

# THE AMERICAN JEW



By

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**BERSERKER**

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**BOOKS**

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## Jewish America

1

The American mirage

"Look at Roosevelt, Otto Kahn, Morgenthau, Filène, Barush, Rosenthal... Just look at those stupid faces..."

Louis-Ferdinand Céline

Corpse School

At first, it was the homeland of the 'good' philosophical savages who shed torrents of tears and practised natural morality under the ecstatic gaze of the Panglosses of the Encyclopaedia.

Then came the "sacred soil of liberty". When, thanks to the soldiers of the King of France, the Insurgents forced the English to carry out their traditional reembarkation, our "great ancestors" shouted with great joy, for for the first time men emancipated from monarchical superstitions had undertaken to govern themselves, by the people, for the people...

At the same time as its institutions vindicated the political fantasies of European cranks, America offered all the unfortunate, all the bankrupt, all the bad boys on the run from the gallows and the fanatics in search of biblical virtue, marvellous prospects of revenge or escape. It was the land of unlimited opportunities, clean criminal records, gold rushes and inherited uncles.

Then came the paradise of technology and machines, industrial perfection, high wages, assembly-line work and cars for everyone.

Even today, it is to America that we turn all those who have been thrown into disarray by the upheavals in Europe, all those who have not understood the profound meaning of our revolution and who, lacking imagination, cling pathetically to hackneyed myths, to old recipes, to the derisory hope of impossible

miracles: America will give us bread, peace, freedom and pernod for Arthur. We believe in Roosevelt, the infallible, the all-powerful, like children believe in Father Christmas. With the same faith but without the same excuses.

For if America once symbolised the new order, if it was for a long time a refuge and an example, if its institutions and prosperity were identified with the notion of progress, all this has ceased to be true.

Today, America is nothing more than a reactionary nation perpetuating outdated values, the forty-eighty Taylorism of the industrial prison and the forty-eighty verbiage of the democratic stage. It is like those child prodigies who amaze their families before they can write, and whose development suddenly freezes at puberty. In the middle of the 20th century, with its giant houses, aerodynamic locomotives and millions of engines, America is as archaic as a speech by Jefferson. It has let itself be overtaken by events. Like the old Austrian monarchy, like the Turkey of the sultans, it has ceased to march to the rhythm of the century, it is perpetually behind an idea or an army: a shiny facade criss-crossed with enormous cracks that no longer even conceals the obsolete bric-a-brac of dead illusions.

No doubt the high standard of living of some of the American masses has prolonged the mirage. But what merit is there in achieving a certain level of prosperity when all you have to do is bend down to pick up oil, gold, iron and coal? In a country where natural wealth is superabundant, it is inevitable that the least gifted individuals will reap at least a few crumbs.

American prosperity is not the result of American political principles or American genius. This prosperity was built, it must be said, in spite of the Americans. Since people were free to do as they pleased, with no master plan, no social obligations and no constraints from the State, they exploited the country's resources absolutely at random, and the famous Yankee efficiency is above all reflected in a gigantic waste. The pioneers deforested indiscriminately; they wiped out the forests that were most essential for regulating the flow of the great rivers, which now overflow in the spring with catastrophic violence. Farmers use methods that would have made people in the Middle Ages blush. When a piece of land is exhausted, they sow a little further away, without thinking about alternating crops or restoring the soil's fertility. The country is so vast... As for the cattle, they raise themselves on the immense plains of the Far West.

It's the same anarchy in industry, where the plutocrats of the trusts practice a clever Malthusianism. The aim is not to produce what Americans need, but what can be sold at a profit. If necessary, mining production is reduced and oil wells are mothballed.

No rational organisation of internal conquest, no effort to distribute the common wealth equitably. In a land that could provide normal resources for five hundred million human beings, one hundred and twenty-five million men and women live in perpetual insecurity, and eleven or twelve million unemployed people, plus their families, have had to subsist, from 1929 until the war, only on the meagre allowances of a government deprived of imagination and daring.

The extraordinary thing is not that many American workers enjoy a certain degree of affluence, but that their standard of living is barely higher than that of workers in deprived nations, that they are not five times more opulent, and that in the land of overproduction, millions of men are reduced to indigence.

From a material and social point of view, the failure is complete. There is nothing to correct or temper the abominable law of the jungle of economic liberalism. From a political point of view, it's the same nothingness: institutions that are frozen, sclerotic, totally unfit to provide sound solutions to the problems of the modern world, that have dried up American idealism, corrupted the people, rejected youth in favour of the exclusive cult of gangsterism and finance, condemning America to impotence, dooming it to the worst catastrophes.

Now that America has gone to war, there can be no doubt. But this war was no surprise to those in Washington. They had wanted it with tenacious fanaticism. In two years, they had had ample time to prepare. But the first cannon shots plunged them into complete disarray and revealed to the world the extent of American stupidity. In the space of a few weeks, the Yankees were swept from the Pacific, deprived of all their bases and dispossessed of the trading posts and fortresses they had dotted around the Far East. Their allies were crushed without so much as a gesture of assistance. Their terrible battle fleet vanished into thin air. Their ships were attacked and destroyed by German submarines close to their territorial waters. The British and Russians are begging in vain for equipment that the Americans are unable to manufacture in sufficient quantities for themselves. In the words of Abel Bonnard, Roosevelt has been reduced to promising himself the planes he has been promising all the anti-fascists in the world for two years.

And if this is the case, if this nation, which had the material potential to become the most powerful in the world and to serve as an example to the universe, is demonstrating its dazzling failure in every field, it is because it is a democracy. And to make matters worse, a Jewish democracy.

In this way, everything is explained, everything becomes clear. You can't understand anything about America if you don't constantly have this explanation in mind, which is the common thread running through the American tragedy.

American failures are democratic failures.

The American abomination is the Jewish abomination.

Nothing more, nothing less.

Nor was such a fate inevitable. True, the United States was founded by rambling philosophers, but the country could have freed itself as it developed from the mortgage of "immortal principles". It was prevented from doing so. In the history of the United States, the American Civil War is more important than the Bill of Rights. It was during this period that the democratic system was confirmed, and it was the victory of the Northerners that condemned America to becoming permanently stuck in the democratic rut, preventing it from seeking other solutions or even being tempted to imagine them.

Then, when democracy had been firmly established, the Jews only had to appear for the country to surrender to them. And in the easiest way in the world they managed to ruin America, to defile it, to pervert it. Just as the presence of Blum at the head of the French government is the logical consequence of '89 and '48, so the easy conquest of America by the Jews could not be explained without the American Civil War. Lincoln did not just free the Negroes. He prepared the cantonments for the Jewish invaders. He put his country in a state of least resistance, he offered it, defenceless, to the unbridled lusts of the chosen people.

Pierre-Antoine Cousteau, *L'Amérique juive*, Les Éditions de France, 1942, p. 9-12

The crushing of the civilised

"Another prodigious flan, this famous U. S. race barrier. S. A.... Just a minute! One day, the Jews will throw the Negroes, their brothers, their shock troops on the last white "cadres" and reduce them, all drunkards, to slavery. Harlem would become the 'white' quarter. The niggers on a binge, they'll go and see, they'll make the whites dance for them, the "blanc boula".

Louis-Ferdinand Céline

Bagatelles pour un massacre

Long before the colonials in Boston revolted against the King of England (over a sordid issue of tea tax that lawyers later idealised), two perfectly distinct forms of civilisation were taking shape on the new continent.

The North was industrious, democratic, egalitarian, puritanical and preachy. It was directly inspired by those "Pilgrim Fathers" whom the Mayflower had once brought from Holland, after their fanatical proselytism had made them undesirable first in Scotland and then in the debonair Netherlands. These pioneers were rough men: they had cleared the land by quoting the Bible. They truly despised worldly goods. Their sons, on the other hand, soon developed a taste for wealth. They began to earn dollars frantically, but without abandoning the virtuous vocabulary of their ancestors or the outward signs of austerity. And the new immigrants, poor wretches who had been more or less outlawed in their countries of origin, found it convenient, in order to regain their legal virginity, to emulate the rigour of the original occupants.

The Yankees regarded everything that came from Europe with extreme suspicion, if not outright hostility: people and things, ideas and customs. They regarded as frivolous and contemptible everything that embellished life, everything that made it pleasant or simply bearable: the most innocent pleasures as much as libertine amusements, art in all its forms, theatre and literature as much as the joys of the table or the alcove. And above all, they did not tolerate the slightest hierarchy - apart from that of money - the slightest superiority of talent or spirit. Their grandfathers had emigrated out of resentment against the 'Babylonian' mores of the old world, their fathers had fought the 'despot' of London with arms in their hands. In their virgin land, they saw themselves as a chosen people, receiving directly from the Almighty the revelation of wisdom and the material reward for their virtue. So why bother with traditions? Traditions were detestable. They could only be a useless or harmful burden, the heritage of Satan. Only personal merit counted, and that merit could only be measured in dollars. It was in New England that the habit of judging an individual only by his material success, and of giving success a moral significance, originated, and is now widespread in all forty-eight states. If a man makes money, it's because God is with him, and if God is with him, it's because he's righteous.



By virtue of their recruitment and philosophical training, Northerners were predisposed both to carefully nurture democratic prejudices and to worship nothing but the dollar.

The South was very different. Life there was amiable and easy, adorned with all the aristocratic graces of the eighteenth century. Of course, money was not despised, but it was not the only title of nobility below the Dixie line. Southerners were very proud to have as ancestors 'honourable' emigrants who had been neither undesirable missionaries nor adventurers hunted down by the courts of Europe.

Socially, a poor planter whose family had established itself and who was known to behave like a gentleman had a much more enviable position than a happy speculator.

The people of the South also maintained close contact with their homelands. They retained their customs and traditions. The girls copied their dresses from those of the ladies of the French court, and the boys went off to Oxford or Paris to complete their studies and, above all, to acquire that veneer of politeness that is the prerogative of refined civilisations.

In the South, there was no shame in owning a library. Leisure was not considered a mortal sin. From plantation to plantation, there were more and more opportunities to meet, friends and relatives were invited, and then they were kept for days, sometimes weeks on end, by devising pleasant entertainments for them in the style of Marie-Antoinette's Trianon.

What's more, the people of the South only paid lip service to democracy, because it was fashionable, because at the time, especially in America, it would have been inconceivable to attack the "immortal principles" head-on. But deep down they were committed to the ideas of authority. This was clearly seen during the war. While Lincoln was lost in Washington in parliamentary intrigues, while he wore himself out in sub-committee chatter and changed his general-in-chief like his shirt to satisfy his influential constituents, the Southerners accepted the principle of dictatorship from the outset, without discussion, and left President Davis absolutely free to conduct the affairs of the Confederacy as he saw fit.

Finally, in the southern states there were elements of a racist doctrine.

Let's be clear: today, all Americans are racist when it comes to yellow or black people, but this is a defensive reflex, an individual attitude that philosophers and legislators disavow and that citizens barely dare to admit. In practice, you don't marry a Negress and you don't eat at the same table as a Negro. Officially, thanks to the victory of the Northerners, the most distressing gherkins of our eighteenth century have become the spirit of American law: all men are equal, all men are equal. (1) It is easy to see how the Jews can take advantage of such a state of mind to infiltrate people whose instinctive racism is limited to the colour of their skin and who nevertheless remain, on a theoretical level, doctrinaires of anti-racism.

It was only in the Southern States, before the debacle of 1864, that people took a stand with an absence of hypocrisy that no longer remains today. The South, racist in fact, was not ashamed to be so openly and frankly. As soon as Confederation was formed, the vice-president of the new state hastened to proclaim :

The dominant idea of Jefferson and most of the eminent statesmen at the time of the framing of the old Constitution was that the slavery of Africans is a violation of the law of nature. Our new Government is built upon the very opposite idea; its foundations are made, its cornerstone rests upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his natural and normal condition. Our new government is the first in the history of the world to be based on this great physical, philosophical and moral truth. The architecture of our society is made of the material which nature deems necessary; and by experience we know that it is better, not only for the superior race, but also for the inferior race that it should be so.

There is no doubt that if they had won the war, people who so boldly professed the great modern theory of racial inequality would have been able to defend themselves against a peril far more formidable than the Negro peril: the Jewish invasion.

They were given neither the time nor the means. One of the two Americas was too many. Since the early 19th century, the gap between North and South had widened.

The incompatibility of moods was too obvious for the bitter-sweet exchanges not to turn into open conflict sooner or later. However, things could have remained as they were for a long time to come, since it was in the interests of both adversaries to remain part of the same economic unit, if, towards the middle of the century, this quarrel over trends had not escalated into a quarrel over money. From then on, the Yankees forgot that the constitution drawn up by the founders of the Republic was

intended to preserve the independence of the States and leave them free, within the federal framework, to administer themselves as they saw fit. Being the strongest, they did not hesitate to interpret the constitution in their own way, to impose by force both their economic dictatorship and their philosophy of existence. When we are told at school that slavery was the cause and the issue of the American Civil War, we are shamelessly mocked. The American Civil War was about tariffs. Nothing else. The North was protectionist, the South free trader. The North had rapidly industrialised and needed strong protection for its manufactured goods. The South, on the other hand, lived off its cotton exports, and found it more advantageous to buy its machines and fabrics in the European countries where it sold its crops. Faced with being outnumbered, the South repeatedly threatened to withdraw from the Union. This would have been a catastrophe for the Yankee businessmen: they would have lost both immense commercial outlets and access to the sea via the Mississippi - the old man river - control of which is essential to the prosperity of the Middle West. Each time, a more or less satisfactory compromise enabled the conflict to be temporarily postponed. From year to year, however, the dispute became more acute and secession more threatening. It was quite clear that the Northerners would never agree to a divorce, and that they would go to war if necessary to maintain the Union and keep their customers. But a war over tariffs is not a very honourable thing to do. It's much more glamorous to proclaim that you're fighting for human brotherhood, law, justice, freedom, democracy and the emancipation of slaves.

Freeing the slaves was the Yankees' alibi.

In so doing, the plutocrats of the North were not lacking in a certain audacity. For they themselves had engaged in the slave trade, and had given slavery the subtle and ferocious form that it has retained to this day in liberal countries.

In the North, as in the South, there was an urgent need for labour. But the descendants of the first settlers who had cleared the land had turned away from manual labour, becoming industrialists or bankers, and the use of black slaves had proved disappointing. The transplanted negroes were too expensive to maintain, their yield was meagre and they had difficulty withstanding the rigours of the climate, so they were freed, but to make up for this shortcoming, compact masses of "free" workers were imported from Europe.

New-style recruiting sergeants canvassed the slums of Ireland and the Balkans, picking up the poor bastards by the hundreds of thousands and sending them off to America, in the steerage rooms of the liners, with a meagre viaticum and extravagant promises. On arrival, these pariahs, most of whom spoke no English, were completely unable to defend themselves. They had to endure exactly the same

conditions as their employers: twelve or fourteen hours' work a day for wages that barely kept them from starving. The lot of these unfortunate whites was worse than that of the official slaves, because in the event of illness the boss was under no obligation to provide for their subsistence and there was naturally no question of paying them the slightest pension for their old age.

It is interesting to note that none of the tribunes who thundered so vehemently against the barbarity of slavery in the Southern States seems to have been concerned about the fate of the immigrants who were unloaded every week, in boatloads, on the docks of New York or Boston. Better still, these same tribunes were often the most relentless in proclaiming that the right to strike (after all it was the only recourse of these unfortunate people) would have been an abominable attack on the sacred rights of employers.

In comparison, the real slaves on the cotton plantations were treated much better. Over time, around the 1960s, slavery became more humanised and patriarchal.

The Southerners treated their slaves not, of course, as their equals - they were too rightly aware of their superiority - but with a familiar condescension from which sympathy was not excluded. For the most part, moreover, they had been brought up by one of those ebony mammies, fat and tyrannical, who took on in every home the importance of the nannies of the old Spanish repertoire. They knew the negroes, they knew how to talk to them and inspire their confidence. Very few abused their power. Race hatred, in any case, was a totally unknown feeling. This hatred only arose later, after emancipation, after Washington's "idealists" had unleashed the Civil War.

Slavery was gradually being eradicated. Of course, no one imagined that freedmen would become the political equals of white men, but far-reaching reforms were in the pipeline, aimed at improving the lot of blacks without compromising social equilibrium.

If the liberation of the slaves had been the only ambition of the Northerners, it is certain that the war of '60 would not have taken place. Nevertheless, the pious Pharisees of the North used it as a pretext.

The conflict lasted four long years. It was the fiercest and deadliest war of the nineteenth century. To the very end, the Southerners fiercely resisted, one against four, defending every square inch of their territory with magnificent heroism. At the call of President Davis, the whole country rose up. While in the North conscription reached only a relatively small percentage of the population, in the South every

man of military age enlisted in the Confederate army. Entire families donned their uniforms, as has since happened in Catholic Navarre, where old men and teenagers rushed into battle to save Spain from Bolshevism, leaving large deserted villages in their wake.

There was nothing sordid about this resistance. It was not their 'feudal' privileges that the Southerners were defending, it was their homes, their honour, their liberties, their philosophy of life. Ah, the quarrel over slavery was well forgotten, so forgotten that the Congress of the Union did not remember the Negro question until after two years of war. Even then, it only passed the law making all slaves free men and citizens for reasons of propaganda and strategy, in order to satisfy the "universal conscience" and to try to provoke insurrections in the Southern States. But this second objective was not achieved. The coloured soldiers who took part in this war were significantly more numerous in the Southern ranks than in the Northern ranks.

Finally, overwhelmed by their numbers, reviled by the whole world which had fallen for the fable of generous Northern idealism, deprived of arms and ammunition, reduced by the blockade to the most appalling famine, the Confederates capitulated. And the Northerners set about savagely exploiting their victory. Not only were the Southerners stripped of their political rights, not only was their property taken from them (on the pretext that they could no longer pay taxes) and Yankee settlers installed in their place, but local and "freely" elected governments were imposed on them by force of bayonets, made up entirely of illiterate negroes manoeuvred by rapacious adventurers, the carpet baggers. It is without precedent that a defeated nation has been physically annihilated with such method and refinement. In the past, conquerors put their victims to the sword. This process is arguably more humane than Yankee 'reconstruction' methods.

The States of the South never recovered from this debacle, and above all, America never regained its equilibrium or the means to justify the hopes raised by its early beginnings. The civilised America that was traditionalist, humane, authoritarian and hierarchical, the one that held the seeds of fascism in its power, was murdered. The other America triumphed, that of aggressive puritans, blacksmiths and democratic gibberish.

Wonderful manure offered to the Jewish invasion. From all the ghettos of Europe and the East, the vultures with hooked fingers would rush to the slaughter.

It was around 1890 that the Jews launched their first waves of assault on the New World. In less than half a century, the conquest was complete.

The whole of America was in their hands.

Pierre-Antoine Cousteau, *L'Amérique juive*, Les Éditions de France, 1942, p. 13-18.

(1) In principle, of course. In practice, the laws governing immigration favour the Nordics to the detriment of the Mediterraneans and Slavs, who are considered to belong to inferior races. But this is discrimination of which the anti-racist Roosevelt does not boast.

3

The promised land

"Louis XIV was only a very small sire in terms of victories next to Felix M. Warburg of New York.

Louis-Ferdinand Céline

Bagatelles pour un massacre

When I came back from captivity and was sorting through some old papers, I found a damning document: the yearbook of De Witt Clinton High School, where I spent nine months of my childhood in 1921. I'd forgotten all about it. Or rather, I had only a vague memory of transatlantic holidays, of baseball games on the grassy squares, of vagrancy with young thugs in knickerbockers who looked like the 'Angels of Hell', and also of those atrocious evenings when I tried to translate Latin into English and English into Latin, knowing almost nothing about either language.

Twenty years later, the yearbook of De Witt Clinton High School brought back to life for me the image of my classmates. After all, my classmates have been photographed extensively. There's the theme group, the saxophone group, the philatelists' group, the 'good stories' club, the swimming champions, the policemen, the football players, the nature lovers, the lawyers, the news reporters, the radio club... All these photos are excellent, ruthlessly sharp. All of them, except one, the one of the military preparation, in which - naturally! - are ghetto photos. They sum up America. They are America.

I confess, to my great confusion, that in 1921 I didn't understand him at all, I didn't suspect the drama that was unfolding before my eyes, nor the lessons I could have learned from it, more valuable than the knowledge of a few tirades from *Midsummer Night's Dream* or Cicero's Orations. My classmates were Samuel Asofsky, Alfred Baum, Nathan Beckenstein, Berkovitz, Bernstein, Jacob Cohen, Nathan Cohen, Morris Cohen, Eisenstein, Eliasberg, etc., etc., etc.. The orchestra was directed by Rapaport, the theatre troupe by Bercovici, the rugby team by Lévy, baseball by Samuels, football by Boulotchnik and tennis by Neuberger. Rosenthal was in charge of the library and Rosenbaum of the Economics Club. Aaron Oesterreicher was in charge of the refectory and Oppenheim the internal police. I'm not making this up, I'm just copying my old yearbook...

Teachers called Salomon or Goldbloom told us in all seriousness that America was populated by Anglo-Saxons and that "our ancestors" had taught the world freedom after rising up against the King of England in 1776 and creating an empire. It was no less preposterous than the classic history lesson for little negroes in Senegal: "Our ancestors, the Gauls...". But the humour escaped me. I didn't realise that my little friends were Jews, that the school was Jewish, that New York was a Jewish metropolis, that the whole country was subject to the Jews. Everything that instinctively shocked me, everything that my Aryan adolescent reflexes rebelled against, I didn't understand, I couldn't understand that it wasn't Americanism, but triumphant Judaism. My excuse was that I was fourteen and nobody had ever bothered to open my eyes to Jewish reality...

Who else could have informed me? It was a time when dozens of migrant French writers periodically discovered America with great cries of ecstasy. They discovered everything in America: vertiginous lifts, fridges, chewing gum, gangsters, sex appeal, automatic bars, slaughterhouses, five and ten cents, the Taylor system and petting parties. Everything but the essentials, except the Jews. Some people were so conscientious as to note in passing that New York had a 'large Jewish community'. But they said this in a detached and modest tone, as if it had been an observation of secondary interest, with as much composure as when noting the charm of Californian damsels and the appeal of speakeasies.

On the other hand, they never forgot to talk to us copiously about negroes, the negro invasion, the negro peril! As if this danger existed! Even if there were two, three or four times as many Negroes, there would be no danger to the Aryan community, since all Americans are aware of the need to protect the white race. It does not matter that thirty out of forty-eight States prohibit mixed marriages by written law: it is in forty-eight out of forty-eight States that "prejudice" opposes such marriages with an intransigence, a vigour and an effectiveness that no police regulation could ever achieve. What's more, Negroes have no economic power or political influence; they do not control any major bank or trust, they do not publish any major newspaper, and if they appear in the theatre or on the radio, it is only as

jazz singers. Whatever one may say, the Negro question does not arise. It has been settled by the subordination of blacks to whites, by the erection of an invisible barrier preventing blacks from entering areas of white influence.

The Jewish problem, so well glossed over by French writers, is more formidable. The most serious specialist on America, André Siegfried, devotes exactly three pages of his remarkable work on the United States to the Jews. He notes that, of all foreigners, the Jews are the ones who give the impression of adapting most easily, of becoming Americanised most zealously, even too zealously, but that this is not to be trusted and that "in the end, these pseudo-assimilates from the early days remain in the state of heterogeneous ferment; they are distinguishable, unmixed at the bottom of the melting pot" This is the outline of the problem. André Siegfried does not go any further, and none of the contemporary discoverers of the New World attempted to give a Jewish explanation of America. It was safer to do so. If these Christopher Columbus of the pen had revealed the true Jewish face of America, and supposing they had found a publisher bold enough to print their prose, what reprisals, what a boycott! For, in democratic countries, the Jewish plot enjoys the astonishing privilege of being able to flaunt itself in broad daylight, to display itself insolently without anyone having the right to say a word about it. This used to be called freedom of the press.

And yet it is so obvious. I returned to the United States in 1929 and 1935, a little more mature than I had been in 1921, and I easily discovered what they were so careful to hide from us.

Naturally, the conquest was only apparent in the big cities. There are 1,800,000 Jews in New York, 300,000 in Chicago, 247,000 in Philadelphia, more than 50,000 in Baltimore, Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles and St Louis.

In New York, one doctor in three and one lawyer in two are Jewish. The theatre is Jewish, the cinema is Jewish, the press and the two major radio stations, Columbia Broadcasting System and National Broadcasting Corporation, are Jewish. Jewish in banking and politics...

New York, we are told, is not America. How clever! Would Paris, by any chance, not be France? Just as an occupying army does not need to settle in every village and every house to hold a country, and all it needs to do is control the major centres and strategic points, so the Jews are the masters of a nation when they have seized the capital, when they have domesticated political power, when they hold the reins of the major economic enterprises and when they have a monopoly on the means of expression. Numbers don't matter. Out of 125 million inhabitants, there are barely 4,500,000 Jews in the United



States. But in Africa, too, Negroes far outnumber whites. However, the whites are the masters and nothing is done without their permission. In America, Aryans of British, Scandinavian, German or French stock are the negroes of Jewry.

Less discreet than the modest French travellers of the inter-war years, the American writer Werner Sombart agreed in a book full of tenderness for the Jews. On page 51 of *Jews in Economy Life* we read:

To a certain extent we can say that the United States owes what it is, what its Americanism is, to Jewish influence, because what we call Americanism is simply the Jewish spirit which has found its definitive expression... And because of the enormous influence which America has exerted ever since its discovery on the economic life of Europe and on the general culture of Europe, the role played by the Jews in the construction of an American world has become of capital importance for the wholesale revolution of our history.

So Werner Sombart not only notes the conquest of America, but also foresees the conquest of the world with the United States as a springboard, and he goes back on Benjamin Franklin's famous prophecy, which should be recalled here because never before has the problem been posed with such clear-sightedness. Benjamin Franklin was not an agent of Germany, nor was he a Hitler-Japan fascist. Appointed Grand Master of the Lodge of Pennsylvania in 1749 by Thomas Oxnard, Grand Master of the New England, Franklin was the ornament of American Freemasonry, the darling of our encyclopaedists, the idol of the great ancestors of 1989. This did not prevent him from making the following speech in 1787, during the debate on the United States Constitution:

In every country where the Jews have settled in large numbers, they have lowered its moral standards, debased its integrity... They have made a mockery of the Christian religion, they have established a state within the state.

If you don't exclude them, in two hundred years' time your descendants will be working in the fields to provide for them, while they'll be sitting in their banks rubbing their hands.

I warn you, gentlemen, that if you do not exclude the Jews, your children will curse you in your graves.

The Jews, gentlemen, are Asians; they will never be otherwise. Their ideas do not conform to the American ideal and they never will, even if they live among us for ten generations.

A leopard cannot change its spots. Jews are Asians. They are a threat to the country that admits them and should be excluded by the Constitution.

Two hundred years haven't gone by, but everything happened exactly as Benjamin Franklin said.

Of course, there aren't only Jews in the United States. But to see Aryans, you have to leave New York, go out into the countryside and discover these little towns in the Middle West called Vincennes, Paris, London, Bismarck, La Grange or Des Moines, where the descendants of the pioneers of the heroic era live, the sons of those rugged men who set off on horseback for the mysterious West, taking women and children in covered wagons, who conquered the country with rifles, who cleared it by the sweat of their brows.

These people are the real Americans. Despite the triumph of mechanical civilisation and the ravages of cinema and radio, they have retained the slightly rough, slightly indiscreet kindness, the simplicity and the courage of the nomads in "Caravan to the West" and "Fantastic Ride".

When I toured the United States in 1929 with three young Yankees, I got to know and love these Americans, these forgotten Americans. They have a wonderful hospitality, the hospitality of the prairie. It's not so long ago that all you had to do was walk into a ranch and politely ask for a horse, and they'd give it to you straight away, without explanation. But anyone caught stealing a horse was immediately hanged.

In 1929, the foreigner, the real foreigner who arrived from Europe (in the Middle West, people from New York are also called foreigners) was immediately the object of warm curiosity. He absolutely had to tell his story. And people listened, open-mouthed, albeit a little incredulous, asking for crazy details and marvelling:

- No, really, there are beans in France! Really? More smuggled whisky?

We forgot their ridiculousness. We were won over. We thought: "How brave they are!

We camped every night and, one Monday, in Kansas, the money order we received every week from New York didn't arrive. We had nothing left to eat, but we were too proud to ask for charity. One day, two days went by like that. On the third day, a farmer turned up:

- Boys, I've been watching you since Sunday. I never see you eat. You just lie there on the edge of my field. What's going on, boys?

We told him the truth. He got angry:

- You couldn't have told me that earlier? Come on, shoo! Come to the farm.

And he treated us to a fantastic meal, which I still remember with extraordinary precision. The farmer spoke simply about the things of the land, rather like Péguy's craftsmen speak of their trade, with common sense and love. He also told us how hard his task was, complicated as it was by the ferocious interference of the sprawling trusts who took their tithes from the tractor, the fertiliser and the harvest, and who had marvellously perfected the technique of ransoming by devising a system of credit that completed the stripping of the farmer. Franklin had foreseen it: "Your descendants will be working in the fields... and 'they' will be in their banks rubbing their hands".

In the fields and in the factories. There are no more Jewish workers in the big industrial companies than there are Jews on the farms of the Middle West. Henry Ford said as much in December 1938, in an interview that somewhat scandalised the "universal conscience" of New York journalists: "It is useless," he observed, "to send me Jewish refugees from Germany to Detroit. Experience proves that they never stay. They accept work for a few weeks, just long enough to get their bearings and make a few contacts, and then they go somewhere else. The 'jobs' we could find for them here would only be stepping stones to management positions...".

We suspected as much. Jews don't go to America to clear land or to build. They go there to profit from Aryan labour. Their invasion is a very recent one, a fact that cannot be overstated. In the nineteenth century and throughout most of the nineteenth century, at a time when colonisation involved real dangers and arduous physical effort, there were practically no Jews in America. Yet there was nothing to

stop them coming, no law to restrict immigration. Anyone could disembark, hire out their arms or plunge in, rifle in sling and axe in hand, through the solitudes inhabited only by wild animals and Indians. At that time, the Jews were no more or less miserable than in the ghettos of Europe in the twentieth century. But they preferred these ghettos to the risks of conquest.

It was only when the "age of the frontier" - as the American historian Adams calls it - was over, from 1890 onwards, that they rushed to the slaughter, in deep masses, driven by a devouring frenzy. They came from all over, from Germany, Poland, Russia and the Balkans. We hesitate, so banal is this comparison, to write that they arrived "like a swarm of locusts". But how else to put it? The Jewish invasion of the United States is so much like a plague of locusts! To the Aryan pioneers, the ungrateful and unpleasant efforts, and to the parasites, the harvest, the beautiful harvest of this prodigiously rich land. To them, gold and oil; to them, wheat and iron. To them, the banks and the Capitol.

The Jewish conquest of the United States has reached a kind of perfection. In less than half a century, the Aryan conquistadors have been driven out, dispossessed, reduced to secondary jobs and menial tasks. And the new gentlemen settled in, occupying the strategic points one by one, successively dislodging the former occupants from the bastions they thought they had secured for eternity. A job well done, a clean sweep.

On the eve of the other war, barely twenty-five years after the beginning of the conquest, the Jews occupied such important positions in America that nothing could be undertaken without their consent.

André Tardieu, who was French High Commissioner to the United States from April 1917 to November 1918, recounts in *L'Année de Munich*, not without some naivety, how he came to this revelation. His mission had been well received, but nothing more, and he was met with a kind of smiling indifference that made his task singularly difficult. To put it bluntly, the 'Americans' couldn't care less about France, about La Fayette, about the great memories of a historic fraternity that could only liven up the end of a banquet at speech time.

On the other hand, the British mission operating in parallel was getting exactly what it was asking for and Mr André Tardieu suddenly realised that its leader, Viscount Reading, was born Rufus Isaac. This Hebrew aristocrat did not waste his time courting Aryans. He went straight to the point, he laid siege to Judge Brandeis who was the confidant of the paralytic Wilson, and his officers, most of whom were Jewish, canvassed only Jewish circles. André Tardieu understood that this was the key to the problem,

that if he wanted to avoid failure, he had to abandon his La Fayette rhetoric and seduce the real masters of the country.

He therefore added two photogenic rabbis to the chaplains of his information service, who he never missed an opportunity to put in the limelight, and he also surrounded himself with highly decorated Jewish officers who told anyone who would listen about their war "exploits" and did their best to galvanise their racial brothers in New York. Then Mr Tardieu asked Pichon, our Minister of Foreign Affairs, to send him a telegram he had written himself containing France's support for the Balfour plan to create an Israelite home in Palestine.

As soon as he had his telegram, Mr Tardieu took it to Judge Brandeis who, he said, "wept with joy". From then on, the case was won. And Mr Tardieu concluded: Our relations with the American government, American finance and the American press, which we so urgently needed, were greatly facilitated.

It couldn't be clearer that by 1917, Aryans in the United States hardly counted at all. But since then, the situation has only worsened. The Jewish octopus has spread its tentacles and its domination everywhere.

The best part is that this gigantic expropriation took place without the real Americans realising what was happening to them. First of all, the first Jewish immigrants were rather likeable. They were so humble, so smiling, so good at inspiring compassion! What's more, they were the biblical people, the children of Jehovah, and the Puritans of the North were far too steeped in the Old Testament not to feel in communion of spirit with people who commended themselves to the same metaphysical inspiration, who were well versed in the same philosophical disciplines, familiar with the same Palestinian stories. To a certain extent, a Puritan is closer to a Jew than to a Catholic. And how could the Americans have been suspicious? Their vigilance was paralysed by the political ideology bequeathed to them by the founders of the Constitution, whose puerile dogmatism had been definitively consolidated by the disastrous outcome of the American Civil War: one man is as good as another, all men are brothers, it only takes one generation to turn a Russian or a Spaniard into a 100% American.

And this was true, in fact, for the Russians, for the Spaniards, for all the other representatives of the great European family. After one or two generations, the immigrants had melted into the American melting pot, they had forgotten their origins, they thought and acted like Americans.

The old Yankees had seen so many newcomers assimilate almost instantly, that they were unsuspecting when Crémieux, Frankfurter, Warshawski and Ben Soussian arrived in their turn. Crémieux called himself French, Frankfurter German, Warshawski Polish and Ben Soussian Syrian. Many other Frenchmen, Germans, Poles and Syrians mingled effortlessly with the Americans. They were well received. But these newcomers were not French, Germans, Poles or Syrians. They were Jews. They were the most intransigent racists in the world, the most conscious of their racial and national solidarity, the only elements of the American community that were absolutely unassimilable. They came from all over Europe, Africa and Asia. But as soon as they disembarked, they formed a block, and whatever their geographical origin, they merged not with the Americans, but with the other Jews who had been in the promised land longer.

The Americans, who disapproved of the formation of national groups, such as Irish or Germanic associations, because these groups, by prolonging loyalty to the mother country, delayed the assimilation of the immigrant, found it perfectly legitimate for the "French" Crémieux, the "German" Frankfurter, the "Pole" Warshawski and the "Syrian" Ben Soussian to group together as soon as they arrived and agree on common action.

Completely ignorant of Jewish realities, and oblivious to Franklin's cry of alarm, the old Americans contemplated with a good smile the coalition of the "French", the "German", the "Pole" and the "Syrian", and said proudly: "You see, it's the fusion of the races...".

It is extraordinary that today, now that the colonisation of the United States by the Jews is practically complete, Americans have not yet understood that they have been conquered and subjugated by a foreign people. It is extraordinary that they are unaware to an unimaginable degree of the first elements of the Jewish question. Their candour exceeds, if it is possible, that of the pre-war French. This is because they do not have, as we do - although they have suffered as much as we have from the debasement of immortal principles - a tradition of anti-Semitism that stretches from Saint Louis to Drumont and Céline. It's also because, by the time Americans began to open their eyes, it was too late. The Jews who had broken in had already conquered the airwaves, printed paper and advertising. It was impossible to utter the word "Jew", to denounce the Jewish peril, without immediately being muzzled, broken, annihilated.

Of course, there is opposition. Clubs, salons and universities are closed to Jews. A small but resolute number of Americans have guessed the danger.

We will talk about these rebels later. Let us say straight away that their action did not arouse any echo, that it was limited to isolated demonstrations without vigour or scope.

The people of America do not suspect their own servitude. They are so sensitive, so intransigent when the Negro question is raised, so fearful of being swamped by a black wave from the Southern States, and they contemplate with apathy the infiltration of the trusts and the government by the Jewish imperialists. He suffers, he accepts without reacting. Above all, he did not understand that the Jewish problem was a racial problem. He still imagines that it is a religious matter and he is rightly indignant that medieval prejudices can be revived to reproach free citizens for their metaphysical conceptions.

As the brilliant Céline wrote in *Bagatelles pour un massacre*: "The American Yankee women, who are heard to utter such cries, to create such uproars, such universal howls (lynchings, petitions, lawsuits, etc.), as soon as a Negro caresses them (in public), how they marry Jews! and at full speed! and while they can!"

That is the tragedy. If the Americans could be informed of the racial aspect of the problem, they would undoubtedly understand more quickly and more easily than we do, and they would react with unsuspected vigour. After all, living with Negroes for so long has familiarised them with the problems of blood and shown them the need to defend the purity of the white race by every means possible.

But when it comes to Jews, the question doesn't even arise. The most intransigent of Yankees, the one who would smash the windows if a half-breed entered the same restaurant as him, placidly accepts that his daughter be soiled by some Levy and that frizzy, lippered Orientals take his money, impose their philosophy on him and decide peace and war for him.

Faced with the Jew, the American is as helpless as the island bird fascinated by the snake. So the Jew takes advantage. He has straightened his back. He's wallowing in the boss's chair, cigar in mouth, feet up on the table. He is the master, the only master.

Pierre-Antoine Cousteau, *L'Amérique juive*, Les Éditions de France, 1942, p. 19-26.

## The New York ghetto

"O New York! Kahall Souk! The most clamorous, the most insulting, the most trivial, the most obscenely materialistic, the most boorish shylockery in the world! At your command! Irrevocably! Carried away by the greatness of the sacrifice! We shudder with joy at the thought that soon, thanks to the profits from our battles and our twenty million corpses, you will regain your joie de vivre, your delirious prosperity, your most dazzling swoons of pride, supreme bliss! the jubilant Kabalic Apotheosis!

Louis-Ferdinand Céline

### Corpse School

The New York ghetto? There is no ghetto in New York. New York is a ghetto.

Every time I try to gather my memories, to resurrect the images of my stays in New York, it's the Jews who pop up in aggressive, haunting close-ups. I see confused, blurred crowds swarming around a classic backdrop of dizzying obelisks, the morning rush to work, the night rush to pleasure, the din of the narrow streets where a crush of cars slower than pedestrians stagnates, the ferocious brawls around the metro doors on a litter of huge daily papers, abandoned to the whims of the wind, the city lights that scream eroticism, the chlorotic patches of grass spared by reinforced cement, the squares of chlorotic grass untouched by reinforced cement and crowded with the unemployed, the rush of football gladiators in leather armour, the dirty pink bricks of 14th Street and the gleaming marble of 42nd, the perfumed strollers of Riverside and the sleazy bad boys of the East River, the vice, the toil and the love of this frenetic, disconcerting and brutal metropolis where you feel more desperately alone in the midst of seven million termites than in the loneliest of thebaïdes.

And on top of all that, superimposed on it all, Jewish men and women.

They are not alone, of course. In New York there are quite a few Irish, a million Italians, many Spaniards, three hundred thousand Negroes and even a few Anglo-Saxons. In New York, where there are one million eight hundred thousand Jews, that is, one Jew for every four inhabitants, you can't see anything but them; not only are they everywhere, they are the city itself. The traveller, who is content to discover America in New York and sees only that, must return with the conviction that the beautiful athletes at



the Olympic Games and the long-legged girls in Californian films are a rather crude propaganda trick, with no equivalent in everyday reality.

The standard New York 'Yankee' is a fat little man with floppy ears, flabby muscles and sloping shoulders. He dresses like Clark Gable, he tries to wear the imperceptible little moustache of the Hollywood Romeo, but he only succeeds in becoming even more worrying. His aim was to acquire the seductions of the West, and he only succeeded in taking on the gangster genre. The males of New York seem to have been gathered there to appear in a gigantic crime film. It's hard to believe that they look like their Krakow synagogue doppelgangers, who at least look the part.

As for the women, they are desolate. Not Myrna Loy, not even Mae West. Just fat, withered ladies at twenty-five, their flesh swollen with sweets, their skin oily and their clothes in brightly coloured fabrics in blatantly bad taste.

Is it because of these people that New York, that "sort of disgusting failed fair that we would insist on making a success anyway", as Céline wrote in *Journey to the End of the Night*, gives such a desolate impression of dirtiness? There's no doubt about it. A lot of trouble has been taken to explain to us that New York can't be clean, that its avenues cut like thin cannons into the compact block of skyscrapers keep perpetual draughts stirring up dust and filth without respite.

That's too convenient an explanation. In Los Angeles, too, there are skyscrapers and draughts, and the city is clean. If it were only a question of the dust carried in by the whirlwinds... No, the dirt in New York is congenital, it's racial. It is shamelessly on display as soon as you stray a little - very little - from the marble caravanserais where the residences of the aristocracy are superimposed, as soon as you move away from the insolently cosseted temples erected by Israel to the glory of the cinema.

The filth here surpasses in horror anything seen in the former 'zone' of the Paris fortifications. It's the filth of the ghetto, a horrible Oriental bric-a-brac set against a backdrop of rusting girders and fire escapes decorated with rags that are drying out under new sediments of dust.

I know of nothing as hideous as the Communist restaurant on 13th Street. In front of the door, ragged negroes sell the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses*; mismatched and orthodox books, the works of Lenin, *Under fire* by Henri Barbusse and collections of 'revelations' about Nazi terror are also sold at a discount. All printed in English for external use. Inside the restaurant, the hairy intellectuals, devouring a

proletarian goulash in a nightmarish setting of inexpressible filth, under large anti-fascist posters, read only Yiddish newspapers. They don't even need to pretend to assimilate. For them, Communism is an affirmation of their nationalism.

I don't know to what extent I don't prefer this ramshackle Judaism to the sordid but more degrading manifestations of luxury Judaism.

It was Jews who devised the perverse technique of burlesque shows, the systematic exploitation of an eroticism that is exacerbated with diabolical refinement without ever allowing it to be satisfied.

They invented taxi girls, a form of white slavery more degrading than prostitution.

They are the ones who have multiplied all over New York these gigantic theatres whose monstrosity is the shame of our age. In Paris, Mr Jacques Haïk's Rex, with its ultramarine blue stuccoed ceiling studded with stars, its plaster nymphs, its minarets, its Gothic balconies and its pergolas, is a fine example of what Israel can achieve when it has free rein. The Jews of New York are no less or more barbaric than M. Jacques Haïk, but since they are much more powerful than their compatriots in the Paris ghetto, their bad taste is displayed and imposed with even greater insolence.

It's a debauchery of Corinthian colonnades and gargoyles, massive outrageously gilded ornaments and gaudy panelling, a frenzied accumulation of everything you shouldn't do, everything you should avoid.

The traveller who has visited the Paramount in New York, or the Roxy, or the Hippodrome, is quick to conclude that Americans conceive nothing but monstrosities. Which is very unfair. I certainly don't claim that Americans on the whole have very good taste (although they have created a 'colonial style' in New England and the Southern States that is not lacking in charm). But the most visible, most distressing faults of taste to be found in New York and elsewhere (I'm thinking of the medieval castles of the Hollywood plutocrats) are primarily the manifestation of the triumphant Jewish aesthetic. Real Americans - in this as in so many other things - are suffering the consequences of their ignorance of the Jewish problem. They have allowed themselves to be enslaved and are held responsible for the attacks carried out by their conquerors.

It is also said in France, to criticise the filthy Paris-Soir of the distinguished industrialists Beghin and Prouvost, that it introduced American customs into our press. American? There are no American newspapers in New York. There are only Jewish newspapers. And those that are not completely Jewish have been forced to follow the trend, to copy the formula that is so wonderfully successful, to sacrifice everything to scandal, to sensationalism, to elaborate flashy presentations, to elevate contempt for the reader to the level of an art.

When the tide of tabloids swept through New York at the end of the afternoon, you almost thought that our Paris-Soir had a certain air about it... One of them - I've unfortunately forgotten its name - came out one evening with this gigantic headline: Valentino dead. It was known that the famous actor was very ill. Everyone rushed out to buy the special editions. And it was only after buying the paper that you could read in tiny letters € announcing the public rumour, which was fortunately denied." Rudolph Valentino wasn't dead at all, but the editor of the tabloid had found this excellent typographical device to sell his paper.

The whole technique of Jewish journalism lies in this anecdote, and it is not surprising that in order to obtain a good copy of the New York methods, the pious Messrs Beghin and Prouvost placed the horrible little Jews Lazareff and Weiskopf (known as Gombault) at the head of their Paris-Soir. These stateless men immediately felt at home. The right men in the right place.

In the old days - by which I mean before 1933 - New York newspapers produced sensational stories about alcoves, photogenic divorces and stars' thighs. Since Hitler came to power, a new element has been available to the re-write men of the New York editorial offices. For Hitler had become - and we'll come back to this later - public enemy No. 1, the man to be shot, the reprobate whose head was being called for with all the more fanfare because American Jews were convinced that they personally risked nothing in the venture. And it's easy to imagine that the people who didn't hesitate to kill Valentino in anticipation weren't going to shy away from other tricks. I once had in my hands a magazine showing a 'torture room' in a German concentration camp. Well, the photo was taken in such a way that it was rather confusing, but terrifying. You had to be well-informed to know that the torture room was simply a shower room... Unless hydrotherapy is considered by the sons of Israel - at least by those who arrived from Bukovina or White Russia - to be real torture.

At the same time as they were piling up the horrific details of racist 'barbarity', the Jewish newspapers of New York adopted once and for all - like those of Paris before the war - that little mocking and contemptuous tone that we know so well from having found it so many times in our own country in the

articles of Léon Blum: Hitler is a big bad wolf, but it's not serious, it's not solid, he can't maintain himself, he's on the verge of collapse...

The great female star of the New York press, "Miss" Dorothy Thompson, wife of Sinclair Lewis, the American Geneviève Tabouis, wrote as early as 1931, after having approached Hitler:

All you have to do to deflate this ridiculous little man is "boo" in front of him. He'll never be a dictator!

And since then, all the New York dailies have been repeating the same nonsense every day with the same bliss. Systematic underestimation and denigration of the fascist revolutions, the poisoning of the public mind by the vilest means, the constant incitement to war. Such is the New York Jewish press.

The citadels of Jewish power stand at the very tip of Manhattan in a gush of cement, steel and stucco. This is where Broadway begins. This is where the epileptics of Wall Street gesticulate. All the country's business is crammed, vertically, into the meagre surface area of a tiny township. Anyone who hasn't worked in one of these buildings has no idea what the refinements of Taylorisation can achieve. When, in 1929, I was an employee of a financial firm - Jewish, of course - the Credit Alliance Corporation, I left my office every evening with my brain empty, my legs limp, my nerves on edge, twenty times more exhausted than I had ever been during my captivity, unloading coal for ten long hours every day in a kommando in Thuringia.

In these temples of business, there is a kind of religious frenzy that infects even the most apathetic. Making money really is a priesthood, a holy thing to which one must devote body and soul. It is the only moral criterion, the only way to determine social precedence.

How many times have people to whom I've just been introduced, and with whom I've only spoken for a few moments, abruptly asked me: "How much do you make? How much do you earn? They were quite excusable. They wanted to know where I stood. There are no foolish or dishonest jobs in New York, any more than there are honourable or refined jobs. There are only people who 'make' a lot of money - and who are automatically entitled to the admiring consideration of their compatriots - and people who vegetate. The latter are not interesting. And if they also happen to be intellectuals or artists, then their case becomes frankly laughable.

However little sympathy I have for Anglo-Saxons, I refuse to consider that this way of sizing up men is British in origin. In London, a penniless lord is held in higher esteem than an upstart adventurer, and in the southern United States, old planter families who have reached a higher level of civilisation refuse to get involved with Yankee businessmen.

Nor do I believe that business frenzy is an Anglo-Saxon vice. City merchants have a sense of leisure, and they make it a rule to respect - however ridiculous it may sometimes be - the rituals of the weekend. They do not think, as is the rule in New York, of sacrificing everything, absolutely everything, to business. Not, of course, to accumulate money, because nothing is more alien to Americans than the concept of savings, but for the sole pleasure of making dollars, as many dollars as possible, very quickly and by any means necessary.

And this, this falsification of human values under the sign of money, this mad scramble for other people's gold, is so specifically Jewish that it is inconceivable that none of the discoverers of America whose stories cluttered our pre-war press had the elementary honesty to say so. They watched with amused eyes the sarabandas of overly kinky gentlemen around the golden calf of Wall Street and noted: "How greedy these Americans are".

The Americans? No. The Jews.

Now let's look at some other Jews. Jews who are less well known, but who are not doing too badly. Let's go to the Préfecture de Police.

I was allowed to visit this institution in 1935 - I was the special envoy of Je Suis Partout which, incidentally, did not wait for the fall of Mr Mandel to call a Jew a Jew - and it was a very instructive walk. There was a mind-boggling display of the means of repression available to New York cops. But this modernism only served to demonstrate the impotence of the law. And the cops themselves were not shy about saying so.

I was shown all sorts of sophisticated weapons, given a description of the organisation of the alert services, and taken for a long walk around a vast room where radio operators, wearing headphones, directed the armoured car patrols that criss-crossed the city from a distance. I then went to the anthropometry offices. It was simply marvellous: all the criminals, big and small, all the public enemies were on cards, front and side, lined up in impeccable binders, arranged by speciality. Here the

pickpockets, there the racketeers, a little further on the pimps, then the confidence men, the common assassins and the gun molls. And right in the middle, in an isolated cupboard - because you don't want to mix the napkins with the tea towels - the 'public enemies', the big crime stars, labelled in order of malfeasance, public enemy n° 1, public enemy n° 2, public enemy n° 3, and so on.

The policeman who acted as my cicerone, a big redheaded Irishman, was fully aware of the importance of his mission, but he didn't want to exhaust the interest of the visit all at once. He knew how to measure his effects. Before I reached the cabinet of celebrities, he imposed a review of the small fry, a gradual initiation, as it were. In this way, I saw all the specimens of the underworld parade by category: smartly dressed gangsters, sly little thugs, bestial-faced stranglers, and not very pretty women - much less pretty than the lady-bandits of the cinema - all of whom, unlike the men, sported dazzling smiles. Is it my fault that none of these reprobates was called Smith or Brown, that all the pimps were of Mediterranean origin and all the crooks Jewish?

But this review had no other purpose than to whet my curiosity and, when the policeman thought my initiation was sufficient, he led me with a grand theatrical gesture, with a sort of devotion, towards the stars.

- Here," he tells me proudly, "is New York City's public enemy number 1: Fleggenheimer, aka Dutch Schultz, the king of slot machines.

I saw - still from the front and in profile - an ugly man with slanting eyes, a squashed nose and huge lips.

- Yes, he's a Jew," said the policeman, who, like most Irishmen in New York, was somewhat anti-Semitic. You wouldn't want him not to be Jewish... he's one of the richest men in town: you can't imagine the money you can make from slot machines. Provided, of course, that he has a monopoly on them, that he imposes his machines in all public establishments and that he chases away competitors, with a gun if need be. Dutch Schultz has millions and millions of dollars. He has a mansion on Long Island that is a veritable palace. He is someone...

- But he's not in prison? You have his file, his photo, his address...

The policeman laughed a big Irish laugh:

- There's no point in bothering to arrest Dutch Schultz. As many times as we take him to court, as many times he'll be acquitted. The last time, we managed to get him charged with tax fraud... Mind you, this chap has quite a few human lives on his conscience, but that's even harder to prove, as no-one wants to testify against the leader of a well-organised gang... Whereas, for tax fraud, there was no doubt about it, Dutch Schultz was fiddling his accounts and not paying his taxes. Any average taxpayer would have been convicted. Not Dutch Schultz. After twenty-eight hours of deliberation, the jurors in Malone (New York State) acquitted him and Public Enemy No. 1 walked out of the court triumphant, riding on the shoulders of his friends. As for us, there's nothing we can do about it. All we can do is wait for Dutch Schultz to be gunned down by killers from a rival gang.

And indeed, a few weeks later, the gangster's body was found riddled with bullets in the back room of a café where he had been counting his takings.

New York had lost its Jew, public enemy number 1. It kept its other Jews, its Jewish bankers, its State Governor, the Jew Lehman, its Jewish Mayor, Mr La Guardia.

It is logical that New York should have Mr La Guardia at the head of its municipal authority. As shocking as it was to see Mr Blum at the head of an 'old Gallo-Roman country' like ours, it is only natural that the Jews of New York should be governed by one of their own.

Mr La Guardia, poetically nicknamed "the little red flower" by his friends, is a man of cramped stature, short on legs, with a large, plucked toad's head reminiscent of that other Jew, Bela Kun. I saw him in 1935 at City Hall. He was receiving Madame Lebrun, who had just arrived on Normandie, her first trip.

Dripping with sweat, gesticulating with elephantine grace, the "little red flower" evoked the indissoluble fraternity of the great democracies. And behind him, a thick cohort of Hebrews - the entire municipality - flanked by gigantic Irish policemen, smiled at the cameras with the ugly grins of carpetbaggers. Poor Madame Lebrun, pressed up against the microphone, overwhelmed by the din of big, loud words, stammered out two carefully memorised sentences in a sixth-form accent:

- Zis is very charming, monsieur le maire. I zank you very much, monsieur le maire.

A brass band attacked the Marseillaise and all the councillors of the New York ghetto rectified their position. An apotheosis of Franco-Jewish friendship.

At that time, the naïve still imagined that France was loved for itself, for its magnificent past and its ancestral virtues. In 1940, we saw what happened. No more democracy, no more love. The France cherished by the New York tribe was Blum's France, the last continental bastion of Jewry, the "soldier of right" who was encouraged by kind words to sacrifice himself for the Cause, the supreme hope of the émigrés in a hurry to get back to Berlin in our vans, in a hurry to make a footstool out of our corpses to recover their fiefdoms across the Rhine.

Who could doubt it? Long before the first cannon shot was fired, New York had already been at war with fascism and Hitlerism for a long time. A war limited to rhetorical exercises or demonstrations such as the storming of the liner Bremen on 27 July 1935 by Jewish rioters who were later scandalously acquitted by the Jewish judge Brodsky and congratulated for having thrown the ship's "pirate flag" into the Hudson. No cannons were fired, but it was already war. La Guardia, whom the Jew Lecache called in *Le Droit de vivre* - precisely in the same issue where Jean Cocteau joined the anti-racist crusade - "Anti-Nazi No. 1", sponsored all the meetings and demonstrations where the horror of the new European order was expressed.

- Bring me Hitler," he proclaimed to the crowds in Madison Square Garden, "and I'll have him hanged on the spot.

Obviously, there was no question of La Guardia taking it upon himself to seize the Führer. Each to his own role: the French the Stuka bombs and the Americans the exhilaration of radio invective. In March 1937, before the delegates of the American Jewish Congress meeting in New York, La Guardia proposed that at the next international exhibition a torture chamber should be built featuring an effigy of Hitler "the fanatic in the brown shirt". And as the government in Washington paid lip service to the Reich with a vague apology, La Guardia returned to the American Jewish Congress to proclaim with a flourish of his chin that nothing could silence him. The Congress then enthusiastically adopted the following motion: We pledge to intensify the boycott of German products in order to protect (!!!) the German people from the destruction threatened by Hitlerism.

Just as the English 'protected' the French by murdering them, the good Jews of New York were eager to 'protect' the Germans by having them gutted by French soldiers.



But in 1938, the French seemed to have shirked their "mission". They had pushed insubordination to the point of making agreements with the Germans. So it was necessary to hear the chorus of imprecations from the matamores in the New York ghetto.

- France has disgraced itself!" exclaimed Mr La Guardia, to the cheers of his bellicose (but cautious) constituents.

And Chief Rabbi Stephen Samuel Wise, that other half of Jehovah - in the Middle Ages, the Pope and the Emperor were the two halves of God, today, in New York, the two-headed Holy Empire of Israel has its mayor and its rabbi - Wise covered his face in horror.

I did not approach Stephen Samuel Wise, who is too powerful a lord to waste his time with puny European journalists, but I do know the importance of this character and the influence he exerts on the New York community and on the general politics of the United States.

It was to him, moreover, that the traitor de Gaulle recently addressed himself to assure him that, after the British "victory" (!!!), the Jews in France would be reinstated in their positions of command. Now, since de Gaulle, as vile as he is, probably did not make such a compromising declaration out of the good of his heart, and since it seems certain that he made it under pressure of imperative blackmail - "speak out publicly for the Jews or we'll cut off your funding! - This is a measure of the Chief Rabbi's power.

Curiously enough, Stephen Samuel Wise is much less Jewish in type than some of his more mixed-blooded compatriots (La Guardia, for example, has Italian ancestry). With his thin lips, sunken eyes and pallid complexion, he looks more like a Methodist minister constipated by too much hypocrisy.

But appearances are deceiving. Stephen Samuel Wise is wonderfully Jewish and in no way hypocritical. In fact, he is admirably frank. It was he who wrote, on 13 June 1938, in the New York Herald Tribune, these lines which explain the whole of American politics:

I am not an American citizen of the Jewish faith. I am a Jew. I am an American. I've been an American for sixty-three sixty-fourths of my life, but I've been a Jew for four thousand years. Hitler was right about one thing: he called the Jewish people a race. And we are a race.

A race that has seized all the levers of control and broken down all resistance.

Pierre-Antoine Cousteau, *L'Amérique juive*, Les Éditions de France, 1942, p. 27-35.

5

Roosevelt or Rosenfeld?

"Roosevelt, the fat ventriloquist preparing for the next... is only the cabotin instrument of the great Jews."

Louis-Ferdinand Céline

Bagatelles pour un massacre

Is Mr. Roosevelt Jewish? Some ingenious biographers have said so. Their arguments are admittedly not very convincing, but no hypothesis should be overlooked.

On October 15, 1936, a pastor, the Reverend G.B. Winrod, published in the Wichita newspaper *The Revealer* a family tree drawn up by the Carnegie Institute, which tends to demonstrate the President's Hebrew origin. A Jewish writer, P. Slomovitz, took up and developed this argument in the *Detroit Jewish Chronicle*. This author goes further than the Carnegie Institute, which only traces the Roosevelt family back to 1582. P. Slomovitz goes back as far as 1520, when the Rossocampos (red field) were expelled from Spain and settled in Holland, where they took the name Rosenvelt or Rosenfeld (pink field). Their descendants were then called Rosefeld, Rosevelt and finally Roosevelt.

In 1649, the first Roosevelt came to America where he married a girl named Heyltje Kunst, who is said to have been Jewish. Thereafter, although the family practised the Reform religion, almost all its members

were given biblical names. The men were called Abraham, Moses, Abel, Isaac, Enoch, Ephraim, Samuel, Ezekiel, Eliezer, Simon and Nathan. The women were called Abigail, Hannah, Rebekah, Deborah, Rachel and Ruth.

Franklin Roosevelt made no protest against the revelations of Reverend G.B. Winrod and Mr. P. Slomovitz. Questioned by the New York Times, he simply replied:

My ancestors may well have been Jewish in the past. All I know is that the Roosevelt family descended from the Claes Martenszen van Roosevelt family.

He also told Vienna's Neue Freie Presse:

My ancestors came to America from Holland - about 300 years ago. Whether they were Jews, Catholics or Protestants is not a question that worries me. It's enough for me that they were good, God-fearing citizens.

The genealogical research mentioned above seems rather fragile. And even if they were to show that Mr Roosevelt descended from a distant Jewish ancestor, the marriages contracted since 1649 with Aryans would have reduced the President's Hebraic heredity to a tiny percentage. As for the biblical surnames on the family tree, they prove absolutely nothing. This is a consequence of the Reformation, which restored the honour of first names taken from the Old Testament, a custom that is still honoured today in Puritan families.

What is serious is that Mr Roosevelt thinks and acts as if he were 100% Jewish. What is serious is that he serves the cause of Judaism with as much passion and tenacity as if he were a child of the Twelve Tribes. Even better. Because if he were called Disraeli, Trotsky or Blum, his intentions would automatically be suspect, and his action would be much less likely to be effective.

The Jews have no interest in personally governing the nations they have conquered and enslaved. Every time they show themselves too much, they provoke terrible reactions from which the whole people of Israel suffers. The ideal is to govern by proxy, to have in hand a straw man of proven docility, a synthetic Jew. Mr Roosevelt is that man. He is the model servant, the President who cannot be found. If he did not exist, he would have to be invented.

I saw Mr Roosevelt for the first time in July 1935, in circumstances I shall not soon forget. Washington was home to 25,000 Freemasons and the President had specially interrupted his holiday to come back and greet his Royal Secret comrades.

A prodigious affair. On the train (which was taking me to the capital), at every station there were men on board who made you wonder whether they were carpet merchants or businessmen on the prowl, sprung from some nightclub and decked out in cotillion accessories by enterprising girls. All of them, in fact, wore a fez, with a great deal of naturalness and gravity. The other travellers, clearly blasé, paid no attention to their attire.

In Washington, the quays of Union Station were red with fez. And red too were the broad avenues of the capital. Large banners greeted the delegates: Welcome nobles! Welcome nobles!

It was explained to me that this was the "Ancient Arab Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Altar", which groups the highest dignitaries of American Masonry, those who have reached the 32nd degree. All these venerables had gathered to elect their 'Imperial Potentate'. It was quite a masquerade. For many of the 'nobles' were not content to wear the fez. Some were dressed like Zouaves, from head to toe. They wore scarlet jackets, salmon-coloured knickerbockers and multicoloured belts.

And in the evening, it was even funnier. In columns of twelve, grouped by "temples" (one temple per state), the Nobles of the Mystic Altar marched down Pennsylvania Avenue to the strains of Sousa's march. At their head, the outgoing "Imperial Potentate", a tall, hairless gentleman draped in an immaculate burnous, chewed a cigar, as pleased with himself as if he had saved the country, as burlesque as Laurel and Hardy in *Les Compagnons de la noub*. All along the procession, kids were throwing firecrackers and the crowd was roaring with enthusiasm. What was this tumultuous crowd cheering? The 'Nobles' were not, after all, victorious soldiers. They were ordinary citizens who had taken the trouble to disguise themselves and march in step. The mystery of popular emotion...

The goal of the parade was the White House. There, on a platform draped with star-spangled flags, Mr Roosevelt, dressed in a cream suit and also wearing a scarlet fez, smiled broadly at the "Nobles of the Mystic Altar". Head up. Sousa marches again. Another storm of cheers.

So the carnival parade really came into its own. Of course, appearances were against the 'Nobles'. You might have thought that these serious businessmen from the forty-eight States of the Union had come here mainly to escape the vigilance of their rigid wives for a few days - and, in fact, they were quite happily enjoying their temporary freedom as soon as night fell. You felt like smiling at their disguises, at the childishness of their oriental symbolism, not taking them seriously. And besides, when it comes to Masonic events, aren't we always tempted to focus only on the ridiculous and neglect the sect's deeper work? The little pigskin aprons, the cotillion accessories, the truncated columns and the skeletons are so good at diverting the suspicions of the uninitiated. Likewise the zouave jackets and fez of the "Nobles".

But at the foot of the stage where Mr Roosevelt shone, there was no mistaking it. These were not just clowns or revellers on parade. They were the shock troops, the assault sections of American democracy. Because every country has the stormtroopers it deserves.

The high dignitaries of Masonry saluted their führer, F.' Roosevelt. From the top of this White House, thirty-two degrees look down on you...

Mr Roosevelt was initiated on 28 November 1911 at Holland Lodge No. 8 in New York City. On 28 February 1929, the 32nd degree of the Scottish Rite was conferred upon him in Albany (capital of the State of New York). Mr Roosevelt is a member of the secret societies of the Eagles, the Elks, Phi-Beta-Kappa and the Royal Order of the Elk. He has been awarded the title of "Great Cedar of Lebanon". He is Master of the Grand Lodge of Georgia. His three sons are also initiated.

In short, one could hardly be more of a Freemason than Mr Roosevelt. Now, while it is inaccurate to claim that Freemasonry is a specifically Jewish affair, there is no doubt that the interests of Jewry and Freemasonry have always coincided very closely, that these two great forces of the modern world have never ceased to collaborate, to strive towards the same goals, with the same ideal, to the point of sometimes coming to merge, and that a Mason is a priori the dream instrument of Jewish imperialism.

Mr. Roosevelt's Masonic degrees may not be sufficient to explain completely the President's total subordination to Jewish wishes. They do, however, show that Mr Roosevelt was more predisposed than anyone else to bow to these wishes, to regard as legitimate and worthy of sympathy the political aspirations of the Jewish people, their philosophy of life, their ethics and aesthetics.

All Mr Roosevelt's biographers harp on the fact that the President is above all an aristocrat, an American of old stock whose family has known opulence for several generations, and that this distinguishes him from self-made politicians enriched by backroom deals and bribery.

At first sight, Mr Roosevelt offers more guarantees of honesty than most of his competitors or associates. This man, showered from birth with all the goods of this world, seems to have entered politics only out of idealism, to impose on his compatriots a programme of fraternity and social justice. Rich, he denounced the trusts, the evils of capitalism and the abominable tyranny of big business. It was on the strength of these promises that he was elected to the New York State Parliament, became Governor of the State and was finally elected President of the Republic.

For the common people as much as for his eulogists, Roosevelt was a kind of aristocrat of the night of 4 August, a feudalist who abjured feudalism, the champion of a generous cause who was all the less suspicious because it was repeated that he had nothing to gain by attacking the capitalist system from which his family had derived all its prosperity.

But in tracing his career, we modestly fail to recall the decade or so that the enemy of big business devoted to big business. The story is told of how Mr Roosevelt became President Wilson's Under-Secretary of State for the Navy in 1917, how he abandoned politics in the aftermath of the war following his attack of infantile paralysis, and then, in 1928, of his accession to the government of the State of New York. From 1918 to 1928, nothing, just a blank. What became of Mr Roosevelt? What did he do?

He did business.

Far be it from us to hold this against Mr Roosevelt. We can disregard the accusations made against United European Investors Ltd, of which Mr Roosevelt was the director and which is accused of reckless lending to Deutsche Bank and Norddeutsche Bank and the systematic plundering of its shareholders. Let's assume that these accusations were made by political opponents: in business, it's never clear where honesty begins and ends. We know too little about the operations of the U.E.I. to pass judgement on Mr Roosevelt's management.

But what is far more interesting is the composition of the board of the company of which Mr Roosevelt became a director after the collapse of United European Investors Ltd. This company, the Consolidated Automatic Merchandising Corporation, was a purely Jewish affair whose directors were the Jews

Steinam, S. Nowak, A.-J. Sack, J.-J. Schermack, A. Granat, S.-C. Steinhardt, F.-I. Lisman. On the Council, the aristocrat, the "old American", Roosevelt was the only Aryan.

He does not seem to have suffered from this promiscuity. In fact, it seems to have benefited him greatly, providing him with the springboard - so to speak - that enabled him to rise to the post of Governor of New York State in 1928. Mr Roosevelt may have railed against financiers and thus captured the votes of anti-capitalists, but the Hebrew bankers of Wall Street knew that they had nothing to fear from the director of the very Jewish Consolidated Automatic Merchandising Corporation. They even knew that they had everything to gain from having such an 'enemy' 'against them'.

Roosevelt, Israel's protégé, more than justified all the hopes that had been placed in him. His accession to the White House marked the beginning of the Jewish era in the United States. Before that, the Jews had undoubtedly conquered quite a few citadels. But they did not yet wield political power in a "totalitarian" fashion. It was this power that Mr Roosevelt granted them.

The President's great skill, as we saw earlier, had been to present himself as the enemy of financiers. The people of Wall Street were hated as cordially and as legitimately as the two hundred families in France had been. And indeed, as soon as he was installed in the White House on 4 March 1933 (the election had taken place in November 1932), Mr Roosevelt hastened to take a number of spectacular measures that could create an illusion. At the same time as promising numerous benefits to the proletariat - whenever it comes to promises, Mr Roosevelt's generosity becomes prodigality - he suspended all banking operations and took legal action against a number of sharks who were a little too conspicuous.

Against Morgan Bank, for example.

Why Morgan Bank?

It is not our intention to defend this company, which has raised piracy to the level of an institution, which has made a speciality of robbing the average American with inimitable mastery, and which practices corruption in the corridors of Congress with astonishing audacity. The investigation ordered by Mr Roosevelt revealed some very instructive, if rather banal, things: in a democracy, venality is the common law. In particular, it revealed the names of the ministers, senators and deputies who had "touched". We suspected as much. In France, with Panama and Stavisky, we have seen many others.

But Morgan was not alone. There were - and still are - other banks using the same methods. And it is rather disturbing that the indignation of honest Americans should have been channelled, as it were, in a single direction, as if to divert popular fury from wider objectives. The Americans, wounded by the terrible debacle of 1929, hated finance people? Mr Roosevelt threw them the directors of Morgan's Bank, the only major bank in the United States that was more or less Aryan. Thanks to this, the others could be forgotten and continue their lucrative operations without danger.

In short, it's more or less the same kind of operation that was carried out here by the Judeo-Marxists against the de Wendel family. Haro on these gun merchants! On those scruffy, scabby people who are the source of all our evil! This allowed the activities of the Rothschilds, Louis-Louis Dreyfus, Bader, the Lazard bank and the Worms bank to be completely ignored in the reddest newspapers. In the heyday of the Front Popu, was there ever a procession of demonstrators between the Bastille and the Nation demanding the seizure of the Rothschild millions? No. Only the fortune of the de Wendels...

For there is capitalism and capitalism. Mr Roosevelt had temporarily (1) smashed the Morgan bank, but he had installed in his government the Jew Henry Morgenthau junior, of the Seligman bank, the man trusted by the Jew Lewisohn, king of copper, and the Warburgs of the Kuhn, Loeb and C° bank. Morgenthau, in turn, was quick to hand over the interesting posts to the tribe: to begin with, he placed his son at the head of the Treasury and the Exchange Stabilisation Fund, his friend Jacob Viner as an expert in the Treasury, David Stern (owner of the New York Post) and Goldenweiser on the Federal Reserve Board, etc., etc.

A certain type of finance was lowered. Another kind of finance triumphed. The most Jewish. That is what Mr Roosevelt's anti-capitalism boils down to.

As in every other country in the world, one of the first consequences of the Jewish seizure of power in the United States was the sudden and rapid development of communism. Why should we be surprised? Isn't Communism a Jewish doctrine and the USSR a Jewish creation? And what is more, a creation of American Jews.

The story has been told a hundred times how the Jew Trotsky and all his Jewish accomplices in the first Council of People's Commissars were heavily subsidised by the Jewish bankers Jacob and Mortimer Schiff, Guggenheim, Max Breitung, Kuhn, Loeb and C°, Félix Warburg, Otto Kahn, S.-H. Hanauer, and so



on. There's no point in revisiting this old story. However, let us remember the confession of the American Jewish newspaper American Hebrew, which wrote on 10 September 1920:

This success (that of Bolshevism in Russia), which will go down in history as the main consequence of the World War, was largely the result of Jewish thought, Jewish discontent and Jewish efforts to rebuild.

What Jewish idealism and Jewish discontent have so powerfully contributed to achieve in Russia, the same historical qualities of the Jewish heart and soul tend to achieve in other countries.

Will America, like the Russia of the Tsars, crush the Jew under the baseless accusation of being a destroyer and thus place him in the position of an irreconcilable enemy?

Or will America favour the Jewish genius as it favours the particular genius of all the other races?

That is the question the American people will have to answer.

By electing Mr Roosevelt and keeping him in power, the American people responded. And it immediately became clear that the Jewish plutocrats' conquest of money was not without its Jewish agitators' conquest of the masses.

The same dualism, the most perfect expression of which today is the alliance between Wall Street and the Kremlin.

Until the election of Mr Roosevelt, communism was practically non-existent in the United States. The party founded on 1 September 1919 was declared illegal in January 1920. In December 1921, it disguised itself as the Workers Party and languished until 1928, when it was allowed to call itself the Communist Party of the United States again. But by 1932, it had less than 10,000 members, a ridiculous number in a country of 125 million inhabitants.

As soon as Roosevelt entered the White House, his first concern was to recognise the Soviet government. The Jew Litvinov himself came to Washington to renew diplomatic relations and conclude trade agreements with the Jews of the brain trust. A family affair, so to speak.

From then on, Communism took on a respectable air and the number of party members rose from 10,000 to 50,000 in 1936 and to 100,000 in 1939. This figure may still seem rather meagre, but we know that the Communists have always scorned the idea of recruiting large masses of partisans, preferring to have tried and tested militants in hand to form the shock troops and, above all, the cadres of the revolution. What's more, they are masters in the art of infiltrating fringe associations. In the United States, they control 640 so-called "common front" organisations, the most important of which are the American Civil Liberties Union (led by the Jew Frankfurter, whom we'll talk about later), the American League for Peace and Democracy (which is the Yankee section of the Amsterdam-Pleyel association founded by Romain-Rolland and Barbusse), the League for Industrial Democracy, the American Student Union, etc. The United States, for example, has a large number of "common front" organisations.

According to a report by Mr Steele presented in 1938 to a congressional committee of enquiry, some 6 million 500,000 people are active in these organisations controlled by the Communist Party. This is a far cry from the 100,000 members officially registered.

It was an Aryan, Earl Browder - like Thorez in France or Thaelmann in Germany - who was the nominal leader of the CP. But in the United States, as elsewhere, it was Jews who actually ran the party: financial secretary William Weiner (president of the Jewish Committee against Fascism and Anti-Semitism), Gilbert Greenberg, head of the Jeunesses Communistes and delegate to the 7th Congress of the Comintern, Isaac Amter, Sol Nitzberg, Lloyd Lehmann (an agricultural technician), David Dubinski (who supervised John Lewis at the head of the I.O.C.), and so on.

Just as in 1936 the French Communists suddenly began to reach out to their Catholic brothers and glorify military servitude, so in the same year the American Communists adopted the most resolutely patriotic slogans: Communism, they proclaimed, was the Americanism of the twentieth century. Since then, they have been outspoken warmongers, fiercely in favour of the great anti-fascist crusade. Revenge against the Jews and defence of the USSR are one and the same thing.

Mr Roosevelt never missed an opportunity to show his sympathy for the Communists, either by entrusting them with high administrative posts or by giving his personal support to their organisations. Just before the war, the President sent the following message to the American Youth Congress, a

movement openly domesticated by the American CP, of which Mrs Roosevelt is a "protective member" and whose main speakers are Earl Browder and La Guardia:

The Congress proves that you have come together to examine your mutual problems and those of the country as a whole, to accept your responsibilities as citizens... I am pleased to send you my best wishes for the success of your Congress, which studies these problems without fear and seeks to resolve them with courage and determination. Yours sincerely...

Naturally, since the beginning of hostilities, since the USA combined its initials with those of the USSR, the influence of the Communists has grown even more. They have become official figures. Under the protection of the law and the smiles of Mr Roosevelt, they can prepare as they please the revolution which will ensure the definitive triumph of "Jewish idealism" in America.

Those who deny Roosevelt's subservience to Judaism insist a great deal on the fact that only one minister (Morgenthau) was Jewish (2) and that there were no more than a dozen Jews in Congress, which could be considered a fairly reasonable percentage (3). But once again we must distinguish between appearances and reality. The ministers are mere executors, and the real power is wielded by the famous "brain trust" that has caused so much ink to be spilled and is hardly mentioned any more, even though its power is intact. The brain trust is a strictly Jewish affair. Now that Professor Raymond Moley and General Johnson have been eliminated, only the old Hebrew guard of intimate advisers remain. It is they, and they alone, who dictate Roosevelt's speeches and decisions. They are the masters of America.

Let's take a closer look at these gentlemen.

The oldest - a repeat offender in a way, since he had already grown fat during the other war - was Bernard Baruch, whom the Jewish Examiner of 20 October 1933 affectionately called "the unofficial president". There is no need to dwell on his past activities: Baruch is the very type of unscrupulous plutocrat, the adventurer to whom economic liberalism authorises the most fruitful raids.

Before 1914, he had already amassed a colossal fortune speculating on Wall Street in tobacco, copper and rubber. As soon as war broke out, he joined the War Industries Committee, becoming a sort of economic dictator. No cannon merchant could obtain credit without his approval. He also decided how much equipment the allies would receive and how it would be distributed. The profits he makes from

other people's blood are beyond imagination. He admitted as much to a parliamentary committee of enquiry that questioned him - very timidly, as always - about his actions:

- I probably had more power than any other man during the last war," he said.

When the peace conference opened, Bernard Baruch appeared in Paris in Wilson's wake. He brought with him 117 Jewish collaborators who helped him consolidate his prodigious profits in the corridors of the conference.

This war profiteer, this man who made his extravagant fortune from the mass graves of Europe, is also a cynic. The Chicago Tribune quoted him as saying:

- Patriotism is a load of rubbish.

Patriotism may be "a load of rubbish", but when it comes to Jewish patriotism, guys like Baruch don't hesitate. They are ready to sacrifice the whole world for the salvation of their race.

This is the "unofficial president", the man Roosevelt sees almost every day and without whose advice no important decision can be taken. During my last trip to Washington, it was claimed that President Roosevelt's recognition of the Soviets by the United States, which was, as we know, his first act of foreign policy, was the personal work of Baruch. And it was only natural that the man who was a cannon merchant in 1914-1918, a friend of the Bolsheviks and a scorner of Aryan patriotism should become one of the most ardent supporters of the warmongering clan in Washington.

Another star of the 'brain trust' is Felix Frankfurter, the man who, according to General Johnson (Saturday Evening Post, 26 October 1935) has more influence than any other person in the United States. Frankfurter, who was born in Vienna in 1882 and only recently naturalised, owes his fame to the Mooney affair. Mooney, a communist activist accused of throwing a bomb at an official procession in 1916 and killing ten people, had the ingenious idea of taking on an obscure little Jew, Félix Frankfurter, as his lawyer. This initiative saved him from the death penalty because, like all his co-religionists, Frankfurter was very good at it. Frankfurter had a marvellous talent for arousing the "universal conscience".

Under Frankfurter's nimble fingers, the Mooney case became a sort of American Dreyfus affair (is he or is he not guilty?) and the astute lawyer was immediately launched, pushed to the forefront of the news. The hard-working cat-and-mouse was offered a chair at Harvard. Then, when Mr Roosevelt became President of the United States, he was given the task of giving legal structure to New Deal. He immediately took advantage of the opportunity to appoint a number of his brethren: Herbert Feiss as Secretary of State, Benjamin Cohen and Nathan Margold as financial advisers to the Ministry of the Interior, David-T. Lilienthal as head of the VAT department and Charles Wyzanski as technical adviser to the Ministry of Labour.

Félix Frankfurter never hid the fact that he was a Marxist. At a time when the Jewish Internationals were attacking patriotism in every country and when Socialists and Communists in France were refusing to vote for national defence credits, Frankfurter was campaigning in the United States against the American Legion, whose "chauvinism" he denounced. He called for an end to the practice of saluting the American flag and for the teaching of the American anthem in schools to be discontinued. As a member of all the major extremist associations, he openly advocated revolution and, in particular, encouraged the negroes of the southern states to rise up against the whites. In the end, such zeal was richly rewarded. In January 1939, Roosevelt appointed the Jewish immigrant Felix Frankfurter to the United States Supreme Court. In the meantime, it is true, Frankfurter had ceased, like all his racial brothers, to wither away at national defence. He had become an ardent warmonger. The destruction of Hitlerism demanded this about-turn. Wasn't the easiest way to enlist the Aryans in the great crusade of Jewish racism to tickle their patriotism? Long live patriotism! And too bad if there's any damage...

When the New Deal was being drawn up, Felix Frankfurter's main collaborator was another Supreme Court Justice, Louis Dembitz Brandeis. The New York Times wrote (28 January 1934): "The profound thought of the New Deal is the profound thought of Justice Brandeis. This little point of history is of little importance. It is enough for us to know that Justice Brandeis exerts an ever-growing influence over President Roosevelt and that he is, at the same time, a Jew of the "conscious and organized" type.

In his book *Zionism*, he wrote (page 113): "Let us recognise that we Jews constitute a distinct nationality of which every Jew is necessarily a part, whatever his country, his position or his opinions".

Judge Brandeis is not content with this profession of faith. His solidarity is active. His protégés are numerous, and he counts among his "clients" a number of prominent figures. It was he, it is said, who engineered the election of the Jew Lehmann to the post of Governor of the State of New York to replace Roosevelt. It was he who had the Jew Samuel Rosenmann appointed to the Supreme Court, whom

Roosevelt called his "right-hand man". His solicitude also extended to the lawyer Samuel Untermyer, Roosevelt's personal adviser and head of the organisation boycotting "racist" goods, whose Communist sympathies were well known, and to the Member of Parliament for New York, Samuel Dickstein, who went on the radio on 18 March 1934 to say: "We Americans must change our laws so that German Jews can come here right away".

The list goes on and on. Since Roosevelt came to power, the Jews have established themselves so firmly in all the administrations, in all the ministries, that one has the impression of a gigantic curse. Even when the minister responsible was not Jewish, his immediate subordinates were. This is the case at work where, under the screen of the Aryan Frances Perkins, we see Leo Wolman, Chairman of the Strikes Committee, Sidney Hillman, Adviser, W.-M. Leiserson (born in Russia), Secretary of the Labour Office, Isidor Lubin, Delegate to the S.D.N., Frances Jurkowitz, Assistant Secretary for Labour, Rose Schenederman (born in Russia), Adviser, etc., etc., etc., etc.

At Commerce, Foreign Affairs and the Interior, it's the same thing, the same frenetic colonisation. You only have to look back to 1936 and remember what happened in France, under Léon Blum, when the Jews rushed to the squares (all the squares and right away!) to imagine the atmosphere in Washington. The only difference is that it is an Aryan who is nominally at the head of the government. But no one was fooled, and Roosevelt never missed an opportunity to flaunt his militant philosemitism. Just as Mrs Roosevelt liked to be seen with Negroes who would not be received under any circumstances in the humblest of old American families, the President made it a point of honour to be photographed as often as possible in the company of Jews and to show them spectacular tenderness.

At the last Thanksgiving before the war, Roosevelt had a little Jew, Robert Rosenbaum, on his left as he solemnly carved up the traditional turkey under flashes of magnesium. We all know the importance of this festival, which is celebrated in the USA on the last Thursday in November to thank God for the blessings bestowed during the year. It's a religious holiday, inspired by the Puritans, whose customs date back to the pioneer days and which has retained as much of a family feel as the English Christmas. True Americans only invite their closest relatives to the Thanksgiving Day meal. Nevertheless, in 1938, Mr Roosevelt did not hesitate to invite a foreigner to sit at his table, on the pretext of receiving a 'sick boy' at the White House, and it seems impossible that he was chosen by chance. Young Rosenbaum had been invited because he was Jewish, and only because he was Jewish. It was a symbolic gesture that received enormous publicity in newspapers around the world and was understood by all anti-fascists as a challenge to the "evil" Hitlerites.

If we were tempted to forget that Roosevelt is the man of the Jews, the servile executor of their will, the instrument of their vengeance, their supreme hope, the Jews themselves would take it upon themselves to remind us of this.

As early as October 20, 1933, Rabbi Louis-D. Gross wrote in the Brooklyn Jewish Examiner:

The Roosevelt government gave the Jews more important positions than any other government in the history of the United States.

The following year, on 12 March 1934, another rabbi, S.-H. Goldenson, wrote in the Jewish Daily Bulletin :

The Jews must support President Roosevelt because his ideals are the same as those of the ancient Hebrew prophets.

Then, in 1935, the Jewish professor H.-J. Laski declared:

If the experiment for which Mr. Roosevelt assumes responsibility were to fail, as a result of the support given to it by a large number of prominent Jews, there would be an outburst of anti-Semitism in the United States the like of which Anglo-Saxon civilization would never have known.

On 6 March 1939, Roosevelt was awarded the Jewish Congress Gold Medal "for outstanding service to the cause of Israelites in the United States".

And in May 1939, the congress of B'nai B'rith, the all-powerful Jewish Masonic association, unanimously adopted a motion calling for Roosevelt to be re-elected President for the third time, in defiance of all American traditions.

Things were going rather badly. The famous Roosevelt experiment, which Professor Laski had so rightly predicted would unleash an unprecedented wave of anti-Semitism if it failed, could no longer be

concealed on the eve of war. The sluggish prosecution of Morgan's Bank had allowed the omnipotence of the trusts to persist. The New Deal had reduced unemployment only marginally. Eleven million unemployed continued to live on state subsidies without any benefit to the community. Social conflicts were multiplying daily and becoming increasingly violent. The whole of America was experiencing the pre-revolutionary climate of Spain in 1935 and France in 1936.

For abandoning itself to the Jewish alchemists, America was paying the ultimate price for its aberration. And if she understood - because in spite of everything she could decide to understand - her awakening would be terrible.

This is what the Jewish brains who think for Mr Roosevelt wanted to avoid. They were left with one last chance, an old trick that is fairly worn out but still appeals to bankrupt plutocrats: war.

The war that makes you forget all about "the failings of democracy".

The war that quenches the Hebrew warmongers' thirst for revenge.

The war that imposes a sacred union around the banners of Israel.

The Jewish War...

Pierre-Antoine Cousteau, *L'Amérique juive*, Les Éditions de France, 1942, p. 37-48.

(1) Mr Roosevelt has since made his peace with Morgan's Bank. It was thanks to Morgan, in particular, that in 1940 he succeeded in having the warmonger Willkie (his accomplice) nominated as the Republican Party candidate and in rigging the elections as had never been done before. Willkie, the man of the trusts, and Roosevelt, the man of the Jews, pretended to fight each other. In reality, they had already agreed on what was essential: the need to launch the country into war.

(2) Cordell Hull, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, is married to a Jewish woman. Although he is not a Jew by race, there is no doubt that under the influence of his wife he has acquired the habit of thinking Jewish, which makes him all the more dangerous.



(3) Naturally, we find this percentage excessive.

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The rebels

"If you ventured a word against the great Yutre invasion... all you newspapers would be strangled so cleanly that in a week the very name you bore would be forgotten... right down to the colour of your pages! Not one more ad! No more theatre! No more credit, no more licences, no more papers, and soon there would be no news, no more phone calls, just emptiness... "

Louis-Ferdinand Céline

Bagatelles pour un massacre

America's great misfortune is that it has not produced any good anti-Semites. Nothing like Drumont or Céline on the other side of the ocean. No thinker, no polemicist who has taken the trouble to clear away the brush of democracy and provide his country with a genuine nationalist doctrine, an anti-Semitism of reason that men of good will can recommend to themselves.

It is somewhat distressing to note that the "great ancestor" of American anti-Semitism is Mr Henry Ford. Mr Ford was a successful businessman who made a billion dollars from a simple idea: the mass-produced car, available to everyone, but it is doubtful that his name will leave any trace in the history of contemporary philosophy. Moreover, his anti-Semitism was no more than a momentary crisis, a sort of fit of rage that the Jews hastened to appease by the most extreme means.

Before launching his assault on the Jewish citadels, Henry Ford had already demonstrated, on at least one occasion, that when he believed he was serving the cause of the public good, he did not hesitate to pay with his life.

In 1916, he had chartered an ocean liner with his own money to go to Europe at the head of a pacifist delegation, to beg the belligerents to stop fighting. War seemed to him a monstrous idiocy. He, who was driven by a passion for building, couldn't fathom the reasons that drove men to destroy each other so

savagely. What an appalling waste of life and wealth!... So Ford naively imagined that all he had to do was appear and say to the combatants something reasonable: "Come on, you're mad, go home..." and the massacres would immediately cease.

Naturally, this expedition ended in rather pitiful failure. The belligerents refused to receive him and, in America itself, most of the newspapers ridiculed the pilgrim. But Ford had given proof of his goodwill.

The crusade against the Jews was no more successful. It was on 20 May 1920 that Ford's weekly Dearborn Independent published an article entitled "The International Jew, a World Problem" which reverberated across America like a thunderclap.

We dared to touch the Jews! We dared to broach this taboo subject, to defy the almighty gods of Wall Street and the White House! People looked at each other, petrified with horror. What was going to happen? Surely the sky was going to fall...

This first article was, however, rather banal, or rather it seems so to us who are familiar with the Jewish problem and who have seen the predictions (true or false, it doesn't matter) of the Protocols of the Elders of Zion fulfilled point by point. The anonymous author explained that there was a Jewish plot to secure world domination, that the Jews already controlled Russia thanks to the Bolsheviks and Western Europe thanks to the international financiers, that in the United States the Jews had already conquered New York and made it the most depraved city in the world, that they were in the process of taking over the whole country.

The Dearborn Independent's philippic was followed by this statement: Henry Ford takes responsibility for all articles published in the Independent, the newspaper being his personal property. The Jewish question, as every businessman knows, has worsened in the United States. And no one dared to discuss it because Jewish influence would have been powerful enough to destroy it...

How could Henry Ford, a man so uneducated, so uninterested in the things of the mind, confined to his factories and deliberately deprived of all contact with New York, have become so clearly aware of Jewish power? He had realised it on the famous 'peace boat' that took him to Europe in 1916, and he recounted it in a page of memories that Gringoire opportunely recalled on 13 February 1942:

On the ship were two considerable Jews. We had not gone two miles out to sea before they began to talk to me about the power of the Jewish race, to tell me how they controlled the world through gold and that the Jews alone and no-one else but the Jews could stop the war.

I resisted believing them and I told them. Then they went into great detail, telling me how the Jews were waging war... money... raw materials... so much so that they persuaded me.

They claimed and believed that the Jews had started the war, that they would continue it for as long as they liked and that it would not stop until the Jews decided to stop it.

So, having perceived the danger, Henry Ford decided to throw himself into the fray, with all his financial resources, which were immense, and his intellectual resources, which were, alas, much more limited. But he acted spontaneously, as a man of goodwill, with the sole aim of opening the eyes of his compatriots and doing them a favour.

The Dearborn Independent article was the first of many. At first, the Jews thought it best not to respond. They formed a vast conspiracy of silence around Ford's newspaper, the favourite method of the people of Israel whenever they are powerless to take direct reprisals against their enemies. However, sales of the Dearborn Independent continued to grow and the revelations made by its editors became more and more precise and alarming.

Then some Jews lost patience and one of them, Isaac Laudmann, editor of American Hebrew, challenged Ford to "prove" that there was a Jewish conspiracy. American Hebrew offered to pay the detectives. It was a crude trap, for it is quite obvious that it is impossible to take a stenographic record of the conciliabula of Jewish leaders or to photograph them "conspiring". But Ford, who, like all simpletons, had a weakness for detective stories, happily fell for it and set his own detectives on the trail of the plot. Then, what had to happen happened. The Dearborn Independent was flooded with forged documents fabricated by rogue policemen in the pay of the Jews. And the Jews used the opportunity to triumph loudly whenever Ford allowed himself to be mystified. The crude Detroit businessman was no match for the subtle and unscrupulous Talmudists of New York.

However, all this agitation alarmed the Jews. It is in their best interests that as little be said about them as possible; it is only under cover of ignorance that they can establish their domination, and total silence is better than the most brilliant press campaign in favour of the chosen race. For to defend them is to

point the finger at them, and they can only really act effectively when it is accepted once and for all that there is no Jewish question.

Ford was overwhelmed with stamped paper. Hundreds of Jews sued him or demanded the insertion of clarifications or denials. He was delighted: "We have provoked," wrote his newspaper, "a great outburst of chatter about the Jewish question in this country.

One fine day, on a mysterious order, all the Jews - which wasn't so serious - and all the Aryans enjuivés, controlled, domesticated and enslaved by the Jews - which was much more worrying - began boycotting Ford cars. No more money for the enemy of the Jews.

Ford was a billion dollars rich, but it was a fortune invested entirely in its factories, a fortune that supported hundreds of thousands of people, a fortune that was extremely vulnerable. If the sale stopped, the debacle would be vertical.

So Ford capitulated. In January 1922, the Bearborn Independent published an embarrassed note explaining that the paper should desist from its attacks, but urging all Goymys not to lose sight of the Jewish question.

The Jews had silenced the richest businessman in the United States.

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Ford's failure was very similar to the collapse of the Ku Klux Klan in the aftermath of the Second World War. We know that this secret association originated in Georgia during the so-called 'reconstruction period' that followed the debacle of the southern armies in 1865. The K.K.K., whose ritual and carnival aspect seem laughable to us, as laughable as the masquerades of our Freemasons, was nevertheless, at the time, imperiously necessary. And necessary in its very form, with its bonnets, shrouds and flaming crosses. It could even be said that it was the K.K.K. that saved, along with the physical person of the whites, everything that could still be saved from southern civilisation. Under the protection of Northern bayonets, the negroes brutally emancipated by Lincoln had been given every right, and they were encouraged to use and abuse them, to take every revenge, to satisfy every instinct. Black raiding parties burned farms, massacred planters and raped white women. And if a Southern gentleman even hinted at

defending himself, he was automatically condemned by the Yankee courts-martial. On principle, the white man was always wrong, the Negro always right.

Unable to obtain justice, but determined not to be exterminated by their former slaves, the defeated Southerners came up with the Ku Klux Klan. It wasn't a bad idea. The association had to be secret in order to escape detection by the Northern police, and it had to be terrifying in order to stifle any hint of resistance among the Negroes. The Negroes were so superstitious that the bed sheets worn by Klan members to resemble ghosts had more effect on these primitive beings than the bloodiest punishment. At very little cost, by executing only the minimum number of negroes and merely frightening them, the Ku Klux Klan soon succeeded in restoring a little order to the anarchy of 'reconstruction' and, above all, in putting everyone in their place.

Then, when the occupying Northern troops withdrew and the Southern States returned to self-government, the K.K.K. gradually lost its *raison d'être* and slowly died out. In the aftermath of the 1914-1918 war, it was briefly resurrected. This time, however, it was no longer a question of bringing over-enterprising blacks to heel. The Klan's aims were more far-reaching. The new K.K.K., Southern-inspired like the first, set out to rid the United States of foreign influences, of everything that tarnished the American ideal. It professed a jealous nationalism, claiming to restore a taste for work, family, austerity and patriotism in the midst of all kinds of disorder following the war. It denounced the evils of capitalism and repudiated Marxism. In short, the Klan contained the seeds of true American National Socialism. Unfortunately, the men who headed it lacked the stature to popularise such noble ideals and sound principles. Instead, they persisted in maintaining the old-fashioned, buffoonish ritual of "reconstruction". But if the era of the coloured shirts had begun, the era of the ghosts was over. In 1920, with their sweat shirts, the Klan people no longer frightened anyone, and people didn't mind making fun of them.

However, despite the inadequacy of its leaders and the ridiculousness of its methods, the Klan was making quite astonishing progress, especially in the small towns of the West, among the middle classes, because the temptation of fascism - that evil of the century, as Robert Brasillach put it with such understanding sympathy - was great and only the Klan responded to this religious need for national renewal and purity. It is estimated that around four million people were members and sympathisers of the Klan in 1920.

Only, the new Klan was anti-Semitic. It had to be. The danger was no longer the slave revolt of 1865. The hoods of the "flaming cross", who also harboured rather naive prejudices against Catholics who were "subjects of a foreign sovereign", had understood very well that the real enemies of Americanism were

the Jews. Unfortunately, they were no match for such adversaries. Their doctrine was confused, their methods outdated, and when the Jews decided to do away with the Klan, the liquidation took place in a matter of months. To achieve this, the Jews, supported by all the Masonic associations, resorted to their favourite weapon: slander. Since the Jews controlled the main newspapers, it was easy for them to dishonour the leaders of the new Klan. Attacked on their probity, honour and morality, they were unable to defend themselves. At the same time, the entire institution was ridiculed - which was not very difficult - by emphasising its puerile ritual and likening its practices to the most odiously 'obscurantist' traditions of the Inquisition.

The post-war Klan had grown rapidly. It disappeared almost as quickly. Thus vanished the promise of American fascism.

For a while it looked as if Father Coughlin, the radio priest, was going to unite all the opponents of Judaism. This likeable clergyman had carved out an exceptional place for himself in American political life. Every week he harangued millions of listeners on all wavelengths. And what he said was not at all unreasonable. He denounced capitalism and Marxism with the ardour of a true fascist, he invoked the encyclical of Leo XIII to justify the building of a new state in which social justice would reign and, without openly attacking democracy, he suggested that he would be very happy to see it disappear.

At first, when Roosevelt could only be judged on his promises, Father Coughlin had supported the Democratic candidate with all his eloquence. But by 1934, the radio priest realised that the President was betraying the cause of the humble, that he was handing the country over to the Jews, that he was leading America into war. He broke with the White House and became head of the National League for Social Justice. In 1935, Father Coughlin denounced for the first time the actions of the "international bankers", the Baruchs, the Loebes, the Warburgs, the Rothschilds. The word "Jewish" was not mentioned, but the New York rabbis immediately stood up and accused Coughlin of promoting "race hatred". A classic method. As soon as you put your foot down on a Jewish malefactor, whether it be Dreyfus, Stavisky or Blum, all the Jews cry out in chorus that they are being unfairly attacked, and they immediately stand by the least defensible of them.

Then Father Coughlin became more and more precise in his accusations, and began to call things by their proper names. He saw war coming, and with great foresight he distinguished its causes. With ever-increasing energy he urged his countrymen not to let themselves slide into catastrophe.

I am more afraid of an army of ten million unemployed at home than an army of ten million enemies across the sea," he proclaimed on 8 January 1939. I fear more the consequences of the misery of twenty million people living below the American standard of living than the combined forces of the dictators of Europe... Like Wilson, Roosevelt is leading us into war, using the same methods, for the same reasons...

And on 29 January 1939, Father Coughlin gave full meaning to the frenzy of the warmongers:

Let the Jews take a stand against Communism! Let them dare to do so! It's the only way they can prove their sincerity! But they only attack the Nazis and the Fascists, on the pretext that these are "foreign" doctrines and that they are too "American" to accept them. On the other hand, they are careful not to touch Bolshevism, which is nonetheless - if words still have any meaning - a foreign doctrine... Better still, they are doing everything to ensure that American soldiers will one day be called upon to die alongside the Bolsheviks in the Jewish crusade against totalitarian countries...

Why did Father Coughlin, who had such a healthy view of things, not succeed better? For one thing, his Catholicism alienated most of the Protestants in the United States who still harbour the old anti-papist prejudices of the early Puritans.

And the man had his faults. There was something about this character overflowing with the best intentions in the world that prevented us from taking him too seriously: too many theatrical attitudes, too many fairground pirouettes, not enough consistency in his doctrine.

Moreover, the Jews did not give him time to push the experiment very far. As soon as he began to denounce the influence of Israel and to thunder that the Jews wanted war, one after another, as if by magic, the broadcasting stations took away their microphones. Dropped from the airwaves, Father Coughlin was unarmed. As soon as hostilities broke out, they dealt him the coup de grâce by charging him with high treason, accusing him of selling out to Germany. An old Jewish trick that always succeeds.

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As for the other opponents of Judaism, they too were condemned to silence. It was true that many Americans deplored the Jewish dictatorship, and that clubs and even universities were slyly introducing a sort of numerus clausus. But as long as these initiatives were isolated, they hardly worried the tribe.

What could not be tolerated was the public expression of Aryan revolt. In *La Mystérieuse internationale juive*, Léon de Poncins quotes the text of a letter sent on 13 December 1933 by the Anti Defamation League of Chicago to the editors of American newspapers:

Scribners and Sons have just published a book by Madison Grant entitled *The Conquest of a Continent*. It is extremely hostile to Jewish interests.

It is in our interest to stifle the sale of this book. We believe we can best achieve this result by not allowing ourselves to be drawn into giving it publicity.

Any commentary or public review of a book of this kind attracts the attention of many people who would otherwise be unaware of its existence. The result is an increase in sales. The less the book is discussed, the lower its sales will be.

We therefore appeal to you to refrain from commenting on this book, which will sooner or later come to your attention. We are convinced that general obedience to this line of conduct will serve as a warning to publishers and prevent them from repeating such an adventure.

What can be done against such a marvellously organised conspiracy of silence? In a country where the smallest newspaper is printed on fifty pages, the anti-Semitic leader James True, founder of America First Incorporated, was reduced, before the war, to sending his supporters a weekly mimeographed bulletin that sweated misery. In September 1934, James True collected subscriptions from four hundred industrialists who pledged to pay him two hundred thousand dollars to found a newspaper. Mr Roosevelt got wind of the story and threatened to blacklist the subscribers. The money was withdrawn and James True was left to fend for himself, writing his newsletters in his bedroom and printing them using conspiratorial equipment. Not that this stopped the Jewish plutocrats from accusing James True of being a sell-out to Germany!

Thus, no opposition was possible. War-mongering propaganda, the monopoly of which Roosevelt and the big Jews had reserved for themselves, crushed any hint of resistance and silenced any dissenting voices. Lindbergh returned from Germany in 1938, convinced of the Reich's supremacy in the air. He was immediately expelled from the Lindbergh Air Line, which disappeared, and when, in 1939, the national hero resolutely took the lead in the anti-Bellicose crusade, he was showered with the most vile insults, and his courage, intelligence and probity were called into question. The victor of the Atlantic became



nothing more than a "sell-out", the leader of the "fifth column". Hard-working Jewish publicists just as vile as the gangsters who murdered his son are bent on dishonouring him. As we have seen, Lindbergh's efforts were in vain. In the United States, there is no level playing field between an Aryan hero and the Jewish clan.

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Another less famous but equally sympathetic figure, General George van Horn Moseley, broke his back in the same venture. This soldier had been unwise enough to denounce the warmongering plot. He was immediately summoned to appear before the parliamentary committee of enquiry chaired by Congressman Dies, whose aim was to "shed light" on the activities of fascists and Nazis in the United States. There, on 29 September 1938, General Moseley transformed himself from accused to accuser and his indictment was deemed so convincing that the Committee refused to include it in its minutes. Moseley was obliged to print it at his own expense and send it to his few friends.

The General began by saying that at the beginning, when he refrained from speaking about the Jews, he was allowed to say whatever he wanted, but that on the very day that, in a speech, he alluded to the chosen race, he received an invitation from Louis-L. Strauss of the bank Kuhn, Loeb and C°, who asked him for a "friendly" meeting. Strauss assured him that they could easily "get along". Moseley refused outright. From then on, he was unable to publish a single article or give a single speech. He was blacklisted by the all-powerful Jewish censors.

And Moseley adds:

It is a great strategic error to insist on getting along with our distant neighbours neither on the Atlantic nor on the Pacific... America is seeking a dangerous quarrel with Germany... I have three sons. I don't want them to die to satisfy Mr Roosevelt's ideological passions.

On 11 March 1939, another general, General Butler (some American servicemen are really nice), wrote:

If we have to fight every twenty years for democracy, why on earth do we keep democracy?

Naturally, these two generals, who were opposed to the breakaway, were immediately expelled from the army.

On the eve of the war, the Jews had broken all resistance, they had made a vacuum in front of them. Admittedly, the Americans were not very keen on going to war, but while the warmongers were solidly organised and in control of the country, the peace party was decapitated, without a leader or doctrine, condemned to complete impotence.

Pierre-Antoine Cousteau, *L'Amérique juive*, Les Éditions de France, 1942, p. 49-56.

7

Fresh and cheerful

"It is in the United States that we can best observe and taste the panic of the Jew, the insane anguish that strangles him, camouflaged by arrogance, at the slightest mention of the possibility of a general, worldwide settlement of scores. They talk about it, they stupefy themselves with it, they fall back in terror as if on the execution chair. "War against Hitler! And right away! Rally, watchword, precipitating magic, evangelisation of the whole of American Jewry, fantastically democratic."

Louis-Ferdinand Céline

École des Cadavres.

The Americans have very bad memories of the war before last. Not that they suffered much: their losses amounted to seventy-five thousand men, which, in proportion to the size of their population, is insignificant. Not that they had anything to complain about from a material point of view: the destruction was reserved for Europe and, despite the shortcomings of the debtor states, the operation resulted in handsome profits, a vertiginous development of industry and the conquest of new markets stolen from the belligerents in South America and the Far East.

Yet the average American felt he had been duped. And, in fact, they were. Fooled by Wilson, who had promised peace in order to get elected and who declared war as soon as he had won the votes of his

compatriots. Fooled by the Allies, who refused to make peace "without annexation or indemnity" and then evaded paying their debts. Fooled by all the European nations, who were unable to soften up after the appalling experience and who, as soon as the Treaty of Versailles was signed, started fighting again.

No, these people (the Europeans) definitely didn't deserve to be looked after, to make sacrifices to ensure their happiness and to ensure that justice prevailed. Let them fend for themselves! Let them settle their sordid little quarrels of precedence and boundary markers on their own.

The war had served no purpose. It had only benefited bankers and gun merchants. In 1919, the man in the street in the United States swore that he would never do it again.

In 1921, when I was admitted to a school in New York, one of my first astonishments was how unpopular the Allies were. Within a few months Americans had forgotten that they had just fought Germany. There were no hard feelings. On the contrary, the defeated were pitied for having been subjected to the Treaty of Versailles, French 'imperialism' was denounced and the American Jew Otto Kahn was campaigning in the Forum for Austria and the Sudetenland provinces of Czechoslovakia to be attached to Germany.

By 1929, when I returned to the United States, this feeling had only grown. Sympathy was with Germany, and all the more so because the Reich was then a Jewish stronghold. The directors of conscience in the United States loved Weimar's Judenrepublik, just as they were to love Léon Blum's Jewish France a little later. But it was well understood that these sympathies could never manifest themselves in any tangible way. America was fiercely determined never again to intervene, whatever happened, in European affairs.

By 1935, American sympathies had changed focus. Or rather, although people had not begun to cherish France, Hitlerism was being decried and public opinion was being aroused against "racist barbarism". But American isolationism was intact. Although they were willing to encourage the combatants, they had no intention of going into battle. The prevailing feeling among those who could be mobilised was that the triumph of democracy in Europe was not worth the bones of an Oklahoma National Guardsman. This feeling was so strong that the most ardent Jewish polemicists dared not offend public opinion head-on by advocating American participation in the great anti-Hitler crusade, and that President Roosevelt himself was forced to repeat that he would keep the country out of all future conflicts.

Yet President Roosevelt was already the spiritual leader of the crusade, the secret but fanatical protagonist of the coming war, the pope of the warmongers.

By a significant coincidence, Chancellor Hitler and Mr Roosevelt came to power at roughly the same time, just a few weeks apart. On the one hand, the liberator of the Aryans. On the other, the champion of Jewry. Between these two men, between the values they symbolised, there was no possible compromise. The day Hitler became Chancellor of the Reich marked the beginning of the war that the Jews of the world declared on Germany. The physicist Einstein expressed with instructive naivety the sometimes hidden but profound feelings of people of his race. Before Hitler, he wrote: In the event of war, I shall refuse all direct or indirect military service and shall endeavour to persuade my friends to do the same, regardless of rights or wrongs as to the origin of the conflict.

As soon as Hitler came to power, the same Einstein crossed the border and immediately declared to the people who had welcomed him: If I were a Belgian, I would not refuse military service under the present circumstances, but I would accept it, on the contrary, with a clear conscience.

Note that Einstein has no more desire "after" than "before" to go personally to the rifle. But "before", he preached with his rifle butt in the air and "after", he sends the brave little Aryan boys of the enslaved countries to the slaughter with a light heart and a clear conscience.

In one fell swoop, like Einstein, Jews the world over have been transformed, with varying degrees of success, into recruiting sergeants. And Mr Roosevelt is too closely subservient to the Jews to have thought for a moment of thwarting their aspirations. On the contrary, he served as a moral guarantor for these aspirations, he disguised them as a humanitarian movement, he worked with vigilant tenacity to put as many trump cards as possible into Israel's hands, to set up as many adversaries as possible against Hitlerism, and above all to undermine and wear down American isolationism, to gradually make the people of the United States accept the idea that war is possible, that it is necessary, that it is inevitable.

This was a long-term task, which faced many more obstacles in America than in Europe. A European can always be persuaded, especially when launched into a war of aggression, that his existence is threatened, whereas it is just as difficult to persuade a farmer in the Middle West that he urgently needs to go and die somewhere in Flanders.

I remember a film, "Mr Everyman", which illustrated quite well the state of mind of Mr Roosevelt's constituents. "Mr Everyman" is an American, so wonderfully average at everything that an advertising firm hired him to act as its "best man". We can be sure that when he chooses a tie, it's the tie that appeals to almost all Americans, we know that the cocktail he prefers is the one that suits the majority of impaired Yankees, and that a torpedo spotted by him at the Motor Show will sell without difficulty. The tastes of 'Mr Everyman' are always ratified by the clientele, and it is enough to consult him to undertake mass production without risk.

"Mr Everyman is so infallible that one day we decide to find out how he feels about foreign policy. We wake him up in the middle of the night to tell him there's been a fascist attack. Leave me alone," replies Mr Everyman. And he goes back to sleep. An hour later, he is warned that democracy is dying in Europe. For God's sake, don't disturb my sleep. Finally he was informed that enemy planes were in the skies over New York. Well," says Mr Everyman, "in that case, I'm going to fight. And he got up to go and fight.

It was this "Mr Everyman", these countless "Mr Everymen" in the United States that President Roosevelt, the ideal embodiment of Jewish warmongering, launched into the war against the democracies.

The first thing to do was to eliminate the farsighted Americans who had uncovered the plot, who had understood the disasters that the President and his Jewish gang were leading the country into. We saw in the previous chapter how these people were silenced.

There was only one obstacle to Mr Roosevelt's plans, and it was, it must be said, a major one: the apathy of the American people, their firm resolve not to go to war. This people, drunk on Jewish propaganda, had embraced the ideas of their masters. They hated fascism. They loved democracy. But they did not want to fight. Hence the need to sweeten the pill, to gently, extremely gently, accustom them to the idea of war.

At first, the isolationist will of the American people was so great that Mr Roosevelt (like Wilson) was obliged, in order to maintain his popularity, to multiply his pacifist professions of faith. On 14 August 1936, in Chautauqua, he gave a speech that was, as they say in the Palace of Justice, a "spontaneous confession", the most merciless indictment ever made of the President's own warmongering:

If war were to break out on another continent, let us not conceal from ourselves that, driven by the lure of immediate profits, there would be thousands of Americans in the country who would try to get us out of neutrality. They will tell you - and unfortunately their views will meet with wide publicity - that if they could produce and export all the articles which the belligerents need, all the unemployed in America would find work. They will tell you that if they could open credits to the warring nations, these credits would be used in the United States to build houses and factories and to pay our debts. They will tell you that, once again, America would take over the world's trade.

It will be hard to resist this clamour. It will be hard, I fear, for many Americans to look beyond, to realise the inevitable returns that follow false prosperity. To resist the cries of this pack, if war came, we would have to mobilise the mass of peace-loving Americans. If we have to choose between profits and peace, the nation must and will answer: peace!

In 1937, the President gave his approval to the famous Neutrality Act, which prohibited the export of war material destined for belligerent countries.

This attitude does not contradict the plans of the members of the "brain trust". They were not primarily interested in going to war. They wanted us to wage war on Hitler, which was not quite the same thing.

Of course, in official statements and press articles, it is above all the dictatorship that is attacked, and we pretend that we are only doing this to defend democracy. But curiously enough, the dictator Stalin is almost never blamed, nor the dictators of South America, nor the Turkish dictator, nor Chiang Kai Chek. Hitler alone is to blame (and also, to a lesser degree, Mussolini, his ally). Because Hitler is anti-Semitic. And just because he is anti-Semitic, he must be shot.

Although Roosevelt was somewhat cautious in his invective, some of his immediate collaborators were much less hypocritical, much more outspoken. They were not afraid to name Jewish enemy number 1. For example, Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of State for the Interior, dubbed "the synthetic Jew" by American anti-Semites, increased his provocations and loudly proclaimed what his boss Roosevelt was insinuating.

On 26 April 1938, presiding over a banquet given in honour of Jewish scum who had taken refuge in the USA, he exclaimed:

The United States has been enriched by the flood of brilliant minds forced into exile by Nazi persecution. Our country salutes these exiles! Soon the rays of freedom will pierce the dark clouds, for the most powerful tyrant cannot kill the soul of man.

On 18 December 1938, speaking in Cleveland (Ohio), he was even more precise:

We insult the Middle Ages by comparing them with modern totalitarian countries... If we want to make a comparison, we have to go back to the age when there was no civilisation, just bestiality. Certain regions of Europe currently allow anthropologists to study prehistoric man without having to resort to a jawbone or a human tooth dating back to prehistoric times.

Never before in peacetime, in any country in the world, has a responsible minister more insolently defied a foreign nation with which there is no serious dispute. But the American Jews are so blinded by their racist fury that they have lost all modesty. They tremble with impatience. They want revenge, they want blood, they want corpses, and they want it as soon as possible.

On 3 June 1938, the American Hebrew faithfully reflected the passions of the masters of the United States:

Hitler is riding a wave, and he's going to sink into it. He has forgotten the example of Pharaoh, the fate of those who persecute the chosen people. This people always rises up to bite off the heels of those who would tread on it.

The forces of reaction were mobilised. A combination of England, France and Russia will sooner or later halt the triumphant march of the Führer, whose success is panicking him. Either by accident or by decision (?) a Jew has risen to a position of predominant importance in each of these three nations; in the hands of these non-Aryans lies the fate of millions of human lives.

Blum was no longer Prime Minister of France, but President Lebrun was only a figurehead and Daladier had only taken the reins for a while. Léon Blum is the predominant Jew, the one who counts. He could therefore be the Moses who, at the right moment, would lead the French nation.

The great Jew who sits on Stalin's right, that tin soldier of Communism, Litvinov, has grown in stature to the point of surpassing any comrade in the International, with the sole exception of the yellow-skinned leader of the Kremlin.

The shrewd and cultured Litvinov conceived and implemented the Franco-Russian pact. It was he who convinced President Roosevelt. He achieved the ultimate in diplomacy by keeping conservative England, led by Etonians in silk hats, on the friendliest terms with Red Russia.

And Hore Belisha! Suave, versatile, cunning, ambitious and competent, flamboyant and authoritarian, his star continues to rise. He would follow Disraeli's path to the residence at 10 Downing Street where the fate of all the King's subjects was decided. Bore Belisha's rise was sensational. He was a master in the wise use of propaganda, having gained his experience from Lord Beaverbrook. He manoeuvred to keep his name always in the spotlight. This aggressive young man has transformed the ragged, boorish, routine, worn-out old English army into a mechanised war machine that is on a war footing in a world that threatens to become mere dung (?) for dictators.

These three eminent sons of Israel will band together to send the daring dictator to the devil, where he will be lowered - not too gently - into a hole dug in the ground. And then the Jews will sing Alleluia. Europe will be crushed to pieces.

It is almost certain that these three nations will stand shoulder to shoulder in a virtual alliance against Hitler. When the smoke of battle has cleared, when the bugles have fallen silent and the shells have finished exploding, then the trio of non-Aryans will intone a Requiem that sounds curiously like a mixture of the Marseillaise, the Dildo save the King and the Internationale, ending in an aggressive, proud and militant grand finale that will be the Jewish anthem: Eili! Eili!

In the light of this article, American policy in recent years becomes crystal clear: everything for war, doing everything to aggravate European quarrels, to encourage the Russian-French-British alliance to forge ahead, the best encouragement being to let them believe that, in the event of conflict, America would rush to their rescue. Hence the extremely subtle game played by Mr Roosevelt, who sought on the one hand to reassure public opinion (don't worry, we won't budge!) and on the other to excite the warmongering democrats of Europe (go ahead, we're with you!).



It was no coincidence that Roosevelt's first ambassador to Paris was the Jew Jesse Strauss (owner of New York's Macy's department stores) and that his successor was the half-Jew William Bullitt, son of the Jew Louisa Gross Horwitz and married to the widow of the American Communist leader John Reed. Bullitt has just arrived from Moscow, where he had been a tumultuous sympathiser with Stalin and where he had given up his position to another Jew, Steinhardt. The mission of these fellows is precise. They have to set things alight.

The Czech crisis has all the Jews of America on tenterhooks. This is the opportunity we have been hoping and waiting for. Mr Pittmann, chairman of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, dismisses any attempt at compromise in advance: Czechoslovakia, he said, had the right to expect and demand the protection of the governments responsible for its creation and which had undertaken to protect it. Bernard Baruch, after spending the whole afternoon with President Roosevelt, telephones Sir John Simon: Don't give in, we support you. But the English felt that war would be premature and the Munich agreement was greeted with consternation in America. The Jewish press, horribly disappointed, raged against France: So what? Are we chickening out? Give up? No longer willing to be the "Christ of the Nations"? Have the French got nothing left in the belly?

On his return from a trip to the United States, Dr Goldman, one of the leaders of the "World Jewish Congress", summed up this disappointment quite well in an interview that L'Ordre (15 January 1939) piously recorded:

The Jews of America have understood that the humanitarian era is gone forever, that the Jewish problem is no longer a matter for philanthropy, that to save the mutilated body of the Jewish people we need not just charitable plasters, but comprehensive, precise, energetic, radical action.

Allow me to say a few more words about the saddened astonishment felt in various quarters (the American warmongers) at the fact that France is absent from the decisive battle being waged in the world today over the rights of the individual.

For his part, Roosevelt understood that one of the reasons the democracies had been held back was that they were uncertain about the nature of American support (4) and that, if they really wanted to fight, it was necessary to give them more spectacular encouragement without, of course, making any specific commitments. The assassination of Councillor von Rath by the wretched Grynspan provided the opportunity. It was the first shot fired in the world war, something quite similar to the 'exploit' of the Jew Princip in Sarajevo. But the virtuous Mr Roosevelt had not a word to pity the victim, and as soon as

the Reich decided on reprisals against the Jewish community, he showed solidarity with the murderer: in a theatrical gesture, he recalled his ambassador to Berlin. Then, in a speech at the beginning of January 1939, he launched into a violent diatribe against racism. Our warmongers were just waiting for this to make them sit up and take notice.

Here is a new hope, a new encouragement coming to us from the other side of the Atlantic," wrote Pierre Brossolette in *Le Populaire* (5 January 1939). Such words certainly deserve applause. But they do more than that. They impose duties on us.

President Roosevelt was neither a Munich man, nor a coward, nor an accomplice," added Gabriel Péri in *L'Humanité*, "he was a clear-sighted and courageous statesman.

And Albert Bayet, who never misses a beat, wrote in *La Lumière*: President Roosevelt has once again made himself the eloquent interpreter of the human conscience.

In France, Roosevelt has become the conscience director of the sword-swallowers. And when French newspapers - as was the case with *Je suis Partout* and *Gringoire* - timidly point out that although the President's fine harangues urge us to war, they do not bring us any military aid, these voices are immediately covered by the furious clamour of the warmongers. Roosevelt is sacred, Roosevelt is taboo. No criticism whatsoever of the pope of the anti-fascist crusade. No attempt to understand.

For a moment, we would be told that we must fight because peace would be too painful for the good President and that we must not cause him any pain, however slight.

The "well-informed" spread the "certainty" that the United States was ready to march, and Ambassador Bullitt supported these rumours with all his authority. In February 1939, it was announced that at a press conference, Mr Roosevelt had declared that the United States' frontier was on the Rhine. Congressman E.-V. Isaac, who represented California and was a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee, confirmed this rumour before Parliament and loudly declared his approval of the President's remarks.

However, Roosevelt was obliged to deny it (because all the referendums - and this was not taken into account - gave 90% of the votes to the opponents of participation in the crusade) but in Paris, the

warmongers refused to accept the denial, they took the joke attributed to the President as a solemn commitment. This frenzied determination on the part of our anti-fascists to be more Rooseveltian than Roosevelt is the other aspect, the Parisian aspect of the plot against peace.

- We only take the trouble to deny things that are true," writes Kérillis.

- Mr Roosevelt denies one sentence, notes Paris-soir. This is not to say that he subscribes to the opposite idea.

- Mr Roosevelt's clarification," says the clairvoyant Geneviève Tabouis in L'OEuvre, "changes nothing in the substance of the very clear policy repeatedly affirmed by the President of the United States.

- Yesterday's denial," adds the Order, "does not diminish the joy we felt at the outset. What counts is the spirit, not the letter.

- Gabriel Péri's clarification in L'Humanité did not substantially alter the spirit of these remarks.

And finally, Léon Blum, always infallible, explains under the heading "A clarification that confirms":

- President Roosevelt did not use the exact language that was attributed to him, but let no one now dare to attribute to him a thought contrary to that which his language expressed.

So, in Paris, in the warmongering gang, a fierce desire to believe in the American mirage, to take vague promises, even if they are obviously false, even if they are denied, as formal commitments. - And what if I like being a cuckold? - and to take advantage of this to launch France, strengthened by the American "alliance", into the wildest adventures.

Léon Blum's brother, René Blum, who was in charge of an artistic mission (sic) in the United States in 1939, was, like so many others, a champion of illusionism:

We lost ground after Munich," he told the press. But recent events (the Franco-German tension) have boosted our ratings. America is a country that France can count on!

The jobards accept this Jewish cajolery without question. More and more, the man in the street here is incorporating American power into the anti-fascist coalition. And the ministers of the "great democracies" are no less credulous, or they pretend to be. This makes the task of Mr. Roosevelt's emissaries much easier.

We know that in Paris, Bullitt multiplied, that he laid siege to our statesmen, that he went from one to the other, lavishing advice of "firmness", hinting at miraculous help and getting red in the face when he thought he saw a certain softening in the French warmongers.

The excitement of Bullitt has left no material trace with us. Only written promises! But if there were any doubt about the role played by this singular diplomat, it would suffice to refer to a report sent to his government by Mr Jerzy Potocki, the Polish ambassador in Washington. Mr Potocki gives an account of a long conversation he had with Bullitt, during which Mr Roosevelt's envoy said :

The President's formal opinion is that France and England must put an end to any policy of compromise with totalitarian states. They must not engage with them in any discussions aimed at territorial changes of any kind.

Mr Bullitt gave a moral assurance (sic) that the United States was renouncing its policy of isolation and was ready, in the event of war, to intervene actively (?) alongside England and France.

The Polish diplomat added:

Bullitt made it clear that France should not enter into any kind of agreement with Mussolini.

In London, the same pressure was brought to bear. Roosevelt informed Chamberlain, after the occupation of Prague, that if England did not renounce its Munich policy, he would denounce the Anglo-American trade treaty. It was a veritable ultimatum.

We know what the outcome of this diplomatic action was: the war of September 1939. It is not my intention to find extenuating circumstances for the wretches who plunged France into this appalling adventure, but it should be noted that they were pushed into it, to a large extent, by the American government. The Jews of New York and Washington had achieved their goal, they had launched the French army against Hitler.

Things did not turn out exactly as they had hoped. The French army was crushed (without America even deigning to respond to Reynaud's signs of distress). And instead of a victory for Jewish democracy, Hitlerism triumphed.

A terrible disappointment. Roosevelt realised that he had to go even further and pay with his own life, or more precisely with the corpses of Yankee soldiers and sailors offered as holocausts to Jewish vengeance. He decided that the United States should enter the war itself. Article by article, he began to nibble away at his own law of neutrality in order to be able to supply England, the last Jewish stronghold in Western Europe, which until now had only been able to hold out thanks to American shipments of food and equipment (sent at a high price, incidentally).

In September 1940, Roosevelt gave England fifty old destroyers in exchange for naval bases taken from the British Empire, and then obtained authorisation from Congress to lend money to the London government. At the same time, American sailors were ordered to pass on to the British fleet any information they could gather on the movements of Axis ships.

Roosevelt sent the notorious Colonel Donovan, known as "the savage Bill", to the Balkans. Working closely with the Intelligence Service, he was charged with undermining German influence by every means possible, subsidising terrorists and saboteurs, and provoking insurrections against governments tempted to come to terms with the Axis powers.

In March 1941, Roosevelt ordered the seizure of all German and Italian ships that had taken refuge in US ports.

As soon as Colonel Simovich's anti-fascist putsch broke out in Belgrade, Roosevelt, who had more or less financed the plot, rushed to give his "guarantee" to the new masters of Yugoslavia. The latter, backed by American "support", provoked the Reich and the matter was settled militarily in ten days, much to the confusion of the "protectors".

On 14 June 1941, Roosevelt seized all German assets frozen in the United States.

On 19 June, an American destroyer bombed a German submarine.

On 7 July, American troops occupied Iceland, a Danish possession.

On 10 July, the American fleet received an order to fire on sight at Axis ships, and on 4 September, a US destroyer carried out this order.

On 11 September, Roosevelt publicly confirmed that he had indeed ordered the German and Italian ships to be fired upon.

On 17 October, another act of war by the American fleet.

On 6 November, a German steamer was captured on the high seas by Yankee torpedo boats. In addition, British convoys were now escorted by American warships.

Thus, although war had not been declared, although a state of peace theoretically existed between the Axis powers and the USA, the Americans continued to multiply their acts of hostility. All this, of course, without the American people being consulted, by the sole will of Mr Roosevelt and his Jewish advisers. In the United States opposition to the war remained strong, despite the frenzied excitements of Hebrew pamphleteers, and Colonel Lindbergh, symbol of the American masses' desire for peace and leader of the powerful anti-interventionist league America First, retained enough influence over the majority of his compatriots to forbid Roosevelt to legally cross the Rubicon.

Roosevelt obtained from Congress everything he wanted, all the credits and all the equipment necessary to support England, but it was still impossible for him to obtain a formal declaration of war... That was why, using the powers conferred on him by the Constitution, which made him supreme commander of the army and navy, he sought the "clash", the incident that would precipitate the irreparable, that would allow him to subdue his opposition, under the pretext of sacred union, and mobilise all the forces of the country for the anti-fascist crusade.

But Roosevelt's real war was fought on terrain he had not chosen, against an adversary whose power he had underestimated. At the same time as encouraging resistance from the enemies of the new Europe, Roosevelt was pursuing subtle intrigues in the Pacific and trying to intimidate Japan by organising its economic strangulation. The same illusion of the liberal plutocrats for whom all political problems can be reduced to statistics on raw materials and industrial balance sheets, an illusion which the New York World Telegram expressed in these terms:

The nation that controls trade and credit controls the world, and the nation that manoeuvres the cannons matters little.

On paper, Japan, a poor country, is doomed. Distinguished economists are already performing a furious scalp dance over its corpse. Admiral Stirling is already making a point of settling the score within six weeks. Already the New York Herald Tribune is writing in its editorial of 20 October 1941:

This is a particularly good time to correct the Japanese once and for all.

And then, suddenly, in one fell swoop, Japan broke the Anglo-Saxon embrace. The congenital inferiority of the American colossus was revealed. In a few hours the Pacific fleet was put out of action, and in a few weeks the Yankees were driven from their Far Eastern possessions. We realised - but we had known it for a long time - that the United States was a rotten nation, horribly impotent, incapable of planning ahead, of organising itself, of winning, that it was, in a word, a democracy, a true democracy.

It is not with impunity that a country abandons itself to the Jews and plays with "immortal principles". The same microbes cause the same organic disorders in all latitudes, and what almost killed France could not make America a healthy nation.

The Yankees will realise - probably too late - the harm the Jews have done them. They will realise how enslaved and degraded they have become. They will understand that their masters have coldly launched them into a mad war for no other reason than the desire to satisfy a racial vengeance, to ensure the worldwide triumph of a foreign race, profoundly foreign, which for two thousand years has brought with it nothing but ruin, shame, corruption and war wherever it has succeeded in dominating.

So on that day, when the Americans really understand, there will be a pretty good pogrom in the shadow of the skyscrapers.

Pierre-Antoine Cousteau, *L'Amérique juive*, Les Éditions de France, 1942, p. 57-67.

(4) In December 1938, the New York Times wrote: Of course, France and England have to be cautious, but why should we?



# **BERSERKER**

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## **BOOKS**

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