

EIR Books

François Genoud: 60 years as an Anglo-Swiss spook

by Katharine Kanter

Le Banquier Noir

by Karl Laske
Editions Seuil, Paris, 1996
376 pages, 130 FF

L'Extrémiste

by Pierre Péan
Editions Fayard, Paris, 1996
424 pages, 150 FF

On May 30, perhaps a harbinger of spring at last, François Genoud killed himself. To his posh residence at Lausanne, he invited a circle of friends from the pro-euthanasia sect "Exit," and, under their affectionate gaze, ingurgitated a mortal potion which was—naturally—painless. A fitting end to a squalid existence, the vultures of the Club of Death sitting on their perches, screeching and preening their gory wings.

Early in 1996, two biographies came out on this Swiss financier and intelligence officer, the man best known as "the spook equivalent of a numbered bank account." Why should this otherwise sordid, depressing figure so exercise the journalistic profession?

Lyndon LaRouche describes Genoud as "one of the Nazis used by Allen Dulles; who functioned, during the post-war period, as a key representative for the post-war literary estate of a number of top Nazi bosses. During the 1970s and 1980s, Genoud became a leading adversary of ours; experience proved him the variety of Nazi who enjoyed wide-ranging support in surprisingly high places, throughout Europe. Nota-

bly, throughout the post-war period, to the end, he enjoyed a great deal of protection by both certain influential Zionists and those Anglo-American enemies of ours associated, on the U.S.A. side, with Dulles and James Jesus Angleton."

The books of Messrs. Laske (*The Black Banker*) and Péan (*The Extremist*) are both, like their subject, a witting decoy, a deceit to entice the unwary up the garden path, while the truth gallops away over the horizon elsewhere. The thrust of the volumes, is to persuade us that Genoud was himself an actor, moving and shaping world events, and that the very existence of the man would tend to "explain events," whereas he has never been anything more—or less—than a stringer for the most evil factions in Anglo-American intelligence. This sort of personage is called in French *une chèvre*, a lure, about which individuals whom one wishes variously to run, to monitor, or to liquidate, gravitate like moths about a flame. As British-run terrorist operations tear the Jericho Agreements between Israel and the Palestinian Authority to shreds, the appearance of both volumes, which are part of the great hoax to set Arab against Jew, is a nasty piece of work which specifically targets French Jewry, a community which till now has had little truck with extremist groupings around Ariel Sharon and Henry Kissinger.

The decoy

François Genoud, born at Lausanne in 1915, had apparently pursued since the age of 17 and from his home base, Switzerland, a career singularly appropriate to a Swiss: the financial side of the international intelligence game. Suddenly, in 1982, he came to worldwide notoriety when two members of the "Carlos" terrorist cell, Bruno Breguet and Magdalena Kopp, were arrested in Paris riding in a car stuffed with explosives, in the midst of a terror wave. Their relations with Genoud in Switzerland were blasted over the world's

press. Genoud was written up as the “Nazi banker”; a spate of slander suits instigated by Genoud made him into a household word overnight. Before ever these suits came to trial, however, M. Genoud settled out of court: The Swiss intelligence services caused to be published a certain number of documents on the gentleman, which, though scant in content, did tend to back the allegations of the press. Clearly, someone in high places did not like the idea of Genoud standing up in open court and holding forth, in his peculiarly uninhibited fashion, on his relations with Swiss military intelligence during the war, or, *a fortiori*, a certain Allen Dulles, wartime OSS chief in Switzerland.

One press group, however, whom Genoud did not see fit to sue, is that associated with American economist Lyndon LaRouche.

In 1984, members of the Schiller Institute, under the direction of Helga Zepp LaRouche, brought together in *The Hitler Book*, a quantity of material they had earlier made public on the universal fascist and related movements throughout this century. Among the points made in the section of the final chapter devoted to Genoud, is his role in founding the Malmö, or Nazi International, in 1951, based at Lausanne and Malmö in Sweden, part of what Mr. LaRouche calls the “successor phase” in Anglo-American deployment of fascist networks. A capital component of this successor phase, was the move to take over the emerging nationalist movements in the Middle East.

On July 20, 1982, Mr. LaRouche wrote in *Executive Intelligence Review*, under the title “Separatist Terror: Old Nazis Play the Soviet Card,” the following:

“The oligarchical forces which created the Nazis under the influence of the Thule Society saw the Hitler form as a temporary phase in a succession of movements flowing out of the ideology of Friedrich Nietzsche and Aleister Crowley. These sponsors detached themselves from their Hitler-creation at various points in the process, and in the end negotiated with the British and Americans such as Allen Dulles to save selected Nazi assets for the work of preparing the successor-phase.”

Or as Mr. LaRouche wrote in the same *EIR* piece:

“The principal Arab Nazis of the 1930s and 1940s—including the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem and the Falange—were fed to Admiral Canaris’s Second Division of the Abwehr by the British SIS’s Arab Bureau. . . . Britain is playing a ‘great game’ in the Middle East, a game modeled directly on the manner in which Venice ran the inside of the Ottoman Empire and the Balkans from the middle of the 15th century through the Balkan Wars which triggered World War I.”

The game did not come to an end with World War II, on the contrary: The conditions under which an artificial Arab-Israeli conflict was fomented, gave the game and its bit-players like Genoud, yet broader scope for their activities. As a known go-between for Western intelligence, Genoud was used to thrust upon nationalist regimes like that of Egypt’s

Gamal Abdel Nasser, operatives like SS Col. Otto Skorzeny or Nazi Economics Minister Hjalmar Schacht, on the basis of their supposed “anti-Israeli” credentials.

“The spook equivalent of a numbered bank account.”

Unlike his counterparts in MI-5 and MI-6, rather a lot is known about Genoud the man, the more so as he is perfectly willing to talk to journalists. The son of a prominent Francophile businessman at Lausanne, Genoud visited Germany in 1932 and upon his return, flirted with Swiss right-wing groups. Throughout the pre-war period and the war, like a fish in water he criss-crossed the Swiss-German border, on missions known, if not to his hairdresser, at least to Swiss military intelligence.

In 1936, Genoud then aged 21, and his friend Jean Beauverd, set out on a trip to the East, which took them to Iran, Iraq, Palestine, India. Bearing letters of introduction from shadowy Swiss figures, the youths meet with the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, the Iraqi revolutionist leadership, the highest level of the Palestinian command. Without the backing of Swiss intelligence? Really? In any event, Genoud made two more trips to Palestine before the war, both paid for by Swiss newspapers.

During the war, Swiss intelligence was, at least in appearance, highly factionalized. Genoud’s controllers were probably grouped around Colonel Masson, reported to be pro-Axis. Genoud worked closely, among others, with Paul Dickopf, an Abwehr official who became—don’t laugh—head of Interpol after World War II. Swiss intelligence archives note that he was somehow involved in “monitoring” black market currency exchange in Nazi-occupied Holland, Belgium, and France. Switzerland was during the war the principal source of foreign currency for Nazi Germany, which was handed over to Germany in exchange for ill-gotten gold. In 1942, Genoud was arrested on order of some other faction of the Swiss authorities and just as suddenly released. That was the year that Allen Dulles arrived in Switzerland to head up the U.S. Office of Strategic Services (OSS) there. Dickopf was immediately put in touch with Dulles’s entourage. Genoud also put Dulles in touch with a bigger prize: Gen. Karl Wolff, who had commanded the Nazi forces in Italy. Thanks in some measure to Wolff’s good offices, the Anglophile OSS faction around James Jesus Angleton got the run of Italy after the war.

Wolff testified for the prosecution at Nuremberg, and served one week of a four-year sentence. Thereafter, we find him moving gracefully over to the British-occupied sector at Cologne, where he set up an ad agency and became a multimillionaire. The fellow had been organizing box cars to Treblinka. Much later, the West German government indicted him for war crimes; he died in jail.

In the decade following the war, from which conflict he emerged not precisely impoverished, Genoud turned to what was at the time, one of the lucrative ends of the publishing business: rushing into print with the literary remains of the more notorious Nazi leaders. In order to obtain exclusive

rights to their correspondence, papers, memoirs, and so forth, he raced, quite literally, to get their heirs under contract, deploying an American-style super-aggressive legal strategy which caught his European competitors off-balance. In this enterprise, he outdid everyone.

These papers are, in the main, devoid of especial interest, or even literary merit, at least in the form in which Genoud's circle has allowed them to reach us. What is apparent, is that Genoud's "sentimental mission" to save the Nazis' literary remains, was in fact an intelligence mission to pay for their

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heirs' silence with greenbacks, while the Dulles/MI-6 group for which Genoud operated, got first pickings on anything remotely sensitive. Anything, for example, which might show the degree of collusion between British and Nazi operatives against the German anti-Nazi resistance.

The head of the Swiss Armed Forces during World War II was General Guisan. In 1952, his son, Henri, a colonel, introduced his "close friend" Genoud to Thaddée Diffre, the right-hand man of René Pleven, twice President of the Council of Ministers under the Fourth Republic, the most Anglo-ophile regime France has known. Diffre was about to embark with Genoud on an economic tour of Germany, somehow involving the ubiquitous Schacht, when the British sprang the Naumann affair (see below).

In 1958, at the height of the Algerian War, Genoud set up at Lausanne the Banque Commerciale Arabe, to finance projects in the Arab world. The bank's official head was the Syrian magnate Djamil Mardam Bey. American-born Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht, Hitler's Economics Minister from 1934-37, a constant among Genoud's associates, was also brought in. Like Genoud, Schacht was a go-between. In the decade preceding the war, Schacht's career in interna-

tional finance took off thanks to his ties with Montagu Norman, then Governor of the Bank of England. In 1933, it was Schacht who, with Allen Dulles's brother John Foster Dulles, negotiated the so-called Harriman International Co., a business syndicate formed to run all exports from Nazi Germany to the U.S.A. His links to the Dulles faction in U.S. intelligence did not end with the war.

As the gray go-between for Algerian revolutionists, Genoud met on a number of occasions with Gen. Paul Grossin, head of France's foreign intelligence agency, SDECE, and with de Gaulle's son-in-law, General de Boissieu. Rather elegant for an alleged "flaming Nazi." It later became apparent the degree to which Genoud was instrumental in placing in key positions in Algeria's National Liberation Front (FLN), individuals who were to act in French colonial interests, whatever their apparent radicalism.

Genoud became the chief banker for the FLN, and an instrument for a number of financial and other operations the theater for which was the Arab world. When intelligence services turned to terrorism in the 1960s and '70s as their chief method of proxy warfare, Genoud's background in the Middle East made him the channel through which people and services could be run. It was Genoud the so-called "rightist" who coordinated the international campaign of so-called "leftists" to free Bruno Breguet, a stringer for the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP), after he was arrested by the Israeli authorities for planting a bomb at Haifa. Breguet, part of the stable around "Carlos," after a stint in the radical Berlin scene, turned up again as a player in the terror wave against France in the early 1980s.

A tie formed in the period of the Algerian War, coyly referred to as "friendship" by Genoud's hagiographers, is that to Michel Raptis, secretary to Ernest Mandel, founder of the Trotskyist Fourth International. Raptis, in 1952, was to become minister of planning in Algeria under Ahmed Ben Bella. In the 1960s, Raptis was recruiting European youth for terrorist training camps in Syria, as was another friend of Genoud's, the Belgian right-wing extremist François Thiriart. It is worth noting, that the Trotskyist movement has a weight in international intelligence networks far beyond its numbers. One of its chiefest activities since the 1970s, has been to rabble-rouse in the American and European left against the ideas of Lyndon LaRouche.

Is François Genoud a 'Nazi'?

François Genoud knew the Nazi leadership, of that there is no doubt. Until May 30, 1996, he would readily say that he was, and always had been, a Nazi. He would trumpet it to the four winds, and run off into the sunset, followed by hordes of baying journalists.

But François Genoud's political opinions, repellent as they may be, are about as relevant as the color of his socks. His hobby may well be collecting Hitler's papers and watercolors, or Amazonian insects, or whatever; Genoud's actions show him to be nothing more, nor less, than an able go-

between. A comparison with Fitzroy Maclean, for example, who was himself at the center of policy-making in all the theaters where he was engaged, is most instructive. And, amusingly perhaps, what Genoud had to say on the issue of the concentration camps in World War II, is no different from what any Thatcherite would say about the need to “rationalize” health care and social services today: “When people were no longer productive, their departure may perhaps have been hastened.”

The “Nazi” issue is a non-sequitur.

The decoy’s decoys

Employed by a Parisian leak-sheet, *Libération*, Mr. Laske cackles away in the barnyard of the so-called Zionist Lobby, occasionally laying an egg fertilized by unimpeachable sources such as the “English anti-fascist magazine, *Searchlight*.” This egg cracks open to reveal a Message of Great Portent: We are supposed to put down his book, having realized that Genoud=Hitler=Schacht=Banque Commerciale Arabe=Gamal Abdel Nasser=Francisco Franco=Arab World=Islam=people who do not admire the British Empire.

A great deal of Mr. Laske’s energy, indeed, hatred, is directed against the person of Gamal Abdel Nasser. Fathi-el-Dib, Nasser’s ambassador to Berne in the 1950s, and the head of the Egyptian secret service, was in fact a close associate of Genoud, and a great number of the Middle East projects of Genoud’s Banque Commerciale Arabe had to do with Egypt in some way. But the truth is elsewhere: The 1950s saw the emergence of a number of highly motivated nationalists in the Muslim world, inspired in part by the figure of Kemal Ataturk, from the Baath Party in Iraq, to truly great figures such as Mossadegh in Iran and Nasser.

The “Arab de Gaulle,” Gamal Abdel Nasser had ambitions for the Middle East, huge infrastructure projects. Switzerland, being not only a bank, but also one of the world’s major engineering and machine tool centers, was determined to be in on things when the contracts began to roll. Hence, Genoud.

An uninformed reader of Laske’s work will come to the conclusion that the history of the Middle East since World War II, boils down to a bunch of Nazis in exile, tucked away under Francisco Franco’s wing and devoting their declining years to the “shockingly immoral project” of building up the economies and infrastructure of the Arab world. Although England too played the “Arab card,” her hand definitely did not include the industrial development of the Mideast. Mr. Laske glows with pride as he shows how England foiled these “Nazi” projects time and again. A striking example of this was the 1953 Naumann affair, when British intelligence arrested at Düsseldorf and Hamburg the circle around Hitler’s former Secretary of State Werner Naumann, another business contact of François Genoud. German heavy industry was financing the group’s attempts to push through major projects in the Middle East and Africa, including building a railway between Egypt and Sudan. Hjalmar Schacht’s niece, Illse von

Finkenstein, married to Otto Skorzeny and living in Madrid, worked with Naumann on these Middle Eastern projects. “Foiled!” the French press at the time blared, “Corner-stone of Nazi-Arab operations . . . the center of anti-English intrigues in Cairo.”

Creatures like Skorzeny were involved in some of these projects for two reasons: One, such creatures were being planted on Arab nationalist leaders. Two, derivatives speculation, drug money laundering, etc., were not current business practice in the 1950s, as they are today. Recycled Nazis like Schacht and Skorzeny made their money on real business deals, because that was the only way to make it. That does not diminish the importance of the projects themselves.

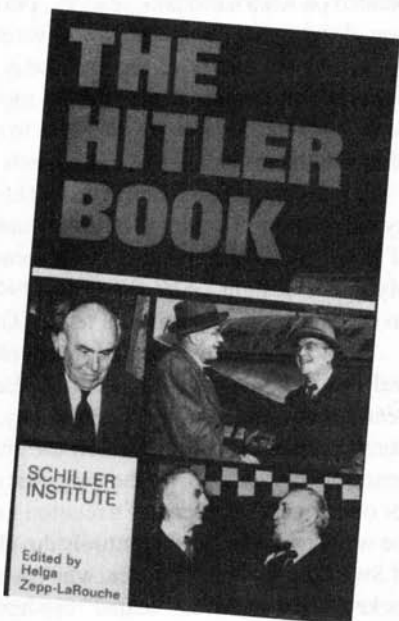
For his part, Péan has proven that he has enormous capacity for resisting boredom: He is the author of the biography of François Mitterrand’s youthful years (see “Mitterrand’s Myopic Hindsight,” *EIR*, Sept. 30, 1994). This prepared him, no doubt, for the monumental task of Genoud.

In fact, Péan is a personal friend of Genoud. Some may feel this to be an unenviable role. Others might admire Mr. Péan’s business sense. Be that as it may, from their conversations emerges with perfect clarity the image of a Swiss intelligence operative, who, by the way, was doubling and tripling for other agencies. Genoud’s relation to Paul Dickopf during the war, for example, was entirely covered by Colonel Olivet of Swiss military intelligence, who had the pair shuttling like rockets across various “sealed” borders throughout the war. Olivet became head of the Swiss Red Cross mission in the newly liberated zones after the war, distributing a strategic commodity known as food. Thanks to Olivet, we find Genoud in Brussels in 1945, sporting a brand-new Swiss passport from which all his wartime criss-crossing had vanished, administering for the Swiss mission the distribution of food to the starving Belgians. We find him in 1951, acting as the Swiss intermediary between Germany, France, and the U.S.A. in the affair of General Ramcke, wartime commander of the Brittany region, and imprisoned in France. Somehow, Genoud took Ramcke over the border into Switzerland, and from thence organized his unhindered escape to Spain. During the Algerian War, everyone else in Genoud’s line of business, or traffic, if you will, met an early death. Had Genoud not had the highest level protection both from Swiss, and from French intelligence, he would undoubtedly have been assassinated by one of the Algerian factions whose finances he ran.

Nothing Genoud undertook in his career would have been possible without the backing of Swiss intelligence. To write Genoud’s story, is in a way, the history of Switzerland in this century, a country lacking an empire but with a will to rule, without ideals, except survival, without ideology, save a coarse pragmatism. The credo of the Swiss is perfectly expressed in Genoud’s admonition to his children, who had run amok on a local farmer’s land: “Unleash pandemonium! Run wild wherever no one knows you and might catch up with you, but behave properly and follow custom, in the place you live.”

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Péan devotes two or three pages of his book to the attacks on Genoud by Lyndon LaRouche, the founder of this press agency, whom Péan describes as a “sect leader.” What exercises Péan, apparently, is the fact that LaRouche refers to Genoud as the intersection between Soviet and Nazi networks involved in international terrorism, a subject about which one contact of Genoud’s, a certain Allen Dulles—whom Mr. LaRouche calls “that OSS Tory”—knew a great deal. Because he mainly ran it.

Given Genoud’s role in Swiss intelligence, his proximity to Allen Dulles, and to the Algerian leadership, *inter alia*, intercourse with Soviet intelligence is not a supposition, it is a necessary fact. This, however, is the one aspect of Genoud’s toings and froings, upon which both Péan and Laske draw a complete blank. Laske is clearly too stupid even to think it relevant. Péan has written it out of the book.

Enter Britain’s MI-6

Far from being some stringer loose on the fringes of the intelligence community, the historian Hugh Trevor-Roper, who became a close contact of François Genoud’s, was one of the highest ranking officers in MI-6 during and after World War II. Close to Richard White, the head of MI-5, later head of MI-6, Trevor-Roper was sent by White in 1945 to “interview eyewitnesses” to Hitler’s suicide in the bunker, and was on the inside track of the Blunt and Philby Soviet spy affairs. White, one should recall, was extremely close to Lord Victor Rothschild, the so-called “Fifth Man” in the Philby spy ring, at the center of the biggest double-cross against U.S. intelligence in the 20th century.

According to Péan’s conversation with his subject, Genoud took contact with Trevor-Roper in 1951/somewhere, but not in England. When Trevor-Roper returned to England, he wrote up a favorable piece on Genoud for the English dailies, something along the lines of “fascinating ex-Nazi”; Gitty Sereny, another Genoud hagiographer, regularly churns out more of the same for the *Observer*, and others, today. Be that as it may, Trevor-Roper’s piece created an environment which allowed a celebrated publisher, himself part of the intelligence community, namely George Weidenfeld (later Lord Weidenfeld), to sign a contract with Genoud for *Hitler’s Table Talk*, to which Genoud had acquired the rights.

The rest of this story defies belief, except that it happened. Whom does Lord Weidenfeld send to Genoud to translate Hitler’s words? Major R.H. Stevens, who, as head of wartime Special Operations Executive in Holland, was at the center of the Venlo Affair! In 1939, Major Stevens and Sigismund Payne Best, of Britain’s Secret Intelligence Service (SIS), were authorized to meet with agents of the German Resistance in Holland. A plot, it was said, was afoot to overthrow Hitler. As it turned out, their contact was none other than Walter Schellenberg, then head of Gestapo Counter-Intelligence. Stevens and Best were arrested, and spent the entire war in a prison camp. This incident, which, from the British side, was

probably a hoax from the word go, was used to great effect by British intelligence to discredit utterly the German Resistance and any Allied attempts to make contact with them.

So, here we have the “last loyal friend of the Nazis,” the “Anglophobe” Genoud, talking to Péan: “When I heard Stevens was sent to me, I was cautious . . . after all, he was British intelligence. . . . But we became great friends. . . . Weidenfeld and I also became friends. Affable, and a most capable fellow. And successful too.”

Lord Weidenfeld, of whom Henry Kissinger is a sort of ill-hewn clone, was of course Jewish, and a prominent member of what some please to call the Zionist Lobby. In 1954, Weidenfeld published Martin Bormann’s correspondence, to which our hero had the rights, and to which Trevor-Roper again scribbled a preface. In the intelligence community, Genoud was kosher enough.

A steady companion to Major Stevens’s during the laborious translation of *Table Talk*, was Genoud’s close friend Constant Bourquin, of the Union of Swiss Publishers. Through Jean Jardin, who was the envoy of the Vichy government to Allen Dulles in Berne, Bourquin had become a fixture of the Vichy establishment, a position which rarely led to impoverishment. In 1959, Bourquin arranged for another major publisher, Fayard, to sign a contract with Genoud for Hitler’s Testament, to which (surprise!) Genoud had acquired the rights. Trevor-Roper was willingly roped in for yet another preface, and a prominent French diplomatist, André François-Poncet, a pre-war ambassador to Germany, was to write a commentary. Both backed out of the project at the last moment—the combination of interests involved had perhaps become a little too egregious to be easily explained away to a curious public.

Throughout the unending saga of the Nazis’ literary remains, one thing remains constant: no one outside the narrow circles of British and Swiss intelligence around Genoud, ever got their hands on the original papers for long. Genoud always made sure he got the exclusive rights. Whether these authors actually say precisely what our hero’s entourage would have us think they say, is a moot point, and, given the way they have got the rights nailed down, likely to remain so.

At the time these books were written, François Genoud, then 80 years of age, had all his wits about him. Not long before his death, he allowed himself to be interviewed by Péan for an hour-long documentary on French television, which Péan had set up so as to leave the viewer with the impression that the “Arabs” and the “Nazis” are just one big happy family. Why then has Switzerland’s answer to Lawrence of Arabia, François Genoud, lent himself to Péan’s enterprise, one highly offensive to the Arab world and, in the final analysis, little different than that of Laske’s? François Genoud was no more the friend of the Arabs, than he was of the Nazis, or of anyone for that matter. The only place on this planet where François Genoud has ever been truly kosher, is within the closed circle of Anglo-Swiss intelligence.

Humorless prophet of the new dark ages

by Nora Hamerman

The Soul of Politics: A Practical and Prophetic Vision for Change

by Jim Wallis

Orbis Books, New York 1994

255 pages, hardbound, \$19.95

This slim volume purports to bridge the abyss between the political “right” and “left” in the United States by “finding common ground in higher ground.” That would be welcome; but in all the platitudes that Jim Wallis, the preacher, activist, and editor of *Sojourners* magazine, is able to write in 255 pages, what is most distinctly missing is the higher ground. It is a pity, because the book is written from inside one of the world’s most polarized cities—Washington, D.C.—and he advertises a different religious approach from the philistine hypocrisy of the Pat Robertsons and Christian Coalitions of the U.S. political scene, as well as, supposedly, from the secular left.

Actually, Wallis is rather more “left” than “right,” but it is the case that he does not fit into either side of the traditional political spectrum: He’s a whole lot worse, and more dangerous, than either, and the constituency politics practiced by American political parties in the past, is one of the things he most wants to get rid of—specifically because it did function to raise the living standards of at least some groups in the population.

First things first: There is no way to move to higher ground these days, without a sense of humor. And a sense of humor is what Wallis seems most of all to lack—he even turns a bumper sticker, “I Shop, Therefore I Am,” presumably reflecting a modicum of self-irony on the part of some pathetic consumer, into one of those long-winded sermons that send most folks fleeing the churches to do something more uplifting on Sunday—like sleeping in, or reading the comics.

We are served up straight-faced assertions like the following: “New visions of community spirit, democratic participation, and political empowerment can transcend both liberal