

the trainee cadres with a fiery nationalistic fervor to match the so-called revolutionary fervor of Vietcong cadres." (Toronto *Globe & Mail*, May 17.)

In overall charge of this alchemy is Gen. Edward G. Lansdale, "an American expert on pacification."

"His main job, some friends say, is to maintain close friendships with important Vietnamese and to create a climate in which they are receptive to American advice." (*Times*, *op. cit.*)

But with the Vietnamese, even "important Vietnamese," increasingly displaying a disinclination to accept "American advice," an undertaking limited to that objective might be quite unprofitable. Hence the cadres are also assigned an additional job to that of father-confessors:

"The cadres will do some of their most important work . . . through a process called 'census grievance,' in which peasants will be asked to make private complaints and secretly give information on the Communist underground." (*Ibid.*)

This is not the first attempt at producing in Vietnam synthetic types of people straight from "The Brave New World." But new in the present scenario is the call for the American fathers-organizers to remain in the background. This, however, is easier said than done:

"In their [the Americans'] presence, Vietnamese assistants smile uneasily and are clearly none-too-happy to be told, possibly in fun, that they are lazy sons of bitches." (*Young*, *op. cit.*)

Even those in charge of the Vung Tau school are not optimistic about their prospects of success. Not only are they aware that among the trainees "some may even be Vietcong", but they are already consoling themselves that by recruiting trainees "we're denying human material to the Vietcong" if nothing else. (*Ibid.*)

With all the pretenses of matching their enemies' responsiveness to Vietnamese needs, some day U.S. Marines may be soliciting loyalty while carrying copies of "The Communist Manifesto" under their arms.

The Relevance of an Inquest

A new book pertaining to the Kennedy assassination, Edward Jay Epstein's *Inquest: The Warren Commission and the Establishment of Truth* (see a review elsewhere in this issue), contains new data sufficient for thoughtful people to become convinced that the lone-assassin claim of the Warren Commission is untenable. Among the revelations in Mr. Epstein's book is FBI-gathered evidence that is incompatible with the Warren Report's over-all theory. First proof to this effect was found in the National Archives



by Vincent Salandria, Esq., and published in the April issue of this publication. Typically, when Mr. Harrison E. Salisbury, Assistant Managing Editor of *The New York Times* and its chief expert on data pertaining to the assassination, read the Salandria article he wrote us on March 24th:

"While I was very interested to read Mr. Salandria's findings, I do not believe that the report contains enough new material to make a story for us."

This reaction is typical in that it reveals not only the correspondent's but also American society's amazing indifference toward the truth about the assassination. Had the setting been, not American, but, let's say, French, Epstein's book, together with all the other already published material that compromises the Warren Report, would suffice

for no shred of the Warren yarn to survive. *J'accuse* both electrified and changed France; *Inquest* will neither electrify nor change America. Americans have grown quite comfortable with the lullaby quality of the Warren Report; they are not going to welcome attempts to undermine their equilibrium, such as it is. Even if someone broke into the National Archives and retrieved, from among the documents which are to remain secret for 75 years, a black-on-white blueprint of the assassination, revealing the political plot that not only took the life of a President but also significantly altered American policy, he would be less welcomed as a crusader for truth than decried as a publicity seeker, trouble maker and fanatic.

The author of *Inquest* is no social iconoclast. It is amazing how few social conclusions he draws from the miscarriage of justice he helps to expose. Even the Warren Commission itself escapes his somewhat over-restrained judgment with much respectability left in its account. Even while helping to raise the official curtain that has been drawn over the assassination case, Epstein nonetheless joins the chorus of anti-"demonologists." But all this reluctance to go wherever his own evidence might take him will hardly save his intellectual *bona fides*; for the sin of not swallowing an officially prescribed legend, he *will* be considered a fanatic.

In our super-pragmatic mentality anyone is a fanatic who insists on truth prevailing for its own sake. If he could show that by unearthing the facts of the Kennedy assassination, the wages or profits of so-and-so-many people would be affected, he would gain precisely that many partisans; if the disclosures produced a justification for sending ever more U.S. troops to Asia or for the notorious U.S. aircraft overflights over China, he would be praised for not having bowed to the Warren Report—but in the absence of an acceptable ulterior motive, truth is the least sought commodity in our society. Unless it serves an advantage, it is deemed less desirable than seemingly advantageous falsehood.

That is why most Americans are not interested in the real assassination story. That is also why no evidence can be sufficiently compromising to the generally accepted theory to have the kind of impact on America that Zola's crusade had on France. Even if someone succeeded in proving beyond dispute that John F. Kennedy was assassinated to make possible that war escalation which we now witness in Southeast Asia, his unchallengeable proof *would* be challenged, and his supporters and opponents would be divided quite exactly along the line of support and opposition to the war.

Thus, President Kennedy is buried not only under a heap of soil but also under an impregnable layer of moral callousness of the society that hailed him as Chief and that grieved for his untimely end.

Yet, there are in our midst exceptional people whose minds can think and not merely calculate, and whose intellects maintain no neutrality as between truth and falsehood. From among these people come a few independent researchers, journalists and writers, amateur and professional, who

have been making no less than heroic efforts to unravel the answers to how, why and what-for John F. Kennedy was felled. They do not know whether their investigations lead to "good" or "bad" results, yet they act out of that incorruptible human inquisitiveness that accounts for all progress. To them belongs the praise of future generations. One day there may even prevail an appreciation that had the nation shared the moral fiber of these few individuals, catastrophic developments to ourselves and other nations would have been averted.

Violence in Defense of Violence

War-time opposition to war has never been a popular cause. Nor has it ever enjoyed a truly democratic measure of tolerance. The techniques of persuasive violence vary, but the underlying manipulation by the war gods and the irrationality of the mob psychology do not. Since this here is alleged to be a democracy, and since the authorities find it expedient to pay lip service to the right of dissent, the job of terrorizing opposition is largely left to "private initiative." The standard procedure involves the authorities' hidden encouragement of fear tactics against dissenters, failure to protect them or to apprehend the criminals, and the frequent shifting of responsibility to victims—an old method, in which the Tsarist police excelled while engineering pogroms of Jews.

When the President of the United States incites domestic violence, he has enough legal and psychological advisers to tell him how he can do this without formally breaking the law and while obscuring his intent. He does not say, "beat them" or "kill them!"; instead, the formulation is:

"I ask you and I ask every American to put our country first . . . Put away all of the childish divisive things, if you want the maturity and the unity that is the mortar of a nation's greatness." (President Johnson in a Chicago speech on May 17th.)

Having thus implied that his critics put their country only in second place (second to the enemy?) and that they obstruct the "nation's greatness," the rest can reliably be left to lunatics whose test of patriotism and courage merely requires their "going to kill some Communists" right next door. This is in fact what one such Administration-inspired Detroit "patriot" pledged to his wife before shooting to death Leo Bernard and seriously wounding Jan Garret and Walter Graham, all three functionaries of the Socialist Workers Party. Three days after President Johnson's admonition in Chicago, the bullet-ridden body of Addison E. Wilkins, an active member of the Student Peace Union, together with that of another man, was found near a cemetery in Rich-

mond, Va. A New England group of pacifists, the Polaris Action Farm in Voluntown, Conn., describe some of the precautions they had to take to mitigate the dangers to which they have been exposed:

"We put blankets and ponchos behind all of the most exposed Farm windows to keep glass which might be broken from flying about the rooms. To help fight possible fires, extinguishers were put in the family room and a hose was readied for instant use. A truck was parked in the driveway to discourage people from driving rapidly around the house."

Lest someone think that these precautions were prompted by paranoia, we had better add that they followed an unending series of actual harassments.

There is no end to the cases of violence committed against war opponents. Often it is administered by policemen all too many of whom just happen to mistake attacked peace demonstrators for attackers. But even more pervasive than the physical terror is the violence done to the very soul of the nation. War hysteria cannot be produced without an intellectual and moral debasement. Our national leaders, specifically including President Johnson, ever more frequently and urgently utter words which are calculated to render dissent risky. Even when the "patriotic" crime is committed by a demented person, they bear ultimate responsibility for having inspired and politically directed the violence.

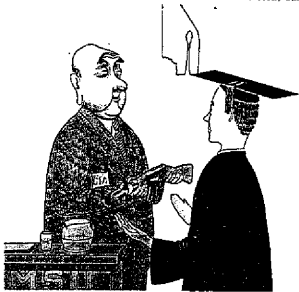
Gaudeamus Igitur

Dear Doctor Johnson,

A photograph showing you in academic attire while being accorded the title of *Doctor honoris causa* at Princeton University has done much to uplift my morale. This was especially so because ever since Sputnik I had felt that what the nation needed most was to have its intellectuals lead it.

You yourself have repeatedly expressed

—Richard Larson, TMO



your awareness of this need on that very occasion of your becoming a doctor: "We who work in Washington very much know the need for the vital flow of men and ideas between the halls of learning and the places of power." You, dear Doctor Johnson, noted that "the intellectual today is very much an inside man," and you welcomed the fact that "a new public servant has emerged. He may be the scholar who leaves his studies for the crucible of power in his state or national capital . . ."

How reassuring is the knowledge that at long last, and for the first time since Woodrow Wilson, the Presidency of this nation rests upon a true scholar, whose every notion and motion, utterance and manner, appearance and idea bespeak noble academic standards. And how comforting are your reassurances about the synthesis of intellect and power in your Administration. Indeed, the widely publicized photograph of you in your so very becoming academic cap and gown symbolizes this synthesis. It shows a trio—yourself, flanked by another academician who is identified as a member of the Secret Service; and by yet another academician, Prof. Cyril E. Black, of the Princeton faculty. Your claim that "the academic community has become a central instrument of public policy in these United States" is exemplified in Prof. Black no less than in you and your Secret Service companion. For it is not this very professor who, in 1964, figured so prominently in a spy trial in Bulgaria? Of course it is, the good old professor who made the full circuit between "the halls of learning and the places of power," the Princeton-Langley route . . .

So there you stood, the Academic Trio—all in academic robes, all with solemn expressions on your faces; all academicians, all agents.

Dear Doctor Johnson, I am so uplifted that for the past few days I have been succumbing to an uncontrollable urge of changing forth and back from my own academic robe to a Marine Corps uniform.

Gaudeamus igitur.