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Marxmanship in Dallas (PART II)

By REVILLO P. OLIVER*

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Henceforth, no American has an excuse for illusion. He has had an ocular demonstration of who and what his enemies are. And that lesson is repeated every day as his enemies, recklessly exposing themselves, try to carry out their original plan in spite of Comrade Oswald's bungling.

The assassination and its aftermath must have given to many Americans the shock that each of us must somehow feel in his own being before he can understand what Communists really are and why they are seeking to kill or enslave him. That understanding does not automatically come from mere information. We all carry in our minds a great accumulation of items of information, such as that a continent lies under the ice of Antarctica or that the natives of the Andaman Islands are pygmies, which have no effect on our thinking because such facts seem irrelevant to our lives. By this time, every literate American has in his own mind a good deal of information about Communists, although often as detached and unrelated items that seem remote from his quotidian concerns. Even copious and systematic information may remain, so to speak, inert in the mind until illuminated by a perception that carries conviction.

The Moment of Truth

The perception usually comes from some personal experience or observation. It may be some minor shock, such as the falling apple is said to have given Newton; but at that shock a thousand bits of scattered knowledge latent in the mind arrange themselves into a coherent whole and exhibit a basic truth.

When I was a youngster, I knew a man of substance who told me that he had almost been enlisted in a Communist-front operation to release from prison a creature named Mooney, who had murdered nine persons in California to show how much he loved Humanity. Although moved by the plausible and pathetic story told him by the Editor of a "literary" periodical, the gentleman was canny enough to check a few facts and then visit the headquarters of the organisation soliciting his support. His unannounced visit gave him his moment of perception. He returned with the conviction

that he had seen specimens of a criminal gang that was burrowing its way beneath the foundations of society, bent on undermining the whole nation. I thought his alarm preposterous, and, I am afraid, smiled at it.

In college, I could not overlook the young Communists. It required no great acumen to see that their idealistic squeakings about a "social justice" and the "downtrodden" were mere pretence to cover the malice and phrenetic rancors seething within them. But I did not really understand them until I met, during the great Crusade to Save the Soviet, a young lawyer who had been provided with a direct commission and a "vital" job in Washington to preserve him from the kind of military service that may be bad for the skin. He explained to me the wickedness of making a profit, and he told me how "social justice" would come to businessmen. "We'll shoot them in the belly," he said rapturously; "they die longer that way." And the greasy-faced creature licked its dry lips.

A professional man tells me that his moment came at the time that Irreproachable Ike, violating the Constitution he had sworn to uphold, used the Army to help the Warren Crew get the race war under way. He was talking to a clergyman of the "social gospel" variety whose emotional perturbation he did not understand until some indiscreet exclamations let him see that the holy man was inwardly trembling with eagerness for news that Americans had been bayoneted or machine-gunned on the streets of Little Rock.

The moment came to another man when he was one of a party of four in the bar of a private club. One of the four, an evidently urbane and cultivated gentleman—who had come to the United States as a refugee and had been given a salary and security that he could never have attained in the land whence he came—took a Scotch or two too many and began to make it painfully clear that he regarded Americans as detestable swine who need to be taught, with the toe of a boot, their place in One World.

A university professor tells me that his moment came two years ago when a senior colleague, who had for many years pontificated about the "market-place of ideas," and, serene as a seated Buddha, had beamed benignly when Gus Hall and Gordon Hall spoke on the campus, "because we need to hear all sides," began to yell like a Comanche at a scalp-dance. What had shattered academic serenity was the discovery that there was a horrible "hate-sheet" read by "Fascist war-mongers" who must be "stamped out" or, at least have their teeth kicked in. As for contributors to the hate-sheet, said the

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Sakya Muni of Academic Freedom, whom I quote verbatim, "they must be exterminated. Shooting is *too good* for them." The hate-sheet in question was that mild and self-consciously "moderate" fortnightly, *National Review*, and my informant believes that the Double Dome would have run amok with a kris, had he even suspected the existence of AMERICAN OPINION. As it was, however, the yells sufficed to make my informant suddenly realise what makes "Liberals" tick—and he compared them to certain well-wrapped and disguised packages that are occasionally discovered by a postal inspector or the baggage master of an airline because they also tick.

A New Yorker says that his moment came early in December when he read a column by Walter Lippmann, whom he had long supposed to be suffering from nothing more serious than a cerebrum bloated with ideals. In that column the punctate pundit, wrapping his feet about his neck in one of his customary verbal twists, claimed that "in a free [*sic*] country" criticism of "Civil Rights and Russia" is "inherently subversive." Not content with having thus exposed himself, Big-Brained Walt went on tactlessly to yowl that because Oswald scored a bull's-eye, "the *only* solace for the nation's [*sic*] shame and grief can come from a Purge"—a purge, of course, of the awful Americans who think they still have a country. Thus, said my correspondent, was long covert hatred of Americans and dissembled blood-lust made manifest for all to see. It is possible, to be sure, that the quoted phrase was just lipography, and that Lippmann meant something else, such as forced feeding of castor oil to Americans; but the phrase served to give at least one of his readers an impulse to put together and comprehend many data that his mind was holding in suspension.

Ex uno disce omnes

Oswald was a young Communist punk, but, aside from his fortuitous notoriety, there was nothing unusual about him. You have seen thousands like him, and you are paying taxes to breed or nourish swarms of them.

You saw a representative selection of them in that excellent film, *Operation Abolition*, which is now more timely than ever. You saw the veteran criminals, who should have been deported or imprisoned long ago, riot and yell at the House Committee, an official delegation of the highest governmental authority in our nation. You will not have failed to recognise in them rabid beasts grown insolent with long impunity. You saw also the rioting swarms of young creatures that had crawled out from the woodwork of the University of California and other tax-supported institutions of "higher learning." You had an opportunity to study their hate-contorted faces.

You can see fledgling Oswalds in the flesh whenever, as occasionally happens, a loyal American is permitted to speak on or near a college campus. The young "progressives" will be there to jeer and quibble. It will be instructive to observe how many are deformed in body or feature as well as mind, and if you approach near enough, you can see the hatred glistening in beady eyes. (For a close approach, a handkerchief sprinkled with ammonia will minimise the discomfort.) And you should reflect that you are financing, directly through taxes or contributions or indirectly through the institution's tax-exemption, the hatching and "education" of young murderers.

You can see the species wherever you look. And with just a little patience and dexterity, you can make all but the most hardened and experienced disclose their inner emotions—perhaps in a spate of verbiage, but at least for a moment in an unguarded word or glare in the eyes; and you will feel like a swimmer who has glimpsed, six fathoms down, the flat, greenish flicker of a turning shark.

You can see them on television, on the floor of Congress, and in their pulpits; you can read them in the press. And you need have no doubts. Whether they are trying crudely or subtly to use the Communists' assassination of Kennedy to incite hatred against "right-wing extremists," you can no longer fancy that they are just ignorant "intellectuals" with mixed-up ganglia. They are lying. They are lying with conscious calculation. They are lying with murderous intent.

You cannot mistake them when, in your very presence and with breathtaking effrontery, they discharge the diseased hatreds and homicidal lusts that fester in their gangrenous little minds.

From direct observation, you, as an American, can now recognise your enemy and know what he is. And if ever you are tempted to doubt the evidence of your own eyes and ears, remember that such monsters are no novelty—that in the brief span of man's sad and dolorous history one can find almost innumerable recorded instances of recrudescing savagery and of the frenzied and exacerbated rage of anthropoid beasts that cannot bear to be dragged toward civilisation and humanity. The best illustration in a book that I have seen is Louis Zoul's *Thugs and Communists* (Public Opinion, Long Island City 4; cf. AMERICAN OPINION, January, 1962, pp. 29-36).

The vital thing is that you, as an American, realise that you are being hunted by a feral and stealthy pack. And that this is no nightmare, from which you will automatically awaken in a moment, nor yet is it a vision excited by the writers who strove to be more *outré* than Poe. That is a reality which you must face, if you are to survive at all.

The Time Is Now

With the nature of our enemies thus made manifest, and with such unmistakable indications of their numbers and power, an American who does not wilfully close his eyes and drug his mind can scarcely escape a perception of the magnitude and immediacy of our peril. This is the year of decision. We cannot hope for a complete victory this year, but we must end thirty years of unvaried retreat and, for a change, advance a little to recover some of the ground we have lost and to turn the tide of battle. A mere stalemate is scarcely possible, and another defeat will be our last. With another defeat, you and I may not be alive in 1965—or, if we are, we may regret it.

Now that Providence has given us a last chance, we must use it wisely and well. We must act with courage and determination, and, above all, with a rational and realistic understanding of our situation. We are fighting against enormous, though not insuperable odds, and we shall need the utmost effort of every American who will work with us. Our greatest handicap is that we, unlike our enemies, do not have a unified and secret command which plans the total strategy without need to disclose or explain it to anyone, and which carries out that strategy by issuing orders that are obeyed without question. Against a conspiracy that makes its decisions in secret and

coordinates with the efficiency of a single organism the movements of its numerous and often hidden tentacles, we can oppose only the voluntary efforts of individuals who are loosely organised into a large number of voluntary organisations, which must, in turn, voluntarily cooperate with one another. In these circumstances a secret strategy is impossible, and we must rely on the rationality and self-control of responsible individuals to supply that minimum of unity and coordination without which we could do nothing against a conspiracy that has almost absolute control over its agents through its appeal to their criminal instincts, their complicity in past crimes, and, if need be, fear

Our enemies plan in secret, but they have a standard technique for dealing with Americans that has long been obvious to every observer. While the vast majority of Americans are kept, so far as possible, in a state of ignorant complacency and confusion by the lie-machine, conservative and patriotic organisations are destroyed by inciting them to fight one another and by paralyzing each one with internal dissension. That technique has been used for more than forty years, and, without exception until the past few years, accomplished its purpose speedily and infallibly. Its success depended partly upon our enemies' vast financial resources and long experience in covert and subtle manipulation of individuals, but even more on the fact that loyal Americans are divided in their personal interests and beliefs.

That we Americans are so divided is our basic weakness in the present struggle, but it is not one of which we need be ashamed. It is the weakness of all societies of free men, and hence it is, in large part, precisely what we are trying to preserve. But our conflicts of interest and belief must be candidly admitted and accurately defined, if we are not to succumb to the manipulations of our enemies.

The Unity Of Dissension

As Americans, our one bond of effective unity is the American tradition, which is, in its essentials, a severely *practical* one. It is our first and most urgent duty to take a lesson from our forefathers, the citizens of the thirteen colonies, who, confronted by overwhelming odds, achieved independence because they had the intelligence and self-control never to lose sight of their real objective; although the colonies were deeply divided by opposed economic interests, vehement religious dissensions, and cultural differences that were, within the ambit of Western civilisation, comparatively great. The governing bodies of each colony well knew that they could make an extremely advantageous settlement by deserting the other twelve. And the larger colonies must have been often tempted to seek opportunities, during the long struggle, of extending their influence and power at the expense of others in the hope of dominating whatever confederation might come out of independence.

A desperate undertaking, which most political analysts would have pronounced impossible *a priori* for peoples so sundered by divergent interests and creeds, succeeded because—and only because—our forefathers were able to transcend those differences and maintain an effective unity for the specific and strictly limited purpose of attaining political freedom.

Our task as Americans today is to attain and maintain an effective unity for the specific and strictly limited purpose of (a) preserving our national independence by recovering our federal government from the international vermin who have

stealthily captured it, and (b) restoring as rapidly as may be—and that will be over a period of more than a decade—our Constitutional government that those vermin have all but totally subverted. As a *practical* imperative, all other purposes, however passionately important they may be to us personally, must be recognised as secondary and even irrelevant, so far as the cause in which we must unite is concerned.

Our problem, I grant, is far more complex and delicate than that which confronted our forefathers. Their opponents were men who frankly and honorably declared themselves and disdained disguise. Our enemies are secret criminals whose principal weapon has always been deceit, dissimulation, and stealthy subversion. But our problem, surely, is not beyond the power of reason. And we should derive a stimulus to use it from the consideration that we have much more at stake than did our forefathers.

Who Is The Enemy?

Every one of us who tries to calculate our chances of victory must be continually astonished, and not infrequently dismayed, by the fantastic fact that what should be our greatest strength is also our greatest weakness. We have so indulged our human propensities to sentimentality and emotionalism, and we have been so subtly conditioned to fear shibboleths and bugaboos, that we squander in acrimonious debate over conjectures the energies which, if rationally directed, could save us from annihilation.

Our enemy is the International Communist Conspiracy. Of that, there can be no possible doubt. Every time the fetid nest of vermin in Washington spends our money and (usually) the lives of American soldiers to enslave and barbarise another country, that country is invariably handed over to Communists—never to Fabian Socialists, Illuminati, or similar groups. East Germany, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, China, Cuba, and the many others are all obviously and notoriously *Communist* provinces. And it is perfectly obvious that what the nest is preparing for the United States, through "civil rights," disarmament, and the like, is a *Communist* régime.

Although the Conspiracy is secret, we have learned a great deal about it by (a) studying its operations, and (b) utilising the testimony of defectors from the Conspiracy and of our own counter-espionage agents who were able to penetrate some distance into the organisation. The information thus obtained is necessarily incomplete, and, for obvious reasons, it becomes the more scanty, the nearer we approach the Conspiracy's inner core; and fails us completely before we reach that core.

The information that we have is sufficient to give us a good working knowledge of the general structure of the Conspiracy, although, of course, there are a great many details and possibly some very important elements about which we urgently need to know more.

Only the most naïve persons today are puzzled by the operations of what is the lowest level in the Conspiracy (although it includes persons of great social or political prominence). The Conspiracy, engaged in total subversion, naturally finds and exploits all the weaknesses that are inherent in our society as in all human societies. It finds, and uses as its

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MARXMANSHIP IN DALLAS

unconscious instruments, fat-heads and dunces who can be stirred to glutinous sentimentality or a rancorous resentment of their betters. But it uses above all the criminal tendencies that always have been present in all large populations and always will be present to the utmost verge of the foreseeable future. Every large aggregation of human beings produces, by biological necessity, its sneak-thieves, robbers, shysters, "intellectuals," perverts, sadists, and other degenerates. As is known to everyone who has thought about it at all, the continued existence of a civilisation, like that of a large city, depends on the efficiency of the sewage system that disposes of its organic waste: on this level, all that the Conspiracy has to do is stop up the sewers (which civilised societies seem naturally disposed to neglect anyway, since no one likes to think about such unpleasant necessities). By this time, we have all learned not to waste time arguing whether a given person, who is knowingly serving the Conspiracy's ends, is a member, an accomplice, a hireling, or just a petty criminal who has been given opportunity and encouragement.

The structure of the main Communist apparatus in this country is reasonably clear. There is a large number of them and, so far as is known, they operate independently of one another. The official Communist Party, the more concealed "Trotskyite" apparatus, the military and naval espionage rings directed from the various Soviet embassies, the industrial and technological espionage directed from the various consulates, and the Secret Police are all controlled directly from Moscow, and are believed to have no contact with one another in this country, except that the Secret Police watch all the others and probably supervise the transfer of talented criminals, recruited by the Party, to the more secret units. The vast crypto-Communist apparatus no longer has large cells, such as the one of which the infamous Hiss was a member; and is now so organised that no cell has more than three members and most of the criminals know the identity only of the superior from whom they receive orders. Most observers believe that this operation is handled by the Secret Police. There are other apparatus and transmission belts, some possibly of strategic importance, which *may* operate in this country independently of the ones I have mentioned. But given the criminals' success in preventing or halting an official inquiry into their more clandestine activities in the United States, we can only speculate about the chain of command in operations that we cannot even *prove* to be Communist. Most observers would agree in identifying some of these by cogent inference from copious circumstantial evidence; about others, so little is known that competent observers differ widely in the surmises that they base on admittedly fragmentary indications; and it is quite possible that there are some whose true nature has not even been suspected.

So far as we know, however, the various Bolshevik apparatus are controlled from Moscow. Whenever we can trace their organisation at all, we can follow the wires until they disappear in the massive walls of the Kremlin. (In recent years, some circuits have been rewired so that the lines from this country go to Peking; cf. AMERICAN OPINION, January, 1964, p. 71. That merely shows that a new exchange has been installed for operational convenience.) All observers, I believe, would agree that, so far as is known, the criminals in our country get their orders, directly or indirectly, from Moscow.

The Lunatic Fringe

The following two letters to the Editor were in *The Canberra Times* on April 27 and April 29 respectively:

"Sir,—Every free society has its 'lunatic fringe.' It is composed of numerous small groups who obsessively hold to and fight for views which the overwhelming majority of those competent to judge have found fallacious. A man may belong to the 'lunatic fringe' and yet deserve our personal respect for his sincerity, courage and tenacity of purpose.

"I do not question the sincerity of flat-earthers. I respect earnestness and zeal of Douglas Social Crediters. I admired the motives of the anti-vivisectionists. I do not doubt the courage of the group who some years ago spent freezing nights in the Alps praying because they knew the end of the earth was nigh. It would be wrong to deny that most anti-semites hold their views sincerely and passionately.

"The trouble with all these worthy people is that their minds tend to be closed. They cannot be reasoned with, they are unmoved by facts.

"That the overwhelming majority of professional economists reject Social Credit ideas as fallacious is to the convinced Social Crediter merely evidence of their folly or knavery; the flat-earther has the same low opinion of astronomers; the anti-fluoridationist of the medical and dental profession.

"Each of these people believes as firmly and sincerely that the experts are wrong as some people believe they are Napoleon. That is why Americans, with typical disrespect for sensibilities, have collectively dubbed them the 'lunatic fringe.'

H. W. ARNDT.

"Deakin."

"Sir,—Professor Arndt's little essay in guilt by association makes one wonder whether advocates of progressive taxation should be classified as Marxists. Some experts believe Marxists should be included in the 'lunatic fringe'. Others disagree. Perhaps that is what makes them experts, and thus fit to govern us.

B. W. MONAHAN."

Now there are very good reasons for believing that the foul brute that is titular Boss in the Kremlin is merely a subordinate, an executive of limited powers. So long as the unspeakable thing called Stalin was alive, most (but not all) observers thought that he was the real head of the Conspiracy. Events subsequent to the death (or perhaps liquidation) of that monster have made it increasingly apparent to judicious observers that the organisation of the Conspiracy is more complex than was once generally supposed—that the bloody beast named Khrushchev is like a “star” in a show on Broadway in that his personal appetites and eccentricities will, within rather narrow limits, be tolerated, since he represents a considerable investment in publicity; but who can always be fired by the producers of the show, and *will be* eliminated the minute that he gets out of hand so far as to endanger the success of production. So, who are the producers?

The question may be too precipitately asked. Let us state it first in more simple terms: Who controls Khrushchev and the organisations on which his power is evidently based?

An experienced and highly qualified anti-Communist organisation, which has probably penetrated as far into the Kremlin and its secrets as any human beings, summarised its findings in a report that the Honorable Timothy P. Sheehan read to the House of Representatives on August 5, 1957. You probably never heard of it. The unanimity with which daily liepapers ignored sensational, and therefore potentially profitable, news, and the extraordinary exertions made by prominent sub-humans to avert the re-election of Congressman Sheehan, serve only, so far as prudent and rational Americans are concerned, to validate and confirm the report he communicated to Congress.)

The kernel of this long and circumstantial report is that, superior to Khrushchev and similar administrators, and superior even to the Secret Police, is another and more select organisation of truly international scope, the Communist Security System (CSS), which has penetrated and controls even the Secret Police. The existence of such an inner organisation was first suspected by cautious observers in 1939, when the purulent blob of anti-human protoplasm called Nicolai Yezhov was blotted out and replaced by the equally loathsome thing called Lavrenti Beria. That suspicion, however, remained hypothetical, in the eyes of most observers, until 1953, when the ease with which the Beria-thing was in turn liquidated made it apparent to thoughtful analysts that the Secret Police, of which Beria had been the absolute and unchallenged master, must be in turn subordinate to some inner and even more secret apparatus. The CSS, as described in the report, precisely corresponds to that more secret apparatus, as its characteristics were deduced by many observers before the report was made public by a courageous and patriotic Congressman at the cost of his own political career.

Not all qualified observers find the report on the Communist Security System as convincing and cogent as I do, although I know of none who would categorically reject it. Since no member of the CSS has ever defected and confessed, the intelligence report concerning it can be corroborated only by deduction and inference from numerous, scattered, often ambiguous, and sometimes conflicting data. The most that any observer can say, therefore, is that he accepts the report's description of the CSS as highly probable, since it fits the known pattern of conspiratorial organisation and provides the

most comprehensive and consistent explanation thus far proposed of the facts which indicate that the Conspiracy is controlled by some inner circle.

But if the CSS is the controlling organism, we have merely pushed the ultimate question one step farther back. Who controls the CSS?

That of course, must be the darkest and most jealously guarded secret of all. As was to be expected, the report can only state that “the guiding [i.e. controlling] members of the Communist Security System” are “fellow travellers, rich financiers, and secret Communists” whose identity is known only to themselves and the few trusted agents through whom they, as an invisible government, transmit their orders. That description suggests—even implies—that most or all of the real directors of the Conspiracy live outside of Soviet territory. There is nothing implausible in that. Indeed, there never was any real evidence to support the gratuitous assumption that the Conspiracy's headquarters were moved to Russia after the conquest of that country in 1917.

Our Secret Enemy

Whatever hypothesis we may form concerning the inmost structure of the Communist Conspiracy, we can scarcely do other than postulate that the supreme direction must come from some supreme council which, in all probability, has not less than ten or more than five hundred members. Whatever we may suspect, we do not know who they are; we do not know where they meet or how they communicate with one another; we do not even know what rational end (if any) they propose to themselves other than a Satanic dominion over the world. We only know that they must be phenomenally intelligent and unutterably evil.

Now, at the risk of laboring the obvious, we cannot too often remind ourselves that our ultimate enemies are the members of that council, *whoever* they are, *however* they work, and *whatever* their secret designs. And the International Communist Conspiracy by definition consists of the unknown members of that council and *all* of the instrumentalities and subordinate organisations that they direct. That is the conspiracy that we must defeat, at least in our own country, if we are not to perish most miserably at its hands. And I do not see how any American who has observed what has been done to his nation in recent years, and thought about it, could disagree with either the definition or a statement that only the most dedicated and united efforts of American patriots can save us from an imminent and unspeakable horror.

No reader of AMERICAN OPINION, I am sure, will be confused, even for an instant, by the semantic quibble made possible by the fact that the Communist Conspiracy is not directed by Communists, if by that term we mean persons who believe in “Marxism.” The barbarous jargon and confusing twaddle of “dialectical materialism” has always been what Marx designed it to be, an elaborate deception triply useful for enlisting recruits, stultifying ignorant “intellectuals,” and concealing serious purposes. On the lower levels of the Conspiracy, many members of the Communist Party believe, or pretend to believe, that drivel as an article of faith; while the more sincere and intelligent rack their brains trying to solve a set of quadratic equations that were designed to be insoluble (and eventually they either defect or get the point and move upward to the next level). We may be quite sure, I think, that anyone

who attains the rank of assistant to an immediate subordinate of a branch manager, such as Castro, has left belief in "Marxism" as far behind him as belief in Santa Claus. So, unless we find an adolescent's pleasure in the paradox that Khrushchev and his kind are not Communists, we must understand that by "Communist" we mean a conscious participant in the International Conspiracy, without reference to his real or feigned reasons for participation.

Some Theories

It has long been apparent that the Communist Conspiracy was something quite different from the picture that its members tried to hold before the general public. It was clear to judicious observers a century ago that the degenerates who publicly headed or secretly financed the International were not in the least interested in the "workers" or the "proletariat" about whose "oppression" they pretended to snivel. When the Conspiracy effected its first territorial conquest in 1917, only the simple-minded could describe as "Russian" a revolution whose leaders and executives had, almost without exception, swarmed into Russia a few months before the take-over, and had been financed from both Germany and the United States, although those two nations were technically at war with one another. And after the conquest of Russia, it was clear that the total resources of that hapless and more than decimated land were utterly inadequate to finance an international conspiracy. And although Trotsky, Lenin, Stalin, and the rest were, without doubt, viciously cunning monsters, it was extremely improbable that they had either the brains or the time to direct such a conspiracy while discharging their duties as executives in Russia and, incidentally clawing at one another's throats.

Long ago, therefore, observers very reasonably began to look for a conspiracy behind the Soviet. The existence of such an inner or directing conspiracy was strongly suggested, as I have said, by the known facts in the history of Communism from the time of Marx to the present. It was also indicated by analogy to the structure of criminal conspiracies known to history. For example, Weishaupt's Illuminati* were organised in a set of concentric circles; all members, even those in the outer circle were given the impression that they were "on the inside," but the members of each inner circle regarded the members of outer circles as neophytes to be prepared for more advanced work or as suckers who were useful because they could be made to believe anything. The Assassins, founded by Hasan-i-Sabbah, were similarly organised: The members of the lowest grade (*Lasiqs*) were fanatical believers in the *Koran* and Islam, while guru members of the grade next to the top (*Da'i i-Kabir*) found it difficult to keep a straight face while talking to boobs they considered so stupid as to believe in Allah or any god.

Since it was clear that there was a conspiracy inside the outer (Marxist) shell, it was only natural that attempts should be made to identify it. Various sincere and thoughtful writers have positively identified the inner conspiracy as composed of one of the following: "Force X," Illuminati, Satanists, "Bildbergers," Zionists, Pharisees, Khazars, Fabian Socialists, International Bankers, Rockefellers, Rothschilds, or a gang of otherwise unidentified "messianic materialists." Good and

authentic evidence drawn from the present or the recent past can be assembled to support each of these identifications, and it is easy to argue convincingly that each is right, provided that we can assume an extra-ordinary degree of stupidity or short-sighted venality in some or all of the others. And although some of the groups I have listed overlap others, or may do so, it is clear that *all* of them cannot be the *one* central conspiracy. Furthermore, we cannot assume that there are a number of *major* conspiracies independent of one another but all blithely working together today with no thought of the morrow.

Let me take as my example the "Force X," recently brought into prominence by Kenneth de Courcy in his excellent and generally reliable *Intelligence Digest*. And let me hasten to add that, although I feel confident that I recognise the entity to which Mr. de Courcy refers, I do not pretend to have at my disposal the mass of information and documentation that has presumably been assembled by Mr. de Courcy's private intelligence organisation, which largely consists of former members of British Military Intelligence now stationed throughout the world as representatives of British industries or in similar capacities.

Mr. de Courcy has *not* said that "Force X" was the inner core of the Communist Conspiracy, but many of his readers have drawn that inference from the indications that he has provided. Mr. de Courcy has described "Force X" as "basically a criminal group," which "directs the entire drug traffic of the world," high-class prostitution and homosexual rings, and many other forms of profitable crime. But he says that it "has made use of Communism," that "its power far exceeds that of Communism," that "in Russia, Trotsky, Zhdanov, Beria, and Litvinov" were its agents (as were, in Germany, "both Ludendorff and Himmler"), and that its executive head, a homosexual and necrophilic degenerate, gave advice to Stalin and now advises both Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung. Mr. de Courcy concludes that "the alliance between this person and Communism is very close, although there are fundamental clashes of aim. Neither seems to mind this at present.

It is at that point that I have my doubts. As Communist agents and fuddled fops are forever telling us, there is only one world—and, what is worse, it is less than 25,000 miles in circumference at the equator. It is much, much too small for *two* conspiracies of "One Worlders," and if, perchance, there are two, the heads of both must have realised long ago that the more successful they were, the sooner one would have to liquidate the other to escape liquidation itself. I could believe that "Force X" is subordinate to the International Communist Conspiracy, and I could believe that "Force X" is the inner core of that Conspiracy and so controls Khrushchev and similar vermin, but I cannot believe that two wolves are peacefully munching one rabbit.

Less Blood-Pressure, Please

If not two, then not three or five or ten. What we have said about "Force X" will apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to any other conspiratorial group that we may consider in connection with the Communists. Let us, therefore, draw some conclusions.

On the basis of the information supplied by Mr. de Courcy, and on the basis of our own deductions concerning the probable structure of the Conspiracy, we recognise that "Force X" may be:

- (1) An inner circle, comparable to, if not identical with,

*See *American Opinion*, June 1962, pp. 33-37.

the Communist Security System.

(2) A formal arm of the Conspiracy, comparable to the official Communist Party in the United States or the Secret Police, and like them controlled from above.

(3) A large and highly organised gang of racketeers, who, like all ordinary criminals, "take the cash and let the credit go," intent only on loot today and loot tomorrow, but with no long-range plans or cosmocratic ambitions. Such a gang would naturally be encouraged and protected by the Communists, and would naturally perform services for cash fees or in exchange for protection and opportunities. (Note that China is now the principal source of the narcotics commonly used by drug-addicts, so that one of the most profitable branches of the gang's business depends on supplies from Communist territory.) This, however, would make the gang, for all practical purposes, a Communist subsidiary or instrumentality, and it could not be "more powerful" than its employers.

Those are, I think, the three most probable explanations, but others are possible, viz.:

(4) That our inferences about the Conspiracy are incorrect, and that "Force X" and the Communists really are independent in the sense that neither controls the other.

(5) That the data supplied by Mr. de Courcy are wrong, in part or in their entirety, either because his informants were mistaken or because they were supplied with false information (a common trick in all intelligence work) or because they or Mr. de Courcy have some interest in deceiving us. Thus "Force X," as described to us, may not exist at all.

Now we may differ widely in the percentage of probability that we assign to each of those five explanations, and it will certainly do no harm to argue about them for the purpose of clarifying our own thinking and of eliciting from one another such incidental information as each of us may have that is relevant to the subject. But obviously, no one of the five hypotheses is *certainly* right or *certainly* wrong. And I trust that no one will place an extraordinary strain on his neuro-vascular system to shout at the rest of us.

Serious argument is futile when what we obviously need is more evidence. That evidence is available. A great deal must now be in the possession of various police forces throughout the United States and either has not been assembled or has been suppressed by political pressures. A vast amount of evidence was concealed when the gang around Mr. Macmillan succeeded in covering up most of the Profumo scandals, but the greater part of it is still there. In the opinion of the best informed observers, a *thorough* investigation of the activities of Bobbie Baker, and his high-ranking accomplices in the Administration, would uncover a vast cesspool of corruption necessarily connected with the one in England, because some specialists in vice and crime shuttle back and forth from one country to the other. Probably any one of the hundreds of known nests of drug-addicts, perverts, and degenerates in Washington (or others found in any other large city) would expose a trail that could be followed back to the lair of some criminal syndicate or subsidiary thereof.

What "Force X" is or is not can be ascertained only by systematic and relentless inquiry conducted with governmental powers; and while it might take a long time for such an investigation to attain certainty, every bit of additional evidence would enable us to calculate probabilities more accurately. In the meantime, you can't prove anything by waving your arms.

Horrid Hypotheses

So far as I can see, all hypotheses regarding conspiracies that may be associated with the Communist Conspiracy are in the same status as views about "Force X." The evidence comes, of course, from other sources, is of varying degrees of probability, can be reconciled with more or less difficulty with what we know or think we can deduce with some assurance concerning the Communists, and is susceptible to different ranges of alternative interpretations. In some cases religious belief will strongly affect our estimates: a formidable and powerful conspiracy of Satanists will seem likely only to those who believe in a Devil having the power to intervene, directly or indirectly, in the affairs of this world. In others, a recognition of adverse interests or inveterate antipathies is very likely to colour our opinions. But we are certainly dealing with hypotheses based on inadequate data. The most probable cannot be reasonably stated as a certainty; the least probable cannot reasonably be pronounced an impossibility. To prove or disprove anything, we shall need many more facts than we now have at our disposal.

I confess that I cannot understand the extraordinary amount of passion that can be generated by violent asseverations and hysterical denunciations of theses that can be established or refuted only by ascertaining facts. Quarrels on this subject remind me of two men whom I once saw engage in a violent brawl to determine which of the two teams would win a ball game on the following day. I could not but wonder whether they imagined that their exertions would, through some sympathetic or methectic magic, affect the result.

Less Heat, More Light

No display of temper will change historical facts. The hair-pulling matches in which some Americans engage to vindicate their favourite hypotheses would be comic, if they were not tragic in their consequences: personal antagonisms, disruption of conservative organisations, and, quite possibly, defeat and death for all of us. I should suppose that even the most perfervid champions of antithetical hypotheses would realise, if only they paused to think about it for a moment, that the only way to settle their argument—to say nothing of accomplishing something for their country—is to unite in demanding of their state and federal governments the kind of searching and unremitting inquiry into the Communist Conspiracy that we have urgently needed for fifty years and have never had.

Few Americans realise that all of our uncertainties and the futile quarrels that they occasion are directly caused by the International Communist Conspiracy's success in stifling, frustrating, or preventing official investigation. A raid, carried out jointly by the State of Michigan and Federal officers in 1922 on the headquarters of a nest of homicidal vermin disclosed evidence that should have scared every sober American as much as though a bullet had whizzed past his ear. But the net result was that a gang of subversives, headed by the malodorous Felix Frankfurter, stopped in 1925 all Federal investigation of the enemies in our midst. Nothing more was done by our Federal government, despite its obligation under the Constitution to protect us from foreign enemies, until a great American, Martin Dies of Texas, established what became the House Committee on Un-American Activities (see his new book *MARTIN DIES' STORY*; The Bookmailer, New York; \$5.00). Mr. Dies' committee accomplished a great deal, despite open opposition and clandestine harassment from the great War Criminal in the White House and the scabrous

louts with which that being surrounded himself.

In the Senate, a valient beginning was made by Senator McCarthy, but we all know what happened to him; and we know that all inquiry into treason in Washington was effectively stopped when Eisenhower issued his un-Constitutional order to protect the vicious vermin lodged in our government from interrogation.

Both the House and the Senate Committees have done the best that they could, I believe, in the face of enormous pressures from the criminals who had captured the Treasury of the United States and could use our money to prevent us from learning about our blood-thirsty enemies. But such inquiries were necessarily limited to the peripheral and superficial.

Some years ago, Judge Robert Morris, one of the most experienced and staunch of all Congressional investigators, in a radio broadcast, stated that *no* Congressional committee had ever been able to investigate subversion and treason effectively, because the investigation, whenever it began to approach the higher echelons of the Conspiracy, was stopped by "*irresistible pressures.*"

Obviously, what we Americans must do, if we wish to go on living, is to generate pressures which make those that once seemed "*irresistible*" seem as puny as the waving of a cockroach's antennae.

The information is there and available in vast quantities. It is constantly and almost automatically coming to light; the trouble is that, if you read the liepapers, you never hear of it. For example, in December of 1963, Texas Rangers on the authority of the Attorney General of Texas, raided a criminal hang-out and discovered documents that astonished even seasoned observers. The membership of the Communist Party in Texas had been officially estimated at about five hundred. That was obviously too low, but few were prepared for the discovery of a list containing the names of *ten thousand* international criminals, members or conscious accomplices of the Conspiracy, residing in Texas. As I write, it is rumored that Earl Warren, if not soon impeached and brought to trial, will make heroic efforts to suppress that list, acting either in his capacity as Boss of the Warren Crew in the Supreme Court Building or in his capacity as chairman of Johnson's special Committee to Conceal. Whether those efforts succeed will depend on you, my fellow Americans.

Armageddon

I venture to suggest—even to urge—that we Americans suspend our vexatious *disputaillerie* about conjectures and concentrate our united efforts on obtaining the basic information that we need, not merely to settle our arguments, but to survive.

I do not see how there can be a reasonable objection to that policy, with which even the most incensed should concur. We are prudent men and we therefore know that every prudent man knows that—if it happens that he is unjustly accused of a crime of which he is innocent—he cannot destroy public documents and sandbag witnesses on their way to the Grand Jury without arousing some grave suspicions that he may be less innocent than a new-born lamb on the hills of Arcadia.

We must obtain all possible information quickly, and we must be willing, as reasonable and practical men, to pay the requisite price for it, recognising that the primary responsibility for the demoralisation of American life falls on you

and me, who were too timid, too busy, or too lazy to do anything about it during the past fifty years. That means, specifically, that we must be prepared to condone and forget venial sins in public life—anything, that is, which is short of treason. We could all argue for a year, vehemently and inconclusively, about what should be a general standard of sexual morality. I hope that we would agree, however, that the standard, however much we prize it, is less important than our lives and those of our children. That question is vital, if, as informed sources in Washington assert, fifty-five Senators—a majority, mind you—are now kept in line by blackmail made possible by highly-trained and expert "call girls" operating, at the expense of American taxpayers, in collaboration with secret agents who installed concealed microphones and hidden cameras, including infra-red equipment. That, it is said, explains votes for "disarmament" and also explains the massive resistance that would be opposed to any proposal for an open and searching investigation. In the present crisis, I think it not too much to ask of even Mrs. Grundy that she look the other way for a while.

In the meantime, we certainly know enough about our enemies to attack effectively the Conspiracy on fronts that can absorb all our energies. Enough of our enemies have exposed themselves in acts of open treason to make inquiry into their motives or antecedents a waste of time. And time is what we cannot afford to waste: we have so little of it left.

It is entirely possible that we may never be able to identify the head of the octopus, but that will matter little, if we can lop off enough of its tentacles.

I know that apocalyptic visions of cosmic disaster are usually born of disordered imaginations. I know that men tend always to exaggerate the importance of their own countries and hence of the crises of the moment. But look as I will, I cannot see a future for Western civilisation anywhere in the world, if the United States is lost. What another race may do in five hundred or a thousand or ten thousand years is beyond our prevision; but the fate of human civilization as we know it depends, I fear, on what we do this year.

This is not Valley Forge: had our forefathers lost, they would have reverted to the status of British colonies and still have enjoyed a good fortune greater than that of most of the rest of mankind. This is Châlons or Tours, and the issue, quite simply, is whether the world's most hated minority, the Christian West, shall be forever obliterated by the infinite barbarism of irrational hordes. Or, to put it in less general terms, the issue is whether your children will regret having been born.

• • • • • Mr. W. P. Langmaid

We extend our sympathy and good wishes to Mr. W. P. Langmaid, whose prompt replies to correspondence have been so widely appreciated and who has been obliged, for reasons of health, to relinquish his devoted work for KRP publications. Our warm thanks to him will continue.

We are grateful to Miss Jane Catmur who has now assumed responsibility for the main part of his task, and to Mrs. Catmur who has agreed to undertake a section of it.

Mr. Langmaid is very appreciative of the letters he has received and wishes to thank all those who have so kindly written to him in his illness.

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