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Dear Reader:

In publishing *American Opinion* we have always tried to do so with an eye to Jonathan Swift's advice in *Tale Of A Tub*, where that master satirist wrote: "When a man's fancy gets astride on his reason; when imagination is at cuffs with the senses; and common undertaking, as well as common sense, is kicked out of doors; the first proselyte he makes is himself."

We therefore try to be as slow to anger as this world gone crazy will allow; to hold our arguments well this side of shouting "Gunpowder, Treason, and Plot!"; and to sustain *American Opinion's* commitment to our country and moral principles in as coolly objective a fashion as honor and indignation will permit. That effort has never been more thoroughly challenged than in the matter which Gary Allen discusses in the article beginning on the next page. Nor have we ever made a more vigorous effort, under the most obscene provocation, to "keep our cool."

No doubt you will be as angry, horrified, and disgusted as we are at the depraved activity, language, and purpose of the Communist scheme which Mr. Allen exposes. We therefore warn you, here at the outset of this magazine, that the Gary Allen article on "Sex Study" is only for the mature. We publish it not because it gives us pleasure to do so, but because morality demands that we must.

Sincerely,
Scott Stanley, Jr.

SEX STUDY

Problems, Propaganda, And Pornography

Gary Allen, a graduate of Stanford University and one of the nation's top authorities on civil turmoil and the New Left, is author of *Communist Revolution In The Streets* — a highly praised and definitive volume on revolutionary tactics and strategies, published by Western Islands. Mr. Allen, a former instructor of both history and English, is active in anti-Communist and other humanitarian causes. Now a film writer, author, and journalist, he is a Contributing Editor to AMERICAN OPINION. Mr. Allen is also nationally celebrated as a lecturer.

SEX education in the schools is not new. Most high schools have for years conducted courses which teach the biological facts of life. What is new is that these are now sneered at by sex educationists as "plumbing courses," inadequate for "modern social needs." What is needed, we are told, is a jet-age "sex education" which really gets down to the nitty gritty.

And that is just what we are getting.

As the *Saturday Evening Post* related before its recent demise, the "sex-education" programs which are now "mushrooming all over the country are newer than the new math . . . America seems to have suddenly discovered an urgent need for universal sex education — from kindergarten through high school, some enthusiasts insist — and is galloping off in all directions at once to meet it. The *Post* trumpeted that fifty percent of public and parochial schools are now providing the glories of academic sexuality, and that at the present rate the figure will pass seventy percent within a year.

Nothing happens in a vacuum, and the educationists' sex explosion would not be taking place unless a great deal of influence, organization, and money were being poured into its promotion from somewhere. It is. The organization behind the new "sex education" now sweeping the nation is S.I.E.C.U.S., Sex Information and Education Council of the United States.

(Pronounced, *seek us*.) As the *Post* noted, "Among the organizations shaping the structure of American sex education, by far the most influential is S.I.E.C.U.S." *McCall's* puts it this way: "Today's atmosphere in sex education cannot be described without mention of a high-voltage, nonprofit organization called S.I.E.C.U.S., which is without doubt the single most important force in sparking sex education in our schools" The *Wall Street Journal* records that "S.I.E.C.U.S. reports fifty to seventy inquiries a week from schools, churches, and other organizations seeking guidance on sex education."

A leaflet distributed by the National Education Association describes S.I.E.C.U.S. as a voluntary health agency founded in New York City, in 1964, to provide "assistance to communities and schools wishing to embark on sex education programs. S.I.E.C.U.S. will act as a clearinghouse for research and education in sex, as a source of information about sex education in the schools, and as a public forum where consideration of various aspects of man's sexuality can be carried out in dignified and objective fashion."

The tax-free S.I.E.C.U.S. organization operates largely from foundation grants — which means

that American taxpayers are ultimately footing the bill. Those who write to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare concerning "sex education" are now advised to contact S.I.E.C.U.S. The Department of H.E.W. is also putting your money where its commitment is, and in 1967 granted \$1.5 million to support the new "sex education" programs in thirteen school districts. In addition, officers of the U.S. Office of Education have served, or are serving, on the Board of Directors of S.I.E.C.U.S.

Chief torchbearer for S.I.E.C.U.S. is Dr. Mary Calderone, the organization's Executive Director — referred to by *McCall's* as the Commander-in-Chief of "sex education" forces. Since the Commander-in-Chief's attitudes must of necessity be reflected in the choice of materials for the S.I.E.C.U.S. program we are all required to subsidize, her views have undergone close scrutiny by concerned parents. Dr. Calderone has, for example, often made clear her commitment to the "New Morality" — as old as Sodom and Gomorrah. In speaking to 320 boys at Blair Academy in New Jersey, S.I.E.C.U.S. Director Calderone commented: "What is sex for? It's for fun . . . for wonderful sensation Sex is not something you turn off like a faucet. If you do, it's unhealthy." And, she continued: "We need new values to establish when and how we should have sexual experiences."

What sort of "new values"?

According to *Look* magazine, when a student asked: "What is your opinion of premarital sex relations among teenagers?" Mrs. Calderone snapped back: "What's yours? Nobody from on high [God] determines this. You determine it I Don't believe . . . the old 'Thou Shalt Nots' apply anymore."


She certainly doesn't.

In *Seventeen* magazine, the S.I.E.C.U.S. Executive Director claimed "sex is not the prerogative of Christianity," and the *Saturday Evening Post* quotes her as declaring that sexual "do's and don'ts" cannot be imposed on the young. After telling her youthful audiences that "there doesn't seem to be any correlation between premarital sex and success in marriage," she regularly leaves the decision of premarital intercourse up to the glands of her young listeners. The *Boston Globe* of December 5, 1968, quotes her as telling a blushing audience of five hundred high school boys and girls:

The question goes far beyond "Will I go to bed?" and it's one you must answer for yourselves. You boys may know a girl is physically ready, but you have to ask yourselves: "Am I ready to take the responsibility to say, yes, she is ready emotionally and psychologically?"

Though described by *Post* as a Joan of Arc for "sex education," Dr. Calderone is more often referred to as "a sweet-faced, silvery-haired grandmother" who shocks audiences by using four-letter words to make her point. Her motto is "tell them everything and tell them early." According to the *Saturday Evening Post*:

Contrary to the views of most child psychoanalysts, Dr. Calderone holds that sex



education should start in the nursery. Around the age of three the child should assimilate such knowledge, along with the correct terminology such as "The penis of the father is made to carry the sperm into the mother through the vagina." Kindergarten teachers should then impart additional clinical details.

That's right, *kindergarten teachers!*

As you might expect, the S.I.E.C.U.S. Executive Director also has very progressive ideas concerning homosexuality. As she is fond of telling youngsters: "Almost everybody has some attraction to people of the same sex . . . I cannot condemn it." Every boy in an urban environment, she says, "is going to have a homosexual advance made to him, and therefore he should understand what it is and what his attitude about it and about himself should be."


And what *should* that attitude be? Concerning homosexuals, the S.I.E.C.U.S. Commander-in-Chief smirks to boys in her lectures: " . . . you owe that person your responsibility and understanding, even if you don't share his conviction." Dr. Calderone adds, sadly, that "it will be some time before homosexuality receives general acceptance." Unless, of course her "educational" efforts on behalf of S.I.E.C.U.S. are successful.

If Dr. Mary Calderone is the Joan of Arc of the school-sex revolution, Dr. Lester Kirkendall, Professor of Family Life at Oregon State University, and a member of the S.I.E.C.U.S. Board of Directors, is its Pied Piper. Dr. Kirkendall, a prolific author of sex books and magazine articles about every conceivable sexual foible, will never be accused of being an old fuddy-duddy by even the hippest of the pornopoliticians. Still, Kirkendall is referred to by *Reader's Digest* as "without question, one of the most respected authorities in the whole field of sex education and family life." He has, according to the *Digest*, "helped to create today's new generation of sex educators."

Lester Kirkendall says he believes that, "if present trends continue, premarital intercourse will almost certainly increase." But, the Professor adds, he doesn't feel this is necessarily bad. He writes in *Sex And Our Society* that if couples "do experiment with sex only to have their relationship flounder, their honest efforts to understand and be responsible to one another may well have been more gain than loss."

Like Mrs. Calderone, S.I.E.C.U.S. director Kirkendall is not "hung-up" with the religious and moral foundations of sex. He is, in fact, a past director of the anti-religious American Humanist Association, and has written in its magazine that morality cannot be found in the context of "supernaturalism or a supernatural deity." Instead, he defines his religion as a "respect for and a belief in people, and a concern for true brotherhood among men." Just as Kirkendall rejects God for "people," he also rejects patriotism, actually going so far as to brand defense of one's country as immoral. In "Searching for the Roots of Moral Decisions," he writes:

A tremendous feeling of national unity, a sense of closeness, good will, and harmony may result from fearing another nation or from the effort of trying to destroy another nation. Such unity . . . is immoral.




Another founder of S.I.E.C.U.S. — and its longtime Treasurer — is Isadore Rubin. He too shares Dr. Kirkendall's rejection of patriotism. Rubin was on May 3, 1955 identified in sworn testimony before the House Committee on Un-American Activities as a member of the Communist Party by Mrs. Mildred Blauvelt, an undercover operative within the Communist Party for the New York Police Department. Rubin was subsequently Editor of the *New York Teacher News*, published by the New York Teachers Union — which was expelled from the A.F.L.-C.I.O. when it was found to be controlled by the Communists. So total was his commitment to the Reds that he even had to be dismissed from his job as a teacher in New York City because of his refusal to deny his membership in the Communist Party.

In addition to his subversive work for S.I.E.C.U.S., Comrade Rubin now edits the notorious *Sexology* magazine. Although S.I.E.C.U.S. proclaims that one of its purposes is to counter exploitation of sex, its own officers are involved in the wildest sort of sex exploitation. Rubin's pulpy *Sexology* magazine dwells on sex sensationalism, with lurid pictures of men and women in the most intimate positions, presenting crass articles dealing with the worst sort of perversion. Examples of features in recent issues include: "Can Humans Breed With Animals?," and "Witchcraft And Sex — 1968," and "The First Sadists," and "Wife Swapping In Naples," and "My Double Sex Life (the story of a bisexual)," and "Gangs That Hunt Down Queers," and "Why I Like Homosexual Men," and "Unusual Sex Demands," *ad nauseam*. In addition, *Sexology* also features film reviews of the latest "adult movies," carries advertisements for rank sex books, and has published its own titillating work on *Transvestism*.

Mr. Rubin's *Sexology* periodical has for years been available at certain seedy stores around the country (often from behind the counter, with the pages stapled together), but bigger and better things are in store for the magazine. Speaking in December of 1968 to a group of educators at an institute on "sex education" sponsored by the International Business Machines Corporation, S.I.E.C.U.S.'s Lester Kirkendall revealed that *Sexology* is currently being revised with a different cover and titles so it can be used in the schools * (*Kirkendall, according to the *Anaheim Bulletin* of December 19, 1968, ridiculed those at the I.B.M.-sponsored sex institute who noted that Isadore Rubin was identified as a Communist before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. "Rubin," said Kirkendall, "only wrote a paper for the *Daily Worker*." The sworn testimony of the New York detective who was in the same Red cell as Comrade Rubin contradicts Dr. Kirkendall's claim.)

Now, get this: Dr. Lester Kirkendall serves with Communist Isadore Rubin as an Editor of *Sexology* magazine. Also on the staff of this pornographic sheet are S.I.E.C.U.S. directors William Genné, John Money, and Wardell Pomery.

Another of those laboring with Communist Isadore Rubin and his fellow pornographers on the Board of Directors of S.I.E.C.U.S. is Mrs. Elizabeth Koontz, the newly elected President of the million-member National Education Association.† (†Mrs. Koontz has just been named by President Nixon to head the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor.) The radically Leftist Mrs. Koontz urges teachers to " . . . organize, agitate, and strike." In paraphrasing the Communist Black Panthers to call for "Teacher Power," she explains: "We cannot teach democracy and ignore what is wrong" It is thus not surprising that N.E.A. has been in the forefront of promoting S.I.E.C.U.S. throughout the nation, and that Mary Calderone has been a



contributor to the *N.E.A. Journal*.

Earlier we mentioned *Sexology* staffer William Genné — a director, founder, and officer of S.I.E.C.U.S. who calls himself "Reverend" and is Director of the Commission+ on Marriage and Family Life of the National Council of Churches. (+S.I.E.C.U.S. director Calderone is also a member of that N.C.C. Commission.) The "Reverend" Genné, who offers the view that those who think "Wherever healing takes place, Christ is present, no matter what the Church says about fornication," has quite a background himself. In addition to his consultation in pornography at *Sexology*, the files of the House Committee on Un-American Activities record that Genné has affiliated himself with such Communist Fronts as the Stockholm Peace Petition, the World Peace Appeal, the National Committee to Repeal the McCarran Act, the Committee for Peaceful Alternatives to the Atlantic Pact, etc.

Then there is S.I.E.C.U.S. director William Masters, who published with Virginia E. Johnson the best-selling *Human Sexual Response*. That incredible volume records Dr. Masters' studies in intercourse and automanipulation of 694 persons. Masters had no qualms about employing *unmarried* subjects to perform before the cameras for this subsequently popularized study of intercourse, and used an artificial plastic phallus which recorded female responses. The S.I.E.C.U.S. director was quoted in *Playboy** (May, 1968) describing the tortuous device as follows:

The equipment can be adjusted for physical variations in size, weight and vaginal development. The rate and depth of penile thrust is initiated and controlled completely by the responding individual.

(*Listed as sponsors of S.I.E.C.U.S.'s second annual dinner were the notorious Hugh Hefner of *Playboy*, John Cowles of *Look*, Secretary of State and Mrs. Robert Strange McNamara, Leftist Stewart Mott (heir to a G.M. fortune), best-selling author Vance Packard, Steven Rockefeller, and James Warburg of the International banking family.)

The immediate past-President of S.I.E.C.U.S. is sociologist David Mace, who stated his case for the "New Morality" in the April, 1968, issue of *Sexology* as follows:

The simple fact is that through most of our history in Western Christendom we have based our standards of sexual behavior on premises that are now totally insupportable — on the folklore of the ancient Hebrews and on the musings of medieval monks, concepts that are simply obsolete.

The current President of S.I.E.C.U.S. is Lester Doniger, said to be the former Publisher of *Pulpit Digest*, Director of Pulpit Book Club, and President of the Pulpit Press. Curiously, Doniger's autobiographical note in *Who's Who In World Jewry* does not mention his Protestant publishing business, and he has variously listed his birthplace as Raczk, Poland, and Vienna, Austria. We do know that the *Great Neck* [New York] *News* of February 14, 1947, carried an article entitled "US-USSR Committee Announces Meeting," which reported that a forum would be held under the auspices of the Great Neck Committee of the Communist National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, Inc. Among those scheduled to appear was Jessica Smith, wife of

Communist Party attorney John Abt and widow of Communist Hal Ware of the notorious Soviet spy ring called the Ware Cell. Mrs. Abt was editor of *Russia Today*. The article stated that tickets for the Council* affair were obtainable from Mrs. Rita Doniger, wife of S.I.E.C.U.S. President Lester Doniger. (*This organization is described by the federal government's *Guide To Subversive Organizations* as being "created by the Communist Party in 1943." It is cited on the U.S. Attorney General's list of subversive organizations as "subversive and Communist.")

Training For Illicit Sex

The philosophy, attitudes, and beliefs of the above officials of S.I.E.C.U.S. have been projected into the curriculum it recommends for our schools. The S.I.E.C.U.S. program is more than just education. After all, it isn't any good to know *what*, if you don't know *how*. And *how* requires training in the required "sex skills." As S.I.E.C.U.S. *Study Guide Number 1* states:

... the time-tested principles accepted in other areas of education must be supplied; to equip youngsters with the skills, knowledge and attitudes that will enable them to make intelligent choices and decisions. (Emphasis added.)

To burden a "sex education" program with folderol about morality would, in the opinion of S.I.E.C.U.S., simply muddy the water in teaching children to express their "sexuality." According to the S.I.E.C.U.S. *Study Guide*: "Sex education must be thought of as being education — not moral indoctrination. Attempting to indoctrinate young people with a set of rigid rules and ready-made formulas is doomed to failure in a period of transition and conflict." More specifically, when Esther Schultz of S.I.E.C.U.S. listed in *Redbook* the qualifications for "sex education" teachers, she emphatically noted: "he must *not* be a moralist."

Not tolerating moralists, S.I.E.C.U.S. naturally makes no judgments on perversion. And from the point of view of the Leftist S.I.E.C.U.S. propagandists, why should it? As one of the S.I.E.C.U.S. informational brochures states: "It is not the job of any voluntary health organization, which S.I.E.C.U.S. is, to make moral judgments; S.I.E.C.U.S. can be neither for nor against illegitimacy, homosexuality, premarital sex — nor any other manifestation of human sexual phenomena." When little George asks about homosexuality, or little Betty inquires about having children out of wedlock, you just know that you want their teacher to follow S.I.E.C.U.S. procedures and remain neutral. We wouldn't want any "moral" judgments, after all. Such judgments might warp the little psyches of our children!

A guiding theme throughout S.I.E.C.U.S. material seems to be to release students from any inhibitions, or feelings of guilt or conscience, about illicit sexual activity. The S.I.E.C.U.S. *Study Guide Number 5* begins: "The best way to gain insight into premarital sexual standards today is to start with the realization that among young people abstinence is not the only nor in some cases the dominant standard." This pamphlet draws attention to the fact that there are four premarital standards in use today: total abstinence; the double standard; affection-centered relations; and, permissiveness without affection. Naturally, S.I.E.C.U.S. doesn't take sides. Instead, the *Guide* tells your children: "The choice of a premarital sexual standard is a personal moral choice, and no amount of facts or trends can 'prove' scientifically that one ought to choose a particular standard. Thus, the individual is in a sense 'free,'" — to make up his own morality on the spot.

In discussing such consequences of permissiveness as venereal disease, promiscuity, and illegitimacy, *Study Guide Number 5* drags out the old shell game and assigns the blame to parents:

The difficulties of doing anything about the consequences of greater permissiveness become apparent when one realizes that our type of courtship inevitably involves a certain amount of such consequences. The same parents who decry the consequences favor a free courtship system — a system that encourages permissiveness. Even more paradoxical is the stress parents place on love as the basis for marriage and happiness. The research findings on female permissiveness indicate that love is a key factor promoting sexual intercourse. Thus, the more parents stress love the more their daughters will engage in coitus.

Got that, parents? Stress permissiveness and your children will find themselves in trouble, or stress an abiding love and things will be even worse. Either way, you are to simply surrender your children to the indoctrination and "skills" provided in the schools by Comrade Rubin and the Leftist pornographers of S.I.E.C.U.S.

Many parents have concluded that the S.I.E.C.U.S. stand on masturbation verges on advocacy of it as a salutary pastime. Dr. Warren Johnson, of *Sexology* fame, informs seventh-graders in the S.I.E.C.U.S. *Study Guide Number 3*:

Most students have some experience with this activity [masturbation], sometimes before puberty, although many of them are unfamiliar with the word: masturbation. They hear it called ----- . It is an almost universal practice among healthy boys and is also a common, but not so frequent habit in girls From the medical point of view it is necessary to emphasize the fact that the commonly quoted medical consequences of masturbation are almost entirely fictitious Any harm resulting from masturbation, according to the best medical authorities, is likely to be caused by worry or a sense of guilt due to misinformation.

Dr. Johnson even tells us who the bad guys are in our society causing all of these feelings of guilt. Ready? It is the churches.

Who says so?

Why, the authorities at S.I.E.C.U.S. say so. The *Study Guide* relates:

Moreover, it should be recognized that in our society most religious groups are strongly opposed to this practice [masturbation], and it is quite difficult for boys and girls to practice it and not feel some sense of guilt or fear

Got that? "Guilt and fear" are a product of the churches, and masturbation is "universal" and "healthy."

In the past, young people were encouraged to work off their nervous energy through athletics,

study, dancing, and other wholesome activities. Now we have the Leftists of S.I.E.C.U.S. working in the schools to tell our teachers that masturbation is a healthier outlet. Page eighteen of *Study Guide Number 3* maintains:

As a general rule, parents and adults concerned with youth are best advised to disregard evidence of private masturbation in juveniles, not to look for it nor to try to prevent it directly or even indirectly by attempting to divert the youngster's attention to other activities. In adulthood, as well as in childhood, masturbation by individuals in private is coming more and more to be regarded as an acceptable means of releasing sexual tension.

According to S.I.E.C.U.S., not only is this practice not harmful, it actually performs a positive function of building manly self-confidence. The *Study Guide* remarks, "During adolescence, masturbation and its attendant fantasies may not only be a means of releasing sex tensions, but often serve as part of the adolescent struggle to achieve a sense of identity and a sexual self-image."

In addition to preparing study guides, S.I.E.C.U.S. publishes a quarterly newsletter expounding its philosophy and recommending films, books and articles in the field of sexology; it reprints articles that it judges particularly valuable; and, it issues new reading lists of sex books. Included in the reprints are articles from Communist Isadore Rubin's grisly *Sexology* magazine. And, among the books recommended are such erotica as *Prostitution In Europe And The Americas*, *Unmarried Love*, *Women's Prisons*, and *Sex And The Social Structure*.

One of the most controversial educational tools being used in "sex education" courses is a slide-film called *How Babies Are Made*, prepared with the aid of S.I.E.C.U.S. This film, which is recommended for grades kindergarten through six, uses *papier-mâché* models to teach sexual reproduction. While the children watch the film the teacher reads the narrative which describes what is happening in adult, medically accurate terms.

One slide, which shows two dogs copulating, carries this dialogue: "When a father dog wants to send his sperm into a mother dog, he climbs on her back" The film then shows human male and female anatomy, indicates how a baby is produced, and ends with an optional slide showing a man and woman in bed with the narrative: "You have already learned how a father's sperm meets and fertilizes a mother's egg to create a new baby. To do this, they lie down facing each other"

One such film set, used in a Westchester County elementary school shows dogs copulating — followed by a human couple under bed sheets — as a recorded voice explains: "Mummy and Daddy are doing the same thing the dogs do."

As part of its educational program, S.I.E.C.U.S. cooperates with a number of other Leftist efforts in the sexology field. For example, S.I.E.C.U.S. lists Barney Rosset of the notorious Grove Press as a source of information. Rosset has been in court many times over his publication of pornography and was the subject of an article in the January 25, 1969 issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, entitled "How to Publish 'Dirty' Books for Fun and Profit." The *Post* revealed that

Mr. Rosset relinquished his "fiery pacifism" when Hitler broke his pact with Stalin and attacked Russia. With Mother Russia in trouble, Barney joined the Army. (Yes, ours.)

Besides pornography, Rosset also specializes in books glorifying Communism — such as *Reminiscences* by Ernesto "Che" Guevara, Edgar Snow's *Red Star Over China*, and Communist Kim Philby's *My Silent War*. Not surprisingly, S.I.E.C.U.S. has even run advertisements in Rosset's lewd *Evergreen Review*.

The S.I.E.C.U.S. organization has also run its ads in the disgusting *Nude Living* magazine, published by the Elysium Institute. Although S.I.E.C.U.S. proclaims itself against "sexual exploitation," and claims it wishes to "dignify human sexuality," it has picked another strange bedfellow in the Elysium Institute — whose specialty is perversion and pornography dressed up as "health" fadism and "scientific inquiry." Elysium's magazines are comprised mostly of photographs of nude men and women in sickening sexual positions, photographed from angles clearly designed to attract the pervert. They promote everything from necrophilia to nude Satanism and are frankly beyond description by a normal human being.

Of course, those magazines published by Elysium contain a page which lists the Institute's connection with S.I.E.C.U.S. and others of the "growing number of organizations in this country which are concerned, as is the Institute, with seeking means to man's physical, emotional and intellectual development in an environment of openness, understanding and tolerance.* (*Some of those wildly Leftist efforts with which Elysium exchanges information (in addition to S.I.E.C.U.S.) are the University of Humanism, Institute of Rational Living, Institute for Sex Research, Pacifica Foundation, Joan Baez' Institute for the Study of Non-Violence, Sexual Freedom League, and the Underground Press Syndicate.)

Among the books recommended by S.I.E.C.U.S. as source material is *Situation Ethics — The New Morality* by Dr. Joseph Fletcher. Fletcher has been a member of thirty organizations cited by the federal government as Communist Fronts. Herbert Philbrick, former undercover operative for the F.B.I., testified that "Joe Fletcher worked with us on Communist Party projects and on an enormous number of tasks." Needless to say, Dr. Fletcher thinks the "New Morality" is simply glorious.

The recordings and books of Dr. Albert Ellis are also recommended by S.I.E.C.U.S. Ellis, a much-married former used-car salesman who obtained his Ph.D. late in life, is another "New Moralist." He is quoted in *Life* magazine as observing: "I certainly agree that if we are ever to become at all rational about our system of dating and marriage, the double standard will have to go. However, it seems to me that *one of the main ways of getting rid of the standard is to encourage premarital sex relations today.*" During the 1930s Ellis translated *Das Kapital* for the lay reader. In his book, *The Case Against Religion*, he writes: "The religious person sells his soul, surrenders his own basic urges and pleasure so that he may feel comfortable with this heavenly helper that he himself has invented. Religion, then, is needless inhibition."

In a S.I.E.C.U.S.-recommended book, *The American Sexual Tragedy*, Ellis castigates "men who cannot be satisfied with any form of sex activity but coitus" as "probably fetishistically attached to this idea." The effect of the efforts of Dr. Ellis on our children can only be called calculated

and sick.

Anthropologist Ashley Montagu, a member of the S.I.E.C.U.S. Board of Consultants, is another whose materials are recommended to schools by S.I.E.C.U.S. Writing in the *Phi Delta Kappan*, Montagu visualizes a future in which:

Young unmarried individuals who are sufficiently responsible will be able, in the new dispensation, to enter into responsible sexual relationships in a perfectly healthy and morally acceptable and reciprocally beneficial manner, which will help the participants to become more fully developed human beings than they would otherwise have stood a chance of becoming.

As a S.I.E.C.U.S. authority, Montagu even views the de-masculinization of American men with forthright approval: "The short-sighted 'viewers with alarm' will be relegated to their proper places when what they so wrongheadedly deplore, namely, the alleged feminization of men and the alleged masculinization of women, are discovered to be advances in the right rather than in the wrong direction."

Here It Comes

The S.I.E.C.U.S. program which has been described by the national Press as the model effort in community "sex education" is being committed in the schools of Anaheim, California. The *Saturday Evening Post* called it "a S.I.E.C.U.S. show window." In Anaheim, 32,000 students from seventh through twelfth grades get six weeks of coeducational "sex education" yearly.† (†Because the elementary school is a separate system and has not yet adopted the program, children in the kindergarten through sixth grade have thus far been deprived of S.I.E.C.U.S. sex in Anaheim.)

Sally Williams, who supervises the Family Life and Sex Education program at Anaheim is on the S.I.E.C.U.S. Board of Directors, and Dr. Esther Schultz of S.I.E.C.U.S. helped to develop the Anaheim program, which relies heavily on S.I.E.C.U.S. materials. Yet, strangely both S.I.E.C.U.S. and the School District, headed by Superintendent Paul W. Cook, steadfastly maintain that Anaheim has nothing to do with S.I.E.C.U.S. Apparently it is felt that the Leftists and pornographers of S.I.E.C.U.S. are vulnerable to criticism and that it is best to provide the program while doing everything possible to avoid the label. Certainly the *Saturday Evening Post* wasn't fooled about who is running the show — nor is anyone else.

The Anaheim scheme has stimulated opposition in the form of a Citizens' Committee formed by Mrs. Janet Townsend. Mrs. Eleanor Howe, now a committed activist, is typical of the Committee members. She became upset at what was going on in her son's eleventh grade "sex education" class when she learned that the teacher asked young Howe what he would do if he discovered his son masturbating. That was a little too much for this courageous youngster, and he walked out of the class. Mrs. Howe told me:

"You wouldn't believe some of the reports we get from parents about these classes. One young man became so upset at the thought that he might be a homosexual, after the way the subject was treated in his eighth grade class, that his parents had to send him to a psychiatrist to calm his

fears. He was simply a normal adolescent, but the sex program proved too much for him."

In addition to the Citizens' Committee, the Anaheim program has also provoked opposition from the local newspaper, the *Anaheim Bulletin*, which has an old-fashioned Editor by the name of Sam Campbell who, along with reporter John Steinbacher, has not been afraid to challenge the educational power structure. The *Bulletin* has published literally scores of letters from distraught parents. Such parental objection is mushrooming, and far from confined to Anaheim. Here, for example, is a letter of November 27, 1968, from a Mrs. Erwin Handel to the *Phoenix American*:

We just received our Nov. 6 . . . issue of "The American." I noted the article on the front page about sex education — which might better and more accurately be termed "obscenity education" in the Phoenix schools.

We just moved from Phoenix — and for that reason. We have a 12-year-old son who was taught this smut last spring, and about 9 weeks thereafter we had a near disaster in our home.

I walked in and caught him sexually molesting our 4-year-old daughter. He had been taught all about intercourse at school and wanted to "try it out" on his sister. (I caught him before he actually committed the act.)

Now, teaching young kids this in school is nonsense It's like giving someone a recipe to discourage cooking. It won't discourage, but rather encourage experimentation.

We hope that you might publish this — so some other parents might realize just what this "education" is doing to our children before they actually suffer a disaster — just as we nearly did.

You think it can't be that bad? Tell it to Mrs. Handel. Or, take a look at some of the supplementary books used in the \$375,000 per year program to push sex at the children of Anaheim. A typical example is Kenneth Barnes' *He And She*. The theme that "America is a repressed Puritanical society," constantly proclaimed by the Leftists and "New Moralists," is emphasized by Barnes on page eighty:

The sad result of the way the world upsets the attitudes of young people is that it encourages a divided feeling about sex and about people. It ought to be possible for a young man to see a girl naked and to enjoy her nakedness without any sense of guilt, accepting it not just as the nakedness of a female body, but as something that is part of her personality and that arouses respect for her as a whole person. There are countries in which the taboo on nakedness is not so strong as here.

Barnes also informs the students of Anaheim that God-centered religion is *passé*. In advocating a new-style religion, he writes:

This religion must have a person at its centre; nothing less will do, no dogmas or rules



or pseudoscientific notions will suffice, for these are all thoughts produced by persons and therefore less than persons. Nothing less than a living person can give us the complete truth about humanity.

Since the Anaheim program has been part of the curriculum for over three years, many residents have been trying to get the School Board to assess the results. Unfortunately, the School District absolutely refuses to release any statistics concerning the subsequent increase in venereal disease and illegitimate births. However, the Orange County Health Department says that venereal disease in the area is "out of control." And Richard Taylor, Vice President of the Orange County branch of the Florence Crittenton Society, which operates homes for unwed mothers, reports of this matter in the area: "The 'new morality' is leaving a broad trail of heartbreak in Orange County."

There can be no doubt about it. When newspaper reporter John Steinbacher asked a young Marine why so many servicemen congregated in Anaheim every weekend, the reply was: "Man, everybody knows that the high school girls here are 'available.'" The comment, Steinbacher found, was typical.

Although the retardation of venereal disease and illegitimacy are promoted as reasons why local school districts must adopt sexuality training, even S.I.E.C.U.S. officials confess that the program will not ease these problems. Lester Kirkendall of S.I.E.C.U.S. and *Sexology* magazine admitted in the June 1968 *Reader's Digest*:

Most people have the vague hope that it [sex education] will somehow cure half of the world's ills — reduce casual sex experience, cut down on illegitimate births, and eliminate venereal disease. To be perfectly blunt about it, we have no way of knowing that sex education will solve any such problems.

Identified Communist and Treasurer of S.I.E.C.U.S., Isadore Rubin, stated at a symposium on *Sex And The Teenager*: "For the community to ask the sex educator to take on the responsibility of cutting down on illegitimacy or on venereal disease is to ask him to undertake a task that is foredoomed to failure." With S.I.E.C.U.S. in charge, there can be no doubt of that! What else could be expected with morality thrown out the window?

The fact that many parents are aware of the efforts of the sex educationists to divorce the teaching of sex from morality has created growing resistance to the S.I.E.C.U.S.-style programs. It seems that every "expert" and sexologist associated with the S.I.E.C.U.S. program rejects traditional Judeo-Christian concepts of sexual morality. Again and again we hear from its proponents that S.I.E.C.U.S. maintains sex education "must not be moral indoctrination," and that "it is not the job of S.I.E.C.U.S. to make moral judgments; S.I.E.C.U.S. can be neither for nor against premarital sex." Many of us find it ironic that our youngsters can be given instruction in our schools on various positions for sexual intercourse — or, as *McCall's* noted, shown how to apply "a contraceptive to a life-sized plastic phallus" — but a student saying a prayer in that same school would be violating the law.

Even so, Anaheim School Superintendent Cook advocates presenting a sexual smorgasbord and

letting the teenager take his choice. Cook told an audience at Chapman College recently:

We give the kids the whole picture — we lay all the facts out on the table for them and we tell them they are going to hear different ideas and attitudes than in their churches. We tell them that after all they do have to make up their own minds, and they're the only ones that can choose their own level of morality.

No prayers, you understand. No firm moral code. None of those "different" ideas from home and church! Listen to Comrade Rubin. Listen to the pornographers of *Sexology*.

The advocates of S.I.E.C.U.S. go farther. They attempt to picture all opposition as that of ignorant reactionaries and religious fanatics. Not only do the concerned taxpayer-parents resent this characterization as grossly unfair, but they point to the fact that their objection to sex instruction for the "New Morality" is supported by many medical authorities. Dr. Max Levin, in strenuously objecting to the amorality of the S.I.E.C.U.S. position on "sex education," writes:

I speak not as a clergyman but as a psychiatrist. There cannot be emotional health in the absence of high moral standards and a sense of human and social responsibility. I know that today morality is a "dirty word," but we must help our youth to see that moral codes have meaning beyond theology: they have psychological and sociological meaning. Even the atheist, who rejects religion, should be able to understand this.


You don't have to be a psychiatrist like Dr. Levin to realize that today's teenagers already have more sophistication about the mechanics of sex than they have the maturity to handle. Telling teenagers to choose their own level of morality, while emphasizing that premarital intercourse might be desirable, can only lead to tragic consequences. Teach biology and physiology, yes. But let's get the anti-moral, Leftist, sex-pushers out of our schools! They are an embarrassment to the professions which they trumpet and an out-and-out danger to our children.

Look at the truth. The preponderance of both scientific and practical support for traditional morality is simply ignored by the permissive S.I.E.C.U.S. programs and the frantic school sexologists. As psychiatrist Graham Blaine writes: "The steps necessary to take in following unplanned pregnancy — adoption of the child, abortion, or premature marriage — are clearly unfortunate ones, and their increasing frequency would seem to be a cogent argument for *holding the line* against permissiveness"

Indeed!

Dr. Paul Gebhard has recently conducted surveys of twelve hundred college students which also support traditional views of sexual morality. He found that the first step was likely to be decisive in the case of a girl. If she once crossed the "Rubicon," it was not easy for her to subsequently avoid such sexual activity thereafter. In such a case, he noted, she was jeopardizing her own prospects of a good marriage in the future, as well as running other risks. As sociologist Robert Blood Jr. points out:

Premarital intercourse is associated more closely with broken relationships than with



strengthened ones; twice as many engagements are broken among couples who have intercourse as among those who did not; the more frequent the intercourse, the greater the number of rings returned; both divorce and adultery are more common among those couples who indulge in premarital intercourse, and that even among those who do not separate, the incidence of marital unhappiness is greater.

New York psychiatrist Max Levin comments on S.I.E.C.U.S. activist Warren Johnson's contention that "an increasingly safe and potentially wholesome sex life is said to be becoming available to the married and the unmarried who desire it; and there seems to be a growing feeling that this is a decision to be made by individual women and is not the business of society at all." Dr. Levin writes: "The young unmarried woman who has a sexual affair is harming herself emotionally. She cheapens herself when she yields to a seducer. There can be no mental health without a measure of self-respect."

With teenagers being steeped in boggling sexual stimuli from the mass media, our schools should be bolstering those who are moral and promoting self-control rather than providing rationalization for promiscuity. According to Dr. Melvin Anchell, the only justification for the S.I.E.C.U.S.-style program is "the misconceived notion that if you can't beat them, join 'em." *Many sex education courses turn out to be only an exercise in destroying the conscience.* Is it surprising that after hearing sexual intercourse discussed in class, and shown in classroom movies, the reserves of young people are broken down and they are stimulated to experiment? As Dr. Anchell observes:


The sexuality instinct is one of the strongest that we human beings have, and if we have a conscience associated with that sexuality then we cannot express it like amoebas. But the desensitization program is taking away the conscience and making the sex act a raw instinct.

The way homosexuality is treated in S.I.E.C.U.S. sex education is also destructive. According to psychiatrist Anchell:

I'll be frank with you. I haven't had a pervert yet that I have cured, but I don't know anyone else who has either. The answer is in the prevention. And [this sort of] sex education, paradoxically, doesn't prevent it, but is causing it.

Today's teenagers have been sold by the Left on the idea that they discovered sex and that sex is "in." When has it ever been out? It's been "in" since Adam and Eve. But, teenagers are not the only target of the Leftist S.I.E.C.U.S. operators. As I have noted, they want to start by selling their amoral sexuality to kindergartners. The fact is that most reputable psychiatrists believe that presenting such information to young children can cause drastic psychological problems. Psychiatrist William McGrath explains it this way:

"There is a phase of personality development, called the latency period, during which the healthy child is not interested in sex. In this interval, from about age five until adolescence, a boy learns how to get along with other boys. And he can dream of becoming a man among men, a hero.



"This latency period is not just a cultural or moral intervention. It serves a very important biological purpose. It affords the child an opportunity to develop his own resources, his beginning physical and mental strength. Later, when he is ready, he can take on other responsibilities

"Sophomoric and supercilious persons, who are without learning in philosophy or in science, fail to realize the significance of the latency period. When we plead that it should remain inviolate, they scoff and accuse us of narrow-minded prudishness

"Premature interest in sex is unnatural and will arrest or distort the development of the personality. Sex education should not be foisted on children; should not begin in the grade schools.

"Anyone who would deliberately arouse the child's curiosity or stimulate his unready mind to troubled sexual preoccupations ought to have a millstone tied around his neck and be cast into the sea.

"A letter asks: Isn't sex the source of most psychological problems? No; not in a man who has been allowed to develop character before his introduction to sex. Sexual problems are almost always secondary, or symptomatic of a deeper immaturity.

"To be first and above all a man among men is what one begins to learn in the latency period. This is sacred territory. A plague on those who trespass."

Psychiatrist Rhoda Lorand, after viewing the type of sex material now being used in the elementary schools, puts it this way: "It is overwhelming, disturbing and embarrassing, upsetting and exciting and very likely to lead to sex difficulties later in life." Author of *Love, Sex And The Teenager*, she is a long way from being a blue-nose on this subject. Psychiatrist Anchell agrees, noting:

The one thing [this sort of] sex education is supposed to do for us — that is, help our children become mature adults — it actually destroys. It does it by interfering with the normal instinctual growth of the child. It catapults the child into advance sexual information; it perverts the child If you turn into an obstetrician at eight years of age, you have developed a fixation I think it is creating more perverts than were ever created before, and more-diversified perverts.

Indicative of the fact that elementary school children do not have the maturity to handle the material being thrown at them is that many children, after having seen the S.I.E.C.U.S.-prepared *How Babies Are Made*, have come home and asked to watch mommy and daddy plant the seed. This has already prompted a lawsuit against the school system by a local committee in San Luis Obispo, California. No doubt further legal action is on the way.

Frankly, the program is proving downright dangerous. Even S.I.E.C.U.S.'s Dr. Kirkendall admits: "There's no way that you can proceed without some risk [to the students]. You have to admit that there are people teaching in schools who have sexual problems of their own they

haven't worked through." The subject would obviously have an overwhelming attraction for instructors with voyeur tendencies. Dr. Anchell, himself the author of a fine book on sexual adjustment, warns:

Many of the so-called sex experts are no more qualified to be involved with this problem than a used-car salesman would be. Many are misguided disciples of Freud who call themselves psychiatrists. Many are social workers. Many are teachers who don't know anything about the subject. These people have set themselves up as experts. What they have been attempting to do is promulgate the sexuality instinct into that of an instinct related to a bodily function such as eating, breathing or going to the bathroom. But it really isn't . . . you could do all these other things alone, but sexuality takes two.

Danger or no danger, however, Anaheim Superintendent Cook has admitted that what he is involved in is "changing attitudes." That, alas, is precisely the problem.

The Scandinavian Model

The S.I.E.C.U.S. style of "education" is too new in this country to draw any statistically-based conclusions as to what its cumulative effects will be. We do, however, have a model at which we can look for a glimpse of the future. The Scandinavians have had compulsory "sex education" of the type S.I.E.C.U.S. is promoting for two decades. In fact, Professor Ira Reiss of S.I.E.C.U.S. maintains, "Where Sweden is today is where we're going to be in ten years. Sweden has a culture that accepts 'permissiveness with affection' standards."* (*What is happening in America, according to Professor Reiss, is "not a sexual revolution but the evolvement of a system which has replaced the prostitute with the girl next door.")

The S.I.E.C.U.S. *Study Guide Number 5* says: "The Scandinavian countries have developed even further than we a type of affection-centered premarital sexual permissiveness. We seem to be heading toward a Scandinavian type of sexuality." Promoting this "trend," S.I.E.C.U.S. recommends the book *Sex And Society In Sweden* as part of its curriculum, explaining: "Because it is a book that is open, honest, and reliable regarding the real situation in Sweden, it should prove of unusual value and interest to parents and educators everywhere." Dr. Kirkendall, in praising Denmark's "sex education" program, states:

The consequences for young Danes seem to be far less damaging than here . . . Hence guilt and conflict over premarital sex are minimal . . . They may even let the child be born before they marry, since there is little stigma on illegitimacy.

Perhaps local citizens will want to look at the "real situation" and the "minimal" negative consequences of "sex education" in Scandinavia before embarking on a S.I.E.C.U.S.-type program. A third of the brides in Denmark kneel at the altar pregnant. In twenty years the number of brides aged fifteen to seventeen has swelled by four hundred percent. One legal, and four to five illegal, abortions are now performed for every twenty births. In Sweden the increase in venereal disease is described by officials as "catastrophic." According to *U.S. News & World Report* of February 7, 1966:

Physicians say that gonorrhea and syphilis are more widespread in Sweden today than

in any other civilized country in the world. A recent inquiry revealed the startling fact that about half of all boys who had become infected with venereal disease admitted having sexual relations with at least forty different girls — and ten percent said that they had had relations with as many as two hundred.

The Swedish education system has been accused by a highly-respected group of 140 eminent Swedish doctors and teachers, including the King's physician, Dr. Ull Nordwall, of producing sex *obsession* among adolescents because, as they put it:

It has bombarded school children with sexual instruction for which their immaturity ill fits them and the result has been an un-natural over-sexualization of the rising generation [in which] . . . the young have confused instruction in method with encouragement to practice.

As for the S.I.E.C.U.S. contention that while sex education will not lower venereal disease or illegitimacy, it will produce healthy, happy, well-adjusted young men and women, the results in Sweden prove the contrary. An article in the issue of *Reader's Digest* for August 1966 relates:

There is a significant report from Sweden, which for so long prided itself on the removal of moral restraints and what amounts to the encouragement of sexual freedom, even in the schools. Yet the human toll has been so great that we now read of a growing movement, headed by the country's leading doctors to put an end to sexual laxity. But note: The doctors . . . observe that, for all their sexual freedom "young people in Sweden are not happy today," and urge the schools to spend more time on moral and religious leadership and instruction which will help the children know "what is right and wrong" in terms of their own ultimate well-being.*

(*The trend is indicated by the recent recommendation of a Stockholm teacher that: "What every good high school needs is a sex room where teenage lovers can seek respite from the rigors of reading, writing, and arithmetic")

What has been the effect of the efforts of the sex educationists on the family in Sweden? Psychiatrist Graham Blaine writes:

In Scandinavian countries extramarital affairs have increased. It would seem logical to assume that family environment which includes a philandering father or a promiscuous mother, or both, would be less healthy for children than one in which fidelity prevailed.

The inevitable results of adopting the Scandinavian attitudes pushed by S.I.E.C.U.S.? As Professor Russell Kirk notes: "In another generation or so, American church communicants may be as scarce as they are in Denmark or Sweden today — that is, one to five percent of the population, or even fewer."

Leftist Harassment

Still, parents who rebel at having the public school lead their children into the pit which proved so disastrous for the Scandinavians are astonished to find that they have run into a veritable

Leftist buzz-saw. The S.I.E.C.U.S. proponents even hold seminars on how to deal with their conservative opponents. At one of these seminars, Dr. Lester Kirkendall characterized all such opponents as "a fringe group of dissidents who don't think rationally." He maintains that those who oppose the program to "change America's sexual attitudes have hangups about sex." To skirt these "sick" people. Kirkendall recommends:

Just sneak it [the sex program] in as an experimental course Go to your P.T.A. and get support. That's where the power lies Don't say that you are going to start a sex education course. Always move forward. Say that you are going to enrich, expand, and make it better. The opposition can't stop something that you have already started.

This strategy puts the opponents in a position of being "aginnners" who are "out to destroy our modern, progressive Family Life course."

Another strategy used by the Leftist sex educationists is to form a committee of civic leaders including doctors, clergymen, and businessmen to endorse the introduction of the program into the local school. Many, if not most, of these men are not aware of just what they are endorsing, but feel that sex education is generally a good idea. Once having committed themselves, pride and ego require them to defend their stand even as the educationists turn a presumed course in physiology into out-and-out indoctrination for premarital sex and amorality.

The educationists, as usual, want complete autonomy — free from the "interference" of those who pay the bills. Citizens' groups have found that once the program is begun their letters are not answered and that it is almost impossible to get school boards to give specific answers to questions about these sex programs. Complaints are met with educationese and mumbo-jumbo.


So What Is To Be Done?

Is the alternative to a S.I.E.C.U.S.-type program to keep teenagers in total ignorance about sex, as has been charged by some? The question is not whether "sex education" should be provided, but what kind, where, and by *whom*. There is a significant minority, if not a majority, of parents who believe that sex cannot be divorced from morality — and who are convinced that sex education is the province of the home and not of the State. Are their civil rights to be trampled by arrogant behavioral scientists, social anthropologists, and educationists? It is argued that some homes will abrogate their responsibility in this field. And, this is true. But, critics ask: Does this justify putting the sexual morality of all children at the mercy of the atheists and pornographers and Communists who are supporting and directing S.I.E.C.U.S.?

Many concerned parents believe that just as all that glitters is not buried in Fort Knox, all that is called "sex education" is not really education. They know that the S.I.E.C.U.S. effort has turned out to be indoctrination in promiscuity.

What's Really Happening

As terrible as are the personal tragedies produced by the S.I.E.C.U.S. programs, let us pause here in conclusion to note the broader effect on our national life which may well be the real object of these programs aimed at our sons and daughters — and, through them, at the health of our nation.



We have already noted the ties of S.I.E.C.U.S. directors to the Communists. We note now in passing that the motivation of the S.I.E.C.U.S.-style efforts directly parallels the various "mental health" programs promoted by the World Health Organization. Instrumental in the founding of W.H.O. was Soviet spy Alger Hiss, who declared that "health is a state of complete physical, mental, and social well-being, and not merely the absence of disease or infirmity." Selected to lead the creation of this "social well-being" was the notorious pro-Communist Canadian, Brock Chisholm, who spelled out the foundations for the "New Morality" when he wrote in the February, 1946, issue of *Psychiatry* (with an introduction by Abe Fortas):

The re-interpretation and eventual eradication of the concept of right and wrong which has been the basis of child training, the substitution of intelligent and rational thinking for faith in the certainties of the old people, these are the belated objectives of practically all effective psychotherapy. Would they not be legitimate objectives of original education Freedom from morality means freedom to observe, to think and behave sensibly . . . free from outmoded types of loyalties This is a new kind of world and there is no ethical or moral system that is intended for anyone in this world.

Chisholm's chief administrator at W.H.O. was Dr. Frank Calderone, husband of the S.I.E.C.U.S. Commander-in-Chief, Mary Calderone.


Everywhere one turns with these people the reins lead back to the Far Left. Why? Clearly because it is in the interest of the Communists to promote programs like S.I.E.C.U.S. for destroying American sexual morality, and enervating the moral fiber of our nation's youth.

Nationally syndicated columnist Henry J. Taylor, playing Devil's Advocate, delineated a sixteen-point program for the destruction of the United States. One of these points reads: "Preach permissiveness: If 'anything goes' then, of course, everything goes. Every internal and external enemy knows the advantages of destroying a nation's standards. The rewards are as old as the Trojan horse."

As far back as May of 1919, Allied forces in Dusseldorf, Germany, first captured a Communist document entitled *Rules For Revolution*. Number One on that list of objectives was: "Corrupt the young, get them away from religion. Get them interested in sex. Make them superficial, destroy their ruggedness." Again, in the early 1950s, Florida State Attorney George A. Brautigam confirmed that "The above 'Rules for Revolution' were secured by the State Attorney's Office from a known member of the Communist Party, who acknowledged it to be still a part of the Communist program for overthrowing our Government."

The *Sacramento Union* has recently editorialized:

Diabolical as it may seem, it has been a common tool of Communism for many years to undermine values and substitute their opposites. The Communist Conspiracy has always used the weak to infect the strong. In fact history shows that often the strong have been betrayed into surrendering to the weak. It would not be too difficult . . . to gain control of the minds of the young and the weak. It can be done by systematically denigrating all



that a person has been taught to be worthy of respect. It would be done very cleverly with an appeal to the reasonableness of each argument, the use of half-truth It would be necessary to attack belief in Americanism, morality, and personal integrity. These will be replaced by un-Americanism, immorality and personal anonymity. Perhaps this begins to sound shockingly familiar. If what we presently see and hear on the American scene is any indication, the process is well under way

It would test our credulity to propose that our schools and other influential institutions are deliberately aiding this hideous process. It is possible, however, to believe that such institutions are being used by conspirators to accomplish the aims of the world-wide Communist movement.

It might also be pointed out that fanatical Marxist Stuart Chase noted in his book, *The Proper Study Of Mankind*: "Theoretically, a society could be completely made over in something like fifteen years, the time it takes to inculcate a new culture into a rising group of youngsters."

Do you doubt that it can happen?


Historically, the destruction of morality has often been used as a technique to ready a country for Communist revolution. Nowhere was this more evident than in Spain where five percent of the nation's inhabitants were slaughtered in a bloody civil war. Before the revolution, kiosks sprung up on nearly every corner of the major cities peddling the most lurid pornography, and the cry "long live free love" was a regular part of student demonstrations. The *Red Domination In Spain*, an official report of the Spanish government, states with regard to this degeneracy:

The moral corruption and disintegration of family and social ties reigning throughout the Marxist zone of Spain during the civil war were a direct consequence of communism Degradation amongst children during pre-revolutionary days [led to] . . . degradation of spiritual life and morals.

The same was true in Russia with the Nihilists, in Greece when the Communists sought to take power, in post-Kuhn Hungary, and in a dozen other places where the Communists have moved. Surely the vast majority of those promoting S.I.E.C.U.S.-style "sex education" are perfectly loyal, if misguided, Americans. However, it is impossible to deny that there is Communist influence within any parent organization which contains an identified Communist as its Treasurer and has such a number of its directors who have been active in officially cited Communist Fronts. It would seem only logical that their motives and/or judgment should be subjected to the closest scrutiny. Their target, after all, is our own children — and America's future.

One remembers a recent comment by my colleague George S. Schuyler, which seems to provide the only proper conclusion here. Writing in the January AMERICAN OPINION, Mr. Schuyler noted:

When General William F. Dean was released from a Korean Communist prison camp, the young Chinese psychologists who had been trying to break him said: "General,



don't feel bad about leaving us. You know, we will soon be with you. We are going to capture your country." Asked how, they replied: "We are going to destroy the moral character of a generation of your young Americans, and when we have finished you will have nothing with which to really defend yourselves against us."

Those are powerful words to remember. And they provide, beyond doubt, the single best explanation of What's Really Happening.

BRIGHT STAR

George S. Schuyler Reviews Philippa Schuyler

AMONG the innumerable questions with which our daughter Philippa plied us at an age when most infants are scarcely able to articulate was: "How many stars are there in the sky?" Mrs. Schuyler and I could not answer it, nor could the encyclopedia to which we had so often to refer her. But whatever the answer is, we know that since May 9, 1967, another bright star, Philippa herself, has been added to the galaxy.

In a few brief years she streaked like a comet across the heavens in a career remarkably unusual — as a child prodigy hailed by universities and public prints, as

Good Men Die

by *Philippa Schuyler*. Twin Circle, New York; 256 pages, \$1.95.

a pianist who composed her own selections and played them over nationwide radio, as winner of a scoopful of gold and silver medals for her musical proficiency. She was honored as the brightest young orchestral composer in the United States, and at the age of fourteen was soloist with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, the Boston Pops, and subsequently with orchestras as far distant as Buenos Aires, Honolulu, Amsterdam, and Paris.

Nor was this all. Philippa was a linguist, specializing in the Romance languages; a writer of magazine articles, newspaper series, and four books before this posthumously printed work. She was a world traveler acquainted with the intellectual and political elite in the two Americas, Europe, Asia, and Africa — and a dedicated anti-Communist who everywhere clocked the course of the Red conspiracy. She had offers to perform behind the Iron Curtain, but she would never go any closer than Helsinki, Hong Kong, and Seoul. She giggled in telling how she rebuffed the Soviet consul-general in Cairo when he offered her a lucrative Russian tour, and turned down a previously proffered tour of the Soviet extended to her by an agent in Stockholm.

Philippa was a familiar figure entering and leaving LaGuardia and Kennedy international airports. We went with her to the aircraft with often unexpressed misgivings, and met her upon her return with great joy and relief, whether she was coming from Japan or Johannesburg.

And, Philippa had enthusiasms and threw herself unselfishly into causes. She saw the new political movements in Africa at first-hand and knew all of the leaders. She was soloist at the independence celebrations in Leopoldville and Accra. She was champion and friend of Moise

Tshombe of Katanga and his wife. She was welcomed and applauded in Rhodesia, Mozambique, Angola, Nigeria, Ivory Coast, Liberia, Morocco, and Egypt. She worked to help the Togo Republic and re-entered embattled Katanga with a contingent of white mercenaries to get another story as the United Nations mercenaries bombed hapless Elisabethville from United States aircraft. In Kenya she threw herself into the Catholic efforts to help abandoned young girls, and the resultant publicity from her writings about it brought financial support from all over the world. She studied African music in Sudan and West Africa, and thrilled audiences in performances from Makerere to Witwaterstrand.

This seems to me to be a necessary prelude to reviewing this book, which she finished just before she died in a helicopter crash in the bay of Da Nang, South Vietnam, on her final errand of mercy — rescuing school children from threatened Hue. Philippa was already one of the world's great women and could have easily rested on her laurels, which were more than enough to satisfy the most ambitious person. Every door in America was open to her, and this was literally true in scores of other lands where she was loved and admired.

But from the moment Philippa arrived in Saigon at the invitation of Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, she sympathized and fell in love with the Vietnamese people, whom she closely resembled in skin color. She easily established rapport with the Vietnamese, especially when she went among them in native dress, and accepted their hospitality. And being a natural journalist and an accredited correspondent for the *Manchester Union Leader* and the North American Newspaper Alliance, she had much to write about.

It was no mean feat in the vicissitudes of travel in the South Vietnam war zone (and the whole country, as she has pointed out, is a war zone) to lug around typewriter and manuscript, along with suitcase, when transportation was sporadic, uncertain, and always hazardous. Her book shows that she was courageous though cautious, but barely escaped death on many occasions. When she was killed, the manuscript of this book was in her effects left with a friend in Saigon. The following month Mrs. Schuyler flew to Saigon, found the manuscript, and brought it back to New York with her.

It is the distinction of this book that it is an intimate picture of what Philippa calls "a sea of futility" — not just Saigon, where most civilian Americans go, and no farther; nor Da Nang, where even fewer go; nor just Hue, where American civilians are scarce. It goes far beyond these to obscure hamlets infested by Vietcong murderers; to lonely roads where death stalks; to tiny chapels and cathedrals where she gave organ solos by Bach and filled her notebooks with information; to Vietnamese hospitals resembling slaughterhouses where patients suffered, often two in a bed, with inadequate drugs and little equipment.

She visited and describes the ingenious and diabolic school of land-mine warfare where young Marines are taught how to avoid death in a country where the Vietcong have planted booby traps everywhere.

She tells of the marvels that our Navy performed in enlarging Da Nang's harbor and building a pier complex in just a few months, but she asks: "Had these same huge sums of money been spent on blockading, invading, and bombing North Vietnam, would this not have brought a

quicker end to the war?"

While praising the Navy Civic Action programs around the Da Nang area as good and wholesome, she writes that it was "like trying to clean up a landslide with a soup spoon. We needed an effective leadership whose strategy was worthy of the fighting man's bravery. The purpose of war is to win. Tactics which wear out the active potential of the fighting man generate futility. Aggression produces less tragedy than vacillation."

Telling of the seventeen thousand annual murders committed by the Communists against South Vietnamese civilians, she says:

These murders were always extremely brutal and often included vicious and fatal attacks on children and pregnant women It is amazing that "peaceniks" can make an outcry against our bombing of North Viet Nam, an accidental killing of a few civilians, when the Viet Cong deliberately mutilate and slaughter helpless civilians in South Vietnam. Why is violence "good" if it is against anti-Communists, and "bad" if it is against Communists?

And who are these Vietcong? She learns that "a North Vietnamese soldier who infiltrates South Vietnam is required to turn over all objects, documents, insignia, or uniforms which might reveal his membership in the regular units or other organizations of North Vietnam. Then he is given arms, false identification papers, and personal equipment." He thus becomes a Vietcong guerrilla supposedly fighting for liberation of *South* Vietnam.

While the American soldiers and Marines do not readily fall for the shrewd traps of the enemy, Miss Schuyler points out that "it is difficult to remain perennially watchful for the deceptive ruses of an adversary from a civilization older and subtler than one's own. Subtlety without tenderness, serenity without charity, and violence without compassion, these are the vast traditional defects of Asia that can permeate every aspect of a Southeast Asian War."

A nurse at the new American hospital in Saigon told her: "A large percentage of the American doctors in Vietnam break down after six months of viewing horrors. When you have seen mutilations inflicted by the Vietcong, there comes a point when you just can't stand to see any more."

Philippa not only played for the patients, about forty percent of whom came from the Da Nang area, but she visited them individually asking personal questions of these mostly eighteen and nineteen year olds — who brightened up when she talked to them. She observes that at the time twenty-two Polish freighters were in Chinese waters between Canton and North Vietnam. Undoubtedly, she writes, "these ships are carrying cargoes to Haiphong." And, she adds, looking at the burned and gutted American boys, "I reflected that our American soldiers were magnificently loyal to our country and to America's avowed purpose of fighting Communism in Asia, if only our leaders would be loyal to them."

Philippa expresses deep compassion for the terrible social problems of South Vietnam: divided families, prostitution, crime, and illegitimate American-South Vietnamese children. "Half-caste

children are really outcasts in an Asian country," she observes. "The tragedy of Vietnamese-American children is one of the 'unmentionable' horrors of this war. American officialdom tends to ignore the magnitude and ramifications of this problem, as though pretending it is not there will solve it."

And, Philippa specialized in treading where few correspondents deigned to go, so she learned much more than you ever read in your newspapers and magazines. In native costume, conical hat, and sandals, her brownish complexion proved a great asset, and undoubtedly saved her life in several instances. Like when she was sleeping in a supposedly abandoned hut in an obscure hamlet infested by guerrillas, and was awakened by one of the latter sitting on her plank cot. Terrified, she remained completely still, and after a while the man got up and left. On another occasion she went with a French-speaking villager to a tiny cafe which was crowded with Vietcong. Being in native dress, she was accepted — and she learned.

She visited the former An Nam imperial city of Hue, and gives the most thorough description I have read. She visited and played in the cathedral, visited and performed in the schools, made a long walk to the great Buddhist pagoda, sat on the banks of the Perfume River at sunset as bombs thudded and machineguns crackled nearby.

One of her goals was to visit the Ben Hai River which marks the Demilitarized Zone, and she made a hazardous trip by jeep north of Hue through great forests and tiny villages to reach it. Her description of this dangerous journey is nerve-tingling. Finally, she and her four Vietnamese fellow-travelers reach the Ben Hai, climb to the top of the watch tower and look across to the other side where the flag of North Vietnam is flapping in the breeze. It is with a sense of relief that one reads of their safe return after traversing territory where the sound of gunfire is never absent.

Unfortunately, and to the shame of the American authorities in Vietnam, Philippa was kept under surveillance and every effort was made to get her out of the country as soon as possible after she had played her first recital in Saigon. The suggestion first came from Ambassador Lodge, who might have been concerned because she was a celebrity and my daughter. But, thereafter, subordinates did everything possible to speed her departure. She was followed all over the country in a way to which no other correspondent was exposed. Numerous efforts were made to hamper her reportorial work and spy on her.

She was able to thwart such harassment by subterfuge. When they thought she was in some city, she was in the country, and vice versa. She had many Vietnamese friends on all levels who eagerly offered her hospitality. The American authorities were infuriated because she persisted in wearing native garb when it served her purpose. She got her own transportation rather than obligate herself to the U.S. authorities after having been stranded on several occasions when promises had been made to provide transportation. Then, too, she persisted in going to places in Saigon and Hue where they did not want her to go, like the crime-infested Cholon suburb in Saigon. The accounts of these trips and what she saw help make this book unique.

One can well suppose that as a dedicated anti-Communist Philippa expresses strong opinions about American policy in Vietnam since the Roosevelt regime. She says flatly in one place that



as she looked about the plane at the tense young soldiers on their way to battle: "It made one bitter to think of this futile squandering of resources, when intelligent tactics could have solved the crisis years before."

Philippa also has much to say about what motivates the young people to join the Vietcong, the pressures put upon them, the inadequacy of our propaganda.

Then there is the multiplicity of sects, religions, and philosophies among the Vietnamese that makes unity difficult. Nonetheless she points out that in the elections she covered, the percentage of voters was as high as in the United States — and even critics found no trace of corruption.

Throughout the book Miss Schuyler is very critical of the American war strategy, and she warns: "If America negotiates with the Vietnamese without a victory, the Vietcong will break every promise and will slaughter all those who have ever collaborated with the Americans." As she notes:

New hordes of Communist guerrillas continuously pour down from North to South. The few we kill in the South are constantly replaced by fresh terrorists from the North. There will be no end to this process unless we either seal off their means of access to the South, or aggressively fight to vanquish the Northern regime itself that is masterminding the war. We gain nothing by allowing the war to drag on inconclusively; we merely weaken our potential for military action elsewhere. Temporization is in itself a form of defeat.

Philippa continues: "At no time in Vietnam did I meet any American who felt we should withdraw without having achieved victory."

Well, it makes me proud to have had a daughter like that, who did honor to her family, her community, her country, and Christendom.— GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

APPOINTMENTS Mr. Nixon's Choices, Curiouser And Curiouser

LAST month we presented a few capsule biographies of some of the leading figures in the new Administration. Continuing with our survey, we find:

Charles W. Yost has been chosen to serve as the new Ambassador to the United Nations. President Nixon, in announcing the appointment, stated that for this post he had "without question found the best man we could possibly find."

Mr. Yost was Hubert Humphrey's principal advisor on international organization and peace-keeping matters during the Presidential campaign, and is a senior fellow of the *Insiders'* Council on Foreign Relations. In 1944 and 1945 he served, respectively, as assistant to both the Chairman of the Dumbarton Oaks Conference, which laid the groundwork for the United Nations (Alger Hiss was executive secretary of that Conference), and as the Chairman of the San

Francisco Conference at which the U.N. was founded (Alger Hiss was secretary-general of *that* Conference). Under both Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, Yost served as deputy chief of the U.S. Mission to the United Nations.


Ellsworth Bunker has been asked to remain in his post as U.S. Ambassador to South Vietnam. Mr. Bunker is a life-long Democrat, and was deeply involved in the sellout of West New Guinea to Communist Achmed Sukarno of Indonesia in 1962. He, too, is a member of the dangerous Council on Foreign Relations, and is affiliated with many other Leftist internationalist groups, such as the Foreign Policy Association, the Atlantic Union Committee, and the Institute of International Education, Inc. As long ago as May 29, 1956, the latter was listed as a part of the American section of the Communist International on page six of *The Communist Conspiracy*, an official report of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

Clifford N. Hardin, Mr. Nixon's choice for Secretary of Agriculture, has also had numerous ties with the internationalist Left. He has served as a trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation, and is also a member of the Atlantic Union Committee — which has for years been a major and open propaganda agency in the drive toward ending American sovereignty. In November of 1968, Mr. Hardin put together background papers for a symposium on world hunger presented by the notorious American Assembly, another propaganda forum of the Left. (For details about both the American Assembly and the Atlantic Union Committee, see the authoritative text, *The Invisible Government*, by Dan Smoot.)

Winton M. Blount has been tapped for the office of Postmaster General. The *Washington Post* for December 12, 1968 informs us that Mr. Blount is "less concerned about Government being big than he is about Government being effective," and that he thinks of himself as a "progressive" rather than a "conservative." This is no doubt true since, as the *Washington Star* for the same date reported, "Mr. Blount, a Southern moderate, strongly opposes former Gov. George C. Wallace in Alabama and declined to work for Senator Barry Goldwater in 1964."

U. Alexis Johnson was appointed Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs in the new Administration. In the Kennedy-Johnson Administrations he served as Deputy Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs and Ambassador to Japan, and in the Eisenhower Administration was the U.S. Representative for ambassadorial level talks with the Red Chinese at Geneva, shamefully helping to provide the murderous Red Chinese regime with the prestige of *de facto* recognition by our government. Mr. Johnson has expressed the view that the Red Chinese may be "moderating," and that once they become "moderate" Communists "nothing would be more welcomed by the American Government" than to greet Comrade Mao and his captive people with "friendship."

Dr. Lee A. DuBridge, President Nixon's new science advisor was mentioned here last month with the apology that we didn't yet know too much about him. It develops that Dr. DuBridge testified in 1954 on behalf of the notorious security risk, Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, calling Oppenheimer "loyal," "respected," "loved," and a "good friend." You may recall that Dr. Oppenheimer made regular and substantial cash contributions to the Communist Party, attended Communist meetings, lied to security officers about his Communist activities, and labeled himself "an idiot" when his lies were exposed.



Dr. DuBridge has also defended the Leftist proclivities of Linus Pauling, and in 1949 he opposed Congressmen who favored an F.B.I. investigation of the backgrounds of atomic fellowship students.

Harlan Cleveland has been asked by the Nixon Administration to continue as U.S. Ambassador to N.A.T.O. Mr. Cleveland is an alumnus of Princeton University, where he listed himself in one of the yearbooks as a "Socialist."

In 1961, Cleveland was appointed Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs by President Kennedy. When State Department security officials refused to grant him even a temporary security clearance, Secretary of State Dean Rusk personally intervened to have the clearance waived. Once installed in his new post, Cleveland sought to create an Advisory Committee on International Organization. Of the eight men he selected to serve on the Committee, three had served on the personal staff of Soviet agent Alger Hiss, and were defenders of Hiss. Cleveland attempted to waive security checks for the eight men, but when State Department security officer Otto Otepka objected, Harlan Cleveland proceeded to hire the eight as "consultants," bypassing normal security procedure.

On another occasion, Cleveland even inquired of Otepka as to the possibility of the federal government's reemploying Hiss himself! And, Cleveland brought into the State Department, and forced a political "clearance" for, his friend Irving Swerdlow — who had already been dismissed as a security risk by the Mutual Security Agency.

The above does not, of course, exhaust the list of appointments to the new Administration which cause apprehension among conservatives. We are shocked that Sargent Shriver will continue as Ambassador to France, for instance, and that Henry Cabot Lodge has been named our chief negotiator at the Paris "peace" talks. But we are, once again, running out of space.

It is not a pleasant task to stick pins in the bubble of optimism that exists in many conservative circles regarding a new Administration which was, after all, elected largely because of the support it received from so many conservatives. But it is now quite clear that, regardless of the personal motives of the new President himself, much of the history of the next few years will likely be written by many of those who helped compose the tragic history of our recent past.—

REED BENSON AND ROBERT LEE

OUR FARMERS

Tom Anderson On The Farm Problem

A FARMER being queried by a pollster was asked: "Given a twenty-percent cut in income where would you take your cuts?"

The unsmiling farmer replied immediately: "Across the throat."

The situation in which our bureaucrat-harassed farmers find themselves is so desperate that one

recently ran a classified advertisement announcing: "Farmer, age thirty-eight, wishes to wed a woman around thirty who owns a tractor. Please enclose picture of tractor."

From 1960 to 1968, under expanding federal control, the U.S. farm population decreased more than 4.6 trillion. Seventy percent of America's 200 million people now live in cities on little more than one percent of the land.

Only 6.5 percent of our people are farmers. In Russia thirteen percent are farmers, but they have never adequately fed and clothed the Russian population. Nor have Communists anywhere. One American farmer feeds thirty-seven non-farmers. In Russia one farmer feeds six non-farmers — and not nearly as well. The main difference is not land, climate, fertilizers, machinery, or even know-how. The vital difference is the profit incentive — the thing our "Liberals" are trying to destroy here.


American agriculture is the envy of the world. If our bureaucrats would get off the backs of our farmers, they would have no real competitors. They have out-thought, out-produced, out-sold, and out-profited the world — even though our government has for thirty-five years been doing its best to harass and curtail agricultural production. With six percent of the world's people, and seven percent of the land, we out-produce the world *in spite* of our government. Our collectivists are now killing the system which made our supremacy possible.

Once I was interviewing a farmer in Appalachia as he was plowing his corn with an old one-horse plow and a broken-down horse. Suddenly that old horse perked up and marched across the field so fast that I could hardly keep up. On reaching the end of the furrow, I found an enormous *chin fly* fastened upon him, and knocked it off. The old farmer turned, stared into my face and asked, "Why in the hell did you do that? That's all that made him go!" Incentive, opportunity, and rewards are what make our free enterprise system go. Bureaucrats are just chin flies.

Awhile back one of our tinhorn vote-hunting politicians told American housewives over the airwaves what they could do to cut their food budgets. He then ordered the armed services to reduce the pork in our servicemen's diet and the Secretary of Agriculture gleefully announced that prices of beef and pork had dropped. Thus the President of the United States and his Secretary of Agriculture were said to have indicated that: (1) Food costs are too high and (2) farmers are to blame. Both are untrue. And the politicians knew it.

Food prices *are* up, and so is practically everything else — except long-distance telephone rates. Naturally the government is retaliating by investigating the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. What we need is a thorough investigation of *government!* The prime culprit in our inflationary spiral is not the farmer, nor the manufacturer, nor the processor. It is government. Only government can inflate our currency! It has a monopoly on inflation.

Many misguided and uninformed consumers think the farmer is getting a fat cut of constantly-inflating food prices. The farmer actually gets only three to four cents out of the twenty-two-cent cost of a loaf of bread, fifty-nine cents for each dollar spent for choice beef, 2.8 cents for the corn in a thirty-cent box of cornflakes, and twenty-three cents for the cotton in a



man's four-dollar dress shirt. (That's what the statistics I'm reading say, but they don't tell me where I can buy a four-dollar dress shirt.)

What's more, food costs have risen far less than most consumer items since 1947. For instance, food went up in that period about thirty-five percent, whereas medical care is up eighty-five percent and rent is up forty-two percent. Except for the housewives' demand for more and better packaging, "concentrating," freezing, dehydrating, heat-and-serve, and "built-in maid service" — the cost of food would be up very little. Even so, look at the record of what it has taken to buy food for a recent thirty-one-year period. Here's what an hour's work in a factory would buy:

<i>Item</i>	<i>1966</i>	<i>1945</i>	<i>1935</i>
Rnd. Steak	2.4 lbs.	2.5 lbs.	1.5 lbs.
Bacon	2.8 lbs.	2.5 lbs.	1.3 lbs.
Milk	9.7 qts.	6.5 qts.	4.6 qts.
Oranges	3.4 doz.	2.1 doz.	1.7 doz.
Bread	12.2 lvs.	11.5 lvs.	6.6 lvs.

The cost of *marketing* the food went up from \$22.6 billion in 1947 to more than \$52.1 billion in 1966 — up 130 percent in twenty years! Meanwhile, the farmer's *share* of the food dollar has actually declined.

Of the \$7.5 to \$8 billion spent on "the farm program" annually, only about \$3.3 billion goes to farmers. The rest goes to bureaucrats, giveaway programs, and non-farmers. Our farm programs have propped up Communist governments, made the rich richer and crooks crooked, depressed farm prices, and destroyed the small farmer.

Eighty percent of government help goes to the million farmers who average nearly \$10,000 annual income — and who need *no* government help. Last year nine giant farming operations got more than \$1 million each in government subsidies, eighteen received more than \$500,000 each, and 276 legally clipped Uncle Sam for more than \$100,000 each.

For thirty years our farm programs have perpetuated the past rather than recognizing the present and preparing for the future. Under both Republicans and Socialists the farm program has been like a sign I once saw on a road in the bayou country of Louisiana: "Choose your rut, you'll be in it for the next thirty miles."

Clearly, America's "farm problem" is that government is trying to control farmers. We ought to get out of that rut!— TOM ANDERSON

THEM LIES

A Downeasterner Tells The Truth

A STRANGER sat next to me in the local barber shop the other day, reading a newspaper. Finally, with a grunt, he threw it down. "Lies, most of it," he said bitterly. "Just lies. You can't believe nothin' you read nowadays. Nor hear, neither."

I disentangled the grammar and said I guessed he was right.

"Course I'm right!" he said forcefully, "and you know it as well as I do. Now, lies," — he had settled into high gear — "is a real good thing in some situations. I ain't against 'em all, as long as they do some *good*. Reminds me of the dame school I attended when I was a boy, and I ain't forgot it yet. There was this big yokel went to it named Erdwin something. Reg'lar hoss, but he wa'n't as bright as most hosses. Anyways, we was scared stiff of that cutter. His specialty was prevaricatin' so's to get somebody into trouble; and he could do it more artistic than anybody I ever see. Professional liar, he was.

"Why a dozen times a day he'd git somebody a lickin' fer something they was s'posed to have done but he really done himself. Well, the old lady that run the school — we called her 'Ducky,' — Ducky done most of her teachin' with a long willow switch. My! That switch stung somethin' awful, and she knowed just where to lay it so's 'twould do the most good. So when Erdwin would tip over a inkwell or make some kind of a noise Ducky didn't like, quick's a wink he'd stick up his hand and point out the culprit. So teacher'd have the poor little cutter up front and give it to him before the whole school. No mind if it was a girl or what; she'd be just as tender behind as we was.

"Funny thing, though. Ducky, she always *b'lieved* Erdwin, and respected him, too. My! Didn't that make us mad! We was scared to tell on *him*, of course, and I guess she thought Erdwin was the only honest one in school.

"Well, we was always hopin' the day of reckonin' would come. But instead of that, that cutter was smart enough to head it off for good. It was one time at recess out in the yard, and Erdwin took a real flyer and caught one of the little boys and stuffed him in the well bucket and let him down the well and left him hang there. When we come in to our seats everybody was mighty perked up to see if *this* time we c'd get *him* into trouble. We was fidgetin' and nervous, kind of, and bustin' to say something, and it wa'n't long before Ducky took notice. She come round her desk and stood there, lookin' us over and flicking that switch of hers and waitin'.

" 'Well,' she finally said, '*What* have you done with *Ronald*?' Ronald was her pet. Well, we looked at one another, to git some kind of a movement started, so we would tell all together at once. But nobody wouldn't start it. And there was that poor little kid down the well: most likely he'd fell out of the bucket by now and was drowned."

My informant stopped for a moment and picked his teeth thoughtfully. Then he grinned at me. "You wouldn't guess what happened, now, would ye?"

I professed to be utterly stuck.

"Good," he said. "I'll tell you what did. That boy Erdwin stood up on his hind laigs, and said that *he* done it himself. *He* put Ronald down the well and hadn't he better go and git him out?"

"Well, Ducky looked at him for quite a long time, and you could of heard a pin drop, only we was all thinkin', how can she lick that great hoss? He's five times as heavy as she is. Then, mister — and you'll have to b'lieve this, I ain't lyin' — she walks down to where he was and she says,

loud and clear, 'Erdwin, that was a very fine and manly thing for you to do, to confess something you didn't do just to save the real wrongdoer. But I know you aren't telling the truth, although I will forgive you for tellin' a white lie in a good cause. Now, you go and git Ronald out of that well before he gits any wetter'n he is now, and I will attend to the rest.' "

So Erdwin went, before she changed her mind, and Ducky, she stood up to her full five feet and cut that switch through the air so it whistled, and she says, 'Now, boys and girls, git ready! I am goin' to lick every single one of you, to punish whoever done this dreadful thing, and all the rest fer bein' so deceitful they wouldn't tell what they knowed. You don't want to be honest with me, I won't bother to be fair to you. Some is less guilty than others. I can't help that. It's your funeral.'

"And that is what she done, till her arm like to have dropped off. She lined everybody up, one to a time, and hided 'em till they yelled. Erdwin, he come in again with Ronald pretty soon, and just watched. And wa'n't his face sad!


"Ducky, she turned to him finally and offered him the switch. 'Here, I'm wore out,' she said. 'You want a crack at 'em?' Well, I must say he wa'n't no slave driver, and he declined. But he sure was one successful liar!"

Having been commenting recently on some of the government lies in connection with the *Pueblo* affair, this little story set me thinking. Isn't a good deal of our present trouble the result of whole-sale lying, where we desperately need the truth? There are all kinds of lies, naturally — good ones, bad ones, foolish ones, smart ones, dangerous ones. But I think the most dangerous is the lie a person tells to himself. Often, these are "compound" lies; that is, lies you lie to yourself about. For instance, half truths. You tell yourself you're being honest, forgetting that half-honesty is not honest at all. This is the newspaper trick.

Then there are the political lies for profit or power or advantage. As the lie-ee wears out, loses his resistance and gives up, the liar gets a better hold on him and finally and brazenly labels his lies and boasts about them, as if to say, "What are you going to do about it?" That comes close to dictatorship.

And, on top of this there is a constant mud-storm of "little" lies, told by TV commercials; and just as bad, hundreds of similar ones, lived by and worshipped by society as the "way things are done": customs, fashions, protocol, conventions, habits, tabus. Endless subterfuges, these, which avoid facing issues squarely. What can America expect when it is sold, say, on the lie that higher taxes, spent by the government, will cure inflation?

What is all this nonsense about the famous G.N.P.? That holy standard of affluence juggled up by the Keynesians to make us think we are the wealthiest nation on earth? Who says so? With 99.999 ("five nines") percent of us in hock for our houses and everything that's in them, owning not a thing but our skins and our failing digestions? We call that wealth? What about the tycoons in banks and businesses that hold the paper on us? Are *they* truly wealthy? Let them try to collect for all they've loaned us, and they'll soon be as broke as we are. Our gigantic economic lie is paper, paper, paper — which is an excellent example of self-lying that can bring the country to ruin. Like Erdwin, we are just clever enough to make the truth tell a lie for us.— DAVID O.



OTTO OTEPKA

**Will President Nixon Keep His
Promise?**

Susan L.M. Huck is a graduate of Syracuse University, with advanced degrees from the University of Michigan and Clark University. Dr. Huck has taught as a university professor of both geography and sociology, lectured before academic audiences on four continents, acted as advisor to one of the world's leading encyclopedias, and is Analysis Editor of THE REVIEW OF THE NEWS.

As we balance the gains and losses connected with the recent election, we can toss into the petty-cash drawer a few fringe benefits. We will now, after all, be spared the sight and sound of Lyndon Johnson tongue-rassling the language as he attempts to bribe us with our own money. And, we will also be spared the offensive spectacle of Dean Rusk mincing about in the world to conduct our dealings with "the other side," as he ironically calls the Communists.

Rusk could waddle offstage a bit more pompously if he had been able to handle one affair with less publicity. Imagewise, it has not been an asset having had Otto F. Otepka clamped with bulldog tenacity to his pant-leg for the past eight years. And, of course, many conservatives look hopefully to President Richard Nixon to fulfill his campaign promise (uttered once, but hardly reiterated) to see that justice is done in the case of Otto Otepka, the State Department Security Chief who has been made to tour the nine circles of State Department purgatory for having actually dared to take his job seriously.

Last October no less an organ of the Liberal Establishment than the *Washington Post* panicked publicly at the very prospect of unleashing Otepka at State. The *Post's* anti-anti-Communist editors took fright in boldface at a Nixon remark about "housecleaning" in the State Department, and his subsequent statement suggesting the possibility of justice for Otepka. Needless to say, the "Liberals" find such words "ominous," and "disquieting," and "gloomy," and even "sinister." One gathers that the *Post* is opposed to both housecleaning and justice breaching the defenses of Foggy Bottom.

But, surprise to say, there is occasionally *some* sanity in Washington. The *Government Employees' Exchange*, a tabloid aimed at civil-service readership, has espoused Mr. Otepka's cause for several years now. It had some delightful things to say in its October 16, 1968 issue, in the wake of candidate Nixon's kind words about Otepka and what the *Post* called "sinister" hints about straightening things out at the State Department:

A mood of "depression and malaise" has gripped the State Department and Foreign Service in the last two weeks, a top officer in the Department's Policy Planning Council revealed on October 10 The reasons for the panic are the recent "reverses" and "fiasco" in connection with the resignation of (U.N.) Ambassador George Ball to attack the campaign of Richard Nixon. The subsequent interview given by Mr. Nixon to Willard Edwards of the Chicago Tribune regarding the Otto Otepka case has spread a

"wave of jitters" throughout the administrative and legal sections of the State Department, the source confided.

What has depressed the "top establishment" was Mr. Nixon's statement that it was his intention "to order a full and exhaustive review of all the evidence in this case with a view to seeing that justice is accorded to this man who served his country so long and so well."

The State Department had just about reconciled itself to Mr. Otepka's return as top security evaluator, the source revealed. "However, no one had anticipated that his return would be accompanied by a full and exhaustive review," he added.

All who believed that President Nixon had any intention of sicking any bulldogs on the crimson steers at State sat back for a really big show. Whether that show is ever staged, the thought is at least a highly entertaining one. And, it is important to be reminded of just how bad our security has become.

Attack On Security


In 1960 — just before the Kennedy Administration began — Otto Otepka was officially commended for his work as Deputy Director of the Office of Security. His "long experience with — and extremely broad knowledge of — laws, regulations, rules, criteria, and procedures in the field of personnel security" was formally commended by the Department, and it was further noted that "he is knowledgeable of Communism and its subversive efforts in the United States."

All of this posed a problem, as strange creatures of the deep, churned up by political storms, were now to be escorted to positions of power in the new Administration. Comrades were surfacing.

The real trouble began when Robert Kennedy himself asked Otepka to grant a security clearance to Walt W. Rostow, who had been denied such a clearance by the U.S. Air Force some years before (although this did not, of course, prevent Rostow from looming large in the Central Intelligence Agency, which seems to consider inability to pass an ordinary security check to be a positive recommendation). Both Otepka and the Air Force were subject to the spiteful nastiness of Attorney General Kennedy when a word from a member of the Royal Family failed to be all that was necessary to "clear" Rostow.

Actually, it didn't take long to change that situation. "Channels" were soon created to bypass Otepka and the tiresome legal requirements of the security program. By 1962, no less than 152 dubious characters were in top State Department positions, thanks to "waivers" — from wavers of magic wands like Robert Kennedy.

On the first anniversary of President Kennedy's inauguration — January 20, 1962 — Otepka found himself demoted. It was to be only the beginning of his tour of the arrangements which can be made for the discomfort of those who don't go along with the game. Mr. Otepka could not be fired outright, of course, since there were no grounds for doing so, and something nasty might *really* hit the fan if it were tried.



It is difficult to believe just how far the Establishment "Liberals" expected security officer Otepka to go, in "going along with the game."

Harlan Cleveland, a member of the Rusk team who was himself "waived" into the Department of State in 1961 when he couldn't even get a temporary security clearance, was thereafter engaged in trying to shoehorn others of his ilk into the Department, over Otepka's persistent "obstruction."

In mid-1962 Harlan Cleveland, then an Assistant Secretary of State, was exercising himself in an effort to induce Otepka to overlook the record of one Irving Swerdlow, who had already been fired as a security risk by another agency. Otepka insisted that material in the file should be checked out, and that this was likely to take a while, since said file had been characterized by another top security man as "the rottenest I have ever seen." Irving Swerdlow — needless to say, over Otepka's objections — got his State Department job despite that record. Then, in spite of all that had happened, Harlan Cleveland asked Otepka, in all seriousness, what the chances were of clearing *Alger Hiss* for re-employment at State!

One wonders who drew the line there, after all. Certainly it would not have been Harlan Cleveland, possibly not even Dean Rusk. It must have been somebody who was aware of the fact that Alger Hiss had acquired somewhat of a bad name in the public mind, even though he remained in such high esteem among top officials of the *government* of the people he had betrayed.


Not long afterwards, too, Otepka learned of efforts to change the security rules so as to permit the re-employment of another Comrade Hero, one John Paton Davies. He had been dismissed, back in the "bad old days of anti-Communist hysteria," for helping to bring Mao Tse-tung to power in China. U.S. Ambassador to China Patrick Hurley considered Davies to be a Communist agent and had him recalled. By 1954 Davies was unanimously branded a security risk by a State Department Hearing Board. Only by sidetracking Otepka was Under Secretary of State Nicholas Katzenbach able on January 13, 1969, to waive a security clearance for Davies and place him on a key nuclear-disarmament research project.

Well, Otepka just kept impeding progress down at State, delaying the hour when all manner of deserving Leftists would be back into their accustomed positions of power, influence, prestige, good pay, and opportunities to combine business with business. Otepka was, for example, keeping an eye on one Seymour Janow, who had been "waived" into the office of assistant administrator for the Division of Far Eastern Affairs of the Agency for International Development, despite one or two awkward items of record. Mr. Janow was under investigation because of his involvement with a private contractor who had some fat A.I.D. contracts with which Mr. Janow was not unconnected.

The official State Department and Kennedy Administration reaction seemed to be, well so what? Everybody's doing it.

Otepka's Inferno

From 1961 through 1963, Otto Otepka was escorted through a few of the Dantean circles,



ranging from ludicrous to distinctly ungentlemanly. Of course, some of "the boys" may be expected to feel it, keenly, in every fiber of their beings, when they are pointedly snubbed by the "in" clique. But, a real man may never even notice — and will probably fail to suffer exquisitely if he ever *does* notice it.

And then, on the other hand, those terribly sensitive "Liberals" who feign squeamishness at the thought of actually checking up on people, are revealed to have that selective squeamishness which is the brand of mere partisanship. These are the folk who just "cawn't *bear*" the thought of having somebody in the club who reports security violations when the compromised behavior could be helpful to the Reds. But they are not so fastidious about their methods of going after their *own* security officials when the beneficiaries would be the American people and their nation in a battle for survival.

Accordingly, Otto Otepka found his office and telephone "bugged," his staff well-larded with spies, his trash rummaged through in his absence, and his safe forcibly "cracked" and rifled of material which he had been collecting about Messrs. Seymour Janow and Harlan Cleveland, for instance.

What *really* annoyed the Establishment, however, was Otepka's cooperation with Congress — particularly with the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. If he had been feeding goodies to *Ramparts*, as did certain Leftist employees of the Central Intelligence Agency not much later . . . well, it would have been decided (as it was in their cases) that twenty-year prison sentences were just make-believe anyway, and no purpose was to be served by prosecution. But feeding goodies to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee! My word, *those* people! Hiss and Davies merely handed key documents to the Communist murderers, so there was no top-level objection to trying to arrange for their return to the fold. But telling U.S. Senators what was happening to the security system at State was *quite* an unforgivable offense.

In an extensive report on State Department security issued by the S.I.S.S. in December of 1967, Senator Strom Thurmond summarized the matter rather well:

There are two issues of paramount importance raised by this report. The first is whether a government employee loyal to his country can, in the line of duty, furnish information confidentially to the appropriate congressional committees when he sees wrongdoing . . . The second issue concerns what the Department of State had to hide. As is amply set forth in this report . . . the Department of State was trying to hide a new policy of phasing out effective security procedures. The highest officers of the State Department no longer believed in the mandate to maintain critical standards of suitability and loyalty in employing personnel. Quite simply, Mr. Otepka and a small band of associates were in the way.

Senator Thurmond then enumerated some of the steps taken by State to harass and impede the work of both Mr. Otepka and the Senate Subcommittee:

After his testimony before this subcommittee, he [Otepka] was publicly humiliated, removed from his offices, deprived of his papers and safe; his telephone was bugged, his

trashbag searched, and carbons from his typewriter examined. His loyal associates were transferred away from their work to a make-work project where they had no contact with other State Department employees.

As the situation evolved, the State Department began to move against this subcommittee. Unusual delays were experienced Witnesses arrived with instructions to limit their testimony and refuse to discuss certain vital areas. The "third-agency rule" was given an extreme interpretation which blocked information on many matters The State Department indulged widely in half-truths and quoting out of context. Three State Department officers lied to this committee, and were later forced to recant when the question of perjury became a matter of discussion on the Senate floor


State Department personnel security policy is manifestly contrary to the intentions of Congress. State Department officers have attempted deliberately to hide this fact from an agency of Congress charged with overseeing security practices. The State Department has indulged in illegal acts, the destruction of the careers of honest men, misrepresentation, and perhaps perjury, in order to prevent Congress from carrying out its constitutional functions. This is an arrogant challenge, which must not be allowed to stand.

Outright lies, under oath, by John F. Reilly, who had been detailed by the State Department to "get" Otepka by whatever means were necessary, on two occasions brought various matters to a head. The first occasion was early in 1963, when testimony by Reilly before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee directly contradicted the testimony of Otepka in many places. The Subcommittee's chief counsel, Mr. Sourwine, pointed out these discrepancies between what Otepka had sworn to be true, and what his superior had sworn to, and indicated a strong need for corroborative evidence, if any was to be had.

There certainly was. Challenged to show that he was not the one guilty of perjury, Otepka produced his proof as to who was lying. *This* horrendous act became the basis of State Department charges against him. The State Department went so far as to involve the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and let it be known to Otepka, as he underwent several days of F.B.I. interrogation, that he might be subject to criminal charges under the Espionage Act!

For the high crime of conveying information to "the enemy" — the Congress of the United States!

In view of what Otto Otepka realized constituted acceptable conduct within the Department, this form of black wit must have been appreciated by its victim, who happens to have a well-developed sense of humor. Otepka had gotten into early trouble by failing to rubber-stamp a security clearance for the notorious William Wieland, a Foreign Service officer who had done everything in his power to help Communist Fidel Castro take over Cuba. This included such rather questionable behavior as concealing his knowledge of the fact that Castro was indeed a Red, and preventing any information to this effect from reaching higher-level officials than himself; and, lying about his use of aliases, his periods of residence in Cuba before his assignment there, and the number of times he had met Fidel Castro personally. (Wieland was



finally rubberstamped anyway, promoted twice more, and honorably retired on full pension.)

Otepka was tough. And, Otepka knew that John Paton Davies was being considered for re-employment, after handing vital documents to Comrade Chou En-lai; that John Stewart Service, who had handed eighteen secret documents to Soviet agent Philip Jaffe, had been rewarded with honorable retirement; that Janow was considered quite acceptable to have around, whether or not his fists happened to be in the till, as there was good reason to suspect was the case; that Irving Swerdlow, who had been dismissed as a security risk by no less than the Mutual Security Agency, was appointed to a key position in the State Department. And, Otepka was ready to blow the whistle.

Further, Otepka knew that mere inability to pass a routine security check had not interfered with the meteoric career of the sinister Walt Whitman Rostow, who was parachuted into the State Department by a wave of Robert Kennedy's magic wand, and later went on to mastermind the disastrous Vietnam War from the White House itself, as Presidential Advisor for National Security Affairs. He knew that "conflict of interest" posed no particular problems to the likes of George Ball, a top State Department official and later Ambassador to the United Nations, who never bothered to sever relations with his lucrative law firm, up to its ears in delicate international dealings — and who maintained, as well, private offices in the international investment firm of Lehman Brothers throughout his "service" to the United States!

Otepka could also relate dozens of instances of grossly "unbecoming" and unforgivably dangerous misconduct by officials who had never suffered for it: These smaller fry, whose personal frailties and indiscretions ranged from those so puerile as being lured into a bed which was actually a movie set and thus "compromised" and blackmailed by the secret police of some friendly, mellowing Communist nation, through the usual array of homosexual foibles, clear on down to incest.

And here he was, being grilled by the F.B.I. about possible violation of the Espionage Act, for giving evidence clearing himself of suspicion of perjury to a Committee of the United States Senate which was authorized to receive it! One can hardly believe that stuffy old State is capable of such droll humor.

For the past five years, the Department has been belaboring Otepka with the charge that he gave information to the enemy — Congress. And for the past five years, Otto Otepka has been pelting them with paper in return. The Department worthies, from Rusk on down, must by now question their own keen ability to judge people — nobody ever *dreamed* that Otepka would hang on like this, almost throughout the entire decade of the Sixties.

Brimstone And Sulphur

Late in 1963 Otepka's boss, John Reilly, and a brace of his henchmen went a bit *too* far. They denied under oath having the slightest knowledge of the electronic "bugs" which festooned the telephones Otepka had access to, when in fact they were in charge of the project. As soon as it was mentioned on the floor of the Senate that grounds for perjury charges existed, these creatures came panting back to the Subcommittee with "statements of clarification" admitting what was apparently too well known to be denied. Poor Reilly, he soon had to make do with a job as trial

attorney with the Federal Communications Commission — back to school, perhaps? Reilly's underlings, however, are still "hanging in there" at State. But by now it should be fairly clear to the reader that there exists good reason for widespread cases of "the jitters" down at Foggy Bottom.

Of course, it is fantastically difficult to actually *fire* a federal official of any description. They couldn't even fire Otepka, after all. So until this unfortunate situation is rectified (we should all live so long) it would seem necessary to elaborate upon the Circles of Hell technique.

The obvious solution, already in effect for those Foreign Service Officers who don't play the game, is assignment to charming spots abroad. We might consider Nouakchott, Mauritania, known to some as Cameldung-by-the-Sea, or perhaps the Falkland Islands, that fabled land which, it is said, can be smelled two hundred miles out to sea during the whale-rendering season.

But what of those who can't be shipped abroad? We have a suggestion. We would suggest construction of a giant new State Department annex at Gardner's Pinnacles. It could then be staffed by thousands of undesirables, for as long as necessary. Gardner's Pinnacles, you see, are part of the outer Hawaiin chain, just rocks poking out of the broad blue Pacific. They are white, thanks to the teeming thousands of sea birds which are the only population at the moment. Construction of an annex would not seriously inconvenience the birds, as the annex itself would soon become white. A monthly airdrop could provide the annex with a fresh supply of resignation forms.

All right then, more seriously, what will the new Administration do for Otto Otepka, who is now on leave without pay, hanging onto his status with his fingernails at this point? The nightmare of those in the State Department who have been after him for all these years is that he may return — as the top security officer at State!

Will Mr. Nixon do it? We'll see.

BRAZIL

An Anti-Communist Crackdown

TO AMERICANS weary of losing battles to the Communists that could have been won, Brazil has since 1964 provided an inspiring and reassuring example. Not only did Brazil turn back the Communists in its 1964 revolution, but it has held onto the victory. Under the succeeding Administrations of Humberto Castello Branco and Arthur Costa e Silva, a Communist movement which was on the brink of seizing power has been thoroughly frustrated.

Still, the forces in Brazil which under President Joao Goulart came so close to delivering the country to Communism have never been reconciled to their defeat. Castello Branco was forced to invoke the anti-Communist Institutional Act four times, to checkmate the Leftists. Even the drastic step of depriving the leaders of the pro-Communist Left of their political rights for ten years did not succeed in eliminating their influence. They reappeared in Brazilian politics in the shadows of stand-in candidates.

Any current survey of the Brazilian political scene points to former President Juscelino

Kubitschek de Oliveira as the present most dangerous threat to the ruling anti-Communist Party. Kubitschek, who was President from 1956 to 1961, was the architect of Brazil's financial debacle. A planner with great but impractical dreams (he was the builder of Brasilia, the ostentatious new capital), Kubitschek plunged the nation into the vortex of uncontrollable inflation in order to pay for his schemes. As even the "Liberal" *Manchester Guardian* admitted: During Kubitschek's Administration "every kind of graft was rampant, every economic skulduggery passed muster, every species of adventurer prospered."

Twice Juscelino Kubitschek had to leave Brazil to avoid an inquiry into his misdeeds by the Castello regime. After Costa e Silva's inauguration in 1967, however, Kubitschek returned and evidence of his undercover machinations began to multiply.

As in the United States, key soft spots in the internal defenses of Brazil are the Communist-infiltrated universities and a "Liberalized" minority of the clergy. The students struck last summer. With a leadership which boasts its affinity to Ernesto "Che" Guevara, Fidel Castro, and Jean-Paul Sartre, they climaxed a series of smaller performances by staging an anti-Government demonstration by 25,000 militants along *Avenida Rio Branco* in Rio de Janeiro.

Emboldened by this turmoil, Kubitschek soon came out into the open. Late in 1968 he announced a new political alliance with former President Janio Quadros and the powerful Carlos Lacerda. It was a curious pact between three radicals who all hope to become President of Brazil.

Quadros, who resigned the Presidency in 1961 after only seven months of power, is regarded in Brazil as a fourteen-carat weirdo. Although posing as a conservative, he distinguished himself during his brief reign by conferring a decoration upon "Che" Guevara. Prior to that, he had made an admiring visit to Fidel Castro in Cuba.

Lacerda is another cup of tea. He can best be characterized as the Drew Pearson of Brazil, although his power as a Brazilian journalist far exceeds anything ever enjoyed by Pearson. Ostensibly a conservative, he is the only one of the triumvirate who supported the revolution of 1964. But, he soon broke with Castello Branco over frivolous issues, and has been a constant and vitriolic opponent of both the Castello and Costa e Silva regimes. That Lacerda is willing now to work with Kubitschek and Quadros is an indication of how far he has drifted from any conservative mooring he may ever have had.

The present crisis was thus precipitated by a situation which could have proved fatal had Costa e Silva temporized with it. The overt event was related to the student disorders. Congressman Marcie, Moreira Alves, who had spearheaded attacks on the anti-Communist Army group which supports Costa e Silva, wrote an anti-Army book filled with exaggerated "exposes" of the military. The officers hit back by demanding that Alves be turned over to the Supreme Court for trial as an anti-Government plotter; and, if found guilty, stripped of his political rights for ten years. They sensed that Alves, a minor figure, was being used by Kubitschek and his ring in the hope of bringing down the regime. The crisis arose when the Congress refused to strip Alves of his parliamentary immunity — a necessary prelude to trial.

Had President Costa e Silva accepted this flat rebuff, and permitted Alves to continue the attacks,

he would have been lost. Though reluctant to return to dictatorial rule, the President realized that he had no other choice. On December thirteenth, Costa e Silva invoked the anti-Communist Institutional Act. Under that Act, Congress was prorogued, censorship of the Press was established, and the President was given the authority to remove any elected or appointed official from office. He followed up the proclamation by arresting Kubitschek and Lacerda, and directing the forfeiture of their political rights for ten years. The same penalty was imposed upon Alves and ten other Leftist Congressmen.

But Costa e Silva still has powerful enemies. One of these is the outspoken Catholic Archbishop Helder Camara of Recife, who has publicly declared: "We have come to the time of liberation." Although he has not been arrested, two American priests suspected of Communist activity were arrested in Recife in a general clean-up.

Curiously the principal criticism of Costa e Silva is that he is too weak and indecisive. In his favor is the fact that, almost five years after the revolution, there has still been no crack in the vigorous anti-Communism of the Army. Indeed, many of the top military figures would like to see the President go further and completely destroy the Communists and their allies. An outstanding figure in the Army's Right Wing is General Sisenio Sarmento, commander of the First Army stationed in Rio. Sarmento is a man of the calibre of Castello Branco, and could conceivably succeed Costa e Silva should the latter slip.

Among the Army and Police there is reputed to be a strong secret organization, generally referred to as the "Communist Hunter Command," which maintains a constant vigil against a Communist revival. This group recently came to public attention when it halted the performance of a pornographic play in Sao Paulo and pistol-whipped the actors on the stage.

Another influential anti-Communist group in Brazil is the Society in Defense of Tradition, Family and Property (T.P.F.). A Catholic organization, it enjoys the public support of Dona Yolanda e Silva. Its membership, composed of young men between the ages of eighteen and thirty, is presently securing signatures on a nationwide petition to the Pope denouncing Communist and pro-Communist infiltration of the clergy. So far, T.P.F. has collected over 1,500,000 signatures.— HAROLD LORD VARNEY

BULLETS . . .

Only a nation with a rugged Constitution could take what ours has had to take lately.

Wes Izzard

* * *

When a society is perishing, the true advice to give to those who would restore it, is to recall it to the principles from which it had sprung.

Pope Leo XIII

* * *

It is the dead who steer the living.

Frank Harris

* * *

The young leading the young is like the blind leading the blind; they will both fall into the ditch.

Lord Chesterfield

* * *

Dogmatism is puppyism come to its full growth.

Douglas Jerrold

* * *

The cat who intentionally places her tail under a rocking chair should not be surprised when somebody rocks on it. *Translation of an old Hebrew Saying*

* * *

The reason history repeats itself is that most people weren't listening the first time.

Dan Bennett

* * *

Trouble is there are too many Democratic and Republican Senators and not enough United States Senators.

Ed Ford, quoted by Earl Wilson

* * *

Wise men profit more from fools than fools from wise men; for the wise shun the mistakes of fools, but fools do not imitate the successes of the wise.

Marcus Cato

* * *

Work is the sustenance of noble minds.

Seneca, Epistulae ad Lucilium

* * *

No man can be prudent of his time that is not prudent in the choice of his company.

Jeremy Taylor, Holy Living And Dying

* * *

Festination may prove precipitation; deliberating delay may be wise cunctation.

Sir Thomas Browne, Christian Morals

* * *

Property and the family stand or fall together; we must either maintain them both with the individualists or overthrow them both with the socialists.

William Graham Sumner

* * *

Those who go to college and never get out are called professors.

Submitted by Cora Weaver

* * *

Never spend your money before you have it.

Thomas Jefferson

* * *

Somebody has said that a king may make a nobleman, but he can not make a gentleman.

Edmund Burke, Letter to William Smith

* * *

One always retains the traces of one's origin.

Ernest Renan, La Vie de Jésus

* * *

True glory takes deep root and spreads its branches wide; but all pretences soon fall to the ground like fragile flowers and nothing counterfeit can be lasting.



Cicero, De Officiis, Bk. II

* * *

I find a greater fault in myself in suffering another to cut the earth from under my feet.

Geoffrey Fenton

* * *

Think of ease, but work on.

George Herbert

CONFETTI...

When a coal-mine operator in a small Colorado town found that the combination on his safe had jammed, he telephoned to his friend, the warden of Colorado State Prison, and asked whether any of the inmates would know how to open a safe.

A short time later, a prison guard appeared at the mine site with a convict. The latter twirled the dial a few minutes and the safe door opened. Smiling his gratitude, the mine operator asked what he owed the *benefactor*.

"The last time I opened a safe," said the convict, "I got \$2,100."

* * *

"So you now have a grandson in college," a friend said to former Postmaster General James A. Farley recently. "Is he planning to become a lawyer, doctor, engineer or a businessman?"

"It's hard to tell," returned Farley with a smile. "Right now the big question is; 'Will he become a sophomore?'"

* * *

It so happened that a certain man named Jones had no first or middle name; just the initials R.B. He had managed to go through life as R.B. Jones, with no attendant problems because of his name. Until, that is, he became an employee in a government agency. Unaccustomed to initialed names for employees, the agency, in filling out the official forms for the payroll and personnel departments, carefully entered Jones as R (Only) B (Only) Jones. When R.B. drew his first pay check it was made out to Ronly Bonly Jones.

* * *

Chairman at a meeting in Cleveland: "In most associations half the committee does all the work, while the other half does nothing. I am pleased to put on record that in this society it is just the opposite."

* * *

The Department of Agriculture received a puzzling note one day which set the employees wondering. The letter read, "Could you possibly send me a booklet explaining the use of different poisons for vegetables in the garden? I have lost my husband and have a lot of poisons on hand."

* * *

For years Louie, a cutter in an East Side garment factory, had never been late for work. But one morning, instead of checking in at nine, Louie arrived at ten. His face was swathed in bandages and his left arm was in a sling. When his boss, Bibberman, demanded to know why he was late, Louie explained: "I leaned out of a window after breakfast and fell three stories."

"So," shrugged Bibberman, "that takes an *hour*?"

* * *

Shopping in an American bookshop in the Argentine recently, a middle-aged lady trying to master the English language approached one of the clerks and haltingly said "Your Señor Gunther — I have read his books *Inside Asia* and *Inside Europe*. Please, I would like to know, sir — are any more of Señor Gunther's *Insides* out?"

* * *

A well-known editor of the radio and television pages of a large city newspaper received a call one day from a woman who was so eager that she was out of breath. "Tell me, please," she begged, "how *Mission Impossible* came out last night. It was one of the most exciting programs I've seen in a long time. But I didn't get to see the end."

The editor promised to check for her and then asked in all curiosity, "Tell me, why did you miss the end of the program?"

"Well," she said, "I fell asleep."

MINI-STATES The Problem Of All Those Lilliputs

WHEN the usually imperturbable U Thant lugubriously deplored the alarming increase in the number of mini-States acquiring membership in the United Nations, many delegates who had long suffered the airs and effronteries of the ragtag newcomers readily agreed with the Secretary General.

It was absurd enough when obscure States with less than a million population came knocking at the door flaunting new flags of freedom, but when the size of these populations fell below a half million, and their economies and societies were unviable in the modern world, it became embarrassing. Especially considering the one-man-one-vote philosophy governing that august World body. Most of the mini-State delegates could scarcely pay their fare, let alone their fee.

Improbably existent as they are, there is something to be said about these mini-States. Because they have nothing, they have no cares and the brows of their leaders are furrowed by no more than normal troubles attending human pretense. They have no territorial ambitions and are unthreatened by schemes of territorial aggrandizement boiling across their boundaries. After all, who wants Gambia, Gabon, Botswana, Equatorial Guinea, or Swaziland?

These mini-States are again unique in having everything going in and almost nothing going out. They have been blessedly free of the peripatetic agitators of the All African People's Organization, the Afro-Asian People's Solidarity Organization, the Organization of African Unity, *etc.* On the other hand, by their U.N. membership they have become eligible for handouts from the International Monetary Fund, the World Health Organization, the International Labor Office, the Food and Agricultural Organization, the International Development Association, *etc.* With all that meat and no potatoes standing by to help, why should even the raggiest little mini-State worry?



Least improbable among these mini-States is Botswana, which is twice the size of Nevada, almost as fertile, and with 550,000 people. It is resting easy since eighty-five percent of its income is derived from cattle marketed in South Africa — with which its President, Sir Seretse Khama (an astute graduate of London's Middle Temple), has quietly established diplomatic relations.

As long as everything remains as it is, Sir Seretse Khama has every reason to be carefree. On the south, north, west, and east he is surrounded by friendly white-run States, with just a small portion of his northern border touching black Zambia. South African exploration and investment is meanwhile assuring a brighter economic future. Minerals are being discovered, with copper and nickel finds being developed by Roan Selection Trust (an American-owned British company), which is also looking into production of salt, soda ash, and sodium phosphate. Coal is also to be mined and South African diamond-mining firms are furiously prospecting not only for precious stones but for antimony, manganese, and limestone.

Not far off, on the eastern flank of Southern Africa, is the Graustarkian monarchy of Swaziland — with its 375,000 people occupying a rich 6,705 square miles producing fat crops of sugar, rice, timber, and citrus fruit. Though annual exports in the past seven years have risen from \$16.9 million to \$56.4 million, British aid was needed at independence on September sixth to balance the new "nation's" budget.

Hopeful of investment, Swaziland boasts a multi-million-dollar timber and pulp industry, a massive mining project, a railroad to the sea, hard-surface roads, and hydroelectric power. Half the land is owned by the eight thousand whites, mostly South Africans, but there is no apartheid.

Surrounded on three sides by South Africa, and on the fourth by Portuguese Mozambique, Swaziland's King Sobhuza II (who has reigned since 1921), has 170 wives, platoons of grandchildren, and keeps a strong arm on affairs. He is feeling no pain and has no fear of foreign encroachments. As Prime Minister Prince Makhosini Dlamini has said: "We will not allow foreign interference in our affairs — not even the Organization of African Unity can hinder our development."

That, at least, is cause for hope!

It is a far cry from rich, little Swaziland to the newly-independent Maldives Island (112 square miles and 97,000 people), Mauritius (720 square miles and 759,000 population), Malta (122 square miles and 319,000 inhabitants), Barbados (165 square miles and 245,000 people), Lesotho (11,716 square miles and 859,000 people). None of these mini-States could exist without some form of foreign aid. Toiling not nor spinning, they just sit awaiting Santa Claus. Even absurd Nauru in the remote Pacific (3,863 acres, 4,914 people) is better off than most, despite her declining phosphate. She has not yet sought U.N. membership. Nor has colorful Western Samoa (114,627 people and 1,097 square miles), because it honestly cannot afford it. It is just taking the "benefits" and letting the prestige go.

A real Happy Hooligan among the mini-States is improbable Gambia (4,132 square miles and 315,000 people), governed from Bathurst. It has been a British enclave since 1588, a Crown

Colony since 1888, and self-governing since February of 1965. Britain is still shelling out \$5 million yearly to help it meet its budget. The only source of income is peanuts, grown along the three-hundred-mile Gambia River. The territory is an average five to ten miles wide — the whole completely inside Senegal.

Only fifteen percent of the Gambians fish off their shores — in the finest fishing grounds of West Africa. The rest is done by fishing fleets of various nations including Russia. Accordingly, there is little done locally except loafing and dancing. There was a flicker of hope when, after World War II, Britain's Socialist regime concocted a collectivist poultry scheme to augment that nation's egg supply. Like the peanut scheme in Tanganyika, the plan never broke out of its shell. So now there is nothing to do but loaf, and enjoy independence. To these people, the future seems carefree.

Equally pointless is Equatorial Guinea (10,830 square miles and 260,000 people), which became independent October 12, 1968 after 189 years of Spanish rule. This mini-State consists of the island of Fernando Po in the Gulf of Biafra and the Rio Muni territory of 10,000 square miles in the northeast corner of nearby Gabon. It eats well, thanks to Spanish handouts. Other income is derived from near-slave labor on cocoa plantations, and timber, but the economic future is dim without solid help. Outside investors are not interested. Also, usual tribal rivalries obtain: The 200,000 tribesmen in Rio Muni detest the 70,000 on the big island (among whom are 40,000 workers hired from among Biafran Ibos). Opposed to independence and to their neighbors are 15,000 aboriginal Bubis who live in the mountains and generations ago elected to work no more. Otherwise the future is carefree.— GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

THE GENTLEMAN A Matter Of Reverence For Quality

E. Merrill Root is the brilliant author of two best-selling books: *Collectivism on the Campus and Brainwashing in the High Schools*. *Professor Root may also be America's greatest living poet. His work has appeared in Human Events, Christian Economics, Bluebook, National Review, The Freeman, The Literary Digest, New York Herald Tribune, and other national periodicals.*

THE metaphysics of the late H.L. Mencken, simply, *wasn't*. It did not exist. But, this side of metaphysics, Mencken had a robust common sense that was as uncommon in his day as in our own. He had a healthy sense of inequality; a honed distrust of democracy; a raucous but refreshing scorn of Boobs and Yahoos, of "the blather of the holy clerks" today institutionalized in our National Council of Churches, of the plutocracy and the proletariat he called "two inferiorities struggling for the privilege of polluting the world," and of "the mob and its maudlin causes" which attract only sentimentalists and scoundrels, chiefly the latter."

And, Mencken revered what he called "the gentleman" — by which he meant the true aristocrat of the spirit, the man of integrity, balance, poise, courtesy, courage, and honor, who has a sure taste for quality and values. Such men, he said, will always rank rightly above the false "aristocracy" of the *Insiders* of the Establishment. "Above it," he wrote, "will still stand the

small group of men that constitute the permanent aristocracy of the race — the men of imagination and high purpose, the makers of genuine progress, the brave and ardent spirits, above all petty fears and discontents and above all petty hopes and ideals no less. There were heroes before Agamemnon; there will be Bachs after Johann Sebastian."

I

I TOO would defend such a natural aristocracy as Mencken praises. But that word *aristocracy* could easily prove a troublesome one. Before proceeding we had best look to its definition. The *American College Dictionary* says of *aristocracy*: "1) a government or a state characterized by the rule of a nobility, elite, or privileged upper class." This, undoubtedly, is what the term has come to mean — but it defines a mechanical, an artificial, and a false aristocracy; a secondary "aristocracy," an aristocracy of man's contriving and not of God's creation. The definition which is listed third, however, in the same dictionary, is this: "Government by the best men in the state." And this is nearest to the essential meaning of the Greek, for the Greek word translates: "The rule of the best."

Surely Mencken did not mean, and certainly I do not mean, the rule of an "elite, or privileged upper class." That has been the artificial aristocracy that has disfigured life too often in the past — and that disfigures life today under the *Insiders* of the Establishment. Such a caricature has nothing to do with "the heroes before Agamemnon" or the "Bachs after Johann Sebastian"!

L'Ancien Règime (superior, I admit, to our present Regime) was artificial. It based its superiority on birth, on a *rigid* heredity, on *mechanical* continuity, on *closed* criteria; and its heredity and continuity were weakened by interbreeding, by perpetuation of flaws and degeneracies shielded by privileges of birth, by rigid succession irrespective of weaknesses within, or of genius and worth from without that were excluded from its boundaries. The aristocracies of the past, as they continued, became full of pride, stupidity, arrogance, artificiality. They brought about their own downfall because they did not recognize the width and wonder of God's power and man's genius; because they did not understand Napoleon's proverb: "The career open to the talents."

And the stuffy "aristocracy" of the *Insiders* and the Establishment today — that is even worse! It is founded on great established ganglia of wealth, allied with those great established conditioners of opinion, the universities, and depending on great clubs of established unity such as the Council on Foreign Relations. This "aristocracy" is one of "experts," of "planners," of "right thinkers" who are invariably wrong-thinkers. It controls, by devious means that are material and mechanical in essence, the media of communications — the "big" papers, magazines, television networks — and so it establishes a monolithic consciousness that becomes increasingly an unconscious hypnosis.

Such "aristocrats" are as far from Mencken's "men of imagination and high purpose, the makers of genuine progress, the brave and ardent spirits . . ." as it is possible to get. If such an aristocracy of an "elite, or privileged upper class," is what is meant by "aristocracy," then I abhor aristocracy. It is not. The true aristocracy that is the vital and essential being of greatness in the world lies in the *Inner Kingdom*; it is an inward and invisible grace, it is life and light, it is genius, it is life *en rapport* with Life.

That great obscure Victorian, James Thomson, in his *Essays And Phantasies* wrote a marvelous essay on "Open Secret Societies." These are, he says, the open secret societies of the Heroes, the Saints, the Philosophers, the Poets, the Mystics. Of these he wrote:

Their members are affiliated for life and death in the instant of being born; without ceremonies of initiation, without sponsorial oaths of fidelity. Their bond of union is a natural affinity, quite mysterious in its principles and elements, precise and assured in its results as the combinations of oxygen and hydrogen in water, or oxygen and nitrogen in air

This is the *natural* aristocracy, the pattern of the best who do not outwardly rule but who inwardly are the Lords of Life. In their lifetimes they may live obscure and unknown; in their deaths they often are shunted (like Cervantes, like Blake) into an unknown, unmarked grave. But, dying, they become not a corpse but a constellation. It was they of whom Frank Harris was thinking when he wrote: "It is the dead who steer the living."

The natural aristocracy of the world! Such an aristocracy is not imposed from without, but works from within. It is the invisible light by which all things are visible; it is the oxygen in uncontaminated air that usually we ignore but without which we die. It is the confraternity of genius that lifts a people out of the little lives by which men die, into the life whereby the Athens of Pericles or the England of Shakespeare lives forever.


In what we call "time," this natural aristocracy seems to fall; in Eternity it lives beyond the teeth of time and works with the immortality of genius. The old rhyme tells us, "The lion and the unicorn/Were fighting for the crown." They were — and they are.

The lion is the pragmatic beast, the symbol of material power, the lord of earth's gregarious ones. He dwells in London Town. He usurps the world's thrones in Moscow and Washington. The unicorn is the creature of the soul, the creature of imagination and legend, the symbol of the free spirit, the outsider who is genius. He dwells not in London, but in Camelot; he runs with ivory hoof and ivory horn under the unsubverted moon. On far hills aloof and alone, where breezes blow cool in the lilac night. He hates, and he is hated by, the commissars and the commissions, the bureaucracies, the foundations, the gelded centaurs of Academe, and albino gentle souls who elect to dwell meekly in Hell. We live today in the sorry world of the lion — grown shoddy, grown shabby, like an alley cat; but the world waits for the hour of the unicorn.

J.B. Priestley, in his excellent *Thoughts In The Wilderness*, has an essay on "The Unicorn." He writes:

We have reached again, as we must do at regular intervals, the hour of the Unicorn. I am seeing it, of course, as the heraldic sign and the symbol of the imaginative, creative, boldly inventive, original, and individual side of the national character

For if we don 't back the Unicorn against the Lion, if we are not a boldly imaginative, creative, inventive people, a world that expected more of us will soon not even let us keep what we have now. The only future we can have worth living is the one we greet,



bravely and triumphantly, riding on a Unicorn.

The riddle of the world is how to supersede the lion with the unicorn. So far, all attempts have failed because of the flaw that lies within fallen man. Even the American dream of the free Republic, despite the glory of the Founding Fathers and the safeguards of an explicit Constitution, is being subverted by the outward Conspiracy and by inward hypnosis. It is an ancient story — only an instant younger than the birth of nobility of purpose. The noble conception of the Round Table and Arthur in Camelot, for example, blossomed only for a season and then fell because men could not sustain that level of excellence.

But, though Arthur fell in Lyonesse, and Excalibur was cast again into the sea, the wise resolute heart of man still believes that he lives immortal in Avilion — and will return. The symbol that keeps the heart of the world from breaking, and the star of the world alight, is such an intuition as that of Camelot and Arthur, and of their chivalry — the natural aristocracy that is.


We need today the return of the Round Table, restaffed; there Arthur lives, and Merlin's magic is set free from Vivien in Broceliande; there once more the noble of the earth proclaim that honor, and right, and moral courage, and the truth that is beauty, are neither dead nor undefended. From there we shall call anew the Knights Errant, the Gentlemen who dare to ride forth to right wrongs and win glory and affirm the Lord.

Surely among the young today, and certainly among some of those who chronologically are old (but who psychically are as young as Eden), there is implicit this natural aristocracy. Surely today there are implicit the Knights Errant of essential life. I know some of them myself; I know that they live. I do not name them, because I had rather you should find them and name them yourselves — and it is safest for them to be Knights Anonymous.

But such as these *are* ready to gather again around the new Round Table. They long for honor, for nobility, for the beauty that is truth, for the everlasting right, for what Nietzsche called "the lightnings and great deeds," for a new center of essential life, under God. Youth in its soul longs for this, and even when it goes awhoring after false gods, or confuses Camelot with San Francisco, or sees Merlin's magic as LSD, it is restless (in its heart) for the unicorn. As St. Paul knew and said long ago, the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in earnest expectation of the sons of God.

The whole world waits for a call to arms of the Knights of the Round Table. For, the world knows that no smug trust in affluence, in "the world's highest standard of living," will save us from the *Insiders* or the *Outsiders*, from the Hidden Rulers or the Open Conspiracy; man is nobler than that! Man does not live by a turkey in every oven or a color TV set in every home. Man lives by faith and hope and love, by the star on the horizon, by the trumpet that will not call retreat. As Stevenson said, life is not a bed of roses but a field of battle. To live dangerously, to seek for individual freedom and national meaning, to be Knights Errant of the new Round Table — such is the way.

The world lies (or seems to lie) under the wings of Lucifer. It is riddled and raddled with the dark forces of Lucifer, it is weighted down with "the dark Satanic mills," it is dark under the psychic



shadow of evil wings. It is a world dominated by outer conspiracy and inward hypnosis (the terrors inseparable), a world where the Dragon seems to have devoured St. George. Against all that, all noble men — all who seek for man as God meant him to be — must wage war to the death. Not this "social evil" or that "social injustice" is the crux or criterion of our battle; it is the *evil of the essence* that we fight, it is materialism that we oppose (and what is more materialistic than to suppose we can set things right by pouring out money, by replacing one evil power by a new more evil power?).

We fight against those who seek to murder God, who subvert Right in the name of "rights," who commit mayhem upon Reason and call it rationality. As Knights of the Round Table, we wait the command of the trumpet. And we crave and need a code of chivalry for the Knight Errant in every youth, in every man whom we can call noble.

II

WHAT is that code of chivalry? What is the rationale of a Camelot reborn, the concept of Arthur come again, the form of the Round Table returned to earth?

God's will is for *nobility in man*.


Lucifer's will, which is the will of the men of the Establishment today, is for *degeneracy in man*.

Today, in literature, in "religion" (which is not *religion!*), in art, in music, in sociology, in "psychology," and in "science" (which is not *science!*), men are conditioned to seek and to believe in the low, the base, the mean, the vulgar, the ugly, the sick, the scabrous, the foul. The eyes of their souls are forced to look downward; they are conditioned to see the mud and to deny that even the mud is stardust. They are hypnotized to deny the high and to affirm the low.

Today the attention of man is focused and concentrated on the pervert, the homosexual, the drug-addict, the criminal, the destroyer, the foul-mouthed, the resentful, the ugly. That is supposed to be "reality," whereas it is only the refuse and wreck of reality. Today it is supposed to be "bold" and "real" to make a toilet the scene of a play; or a creature with the soul of an amoeba, a hero. The natural aristocrat, however, knows all this for what it is — degeneracy, cowardice, defeatism, deliberate perversion of life's values and the soul's qualities.

The gangsters of death today usurp the wheel and the accelerator, and they drive mankind headlong for the pit. Only the new nobility, the natural aristocracy, the Arthurian Knights, preserve the sanity of the world — and renew Man as God meant him to be.

The concern of the new Knights of the Round Table will be with the highest and the best. They *know* the evil in its stark ugliness; but they *will* the good in its beauty "terrible as an army with banners." Every inch and ounce and atom of their being will concentrate on excellence, on right, on the truth that is beauty and the beauty that is truth, on the holy and the high. Their interest will not be in stumblebums inebriated in the flop-houses of the world, but in the hero, the poet, the saint, the lover, afoot and lighthearted on the open roads of the cosmos. Never denying the evil and the base with their minds (for they exist), but denying centrality to the evil and the base with their wills, they "fight on, fight on," with Cyrano.



A man becomes what he sets as a symbol and a love at the center of his soul. Love the ugly, concentrate on the ugly, set the ugly at the center of your soul — and you become ugly. But be bold and original, be discriminating and nobly selective, know that in life many may be called but few can be chosen, and you will not wallow in the ugliness that so easily besets us. Instead, by discrimination and choice, love the beautiful, concentrate on the beautiful, set the beautiful at the center of your soul — and you will become beautiful. Thus the Arthurian Knights reverse the debacle of man and make it the renaissance of man.


Their clue is what I call the Problem of Good in the world. Amid all that goes wrong, there is so much that goes right! Millions fall physically sick and mentally ill; but there *is* health. Hundreds of young men think it pertinent to turn a college building into bedlam and a latrine; but thousands of young men still desire and labor for the education that may turn the eyes of the soul toward light. The calamitous spider called Mao Tse-tung turns Mainland China into a mad-house and an abattoir; but Chiang Kai-shek makes Taiwan into a garden of life. The persistent ascent toward good endures and abides amid all the sullen precipitation toward death: Amid Lucifer's lust to destroy, there remains God's will to create. The new Knights Errant will see the clues of light and life that intersect the evils of darkness and death, and will follow them upward toward the sun.

The Gentleman is the child of the light. Therefore he is indeed the *gentle* man, even when he is inexorable and militant; he is angered by evil, but he refuses to become one of the angry young (or old) men; he is courteous even when his enemies are discourteous; he is, most of all, chivalrous. Chivalry! — O noble word! It means that you ride as the Knight rides, you fight as the Knight fights, you inexorably set your lance against evil but you (like our soldiers in Vietnam) honor the enemy with vigilance and are fair to the defeated or the surrendered. You eschew resentment and rancor; for that is the sickness of the slave; you do not let rancor fester your soul; you strike the clean blow, but you seek no revenge.

You are like Joan of Arc at the stake, saying to the English soldier who was burning her, "Step back, or you too will be burned." The finest words of praise I can find are to say of someone that she, like Joan, is gallant — and *hearty*. To be gallant amid the frustrations, to be *hearty* amid the calamities, what is higher in virtue? And the Gentleman is hearty and gallant!

They say that once there were monks in Medieval Spain who hammered silver to such gloss of purity that it seemed a *miracle* of craftsmanship — they called it "Sainted Silver." Such is the gentleman; he is Sainted Silver. He has standards that endure and abide, graven in star and stone. He reverences only quality, he is not moved by quantity; he knows the *price* of things, yet he lives by and for the *value* of things. But always he is gallant and he is hearty!

And his strength lies in the fact that he knows the ground and guarantee of all values. He believes in himself because he believes in more than himself. Therefore he avoids that most terrible of sins, *hybris* or *pride*; he remains humble because he says, in the great words of the Lord's Prayer — "*Thine* is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory!" He knows that God is the measure of all things. Thus he is sceptical of man's ideologies and fabrications; knowing and reverencing the "Eternity that God hath set within man's heart," he lets his reason play like a



lambent flame over the "many inventions" of man, and man's air-conditioned ant-heaps.

Because of this, the Gentleman has dignity and poise and serenity. He stands aloof from the fashions, and the trends, and the manias of the hour or the era; he lives *sub specie aeternitatis*. He is, therefore, not an existentialist — but an essentialist. He is able "*rerum cognoscere causas*," — to know the causes of things, with Virgil's bee-keeping philosopher, and so can hear beneath his feet, unmoved, the "roaring of the very river of Hell." He is poised like the eagle, whose wings the wind itself sustains.

And his code of action is best spoken by that ancient and timeless proverb: *Noblesse oblige*. He knows that nobility lays upon a man a duty and a responsibility: If a man has the quality that makes him noble, he owes it to himself to shower that quality upon the world.

This is *not* to be a busybody do-gooder. Is the sun a "do-gooder" because he shines? Is the rose a "do-gooder" because she blossoms? Is granite a "do-gooder" because it gives a steadfast stance for the cathedral or the many mansions? The sun shines because he *is* a sun, because it is his generous and joyous nature to shower light upon his planets and to pursue the ever encroaching night. The rose blooms because her heart is explosive with color and fragrance, and because it is the art of her nature to be beautiful. The granite stands unshaken because that is the destiny and the essence of granite. Not to *do* good but to *be* good is the essence of the creative and the heroic.

The *noblesse oblige* of the Gentleman is the lucid flame of the sun, the lambent crimson of the rose, the stern strength of the granite. If you are a heart of light, you give light; if you are a root of beauty, you pour beauty into the gardens of June; if you are a sturdy fundament of being, you bear even the skyscraper on your shoulders. The nature of your being, the destiny of your nature — these determine what you should do.


The Gentleman is not the rust that eats the steel, the fungus that rots the wood, the tapeworm that lives as a parasite upon a weakened host; the Gentleman is the steel of the bright blade, the living tree that grows into the centuries, the unicorn beautiful upon the plains. By being what he is, by the nature of his being, the oak gives shadow to the rabbit and food to the gray squirrel; the blade gives Cyrano his freedom amid the world's base ones; the unicorn gives the vision of supernal beauty. *Noblesse oblige!*

The Gentleman is not *heavy* even when he is grave; even when he faces the worst, he is gay. And this is because, like Cyrano (his noble exemplar!) his soul is so strong it can dance even upon the darkest waters. Cyrano, dying, says:

*Yes all my laurels you have riven away
And all my roses; yet in spite of you
There is one crown I bear away with me . . .*

And this is, he says

*One thing without stain,
Unspotted from the world, in spite of doom*



Mine own! —

And that is, of course, *his white plume*. The Gentleman, like Cyrano, cherishes that inner integrity, that truth to himself, that affirmation of his own essential meaning — *his white plume*. His inviolable soul!

NEW MEXICO

The Coming Guerrilla War

Alan Stang is a former business editor for Prentice-Hall, Inc., and a television writer, producer, and consultant. Mr. Stang is a frequent contributor to AMERICAN OPINION and is author of the Western Islands best-sellers, *It's Very Simple* and *The Actor*. Alan Stang has just returned from an investigative trip to New Mexico where he covered the trial of Reies Tijerina for AMERICAN OPINION.

FRIDAY, the thirteenth, is said to be unlucky. And it is. On Friday, December 13, 1968, a jury in Albuquerque acquitted Castroite terrorist Reies Tijerina of kidnapping, false imprisonment, and assault on a jail — crimes committed when he led an armed guerrilla raid against the Rio Arriba County Courthouse on June 5, 1967. (See AMERICAN OPINION, October, 1967.)

"I saw you, Reies Tijerina, at the side of the booth, with a pistol in your right hand, pointing it toward an office or door behind the phone booth," reporter Larry Calloway testified at the trial.

E.R. Gleasner, an Albuquerque real estate man, testified that Tijerina clubbed him on the head with a rifle butt.

Undersheriff Dan Rivera testified that Juan Valdez, a Tijerinista, pistol-whipped him in the jury room in Tijerina's presence.

"After a few minutes," Deputy Sheriff Pete Jaramillo told the jury, "Tijerina came up from behind me and stuck a gun in my ribs.

" 'Where's Sanchez?' he asked me. 'Tell me where the s*n-of-a-b*t*h is or I'll kill you.'"

And Jaramillo also testified that one of Tijerina's raiders later told another: "Get some wire . . . Reies has ordered us to take some hostages."

Witness after witness testified that Castroite leader Tijerina was at the Courthouse; that he led the guerrilla raid; that he had a gun and hit somebody; and, that he kidnapped two of the hostages he held in the Courthouse. For more than a month the trial went on. Then, after less than four hours of deliberation, the jury turned him loose. The verdict came "as a complete shock — and I guess I'm still in shock," says attorney Jack L. Love, one of the prosecutors (Ed Meagher, *Los Angeles Times*, December 15, 1968). "Never can I remember so completely misreading what the mood of a jury seemed to be."

Maybe Friday, the thirteenth, had nothing to do with it. An aura of violence surrounded the trial. Eulogio Salazar had been murdered before it. In a preliminary hearing, after all, he had testified

that Reies Tijerina had shot him in the face. The star witness was simply beaten to death and shot in the head. As State Police Captain T.J. Chavez told the *New York Times* after the killing, "The people in that area . . . know pretty well now that some of these people can get to them." And, Reies reminded U.P.I. on the day of the killing: "Salazar was the only witness against me." So overt was the intimidation that Mrs. Dolores Romero, another prosecution witness who nailed Tijerina, was insulted, or threatened, or both, during the trial — right *in the courtroom, by someone in the audience*.

Maybe the jury got the message.

Indeed, maybe Judge Paul Larrazolo got the message too. In his instructions to the jury, he said as follows:

The court instructs the jury that anyone, including a state police officer, who intentionally interferes with a lawful attempt to make a citizen's arrest does so at his own peril, since the arresting citizens are entitled under the law to use whatever force is reasonably necessary to effect said citizen's arrest and to use whatever force is reasonably necessary to defend themselves in the process of making said citizen's arrest. (Emphasis added.)


And this lends validity to Tijerina's argument that he and his troops went to the Courthouse to make a citizen's arrest of District Attorney Alfonso G. Sanchez. That's right, the District Attorney. Indeed, it creates the impression, does it not, that it was perfectly all right when the Castroite raiders shot and critically wounded New Mexico State Police Officer Nick Saiz, after ordering him to surrender his sidearm.

The concept of "citizen's arrest" makes sense only in the absence of a police officer. Since the police naturally cannot be everywhere — and should not be — it follows that crimes will often be committed where an officer is unavailable, in which case a citizen may make an arrest. But if an officer *is* available, a "citizen's arrest" becomes unnecessary. If an arrest should be made, the officer will make it. Now, however, at least according to Judge Larrazolo, a guerrilla-style mob apparently may make an "arrest" not only in a police officer's presence, but against his orders. Indeed, a gang apparently may occupy a government building, announce the "arrest" of various officials — Judge Larrazolo, for instance — and if a police officer "interferes," it would be his own fault if he is hurt; which will come in very handy to the Marxist terrorists now operating openly in our streets.

In fact, if the mob happens to be a "lynch mob," bent on a lynching, it now conceivably could overrule a protesting police officer with the claim that it is making an "arrest."

Ed Meagher reports (*Los Angeles Times*, December 5, 1968) that, only a few days earlier, Judge Larrazolo said he might change his mind, "but I don't now think there is any legitimacy to their citizen's arrest, from what I've heard so far." Apparently, what he heard later did the trick.

Whether or not it means anything, I don't know, but Judge Larrazolo is a member of the Albuquerque affiliate of the Far Left's notorious Council on Foreign Relations.



As I sat in on the trial, the courtroom was full of Tijerinistas, who day in and day out apparently had nothing else to do. Once, just before a session, they passed the *Daily World* along a front row. The *Daily World* is published by the Communist Party. Directly in front of me was Patricia Bell, who has been writing Tijerina's appeals for funds, and at the same time was Santa Fe correspondent for the Communist *World* when it was called *The Worker*. Behind me, believe it or not, was an agent Tijerina had placed there to hear any secrets I might spill. Reies apparently still recalled my articles about him, and our earlier run-in on the Joe Pyne show. Reies' agent looked extraordinarily like Manolete, the bullfighter killed in Ronda, in Spain, in 1947 — a resemblance, which in that audience made him strangely out of place. He leaned forward as one of the ladies with me discussed potato salad with another.

Now Tijerina knows!

On the other side of the rail sat Tijerina's attorneys. They included Beverly Axelrod, a conspirator and former fiancée of Eldridge Cleaver, Minister of Information of the Communist Black Panther Party and a fugitive from justice. In *Color, Communism And Common Sense*, former top Communist Manning Johnson described how the Comrades assign white women to blacks they are trying to recruit — which perfectly reveals Communist racism. Of course, now that he is recruited, Comrade Cleaver has a proper black wife. Imagine a Master Racist like Eldridge married to a honky like Beverly. What would Fuhrer Stokely say?

Apparently, Eldridge had too often kept her busy quite late. The bags under Beverly's eyes could hold her briefs.

Then there was Reies' attorney John Thorne, of San Jose, California, and of the American Civil Liberties Union — preeminently founded by Harry F. Ward, one of the top Communists in the United States.

And there was Reies' man William L. Higgs, who has also represented agitator James Meredith, and who entered the courtroom shirt unbuttoned and tie askew, his clothes literally streaked with dirt. He's not all bad, though. In the courtroom, he was very cordial to the boys under sixteen. In 1963, "civil rights attorney" Higgs was convicted of sexually abusing a minor male, and disbarred in Mississippi, where he lived.

Higgs, by the way, is white and a gringo. So is Thorne, and, of course, Beverly. But Judge Larrazolo is a Latin, as are District Attorney Sanchez and Assistant District Attorney E.E. Chavez — which adds more farce to Tijerina's claim that the gringo in New Mexico is denying the Latin his rights.

Indeed, the victorious Tijerina was later quoted (*New York Times*, December 22, 1968) as follows: "The cricket had no chance against the lion, so he jumped into the lion's ear and tickled him to death. That's what we're going to do to the United States — we're going to tickle him to death."

Could anything be clearer? The State of New Mexico gave Reies a trial costing about \$10,000



and did everything possible to protect his rights; but, he says he is trying to destroy the United States.

It sets the stage.

While the preparation continues.

Brown Berets Ready For Action

At about the time of the famous guerrilla raid on the Courthouse, a revolutionary outfit called the Brown Berets was formed among Mexican-Americans in Los Angeles. Some time afterward, Carlos Cansino, who apparently came from San Antonio, established the Brown Berets in Albuquerque. He lived at 2801 Socorro, N.W., and drove a 1968 Ford Falcon, light blue in color, bearing 1968 New Mexico license plate 2-94567. It almost goes without saying that Cansino worked for the Office of Economic Opportunity and, while in Albuquerque, for the New Mexico State Welfare Department as a case worker. He also worked with *La Verdadera Asociación de los Duranes*, helping the members collect donations for the needy, but left town after about two years, when some money turned up missing. He apparently went to Wisconsin, and at last word is now back in San Antonio.


Another founder of this paramilitary group in Albuquerque is Maria Varela, of 1307 ½ Marble, N.W. She was born on January 1, 1940, in York, Pennsylvania, and attended Malverno College in Wisconsin, majoring in Speech and minoring in English and Art. She is a professional photographer. It goes without saying that Maria is a "civil rights worker": On June 29, 1965, she was arrested by the Jackson, Mississippi, Police Department for parading without a permit and resisting arrest. She has also participated in the Communist-backed harassment of grape pickers in Delano, California, directed by her good friend, Marxist Cesar Chavez. And during the 1968 campaign Maria worked as a Kelly Girl at Republican headquarters in Albuquerque, leaving with the intention of going to Mexico City to enliven the riots during the Olympics.

Miss Varela is a close associate of Castroite terrorist Reies Tijerina.

Then there is Gilberto Ballejos, also known as Gilbert Vallejos, of 1313 Marble, N.W., who apparently took over the paramilitary Brown Berets in Albuquerque when Cansino left. AMERICAN OPINION readers will remember him (March, 1968) as the same Gilberto Ballejos who bought and paid for the manufacture of bumper stickers praising Communist terrorist "Che" Guevara, while working for the local Office of Economic Opportunity affiliate. Gilberto left that job soon after AMERICAN OPINION blew the whistle, and at last word is still out of honest work — devoting himself to the Revolution.

Brown Beret leader Ballejos is approximately thirty-two, and was born in Mountainair, New Mexico, where his mother, Cruzita, teaches school. His brother is Fred Ballejos, a graduate of Denver University now living in California. Gilberto attended the University of New Mexico for one year, and then a university in Washington, D.C., on a scholarship. About three years ago, he returned to Albuquerque, and went back to school majoring in Sociology.

While in Washington, he married — *Caramba!* — Sandra, an Anglo. In fact, some of Gilberto's



best friends are gringos.

The point is that the system apparently has been good to revolutionary Brown Beret leader Gilberto Ballejos. He isn't exactly an "oppressed toiler."

But he is a member of Reies Tijerina's *Alianza Federal de Mercedes*, also known as the Confederation of Free City States.

In a manifesto published by the Brown Berets at 318 North Soto, Los Angeles, California, we learn that these revolutionaries have a list of ten demands, one of which is the Communist-supported Civilian Police Review Board scheme, "to screen all police officers, before they are assigned to our communities."

The police are the enemy!

And there is a motto, "To Serve, Observe and Protect"; to serve with "vocal as well as physical support"; to observe with "a watchful eye," especially on law enforcement agencies; and to protect "by *all* means necessary. How far we must go in order to protect these rights is dependent upon those in power. If those Anglos in power are willing to do this in a peaceful and orderly process, then we will be only too happy to accept this way. Otherwise we will be forced to other alternatives."

David Sanchez is "chairman" of the Los Angeles Brown Berets, and the April, 1968, issue of *El Gallo* — published by Marxist conspirator Rudolpho "Corky" Gonzales, who advocates violent revolution — says Sanchez "has a great deal of respect for the heroes of many young Latin intellectuals, Che Guevara and Fidel Castro. *The Berets' uniform of jaunty beret and washed-out Army fatigue jacket is an obvious takeoff on Che and Fidel.*"

Indeed, says John Bryan in the same story:

Many of the policies of the Brown Berets are similar to those of the militant Black Panther Party for Self Defense with whom the Brown Berets have just signed an alliance for mutual defense.

Like the Panthers, they advocate that their community arm itself for defense against the establishment and its police army.

In September of 1968 the Albuquerque Brown Berets* printed a "Proposal for a Training School for Brown Beret Organizers," who would take a course lasting four to six weeks, five hours a day. (*The Brown Berets now claim chapters in a number of Southwestern cities, and on August 22, 1968, the Albuquerque Brown Berets chose six of their members as Organizers in various neighborhoods in Albuquerque: Mickey Griego got the Duranes area; Alfonso Sanchez and Tony Trujillo got the Barelás area; James Lovato got the Armijo area, then left for California and was replaced by Ernie Garcia, who also got Five Points; Gilberto Ballejos got Old Town; and Frank Saavedra got Northeast Heights.) We read that nine young people have been selected, who are "lifelong victims of racism and oppression and therefore are the most qualified to assist their

communities in fighting for change.

"Because of their new awakening to the movement, they are open to self-education and growth of perspective. This is *the* crucial moment to provide them an opportunity for study and analysis of the society they live in."

The school would be run, says the proposal, by revolutionaries Gilberto Ballejos and Maria Varela. Its staff would include Beverly Axelrod, teaching "Legal rights"; Reies Tijerina for the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo; Rudolpho "Corky" Gonzales — the Red-Nosed Mutineer — for "Urban organizing, racism in education, the Chicano and Latin America"; Luis Valdez, who was trained in Red Cuba, for "Nationalism and culture"; Communist Eldridge Cleaver, for "Politics, Black Panther Party"; Castroite David Sanchez, for "History of Brown Berets"; Marxist Cesar Chavez, for "Organizing cooperatives, the campesino [peasant] "; and Maoist Ron Karenga of US, a revolutionary group from Los Angeles, for "Training youth."

In short, the Brown Berets is a racist, Communist-oriented outfit threatening violence. It is tied to Castroite Reies Tijerina, and led by professional revolutionaries, who, like their Communist partners, the Black Panthers, are attacking the police as part of the Communist plan to destroy our country.


Revolutionaries Attack Police

As everywhere else, the attack on the police in Albuquerque has many parts. For instance, there is Allen Cooper, a Caucasian about thirty, who claims to have been a founder of the Brown Berets, which Ballejos denies. Cooper is a member of Students for a Democratic Society, the youthful terrorists now doing their best to destroy our universities, and is President of Resistance Rush, located at 9621 Fourth Street, N.W., in Albuquerque. At one time, he was arrested in Caracas for leading violent demonstrations at the American Embassy there, and was expelled from Venezuela shortly thereafter. He went to Mexico City, where he participated in the usual militant, Marxist "student" activity, which led to the murderous Communist violence of the fall of 1968.

Cooper has been working with the Brown Berets and circulating a petition to recall the City Commissioners, in the hope that new Commissioners acceptable to the conspirators could install a "civilian police review board" which would harass the police.

Also part of the plot to handcuff the police by petition is Father Luis Jaramillo, of Old Town parish, and Reverend Titus R. Scholl, also known as Timothy Scholl, of St. Timothy's Lutheran Church, 1028 Tulane Drive, N.E. In 1968, Scholl was active in the Communist-staffed "Poor People's March." He attends Albuquerque City Commission meetings, where he criticizes the police.

These worthies have asked that completed petitions be sent to 119 Sycamore, N.E., the residence of one Katherine K. Hattenbach. Mrs. Hattenbach was born on October 27, 1939, in Maplewood, New Jersey, where she last lived at 476 Walton Road. Her maiden name is Karassik and she is a divorcee at this time. She arrived in New Mexico on or about March 22, 1968.



Mrs. Hattenbach is a graduate of Oberlin College in Ohio, and spent a year in Paris at the Sorbonne. From 1963 to 1966 she worked in Paris as a translator. Then for a year or so she worked in Madrid. She is now employed at the Bernalillo County Medical Center as a secretary to Dr. Ernest Simon, for which she gets \$330 a month from the University of New Mexico.

Why would a woman with such a background work for \$330 a month?

It seems she is close to Ed Vickery, a militant gringo revolutionist from Los Angeles, who accompanied Reies Tijerina to Washington for the Communist "Poor People's Campaign." Mrs. Hattenbach herself worked on the Campaign, during office hours, to the dismay of Dr. Simon, her boss. Indeed, she apparently has been using office supplies to print and mimeograph material for Tijerina's *Alianza* and the Brown Berets.

In fact, her assignment in the war on the Albuquerque police is apparently to make available to the Brown Berets all medical reports on patients allegedly injured while being arrested, so that the information can be used in complaints of "police brutality."

Then there is Howard Butler Durham, also known as Jim Durham, of 8408 La Camila Dr., N.E. Mr. Durham is still another gringo, born on August 4, 1925, in Rigby, Idaho. He is a graduate of the University of California at Berkeley, and an electrical engineer. He is a member of the Socialist N.A.A.C.P., of the Marxist Americans for Democratic Action, and of the United World Federalists, which is trying to dissolve the United States.


Mr. Durham is also very active in the scheme to impose a "civilian police review board" on the people of Albuquerque. The guidelines for his proposed board include the following: "A name which is not 'loaded' should be selected for the grievance committee (for example, 'Albuquerque Grievance Committee') in order to avoid the kinds of misunderstandings inevitable in the use of the phrase, 'civilian police review board' — care should be exercised not to refer to the grievance committee as the 'civilian police review board.' "

In other words, don't say "civilian police review board," because the idea has been thoroughly discredited throughout the country as a scheme to harass the police. Don't alert the victims in Albuquerque. Call the proposed civilian police review board a "grievance committee."

Mr. Durham works in the Systems Research Department of the Sandia Corporation in Albuquerque, which is vital to the production of our nuclear weapons. He holds a Top Secret clearance.

What it means, I don't yet know, but Gilberto Ballejos has been trying to get various Brown Berets to undergo some sort of sensitivity test at Sandia — the test to be administered by Jim Durham.

There is also a Stephen W. Denlinger, of 3004 Morris, N.E., Apt. 19, who is an instructor at the University of New Mexico's Center for Community Action Services, which naturally is supported with federal funds. His office is located at 2001 Gold, S.E., where the telephone number is 277-5321. His number at home is 299-6120. Mr. Denlinger has been distributing



calling cards including both numbers, and stating that anyone brutalized by the police should call him at any time, so that he can immediately photograph the injuries.

And there is Beverly Axelrod, who lives in Espanola, and besides being Tijerina's attorney is editor of *El Grito Del Norte* (The Cry of the North). Every Friday night, the Tijerinistas gather at Beverly's, where under her supervision they write various articles about "police brutality" for the next issue of her newspaper.

In her yard, Beverly keeps about six German Shepherds which she claims she has trained as watch dogs. One can't be too careful what with the crime rate these days.

Support For Revolution

Indeed, the web of subversion in Albuquerque contains the usual endless strands. For instance, Henry Munoz Jr., of Austin, Texas, is Equal Opportunity Director of the Texas A.F.L.-C.I.O. A man named Sherman Miles is also a Union official. On August 24-26, 1968, they stayed in Albuquerque at the Hilton Hotel, where they held several meetings with various Brown Berets. It seems they want Carlos Cansino to return to Albuquerque, where they believe he can best use his talents as an Organizer. They told Ballejos they would try to arrange it and possibly hire Cansino at about \$12,000 a year; or get him a state or federal job in Albuquerque.

On one occasion, Munoz gave Ballejos \$300. He also mentioned that he might possibly be able to supply the Brown Berets with \$57,000 to train other Organizers.


Then there is Jerome A. Bailey, of 2908 Shirley St., N.E., who is State Representative of the Communications Workers of America, Local 8611, with an office at 2745-F San Mateo Blvd., N.E. Bailey has met with the Brown Berets and invited them to an Organizers' school for six weeks of training he would conduct, during which he would pay each of them thirty dollars a week. During the 1968 election campaign, Mr. Bailey worked for the Democrat Party, and gave the Brown Berets a sizeable supply of campaign material to instruct their "neighbors."

Bailey is also very interested in the Albuquerque City School Commission, which he would like to control. Toward this end, he asked the Brown Berets to march on the Excelsior Laundry, which is owned by a member of the Commission.

Bailey is also a close associate of Castroite terrorist Reies Tijerina.

And there is an outfit called the Mexican-American Legal Defense and Educational Fund, which is located in the International Building in San Antonio, Texas, where its telephone number is 224-5476. The Executive Director of M.A.L.D. is Pete Tijerina. I do not know whether he is related to Reies Tijerina. On the Board of Directors are Levi Martinez of Pueblo, Colorado (one of Tijerina's lawyers) and Jack Greenberg, of the Socialist N.A.A.C.P.'s Legal Defense Fund in New York.

It seems that M.A.L.D. has a fund of two million dollars — donated apparently by the Ford Foundation — for use in the defense of Latins in trouble with the law. The establishment of organizations of attorneys to defend captured terrorists is of course a standard Communist



technique, the best known example of which at the moment is the Communist National Lawyers Guild.

That the Ford Foundation is involved will not surprise readers of AMERICAN OPINION. (See November, 1968.) Its President is Marxist conspirator McGeorge Bundy, formerly of the staff of the subversive Council on Foreign Relations. It was the Ford Foundation which financed the "experimental school district" in Brooklyn which almost caused the complete destruction of New York City's educational system in the fall of 1968. And it was the Ford Foundation which in July, 1968, sent \$630,000 for use in agitation among Mexican Americans to the Southwest Council of La Raza, headed by Maclovio R. Barraza — already officially identified by the federal Subversive Activities Control Board as a member of the Communist Party. When testifying about the matter in 1963, Communist Barraza invoked the Fifth Amendment *sixty* times.

Indeed, on November 6, 1968, Stuart Black, Thomas Wolman, and Norma Bragg flew into Albuquerque on T.W.A. and registered at the White Winrock Motor Hotel. They stayed in rooms 156 and 157, and paid with American Express credit card 040-827-035-3-808. They gave their address as 112 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

While in town the above worthies met with the Brown Berets and said they were employed by an O.E.O. outfit in New York called L.E.A.P. (Lower Eastside Action Project), which, they said, furnishes their credit card. They said that they had already been able to provoke some wonderful trouble in New York — in the schools, for instance, where they got about a thousand students to protest and walk out; and that with the funds they had now they would provoke much more trouble. They said they wanted to establish communications between revolutionary groups from New York to California, that this was their reason for being in town, and that the Brown Berets had L.E.A.P.'s full support.

They also said that while in Albuquerque they might buy a ranch in the Manzano area belonging to somebody named Armijo; and that if they did it would be used as a hideout by fugitives from New York, after the usual spontaneous riots in that city were arranged.

And they said that they were also getting money from the Ford Foundation.


Fascinating, isn't it? People paid with your tax money, to provoke revolution in New York, turn up provoking revolution in Albuquerque.

They stayed in Albuquerque only one night, leaving via T.W.A. at 2:30 a.m. on November 7, 1968. Their rooms at the motel cost twenty-five dollars each.

Many of us wish we were "poor" enough to afford that.

Base For Revolution

Crucial to all the Communist activity in New Mexico is the famous San Cristobal Valley Ranch, about twenty miles north of Taos, in the heart of the territory Reies Tijerina is terrorizing. Readers will recall (AMERICAN OPINION, March, 1968) that on March 17, 1950, at a meeting



in Denver, the Communist Party decided to run the ranch for its own benefit; that the owner of record is Mrs. Craig Vincent, who previously was married to Henry K. Wells, a teacher at the Jefferson School of Social Science in New York — for years the most important Communist training school — and that on June 12, 1953, Craig Vincent himself, under oath before the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security, refused to deny that he and his wife are Communists.

As far as I know, Comrade Vincent is still a member of the board of the Community Action Program in Taos — an O.E.O. agency — happily spending your hard-earned taxes.

His Communist ranch can easily house a few hundred people. In one room alone there are about 150 mattresses and cots. Indeed, Cleofes Vigil, who apparently lives there, says the residents have what they need to go underground for months at a time with no problems whatsoever, and that all vehicles entering the area can easily be seen. What it means, I do not know, but behind one of the cabins on the ranch there is a small building enclosed by barbed wire and bearing a large sign which reads: "Danger — Stay Away."

The informative Señor Vigil is a middle-aged man with a Cuban accent, who apparently finds time to write revolutionary poetry for *El Gallo*, the Marxist newspaper run by Rudolpho Gonzales, the Red-nosed Mutineer.

Another resident of the ranch is William Longley, also known as Bill Vasquez. His wife is Henrietta Vasquez Tafoya, one-time secretary of the U.S. Attorney in Denver. At last word, he drives a white 1962 Plymouth, registered to Henrietta Tafoya, of 3360 W. Louisiana, in Denver.


Longley is a close associate of Rudolpho's. At meetings in his home with such guests as Reies' brothers, Anselmo and Cristobal, he has laughingly mentioned how amusing it would be if the Kit Carson National Monument were blown up by revolutionaries.

The brothers Tijerina apparently are often at the Communist ranch. So are Rudolpho and his gang from Denver. Vincent has so many friends. Once, for instance, a large group of Mexican nationals met there for two weeks. And Vincent has told the revolutionary Brown Berets to make themselves at home. It seems he "feels sorry" for the Mexican-American people. He says he wants the Brown Berets to meet at his Communist ranch quarterly.

Then there is Phil Reno, of 448 Hermosa Drive, N.E., who works as an economist at the University of New Mexico. Reno writes extensively on "poverty" in Albuquerque. Recently, for instance, he handed a thirty-page report on the matter to the Albuquerque-Bernalillo Equal Opportunity Board, where Ballejos used to work.

Phil Reno is intimately associated with Comrade Vincent, and has been a Communist for about thirty years.

Among the many other revolutionaries now swarming over the Albuquerque area is Shirley Hill Witt, of 520 Sixteenth St., N.W. Mrs. Witt is a divorcee with two children, and came to Albuquerque, apparently from Ann Arbor, Michigan, on or about August 23, 1967, shortly after the raid on the Tierra Amarilla Courthouse. She is attending the University of New Mexico with



a federal grant, and is working for a doctorate in Philosophy and Anthropology.

Since her arrival, Shirley has been a very active member of Tijerina's organization. She is also very interested in Indians, claiming to be part Indian, and is now agitating among the Indians in the Taos Pueblo area.

Then there is Aquiles Trujillo Jr., also known as Joe and as Gil Trujillo, of 300 Conchas, N.E., where his telephone number is 299-9351. He was born on March 3, 1932, in Madrid, New Mexico, and is a brother of Brown Beret leader Tony Trujillo. Indeed, he has met many times with the Brown Berets, and is trying to help them in various ways.

He is employed as a Staff Assistant at Sandia Base, where his number is 264-8603. He has a Top Secret clearance.

Tony Trujillo, also known as Tony Garcia and as Albert Trujillo, was also born in Madrid, New Mexico, on February 12, 1936, now lives at 1305 Princeton, N.E., and is known to the F.B.I. as 839-305-A. On October 27, 1968, he was arrested for aggravated assault and given thirty days in jail, and will possibly be returned to the pen for a parole violation.

And there is Wayne G. Andrews and his wife Palmyra, of 140 Pleasant Ave., N.W., where the telephone number is 345-0723. Mr. Andrews works as a draftsman at Flatow, Moore, Bryan & Fairburn, Architects, in the First National Bank Building in Albuquerque. At one time, his wife worked for the O.E.O.

Andrews is a very close associate of Craig Vincent's, and he and his wife have met many times with the Brown Berets.

Also there is Maria Horn, of 315 Sixth St., S.W., Apt. B, who recently was convicted of disorderly conduct after attacking Albuquerque police sergeant Ben Chavez with a beer bottle. She is now working for S.E.R. (Service, Employment, Relocation, another O.E.O. outfit), as a secretary to S.E.R.'s boss, Robert S. Barela. Mrs. Horn is very closely associated with Katherine Hattenbach and Maria Varela.* (*Others involved in local agitation include attorney William J. Fitzpatrick, of the Legal Aid Society; Richard J. Knott, another attorney; attorney Paul A. Phillips, head of the local American Civil Liberties Union — founded primarily by Communist Harry F. Ward; Gerald Goodman, another attorney; Allen V. Robnett, an electrical engineer at Sandia Corporation, and his wife, Jean; Bainbridge Bunting, a professor of sociology at the University of New Mexico; and Dorelen F. Bunting; and Mrs. Helen H. Ellis, Social Consultant of the First Unitarian Church.)

Reies Works Fast

As for Reies Lopez Tijerina himself, he has been busily revolting during the past year as you would expect. In the summer of 1968, he was a leader of the Communist "Poor People's March" in Washington, where he stayed at the Embassy Hotel with Higgs, the Mississippi molester. You don't catch a fancy gent like Reies sleeping in a muddy tent with the rabble. No, sir! And wouldn't you too like to be "poor and oppressed," so you could fly wherever and whenever you liked? For instance, on July 6, 1968, Reies flew in from Washington with the molester for the

weekly meeting of his *Alianza* at 1010 Third St., N.W., in Albuquerque. Afterward, in private, his brother Cristobal Lopez Tijerina talked about training and arming their followers in the north.

Reies gave his approval.

"We're going to have to dig up the machine-guns and clean and oil them," said Cristobal. "They've been buried for the past year."

Reies approved again.

There was also some talk that, two or three days later, some twenty-five South Americans were to be brought to northern New Mexico for demolition and firearms training. Whether or not the training took place at the Communist San Cristobal Valley Ranch, I don't know.

Reies also reported that one John DePugh was still in Chicago, soliciting money for a revolutionary school among the faculty at the University of Chicago. The school apparently is planned for Albuquerque and ostensibly will be a "vocational workshop."

Tijerina returned to Washington at two a.m. on July 8, 1968.

Along these lines, Reies has recently formed an outfit called the *Comancheros del Norte*, headed by Pete Archuleta, the purpose of which is to give military training to his young followers in the north. Archuleta lives with Reies' brother, Anselmo Tijerina. And the Comancheros have met several times with the Brown Berets, presumably to coordinate their various activities. On November 10, 1968, for instance, at a meeting in Tierra Amarilla, the speakers included Ballejos, Archuleta, Anselmo Tijerina, and a Gilberto Romero, who apparently advocated violence. Romero has been trying to get his good friend Ballejos to help him start a cell of the Brown Berets in Santa Fe, where he lives at 831 Calle Ninita, and his telephone number is 982-1622.

Gilberto Leandro Romero was born in Santa Fe on April 5, 1942, has a lengthy record and is known to the Albuquerque Police Department as Suspect 40-480.

On the weekend of October 19-20, 1968, Reies Tijerina held his latest "convention," this time very near the Echo Amphitheater, which probably reminded him of his conviction for having assaulted two forest rangers there two years before. Most of the revolutionaries you have been reading about were present of course, and Tijerina and the other speakers as usual denounced the police, calling them names.

Reies announced that he was running for Governor to take votes away from Democrat Fabian Chavez, and that if the courts removed his name from the ballot, he expected all his followers to vote for Republican Governor David Cargo. You will remember that Mrs. Cargo has been a member of Tijerina's organization and that the Governor has run interference for Tijerina.

Reies of course has become a hot cargo — red hot.

His real identity remains unknown. You will remember the demonstration, in my earlier article

on the affair, that no proof exists that he was born in the United States. Since then, interested police officials in various places and agencies have unsuccessfully asked for help of the U.S. Department of Immigration and Naturalization in this matter. To no avail!

A source close to Tijerina now tells us, however, that in 1961 or 1962, Reies went to Cuba, where he met with Communist dictator Fidel Castro; and that among other things Reies says Castro gave him a Chinese manual on guerrilla warfare.

And in January, 1964, Tijerina apparently got in touch with Gordonio Hernandez Monroy of the P.C.M. (*Partido Comunista Mejicano*), who arranged a meeting in Mexico City with other P.C.M. leaders, to whom Tijerina tried to sell the *Alianza* idea. They didn't buy it.

But Tijerina has been getting money from Mexico which conceivably comes from Cuba, says the source, and has established a Mexican branch of his organization. The plan apparently is to begin guerrilla warfare in New Mexico with the aid of hidden caches of arms, and when necessary to escape into Mexico and make raids on the United States. Whether or not it is the usual braggadocio, I don't know, but Tijerina claims the Mexican Government has promised that it will refuse to extradite him to the United States if the request is made.

He also says that, in the spring of 1969, he and his followers will execute a "mass occupation" of an area in New Mexico called the *San Joaquin del Rio de Chama*, which as you would expect was "ruthlessly stolen" about a hundred years ago from its "rightful owners," the "Indo-Hispanos" (don't ask me). And he has entered into a federal suit against the local boards of education, charging "discrimination" against the "Indo-Hispanos."


As far back as May and July, 1949, in "The Plight and Struggles of the Mexican-Americans," the official Communist magazine *Political Affairs* was laying down the line:

The special historical development of the Mexican people in the United States as a conquered people, victim of American imperialist expansion, with close ties to Latin America, requires a new and special approach of our Party to the Mexican problem.

And in 1954, reformed Communist Louis Budenz, once Managing Editor of the *Daily Worker*, wrote as follows in *The Techniques Of Communism*:

At the Fourteenth National Convention of the Communist Party, held in 1948, the Mexican-Americans came in for special consideration. Here, again, the Soviet fifth column adopted an attitude which was designed to promote conflict in the United States and to make the Mexican-American issue one that could promote Communist agitation in Latin America against the United States. (Page 272.)

The Communists apparently have realized that there just aren't enough black people in the vast American Southwest who could be bribed, terrorized, killed and conned, as usual, into serving as the cannon fodder necessary to the creation of Communist revolution in the area. That is why the area until now has been so calm. But the plan is to use the large minority of Americans which is there — Americans of Latin descent; there are four or five millions of them throughout the



Southwest — and to join that campaign, to the dismay of many of Tijerina's former followers, to the war the Communists are fighting in the rest of the country against American blacks.

As I write, a change in the revolutionary leadership is being made. Gilberto Ballejos apparently is out. It seems he has an insensitive and mercurial personality, and has been cancelling and rescheduling meetings with very short notice. Why waste your time, Gilberto? We are always there.

And at a meeting in Denver on July 18, 1968, several conspirators discussed the possibility of ousting Reies Tijerina and merging his organization with the Crusade for Justice run by their boss — Rudolpho Gonzales, the Red-Nosed Mutineer. The plan included the appointment of Cristobal and Anselmo Tijerina to important positions in New Mexico.

But whoever runs it, it is going on. New Mexico is now beginning to experience the state of terror which the Communists have imposed on Vietnam — and on New York. In northern New Mexico, for instance, people are getting "assessment notices" from Tijerina's Confederation of Free City States, demanding three dollars per month, per household — whether or not they have ever belonged to his organization. The only qualification, apparently, is that one be Latin in origin. If the "assessment" isn't paid within ten days, the delinquent gets another notice, warning of a visit by El Mano Negro — the Black Hand, to you gringos.


And this of course is one of the same techniques the Communists have used to capture country after country; levying "taxes," not just because they want the money, but to create the impression that they are the legitimate government. The Communist Vietcong are doing that right now in South Vietnam, aren't they? You may even read that in your newspaper — which is the last to know.

Along these lines, in Canjilon, one of Tijerina's headquarters, where the raid on the neighboring Tierra Amarilla Courthouse was planned, U.S. Forest Rangers John Drake and John Hayden have both been threatened. Reliable witnesses have heard machine-gun fire, from the home of Juan Valdez, for instance. New Mexico State Police Officer Nick Saiz says it was Juan who shot him at the Courthouse.

Juan probably just "doesn't know" it is illegal to own a machine-gun. Maybe some advocate of confiscatory firearms legislation could explain it to him.

And on July 15, 1968, in the woods around Canjilon, an observer spotted two hairy, bearded white men, wearing combat boots and army fatigues, and armed with what appeared to be M-1 or M-2 carbines with thirty-shot clips. If I remember correctly, that's illegal too. The men also wore belt cases for fifteen-shot clips.

Indeed, in Albuquerque itself, in the South Valley, Tijerinistas have actually been going from door to door to terrorize Latins. As everywhere else — as in Cuba, Algeria and China, and Harlem — the people the Communists are making suffer most, are the very people the Communists claim are demanding "independence" as the solution to their suffering.



In one case, a terrorist appeared at an Anglo home, presumably believing it was Latin, asked the lady of the house, through the screen door, what she thinks of Tijerina, and when she was less than enthusiastic asked what her horses are worth, whether she owns guns, and when her husband is home — and accused her of "racial prejudice" when she refused to answer.

Don't you know we don't need you people and there are enough of us to fill your jobs? he said. Don't you realize we could tie up this town and stop you from getting everything you need? "We can torch this town," he said.

He also tried to force his way into the house, but reconsidered when she showed him the muzzle of her gun.

We wouldn't let her do *that* in New York!

Certainly one of the saddest aspects of this calculated terror is the fact that among the young men recruited into the revolutionary Brown Berets — as in Cuba, Algeria, China and Harlem — are victims who really believe, at least at first, that Tijerina is trying to do good. Hopefully, someone can get to them before they ruin their lives.

So there it is. Incredible though it may be — and it *is* incredible — a Castroite guerrilla war is being arranged for the American Southwest. Reies Tijerina, or whoever it is who gives the orders, may already have selected a day this spring or summer as *Der Tag*.

Only the people of New Mexico — regardless of origin — can stop it.

CRACKER BARREL

- EAGLE ROCK — George Washington once wrote in his diary, "Tonight my wife and I had dinner alone together for the first time in twenty years."
- EAGLE ROCK — When Nixon was a boy, his father put him in charge of the vegetables in the family grocery store. Must have been good training. He'll feel right at home with the Cabinet he's selected.
- EAGLE ROCK — When a guy says "To make a long story short," it's too late.
- EAGLE ROCK — There's something wrong with the democratic process when New Hampshire gets stuck with Romney whether it wants him or not.
- EAGLE ROCK — I don't like this guy Moynihan. When the Detroit rioters shot a woman in the head, he said we needed more riots.— JACK MOFFITT

SCIENTISTS

**Woodbury On Charlatanry In The
Laboratory**

A YOUNG college chemist of my acquaintance remarked in a letter to me recently: "Now, if we only had some real honesty and integrity in the ranks of the scientists!" His plaint struck a responsive chord; I had been thinking the same thing for years. In my day, a researcher would not dream of loading the experimental dice in his own favor, or allow his ambitions to intrude in the holy union between nature and his test tubes. A ruined hypothesis was often as valuable to him as a proven one — just so long as it was an honest ruin.

But not today; science is growing soft. Results wanted from experiment are sometimes deliberately fabricated. The spurious procedures of Lysenko seem to have tainted everything. Science, the incorruptible, can now frequently be bought — but nature can't. And, therein lies the power to loose upon the world fantastic forces for evil as well as for good.


My friend's bitterness stemmed from an unfortunate experience he had had at a large scientific meeting, where he had presented some controversial findings. Instead of being listened to objectively, he had been shouted down by dogmatic opposing voices which outnumbered him. His case is not unique. Something perilously like the smear techniques of politics has joined the arsenal of once-free scientific debate.

The technical requirement of the time is the continuous solution of thousands of human problems aggravated by solutions already made. As complexity multiplies, the need for the *right* solution transcends the need for mere solutions. But this is not properly understood. Technology, traveling at the supersonic speed demanded by "progress," never moderates its pace long enough to verify its ingenuities before thrusting them upon a helpless world. A Frankenstein is in the making, self-created and immune to control. Scientists down inside the machinery, with an obstructed view of the whole, go on discovering more things that deepen the obfuscation. Mistakes flourish unnoticed, until their cost is tragedy.

I dipped again recently into a fascinating book of a few years ago: *Science And Survival*, by plant physiologist Barry Commoner of Washington University. Commoner speaks with special authority of the dangers of upsetting the world's biological balances. But he does not stop there. Ranging over the whole scientific terrain, he condemns his colleagues in every discipline for dangerous meddling with the limitations of nature. Caught up in *Big Plans*, they bring forth beautiful solutions, only to implement side effects not even evaluated.

It cannot be denied that some of the great breakthroughs of our day have been pushed on-stage too soon. Commoner's list includes the familiar ones: saturation of the land with long-persisting pesticides; the pouring of vast masses of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere, at the risk of strangling the sun's heat and bringing on a new ice age; the exuberant proliferation of the peaceful atom, without full provision for deadly effects.

He even takes a swipe at that overworked drama, the Great Blackout of 1965. "They" shouldn't have let it happen, he implies, but misses the point that it was not "they" who permitted it at all, but enforced super-integration of network units that cluttered the map at a time when the decks suddenly had to be cleared. Headlong integration in *any* field, Commoner should have conceded, without knowing the consequences in advance, *invites* disaster.



When this critical scientist gets into the open stretch with the fallout phantasmagoria, he outruns himself and muddies the waters. There I begin to side with the nuclear pioneers. Granted they really (for sure) did open Pandora's Box that time! Could they have done less? What pioneer, be he in medicine, on the Antarctic plateau, or in the most remote heavens, stops off for a coffee break? Which among you has penetrated to these far frontiers, only to gaze over the fence and go home? None. How else can the world explore itself than to follow the imperishable formula of *decide to do it, do it, do it better, do it right!* With doing it right postponed sometimes indefinitely. The first go-round will be crude, imperfect, appallingly dangerous. But there is no way not to have a first. The time for moderation comes later. To discover at all is to live dangerously. There's no way out of it.

Commoner is right enough when he pleads with his colleagues to take more care, not hurry so fast. No matter what your objective you can't afford to blow up the world reaching it. You can't be permitted to upset the ecology of living things so badly as to bring on major dislocation in the food chain, with consequent famine and starvation. You mustn't try to put so many voters in a single city that they will be buried in the garbage they create. Nor can anyone obtain a license to use up the world's oxygen. There are dangerous limits and they must be considered with every new exploration. And, by and large, they have been. That is, as long as they are part of a legitimate pioneering effort genuinely aimed at improvement of the human lot.

However, there are too many scientists who are more dedicated to an enterprise than to a principle of advance in the art. Commoner doesn't mention these at all. And there are a lot of them. They are good people, too, but they have the wrong objectives, and consequently are most apt to cause those widespread dangers that lead through dishonesty of purpose to disaster. What can be done to bring them into line?

The remedy is not with science alone. These people are under too many pressures. In trying to become socially conscious they are risking their objectivity far too much as it is. The burden rests, I am afraid, with us — the public. By hook or by crook we have got to learn enough about science to prevent the scientists from cutting the globe out from under us. It is a savage assignment for amateurs, in the face of expertise that is well nigh meaningless to us. Our only hope, it seems to me, is somehow to regain the art of reason and the skill of logic and wisdom. It seemed Americans used to be born with these things; today, modern education is cleverly making them appear to be unnecessary for what is called the "affluent society."

Actually, there is nothing in the way of technical dangers that good solid common sense won't detect and head off — if enough resolute citizens have the common sense. If enough don't, then nobody could care less than nature, because we failed to rise to the challenge. It is going to be a bewildering fight, for the demand for wisdom, logic, and reasoning power is rapidly coming to be the only requirement for survival. And, the one in shortest supply.— DAVID O. WOODBURY

CRACKER BARREL

• EAGLE ROCK — In 1870 Bishop Milton Wright declared: "Flight is reserved for angels. To think anything else is blasphemy."



He was the father of Orville and Wilbur Wright.— JACK MOFFITT

POOR BRITAIN

One With Nineveh And Tyre?

AS Britain shivered its way into what will be the last complete year of Harold Wilson's first premiership (he must call a General Election in the course of 1970, though he can opt to do so before then), our socialists' Master Plan went all wrong again! Chancellor Ray Jenkins had imposed further "squeezes" on the banks and spending for consumer goods, and the trade balance was still wrong.

So what happened? The British public went on a monumental Christmas-New Year buying spree, figuring that they might as well spend their money on resources that can't be devalued, rather than save for the inevitable monetary crush. And, there was record absenteeism in vast sectors of British industry — including those most vital to our export sales. The reason was simply that the men, their wages "frozen" by the bureaucrats, preferred to take a holiday rather than work for the Government!

Things are going badly for Childe Harold in foreign affairs also, the United Nations having voted that Britain should quit Gibraltar by October 1969. Among those voting against Britain were a number of mini-States which after the Commonwealth Prime Ministers Conference in January asked for substantial handouts.

That was bad enough. But what could even Childe Harold do about the Commonwealth Prime Ministers Conference, at which both his Rhodesian and his Immigration policies came under severe attack? Among his critics were Uncle Jomo Kenyatta of Kenya, whose Government has given fifteen thousand of its Asian citizens some three to six months to "settle their affairs" and get out — to Britain! All of which makes an even bigger nonsense of the Wilson-Callaghan Immigration policy, already under merciless attack from Professor Enoch Powell and vast numbers of British citizens who were "traditionally" Labor voters.

Among those not present at the Commonwealth bash was, of course, Ian Smith of Rhodesia. Just before the Conference opened, Rhodesia House in London (the non-official non-office which represents non-Rhodesia in our capital) flew the non-recognized new Rhodesian flag at its mast-head, presumably just for the glory of it! This outrage so piqued one ardent Laborite M.P. that he said it was as though he had decided to fly the skull-and-cross-bones in his garden! As I've said before: How *do* you satirize remarks like that? Especially after someone vaguely connected with the science of flag-flying pointed out that there was absolutely nothing to prevent a Labor M.P. from flying the skull-and-cross-bones flag if he wanted to! And, after all, the Rhodesians can't fly their former flag any more because we don't recognize their right to do so.

The Commonwealth Conference produced mixed results. President Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia was very truculent about Childe Harold's "efforts" to resolve the Rhodesian impasse. On the other hand, President Hastings Banda of Malawi said he for one did not intend to join any Afro-Asian "conspiracy" against Britain about Rhodesia. "I will pay no attention to such nonsense," said Banda. What is more, this incredible African leader said that he thought the present Commonwealth Secretariat had too much power and that the Premiers Conference met

far too often! In his view, neither the U.N., nor the Commonwealth, nor the Organization for African Unity, should be allowed to become "super-States." And, the man is actually a black African! You would think he was Moise Tshombe.

It is maybe just as well that Ian Smith wasn't there; or he might have asked Childe Harold how things are getting along in our own "backyard Rhodesia" — that is, Northern Ireland. Basically the situation there is old-fashioned Protestant-Catholic animosity, which could probably be resolved fairly quickly and peacefully by the adoption of the "one-man-one-vote" principle so dear to anti-Rhodesian propagandists in this country. At the moment the voting system presents a close resemblance to that in Cook County, Illinois: It is said that various tombstones in Northern Ireland bear the inscription, "R.I.P. — till the next election."


There have been some remarkably ugly developments there in recent months — the kind of thing that Leftist commentators have been alleging as regular occurrences in Smith's Rhodesia. Unlike the faked photographs used to propagandize about Rhodesia, however, the terrorism in Northern Ireland which we have been seeing on British TV and in our newspapers is *not* faked!

The interesting thing is that the British Parliament has much the same kind of "reserve powers" which it possessed in Rhodesia before that country's Unilateral Declaration of Independence. Certainly Childe Harold has not indulged in the rodomontade about Northern Ireland of which he was so prolific concerning Rhodesia. Instead, he has adopted the eminently sensible policy of leaving the man on the spot, Premier Captain Terence O'Neill of Northern Ireland, to work out this extremely nasty problem. That policy has, of course, met with the tacit approval of the many Laborites and Leftists who are so indefatigable in denouncing Ian Smith, Mayor Daley, ex-Governor George Wallace, and other remote hobgoblins.

Not that this policy of leaving things to the man on the scene (say, like Premier Ian Smith) will be taken as a precedent for Childe Harold's future policy. The reason for leaving the problems of Northern Ireland to the man on the spot is simply that it happens to be a spot Childe Harold *doesn't* want to get himself into!

You see, the ugly animosities which have plagued Ulster for generations have their counterparts in those districts in Scotland and Northwest England where Ulster immigrants have settled extensively. Childe Harold's own Parliamentary constituency is in the general Liverpool area, which is extremely sensitive to events in Ulster; as are the constituencies of many other usually-vociferous Laborites who are already worried enough about what is going to happen to even the most solid Labor majority come the next Election. Hence their discreet and welcome restraint from comment.

Our mini-Premier is now so hard-put for anything resembling prestige that it is safe to predict that not long after President Nixon's installation the Childe will leave us long enough to enjoy the notoriety of a visit with the American President. It is well known that James Harold Wilson greatly admired the style and panache of J.F.K., imitated his vocabulary and public-image techniques — and even went so far as to encourage a book about himself called *The Making Of The Prime Minister*. No doubt he is now prepared to mimic Mr. Nixon.



It is a safe forecast that Wilson will be looking at President Nixon with wondrous awe — and maybe enquiring tentatively if he could have a look at some such title as *The Man Who Passed The Point Of No Return — And Came Back!* Childe Harold badly needs a touch of the magic rabbit's foot.— FRANK MACMILLAN

FOURTH REICH Will Germany Stoop To Conquer?

Medford Evans, a former college professor and once administrative officer on the U.S. atomic-energy project (1944-1952), holds his Doctoral Degree from Yale University. Dr. Evans' work has appeared in Harper's, Sewanee Review, Human Events, National Review, and other periodicals. He is an AMERICAN OPINION Contributing Editor and author of an excellent new book: *The Usurpers*.

WHAT is so bad about Germans thinking they are superior is that they often are. Look at the competition: Black Power is Big Talk in the Big Town, but Mister Charley has to furnish the amplifiers. (And by the way, what ever happened to Stokely What's-his-name?) Then too, the Yellow Peril has simmered down to one part Toyotas and Datsuns and one part the Thoughts of Chairman Mao, which means simply that the Japanese are busy improving themselves and the Chinese confusing themselves. (The Chinese nuclear bomb? That's us confusing ourselves.) And certainly the Afro-Asian nations, humanly important as they are (aren't we all), and useful pawns to others as they may be, are when it comes to world power just not ready.

The Germans have been ready a long time. If they could unite and rule themselves, perhaps they could rule the world. If the thought were more ridiculous it would be less disturbing.

Superior people, they are big, clean, intelligent, industrious, brave (but not foolhardy), studious, inventive, thrifty, law-abiding, and fine-looking. It is not mere vanity that causes them to recognize all this in themselves; they would be blind not to see it. Yet, possibly because what introspection reveals seems too good to be true, they are often afflicted with severe self-doubt. Thus, to parody Falstaff, they not only have inferiority complexes themselves, but are the cause of inferiority complexes in others. The mood, however, passes — since for the strong to falter is a moral lapse, and the German looks again in the glass to see a natural prince among men.

You think I'm kidding you or them, but all the royal families of Europe have German blood. That Germans should feel a sense of mission to instruct and govern less well endowed nations is not a bit unnatural.

Not unnatural, but unfortunate. For at least two reasons: (1) their superiority in the indicated characteristics is not all that great; (2) they have certain inferiorities as well. Most obviously, they eat too much; most importantly, they do not understand other people very well.

Oddly enough, they share these weaknesses, as well as many of their virtues, with the Jews. It is a disquieting reflection that to the rest of the world these two manifestly superior and mutually hostile peoples should have so much in common. Even Hitler's Germany admitted the similarity when it required Jews to wear a Star of David as identification.

By the way, let me clarify my own attitude — I admire both the Jews and the Germans, but I should object to being ruled by either one. Nor do I believe there is much danger of my having to face such a prospect — not at least of being ruled by Jews *qua* Jews or Germans *qua* Germans. There is, however, a distinct possibility of both Jews and Germans being used by the Conspiracy to promote the advent of One World. (If you don't believe in the Conspiracy, just think of it in terms of historical forces. *There's* a real myth for you. But better than none.)

The existing States of West Germany and Israel, like the peoples they represent, have a number of things in common, though Israel is considerably more militaristic. It is also more squarely in the center of the inhabited globe. Jerusalem is at the crossroads of the World Island — less precisely at the geometric center of the Eastern Hemisphere than Havana is of the Western Hemisphere, but for practical purposes perhaps in an even more strategic position. If the New Jerusalem were going to be on this planet, Man could hardly find a more logical site than that of the Old Jerusalem.

Nevertheless, as of this writing, Europe is still Europe (culturally Israel, like America, is a European colony) and Germany is the center of Europe. If the Conspiracy is going to do much more harm than it has already done, something has to happen in Germany. Predictably, it will. A challenge to the virtues, a baited trap for the weaknesses, of the suggestible Germans — and the struggle for the world enters a new phase.


It was Goethe who once said: "The German nation is nothing, but the individual German is something. Yet they imagine the reverse to be true. The Germans should be dispersed throughout the world, like the Jews, in order fully to develop all the good that is in them for the benefit of mankind." (Quoted from William Henry Chamberlin, *The German Phoenix*, Duell, 1963, Page 14.)

It was 1808 when Goethe said that, just two years after the formal extinction of the Holy Roman Empire, the "First Reich," which dates from Otto I (962) or Charlemagne (800), or Constantine, or Augustus, or maybe even Julius, depending on how you want to figure it. Anyhow, *Kaiser* is the same word as *Caesar*. So, to be sure, is *Czar*.

Since Goethe's observation the Germans have seen a Second and a Third Reich come and go. The Second was created by Bismarck and lasted from 1871 to 1918. The Third was created by Hitler and lasted from 1934 to 1945. So, the First lasted a thousand years; the Second, fifty; the Third, a decade. They don't make 'em like they used to.

Of course Goethe was right about the Germans. Settled among other nations they make the best of citizens. Their virtues seem enhanced, their vices mitigated. Continuing industrious, they become more sophisticated. Very German in their sentiments toward Germany, they are never disloyal to their adopted land. This has proved true in the United States, in Latin America, in South Africa, and in Russia, to name a few.

That's using *German* in a comparatively restricted sense. In the broader sense which would include Goths, Franks, Angles, Danes, Normans, and the like, Germans have established half the nations of Modern Europe: France, England, Netherlands, the Scandinavian countries, Austria.



Castile in Spain and Lombardy in Italy are historic German States. Prague was once a German city, and Russia is so named from the Rus, who were Varangians or eastbound Vikings. Their Prince Rurik was the first, but not the last, German ruler of Russia. Catherine the Great was another. Count Witte was another.

Of course the outstanding success of the Germans in empire-building — a success crowned by the brilliant administration of a Jewish prime minister named Disraeli — was the British Empire. As Mr. Dooley said in 1898, "An Anglo-Saxon, Hinnissy, is a German that's forgot who was his parents I'm wan iv the hottest Anglo-Saxons that iver come out iv Anglo-Saxony." Which sounds more absurd than it is, for Celt and Teuton have been mixed too thoroughly too long, from the Danube to Donegal, for quantitative analysis of the blood anywhere in northwestern Europe.

Yet the difference between the Celtic and the Teutonic *Gestalten* is significant. The Irish have never wanted to rule the world, though they love to shine in it, entertaining themselves and others. Doctor Johnson, who never tired of berating the Scotch to his Scottish disciple Boswell ("Sir," said Doctor Johnson, "the Scotch are a conspiracy against the rest of mankind"), expressed a fondness for the Irish. The latter do not, he pointed out, stick by each other.

But to the Germans of Germany the idea of ruling the world comes not from the blood, but from tradition — the idea, never totally extinguished since the time of Otto the Great, that the King of the Germans is Emperor, God's own temporal agent on earth, as the Pope is Christ's vicar in spiritual affairs — the Holy Roman Empire being a sacred trust from the Almighty.

Bismarck and Hitler did less well than Otto, for they undertook to do with pagan religion or none. Actually, there seems no likelihood that Christian belief will ever again be a basis for a German assertion of universal empire. Nor will the Prussian State or the Aryan race provide again a principle of organization for German world hegemony. Yet the vital thrust represented in three *Reichs* is not exhausted, as is abundantly witnessed by, among other things, the German "economic miracle" of the 1950s. If the rational energies and suprarational dreams of the Germans were reanimated by even an irrational ideology, we could be in for some very stressful times.

Germans And Communists

It is possible that no one can understand Communism but a German. It is probable that Germans would think so. After all, two Germans wrote the *Communist Manifesto* twenty-odd years before Lenin was born. And was not the most brilliant of all Russian Communists — *i.e.*, Leon Trotsky — a Jew with a German name, Bronstein? To be sure, his villainous antagonist Joseph Stalin who established the slogan "Socialism in One Country," was not a German, but the slogan was later paralleled exactly in Germany, where "National Socialism" worked more effectively than it ever had in backward Russia, and was beaten only by Western capitalist encirclement, which was, however, inadequate to check the rise of the Third Reich until bolstered by gargantuan America.

Communism has been an economic failure in Russia, China, Cuba, but *everything* (so a German might think) has been an economic failure in Russia, China, and Cuba. Communism has worked

better in Czecho-Slovakia where there are many Germans. It has worked best in the Soviet Zone of Germany, where all (except, of course, twenty-two divisions of Red Army troops) are Germans. Enzo Bettiza, writing in *Preuves* of Paris, says of Ulbricht's Germany:


Communism stumbled into a situation that facilitated its task: an excellent technical tradition, a social structure still far removed from classical capitalism, and a mentality which from Bismarck to Krupp, from Hitler to I.G. Farben, always associated industry with the principle of authority. (Quoted from Atlas, October, 1968, Page 43.)

Observing that Soviet Germany enjoys "the highest living standard in the Eastern camp," Bettiza contends: "We are actually witnessing the stirring of a long dormant seed: the formation of the Slavic-Prussian spirit, character and climate. Bismarck boasted of 'the excellent human material in old Prussia. It is easy,' he said, 'to mold the Prussians since their character combines German precision with Slavic docility.'" One is reminded of William S. Schlam's report of "Lenin's concept: that the victory of world revolution is assured only if and when Germany's industrial prowess has joined the Soviet dynamism." (*Germany And The East-West Crisis*, David McKay, 1959, Page 22.) But, as suggested above, could not the sensitive Teuton reflect proudly that "Soviet dynamism" itself is nothing other than German Marxism?

For that matter, what is Marxism but a combination of earlier German philosophy — *i.e.*, *e.g.* that of Feuerbach and Hegel? The very idea that there is a world of men to rule has been in modern times a German idea. The Franks and the Saxons are German tribes who went abroad and settled for something less than universal empire, but the *imperium* ultimately emanates from the Teutoburg Forest where the legions of Augustus were overmatched by Arminius (otherwise known as Hermann the German) in A.D. 9, and a term was set for the Latin phase of the Empire. That Empire, however, had nearly five centuries to go before its power was dissipated among the Germanic nations, to be later recrystallized (as hereintofore noted) by Charlemagne and Otto. Meanwhile there continued a "Roman" Empire at Constantinople (earlier called Byzantium, later Istanbul) till the Turks drove that Emperor out and he took refuge — where? In Moscow, of course.

And who, in those Middle Ages, furnished the military power for the Byzantine Emperor, who *was* the military power in Muscovy? Varangians, Russians — Scandinavians all, or North Germans if you like (well, even if you don't like). And, by the way, don't forget that the Janissaries of the Sultan were not Turks, not Moslems, but Christians, cultural if not blood descendants of the Emperor's Varangians.

Now what, in this dark, backward, and abysm of time, can one see reflected of the future? Why, that the rulers of the earth will come from the German fatherland, and that they will orient themselves toward Rome and Constantinople and Moscow! Modern science, which is virtually a creation of the German universities, as are modern history and philosophy, assures us that Man is now committed to One World. Such a world must have a center. Where would the center naturally be? Why, though lines from Rome, Constantinople, and Moscow could meet at various points, these would normally be north of Rome, northwest of Constantinople, and west of Moscow. No point more logical than Berlin. (You think all this is crazy? So is "One World," but they say it's coming.)



It was Lenin who said (and again I am indebted to Willi Schlamm for knowing that he said it): "When the revolution has triumphed in Germany, the center of world communism will move from Moscow to Berlin." Naturally. What is Communism? Schlamm has a definition which is hard to beat: "Communism is a tremendous drive to unify the whole world under the management of applied science." (*Op. cit.*, Page 181.) Communism, a German idea, through applied science, a German specialty, might unify and rule the world, a German dream. It is an accident of history that the center of Communism is now in Soviet Russia.

To be sure, it is a very interesting impediment. If there is going to be One World, that Iron Curtain is going to have to be removed, and not just from the center of Germany. There must be *no* barrier between the Rhine and the Urals. (Once *that* is accomplished, the stretch from the Rhine to the Atlantic may be as manageable as that from the Urals to the Pacific.) Since 1945 we have somewhat thoughtlessly taken it for granted that the Iron Curtain is an advancing shield of the Russians, and that the part of Germany not yet occupied by the Reds has no conceivable intention other than to hope, pray, work, and (being now rearmed) fight if necessary to oppose and prevent any further Soviet advance westward.

So inclined have we been to presume that West Germany has no choice but to remain in the "Western camp" that we have overlooked entirely the quite realistic possibility that to the Germans the "Socialist camp" could well seem to be the lesser evil. Or at any rate that going in under their own steam might seem preferable to being hauled in by brute force. If the United States seeks — as under Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson it has sought — *détente* and possible condominium of the world with the Soviet Union, why not (the Germans must sometimes think) beat the U.S. to it?

If the West, and particularly America, will not resist the advance of Communism, then eventual forcible incorporation of West Germany into the Soviet camp might seem inescapable. And voluntary accession to that camp might well seem to be preferable. It might buy more and cost less than forcible incorporation. It might even be the devious path to power, to that world imperium which must begin with the unification, not just of Germany, but of central and eastern Europe.

Germany under Hitler allied itself with Stalinist Russia for strategic reasons, then in an attempt to pre-empt perfidy undertook to conquer Russia. And almost surely would have done so, except for (1) Hitler's disdainful rejection of Ukrainian and other elements of the Soviet population which would have defected from the Kremlin, given even a glimmer of hope elsewhere, and (2) America's colossal program of lend-lease to Russia via the Persian Gulf and the Great Falls, Montana-Alaska-Siberian airways. Hitler's Germany was destroyed by the alliance of the United States and the United Kingdom with the Soviet Union — the United States being the decisive factor since it furnished aid to Britain and aid to Russia as well as employing its own finally formidable military power.

But though American power was decisive, Communist Russia was the chief beneficiary of Hitler's defeat. Russia, and her satellite Poland, got half of Germany outright — the Soviet Zone plus the Oder-Neisse provinces — and a permanently threatening position regarding the other

half. To many a thoughtful German all this must have seemed, must still seem, to have been very clever of the Communists and very stupid of the Americans: True, the Americans were fantastically rich, and once had a nuclear monopoly (based on the German Hahn's discovery of fission in Berlin in December 1938), but they did not keep their nuclear monopoly; and, though with their riches they could do their part to help make West Germany rich, they evidently could not or would not do anything at all for the rest of Germany, since for some strange reason they appeared to be in league with the Russians.


Willi Schlamm speaks of "German fears . . . rooted in the axiomatic assumption of most Germans that the United States will never openly defy the Soviet usurpation of East Germany," adding: "In many conversations with Germans I have not encountered a single one who was persuaded that the United States might be willing to tell the Soviets, unmistakably, and with a show of force, that a continued Soviet occupation of East Germany is a violation not only of German sovereignty but also of international law — an inimical act against the United States." Those Germans Mr. Schlamm talked to were certainly right, for not half a dozen Americans in a thousand have any idea (1) that the Soviets are occupying "East" Germany, (2) that, if they are, they are not supposed to, (3) that it is any business of the United States, except, of course, that we are "against Communism."

It is simply impossible to conceive of America's going to war or threatening to go to war to liberate those parts of Germany now occupied by Russia either directly or through its satellite Poland. It is by no means certain that America would go to war to defend West Germany against a Soviet invasion — which invasion, since the occupation of Czecho-Slovakia, is by no means "unthinkable."

And, as this is being written, Lyndon Johnson is urging the Senate to ratify the Nonproliferation Treaty, and Richard Nixon seems to be acquiescing in his predecessor's demand. Our signing that treaty last July encouraged the Kremlin to move into Czecho-Slovakia; if the Senate should ratify it now, Soviet pressure on West Germany would be enormously heightened. One thing is certain: Ratification or no, the United States is not in the foreseeable future going to put any positive pressure on the Russians to get out of "East" Germany, much less to restore any of the German lands beyond the Oder-Neisse line. It is even possible that we will withdraw our forces from West Germany, where they are now encircled.

The deterioration of our military position on the European Continent is startling to the few observers who pay any attention to it. Eight years ago the U.S. Seventh Army was, or was thought to be, capable of nuclear warfare and battle-ready in Bavaria, on the left flank of the Russian army in Thuringia (central Germany, politically called "East Germany"; look at a map). Our forces were less than a hundred miles from Prague, and could have occupied Czecho-Slovakia as easily as the Russians did this past summer.

Oh dear! That would have precipitated the nuclear holocaust! Why so? We didn't react when the Russians moved in; why would they have reacted if we had moved in? Perhaps they would have, but probably not. *Communist Russia has never been militarily reckless.* They fight when they have to, or when they are sure they can win. Otherwise not.



Consider now how the strategic situation has changed. No longer have we a nuclear-capable American army in Bavaria, with logistical support from France, outflanking a Russian army in Thuringia, to the north. We have instead an army *no longer capable* (if it ever was, and at least its commanders used to think it was) — *no longer capable of using nuclear weapons*, no longer supported from France and indeed regarded with apparent hostility by France, confronting Russian troops not only in Thuringia to the north but also in Czecho-Slovakia to the east. Regarding France in the west as alien territory, it would take only Russian occupation of Austria to the south to make the encirclement of our army of 220,000 hostages complete.

Oh, the Russians wouldn't dare occupy Austria! Why not? Lying between Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary, both of which have been occupied by the Russians from time to time, Austria has less of defensive forces than either of those neighbors. Oh, but *we* would never permit the Russians to occupy Austria! We wouldn't? Great! I'm glad to hear it. But just how, short of using nuclear weapons, would we prevent it?


Well, when we talk about the Russians encircling our hostages in West Germany, we are of course talking about their encircling West Germany itself. Maybe the West Germans will protect us. (Not to risk the possibility of your missing the crude irony of that last sentence, let me start to spell it out for you by quoting *Time's* quotation (October 4, 1968, Page 29) from its West German counterpart, *Der Spiegel*. "The Federal Republic's [West Germany's] military situation has never appeared so hopeless as today.")

The Germans do not want to fight a war again — possibly not even if they were in as strong a position as they were in 1939; certainly not when they are in so weak a position as they are now. The Germans recognize the strength of the Russian position, now made graphic by their occupation of Czecho-Slovakia. It was Bismarck who said, "Whoever rules Bohemia [the Czech part of Czecho-Slovakia] holds the key to Europe." It has been the Germans who have most assiduously followed up the geopolitical insights of British Sir Halford Mackinder, with his "Who rules Eastern Europe rules the Heartland; who rules the Heartland rules the World Island; who rules the World Island rules the world."

The Germans know very well who rules Eastern Europe today. They thought for a time that that rule might be negated by the unmatched nuclear capability of the United States of America, whose ward West Germany had become in consequence of World War II. But during the past eight years the Germans have inevitably become disillusioned as to the intentions of the United States.

If the Germans needed any final proof that the United States is not about to take any realistic stand against Soviet Russia in central Europe, they got it (as did the Russians themselves) in the Nonproliferation Treaty this past summer. With the United States dealt out, who survives in Europe today east of the Rhine must deal with Russia — the more so since France, the main country west of the Rhine, has already made its deal with Russia.

Yet the geopolitically minded Germans, heirs of the tradition of the Holy Roman Empire, have not forgotten their heritage. Geopolitics does not teach that whoever happens to reside in the Heartland automatically becomes master of the world. No, as the *Britannica* paraphrases the



teaching of the great Doktor General Karl Haushofer of the University of Munich, the German State is "an organism that must continue to spread until it [has] conquered and absorbed the whole earth." (Article on "Geopolitics.") But how is this to be done when the Russians control the Heartland, the American giant is half pacifist and half Russophile, and Germany is still dismembered and still convalescent from the last World War?

Answer: The smaller organism must infect the larger.

Ambition to be reunited remains in all parts of Germany. But since, because of "Western" *weakness*, the Russians cannot be driven from "East" Germany or the Oder-Neisse provinces, and thus Germany cannot be unified outside the "Socialist Camp," perhaps it can be re-unified *within* that camp.

And give up the dream of world power?

On the contrary. A unified Germany within the "Socialist camp" could in due course dominate that camp. And eventually the world. If the world wants communism, it will get communism —improved by thorough Teutonic administration.


Danger In Procurement

Wild speculation? Maybe. On the other hand, maybe it's just what's happening. Last fall, you remember — or possibly you don't, since the news broke during the last days of our Presidential election campaign — the West German government disclosed, to its "profound embarrassment" according to *Time* (November 8, 1968, Page 40), how three West Germans — here the wording is from the *Washington Post* of October thirteenth: "loaded a Sidewinder air-to-air missile onto a wheelbarrow, drove away from a NATO base with the missile sticking out the car window, and sent the Sidewinder to Moscow by air freight." These men also delivered to the Russians, from N.A.T.O. supplies, a navigational system used on F-104 Starfighter jets.

"For their trouble, the spies reportedly received more than \$20,000," says *Newsweek* (November 11, 1968, Page 60), adding that a U.S. government official commented: "I don't know what the Russians would want with a Sidewinder." If said official doesn't know that he doesn't know anything, which is possible.

Notice, by the way, how misleading it is to call the West Germans in question "spies." They were not spies, they were procurement officers. They did not furnish the Soviets information; they furnished materiel. Spies, except at the highest echelons, are a dime a dozen, but a good bunch of thieves can mean a fortune in the Black Market — or world power in the international Red Market. Incidentally, nuclear components of "the bomb" are easier to steal than complete Sidewinders.

The point at this point is that this apparatus for transferring American-made N.A.T.O. munitions of war to the Soviet Union was a West-German apparatus. And one fears that *Time* used the right word when it spoke of the West German government's "embarrassment." Dreadful that this sort of thing should be known! And so soon after the still unexplained suicides or murders of West German defense officials, including Rear Admiral Hermann Luedke, who *was* at a high enough



echelon to be important as a spy. He was N.A.T.O.'s deputy chief of logistics — which, as Webster says, is "the procurement, maintenance, and transportation of military materiel, facilities, and personnel." His knowledge would have been of inestimable value in the coordination and direction of all sorts of operations like the Sidewinder caper.

Of course we don't know whether the Admiral died because he knew too much, or because he loyally blocked others from knowing enough (enough for their purposes). We simply know that few positions would have been more strategic than his in any system of conveying nuclear or other munitions from America to Germany to Russia.

Interesting thing about Luedke's death. *Life* (December 13, 1968, Page 28) says West German counterintelligence officials met with "their counterparts in B.N.D., *the West German equivalent of the CIA*, [italics added] and said they now had enough evidence on Luedke and had decided to arrest him." Within an hour, General Horst Wendland, second in command of the B.N.D., was found shot dead in his office; and, three hours later Admiral Luedke, who was off on a hunting trip, was also shot to death. Suicide. Shot himself in the back with a rifle. You know, people do it all the time. Within a week there were four more "suicides," but "I do not believe any of them *were*," says Philippe Vosjoli, former French Intelligence agent who wrote up this N.A.T.O. "spy" thing for *Life*.

We have, of course, not heard the last of N.A.T.O.'s logistical operations in West Germany, though it is hard to say how much we are going to learn from the "team of top intelligence agents from Washington . . . [and London]," who, according to Vosjoli went to West Germany to investigate. First thing they did, apparently, was to flush, prematurely, "six nuclear scientists" who "within hours . . . were on their way to East Germany, some by plane and others by car."

That's right, nuclear scientists!

But you are not to think that all the N.A.T.O. delivery service to Soviet Russia has been accomplished by West Germans. That same December thirteenth issue of *Life* has an article by one Miguel Acoca about the capture in Brussels in September last of Imre Nahit, "a dapper and graying 55-year-old Turk who was NATO's financial comptroller." Imre, whose espionage had been going on ten years, is now in custody of his own Turkish government in Istanbul — still, apparently, being "debriefed." *Espionage?* By a comptroller? Sure. That could be. But *paymaster* is more likely.


Wars these days are not fought *with* nuclear weapons but *for* nuclear weapons.

Also, to be sure, "for the minds of men."

Coda

What are the components of power? (1) Manpower. (2) Land base (includes mineral resources and access to sea lanes). (3) Technology (includes skilled personnel and capital equipment). (4) Organization. (5) Incentive.

The Communist bloc obviously has manpower and a land base — population and area. Just as



obviously it has a prime factor of organization — discipline. It is deficient in technology and, at the working level, in incentive. Germany is the only country contiguous with the Eurasian Communist bloc which has a highly developed technology. Within the bloc, the only sophisticated technology and industry are in "East" Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, and Silesia — the last named now "administered" by Poland — all of German origin.

Whatever the explanation of alleged Russian and Chinese exploits in space and nuclear weapons (the explanation could involve lying about accomplishments, theft of information and materials, and/or concentration of effort, most of which would necessarily have been made in the aforesaid Germanized sectors of the Communist bloc) neither Russia nor China has the quality, quantity, and variety of industrial productivity that Germany has. (Nor, of course, does either Russia or China equal Japan, a vastly important nation, though for various reasons Japan does not lend itself so well as does Germany to merger with the Soviet Union.) Granted that no love can be lost between Russia and Germany, their union would not be the first *mariage de convenance* — not even the first for them to each other.

One crucial question remains: *What would be the incentive?* What passion could Russia and Germany share — other than a desire to conquer the world, which indeed would in the long run divide them — what motivation could override their considerable antipathy for each other to unite in a final drive for power or annihilation?

Though it is not certain which of those two they would actually prefer, what their incentive would be is all too clear: *Anti-Americanism*. Twice we have participated in an alliance to thwart and punish Germany. As for Communists in Russia, even though our government has more than once rescued them and even now seeks *détente* and collaboration with them, we still remain objectively a major obstacle to their imagined rendezvous with history.

The United States has greatly benefited both Russia and Germany. It has also injured and frustrated both. Unfortunately, nations are moved less often by gratitude than by lust for revenge. If Nazis or "Neo-Nazis" come to power in Germany the speculations of the present article will acquire new force. Remember, the Communists voted for the Nazis in 1933. The Nazis (if any — and the hope is that Christianity is too strong in Germany to permit their return) might well return the favor in . . . well, some time before 1984.

ADDENDUM FOR GALLEY PROOFS

SINCE mailing the above to our editorial offices some ten days ago I have received various disturbing confirmations of my sanity. The rumors concerning the Israeli A-bomb are quite credible in spite of having emanated from the Huntley-Brinkley Report. Doubts and denials by Washington officials are as irrelevant as they were in the Cuban missile crisis of 1962. Washington says what it thinks the people ought to hear, and its opinion on *that* may be reversed over any week-end.

The important thing about the Israeli A-bomb is that it implies (what has been reasonably suspected for a long time) the existence of an international nuclear black market. There could be no more logical customers for such a market than the Israelis — unless it were the Germans. The main source of materials for such a market would, of course, be the American, British, and

French nuclear industries, which through Communist channels have undoubtedly supplied the Russians and Red Chinese so long, and on such a scale, that by now there are bleeders off the main pipeline for clandestine free enterprise.

Even the *New York Times* admits that appearances in these matters can be deceiving. "Israel," it reported January 11, 1969, "misled American intelligence officials once regarding the Dimona reactor by initially passing it off as a textile plant." Said Dimona reactor produces plutonium. What Israel certainly would not have is an isotope-separation plant like the ones at Oak Ridge, Tennessee; Paducah, Kentucky; and Portsmouth, Ohio, for production of uranium 235, which is harder to produce — and more versatile — than plutonium.

Western experts have been puzzled that the Chinese nuclear explosions seem to have involved uranium 235 — that is, Western experts unwilling to speculate on anything illegal, like a nuclear black market. You just know the Chinese, and the Israelis, and the Germans are too honest to buy anything which the Americans are not supposed to sell! And Americans are too honest, not to say loyal, to sell anything against the law!

That's right, isn't it?

Sure. But what about those Frenchmen? Think you can trust them? They might corrupt the Israelis. And the Chinese. And they would just love to corrupt the Germans. And France *has* an isotope-separation plant for the production of uranium 235. Oh, yes. I don't know whether that accounts for the "rumors" that shipments of nuclear materials have gone out of Switzerland to Peking. Sure easy to get from France to Switzerland. Another "rumor" I hear is that the *Soviets* are accusing *West Germany* of supplying nuclear materials to Red China! Well now, that could be. If the Germans were thinking about entering the Communist bloc and eventually dominating it, they wouldn't necessarily be averse to promoting the concept of a presently developing balance of terror within the bloc, would they? On the other hand, they would hardly be a major original supplier of uranium 235, or plutonium either, and most likely would be inclined to hang on, for now, to whatever of such materials comes their way.

None of the foregoing is "hard intelligence." Trouble with hard intelligence is that it is generally like hard library paste. Too late to do anything with it.

Comes now, however, the *New York Times* of January tenth and eleventh, with information I think you can program your computer with. The rapprochement between Bonn and Moscow is more fervent than I had supposed. The first dispatch to which I shall call attention (*Times*, January 10, 1969, Page 1) may initially suggest the opposite, since it is a report from "an unimpeachable diplomatic source" that Chancellor Kurt Georg Kiesinger, with the consent of Foreign Minister Willy Brandt, has decided *not* to outlaw the allegedly neo-Nazi National Democratic Party — a decision thought by some to be risking Soviet displeasure, but on the other hand linked with a determination not to ban the new West German Communist Party either.

Was Moscow actually displeased? About as displeased as was West Germany with the recent Russian occupation of Czecho-Slovakia. Side by side in the *Times* of January eleventh (Page 8), are stories from Prague and Bonn, the first beginning: "A bitter attack on political progressives in

Czecho-Slovakia came today amid signs presaging intensified efforts to repress all gestures of defiance"; the second, "West Germany and the Soviet Union formally resumed today their dialogue on improving their relations, interrupted by events preceding the invasion of Czecho-Slovakia."

That second story, the one out of Bonn, is stronger confirmation of my views than I had any expectation of seeing so soon. It says Moscow's Ambassador to Bonn, Semyon K. Tsarapkin, met for an hour and a half with Willy Brandt, to express the Soviet government's wish "for an improvement of relations between the two states." Tsarapkin, by the way (not so much by the way, it's pretty important), is the chap who shook hands with Dr. James Fisk at the scientific conference on nuclear test ban in Geneva in 1958 (not that Tsarapkin is any scientist) while Ernest O. Lawrence and America's hopes for nuclear-weapons sanity were dying. (See AMERICAN OPINION, January 1969, Page 84.)

What the Soviet Ambassador and the West German Foreign Minister are now mulling over in their minds, and more or less warily talking to each other about, is resumption of discussions on "a pact between the Soviet Union and West Germany renouncing the use of force." (You think N.A.T.O.'s not dead?) Renouncing use of force against each other, that is. This is where we came in in 1939 — the Nazi-Soviet "Non-aggression Pact" which precipitated World War II. But let me suppress my sardonicism and round this thing off with straight quotation from the *New York Times*:

One Bonn official said that today's session was welcome in view of the increasingly friendly relations between the Soviet Union and France.

"We don't want to be left behind," he declared.

The official also said that better relations with the Soviet Union not only were desirable in themselves but also pointed the way to closer contact with East Germany.

Also discussed at the meeting was the proposed new air link between Frankfurt and Moscow

That sure sounds like a dangerous place for us to have 250,000 soldiers with a tremendous stockpile of nuclear weapons which they cannot use to defend themselves, or even defend.

CRACKER BARREL

- EAGLE ROCK — At school they told me to keep my eye on the ball, my nose to the grindstone, and my shoulder to the wheel. That explains the shape I'm in and why I never got anything done.
- EAGLE ROCK — It's becoming more and more clear that parents starting to train children should start at the bottom.
- EAGLE ROCK — Learn from others' mistakes. You haven't time to make them all yourself.

- EAGLE ROCK — I overheard a sweet young thing shopping at the Farmer's Market. She said, "Have you something suitable for a nice young man who got slapped harder than someone intended to slap him?"
- EAGLE ROCK — Courtship is the period during which a girl tries to find out if she can do any better.
- EAGLE ROCK — If you drink a quart of milk a day for 1,200 months, you'll live to be a hundred years old.
- EAGLE ROCK — Flattery is the art of telling another guy exactly what he thinks of himself.
- EAGLE ROCK — I hear they've invented a computer so simple that even an executive can use it.
- EAGLE ROCK — All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy and Jill a rich widow.
- EAGLE ROCK — I see that Henry Cabot Lodge is jay-talking his way across our foreign policy again.
- EAGLE ROCK — Marriage was the first union to defy management.
- EAGLE ROCK — Maybe blondes prefer gentlemen.
- EAGLE ROCK — After all is said and done, it's usually the wife who has said it and the husband who has done it.
- EAGLE ROCK — No man is a failure until his wife thinks so.— JACK MOFFITT

DE LIBRIS

Thirteen Days: A Memoir Of The Cuban Missile Crisis

by *Robert F. Kennedy*. Introductions by *Robert S. McNamara* and *Harold Macmillan*. W.W. Norton & Company, Inc., New York; 224 pages, \$5.50.

To my chagrin I am about to conclude that Robert Kennedy was an honest man. Of course I began to suspect it when he was shot and the *New York Times* bade him a "strangely joyful farewell." Now there is this posthumous book, which on its intrinsic merits is nothing, but because of its author's position is a prime historical source. The aura of political greatness is enhanced by the presence of two introductions, the first by the man who was American Secretary of Defense, the second by the man who was British Prime Minister at the time of the alleged crisis. Brief as they are, these introductions are revealing — of the somewhat overbred sophistication of Macmillan, of the unscrupulous sentimentality of McNamara.

The difference between these two is suggested by comparison of McNamara's opening sentence with a corresponding phrase in Macmillan's first paragraph. "Exposure to danger strips away the protective covering with which each of us guards his inner thoughts," aphorizes Robert McNamara, and goes on to say that what brought him so close to Robert Kennedy was the danger they faced together in the so-called missile crisis of October 1962. Now the fact is obvious, whatever may have been the large truth about that "crisis," that the two Roberts personally, as they met daily in the President's Cabinet Room speaking of intelligence reports and letters from and to Khrushchev, were in no danger.

Macmillan, an English gentleman (which is not the last word in human excellence, but is something), does not, of course, so dramatize himself. He speaks instead of "the most *dangerous issue* which the world has had to face since the end of the Second War." (I have added the italics.) No doubt the *issue* was dangerous, though not I think in the sense of threatening "nuclear holocaust," but rather as signaling an eclipse of freedom — total in Cuba, partial in the United States. Be that as it may, Macmillan does not write of the danger as something directed against him personally. Clearly, he does not imagine that he should be decorated for valor because he has sat in a conference room.

The confusion of the individual and the collective — whether of danger or morality or intelligence — is a characteristic fallacy of individuals who are collectivists. Kennedy shows it as well as McNamara — to which we shall recur.

But what of this honesty which I think I see in Robert Kennedy's book? You will dismiss my opinion when I tell you on what it is based. The end papers of *Thirteen Days* contain facsimiles of Robert Kennedy's longhand first draft of his manuscript. Now it happens that I am an amateur handwriting analyst, and it startled me to find in Bobby's hand signs of marked sensitivity and intelligence. (There are also signs of strength and energy, but that did not surprise me.) I hate to tell my fellow Conservatives this, but Bobby Kennedy evidently had high ideals and a sense of humor, among other good qualities. This does not automatically translate into honesty, but ideals and humor are a considerable handicap to a materialistic conspirator.

Nor does Bobby's prose contradict the graphological evidence. His style is plain, direct, clear — not, however, imaginative or perspicacious. I had credited Bobby with more shrewdness and less moral integrity. Here is a sample of his narrative method:

At 11:45 that same morning [October 16, 1961], in the Cabinet Room, a formal presentation was made by the Central Intelligence Agency to a number of high officials of the government. Photographs were shown to us. Experts arrived with their charts and their pointers and told us that if we looked carefully, we could see there was a missile base being constructed in a field near San Cristobal, Cuba. I, for one, had to take their word for it. I examined the pictures carefully, and what I saw appeared to be no more than the clearing of a field for a farm or the basement of a house. I was relieved to hear later that this was the same reaction of virtually everyone at the meeting, including President Kennedy. Even a few days later, when more work had taken place on the site, he remarked that it looked like a football field. (Page 24.)

Note the unintentionally disclosed modesty of the expression, "I was relieved to hear," *etc.* He felt a *duty* to see what the "experts" told him he could see if he "looked carefully"; he was honest enough not to pretend to himself that he saw it when he didn't; he was humble enough to be "relieved" when he found out others hadn't seen it either and that thus what he had taken to be his blindness was not peculiar to him alone, as he at first seems to have supposed. Touching. Trouble is, Bobby was humble before the wrong people.

Nevertheless, if it is true that Robert Francis Kennedy was indeed a "man of good will" — to use a phrase almost ruined by "Liberal" cant — then we are forced to reconsider not just our evaluation of the man but also some of our usual assumptions about the way the world is run. Men in positions of power—even energetic, ruthless men—are not necessarily powerful, do not necessarily know what they are doing or why they are doing it. Fate, or unseen men more clever than themselves, may so surround them with convincing illusions that like Homeric heroes on the plain of Troy they pursue phantoms through which the gods contrive their destruction.

Bobby Kennedy sat in the highest councils of the land at the time of the "missile crisis," and indeed may have had more to do with the executive action taken than any other one person. Yet it now seems probable that he was honestly deceived (and probably not, as I once suspected he might be, himself a major deceiver) concerning the whole context of events in which he so consequentially operated. Robert Kennedy seems to have actually thought that the world was on the brink of a great nuclear war which, as it turned out, he and his brother the President averted, but into which, had they not been so firmly prudent, the United States and the Soviet Union might have been irrevocably plunged and all the world involved in the ensuing holocaust. Bobby, who somehow romantically identified himself with humanity, though he was hostile enough toward particular human beings he didn't like, apparently took this danger to himself—less realistically than Macmillan, more sincerely than McNamara. Consider this passage. To the "ExComm" (executive committee) dealing with the "crisis" came word that a Russian submarine was probing our somewhat ambiguous blockade of Cuba. Our Navy was contemplating possible action. Bobby writes:

I think these few minutes were the time of gravest concern for the President. Was the world on the brink of a holocaust? Was it our error? A mistake? Was there something further that should have been done? Or not done? His hand went up to his face and covered his mouth. He opened and closed his fist. His face seemed drawn, his eyes pained, almost gray. We stared at each other across the table. For a few fleeting seconds, it was almost as though no one else was there and he was no longer the President. (Pp. 69-70.)

It is difficult not to conclude, as one reads such a paragraph, that these two brothers really believed in the danger of a "holocaust" which some action of theirs might precipitate or prevent.

There was, of course, no such danger. What did await the Kennedy brothers they did not anticipate—the danger at Dallas, the peril in Los Angeles. No one has been close to blowing up the world with atom bombs during the past twenty years, but somebody did assassinate a President and a prospective President of the United States. It is conceivable that the conduct of

the Kennedy Brothers during the "missile crisis" of October 1962 was a factor in producing the *coup d'état* of November 22, 1963, which in turn rather naturally involved the preventive assassination of June 5, 1968.

What is the true significance of the "Thirteen Days" in October 1962 about which this affectingly naive book is written? What did the "missile crisis" mean? We are not likely to say the final word on it here, but we have a right to speculate. Macmillan, by the way, implies clearly enough that Bobby's account doesn't even begin to get to the heart of the matter: "Many thousands of words were written at the time and have been published since concerning *this strange and inexplicable affair*. In this book we have the story as it appeared to one brother presented through the eyes of the other. *It is a clear and simple record.*" (Pp. 17-18. Italics added.)

Obviously, a clear and simple record is not an adequate interpretation of a strange and inexplicable affair. But Macmillan, in the very midst of his compassionate recommendation of what he calls "this little book, so simple yet so dramatic," is more specific as to its limitations:


There are many questions which still remain unanswered. Why did the Russians risk so much? What was their ultimate purpose? Why did they withdraw? Why did they not retaliate at other, but equally sensitive, points? This account does not seek to solve or even to pose these problems. (Pp. 18-19.)

By common consent, the action of our government in the face of the Russian threat with missiles from Cuba in 1962 was taken essentially at Robert Kennedy's insistence. As David Wise and Thomas B. Ross say in *The Invisible Government* (Random House, 1964), ". . . the Excomm was strongly influenced by Robert Kennedy." (Page 294.) How can it happen then that this man whose view prevailed in "solution" of a "crisis" which allegedly threatened the continued existence of the human race does not in his personal narrative of those momentous "Thirteen Days" even pose the problems which to a reflective if hardly heroic British Prime Minister seem to be at once elementary and provocative?

But if the brothers Kennedy did not know what they were doing, did anybody? Or was the whole thing just part of the inscrutable ways of fate or Divine Providence? Was the missile crisis part of the fulfillment of the prophecy of Isaiah: "And a little child shall lead them"?

You'd better not believe it! No doubt Divine Providence had a hand, but hardly gave a full delegation of authority to Bobby Kennedy. Without pretending to know a lot about this mighty mystery, we can tell without much trouble who was mainly responsible for staging the show. Go back to the first quotation above from Bobby: "At 11:45 that same morning [October 16, 1962], in the Cabinet Room, a formal presentation was made *by the Central Intelligence Agency*" (Italics added.)

While it seems unlikely that supreme direction of the C.I.A. is lodged within the C.I.A. — certainly not in the Director's office — the C.I.A. is no doubt the agency within our government which is freest from the influence of the multitudinous electorate, and correspondingly most sensitive to the control of the *Insiders*. The Kennedys never quite got on the inside, though they seemed close, and they never quite got along with the CIA., though the White House, the



Attorney General (overlord of the F.B.I.), and the C.I.A. as top organization of the "Intelligence Community" were inevitably yoked, however uncomfortably, together.


Both the Kennedys and the C.I.A. had taken a beating prestigewise as a result of the Bay of Pigs fiasco in April 1961. Both achieved marked rehabilitation in the afterglow of "forcing Khrushchev to remove the Russian missiles from Cuba" in October 1962. Of course as far as prestige is concerned, a President needs it far more than a clandestine bureau does. Thus, at the time, John Kennedy voluntarily took the blame for the Bay of Pigs in 1961 and rather automatically got the credit for outfacing the Soviets in 1962. Yet on both occasions the C.I.A. was closer to the action than the White House, and both affairs, opposite as their effects were on public relations, led to one conclusion, which was the consolidation of the Communist position in Cuba.

The Bay of Pigs served as an enormous practical discouragement to any and all who might dream of overthrowing the Russian puppet Fidel Castro by invasion; the agreement with Khrushchev which ended the "missile crisis" put the United States Government in the position of legally guaranteeing Castro protection by American armed force if necessary against invasion from any quarter. We have, of course, lived up to that agreement. Surely this is answer enough to Harold Macmillan's questions: "Why did the Russians risk so much? What was their ultimate purpose?" *etc.*

The crisis served, however, an even more fundamental purpose. Since September 1949, when the first Russian A-bomb was announced from Washington, the *Insiders'* basic doctrine of conflict management has been "Nuclear Stalemate." Thus is provided a balance of "superpowers" — a balance of terror, it is called, but a balance — which specifically protects the Soviet Union, but even more obviously enables the *Insiders* at the pivot of the balance to play one "superpower" against another and thus control the world which the two between them dominate. The "divide and rule" principle is never out of date, and the Communists have used it in Germany, in Korea, in Vietnam, and elsewhere — most importantly in Europe as a whole with the "Iron Curtain." Yet all these particular divisions may be subsumed under the global division between the superpowers.

To be a superpower a nation must have — correction, must be *credited* with having — nuclear weapons. By various tricks of fate the United States was the first nation to achieve such status, and the period of American atomic monopoly was a dreary but busy time for all adherents of the Soviet Union, and especially for those architect-engineers of the future who desperately required a second superpower to serve as a counterpoise to the United States. There was no question as to what nation it would be; the only question was how to get the world to believe that so backward a country as Russia, devastated by unparalleled ravages of war and brutalized by a regime of terror, could even approximately match America in advanced technology.

No legend achieves viable maturity overnight. The Oppenheimer-Truman announcement of September 23, 1949 was widely acclaimed, but some — including, as it turned out, Harry Truman — still doubted that the Russians had a workable A-bomb. Sputnik in 1957, being a more fantastic tale than the other, was more widely credited; yet it was not the *same* as a nuclear weapon. What was needed was a nuclear confrontation, and what is needed so badly can as a rule



somehow be arranged.

It would be the Russians who would have to back down from such a confrontation. No doubt the American government could have been induced to do the backing down, but too many conservative, patriotic Americans would believe that the backing down was unnecessary and the result of either cowardice or treason. Their belief would be unprovable, but it would muddy the waters as far as general belief in the adequacy of the Soviet nuclear arsenal was concerned. Too many Rightwingers would say, *We should have called the Russians' bluff.*

But when the Russians backed down, Rightwingers as well as "liberals" felt that *they* had won a victory! *Those - - - Reds put their - - - missiles in Cuba, but boy did we make them take them out of there! Or, I'll bet those - - - Reds have NOT removed those - - - missiles from Cuba! That Kennedy Administration is too chicken to enforce the agreement!* Now the important point there is that, either way, whether the putative missiles were believed to have been withdrawn or not withdrawn, it was taken for granted that the Russians *had* nuclear missiles to put into Cuba some six thousand miles from Moscow, which would mean that their total nuclear arsenal must be very formidable indeed (and of course the total power of that arsenal would hardly be impaired by moving those particular missiles back out of Cuba).

Americans in general virtually had to believe that the Russians really had missiles in Cuba; otherwise, Kennedy fans could not feel proud of the alleged diplomatic triumph over Khrushchev, while Kennedy critics could not complain that the policing of the missile-withdrawal from Cuba was totally inadequate (which it would have been had there been anything to withdraw). "Liberals" and Conservatives (except a few crackpots like this reviewer) were now unanimous that the Soviet Union was truly a superpower; and, if not *quite* so formidable as ourselves, yet such as we were lucky to take a cliffhanger from.

Maybe that's the end of the story as Robert Kennedy does *not* tell it. But maybe it is not the end of the story as it historically involved Robert Kennedy. The Conspiracy is a pitiless taskmaster. Despite the strategic victory for the *Insiders* in the final (as it was supposed) validation of superpower status for the Soviet Union, there were tactical losses, and individual accounts to which those tactical losses could be charged.

For one thing, Adlai Stevenson overplayed his hand at the U.N. and was unnecessarily insulting to the Soviet Ambassador Valerian Zorin. For another, Khrushchev himself at the time surrendered too much of tactical initiative to the Americans. For example, he sent two letters to President Kennedy within twelve hours — one of which he apparently composed himself — and it was this upon which the Kennedy brothers seized to promote their own personalities. The family solidarity of the Kennedys has, of course, at all times been basically incompatible with full membership in the Conspiracy, which can brook no other loyalties; but, that loyalty was not a bar to cooperation with the Conspiracy until the family got too high.

I will not labor the point further at this time. Suffice it to say that after the slight tactical humiliations which the Soviet Union suffered along with its strategic victory in the missile crisis of 1962, John Kennedy died in 1963, Nikita Khrushchev was removed from power in 1964, Adlai Stevenson died (some physicians say *not* from a heart attack, as reported) in 1965, and

Bobby Kennedy was shot in 1968. In a world so full of coincidences it is indeed difficult to be dogmatic.

But, I try.— MEDFORD EVANS

The American University: How It Runs, Where It Is Going

by *Jacques Barzun*. Harper & Row, New York, Evanston, and London; 319 pages, \$7.95.

Overlive: Power, Poverty, And The University

by *William M. Birenbaum*, Delacorte Press, New York; 206 pages, \$4.95.

THINGS do change. Remember when university brain trusters such as Rexford G. Tugwell were going to "roll up their sleeves and make America over"? Now America, annoyed by students on the streets and professors in the clouds, prepares somewhat absent-mindedly to roll back her educational investment a bit and make the universities over.

While whips and scorns from Academe continue to flay the body politic, more and more of the taxpaying masses (previously accustomed to think of *themselves* as well bred and well educated, and of the two as not being incompatible) move ominously toward — well, at least toward irritation, maybe beyond. And, where will Berkeley be then, poor thing, should those taxpayers actually mutiny and call a strike of their own?

Give the universities credit, however; they are discontented with themselves. The student riots and demonstrations have this to be said for them: an administration which cannot cope with such attacks invites and deserves them. The price of eminence is to forfeit pity, and what position is more eminent in America today (well, early today, maybe not this afternoon) than that of university president? Who could be certain that Eisenhower gained very much in prestige, though to be sure he gained something in immediate power, by moving from the presidency of Columbia University to the presidency of Columbia the Gem of the Ocean?

When Eisenhower's successor at Columbia U., Grayson Kirk, is defeated by Mark Rudd, or California U.'s President Clark Kerr is run out of Berkeley by Mario Savio, it is impossible not to regard such things as sporting events, like David's knocking off Goliath, rather than as vandal raids on sanctuaries of civilization. To some extent they are both. The universities are major institutions of human civilization, but Rudd and Savio could not have damaged them so severely if a generation of Kirks and Kerrs had not previously abandoned academic principle in favor of the development of bureaucratic power.

Self-criticism from the universities is, moreover, produced at higher echelons than the students or even the faculty, which regards carping as one of its normal functions. Here are two books by two provosts (a provost is next in line to a president or a chancellor — it usually takes a pretty high-class university to even *have* a provost, and don't write me about that split infinitive, it's deliberate) revealing serious disillusion with conditions on the campus. One even writes:

The idea of "campus" is archaic in the modern urban setting "Campus" organizes the university's outrageous presumption that it can and does monopolize the best talents in order to do what it claims to do. In the great cities this presumption is absurd.

Dear! Dear!

I should hasten to tell you that that comment was by Dr. William M. Birenbaum, no longer a provost, which he was at Long Island University until the spring of 1967 when he got fired, but who is now an evidently energetic consultant with the "Education Affiliate" in Bedford-Stuyvesant in New York City. (Doctor Birenbaum has a hangup on Black Power.) He is also, it must be noted, President of Staten Island Community College, City University. That sounds like a promotion from Provost of L.I.U., but in New York "community college" means junior college, and Doctor Birenbaum himself says of institutions like his that, "while they have turned out in almost every respect to be 'junior,' they seldom are related effectively to the communities in which they happen to be located." As we went to press, Staten Island had not followed suit with Long Island in removing Dr. Birenbaum, but you never can tell. Birenbaum is a born rebel.

Not so Jacques Barzun, an old academic smoothie if there ever was one (and there was). Parisian-born, he was brought to America shortly after the First World War at the age of twelve, and such were his ability and his early preparation at the *Lycée Janson de Sailly* that in another twelve years he had his Ph.D. from Columbia, where he was also, from the age of twenty, a member of the faculty. A full professor of history by the end of the Second World War, he became Dean of Faculties and Provost a decade later, and so continued till his retirement with honors in 1967. "A critic of literature and the arts as well as a historian" (the quotation is from the *Columbia Encyclopedia*), Barzun is a fully certified member of the Academic Division, as befits his nativity. He really does write very well. And, within limits, think very well. For example, he coins a word *preposterism* and explains it so:

That is preposterous which puts the first last and the last first. Take the disastrous outcome of having used for three decades the "look-say" method of teaching reading. Educationists had observed that people who read do not proceed letter by letter to form words, but take in the whole word as one outline. From this true proposition about reading at last, the false one was inferred about reading at first: children learning to read were expected to follow the adult example — cat all in one glance, with a picture to help. The scheme led to every absurdity — "reading-readiness," the horrible repetition of the Dick-Jane books, the limited vocabulary doled out like a dangerous drug through every grade, and finally the illiterates-by-training, who in high school still confuse tall and talk, advance and askance. That anyone emerged from the long ordeal liking to read is a sign of man's unconquerable mind. (Page 221.)

Of course it was not Jacques Barzun's fault, but one can hardly avoid remarking that the very *fons et origo* of that destructively stupid method of teaching reading was Columbia University: And incidentally, isn't it odd how reputable scholars, such as Dean Barzun and Arthur Bestor (Illinois), who show a proper scorn for "educationists," still unite with the chaffiest of teachers'-college charlatans in (polite) Left-of-Center politics?

Now the similarities and differences between the two former provosts, Birenbaum and Barzun, are, I should say, of more than passing significance. (Keep writing like that, I'll get *me* a job as a provost.) The big similarity is that they both are fed up with the American university; the big difference is that Barzun is suave, cool, and sophisticated about it, while Birenbaum is sort of loud and frantic. To illustrate at once the difference in style and point of view, together with a common mood of disenchantment, consider these passages:

. . . What then is being fought against on our campuses? The answer, apart from the explicit opposition to the war in Vietnam, is: the whole of modern life. Not all agitators are against all of life, but some are and the rest single out detested parts. That is why they are rebels without a cause. The cause is simply to ruin the going scheme . . . the university in its new form has taken the world into its lap and thus seems the willing representative of society. Again, the university, being an establishment, acts like that great bugbear The Establishment — wealthy, friends here, friends there, pull with government, secret links and secret funds. Since the great trusts of the nineties have receded into the mists of diversification, the university is the only corporation that spells power. (The American University, Pp. 74-75.)

Thus Barzun sees in campus disorders a revolt against the whole of contemporary society, to which the university is, distastefully, assimilated. That he doesn't see the Communists running the show is to be expected from his Lefterly Politics. Birenbaum, in contrast, finds grounds for discontent in the wall of separation which he finds between the academic cloister and its external environs:

. . . The entire campus is wrapped in the principle of separateness and detachment — a principle designed to impress upon those subject to it an appreciation for their differentness, and upon the public beyond a respect for the alleged objectivity, neutrality, and elite quality of the academic "community."

Within the urban campus what meaningful alternatives do the university's citizens enjoy? . . .

The salient qualities of the city — the opportunity for mobility, the abundance of meaningful choices, the respectability of and tolerance for controversy — are imperative to the pursuit of university goals. The freedom so essential to higher learning cannot exist under ghetto conditions.

Most of our urban campuses have become ghettoized; they are anti-city. They have become hostile to the idea of city — to the life-style the qualities of city impart. (Overlive, Page 37.)

Assuming that you follow Doctor Birenbaum's somewhat opaque style about as well as I do, which is to say imperfectly but doggedly, doesn't that passage suggest that students and faculty ("university's citizens") are not privileged and protected but imprisoned by the walls of their institution? In this view the student disturbances are like prison riots. If Birenbaum were writing

of grade schools where attendance is compulsory, that would be an understandable comparison. But university students, and their professors too, are where they are voluntarily — usually at someone else's expense. There's something they like about the situation or they would leave.

Odi et amo, I love and I hate. That's what many a student, teacher, alumnus, and patron could say about today's American university. And the reason does have to do with the relationship between the university and the outside world. Barzun could say with Wordsworth, "The world is too much with us." Birenbaum feels there is a great wide wonderful world of which the university is being deprived. If the positions of the two provosts can be so stated, it is obvious that Barzun is right. Unless the university is distinct from the world it has no reason to exist. If the way to learn to do is by doing then don't waste time in school; get a job and get to doing it!

Birenbaum has a thing about cities. Though he would evidently revolutionize cities in some way (not clearly defined) yet he inordinately prefers them as they are to rural life, of which he seems to be totally ignorant. He says, "It is more difficult to develop consensus among a truly citified population than it is among a rural one." With that I have heard everything.

"The traditional views of academic excellence are most challenged on the campuses in the cities," says Doctor Birenbaum, taking it for granted that the challengers are right. He quotes the unfortunate Clark Kerr — the academic Charles II, who never said a foolish thing, nor ever did a wise one: "Today's urban universities . . . are in the urban setting, but not of it." Considered as fact, the statement is probably wrong — Barzun would certainly say so — but considered as an ideal it is entirely proper.

Birenbaum, however, does not question the accuracy of Kerr's statement, he is simply aghast at the ideal. "To be in the urban setting but not of it is to be against it," he declares. "Our colleges and universities have taken a very aloof position on the great urban issues. But now aloofness is no longer possible."

Nonsense!

To be in the city but not of it is not only possible but necessary if the university is to retain its character. And if it does not retain (or regain) its character, there is no reason for anybody to continue its financial support. There are, as Doctor Birenbaum himself points out, other institutions in the city; if the university is not different, who needs it? Dean Barzun is wiser:

The university should not be afraid of its own dignity: as [John Jay] Chapman says, it is the roof that stretches over man's whole intellectual kingdom; and if dignity is good for individuals, why should a company of them affect the slovenly style. Dignity as an attribute is also educational, especially for those of whatever background or capacity who have been lured into thinking that there is no mystery about education and that it comes like a soft drink out of a vending machine. Far better to be somewhat hushed, to be given pause by the spiritual grandeur of a place which can never be bought prefabricated for assembly like a service station. Students would not be wrong, would lose nothing by first being overawed, as at Chartres.

Both compare the university with a city. Barzun does it correctly:

Newman [John Henry Cardinal Newman] long ago stated the spiritual necessity for a center. A university is the kind of institution to which people of like purpose come from all parts of the world The phenomenon of the city embodies the same law of human aggregation. The university is a city, or a city within a city.

This is vastly different from Birenbaum's insistence that the University must transform itself from what he says it is, an "institutional instrument" of "the affluent," to . . . well, he does not say clearly what it should become, except that it must meet "the test of the American Way [which] is being made on the streets of our city ghettos."

Isn't it too bad how Columbia is stumbling toward Birenbaum's goal instead of the one which Barzun describes?— MEDFORD EVANS

FROM POETRY

Edited By E. Merrill Root

IT is a part of the Cult of Ugliness that disfigures criticism in our day to deflate Tennyson. Certainly Alfred Lord Tennyson had his limitations — who has not? As Chesterton says, in his superlative *The Victorian Age In Literature*, "For whatever else Tennyson was, he was a great poet; no mind that feels itself free, that is, above the ebb and flow of fashion, can feel anything but contempt for the later effort to discredit him in that respect."

A magic of art, reminiscent of the magic of Virgil, made Tennyson a master of style; it seemed, in his best poetry, that he picked up *the* word on the point of his pen and set it perfect in the perfect place. At his best, his art was like Nature — like, let us say, the perfect hexagons of those master workmen, the golden bees, which they fill with honey that is the distilled heart of summer. His thought did not always, or even often, live up to the towering perfection of his style; but always it was his own, often it was in harmony with the truth of being, at its best it was living wisdom. How perfect about the modern world, Tennyson's line in "Locksley Hall" — "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers"! And how true to the immortal longings of man's timeless soul the lines from "The Passing of Arthur" that I quote below!

Beauty is strongest of all things. Small, mean, discordant things, being a part of time, perish with time; but the great cathedrals, the marbles of Michelangelo, the fugues of Bach, the canvases of Rembrandt, the poetry of Shakespeare — being a part of Eternity — stand serene above time. On a level only a little lower than these, and yet on a plateau of steadfast beauty, the poems of Tennyson stand secure.

Lines from THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

By Alfred Lord Tennyson

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:

"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?

Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?

For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge;
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest — if indeed I go —
For all my mind is clouded with a doubt —
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

* * *

Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint
As from beyond the limit of the world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a king returning from his wars.

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb
Even to the highest he could climb, and saw,
Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the King,
Down that long water opening on the deep
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
From less to less, and vanish into light,
And the new sun rose bringing the new year.

DAWN

There is a shining thing called truth:
And I have known this
On many cool and luminous mornings
When the color beyond
The slowly turning earth
Turned slowly, clearly gold,
And dawn-white stars melted
Into one immense and sounding light;

And through the endless afternoons
Of heat and emptiness,
I have waited for the quietude
When little flowers
Become a lost fragrance
Across the darkening grass
And stars begin again
Their sojourn into morning.

— MARTHA E. CHENEY

ENCOUNTER IN SUNLIGHT

This I know:
The starless time is ended now.
Soon there will be a music and a motion
That clocks can never count.
A bird will cry out toward the sun —
And be answered.
Even the fish, suspended in depths of blue weed,
Will quiver,
And beasts will come, alive, out of their darkness.



But now there is only
In the largeness of this day,
One standing at the edge of worlds
And the beginning of light,
Holding out bright flowers.

— MARTHA E. CHENEY

