasure of superior peoples, and even failure to increase the tribute paid from year to year will excite great moral indignation. Handouts from the American Treasury quickly dislocate the country's economy and are far more habit-forming than heroin or cocaine. When the drug is suddenly cut off, the addict screams in real pain.

Washington, after pumping more than a hundred million dollars of your money into Haiti, supported Duvalier by providing approximately half of Haiti's annual budget. When this was suddenly cut off, the result was naturally a terrific economic shock; Duvalier found himself in real trouble. That this was planned was shown by the fact that our leading poison-papers suddenly and simultaneously erupted with fervid denunciations of the "tyrant" and "Fascist" who was President of Haiti. To be sure, they had occasionally made an unkind remark about him - ever since he outlawed the Communist "Democratic Alliance" soon after taking office - but when the State Department pushed the control button, the whole of our captive Press sounded off more loudly than sirens in London during a German air-raid.

It is quite clear that our Masters in Washington have decided to destroy Duvalier, and, of course, they will succeed. A report from Haiti on the twentieth of May estimates that the President, who went into office with the support of at least eighty percent of the mulatto minority, is now supported by no more than a third, and possibly only a fifth, of that group. It was more difficult to measure the sentiments of the Negroes, since a large part of the population outside the towns has no political interests so long as it is not directly affected by a governmental act or itself suddenly inspired to action; but the report very tentatively suggested that about fifty-five to

sixty percent of the Negroes in the territory were at least passive supporters of the President at that time. It was noted, however, that, as is usual in Haiti, the situation could change drastically in a few hours: The moment that it *seems* that Duvalier is losing control, he *will* lose it. And unless he is extraordinarily nimble, he will lose more than that.

The eventual result is a foregone conclusion. Even if it were many times larger and more prosperous, and were united in support of its present executive, Haiti could not indefinitely resist the enormous pressures that Washington will exert, if necessary.

THE REASON

Duvalier's friends claim that he has steadfastly refused to co-operate with the Communist Conspiracy, and his public record lends very considerable support to that claim. His enemies allege that he has several Communists in his government and knows it. There are grounds for suspecting one of the persons named in this connection, but nothing seems to be known about the others. My guess is that Duvalier is more intelligent than American "liberals" and knows that no one can do business, openly or secretly, with the Communists and hope to survive. It is entirely possible, however, that when his situation becomes desperate, he, like almost all drowning men, may grasp at a straw. The question is not a very important one.

July-August 1963

A VERY LIBERAL CONSCIENCE

***The Hiroshima Pilot* by William Bradford Huie**

The "liberal" mind is a weird and wonderful thing.

On May 11, 1940, the government of Great Britain decided to overthrow the conventions of civilized warfare and revert to the unmitigated ferocity of primeval savagery. They calculated that if they could bomb and kill enough of the helpless civilian population of defenceless German cities, they could eventually force the Germans to bomb and kill enough of the helpless civilian population of undefended British cities to whip up enthusiasm for a war that

most Britons still felt to be the wrong war declared at the wrong time. This brilliant strategy succeeded. Of course, the British raids were kept secret, and the captive Press in both England and the United States screeched most horribly about "German barbarism" when the Germans finally began to retaliate. But the members of the British government who devised that grand strategy were much too proud of themselves to hide their inspiring light under a bushel for long, and in April of 1944 the Principal Secretary of the Air Ministry, J M Spaight, published, with the approval of his superiors, a book, entitled *Bombing Vindicated*, in which he boasted of the "splendid decision" as an "heroic" act which prepared in advance benefits which the noble Communists reaped when they finally got into the war. That official boast has never been retracted.

Now I do not recall having ever heard a cheep from a "liberal" about that. Our big brains, presumably, think it's just perfectly splendid when a government arranges for the mass slaughter of its own people. It seems likely, then, that "liberals" believe that white Europeans are almost as expendable as white Americans, of whom the more killed, the better.

The most efficient manifestation of Anglo-American humanitarianism, of course, was the famous saturation raid on Dresden in which, in just a few hours, we were able to slaughter 135,000 women, children, and other non-combatants, maim for life almost as many more, and obliterate the residential part of the city, taking precautions to avoid serious damage to the few legitimate military targets in the area. (The most recent work on this subject is David Irving's *The Destruction of Dresden*.) "Liberals", of course, think that was a jolly fine deed — in fact, simply rippin', old top, eh, what?

On August 6, 1945, we carried out a much smaller raid on Hiroshima in Japan. Only half as many people were killed as at Dresden, and most of those were killed as mercifully as possible, i.e. instantly. The only thing which made the operation noteworthy was that a single atomic bomb had been used. Now an atomic bomb, although much more expensive, weighs much less than the number of ordinary explosive bombs that would be needed to produce the same effect. Military men accordingly noted that the improved

bomb made it possible to produce, under favorable conditions, a given amount of damage with fewer airplanes and less expenditure of gasoline. The efficiency of the new weapon created some panic among the Japanese, who had suffered far more horrible raids and had been trying for some time to surrender, which, of course, they could not be permitted to do until the Soviet was ready to occupy Manchuria, and so obtain a base for the projected conquest of our ally, China. Still, no one else was much excited at the time.

But when hostilities ceased, it was obvious that the United States had exclusive control of an extraordinarily powerful weapon, and there was danger that the nasty Americans might want to use it to impede the International Communist Conspiracy's conquest of the world, including, eventually, the United States. It was then that our "liberals" felt a prickling sensation in the cranium, which they identified as "conscience", and they rushed into our streets yelling bloody murder. And they began that fantastic cavorting and yammering about "nuclear holocausts", "world peace", and similar asininities that they have kept up to the present day.

Sometime in 1958, the noisy neurotics began to tell us about one Major Claude Eatherly, who had dropped the bomb on Hiroshima and was so "conscience-stricken" by his "crime against humanity" that he woke up screaming at night and rushed out into barns to sob amid the new-mown hay. And soon the hullabaloo got under way. Newspapers and periodicals filled their troughs with the tripe that is infallibly appetizing to humanitarians. Communist-fronters orated. Books were written. Plays were staged. Cinemas were produced. And a gullible Congressman even made a speech about the poor major who carried our guilt on his swollen conscience.

The second act came when the tender-minded major tried to expiate his awful guilt by forging checks, burglarizing post offices, and once, in a moment of courage, holding up a grocer at the point of a pistol. In the form that this story is dished out in "liberal" sheets abroad, it is stated that the United States is afflicted with nasty Fascists and warmongers who, disapproving of the major's little efforts to show how much his conscience hurts, placed him under restraint. That made him "the American Dreyfus."

* * *

Mr Huie decided to investigate the tear-jerking yarn, and the present book is his report. If you have had much experience of the "liberal" mentality, I need not tell you that the story is just a hoax. There is a Claude Eatherly, who was a major in the Air Force until the Air Force decided that it could manage without him: he had nothing to do with dropping the bomb on either Hiroshima or Nagasaki (which was soon included for good measure), but he did make a flight over Hiroshima in one of the planes that was sent over Japan at high altitude to observe the weather; he has distinguished himself in civilian life with quite a number of little forgeries, burglaries, and the like, and has even helped smuggle guns to Cuba, but only in a clerical capacity in this country where there is no risk of suffering skin-abrasions; and he says that he is a pacifist and wants atomic weapons abolished 'cause he feels so guilty about what he says he did in Japan. So far as we can tell from the record, if the major's posturings had any origin other than a general disinclination to work and a bonus from a "liberal" journalist, the source of his distress was that the stupid Air Force had not included him in the crew of the plane that did drop the bomb on Hiroshima, thus depriving him of a pleasant adventure and an opportunity for some truthful publicity.

This is a detailed account of an elaborate and influential imposture which, although it may have originated in the mind of one man, was knowingly propagated over the whole world by legions of scribblers, barkers, and "artists" for the benefit of the Bolsheviks. But it will do no good to show the book to a real "liberal": his mind is permanently insulated against facts.

September 1964

A BENEFICENT SOCIALISM

L'Etat jésuite du Paraguay by Louis Baudin

There must be many persons who are sincerely convinced of the merits of Socialism. That is what I am told, and I want to believe it — and, well, with a little effort, I do believe it. The only thing that gives me pause is the extreme care that those persons seem to exercise to avoid learning anything about Socialism. They pep themselves up with futurist novels, such as Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backwards*, which would rank with Edgar Rice Burroughs' Martian stories, if it were better written, or with the even more fantastic promises of pie in the sky that conspiratorial organizations, such as the Fabians, concoct to make materialists' mouths water. The innocent Socialists read volumes of that stuff, and can tell you — if you have a few days to listen — all about Socialist theories from Saint-Simon to Norman Thomas. But of Socialism as it has existed in the world of reality, they know nothing. They seem never to have heard of it.

Socialism, by which we mean the control of a people's economic life by a centralized government, is, of course, the oldest form of human society that can be called civilized. It appeared, fully formed, in the barbaric monarchies of the early Orient. For a profound study of its origin and development, see Karl A Wittfogel's *Oriental Despotism*. The most perfect example of a Socialist state — perfect because the state was completely isolated geographically from possible rivals and we therefore need make no allowance for foreign invasions, foreign wars, or even foreign competition — was the empire of the Incas in South America, which was lucidly described and ably studied by Professor Baudin, the world's foremost scholar in that field, in *L'Empire socialiste des Incas* (which is also available in Spanish: *El Imperio socialista de los Incas*).

It may be that men had to pass through Socialism before they could advance to higher forms of culture. It is certainly true that more highly civilized states relapse into Socialism when moral rot and democracy have destroyed their national cohesion. But Socialism, wherever and however it appears, *necessarily* entails the reduction of virtually the whole population to the status of livestock,

of whom their owners, if wise, will take good care, just as prudent farmers consider the welfare of their cows and horses.

In all of the world's history, so far as I know, there has been just one Socialist state that did operate for the welfare of its population rather than the profit and amusement of its rulers. And I have yet to meet a Socialist who has even heard, however vaguely, of that state.

That state was located in a region which is now divided between Paraguay, Argentina, and Brazil. It was the product of an exceptional combination of factors that is not likely ever to recur. It is, however, the only known instance of a Socialism that could be described as humane; and, as such, should command the attention of everyone interested in Socialism as a form of social organization rather than as a means of undermining and destroying Western civilization.

What is now the small province of Missiones in Argentina, together with strips of adjacent territory in Paraguay and Brazil, has fertile soil and a temperate climate. In this region, from 1638 to 1750, existed the optimum conditions for the operation of a successful Socialism, viz. a large and docile population of a physically distinct and obviously inferior race, and a small body of capable administrators of a physically distinct and obviously superior race - and what makes the combination absolutely unique, those administrators were genuinely self-sacrificing.

(1) The Guarani Indians were by no means at the bottom of the scale of human races: they were superior to the inhabitants of many "independent states" that are members of the "'United Nations." They were innately lazy, shiftless, and somewhat stupid. They were savages, with no permanent family relationships and no conception of private property, other than in the bits of clothing they were wearing or the spear they held in their hand. They were completely feckless: ifprovided with seed and taught to cultivate the soil, they would, if left to themselves, consume the entire harvest, for their primitive minds would not think of saving seed for next year's planting. But they seem not to have been innately vicious. They were easily domesticated and, in the hands of the Jesuits, became docile. They were brave, and, when trained and commanded by the Jesuits,

made excellent soldiers, to the astonishment of the whole world.

(2) The Jesuit Fathers were not only members of a superior race, but belonged to a small minority within that race. As a body, they were drawn from the most intelligent part of the European population, and they had received a rigorous and thorough education. That education reflected, in large part, the Renaissance ideal of the *uomo universale*. They were good Latinists and swordsmen; they knew the essentials of architecture and music; they were acquainted with the etiquette of polite society and military tactics; and, above all, they knew how to learn whatever they might need to know for the task to which they were assigned. And, naturally, the Jesuits who were sent, by the General of their Order, to Paraguay understood the task before them.

There was no idiotic twaddle about "equality." As Julius Cordara, who was certainly the most learned and acute of the Jesuits of the Eighteenth Century, put it, the Guaranis were *feris bestiis quam hominibus similiores*. The Jesuits, however, firmly believed that those subhumans had divinely created souls, which were to be saved by religious rites and the imposition of moral conduct. That was the task to which the Jesuits sent to Paraguay were assigned, and, with remarkable efficiency and unassuming heroism, they, armed with authority from the King of Spain, proceeded to carry it out.

The Jesuits, furthermore, were disinterested men, of a kind that the world is not likely to see again. Vowed to celibacy, they could have no thought of establishing and advancing families. Vowed to absolute obedience to their General, the only personal ambition open to them was to rise in the Order, and since the General might any day send any or all of them to the other end of the earth, no one. of them could think of establishing a personal power. And each firmly believed that the sacrifice of his own life, whether in a moment of martyrdom at the hands of savages or in years of humble labor for the benefit of his inferiors, was in obedience to the inscrutable decrees of God.

With amazing self-sacrifice, with courage and humility, with just the right combination of persuasion and coercion, the Jesuits settled the Guaranis in villages, set them to work cultivating fields

and building churches and houses, and regulated their whole lives. They baptized them, married them to well selected mates, and told them what to do each day. The Jesuits sent their wards to work in the morning, called them in in the afternoon, set them to singing, dancing, and playing approved games, and then sent them to bed at the proper hour. The products of the fields and the workshops went to community warehouses, to be dispensed to the population as the Fathers thought best or to be exported and traded for whatever the community needed and could not yet manufacture for itself. Twice each year, the males who had reached the age of seventeen and the females who were fifteen were assembled and mated. The Jesuits permitted no other white men to enter their territory, except a few inconvenient but privileged visitors who carried letters from the King of Spain.

It is beyond question that the Jesuits gave the Guaranis a life far happier than any they had known before or were to know afterwards.

In 1750, the stupid King of Spain, as part of a treaty devised (as usual) by "experts," gave the Jesuit territory to Portugal. The Jesuits, unwilling to see the liquidation of the little state they had established and made to function so well, resisted, and they had trained their native troops with such efficiency that it required the combined armies of Spain and Portugal to defeat them. And that victory cost so much that the pertinent part of the Treaty of 1750 was abrogated. In 1767, on orders from Madrid, the Jesuits were arrested by treachery and deported with the utmost inhumanity. (That was only a few years before the whole Order was suppressed and outlawed by the Pope.) The aborigines, of course, reverted to barbarism. Families disappeared; alcohol was imported; and a large part of the population either killed one another or drank themselves to death.

In this little booklet Professor Baudin, who is a member of the Institut de France and one of the world's foremost ethnologists, has used his great literary skill to condense into a few pages the essentials of the whole story of the world's only Socialist regime that was both successful and humane.

March 1965

SAILING BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS

The publisher, who is responsible for the final selection of items to be included in this collection, has decided to reprint one in which I had some difficulty in maintaining critical integrity without violating the courtesy due to a colleague – and a woman, at that.

In 1965, Mrs Marcus Reback ('Taylor Caldwell') was a regular contributor to *American Opinion* and the pride and joy of the Birch business. There was no end to the ideological billing and cooing between her and Robert Welch, both of whom pressured me for a "blurb" to be put on the jacket of her forthcoming novel about Cicero. Since I had never seen her manuscript, I refused to follow the fairly common practice of supplying such an endorsement, sight unseen; and when I finally received the advance sheets, I still refused, but I supplied the authoress with a list of about three hundred of the more grotesque anachronisms in her book. By then, it was too late to make corrections, she said.

Had the novel been worthless, I should have refused to notice it. But it was both useful and dangerous as "conservative" propaganda.

Mrs. Reback was a highly competent, indeed an expert, writer of fiction, with scores of "best sellers" to her credit. She wrote a fluid and vivid English which sometimes attained stylistic distinction. Her story, considered abstractly for its plot and characters, as we would consider one of Edgar Rice Burroughs' tales of adventure on Mars or Clark Ashton Smith's stories about the imaginary continent of Zothique, was excellent. As an allegory, describing the present under a transparent veil of fiction, it had great force. But as an historical novel, even when one allowed for a novelist's obvious need to invent characters, situations, and conversation, it was deplorable. The number of ignorant and unnecessary anachronisms was shocking, and I gave a few examples in my article to alert readers who might otherwise be complaisant.

Worse than that, the book came close to being a calculated hoax. It is, of course, a common device in fiction to lend greater verisimilitude to a story by pretending that it comes from some authentic source. Wilhelm Meinhold, for example, made his famous

tale, *Die Bernsteinhexe* ("The Amber Witch"), more vivid with a prefatory claim that it was transcribed from a Seventeenth-Century manuscript; but he intended to deceive no one, although his writing was so impeccable, stylistically and historically, that some of his contemporaries refused to believe that he was really the author. On the other hand, Sir Walter Scott intended only to amuse his readers by an 'editorial' claim that *The Black Dwarf* and *Old Mortality* were authentic records, taken down by Jedediah Cleishbotham, the schoolmaster of Gandercleuch.

Mrs Reback, however, went far beyond literary license. In her foreword, after brazenly claiming that she found and read in the Vatican Library and the Vatican Archives (!) various ancient books that have been lost for fifteen centuries or more, and quite a few that were never written, and asserting that she had translated Cicero's own statements, she avers that nine years of research(!) enabled her to write what was virtually a biography of Cicero: "I intrude none of my own opinions [!]. I merely present Marcus Tullius Cicero and his world for the reader's own judgement and conclusions." The truth of the matter is that a woman who makes elementary blunders in the simplest inflections, such as those I politely described as "slips of the pen" in my article, could not have read a single sentence in Latin.[1] Her sources were two or three of the scores of books about Cicero that have been published in English in recent years — and she had the luck or taste to select good ones — and her own fertile imagination. Of this, I discreetly warned readers, but I underestimated the credulity of the ganders in our cleuch. I did not then imagine that I would eventually see dozens of 'conservative' books, articles, and other publications (even including publishers' catalogues) adorned with quotations from Mrs Reback, all coyly attributed to Cicero, with the implication that the learned authors have themselves translated the gems from Cicero's Latin.

Oddly enough, the most popular of the spurious quotations is one of the most preposterous anachronisms. Cicero is made to say, in a passage that Mrs Reback specifically claimed to have translated from his *De republica*, "We are taxed in our bread and our wine, in our incomes and our investments, on our land and on

our property", e.q.s., – all that at a time when the Romans and all the other inhabitants of Italy paid *no* direct taxes whatsoever, and *no* indirect taxes, except what was included in the cost of goods imported from the provinces!

The most reprehensible of all the anachronisms, however, are the grotesque falsifications introduced on behalf of the Jews and Christians. So far as I recall, Cicero made only two significant references to the Jews. In his oration *Pro Flacco* (28.66-69), he mentioned the vast corruption of political affairs at Rome that had been wrought by the swarming colony of enemy aliens in the city, who had attained formidable power by intrigue, bribery, and financial manipulations, including the device by which, under the cover of their barbarous superstition, they created financial panics. In *De provindis consularibus* (5.10), he alluded in passing to their notorious lack of self-respect and honor. In his philosophical discussions of religion, which he regarded as socially and politically indispensable, he mentioned various Oriental cults, but never the bizarre rites of the Jews, although he must have known a good deal about the beliefs and pretenses of the international race that had its enclaves in every city and town of the Roman Empire, wherever there was money to be made out of the natives – and perpetually made trouble, wherever its members lodged themselves. But Mrs Reback had the effrontery to tell her readers, in both the novel and the ostensibly documentary foreword, that a Jewish financier was Cicero's pal and mentor and had so filled him with superstition that he learned the Jews' dialect of Canaanite so that he could read God's Own Words. "He was deeply involved in Judaean theology" Mrs Reback assures us with never a blush, and "he longed to see the Incarnation prophesied by King David and Isaias and other of the mighty Israelite prophets." And not content with that breath-taking hoax, she goes on to aver that Cicero, in one of the letters she discovered in the Vatican Library, "certainly describes the world in a nuclear holocaust", presumably having acquired mantic powers by induction from the Jewish ranting that he read in the Semitic dialect that most of the Jews of his time could not have read themselves. (Their only common language was the Greek *koine*.)

In my article, I had to call attention to these travesties of history, but I charitably refrained from remarking on the intended deception; I awarded praise where it was deserved, and devoted most of the space to correcting tacitly the impression of Cicero that unwary readers might otherwise have derived from the novel. I heard, however, that my want of mendacity had displeased both Welch and the novelist, whom I had treated as kindly as I could. But I flatter myself that my article or my list of anachronisms did influence one of her later works.

Years before, a female novelist of considerable talent, Joan Grant, boosted the sales of her historical romances by remembering that they were autobiographical, recounting her sensational experiences in some of her earlier lives. And in so doing, she produced another "best seller," for doctrines of metempsychosis have always had a particular appeal to the religiosity of our race. In 1956, a hypnotist named Bernstein hit the jackpot with a report that he had induced a hypnotized housewife to remember she had been "Bridey Murphy" and quite a few other people: a million copies of his book were purchased by persons who had an itch for "psychic" wonderment.[2] It was only to be expected that, after a suitable interval, Mrs Reback would see what reincarnation could do for her.

In her part of *The Search for a Soul: Taylor Caldwell's Psychic Lives*, Mrs Reback stoutly protests that she does not believe in metempsychosis, because she is a "traditionalist Catholic" and because she does not even believe in the existence of an immortal soul. And while thus protecting her personal reputation, she writes so vividly of the hardships and sorrows of her own long and unhappy life that even I felt a twinge of compassion.

The rest of the book, according to the title page, was written by one Jess Stearn, who took Mrs Reback to an enterprising hypnotist and stood by with a tape recorder while she, in a long series of trances, recalled her adventures during the past twenty thousand years or so. A painstaking investigator, Stearn then verified much of what she said in her trances by escorting her to the shops of various "psychics" who obligingly confirmed the details by consulting their friends among the spooks or the stars that have recorded for

all eternity the transmigrations of the novelist's vagabond soul.

In thirty-seven lives, Mrs Reback experienced every kind of fate that can befall a woman: she was, for example, a pathetic scullery maid who was raped by members of the Hell Fire Club; she was the favorite concubine of Genghis Khan; she was a great empress named Aysha (similar to, but not identical with, the Ayesha of Rider Haggard's novels), who ruled over a vast continent that was engulfed by the ocean.[3] But she did not remember having been in bed with Cicero. That pleases me.

Notes.

1. Five gross errors, none of which could have been overlooked by anyone with a smattering of Latin, make almost unintelligible the passage on p. 435 of her book, which she carelessly copied from some edition of Sallust or some modern who quoted and translated it.

2. For a concise exposition of this imposture on human credulity, see Dr Martin Gardner's *Fads and Fallacies in the Name of Science* (New York, 1968; available in a Dover reprint). The housewife was probably like Mrs Reback, whose "psychic memories" obviously came from her reading of English fiction and wonder-books, somewhat embellished by her own vivid imagination.

3. I cannot begin to catalogue the revelations contained in this wonderbook, The cultists of "British Israel" will be delighted with evidence that Jesus must have been an Anglo-Saxon: Mrs Reback, who was an eye-witness and who predicted his birth when she was the mother of Mary Magdalene, remembers that he had a long, golden beard and blue eyes, while his mother, the other Mary, was a gorgeous blonde. Mormons will rejoice that when Mrs Reback was a Mayan Inca (sic) in the Western Hemisphere, she knew the White God who gave to the angel Moroni the golden plates from which Joseph Smith translated the *Book of Mormon* with the aid of his magic stone monocle. Students of English literature should note that Mrs Reback was an overworked and cruelly abused slavey in the household of Mary Ann Evans, who is better known as "George Eliot" and whose ghost, as observed by expert spookseers, now hovers about Mrs Reback to provide literary help when needed. A section of the book was devoted to advertising Mrs Reback's next novel, in which she was going to narrate her life in Periclean Athens, where she was Helena, a call girl in a service operated by Pericles' mistress, Aspasia; the call girl became a female physician, whose medical discoveries placed the pathologists of Athens far ahead of their rivals in Alexandria (which, by the way, was founded a century after the death of Pericles). The 'psychics' are also well informed about Mrs Reback's future lives: after the nuclear holocaust, which God has scheduled

for the year 2002, she will appear, in a brand-new incarnation, as a Savioress who will convert the battered world to "spiritual values." My younger readers should remember to watch for her epiphany.

CICERO AND TAYLOR CALDWELL

M. Tullius Cicero was one of the world's greatest men. It was his fate (as it is ours) to live during one of the decisive and terrible climacterics of human history. With him perished the world's first Republic, in the strict sense of that word. For all practical purposes, when the official murderer, sent with a troop of soldiers by the three outlaws who had made themselves the "legal" government of Rome, hacked off Cicero's head, the last hope that men could live in a free and rational society died and was buried for one and a half millennia. But it was not entombed forever: a large part of Cicero's writings survived even the fall of the Roman Empire, five centuries later, and the Dark Ages. His influence, far more than that of any other man, inspired the Renaissance. All that is noble and vital in modern culture bears, in some measure, the imprint of his genius. And we Americans should cherish his memory with particular veneration, for he is the *one* man of whom it can plausibly be said that had he not lived, we should never have had a constitutional Republic.

It is odd - and, I think, ominous - that during the past century Cicero was so often misunderstood or misrepresented by some of the scholars whose business it was to understand him. No one, it is true, seriously disputed his rank as a great orator, a supreme master of language at its best. It was the force of his mind and character that lay beyond the comprehension of some very learned men.

Cicero was a philosopher. He may well have enjoyed abstract speculation for its own sake, but when he wrote he was always concerned with the application of philosophy to what W Macneile Dixon aptly calls, "the human situation". That may be why some historians of philosophy disdain him, although they commonly say that he was "not original". It is true that some of his extant works are dialogues which he wrote for the express purpose of presenting concisely and lucidly, for the first time in Latin, the views of the

principal contemporary schools of Greek philosophy. Here the only legitimate scope for originality lay in the contrasting (with implied criticism) of those views, and of that we are poor judges, since all but a few scraps of the Greek works that he summarizes have been irretrievably lost. It may also be true that in the works in which he does expound his own views he is not spectacularly original, since each of his ideas was or may have been anticipated in one or another of many possible sources, both Greek and Roman. But perhaps we should prize wisdom more highly than originality. We all have to decide, for example, whether the earth is flat or spheroid, and I think we all do very well in resisting the temptation to exhibit ourselves as "original thinkers" by arguing that it is shaped like a doughnut or a caltrop.

It is as a statesman, however, that Cicero has been most grossly misrepresented. We can understand and forgive the great German epigrapher and historian, Mommsen, who despised him. When he wrote in middle age Mommsen was convinced that republics were both impossible and abominable. He knew, of course, that "democracy" is just the process by which tyranny is established, but he admired tyranny because it is efficient. He denounced Cicero as a bumbling "journalist" who had perversely opposed a Prussian regimentation of all Romans under the absolute dictatorship of Caesar, "the complete and perfect man." What is astonishing is Mommsen's influence over later writers who do not share, or at least do not profess, his cult of *Divus Iulius*.

Many modern scholars, sitting in the hushed tranquillity of their studies and completely sheltered from all the vicissitudes of public life, ingeniously discover evidences of "inconsistency," "vacillation," or "weakness" in Cicero's public career, apparently quite unaware that political realities cannot be changed by drawing up blueprints for Utopia. He who merely writes may dream, but the man who would influence history by political action must always make his choice among a very limited number of actions that are politically possible.

After 1964, every American must understand that Senator Goldwater was by no means an ideal candidate for the Presidency;

he was not even the most distinguished American in the Senate. There were many who, for a wide variety of reasons, sightly or wrongly mistrusted either his ability or his determination to restore the American Republic. But at San Francisco, each delegate had to choose between Goldwater and Rockefeller. And many, at least, must have suspected or known that if Rockefeller did not succeed in buying the Republican Party as it was purchased for Eisenhower in 1952, he would use his vast wealth and influence, in co-operation with the powerful international forces that he and Lyndon Johnson represent, to sabotage the Republican Party and, if possible, contrive its defeat. And in November, all of us, including those who most suspected or disliked the Republican candidate or disapproved of the conduct of his campaign, had to choose between Goldwater and the boss of Bobby Baker, Billy Sol Estes, and Walter Jenkins.

We all see that, because the experience is so fresh in our memory: and, when we speak of the present, we can see that even such men of integrity as remain in high political office or in positions of influence must in their daily actions choose between the small number of possibilities open to them. Historians, however, often find that fact hard to grasp. Professor Hartvig Frisch is the author of what is probably the best book on the last year and a half of Cicero's life available in English: *Cicero's Fight for the Republic* (Copenhagen, 1946) – the title would be more accurate if it read "Last Fight". But, for example, Professor Frisch, although he has undoubtedly read Cicero Ad Att. VIII, 7, 2; IX, 7, 1, and seventy other explicit passages that I could cite, begins by saying that Cicero's policy during his earlier career can be reduced to the formula, "follow Pompey" — which is as reasonable as reducing the policy of that great American, Senator Thurmond, to the formula "follow Goldwater". It is not in such terms that noble minds choose among the alternatives open to them.

Cicero was human: he had emotions and he disclosed them in confidential letters to his most intimate friend. He was not omniscient. There were times when he hesitated — when he found it not only painful but intellectually difficult to decide which was the lesser of two evils. But, as he once said, it was his destiny to stand

or fall — to live or die — with the Republic. That was a destiny which he voluntarily accepted, and unflinchingly fulfilled. And in aftertime his career has been both a lesson and an inspiration to all who hoped that men could yet learn to live in a free and rational society.

I

Until a few decades ago, Cicero was well known to every person who could claim to be educated. Until a few decades ago, every student who advanced beyond the rudiments of literacy read at least some of the great orations, including, of course, the Catilinarians, delivered when Cicero, by his vigilance and courage, saved Rome from the fire and butchery plotted by a conspiracy of patrician and proletarian animals. As late as 1929, there was published a schoolbook containing the text of eight orations to be read in the third year of high school. Those who went to college read at least some of the philosophical works. Choosing at random from my shelves a book published in 1914 and dealing with contemporary Europe, I read the passing remark, "Everyone [!] will at least remember having read in Cic. *De legibus...*" — a reference to what has always been the least read of the philosophical works.

Of course, all that has changed. When the Socialist-Communist horde began to plot our downfall, they saw at once the need to cut the taproot of our civilization. As Ludwig von Mises has put it:

> *The passionate endeavours to eliminate the classical studies from the curriculum of the liberal education and thus virtually to destroy its very character were one of the major manifestations of the revival of the servile ideology.*

And so there issued from John Dewey's hive the swarm of buzzing shysters — a few actuated by far-seeing malice, some driven by resentment of their own innate inferiority, some eager to fleece the rustics, and some, no doubt, sufficiently ignorant to believe the balderdash they had been taught. And they did the work.

Thus it happens that to many readers of our disinherited and defrauded generation Cicero is barely a name. They may derive their first real knowledge of him from the pages of Taylor Caldwell's

latest and probably best novel, *A Pillar of Iron* (Doubleday, New York; 656 pages).

II

A novelist cannot write history — least of all when the central figure is a great man. He has to supply too many details of personal life and inner thought of which there is no record. A novel about George Washington, for example, could scarcely avoid some reference to his relationship with Sally Fairfax. But quite obviously the novelist will have to do more than invent incidents and conversation; he must begin by deciding precisely what was the nature of that relationship — and whatever his decision about it, he will go beyond the available evidence.

A *Pillar of Iron* is a singularly vivid and moving novel. The story, as in Poe's *Arthur Gordon Pym* and Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*, really begins with the foreword, in which fact and imagination are so skillfully blended that many a reader, I fear, will search the shelves of libraries in quest of Cicero's letters "to the historian Sallust" or thumb repeatedly through his copy of the Epistulae ad Atticum to locate some of the amazing passages "quoted" therefrom.[1]

The novel, inevitably, contains details that will catch the eye of a critic. There are some minor anachronisms in references to things (e.g., "he turned the wick of the lamp lower", "he thrust his feet into the stirrups") and some more conspicuous ones in references to customs (e.g., authors are paid by their publishers; divorces are granted by courts). There are slips of the pen (e.g., "Ciceroni" "Catilinii"). The authoress knows, of course, that what she has done for literary purposes was invariably done by married women in Rome; both legally and socially they retained their own family names and never took their husband's. But she has thought to help her readers by devising an odd compromise whereby a woman whose family name is Livia (Smith) and who marries a man whose family name is Sergius Catilina (Burne-Jones) becomes Livia Catilina (Burne-Smith).

More unfortunate is the occasional confusion of political terminology (e.g., "triumvir" is used with three quite different meanings without distinction; some consuls, including those of 91 BC, are "appointed"). Worst of all, perhaps, are the numerous

passages in which M. Licinius Crassus, Rome's wealthiest man and one of her most sinister politicians, is given the title dictator — an office to which he undoubtedly aspired, but never attained. In fact, no one held that title between 79, when Sulla resigned his extra-constitutional powers, and 48, when the title was revived to provide a quasi-legal cover for Caesar's violent usurpation.

Miss Caldwell has rearranged some historical events and has supplemented them with some more or less probable dramatic episodes. She has, of course, invented various incidents and minor characters, providing Cicero, for example, with a boyhood sweetheart. That is to be expected in a novel. She has, however, made one very drastic and disconcerting alteration in the character of her protagonist. She evidently wished to close her story with a prophecy of the birth of Christ, and so tried to devise some preparation for that anticipatory allusion. She accordingly made the noted actor, Roscius, a Jew, and instead of letting him die peacefully in 62 BC, she packed him off to an Essene "monastery" in Palestine. She furthermore supplied Cicero with an intimate friend who is a Jewish financier (with a legally impossible name!) and who interests him in Messianic doctrines. She even makes Cicero learn Hebrew! That is equivalent to making George Washington learn Chinese.

Cicero undoubtedly knew something of the doctrines of the various Jewish cults. Every Roman statesman of his time had to. Jews probably established themselves in Rome as resident aliens as soon as the state became prosperous and powerful. They were expelled in 139 B.C. on a charge of covert subversion of public morality. They probably began to return during the Gracchan period; whatever the date, it is not likely that they overlooked the various means of acquiring Roman citizenship. By 62 B.C. they formed at Rome an enclave sufficiently numerous to create an economic problem by their exportation of gold from Italy, and sufficiently powerful, through their wealth and solidarity, to influence foreign policy and to bribe juries (Cic.,*Pro Flacco*, 28, 66-69). Every Roman politician must have known something about the practices of so influential a group. Furthermore, in 63 B.C. the Romans were compelled to intervene in a three-sided religious and civil war going on in

Palestine; Pompey himself was in command when the fortified Temple in Jerusalem was stormed; and further interventions to restore order were frequently necessary thereafter. Roman officers returning from service in that region, including Pompey, must have brought back and disseminated a great deal of information about the sects and factions in Palestine, which may have differed from those represented in the colony at Rome. That colony, which carried on an assiduous proselytism, seems to have been united at least in collaboration with Caesar, who, when he came to power, granted the colony special privileges. When he was assassinated, the Jews at Rome staged hysterical demonstrations (Suet. *Iul.*, 84, 5).

In such circumstances, Cicero could not have avoided acquiring a considerable knowledge of at least some of the Judaic cults. It was not ignorance, therefore, but his own judgement which prevented him from making even the slightest mention of those cults in the many passages of his extant works which treat of religion.

Cicero's theology, expressed most clearly in the famous *Somnium Scipionis* and in the first book of the *De legibus*, corresponded closely to the doctrines of Stoicism as reformed by Panaetius (c. 185-109 B.C.), which recognized a supreme god (*summus deus*) and taught that the human soul was immortal. Cicero, however, was not himself a Stoic; he was an Academic. His acceptance of the Stoic theology as probable was primarily based on three considerations, viz.: (1) the strong attraction by which men — or, to be more exact, decent men — are drawn toward truth, justice, and beauty would be inexplicable in animals and must therefore be traced to some divine origin; (2) the ability to reason, which distinguished men from animals, must likewise have a divine source; and (3) as all history has shown, no large society, however organized, can long remain stable without the bond of a common and elevating religious faith.

For better or for worse, Cicero's conception of the divine was a philosophy, not a faith. It owed nothing to foreign cults, Judaic or otherwise — and nothing to "Sibylline" prophecies forged two centuries after his death. To pretend otherwise is to do honor neither to Cicero nor to Christianity. That is a fact that no honest reviewer can either overlook or suppress.

III

After the foregoing comments, I shall not be suspected (I hope) of complaisance or adulation when I say that *A Pillar of Iron* is a brilliant portrayal of the fall of the Roman Republic. There are certain paintings which, by their very selection of colors and rearrangement of objects, convey a better impression of the quality of a landscape — of its atmosphere and mood — than a photograph. In a comparable way, Miss Caldwell's novel does conform to history. With general fidelity, she has portrayed, as on a wide and glowing canvass, a tragic era whose terrible similarity to our own, including precisely parallel processes of corruption and decay, is a profoundly significant and incontrovertible fact.[2] In certain fundamental matters, in which Miss Caldwell extrapolates from the extant evidence and goes beyond the reservations of some very cautious or reluctant modern historians, she may well be right.

She assumes, for example, that there was in the Roman world a secret society of elite conspirators, a "brotherhood" of powerful subversives whose chiefs, naturally, tried to outwit and destroy one another while remaining united in their primary purpose of cozening and subjugating decent men and of undermining and destroying the Republic to establish the personal despotism that could alone satisfy their daemonic lust for power. That is entirely possible, although there is no proof. *If* there was such a secret confederation, it is highly probable that, as Miss Caldwell has shrewdly surmised, it employed Egyptian trappings and symbolism. Indeed, one could go even farther and conjecture, by no means gratuitously, that this conspiratorial society used the Egyptian cult of Isis, and possibly other Oriental importations, as pseudo-religious instrumentalities of subversion.[3]

As principals in a long-standing conspiracy to destroy the Republic, Miss Caldwell identifies Pompey, Crassus, and Caesar, who naturally used for their own purposes their less intelligent confederates, such as Catiline and Clodius, the depraved and ferocious scions of two of Rome's oldest and most aristocratic families. The three principals, as everyone knows, are the men who, two years after the death of Catiline, secretly formed the extra-legal

political coalition that historians call "the First Triumvirate" and used their united power to batter irreparable breaches in the Roman constitution, to instigate and excite (through Clodius and a horde of lesser agents) violence and lawlessness in Rome, and to drive Cicero into exile. There is nothing implausible about the supposition that the three reached secret understandings at an earlier date. Pompey and Crassus had acted publicly in political alliance in the past, and informed Romans well knew that Crassus was secretly the financial power behind Caesar.

This is not the place to attempt to summarize the intricate and obscure ramifications of Roman politics and intrigue at the time of the Second Catilinarian Conspiracy. Let me comment, as briefly as possible, on just one point that may give pause to some readers.

Modern historians of antiquity are apt to be tender to Julius Caesar. He was undoubtedly a very great man, if greatness is measured by a man's ability to impose his will on the world. Only Alexander and Napoleon can be compared to him, and his achievement was, in some respects, greater than theirs. It was not merely his success that made him seem to Mommsen "the complete and perfect man". By force of mind and will, he surmounted the most formidable obstacles, from relative poverty to physical infirmity.

It is hard, for example, to withhold admiration from a man who had the strength of character to make himself master of the world despite the usually insurmountable physical handicap of epilepsy. And that disease, even more than the fact that most of Caesar's waking hours must have been devoted to business and the simultaneous conduct of scores of political intrigues, makes his avocational accomplishments as the Don Juan of his day seem prodigious. No man ever excelled him in the art of seducing women of the highest birth and rank. (He even seduced Pompey's third wife, but Pompey was too "modern" to let that disturb their alliance – particularly after Caesar provided his own daughter as a replacement.)

Caesar had one of the most powerful and lucid minds of all time. His military genius and his almost uncanny political finesse were but two facets of his diamantine intellect. He was a man of the

highest culture, deeply versed in the literature, history, philosophy, science, and arts of Greece and Rome. He was a master of the terse and pellucid prose that conveys an almost irresistible impression of complete objectivity. He was a brilliant conversationalist and a master of dissimulation. His vaunted clemency, so often exhibited when he conspicuously spared the lives and fortunes of adversaries who had fallen into his power, was a perfect means of winning gratitude, admiration, and trust. Modern historians particularly admire the statesmanship with which, when his disciplined army occupied Rome and he saw that it was imperative to reconcile the middle classes of Italy to his revolution, he double-crossed the mass of his most zealous followers in the city, not only denying them the joys and profits of pillage and rapine, but even kicking them off the relief-rolls.

Many historians, accordingly, doubt or deny Caesar's complicity in the Catilinarian Conspiracies, because, as they rightly reason, his lucid intellect must have foreseen that an orgy of murder, loot, and arson (a) could not establish a permanent regime, and (b) would certainly have resulted in the immediate return of Pompey from the East with his army and the imposition of a Sullan dictatorship. What they overlook is that (a) all outbreaks of domestic violence serve the purposes of an aspirant to tyranny by convincing terrorized citizens that constitutional means of protecting their lives and property are inadequate, and (b) at that time Caesar, who was still in the early stages of his career and became only a *junior* partner in the "First Triumvirate" when that coalition was formed, could not conceivably have tried to seize supreme power for himself. What he could do, however, was use Pompey, had the latter become dictator, as a stepping stone far more skillfully than Pompey, early in his own career, had used Sulla.

At the time that Cicero exposed the Catilinarian Conspiracy, some of Rome's most prominent conservatives at once suspected Caesar of complicity, urged Cicero to arrest him, and later blamed him bitterly for not having done so. Cicero himself, some years later, publicly declared that he knew that Caesar was behind Catiline's conspiracy; unfortunately the work in which Cicero gave his reasons

(*De consiliis suis*) is now lost. But it is easy to see what may have happened.

Caesar was undoubtedly shrewd enough to remain in the background and act only through intermediaries. Probably the only way in which legal evidence of his complicity *could* have been obtained would have been through a confession by Catiline himself – and even then it would have been Catiline's word against Caesar's. Catiline, of course, fled from Rome and joined his insurrectionary army in Etruria before there was enough legal evidence against him to justify his arrest. The man whom Catiline left in charge of the conspiratorial organization in Rome was P. Cornelius Lentulus, a very prominent politician, who had held the highest office in the Roman Republic, and who was then holding the second highest office, on his way to the top again. We may be sure, however, that Caesar was too perspicacious to put himself in that man's power.

We must remember that the *only* conspirators who were arrested and executed were those of whose guilt Cicero had such absolute and indisputable proof that they could not deny it. Cicero may have been morally certain of Caesar's complicity, but it would have been political folly to accuse him, even by innuendo, without complete and *incontrovertible* proof. Cicero had found it extremely difficult to convince a majority in the Senate that there was a conspiracy at all. After his famous First Oration, we may be quite sure that many eminent senators – conservative, but fatuously certain that "it couldn't happen here" – said to one another, "What an alarmist! Trying to scare us with bogeymen (*terriculis*)!" Even when they were confronted with undisputed documentary proof, they hesitated, for reasons of political expediency, to authorize the execution of even the few traitors who had, in effect, convicted themselves. Even if a score of witnesses had overheard Caesar plot with Catiline, it would have been a political impossibility to convict him. Cicero did have the power and so could have made the futile gesture of arresting Caesar on suspicion, but that would have been an arbitrary use of authority such as defenders of republican institutions wish to prevent.

If Caesar was cognizant of Catiline's plans, we may be certain that he severed his connections as soon as he foresaw that those plans would fail. We do know that he did provide Cicero with some evidently inconsequential evidence *against* Catiline. But those who wish to estimate the chances that Caesar was involved should perpend his speech in the Senate as reported by his own follower, Sallust, in the very work in which Sallust positively says (what he may have believed) that Caesar was not involved. In that hypocritical speech, Caesar, professing a desire to punish the convicted conspirators with a penalty worse than death, urged that they be separately confined for life in various Italian municipalities — whence, of course, they could have escaped in a few months or have been delivered legally in a year or two by a political deal at election-time. He was obviously trying to preserve desperate criminals for future use; more than that, he was laying the foundations for the very campaign by which, five years later, he and his fellow "triumvirs" drove Cicero into exile — a campaign in which they undoubtedly utilized the services of the swarm of criminals who escaped detection and prosecution when P. Cornelius Lentulus and a few of his confederates were arrested, convicted, and executed.

Such are the considerations which lead me to say that Miss Caldwell has admirably conveyed the atmosphere of that age and drawn convincingly some of its major figures. Consider, for example, the scene in which, after the few convicted conspirators were condemned to death, Caesar calls upon Cicero, whom he finds alone, and to whom he suavely offers his congratulations on having "saved Rome".

> *Marcus' wrath forced him hastily to his feet and he leaned across the table so that his face confronted Caesar's, and he flushed crimson.*
>
> *"I did not save Rome, Caesar.' No one can now save Rome, and that you know. She is doomed, Caesar, as you are doomed, and I, and a whole world with us!"*

That Cicero could have said at such a moment. He knew, of course,

that he had scotched the snake, not killed it. That was one reason why thereafter he so persistently reminded men of what he had done — reminded them in terms that the unsympathetic attributed to mere vanity.

And consider what immediately follows:

> *A little later that night Julius said to Crassus: "I tell you, not only Catilina is mad, Cicero is mad also. He has saved Rome for us. He confuses the audacity and murders of Catilina with our own deliberate and intelligent decisions not to oppose change, and" – here Julius smiled – "to guide it skillfully".*

This is a perfect touch. Caesar was a man of refinement. He would never have done anything so vulgar as to wink.

IV

The final collapse of the Republic was, as Miss Caldwell sees, the inevitable result of a long process of intellectual, political, and moral decay that had made itself manifest in unmistakable crises long before Cicero was born.

The ancient world was afflicted with socialist "ideologies," which had a certain novelty two thousand and more years ago, and were not then so obviously preposterous and inane as they are today.[4] Rome, too, had her "intellectuals," who became permanently intoxicated with "ideas" and "ideals," so that their befuddled minds had no more comprehension of the real world than has the chronic alcoholic who, as he staggers homeward, petulantly complains that the lamp-posts are always jumping into his path. A typical purveyor of verbal hootch was Blossius of Cumae, the teacher and mentor of the notorious Gracchi, who, it should be remembered, were the sons of a distinguished Roman statesman and, through their mother, grandsons of the great Scipio Africanus. Blossius probably infected his pupils with contempt for the Roman constitution and enthusiasm for democracy, the political folly that, as any sober_man could have seen, had ruined Athens and Greece.

At Rome, as with us, the kind of political corruption that is invariably fatal began, of course, when the public treasury was

used to bribe voters. The bribery was carried on with Rooseveltian thoroughness on all levels, from the mass of indolent and shiftless proletarians, supported by doles and "welfare" so that they could breed more voting parasites, to wealthy businessmen, bought with fat government contracts and economic privileges. The sophistic excuse for such corruption was that the Roman state was so powerful and wealthy that it could afford it. In that sense Sallust was right when he said that Rome was ruined by prosperity.

At a comparatively early date intelligent Romans perceived the devastating effects of certain social infections of which we are only now becoming aware — reluctantly and most uncomfortably aware. The problem is a delicate one, since religious liberty and the greatest possible personal freedom are parts of the American tradition that we conservatives are trying to preserve and restore. It is further true that religion and sex are precisely the two subjects on which it is most difficult for men to be rational. I can here do no more than mention briefly what happened in the Roman Republic.

As early as 186 B.C. the Senate, by a still extant decree, tried to regulate the Bacchanalian rites of a cult that had been imported from Etruria and used "freedom of worship" as a cover for nocturnal orgies of promiscuity and perversion. Investigation disclosed that the alien "religion" was really a secret conspiracy that worked systematically to entrap and corrupt young men and women in adolescence, and practiced, in addition to sexual profligacy, such associated arts as the forging of wills and murder by poison. (For a full account, see Livy, XXXIX, 8-19.) At that time, the Roman people were still capable of moral indignation, and that social force, which alone can maintain the health of a body politic, was far more efficacious than the laws that were enacted to suppress the conspiracy. But other foreign cults were soon imported to provide religious camouflage for depravity and subversion. Even in the last years of the Republic, the Senate tried five times (in 59, 58, 53, and 48 B.C.) to suppress the worship of Isis, and it is not a coincidence that the man who most lavishly endowed that Egyptian cult was the Q. Curius who was one of the leading accomplices of Catiline.

The middle of the second century B.C. was the period of the most

earnest attempts at moral reform. It was probably in 149 B.C. that the Roman people, on the recommendation of the Senate, enacted the Lex Scantinia *de stupro cum masculo*. Male homosexuality was as disgusting to the Romans as it is to us, and it is likely that most of them were amazed and perhaps incredulous when investigation of the Bacchanalian cult showed that a majority of the physiologically male members were homosexuals, although the cult made available to them a copious supply of young and libidinous women ready and eager for anything. Whether a special law was enacted at that time is not certain; it may have been thought that with the suppression of the Bacchanalians and public awareness of such depravity, a sufficient protection would be provided by paternal authority and the contempt which men naturally felt for *mares feminis simillimi*.

The Lex Scantinia, which provided a heavy penalty for perversion, remained on the books; there were prosecutions under it as late as the Second Century after Christ and perhaps later. But the feeling that had inspired it was gradually eroded, and although perversion was never officially legalized, as has now been done in the State of Illinois and will probably be done in the entire nation as soon as Earl Warren gets around to it, the law became virtually useless. Before the end of the Republic, Roman writers who wanted to be thought "intellectual" and "sophisticated", imitating the literary fashions of Alexandria, which was the New York of the ancient world, did not hesitate to confess — perhaps falsely in some cases — that they were paederasts. And, paralleling what happens in the United States today, one of Cicero's correspondents thought it a delightful joke when a homosexual pervert was prosecuted under the Lex Scantinia before a presiding judge who was himself a pervert.

There is reason to believe that this strange aberration, which men find it difficult to understand and which nice people think it improper to mention, was as corrosive of Roman society as it is of ours, where few had any conception of the danger before R. G. Waldeck's article, "Homosexual International," was published in *Human Events* on September 29,1960.

V

A *Pillar of Iron* is a narrative that is tragic in the strict sense of that word. In it – as may well have happened in fact – the youthful Cicero is assured by his grandfather and by the great jurist, Q. Mucius Scaevola, that the Roman Republic is doomed and dying. And Cicero himself, early in his career, perceiving the depth of public and private corruption, admits that "no nation ever withdrew fully from this abyss." But despite those assurances and that perception, he spends his life in desperate efforts to resuscitate the dying state – in attempts to rouse, by word and example, the decent people of Rome from their fatuous optimism and invincible apathy or timidity. His reward is a life of anxiety, painful humiliation, and a death made more bitter by utter failure. He did not even have the consolation – if consolation it could have been – of knowing that he would transmit to a foreign and unimaginable nation in an incredibly distant future the torch that is now flickering out in our hands.

When the reader of this vivid, bitter, and despairing book ponders the great similarities and looks for the differences, he is likely to conclude that our plight is more hopeless than Rome's. Rome was confronted by no Soviet Union, Soviet China, Soviet Cuba, and fifty other Soviet possessions. Her traitors, though traitors in the sense that they sought personal power over her, were not so audacious and depraved as to bankrupt her to finance an alien and international conspiracy. The worst of them, though vicious, brutal, and ruthless, would yet have been appalled by a suggestion that he deliver his country to foreign and inhuman barbarians. Furthermore, subversion at Rome did not have the powerful instrumentalities that it has in the United States. Roman priests performed rituals; they did not preach. There was nothing comparable to the National Council of Churches with its thousands of pulpits from which hypocrites under expert direction might spread confusion, fanaticism, and immorality. There were no public schools with a legion of shysters to poison the minds of children and to force hapless parents to finance the corruption of their own offspring by every lure from Socialist sophistries to forced sexuality. There were no "mass media" which, co-ordinated by a master conspiracy, could each day simultaneously

inject the same lie into millions of minds. And Rome, though it had so many of our weaknesses, did not have that possibly fatal flaw that has made it possible for the Communist Conspiracy to incite the race war that is now in its initial stages.

Is not our position hopeless? Many of our best minds believe that it is. Many men of learning and understanding have assured me that the only thing to do is close one's eyes to the future and to live as much as one can before the inevitable blow falls. I have heard of Americans who have migrated or are now migrating to South Africa or Australia, not as to a permanent refuge, but in the hope that there they may live a little longer and can, at least, die as men should, fighting their enemies. Are those who despair of America wrong? I cannot say categorically that they are, although I believe that we still have a chance — believe, perhaps with an optimism as futile as Cicero's, that despite our churches, our schools, our Press, and our government, there is yet left in our nation enough moral integrity and intelligence for a desperate and victorious effort.

That is why I wish that Miss Caldwell had included in her novel one scene that would have relieved with a ray of optimism the gloom of its tragic conclusion. In the last year of his life, Caesar, the atheist, in his overwhelming contempt for the people who had submitted to him, decided to be worshipped as a god. Accordingly, a Senate as servile and as corrupt as the one that passed the Communist "Civil Rights" act last year, proclaimed C. Julius Caesar the peer, if not the superior, of Jupiter, and appointed Mark Antony the High Priest of the new deity.[5] Miss Caldwell, with her inimitably vivid style, could have drawn an unforgettable and historically probable scene. At a nocturnal conference in one of Caesar's luxurious houses or villas, the adored God of Rome rolls on the floor in an epileptic fit, while his High Priest, drunk as usual, screams with the shrill laughter of a profligate.

That would have suggested to the reader the comforting reflection that in one respect, at least, the Romans, while Cicero was yet alive, sank to a depth of insanity and degradation that we had not yet reached on April 16, 1965, the day on which this memorable novel was officially published.

Notes

1. I need not remark that all of Cicero's extant works are readily available in good and inexpensive editions. The Bibliotheca Oxoniensis, published by the Oxford Press, has the orations (6 vols.), the treatises on oratory (2 vols.), and the private letters (4 vols.). For the *De legibus*, I reluctantly recommend the edition by De Plinval (Paris, Bude, 1959). The other philosophical works are available in the Bibliotheca Teubneriana (Leipzig or Stuttgart). Editions with commentary are too numerous to mention, but I shall list, as of special interest, T. W. Dougan and R. M. Henry's edition of the *Tusculanae* (Cambridge Press, 1905-34), Arthur Stanley Pease's *De divinatione* (University of Illinois Press, 1920-23), and the same editor's *De natura deorum* (Harvard Press, 1955-58). As for English translations of Cicero, some of those in the Loeb Library (Harvard Press) are fairly good for content, although none can be more than a pale shadow of the original.

2. There are many good histories of the period; the most compendious, perhaps, is Volume IX of the *Cambridge Ancient History*. On the gradual erosion of the Roman constitution, see especially R. K. Smith's *The Failure of the Roman Republic* (Cambridge Press, 155; cf. *American Opinion*, April, 1961, pp. 25-27).

3. See especially Franz Cumont, *Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism* (Dover, New York), pp. 80-85; Otto Seeck in *Hermes*, XLIII (1908), pp. 642 ff.; H. R. Moehring in *Novum Testamentum*, III (1959), pp. 293-304.

4. Evidence of subversive "ideologies" in antiquity must be collected with critical discernment from many scattered sources; that was done by the great German historian, Robert von Pohlmann, in his *Geschichte der sozialen Frage unddes Socialismus in der antiken Welt*, of which the third (posthumous) edition was published in two volumes at Munich in 1925. It is a pity that the work has not been translated into English.

5. Although not generally known, the facts are historically certain; see Frisch, *op. cit.*, pp. 28-30; Lily Ross Taylor, *The Divinity of the Roman Emperor* (American Philological Association), pp. 65-72.

A THEOLOGICAL INTERPRETATION OF AMERICAN HISTORY

***A Theological Interpretation of American History* by C Gregg Singer, Craig Press, Nutley, New Jersey; 305 pages.**

Dr. Singer's worst sentence is a minor matter in the context of his book, but it is a major one in the context of contemporary writing, and I therefore single it out for notice. He tells us that the Puritans "clearly perceived that democracy was the fruit of humanism and not the Reformation concept." Now, clearly, Dr. Singer is using humanism in approximately the way in which that word is abused for propaganda purposes by the *New York Times*, Castro, Khrushchev, and their kind. In that sense, the statement is as anachronistic as a statement that the Puritans were opposed to Darwinism (although it is true, of course, that they would have been, had Darwin lived and written in their time). What is even worse, the immediately following mention of the Reformation suggests to every reader's, mind the historical sequence of Renaissance and Reformation, of which the first was directly the product of Humanism and the second made possible by it, so that Dr. Singer's statement thoroughly confuses everything.

A very large part of our present plight is the work of linguistic sneakthieves — sly fellows who filch words as expertly as Fagin's boys filched watches and silk handkerchiefs. They have stolen with fantastic success: every time that the Artful Dodger makes off with a word, we assume that it has become his property. For example, many persons (including Dr. Singer) now use the word *liberal*, without quotation marks and even without a capital letter, to designate the totalitarian plotters who stole the. word to profit from its basically aristocratic connotation (as in the phrase *liberal education*, where *liberal* is the antonym of *banausic* or *plebeian*).

We are rapidly becoming a race that babbles volubly in a language that it does not understand. For example, one hears a great deal of snivelling these days about "the underprivileged." Now, since a privilege is a right possessed by, or granted to, only one person or a very few persons in a given group to the exclusion

of all other members of that group, you figure that one out. Standing on your head and whirling like a teetotum may help. The term *anti-Semitic*, which came into use as a joke in French, is now used seriously with a meaning according to which the vast majority of the Semitic race is vehemently anti-Semitic! That is merely another specimen of the nonsense that we hear daily. We shall soon find ourselves in the plight of the builders of the Tower of Babel – and may undergo the same fate.

Let us consider, as briefly as may be, the theft of one important word.

Humanism, properly speaking, designates the cultural system introduced by the scholars who initiated the Renaissance, thus ending the Middle Ages and making possible most of modern civilization. That meaning was derived from Cicero, who did not invent, but did use and give authority to, the terms *stadium humanitatis* and *artes humanitatis* (or, in clear contexts, simply *humanitas*) to designate the cultivation of the human mind through the historical, philosophical, literary, and rhetorical studies which, it was believed, gave men of ability the perception and wisdom requisite for a high civilization, and thereby enabled them most fully to realize their potentiality as human beings. Those studies, naturally, were conducted in Greek and Latin.

The humanists of the Renaissance – Petrarch and his successors – revived the intensive study of Greek and Latin literature (including history and philosophy), and they also revived the use of *classical* Latin as the common and, so to speak, native language of Western civilization. That is why the ability to write fluent and accurate Latin has always been the hallmark of the true humanist. The strictly correct definition of *humanism* is that given by the eminent American scholar and former President of Oberlin College, Ernest H. Wilkins:

Humanism is a scholarly and initially reactive enthusiasm for classic culture, accompanied by creative writing in Latin on classic lines.

As is obvious from the definition - as well as from the fact that any list of prominent humanists will include Pope Pius II, Cardinal Bembo, Erasmus, Sir Thomas More, Melanchthon, Beza, and Milton

- the word humanist no more indicates a man's religious beliefs than does philologist or astronomer. The only consideration that is at all relevant in this connection is that the humanist necessarily acquires an extensive, and sometimes profound, knowledge of Graeco-Roman antiquity, and necessarily respects the accumulated experience of mankind. It is very probable, therefore, that he will judge human institutions and human nature in the light of all history, particularly that of Western civilization, but not excluding such other civilizations as are known to him.

From the early Renaissance until recently, the humanists' conception of what studies were most conducive to human excellence was taken for granted throughout the West. That is why we still speak of *humane learning*; why colleges eager to cash in on the prestige of such studies profess to teach "the humanities"; and why in some of the older universities, such as St. Andrews, the senior Latinist bears the title, Professor of Humanity.

Until the early years of the present century, a humanistic education, which meant proficiency in Latin and Greek and their literatures and history, was the most highly prized and respected cultural attainment, and the word humanism thus had a potent and almost magic connotation of excellence and superiority that it still retains even in the minds of persons who have forgotten precisely what it means and so can read the *Times*' editorial drivel without laughter or disgust.

Although the word was earlier used somewhat loosely, the perversion of it may have begun with Coleridge, who, intending to startle his reader but certainly not to deceive him, used *humanism* to designate the doctrine that Christ was not the Son of God, but a mere human being who happened to say some nice things. The real theft, however, was carried out by the disciples of Auguste Comte, who, in one of the periods in which it was not necessary to keep him in a straight-jacket to prevent him from killing himself or attacking others, formulated a grandiose and grotesque rigmarole, now charitably forgotten, called the "Religion of Humanity." In that ludicrous cult, persons who were so feeble-minded as to genuflect before statues of such beings as Dr. Francia, the tyrant of

Paraguay, were called "humanists." That crackbrain cult, unable to capture the schools and colleges because there were, at that time, no Carnegie, Rockefeller, and Ford Foundations to hand out bribes on its behalf, was soon laughed out of existence, but the stolen word was passed on to the shysters who were its heirs. They exploit, of course, the prestige of the word's connotation and associations; what, specifically, they mean by it is anyone's guess. One definition is "substitution of faith [*sic*!] in man for faith in God." That, I suppose, is the definition that Walter Uppmann would adduce, if asked what the word was supposed to mean when printed in his columns. What the *New York Times* meant when it certified Castro as a "humanist" must remain uncertain until the Committee on Un-American Activities attains the courage and power to summon for examination our more lavishly financed purveyors of verbal heroin. Khrushchev was more candid; he said (see *Current Soviet Documents*, April 5, 1963) that "humanism" was "the revolution of workers and peasants" - a statement which, when translated into English, means that humanism is a homicidal hatred of man and a deicidal hatred of God. Old Khrusch, however, when well primed with vodka, sometimes blurted out what he should not have disclosed; that, indeed, may be why he got the cosh.

When Dr. Singer uses the word *humanism*, he means, I suppose, about what lipophrenic Uppmann means by the word; you will see why I regret that Dr. Singer, in effect, sanctioned the theft.

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There are some omissions on the strictly theological side. Dr. Singer properly devotes considerable attention to the loquacious individuals who called themselves Transcendentalists, whom Edgar Alien Poe more accurately called the Frogpondians, and whom some less courteous contemporaries called the Crazyites. Since Dr. Singer does note on occasion revivals of the Arian and Pelagian heresies, it is unfortunate that he does not point out that the incoherent pantheism of the Transcendentalists represents another outbreak of Gnosticism.

The Transcendentalists were not a formally organized cult; as

a group, they were as diffuse as the nebula in Orion, of which the center is conspicuous while the outer edges are so tenuous and obscure that it has no precise boundary. But the glowing center shows that this cloud was formed by what Eric Voegelin[1] calls "the metastatic will to transform reality by means of phantasy." The Transcendentalists revolted against Christianity and also, as Dr. Singer observes in passing, against human reason. They made no serious effort to observe facts and reason from them. Instead, they trusted to their "intuition" - that is to say, they felt themselves inflated and uplifted by vague and expansive sensations which they attributed to their souls instead of dyspepsia. Naturally, they felt inspired to remodel the universe, and they chattered endlessly about "social reform." The more feverish flocked together at Brook Farm to start Heaven on Earth with the antics that Hawthorne described, with considerable attenuation, in the *Blithedale Romance*.[2]

The Transcendentalists, who naturally learned nothing from even so recent an event as the French Revolution, had Rousseauistic hallucinations. They believed in the wickedness of society and in the innate goodness, and hence perfectibility, of man. That was not quite like believing that the moon is made of green cheese, for, after all, no one could go to the moon to find out. It was like believing that the ocean is made of maple syrup,

Dr. Singer touches briefly on the dark fanaticism to which the auto-intoxication of the Transcendentalists gave rise. He could have insisted on that point. A good example was the Reverend Theodore Parker, who, after repudiating the authority of the Christian Scriptures and tradition, talked much about "the Higher Law," which supersedes all others. As J. C. Furnas neatly summarizes the crux of that odd doctrine:

How may one learn the law of God? . . . Though never quite explicit, the reply is always clear: Apply to the one-man, hieratic supreme court that, through God's inscrutable choice, consists of the Rev. Theodore Parker.

Parker's god was just the elongated shadow of the Reverend Parker's distended ego. If he was unaware of that, he was suffering from one of the most pernicious delusions that can afflict the human mind. In religious terms, it was the sin of Lucifer; in human terms,

it was madness.

It is not astonishing, therefore, that Parker was a member of the band of conspirators who called themselves the "Secret Six" and used as their instrument the distinguished horsethief and homicidal maniac, John Brown, whom "liberals" so much admire for his ferocity. You will find a good account of the conspiracy in Furnas's *Road to Harper's Ferry*.[3] The book, incidentally, contains an actual photograph of Brown, which clearly shows the diseased creature's face, and, in juxtaposition, the propaganda pictures drawn by his supporters to make him look like a benign Moses. As we all know, Brown, inspired by the great "Civil Rights" movement in Haiti[4], in which all white men, women, and children were systematically butchered and many of them were eaten, hoped that he could get a few million white women raped and a few million white men hacked into little pieces in the United States. His attempted insurrection, of course, was as insane as his proclamation of a new Constitution of the United States and his appointment of himself as Commander-in-Chief of the Provisional Government under the new Constitution.[5] But it shows that his intentions were good – by "liberal" standards.

Brown was encouraged and financed by the "Secret Six," all of whom (including a person reputed to be the wealthiest landowner in the United States, who ducked into a private insane asylum to avoid questioning after the attempt failed) claimed that they didn't have the slightest idea of what they were encouraging and financing him to do. Mr. Furnas's investigation went no farther, but one wonders. The "Secret Six" backed Brown; who, if anyone, backed the "Secret Six"? Specifically, is there any evidence that the ferocious and Satanic conspiracy founded by Adam Weishaupt (or something similar) was busy behind the façade? I ask the question in the hope that someone with the learning, acumen, and patient industry of the late Nesta Webster will try to find out.

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Dr. Singer's readers, I am sure, will observe for themselves that while the more recent anti-Christians whom he quotes may be

equally in error from the theological point of view, there are vast differences in their intellectual capacities. For example, William Graham Sumner, who was a leader of the school that Dr. Singer calls Social Darwinism, said in 1910, near the end of his life:

I have lived through the best period of this country's history. The next generations are going to see war and social calamities. I am glad that I do not have to live on.

Sumner obviously perceived in 1910 the indications which his contemporaries, almost without exception, simply could not discern. You may regret his want of faith, but his was undeniably an acute and powerful mind.

In contrast, consider Charles Clayton Morrison. In 1928, when fifteen diplomats, with tongue in cheek, scrawled their names at the bottom of some pompous verbiage called the "Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact" and designed primarily to cadge votes from sentimental females in coming elections, Morrison burbled:

Today international war was banished from civilization . . . This pledge. . . must mean a new world, a world of permanent peace.

Now, had Mr. Morrison hopped on the table, flapped his arms, and crowed "cock-a-doodle-doo," appropriate action would doubtless have been taken. But if there is magic in designs drawn on pieces of paper, it would have been much easier for that magic to convert Mr. Morrison into Chanticleer than to transform all mankind into a profoundly different and probably not viable species of life. In fact, the metamorphosis of Mr. Morrison into the cock who thought that his crowing controlled the rising and setting of the sun, would have required only superficial changes.

October 1965

NOTES

1. Cf .*American Opinion*, November, 1963, p. 41 [= p. 214 *supra*].

2. After his book attained an unexpected popularity, Hawthorne, who was a kindly man and charitably concerned for the reputation of some of the women who had participated in the escapade, was persuaded to add to the later editions a preface in which (with some studied ambiguity) he denied that his story was a portrayal of Brook Farm. No one should be deceived.

3. Sloane, New York, 1959. On the whole, a very good book, although Mr. Furnas inserted here and there, chiefly in his "epilogue," a few irrelevant remarks,in an obvious - and, as the event proved, futile - attempt to placate "liberal" reviewers.

4. Cf. *American Opinion*, July-August, 1963, pp. 3 ff. [= pp. 247 ff.]

5. Brown also appointed a Secretary of State, a Secretary of War, a Secretary of the Treasury, and a Congress, but since he had only thirty-six persons available to govern the United States, and most of them couldn't read or write, he couldn't fill out his Cabinet and had to content himself with a very select Congress. The new Constitution was proclaimed in Canada months before the Commander-in-Chief and his Army went to Harper's Ferry. It is unfortunate that Mr. Furnas neglected that episode in his book; it would be very difficult to believe that the "Secret Six" did not know about the new Constitution. It may be that Brown's is the Constitution that the Warren Court has in mind in its "decisions."

THE MYTH OF THE NEW HISTORY

***The Myth of the New History* by David L. Hoggan, Craig Press, Nutley, New Jersey; 250 pages.**

This is an important and very valuable book. Professor Hoggan describes calmly, objectively, and with lucid accuracy "the techniques and tactics of the new mythologists of American history." As everyone who has glanced at current textbooks well knows, the story of our nation has undergone a kind of systematic falsification at the hands of professed historians who, whatever their conscious motives, denigrate the American tradition and inject into the minds of the young the myths that make them easy victims of the International Conspiracy.

It should be understood that the question is simply one of historical veracity. It is not, and we must not permit it to become, a debate between the new mythologists and the patriotic sentimentalists who would like to see the record so altered as to make all our prominent men Bayardic heroes and all our national actions irreproachably right. As a nation, we have made sad and costly blunders in our brief history; it would be spurious patriotism to attempt to conceal them. Our statesmen have been neither saints nor *Übermenschen*; some of them have been all too human, in their personal lives or in their political judgments. There must be no question, on our side, of suppressing the relevant facts, although we may very properly insist on proper proportion and perspective in every history which, if not a monograph on a single episode, is necessarily a condensation and summary.[1]

The question is simply what the historical record shows as ascertained fact or as having that high degree of probability which, as so often happens in historical research, must be accepted where certainty is, by the very nature of things, unattainable.

Dr. Hoggan reviews the grotesque falsification of our history by writers who, always *against* the weight of the evidence and sometimes with deliberate suppression of ascertained facts, wrote to destroy our *legitimate* pride in our heritage, American, Christian, and Occidental. He is able to do this in comparatively few pages

by concentrating on accounts of our eight major wars, viz.: The American colonies' War for Independence, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Confederacy's War for Independence, the Spanish-American War, the First World War, the Second World War, and the Korean War. His review is cogent and conclusive.

The author wisely does not seek to ascertain the motives of the mythologists. In most cases, it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to decide whether the motive was simple superstition (for the "internationalist" cult is, among its less intelligent votaries, a kind of godless religion), intentional subversion, or mere venality. The latter should not be underestimated. According to a distinguished American scholar, when Mr. Arthur Meier Schlesinger Jr.[2] first performed before the American Historical Association, his ludicrous travesty of history made the assembled historians so indignant that the officers who had permitted him to appear on the program barely escaped official censure by the membership. The same gentleman estimates that today a fourth, or even a third, of the present membership would applaud little Art. It's not that they have lost their comprehension of what history really is; it's just that they have learned what yeast raises the dough from university administrators and their masters, the billion-dollar taxexempt foundations that "promote scholarship" by subsidizing Alger Hiss, Owen Lattimore, Robert Hutchins, Mortimer Adler, Milton Mayer, and their kith and kin. As Gertrude Stein would have put it, a buck is a buck is a buck — particularly if it is a fast buck. Or, if that sounds a bit brusque to you, and you want to elevate "educators" to an ideal and ideological plane, you may prefer the pronouncement of a disciple of John Dewey who, when President of a large university, said, "There is no truth but social truth," and defined *social truth* as "what it is *expedient* for a society to tell its members." Or you may prefer Kipling's characterization of the "intellectuals", whom he saw hatching out in his own time: "If they desire a thing, they declare it is true. If they desire it not, though that were death itself, they cry aloud, 'It has never been'."

This is, on the whole, an ably written book. (I regret the author's misuse of the verb usurp in several places and some minor stylistic

inelegancies). Given the magnitude of the subject, it is admirably short and to the point. And it provides sure criteria by which to judge any "textbook" that one is likely to find in use in the public schools, in which courses in American twistory are now a favorite means of subversion.

November 1965

NOTES

1. The question of proportion is often crucial. For example, it is quite true that Benjamin Franklin had one or more illegitimate children, but a history which treals his career in sufficient detail to mention that fact must report the much more significant detail that he was the presiding officer (as well as the most influential member) of the convention that wrote and adopted the first Constitution of the State of Pennsylvania, which, among other things, effectively limited citizenship to Christians by requiring profession under oath of belief in the Trinity and in the divine inspiration of the New Testament.

2. "Mr" because Arthur earned no academic degree beyond the bachelor's. He is sometimes styled "Dr" because three colleagues bestowed upon him degrees of the kind that are called honorary because they are supposed to honor the recipient, however disgraceful they may be to the institutions that hand them out.

A NATION'S TREASON

Le Courage est leur patrie by Fabrice Laroche and François d'Orcival

Treason is merely commonplace in the United States today. And the last frantic decrees of Suppiluliumas II have survived to remind us that treason was equally commonplace in the Hittite Empire in 1290 B.C., just before that once dominant world-power was flushed down the drainpipes of history.

Treason, either individual and abortive or epidemic and triumphant, is found throughout history. We all know what happens when men betray their country. But what happens when a country betrays its men? That is the theme of the present book, which deals primarily with the fate of Frenchmen who were betrayed by France.

We all know enough about Charles de Gaulle. It is true that some people, intellectually akin to Bacon's *cumini sectores*, still find it interesting to debate the nice question of whether he is a Communist agent or an egomaniac renegade. For years now that question has been a merely academic exercise. Ever since Algeria, an integral part of France, was delivered to the ferocious cheetahs of the more ferocious Communist Conspiracy, all *men* have known, beyond peradventure of doubt, that de Gaulle, who has throughout his career cozened and betrayed all who trusted him, belongs to the small and select company of human beings so vile that they take rank with Judas.

That the moral guilt for one of the great crimes of history falls on de Gaulle personally, we all know. But in the implacable operation of historical forces, there is a collective guilt that falls on nations as a whole and for which even the most innocent must suffer. *Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.* To the ruthless and unswerving forces of historical causality, it matters not whether the majority in France was stupid or weak or pusillanimous or morally rotten; nor does it matter that a minority strove vainly to control the Frankenstein's monster they had fatuously trusted and put in power. As an historical fact, France collectively betrayed her own

people in Algeria, and generations of Frenchmen yet unborn will pay, with their own tears and blood, the penalty for that crime.

After the act of unforgettable infamy, Frenchmen in what had been part of France found themselves in the situation described in Bartholomew Dowling's famous poem:

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
When the wisest have gone before us,
And the dullest are most behind. . . [1]

And it is no wonder that they, having received such brutal proof that "The world is a world of lies", reached in their own hearts, whether they were soldiers, or civilians, the same desperate counsel:

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore,
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul can sting no more?

Without even the comradely exhilaration of those who stand to their glasses, steady, beneath the sounding rafters of the mess-hall, they undertook a desperate and hopeless resistance to the overwhelming forces of the International Communist Conspiracy — and, yes, the forces of France itself. They became the Secret Army, the O.A.S., that was so traduced and vilified by the Bolshevik-controlled international Press. This book is the story of their heroism and defeat.

The authors, both journalists of distinction, write a supple and beautiful French prose worthy of the heirs of Pascal, Voltaire, Renan, and Anatole France; their style is modulated from the cold and curtly factual to the harmonious amplifications that are virtually lyrical. I need not say that theirs is a profoundly moving book. It is more than a memorial to brave men who died, seemingly in vain; it reflects the spirit of young men who, in France and elsewhere in Europe today, represent the last hope of survival of the great civilization that fifty years ago indisputably ruled the world that it had created — and now is dying, poisoned by the deadly bacteria that have lodged

themselves in its arteries and multiply in its blood-stream.

The tragedy begins in Algeria, of course, and on almost every page there is a scene that you will not forget. Here, to give a brief example, is a little vignette, the statement of an ordinary and middle-aged Frenchwoman:

> *I had an only son, Bruno. He was a male nurse in a prison. He was summoned to take care of a Moslem prisoner who was ill. I never saw him again. I looked for him everywhere. Several days later, a mass of bodies was found. But I was unable to identify my son. It was just a heap of flesh. I dug through that mound of flesh; I tried to find something of my child.*

The statement was not formally completed, for at that point the mother, her face streaming with tears, collapsed.

There are many little incidents like that, and each will certainly move the reader emotionally. If the reader is a man or woman of the West, he or she may feel a little moisture in both eyes — or even a tear. And if the reader is a true Internationalist, he or she will surely chortle and rub hands together in ecstatic satisfaction.

There is another scene, a page later, where French soldiers, betraying their country in obedience to the orders of that country's government, shoot down the unarmed and weeping civilians who are walking in the funeral procession of one of Charles de Gaulle's victims – soldiers who, obeying what they have been told is the law of their land, naturally do not hesitate to fire on their country's flag after they have machine-gunned, among others, the mother who is still holding the baby they killed with their first fire.

> *The crowd, with its riddled flags, its shattered men, its withered flowers, its battered faces - the crowd picks itself up from the ground, turns, gathers up the bodies of its dead, and stands erect under the gun-fire - erect with its tricolors of the sky, of the dust, and of blood. That is the epic of Algeria: a nation's cry of revolt - the last cry of a nation that wanted not to forget the hymn of the sea that shimmers under the light of the sun.*

Algeria yesterday; Alabama or Louisiana or California tomorrow.

Driven from Algeria by the crushing power that the International Conspiracy can always exert by merely twitching the strings that move its marionettes in Washington, London, Paris, Moscow, and Peking, the young men of the Secret Army carried on a clandestine resistance that sometimes approached guerrilla warfare in European France itself, but there also the power of the inhumanly ruthless dictator and his unhuman masters or allies was overwhelming and irresistible. There, too, they failed —or so it seems at present. Their leaders, if not publicly executed by de Gaulle's firing-squads or secretly murdered by his goon-squads, are among the twelve thousand Frenchmen who are now suffering and slowly dying in his Soviet-style concentration-camps.

The authors clearly intimate, however, that all is not yet lost. The young *révoltés* of France are spiritually akin to the young men and women of Hungary who overthrew their domestic traitors and even withstood the Soviet armies for a time, although they were eventually crushed by the might of the Washington-Moscow Axis. If Messrs. Laroche and d'Orcival are correct, there is now in being on the continent a body of young men — a minority, no doubt, but an intelligent and dedicated minority — who are resolved to regain what their craven or venal or muddle-headed fathers lost or betrayed. They have highly resolved to live as men of the West or to die fighting their alien and insidious enemies, no matter what the odds may be. They are the *jeune Europe*, of which we now hear from time to time in the fretful and petulant complaints indiscreetly uttered by our doddering "youth-leaders" and mumbling "intellectuals."

That this *jeune Europe* exists and is active, we may be certain. In Europe, as in the United States, the future — if we have one — rests with young men, still in their twenties, who were somehow immune to the menticidal poisons that were surreptitiously injected into them in the schools in the name of "brotherhood", "world pease" and "progress". But whether this youth, in Europe or the United States, has the potentiality that our authors attribute to it by implication is another question. The authors, indeed, present this movement among young Occidentals as a fatidic and almost romantic force:

Two words are embroidered on the colors of their regiments, the two words of an heraldic device, the two words that express their worth. "But then, all these men, these militants. . . What do they amount to?"

They amount to just this: Honor and Loyalty . . .

Their courage has made of them men.

And they, in turn, have built their own Fatherland. . .

They WILL this universe, arduous and implacable – the world in which a man has before him an adversary of his own stature and his own strength, an alien to be conquered. And they will it until the night of time and the last syllable of human history.

Eloquent? Yes, eloquent with an almost Nietzschean force, if my schediastic translation has preserved even an echo of the original. The French cadences evoke in our minds misty reminiscences of Asgard, Fenrir, the Ragnarök, and the lost world in which our ancestors, prodigal of their valor and their blood, fought for the sake of the good fight. But what, if anything, does this mean in terms of contemporary and banausic realities?

That is hard to say. In the United States, the reaction of sane and redblooded young men against the treble, epicene, and disingenuous pipings of bloodless "intellectuals" seems to have gone no farther than the appearance of signs, affixed to the bumpers of automobiles or the gates of college campuses, emblazoned with the derisive slogan, "Support our loco professors." In Europe and especially in France and Hungary, where youths, armed at best with small-bore rifles, have had to combat machine-guns and tanks; have heard the thud of the bullet that pierced the comrade beside them; have seen their friends squashed beneath the iron treads of ponderous machines – in Europe, sentiments must be stronger and minds more resolute.

Here is an excerpt from a letter written by a member of *jeune Europe* to a comrade after the apparent suppression of the Secret Army in France:

Clandestine operations, prisons, the day-to-day fighting, the police, our enemy – all these will have the effect of drastically testing each

militant by sharpening his devotion while constantly blunting the edge of his physical and moral stamina, and by thus developing each man's character so as to bring out his innate powers or else separate him from us, if he. is not fit. . .

There, whither we are going, some man will have preceded us and another will follow us. I am not really certain that they all know it, but, just the same, they are all already marching to the same step . . .

For us, there were only the paths that we had already chosen, and our code will never be an administrative formula. He who will never be of our number will hear our code as though it were a language that he could not understand. For now, from one border of our country to the other, despite the barriers, the distances, and the prisons, we, workmen and thinkers, youths and older men, have summoned each other and we shall find one another and come together. We are not all stamped from the same die, but we belong to OUR world — the world that is made of all the differences between us. . .

The references to the unwritten code of a new "knightly order" make this book more than an eloquent story of men who fought against hopeless odds for a nation that had abandoned them - and, yes, in the wider sense, for you and me.

One gathers from these pages that the Secret Army, despite all the prowling of de Gaulle's home-grown N.K.V.D., has maintained its cohesion, is increasing its numbers, and is biding its time until a blow can be struck with a chance of success. Many readers will want to know its numbers, its equipment, and what precautions are taken to exclude infiltrators and double-agents. Others will be touched by the pathos of the picture on the jacket, which shows three adolescents crouching behind parked automobiles and firing with what seem to be.22-calibre rifles in some street-action, perhaps a few hours or a few minutes before they were killed — adolescents who, in a sane world, would have been in their *lycée*, thumbing through their *Gradus* or computing tangents and cosines. But the really important question is what force — what hope or faith — animates

and unites the survivors.

The late Whittaker Chambers, as is apparent from the fragments of his unfinished book posthumously published under the title *Cold Friday*, died in a despair that was lightened only by a faint hope that some day, perhaps a thousand years hence, the universal bestiality of Bolshevism, which is about to obliterate us and our world forever, would itself crack, and that from the fissures would sprout a new civilization of human beings who might, perhaps, eventually discover some traces of us and know that we had been. Chambers' despair was logically deduced from his philosophical and religious premises. He had repudiated the Bolsheviks as monsters of utter evil, but he never emancipated himself from the idea that Communism is what he first thought it, a doctrine that is native to the West and was naturally engendered by the very scientific methodology that is the greatest achievement of the Western mind. Chambers continued to regard Marx as a serious thinker, not as an agent of conspiracy and an energumen animated by inveterate hatred. Chambers believed that our science and technology, by their effect on religious faith, prevented effective resistance to the Communist Conspiracy. If he was right about that, we can only join him in his despair and envy him the comfort of a natural and opportune death.

For reasons too manifold to be discussed here, I hope and believe that the oft-proclaimed and factitious antithesis between science and humanity is illusory, and that, on intellectual grounds at least, Chambers' hopelessness is therefore unnecessary. But Chambers is unquestionably right about one thing: a civilization can live only so long as it — that is to say, the sum total of the individuals who really participate in its common culture — believes in itself and its own values. The West is dying because it has — for whatever reason — lost faith in itself and its own powers and purposes; by some strange paralysis of mind or will, it is ceasing to be what Chambers calls "a creative force . . . whose mandate . . . impels men to die for it, not because they wish to die, but because they feel its shaping power so completely that they would rather die than live without it."

Chambers also saw acutely the fatal weakness of much contemporary conservatism, including that of the periodical to

which, for a time, he lent his name. The parlor-pink could destroy, but the parlor-blue cannot build. The conservatism of *bons mots*, witty repartee, ingenious syllogisms, fashionable literary reminiscences, and a *parvenu*'s anxious striving for "moderation" and decorum among the tea-cups — that conservatism is too anaemic ever to emerge from the parlor into the open air of an inclement world. Chambers indicated that weakness with the point of his pen when, criticizing the best book of one of the best known conservative writers and speakers of the past decade, he said:

> *Informed the book is; worthy it is — a worthy master's thesis. And,* faute de mieux, *we do well to push it. But if you were a marine in a landing boat, would you wade up the seabeach at Tarawa for* that *conservative position? And neither would I!*

If we are not to succumb to the unmen that have captured the capitals of our world, we of the West must somehow regain the cultural certainty and the spiritual strength that, until a few decades ago, made Occidental civilization an imperative by which Occidental men were willing to live and for which they were willing to die. Our fate will be determined by the answer to one simple question: whether or not there still remains in ourselves, latent and yet unformulated, the will to live by means of the scientific acumen and technological mastery that is the greatest achievement of the Faustian intellect. In other words, can we, instead of following Chambers in his hypochondriac rejection of what is native to our culture and the source of a material power that alone preserves us from immediate annihilation, derive from that very achievement a revivified faith, the faith of the strong in their own power and destiny?

That faith can take only a limited number of forms, and from time to time there are indications that it may even now be taking shape in the hidden crucible of young men's minds. That is why I wonder whether the *jeune Europe* of which we hear so little, and which will tell us so little of itself, may possibly be more than the aftermath of a lost cause - may have in it the germ of a future. I do not know; I dare not call it probable – but I cannot forbid myself to hope a little.

But whatever happens in Europe will not greatly alter our situation here, in which there is only one certainty. We in America must again have faith — an unyielding and unquestioning faith — in ourselves, in our values, and in our strength. For without that faith, we are lost, and no syllogisms will save us. Without that faith, we are men standing helpless on the bridge of a sinking ship and our voices are lost in the rush of the wind and the infinite loneliness of a darkling sea.

March 1966

NOTE

1. The stanza of which this quatrain is a part is omitted when the words of the poem are sung as the official song of our Seventh Air Force.

THE FINE ART OF MURDER

***Murder to Order* by Karl Anders**

I hoped that this book would be translated into English. Hermann Raschhofer's *Political Assassination* (reviewed in *American Opinion*, April 1965, pp. 43-48) is a very instructive study of a characteristic attempt by the Bolsheviks to blame their own crimes on anti-Communists. The crimes in question there, however, differed radically from the assassination of President Kennedy, which the Communists carried out in the most sensational and public manner, with their allies both in and out of "our" government poised at the microphone and editorial desk to start screeching that the murder was the work of "right-wing extremists" as soon as it was committed. In contrast, the assassinations in Germany were intended to be perfect crimes that would never be detected or even suspected. One murder, indeed, passed for "death from heart failure", and the second almost attained the same perfection. It was only when the public came to suspect that there had been a crime that the Communists tried to cover their own trail by accusing a distinguished anti-Communist of having instigated the murder.

In my review of Raschhofer's book, I gave, as necessary background, a brief account of the murders, which were highly significant because, when they were finally solved by the defection and confession of the Soviet agent who committed them, they disclosed for the first time the technique by which the International Conspiracy commits murders that simulate death from heart failure so closely that they can never be detected under ordinary circumstances. That account was drawn in large part from Karl Anders' *Mord auf Befehl* (Tubingen, 1963).

The present book is a condensed translation of the German original. I should remark in passing that the very low price should not give the impression that it was poorly manufactured. It was printed (in England) in large type on paper of excellent quality; the half-tone illustrations are sharp and clear; the binding is a heavy-weight cover-stock.

For those who are interested, the book gives an adequate account of the career of the murderer, Bogdan Stashinsky. Unlike so many

Communists, he was not a born criminal. A native of the Ukraine, he was recruited by the usual means: preliminary brainwashing in the schools by methods adapted from those pioneered by John Dewey and his saraband of "progressive educators"; entrapment in petty crimes; forced spying on, and betrayal of, his own friends and relatives; and finally promotion to the Soviet Secret Police. The indoctrination, however, was less than perfect, for Stashinsky, after successfully committing two murders to the satisfaction of his employers, escaped with his wife to West Germany, preferring a long term in prison to life under the "scientific socialism" that rouses such enthusiastic admiration in Earl Warren, Dean Rusk, Averell Harriman, and a thousand others who now afflict the United States.[1]

The most important part of the book describes in some detail the technique by which the Communist Conspiracy has undoubtedly carried out many assassinations that everyone believes to have been natural death. The Scientific Research Institute in Moscow has devised and manufactures a small, spring-actuated weapon, about twenty centimetres (7.87 inches) long and easily concealed in a newspaper or any one of a dozen other seemingly innocuous things that any man may carry openly, that almost soundlessly discharges a stream of cyanide gas in the face of the victim, whom the assassin need only pass in a hallway or on the street without abating his own stride. The gas, entering the nostrils, immediately contracts the blood-vessels, and the victim drops dead of "heart failure." The gas is invisible; the slight congestion that it produces fades very quickly: and the contracted blood-vessels will have relaxed to their normal size by the time that the body is carried to a hospital for an autopsy. A perfect crime.

The weapon is made in two models, both of which are shown in clear diagrammatic drawings reproduced in the present book.

The simpler model is the more efficient, if we may judge by Stashinsky's work, for the more elaborate one did leave some detectable traces on the body of the murdered man, although that, of course, may have been the result of either defective manufacture in the particular weapon (perhaps an overload of the propellant) or

very awkward use of it by the assassin.

The murderer protects himself against a chance whiff of the gas by taking prophylactics before and immediately after the murder. In the opinion of German experts, those prophylactics are sodium thiosulphate and amyl nitrate.

Some estimate that the Communist Conspiracy has probably caused in this way the "natural deaths" of some one hundred and fifty anti-Communist leaders in Europe and South America. We may be morally certain that the Bolsheviks have also used this technique to carry out murders in the United States, and local police everywhere should familiarize themselves with the technique, so that they will have some chance of recognizing or suspecting it when it is used.

Whether these little tools of social progress are also manufactured in the United States is uncertain. About a year ago, an inquiry agent, while investigating quite different matters, stumbled on the curious fact that certain metal parts, which could be used in such a weapon, were being manufactured in great secrecy for a customer who hid his identity behind several layers of intermediaries so that the trail could not be followed up - not, at least, in the time that the inquirer could spend on what was, for him, a side issue. It was merely a guess, based on the elaborate precautions taken to prevent tracing of the delivered product, that the ultimate customer was either one of the Communist apparatus in the United States or the Central Intelligence Agency that is ours in the sense that we pay for its operations.

March 1966

NOTE

1. The decision of the German court that, after minutely verifying all details of Stashinsky's confession, sentenced him to eight years of penal servitude, may be found translated (with some little awkwardness, e.g. p. 145, casuality [sic] for "relation of cause-and-effect") in the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee's booklet, "Murder International, Inc." which was released on November 22, 1965. This also lists a few other crimes committed by Communist agents in France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Spain, and the United States. Incidentally, General Alexander Kutepov, whose name appears in the list, was more than "abducted" in Paris; he was murdered (for the details, see Whittaker Chambers' *Cold Friday*,pp. 197-202).

THE EAST CAME WEST

***The East Came West* by Peter J Huxley-Blythe. Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho; 215 pages and frontispiece.**

On the continent of Europe, from the Atlantic to the Urals, many intelligent and informed men and women regard the Anglo-Saxon nations — Britain and the United States, but especially the latter — with some mixture of contempt, hatred, and despair. They regard us as hypocritical and treacherous, as ruthless and brutal — as powerful barbarians, whom it is dangerous to oppose, but suicidal to trust. The average American, even if he has traveled extensively in European nations whose languages he knows, never suspects with what aversion he is regarded. That is partly because Europeans do not tell him, some of them concealing their sentiments out of politeness and others because they want to get as much American money as they can before it becomes worthless. Even so, there are many indications that are visible to the American, although he, full of confidence in his own purposes and those of his government as stated by politicians and women's clubs, does not see them, just as husbands who dote on their wives cannot see, if their wives are unfaithful, the many little indications that could not escape the notice of a man not blinded by his own preconceptions.

The simile may be extended a little further, for some Americans do finally discover what many Europeans think of them as a nationality, and when they do, they feel as hurt and indignant as a trusting husband who has discovered that his wife is an adulteress. There, however, the comparison must end. The husband has a right to be indignant; the American has not. Although most Americans and many Britons do not know it, we are, in the eyes of judicious observers throughout the world, the great war criminals of the West. We are even regarded in many quarters with greater abhorrence than the Soviet, for everyone knows that Bolsheviks are savage beasts and, like cannibals, merely behave in accordance with their own nature, while we are supposed to be civilized Occidentals and are to be judged, therefore, in terms of higher moral standards.

That is why talk about "neutralism" and a "third force" is so

persuasive in Europe. That is why many Europeans cherish the hope that they can somehow, by compromise and dexterity, manage to become the spectators of a delightful war in which the Soviet Union and the United States will destroy one another permanently. The hope is illusory, but that does not prevent it from being widely held.

We judge other nations by what their governments do. We must expect them to judge us by the same standard. And if we, who boast that we freely elect those whom we choose to govern us, permitted our governments to fall into the hands of criminals, traitors, and alien agents, we are, in a sense, morally responsible for the great crimes against humanity that they committed by using our wealth and power and by spending the lives of our young men, even if we knew nothing of those crimes when they were being perpetrated.

By that standard, the burden of guilt that must rest on your conscience and mine is almost unbearable. For a part of the awful record, see the brilliant books by the distinguished English attorney and historian, F J P Veale, *Advance to Barbarism* (Devin-Adair), and *War Crimes Discreetly Veiled* (Devin-Adair). It is a sickening record, and Anglo-American guilt is about evenly divided. It was a British government that devised the "magnificent strategy" of bombing and slaughtering the helpless civilian inhabitants of German cities for the express purpose of forcing the German government to bomb and slaughter the civilian inhabitants of undefended British cities and thus excite among Englishmen enthusiasm for a war that had been forced on them by their government against their own interest. It was an American government that staged the obscene and revolting farce of the Nurnberg "trials" in which perjured evidence procured by torture, a sham "law" and a kangaroo "court" were used to make odious with hypocrisy murders that would have been merely barbarous, if openly and honestly committed by the victors in war.

One of the great war crimes, committed in open violation of the Geneva Convention which civilized nations adopted to regularize the treatment of prisoners of war, was the infamous 'Operation Keelhaul' which indelibly stained the honor of the United States,

because ours was the country that supplied the Allied Commander-in-Chief who gave the orders: Dwight David Eisenhower. The troops that carried out the crime were both British and American, but they are, of course, free of moral responsibility, for they simply carried out categorical orders — carried them out, in many cases, with tears streaming down their faces that were blanched with a horror greater than any they had known in combat. The ultimate responsibility for the orders has been variously assigned.

The very commission of the crime was at first officially denied by both British and American governments. When it could no longer be kept secret, it was defended on the grounds that it was made necessary by the Yalta Agreement — which is simply a lie, unless the reference is to some still unpublished part of the agreement made by Roosevelt and Hiss with Stalin. Eisenhower once claimed that he acted on orders from Washington, but his own deputy commander, British Field Marshal Montgomery, has given him the lie on that one. Of course, Eisenhower, who was admittedly in direct communication with Stalin, could have received the orders through some channel of which Montgomery did not know. To judge by what has thus far been published of a series of articles in *Reader's Digest*, in which Cornelius Ryan seeks to shed a mantle of snow-white prose on a now blackened image, the next story will probably be that dear old Ike, pure-hearted but simple-minded, was deceived by dear old Joe, who — surprise! — was sometimes given to telling fibs.

In *The East Came West*, Mr Uuxley-Blythe, an eminent and courageous British journalist, has for the first time assembled the available information and told the tragic story of the brave Cossack armies that fought the Bolsheviks from 1941 to 1945; surrendered to the Anglo-American forces, many on the strength of explicit and solemn pledges, and all in the confidence that they were dealing with a civilized people who would naturally observe the Geneva Convention and the rules of warfare that European nations had observed for centuries before that Convention; and were betrayed into the hands of the Bolshevik beasts. In his concluding chapter, Mr Huxley-Blythe mentions the equally shocking fate of the Free

Russian Army that was commanded by General Vlasov, a former Soviet general who fought valiantly to free his country, "because", as he said, "I know Bolshevism, that terrible synthesis of madness and crime". In this chapter, the author summarizes a good part of his earlier booklet, *Betrayed,* which is published in England, but not, so far as I know, in the United States. And in his concluding pages, he definitely fixes the responsibility.

I urge you to read this book – if you can stand it. You will read it with tears of pity – and undying shame.

The two episodes that Mr Huxley-Blythe describes were merely typical parts of the total 'Operation Keelhaul', which was carried out over a period of several years not only in Europe, but also on American soil. In this operation, British and American troops, serving as the instruments of International Bolshevism, drove at the point of their bayonets millions of human beings to torture and death in the Soviet Union. The total number of victims – our victims, for we furnished the men and money, although we did not know how they were being used – is uncertain. The lowest estimate that I have seen is 1,300,000. The official Soviet statistics for October 1, 1945, give a total of 5,236,130, and tacitly admit that approximately three million of these had been murdered by that time. There are no later figures from the Soviet. We continued to hand victims over to them in 1946 and even some in 1947, and no one will suppose that the blood-thirsty animals that rule Russia stopped work on October 1, 1945.

The victims included soldiers, both prisoners of war and men who had been recruited into the American service and had fought, notably in Italy, under the American flag. The victims also included civilians who had never borne arms: old men, women, children. The operation was carried out with the vilest kind of deceit: For example, generals, trusting to the honor of British and American officers who assured them that they were to be flown to England, were enticed into airplanes that delivered them to Soviet territory. It was carried out with the foulest treachery: prisoners of war were escorted by American and British troops, assigned to "protect" them, to points where Soviet troops, posted in ambush by pre-arrangement with the

American command, surrounded and captured them. It was carried out with savage brutality: For example, Anglo-American troops, acting under orders, bayonetted women and children clinging to the altar of a church. And we wonder that Americans are not loved and admired in Europe?

It is true that some of the victims were fortunate and escaped the horrors for which they were destined. We had to machine-gun some of them to control the rest. Some of the more ingenious were able to escape through suicide. There was, for example, the party of Cossacks who somehow obtained some firearms and so were able to kill their wives, their children, and themselves. There was, for example, the woman physician who had saved enough morphia to kill her fourteen-year-old daughter,her aged mother, and herself. There was, for example, another mother who, by watching for an opportunity, succeeded in throwing herself and the baby in her arms under the tread of a British tank. But many were not so fortunate, for life can sometimes be persistent in spite of human will. There was, for example, the anti-Communist Russian who, in the simple words of the American soldier in charge of "repatriating" him, ". . . had stabbed himself in the chest and seemed almost out when we put him on a litter and loaded him onto a truck. Every time he moved, blood spurted from the wound. Two MP's could not subdue him. Two of them broke their billies flitting him on the head.

It is possible that the unfortunate man survived to be shipped to a ghastly death as part of good old Ike's tribute to good old Joe. The purpose of 'Operation Keelhaul', of course, was to destroy anti-Communists born in Russia or in any of the various territories that we fought a bloody and expensive war to deliver to the Soviet. But it was more than that. Mr Robert Welch, in his confidential letter to friends, first written in 1954 and now well-known since its publication in book-form under the title *The Politician*, remarked:

There have been few crimes in history more brutal and more extensive than this forced repatriation of anti-Communists, to which Dwight Elsenhower committed the honor of the United States. Dragging the honor and reputation of our country through such

pools of bloody betrayal, and thus convincing anti-Communists of either the stupidity or the pro-Communism of the United States, was of course one of the objectives.

You should not be astonished, therefore, to learn from the present book that,

(1) The most important Russian anti-Communist organization, which maintains an underground in Russian territory, eschews all help from, or contact with. Western countries and agencies, and specifically instructs its members never to trust any Western government.

(2) The Bolsheviks are as shameless and clever as our own 'Liberals' in twisting their worst deeds to their own advantage. In 1955, the Soviet released a few of the victims we had sent them — men who had, contrary to all probabilities, survived the tortures and degradation of the slave-labor camps and remained alive as mere husks of humanity, broken in body. And an official Bolshevik newspaper crowed:

> "Whether they were Vlasov men or prisoners of war who did not want to return to the Motherland does not matter now. All their sins have been forgiven.
>
> "But the English and American bayonets, truncheons, machine guns and tanks used against them will never be forgotten.
>
> "No Russian will ever forget Lienz, Dachau, Plattling, Toronto, and other places of extradition, including New York. And they must never be forgotten. It is a lesson all Russians must learn well. For it shows that you cannot trust the capitalist states in the future."

Neat, eh? Neither Felix Frankfurter nor Earl Warren could have devised a better twist than that.

'Operation Keelhaul' was but a notable chapter on a long journey, for the American people, under the direction of the International Communist Conspiracy, have marched farther and farther into the slough of treachery and dishonor. The further stages on our road to eternal infamy are almost innumerable. It will suffice to mention our betrayal of the Hungarians when our *agents provocateurs*

encouraged them to revolt, our betrayal (still an official secret) of the anti-Communist underground in East Germany, our betrayal of the anti-Communists in Cuba in the well-planned operation of which the Bay of Pigs was a small part, and, most recently, our betrayal of the decent inhabitants of the Dominican Republic when we sent in the Marines to suppress the anti-Communists and prepare the way for a local Castro and another Cuba, complete with atomic missiles aimed at our own cities.

An American, who was an officer of company grade in 1945 and participated in Elsenhower's 'Keelhaul' particularly remembers a Polish officer who had somehow managed to procure a short length of wire and twist it about his neck in an effort to escape "repatriation." The wretched man's attempt was frustrated; a locally available physician restored him to consciousness; and he was beaten into the bus that was to carry him to his doom, its windows having been replaced with steel gratings, so that our victims could not break the glass and cut their own throats.

The physician, having grimly done his duty, looked the officer in the eye and said calmly, "You Americans have done more than violate the law of nations. You have committed hubris. God will punish you. And if there is no God, Nature will."

That was more than twenty years ago. That American officer now has — or had — a son, who was sent to Vietnam to fight in the fake war that Washington is staging as another Korea, that is to say, as a pretext for increasing taxes and getting Americans killed while taking every precaution to ensure another defeat and catastrophic disgrace of the United States. The son, according to a report that reached the father, stepped on a poisoned bamboo stake while wearing the tennis shoes that some of our soldiers must wear, since the Strange McNamara has even seen to it that they do not have boots, and the young man is likely to lose either his leg or his life.

Part V

The Great Deceit

When the Birch Society was founded, the plan — assuming that the plan that was known to me and in which I participated was not a cover for secret purposes of which I had no suspicion — called for a comparatively small national organization of carefully selected members which, while not exactly secret, would be unobtrusive, would engage in no public activity, and would therefore attract no public attention. The members of the small local chapters would meet in their various homes as though they were merely a social group, but they would organize and retain control of various front organizations, each directed toward a specific local purpose and having no formal connection with others, except that the chapter members who took the lead in one such organization might appear as followers in one or two (but not many) others.

The only feasible way of conducting strategic operations with the national organization was to engage employees who would inconspicuously go from chapter to chapter and coordinate their activities and bring them into conformity with the national strategy. The coordinators would necessarily be first instructed in the purposes of the Society in which, although paid employees, they would serve as liaison officers, and would meet regularly for briefing to carry out strategic plans which obviously could be communicated only orally.

For some reason — possibly because, as was claimed, men of the requisite intelligence and integrity could not be found

— the necessary preliminaries were neglected in the early stages of the formation of the national organization, and the coordinators tended to become what they later became, salesmen hired to sell memberships and comparable to the salesmen who travel about the country to sell merchandise or machinery of which they have only a rather superficial knowledge. Thus, when the scandal about Welch's "private letter" was incited, most of the Society's 'coordinators' had never even heard of that horrendous document, much less read it. This fatal weakness in the organization was never corrected, and I eventually conjectured that Welch, consciously or unconsciously, applied to the Birch business the principles stated in his manual of salesmanship, according to which a salesman should indeed have confidence in the product he vends, but need know no more about it than he is told by his employers. There were really excellent men on the staff, especially in the earlier years, but there were always some who thought, as salesmen naturally do, in terms of making quick sales to anyone who will sign on the dotted line and make a down payment. A certain amount of trouble was inevitable.

I do not exaggerate when I say that during my connection with Welch's organization I did the work of two men, for I not only kept up-to-date and constantly revised the large cycle of graduate courses that I taught, directed doctoral dissertations, and wasted some time on the administrative nonsense that is constantly devised by the ever-multiplying swarms of university "administrators", but carried on and published a volume and quality of philological research that was not equalled by many men in my field. I did not have time to concern myself with the Society's organizational and field activities. My public speaking on its behalf made me many acquaintances throughout the country, some of whom later wrote me about odd difficulties and frictions between chapters and their 'coordinator' or the home office in Belmont. I had to be content with passing on every reasonable complaint to responsible members of the staff in Belmont for the proper action or, if the matter appeared grave, calling Welch himself, although I was naturally reluctant to demand personal attention to a problem from a man who, it seemed, was always so busy that he could only sleep for a few hours on a

desk in his office instead of going home — and sometimes had had to work through the night without any rest at all.

Things were always going wrong in the Society. Occasionally that happened because the enemy had out-manoeuvred us or some member of the Council, as in the matter of the "private letter," made an egregious blunder that had to be covered up, but usually it was the fault of the salaried staff, which, it seemed, always included not only persons who were ignorant, inept, or overly ambitious, but also crypto-Communist infiltrators who had sought employment to sabotage the Birch Society. For a long time, these explanations seemed plausible to me.

I was first seriously disturbed by an incident so strange that I could not at first believe it. In a certain small city the head of a local organization of Christian Laymen had a radio programme on a local station and used it to criticize the "social gospel" and similar hokum, incidentally intimating from a strictly Christian standpoint that he did not stand in awe of God's Own People. On weekends he sometimes took small parties of children, including his own, on hikes through the foothills. The 'coordinator' for that region, speaking in his official capacity as the representative of the Birch Society before official meetings of the chapters of that organization, specifically accused the man of molesting children; he may have been unaware that some members were the man's personal friends and had their own knowledge of his character. Such folly seemed to me incredible even after I learned, to my astonishment, that the 'coordinator' was a Jew, but I soon had a collection of sworn affidavits by indignant members who had heard the accusations and said they were quite willing to testify in court. I imagine that few attorneys have ever been presented with so conclusive a case of action for malicious slander against a corporate defendant with assets that would cover even a memorable assessment of damages in the courts, to say nothing of the punitive damages that would be added for such nasty malice on the part of a very unpopular organization.

Welch, I need not say, was horrified, pointed out that the only possible explanation of so flagrant an act was sabotage by an infiltrator, agreed that the hiring of such a representative had been a

sadly mistaken experiment, and, with a little prodding, discharged the offending employee. I succeeded in persuading the slandered man not to bring suit against the Society, convincing him that the purpose of the defamation must have been to destroy the Society or, at least, cripple it financially, and that, "for the good of the cause" he should forego the monetary compensation that he could have obtained, almost automatically, in the courts, and content himself with an effective apology, the prompt removal and disavowal of the "infiltrator." It was not until much later that I regretted my intervention in that affair.

II

In the strategy of the Birch Society there was a delicate and dubious point. The decision to speak officially of only "the International Communist Conspiracy" was, I think, justified, it being understood, of course, that members of the organization were free to study the observed phenomena for themselves and to draw such conclusions as the evidence seemed to them to warrant, and to discuss their conclusions among themselves or with their friends, since no member of a monolithic society would presume to speak in the name of that society. That policy averted a great deal of furious controversy and malicious obloquy, although the constant harping on the "Communist Conspiracy" became monotonous, even after one took care to distinguish such forces from the superstitions of the "liberal" cults and the merely criminal tendencies that are present in all large populations to an extent that most individuals want to ignore. At the limit, also, the imputation of blame to the "International Communist Conspiracy" could seem forced, although strictly justified in the sense in which a cloudburst may be blamed for the looting that occurs during a flood.

There was, however, a further purpose in that strategy. During his years as a master salesman, Welch had made many sales to confectioners and candy-manufacturers who were Jews residing in this country, and who, he said, complained to him openly and bitterly of the arrogance and financial exactions of the Jewish organizations to which they were almost enslaved. On that basis,

he was, he said, convinced that it would be possible to induce a violent schism among the Jews in this country, many of whom, as the proprietors of very profitable businesses, would not only wish to escape the oppressive taxes constantly levied upon them by the B'nai B'rith and similar organizations, but would see, even more quickly than intelligent Americans, that the "International Communist Conspiracy" was preparing, by racial association, a hazardous future for them in this country, while the publicly stated principles of Zionism, if believed, required their emigration from the United States, where they enjoyed such great comforts and prosperity, to Palestine, where they could not reasonably expect to flourish with only fellow Jews as their customers. And, indeed, it did seem strange that Jews who were reaping lavish returns from business in this country should so lavishly subsidize "Israelis," whose proclaimed "ingathering" of the divinely-appointed Master Race would call them from the fleshpots of the goyim to the inevitable stringency and possible hardships of life in an all-Jewish state.[1]

A calculated effort to split the Jews in this country and to destroy the virtual solidarity that gives them such power over us is an undertaking which, if not flatly impossible, calls for great subtlety. Crudely open efforts to do so have consistently failed. In the pronouncements of most of the professedly anti-Jewish organizations it is usually impossible to distinguish between (a) a strategic purpose to create schism, (b) a desire for protective covering to avoid the charge of hostility toward all Jews, and (c) a residue of veneration for God's Elect as inculcated by the tales in the Old and New Testaments of the Christian Bible. These three alternative or concurrent motives account for the anxious efforts to discriminate (a) between God's pets and the "Synagogue of Satan" that perversely rejected the avatar of that god, or (b) between "orthodox" Jews and Jews that claim to have rejected Jewry by turning Christian, or (c) between Khazars and the "real" Jews, or (d) simply between "good" and "bad" Jews, or, more recently, (e) between different racial strains that can be physiologically distinguished within the Jewish race.[2] Whatever the basis or purpose of such discrimination, experience has shown that the effect is nugatory. It does not deceive or conciliate

the Jews, and serves only to confuse Aryans who do not consider it a cowardly and hypocritical evasion.

It is true that there have been bitter and sometimes murderous dissensions among the Jews throughout their history, but the antagonists have always united against other races, thus showing a prudent solidarity that our race would do well to emulate. It is also true that a few individual Jews evidently defected from their race and expose themselves to vicious persecution by their compatriots,[3] but although we may feel confidence in their sincerity and gratitude for their services, they are so few that they are politically irrelevant.[4] The chances of inducing a schism among the Jews sufficient to impair their power over the United States seem to be minimal.

If — as seems quite improbable — Welch ever attempted such an operation, he walked into a trap. That became apparent when there appeared a strange pamphlet that bore the title, *The Neutralizers, by Robert Welch*. When a copy of it came in the mail and took me by surprise, I immediately telephoned Belmont and found that Welch had just left for Europe, where I was unable to reach him by telephone. The following months and years produced a whole series of explanations, viz.: (1) Welch knew nothing about it and the pamphlet must be a forgery; (2) It was the work of a Protestant holy man whom he had (oddly!) hired as his immediate aide and in whom he mistakenly had such confidence that, in a moment of weariness and haste just before he went abroad, he had sent it to press without reading it; (3) It was the work of a named journalist engaged as a ghost writer and in whom he mistakenly had such confidence that, in a moment of weariness etc., he had sent it to press without reading it; (4) It was the work of competent research workers (unnamed) whose conclusions he could not dispute, although they were poorly expressed and open to misinterpretation; and (5) He wrote every word of it. I now believe none of these stories.

The pamphlet could be taken as an effort to knock out competition, much as though General Motors were to distribute a booklet on the defects of Chrysler automobiles, but the real substance of it was a vehement and unscrupulous attack on certain Christian sects and, through them, on "anti-Semites." It is true that

the sects in question had strange doctrines, which, however, did not differ significantly from the doctrines of other sects except in the odd notion that the "real Israelites" and "Chosen People" are the Anglo-Saxons, who ran to the British Isles after they were defeated by the Assyrians in the late eighth century B.C. But it is not the function of a serious political organization to act as arbiter among the innumerable fantasies of theologians, and the obvious purpose was to suggest that adverse criticism of the Jews must be inspired by the Communists and that there must be no discrimination among races: hate the wicked Communists, but love everybody else — a proposition that has an oddly theological ring!

The pamphlet was not implausible in some other respects, and, especially if withdrawn inconspicuously, as Welch once said he intended, would have done no great harm — and it is given to few, if any, commanders never to make minor mistakes. But one soon began to hear reports of chapters and the contributors of generous subventions, who were being thrown out of the Society because they were known to have read forbidden books, often without knowing they were sinning, since the Patriotic Pope in Belmont had not published an *Index librorum prohibitorum*. To be sure, other motives were alleged for each expulsion, but after a large number of cases had accumulated, one could not miss the statistical significance of the one element that virtually all of them had in common.

Entirely apart from the Jewish problem, which admittedly was echinate and hard to handle, there was increasing evidence that what had been founded as a movement to recapture our country was developing into a means of ineffectually squandering the money and the energies of patriotic Americans until they gave up in disgust or despair. And after a time, it became no longer possible to cherish the comforting notion that stupid, intriguing, or malevolent employees were uniquely responsible. The Society officially embarks on a clangorous programme to "Impeach Earl Warren," and several 'coordinators', who take their jobs seriously, enlist the services of hundreds of members, organize caravans of automobiles to converge on Washington, and suitable banners and signs are prepared for each automobile, obviously through the work of many men and

women — and then, a few hours before the caravans are due to start, peremptory orders from Belmont cancel the entire operation! The Society officially proclaims in its loudest voice a national revival to "Support Your Local Police" and a considerable number of chapters in one region pool their resources to reprint in pamphlet form the Society's official pronouncements and to produce other material to command public attention, including thousands of matchbooks that are usually given with the purchase of cigarettes and which friendly storekeepers will distribute to their customers — and after all that expense and hard work, they receive a frenetic and paranoid letter from the Founder, threatening them with legal prosecution for using the Birch Society's slogan and copyrighted material! These two examples make it unnecessary to cite less flagrant ones. And, since I had spoken extensively and some persons seemed inclined to trust me, I began to receive complaints not only from aggrieved or embittered former members, but from former 'coordinators', who averred that they had been unable to carry out conscientiously orders from Belmont, had resigned, and had been forced, by threats of a blacklisting to prevent them from obtaining other employment, to sign "puppy-dog" letters of resignation, in which they professed to be heart-broken because family obligations or economic pressures had forced them to leave the service of the Grand Chain,

Complaints reached other members of the National Council, who became perturbed. The Council continued to meet each quarter, but Welch effectively prevented discussion by always inviting a "guest," ostensibly a potential source of financial support, so that from 9 a.m. until about 4.30 p.m. the members of the Council[5] had to listen to glowing reports of "progress" from Welch and from employees who were heads of sections in Belmont, and when the Council finally went into "executive session" late in the afternoon, there was time for only a question or two and interminably verbose answers by Welch before the clock struck five and there was a general rush for the bar.

Although the members of the Council who may be regarded as representing the Federal Reserve seemed content, quite a few others were seriously concerned and formed a committee to consider the

plight of the Society, which they were inclined to attribute to the effects of a mild stroke that Welch had suffered in St Louis and the influence of an employee in Belmont who was known to other members of the staff as 'Snake Eyes'. The committee, I need not say, included one "dissident" who regularly reported to Welch what was said by the "disloyal" individuals who questioned the infallibility of the Pontifex Maximus. Much time and effort was expended, but in the end it was found that a monolithic society is really monolithic: the Council could not even vote on a crucial question, since Welch would cancel the membership of any member suspected of "disloyalty" before he could cast his vote.

If it seems strange or even inexplicable that men did not resign in such circumstances, I can only say that some felt, as I did, that the Birch Society was a last effort that could not be repeated or duplicated. Its failure meant the defeat of all the purposes for which it had (presumably) been founded, and there could be no second chance.

IV

To state the problem in the bluntest and crudest terms, such a movement requires money — lots of money. Nothing is more common or pathetic than the efforts of individuals who, fired with a patriotic purpose and equipped with a mimeograph machine and a few thousand dollars of their own savings, undertake to found a new political party or a new patriotic legion, confidently expecting that a resounding manifesto or two distributed through the mails will bring them an avalanche of cheques from aroused patriots. They do receive a few cheques, which merely prolong the death-agony of what they had imagined would be a new American Revolution. If a man undertakes to form a politically significant organization with half a million dollars in his hand, he can reasonably hope for success if he is certain he possesses genius of a high order; if he starts with less than that, he is simply wasting his (and others') money while butting his head against a stone wall.[5] Walls are breached only by heavy (and expensive) battering rams. I know the world shouldn't be like that, but it is.

Men who contribute substantial sums to a professedly patriotic organization make investments — not, to be sure, as do men who make large contributions to an established political party and naturally expect a return in some form that will give them a fairly quick profit — but nevertheless investments to obtain a world in which they and perhaps their children can live comfortably and without fear or humiliation. They at least wish to preserve social values that they esteem and cherish. It would be unreasonable — and, indeed, unjust — to expect them to indulge in charity to would-be leaders who mean well but are unlikely to accomplish anything. That would be like subsidizing the inventors of perpetual-motion machines who appear to be in earnest.

Men who are in a position to make investments, even fairly modest ones, necessarily consider the record. It is relatively easy for a promoter (whether or not he is honest and veracious) to raise capital for a novel project — a newly discovered gold field in the Aleutians, for example — but when the first corporation has gone bankrupt, whatever the explanation, it becomes much more difficult and usually impossible to raise capital for a second attempt. Likewise, if the Birch Society failed, even though it could be plausibly argued tliat the failure was caused by the ineptitude or dishonesty of the promoter, there would be no chance of obtaining comparable subventions, and if the amount originally contributed had been inadequate, an attempt to form a new organization to replace it would certainly fail.

Furthermore, much had happened between 1958 and 1965. As the "liberals" are wont to assure us gleefully, one cannot turn back the clock. *Nemo est quin sciat praeterita mutari non posse.* Lost opportunities are lost forever: "We cannot revive them by penance or prayer". Year by year and month by month the chances of success had diminished with each defeat and each demoralizing blunder. It was no longer possible to recruit a new army or appoint a new commander; one could only try to decide whether the war could still be won if the general had any intention of winning it.

V

It was most unlikely that a would-be Savior of His Country would voluntarily sabotage his own effort, and I had eventually to ask myself whether he was in fact a free agent and the author of the decisions he made. The question was startling, and each of the many incidents that depended on conflicting testimony was difficult to investigate, but I had one means of investigation that was under my own control. It soon became evident that the intelligent young man who was editing *American Opinion* in Belmont was subject to pressures that he could not avow. It is true that even the best printers can be careless at times, and they can lose a paragraph or half a galley of type, but their negligence seems methodical when they lose precisely a paragraph that made passing mention of D'Israeli's published works and precisely the part of a review in which I referred to the infamous "Sedition Trial" of 1942/944, which, although I had refrained from saying so, had been a premature attempt to impose the Jewish Terror on the American people. At my insistence, the review the printers had truncated was printed in full in a later issue, but there were other disquieting indications of a surreptitious influence.

I had to stipulate that nothing of mine was to be printed except, *ne varietur*, from final proof that I had approved; and I eventually decided to write a factual but cautiously expressed article that would clarify the mystery. It is printed for the first time below.

That was in November 1965, and Welch — having reportedly assured a member of his staff that he could lead the docile professor whithersoever he wished — flew to Urbana to persuade me to rewrite the review to endorse what he and I knew to be false: although the facts were beyond question and I had stated them modestly and circumspectly, they had to be concealed and denied, because, if published, they would "destroy" the John Birch Society — for no intelligibly stated reason other than the ignorance and irrationality of the members whom the Society had supposedly been educating for seven years. His verbosity and exhortations to "keep my eye on the ball" while he, the master croupier, spun the wheel made it only more painfully evident that there was just one subject

about which the muddled members had to be deceived. I drew my own conclusions, but I was dismayed as I tried to discern in the equivocating and frightened little man the resolute and sagacious leader whom I thought I saw in 1958.

I refused to make the review mendacious, but I did agree to withdraw it, since I had editorial responsibilities for *American Opinion* that I could not honorably terminate until the July-August issue in 1966 had been sent to press. During that interview and later, however, I took care to make no commitments beyond that date.

Notes

1. Assuming, of course, that the majority of Jews in the United States believe the original claims of the Zionists, which are still the official doctrine, that they have only the modest and reasonable purpose of establishing a country in which all the Jews in the world can be assembled from the nations in which they now form cohesive bodies of powerful aliens, necessarily parasitic on their hosts. This professed purpose, however, may be regarded as merely a cloud of dust for the eyes of the goyim pending the attainment of the goal proclaimed by more enthusiastic, though less discreet, Zionists, who revive the old Jewish dream of "One World" and regard Palestine as the future capital from which the King of the Jews will rule the entire globe after the other races have been reduced to the serfdom that their intellectual and biological inferiority makes just.

2. What is probably the most promising of the various movements for European unity, the Nouvel Ordre Europeen, based in Switzerland, inserted in its "Manifesto social-raciste" sections (39-41) which distinguish between the parasitic and now dominant Jews, who are a *dechet biologique*, and the elite *biologique juive* that is now held in subjection. They espouse the professed Zionist purpose of providing for the Jews countries (not necessarily limited to Palestine) of their own, and to accept the Zionist recognition of Jews as a

separate nation, as well as a separate race, with its own citizenship, thus ending the absurd pretenses that enable Jews to masquerade as Germans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Americans, etc., and to enjoy "dual-citizenship" in the countries of stupid goyim. The manifesto may most conveniently be consulted in the North American edition of G. A. Amaudruz's *Nous autres racistes* (Montreal, 1971), pp. 59-77, where it is followed by his commentary. I doubt that our present knowledge of genetics and ethnology is sufficient to make the stated distinction. The publisher of the German translation of Amaudruz's book was sent to prison for publishing information that should be concealed from white men. The Germans today naturally cower before the Jewish boot, by which they have been so terribly trampled.

3. A very recent example is a man named Abraham Cohen, who is reported (I hope correctly) to be about to publish an exposure of the "six million" swindle that will complement the definitive work of Professor Butz, since Cohen will use evidence from Poland and Russia, where the Jews now claim there really were "extermination camps" since they have had to abandon the old hokum and now admit that there were none in Germany.

4. It is a common error of Aryans to permit sympathy to distort their perception of political realities. An obvious example is the perennial report of a "Christian underground" in Soviet Russia, which was especially lucrative for sucker-list operators in the 1960's. The Soviets find it easy to control religions, and there is no real evidence that they persecute any theistic cults, but if we grant the existence of such an "underground" as described in the recent novel by Paul R. Vaulin, *The Regiment of Kitzeh* (Mobile, Alabama, 1977), the only politically significant question is whether the underground is sufficiently large and strong to be used as an effective force of subversion within Soviet territory, which, despite vague talk about "millions" seems most unlikely. Some shrewd observers believe that the Jews are losing control of the Soviet, and if that is true, it is not impossible that the Jews, as they have often done in the past, are promoting Christianity as a weapon against the refractory government, but even with such support, such an "underground" could hardly be expected to have much more than a nuisance value, unless the Soviet regime has a massive internal weakness of which there are no visible signs at present.

5. Except those who had hearing aids and turned them off.

6. In justice to Welch, I must report that he repeatedly told members of the Council — and, so far as I know, truthfully — that during the first year of the Birch Society he, contrary to his expectations, received contributions that totalled much less than the million dollars that he considered a minimum for effective operation. If that insufficiency was the real cause of the Society's fumbling and tergiversation in its early years, as I long believed, some of the onus of responsibility must fall on the American bourgeoisie, which failed to recognize a fair chance to survive. Massive support from the great financial powers, which subsidized the Bolshevik conquest of Russia and, whether or not Jews themselves, profit from all international dislocations and crises, was not to be expected.

***The Great Deceit: Social Pseudo-Sciences* by the staff of Veritas Foundation, Zygmund Dobbs, Research Director. Introduction and epilogue by Archibald B. Roosevelt. Veritas Foundation, West Sayville, New York, 355 pages.**

This is one of the most important books of our time.

The Veritas Foundation was established by alumni of Harvard who were dismayed by the realization that their alma mater, once the most highly reputed university in the Western Hemisphere, was being converted into an instrument of subversion and an incubator of traitors. The Foundation enlisted a research staff to ascertain how Harvard had been transformed, and to fix, if possible, the responsibility. It soon became apparent that what had happened to Harvard did not differ significantly from what had happened, or was happening, to colleges and universities throughout the nation, and the scope of the Foundation's inquiries was accordingly enlarged.

In 1960, Veritas published its first report, *Keynes at Harvard,* of which a second edition appeared in 1962 (114 pages). This is a carefully documented disclosure of the means whereby a well-organized gang of Fabian Socialists was able to plant one of its members in the Department of Economics at Harvard under cover of a hypocritical plea that "all points of view" should be represented; to extend itself by patient, devious, and covert intrigues until it acquired control of the entire department; and finally to drive from the university all economists who refused to preach the gospel of Messiah Keynes and otherwise cooperate with the conspirators. In short, what happened to the honest economists at Harvard was what happened to the kind man in the old fable, who permitted the camel to introduce its nose into his tent.

Keynes at Harvard is fundamental reading for anyone who would understand the academic world today. It also teaches, through a specific example studied in detail, a cardinal fact about the organisation of the International Conspiracy. It demonstrated conclusively that the Fabian Socialists are a conspiratorial organization that uses systematically the standard Communist techniques of infiltration and deception to undermine and

eventually destroy the United States and to enslave the American people. Although the Fabian Socialists usually proselytize in social circles in which avowed Bolsheviks would be at some disadvantage, and although they occasionally give voice to some mild disapproval or ineffectual criticism of the Soviet, they cooperate with the Communists in every major attack on our nation. This almost perfect coordination of effort over a period of many years cannot fail to suggest to every unbiased observer that, in all probability, the Fabian Socialists and the Communist Party are merely two tentacles of a single octopus.

Although the "liberal" press tried to blanket the book with silence, more than 130,000 copies of *Keynes at Harvard* have been sold, and the publication of the present volume, which covers the whole field of the so-called 'social sciences' in American universities and colleges, evidently led to a change of policy. The work of the Veritas Foundation is now being attacked and decried — notably in the pages of the *New York Times*, as was to be expected, and of *National Review*, to the astonishment of many readers of that publication. Since neither periodical would permit a reply to the allegations made in its pages, Mr Roosevelt, who is one of the Trustees of the Foundation, has published, under the title *Strange Bedfellows!*, a concise review of the reviews that appeared in the *Times* and in Mr William F Buckley, Jr's magazine.

In the *Times*, the notorious John Kenneth Galbraith either inadvertently or brazenly gave away the secret of the show in which he has long been a featured performer. As Mr Roosevelt points out, Galbraith "denies that there is any conspiracy and then boasts about the manner in which the conspiracy was carried out," exulting that he and his accomplices carried out what he frankly calls "a revolution" and bragging about their cleverness in hoodwinking the stupid Americans. What is even more astonishing, Galbraith discards the old pretence that the Fabians and the Communists represent different interests or purposes: he identifies as a great Fabian who played a "key role" in the "revolution" none other than that infamous alien subversive, Lauchlin Currie, who was identified under oath as an agent of Soviet Military Intelligence and fled

from the United States to avoid interrogation.

National Review entrusted its job to the aging Henry Hazlitt, who has for years enjoyed a high reputation as a detector from Socialism, but now repeats the old line about "guilt by association" and claims that it is very wicked to believe that there can be such a thing as a conspiracy. When a large number of persons act in concert with Machiavellian duplicity and subtlety, the only possible explanation, according to Mr Hazlitt, is that they are sweet innocents, all of whom just happen to be "confused" in the same way.

The only thing that is really disturbing about Mr Hazlitt's review is that it was evidently an editorial, though not printed as such. As Mr. Roosevelt remarks:

"This tendency to act as a buffer in cushioning attacks against socialists, especially those of the Fabian variety, has become increasingly obvious in the *National Review*. This has been accompanied by the destructive policy of attacking other anti-leftist groups because they are not letter-perfect according to the opinions of . . . William F. Buckley, Jr., and some of his followers."

Let us now turn to the book that has aroused such a furor.

We must regretfully begin by remarking that a book which we heartily recommend does contain some *obiter dicta* that are historically false or misleading. Although these incidental blemishes do not really impair the validity of the central thesis, they may detract from its effectiveness, since many readers will doubtless be more perceptive than the hostile reviewers, who strangely overlooked the points at which the book is really vulnerable. It becomes our duty, therefore, to notice, as briefly as possible, five points at which the Great Deceit is certain to be challenged by critical readers.

(1) While it is quite true that in much of their propaganda "modern socialists praise the collectivist nature of feudalism," they do so primarily to exploit the uncritical and sentimental veneration of the Middle Ages by romantics, who imagine that then Knighthood Was In Flower; by uninformed Christians, especially Catholics, who imagine that Europe was then united in universal, pure, and untroubled faith; and by many members of the Nordic race, who imagine that the barbarians who occupied the degenerate

Roman Empire were all pure Nordics. It is also true that socialism is reactionary — but its reaction goes far beyond what the term Medieval properly suggests, and it plots to return mankind to a far more primitive and brutalized state. The Middle Ages — a long historical period of almost a millennium about which it is hazardous to generalize, because conditions were not at any time uniform throughout Western Europe, but usually differed markedly from one small area to another, and no area long remained unaffected by political and social change — were, on the whole, Dark Ages, but not nearly so dark as they could have been, had the invaders been preponderantly of a lower species (e.g., the Huns, who almost did overrun Europe), innately hostile toward Christianity and incapable of civilization.

To call the Middle Ages "collectivist" or to refer to "socialistic feudal society" is to exaggerate so drastically as to make some readers mistrust the entire work. The Middle Ages did inherit serfdom and some other socialistic devices from the Roman Empire, but they also evolved, largely under Christian influence, the feudal theory of contractual, and therefore limited, government. And under feudalism, each county and even smaller regions enjoyed a very high degree of autonomy; no central government was strong enough to impose the centralized tyranny that is, of course, the necessary foundation of socialism.

That is why it is possible for such competent scholars as Rousas J. Pushdoony, in *The Nature of the American System*, and Lynn White, Jr., in an article in the April, 1965, issue of *Speculum*, to trace our Constitution and the American concept of limited and decentralized government to an origin in Medieval feudalism. Both scholars overlooked the fact that our Founding Fathers were predominantly influenced by the Renaissance and based their thought on the political experience of Greece and Rome, which they studied with profound attention, but it is true that without the Medieval tradition, including such things as the Magna Carta and the Common Law, our United States could never have come into being.

(2) The book recognizes that "the main characteristics of socialist-communist government — the monolithic enslavement of its people

— can be traced as far back as the first Oriental despotisms, at the dawn of history". Modern socialism is an attempt to revert to the total tyranny of Egyptian Pharaohs and Peruvian Incas — with only the addition of a diabolical malice of which the early tyrants were apparently innocent.[1] Now it is an uncomfortable fact that, so far as our historical evidence permits us to go (i.e., excluding hypotheses that one or more superior cultures disappeared without leaving a trace), civilization appears to have been first made possible by socialism. Thereafter, to be sure, certain gifted and non-Oriental peoples were able gradually to advance — with occasional recessions — to a higher civilization of increasing human freedom. But this was necessarily a gradual process, involving many intermediate stages of partial socialism. Furthermore, every philosophic historian knows that while we may properly gasp with horror at the thought of having to live in any one of many past and present societies, it is absurd to denounce the government of a given people at a given time in a given place unless one is prepared to demonstrate that that people was in fact capable of some nobler and freer regime under the conditions existing at the specified time.

The authors of *The Great Deceit* do not sufficiently discriminate between the various forms of partial and limited socialism (i.e., control of some areas of economic and social life to some degree by a central authority) that are common in the history of the West and the total socialism that the Fabians and Bolsheviks are plotting to impose on us. For example, the major European monarchies of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, although they were very far from being absolute monarchies (such as are normal in the Orient), attempted to regulate the national economy in various ways, but although economic planning certainly ruined Spain, the nation in which it was most extensively tried, in many and important areas of life the liberty of the individual was recognized as a matter of right. Today, some very intelligent young Europeans have, on mature consideration, placed their hopes for the future in the monarchist movement and the principles eloquently expounded by His Imperial and Royal Highness, Archduke Otto von Hapsburg, in *The Social Order of Tomorrow*.[2] In this work, which I commend

to those who would study contemporary European thought, the Archduke frankly advocates a degree of economic control that has been described as "socialist" both by those who would commend, and by those who would disparage, his book; and the author himself, who points out that "socialism" and monarchy are by no means incompatible, would not reject the epithet. But we should not suspect His Imperial Highness of being a member or agent of the Fabian-Bolshevik Conspiracy.[3]

Certain modern states, notably Sweden, Holland, and New Zealand, have subjected themselves to "welfare" legislation that is undoubtedly a kind of partial socialism. Since there seems to have been no necessity for them to do so, we may properly criticize those impositions as unwise, as economically wasteful and regressive, and as unjust exploitation of the very part of the population on which the continued existence of the nation depends; we may also forebode a consequent deterioration of moral standards and intellectual capacities, and, perhaps, even genetic decay that, if unchecked, will eventually amount to race-suicide. But, for all that, there is a vast difference between the actual situation in those states and the ferocious inhumanity of total socialism.[4]

These considerations should forbid the reckless and deceptive equation of 'Fascism' to Communism that is more than once implied in the present book. It is quite true that the regime of Benito Mussolini imposed on Italy a number of socialist controls and applied many more that had been enacted earlier, but not effectively enforced. It also was distinctly rude in the methods by which it discouraged opposition and suppressed the Mafia. But there was nothing of the sadistic ferocity of Bolshevism — nothing of the systematic degradation of human beings to the animal level that is requisite for total socialism. Many believe that Mussolini's limited and civilized National Socialism not only saved Italy from the horrors that Hungary suffered under Bela Kun and his companion beasts, but was the only force that, given the time and circumstances could have done so. If that is so, then National Socialism was the best government that Italy could have had, and to condemn it because we do not like some of its shortcomings is as foolish as to condemn

horses because they do not have wings. And even if it could be shown that there was some feasible and better alternative to Fascism, it would still be foolish to imply that it was the equivalent to Communism. A broken finger is painful, to be sure, but it is by no means the equivalent of being drawn and quartered.

(3) The authors are certainly correct in pointing out that antipathies between Gentiles and Jews are systematically and cynically exploited by socialist conspirators, but they approach absurdity when they seem to suggest that anti-Jewish sentiments were invented by the socialists or else in the Middle Ages. It is simply an historical fact — deplorable, to be sure — that the Jews have aroused antipathies wherever they have planted their colonies. Although the phenomenon is doubtless much older, the first clear and indisputable example comes from the Fifth Century B.C. The extant correspondence of that date between a wealthy Jewish colony on the island of Elephantine in the upper Nile and the directorate in the Temple in Jerusalem shows that the colony, although under the armed protection of the Persian Empire after the latter invaded and conquered Egypt, was so disliked by the native Egyptians that violence repeatedly occurred. Examples of similar tensions in many lands and among many races are innumerable in the course of subsequent history. The phenomenon not only appears long before Christianity, but it antedates the general adoption by the Jews of henotheism — to say nothing of monotheism. A principal grievance of the Egyptians around Elephantine was that the Jews (although regarded as perfectly orthodox by their headquarters in Jerusalem) insisted on sacrificing to their five gods animals which the Egyptians regarded as sacred.

This phenomenon is, no doubt, painful to contemplate and difficult to explain, but rational men must try to understand the historical record, not ignore it.

(4) When the authors speak of "the infamous Dreyfus frame-up by French anti-Semites in 1894," they ignorantly repeat one of the big lies of modem times. This is so typical an example of mass-deception by "liberals" that it may be worth while to state here the simple facts that have been all but buried by tons of frenzied and

stridulous journalism.

In 1894, it was discovered that French military secrets were being sold to Germany. An unsigned memorandum which accompanied one set of documents thus sold was stolen from the German Embassy in Paris by a French counter-espionage agent.

Captain Alfred Dreyfus was arrested. Although he may have been innocent, the court martial that convicted him of treason acted quite properly in doing so. They convicted him, not because he was a very wealthy Jew, but because (a) he was one of the twenty-three or thirty officers known to have had access to all of the documents listed in the memorandum: (b) the world's most famous criminologist, Alphonse Bertillon, swore positively that scientific tests proved that the memorandum was in Dreyfus's handwriting; and (c) Dreyfus looked guilty. Even Maurice Paleologue, who was firmly convinced that Dreyfus was innocent, confesses in his *Intimate Journal* that he found it extremely difficult to cling to that conviction when he was actually in the presence of Dreyfus and observed his behavior while on the witness stand in the subsequent trials: the man's voice and manner seemed to proclaim guilt. That was probably an unfortunate mannerism or defect of character, but so long as we have courts of justice, judges and juries will be influenced by the behavior of the accused, and their right to take that into consideration is recognized by law.

After the conviction of Dreyfus, Major Henry of French Intelligence began to plant in the files documents that were forged for him by one Moses Leeman, who had assumed the name of Lemercier-Picard. It is still uncertain whether Major Henry was a very stupid man who procured clumsy forgeries in an attempt to confirm Dreyfus's guilt, or a very clever man who had forged documents so absurd that they would inevitably be recognized as forgeries. Moses Leeman was found hanged from the window of a hotel, supposedly a suicide. Major Henry was found with his throat cut in his cell, supposedly a suicide. That blocked further investigation.

It is probable that Dreyfus was innocent, because (a) the German Ambassador in Paris, who was presumably a man of honor,

categorically denied that any member of his staff had had dealings with Dreyfus, although he did not deny that secret documents had been purchased from some traitor; (b) it appears that the famous memorandum was in the handwriting of a Major Esterhazy, which, by one of those fantastic coincidences that do sometimes happen, was virtually identical to Dreyfus's; and (c) Esterhazy was one of two traitors who were eventually exposed.

If Dreyfus was "framed" the framing was done, not by "anti-Semites", but to protect the guilty. One of the latter was Major Esterhazy, an adventurer of uncertain antecedents who claimed to be an illegitimate descendant of the noble Hungarian family whose name he bore. On investigation into his private life, Esterhazy was found to be, in the words of Superintendent Cavard of the Surete Generale, "an adventurer, a blackguard, a cheat, a swindler, a pimp, a pillar [i.e. procurer] of the brothel" and there can be no doubt of his guilt, although he was permitted to escape from France, probably through the influence of his accomplice and probable superior, Maurice Weil. That unsavory creature, who was a close associate of Major Henry in Military Intelligence, had had to leave the Army and flee to Spain when exposed as a swindler and a cheat at horse-racing, but he soon crept back, partly through the expedient of prostituting his beautiful wife, imported from Vienna, to aged French generals with sensual appetites, including General Saussier, who was Commander-in-Chief. Major Weil, whose reinstatement may also have been facilitated by his intimacy with the Rothschilds, undoubtedly served as a German spy in the French Army, although he was never brought to trial, partly because the Army, after the Dreyfus affair, did not dare to accuse another Jew.

Dreyfus was eventually exonerated and reinstated. He had served as a pretext for violent agitation and controversy that convulsed France for twelve years. With few exceptions, his vociferous champions were not in the least interested in his innocence. They were socialist revolutionaries engaged in a frontal attack on French conservatives, the French Army, and Christianity - especially the Catholic Church. They attained, as the direct result of their agitation, the drastic anti-clerical legislation which virtually ruined the French Church. And

they obtained, by the same means, a political ascendancy in France that they have retained ever since.

(5) The authors correctly note that the scheme of a "World Government" was formulated in detail by Henri de Saint-Simon in 1803: and that datum, of course, is sufficient to expose the mendacity of the subversives who now pretend that "One World" is a new idea somehow related to the speed of airplanes and the production of atomic weapons. But although I understand why the staff of Veritas decided to stop at 1803, I regret that they did not go back another thirteen years to the proclamation of "One World" by that self-appointed "Spokesman for the Human Race" and "Personal Enemy of Jesus Christ," Jean Baptiste du Val de Grace, Baron von Clootz, who is better known as Anacharsis (Clootz), since he had the impudence to use publicly the cover-name that was given him as a member of Adam Weishaupt's Illuminati. That would have traced the use of a potent ideological weapon of destruction back to May 1, 1776, a date that is as important in the history of international conspiracy as October 12, 1492, in the history of the Western Hemisphere. Indication of that one link would have drawn attention to the many others that connect the Fabians of today with Weishaupt's plot against civilization.

The five instances of oversight or reticence on which I have commented are all minor points in the context of a long and valuable book. They do not impair the validity, and should not diminish the cogency, of the thesis that the book was written to demonstrate. When a reviewer has a work of fundament importance before him, his first obligation is to call attention to minor blemishes that may perplex or misdirect its readers, and to suggest, to the best of his ability, improvements that would make a second edition even more lucid and authoritative.

II

The Great Deceit demonstrates simultaneously three truths that must be grasped and understood by Americans who hope that by intelligent effort they may yet save themselves and their children from massacre and slavery.

The first is that the Fabians represent an organized conspiracy

to destroy by deceit. This fact they have themselves admitted and perfectly symbolized in the design of the stained glass window (reproduced as the frontispiece of the present book) constructed for the delectation of their inner circle in 1910. Their coat of arms is a rampant wolf in sheep's clothing. The inscription at the top of the window is a quotation that instantly brings to mind the words that immediately precede it in Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat*: "conspire to grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire . . . [and] shatter it to bits." The larger picture shows the globe of this world resting on an anvil while two Fabians swing mighty sledge hammers to smash it. In the lower picture, lesser members of the conspiracy kneel and worship at an altar formed of Fabian publications. Thus did the British Fabians portray themselves with insolent self-revelation, assuming, of course, that the portrait would be seen only by initiates.

As the quotations and documentation assembled in this book prove over and over again, this conspiracy of wolves masquerading as sheep and hiding their ravening lusts under a pretense of "ideals" and "scholarship" is based on systematic deceit. Its members can be taken at their word only when, in private letters or esoteric publications, they mention to one another the plans and purposes that they sedulously conceal from their intended victims. George Bernard Shaw, for example, in a periodical of very limited circulation, indiscreetly alluded to the fact that the Fabians, who in public bleat about their love of the "working class" and the "trade unions" really plan a society that will be based on forced labor under the death penalty. Karl Marx, in a letter to his accomplice, Engels, accurately described *Das Kapital* in one word - a very vulgar word used in gutter-talk to designate human excrement. He and Engels, of course, took pride in the Conspiracy's power to inflict such foulness on the simpletons who would accept as rational argument a mass of verbiage that Marx had manufactured by deciding what he should tell the boobs and then searching in the British Museum for references that would make the stuff seem the product of research and meditation.

Incidentally, nothing more clearly shows the Conspiracy's power and success – or more clearly proves the thesis of the present

book - than the amazing fact that *Das Kapital*, described by its own author as excrement, is now inflicted on the hapless students in our colleges and universities as a "philosophy" to be studied seriously: is propagated as one of the "Great Books" by a wealthy foundation that pretends to be engaged in "adult education": and is cited as gospel by the many professors who are at last emerging from the woodwork and openly admitting that they are Marxists.

The basic principle that all Americans must learn and apply every waking hour of the day is that public pronouncements made or instigated by members of the Conspiracy never mean precisely what the words seem to say. To grasp their real meaning, you must first correct them by making the conversions indicated for (a) the particular audience that the writer or speaker is trying to bamboozle, and (b) the specific objective that the Conspiracy is trying to attain. In some incidental passages, the author may, through negligence, ineptitude, or vanity, betray something of his own character, but we must never forget that he is trying to express, not what he believes, but what he wants his audience to believe at the moment.

The normal socialist procedure is so foreign to our own habits that we must practice the reading of socialist propaganda just as we must practice any other acquired skill, such as hockey or the reading of corporate balance sheets. The collection made by the Veritas Foundation will give you plenty of examples. If you want to go on on your own, you will find most instructive examples that are old enough for the hidden purposes of the time to have become obvious and part of the historical record. For a horizontal approach, go to a good library and leaf through the serious periodicals published in the years during which the socialists were coaxing the boobs to put their necks into the noose of the federal income tax; then read with care the boob-bait put out by writers who must have known that they were stealthily carrying out a scheme of subversion outlined and endorsed as such by Karl Marx. For a vertical approach, read in sequence the "scholarly" books and articles of some conspirator, such as Professor Oskar Lange (on whom, see *Keynes at Harvard*).

To appreciate socialist writing, you must note the specific situation in which it was produced. Here is one example. When we

find John Maynard Keynes in 1925 expressing regret at the butchery in Russia and suggesting that it was "the fruit of some beastliness . . . in the Russian and Jewish natures when . . . they are allied," that does not in the least mean that Keynes disapproved of mass-murder or disliked either Russians or Jews. What it does prove is that Keynes in 1925 knew that the British public (a) was appalled by the ghastly savagery of the Bolsheviks, (b) had acquired specific information about it, such as the statistics first published in *The Scotsman* in November, 1923, showing the systematic extermination of priests, physicians, university professors, lawyers, and other members of the educated classes, and (c) could no longer be deceived by the pretense of a natural reaction against the tyranny of the Czars — a fiction that had become worn-out and unbelievable. He further knew that the British public knew that a very high percentage of the Bolsheviks who captured Russia were Jews. What the statement really means, therefore, is that Keynes, who had proclaimed himself a Bolshevik, realized in 1925 that he would have to find some way of apparently dissociating himself from what had happened in Russia, if he was to continue effectively his work of subversion among the upper and educated classes of England: and he did so by attributing the events in Russia to a cause (an alliance of Russians and Jews) that could not conceivably operate in Great Britain. Had Keynes been able plausibly to attribute the Bolshevik orgy of bestiality to the Irish or to the length of Russian winters or to an anaeretic conjunction of Mars and Jupiter in Scorpio or to the *Zeitgeist*, he would have been glad to do so. But he had to design his trumpery to fool literate Englishmen in 1925, and he did so. Of course, it wouldn't have done at all in 1920 or 1930, and it would have been "unthinkable" in 1918 or 1932, when the "beastliness" of the Germanic nature was the Conspiracy's theme-song.

III

The second point of this report is that the "social sciences" that now dominate American education on all levels were devised and promoted by the Conspiracy for the specific purpose of subverting Western civilization. That point is abundantly proved in the book,

and I shall not attempt to summarize the proofs.

It should be noted, however, that the "social sciences" represent one of the most common forms of verbal trickery on which the "liberals" depend for success in their shell-games. The terms science and scientific were once generally used in English, and are still currently used in some other languages, to describe any systematic study, regardless of the certainty of its conclusions or the validity of the premises on which it is based. In that sense, theology, Greek grammar, palmistry, and the art of handicapping horses are all sciences. In that sense, the most hardened atheist accepts demonology as a science. In that sense, we may speak of pugilistic science and of scientific burglary (and, as a matter of fact, systematic treatises on kleptology were written and studied in India and perhaps elsewhere).

In English usage, however, science has come more and more to mean the exact sciences, which are the source of all our technology and justly regarded as the glory of modern civilization since they are the only intellectual activity in which we have not been equalled or surpassed by our ancestors. This is the science which, by accurate observation and methodical experiment, reaches conclusions so certain that they can be impugned only by the most radical epistemological scepticism. This is the science of the physical world which has enabled Western men to attain a very considerable control over the forces of nature. It deals with facts that anyone can verify by reperforming the experiment or repeating the observation. It cannot be applied to human beings or human society. It cannot because the values on which all the significant forms of human activity depend cannot be weighed in a balance, mixed in a crucible, analyzed with a spectroscope, or detected with a scintillometer. Exact science knows nothing of good or evil, the terms in which all significant human decisions must be made.

Scientific methods, for example, can produce drugs that will kill the germs of certain diseases, but the proposition that a human being is a more valuable form of life than a germ or has a greater right to live is not susceptible of scientific determination or even inquiry. The physician who decides to kill the germ and save the man does

so because he is in "liberal" terminology — prejudiced in favor of the latter and therefore discriminates against the former. Science may provide means, but it can never select ends.

Since the days of the Greeks, at least, men have observed human beings and human societies and reasoned about them. And they have done so systematically: Aristotle, for example, undertook to collect all the constitutions of civilized states known to him, to compare them and their results, and to ascertain, if possible, why each failed to produce the anticipated effects. That is properly a domain of philosophy and history. Careful study of human experience may give us prudence and wisdom, and enable us to draw certain conclusions as probable in terms of our perception of moral values. But even apart from the obvious fact that our values have no scientific basis, such an inquiry cannot be scientific, in the current sense of that word, because historical events cannot be reproduced — we cannot, for example, reperform the Battle of Gettysburg to ascertain what would have happened if Lee had won — and because human activity is too complex for the same phenomenon, to recur and be observed in any period of time shorter than eternity.

Political philosophy, which is simply study of the nature of men and societies, has long been a vital and natural activity of the Occidental mind. There is nothing new about it today. The trick involved in the use of such terms as "political science" and "sociology" lies in the suggestion that these are exact sciences of the same order as chemistry and physics and can therefore yield equally certain and demonstrable results - and the further and even more pernicious suggestion that such investigations resemble chemistry and physics in not depending on moral values.

That is the fraud that Veritas Foundation has traced back to such arrant swindlers (or lunatics) as Henri de Saint-Simon and Auguste Comte. The fraud was obviously perpetrated to create pseudo-sciences as vehicles for socialist propaganda and deception.

It goes without saying that many honest men engaged in judicious study of human society teach in academic departments called "political science" and "sociology." Given the present

organization of our universities, they have to. Without them, of course, the fraud would have been too obvious to have succeeded. Until recently, such men were encouraged and many attained positions of relative distinction and influence; how much longer they will be tolerated is a serious question of which most of them are acutely aware.

IV

Finally, the Veritas Foundation has studied the conspiratorial penetration and capture of the American academic system. The significant thing is the spread of corruption from out-and-out frauds, such as the phoney "science of education" to legitimate fields of study. Thus anthropology, which is conventionally limited to systematic observation and study of the lower forms of human life, was invaded by subversives charged with the task of fabricating and distorting data to provide a basis for the absurd notion that all races are alike and equal.

In history, especially American and modern European history, the process of subversion is already far advanced and apparently proceeding with an almost geometrical acceleration. Impudent lies that would have excited professional indignation even a decade ago are now tolerated or even endorsed by those who know better but fear clandestine reprisals. (For a quick estimate of what has happened, you have only to note that in the ivied halls of Yale American history is taught by Professor Staughton Lynd, who on August 9, 1965, led a horde of eight hundred shambling anthropoids in an attempt to invade the Capitol in Washington and — presumably on the assumption that Congressmen would flee the stench — "take over" to "end the war in Vietnam".) In law, the infection is called "socialized jurisprudence" a Fabian chicanery spread from Harvard after its Law School was captured in the early part of this century by a conspiratorial gang directed by Harold J Laski, Morris Cohen, and Felix Frankfurter, who frequently hid behind their docile fugleman, Roscoe Pound, a pompous botanist turned jurist, whom Frankfurter had succeeded in installing as Dean of the Law School.

Law is the last of the fields examined by the Veritas Foundation, but I know of no academic field that has not been infiltrated and corrupted, in one way or another by the Socialist-Bolshevik Conspiracy. There are reasons — some of them honorable — why the academic world is particularly vulnerable to penetration and infection; I tried to summarize them six years ago in *Modern Age* (Fall, 1959). One factor to bear in mind is the ever increasing narrowness of research and study. The old quip about the man who learns more and more about less and less until he attains the distinction of knowing everything about nothing now comes too near to the truth to be funny. Another factor may be expressed by the rule that the difficulty of attaining conspiratorial control varies inversely with the remoteness of the field of study from human values and experience. In remote fields, the expert (eg, a mathematician), having nothing in his own studies and perhaps little in his personal experience to guide him, is particularly apt (a) to accept the word of "experts" in "social sciences" without scrutinizing their work, and (b) to be swayed by the prestige and brilliance of Bolshevik colleagues, for in such fields the members of the Conspiracy can produce work that is impeccably sound and honest by every standard of professional competence — and is easily verified. The nearer the Field to human experience, the greater the need to distort, falsify, or forge data.

It should not be supposed that the Conspiracy needed to plant any very large number of its members in academic institutions; it needed only to plant them in the right places. It should not be supposed that the greater number of subversives now at work really know that they are agents of the Conspiracy; many do not even suspect it. The techniques of cultural sabotage are not really subtle, but they are not blatantly obvious either.

If you train an intelligent dog to do tricks, he performs admirably. Fido will never know why you want him to stand on his hind legs; he knows only that if he does, you pet him and give him a piece of hamburger. If a stupid man is trained to be a college professor, he performs admirably. He will never know why he is successful; he knows only that if he produces "research" that leads to certain conclusions (of which the ultimate import or effect may be beyond

his ken), he becomes known as a "coming man," some well-established colleagues quote him and hint that his skull contains a super-brain, and emissaries from wealthy foundations appear at his door with wads of dollar-bills called "grants for research." *Cela s'explique, hein?*

The International Conspiracy is determined to obtain total control of all institutions of higher learning — and its advance is accelerated every day. One has only to note the increasing frequency with which persons of no known scholarly competence suddenly and inexplicably pop up as "boy wonder" college presidents, "Distinguished Professors," "expert consultants," and directors of even the most select learned societies.

Whether it is now too late to save a body so deeply infected, I do not know. One thing is certain: academic institutions cannot long endure half slave and half free, half fraud and half honest.

Whether the responsible and influential segment of the American public will study and heed *The Great Deceit*, I shall not predict. One thing is certain: if they do not, they are lost.

Notes

1. On one major reason for the success — and perhaps necessity — of early socialism, see Karl A. Wittfogel, *Oriental Despotism* (Vale University Press, 1957).

2. Newman Press, Westminster, Maryland, 1959. See also the pamphlet, *Otto of Austria: Monarchy in the Atomic Age*, published by the Monarchist Press, 7 Sutherland Road, London W 13.

3. This conclusion, I need scarcely say, must be based on the Archduke's writings and conduct, not on his hereditary rank. The latter is no guarantee. That subtle criminal, Adam Weishaupt, who founded the Illuminati to destroy civilization, enlisted in his conspiracy some of the reigning princes of Germany. During the latest European War, an unmarried princess, titular heiress to one of the vacant thrones of Europe, was so cozened or compromised by Communists that she permitted her home to be used as a rendezvous and refuge for Soviet spies and secret agitators. And today, we see Prince Bernhard of Lippe-Biesterfeld, husband of the Queen of the Netherlands, act as front-man for a strange and probably sinister organization so secret that its very name is unknown; this gang, which includes some of the world's wealthiest men and some of America's deadliest enemies, is suspected by many observers of being the high command of the International Communist Conspiracy. Cf. *American Opinion*, October, 1962, pp. 53 f.

4. Incidentally, a somewhat similar confusion affects a few readers of *American Opinion*. Each year, when the annual Scoreboard is published with its estimates of the extent of the Communist Conspiracy's control over the nations and more important regions of the world, the editors receive a few letters that point out, with perplexity or indignation, the extent of "welfare-state" legislation or economic controls in some country (usually Sweden or Holland or New Zealand) that is given a score lower than that of the United States. The point, of course, is that the experts from whose reports the Scoreboard is compiled try to distinguish carefully between socialistic practices (which may stem from the nation's traditions or from soft-headed sentimentality) and actual penetration and control by members and agents of the International Conspiracy. It is true that the former may provide perfect cover for the latter, and the estimates must be based on prolonged study and very careful analysis, but *American Opinion*'s consultants try to make the distinction on the basis of their long observation and intimate knowledge of each nation concerned as well as of the methods and tactics of the Communist Conspiracy.

Part VI

Aftermath

With the July-August issue of 1966, my connection with *American Opinion* came to an end.[1] I think that is the point at which to conclude this series of selections. The cycle begun in 1954 was completed in 1966, and I had leisure to look back on twelve years of wasted effort and of exertion for which I would never again have either the stamina or th will.

After the conference between Welch and myself in November 1965, I determined to verify conclusively the inferences that his conduct had so clearly suggested, and with the assistance of certain friends of long standing who had facilities that I lacked, I embarked on a difficult, delicate and prolonged investigation. I was not astonished, although was pained, by the discovery that Welch was merely the nominal head of the Birch business, which he operated under the supervision of a committee of Jews, while Jews also controlled the flow, through various bank accounts, of the funds that were needed to supplement the money that was extracted from the Society's members by artfully passionate exhortations to "fight the Communists." As soon as the investigation was complete, including the record of a seen meeting in a hotel at which Welch reported to his supervisor; I resigned from the Birch hoax on 30 July 1966 with a letter in which I let the little man know that his secret had been discovered.

On the second of that month I had kept an engagement to speak at the New England Rally in Boston, where I gave the address,

"Conspiracy or Degeneracy?", which was later published with documentary and supplemental notes by Power Products, a short-lived publishing firm in Nedrov, New York. After the speech, I was warmly congratulated by Welch, who was delighted that it had been generously applauded by an audience of more than two thousand from whom he might recruit more members: he had not yet been informed by his supervisors that they disapproved. They did give him something of a dressingdown, and when I resigned, he had the idea of pretending that he had been horrified by a speech that contained racial overtones, such as well-trained Aryans must always eschew. And he had the effrontery — which he later mitigated by claiming he had not received my letter — he had the effrontery, I say, to fly to Urbana, accompanied by his lawyer and a former Director of the Federal Reserve, on the assumption that a poor professor could easily be bribed to sign a substitute letter of resignation, which he had thoughtfully written out for me, together with the article in the Birch Bulletin in which he was going to announce his surprise at receiving the letter he had written for me.

Welch's salestalk was perhaps a little constricted because he had always to speak with my tape recorder operating on the table between us, and since I wished to say nothing that he could later misinterpret, I resisted the temptation to feign negotiations and thus ascertain what was the very highest price he was prepared to pay for my honor and self-respect.[2]

Since that sickening afternoon, I have been unable to think of the little shyster without revulsion and a feeling that I have been contaminated by association with him. I have tried to be not only scrupulously fair to him in the foregoing pages, but to give him the benefit of every possible doubt, and I believe I have succeeded, but it has cost me some effort.

There were other resignations at approximately the same time. Dr Draskovich, whose personal observation of the preliminaries of a Bolshevik take-over gave him expert knowledge, had investigated the Birch Society's field operations and come to the conclusion that the Society served only to waste in futile and nugatory activities the money, time, and energy of its patriotic members, so that it

really served the purposes of the very forces that it professed to be fighting. He resigned with a public statement. The three Directors of Public Relations, the Society's most important officers after Welch himself, all resigned, although he was able to induce them in various ways not to make their departures quite simultaneous. Each of us acted independently of the others, and I had not tried to influence anyone, but Welch characteristically saw a chance to claim that I had tried to "undermine" him and replace him as the head of his racket, and he went slinking about the country with a fifty-sevenpage denunciation of me, most of it so libellous that he had to show it only on an "eyes-only" basis to wealthy contributors whom he wanted to continue milking. By that time, he could have done nothing that would have augmented my contempt and loathing, and perhaps I should have felt flattered by the fifty-seven pages. A man who joined the Council long after I left and has recently resigned tells me that he was accorded only seventeen pages of paranoid denunciation.

After that last nauseating conference, I issued to the press an announcement that was widely reproduced:

Professor Revilo P. Oliver, one of the founding members of the John Birch Society, issues the following statement:

"I have resigned from the Council of the John Birch Society (and from the Society itself) because I can no longer in conscience remain a member. I have also resigned as Associate Editor of *American Opinion* and I will no longer contribute to that magazine.

"I was one of the eleven men[3] who met with Mr Robert Welch in Indianapolis on December 9, 1958, when the Society was formed. The Mr Welch who founded the Society was a man in whom I had great confidence.

"Since then, however, changes which have taken place internally in the organization and in its policies leave me no alternative but to dissociate myself from it. "

I felt a moral obligation to persons whom I might have influenced to join the Birch operation, and I thought that my statement and especially the phrase "in conscience'" would suffice to warn them

that something was putrescent in Belmont.

To the men who had been my associates on the Council I sent a letter of which the substance is the following:

The compelling reasons for my resignation were stated in my letter to Mr. Welch. * * * I enclose a copy of the statement which I am making to the press. You will note that it is couched in the mildest possible terms and eschews mention of the real issues. I am resolved not to elaborate on that statement or make public my letter of resignation to Mr. Welch, unless he forces me to do so by grossly misrepresenting its contents or publicly making defamatory charges against me.

I urge each of you personally to investigate very thoroughly the present situation of the Society and the extent to which its leader does, in fact, determine its policies. I hope that the Society can be salvaged, but that is your responsibility.

Two men telephoned me to say that they had already intended to "fade out" without publicity, thus avoiding the nastiness of an open break with the Welcher.[4] How the others reacted then or at the following meeting of the Council, I do not know, nor was I interested in finding out. I felt that I had given them, too, sufficient warning while sparing them possible embarrassment.

II

I have paid almost no attention to the Birch business since I resigned. I am somewhat astonished that Welch's superiors still think it worth the expense of supporting it, even though it does provide a playground on which innocent but perturbed Americans can run off their energies in harmless patriotic games. Friends still send me copies of some of the more remarkable verbiage that spurts from Belmont, and I note that Welch, perhaps on instructions, no longer has much to say about the "Communist Conspiracy," and, after flirting with the notion of reactivating Weishaupt's diabolic Illuminati, seems to have settled on the conveniently nameless and raceless "Insiders" as the architects of all evil, inspired by an unexplained malevolence. The principal purpose, aside from keeping the members in a revenue-producing excitement, is to make certain

that their chaste minds are insulated against a wicked temptation not to love their enemies. The pronouncements from Belmont are of some slight interest, since one may be sure that the B'nai Birch are told only what has been approved by the B'nai B'rith. In addition to the *Bulletin*, often called the "Welch Belch" by bored members, the Society still publishes *American Opinion* and the *Review of the News*, for which very competent journalists are hired to write under Jewish supervision, and both periodicals contain some authentic information that is not found in the *New York Times*, since they are censored for distribution to a different audience. A considerable misdirection of the members' thinking is thus produced, but even as an impediment to the American cause, the Birch hoax is virtually negligible. As Mr Thomas J Davis, the former Director of Public Relations of the Birch Society, told the *Wall Street Journal* in 1967, "I do not know of anything that would make the John Birch Society rise to a position of importance."

It is true that today, fourteen years later, the salesmen, thanks to well-written house organs, can still sell memberships to earnest people who are worried and don't know what to do about it, but in practical terms the Birch Society has a political importance about equal to that of the Mennonite churches, which have a much larger membership of earnest and hard-working men and women in various communities, where they may be seen driving their covered buggies on the shoulders of highways while they resolutely hold to their faith and avert their eyes from all the works of the Devil. I have discussed Welch's promotion in these pages only because the record requires some explanation of my mistaken association with it, and the Society that was founded in 1958 has some historical significance as comparable to Colonel Hadley's Paul Reveres and Major Pease's International Legion Against Communism, which also had a quite considerable potential at one time, although they failed for different reasons.

After my resignation, many individuals urged me to "expose" the Welcher, but almost all of them had already perceived that the Society had become a Jewish auxiliary, primarily used to keep the *goyim* confused and docile and to frustrate patriotic movements

that had any potentiality of effectiveness. A retired justice somewhat whimsically suggested the formation of a John Birch Alumni Association, which could have a membership much more numerous than the 'undergrads' who were still paying dues to Belmont. A number of men and women urged me to take the lead in establishing an organization that would really have the purposes that Welch professed. I refused to attempt what I was certain was impossible, because, as I have explained earlier, there could be no second chance.

The Birch Society was essentially an effort by the Aryans of the middle class.[5] My pleasantest memories connected with it are of my gracious hosts, the members of local chapters in various cities throughout the nation who sponsored my lectures on its behalf. The men and women whom I thus met were the finest type of Americans, and I enjoyed the afternoons and evenings I spent in their company, but they were all (so far as I could tell) members of our race.[6] But almost without exception, those intelligent and amiable men and women had failed to draw the obvious deduction from that fact — failed to regard the racial bond that was the one thing they all had in common, for the managers of the Birch business had actually endorsed the poisonous propaganda that teaches Aryans that they are the one race that has no right to respect itself or even be conscious of its identity, and that they must forever cringe before their unappeasable

Membership in the middle class, however, always implied a certain measure of economic independence, and the loss of that independence dissolved the middle class as a significant social stratum.

The scheme of organization of the Birch Society called for chapters that were to meet in informal rotation in the homes of the members. That presupposed fairly spacious homes, incomes adequate to maintain them, hostesses who had some leisure for social activities and could obtain, at least occasionally, some domestic help, and, usually, men who had secretaries whose services they could divert from time to time. So long as the members were to be of the class that supplies "community leaders" and were to

be the organizers of local "fronts," that scheme of organization was unexceptionable and indeed requisite, and such prestige as the Society ever had depended on the rule, 'The Birch Society always travels first class'. When the Birch business tried to become in itself a popular movement, the chapter organization made it almost impossible to enlist any substantial support from the "working class." A member who received hospitality he could not return was necessarily embarrassed, and segregation of members into chapters on the basis of income merely accentuated economic differences.

The Birch salesmen soon began to vend their gospel to anyone who could be induced to pay the comparatively low dues; indeed, they had to, to meet their implied sales-quotas. The increasingly proletarian structure of American society did not alleviate the inherent difficulties, for there remains the divergence of interest between "management" and "labor," and, as in all the societies infested by Jews, there is a reciprocal hostility that is always latent and is evoked by talk about "free enterprise" and the other socio-economic principles that were traditionally esteemed as virtues by the middle class. The only conceivable basis for a political movement that could transcend differences in income and manners is, of course, the biological unity of race — and that, of course, is precisely what the Birch hoax is now used to prevent enemies, both sophisticated and savage, while toiling to subsidize them. Many of those estimable persons would have been shocked by a suggestion that they had a right to consider first their own welfare and that of their children, for that would have been "selfish" and even sceptics have been imbued with the hoary Christian hokum that we must love those who hate us. There was, therefore, no feasible course of action in 1966, when I knew that those well-meaning Aryans had been betrayed and I felt certain that their cause had been irretrievably lost — although I tried to hope that my estimate was somehow wrong.

III

The American middle class has now been liquidated, except for a few remnants that are found here and there and are tolerated because they have no vestige of political power and will soon

disappear anyway. A middle class can be based only on property — on the secure possession of real property of which a man can be divested only by his own folly. A middle class cannot be formed of comparatively well-paid proletarians who may have a theoretical equity in a hundredand-fifty-thousand-dollar house they are "buying" on a thirty-five year mortgage, and in a fifteen-thousand-dollar automobile for which they will not have paid before they "trade it in" on a more expensive and defective vehicle. Nor can it be formed of proletarians whose wives have to work — whether as "executives" or as charwomen — to "make ends meet."[7] With the exception of relicts who live on investments that have not yet been entirely confiscated by taxation, the economic revolution is as complete in the United States as in Soviet Russia: there are only proletarians, some of whom are hired to manage the rest. Managerial employees get more pay and ulcers than janitors and coal miners, but they are equally dependent on their wages and even more dependent on the favor of the employee above them. The nearest approximation to a middle class, both here and in Russia, is the bureaucracy, and it is their vested interest that the Birchers imagine they can destroy.

The poor Birchers go on playing patriotic games on their well-fenced playground. They pay their dues and buy books and pamphlets from Belmont to distribute to persons who may read the printed paper before discarding it. They continue, now and then, to coax a few friends to hear an approved speaker, who, if not a Jew himself, at least knows who his bosses are, and they all listen excitedly as he tells them how very bad everything is, from Washington to Timbuctoo, without ever mentioning any of the nasty facts of race and genetics, about which nice boys and girls should never think. Their little band is going to save the world politely and decorously by buying more books and pamphlets from Belmont and by practicing what Welch calls morality, an idle sentimentality compounded from the old hokum about "all mankind" and the inflated fustian of Emerson's Transcendental rhetoric, seasoned, of course, with the famous "upward reach," which employees in Belmont, who know what the business is about, privately call "the

upward retch."

So far as one can understand the mystique of the Birch boys, they imagine they are going to save the world by talking about what they are sold as neat packages of "truth," and since they could never think of being unkind to anyone and would certainly swoon at the mere mention of violence, they must suppose that the wonder will be wrought by votes at some election. It appears, therefore, that they never take pencil and paper and compute the number of persons who are eligible to vote, noting how many are their hereditary enemies, how many are in one way or another directly on the Federal payroll, how many more are employed by local governments (all of which are now subsidiaries supported by "revenue-sharing"), and how many more depend on employers who depend on the favor or at least toleration of the great engine of corruption in Washington. Then they can compute the pitiable number of persons who would or could vote for "less government" etc., even if, by some miracle, they had a chance to do so.

Even more remarkable is the odd fact that Welch's congregation seems never to reflect that the Birch business has been running for twenty years, has accomplished nothing whatsoever except sop up the money and energy of well-meaning American Aryans, and now, after twenty years, has a membership that, on the most optimistic estimate, is but half of what it had at its peak, sixteen years ago. Does no member reflect that even if the Birch line is the "truth," it is obviously ineffectual – that it never did, and never will, attract even a modicum of politically significant support, and that by its very nature it can never generate the kind of enthusiasm that is willing to fight rather than to talk?

The B'nai Birch, to be sure, may bask in the approval of their amused and contemptuous Jewish supervisors, and they may feel some satisfaction that they keep their minds so pure and moral that they hate the wicked "racists" who believe, rightly or wrongly, that our race is fit to live, and who have the one cause that might conceivably generate sufficient political power to preserve us from the ignominious end of cowards fit only for slavery and a squalid death. But even in this respect the Birch hoax, now so insignificant

that the prostitutes of the press forget to say unkind things about it now and then to make the members feel important, has become so impotent that it will not measurably affect our fate, whatever that is to be.

So long as it was honest (if it ever was), the Birch Society represented the last hope of American Conservatism, of the effort to restore the values and the freedom of the way of life of our Aryan forefathers on this continent — to regain what they lost when they thoughtlessly permitted their country to be invaded, their government to be captured, and their society to be systematically debauched and polluted by whining aliens. The American tradition was a fair and indeed noble one, and it still has the power to awaken nostalgia for a world that no man living has himself experienced, but for practical purposes, it now has only a literary and historical significance. To be sure, there are, outside the inconsequential Birch playpens, earnest men and women who still hope to restore the decent society and strictly limited government of that tradition, and their loyalty to what has ineluctably passed away entitles them to respect, just as we respect the British Jacobites, who remained loyal to the Stuarts and nourished hopes for a century after Culloden, and as we respect the earnest men and women in France who, as late as 1940, remained loyal to the Bourbons and dreamed of restoring them to their throne. But such nostalgic aspirations for the past are mere romanticism. They are dangerously antiquarian illusions today, when the only really fundamental question is whether our race still has the will-to-live or is so biologically degenerate that it will choose extinction — to be absorbed in a pullulant and pestilential mass of mindless mongrels, while the triumphant Jews keep their holy race pure and predatory.

American Conservatism is finished, and its remaining adherents are, whether they know it or not, merely ghosts wandering, mazed, in the daylight. And it is at this point that the present volume of selections from what I wrote on behalf of a lost cause fittingly ends.

Notes

1. Some unimportant reviews which were already in type appeared later issues.

2. Assuming that Welch really believes that there is any consideration which would prevent a man from doing anything for a few thousand fast bucks. He obviously expected me to sign a letter in which, after crawling to the foot of the throne in contrition for having embarrassed the Messiah by saying something to which Jews objected, I would say, "Of course I want to remain as a member of the Society itself and to support all of its measures with which I agree for exposing and routing the Communist conspiracy. Also, I wish to write for *American Opinion*, where you can always simply fail to publish any contribution of mine which is contrary to its basic policies, or which cannot be edited to fit your needs without committing mayhem on the article. Further, to show that this action is taken on an entirely friendly basis, let's make my resignation from the [Council] effective immediately after the September COUNCIL meeting — and I promise not to make any worldshaking speeches in the meantime." And in the article in which he was to announce his surprise at receiving that letter, the slimy creature told his dupes, "We have accepted [Dr. Oliver's] resignation from the COUNCIL of the Society with a considerable and natural reluctance ... But it is his own wish that we thus avoid the misinterpretations of the Society's position such as arose following his speech at the New England Rally. We have, therefore, made his resignation effective on September 15 as Dr Oliver requested." In the rest of that tissue of lies, after protesting that "it is no more possible for us actually to be anti-Semitic, for instance, than it is for water to turn to vinegar," the sleezy little atheist had no hesitation about saying that "the philosophy and purpose of the Society are built on the unshakable belief that man has been endowed by a Divine Creator [!] with an 'upward reach' which is eternally at work," thus blotting out the facts of both biology and human history. Anything to catch conies!

3. Ie, excluding the three men who attended but were wise enough not to become involved in Welch's scheme.

4. One told me that a little earlier Welch had informed him "in strict confidence" that three members of the Council were covert "Communist agents" oddly enough not including either Dr Draskovich or myself among the persons he named. Such statements should be regarded as evidence of technique, not paranoia. He used to tell me "in strict confidence" before a meeting which members of the Council were "unreliable" because their religious superstitions, their greed, the precarious financial position of their corporations, or their family connections made them subject to "influence." I am ashamed to admit that for several years I believed him, and thereafter attributed such statements to pique at the small amounts each contributed. For the greater part of the time, I was the only member of the Council who was not relatively wealthy and could not be expected to underwrite a crusade to "save America."

5. The Birch Society was necessarily a middle-class movement, and its members represented, in both intelligence and character, the best of their declining class. British readers should remember that the American middle class differed widely from the British middle class in its social ambience and ethos. The United States never had a peerage, and its landed gentry were effectively liquidated as a class by the northern states in their *jihad* against the southern states in 1861-65. The United States never had anything of consequence that was comparable to the public-school tradition of England or to the concept of tradesmen as distinct from gentlemen. After the Puritans' Holy War against the South and their ruthless oppression of the vanquished, social classes in the United States became, for all practical purposes, merely levels of income.

6. The only Jew that I remember having encountered in such circles was an overseer employed by Belmont, and he, characteristically, had adroitly driven from the local chapters some of their most important members, including a distinguished and courageous physician, whom I met only because I somewhat impolitely insisted on it and my hosts courteously arranged overnight an "unofficial" luncheon for that purpose.

7. If our contemporaries would read the better periodicals of the 1920s, they would discover that one of the most reprehended aspects of Bolshevism in Russia was that married women were compelled to seek employment, thus destroying the family as a unit. One can only smile cynically at the success of the polyphase propaganda that has convinced American women that it is fine to be wage-earners, even if they fancy themselves socially above the peasantry and are not childless.

The suppressed issues of *American Opinion*

APPENDIX I

THE POLITICAL WRITINGS OF REVILO P OLIVER, 1936 -1966

Strictly scholarly or literary works are excluded. Speeches that were published in newspapers, ephemeral periodicals, or pamphlets have been omitted. Only the first publication of each item is shown, and reprints in other periodicals or as brochures have been ignored. The listing is strictly chronological. The titles of booklets are in italics. The titles of articles are enclosed in quotation marks and followed by a notation of the periodical, date of the issue, and the page numbers. When articles include a critical evaluation of important books, thus making separate reviews unnecessary, the books are listed below the article. Reviews are indicated by a compendious form of the author's name and the title, followed by notation of the periodical and date of the issue, but page numbers are not given, since the item may easily be located in the review section of the issue cited. Reviews of publications of the U.S. House of Representatives' Committee on Un-American Activities and of the Senate's Subcommittee on Internal Security are indicated by the title, often condensed, within quotation marks, followed by the notation "House" or "Senate." Periodicals are designated by sigla, viz.:

AM = *The American Mercury*
AO = *American Opinion* (organ of the John Birch Society)
AP = *American Progress* (organ of the National Committee for Economic Freedom)
C = *The Citizen* (organ of the Citizens' Councils of America)
GN = *The Greater Nebraskan* (organ of the Congress of Freedom)
MA = *Modern Age*
NB = *Nation's Business*
NR = *National Review*

1936

"The Intellectual Deficit." *NB* Oct., 25-26, 113-116.

1955

Harold Lamb, New Found World. *NR* 7 Dec.
"The Educational Bureaucracy." *NR* 14 Dec., 22, 25.
Arthur Bestor, *The Restoration of Learning*.
W. P. Jones, *James Joyce*. *NR* 28 Dec.

1956

The Mind of Napoleon, ed. Herold. *NR* 11 Jan.
Walter Lord, *A Night to Remember*. *NR* 18 Jan.
Frank Scully, *Cross My Heart*. *NR* 18 Jan.
H. C. Harris, *U.S.S. Paradise*. *NR* 18 Jan.
Immanuel Velikovsky, *Earth in Upheaval*. *NR* 25 Jan.
Norbert Lyons, *The McCormick Reaper Legend*. *NR* 25 Jan.

Sebastian Arbo, *Cervantes*. *NR* 1 Feb.
Morris Ernst, *Utopia 1976*. *NR* 8 Feb.
J. K. Winkler, *William Randolph Hearst*. *NR* 8 Feb.
Herbert Kuhn, *On the Track of Prehistoric Man*. *NR* 15 Feb.
Katharine Best & Katharine Hillyer, *Las Vegas*. *NR* 22 Feb.
C. J. Ducasse, *Art, the Critics, and You*. *NR* 29 Feb.
Terence Robertson, *Night Raider of the Atlantic*. *NR* 7 Mar.
M. B. Schnapper, *Grand Old Party*. *NR* 7 Mar.
James Branch Cabell, *As I Remember It*. *NR* 21 Mar.
Alice Moats, *Lupescu*. *NR* 21 Mar.
"Socialist Saint." *NR* 28 Mar., 25-26.
Mathurin Dondo, *Henri de Saint-Simon*.
Herrymon Maurer, *Great Enterprise*. *NR* 28 Mar.
James Reynolds, *Ghosts in American Homes*. *NR* 28 Mar.
The Stature of *Theodore Dreiser*, ed. Kazin & Shapiro. *NR* 28 Mar.
Donald Keyhoe, *The Flying Saucer Conspiracy*. *NR* 4 Apr.
Merrill Denison, *The Power to Go*. *NR* 4 Apr.
Alden Hatch, *Clare Booth Luce*. *NR* 11 Apr.
Marguerite Aimi, *Pedigree of a Nitwit*. *NR* 11 Apr.
L. C. Keyes, *Thoreau*. *NR* 18 Apr.
"Too Much and Too Soon." *NR* 25 Apr., 19-20.
Lee Mortimer, *Around the World Confidential*.
Leonard Wickenden, *Our Daily Poison*. *NR* 2 May.
Marie Lowndes, *The Young Hilaire Belloc*. *NR* 9 May.
A. T. Jersild, *When Teachers Face Themselves*. *NR* 16 May.
Harlan Gerber, *Give It Back to the Indians*. *NR* 30 May.
Edward Hyarns, *The Slaughter House Informer*. *NR* 30 May.
Alistair MacLean, *H.M.S. Ulysses*. *NR* 6 June.
Norma Kovach & I. Rabovsky, *Leap Through the Curtain*. *NR* 6 June.
S. F. Bemis, *John Quincy Adams*. *NR* 13 June.
Perspectives U.S.A. *NR* 4 July.
J. W. McReynolds, *How to Plan for College*. *NR* 18 July.
Glenn Tucker, *Tecumseh*. *NR* 18 July.
Henri Pirenne, *A History of Europe*. *NR* 18 July.
Douglas Guthrie, *From Witchcraft to Antisepsis*. *NR* 25 July.
Michel Durafour, *The Girl from Rome*. *NR* 25 July.
Adlai Stevenson, *What I Think*. *NR* 11 Aug.
Walker Winslow, *The Menninger Story*. *NR* 11 Aug.
Herbert Reed, *A Coat of Many Colors*. NR 11 Aug.
Andre Senet, *Man in Search of His Ancestors*. *NR* 18 Aug.
R. W. Patrick, *Florida Under Five Flags*. *NR* 25 Aug.
James Laver, *The First Decadent*. *NR* 25 Aug.
The Renaissance Philosophy of Man, ed. Cassirer et al. *NR* 25 Aug.
The Magic Flute (libretto), ed. Auden & Kallman. *NR* 8 Sept.
Ulrich Mohr & A. V. Sellwood, *Ship 16*. *NR* 8 Sept.
Peter Bamm, *The Invisible Flag*. *NR* 8 Sept.

L. Gonzalez de Camara, *St. Ignatius' Own Story. NR* 8 Sept.
William S. Haas, *The Destiny of the Mind. NR* 15 Sept.
Fred Hoyle, *Man and Materialism. NR* 22 Sept.
Rudolf Carnap, *Meaning and Necessity. NR* 22 Sept.
R. H. West, *Milton and the Angels. NR* 22 Sept.
"Reflections on a Right-Wing Protest." *NR* 29 Sept., 9-10.
Geoffrey Bush, *Shakespeare and the Natural Condition. NR* 29 Sept.
R. H. Bremmer, *From the Depths. NR* 29 Sept.
Matthew Josephson, *Union House. NR* 29 Sept.
R. H. Macmillan, *Automation. NR* 29 Sept.
T. V.. Moore, *The Life of Man with God. NR* 29 Sept.
N. V. Peale & S. Blanton, *The Art of Real Happiness. NR* 29 Sept.
O. C. Miller, *The Democratic Way to Better Schools. NR* 13 Oct.
Maria Bellonci, *A Prince of Mantua. NR* 13 Oct.
A History of Rome, ed. Moses Hadas. *NR* 20 Oct.
John Bonforte, *The Philosophy of Epictetus. NR* 20 Oct.
Osamu Dazai, *The Setting Sun. NR* 20 Oct.
Ronald Rose, *Living Magic. NR* 3 Nov.
Ernest Gordon, *The Living Faith for Today. NR* 3 Nov.
Edward J. Jurji, *The Middle East. NR* 17 Nov.
N. A. Faris & M. T Husayn. *The Crescent in Crisis. NR* 17 Nov.
Bryton Barren, *Inside the State Department. NR* 24 Nov.
Psychology, Psychiatry and the Public Interest, ed. Krout. *NR* 24 Nov.
A. C. Ivy et al., *Observations on Krebiozen. NR* 24 Nov.
André Malraux, *The Conquerors. NR* 24 Nov.
Leo Lania, *The Foreign Minister. NR* 1 Dec.
"Those Wondrous Scrolls." *NR* 8 Dec., 17-18.
Edmund Wilson, *The Scrolls from the Dead Sea.*
Millar Burrows, *The Dead Sea Scrolls.*
Theodor Gaster, *The Dead Sea Scriptures.*
N. H. Snaith, *The Jews from Cyrus to Herod. NR* 8 Dec.
Werner Keller, *The Bible as History. NR* 8 Dec.
The Early Christian Fathers, ed. Betterson. *NR* 15 Dec.
Paul Morgan, *The Centuries of Santa Fe. NR* 15 Dec.
The Push-Button World, ed. Hugh-Jones. *NR* 15 Dec.
David Woodbury, *Let Erma Do It. NR* 15 Dec.
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., *Queen of the Golden Age. NR* 15 Dec.
Best Science Fiction, 1956, ed. Dikty. *NR* 15 Dec.
Norbert Wiener, *I Am a Mathematician. NR* 29 Dec.

1957

S. F. A. Coles, *Franco of Spain. NR* 5 Jan.
Duane Thorin, *A Ride to Panmunjom. NR* 12 Jan.
The Foundations of Science, ed. Feigl & Scriven. *NR* 19 Jan.
W. F. Taylor, *The Story of American Letters. NR* 26 Jan.
Frank Ransome, Jr., *Trolley Car Treasury. NR* 26 Jan.

Joan Grant, *Far Memory*. *NR* 9 Feb.
John Beaty, *Crossroads*. *NR* 16 Feb.
Women are Wonderful!, ed. Cole & Robinson. *NR* 16 Feb.
H. L. Davis, *The Distant Music*. *NR* 16 Feb.
E. G. Kraeling, *Bible Atlas*. *NR* 16 Feb.
Sven Stolpe, *The Maid of Orleans*. *NR* 16 Feb.
"*Chicago: the Opposition Speaks*" *NR* 23 Feb., 181-182.
A. O. Aldridge, *Franklin and His French Contemporaries*. *NR* 23 Feb.
H. V. Kaltenborn, *It Seems Like Yesterday*. *NR* 2 Mar.
Ernest Gann, *Twilight for the Gods*. *NR* 2 Mar.
Sidney Stewart, *Give Us This Day*. *NR* 2 Mar.
J. I. M. Stewart *The Guardians*. *NR* 2 Mar.
Norman Elieson, *Turheel Talk*. *NR* 2 Mar.
John Keats, *The Crack in the Picture Window*. *NR* 16 Mar.
Russell Lynes, *A Surfeit of Honey*. *NR* 16 Mar.
John T. Flynn, *The Roosevelt Myth*. *NR* 23 Mar.
C. G. Jung, *Symbols of Transformation*. *NR* 30 Mar.
F. V. Williams, *The Martyrs of Nagasaki*. *NR* 6 Apr.
Gerard Jean-Aubry, *The Sea Dreamer*. *NR* 13 Apr.
B. Y. Landis, *World Religions*. *NR* 25 May.
Gerald Wendt, *The Prospects of Nuclear Power*. *NR* 8 June.
Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, ed. Stephens. *NR* 8 June.
Pearce Gervis, *Naked They Pray*. *NR* 8 June.
Paul Hutchinson, *The New Ordeal of Christianity*. *NR* 8 June.
Lord Beaverbrook, *Men and Power, 1917-1918*. *NR* 8 June.
Hermann Lutz, *German-French Unity*. *NR* 15 June.
France Defeats EDC, ed. Lemer & Aron. *NR* 15 June.
Gerhard Hirschfeld, *An Essay on Mankind*. *NR* 29 June.
John Hutchison, *The Two Cities*. *NR* 29 June.
Melton Davis, *All Rome Trembled*. *NR* 6 July.
Marshall Sprague, *The Tragedy at White River*. *NR* 20 July.
The Benedictines of Stanbrook, *In a Great Tradition*. *NR* 20 July.
The Great Famine, ed. *Edwards & Williams*. *NR* 20 July.
Heinz von Homeyer, *The Radiant Mountain*. *NR* 20 July.
John Mantley, *The 27th Day*. *NR* 20 July.
Jean Dutourd, *The Taxis of the Marne*. *NR* 27 July.
P. D. Ouspensky, *The Fourth Way*. *NR* 3 Aug.
Richard Wright, *Pagan Spain*. *NR* 3 Aug.
Muriel Rukeyser, *One Life*. *NR* 3 Aug.
"The Queen and the New Round Table." *NR* 24 Aug., 150-151.
Lucy Freeman, *Search for Love*. *NR* 24 Aug.
Alix Strachey, *The Unconscious Motives of War*. *NR* 24 Aug.
Leonard Carmichael, *Basic Psychology*. *NR* 24 Aug.
Hermann Oberth, *Man Into Space*. *NR* 24 Aug.
"More Bread, More Guns. "*NR* 31 Aug., 175.
W. S. Woytinsky, *India*. *NR* 31 Aug.

Psychological Services for Schools, ed. Wall. *NR* 31 Aug.
"Menace to the World." *NR* 7 Sept., 199.
"From Us to International Understanding." *NR* 7 Sept.
Reuben Levy, *The Social Structure of Islam*. *NR* 7 Sept.
"The Milk of Human Kindness Turns Sour." *NR* 14 Sept., 222.
Willis Thornton, *Fable, Fact and History*. *NR* 14 Sept.
C. J. Barry, *Worship and Work*. *NR* 28 Sept.
"The Conservatives Bar Compromise." *NR* 5 Oct., 301-302, 311.
Paul de Kruif, *A Man Against Insanity*. *NR* 5 Oct.
A Late Inmate of the Glasgow Royal Asylum, *The Philosophy of Insanity*. *NR* 5 Oct.
Ashley Montagu, *Man: His First Million Years*. *NR* 2 Nov.
"The Cult of Inevitability." *NR* 16 Nov., 452-453.
Denis de Rougemont, *Man's Western Quest*.
Lewis Nordyke, *John Wesley Hardin*. *NR* 23 Nov.
"Academic Peter Pans." *NR* 30 Nov., 494-495.
Evans & Evans, *Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage*.
D. B. Wyndham Lewis, *Doctor Rabelais*. *NR* 7 Dec.
V. W. von Hagen, *Realm of the Incas*. *NR* 14 Dec.
"Mr. Oliver Replies." *NR* 14 Dec., 549.
Clarence W. Mendell, *Tacitus*. *NR* 21 Dec.
Heliodorus, *Ethiopian Romance*. *NR* 28 Dec.

1958

Jules Michelet, *Joan of Arc*. *NR* 4 Jan.
Gregorio Maranon, *Tiberius*. *NR* 11 Jan.
Drs. Leuret & Bon, *Modern Miraculous Cures*. *NR* 1 Feb.
"A Conservative Rally Opposes Bureaucracy." *AP* Winter, 5, 28-29.
"Mythological Mud Pies." *NR* 15 Feb., 163-164.
Robert Graves, *Greek Myths*.
Russell Coleburt, *An Introduction to Western Philosophy*. *NR* 1 Mar.
"Superstitious Materialism." *NR* 15 Mar., 258-259.
G. Bromley Oxnam, *A Testament of Faith*.
Eduard Fraenkel, *Horace*. *NR* 15 Mar.
Charles Clark, *Brainstorming*. *NR* 19 Apr.
Viscount Palmerston, Portrait of a Golden Age, ed. Campbell. *NR* 26 Apr.
"Prince Modupe," *I Was a Savage*. *NR* 17 May.
Rex Warner, *The Young Caesar*. *NR* 7 June.
"Linguistic Bolsheviks." *NR* 19 July, 89-90.
Language, Thought & Culture, ed. Henie.
Bess Sondel, *The Humanity of Words*.
Albert Marckwardt, *American English*. *NR* 2 Aug.
Mario Pei, *One Language for the World*. *NR* 30 Aug.
Arnold Toynbee, *East to West*. *NR* 27 Sept.
Maurice Percheron, *Buddha and Buddhism*. *NR* 8 Nov.
"An Evening with an Anti-Right-Wing Rabble-Rouser," *NK* 8 Nov., 305-306.

Max Beerbohm, *Mainly on the Air*. *NR* 22 Nov.

1959

C. M. Bowra, *The Greek Experience*. *NR* 17 Jan.
"Dr. Conant's Nostrum." *NR* 14 Mar., 591-592. *GN* May, 18-19.
J. B. Conant, *The American High School Today*.
Alfred Duggan, *King of Pontus*. *NR* 25 Apr.
"The Communist Conspiracy and Conservative Strategy." *GN* May, 1-4, 12-14.
Arnold Toynbee, *Hellenism*. *NR* 18 July.
Frank Adcock, *Roman Political Ideas and Practice*. *NR* 18 July.
"Agrarian Performers," *AM* Sept., 140.
"A Review of Reviews." *AO* Sept., 48-52.
Frank Chodorov, The Rise and Fall of Society.
W. O. Martin, *Metaphysics and Ideology*.
Travis & Watkins, "Control of the Panama Canal."
Lloyd Mallan, *Russia and the Big Red Lie*.
"A Review of Reviews." *AO* Oct., 47-51.
Richard LaPiere, *The Freudian Ethic*.
Luigi Villari, *The Liberation of Italy*.
Michael Young, *The Rise of the Meritocracy*. *NR* 10 Oct.
"The Decay of the Academy." *AM* Fall, 338-345.
T. Caplow & R. J. McGee, *The Academic Marketplace*.
P. F. Lazarsfeld & W. Thielens, Jr., *The Academic Mind*.
"A Review of Reviews." *AO* Nov., 38-43.
A. T. Bouscaren, *The Security Aspects of Immigration Work*.
"Communist Training Operation, I" (House Committee).
"Funds for Communist Causes" (Senate Committee).
"Communist Activity in Mass Communications" (Senate Committee).
W. F. Buckley, Jr., *Up from Liberalism*.
Daniel Aaron *"Communism and the American Writer."*
"A Review of Reviews." *AO* Dec., 37-41.
Wladyslaw Kulski, *Peaceful Coexistence*.
Sidney Finkelstein, *Art and Society*.
Ashley Montagu, *The Cultured Man*.
Public Health Reports.
Margaret Mead, *An Anthropologist at Work*.
Harry B. Wright, *Witness to Witchcraft*.

1960

"A Review of Reviews." *AO* Feb., 39-44.
Glenn McCracken, *The Right to Learn*.
The Case for Basic Education, ed. Koerner.
George Crocker, *Roosevelt's Road to Russia*.
Racey Jordan, *The Gold Swindle*.
The John Franklin Letters.
"A Review of Reviews." *AO* Apr., 31-38.
Menander, *Dyscolos*.

E. Nagel & J. R. Newman, *Gödel's Proof.*
Arcanos de la dominacion.
"Communist Threat . . . through the Caribbean" (Senate).
"The Communist Ideology" (House).
Matt Cvetic, *The Big Decision.*
6000 Educators, Vol. 1.
William Workman, Jr., The Case for the South.
"The Conspiracy Against America." *AM* May, 11-19.
"A Return to Common Sense in Education." *AM* June, 136-138.
"A Review of Reviews." *AO* June, 40-46.
Barry Goldwater, *The Conscience of a Conservative.*
The Constitutional Crisis.
Felix Morley, *Freedom and Federalism.*
J. S. Norris, *The Connivers.*
N. N. Krasnov, Jr., *The Hidden Russia.*
A World Gone Crazy, a panoramic survey of Communist influence in each of 107 countries. (A few words on p. 54, col. 2, which viciously impute "crimes" to Adolf Hitler, were "accidentally" interpolated by the printers from a proof-reader's marginal comment, according to the explanation given to me at the time.) Replaced *AO,* July to Sept. In Spanish: *La locura del mundo,* Madrid, Editorial Antorcha, 1961.
"A Review of Reviews." *AO* Nov., 37-42.
Jameson Campaigne, *American Might and Soviet Myth.*
Robert Montgomery, *Sacco-Vanzetti.*
Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., *Kennedy or Nixon?*
Edward Hunter, *In Many Voices. AO* Nov.
B. H. Liddell Hart, *Deterrent or Defense. AO* Nov.
Morris Janowitz, *The Professional Soldier. AO* Nov.
Isaac Deutscher, *The Great Contest. AO* Nov.
F. J. P. Veale, *War Crimes Discreetly Veiled. AO* Nov.
H. L. Hunt, *Alpaca. AO* Nov.
"A Review of Reviews." *AO* 10 Dec., 41-47.
J. F. Carter, *Power and Persuasion.*
P. A. Sorokin & W. A. Lunden, *Power and Morality.*
R. L. Moellering, *Modern War and the American Churches.*
J. K. Galbraith, *The Liberal House. AO* Dec.
José Ortega y Gasset, *Una interpretacion de la historia universal. AO* Dec.
"Communist Anti-American Riots" (Senate). *AO* Dec.
Edmund Fuller, *Man in Modern Fiction. AO* Dec.
L. A. DuBridge, *Introduction to Space. AO* Dec.
H. H. Kirst, *The Seventh Day. AO* Dec.
Peter Bryant, *Red Alert. AO* Dec.

1961

"A Review of Reviews." *AO* Jan., 33-39.
Lowell Limpus, Disarm!

G. C. Reinhardt & W. R. Kintner, *The Haphazard Years.*
James Atkinson, *The Edge of War.*
Sidney DeLove, *The Quiet Betrayal.*
J. B. Hutton, *Danger from Moscow.*
J. D. Medaris, Countdown for Decision. *AO* Jan.
"Communist Penetration of Radio Facilities" (House). *AO* Jan.
William Vogt, *People! AO* Jan.
David Rowe, *Modern China. AO* Jan.
Herbert Butterfield, International Conflicts. *AO* Jan.
"A Review of Reviews." *AO* Feb., 29-35.
J. E. Newton, *The Years of Destruction.*
Nicolas Berdyaev, *The Origins of Russian Communism.*
H. B. Ehrmann, *The Untried Case. AO* Feb.
Trumbull Higgins, *Korea and the Fall of MacArthur. AO* Feb.
Harvey Wish, *The American Historian. AO* Feb.
Nathaniel Weyl, *The Negro in American Civilization. AO* Feb.
"It is Happening Here." *AM* Feb., 3-7.
"About Democracies and Republics." *AO* Apr., 21-29.
Al-Fârabî, *Fusûl al-Madanî*, ed. Dunlop.
James Oliver, *Demokratia, the Gods, and the Free World.*
R. E. Smith, *The Failure of the Roman Republic.*
Aelius Aristides, *The Ruling Power*, ed. James Oliver.
R. L. Roy, *Communism and the Churches. AO* Apr.
R. Conquest, *The Soviet Deportation of Nationalities. AO* Apr.
Louis Fischer, *Russia, America, and the World. AO* Apr.
J. J. Kilpatrick, *The Smut Peddlers. AO* Apr.
An Introduction to the Contemporary History of Latin America.
Replaced *AO* May.
"The Truth About Trujillo." *AO* June, 1-11.
"Conspiracy's Hideous Strength." *AO* June, 61-71.
Frank S. Meyer, *The Moulding of Communists.*
Edward Hunter, *Brainwashing from Pavlov to Powers. AO* June.
"The Soviet, from Lenin to Khrushchev" (House). *AO* June.
Robert Merris, *No Wonder We are Losing. AO* June.
W. F. Buckley, Jr., *Up from Liberalism. AO* June.
Sylvester Petro, *The Kohler Strike. AO* June.
W. J. Lederer, *A Nation of Sheep. AO* June.
Lyie Munson, *Who Will Volunteer? AO* June.
"The American Opinion Scoreboard." *AO* Jul.-Aug., 1-28.
"Loaded Dice: Science." *AO* Sept., 19-23.
"The Missing Word." *AO* Sept., 25-39.
Alexander Seversky, *America, Too Young to Die.*
Kurt Glazer, *Czecho-Slovakia.*
O. H. P. King, *Tail of the Paper Tiger.*
DeWitt Copp & Marshall Peck, *Betrayal at the UN.*
Charles Bonnamaux, *L'Amérique trahie.*

"Communist Appeal to Youth" (Senate). *AO* Sept.
Robert Taber, *M-26, Biography of a Revolution. AO* Sept.
"Che" Guevara, *Guerrilla Warfare. AO* Sept.
Warren Miller, *90 Miles from Home. AO* Sept.
Frank J. Donner, *The Un-Americans. AO* Sept,
"Conservatism and Reality." *MA* Fall, 397-406.
"Intelligence in Intelligence." *AO* Nov., 37-46.
"Small Pox Among the Small Fry." *AO* Dec., 33-37.
Donzella Boyle, *American History was My Undoing.*
"Men and Dinosaurs." *AO* Dec., 37-41.
E. Badian, "The Death of Parmenio."
Frank Bourne, "The Roman Alimentary Program."
C. D. Gordon, *The Age ofAttila.*
History and Theory (periodical). *AO* Dec.
Ayn Rand, *For the New Intellectual. AO* Dec.
Orval Watts, *Should We Strengthen the United Nations? AO* Dec.
J. T. Klapper, *The Effects of Mass Communications. AO* Dec.
Otto von Mering, *A Grammar of Human Values. AO* Dec.
A Report to the Vestry of St. Mark's Episcopal Church. AO Dec.
"The Bang-Jensen Case" (Senate). AO Dec.
Eric Butler, *The Red Pattern of World Conquest. AO* Dec.
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"The Nature of the Beast." *AO* Jan., 29-36.
Louis Zoul, *Thugs and Communists.*
Lionel Lokos, *Who Promoted Peress? AO* Jan.
Edwin A. Walker, *Censorship and Survival. AO* Jan.
Kent & Phoebe Courtney, *The Case of General Edwin A. Walker. AO* Jan.
"The Truth About the Film 'Operation Abolition' " (House). *AO* Jan.
Stanton Evans, *Revolt on the Campus. AO* Jan.
M. L. Howell, *An Answer to Goldwater. AO* Jan.
Werner Keller, *Are the Russians Ten Feet Tall? AO* Jan.
Howard Norton, *Only in Russia. AO* Jan.
D. F. Fleming, *The Cold War and its Origins. AO* Jan.
Denis Werner, *Hurricane from China. AO* Jan.
R. Harrity & R. G. Martin, *De Gaulle of France. AO* Jan.
"New Frontiers in Latin America." *AO* Mar., 27-39.
A. Ostria Gutierrez, *The Tragedy of Bolivia.*
Daniel James, *Cuba, the First Soviet Satellite.*
Teresa Casuso, *Cuba and Castro.*
Herbert Matthews, *The Cuban Story.*
"Cuban Aftermath" (Senate).
W. F. Buckley, Jr., *The Committee and Its Critics. AO* Mar.

American Legion, *The Truth About the Foreign Policy Association. AO* Mar.
Daughters of the American Revolution, *Two-Faced NATO. AO* Mar.
Arthur Larson, *When Nations Disagree. AO* Mar.
The Communist Blueprint for the Future, ed. Whitney. *AO* Mar.
Jean Lartéguy, *The Centurions. AO* Mar.
Nehru on World History, ed. Padover. *AO* Mar.
J. R. Newman, *The Rule of Folly. AO* Apr.
Werner Keller, *East minus West = Zero. AO* Apr.
T. H. Tetens, *The New Germany. AO* Apr.
Joseph Heçimoviç, *In Tito's Death Marches. AO* Apr.
Robert Alexander, *Prophets of the Revolution. AO* Apr.
D. J. Goodspeed, *The Conspirators. AO* Apr.
Duncan Grinnell-Milne, *The Triumph of Integrity. AO* Apr.
E. J. Dijksterhuis, *The Mechanization of the World Picture. AO* Apr.
James Bales, *Communism, Its Faith and Fallacies. AO* May.
Michel Bakounine et l'Italie, ed. Lehning. *AO* May.
Dalton Woods *et al.*, *Subversive Influences in Melhodism. AO* May.
Hilaire du Berrier, *Labor's International Network. AO* May.
"Teamsters' Union and Mine, Mill & Smelter Workers" (Senate). *AO* May.
Arms and Arms Control, ed. Lefever. *AO* May.
America in the World, ed. Barck. *AO* May.
Denis Meadows, *Five Remarkable Englishmen. AO* May.
Bernice Blackwelder, *Great Westerner. AO* May.
R. I. Gannon, *The Cardinal Spellman Story. AO* May.
R. E. Flanders, *Senator from Vermont. AO* May.
F. B. Exner, *Fluoridation, Its Moral and Political Aspects. AO* May.
Herbert Muller, *Freedom in the Ancient World. AO* May.
John Nef, *A Search for Civilization. AO* May.
"A Review of Reviews" (on sects of Illuminati). *AO* June, 31-37.
Victor J. Fox, *The Welfare Staters. AO* June.
No Army, No Navy, No Air Force, ed. Morris. *AO* June.
Gunther Hartel, *The Red Herring. AO* June.
F. J. Johnson, *No Substitute for Victory. AO* June.
"The American Opinion Scoreboard." *AO* Jul.-Aug., 1-14.
"Who Are the Russians?" *AO* Jul.-Aug., 29-43.
Eugene Lyons, *Our Secret Allies.*
Arsène de Goulévitch, *Czarism and Revolution.*
John Radzinski, *Masks of Moscow.*
Dan Smoot, *The Invisible Government. AO* Sept.
Kent & Phoebe Courtney, *America's Unelected Rulers. AO* Sept.
Mary Davison, *The Secret Government of the United States. AO* Sept.
Bryton Barren, *The Untouchable State Department. AO* Sept.
William Z. Foster, *Toward Soviet America. AO* Sept.
Irena Penzik, *Ashes to the Taste. AO* Sept.
Philippa Schuyier, *Who Killed the Congo? AO* Sept.
Adriano Moreira, *Portugal's Stand in Africa. AO* Sept.

Allard Lowenstein, *Brutal Mandate. AO* Sept.
Madison George, *Which Way, Young Americans? AO* Sept.
Robert Bowen, *The Truth About Communism. AO* Sept.
Max Rafferty, *Suffer, Little Children. AO* Sept.
Lowell Mason, *The Language of Dissent. AO* Sept.
"To See the Invisible." *AO* Oct., 43-61.
J. Edgar Hoover, *A Study of Communism. AO* Nov.
Jan Kozak, *And Not a Shot is Fired. AO* Nov.
Aleksandr Kaznacheev, *Inside a Soviet Embassy. AO* Nov.
W. R. Kintner & J. Z. Kornfeder, *The New Frontier of War. AO* Nov.
Tad Szulc & K. E. Meyer, *The Cuban Invasion. AO* Nov.
Robert Ingram, *The World Under God's Law. AO* Nov.
658 Clergymen and Laymen. AO Nov.
Albert J. Nock, *Selected Letters. AO* Nov.
Simon Kuznets, *Capital in the American Economy. AO* Nov.
Merrill Beal, *Intermountain Railroads. AO* Nov.
Francis Russell, *Tragedy in Dedham. AO* Nov.
"The Warren Gang." *AO* Dec., 23-36.
Warren Jefferson Davis, *The Law of the Land.*
Dwight Murphey, *Emergent Man. AO* Dec.
Matthew Jonas, *The Hooded Underworld. AO* Dec.
"State Department Security" (Senate). *AO* Dec.
Nathaniel Weyl, *Red Star over Cuba. AO* Dec.
Anatoli Granovsky, *I was an NKVD Agent. AO* Dec.
"Growth of the Communist Conspiracy." *Anthology of Conservative Writing in the United States*, ed. A. G. Heinsohn, Jr. (Chicago, Regnery), 15-27.

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Eric Lincoln, *The Black Muslims in America.*
E. U. Essien-Udom, *Black Nationalism.*
Seymour Freidin, *The Forgotten People. AO* Jan.
Gilbert & Colette Charles-Picard, *Daily Life in Carthage. AO* Jan.
Cardinal Mindszenty, *The World's Most Orphaned Nation. AO* Jan.
Joseph Heçimoviç, *In Tito's Death Marches* (2nd ed.). *AO* Feb.
J. K. Zawodny, *Death in the Forest. AO* Feb.
The Guerrilla, and How to Fight Him, ed. Greene. *AO* Feb.
J. H. Snow, *The Case of Tyler Kent. AO* Feb.
Anthony Kubek, *Communism at Pearl Harbor. AO* Feb.
Ronald Seth, *The Anatomy of Spying. AO* Feb.
R. de Toledano & V. Lasky, *Seeds of Treason. AO* Feb.
S. M. Riis, *Karl Marx, Master of Fraud. AO* Feb.
Vardis Fisher, *Suicide or Murder? AO* Feb.
"Right in the Teeth." *AO* Mar., 51-65.
F. B. Exner & G. L. Waldbott, *The American Fluoridation Experiment.*
Philip R. N. Sutton, *Fluoridation.*

Nelson Rockefeller, *The Future of Federalism*. *AO* Mar.
"Communist Threat . . . through the Caribbean" (Senate). *AO* Mar.
Alberto Baeza Flores, *Las cadenas vienen de lejos*. *AO* Apr.
God and the H-Bomb, ed. Keys. *AO* Apr.
Arthur Vööbus, *The Threat of Communism*. *AO* Apr.
K. F. McKean, *The Moral Measure of Literature*. *AO* Apr.
"History and the Historians" (Part 1). *AO* May, 47-63.
Oswald Spengler *et al.*
Fred J. Cook, *The Welfare State*. *AO* May.
Roger Burlingame, *The Sixth Column*. *AO* May.
Anne Armstrong, *Unconditional Surrender*. *AO* May.
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Cleon Skousen, *So You Want to Raise a Boy? AO* June.
"The Black and the Red" (Part 1). *AO*, Jul.-Aug., 1-14.
"The American Opinion Scoreboard." *AO* Jul.-Aug., 51-64,
Suzanne Vance, *Youth on a Pendulum*. *AO* Jul.-Aug.
(E. Mandell House), *Philip Dru*. *AO* Jul.-Aug.
"The Black and the Red, Part II." *AO* Sept., 37-50.
Jo Hindman, *Terrible 1313 Revisited*. *AO* Sept.
Milton Eisenhower, *The Wine is Bitter*. *AO* Sept.
Sarah Watson Emery, *Blood on the Old Well*. *AO* Oct.
Financing Medical Care, ed. Schoeck. *AO* Oct.
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Eric Voegelin, *Order and History*.
William Haas, *The Destiny of the Mind*.
(Francis Parker Yockey), *Imperium*.
Lawrence Brown, *The Might of the West*.
Louis Budenz, *The Techniques of Communism*. *AO* Nov.
"History and Biology" ("History and the Historians," Part IV). *AO* Dec., 11-28 = *AO* Dec. 1964, 63-83.*
Lothrop Stoddard, *The Revolt Against Civilization*.
Elmer Pendell, *The Next Civilization*.
Roderick Seidenberg, *Anatomy of the Future*.
Robert Loh, *Escape from Red China*. *AO* Dec. = *AO* Jan. 1964 2nd ed.*
Emily Hahn, *China Only Yesterday*. *AO* Dec. = *AO* Jan. 1964 2nd ed.*
David Hoggan, *Der erzwungene Krieg*. *AO* Dec. = *AO* Jan. 1964 2nd ed.*

(* The December issue of *American Opinion* was suppressed by Welch and destroyed, except for a few copies that were already in the mails. I have accordingly indicated the issues in which the items were reprinted.)

1964

W. H. Hunt, *Keynesianism*. *AO* Jan. 1st ed. = 2nd ed.†
John Dos Passos, *Brazil on the Move*. *AO* Jan. 1st ed. = 2nd ed.†
Eric Louw, *The Case for South Africa*. *AO* Jan. 1st ed. = *AO* Mar.†
John Martino, *I was Castro's Prisoner*. *AO* Jan. 1st ed. = 2nd ed.†
(anonymous) *Mandate for Change by Dwight D. Eisenhower*. *AO* Jan. 1st ed. =

2nd ed.†
William Goddard, *The Story of Chang Lao. AO* Jan. 1st ed. = 2nd ed.†
(† The first edition of the January issue was suppressed and destroyed by Welch, and mine may be the only surviving copies. As indicated, most of my contributions in that issue were reprinted in the second edition when it was rushed through the press.)
"Marxmanship in Dallas." *AO* Feb., 13-28.
"Marxmanship in Dallas, Part II." *AO* Mar., 65-78.
Ernest May, *Private War with Russia. AO* Mar.
Billy James Hargis, *The Facts about Communism. AO* Mar.
Franz Osterroth, *Biographisches Lexikon des Socialismus. AO* Mar.
Francis Wilson, *A Theory of Public Opinion. AO* Apr.
Paul Bakewell, Jr., *Thirteen Curious Errors about Money. AO* Apr.
Robert Alexander, *A Primer of Economic Development. AO* Apr.
"The Mad Marxmen." *AO* May, 27-38.
What is Conservatism?, ed. Meyer. *AO* June.
Social and Political Philosophy, ed. Somerville & Santoni. *AO* June.
Herbert Romerstein, Communism and Your Child. AO June.
Joseph Borkin, *The Corrupt Judge*. (*AO* June) *AO* Sept. (In the June issue this review was grotesquely mutilated, supposedly by the careless printers, who omitted the really essential part of it. At my insistence, it was printed in full in the following September. I did not fail to notice the coincidence that the portion omitted by the slap-happy printers was precisely the portion that referred to the Jews' premature attempt at pseudo-legal terrorism during the reign of our greatest War Criminal, their stooge in the White House. who contrived their terrible Crusade Against the West, 1939-1945.)
"The American Opinion Scoreboard." *AO* Jul.-Aug., 49-80.
Frank Kluckhohn, *Lyndon's Legacy. AO* Sept.
Evetts Haley, *A Texan Looks at Lyndon. AO* Sept.
W. S. Schlamm, *Die jungen Herren der alten Erde. AO* Sept.
William Bradford Huie, *The Hiroshima Plot. AO* Sept.
Dan Smoot, *The Invisible Government. AO* Sept.
David Wise & T. B. Ross, *The Invisible Government. AO* Sept.
Clarence Manion, *The Conservative American. AO* Sept.
Marcellus Kik, *Church and State in the New Testament. AO* Sept.
John Clifford, *In the Presence of My Enemies. AO* Sept.
Willard Wallace, *East to Bagaduce. AO* Sept.
George Bernard Shaw, *The Rationalization of Russia. AO* Sept.
Laurene Conner, *The Revolution of Rising Expectations. AO* Sept.
Prophets, Principles, and National Survival, ed. Newquist. *AO* Oct.
Ezra Taft Benson, *Title of Liberty. AO* Oct.
Edmund Wilson, *The Cold War and the Income Tax. AO* Oct.
Hubert Badeaux, *Commentary on the Fichter Report. AO* Oct.
Mugur Valahu, *The Katanga Circus. AO* Oct.
Jesse Hill, *Green Corn. AO* Oct.
Jordan Ngubane, *An African Explains Apartheid. AO* Oct.

"Brainwashing." *AO* Nov., 29-40.
Phyllis Schlafly & Chester Ward, *The Gravediggers. AO* Nov.
Harry & Bonaro Overstreet, *The Strange Tactics of Extremism. AO* Nov.
Torn Hopkinson, *In the Fiery Continent. AO* Nov.
Lothrop Stoddard, *The Revolt Against Civilization. AO* Nov.
Gwyn Griffin, *Freedom Observed. AO* Nov.
George Paloczi-Horvath, *Mao Tse-tung. AO* Nov.
Le Bachaga Boualam, *L'Algérie sans la France. AO* Dec.
J. E. Cross, *Conflict in the Shadows. AO* Dec.
Silviu Craciunas, *The Lost Footsteps. AO* Dec.
Bella Dodd, *School of Darkness. AO* Dec.

1965

Arthur Vööbus, *The Department of Theology at the University of Tartu. AO* Jan.
André Gide, *Return from the U.S.S.R. AO* Jan.
Anthony Purdy & Douglas Sutherland, *Burgess and Maclean. AO* Jan.
Nesta Webster, *World Revolution. AO* Jan.
Giorgio de Santillana, *The Origins of Scientific Thought. AO* Jan.
Albert Jay Nock, *Memoirs of a Superfluous Man. AO* Mar.
Louis Baudin, *L'Etat jésuite du Paraguay. AO* Mar.
William Douglas, *Freedom of the Mind. AO* Mar.
Gregorio Maranon, *The Liberal in the Looking Glass. AO* Mar.
Rene Lauret, *France and Germany. AO* Apr.
Appendix IX: Communist Front Organizations. AO Apr.
Hermann Raschhofer, *Political Assassination. AO* Apr.
Robert M. Buck, *The Grim Truth About Fluoridation. AO* Apr.
"Cicero and Taylor Caldwell." *AO* May, 57-71.
Taylor Caldwell, *A Pillar of Iron.*
Robert Kendall, *White Teacher in a Black School. AO* May.
George Geiger, *John Dewey in Perspective. AO* June.
Jack Nelson & Gene Roberts, *The Censors and the Schools. AO* June.
"Morgenthau Diary (China)" (Senate). *AO* June.
"The American Opinion Scoreboard." *AO* Jul.-Aug., 57-88.
Alan Stang, *It's Very Simple. AO* Sept.
Gottfried Dietze, *In Defense of Property. AO* Sept.
Albert Persons, *The True Selma Story. AO* Sept.
Communist Deception and the Civil Rights Fraud. AO Sept.
James Edmonds, *As Lincoln Wanted It. AO* Sept.
"The Aerospace Corporation" (House). *AO* Oct.
Robert Patterson, *The Great Boom and Panic. AO* Oct.
D. M. Kaplan & Armand Schwerner, *The Domesday Dictionary. AO* Oct.
T. Whitfield Davidson, *Wisdom of George Washington. AO* Oct.
Gregg Singer, *A Theological Interpretation of American History. AO* Oct.
Charles Callan Tansill, *The Secret Loves of the Founding Fathers. AO* Nov.
Marcel Clement, *The Communist Challenge to God. AO* Nov.
David Hoggan, *The Myth of the New History. AO* Nov.

James Moore, *The Roots of French Republicanism. AO* Nov.
Grant Butler, *Beyond Arabian Sands. AO* Nov.
Robert Kendall, *White Teacher in a Black School* (2nd ed.). *AO* Nov.
Robert Montgomery, *Sacco-Vanzetti* (2nd ed.). AO Nov.

1966

David Woodbury, *Mr. Faraday's Formula. AO* Jan.
Billy James Hargis, *Distortion by Design. AO* Feb.
Fabrice Laroche & Francois d'Orcival, *Le Courage est leur patrie. AO* Mar.
Karl Anders, *Murder to Order. AO* Mar.
Sylvain Fox, *Unanswered Questions about Kennedy's Assassination. AO* Mar.
"The Penkovskiy Papers." *AO* Apr., 41-55.
Peter Huxley-Blythe, *The East Came West. AO* May.
Constantine Brown, *The Coming of the Whirlwind. AO* May.
Richard Gunmere, *The American Colonial Wind. AO* May.
Richard Prather, *The Trojan Hearse.* AO May.
"Can 'Liberals' Be Educated?" C Mar., 9-23.
Louis Cochran, *FBI Man. AO* June.
Charles Heckethorn, *The Secret Societies. AO* June.
"The Shadow of Empire: Yockey After Twenty Years." *AM* June, 24-30.
"The American Opinion Scoreboard."*AO* Jul.-Aug., 65-80.
Gilbert Prouteau, *Le Machin. AO* Sept.
Elizabeth Judas, *Rasputin. AO* Sept.
Conspiracy or Degeneracy? Nedro, N.Y., Power Products.

APPENDIX II

Professor Oliver concludes his "education of a conservative" with 1966, when he considered that "education" completed by his realization that political conservatism, whether an attempt to restore the society that perished in 1939 or merely an effort to arrest the decline of selfdoomed bourgeoisie, had become a cause that was hopelessly lost. Thenceforth, he was convinced, "conservatism" and "constitutionalism' could be only mirages, useful only to swindlers, enemy agents, and politicians, all of whom, in their several ways, prey upon the nostalgia and pathetic gullibility of the dwindling middle class, to whom they promise miracles in return for cheques and votes. As specimens of his most recent writing, we publish in this appendix two essays, the first of which appeared in the October, 1979, issue of the *National Vanguard*, the organ of the National Alliance, Washington, D.C., which had under taken to distribute Mr. Simpson's book; the second was first published in *Spearhead*, May and June, 1980.

WHICH WAY, WESTERN MAN?

To answer the question posed in the title of his book, William Gayley Simpson has condensed into 762 closely-printed pages the experience, the research, and the philosophical thought of a lifetime. He is now 87, and he began to write the present book thirty-five years ago. It is a veritable encyclopaedia of everything that is directly pertinent to our race's position in the world today and our problematic future.

The book is unique. What makes it so cogent is that it is both an intellectual biography and a synoptic treatise. The reader, even if he begins with conditioned reflexes that make him hostile to his own race, can follow, step by step, the process by which reason and intellectual honesty forced Mr. Simpson to his conclusions. His work may also be taken symbolically as an epitome or recapitulation of the course of Western civilization, which likewise began with the Christian faith of the Dark Ages and has now brought us to the point where we can no longer refuse to face the grim realities of the world in which we must either live or perish.

Born in 1892 in an educated but sternly Christian family, Mr. Simpson was graduated, *magna cum laude*, from a highly reputed theological seminary, became a minister, and, unlike most clergymen, he had a religious faith so ardent that, instead of regarding some of the most striking parts of Christian doctrine as convenient subjects for professional oratory, he, like St. Francis, tried to live in logical conformity with them. Our race, like some others, has a strain of sentiment that can be excited by the idea of *tapas*, the mirific virtue and spiritual power produced by austerity, self-sacrifice, and selfmortification. The notion of *tapas* was a fundamental part of Aryan religions from India to Scandinavia, and it was not remarkable that our ancestors, accustomed to venerate Odin, a god who, by an act of supreme self-sacrifice, hanged himself on the great world-tree so that he might arise from the dead, should have accepted the cult of a god who had himself crucified and likewise rose from the

dead; nor that, so long as they believed in their new religion, they held to the faith that spiritual excellence could be attained by inflicting degradation and pain on oneself. St. Francis was merely one of the many who had the fortitude to live up to that faith.

Mr. Simpson, too, tried to carry the religion to its practical consequences, but, unlike St. Francis, he did not lapse into a kind of amiable insanity. He learned from his dolorous experience that reality is not to be denied and that magic is either clever trickery or an hallucination. He realized that there was no way in which he "could be an honest man and remain a minister". Innumerable clerics, even in the darkest ages of Faith, found their creed unbelievable, but either took refuge in the Mediaeval aphorism, "*populus vult decipi, ergo decipiatur*" or, if not without honesty, accepted Cardinal Dubois's celebrated dictum that God is a bogey that must be brandished in order to scare the masses into some semblance of civilized behavior. But since the forced unity of Christendom was effectively broken in the Sixteenth Century, not a few clergymen have publicly denounced the religion to which they gave assent in their youth. It will be worth while to illustrate the profound difference between their reactions and Mr. Simpson's. And it will suffice to list the five who are now most generally remembered in this country.

Early in the Eighteenth Century the Reverend Mr Thomas Woolston set out to "establish the truth of the Scriptures". He soon saw that it was no longer possible to claim that the various tales in the Christian Bible were historical accounts of events that had actually happened, so he tried to defend them as allegories, as edifying and somewhat more dignified than Aesop's fables. That device, however, was a rod that broke in his hands. He became a deist and published his *Discourses*, of which sixty thousand copies are said to have been sold in the brief time before the corporations in the salvation-business took alarm and he was, by a pious perversion of the law, thrown into the prison in which he died in 1731. He is remembered now for his influence on his contemporaries, but the *Discourses* are not really worth reading and, so far as I know, have never been reprinted.

At the same time, a far more acute and intellectually courageous mind was at work in Etrépigny, a small town half-way between Rouen and Paris. The Reverend Father Jean Meslier had an understandable reluctance to be burned at the stake, so he continued to discharge his professional duties and administer consolation to the credulous, but he composed a treatise of some 366 manuscript pages, of which he made and placed in responsible hands three copies, and which he further protected by calling it his last will and testament, to be opened only after his death, which occurred in 1733. After apologizing to his parishioners for having deluded them, he undertook a systematic analysis of religion in the light of the known laws of nature, common sense, and our instinctive morality. His work was surreptitiously but widely circulated in manuscript copies until 1761 or 1762, when it was printed in Holland. His *Testament* was diastically abridged and reduced to an inexpensive pamphlet by Voltaire, who attenuated much of Meslier's argument, since Voltaire professed deism on the grounds that only belief in a supernatural being who would reward

virtue and punish vice could induce even a modicum of honesty in men. (See particularly Voltaire's letter to the Marquis de Villevieille, 30 August 1768.) Meslier's devastating critique of belief in praeternatural beings is entitled *Le bon sens* in the French editions, but the English translation, perhaps to avoid confusion with Thomas Paine's *Common Sense*, is entitled *Superstition in All Ages*, which is a little misleading, since the work is not a history of religions but a philosophical examination of belief in the supernatural.

Christianity was really saved by the French Revolution, for that bloody orgy of murder, pillage, and revolutionary insanity convinced even Gibbon of "the danger of exposing an old superstition to the contempt of the blind and fanatic multitude". The appalling outbreak of savagery, instigated by cunning conspiracies and only precariously brought under control after years of bloodshed, was a cogent proof of the irredeemably primitive nature of the masses, the multitude, which Franklin and Hamilton, echoing Horace and Erasmus, had justly called the many-headed beast. A majority of thoughtful men everywhere were convinced at last of the truth of Cardinal Dubois's dictum, and, to the delight of the professional clergy, a majority of learned men undertook to profess, or at least not to attack, a religion which seemed necessary to maintain domestic peace and, indeed, to preserve the very basis of civilization.

Undeterred by these considerations, the first great apostate of the Nineteenth Century, the Reverend Mr Robert Taylor, disregarded the pleas of his ecclesiastical superiors and friends, who urged him not to ruin a promising career in the Church in which his talents destined him for high office, by publishing facts that could only disturb the placid credulity or proletarian fanaticism of the lower classes. His *Diegesis* (1829), an historical investigation of Christianity and its relation to earlier religions, is a work of great learning and incisive scholarship, the more impressive today since many of the Christian gospels were still unknown when he wrote and he had at his disposal only a small fraction of the copious information about other early religions that subsequent discovery and research has now made available. Although his book inevitably contains errors of detail, it deserves careful reading today.

In the United States, Colonel Ingersoll was not ordained, although he was the son of a clergyman and his early education gave him the familiarity with the Christian stories that he displayed in *The Mistakes of Moses* and his many orations. His campaign against Christianity inspired some holy men, notably the Reverend Mr William Mahan, to forge some more gospels, but it inspired numerous others to forsake their business. Of the latter, the best-known today is the Reverend Mr Samuel P. Putnam, an indefatigable public speaker who was generally regarded as Ingersoll's most active disciple. His numerous speeches and articles, so far as I know, have not been collected, and are of interest today only as illustrations of "free thought" in a nation which, after the tragic defeat of the South in its War for Independence, hypocritically pretended it had not repudiated the principles on which it was founded, and was slowly, condignly, and perhaps ineluctably sinking into the slough of ochlocracy, euphemistically called "democracy." The most recent example of apostasy is the Reverend Mr G. Vincent Runyon, who died less than a year

ago and may have been the last clergyman to face the choice Mr. Simpson had earlier faced and to opt for honesty. Until he was forty, he says, "No man walked and talked with God more than I." Then a sabbatical year gave him time for study and reflection, with the result described in his booklet, *Why I Left the Ministry and BecameanAtheist* (1959).

The five whom I have listed above are certainly the best-known apostates. Their very names will suffice to make any one of our contemporary dervishes howl – provided, of course, that he knows enough about his business to recognize the names. They are universally regarded as having totally repudiated Christianity and doubtless believed they had done so. They were mistaken.

I have taken the space to list them not only to point a very significant contrast to Mr Simpson's book, but to emphasize the crucial fact that a man may earnestly and vehemently reject Christianity and yet remain, in very important areas of his thinking, *Chrétien malgré lui.*

It is, first of all, noteworthy that four of the five did not even think through to a logical conclusion their rejection of Christianity. They were content to denounce it as the cause of woes unnumbered to modern man, but they did not see what that implied. Only Taylor perceived that Christianity was based on a cult invented by a "misanthropic horde of exclusively superstitious barbarians", by "barbarians who resented the consciousness of their inferiority in the scale of rational being by an invincible hatred of the whole human race." The Jews, with the duplicity that is their oustanding racial characteristic, "plagiarized the religious legends of the nations among whom their characteristic idleness and inferiority of understanding caused them to be vagabonds; and pretended that the furtive patchwork was a system of theology intended by heaven for their exclusive benefit."

Under the cover of that brazen pretense, the Jews insinuated themselves into every nation whose prosperity they wished to exploit. Their migratory bands of "commercial, speculating thieves" were ever "ready to play into and keep up any religious farce that might serve to invest them with an imaginary sanctity of character and increase their influence over the minds of the majority, whose good nature and ignorance in all ages and countries is but ever too ready to subscribe the claims thus made upon it." Taylor was not really a precursor of Nietzsche, but he did identify the greatest of the innumerable hoaxes by which the Self-Chosen People have throughout history imposed on the gullible *goyim* and thus raised themselves from a miserable tribe of despicable barbarians, practicing primitive taboos and grotesque sexual mutilations, to the most formidable power in the world today.

Taylor obviously differs from the other apostates and most of their contemporary deists and atheists, who inclined to esteem the Jews as enemies of Christianity, having been taken in by another great hoax, the endless whining that they were "persecuted" during the Middle Ages, when the Church gave them a virtual monopoly of usury, sorcery, and international trade – when they spun financial webs about kings and noblemen and most rulers were attended by skilled Jewish physicians, always spies and potentially executioners – when the Jews exercised such political, intellectual, and economic power

that, as Bernard S Bachrach has shown in his *Early Medieval Jewish Policy in Western Europe* (University of Minnesota, 1977), out of the ninety-eight rulers whose policies he examines in detail, eighty-eight (including Charlemagne) had to pursue pro-Jewish policies, while the ten who attempted to oppose the aliens in their domains went down to failure in one way or another – when the Jews could usually count on royal or ecclesiastical protection whenever their depredations excited local resentment so strong that it became violent – when even the famous and belated expulsion of Jews from England and Spain overlooked those who thought it worth while to have themselves sprinkled with holy water – and when the Church itself was a great ladder by which marranos climbed to power and wealth, laughing among themselves at the stupidity of the *goyim* who imagined that a Jew could be transmuted by a few drops of magic fluid.

I therefore exempt Taylor from the generalizations about apostates I shall make below. His was a vigorous and incisive mind and I am unwilling to guess how much of Christian doctrine he unwittingly retained. I do not know his opinions on many subjects; I have not seen the files of the obscure periodicals, Carlile's *The Lion* and his own short-lived *Philalethean*, that contain his last published writings. After having twice served long prison sentences at the instigation of vulgar holy men who resorted to their favorite means of proving the "divine truth" of their lucrative trade, Taylor was convinced of the futility of trying to enlighten a multitude resolved to remain invincibly ignorant: he retired to practice as a physician in France, leaving unpublished works, perhaps of great value, among the manuscripts that were destroyed or dispersed at his death in 1844.

The other apostates I have mentioned and many that are now forgotten, together with almost all of the anti-Christians of recent centuries, exemplify the operation of what may be called the law of cultural residues. In all civilized societies, when a long-established and generally accepted belief is found to be incredible, good minds abandon it, but they commonly retain derivative beliefs that were originally deduced from the creed they have rejected and logically must depend on it. Thus it happened that modern enemies of Christianity rejected the mythology, but uncritically retained faith in the social superstitions derived from it — a faith which they oddly call rational but hold with a religious fervor.

They laugh at the silly story about Adam and his spare rib, but they continue to believe in "human race" descended from a single pair of ancestors and hence in a "brotherhood of man." They speak of "all mankind," giving to the term an unctuous and mystic meaning with which they do not invest corresponding terms, such as "all marsupials" or "all ungulates." They prate about the "rights of man," although a moment's thought should suffice to show that, in the absence of a decree from a supernatural monarch, there can be no rights other than those which the citizens of a stable and homogeneous society have, by covenant or established custom, bestowed on themselves; and that while the citizens may show kindness to aliens, slaves, and dogs, such beings obviously can have no rights.

They do not believe that one-third of a god became incarnate in the most squalid region on earth to associate with illiterate peasants, harangue the rabble of a barbarian race, and magically exalt the ignorant and uncouth to "make folly of the wisdom of this world," so that "the last shall be first" – that they do not believe, but they cling to the morbid hatred of superiority that makes Christians dote on whatever is lowly, inferior, irrational, debased, delormed, and degenerate.

They gabble about the "sanctity of human life" – especially the vilest forms of it – without reflecting that it takes a god to make something sacred. And they frantically agitate for a universal "equality" that can be attained only by reducing all human beings to the level of the lowest, evidently unaware that they are merely echoing the Christians' oft-expressed yearning to become sheep (the most stupid of all mammals) herded by a good shepherd, which is implicit in all the tales of the New Testament, although most bluntly expressed in another gospel, which reports Jesus as promising that after he has tortured and butchered the more civilized populations of the earth, there will be a Resurrection and his ovine pets will pop out of their graves, all of the same age, all of the same sex, all of the same stature, and all having indistinguishable features, so that they will be as identical as the bees in a swarm.[1]

Although the "liberal" and Marxist cults have doctrinal differences as great as those that separate Lutherans from Baptists, they are basically the same superstition, and whether or not we should call them religions depends on whether we restrict the word to belief in supernatural persons or extend it to include all forms of blind faith based on emotional excitement instead of observed facts and reason. When those "atheistic" cults scream out their hatred of "Fascists" and "Nazis," they obviously must believe that those wicked persons are possessed of the Devil and should therefore be exterminated to promote holiness and love. And when they see "racists," who impiously substitute fact and reason for unthinking faith in approved fairy stories, their lust to extirpate evil is as great as that of the Christian mob that dragged the fair and too-intelligent Hypatia from her carriage and lovingly used oyster shells to scrape the flesh from her bones while she was still alive.

With very few exceptions, the anti-Christians, no doubt unwittingly, retained in their minds a large part of Christian doctrine, and they even revived the most poisonous elements of the primitive Bolshevism, which had been attenuated or held in abeyance by the established churches in the great days of Christendom. And today, professed atheists do not think it odd that, on all social questions, they are in substantial agreement with the howling dervishes and evangelical shamans who, subsidized with lavish publicity by the Jews who control the boob-tubes and other means of communication, greedily participate in the current drive to reduce Americans to total imbecility with every kind of irrational hoax, from astrology to "pyramid power."

It is to the great honor of Mr Simpson that, as he says somewhere in his book, he is not a man "to do things by halves." When he ascertained that the Biblical fictions were unbelievable, he logically perceived that the residue of derivative superstitions was equally mythical. He had the intellectual vigor and integrity

to begin a search for truth, i.e., ascertained facts about the real world – a search that is an intellectual drama as narrated in his candid pages. His studies of all subjects relating to the social realities of our time were thorough and almost exhaustive, and his citations from writers of recognized. scientific and scholarly competence form a bibliography of almost encyclopaedic scope.

In the journalists' idiom, Mr. Simpson has "covered the waterfront." He has neglected no relevant subject from economics to biology. He examines the economic system that is based on financial fraud, which has now reached the point that, as was shown recently by the Farmers' Union's statistical analysis, the average American pays much less for all the food that he and his family eat than he pays for "credit," i.e., as interest on fictitious loans of the counterfeit currency manufactured by the Federal Reserve. He knows that all men and women are created unequal by the unalterable laws of genetics that govern all forms of organic life. He even considers the possibility that a religion may be an indispensable symbol and bond of a people's unity, and he speculates about the likelihood that our race, if it does not become extinct, may in a distant future develop some believable and wholesome faith of which the form cannot now be foreseen.

Mr. Simpson discusses demonstrable facts with relentless objectivity. We live in a universe in which life itself is but a trivial and transitory phenomenon, and the awesome contrast between its brutal realities and the glowing figments of our imaginations is always painful, even to men who have the fortitude to contemplate it. Some of Mr. Simpson's perceptions may distress even the rare individuals who try to emancipate themselves from the endemic illusions of the masses.

He resolutely examines the psychological and social consequences of our great industrial technology, which made us masters of the whole earth until Jewish superstitions paralyzed our vital instincts as well as our rationality, so that now our own technology is being used by our enemies "with deadly effectiveness to produce a herd of fellaheen, bemused, stupefied, tamed cattle, whom it will be easy for them to milk in the world-state corral they now have nearly ready to receive them." That is a fact that no candid observer of the present will doubt, but Mr. Simpson goes on to consider the effects of industrial organization, which is necessarily inhuman, on the biological entity that is man. Needless to say, there can be no question of abandoning the technological power on which alone depends our only chance to survive in the world we lost, but it is well that we understand the price that we must pay for power. I commend Mr. Simpson's discussion to all thoughtful men, and I remark only that Lord Acton, a liberal whom even the "liberal" cultists of our own day profess to admire, perceived, more than a century ago, that a real democracy (as distinct from the ochlocracy that is euphemistically called "democracy" today) must be based on some form of slavery.

One chapter in this book ruthlessly demolishes a prejudice that has been inculcated into all of us by the dominant mythology. Sixty-five years ago, when the great American student of historical causality, Correa Moylan Walsh (who would be ranked with Spengler, had he been born in Europe), identified the

causes of the catastrophic decline that was then already imminent, he noted the perverse "effeminization of men, for which the masculinization of women will be no compensation," and he devoted the third volume of his *Climax of Civilisation* to the systematic illusion called Feminism. Limiting himself to essentials, Mr. Simpson has more concisely shown that, as should be obvious to anyone who looks about him, "men and women are fundamentally different creatures," both physiologically and, what is even more important, psychologically. It is, of course, irrelevant that a dream of sexual equality (as in the gospel I mentioned above) may, like a dream of immortality, fascinate tender minds that need hallucinations to shield them from reality; and a calm consideration of the facts is particularly timely now, when screeching Jewesses are whipping the disinherited and bewildered females of our race into epidemic hysteria, thus applying the immemorial technique of their race, which, as some of its leading agitators have frankly stated, consists in creating dissension, antagonisms, and social disruption by finding groups of individuals who can be isolated on the basis of some supposed common interest and persuaded by artful sophistries that they are the victims of "social injustice" and "oppression."

As I have said, Mr. Simpson has explored and elucidated every aspect of our plight. A comprehensive review of his book would run to an indordinate length and, for the most part, sound like an encomium. A reviewer, however, is expected to be a carping critic, and it is his duty particularly to call attention to passages that may be misleading in one way or another.

In an autobiographical section, Mr. Simpson describes what he calls his "mysticism." I wish he had used another word, for he is dealing with operations of the subliminal, or subconscious, mind that are still unexplained. Psychology today, when it is a science as distinct from lucrative quackery, is in about the position of physical chemistry in the first century B.C., when several Greek philosophers identified earth, water, air, and fire as the four constituent elements of all matter. The psychological problem, which seems to have been perceived only by the peculiar mentality of our race, is, of course, much older than the *daimon* of Socrates and there is a sense of it even in Homer. It is a matter of common experience that a mind, no matter how lucid, cannot explain some of its own operations. Some mathematicians, for example, say that if they think about a difficult problem as they fall asleep, the solution will appear in their consciousness when they awake. Despite Poe's famous essay, artists, including poets and even some first-rate novelists, aver that their best ideas come from "inspiration," emerging into their consciousness suddenly and not as a result of a sequence of logical deductions and inferences. When we meditate on a given problem, an idea that eludes us in strictly logical thinking obtrudes itself from some subconscious source and is found, on examination, to be logically sound. A similar process often governs personal choice: when reasoning fails to indicate a clear balance in favor of one or another alternative, we may choose in terms of a "hunch" or some similar prompting. It does not seem that such phenomena can be adequately explained as instinctive or as produced by the hereditary quality called phyletic memory, and until we understand the interaction between the three parts of the triune brain (the

reptilian nucleus, the limbic substratum, and the neocortex, as identified by Dr Paul MacLean) and between the prefrontal lobe of the neocortex and its other parts, we cannot explain the operations of the subconscious, but that does not in the least imply that the "spiritual" is not strictly physical. The subconscious, needless to say, is by no means infallible, and Mr Simpson, who is anything but a "mystic," properly insists that all its impulses be examined and approved by strictly rational thought before they are accepted.

I have heard Mr Simpson accused of trying to unite Jesus and Nietzsche. It is true that he gives his interpretation of the character of the Christians' Jesus, whom he evidently regards as an historical person and the author of doctrines that are clearly inapplicable to human life. His interpretation is based on the few Christian gospels that were hurriedly and ineptly thrown together by the particular Christian sect that shrewdly made a deal with the despots of the once-Roman Empire and thus acquired the legal and political power to persecute and exterminate the numerous Christian sects that were competing with it. Needless to say, the inconsistent and often self-contradictory picture presented by those gospels differs enormously from the pictures drawn in the many other gospels. It does contain, in the Apocalypse and some passages in the screed written under the name of Matthew, some of the gospels of the Ebionites, who were probably the first Christian sect that was not restricted to Jews, although the lowly *goyim* were promised no status higher than that of "whining dogs" and promised only the great privilege of lying on the floor and being given the table-scraps when the Jews banqueted after their Jesus came back from Heaven and inflicted on the nasty Aryans all the ingenious torments that are so exultantly described in the ghastly horror-story that closes the New Testament. The Ebionites' Jesus must have differed greatly from the one described in the rest of the "orthodox" collection, as must the Jesus of the Naassenes (another Jewish sect), who descended from heaven in the form of a huge snake and crawled into Mary's womb.

When the Christians started composing gospels around the middle of the Second Century, the various sects naturally adopted or devised tales to justify their own inclinations, and there is no reason whatsoever to believe that any one story is more likely to preserve elements of historical value than another. The sect that made the political deal with the despots was, for reasons that we may conjecture but cannot prove, one that carried with it the Jews' Old Testament, which became so acute an embarrassment to Erasmus and many other sincere but thoughtful Christians at the time of the Revival of Learning. There were various sects, some of them large and numerous before they were exterminated, which quite logically identified the Yahweh of the Old Testament with Satan, and their Jesus obviously differed greatly from the "orthodox" version, as did the Jesus of the sects that knew him to have been a phantom or a corporeal form taken on by a god who wished to appear to mortals, as, for example, Venus took on the bodily shape of a Carthaginian maiden when she appeared to her son, Aeneas.

It is likely that all of the gospels were elaborated imaginatively from folk tales or oral traditions about one or another of the numerous Jewish agitators

who, during the First century B.C. and the following century, tried to stir up the Jews in Egypt, Palestine, and probably Italy, most or all of whom bore the extremely common colloquial name Jesus (comparable to our 'Bill' for 'William'), and all of whom naturally claimed to be christs (i.e., messiahs). Some of these agitators are known from other sources and are historical, though unimportant, figures, and one or another of these can be recognized as the probable prototype of one or another tale in the conflations, but it would be a waste of time to try to extract from confused narratives a consistent portrayal of any one individual. What Mr. Simpson has done — and this is valuable — is extract from the "orthodox" collection the elements that did strongly impress the minds of our race when our barbarous and ignorant ancestors accepted a religion that was presented to them as a documented and verified historical fact to which men had to accommodate themselves, even if it was unpalatable and repugnant to their moral sense.

It is the crucial fact of our time that the religion which was elaborated in the Middle Ages as an instrument of social stability has now been totally turned against us. Even so late as a decade ago it was still possible to entertain a lingering hope that the decision of conservatives since the French Revolution to base their position on the time-hallowed tradition had not been entirely a blunder, but the remaining votaries of the old faith were too few, too aged, and too bemused. Now the religion is being progressively restored to the primitive cult of the Ebionites and used as a mighty weapon against us. Its supposed "revival" by evangelical shysters is merely another proof of the deadly efficiency of our publicly-financed boob-hatcheries. Minds that have been so sabotaged that they can believe in the equality of races have been so debilitated that they can believe in anything, from "Bermuda Triangles" to Moonfaced drug-peddlers from Korea, from "one world" to poltergeists, from "psychics" who "foresee" the future or recognize reincarnated princesses from old Atlantis to the Yahweh described in Marc Dem's *Lost Tribes from Outer Space*, who came hither in a flying saucer to install his Master Race among the lower anthropoids and who may come back any minute to clobber us nasty Aryans, if we annoy him by sending rockets too far beyond the moon.

It is a grim fact that our people today is as hag-ridden with superstitions as were our ancestors in the Middle Ages. We have voluntarily shut our eyes to reality as though life were a child's game to be played by capering blindfolded, until now we stand, as A. K. Chesterton says in his posthumous book, *"Facing the Abyss"*. Our recent history reminds one of the old Mexican myth of Toveyo, the cunning sorcerer who exterminated the Toltecs by beating faster and faster on a magic drum that made the hypnotized people dance ever more furiously until they, exhausted, made a final leap into the abyss of eternal night.

If we are not to follow the Toltecs, we must at last use the cognitive and objectively rational powers that are peculiar to our racial mentality. Whether our decaying race still has the will or even the capacity to make that effort is the only question and it must be answered soon.

Mr Simpson is too honest to palliate our peril with illusory hopes or tranquillizing verbiage. His book, I warn you, is only for those who dare look upon

the stark realities of a terrible universe. The sun is but a lonely spark amid a billion suns that are themselves lost in endless night, and in all of infinity our planet may be the only lump of rock infected with sentient life, of which men are merely a peculiar and ephemeral variety. Among the mammalian bipeds, our race is a small and hated minority. For us there is no help from the infinite void that encompasses us, and no help beneath the clouds, except in ourselves. Like all living organisms, we must fight to survive in the unceasing struggle for life. But, as Mr Simpson reminds us, survival is not enough: a race can survive only by aggression.

At their origin through some biological mutation or phenomenal hybridism, the Jews can have been no more than a band of squalid savages, less numerous and less important than the Mohicans or the Algonquins on this continent. Had their ambition been only to survive as a tribe, they would soon have disappeared, absorbed into the teeming populations of the Near East. But that minuscule race, inspired by implacable hatred, perfected through ruthlessly selective breeding a very high degree of predatory intelligence and a genius for dissimulation and deceit. Endowed with a loyalty to their own race that maintained their unity in dispersion, they infiltrated more civilized nations to exploit the superstitions and appetites, the gullibility and venality, of the masses. Thus, in only twenty-five centuries, they became the arbiters and virtually the masters of the world today.

If our race has been so debilitated by menticidal illusions that it no longer has the will to subjugate and dominate other races, then, by the irrevocable law of all life, it has become unfit to survive. If that is so, the superiority that we won by our courage and technological power and have now lost by our fatuity is lost forever, and despite what you and I may wish or hope, we are, in the grim balance of nature, what the Jews believe us to be, an irredeemably inferior species[2], fit only for brutish servitude or, at best, extinction.

NOTES

1. The Greek text of the gospel in question was published by Konstantin von Tischendorf in his *Apocalypses apocryphae* (1866; reprinted by Olms, 1966). I know of no translation.

2. The Jews' contempt for us is explicit or implicit in all their writings, except, of course, propaganda for the stupid goyim. As Dr. Nahum Goldman, founder of the World Jewish Congress, says in *Das Judische Paradox* (Cologne, 1978), p. 25, the Jewish mind, sublimely confident of its own superiority, has always regarded us "als eine minderwertige Rasse."

REVISED HISTORIOGRAPHY

In the decade before us, the methods of historiography will undergo a very considerable modification.

History depends primarily on written documents, from the clay tablets of ancient Sumeria and the earliest Egyptian hieroglyphs to the archives of modern states. In the absence of documents, the historian can only elicit tentative conclusions from artifacts disinterred by archaeologists or surmise what actual events gave rise to folk-tales and legends, such as the myths about Hercules or the story of Heimdall in the *Rigsthula*.

It is the function of the historian to submit all documents, whether purported originals or copies of lost originals, to the most rigorous critical analysis to determine their authenticity and their veracity. Wherever there is an apparent motive for forgery or mendacity, the document and its contents must be tested by every available criterion and technique, and only rarely are these insufficient to give results that have so high a degree of probability as to be virtually certain. Inevitably, of course, there are a few documents of great historical import about which doubt subsists. The famous letter of the younger Pliny, evidently written in A.D. 112, which is the earliest evidence for the existence of a sect with which modern Christians would admit an affinity, is now accepted as genuine by the majority of scholars, chiefly on the grounds that if it were a forgery concocted by the Christians and inserted in the corpus of Pliny's letters that came down to us in only one manuscript, now lost, it would presuppose in the forger a degree of learning, skill, and care much greater than is found in other Christian compositions. But we cannot be quite certain. The letter was quoted, with some odd variations, by Tertullian in the very *Apologeticum*, written around 200, in which that Father of the Church and shyster lawyer cites one of the most audacious of Christian forgeries, a purported letter from Pontius Pilate to Tiberius; recent studies have disclosed two odd anomalies; and it is not *impossible* that Tertullian or an accomplice had the requisite skill and diligence; so doubt remains. The famous Kensington Rune Stone, which purportedly attests the presence of Norse explorers in what is now Minnesota in 1362, has long been regarded as a forgery perpetrated by a local resident for the glory of Scandinavia, but a recent linguistic analysis makes it seem unlikely that the supposed forger could have introduced subtle dialectical variations of Old Norse unrecorded in his time; so doubt remains.

These examples suffice to show the underlying assumption in all historical criticism: forgeries or impostures are always the work of an individual or a small group of individuals for profit, piety, or political ends. The most recent Christian gospels are good examples. When Joseph Smith found that swindling farmers with tales of buried treasure entailed legal hazards, he manufactured the *Book of Mormon*, possibly with one assistant author, and enlisted eleven perjurers to attest its authenticity. In 1879 and 1883, the Reverend Mr William Dennis Mahan produced a whole sheaf of forgeries to prove the historical truth of a religion to which he had a deep emotional attachment, and it seems that only his wife was a party to his pious hoax, although other clergymen soon

tried to muscle in on what had become a lucrative imposture by producing supplemental forgeries. Smith founded what became the staunchest, most stable, and most cohesive church in the United States, exciting the emotional faith of millions who never suspected that the "Newest Testament" was a fraud. Poor Mahan undertook a more difficult task, for which he had neither the education nor the financial resources, but he stimulated the glands of many thousands of yearning Christians, and many enterprising publishers since his time have found it highly profitable to reprint, *ad maiorem gloriam Dei*, what some of them call "the Archko Volume."

Some political hoaxes are comparable. The forged letters of Winston Churchill, which aroused considerable excitement in Italy in 1954, were plausible in content and deceived many well-educated Italians, for whom English was a foreign language and who had never noted the minute characteristics that distinguish the work of the various brands of typewriters. It is uncertain whether the forgers were interested only in collecting the large sums of money they obtained from Italian conservatives for the precious historical documents, or had been inspired by the Italian Premier, De Gaspari, who used the hoax to prosecute and discredit the conservatives who had earlier obtained possession of possibly genuine letters that he wrote while hiding out in the Vatican in 1940-43.

In the absence of documents, the historians' task is more difficult, and where there is no trustworthy evidence and the doctrine of '*cui bono?*' does not yield conclusive results, we naturally have one of the innumerable mysteries or ambiguities that season the pages of history. The facts concerning the death of the Austrian Crown Prince at Mayerling were so successfully covered up that, while we may have strong suspicions, we do not know whether or not Rudolph murdered his mistress and committed suicide. We shall probably never know why the Great Fire of London in September 1666 'happened' to begin on the eve of the very day for which it had been scheduled by a conspiracy, directed by unidentified persons residing in Holland, some of whose agents were arrested, confessed, and were executed in the preceding April. Nor shall we know why so remarkable a 'coincidence' excited no official investigation after the event.

When conspiracies have governmental powers, they can usually cover up their guilt at the time and they often destroy evidence so thoroughly that later generations are left with a puzzle they can solve only partially or tentatively. We now know only that the assassination of Abraham Lincoln was arranged by a conspiracy for the dual purpose of eliminating a political figure who was no longer useful and of exciting fresh animosity against the Southerners who had been conquered, and whose country had been destroyed, in the unconscionable war of aggression of which he had been the ostensible leader; but, aside from a few hirelings, the only person whom we can positively identify as a member of the conspiracy is Stanton, who was the Secretary of War in Lincoln's cabinet, arranged many of the practical details, and was able, after the event, to silence key witnesses, although we can only guess what it was they knew that made it necessary to have them judicially murdered. And

Stanton seems to have been only a local manager for principals whose identity we can only surmise.

The second-class battleship Maine, significantly the least useful ship in the comparatively small American navy, was sent to Havana to overawe the legitimate government of Cuba, and was there destroyed, with great loss of life, by an internal explosion. The American government, however, was able to cover up that fact and to claim that a Spanish mine or torpedo was responsible, thus preparing the excitable American populace for the desired war of aggression against Spain. So far as I know, no one has thus far found evidence to fix the responsibility for what is likely to have been more than a happy 'accident' at just the right time.

It frequently happens, of course, that all the evidence is not thoroughly destroyed. The work of Mr Colin Simpson, published in 1972, amply documents the facts concerning the sinking of the British cruiser and munitions ship, *Lusitania*, which had been disguised as a passenger liner to attract a large number of American passengers in the hope that a German submarine would take the "livebait" dangled before it. It is now clear that the atrocious gambit, which would certainly have offended the sensibilities of the English public in 1915, was contrived by Winston Churchill with only a few accomplices. After the event, there were in Britain a considerable number of persons who knew that the official tale was false and had solid grounds for suspecting the truth, but gentlemen (e.g., Lord Mersey, who retired from the bench after his part in what he termed "a damned dirty business") were silenced by appeals to patriotism and the *raison d'etat*, while lesser men were intimidated. In the United States, the great deception was assiduously promoted by the cynical gang that surrounded Woodrow Wilson, a muzzy-headed shyster whom the Jews had trained for the Presidency into which they boosted him by the simple expedient of playing on the vanity and gullibility of Theodore Roosevelt. Their efforts were, of course, abetted by the large corps of journalistic hirelings, who probably disseminated sensational lies with the efficiency and in the spirit with which they would have waited on tables or operated taxicabs. Many millions of citizens of both Great Britain and the United States were successfully duped, while the facts were known to only comparatively few persons and, in all probability, the ultimate purpose of the operation was known to yet fewer.

Experience has shown that the mass-armies of "democratic" states fight with greater zeal when they are animated by hatred and supported by a hate-crazed populace that fancies it is fighting a holy war. Lies have therefore become military equipment, a kind of mental logistics; but it is the essence of such propaganda that its spuriousness is known only to the persons who manufacture it. The model of such operations is the famous lie-factory managed by Lord Bryce during the First World War, in which a corps of expert technicians forged photographs, while expert liars, including Arnold Toynbee, concocted stories, of 'atrocities', to inspire the emotionally overwrought British with a fanatical hatred of the incredibly bestial Germans and with a noble Christian ardor to kill them. Lord Bryce's superiors in the Government undoubtedly knew what his merry knaves were doing, and a small number of educated and

judicious men must at least have had suspicions which they concealed from fear or unwillingness to impair the "war effort", but the number of persons who knew or suspected the truth was very small in comparison with the vast majority that was successfully deceived during the war. And after the war, the secret could no longer be kept.

It is a truism, of course, that in "democratic" states the populace must be encouraged to imagine that it makes important decisions by voting, and must therefore be controlled by suitable propaganda, which implants ideas to which the voters respond as automatically as trained animals respond to words of command in a circus, thus leaving to the masses only a factitious choice between Tweedledum and Tweedledee on the basis of their preference for a certain kind of oratory, a hairstyle, or a particular facial expression. The production of such propaganda requires a very high degree of technical skill, as may be learned from the most complete treatise on the subject, Jacques Ellul's *Les Propagandes* (Paris, 1962), which is also available in an excellent English translation. The conditioning of the populace must be directed by a small corps of expert technicians in the employ of an oligarchy, with only a limited number of assistants who are fully aware of their task. When we consider the British and Americans (as distinct from resident aliens), we may be certain that most of the teachers who inject illusions into the minds of the young, many of the journalists who manufacture tripe for the press and radio, and even quite a few of the "social scientists" who concoct sophistries for the half-educated, are not conscious of what they are doing, being themselves deceived. And the individuals who suspect that they are deluding their victims probably soothe their consciences with assurances that they are engaged in noble work for "democracy" and their salaries.

Thus, although it is true that the manufacture of propaganda, like the manufacture of shoes or stoves, requires today a larger number of technicians and other employees than were needed even a few decades ago, the number concerned in its production is relatively small and the employers even fewer, so that historians still think in terms of a small group engaged in conscious and calculated deception of a great majority. To take a specific example, *adhuc sub iudice*, a photograph with some collateral evidence has recently been published to show that the holy man who has been raising Hell in Persia is not the Khomeini who appeared in France as a refugee some years ago. We automatically assume that if the evidence is spurious, it was fabricated by a few men, no more, perhaps, than half a dozen. If it is genuine, then the impersonation was arranged by the secret service of some major nation or international state, requiring the complicity of no more than a dozen men, including the director who gave the orders. We should think it fantastic to suppose that there are as many as four hundred persons, now in Europe and able to tell the truth, who are privy to the hoax, whichever it is.

Historians have never thought of calculated deception as the work of any large number of persons. It is true, of course, that some minority groups, religious or conspiratorial, have tried to disguise their beliefs. The Mandaeans are reputed to have lied about their faith to strangers, but if their religion is fairly represented by the scriptures that have been recently obtained and published

(e.g., their Canonical Prayer Book, edited and translated by Professor E. S. Drower in 1939), one wonders why they took the trouble. In past centuries, Persian Shi'ites, when they made a pilgrimage to Mecca, understandably practiced *takiyah*, concealing their heresy from the more orthodox Moslems among whom they had to travel at the risk of their lives. In the United States, the American Republican Party, which limited its membership to American-born white men, excluding Jews and other unassimilable aliens, earned the sobriquet by which it is now commonly known by urging its members to avoid futile debate with their adversaries by saying, "I Know Nothing about it." But their aim was not to keep secret purposes which, indeed, were so well known that, despite the furious opposition of professional politicians, they might well have achieved control of the Federal government, had they not been disrupted and dispersed by agitation about slavery in the South. One could cite other instances of evasion to avoid inconvenience or harassment, but such expedients differ totally from the perpetration of hoaxes and do not impugn the historians' premise that forgeries and impostures are secretly contrived by a few individuals.

Historians must now drastically revise that premise. No matter how timorous they may be, they cannot, if honest, close their eyes to proof that massive deceptions can be carried out by thousands, even millions, of individuals who act unanimously with a common purpose.

The great Jewish hoax about millions of God's Chosen People whom the Germans supposedly exterminated seems to have been devised late in 1942, when it was claimed that in the autumn of that year the Germans had murdered two millions of the Holy Race in various ways. By 1943, the number had been increased to six million, and to keep up the progression, it was later increased to 40,000,000, which was seen to be so preposterous that it was reduced to 12,000,000, and at the end of the Crusade to Save the Soviet, the figure of six million was taken as the largest that could impose on the gullible *goyim*. The obvious original motive, common to all war propaganda, was to pep up the cattle that were being stampeded against Germany, but there may have been a further purpose in a hope that after the war it would be possible to carry out the Jewish plan, formulated and published by Theodore Kaufman in 1941, to exterminate the entire population of Germany as an object lesson to lower races that might want to have a country of their own, not under the management of God's People. Since that proved not to be feasible, the hoax was used as a pretext for the obscene murders perpetrated at Nuremberg by the American, Soviet, British, and French victors, for their repudiation of the conventions, called international law, that had been observed by all civilized nations, and for the innumerable and ghastly atrocities by which all the victors, guided by their Jewish supervisors, equally and forever forfeited their claim to be morally superior to Attila's Huns or Hulagu's Mongols. And the hoax is still being used to loot Germany and, indirectly, all the nations of the West to subsidize the Jewish seizure of Palestine and adjacent lands.

It is no longer possible to think of a deception of many by a few. The utter falsity of this hoax, which was made the more preposterous when the physically

impossible gas chambers were invented to dress it up, was necessarily known to hundreds of thousands of Jews who remained on German territory during the insane war, many of whom — probably 250,000 — the Germans naturally interned as domestic enemies, although not with the thoroughness with which the Americans put resident Japanese in concentration camps during 1942-45. The Jews who remained in Germany, both those who were foolishly trusted and held governmental positions and those who were confined to the various camps, necessarily knew that there were no 'gas chambers' and there was no 'extermination' (although, of course, many individuals died from disease, old age, and Anglo-American bombing raids on the various camps, and, no doubt, some were slain by individual Germans when they foresaw the defeat and ruin of their country by the maddened hordes that the international race had mobilized against them - and by the Polish and Russian populations of occupied territories when the German armies failed to control their long-standing resentment of their parasites). Furthermore, since the race has always been truly international, many hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of Jews throughout the world and especially in the United States must have known or suspected the truth when their supposedly exterminated relatives flocked into the country or corresponded with them. In addition, there must have been a considerable number of Jews who, even if without sources of direct information, were intelligent enough to see that the hoax was inherently incredible, psychologically improbable and physically impossible. But nevertheless, so far as I know, only one Jew, Josef Ginsburg, who resided in German or Rumanian territory throughout the war, has borne witness that there was no German policy to "exterminate" his race; and although he published his books under the pseudonym of J. G. Burg, he only accidentally escaped death at the hands of Jewish terrorists in Munich.

The great Jewish hoax, which is currently imposed by the Jewish Terror on the population of Western nations, must be distinguished from the tall tales now told in Soviet territory, where the yowling about fictitious Jewish victims was long ago replaced by an official claim that the Germans deliberately exterminated six millions of high-minded Slavs. How much of this propaganda, much of which is so phrased that it could include casualties in battle, is believed by intelligent Russians, it is impossible to say, and no one will wonder at the lack of public protest from persons who know better but live in Soviet territory, under a supervision more strict than any that has thus far been imposed on any Western nation, although the Jews are naturally trying to approximate it for purposes of their own and have attained a very considerable success in Western Germany, where the corrupt government in Bonn has virtually made it illegal to disbelieve any Jewish imposture, and many books that the Jewish censorship has not approved for *goyim* can be circulated only clandestinely.

Although the hoax about the "six million" has always been inherently unbelievable in all of the various reyisions that have been made from time to time, and although it has been definitively exposed and demolished by Professor Arthur A Butz in his *Hoax of the Twentieth Century* (Historical Review Press, 1976), the entire race, numbering at least thirty millions throughout the world, is

frantically insisting, with apparent unanimity, that the lower races must believe whatever they are told by God's Master Race, and what is most significant, Jewish professors ensconsed in Western universities and necessarily knowing something of the methods of Western scholarship, automatically shrieked and spat at Professor Butz, although they had never seen his book and did not even know its correct title. One cannot avoid the conclusion that however well they had learned or simulated the methods of scholarship, all questions of fact were to be rigorously subordinated to the interests of their race.

A second example is the astoundingly crude forgery called *The Diary of Anne Frank*, concocted so negligently and with such contempt for Aryan minds that its many internal contradictions proclaim its falsity, It can have imposed on no reader who had even a modicum of critical judgement and a memory sufficiently good to retain what he read on one page when he read a passage a few pages later. The blatant contradictions in the text of this fraud have now been listed by Swedish writer, Ditlieb Felderer, in *Anne Frank's Diary: a Hoax* (Institute for Historical Review, Torrance, California, 1980), but the mystery is why such a booklet was ever needed. Many persons, it is true, read religious texts in an emotional trance that paralyses their reason, and one can only assume that sentimental persons who have been so prepared by preliminary propaganda that they blubber as they read the first page of the *Diary* can go on reading in a similar stupor. No critical reader can ever have been deceived, whatever his race. But here again, thirty to sixty million Jews, with apparent unanimity, are determined that the *goyim* shall believe, or profess to believe, that preposterous canard, if they are to escape punishment for being rational. And one hears that the courts in Western Germany have held that it is a criminal offense to express doubts about what no intelligent man can believe. One cannot predict when the same courts will hold that it is an "insult" to the "Jewish nation" to deny that the earth is flat, as was specifically stated by the God who covenanted to deliver the whole earth to His People.

Even more significant is the Jews' progressive abandonment of their usual measures for herding the *goyim*: bribery, open or surreptitious financial pressures, and the manipulation of venal politicians. Mobs of Jewish hoodlums now openly assault French professors who dare to doubt the incredible, wield iron clubs to crack the skulls of a few French writers who have met privately to discuss the forbidden topic, and openly boast they have murdered with a time bomb a French professor who dared to stand for election to the Chambre des Députes. And there is comparable violence by Jewish thugs, with or without an admixture of zombies from the lower races, in West Germany, England, and the United States, while thirty to sixty million Jews, without significant exceptions, applaud the good work and protect the criminals through, their control of virtually all the means of communication and their control or intimidation of police forces and courts.

The drastic import of these facts for historiography is obvious. An entire race (or sub-race, if you prefer that classification) can show effective solidarity in the perpetration of outrageous hoaxes, while many thousands or even millions who cannot but know the truth, knowingly participate in the fraud,

whether from fear of reprisals by their fellows, hatred of their victims, or a confidence in their biological superiority, such as we show when we imprison or kill wild animals and make cows, horses, sheep, and dogs our domestic servants or our food. The implication for historians in their consideration of all information, ancient or modern, that has come to us from or through Jewish sources is emphatically clear and imposes an inescapable obligation. And it remains to be ascertained whether there may be, or have been, comparable phenomena in seemingly unanimous asseverations by other races.

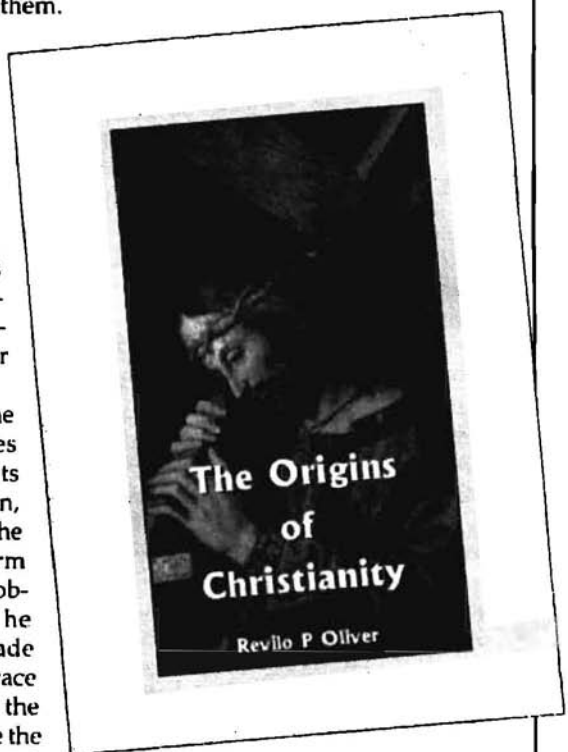
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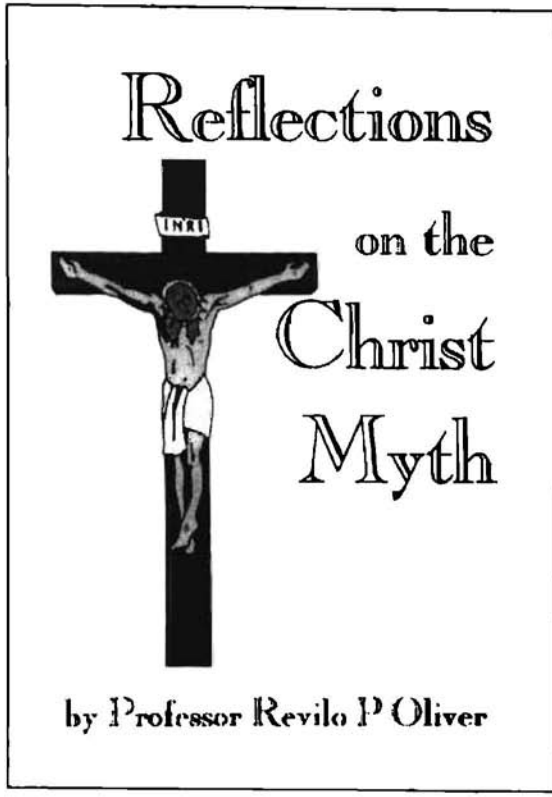
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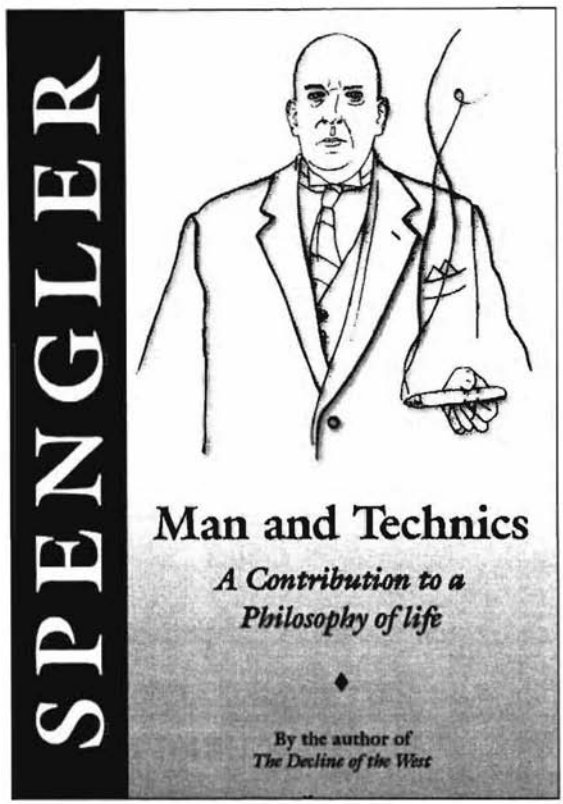
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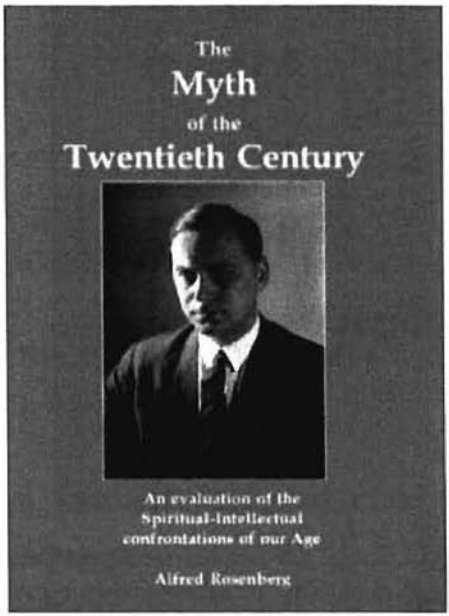
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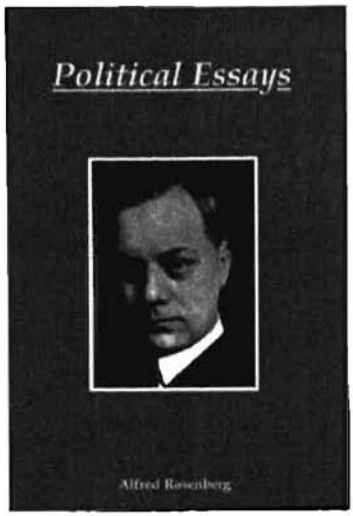
by Alfred Rosenberg. Pb, 470pp.

Along with Hitler's *Mein Kampf* and Göring's *Germany Reborn*, Alfred Rosen-berg's *The Myth of the Twentieth Century* created the basis of German National Socialist political thought.

It may be compared with these other two works on several fronts. All three authors were practitioners of the social and political thought which they taught. None wrote in a vacuum. All were a part of the formation of their milieu. All saw the same perils in store with the political system which had operated through to 1933. All were anti Semitic, although Göring was overtly less so than the other two. All were supernationalists who operated in a world that was being drawn into a powerful internationalism.

Rosenberg was influenced by a number of writers of the German past. Some are seen quite openly, notably Meister Eckehart. Others are observed in influence and thought only by the trained reader. These include Nietzsche, Wagner and Ludwig Jahn. Rosenberg was the logical culmination of much of the German mind, and he was a principal shaper of that mind during the period 1933-1945.

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POLITICAL ESSAYS by Alfred Rosenberg. Pb, 150pp

Selected and translated with an introduction by Alexander Jacob

The National Socialist movement has hitherto been dismissed as an ad-hoc racialist movement that had no serious political philosophical foundation. But one has only to read the several writings of the chief ideologue of the movement, Alfred Rosenberg (1893-1946), to discover not only a clear philosophical account, especially in his principal work, *Der Mythus des zwangisten Jahrhunderts*, (München, 1930) of what the regenerative movement of National Socialism sought to achieve in the Third Reich through its doctrine of racial worth and power, but also (in Rosenberg's numerous essays) the ideological bases of the foreign political aims of the Reich during the Second World War.

Rosenberg was born in Estonia, one of the Baltic provinces of Russia, and his youth was steeped in studies of the Nordic sagas and the works of Houston Stewart Chamberlain. It was Chamberlain's *Foundations of the Nineteenth Century* which gave Rosenberg the inspiration to write his own major work *The Myth of the Twentieth Century*

When the NSDAP acquired full political power in 1933, Rosenberg was given nominal control of the Party's Foreign Policy Office. In 1934, he was appointed leader of ideological indoctrination and education. Only during the war, in 1941, did Rosenberg obtain a major political post as Minister for the Eastern Occupied Territories.

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– Revilo P Oliver

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Dr Oliver, Professor of Classics at the University of Illinois for thirty-two years, was a scholar of international distinction who wrote articles for some of the most prestigious academic publication in Europe and America. His first book was a translation from Sanskrit (*Mrććhakatikā* – 'The Little Clay Cart', Urbana, USA, 1938).

During World War II Dr Oliver was Director of Research for a highly secret cryptographic agency of the US War Department, and was cited for outstanding service to his country.

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