

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

and conservative categories. Transforming individual character, social policy, and our physical environment is the key to change." It is hard to argue with terms like "community spirit" or even "political empowerment" because the *content* is missing. This is a little like listening to a Wagner opera. The reader is wafted from sensation to sensation and never comes to a conclusion. Where it all leads, like the Wagner music, is to a state of blurry rage.

The fog lifts only when we get to his concrete examples of "morally based politics." For example, on page 29, Mr. Wallis treats us to the following weather report:

"When the wind from the south flies in, bearing the hopes of the world's poor on its wings, a chilly gale will be felt by the northern global power centers that today run the world's system of economic apartheid. The unpredicted 1994 uprising of the Zapatista Indian campesinos in Mexico's Chiapas province, in rebellion against their government's neglect of them and embrace of NAFTA, is but a first sign."

The "northern global power centers," i.e., the Wall Street and City of London banking fraternity, do run a world system of economic apartheid. And they do it by means of "free trade" conspiracies like the North American Free Trade Agreement. But they *also* run the non-governmental organizations and "charities" that use the campesinos of Chiapas as cannon-fodder for an assault on the Mexican Republic under the Zapatista banner. If there is no Mexican Republic, then Mexicans, including campesinos of indigenous descent, don't have a prayer of enjoying any economic development. But you see, Mr. Wallis does not really want them to—it might interfere with their "spirituality."

Kaplan, Homer-Dixon, and Aboriginal spirituality

Although Orbis Press, the co-publisher of this volume, is operated by Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Wallis's spiritual heroes do not appear to include Pope Paul VI, who wrote his two great encyclicals, *On the Development of Peoples* and its complement, *On Human Life*, within a year of each other in 1967-68. Wallis prefers the existentialist "Theology of Liberation" exemplified by the likes of the late Bishop Helder Camara of Brazil. Wallis's not-so-spiritual authorities include such New Age academics as Robert D. Kaplan, who writes scenarios of population explosion, resource scarcity, and the disintegration of governmental authority into a lawless "road warrior" culture; and University of Toronto Prof. Thomas Fraser Homer-Dixon, who claims that future wars will arise from the polarity and scarcity caused by global environmental breakdown.

In the same vein, Preacher Wallis recounts his visit to an Aboriginal leader:

" 'The earth is our mother,' he said. Then putting his hand on his chest, he continued, 'I can feel the earth in my bones, in my flesh, and in the blood moving through my body.' Our lives depend on the earth, he told me, and we

also must depend on each other. . . .

"Relationship to the earth and a sharing of resources are at the heart of Australian Aboriginal spirituality. And that spirituality is still alive, despite the genocidal consequences of 200 years of white settlement," comments Wallis. He then goes on to contrast the "spirituality" of the Aborigines to the photo published that day in the Australian press, during the middle of August 1990, of "George Bush sitting on his golf cart and ordering American troops to the Gulf over his mobile phone. The contrast between the two leaders could not have been more stark."

The *style* may have contrasted, but in practice, Mr. Wallis, both President Bush and your Aboriginal leader were working for the same boss. *EIR* has also told this story. Indeed, the new world religion that Jim Wallis wants to see come into its own is nothing but Prince Philip's world "environmentalist" religion, intended to displace Christianity, and it is at least as old as Babylonia.

Now, how does this jibe with Wallis's avowal of a basic belief that man is created in the image of God? He writes on page 72:

"We begin with the fundamental insight of *imago dei*, the image of God. Most of the world's great religions teach that humankind and every human being is created in the divine image. That most foundational premise gives each person an equal and sacred value." That sounds pretty good.

But then, "At the heart of our problem is the painful truth that the affluent believe that their children are more important than the children of the world who are now starving to death. The religious assertion that those children are also sacred means that they are just as important as our own children and must be treated that way. . . . What would it mean to fashion a global economy and conduct our politics as if every human being had equal and sacred value?"

What he observes is empirically on the mark: Many, if not most, advanced-sector parents of the baby-boomer generation are engaged in a Hobbesian war of "each against all" in pursuit of the devastating illusion that they can ignore the fate of the human race as a whole in the rearing of their own children. If this ideological sickness is not reversed, it will lead inexorably to a world in which those very pampered children will only look forward to euthanasia, when they become too old or too sick to be considered of value. How many of our citizens have been desensitized to the pain and fear in which their own neighbors in the inner cities as well as in developing countries live, is attested to by the popularity of the fascist "Conservative Revolution" among the "family values" crowd. But this has nothing intrinsic to do with whether or not people rear children; it has everything to do with whether children are perceived as possessions, or as a sacred trust given to families whose task it is to love, protect, and rear them in order to realize their destiny as creative, productive individuals. It takes a lot of grit to raise kids in the latter way—often against their resistance, and certainly against the tide of the surround-

ings—but that sort of parenthood involves self-sacrificial love, and it will afford a means of attaining greater, not lesser empathy with “the children of the world who are now starving to death.”

Wallis overlooks the materialism of our society in its core meaning. Consumerism, his principal target, is only one of the ugliest manifestations of the banality of a culture which has lost its moorings. Materialism is the regarding of human beings—not only others but oneself—as *objects* rather than as immortal souls. “Environmentalism” is a radically materialistic doctrine which views human beings as things which consume, identically with the shopping-mall junkies Wallis deplures.

Imago Dei

In Wallis’s chapter, “Patterns of Inequality,” which deals with racism, “sexism,” homosexual rights, feminism, and “womanism,” he piously intones that we need to “tone down the rhetoric and listen to the concerns of each side” in the abortion debate: “To defend women who must often make painful and lonely decisions about abortion is also to choose on behalf of human life. . . . Poor women, lacking the resources of their more affluent sisters, would be especially at risk from dangerous illegal abortions.” The sleight-of-hand here is that in the space of a few sentences, Wallis has gone from defending *women* “who must often make painful and lonely decisions about abortion,” a concept which has been especially insisted upon by Cardinal John O’Connor of New York, as the duty of Christians, to a different, not quite explicitly stated agenda, which is, defending those *decisions*.

Wallis breathes not a word about the right to life of an unborn baby, which is the primary focus of the pro-life advocates, who believe that human, sacred life begins at the moment of conception and continues until the moment of natural death. By never addressing this argument, or stating whether he agrees with it or not, Wallis has not “bridged the gap,” or opened up dialogue between the two sides, or anything of the kind—he has simply adopted the consoling arguments of the pro-abortion position and called for everyone to stop shouting!

The primary issue has to do with the content of “man in the image of God.” Contrary to what Wallis asserts, it is not clear that the “world’s great religions” do agree on the concept of *imago dei*. The God of Christianity is a loving Creator, and to be in His image means, above all, to be creative. Some other religions come close to this concept, which is most fully unfolded in Christianity; but numerous religions, including some of the world’s greatest (in terms of their numbers of adherents), conceive of God as a vengeful despot or as the patron of a political movement for power. Some “gods” of the primitive spiritualities so dear to Jim Wallis are viciously irrational Mother Earth goddesses, who demand human sacrifices: a practice which could be prescribed, perhaps in disguised form, by anyone who believes the analysis of Kaplan

and Homer-Dixon that the world is most at risk from human overpopulation.

Wallis’s ideas have been endorsed by people in highly influential roles in official Washington, such as Marian Wright Edelman, the head of the Children’s Defense Fund. Edelman’s effusive praise of the book is quoted on the back cover of the dust jacket: “If we are going to reweave the fabric of our national, community, and family lives so that no child is left behind, we must transcend the old divisions of liberal and conservative, private vs. public sector, those preaching

Instead of an “ideological cease-fire for the sake of the children,” a form of consensual pragmatism which would leave untouched the pessimistic assumptions behind the “new religion” of both Mr. Wallis and his nominal Christian Coalition adversaries, let us engage our children and anyone who really supports them, in a clamorous battle of ideas.

personal morality and those advocating public justice. Jim Wallis calls us, with the authentic voice of one living what he preaches, to a ‘prophetic politics of personal and social transformation’ and an ‘ideological cease-fire for the sake of our children.’ I pray our nation heeds his call.”

I have a contrary proposal. Instead of an “ideological cease-fire for the sake of the children,” a form of consensual pragmatism which would leave untouched the pessimistic assumptions behind the “new religion” of both Mr. Wallis and his nominal Christian Coalition adversaries, let us engage our children and anyone who really supports them, in a clamorous battle of ideas. Battles over real ideas, as opposed to mowing down innocent youth in our streets in a bestial competition for the most ephemeral of things, have been conspicuously missing at all levels of national life. For example, let us mobilize this nation’s youngsters against popular music (rock, rap, country, and so forth): the plague that cuts across virtually all strata of the political and social landscape, and arm them with a living knowledge of the great Classical tradition exemplified by Mozart. If the children end up having to confront their parents and grandparents’ failings in the process, so be it. Perhaps this seems like a change in subject, but it is not. It goes to the real “soul” of politics. It will also be a tremendous amount of fun, which is one thing Jim Wallis’s book, is not.