

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Hermann Deutsch

'Comediens Francais'
Opens Here Tonight

ROME MAY BE consuming itself in fierce flames that leave only a horrible scar among the seven hills from which the once Eternal City had made herself mistress of all the known world . . . or the administration of Luh Grawnd Shawri may be teetering on the razor's edge of ultimate disintegration . . . Mother Africa may spawn yet another school of emergent nations to struggle in futility with the unlooked-for woes of an independence with the complexities of which no prior training has equipped a ruling class to cope . . . A Corsican corporal, the Golden Horde of a Genghis Khan, or an emotionally crack-brained paperhanger may emerge from his frustrations to lunge for dominance over "Europe today, tomorrow the World!"



HERMANN DEUTSCH

monolithic purpose of the Soviet international power apparatus—

AND CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, the uncontrolled and uncontrollable force of public opinion, ruffled by what at the moment appears to be deciding the course of centuries of empire may cloak from sight almost as though it never had strained for permanence, all signs of a titanic turbulence.

What says history?

No three men were individually and jointly more influential over the course of their world than Franklin Roosevelt, Winston Churchill and Iosip Djugashvili who called himself Stalin.

Roosevelt was the first and only president of this Union to break the unwritten precedent set by George Washington who refused to serve more than two consecutive terms as our nation's chief executive, lest this lead once again to the dynastic imperialism of one family's unearned royalty.

Churchill was recalled to serve as the actual head of the British Empire on which "no sun had ever set," when

. . . another Alexander, disease-wracked in the bursting might of his youth, may weep because no worlds remain to be conquered.

Or another Jim Garrison may challenge the dictum of a commission headed by the Chief Justice of the United States to trace race in minute detail the events transpiring only three years earlier in the abrupt extinction of the young President of the United States, whose ultimatum had checked even the

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defeat by the Axis seemed inevitable. He led his people back to the light of victorious freedom with the simple assertion that he had not once more become the chief of state to "preside over the liquidation of the British empire."

Stalin's rule was absolute. He could abolish his political foes at home physically as well as metaphysically, and continued to rule the Soviet Union from the inner recesses of the Kremlin, and from the more sinister darkness of a diseased mind. Yet he was toppled from the exalted role he had assigned to himself for perpetuity when his corpse was unceremoniously banished from its place in Lenin's tomb to the obscurity of a grave outside the Kremlin walls.

Each of these three mighty ones dropped out of sight and out of mind abruptly and totally; while the imperturbable world wagged on its way, perhaps to another and more dreadful Armageddon.

★ ★ ★

EVEN THE SCIENTISTS who, basically, ignored national boundaries as momentary and perishable artifacts, disappear when their time runs out, with no heir apparent based upon masculine primogeniture to carry on the task. But it is carried on, for all that. Sir Issac Newton, Aristotle, Galileo, Da Vinci, Harvey, Metchnikoff, Pasteur, Roentgen, the Wright brothers, the Duponts with their slogan, passed on from each generation to the next, of "better living through chemistry," Einstein, Milliken—the roll of these illustrious leaders could be interminable.

Yet an even greater future looms for others of their ilk as the heretofore impregnable barriers of time and space are breached, wall after wall, by mankind's newest and most daring breed, the astronauts.

Even today the "epic" challenge of Garrison against the accepted dicta of a Chief Justice and the FBI can not cloak from popular interest the fact that Les Comediens Francais of New Orleans open tonight a three-day run of one of Moliere's lesser known farce comedies, "Les Fourberies de Scapin," to be presented on the Players' Stage of Le Petit Theatre du Vieux Carre, with Louis Le Mire in the title role and Leo Zinser as director.

★ ★ ★

AND SINCE ALL THE foregoing was written in the early morning of Thursday—St. Patrick's eve—with the Garrison investigation and the Powell affair still in a state of flux, it illustrates specifically what I meant when in yesterday's column I spoke of saying nothing at great length and with pontifical profundity.