

chosen ones — words which, like hammer blows, open the gates to the hearts of the people. He who is without passion, whose lips are sealed, is not the chosen messenger of the will. To the man who is only a writer, let us say: 'Sit at your desk with your inkwell and engage in theoretical activity, if that is what you have the ability to do. You were not born a leader and have not been chosen one.' "

The third postulate is about relations toward people, toward "the throng," "the herd," sometimes more politely called "the mass":

"The mass loves a master more than someone who merely requests something of it. The mass is more satisfied with a teaching that suffers no other than with the toleration of various liberal freedoms. For the most part, the mass doesn't know what to do with liberal freedoms, and even feels abandoned in such circumstances."

(The author of these "postulates," so precisely applicable both to the rightists, and the Maoists, and the Mafia, was Hitler.)

A series of investigations

... I found no place to stay over either in Palermo or in Termini. The hotel prices were sky high.

"Go to Cefala," I was advised. "It's a pretty little town, an old one right on the coast, and it has a few hotels of different qualities."

So I went to Cefala.

I stopped at a gas station and decided to get another 20 litres. Usually people don't get very much gas at a

time in the West, since they have gas stations all over the place, and gasoline is expensive. Nobody wants to waste money, and if two or three litres evaporates, that's quite a bit of money. But I, accustomed to our huge distances and few gas pumps, filled the tank; people stared at me with their eyes popping out, especially when gasoline bubbled up around the gas cap. In Sicily they conserve every drop, just like a pastry chef decorating a holiday cake with very expensive icing.

The left rear tire on my Fiat was a little flat. I opened the trunk to find the jack and couldn't believe my eyes: there was no jack and no spare tire either!

I immediately figured out in my head how much it would cost to pay for the missing jack and tire ("You live and learn, but die a fool" — I should have checked the car before I left Syracuse!), compared this price with how much money I had left, and began to feel somewhat uncomfortable. There might not be enough.

I was in a very low mood when I arrived in Cefala. I tried to fix my mind on the town, which is famous for its "coastal Mafia," but I couldn't get my head clear. An unpleasant thought, especially when it has to do with the next day, is like a pebble in your shoe. It's always there.

I checked in at a medium-cheap hotel, went down to the pizzeria, and ordered Italy's tastiest food, Neapolitan pizza. It's very similar to our Batum khachapuri, but it has tomatoes instead of eggs.

There was only one table set in the pizzeria. Five adults — two men and three women — were sitting at it, along with a dozen children, incredibly friendly, noisy, and laughing little Italians. The children were

Who's got the news that's fit to print?

Apparently word of the Executive Intelligence Review's exclusive translation of "Capriccio Siciliano" is getting around. For the New York Times's lead editorial of Nov. 16 includes a vigorous denunciation of conspiracy theories in general and of an especially outrageous such theory on the Kennedy killing from the Soviet Union in particular.

Huffs the Times:

If the United States keeps reopening investigations of the assassination of President Kennedy, a New Republic writer recently suggested, well then let Italy reopen an inquiry into the assassination of Julius Ceasar ...

Such acid comment was prompted by the House Assassination Committee and was surely justified by the way it began investigating the murders of John Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr. and the conspiracy theories generated by both. Poisonous feuds and lurid leaks soon made the committee look even more irresponsible than the fearful fantasies.

But then came a new chairman, Representative Louis Stokes of Cleveland, and a new chief counsel, G. Robert Blakey, of Cornell Law School. Abruptly, the leaks stopped and the committee's work became disciplined. If it continues on its prudent course, the committee will make two impor-

tant contributions after all.

The first concerns the billow of conspiracy theories generated by the Dallas assassination: the Russians did it; no, the Cubans; no, the Mafia. A Soviet writer now claims it was *Peking*, in cahoots with the Mafia ... Instead, the committee put the conspiracy theories on trial — and found them invalid

In an upcoming issue the Executive Intelligence Review will present the story behind the Stokes Committee coverup, and the role of whiskey king Edgar Bronfman and his Permindex organization in the Kennedy and other assassinations. What will the New York Times say to that?