

Stalin. . . Mr. Tebbit's tough action was signalled by his reaction to the Stockton attack in August. He interrupted his holiday to issue an apology to the former Conservative Prime Minister and to denounce the article as "disgraceful."

But no sooner had Mr. Tebbit resumed his holiday . . . Early in 1987 *The Times* reported:

The spectre of the Cossacks who were murdered after being sent back to the Soviet Union by the British at the end of the second world war has returned to haunt a senior Tory figure. . . Lord Aldington, war hero, Conservative politician and now warden of Winchester College, has been compelled by the activities of Nigel Watts, a 48-year-old property developer from Tunbridge Wells, to launch a libel action that will bring about the first court airing of the Cossacks controversy. The dispute follows the row last year over allegations against Lord Stockton, formerly Harold Macmillan, published in the *Federation of Conservative Students'* magazine, *New Agenda*. This time, however, the row seems unlikely to fade away, as it did after Stockton's death last December halted public debate over his alleged responsibility for the repatriation. . . Aldington, 72, filed a writ of libel . . . after Watts had begun to circulate 10,000 copies of a four-page pamphlet among the parents, staff and old boys of Winchester College, MP's, peers, and journalists. The pamphlet makes a number of allegations about Aldington's involvement with Macmillan and his role in the forced repatriation of the Cossacks. At the time, Aldington, then Brigadier Toby Low, was chief of staff to General Keightley's Fifth Corps in Austria. The allegations in the pamphlet are drawn from *The Minister and*

the Massacres, the book by Nikolai Tolstoy that was the source of the *New Agenda* accusations last August.

The headmaster of Winchester, whose playing fields, like those of Eton and Harrow, bear witness to history, was unmoved. Not only did James Sabben-Clare refuse to look into the allegations against the warden, but he also hit the enemies of Tory order where it really hurt, banning a review of *The Minister and the Massacres* from appearing in the school magazine.

In fact, Count Tolstoy explains in his appeal, the text of Nigel Watts's pamphlet "War Crimes and the Wardenship of Winchester College" was "written by myself," and, when Aldington sued Watts, Tolstoy's lawyers wrote to Aldington's lawyers "requesting that he consent to my being made a defendant to these proceedings. Such consent not being immediately

forthcoming," a summons was issued. "As a result," Tolstoy concludes triumphantly, "I am, with Nigel Watts, now being sued by Lord Aldington." It is indeed a triumph. "For the first time, this major tragedy and betrayal will be subjected to public examination in a court hearing." (Anyone with the means and the vision to help Count Tolstoy in this cause is urged to make a contribution to The Forced Repatriation Defense Fund, The Old Courtyard, Church Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN1 1JT, England.)

While Count Tolstoy was fighting for the memory of the martyrs—as his great uncle, of *War and Peace* fame, once fought for the Old Believers—another installment of the same tragedy was unfolding on both sides of the Atlantic. On August 24, 1987, Reuters reported that "in the Lithuanian capital, Vilnius, a crowd of 500 defied warnings from the authorities and gathered in front of St. Anne's Church

BOOKS IN BRIEF—ANCIENT HISTORY

Gentlemen and Officers: Imperial Administration and Aristocratic Power in Byzantine Italy, A.D. 554-800 by T.S. Brown, London: British School at Rome; 288 pp. Byzantine possessions in Italy were caught in an unpleasant bind, between the growing power of the papacy, the rise of barbarian kingdoms—Franks and Lombards—and the claims of the Empire itself. By concentrating on the political careers of important officers and officials, Brown does a good job of portraying the conflict of loyalties and the steady development of local attachments.

Spartan Law by D.M. MacDowell, Edinburgh: Scottish Academic Press. Spartan customs were puzzling even to their neighbors, but the Spartan "constitution" was as attractive to the American Founding Fathers as it was to Plato and Xenophon. MacDowell's little book is a lucid and intelligent introduction to the Spartan legal system. Without really settling the major scholarly controversies, MacDowell does survey the primary evidence and offers a persuasive account of an originally cohesive and consensual system that came gradually to be abandoned.

The Scurra by P.B. Corbett, Edinburgh: Scottish Academic Press. The "scurra" is a figure that crops up repeatedly in Roman comic literature, and Corbett traces his evolution from busybody to entertainer. To their credit, the ancients only laughed at Rodney Dangerfield—they didn't respect him.

The Rise of Urbanization and the Decline of Citizenship by Murray Bookchin, San Francisco: Sierra Club Books. Bookchin, the darling of the nuts-and-berries left, is no scholar, but his imaginative discussion of citizenship and civil responsibility is an important contribution to the current debate on democracy. Like Benjamin Barber, whose work he admires, Bookchin calls for strong, participatory democracy such as that once enjoyed by the citizens of Greek and Italian city-states, and it is at this point of communitarian freedom that honest leftists, libertarians, and Jeffersonian conservatives meet. Bookchin's analysis of our present situation is infinitely richer and more serious than most of what is currently passing for conservative wisdom.

The Athenian Trireme: The History and Reconstruction of an Ancient Greek Warship by J.S. Morrison and J.F. Coates, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press; 266 pp. Not long ago in *Chronicles* Frederick Turner suggested that historical recreations might be a more powerful way of understanding the past than much of traditional scholarship. By far the most exciting such attempt in recent years has been the construction of an Athenian trireme. No one interested in ancient history or sailing will want to pass up this lucid and informative account.

in the Old City. There they sang patriotic songs and chanted 'freedom, freedom.' Some wore black armbands to commemorate Lithuanians who fell victim to Stalin." Reports from Riga, the capital of Latvia, spoke of "a crowd of 2,000 gathering to protest against Soviet influence in the republic," and a similar demonstration took place in Tallin. Simultaneously, "Long newspaper articles gave the Soviet interpretation of the 1939 [Hitler-Stalin] treaty: that it protected the interests of the Soviet Union and the Baltic states by protecting them from German occupation."

That same day, August 24, accord-

ing to *The Times*, "The Soviet Union officially asked Britain to extradite a 71-year-old Lithuanian, now living in Edinburgh, who they say is guilty of war crimes. . . . Earlier this year representatives from the Nazi-hunting Simon Wiesenthal Centre in Los Angeles came to Britain and presented a dossier of allegations against Mr. Gecas to the Home Secretary."

Meanwhile, in the United States, on the strength of "videotaped testimony" provided by the Soviet "authorities" (KGB? All-Union Committee for an Ecologically Sound Environment? Goslitizdat? Gosbank? Inturist? Dr. Chazov? Who cares?), Karl Linnas, a

66-year-old American citizen, has been stripped of his citizenship, pronounced guilty by judges of the U.S. Federal Circuit Court, arrested and placed in solitary confinement, and ordered to be deported to Russia—to be shot after a brief farce of a trial. His plight became known largely because the Estonian King Lear was fortunate to have three loyal Cordelias as his daughters, who sent an open letter to American journalists (which some of them—one or two—thought important enough to publicize). Some 42,000 Americans are said to be potential suspects facing a similar charge. Will Soviet "videotaped testimony" replace due process of law for them as well?

But perhaps more importantly, is it not those who invaded and annexed Estonia, by destroying everyone resisting, who should be on trial as war criminals—not this American citizen who is to be shot by them on the basis of their "videotaped testimony"? And, ultimately, is there any evidence that the post-1917 regime in Russia has been more dedicated to justice and, in particular, less guilty of war crimes, than the National Socialist regime in 1933-1945? For, even if the persecution of Jews is the only measure of injustice, there is no denying that it was only Stalin's death that delayed (although perhaps not indefinitely) a wholesale extermination of Jews on Soviet territory.

By the autumn of 1987, the Wiesenthal Centre hysteria was becoming a media epidemic. "How the SS Came to Britain," proclaimed the title of an exhaustive Spectrum series of articles in *The Times*, prompted by the controversy around the case of Mr. Gecas. Here is a sample paragraph, conceived and written without, apparently, even a twinge of irony:

"Operation Keelhaul" [devised by General Keightley and his Fifth Corps] "to implement the Yalta Agreement and repatriate Soviet citizens to Russia, among them 50,000 Cossacks" was launched by the British and the Americans to satisfy the Russians' demands; its failure [relatively speaking] was due to deliberate sabotage [!] by a

As goes the American Family, so goes our nation.

Long battered, neglected, maligned, and divided, the American Family's regeneration as a powerful center for values, achievement, and fulfillment is an unmistakable signal: a good idea whose time has come. Again.

That's why a new publication is chronicling events, floodlighting the issues, debunking the bureaucrats and social experimenters, and talking common sense.

This publication is called *The Family in America*.

Each month, its editors grapple with fundamental issues affecting your family's future.

The Family in America will:

- joust with the bureaucrats and martinets who muddle public policy affecting the American Family;

- expose governmental tinkering and double-speak on family issues;
- probe the underlying statistics and trends running in favor of your family – and against it;
- reveal the works and exceptional research of today's best and brightest scholars, writers, educators.

If you think it's important to be informed about the forces that may affect the health and well-being of your family now and in the years ahead, the choice is a simple one.

Take pen in hand, and subscribe now.

**For fast ordering call toll free
(800) 892-0753 IL
(800) 435-0715 Outside IL**

The Family in America ABSOLUTELY "YES!" Count me in!

- ☐ Yes! Please enter my subscription to *The Family in America* at \$14.97 for 12 monthly issues. I save \$6.03 off the basic rate of \$21. ☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Canadian and foreign orders add \$6 per year, payable in U.S. funds only. Please allow 4-6 weeks for your first copy to arrive. Mail coupon to: P.O. Box 416, Mt. Morris, IL 61054

TF388

British officer, Major Denis Hills, who was unsympathetic [!] to the notion of repatriation. British policy, however, was clear: *if any of the Ukrainians were Russians*, they would be returned [my italics].

Poor Major Hills! Unsympathetic to the notion of murder! He must have been a Ukrainian, not a Russian like Mr. Gecas or Mr. Linnas . . .

But back to Count Tolstoy. On January 25 of this year, the London *Standard* reported:

The wise and kindly Nigel Nicholson, who's just turned 71, is not a man to enter lightly into a fray. But he heads a list of some striking grandees who'll be supporting Nigel Watts and Count Nikolai Tolstoy in the libel courts before long. . . . Nicholson . . . provided Tolstoy with important military documents on which the author, partly based his attack on Aldington in the book. He says that if necessary he'll supply further documents, kept secret since his time as an Army Intelligence Officer in central Europe immediately after the war. He denies that he is courageous to join the attack on the nation's war heroes at such a late hour. "I wouldn't claim courage," he says. "I was a witness to it and it's my duty to give evidence," he says.

At the end of January, students at Cambridge were looking forward to a Cambridge Union debate: "This House sees Glasnost as a step towards fundamental reform in the Soviet Union," with Count Tolstoy, Lord Bethell, and Vladimir Bukovsky scheduled to speak in opposition. I was looking forward to having lunch with Nikolai Dmitrievich, to hear the latest news of the lawsuit.

On January 22, the Union Society President, Stephen Greehalgh, wrote to Count Tolstoy:

I have extremely disappointing news about the forthcoming debate on Glasnost.

The disappointing news was that Lord

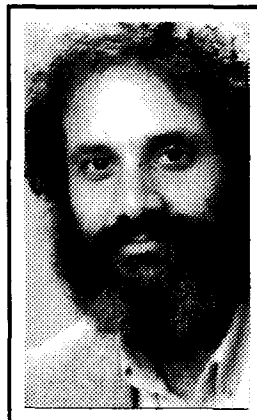
Bethell had refused to speak in the same debate with the litigious Count Tolstoy, who explained to me that the only conceivable reason

for Lord Bethell's otherwise inexplicable behaviour is that he is very frightened indeed that Lord Aldington may choose to sue him as well, in connexion with the forthcoming libel case in which I am engaged. This seems to me not only less than courageous, but also a wholly mistaken view. Since Lord Aldington was compelled against his will to sue me, it is scarcely likely that he will go out of his way to undertake actions against others. . . . That is Lord

Bethell's affair, however, and does not concern me. What does is the extreme bad manners of the Union President, who chose to withdraw the invitation extended to me. . . . It all seems a far cry from the days when my father was President of the Union in 1935, which was also the year of my birth.

And a far cry it was. The debate, on February 12, took place in what the Soviets call a "friendly, constructive atmosphere," in keeping with the spirit of *glasnost*.

Andrei Navrozov is poetry editor for Chronicles.



Help Linda Shapiro Complete Her Husband's Final Film

American filmmaker Lee Shapiro was making a documentary in a dangerous place—Afghanistan. He wanted to tell a story of courage and love, the story of the Afghan freedom fighters' battle against the brutal Soviet occupation of their country.

On October 9th, 1987, Lee was nearly finished with his second film trip, when four Soviet helicopter gunships ambushed his group. Lee was wounded in the leg, and lay unarmed as Russian soldiers seized his film, cameras, and journals. They shot him twice in the chest. Lee died three hours later.

Lee's widow, Linda, needs your help to finish her husband's final film. Additional funds are needed to complete film development and editing. With your assistance, this powerful documentary can reach the American people before May 1, 1988.

Please send your tax-deductible donations or write for more information to:

Afghanistan Documentary Film Project
3620 Lincoln Terrace North Bergen, New Jersey 07047
(201) 865-0409



POP CULTURE

Music of the Peers

by Gary Vasilash

I recently attended a performance by the quartet known as Montreux, a group which, as you may know, records for Windham Hill. I had first seen Montreux perform a couple years back during Detroit's international jazz festival that's called, coincidentally enough, Montreux/Detroit. Those whose sensibilities were shaped by rock and roll may know Montreux-the-city only through the reference to it in Deep Purple's perennial favorite, "Smoke on the Water." The city, however, is more widely thought of in terms of jazz.

Windham Hill automatically tunes our thinking to "New Age" music, a term—an epithet, really—associated with whale sounds, white noise, channeling, Novocain, organic food, and other neural depressants. It's music that people listen to in order to tune out. At the same time, it's said to be yuppie music, which seems somewhat contradictory, for all of the yuppies in my acquaintance tend to worry about things like the "GRQ factor," which, for those of you who aren't familiar with the sublingo of the BMW set, means "get rich quick." There's little time to be laid back when you're on a roll—cocaine, not quaaludes, is the drug of choice.

When I went to the local computer network to buy the tickets for Montreux, the young lady behind the counter was puzzled. She'd never heard of the band. Had I inquired about Anthrax, the Junk Monkeys, or Common Ailments of Maturity (and I swear that I'm not making these names up), things would have gone more smoothly. When communications were more firmly established, she showed me that my seats could be front row center. As a veteran of concerts by the Rolling Stones, The Who, Rod Stewart, Derek and the Dominoes (yes, that's Clapton for you latecomers), Peter Frampton

(when he was as big as Michael Jackson, not a nobody sideman for an aging David Bowie), and several others, the notion of getting front row center seats strikes me as a bizarre fluke, a wrinkle in the fabric of the universe. Those seats are for the anointed few: girlfriends of the band members, record company guests, and ticket winners from radio stations. The girl behind the counter was similarly mystified: a group she'd never heard of and choice seats available without having to camp out in a parking lot waiting for them. It goes without saying that I snatched them.

One thing that struck me about seeing the members of Montreux up close is that they are my contemporaries: late 20's to early 30's. A few weeks earlier I happened to walk into the Omni International Hotel in Detroit with the band Heart and rode in an elevator with an unguarded Nancy Wilson. Then, also, it occurred to me that those people, too, are baby boomers. Heart can still do relics like "Crazy on You" during its performances and get rave reviews. Montreux goes on stage of a theater that's much smaller than any of the Heart outlets and sees more empty seats than people. And the music it performs, an acoustic jazz with roots in the music of Django Reinhardt in the 1920's, tends to be derided as up-to-date Muzak. The differences between the two are a function of ill will, marketing, and technology.

Some so-called New Age music is elevator music—of elevators in opium dens or places where the harmonic convergence has occurred. Listen to the electric harp of Andreas Vollenweider or the piano of Scott Cossu for too long, and you'll be able to stick needles into your fingers without reaction. It's movie music to the nth degree.

But listen to guitarist Michael Hedges—better yet, listen and see him—and you'll come to realize that acoustic guitars can make sounds that no microprocessor-based instrument will ever be able to simulate. Hedges' sonic picking/strumming/fingering/plucking/rapping/twanging is anything

but staid. He has been referred to as "the guitarist from another planet," and it isn't simply because of his dreadlocks.

One source of the blanket indictment against New Age music is simple jealousy. These musicians (even the boring ones) know how to play their instruments. There's no place to run or hide where you're doing a solo that isn't obscured by a wah-wah pedal. It's easy to imagine these musicians practicing, practicing, practicing, perfecting their skills day after day, while the other kids were out doing something or nothing. Even those other students who attempted to be poets fared better, for they could be easily derided. (Now they are pulling down \$70K per year as copywriters.) Members of the high school business club had a built-in support group. The thespians had to be gutsy, anyway. But those who worked hard at playing musical instruments simply didn't register.

There were, of course, other musicians in high school, those who had their Gibsons and Marshalls and Pearl sets. They played dances, parties, benefits, eventually bars, and possibly concert halls at some point. As theirs was a popular, public form (i.e., mimicking what was being played on radios), they received greater recognition and acceptance.

But what is to be made of a band like Montreux? Forget them. Ignore them. Identify them with a group of people that no one wants to be identified with. Mediocrity cannot abide talent and skill.

That's the jealousy part. Another aspect is commercial and technical.

In 1984, compact disc (CD) players arrived. They were expensive. At about \$800, they were in the domain of the audiophiles. Check a newspaper ad for a discount appliance outlet today, and you'll see that some players can be obtained for about a tenth of the original price. In 1987, shipments of CD's increased 131 percent over the 1986 level. Prices for the discs are going down, too, from \$15 to \$10 and below. With these downward trends, the num-