

longer “strategically relevant.” The North will withdraw into itself. And the deeper the South descends into misery, the more blank areas will show up on the world map. Rufin speaks of *terrae incognitae*—strife-torn areas which will remain in a permanent state of turmoil, fragmentation, and diverse forms of despotic rule.

Along with the North’s withdrawal will come the erection of the new North-South *Limes*. It will extend from Mexico, over the Mediterranean trench, Central Asia, and the Mideast up to the Amur River, which forms the border between China and Siberia. According to the author, the first definite demarcation line is the border between Mexico and the United States.

While the South descends into chaos, and the greatest mass death in history occurs before the North’s unsympathetic eyes, the North (with the help of “compartmentalized deployment

plans”) will devote its military planning to effective “defense” against the masses flooding in from the South.

#### The South

The North is today issuing a call to arms against the nations of the South which, split up into ever smaller units, are descending into chaos and hopelessness. “A region is marked for descent into total chaos, when first the tourists stay away, and then the journalists pull out, and finally even the humanitarian organizations pull up their stakes,” the author states bluntly. As a consequence of this planned withdrawal and this policy of indifference, “today we are witnessing the extinction of entire cities, such as in Zaire, Angola, and Uganda. Where ten years ago you could find flourishing trade metropolises, now all you see is ghost towns taken over by weeds.”

Meanwhile, the South is seeing the

spread of a counter-ideology, oriented toward the worldview of the bloody Shining Path terrorist organization which takes elements of Marxist syncretism and indigenism, according to Rufin. Rufin speaks of the “archipelagos of poverty,” of the “bread plebeians” who are driven in the millions by hunger from the countryside into the city.

As depressing and shocking as Rufin’s analysis is, the author never once calls into question the basic assumptions underlying Malthusian geopolitics. The only real answer to the current economic and strategic crisis is economic development. If this development goes hand-in-hand with a cultural renaissance that would place man’s dignity, and the right of every person to development, at the center of all future strategic planning, then it will constitute our only hope for a better future.

—*Elisabeth Hellenbroich*

## The Iron Lady and The Rustbucket Isle

The Russians, after her 1978 stop-over in Moscow, used to call her “The Iron Lady.” It won’t come as much of a surprise to our readers to find out, from her own account, how pleased she was to have been given such an epithet by the Communist propaganda apparatus. That reported pleasure is typical of the woman’s one-sidedness and vanity. After all, the toughness of iron is off-set by its brittleness. Its solidity, impervious to much, is sapped by exposure to air and the passage of time, and reduced to rusty flakes.

She doesn’t mention what the British intelligence weekly leak-sheet *Private Eye* used to call her “Attila the Hen,” nor how pleased she was to see that vision depicted by the cartoonist Gerald Scarfe. But, what can one expect?

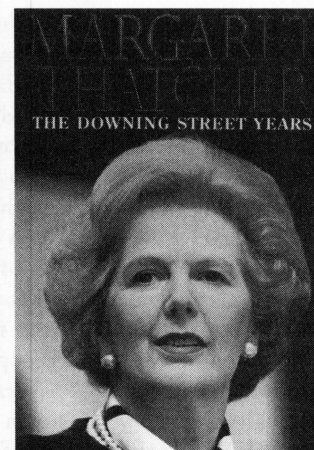
Of the two versions of Thatcher, British intelligence’s “Attila the Hen” does seem much the better, much more straightforward than the paired ambiguities of Iron and Lady. Here, after all, we have the hated Hun in his march against the bastions of Western civilization, and the Hen, pecking, scratching,

flapping, squawking, like the pink rabbit of the battery ad—it just keeps on going, even after it has lost its head.

There are features of the biography (written by Robin Harris, with help from the Heritage Foundation’s John O’Sullivan one gathers) which have been covered elsewhere: namely, Thatcher on Germany (cf. p. 790, “The German Problem And the Balance of Power”), where we find the core of the modern statement of the century-old geopolitical thesis, that Germany cannot dominate central Europe, and must not be permitted to ally with Russia. Here, she lets it all hang out, on behalf of the wretched ideology that brought two World Wars in its wake during the course of this century.

#### What She Did To Britain

But, let’s turn to what she did to poor, old Britain, out of a certain sadistic perverseness to repay those who hated Harold Wilson’s eerie “New Age” revival of Mussolini corporatism so much, they actually voted back in 1978 to put her into power. After all, hers



**The Downing Street Years**  
by Margaret Thatcher  
Harper Collins, New York, 1993  
914 pages, hardbound, \$30.00

was the name for the 1980’s, wasn’t it, the decade of “Thatcherism”?

Her legacy is still coming to light. The half-million Britons who were advised to trade in company pension plans for privately funded schemes, and got ripped off by commission-chasing sales people are the latest. The mortgage payers, encouraged to buy houses in the name of wealth creation, ownership,

etc., who ended up with mortgage debts much bigger than the houses they were encouraged to buy were ever worth. That is forty percent of homeowners of a certain age group in south east England.

Results like this don't feature too prominently in *The Downing Street Years*. But what does is an abhorrence of the interrelated concepts on which Western society, in the form of the nation state, has been based since the Golden Renaissance, namely, productive labor and work. What would you expect from a kept Lady?

The abhorrence comes out like this: "public money was poured in, but two problems proved insoluble: over-capacity and union resistance to the closure of uneconomic pits." This is from her introductory remarks, laying the groundwork for the showdown with the mineworkers union in 1984-85, and can be found in the section "Mr. Scargill's Insurrection" on p. 340. Thatcher can't separate economy and money, in any context. They still have official unemployment of over three million, more than ten percent of their workforce, as a result of what she did.

She doesn't know anything about wealth creation. Nor, for the most part, do her countrymen. Although they do specialize in turning wealth created by others into monetized loot.

Think of some of the products most closely identified with the British, what their manufacturing sector produces, or used to produce. They prefer luxury-type goods, made in a relatively labor intensive way, like the "hand-made Rolls Royce," out of absurdly expensive materials, and aimed at the select few. The Concorde is a good example. A terrific plane, beautiful to see and hear, but completely uneconomic as a proposition, dead before it entered commercial service, because the Boeing 747 could carry three times the passengers at less than half the cost.

Quality products, you see, command a higher price. Higher prices mean greater revenues per unit of output, which translates into greater profits, and greater dividends for shareholders. And, economy of scale? Achieved by applying technology to cheapen the cost of production, and improve quality?

That's why the Rolls Royce corporation, as a whole, was nationalized and broken up. And why Jaguar is now part of the Ford Motor Company. And why the combination of companies now called British Aerospace, haven't made a full-size commercial airliner since the Concorde.

The British, you see, make "things"; they don't understand economy. (Like the wreckage they made of the Channel tunnel, or the crazy "tilt-train.") Not capital improvements, investments in new technology to upgrade labor skills, and enhance general productivity, but production of "things," with an eye to the bottom line. Money out against revenue in.

So, in her view, they had to stop wasting "public money" on unviable industries, and force those industries to stand on their own feet. Now, they either don't have them any more, or if they do, they're in such attenuated

shape, they're of no use to anyone.

In large measure this book is an account of battles fought on behalf of the deconstruction of Britain. How I smashed the steel industry and the steel workers union, how I smashed the auto industry and the engineering union, how I smashed the miners and the mine workers union.

Thatcher, however, wouldn't have been possible without her counter-parties in the British Labour Party and Trade Union movement, who, like her, didn't understand economy either.

What was lost in the wash was the existence of a country, which saw its institutions of government, at all levels, taken apart, its national political life reduced to a joke, and effective political power passed into the hands of the faceless crew called the "market."

And now she steps forward to say "I did it," me, Attila the Hen!

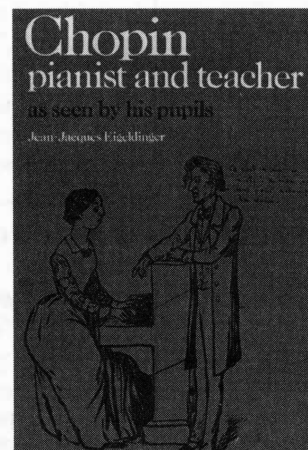
—Christopher White

## Words of an Anti-Romantic Composer

Mr. Eigeldinger has limited the main text of his book, originally published in French in 1971, to direct quotations from Chopin's students and contemporaries. Those familiar with Lyndon LaRouche's breakthroughs in musical science, as elaborated in the Schiller Institute's *Manual on Tuning and Registration*, will find tremendous riches in them.

However, Mr. Eigeldinger's greatest weakness is revealed in his typical musicologist's ideology of a "Romantic Period," and subsequent "Modern Period." In fact, there never was a "Romantic Period." There was instead a battle between those who sought to uphold the Classical tradition of Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven, led by Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Brahms; and the "Romantics" who sought to destroy it, led by Liszt, Wagner, and Berlioz.

Thus, the great promise of the book's cover (a cartoon of Chopin lecturing a student: "That's the style of playing of Liszt [sic]; one must never play that way when accompanying the voice!"), is never delivered.



### Chopin: Pianist and Teacher, As Seen by His Pupils

by Jean-Jacques Eigeldinger  
Cambridge University Press,  
New York, 1986  
324 pages, hardbound, \$89.95;  
paperbound, \$24.95

Much of the book is devoted to biographies of the students, and their utilization of Chopin's unorthodox fingerings for his own pieces, that are of great, but specialized interest to pianists. Although the quotations are organized