

# THE DEATH OF “SOCIAL CAPITAL”

## A REVIEW ESSAY ON COMMUNITY, RACE, AND CIVIC FIDELITY

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For almost two decades now some critics have warned about the culture of individualism engendered by our capitalist system, attacking it and advocating in its stead the sense of community inherent in participatory or democratic racial nationalism. Until recently, the establishment media and academic elites have almost unanimously (except for a few Marxist professors) heralded the virtues and wonders of capitalist individualism. But now cracks have begun to appear in the once solid wall of academia, which bodes well for the long-term prospects of racially conscious nationalists.

A core of sociologists led by Harvard professor Robert Putnam is now lamenting the decline of “social capital,” namely allegiance to community, which has occurred in America over the past three and a half decades. In his recent book *Bowling Alone*, Putnam admits “social capital is to some extent merely new language for a very old debate in American intellectual circles. Community has warred incessantly with individualism for preeminence in our political hagiology.” But his work is a comprehensive and compelling study that demonstrates that the social fabric of the country is fraying to the point of tearing apart.

Despite the Revolution of 1776, America has always been an Anglo-Saxon capitalist culture with an innate tension between the desire to serve one’s own interests and the conflicting desire to do good that is, to serve our society as a whole, which usually requires some self-sacrifice, and sometimes requires the ultimate self-sacrifice. Alexis de Tocqueville wryly described the American “synthesis” in response to this problem:

Americans enjoy explaining almost every act of their lives on the principle of self-interest properly understood. It gives them great pleasure to point out how an enlightened self-love continually leads them to help one another and disposes them freely to give part of their time and wealth for the good of the state.

But of course a truly self-interested person does not really care whether the pursuit of his own goals benefits the state or not, so why constantly be mentioning it? It is easy to understand de Tocqueville’s amusement, but this fundamental flaw in our ideological thinking has allowed a corrupt leadership to draw us down a path that can only lead to our destruction as a cohesive people and culture. Putnam sees that cohesion as being solidified by the Second World War, and sees each succeeding generation since then as less committed to community and more committed to self.

To make its point, *Bowling Alone* reviews the available sociological data that describe social activity in every sphere of civic participation, and in every sphere of ordinary social interaction, which Putnam calls *schmoozing*, using the Yiddish term for getting together with others in such things as bowling leagues, or card clubs, or just evenings spent with friends. Fortunately, as sociology has grown into a real social science, long-term survey data tracked over the decades are now available to be analyzed. In short, Putnam found that from about 1970 on there has been a dramatic and steady decline in all the ties that bind—what he calls social capital; and no doubt he calls it that because he is trying to get the leadership of the country, the capitalist elite, to recognize that there is a problem, and to do something about it.

He starts with voter turnout and finds a 25 percent decline since 1970, and an even steeper decline in the attendance at political party meetings and functions. Even the writing of letters to the editor and the signing of petitions have declined. Perhaps most important is the decline in trust of government. “Trustworthiness lubricates social life,” writes Putnam; it is what makes cooperation and efficiency possible. And Americans no longer trust their government:

In the 1990s roughly three in four Americans didn’t trust the government to do what is right most of the time. A single comparison captures the transformation: In April of 1966 with the Vietnam War raging and the race riots in Cleveland, Chicago and Atlanta, 66 percent of Americans rejected the view that “the people running the country don’t really care what happens to you.” In December 1997, in the midst of the longest period of peace and prosperity in more than two generations, 57 percent of Americans endorsed that same view.

But it gets worse; yes, Americans do not trust their leaders, but they also do not trust one another. In 1952, about half of all Americans believed they lived in a morally upright society; this number declined to about 25 percent by 1998. About half of those born prior to the Second World War now say that they trust most people, but only 20 percent of their grandchildren say the same. Now a half is not that impressive, but then again ours has never been a nationalist society, and a 50 percent trustworthiness rate is starting to look awfully good.

Is it this lack of faith in the goodness of our fellow citizens that has caused the decline in social participation that Putnam tracks? The failure in ever increasing numbers to join civic and community service organizations, to volunteer as coaches for youth sports teams, to attend PTA meetings, to go to church, and to help out its support groups? Is this why the average age of bridge club members is in the seventies, and why we are bowling alone when we once bowled in leagues? Or rather is it the reverse: that we no longer trust because we no longer associate ourselves closely with one another in the myriad of organizations that are available to us? Or is it something else that has caused both the loss of faith in one another and the loss of the desire to join organizations that are ostensibly working to make society better?

Putnam reviews the usual suspects in trying to determine the causes of the decline of social capital, and here he struggles. He concludes that:

1. Time and money pressures on the new two-career family contribute about 10 percent to the problem.
2. Suburbanization, with its size, sprawl, and extended commuting, contributes about another 10 percent.
3. Television and other electronic entertainment that privatize our lives contribute about 25 percent.
4. The rest he attributes to generational change but does not explain why each succeeding generation is more self-interested than the one before it.

Obviously the book is weak here, and gets even weaker when Putnam pretends to be optimistic about the future; he unconvincingly attempts to draw an analogy between the present and the Progressive Era of a century ago, which saw the birth of thousands of new civic and ethnic organizations that worked for the common good to counter the evils of industrialization.

The lack of realism that undermines the last two parts of the book has to do with his unwillingness to grapple with the realities of both race and class, the two touchstones of nationalist thought. Moreover, Putnam never mentions the spirit of the times, or how that spirit is created, by whom, and for what purpose. This *Zeitgeist*, or “tyranny of the prevailing view” as Orwell called it, or political correctness as it is called now, pervades all that we do and say. When most agree with its basic precepts it can be a motivating, even ennobling force, but when most do not believe in its fundamentals, it becomes corrosive, and cynicism rises as people are forced to live as they do not wish to live and are compelled to say things they know are untrue.

Today we are forced to say that all are created equal, when few really believe it. We pretend that there are no significant differences between the races, and even between the sexes. Since all are equal, and since there are good and bad people in every race and in both sexes, then only the individual matters. The *Zeitgeist* further enshrines individualism through popular culture—the ubiquitous saying of “Look out for number one” captures the essence of capitalist philosophy. Its nationalist antithesis, “One for all and all for one,” is never heard, except in romantic novels. We have been reduced to individuals by those who fear the cohesion of a united white culture led by strong white males, and by those wealthy white leaders who place their own personal profit, power, and prestige above the interests of their own kind, as they know that in the game of individualism the rich have all the cards, and that in a culture of self-interest they will never be called upon to sacrifice for the good of the whole. Such is the corrupt spirit of our times that Putnam never mentions or attempts to describe.

The struggle between the races cannot be a major source of the decline of social cohesion, claims Putnam, because the decline is seen in all races. Yet he admits that the civil rights movement was “aimed at destroying certain

exclusive, nonbridging forms of social capital—racially homogeneous schools, neighborhoods, and so forth.” Moreover, he says that racial integration was designed to create bridging capital (the oil between the races) through the destruction of white communities and their bonding social capital (the glue that holds people together). In the end it created residential areas which were “unrestricted on the basis of race, but with very little social interaction going on between neighbors.”

“Fraternity is most natural within socially homogenous groups,” Putnam tells us, admitting that the “Golden Age” for social capital (the 1950s) was a period of rampant racism and sexism, as was the Progressive Era of a half-century earlier. Yet he maintains (though seemingly without conviction) that a new dawn for bridging social capital will somehow become bonding social capital, which, in eventually uniting the races, can be built in the coming century just as it was a hundred years ago, ignoring the fact that it was white ethnic groups that had to be assimilated into an essentially European culture in the Progressive Era, not a tide of Asians, blacks, and Hispanics. Furthermore, he ignores the fact that neither the blacks nor the Jews have assimilated in the last century and a half. Indeed, the Jews have successfully resisted assimilation in every country they have resided in for over two millennia, which is why the phenomenon called Israel is back on the world scene after a substantial hiatus.

Certainly the culture of individualism described above has affected all the races. Middle class whites have abandoned their poorer compatriots by moving to the suburbs, both for reasons of class and race. Middle class blacks have also left the city or built exclusive neighborhoods within the city, largely for reasons of class. Thus the inner cities have been left leaderless and prey to criminal chaos and disorganization. Even the Jews have felt the sting of intermarriage and declining social cohesion in the face of this *Zeitgeist* and the declining power and threat of their racial enemies. Stripping the races of their respective racial identities may increase racial tolerance, as the book claims, but in the end it undermines social cohesion in favor of a culture of I, me, mine. The only way to restore “bonding social capital” is to create a culture in which *racial identity* can flourish, as the love of one’s own kind is the real glue that holds people together.

People are drawn naturally to their own kind, but they can be prevented from bonding not only by the spirit of the times but also by economic and social inequality, or, as Putnam puts it, “Equality and fraternity are strongly *positively* correlated.” He does show how income was far more evenly distributed in the 1950s than in the present, but he underplays the importance of class because according to his data, all classes have declined in social capital. Once again, he is allowing the statistics to blind him to the essential workings of a cohesive society, as if the symptoms were the cause, and fixing the symptoms were the cure. If people would just join more, then everything would be all right, he seems to be saying. But people will not join more unless the racial, cultural, and class conditions are right.

The issue of class is far better addressed in a new work by sociologist Cynthia Duncan, *Worlds Apart: Why Poverty Persists in Rural America*, which compares and contrasts life in three very different small rural towns. One is in the deep South, the second in Appalachia, and the third in New England, and as we shall see, they are truly worlds apart.

In *Worlds Apart* Duncan describes life in these small rural towns to illustrate how crucial civic culture is in determining how things work economically, socially, and politically. All three places are real, and the power of the book comes from the words actually spoken by the residents. She has changed the names of the towns and the residents in order to protect the powerless from retribution. The first place she calls Blackwell, the second Dahlia, and the third Gray Mountain. Blackwell is located in West Virginia and represents Appalachian culture; Dahlia is in Mississippi and represents Southern culture; and Gray Mountain is located in Maine and represents the culture of New England.

Blackwell is a white mining town run by a small, rich, and mostly WASP elite that dominates a large, poor, and mostly Scots-Irish base population. The middle class is not big and serves the interests of the wealthy out of an instinct for self-preservation. Blackwell was once a company town typical of the region: in such towns a coal mining company would come in and build its own roads, housing, schools, and stores in order to avoid government interference or monitoring. The miners had to live in company housing, send their children to the company school, and shop at the company store, where prices were inflated since there was no competition. The company store was happy to issue the miners credit, for soon most were so heavily in debt that leaving the mine became unthinkable. The ordinary folk of the area have had the choice of either working in the mines or continuing in the increasingly less lucrative subsistence farming that had been the way of their ancestors, not only in Appalachia but, before their arrival in America, in Scotland and Northern Ireland. Poverty brought them to the mines and the mine owners intended to keep them there, not only through indebtedness, but by keeping alternative industry and business out of Appalachia. Coal mining and the company store are much less important now, but the culture of “us and them” remains the same.

Fear and distrust characterize life in Blackwell. The rich (rightly) distrust the motives of their fellow rich, and will not cooperate with each other even on mutually beneficial projects, since doing so might help one a bit more than another; nor do they fear the powerless poor or the emasculated middle class sufficiently to unite amongst themselves. The lower classes live tenuous lives dependent upon the good will of the ruling elite: “People around here are plain scared—they’re afraid they’ll be cut off from welfare, or their kids won’t be picked up by the [school] bus, or won’t get their free lunch or a hundred other things will happen that the courthouse crowd can do to you.” Jobs go only to those who go along with the way things are, and fair play and social justice are

not expected in the daily course of events. People expect one another to use whatever corrupt power they have for their immediate self-interest, for this is the norm: "If they decide to get rid of me, they would find somebody who would come here and say that I tried to sexually assault them. I'm ruined for life and I've done absolutely nothing. People are that way here." The leaders are capricious in their use of power and intimidation, as they are patriarchs who expect complete loyalty from those below in exchange for their meager beneficence.

This is why the union struggle in Appalachia was so violent, and why the labor movement, particularly the United Mine Workers, was ultimately corrupted to betray its members when it could not be crushed by force. In Mingo County, West Virginia, over ten thousand armed miners in the 1920s routed the murderous Pinkertons hired by the coal companies to intimidate them, and then were forced to disarm by the U.S. Army. The promises made by the federal government were never enforced against the coal capitalists. Afterwards the top leaders of the UMW were bought off; those who could not be purchased were murdered. The UMW is still considered one of the most corrupt unions in America.

The Appalachians are a people without dreams; these are snuffed out early by their stultifying way of life. The poor cannot see themselves as doctors, lawyers, or scientists. Few can imagine graduating from college or even opening their own business. If they dare to dream, people within their own class ranks ridicule them. Most have accepted their lot, and a people without self-confidence is prey to the tyranny of social embarrassment. Parents fight mentors who encourage their children to go on to university. The parents fear that college will deprive them of their children, both physically and psychologically; that the local ruling class will not welcome them back once they have degrees; and that they will see life differently once they are out of the hollows and will not want to return. Indeed, the rich do see the educated poor who return as a potential spearhead of resistance, so the only jobs they can get are through the federal government. Thus most ordinary Appalachians are fatalistic about change and progress and say, "You can't do anything about it; that's the way it is, and the way it always has been."

Mentors are few in Appalachia because people simply do not care for one another. Class identification and loyalty are strong; those of a lower class are considered unworthy of help and deemed unreliable as future allies: "Opportunities in Blackwell and Dahlia are controlled by the haves for the haves." There are few inspirational teachers in the schools because the public educational system is riddled with patronage. Those who get jobs as teachers are the timeservers who loyally work for the political administration, which is controlled behind the scenes by the wealthy. The rich, of course, send their children to private schools.

Without hope, the leaderless poor do their best to play their roles, which makes it all too easy for the upper classes to view them as subhuman. They are ignorant—and proud of it. Encouraged by their strong religion, they know something is right if they sincerely believe it in their hearts—the facts be damned. They refuse to read, and distrust learning much as blacks do, seeing it as just part of the system that keeps them down. Their houses are untidy, their children go to school unwashed, and their yards are filled with discarded junk and garbage. They are violent in their disputes, and worst of all, they wear their dialect like a soldier's badge, so they can be identified as white trash wherever they go and whatever they might do. Little wonder that most in the middle and upper classes try to avoid them like the plague. They have become the self-fulfilling prophecy of a corrupt capitalism. Yet it does not have to be this way, as we shall see in Gray Mountain.

Before we get to Gray Mountain, however, we must visit the nightmare called Dahlia. The culture there is essentially the same as in Blackwell, but with the additional component of race, which predictably dominates every matter and question. Dahlia's population is majority black, but the power structure is all white. In fact, there are no white poor, as all the whites have been incorporated into the ruling, managerial, and merchant classes by one means or another. This is not that difficult, considering that 85 percent of blacks fall below the mean IQ of whites (a fact that of course goes unmentioned in Duncan's book), and that the poverty rate in Dahlia runs around 40 percent. A middle class barely exists in Dahlia, as most workers do not make a living wage. Whites make on average five times what blacks earn. Life is dominated by a few wealthy farmers who, due to their political influence, receive huge federal subsidies, estimated at \$20 million in recent years and amounting to twice the federal money dispensed to the three thousand families on public assistance. America's middle class pays for this vast welfare to both rich and poor, but not in Dahlia's middle class—it doesn't exist.

Most blacks work as laborers for white farmers, and, as in Blackwell, the ruling class has made it difficult for other types of industry to move into Dahlia. Farm work is seasonal, so the blacks must ask the white farmers for advances to get through the rest of the year. This indebtedness ties the blacks to the farms. Whites and blacks live in separate parts of town and do not associate with one another socially. They eat in separate restaurants, drink in separate bars, and swim in separate pools. The private country club is the center of white life, since it can legally exclude blacks. The hypocrisy is palpable and the injustice obvious, but both are necessary to white survival. Nevertheless, the cynicism of the arrangement blackens the souls of the residents of Dahlia, just as the social injustice and the process of astutely attempting to ignore it or even to justify it blackens the souls of the residents of Blackwell. These are people who have no respect for truth, for it can only embody danger to their lifestyle; and in Dahlia that way of life must inevitably end—badly.

Black politicians are already being elected to office in Dahlia, and some have been appointed to federal or state boards, in recognition of the black electoral majority. To date these have been “Uncle Toms,” those willing to serve the white political will, but both whites and blacks sense that things are changing and that eventually the weight of demographics will tell. Just as American inner cities controlled by black mayors, black police, black judges, and black juries are hostile places for whites, once the wheel turns, Dahlia will become hell on earth for whites.

The valley in Maine where the town of Gray Mountain is located was originally settled by English small farmers blessedly unaccompanied by landed gentry or capitalists. These men did not engage only in subsistence farming; rather they “arrived with diverse handicraft skills, a commitment to providing schooling for their children and little more than the clothes on their backs,” according to a local historian. They supplemented their farming with woodwork, milling, and boat-building and engaged in business and trade from the beginning. Later came the Petersons, a WASP family which established a large paper mill in the town. The mill and its offshoots eventually attracted those looking for work, mostly Catholics, but some Scandinavians and Russians as well. First came the French Canadians, then the Irish, and then the Italians. Except for a few Jews, Gray Mountain remains a predominantly white gentile community.

Despite the religious and ethnic mix, the Peterson family demonstrated a paternalism toward its workers that survived even the bitter unionization struggle of the early twentieth century; it was committed from the beginning to providing both recreation and education for the ordinary people of the mill town. “The Peterson family wanted to make the community rich culturally, in part for their own enjoyment, in part to attract and retain the engineers they needed to work in research and development at the mill, and in part from a sense of obligation.” The real test came when the United Mine Workers union successfully unionized the plant, despite the virulent objections of the owners. Nevertheless, the contest was played largely according to the rules of fair play, and there was no violence. Eventually, the workers became convinced of the corruption of the UMW and switched to another union. When the Great Depression came the owners refused to lay off workers, and the mill was lucky to survive. Later the company worked with local leaders to encourage new business to come to the area, and a flourishing, widely based tourist industry was born—encouraged by local writers who described the locals as friendly, moral, and enjoying a healthy outdoor life. Local color writers in Appalachia, on the other hand, painted the people of the hollows as “quaint and peculiar.”

Each ethnic group in Gray Mountain initially established its own fraternal organizations, but far from acting as a hindrance to assimilation into the culture of the community, these lodges actually provided real services that helped the members get on their feet and become established. Once they were

doing well the immigrants voluntarily submerged themselves into the social fabric. Even now, the accepting and welcoming nature of the place allows those who moved there in the 1970s to feel as if it is their home—something that just does not happen in the South.

In Gray Mountain income is much more evenly distributed than in Blackwell or Dahlia, with only about 15 percent falling below the poverty line. There is little sense of class. The middle class is large and consists mostly of workers and small business owners. “Those with good steady jobs see the poor as people who are having a hard time—as the bottom of a continuum rather than another continuum. They are part of us, so it is not ‘us and them.’ ” In Blackwell poor families are seen as genetically unfit, and the biologically stupid and lazy deserve whatever fate befalls them. In Gray Mountain, the middle class worker knows he can get laid off, and the small business owner knows his venture can fail, so the poor are seen as unlucky and awaiting an opportunity, rather than as inherently inferior. “People are either General Paper, the union people, who make a decent wage or they’re working-class people who make a rotten wage—that’s the only class distinction. . . . That’s one nice thing about the town, that there doesn’t seem to be any class-level distinctions. Most of the people who live here feel that they’re part of the community.”

The poor in Gray Mountain act as they are treated. They are not socially disconnected—they know what society expects from them in terms of language and behavior, and they conform, because they are not disaffected. Moreover, their families are not discriminated against, so they have ordinary connections that can eventually lead to jobs. Further, they know that people will try to help them. Mentors will guide them to educational and training programs to help get them on their feet or get a degree. Inspirational teachers in the schools encourage and guide those with talent, knowing they will not have to encounter the resistance of their families. Maximizing education is seen as a good thing—not a threat. The children dream and their teachers and mentors encourage them to follow their dreams. Rich and poor go to the same schools, and though there is a fast track for the academic elite, there is no social stratification in the schools. The children of the rich play and socialize with the children of the poor.

“Mutual trust and a lack of guile” characterize life in Gray Mountain. People speak plainly and directly and lack the polite facade that one so often sees in the South—a face to mask the Machiavellian mind behind it. The leaders of Gray Mountain have a sense of responsibility to the community as a whole, and things happen through participation rather than by dictate backed by intimidation. The fear and tension that pervade life in so much of the South does not exist in Gray Mountain. The souls of these Americans are not darkened by a cultural regime of dishonesty, hypocrisy, and cynicism. Working class life in this rural valley of Maine is hard, and not rich—but it is just, and that is why most there are committed to the common good.

What, then, does this new sociological research mean for the white nationalist movement, and what are its applications for our political work?

Cynthia Duncan admits her debt to Robert Putnam's earlier book, *Making Democracy Work*, in which he compares civic culture in northern and southern Italy, much as she compares culture in the North and the South of the United States. Putnam concluded that both democracy and economic development thrived in the Italian north, where social relations were horizontal such that widespread participation in various kinds of associations developed the trust and habit of cooperation that led directly to citizen involvement in government and to economic prosperity. In southern Italy, relations were vertical as rich landowners dominated the political and social scene, dispensing patronage and stifling the growth of a large middle class. In northern Italy, government operated for the general welfare, but in the south the wealthy exploited their control of the government to maintain and extend the power of their families, so the rich became richer and the poor became poorer. Ominously, Putnam concluded that the historical roots of modern civic culture in Italy were established in medieval times.

If Putnam is right, then we may have to look at social relations in Scotland and Northern Ireland hundreds of years ago to understand the conundrum of Southern and Appalachian civic culture. And we must look to the Puritan movement and the nineteenth century European nationalist and socialist movements of the French, Irish, Scandinavians, and Italians who followed the English into New England to understand its civic culture.

Duncan attributes the success of Gray Mountain to

The Peterson family's early paternalism combined with resilient ethnic and religious social organizations, and later a strong union, established a vibrant and inclusive culture in Gray Mountain. Economic diversity, employment stability and worker participation have created a community characterized by integration rather than segregation, trust rather than suspicion, public investment rather than self gain. These patterns of equality, inclusive, participatory governance, and community investment have continued into the 1990s.

No doubt these patterns will continue because the Petersons came from a genuinely cooperative and paternalistic culture that existed in New England from the days of the Mayflower; because the area became economically diverse due to the original settlers' inclination to establish their own small businesses; and because the immigrants who followed were imbued with the nationalist and socialist ideals of revolutionary Europe. But the Scots-Irish who settled the South brought their Highlander-Lowlander struggle with them, along with the conflict between the mostly English landed gentry and the mostly Celtic impoverished peasantry whom the English gentry had dominated and exploited for many centuries.

As nationalists this presents us with a problem and perhaps with an opportunity: In which culture should we be attempting to build a political base at this time in history? It would seem from the success of Huey Long, and David Duke, plus the armed revolutionary resistance of the coal miners of Appalachia, that the uncivic culture is where to apply our very limited resources. But each of these movements failed for exactly the same reason—the lack of a solid revolutionary organization with large numbers of well-trained cadre. Many blame Duke for his lack of organizational ability, but even a good organizer like Huey Long found his task daunting: the numbers of quality people outside the satisfied upper classes are just too small in an anti-civic society. Yet it is too difficult to establish a revolutionary political base in a civic culture in pre-revolutionary times, as the people are loyal to their uncorrupted leadership and want to cooperate with it for the greater good.

The answer may be to build an organization in the South that would provide the funds and fame to springboard the movement into the North as opportunities develop there. This Senator Huey Long of Louisiana attempted in 1934, when he announced on national radio his nationwide program to establish local Share the Wealth clubs. These groups were to be the base of a new national political party that would run Long against Franklin Roosevelt for the presidency of the United States in 1936. His radio appeal received a tremendous response, causing Roosevelt to tag Long as the most dangerous man in America, and in September of 1935 Huey was assassinated. His Louisiana political structure fell apart for lack of effective leadership, and the collapse brought down the Share the Wealth movement with it.

In *Bowling Alone*, Putnam displays graph after graph with social capital on one axis, and a myriad of different things on the other axis such as crime, equality of income distribution, educational achievement, and measures of child welfare. On these graphs the states with the highest black populations inevitably fare worse than those with few blacks, with two exceptions: the states of Nevada and West Virginia, which are both essentially white.

The economy of Nevada was built by the Mafia, and the state is still dominated by organized crime, despite the federal government's claims to the contrary. Recognizing the threat of the Mafia to nationalism, Mussolini made its destruction in southern Italy one of his top priorities in the early 1920s. The Mafia was successfully driven from Italy only to find a welcome home in the United States, and ironically the American army re-established the crime czars in Sicily in 1943, since it trusted neither the Fascist administration nor the Communist resistance. Neither Fascists nor Communists spoke the language of America—money. The Mob, on the other hand, could be trusted to do what it was paid to do, and its influence plagues Italy at the highest levels even today. And not just Italy. Organized crime can only thrive in a land where corrupt police, lawyers, judges, and politicians offer their protection and services. This

is why America has been a paradise for organized crime. Mao and Mussolini developed the only possible solution to handling this enormous hindrance to nationalism—elimination of both the criminals and those who served them.

West Virginia, on the other hand, has remarkably little crime, organized or otherwise, and it demonstrates that civic culture is just as important as race in determining how nationalistic a social order can become. There are certain essentials to building a cooperative society, with race the most important, but not the only, factor. The sociologist C. Wright Mills found that small business and wide ownership in American communities equated to greater civic welfare. Other sociologists have concluded from their studies that those countries with lots of small landholders rather than a few large landlords were more likely to develop democratic political systems when they industrialized. A large middle class is key to the formation of civic culture, and though not all civic culture is nationalist, a wide-based democratic nationalism rooted in the support of the people can only exist where there is civic culture. To be sure, there is a fundamental difference between the nationalist golden rule of doing unto others as you would have them do unto you, and the capitalist golden rule; and here I do not mean do unto others before they do unto you, as goes the current saying, but rather capitalist philosopher David Hume's famous scenario:

Your corn is ripe to-day; mine will be so to-morrow. 'Tis profitable for us both, that I should labour with you to-day, and that you shou'd aid me to-morrow. I have no kindness for you, and you know you have as little for me. I will not therefore take any pains upon your account; and should I labour with you upon my own account, in expectation of a return, I know I shou'd be disappointed, and that I should in vain depend upon your gratitude. Here then I leave you to labour alone; you treat me in the same manner. The seasons change; and both of us lose our harvests for want of mutual confidence.

Presumably if Hume's neighbor lost his leg in a farm accident, Hume would not help him in his harvest, or if he had already helped him and the stricken neighbor could not perform in return, Hume would go to his neighbor's house and take property of equal value from it in "just" compensation. Little wonder that the Anglo-Saxon capitalist states are the most litigious in the world. This is a very calculating, cold-blooded society the capitalists have created, despite the fact that most people do not wish to live this way—and actually do not live this way in small communities. Putnam contends that this capitalist ethic should be changed to: "I'll do this for you without expecting anything specific back from you in the confident expectation that someone else will do something for me down the road." Yes, this is better, but nationalists are warm-blooded and love their own kind, and better yet is Marcus Aurelius's notion that doing that right thing is its own reward, and none other should be expected. Let the love of our people guide us as to right and wrong, and the appropriate service and sacrifice will arise naturally to keep our race united and strong.

In light of the above, what is the right thing for nationalist activists to do right now? The key is that small is good—small schools work better than large schools, small businesses are more manageable and efficient than large businesses, and small communities work better than large communities because responsibility for running clubs, associations, and operations is widely spread and most everybody is expected to participate. Get into a small community and sink local roots by joining the PTA if you have a child in school, or coach a youth soccer team, or join the Rotary or one of the myriad other community service organizations. Here you can have a real impact on real people who will come to respect you. Do not get overextended, but rather do a good job in each organization you join. You will find that soon you will be leading the association. Later you may turn this cache into votes when you or another you support run for a small local office and you build politically from there.

In *The Rise and Decline of Nations*, economist Mançur Olson tells us that elites destroy their nations over time by aggressively pursuing policies to concentrate more and more wealth and power in their own hands, which restricts competition and undermines economic efficiency. Putnam and Duncan describe the social consequences of the same process, concluding that where the rich get richer and the poor get poorer the unity necessary for cooperation is undermined and economic prosperity ultimately fades. In Britain and in America, the increasing concentration of wealth has proceeded apace since the end of the Second World War, and this must inevitably present us with political opportunities. We must be prepared to exploit them, since whichever side does this best when the crash finally comes will be the creator of the next era in human history. We must always remember that most people do not wish to live in the cutthroat manner of capitalism, and that only we offer a warm-blooded, human alternative.

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