

present recall. The French would be reeducated, as would be the Italians, and so on. Now, you may say that through people like Rupert Murdoch and Robert Maxwell, this has actually taken place, and the populations of Western Europe have, to some extent, been sucked out from under the feet of their political leadership by Anglo-Saxon control of the mass media. But the last page has not been written, and France still exists.

Was de Gaulle a French imperialist, as English historians, the latest being Antony Verrier, never cease to claim? Lefranc only skims the surface of de Gaulle's relations to the Third World, his generosity toward downcast Spain, the nobility and love he showed toward Germany after the war. In his zeal to avoid making personal attacks on powerful figures in French colonial circles, some of whom may perhaps finance today's "Gaullist" party, Lefranc opens his flank to those who would cry: "Yes, a dirty imperialist." Lefranc never once refers to the Synarchy, nor to the big names in banking untouched from Vichy down to our day, though he does hint at General Weygand's Hapsburg allegiances. Why not be clear? De Gaulle never sold a molecule of France for some specious advantage, but neither did he see his job on this earth as the defender of French territorial claims, and Lefranc himself says as much, in his chapter on the Algerian War. There he proves, contrary to received opinion, that de Gaulle had decided from the outset that such a war could never be won and that France had to let go. Again, Lefranc lets us down on the Algerian War: He attacks de Gaulle's former cabinet member Jacques Soustelle, for cowardice because of his support of the terrorist Secret Army Organization; but he fails to explain how Soustelle got his money and international backing. Nor is there anything enlightening here on the massive Anglo-American interference in both the Algerian War and the riots of 1968 which led to de Gaulle's overthrow. Our memorialist refers only in the vaguest of terms to the real imperial French cliques, fattened on Indochina and who now agitate for the Syrian alliance—though then, as now, their actions were nothing if not treason. Lefranc's silences on such things in fact speak loudly about the pitiful state of "Gaullism" today.

Before Mr. LaRouche was thrown into jail, he went often to France. In the early 1970s, the old Gaullist elite was not merely alive, but still pretty frisky. I have myself heard these men say to him: "You are the American de Gaulle." And once someone said: "You are like de Gaulle, only better, because you are more universal." I remember the Resistance fighter, then a Deputy, who dropped his cigar and knocked over a bottle of whisky when he said that. If all the old Resistance fighters who know Mr. LaRouche had kept their word, and had spoken out against his jailing, perhaps he might be free now.

Like LaRouche, de Gaulle was not a politician, but above all, a scientist. He trained for the military career at St. Cyr in the days when history, geometry, and engineering formed

the core of the curriculum, not computer war games and covert operations manuals. His mind was completely free. The beauty of soul, the moral power in the "Appel du 18 juin" can only be compared to the greatest poetry. The essence of Christianity, its incredible power, is summed up in the "Appel," when he writes: "Toutes les fautes, tous les retards, toutes les souffrances, n'empêchent pas qu'il y a, dans l'univers, tous les moyens pour écraser un jour nos ennemis. . . . Le destin du monde est là." ("All our sins, all our hesitation, all our suffering, do not change the fact that there exist, in the universe, the means to one day crush our enemies. . . . There lies the fate of the world.")

De Gaulle also had a delightful sense of humor. I cannot resist repeating one of Lefranc's funniest true stories. At a state dinner, a puffed-up fellow is telling the assembled company how much he knows about poetry. De Gaulle recites a little poem, and says, Guess who wrote it! The fellow hems and haws, "Ah yes, a charming writer from the turn of the century, his name escapes me." "How right you are!" says de Gaulle. "I was born in 1890."

Books Received

Politics by Other Means: The Declining Importance of Elections in America, by Benjamin Ginsberg and Martin Shefter, Basic Books, New York, 1990, 226 pages, hardbound, \$19.95.

Multiple Exposures, Chronicles of the Radiation Age, by Catherine Caufield, University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1990, 304 pages, paperbound, \$13.95.

Painted Black, by Carl Raschke, Harper and Row, New York, 1990, 276 pages, hardbound, \$22.95.

The New Money Makers, by John Train, Harper and Row, New York, 1990, 385 pages, hardbound, \$22.50.

The Best of Russell Baker, There's a Country in My Cellar, by Russell Baker, William Morrow, New York, 1990, 432 pages, \$20.95.

Patenting the Sun, Polio and the Salk Vaccine, by Jane S. Smith, William Morrow, New York, 1990, 413 pages, hardbound, \$22.95.

Every Spy a Prince, The Complete History of Israel's Intelligence Community, by Dan Raviv and Yossi Melman, Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1990, 466 pages, \$24.95.