

COSMIC HERETICS

A Personal History of Attempts
to Establish and Resist Theories
of Quantavolution and Catastrophe
in the Natural and Human Sciences,
1963 to 1983.

by

Alfred de Grazia

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On the cover, Isodensitometer tracing of comet Morehouse 1908 III, in J. Rahe et al., Atlas of Cometary Forms (Washington: NASA, 1962), 63-4.

This book is dedicated
to whoever figures in it,
whether or not by name.

*The most elementary books of science betrayed the inadequacy of old implements of thought. Chapter after chapter closed with phrases such as one never met in older literature: "The cause of this phenomenon is not understood;" "science no longer ventures to explain causes;" "the first step towards a causal explanation still remains to be taken;" "opinions are very much divided;" "in spite of the contradictions involved;" "science gets on only by adopting different theories, sometimes contradictory." Evidently the new American would need to think in contradictions, and *instead* of Kant's famous four antinomies, the new universe would know no law that could not be proved by its anti-law.*

To educate -- one's self to begin with -- had been the effort of one's life for sixty years; and the difficulties of education had gone on doubling with the coal-output, until the prospect of waiting another ten years, in order to face a seventh doubling of complexities, allured one's imagination but slightly.

From : *The Education of Henry Adams : An Autobiography*. Privately published in 1906, in 100 copies, and sent to interested persons for comment. General publication ensued in 1918. In 1975 republished by Berg: Dunwoody, Georgia.

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IN SEARCH OF TIMES PAST

I did not obtain Alfred de Grazia ' s materials for this book without remonstrance and persiflage. I had thought that he would be pleased to have someone writing about his activities, especially someone like myself who could be counted upon for sympathy, and indeed intended to do so, in several volumes, no less. Strange, for Immanuel Velikovsky had responded to me in the same way!

When I muttered something about reminiscence and the consolations of old age, he was primed for the retort, and I learned that Leonard Woolf had written his autobiography in *his* eighties, in five volumes, and Woolf was then old enough to be his father, and Bertrand Russell at the same age in three volumes. And I had better read them.

Furthermore, said he, I have a lot to recount, think of it, a boyhood spent sniffing the stench of the Chicago stockyards, shivering in the icy blasts off the prairies, a small critter ' s glance up the skirts of the Roaring Twenties. Then the University of Chicago in the heyday of Robert Maynard Hutchins. And more, seven campaigns of World War II, and still more, an island of the Aegean Sea, an experimental college in the Swiss Alps, intelligent women, singular, even beautiful, women, even beautiful men, for that matter. No, I can ' t let you take it away, there ' s too much to say.

Let me try, I said, there ' ll be no conflict of interest. I ' ll hew to the line of the Cosmic Heretics as they tried to break into the halls of science. It ' s got to be dull. It ' ll save you doing the chore. I can ' t take in your *enfants terribles* or your politicking, your love affairs or your friends who escaped your involvement in cosmic heresies. Or your poetry or attempts at educational revolution. No Naxos, not the beautiful ideas by half. No grueling trips, failures, pains, unless they ' re cosmical. No Vietnam, no University life.

Then Deg began to reproach me for taking a person ' s life out of its context, arguing that you have to talk about everything to say the

truth about anything, whereupon I argued that no field of science could exist if most of everything weren't left out of the investigation of single thing.

Well certainly, he granted, you'll have a better chance of excising the insignificant details of life. Yes, exactly, I said, but I thought there's the problem and the genius of biography, fixing upon the details which may be the fulcrum of a change of life, precisely the sort of thing that is often lost in sociology and history.

Where will it start, where will it end, he wondered. I'll start, I said, at the time when you met Immanuel Velikovsky, the beginning of 1963, and carry it down to the publication of your *Quantavolution Series*, that is, the beginning of 1984. Not in chronological order of course. The story will lurch from side to side and pitch and roll.

Using your iconoclastic word "quantavolution" will help to define the *dramatis personae*. If a person's been observed by you amidst the melee provoked by the claim that nature and mankind have been fashioned by disaster, then that person belongs to the cast of characters.

Deg told me that the cosmic heretics were many, and their number would grow with the acceptance of the heresy. But, he warned me, if the heresy were to fail, I would be guilty of slandering decent citizens by inclusion. In either event, he said, history will be rewritten; it always is.

To whom will you dedicate your book, he asked, which was tantamount to giving his blessing to the project. To the Cosmic Heretics, naturally, I answered Anyhow, I have already taken care of Velikovsky with the dedication of my first book in the field. V. died four years ago, seventeen years after we met, and before we met had done almost all of his writing. For my own part, previously I had done a lot in political behavior and methodology, but nothing that might be called quantavolution. It was a sociological problem that brought us together in the first instance -- the reception system of science I called it afterwards. Although I might have known better, I almost immediately entered into the substantive theory of catastrophe; I couldn't resist the challenge.

And I am just about finished now. (I grinned, and so did he.) I'm beginning to repeat myself, too, so it's not a bad time to end with your book. By the way, have you read everything that I've ever written? Yes, of course. Just wondering, he mused, because V. tried never to talk to a person about his works who hadn't read the pertinent volumes. It makes sense and saved his time.

I don't feel strongly about it: my books are children who have gone off somewhere, on their own responsibility. I don't possess them, though I ask that they not be mistreated -- the same as I would for other people's children. Who is entirely read, anyhow, he asked of me almost angrily, as if I had raised the subject.

I said I didn't know. Once I had met a psychologist who had read the 24 volumes of Freud's collected works. Still, commented Deg, some of his pieces escaped the Hogarth Press. William Yeats dedicated his autobiography "to those few people mainly personal friends who had read all that I have written," but probably no one qualified. It's good that nobody has read everything of anybody. It might abet the idea that where the pen stops the person vanishes. Rather, although the powers of expression tower above life, life rampages uncontrollably below.

PART ONE

CHAPTER ONE

ROYAL INCEST

Alfred de Grazia was entering his forty-fourth year when he met a self-styled cosmic heretic, Immanuel Velikovsky, who was already sixty-seven, and for the next twenty years a wide band of life's spectrum was colored by their relationship. As with a love affair, all that happened in the beginning presaged what would happen later, stretched out on the scale of time, themes doubling back upon themselves, attractions and reservations never to be erased, continuing accumulations.

The men changed, the world of science changed, too, and also the political world, yet this latter less; for, after all, one man died and the other grew old, whereas science and politics, those statistical behemoths of collective behavior, go on forever, compounded of many millions of individuals whose average age hardly varies, exhibiting trends whose progress, if it could be called such, is hardly discernible and might indeed have constituted a regression. At least so it seemed to these two men who were trying to affect the science and politics of their time.

Velikovsky died a heretic, with scattered generally unfavorable press, while his friend de Grazia moved on with a spirit that could be called existential, convinced as before that politics (and he insisted upon regarding science, too, as politics and often included politics in psychopathology) -- that politics, although probably irredeemable, was the elemental hydrogen of human behavior, no matter how compounded into life styles.

As the winter days of 1962 became 1963 in Princeton, New Jersey, 08540 U.S.A., families and friends gathered into clusters like the last of the leaves, so the half-consciously and driven by eddies of customs and calendar, de Grazia saw more of his friends like Livio

Catullus Stecchini and of his brother Sebastian. He did not know Velikovsky, and if he had been asked about him, he would have replied that he had never heard of him.

This may appear strange, considering that Deg was to be numbered, by whatever scales a social psychologist might invent to distinguish the "informed and involved" from the "ignorant and apathetic," as a high-scorer on information and involvement. He had enough children in the Princeton school system, a half-dozen, to catch the sound of names from all quarters. He spent part of each week in New York City and at Greenwich village where, of all places, the name of Velikovsky might have been bruted about. He had since 1957 published and edited a magazine, the *American Behavioral Scientist*, which pretended to cover those matters that were or should be the concern of social scientists. He personally scanned a hundred and fifty magazines in the social sciences and current affairs each month. He had many students, several of them close friends. His parents and the families of two brothers were living most of the time at Princeton.

He was not socially pretentious, nor a prideful man, not a University snob, and had had to pawn his professional reputation several times on behalf of scholarly and political iconoclasm. Withal, when it came down to it, he claimed that he had never heard of a man about whom a million or more Americans could have delivered him a rancorous account. One feature that makes mass society a horror-show is the actual anonymity of the famous. (However, the mass scatoma of social realities may be a worse feature.)

This he confessed when Livio Stecchini, as they walked a along Nassau street on that cold day, brought up the matter, disjointedly, as happens with men walking down the street to no end, intellectuals with minds chock-full of oddly related and far-off affairs, old friends whose thoughts needed no introduction nor conclusion. Knowing the two men, I imagine that their conversation would have gone something like this:

"There is a man in Princeton with good material on the scientific establishment... Cosmogonist... They suppressed his books."

"What do you mean, suppressed his books ?"

"They smeared him."
"Like Reich? Like Semmelweis?"
"Yes."
"What does he do?"
"He lives here. He writes."
"About what?"
"Mythology, astronomy, the Bible, ancient catastrophes."
"What does he live on?"
"His books. They are very well sold."
"That's not our topic."
"No. The *ABS* could take up the sociological side. It's rich."

Deg was skeptical. Although his *American Behavioral Scientist* would stop at nothing, every scientist had his one or two little scandals of defamation, every professor his Dean 's crime, his edgy paranoia, and you had to take his word for it. It was the same in politics, dirty tricks everywhere and defamation as a matter of course. As for the juggernaut of science, it rolled along smashing unconscionably the god 's celebrants who crowded in upon it from all sides with fresh ideas and reputations.

"His materials are rich." Again that remark.
"Really?"
"I can introduce you. We can go to his house. He lives on Hartley Avenue."
"Down near the Lake."
"To take a look at his stuff."
"Maybe... What's his name?"
"Velikovsky."
"Never heard of him."

A few days later Stecchini received a phone call from Deg. Deg had been to dinner at Sebastian 's home. There was the usual babble and movement afterwards. He circled around the front room with its piles of papers and open bookshelves, pausing at the one where books of high mobility and heterogeneity sunned themselves for a few days. He picked out a forcefully jacketed book, *Oedipus and Akhnaton*, the author: Velikovsky. First the large photograph of the author, then the flyleaf, then the table of contents, then the index -- he is grasping now for the thesis: the ill-fated incestuous Oedipus

was none other than the Egyptian monotheistic pharaoh Akhnaton -
- more riffling of pages -- the small definite sparking of the book
browser.

"What 's this?" He poked the book at Sebastian. "Any good ?"
Sebastian was non-committal: probably he had not read it.
"Mind if I borrow it ?"

He began to read it that evening. It was "True Detective,"
connecting two eminent figures never before joined. He finished it
the next day.

How did he find the time to read it so promptly? A man who
attends to a wife, a passel of kids, a dog, a cat, a station wagon, a
large house with many doors and windows to mind, fireplaces to
dampen, a busy telephone, a fat folder marked "action now", with
half a dozen jobs, including a professorship and an editorship, with
a propensity to daydream, and in that American society which tries
in a hundred ways to pry into one 's time and makes life tough for
readers, and needing seven hours of sleep -- how does he read a
book? They say, "When you want something done, go to a busy
man." His urges are compelling.

This act of devouring the book was typical of Deg. He would seize
things out of his life-stream like a bear grabbing fish and do
something with them, a compulsion to undertake and a compulsion
to complete, not unlike Velikovsky, and the tie between the two
men had something to do with V. 's recognition of this similarity,
and perhaps with his growing problem of completion after the
compulsion to take on matters lingered: but both men too
sometimes had to drop affairs that needed completion or stuck to
them beyond their point of pay-off, beyond hope also, so I would
not stress the trait, and I even think that it may be so common as to
be undistinguished. Velikovsky had made wide turns in his life too,
architecture, medical practice, psychoanalysis, politics, and now all
this catastrophism which had something of everything.

Outwardly, they differed most apparently. Deg of medium height
and compact build, V. tall and spare, the one with a midwestern
back ground and accent, the other with a heavy Russian accent,

Jewish above all. To V outrage was a simple, direct emotion; Deg had the youngness of Americans that comes from promiscuous outrage and wide dispersal of feelings inimical to authorities. Pablo Picasso used to tell Gertrude Stein: "They are not men; they are not women; they are Americans." So how could Deg become outraged at the enemies of V.? Living was parceled among sporadic outrages; indignation cropped out all over the American landscape.

While I am at it, I might say something, too, about Deg 's attitude to his own writing because this also explains how he might view V. 's troubles. It is also about Gertrude Stein: " In those days she never asked anyone what they thought of her work, but were they interested enough to read it. Now she says if they bring themselves to read it they will be interested."

Victim of the Rule of Three, Deg added a first phrase: at first he thought what he wrote was interesting and everyone should be required to read it. Then, after he had passed most of his life in Gertrude Stein's second stage, he postulated a final stage, a nirvana where what he wrote was objectively of interest but neither he nor anyone else should be interested to read it.

This is too early to be analyzing character, but I cannot refrain from another comparison, a fatal difference. Whatever V. completed, he fiercely possessed; whatever Deg completed he relinquished. This made their cash flows, you might say, very different. And their advice to each other very different. Deg was saying to V.. "Give it away. Let it go !" and V. to Deg, baffled; "Why didn 't you hold on to that?" Moreover V. overvalued whatever he gave, and undervalued what he received.

Halfway through the book -- before Akhnaton had espoused his own mother. Queen Ty, Deg was committed to V., the author. A literary *tour de force* of the rarest kind, it succeeds in making a single person out of two of the most famous heroes of antiquity. Nor are they of the so numerous type of military heroes. They are the active substances of the raging intellect, flourishing amongst squirmy snakes of psychology and religion.

Should the temporal sequence be right, then the book would be valid, that Moses preceded Akhnaton and Akhnaton came before Oedipus. The legendary, historical, psychological and archaeological evidence marched in brilliant composition and concordance on behalf of V.'s thesis. That Moses had come first follows from V.'s book, *Ages in Chaos*, already a decade old, which was to be read and to convince Deg in a matter of weeks. That the Oedipus legend developed after the history of Akhnaton was established in the book itself to Deg's satisfaction, and he confirmed it once again when it came time to write *The Disastrous Love Affair of Moon and Mars*, years later.

By then he was convinced of V.'s theory that Greek Dark Ages were in fact several centuries that had never existed, and then, within a couple of years, the masterful work of young Eddie Schorr effectively closed up the gap in two articles on Mycenae, Pylos, Troy, Gordion, and other sites. Velikovsky himself here speculated that Nikmed of Ugarit became Cadmus the founder of Thebes and carried the Oedipus legend from the East to the North. V.'s reconstructed chronology closed the centuries like a vise, to where Akhnaton could readily reach to Nikmed and Nikmed to Cadmus and out of it all came the Oedipus Rex of Thebes, the fabled character who gave name to the most popular concept of Sigmund Freud, and it was Freud who had brought on all of this work by his psychoanalytic disciple, but had himself missed both the precession of Moses and the identity of Oedipus as Akhnaton, although he had written directly about all three figures.

The book was the best produced of V.'s which were ordinarily drab. *Oedipus and Akhnaton* carried many fine illustrations, a superior jacket, an excellent typeface, and good printing paper. Still, it did not sell as well as any of a dozen detective novels of the day, and, vibrant and valid, was marked by its publisher for abandonment in 1984.

Deg could be sure that practically none of his hundreds of friends and colleagues, students and acquaintances had yet read the book or would ever do so...But then he, too, had written books of which none but the textbooks had sold over a thousand copies. And he

could recite the names of many distinguished scholars whose books had sold less. The dream of best-selling great books nevertheless carries on, a myth, deadly to most and profitable to a very few.

CHAPTER TWO

THE PRODIGAL ARCHIVE

The other book, that which won Velikovsky fame, income, and scientific disgrace, was a happy accident of publishing. It could hardly have become a best-seller on its merits; very few books do, and this one was not easy to read or flamboyant. *Worlds in Collision* was reluctantly published, deceptively publicized, and foolishly attacked. It was written in the 1940's, after *Ages in Chaos* had been completed and had been circulating among publishers and collecting one rejection after another. Evidently the later work had the better chance, because of its larger, more explosive message.

But *Worlds in Collision*, too, was rejected time after time, this all during a period of high prosperity when publishing company shares boomed on the stock market and practically anything might be brought out. Velikovsky was desperate. One evening he walked the Upper West Side of Manhattan with Elisheva, telling her of how he would buy a typesetting machine and they would compose the book at home and he would sell it himself. He would have done so.

All of his publications before then -- there were not many -- had been in some sense subsidized, the articles appearing in psychoanalytic journals, supported by small intellectual circles, the pamphlets appearing under the shadowy imprint of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem when this was only a few dedicated utopians enjoying an impetus from Simon Velikovsky's purse. V. knew something about publishing, as he did about many things.

V. would never have been "himself", a revered image to countless readers and a buffoon to scientists and scholars, had he not fallen into the crazy typical pattern of a popular author. He was able to catch the attention of John J. O'Neill, Science Editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*, who was thrilled by the manuscript and

wrote about it in an article of August 11, 1946. James Putnam, an Editor of Macmillan Company, took it up, praised it among his acquaintances, processed it through several readers, and achieved a favorable vote. A chapter of the book was sold to the *Reader's Digest* and other selections to *Collier's Magazine*. *Collier's*, struggling for circulation, took a large ad in the *Herald Tribune*, headlining that modern science had now proved the Bible correct, while the *Reader's Digest* carried the story of the Sun's standing still at Beth-Horon by the command of Joshua, so as to let the Israelites finish off their enemies.

Both stories and the publicity attendant upon them played directly to a large audience of bemused Jews and "Old Testament" Christians, including what would be called creationists and millennialists. Then, even before its readers could discover that it was not quite what they had expected, the wrath of scientists descended upon the book. Velikovsky's figure, until then only that of a minor personage in psychoanalytic reading circles, was elevated to a pyre of fame and burned to the ground. Macmillan hastily sold its rights to Doubleday publishers.

Of all this that occurred between 1950 and 1962, Deg learned upon his first meetings with V. "I want you to read everything," he said and handed over to him two monumental manuscripts entitled *Stargazers and Gravediggers*. "Everything" meant also *Worlds in Collision* and *Ages in Chaos*. Deg complimented him upon the Oedipus book and wondered at the documentation piled upon the living floor for examination.

Velikovsky wondered, too for none came to him as innocently as his new acquaintance. He was thankful but also dismayed at this walking effect of the suppression of his books. (It hardly occurred to him that his book might have sold under a thousand copies if it had been published by a university press without the publicity that he himself found rather obnoxious, in which case practically everyone might have been expected to be ignorant of it, but the ilk of Deg might have known it).

V.'s correspondence was still heavy after a dozen years. His readers sent him every scrap of publicity that they found and he

kept it all and tried to reply, far more so than any other author of Deg's acquaintance. A large public was out there somewhere, a heterogeneous network of bright students, people suspicious of the scientific and academic establishments, Bible believers in profusion.

Mrs. V. was present; she tried always to be on hand when visitors came and to Deg at least, hers was always a welcome presence. V. kept nothing from Elisheva that he was not also keeping from his visitors. Sheva's grand piano stood in the next room, between a desk loaded with papers and a great cabinet stuffed with books. In the front room were couches and chairs, none too comfortable, and a large coffee table accommodating the tea, crackers and cheese, cakes and dry Israeli white wine that would be brought forth. There were ashtrays, too, for then many were smokers, not V., for he had quit years before after he had suffered a stomach cancer, whose removal had forced a lightened diet as well. Oriental rugs stretched across the floors.

The ponderous front porch let in little light, nor did the rooms have much place for an elegant style; or perhaps they reflected an empiricist, not a philosopher. Their charm depended upon the objects in themselves: Sheva's piano and the music resting on it, her strong marble sculptures, several handsome and less useful books on art and archaeology that had entered lately, like those at Sebastian's from which Deg had plucked *Oedipus and Akhnaton*.

From the porch, one penetrated into the sitting room through heavy gray stone walls in five stages: first up the flagstone walk through thick bushes, then up the stairs, then through the first heavy door into a tiny hall, then another heavy door, then an anteroom with a mail-cluttered table and clothes-closet, and finally into the front room.

Elisheva, like her husband, had a strong character and great energy. She had large hands and a solid body, maintained a direct and friendly stare through thick glasses, and was perhaps of his age. She had mastered the arts of music and sculpture. Perhaps all the laborious functionalism of its occupants gave the rooms a lack-luster belying the considerable value of their contents. Poor cooks

have dazzling automated kitchens; disemployed people have smart interiors. Much later on, when he finally released his books to Dell Publishers for publication in paperback and received a hundred thousand dollars, V. went into a fit of remodeling, building a garage and new airy light-struck rooms, redistributing books and papers for greater efficiency, buying flashy cars for himself and his grandchildren, reminding Deg of Parkinson's "Law", that, as an Empire enters upon its finale, it builds extravagantly.

Deg had often to consider, when he taught courses on leadership and creativity, whether a person's appearance correlated with his mind and effectiveness. The stereotype is, of course, "Yes, it does." A great general has a martial air, a scholar looks like a parsnip, an athlete is muscle-bound, and so on.

Deg had arrived at the all-answering concept of sociology -- the mutual interaction of physique and role. Little Napoleon looked more imperial than tall de Gaulle, who was an obstinate dumb-bell. But de Gaulle thought he looked like a Great Leader and worthy husband to La Belle France, and played the part and became a great leader. ("France is a widow," Pompidou orated when De Gaulle died.)

"The Russian Jews are the handsomest of all," Stephanie Neuman told Deg, and he, looking at her, had of course to agree. The best explanation of the phenomenon comes in a note by V. himself, published posthumously. The "lost Tribes of Israel" had been moved North, and passed through the Caucasus between the Black and Caspian Seas into the lower Volga River Basin. There they mingled genetically with the ever-changing population, with always at least a critical fraction maintaining the Judaic culture-core. Deg had won a piece of the action; his wife's family, with its cluster of Teutonic cognomens - Oppenheim, Lauterbach, Weinstein, Fleishacker, etc. - had managed some handsome blonde alternatives in the aftermath of the Diaspora.

"But see here..." to use a common interjection of V. Velikovsky stretched his large spare frame a full two meters, his face with all its big bones and high forehead was clean-shaven and forceful, his large brown eyes open and direct behind his reading glasses, his

movements from his favorite low chair, up and down, across the room, were untiring and easy, not graceful but neither awkward. His voice was sure, slow, deep, his words marvelously well-chosen, uttered in the language that he knew least well of Russian, Hebrew, and German, while Arabic and French came after. He couldn't match Stecchini, who had these, plus Italian, Latin, Greek and Arabic, plus the dead languages of Babylon and Egypt, while Deg with his modest portions of French and Italian and smattering of German, Latin, and Spanish was in a pitiable state.

V.'s English was formal, never Americanized; his dignity forbade slang or the vernacular, though it amused him to have the vernacular explained. Deg was fond of H.L. Mencken and played loose with the language when let off the field of science. "Sand-bag them," he remarked when V was expostulating over the attempts of a panel of the American Association for the Advancement of Science to get hold of his finalized paper without revealing to him their final replies to it. "What does 'sand-bag' mean?" V asked. "It's what thugs use to hit people with from behind. Let them have the paper; let them rewrite their papers; then withdraw your paper." Then he explained how in some impolite poker games, if you have a good hand, you sometimes pass on it, enticing the other players to bet on their own hands, then double their bets. That's sand-bagging, too.

V. wrote well, better than Deg, I think, although he denied it and had to make liberal use of copy-editors. For he explained his every step carefully and was rarely abstract or harsh, whereas Deg usually wrote condensedly, abstractly, and stridently.

Looking at V. in these first meetings in a more analytic way. Deg questioned whether a person so physically modeled to the ideal expectation of a heroic figure could nevertheless be a genius and not an actor, an honest victim and not a charlatan. Of what could V complain; he was famous; his books sold by the tens of thousands; his messages had carried throughout the English-speaking world, into several language-areas of the western world besides.

Deg flipped through the loose-leaf volumes as they talked. He could read fast and V. was alternately suspicious and admiring of

this facility. "I am a slow reader," he announced on occasion. "Yes, but I don't have your memory," grumbled Deg. V. had a superb memory for details. Deg gulped down batches of material, retained their forms, and excreted the details. This is what happened when he read; the stuff was gobbled up by pre-existing forms.

Every detail of the volumes before them was remembered by V., though he could hardly have seen most of it for some years. Every few pages contained another foolish review, comment or letter by a scientist or historian or archaeologist. Just to be preserved and collected, side by side, they damned themselves and each other as envious, illogical, irrelevant, ignorant, narrow, and incompetent.

Why haven't you published this, it's great? he asked V. V. had strung together a large and complicated story with only rare descriptions and without editorial comment; it was not vainglorious or egotistic; the documents marched along by themselves, calling out their message in turn. V. blew hot and cold on the idea of their publication. Mainly he feared legal action were he to reprint letters several of which had come to him deviously. Of these Deg could not feel sure, but he argued that persons in a public controversy in which their reputations were at stake might publish private correspondence. A menacing letter from Professor Fred Whipple to the Macmillan Company might be published, because it injured and defamed the author and was associated with letters of the same type from other academicians. His publishers, Doubleday, were unsure, said V.

In fact the volumes were not published until after his death. By then the whole Macmillan archive of those years had been given to the New York Public Library and Warner Sizemore, who knew the case as well as anyone alive, located them there, with all the papers that had been so guarded for a few years. When Leroy Ellenberger reviewed them in 1983, he noted especially Brett's account of the final interview with Velikovsky when the President of Macmillan informed Velikovsky that *Worlds in Collision* could no longer be tolerated on the Macmillan list, but had to be transferred out, and luckily Doubleday was ready to assume the risk. When asked how the two versions of the meeting compared, Velikovsky's and

Brett's, Ellenberger, who was by then most sensitive to contradictions in the Velikovsky story, granted that substantially they agreed, save that V had understandably portrayed himself as less shaken and more in command of the situation than Brett had viewed him to be.

The materials that V. showed Deg were a sociologist's wishful dream. Deg decided immediately to publish in the *American Behavioral Scientist* the story of science vs. scientism, as he put it. He carried home the manuscripts and *Worlds in Collision*, which Velikovsky carefully autographed, a little touch that Deg was unused to; books were books: he was never into first editions or autographed copies, and in those days had to be reminded by his publishers that a page was reserved for a dedication if he wished to use it.

The journalistic papers he hurried through and put aside. They would give an example here and another there. Some readers no doubt would be astonished at the behavior of their sacred scientists, but the case was mere basic social psychology. The scientists and their coterie of publicists were behaving very much as might be expected in the face of disturbing theories, like politicians, like administrators, bishops, and all other elites of organized networks.

He decided to take upon himself the most difficult task, the theoretical analysis of the system that exuded injustice normally. The historical section would go to Stecchini and deal with scientific precedents to V.'s catastrophism, an approach quite new to the discussions of a decade earlier, and one which Stecchini, using the principle of contradictions, executed beautifully, calling up Whiston, Boulanger, La Place and Kugler as unexpected witnesses on behalf of the defendant. The straight history of the affair went to Ralph Juergens, who had been introduced to Deg by V. as a mechanical engineer, much interested in electrical theory, who had moved his family down from Ohio in order to be near to where V. was working; he was now a scientific editor working in New York for McGraw Hill.

Juergens had published nothing; he knew the facts, however; he was a careful worker, Deg was quick to note; he worked very hard;

he held V.'s confidence (not easy to achieve) and won Deg's sympathy and respect. No one else could have done the job without a year's study; even then it would have had to be a historian of science, who would risk his career if he accepted the challenge of the facts, or a publicist, such as Eric Larrabee, who would have produced a recital much like Ralph's but probably too late for publication. As a matter of fact, his name came up and V. reported that he had been under contract for years with Doubleday to do a book on the controversy. No sooner had Deg's *ABS* decided to publish the story than V. got in touch with Larrabee and prevailed upon him to sell the idea of an article to *Harper's Magazine*, which Larrabee did, by virtue of an old connection there, and so wrote a piece that actually appeared several weeks before the special issue of the *ABS*.

After examining the files on the case, Deg turned to reading *Worlds in Collision*, telling himself that it might be wrong, harmful, mythical, distorted, and incompetent; still his intuition was prompted by all that he had learned thus far: V. could not do a bad job on anything. So he found the book was none of these things, and was not surprised. Then he worried and never ceased to worry that his taking up the cause of V. came about because he thought V. to be correct in his theories rather than because his rights were violated.

Worlds in Collision is a book in two parts, one on the Venus catastrophes, the second on the Mars catastrophes. These conform to two sets of events that are claimed to have befallen the world in the years around 1450 and 700 B.C., about seven hundred years apart. The planet Venus, argued Velikovsky, began its career as a comet that probably exploded from the giant planet Jupiter sometime, whether a few years or thousands of years before its disastrous encounters with Earth. (V. never used B.C. preferring BCE, "Before the Common Era" or a simple negative [as -1450], begrudging the calendar of world history to the Christians, which Deg agreed to in principle but thought was only quibbling, given the huge contortions history has suffered. Better he thought to settle on the year 2000 as the present, use B.P. back from this date, thus to

give us some standardization for a generation or so, or perhaps to settle upon 1919, the year when the first association of the nations of all the world was formed, the League of Nations).

Flaming Venus passed with its huge cometary tail close by the Earth occasioning general disaster by flood, fire, pestilence, electric shock, and fallouts of various materials, and incited a horrendous fear that affected all areas of culture everywhere down to the present day. Mankind lived virtually in a Venusian world for seven centuries, for other near passes occurred at 52-year intervals, until the comet disturbed Mars, sent Mars to molest the Earth and Moon, and brought a Martian period that endured for rather less than a century. All of this had severe and prolonged after-effects geologically, biologically, and culturally.

V. endeavored to be exact, allowing the series of Mars incidents to occur between the years -776 and -687 on the basis of legends and historical-archaeological evidence from around the Mediterranean and wherever else in the world it cropped up. For example, an incident of the year -776 would be the founding of the Olympic Games, those sacred manifestations of aggressive competitive sport that brought the Greek communities together and were said to have been founded by Hercules, who has been identified by several scholars with the god Mars or Ares; an instance of the year -687 would be the destruction by natural disaster of the army of the Assyrian emperor Sennacherib while besieging Jerusalem.

Thus the bare plot. Its importance derives from the shock it gave to conventional natural science and history, its extension of the use of legendary materials to reconstruct history, and the excitement it caused among many people eager to escape the toils of modern science.

The most disturbing claim of *Worlds in Collision* was that the planet Venus as a comet approached and devastated Earth. Several excellent writers, as I shall explain later, had claimed that comets had devastated the Earth, and mathematical exercises on the putative effects of comets in passages and collisions with Earth are conventionally acceptable. Not so planets, that are believed to be fully and nicely bound to their present orbits.

The sequence of thoughts occurred to V: first, the Egyptian, accepted chronology is wrong and Moses preceded Akhnaton; next, at the time of Exodus, there was heavy natural turbulence; third, the turbulence was incited from the skies, and took numerous forms well recounted in legend and sacred scriptures; finally, evidence came in rapidly from all parts of the world to support the idea that the planet Venus was involved as prime cause. A mosaic of legends from the Near East, Greece, Italy, China, and the Americas could be fashioned, and enough geological evidence might be assembled to tolerate the suppositions of the legends.

V. was not as rooted in Newtonian and Darwinian prejudices as the typical Anglo-American scholar. He could also contemplate ancient evidence without contempt. (A psychiatrist might recall, "Ah yes, he loved and respected his father Simon who worked long for the revival of Israel.") V. knew also that natural laws must rest upon evidence, not dogma; if evidence contradicts the laws, the laws must change. The immensity of the topic; the difficulties in finding and handling the data; the roundabout way in which the books were published; and many other intervening and confusing variables concealed the essentially proper progression of V.'s mind, which behaved in ways both psychologically understandable and logically proper. (Often, private motives lead men scientifically astray; here, as sometimes happens, V.'s private motives led him along the path to significant scientific theses and discoveries.)

To Deg's view, from the beginning, the ethical duty of science was clear. Confronted with V.'s claims, the scientist should weigh the evidence, first, for the chronology, second for the Exodus disasters, third for the exoterrestrial involvement, and finally for the identity of the forces. In each case, there is, then, a probability, low or high, of validity. Actually the only policy problem for science here is how much additional scientific energies should be directed at the intriguing hypotheses. This implies the possibility of proving (disproving) them; and the efforts required to raise the probabilities of valid answers to a respectable level.

In American politics and law, case after case had imprinted upon all concerned the notion of a right to due process of law and to certain

basic freedoms as distinct from the desirability or correctness of a position.

There is a religious right, when forbidden by one's religion, to not salute the national flag; there is a right to not confess to a criminal act. And so on.

Scientific behavior is not so clearly mannered. It is not governed by the coercive physical force that gives more distinct form to the organs of the state. Also a general belief in individualism among scientists, amounting to a kind of philosophical anarchism, makes each scientist both judge and executor of his beliefs.

Deg was enough of a philosopher and practitioner of science to perceive a widespread belief, that a truth exists upon a subject and that no consideration needs be given untruth or antitruth. There was, on the other hand, the reputable principle that all scientific positions are basically hypothetical; nothing is proven now and forever. And there was even the principle, espoused by many contemporaries, that there are as many scientific truths as may be useful in solving a practical problem; in other words, never mind the principle: perform the operation, and the principle, if the operation is successful, will come trailing after.

But the vulgar and predominant belief is a belief in truth and antitruth, especially when dealing with outsiders, and V., by this view, deserved no more than he received, there being numbers of established truths violated by his assertions. He should have banked his receipts and joined the outcaste company of the von Danikens.

However, according to the other views, all of which merge in this regard, nothing that V could possibly say should deprive him of a hearing, save that he should present his views in a format suitable for passing judgment upon them. Deg had to make up his mind whether the basic offering was appropriate for judgment and whether a hearing was provided. Still he could not but feel that the organization of science would fall apart if no advantage were given to the accepted "truth," just as the state would become defenseless if everyone refused to serve in the armed forces on constitutional grounds.

What happens ordinarily, he observed often, is that the more "obviously untrue" a proposition with its proof appear to be, the less due process of law is used and needed in dealing with it. We have to reconcile ourselves to the "miscarriage of justice", at least in science and probably in every area of conflict, the "Bill of Rights" notwithstanding. If for no other reason, the burden of treating every statement with all the respect due and owing to the best and most correct- seeming statements would be impossible for the economy of science to bear.

In return, Deg told himself, we can ask for some minimal formatting of a case prior to processing it through the reception system of science. This, it appeared to him, V. had done, and much more, and some scientists had nevertheless pilloried him and ruined his chances of obtaining scientific respectability -- not affirmative agreement, but just simple honest respect for a remarkable job.

V. had approached the altars of science with the assiduous ritual of Aaron before the Holies of Holies. And, when, like the drunken sons of Aaron, his books were struck by the Lord 's Fire, he was stunned. "What sacrilege have I committed?" he asked himself repeatedly. And the answer, from all sides, if not from heaven, was "None." It is true that he had won literary fame and supported his family meanwhile, a rare success among non-academic writers in America. So what? Have the rich no right to complain? Who else can send the steak back to the kitchen?

The scene was familiar and the opportunity presented: the establishments of academia had offended a man who was a fighter and had his evidence in hand. Something rare and good in the history of science might be achieved. With the contaminants of politics and religion absent from the mixture, and the publishers acting as catalysts, it was as clean a case of pure science in action as one might ever hope to come upon.

The work on the special Velikovsky issue of the *American Behavioral Scientist* had been mostly done when Deg addressed a letter to his Advisory Board explaining Velikovsky 's position and

justifying a special issue in support of him.

March 8, 1963

To: ABS Advisory Board

Subject: Notes on several current matters

I. We plan to devote a major portion of our June issue [actually it came out in September] to a topic called: "The Politics of Science: The Velikovsky Case." Immanuel Velikovsky, as you probably know, is a highly controversial figure whose book *Worlds in Collision* incited the wrath of a number of astronomers and geologists twelve years ago. Several other works dealt with similar themes of prehistoric catastrophe, social upheavals, and the origins of myth. Another book, somewhat distinct, is *Oedipus and Akhnaton*. I believe him to be a brilliant theorist and am not persuaded that his criticisms of various astronomical principles are as wrong as Shapley and others have made them out to be. The recent Venus probe has brought some surprising information in accord with his views, for example. However, our main interest in the topic lies in its relation to numbers 3, 7, 8, 9, 12, 13, 14, and 16 of the *ABS* program. A basic question is *the canons which science uses to appraise work that is offered*. As we move into the Velikovsky case, we observe that both the normal and the peculiar features of the criticism of this work throw much light on the workings of the scientific establishment. Additionally the evidence of boycott of a publisher in the case leads one into the question of the relation of scientists to freedom of the press. The proposed table of contents would include first a history of the Velikovsky case, a comparison of the case with various episodes in the history of science by Stecchini, a content analysis of the reviews of Velikovsky's book, an article by Velikovsky reciting ten important instances in which his theorizing led him to correct or at least now respectable statements about natural events (this one to give a flavor of the substance of the case), and an appraisal of the operations of the scientific establishment. We have abundant material. We lack funds, as usual, for the kind of content analysis and investigation that should be engaged in. If any of you can find a few dollars to lend to this enterprise, it will be helpful in improving the product (especially in the reliability of coding the book reviews, and increasing the number sampled from 100 up to 500)...

The "good will and advice" were there: as for the money, the Board knew Deg was bluffing: the magazine would continue, one way or another.

Also, to attack frontally an array of scientists, Deg thought to

assemble a special committee of notables that would protect his flanks. He sent the manuscript of the *ABS* issue to his friends Harold D. Lasswell, Hadley Cantril, and Luther Evans, all three well-known, distinguished and innovative social scientists. He also contacted, at Velikovsky's suggestion, Salvador de Madariaga, Moses Hadas, Horace Kallen, Harold Latham, R.H. Hillenkoetter, and Philip Wittenberg. Madariaga and Hillenkoetter admired V.'s work: Hadas respected the learning evidenced in it: Kallen was a grand liberal educator who had run interference for V. when V. was trying to obtain a reading from Harlow Shapley; Latham had shepherded *Worlds in Collision* through Macmillan; and Wittenberg was an expert on libel law. Deg also invited Harry H. Hess, Chairman of the Geology Department at Princeton, who had given V. a forum, and was helpful on several later occasions; V. counted him as a friend; Deg had met him and found him *simpatico* and every inch what an Admiral in the U.S. Navy (Reserve) should be. He was a top leader in the wartime and post-war revolution in oceanography. Hess replied by hand:

June 4, 1963, Washington. D.C.

Dear Editor de Grazia :

The manuscripts you sent me reached me at particularly bad time: Ph.D. exams, department budget construction, a request to appear before a committee of congress and finally orders to two weeks of active duty in the Navy starting yesterday. I have spent two days reading the material and trying to analyze my own thoughts.

I can't urge you to publish it. Velikovsky is a friend of mine. You will reopen old wounds and create more antagonism against him, though at the same time you will support his position and bring out the injustices. I am not sure that this is a net gain.

Why were scientists outraged by Velikovsky's books? This is the question I have been asking myself because I too felt a sense of outrage even though I have a kindly feeling towards him as a friend. The reasons given by Stecchini are plausible and perhaps true with respect to some scientists.

The real reason is something much more fundamental -- at least

the reason why I rebel is, and I am a fairly good guinea pig example of an ordinary scientist.

I haven't time to write the essay that might be written to explain the phenomenon correctly. Velikovsky is partly to blame because of the way he handles his data. This is no excuse for most of those who criticize him. Nor is it an excuse for the manner in which they have treated him.

Thank you for sending me the manuscripts. I wish I could do more for you than I have.

Sincerely,

H. H. Hess

Deg was not surprised nor did he feel Hess's refusal at all unworthy. Hess was not the Admiral Nelson to violate Admiralty orders and take his fleet into battle: still, as Deg remarked to me, we already had an admiral (referring to Admiral Hillenkoetter), we certainly could have used a geologist on the team. Years later, Deg was able to persuade Hess to join the Board of Trustees of a foundation for studies of catastrophe.

A problem of concern to me was that, in the years following, there was no evident opposition to V., whether as to his treatment or his ideas, carried in the *ABS* files and the later book, *The Velikovsky Affair*, and I badgered Deg on this point repeatedly. He puts up a kind of general defense that has some merit: "Under the circumstances, we did what we could to excite an opposition. We had no money to conduct research. Everyone was unpaid and working at other things for a living. The issue on V. was itself only one of ten issues to appear that year, each on different topics. Mainly the expressions of disagreement were directed at the substance of V.'s theories, which were, strictly speaking, irrelevant to the discussion. Juergens went farther in explaining these and defending them than I would have gone. It was like pulling teeth to get a scientist to enter upon the politics and sociology or even the methodology of the case. One received simply arguments on the stability of the solar system and the unreliability of legends and ancient history."

Deg talked on, as the tape spun on its roll:

I wrote Otto Neugebauer, a hostile critic of V. and renowned expert on Babylonian astronomy, but he did not reply for a long time, for years. In fact, I met with Harold Lasswell, who was a psychologist, political scientist and professor of Law at Yale: he was favorable to the issue, which he read, but concerned that the bridge he perceived as building between the natural and human scientists might be damaged. (There was then the well-publicized thesis of C.P. Snow, physicist and novelist, who decried the existence of these two uncommunicative worlds.) I visited Freeman Dyson, the mathematician, who was at the institute for Advanced Studies and had been President of the Federation of American Scientists, of which I was member, and which was agitating against the "Cold War." Dyson was lukewarm about the matter: he had been approached by V. some time before, and had no desire to enter the lists; furthermore he found the scenario of V.'s work unacceptable. There was none, it seemed, on the first call for debate, and very few ever, who were ready to defend what had happened, as there was none ready to defend V.'s substantive views on exoterrestrially-produced disasters. Worse, there was hardly a notable scientist of the Establishment of physics, geology, astronomy who was willing publicly to acknowledge the legitimacy of the discussion. I approached Tom Kuhn, a neighbor, who was beginning to win fame as a historian of science. He shied away.

I will say more. You have been presenting my analogy of this case with cases in the law and courts. Actually, this is only one side of the coin. Just as the law and courts are utterly inadequate to their tasks when a society is failing, so too in science the reception system is inadequate when the institutions and politics of science are failing to begin with. That is, unless you have a liberal, open-minded republic of science, you'll have too many cases of injustice in the reception system. I spent some time developing the problem of the institutions that are needed in science as in politics to back up a proper reception system, but no one of competence has come around to discuss the subject, which is as critical today as it was then. Criminality in science, if I may use the word, or misbehavior, is common throughout the sciences and ultimately its origins dissolve into the background of an illiberal, non-pragmatic, materialistically competitive, and philosophically ignorant environment where scientists are bred.

I felt that Deg 's tone was becoming strident. I still doubted that he had exhausted the possibilities of a debate, and later on I will tell of other forensic episodes. He might have talked to Dr. Normal Newell, of the New York Natural History Museum; Ted McNulty, one of his aides and squash-playing friends had learned that Newell had something to say; he might at least have tried to speak to the king-pin Harlow Shapely, who was old but still feisty: he might have approached George Brett, President of Macmillan, to corroborate that he had "dumped" V. and explain why.

Further, Deg might well have been more rigid, and might have excluded all substantive comment of V. 's theories, admittedly to the point of losing some of the excitement of his story. It is true however, that copies of the issue were sent to potential opponents among natural scientists, inviting and expecting comment. There were none. Nor did the thousands of normal readers produce from among their number calls or letters of protest.

Nor, with one or two exceptions, did any evidence appear for decades that would affect the statements made on the affair by the three authors. In May of 1983, Leroy Ellenberger, told me that he had found at least one bit of evidence in the Macmillan files giving scientists reason to attack Macmillan for advertising the book as work in science. A regular catalogue of Macmillan books in science carried *Worlds in Collision* as a possible supplementary reading in general courses. This was a trifle, to be sure, but a red cloth is no trifle to a goaded bull.

Still the annoying question once more arises: why should not the book have been advertised as a contribution to science, even if it were ultimately to go into oblivion with most other books that tried to make contributions to science? so again I prodded Deg on the matter and this time got what amounted to a lecture.

Formal law has the strongest means to avoid consideration of the merits of a case in judging whether the case properly belongs in a certain court and has been properly heard in that court. It insists that the accused be given his day in court, with defense

lawyer, an unprejudiced jury in most cases, and a full account of the testimony against him and the right to confront his accusers. Formal law of course often falls short of its expectations.

Formal science has roughly similar rules for judging every work coming before it. The book is the defendant, you might say. It should be penalized, that is, dismissed, reproached, vilified, sentenced to non-reading and non-propagation only after it has had its day in court. And, it should come up for a parole hearing almost on demand. This too, often does not happen. Anybody but V would have taken his lumps -- I would -- and cry all the way to the bank.

When the law or science does not live up to its rules, then one appeals to a higher court or authority that created the institution in the first place. In the matter of a book, intelligent readers form themselves into a kind of court of consensus on the matter. That is actually what happened in the *Velikovsky Affair*, but still the court refused to remand the case for trial to the numerous special fields. The closest thing to this was the AAAS panel a decade after my book and two decades after the events.

Now when the court or scientific establishment finds the defendant 'crazy' or 'delinquent' or 'fraudulent' or 'concealing the truth' or 'non-co-operative', but there is still evidence that the court or science is wrong, then the higher court -- that is, those institutions sponsoring the establishment, including the reading public, may call the lower court to order, reprimand it, force the remand for a re-hearing, or transfer the case to another jurisdiction.

In order to face down the court or science, the higher court or critics must look as far as necessary into the facts of the case to determine whether the defendant is indeed frivolous, delinquent, fraudulent, concealing the

truth or non-cooperative. For these purposes, some degree of substantive worthiness of the defendant must be present to justify the intervention. This was indeed the situation here; the content and presentation of the theories were therefore legitimately at issue and part of the presentation of his full legal case. We therefore had to judge the defendant in a sense on his merits and let him speak briefly on his own behalf.

Scientists are understandably annoyed by ungovernable antics and criticism, none more than us political scientists, who must suffer the most abusive, crazy and unscientific ideas and behavior every day in the newspapers, in legislative halls, and in political meetings, indeed wherever politics and public opinion generate, even at the dinner-table. They still must operate a clean shop, a decent court, which in the end serves best themselves...

He had more to say, but this is more than enough for now.

CHAPTER THREE

CHEERS AND HISSES

Deg found himself losing status in the eyes of his children, who had through their earlier years seen and heard much of important personages, partly because all of them went through a rebellious adolescence during years when he was respectful, helpful, and obviously orienting his thoughts toward V., so that they found a weakness in their father -- his rare complaisance -- and could, through being critical and slightly disdainful of V., get at him twice, directly in himself and indirectly through rejection of V. It was not, as it had been put from time to time at home, that he gave too much of his crowded time to his venerable friend. Indeed, the children could have done well in their troubled group life at school by carrying the banner of Velikovsky (and their father) for V. could easily be fit (no one knowing his character) into the mold of anti-authoritarian ideas and leadership exceedingly popular among those in that era, town, and age group.

On a summer day in 1963 Deg ushered his family of eight persons aboard the U.S. ocean liner "Atlantic" bound for Lisbon, Naples and Genoa. The boat was a slow last effort of the collapsing merchant marine but, he thought, just as several years earlier they had crossed the American continent on a railroad train from California to Chicago, they ought to have the experience of an ocean voyage. He then returned to Princeton and moved the family's possessions and his office from Queenston Place to Linden Lane, from a large old house to a small old house, aided by daughter Jessica's lovesick young boyfriend. His magazine was left in the custody of Ted Gurr. Then he flew to Lisbon, joined his family on the boat, and all sailed for Italy.

Deg made final corrections to the *ABS* Velikovsky issue at Marjorie Ferguson's villa in Marina di Massa, fuming at his four boys on the beach across the street who, instead of swimming out to sea like

little Shelleys, had transferred with insouciance from the pinball machines of Princeton to soccer machines in Italy. "Dear Ted," he wrote,

You will be pleased to note that I have incorporated most of the suggested changes...I could not accept the idea that the political network paragraphs were irrelevant and unnecessary.(This referred to intimations that the furious attacks against Velikovsky were prompted in part by frustrations of Shapley and other scientists at being attacked for "red" affiliations by Joe McCarthy and his during these years.)

I felt forced to deal with them and did all I could to make them objective. What is 'innuendo', after all, is a question of motive. There is no innuendo here therefore. If a trace of poison is found in a deceased's blood, do you ban its reporting on grounds that it constitutes an innuendo? Every generalization of science implies a stereotype, to take another case. Must we then never generalize?

Later, Norman Storer and others picked up the theme, which social psychologists might best appreciate, most historians of science being too narrowly educated for such subtleties, or too constrained to deal with them.

By the way, Lucca Cavazzo [an Italian supporter of the *ABS*] and wife had a baby. He was dining with me just before it happened. He calls his Federico Julio, two emperors yet! [Ted had begun his family.]

Now the special issue of September 1963 appeared and before long was reprinted. The response was strong, but within the *ABS* orbit was almost entirely of social scientists and humanists. Prompted by free copies and alerted by word of mouth, natural scientists nevertheless played deaf and dumb, and so did those dependent upon them directly.

In the files of Deg no new voice from a natural scientist comes forth amidst the many letters of a type to warm the cockles of an editor's heart. The scientists simply stooped low to avoid the flying bullets and returned the silent message, "Science is truth; truth is one; who defies the truth is no scientist; whatever happens to him he deserves." A few ducked because they had no recourse and feared the collective or public opinion of science, perhaps retaliation. It was a small step, which the sociologically untrained scientific mind

can easily take, from witnessing a fellow supporting the case of Velikovsky to disdaining him erroneously for supporting his theories. Some would have been just normally lazy. Dr. Robert Jastrow, Director of the Institute for Space Studies, wrote Deg on October 20, 1980: "I had, of course, read your earlier very fine pieces on Velikovsky and his theories and had drawn on them in preparing my own article." But maybe this was later.

The *New York Times* ignored the *American Behavioral Scientist* and did not review the book when it later appeared. A brave letter came from an editor of the *Christian Science Monitor* (This newspaper, you may appreciate, is one of the world's finest, and has a disproportionate scientific audience.) "May I say," wrote G. Wiley Mitchell to Deg, on December 12, 1966, "that I have read your book through, consider it a real contribution and am very regretful that neither my efforts, nor those of some of my colleagues who agree with me, have been successful in getting my paper to publish a review. The Velikovsky smearers have been effective! (Mind you, I am not at all sure I endorse his theories in toto. But I think his method is sound and his theories are certainly no weaker than others that gain a hearing simply because they come with the right 'credentials.')

An attorney at NASA (and I must point out that he was Dan, the son of David Arons, a Gimbel Bros. executive and an acquaintance of V.) wrote happily to his father that he had "received a call from Dr. Newell [head of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration] this morning bright and early who told him that

...he had read the articles in the *American Behavioral Scientist* which I sent him and was 'aghast at the inquisition' to which the Velikovsky books have been submitted.

He said he had noted some of the comments made back in the 50's but these articles place them all in a pattern. He particularly noted a remark of Fred Whipple to the effect that scientists ought to send back the postage paid postcards to publishers who use them to advertise such books as Velikovsky's. Dr. Newell thought this was very 'vindictive' and 'uncalled-for.' While Velikovsky 'might be wrong' he is entitled to 'dispassionate review and criticism.'

Dr. Newell said that he had already discussed this matter with some of the 'leading lights' at NASA including Arnold Frutkin, Director of International Programs. He requested that he be permitted to keep the copy he has and be provided with additional copies.

I wouldn't be surprised if someone here makes a statement on Velikovsky in the near future....

But of course, there were no actions taken. Involve NASA in such a demonstration? Impossible!

There was another case, which V. pinned his hopes upon for a time, pathetically, a President of the grand University of Southern California, Murphy by name, who had indirectly voiced sympathy for the Velikovsky problem and V. had barged in to suggest that he appoint a commission of inquiry. The response: polite, and routinely cordial; but no interest, the matter being out of bounds. No University was going to dirty its hands with the nitty-gritty of scientific conflicts. If V. had been more of a sociologist, he could draw the appropriate parallels with the Catholic Church at the time of Galileo, reluctantly drawn to support his enemies, a case V. knew well -- up to a point.

There came Peter Tompkins to Princeton and Jill and Deg had him to lunch, along with their neighbor, Thomas Kuhn. Peter had published the story of his wartime escapade in German-occupied Rome, a feat which Deg, a few miles away at the time, thought to do but had not done, and Peter had written *The Eunuch and the Virgin*, which Stecchini had shown to V. and which he had rejected, even though Tompkins could throw light on two points of importance: the sexual derivations from cosmic disaster (which V. had recognized) and the descent of great bureaucratic institutions from the same obsessional terror (which Deg but not V. was attending to). His *Secrets of the Great Pyramid* was ultimately to achieve fame.

Tom Kuhn's book on scientific revolutions was beginning to gather *kudos* for himself as a historian of science. Deg had footnoted it in his study of the reception system, for old time's sake, since the book hadn't come to hand until the manuscript was ready to print, and praised it in the *ABS*. Deg had wondered why so

little attention was paid to the materials of politics and sociology on revolutions. When the *ABS* was publishing its Velikovsky Issue, Kuhn was publishing an essay on the function of dogma in scientific research, in a book edited by A.C. Crombie; there he argued that science is and must be dogmatic and the present balance between dogmatism and open-mindedness appeared to be a healthy one.

Kuhn and Tompkins got into a bristling argument over parascience. They were such formidable-looking men, especially at the moment. Deg felt embarrassed, as their host. Neither had the energy to spare for Dr. V. Tompkins was rebuffed because of V. 's heavy anxiety over associating with the scientific fringe, especially if sex reared its head. Tom volunteered no support, not then, not later. The presence of the great Velikovsky archive went unnoticed by him, too. Deg thought, well, Kuhn is in the grip of the Princetonian academia and is an historian of science, a field of nitpickers, excepting a few like Kuhn, ignorant of the springs of human ingenuity, clumsy handmaidens of the technical scientists.

Deg could see continually in science the ghosts of politics concealed by their shrouds. One of his old-time acquaintances was Don Price, an epiphenomenal career man of the public service, who launched from the pioneering Public Administration Clearing House alongside the University of Chicago to Washington, to the headship of the John F. Kennedy Center at Harvard, to the Presidency of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Deg wrote him concerning the Velikovsky affair, seeking moral support. The answer: bland, perfectly unobjectionable, priceless.

Not having gotten his support for the report of 1963, Deg wrote Price again in 1966 asking him to intervene to get a communication of V. into *Science*. He repeated the pledge and passed the buck. Thus, on December 22, 1966, with "a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" Price writes:

I am glad of course to have the opportunity to read it and will forward it immediately to the Editor of *Science*. It is the general policy of the Officers and Board of Directors of AAAS not to interfere with the editorial judgment of the Editor and his editorial advisers. Since I believe that the Editor should be aware of your opinion, and that of Mr. Wigner, I am sending a

copy of your letter as well as the note itself on to Dr. Abelson, and I am sure that they will be useful to him.

For many years, Deg had preached that science could be regarded as a branch of administration and administration, the huge corpus of civilized routines, as the outward expression of human habits, largely unconscious, and therefore excusably termed obsessions.

Journal, Undated, Spring 1963

Science, and all that goes by the name in discourse and actions is almost entirely a process of administering deductions in the name of an ideology. [Actually, this is a paraphrase of what Deg had written for the *Administrative Science Quarterly* a decade earlier. I am trying to exclude from this book whatever he has printed elsewhere, as I promised him, but I am like the oaf who quit his job grading potatoes because all the choices between big and little made his head hurt: at times I find such distinctions imperceptible.]

On December 9, 1966, not long after the publication of the *Velikovsky Affair* in book form, Dr. Douglas Shanklin delivered an address on child-bed fever at the College of Medicine, University of Florida, applying Deg's model of the reception system to J.P. Semmelweis and Oliver Wendell Holmes. They had independently proposed infection as the source of the often fatal puerperal fever, and are famous therefore. But Charles White of Manchester, England, had insisted upon absolute cleanliness in the lying-in hospital in 1773 and Alexander Gordon of Aberdeen, Scotland, stated the theory of infection in 1795. Holmes was an illustrious poet before he published in 1843 his theory of infection as the source of the fever that killed so many women in the hospitals of the nineteenth century; he did not hold an academic position at the time, but later became Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at the Harvard Medical School. The dogmatic opposition persisted until the science of bacteriology of the next generation overwhelmed it. Holmes died at 85, highly regarded.

Semmelweis was a Hungarian Jew practicing medicine at the Maternity Department of the Vienna General Hospital when, in 1847, he introduced the practice of washing hands with chlorinated water before examining women in labor. Although the results were

a five-fold decrease in the mortality rate, he was attacked and forced out of his position, and took a new post in his native Hungary. There he published a massive book on the etiology, concept, and prophylaxis of childbed fever (1861). Four years later he cut himself during a post-mortem examination, became infected, was mentally deranged, and died soon after, at 47 years.

Holmes' essay was well-written and without first-hand experience. Semmelweis' work was intimidating, ponderously written and he was fully experienced. Holmes republished his own essay a dozen years after its first publication in a medical journal, declaring: "When, by the permission of providence, I held up to the professional public the damnable facts connected with the conveyance of poison from one young mother's chamber to another, for doing which humble office I desire to be thankful that I have lived, though nothing else should ever come to my life, I had to hear the sneers of those whose position I had assailed, and, as I believe have at last demolished, so that nothing but the ghosts of dead women stir among the ruins."

Semmelweis was persecuted for his heresy. Shanklin writes of Semmelweis' tragedy:

A few people acted with bold imagination and foresight, accepting the data at its face value and effectively saving many lives... the overwhelming majority dealt either from a power base or a dogmatic base, steeped in the irrational. The net effect for an interval was described in the indeterminacy model. Truth was accepted here and rejected there and by gradual exchange assimilation was finally achieved. Additional proofs with the evolution of a new technique wrote the final chapter of the saga of Semmelweis.

It took about a century from White's obsessive insistence upon cleanliness in Manchester's lying-in wards to consensus about a matter that should have been simple enough to grasp, if one recalled that peasants used salt, alcohol, and herbs on wounds and they isolated persons associated with plague by the most cruel means. That the use of hospitals for parturition increased and that the doctors and their students increased their post-mortem dissections in this environment escalated the puerperal fever mortality rate.

These two "advances" confused the issue, just as "advances" in agriculture, particularly in the U.S.A., have caused devastation of the soil, water resource depletion, and new chemical diseases. In the middle of advances, regressions are minimized or even denied scornfully. Obviously the scientific process is largely understandable by sociological and psychological analysis.

Deg did not enjoy any illusion that there would be a direct rational line from publicizing V.'s poor reception in the sciences to the acceptance of his views and their incorporation into science. For one thing, he felt certain that if V.'s ideas, or anyone else's including his own, would succeed, they had to be first disassembled, torn to shreds, and then reassembled by thousands of people from the nearly unrecognizable shreds. Only much later might some historians recognize the many truths and even the valid general theories in their work.

Nonetheless, the exposition of such large ideas and the controversy over them would perform the first major task of any revolution, namely the refocusing of attention and the conditioning of the minds of scientists and teachers to the new frame of thought. In these very days of the 1960's, the leaders of the movement for women's liberation were stressing "consciousness-raising;" many blacks were doing the same by stressing "*negritude*" (as the French blacks called it) and accusing pro-black liberal whites, "their best friends," of necessarily being racially prejudiced; radical students caught on also to the effectiveness of "irrational," often destructive, behavior as a way of getting the attention of the civil and educational authorities.

Adverse publicity is a shock to the generally sheltered scientists and effectively alters their perceptions. The demoralization of a supreme power such as the scientific establishment with its credo and foci can occur by the exposure of weaknesses among a few leaders and heroes and proceed with the underlying economic forces that limit rewards and positions; demoralization then moves to the rank-and-file individuals who pay less respect, work less hard, ask more money and benefits, and pay attention to supernatural or heretical interests.

In a democracy, the withdrawal of any substantial amount of public support for the ideas and position of any institution, including science, results in some demoralization. A perfectly normal remark, if publicized, can invite latent opposition to take form. When the renowned astronomer and public scientist *par excellence*, Harlow Shapley, declared "If Dr. Velikovsky is right, the rest of us are crazy," what would appear to be a humorous truism set up, when publicized, a rallying point for all who were even slightly concerned about this or that fallacy of science; what many scientists believed to be only an absurd contrast gave to many a premonition that, yes, all scientists are crazy.

Although Deg believed that he had substantially accounted for the scientific behavior witnessed in the Velikovsky case, one of the most common questions asked of him in discussions and at lectures over the following years was "Why did the scientists make such a fuss?" It did not seem to matter that often the people assembled had come because they already knew the answer. There would, of course, always be on hand for analysis new cases of idiotic name-calling and denigration of V., but the causes agitating the scientists remained essentially the same: dogmatism (fueled by the need for respect), expressions of power (agitated by personal ambitions and feelings of insufficient influence), indeterminacy (the frustrated wish to know, and the denial of confusion and uncertainty) and rationalism (narrowly defined, and therefore inadequate against ideas of quantavolution, which seem so easy to refute and dismiss but turn out to be remarkably rich and resilient).

Exposing the mental and social operations of science produced an effect almost entirely favorable. Some addressed Deg for bringing justice to V. Others praised him for introducing the issue of justice into the scientific process. Some others commented upon the novelty of the approach. Mentions of unusual courage were frequent. Social scientists recognized the phenomena of establishment defensiveness and crowd behavior; they expressed little surprise. The letters of surprise came from persons who had undergone a conversion experience; they professed humiliation and disenchantment because of scientific conduct. Several urged that Deg turn his attention to cases which they believed to be similar.

Deg objected, when I thought to print some of the encomia that his magazine (1963) and book (1966) evoked, saying that rehearing old praise can be bittersweet, to editors as to the aged of stage and screen. To most it is a bore, old or new. Blurbs are the medium of exchange between producer, salesman, and customer. If it is necessary, if it 's never been printed, OK, let it be brief.

So this is brief -- but it 's important, because it shows that the message was intelligible, and got through in the larger intellectual world. A comparison may be pertinent: it was widely believed that scientists took up their pens en masse to castigate Macmillan Company when it published *Worlds in Collision*. In 1983, when Leroy Ellenberger delved into the appropriate files he found only twenty-one of such letters.

The favorable correspondence received by Deg and the *ABS* in 1963 and 1966 exceeded the unfavorable mail received by Macmillan Company in what the Company regarded as a massive assault upon its integrity and its ability to do business with scientists. The gutless behavior of well-intentioned institutions is proverbial; Senator Joe McCarthy and a few assistants reduced the mammoth State Department and other agencies of the Federal Government to terrorized submission around the same time.

Some figures in the forefront of scientific method in the social sciences, then or later, responded to the issue forcibly, a "most interesting" from Herbert Simon; "used to very good teaching purposes" from Bernard Barber; "both fascinating...and important... a splendid account," from Hadley Cantril; "beautifully makes the point about the psychology of scientists...grateful" from James C. Davies, a "signal service" from Arthur S. Miller; "a superb example of the sociology of knowledge," from Wendell Bell; "sobering and helpful," from Renato Tagiuri; "an outstanding contribution on so vital an issue...not only the matter of methodology but also one of political toleration and scientific craftsmanship" from Ralph M. Goldman; "fascinating...excellent..." from Wayne A. R. Leys; "splendid...outstanding...personal congratulations" from George A. Lundberg; and a grumpy reassessment by Stuart Chase, "I can see your point."

Sociologist George Lundberg 's letter to Deg pointed to a different type of reception system problem in science, one in which he had once been personally involved:

The question has a great many aspects. In the first place, there is the problem all editors face in discriminating between work of a crackpot and the work of a genius. As has often been pointed out, they are hard to distinguish, especially on the more advanced levels. A very different problem (not involved in the Velikovsky case) faces the conscientious editor when he gets a paper the validity of which he does not question, but which, if published, will in the editor 's opinion give aid and comfort to a group hostile to a viewpoint which the editor personally shares, on grounds reflecting the most creditable public spirit.

Lundberg also noted, "It appears that Velikovsky 's ideas have been widely circulated in spite of the hostility of the Establishment...Is it possible that the enormous growth in communication technology has made it practically *impossible* to suppress new ideas for long?"

Stuart Dodd wrote from the University of Washington:

I think you have done a magnificent job of l 'affaire Velikovsky in the September *ABS*. The care with which you worked up and presented the complete case in the three articles, with excellent refereeing throughout, was a historic achievement in challenging and improving methodology in the Behavioral Sciences. I particularly admire the way you did not go into the controversy of the correctness of Velikovsky 's theories, leaving that to the specialists concerned. Your editorial statement of the issues involving the mores of both the physical scientists and the social scientists as scientists in accepting and sifting new scientific work is a skillfully done job.

On the humanities side Mose Hadas, Horace Kallen, William T. Couch, Jacques Barzun, William Sloane and August Heckscher wrote Deg supportively. Medicine, social work, psychiatry, and law were among the fields of applied science reporting interest and conveying congratulations. Several *ABS* readers arranged meetings for Dr. V. at their campuses. Articles based on the *ABS* issue originated in Italy, England, Australia, and elsewhere during the

1960's. Reviews of the book when it appeared two years later were favorable; however, no scientific journal dealing with the natural sciences reviewed it. Ultimately, the book was republished in England, and translated and published by Bertelsman-Goldman in Germany.

Deg introduced the second, English Edition of the *Velikovsky Affair* in 1977. Brain Moore, the librarian of Hartlepool and a cosmic heretic, reviewed the work in the *Society for Interdisciplinary Studies Review*, III: 2 (1978), 38. Crediting the book "a 'classic' in its field" with "the renaissance of scholarly interest in Velikovsky" he quoted its preface:

We dedicate this book to people who are concerned about the ways in which scientists behave and how science develops. It deals especially with the freedoms that scientists grant or withhold from one another. The book is also for people who are interested in new theories of cosmogony -- the causes of the skies, the earth, and humankind as we see them. It is, finally, a book for people who are fascinated by human conflict, in this case a struggle among some of the most educated, elevated, and civilized characters of our times.

The area to which the *ABS* addressed itself was apparently much in need of attention. Sociologist Lundberg thought "that the AAAS, not to mention individual scientists and groups, must now prepare a detailed answer," and he added, as did others, various matters of investigation in the reception system of science. David Wallace wrote happily, "I hope you get sued."

The *American Political Science Review*, which had carried negative reviews of, or ignored, Deg's iconoclastic or deceptively simple works in political science sprang to attention with the *Velikovsky Affair*. John Orbell opined that "it represents a most significant contribution to the sociology of science." He applauded Deg's most valuable chapter on the scientific reception system and concluded: "Behavioral scientists might be expected this time to have been on the side of the angels; they were, after all, nearly alone among scientists in not having some fundamental notions challenged by Velikovsky."

Stecchini wrote to Deg, then in Italy, on Oct. 2, 1963: "There has just appeared a manifesto by [Robert Maynard] Hutchins and others of his coterie on *Science, Scientists, and Politics*. It says in general what the *ABS* has said, but it does not give any evidence. Hutchins begins by saying that in his experience the scientists are the most unscrupulous and power-motivated members of the academic community. The concluding paper by Lynn White, Jr. [historian of science] declares that scientists do not understand philosophical issues and often have philosophical prejudices."

One sponsor of this manifesto was Harrison Brown, a renowned scientist whose reviews of V.'s books were madly mediocre, which goes to say something of the significance of works of the Hutchins kind that do not name names, and makes recommendations that are not specific. Deg liked and admired Hutchins, even when strongly critical of him, ever since he had attended a seminar of that handsome, brave, relatively intellectual, self-contained, and slightly phony cavalier, then President of the University of Chicago.

There came shortly afterwards to Deg another letter from Albert Schenkman, Publisher of Cambridge, Mass., breaking a lance against the *ABS*. Ted Gurr, minding the *ABS*, wished to publish it and Deg replied "Dear Ted: It is cruel of you to hound me across the Big Pond with Mr. Schenkman's letter with a request that I reply. He is in a state of awful confusion. Print it if you will, with or without my comments," and he suggested that Gurr put the comments alongside the appropriate paragraphs of the letter. Gurr did not print the comments.

Philip Converse, who at this writing is President of the American Political Science Association, on Oct. 9, 1963 congratulated Deg on "a superb document." Unlike most, he had followed the case from its inception in the early 1950's. Unlike most, too, he directed his thoughts to measures of policy and control.

...In accordance with the principle of open public challenge and rebuttal, why not publicly invite those of the principals on the other side (certainly Shapley, Gaposkin, Harrison Brown, perhaps Abelson, etc.) who are still active to respond to this issue in an ensuing number? I assume they would be willing

actually to read the whole issue before writing rejoinders.

I trust such an invitation could be handled without devolving into a Counter-Inquisition. That is, the profound ignorance in some coupled with the arrogance of success, has had material consequences for the development of the behavioral sciences, and I am sure leaves many social scientists in a counter-inquisitional frame of mind. On the other hand, it is we who purport to understand the psychology of the inquisition, and we contend among other things that they are unlikely to. I think it is fair game to make the basic points and make them vigorously, while a classic case is still fresh. Yet if our claimed perspective on such matters has any merit at all, it should both permit us and require us to handle the matter with some noblesse oblige, out of respect for the gross differences between the two camps in comprehended information concerning these social and psychological processes. This is true not only because of the negative consequences of the unfettered inquisition spirit, but also because of our beliefs that the problems are principally system-level ones, not good-guys and bad-guys, and ones moreover that social scientists have not to date resolved operationally themselves. So a personal vote for increased discussion and allocation of resources toward remedy, but not the pillory or the witch hunt.

Deg at Florence was sent a copy of the *New York Times* of August 16, 1963 about "the first definitive list of books assembled for the White House Library," John F. Kennedy being President and Jacqueline, his wife, being interested in such matters as the White House decor and French poetry. Professor James Babb, librarian of Yale University, directed the task. "Those on the arduous project included the best brains of the Library of Congress, the editor of the Adams and Jefferson papers, members of the White House Fine Arts Advisory Committee and a host of distinguished scholars, librarians, publishers and experts in many fields throughout the nation." Deg's book, *Public and Republic*, was on the list, his father said, and in response to a plea from the allegedly poverty-stricken White House for donations, his father had sent in the autographed copy Deg had given him years before.

Deg examined the list and wrote a brief essay about it. In his usual

way, he managed to scold everybody, the pretentiousness of the scheme, the great works left out, the silly books entered, the illiteracy of Presidents, and the antiquated view of the methodology of politics and history evidenced by the list. Most pertinent here are his remarks on the treatment of science in this super-list:

Nor do we understand why the natural sciences are excluded. Certainly there is room for some principal articles and books. If readability is the criterion, they are as likely to be read as several hundred other works in the collection. Besides the originals, there should be present at least Sartre, Conant, Whitehead, and Santillana. It is as important that the mythical President who reads should read science as that he should read "Little Women."

This is probably another aspect of the escapism which shuns the future. The immense and fertile American planning community is scarcely heeded. The best predictions and estimates of what can be done in the natural sciences in the next century are absent. The best proposals for the control of war are not available. If indeed the President were to read randomly in this collection, we should fear for the nation.

The tools with which an active presidential mind might work are not dominant here.

The incident displays Deg as something of a *misanthrope*, but what meaning has this word -- a hater of one's fellow humans or, like *Le Misanthrope* of Moliere's drama, an idealist and severe critic of others? It is clear that he was the latter; he had the two tell-tale signs of this *Misanthrope*: he was a harsh judge of himself, subjecting himself to daily Augustinian interrogations of his activities, his use of time, his ideas, his conduct towards others, his intellectual and logical rigor, and his failures. Second, he had an inflated hope for others: for educating the uneducable, giving to the undeserving, organizing the unorganizable, loving the unlovable, bringing peace to the world; worse, he could see good in everyone: his opponents, madmen, silly women, gangsters, wicked politicians. Even at the moment of judging harshly, he was sympathizing secretly. One reason why he was attracted to V. was V.'s simple unidimensional moral quality: there were enemies and friends; the friend of your enemy is your enemy; the enemy of your enemy is

your friend; the friend of your friend is your friend. The fourth category -- the enemy of your friend is your enemy was not so well accepted by V., or to most others who went so far as to accept the first three propositions. So it is not all simple, but nothing is, and all generalizations are false to a degree.

Let us move to Deg 's Journal.

Princeton, April 7, 1966

I was abruptly pulled out of the relaxation of homecoming when I visited Velikovsky. He was haranguing me about Livio's misspelling of the Pharaoh's name and I was sipping tea and listening respectfully but comfortably and even amusedly when the telephone rang and he answered it. I could hear him asking who it was and then "jail," and "marijuana," and "most regrettable," and "I am in full agreement," but then "I am not the man for you. I have here with me Professor de Grazia, Professor Alfred De Grazia," and "Let me have him speak with you... He is better qualified to deal with this subject."

He lumbered in and explained that a gentleman on the phone wished to have a Dr. Timothy Leary introduced. This Dr. Leary had been sentenced to thirty years in prison for possessing marijuana. He was a psychologist... I began to recall Leary...Harvard...experiments with LSD...and reluctantly but with some interest I picked up the receiver and received an invitation to come to Town Hall on Tuesday (this was Monday) at 8 p.m. and introduce Dr. Leary to the audience. The caller, Mr. Bogart, stated that under the circumstances of the sentencing, it would be helpful if Dr. Leary were not to go 'cold' on stage but be preceded by some supportive words. I replied that I might do so but wished to look into the matter and call him back the same afternoon. I hung up and V. said, "You should do it, Alfred, it is a very good and useful thing to do." I felt that I should probably do it, but did not finally decide until I had read a little of the background of the case and an article of alarmist nature in *Life* magazine regarding LSD.

Sizemore joined us at V.'s and we examined some of the long-sought-for Macmillan correspondence on V.'s case. Miraculously, after it had appeared first that Macmillan would

never let us see what they had in their files from the days of the crisis over the publication of *Worlds in Collision*, and then later they said that they had destroyed the files, Sizemore learned that the files had actually gone with many other files over to the New York Public Library for some future literary historian. Well, history had already begun. Sizemore requested the materials and they were brought up for him. He was not supposed to remove them, but he did so temporarily, reproduced them by Xerox, and returned them immediately. So now we might read the full texts of the letters of the scientists Shapley, McLaughlin and the rest to Macmillan, the notes of Mr. Brett of Macmillan agitating the question of whether or not to ditch V.'s book, and related letters and papers. We were now in position to back up what some people regarded as exaggerated statements concerning the dispute with actual quotations corroborating our charges.

The matter of introducing Leary bothered me a bit. V. and Jill both spoke of my acceptance as an act of courage. So did Eddie [Deg's brother] when I called him that evening for information. So also several others in the next day or two. I feel uneasy when people say I am generous, kind, understanding or courageous. Partly I doubt that I am any of these things. Or if I think I am, it is upon occasions when nobody in the world notices; but then when I act normally and naturally, it seems to me, as in the case of Dr. Leary, I am explicitly informed of my virtues. I have long been convinced intellectually of the absolute lack of coordination between good deeds and rewards but their lack of coincidence in practice never ceases to bother me and unsettle me. I don't know how to put it: it seems that I do praiseworthy things in quiet, boldly, but when a public approves my conduct, far from plunging forward even more enthusiastically, I tend to pull up a bit and examine my conduct: am I being rash; what am I doing that is extraordinary? I almost never find that I am fully in accord with the applause.

Eddie told me on the telephone from Washington that Leary's case had several legal possibilities, that it was worth trying in court. He urged me to talk to Allen Ginsberg about Leary, since he recalled Ginsberg having an interest in the matter. He then spoke with A.G., I believe, the next morning, for G. phoned me at my office, speaking unexpectedly in a smooth, organized way, and we arranged to meet at the Faculty Club at 3:45 that afternoon for the first time.

At the appointed time, having speedily dispatched a batch of

phone calls, letters, papers, and other miscellany from the piles of homecoming mail, I was at the Faculty Club and Ginsberg came in soon thereafter. The apparition is nothing to dismiss, especially if it occurs in the framework of the old Federal architecture and furnishings of Washington Square North. He was more completely uncouth than I thought possible. Full grown hair and beard flying in every direction, disheveled attire of ditch, barn, and beach. He said Peter was parking the car and would be in, so we began to talk while we waited and after twenty minutes Peter came in with his tam, long red braids, and grimy gym suit and tennis shoes, bringing along also his brother. By then Allen and I had come to terms and he could introduce Peter's brother nonchalantly as "Julius, Peter's brother. We've taken him out of the insane asylum where he's been for thirteen years. He's become our ward." Peter said, "Sit here, Julius!" and Julius staring far far out of this world, sat straight and mechanical on a chair and said nothing nor scarcely moved a muscle for the hour or more that we talked thereafter.

The trio was spectacularly disgusting. Several professors and the manager poked their heads inquiringly our way and I gave them a polite "hello!" My own feeling was of warmth and fondness. They were completely reversed characters. All the evil in them was in their appearance, while inwardly they revealed a beauty and kindness that was holy. They are in the great tradition of the blessed spirits -- the hermits who live in caves and on poles, the beggars of St. Francis, Ginsberg is a man of surpassing intelligence, aside from all else, and Peter a kind of saintly inquirer. They are not more celibates, or even better-than-ordinary men. They stand on the other side of Evil, having passed through it or flown over it.

I invited them to the bar downstairs for a drink, but they took me instead to their party, where they were tardy. Present when we arrived was the hostess, Miss Beach, daughter of the first publisher of Joyce, a Frenchman who has just translated Ferlinghetti, a Solomon who had just been freed from nine years in a mental hospital (this must be Allen's great early friend) and a pretty young man who looks like Edgar Allan Poe and publishes *Fuck you: a Magazine of the Arts*.

I stayed for a while, then left despite their invitation to dinner, because I had to put down some words for my Introduction. I signed into the Stanford hotel for the night, scribbled hastily for half an hour and then walked to Town Hall (taking a cab the last couple of blocks, since I turned E rather than W) and

arrived a little late to spend time with Leary before the address. It was as well for he was busy with the press and TV until the moment he had to appear. He welcomed me and we went on stage to a house three-fourths filled. A young crowd, I observed. My introduction went off well, and Leary's small strange eyes lit up warmly when I finished and he shook my hand cordially. He rambled on nicely for over an hour under painful white lights. They bothered me more than him but he had indicated he wished me to sit on stage alongside the rostrum and I complied. (Now I must see what mode of exploitation there will be of the films that were made. If I am on display I shall want to be sure of the context and qualifications.)

Leary's message was simple and harmless. He spoke of the levels of consciousness and asserted that the deepest was provoked by LSD. He argued that the knowledge one gained thereby was to the good (automatically, I suppose, as the naturalist fallacy has it that all fact and truth is good and wreaks good, no matter the context or the controls). It wasn't much. Leary has been the patient *amicus adolescens* of boys and girls seeking self-awareness and thrills of sensation, and is adulated for this and for his troubles and for his pursuit of a vague set of psychological and theological ideas that hover in the experiences of drug-taking.

I bid him goodnight afterwards, ate a poor solitary meal at a late diner, and slept well,

Princeton, October 6, 1966

Bad headache. Hot flashes, apparent heart palpitations after lunch.

Query: alcohol? Alcohol plus fine crop of my garden mushrooms "coprinus" for dinner last evening? barometric pressures possibly related to hurricane Inez? something more functionally severe? Poor mood, anyhow, Louise S--- our house guest again. A beautiful woman, so well turned out, and 52 years old. She had a torrid affair with a young Greek and spent weeks with him on a primitive island in the Aegean this summer.

Walked with Franny [their shepherd dog] along the streets in the balmy night air. Stopped by Velikovsky to give him an article on "Magnetic Pressures" that describes the newest

successes in building up tremendous magnetic charges. What artifice can do, nature may have done and may do. Hence V.'s theories about the possible role of electromagnetic charges in cosmic events and catastrophes may be supported or considered in new light.

He insisted I stay and despite my headache, we talked for nearly two hours. He had me read his latest correspondence and advise him on letters to Sullivan of the NYT and others. We spoke of his archives and I repeated my thoughts about a foundation to take over his home and archives. He is very anxious about his many remaining tasks. Fifteen they were, he said. I said "I have fifteen not counting you as a project." He joked about the peasant pushing the old ass and saying, in response to a remark of a by-stander: "Between us we are 100 years old."

Deg's Journal, Princeton, October 9, 1966

It is as difficult to make a little change as a big change in politics. Or is it? I sometimes think the former and usually act upon it. But I am a radical by temper and I resent being involved in little changes when bigger ones are needed.

I wonder: can it be that in the measurement *NOT* of the difficulty of change, but whether the changes brought are big or little, that the conservatism of a society should be determined?

Deg's Journal, Princeton, October 9, 1966, 11 P.M.

At 9 am Edward de G. calls and we discuss his problems in finishing "Congressional Liaison." At 10 V. calls and tells me we should publish his Brown University speech and the accompanying talks of his critics, together with the Neugebauer reviews and correspondence, as a book. I agree, but he takes a half-hour to unload his early morning thoughts upon me. I should charge the old psychoanalyst a psychiatrist's fee (professional discount, of course). At the end he says "I feel better now. We have this straightened out. Now I will go back to the miserable German translation of my book." I feel compassionate. At every turn of the road, a further obstacle to communicating one's ideas arises -- when nothing else, there will always be the damnable errors of a typist, a translator, or an editor.

Deg's Journal, Princeton, 1967

The afternoon of Sunday, December 17, Jill and I bicycled down the hill to the Velikovsky house for a tea party, with Francesca, our German Shepherd dog, loping along nicely beside us. When we arrived she insisted upon coming in, or rather, behaved in such a confused fashion that we finally brought her in with us, and she finally discovered her place under the grand piano, where she had lain on prior occasions. Present were the Ralph Juergens, Dr. Kogan, Velikovsky's son-in-law and a Professor and Research Scientist from Israel, with whom I had met on his previous trips to the United States. So were the Bigelows, he from the Institute for Advanced Study and she a psychologist. I had not met them before although Velikovsky spoke of Bigelow from time to time. He is one of the few natural scientists who has lent sympathy to Velikovsky in recent years. A newly met acquaintance of Velikovsky, Spelman Waxman, was in the company with his wife. He is retired now from the Center for Antibiotics Research, that he had established at Rutgers University on the basis of the returns from his discovery of certain antibiotics, especially streptomycin, for which he had received the Nobel Prize some years ago. The Waxmans had scarcely heard of Velikovsky. I had only vaguely recollected them as well. The Juergens didn't know the others. The Bigelows did not either, so all in all, except for Velikovsky, who has a great memory for everybody and everything, it was a typical gathering of specialized intellectuals who had heard little or nothing of one another despite the feeling that some of those present had that they might have met or that they were worthy of being known to others. Jill later told me that Mrs. Waxman seemed offended when Jill did not recognize her name, and of course Mrs. Waxman and Dr. Waxman were probably surprised when I asked him how he spelled it later on when he was asking me to send him a copy of "*The Velikovsky Affair*" which I of course felt that he should have known about, and I am far too aware of the networks of acquaintanceship in The Great Society to expect anybody to know me before meeting, unless they come from certain circles the existence of which I am well aware of. Under the circumstances, it is easy to see why there is so much trouble in gathering together a public opinion among scientists except at the most superficial level of the top associations and those who agitate among them and in the mass media, denoted by prizes and the like.

I learned about Kogan's work in desalinization of sea water. He

is now constructing a model in Israel that is supposed to be a great improvement over existing distillation types that require much expensive copper alloy tubing. His method is a kind of open channel way that cuts down a considerable proportion of cost of the installation that comes from tubing. He has also worked in physics and astronomy. He is a large man, wall-eyed, pleasant and highly intelligent, persuaded, I believe, of the validity of Velikovsky's general theory. We discussed the force fields that could have been operative during the encounter of Venus and Earth about 1500 B.C. He explained in answer to my questioning that it might be possible to set up a model to duplicate the forces involved, but it would be a very costly affair. Natural forces are not easy to set up in a natural state. He felt that the force of electromagnetism exerted presently among the planetary bodies and the sun might be enormously modified because its cube principle follows gravitational force very quickly and provides a very different relationship between the two bodies. Hence, one cannot say that the force between Earth and Venus would be negligible at all. Furthermore, we could venture a number of different positions, charges, currents, axial coordinates and the like that would determine a very wide range of possible forces between Earth and Venus during the period in question. And of course the present slow retrograde motion of Venus does not at all indicate what might have been the position and rotation of Venus at the time of the encounter. Unless someone comes up with a brilliant scheme, it will be difficult to reconstruct the historical incident with details more specific than those rather general ones provided already by Velikovsky. (However, I feel that there is some possibility that we might be able to use a more intensive and exhaustive scrutiny of ancient documents to discover somewhat more details about the motions of the heavenly bodies during the encounter period.)

Dr. Waxman is an old Russian Jew of about the same age as Velikovsky, and they were able to recall passing by one another at different points in their early wandering lives. Dr. Waxman began to recollect his experiences in the years following his discovery of antibiotics and his naming of the field. I asked especially, "How long would you say it was from the time you made your discovery until the time you finally had a full research institute set up and operative with the people you wanted?" He replied, after much clarification of the question, partly because he, like other natural scientists, do not think in sociological process terms, that ten years was the period from the time that he made his discovery until the pharmaceutical

industry purchased rights to use them, to the payment of royalties back to the University, to the voting by the Trustees of a new Center for Antibiotic Research at Rutgers to be set up by Dr. Waxman, to the construction of the building and then the hiring of a first group of deliberately temporary people who were space occupiers to prevent other ill-housed faculty of the University from taking over Waxman's facilities before he had a chance to bring in the permanent first-rate men that he was seeking. Finally, at the end of ten years the cycle concluded. I commented that this was a very short cycle of this type. It had to do with the nature of the discovery, of the fact that a market was present, and a few unique factors, including, of course, the shrewdness of Dr. Waxman himself throughout the total operation. A much more thorough study of this experience would be very worthwhile from the standpoint of the history of science and the sociology of science, as well as comparable studies of other experiences.

The tea itself was only a small part of a rather elaborate Russian type of menu that Elisheva Velikovsky provided -- sweet pickled herring, cheeses, hams, several kinds of cake, and the company enjoyed itself at table, Franny having lodged herself below the table and under the feet of everyone, somewhat to the embarrassment of Jill who was never really embarrassed about this sort of thing but thought that poor Elisheva had enough to do without concerning herself with the physical presence of a large bitch. Numerous stories were recounted.. Velikovsky told of the legend of Solomon in which was apparently involved a bit of radium that had been picked up somewhere and was carried in a lead box and was used from time to time for performing miracles, and finally after generations was exhausted. I thought the story showed very well the terrific power of Velikovsky's mind in looking at stories and seeing beyond the simple words facts at an entirely different level. He is unquestionably a great detective.

Juergens caught me aside as we were leaving the table and the dining room to show me a long letter he had just received from John Lear, the Science Editor of the *Saturday Review*. In this letter, Lear was defending himself against Juergens' assertion in his essay on the history of the Velikovsky controversy that Lear and Stuart McClintock of *Collier's Magazine* had attempted to go beyond Velikovsky's wishes in jazzing up and popularizing *Worlds in Collision*, something that we have felt contributed to the original hostility to the Velikovsky book on the part of the scientists. Nothing in my experience would

make me surprised at a popular magazine's handling of a scientific issue. It is almost impossible, given the rules of journalism, to do justice by science. Among many other reasons, the journals themselves are unequipped to handle distinctions between fact statements and scandalous exaggerations. However, in this letter, Lear again said that he had a most difficult time in working with Velikovsky; he disputes that there was ever any intention of serializing the book itself instead of condensing it (something that Velikovsky himself later confirmed and said that he had misremembered this fact when he looked up his agreement), and went on at great length quoting copiously from a letter written by McClintock to him a few months before McClintock's death last year, in which McClintock gave the most harrowing account of an evening spent at Velikovsky's home when he and Lear and later he alone, after Lear went out to wait for him, had tried to escape the wrath of Velikovsky and to appease him and at the same time to try to present an article that they thought would be printed by the magazine. In fact, McClintock accused Velikovsky at one point in his ranting and raving of bringing out a gun from the cabinet, putting it on the table and saying "Let this settle the matter right now." McClintock wrote, if Lear is correct in having such a letter, that he McClintock left the place shaking and with an eruption of the ulcers that he had thought once cured and after a year felt poorly as a result of the meeting. I laughed rather grimly when I heard the story. Of course one would have to check the reliability of both Lear and McClintock in respect to the incident at which Mrs. Velikovsky was supposed to be present. But again I would not put it past Velikovsky. I could see that a man coming out of a dozen years of every day in the stacks all day long and with his whole life work and magnificent set of theories at stake, and with all the driving power and determination that was required for that effort, being confronted by what had to be a shallow, glancing misrepresentation of what he was trying to say, and considering also the enormous domineering quality of Velikovsky and of how he wants to control every single thing that has to do with himself, he would be most intemperate, disagreeable and could even have pulled out the pistol. Juergens wondered whether he should show the letter to Velikovsky or Mrs. Velikovsky. I said hold it another day or two until I could look at it more thoroughly, and then we went into further conversation with the group, the Waxmans having departed and Jill having gone onto the subject of forming a foundation for the study of some of the theories in which Velikovsky was interested. He would

like me to organize it. I am thinking strongly of it but I would like a much more clear definition of our respective roles.

I arranged to see Juergens several days later and did on Thursday afternoon. Then I read through the letter again, we joked about it some more, and I said to Juergens that I saw no reason why it should not be shown to Velikovsky. I believed it worked out all right because the next day Velikovsky called me on another pretext and raised the subject again just to hear my response. He didn't mind my treating it in a jocular way. And he certainly did not express the right amount of indignation, I thought, at the fact that I appeared to believe the story. But he denied it and said that he had never owned a pistol since he had one many years ago in Russia or was it Israel. He weakened my belief in the letter a little, but it would seem hard for McClintock to make up the story completely, so specific was it. He also claimed that Lear was not there at all during the meeting.

Juergens and I then discussed the foundation, and he agreed completely with me that prior to the establishment of the foundation it should be determined that it would carry a full range of objective studies of the many types of problems in numerous disciplines that we had come upon in the course of the Velikovsky experience. Furthermore, he agreed that we should ask for the rights to almost all of the Velikovsky archive because it is from his voluminous notes and the total collection of commentary that we could fashion many a first-rate hypothesis for our colleagues to research, both in the history of science and the substantive areas of concern. I am now drafting such a letter to Velikovsky explaining the conditions under which we would have to work. It is impossible to be in any dependent position with respect to Velikovsky and get out any kind of regular journal, or series of publications, or systematic argument in opposition to his theories. I could not work otherwise; I would find, as would everyone else concerned with the foundation and its publications, that he would gobble up all of our time whether it was necessary or not in the affairs of the foundation and we would be able to do nothing with our lives otherwise. The pretext I referred to above that Velikovsky called me about had to do with Professor Neugebauer. Neugebauer had apparently accused me of "dishonesty" in some letter to Delaplaine, a science writer, because I did not print or acknowledge a letter that he had written me (the *ABS*) in 1963. But I don't recall having received such a letter until 1965, at which time, O. N., probably feeling threatened by an

imminent visit of Velikovsky to Brown University, N's own school, sent me an explanation of why he had distributed "only one hundred" copies of his review of Velikovsky's book containing a serious error that would make Velikovsky appear foolish or treacherous with facts.

Every month of the decades of 60's and 70's there would be an alarm raised to rally to V.'s cause, and the volunteer firemen would rush to the scene. For persistent devotion to duty over the whole period Warner Sizemore gets the prize. He was out of Georgia originally, became a Presbyterian minister, studied for his doctorate at Temple University. He never completed his dissertation, which he might have written ten times over if he had not given so much time to Velikovsky. Sizemore was an artist as well, a modest painter who would not stretch himself to create. He devised, too, a method of reproducing in wood a painting, whether classical or banal, and sold his productions at fairs in shopping centers and fairgrounds.

I must not give the impression that V. would not help his supporters. When it was sage to do so, and would not compromise himself, he would write letters; since almost always the cosmic heretics needed letters that would recommend them to academic foes of V. and cover up their friendliness to V., there were not many of such letters. In Sizemore's case, V. guaranteed a mortgage on a house in Trenton, so that Sizemore and his family might settle down. They did and found their life-paths successfully.

The interventions of Sizemore on V.'s behalf were to be numbered in the hundreds. A minister of the many, he became a minister of the one. Hardly a week would go by without some assistance. He gave counsel, wrote letters to the media, made phone calls, solicited support, attended every related public assembly, taped miles of discussions and lectures, gave his own funds to publish the magazine *Kronos*, kept hostilities to a minimum, and maintained a good-natured concern through thick and thin and down the years. He became Professor of Philosophy and Theology at Glassboro State College and persuaded the authorities to authorize a Velikovsky Center, which began to collect items of interest and

which served as a background screen for *Kronos* magazine. There was little gain here except the prestige of an academic address. V. never did consign a copy of his archive to the "Center."

Friends like Sizemore come mostly in fairy tales and epic poetry. V. took him for granted, as indeed he took everyone for granted who did not hold some prestigious place or manage a power center. He bequeathed Sizemore nothing -- nor anything to anyone else except his wife, and then by descent through her to his family. It is continuously remarkable how gratitude in life, where it exists, is typically decapitated in the performance of a last testament. It was disgraceful, after having taken up so much time over decades talking about making his archives available and helping others carry on his work, that V. did nothing to that effect nor did his wife and daughters, and in fact his books and materials and funds were held more tightly than ever after his death. I have already said that V. undervalued what he received from others and overvalued what he gave them. Lewis Greenberg, to take another case, had for a decade edited *Kronos* without compensation (unless his profligate telephoning were to be counted as such) and could only wrench a few articles out of V. and his heiresses. Very late, Jan Sammer, the family's assistant, helped to pry loose some pieces. As we shall see, *Mankind in Amnesia* is not much as a book, but would have appeared gracefully and appropriately as articles in *Kronos*.

Meanwhile *Kronos* was weakened by its top-heavy reliance upon Velikovsky's case. When the magazine was very young, Deg had proposed, in a fateful meeting of several cosmic heretics in a Chinese restaurant of Philadelphia, that the magazine "go public." It should define its mission in general terms and seek a wider audience. Greenberg, whose paranoiac outlook he was the first to confess, felt threatened and drew back. Deg, who should have pursued his aim more gently and privately, let it drop, and hardly had personal contact with Greenberg in the years that followed.

But this is true, that V. would have been outraged if any of his circle, and certainly *Kronos*, would have essayed to count him as only a leading figure among cosmic heretics, other than as their *raison d'etre*. Those who thought such "evils" were evicted, like the Talbotts, or dropped out, like Stecchini and Bill Mullen. Only

Deg, I must say, pushed over the years for an opening up to the world, and only once did what seemed like an awful break occur, which lasted for a couple of days. Then the British began to skirmish, and opened up frontally with the Glasgow revisionism; Deg began circulating his own manuscripts and coining doubly heretical terms like "revolutionary primevalogy;" and ultimately *Kronos* began to carry non-Velikovskian material and theory.

Withal Deg could note with interest how in published articles of *Kronos* and the *British Review* and wherever else a piece might appear, the writer would be sure to interject a mention or quotation from V. in the first paragraphs, as over the years, in American political science journals, one felt he must refer to the latest book of the "hit parade," one year being the year to cite V.O. Key on political parties, next year David Truman on political processes, then Robert Dahl on democratic theory, and so on, or, in a more stable setting, the communist scientific writers who seem hardly able to put a pen to paper without promptly keying in a reference to Marx or Engels, no matter what the subject and "the state of the art;" and the Chinese for a while with Mao, and so on. The issue was not "giving credit where credit is due" but of political-social game-playing. When a man writes much, he must ultimately mention everything from sex to the weather, and every phrase can become Biblical in its marvelous "perceptiveness" and "prophecy."

Deg was not of course alone in detecting this in-gathering effect of fame, as I discerned in reading the *Journal of André Gide* for 4 February, 1922:

Freud. Freudianism...For the last ten years, or fifteen, I have been indulging in it without knowing it. Many an idea of mine, taken singly and set forth or developed at length in a thick book, would have made a great hit -- if only it were the only child of my brain. I cannot supply the initial outlay and the upkeep for each one of them nor even for any one in particular.

"Here is something that, I fear, will bring grist to your mill," Riviere said to me the other day, speaking of Freud's little book on sexual development. I should say!

It would be impossible to carry in any interesting manner an account of Deg 's interventions on V. 's behalf, just as it would be to list Sizemore 's multitude of favors. Instances would include: setting up with John Bell a meeting for V. to address at New York University (Mar. 1, 1968); offering to the President of the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia (Feb. 20, 1967) to take the platform with V., if it was the presentation of "another side" that was truly wanted; dealing with publishers (Dell, Feb 27, 1968, Simon and Schuster, *et al.*) to publish more of V. 's rebuttals of the "establishment;" writing letters to the Editor of *Newsweek* (May 29, 1968) and to other media directors; appearing on radio discussions; helping to arrange television programs; addressing a "Social Order in Science Study Group" at the George Washington University (Jan. 18, 1965), meanwhile conducting general research in the field and carrying on another complicated life.

On occasion (rare because his obduracy was known) intimates remonstrated with Deg for spending too much energy upon V. 's problems. His attitude was typical: give me a better cause in the intellectual world, a more worthwhile victim; a better archive; most victims are dull, or psychotic, or trivial... "Think of your own interests," they would say. But that only confused Deg. He didn 't feel actually that he was giving V. so much. His "own interests" were for affection, good food, good company, sex, beauty, travel, and there seemed a good supply of all these to be had. As for "other people 's interests," he would gladly save the world and did make a couple of literary stabs in that direction, nor was there any world movement worthwhile; he tried to save higher education by starting a school. He jumped into the Vietnam vortex but could do little. He took initiatives to advance his field of learning by inventing a computerized information retrieval system. Other things as well, such as a stint to help erase anti-semitic elements in the Catholic rite, offers to reorganize his New York University department, etc. It was not so easy, I conclude, for him to have found a better cause. Recall it was the "richness" of V. 's materials that attracted Deg, and allowed the science of sociology and the history of science to progress.

Let me dip into his journal to see what was up otherwise. On March 8, 1968 is an entry that combines food, presidential politics,

Vietnam, economic development, the arts, and religion:

Lunched 1-3 pm with Rod Rockefeller at "Pireaus, My Love," rolled lamb and stuffed flounder in a second floor saloon lined with portholes. Decided:

- 1) We might set up a company to study possibilities of large-scale condominium conversions of slum properties. I ' ll form a committee.
- 2) It would be well to set up a committee of ten for Nelson R. for President among scholars and from that I might send a larger mailing to the 15,000 political scientists of the country, and then all the other fields.
- 3) IBEC would be interested in VN if United Fruit could come along and develop the economic output of a new city. [Deg was pushing to create a new city in Vietnam.] We ' ll see what Julian Turner [U.S. Army Colonel, formerly logistics chief in Vietnam] has to say next week when he comes from Fort Lewis.
- 4) The fine arts corporation and antique properties holding corporation can be gotten to whenever the means and times are right.
- 5) We ' ll try to get the National Council of Churches to do a practical and strong job of handling its 3-year program on the social responsibilities of corporations.

I scarcely need say that none of this succeeded, but perhaps it goes to show how Greek cuisine can help to vent hopeful dreams. Every now and then the two men would lunch together and concoct schemes that didn ' t seem to go far beyond the lunch table. Deg stopped seeing Rod without saying anything because when the big crunch descended with the school in Switzerland, Rod gave a mere \$100 to the cause. They were used to dividing their lunch bills; this Swiss fare was too exotic for Rod to share.

The same night, he was writing a poem on the train:

How many Fridays we thanked for
not being Mondays,

wish we life away so.
Draw back all those weeks, dear breath,
into the fresh lungs of youth and
fill them with the best of life,
skimmed of complications,
Humpty Dumpty splatted where he fell
and tra la la la for him.

Just a dog lying in the sun
Waters creeping up a beach
A long walk to nowhere
An enthusiastic argument
A book on the wide harmless world.
No riotous shocks and jolts
but sweet time, soft time
fall stilly, pass gently
around our retracements
drink long and cool
wet and stretch these cords
from Monday to Friday.
Will the little god to rest
and give the big one a chance to work.

Some of the life he was leading in these years is reflected in the following letter from Naxos to Dr. Zvi Rix of Jerusalem, dated July 19, 1976:

Dear Dr. Rix:

Greetings! I hope my letter finds you well -- and not too impatient with your friends and colleagues of the field of revolutionary primevalogy. I have settled down in Naxos for a few weeks (until August 15), after visits in London, Amsterdam, Delft, Dusseldorf, Dornach (the Rudolf Steiner Center), Athens, and Thera Santorini. On the 15th of August, I go to Athens, the Dordogne (to spend two weeks around the caves and digs), Nice for the IX International Congress of the Union of Pre-and Proto-Historical Sciences, and then probably straight back to NYC and Princeton. I have been carrying your letter of April 2 (terrible!) with me for months. Let me "respond" to it.

1) As I have said, you only need a) to be able to come and b) to

find out whether I am here, to come to Naxos as my guest *any time*.

2) If you ask him, Sizemore will probably duplicate for you a set of the Glassboro papers, which I see are beginning to appear in *Kronos*.

3) Did I send you the "Jupiter and Saturn" piece? No! I have searched my folders here and, alas, I must have given the copy I had carried with me for you to somebody in the English group (I become generous and present-oriented under the influence of good company and whiskey). I will send it to you when I return; it is only a brief piece with a well-phrased hypothetical formula.

4) Did your piece not appear or is it not promised for publication in *Kronos*? (I have no copy of the Birthday Symposium myself.)

5) Your "psycho-politics" was gratefully received and read by my seminar at NYU.

6) I wish it were as easy (*cf.* your compliment *re* my article on Michelson's Moonshine) to set up our own elaborated time frame and scheme for myth analysis as it is to knock down those set up by others.

7) The model for the new Holocene that I set up views it as an age of the "Unsettling of Heaven and Birth of Man," the age of catastrophes, using Greco-Roman terminology: Urania, 14,000-11,500 (BP 2000 AD); Lunia, 11,500-8000; Saturnia, 8000-5700; Jovea, 5700-4400; Mercuria 4400-3450; Venusia, 3450-2750; Martia, 2750-1600; Solaria, 1600-0. The greatest catastrophes occurred with the birth of the Moon from the Pacific Ocean *ca* 11500 for much crust was lost as the larger element of outer planets (Uranus-Neptune, etc. possibly) passed closely and the water canopies fell cataclysmically. The scheme appears too radical at first sight, but in hundreds of pages of working back and forth logically and with the scraps of available evidence, it seems to hold together. I propose it in order that we may begin to fit in all of the scattered pieces of myth, evolution, paleontology, behavior. Whenever the exposition is ready I shall send it to you.

7a) as for the dynamics of the birth of *Homo Sapiens Schizotypicalis*, I have at least a pamphlet nearing reproduction on the subject and will send you that too. I shall try to find H. Gunkel's book; thank you.

8) I do have access to the sourcebooks that Corliss is publishing on ancient riddles and reports. I agree with you that St. Brendan-Quetzalcoatl follows a universal pattern; the ultimate problem is to fix the first age (Urania?) of the practice of these rites and to show how they emerged from the brain (double-brain?) of the new *homo sapiens schizotypicalis* cum geo-celestial terrors.

In the sourcebooks that you mention (Corliss') did you remark upon the vitrified Scottish forts? I am going into this matter now. This seems to be lightning, and on a grand scale, i.e. the protracted withdrawal or rush of charge from the Earth via the most convenient modes of exit towards an accumulated and approaching extraterrestrial charge (opposite). Hypothesis: at a certain point in time (Mercuria?), thousands of points of Earth were mobilized to discharge electricity (*cf.* my article on Troy IIg, which might be synchronized with the vitrification found in many places). Query: does the Tower of Babel case belong here? Did the languages of man disperse in shocked amnesiac behavior? Do the ziggurats and pyramids evidence Vitrification or an intent to facilitate (*ex post facto*) future current-flows? (Troy IIg is in pyramid-building times.) Note Mercurial qualities? When did Hermes flourish as a god? (under overall aegis of Zeus, perhaps). If people on an eminence feel current starting to flow, they get out before the heavy scorching from the heavier flow occurs. Are there vitrified eminences and walls, mid-3rd millennium, in the ruins of your area ? Perhaps, and even probably, this phenomenon, like quakes, flood fire, whirlwinds, occurs whenever a major extra-terrestrial approach or major planet disruption occurs.

A young Dutch geologist, Poul Andriessen, is here in Naxos drawing samples for 40K-40A tests, that he performs himself. We've spent many hours discussing the validity of the technique. There are serious questions that he admits, although he defends the results of his other radiochronometries. It is all so difficult, a seemingly endless set of important problems concerning which one must make up his mind.

But enough for now. The sea is too rough for swimming -- or at least it is not inviting, so I shall drive my motorcycle into town and see what the tavernas are offering by way of food and company.

With best wishes, I remain, sincerely,

Alfred de Grazia

Then years later, he lies in Styliida with a broken leg (the

motorcycle, of course):

June 7, 1978

Foot swollen and aching this morning. Big discussion with A. M. as to cause of this "relapse." she saying my walking upon it caused it, I saying that it may be the normal effects of stressing the foot in order to get the cartilage, foot bones, muscles, tendons articulating properly. I confess, though, to a certain worry from the beginning of the case: that everything inside was thoroughly disarranged, apart from the broken bones, and may be difficult to reorder functionally. But, too, I took a long swim and that, plus walking, has markedly tightened the muscles of the calf. Wouldn't the stretch pain the tendons?

Reading in Velikovsky's *Peoples of the Sea* to recheck whether he had separated sufficiently the Egyptians' "*Peoples of the Sea*" from those "Peoples" alleged to be destructive elsewhere at the same time, I find that he has not and I should one day pursue the idea that "Peoples" fiction served to cover up the Martian catastrophes of the 8th and 7th century, 3-400 years before the time of which Velikovsky writes.

But the force of his arguments makes me yearn to circularize a brief questionnaire among all Egyptologists asking whether they have read the book and whether the hypothesis of Ramses III being of the 4th century is at all useful or defensible. I believe that the results would be scandalous.

Stylida evening 17 June 1978

A Swede dropped in unexpectedly. His friend is interested in buying into my land. He stayed a few minutes and left. Ami rode into town with him and brought back food and mail and news. Then we swam. I continued to hack my way with a hand ax down the bluff and back up again, as I had begun the other day. It was easier, the footholes more prominent. I slung a rope around the bush and dangled it down to steady me on the crawl up.

There were 30 pieces of mail of which 2 were for Ami, one rejecting "nicely" her second novel (really the fourth she has written) and the other from a journalist who compares her in a review with Anais Nin. I received a rejection of my elaborate

request for a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities; for various reasons, I don't mind this. It's already an article or two on the "Ballroom of the Unconscious." [It is carried in *The Burning of Troy*.] I wanted the money to live on and to employ Ami who knows the literature so well, supposing that other means of subsistence don't come in.

Of the force that moves this varied activity through the years, there is more than a hint in a note of Deg's Journal, undated but apparently of 1973, the more interesting in view of the massive narcissism that has been ascribed to V.

Ten years ago I was induced by L. Stecchini to gaze upon the writings of I.V., catalyzed by an accidental reading of *Oedipus and Akhnaton*. This led up many different paths of philosophy and science, which I would not have had the courage or confidence to undertake, if I had not been a victim of the magnificent arrogance of R.M. Hutchins whose New Plan and own spirit of it had pervaded the University of Chicago with an idea that man, even in this age of specialization and seemingly endless data banks, could and must master a survey of all knowledge to be educated. This happened twenty-four years beforehand.

But this would not have been enough if there had not been sixteen years before a narcissistic bending of my character in infancy and childhood, a fierce desire to keep the world in all its forms within me (to own the world) and a fierce competitiveness toward all others to enter it upon my own terms.

CHAPTER FOUR

A PROPER RESPECT FOR AUTHORITY

In the summer of 1971, Deg led a party of 300 persons, with many camp followers, up the Swiss Alps to found a college and V. came later to teach. It did not take V. long to perceive that Deg was continually in danger of falling victim to a human landslide that Deg's own explosive force had set into motion. When it came to V.'s turn to speak to the representative assembly, a beautiful contrivance of Deg which, like the French revolutionary assembly of 1789, had gone wild, V. called up Freud's *Totem and Taboo* and gravely admonished the respectful group of the danger that lay in killing their father. Deg felt embarrassed while dutifully thanking V. for his remarks, for he was a staunch republican who had always disbelieved in patriarchal leadership systems and because many of the college crowd would be all the more delighted if they could rid themselves of their father as well as a leader, killing two birds with one stone.

"I, an octogenarian," said V., "stride with the young of mind. There is no cult of Velikovsky: there is only the cult of scientific and historical truth. The youths sense this, and the rebellion against the pseudoscience taught from the cathedrals of the universities is not for away."

V. to Princeton Graduate Forum (Oct. 18, 1972): "Nineteen years ago I called the young... to look for new vistas, not to be afraid of calumny and name-calling. Today I repeat my call; it's a new generation. I call you to cross the barriers between sciences... My work is not finished ... It is in your hands. It is up to you to decide if you wish to repeat what the authorities told you or to become authorities yourselves -- to grow and to be non-conformists and to take abuse and to be exonerated some day. So be courageous and don't be afraid."

If V. had been given a son, he would have wanted him to be like the astronomer, Carl Sagan, but of course, in agreement with his ideas. Being what he was and the times being what they were, he was probably lucky to have no son. Rare these days is the child who adopts the father's views or even defends him. When V. and Sagan were appearing on the same platform at a AAAS meeting in San Francisco, V invited Sagan to his room, and there sought, if not to persuade him of his ideas, to influence and neutralize him, perhaps in a way to hypnotize him. Sagan only redoubled his criticisms as a result; the attempt to make a son of him back-fired. Sagan regularly lectured against Velikovsky in his classes and published repeatedly his essay that was said to finish him off.

Still Sagan could invest himself with V.'s claims, and probably (though he would not meet with me to talk about such matters) he was convinced that the father was well dead and gone and was terrified at the feeling that V. now wished to be patriarch to him. Interviewed by Richard Baker on BBC 4 (radio) "Start the Week," 30 March 1983, he was asked, along with other guests, "the moment in your life that you've been most pleased about?" Sagan talked of the, "delightful moments" when his predictions about planets were borne out by space vehicles on the spot. Pressed for a "particular discovery," he replied "Well, the discovery that the surface of Venus is extremely hot, about 380 deg-C, [Actually it is much higher] and produced by a massive atmosphere Greenhouse Effect that keeps the heat in..." The second is a dubious theory, not at all original with him.

That he could claim the first can most charitably be regarded as a slip of the tongue, such as Sigmund Freud describes; inadvertent and often embarrassing utterances, they are usually prompted by a strong suppressed desire of the speaker to make a point otherwise prohibited by rules, morals, or truth. Sagan, one might surmise, let the claim slip out as an expression of general megalomania, but the particular claim, out of all those he might have thought of, strikes at V.'s well-established claim of predicting the high heat of Venus. There is here a hint of psychological pressure working to take for his own specifically the property of the father.

V. was fixated on authority, the higher the better: he sought out acquaintances and enemies on high levels. But he did not gather intelligent up-coming young people until late in life; he has written a book on his conversations with Einstein, yet he would never have dreamed of writing a book of his immensely richer conversations with Juergens about electricity and Stecchini on ancient languages and the history of science. Why? Because they were unknown. His idea of arrival was naive. The great ones would recognize him on the basis of his books. The young would come along, following what their teachers say. Until late in life, he had no idea of the striking fact of intellectual history, that most geniuses and heretics start out young.

At any given moment in time, Harvard University is likely to have a couple of pets of the communists. It's a gimcrack impeccability. Harlow Shapely was one of these -- and, of course, a great deal more, too much more, member and officer of dozens of scientific associations, Director of the Lowell observatory, and more still. In poking about, Deg discovered that he had even once invoked exoterrestrial forces to explain terrestrial phenomena.

Well, V. had thought, a man so broad in his interests and tastes would welcome a helping hand to apply legends to astronomy. V. was anticommunist and had been so since the earliest successes of the Russian Bolshevik movement had not gone so far as to efface anti-semitism in Russia. The authoritarian aspects of communism, or statism in general, did not faze him. Principles of government were foreign to him, a sharp contrast to Deg, who was continuously seeking better designs for human institutions. To V., governments and men were bad or good. The Soviet leaders were bad because they acted badly. Nor should persons be forgiven evil because of the pressure of circumstances. How he would love to live quite without compromises!

The only dispute in connection with Deg's article on "The Reception System of Science" of the *ABS* issue occurred over his mentioning V.'s "respect for authority." Deg told him of the expression, "the Cabots speak only to the Lodges and the Lodges speak only to God." His response was not to reform, but to try more of it: he writes Deg a few months later that he knows that he

is speaking like a Cabot but would Deg support him in his efforts to bring the prestigious figure of Lord Bertrand Russell over to his side?

V. was on a collision course with himself. He practiced on Aristotle, Newton and Darwin, numerous 19th century writers and then on current authorities, but impersonally and only with the slightest irony, in a situation calling for broad sarcasm.

He thought of himself as an authority but did not realize that he was undermining present authorities and that they would react as authorities invariably do, by putting him down. But, then, he was a poor sociologist. Like many a psychoanalyst (and most scientists for that matter) he barely realized that the field existed.

He was flabbergasted when his *Worlds in Collision* was attacked so vigorously and then each succeeding book was treated the same, dismissed, or ignored. It was all the more shocking because *Worlds* was a best-seller, which brought *popular* authority into play as well. Here both V. and many of his followers showed themselves unwitting victims of the market place in ideas. They did not suspect success. Deg whose life had begun early to forge a chain of successes, had contempt for success. The concatenation of any man's successes was but a motley cluster of medals on the breast of the generalissimo of a banana republic.

V. was unhappy with the support he received. It seemed that he would get agreement and aid from exactly those sources that he did not himself respect while being rebuffed by those who should flock to his banner. One had to be an anti-authoritarian to support him, but such were rarely to be found in physics, biology, astronomy and geology. Passive anti-authoritarians, yes, often erupting in personal eccentricity. Anthropology - but he knew little besides Freud's work on anthropology. Psychology -- again the psychoanalytic approach, not tight empirical psychology.

So he got support from people who usually were just plain folks, intelligent (and therefore I say rare) readers, and a great many confused believers, or at least people who V. at bottom thought had no right to pass judgment on him. Like Moses, V spent a lot of

private time disliking his People. Like the barons of the Magna Carta, he wanted judgment by his peers, meaning not the worthy or those not yet ennobled, but "the peers of the realm."

Perhaps *Oedipus and Akhnaton* should have been entitled "The Oedipus Complex Unmasked," or "The Jews were First with God," V. enjoyed thinking about title and slogans. Deg and he would spent some off-track moments in such half-serious play. V.'s titles were exceptionally effective: *Worlds in Collision*, *Ages in Chaos*, *Earth in Upheaval*, and so were most of the titles of sections of his works: thus in *Oedipus and Akhnaton* there were "The Sphinx," "The Seven-Gated Thebes and the Hundred-Gated Thebes," "A Stranger on the Throne," "King living in Truth," "The King's Mother and Wife," and so on.

When Deg, six years after they had met, presented him with *The Torrid Love Affair of Moon and Mars*, he had to have explained to him the Hollywood Americanism of "Torrid Love Affair" and liked the *double entendre* with the heat of a cosmic encounter, but then eventually preferred *The Disastrous Love Affair of Moon and Mars*, which denoted, if not heat, a cosmic event and catastrophe.

Later on, still, he could let himself like *Chaos and Creation*, and even *Homo Schizo*, but would not let himself contemplate *Moses and His Electric God*, but this was part of another matter, his taboo of Moses.

"You will damage me with this book." he declared solemnly to Deg, Since Deg made no reference to V.'s idea of Moses in *God's Fire*, which V. had not seen anyhow, and since V. had damaged the reputation of thousands of scholars "in the line of duty," he must have been gripped by an illusion that referred to an entirely personal problem of his own in regard to Moses. What could it have been?

Martin Sieff, a Belfast Anglo-Irish-Jewish journalist and historian -- one of the cosmic heretics -- spoke out in 1981 about the taboo: "The role of Moses is strangely muted in *Worlds in Collision*."

Moses is mentioned only in connection with the voice of Yahweh at the flaming bush and the trumpet blasts of Sinai." Further, "in *Ages in Chaos*, one major figure who is obvious in his absence from the same historical canvas, is that same Moses."

Again significantly, the ideas behind -- not up front -- in *Oedipus and Akhnaton* were instrumental in the creation of works. V. admitted, "This study carried me into the larger field of Egyptian history and to the concept of *Ages in Chaos*, a reconstruction of 1200 years of ancient history... More than eighteen years passed from the conception of the work and the first draft of its re-writing and preparation for the printer."

Moses was taboo to V., a subject to be turned from and skirted around, except to show that Moses came before Akhnaton and that Freud was fearful yet adulatory of Moses. Even while railing against Freud's problem with his father, V. may have seen himself as Moses and son of Moses, down the line of succession that began with Joshua. "Velikovsky," said Livio to Deg, as they walked down the street after their first meeting with him, "will be the only man who can play Moses when they make a movie of his book." And he guffawed in his *basso profundo*.

We have, that is, two plots in *Oedipus and Akhnaton*. One is the classic scientific method and detective work. The other is the intensely private psychic world of a man whose biological father was a strong and beloved figure, Simon, and whose intellectual father, Freud, had weaknesses that must be exposed, offenses against his people for wishing to abandon them for the gentile world and for taking away and making an Egyptian of their common ancestor, Moses.

Before coming to America, V. had, in one of his few published articles, reanalyzed the dreams of Freud that were available and concluded that Freud was torn by a desire to assimilate to the gentile world. V. would have none of this. While Freud would make the Jews into gentiles, V would make the gentiles into Jews.

Here I would quote Martin Sieff who is talking about V.'s article "The Dreams Freud Dreamed" (1941).

Velikovsky was now using the psychoanalytic weapon his intellectual father had forged against his own creator, against Freud himself... Velikovsky went further. The initial aim of his research finally to emerge over twenty years later as *Oedipus and Akhnaton*, was to kill the Freudian father dragon in its lair. Akhnaton, the first monotheist in history, stood revealed as Oedipus. Freud's arch-saint turns out also to be his arch-sinner... Velikovsky dedicated *Ages in Chaos* to his physical father, but sought to erase the name of Freud, his intellectual father, with his *Oedipus and Akhnaton*.

At the same time, V. could not go to great lengths in redeeming Moses, the father, without incurring the danger of displaying that he himself felt the strength and mission of Moses, and that he resembled Michelangelo's "Moses" more than the other son Freud did, who went to Rome to worship the statue. Worse yet, he, too, like Freud, would have to dispossess Moses if he wrote about him, for how could a psychoanalyst have perceived Moses except as a hallucinator and manipulator of crowds? And then what of Yahweh? *Au revoir*, Adonis.

That V. was not Moses, did not pretend to be, and even denied it by refusing the question of "Who was Moses?" are not superfluous remarks. To many of his readers and followers he was a Moses of modern science and history. To himself he was one who had all that Moses possessed except the opportunity. Deg tended to agree and he had studied many men, but he was not the most devout of followers. Aside from possessing his own conceits, he did not like Moses' theocracy, nor his ambitions, nor his ruthlessness, nor his religious deception even if it was founded upon self-deception.

V. differed from his secret idol by more than he himself realized and Deg liked him better for it. If a friend, like Mel Tumin, professor of sociology at Princeton University, would say to him, as he did on the train to New York one time, I can't stand him, he's an arrogant, egomaniac bastard, Deg would grin tolerantly and say: "I understand what you mean, but he's not all that bad, and where do you find such minds?"

Come to think of it, this was more or less what Einstein said to an

antagonist, Bernard Cohen, when asked about Velikovsky. Referring to *Worlds in Collision*, he laughed and said, "It's crazy, but it's not bad." V. could be riled up invariably by the mention of this story, and he explains carefully in *Stargazers and Gravediggers* how it was wrongly told and was used to destroy his precious relationship with Einstein, and what he conceived to be Einstein's true view and mood, and I agree with him, and so does Deg.

In this connection, a private note that Deg made in May of 1972 may be offered for what it is worth:

I have been present on numerous occasions when V. was under pressure to be intellectually and politically dishonest. I would say he passed practically all of these tests with flying colors. The rare exceptions have practically all to do with pretending to have supporters among the authorities who did not support him so strongly. Explain. When you compare his conduct with that of scientists who had no reason to be unscrupulous, because they were already entrenched or in process of achieving established rank, he stands out like a rose from a manure pile.

Because his manner and figure were impressive and imperative, V. seems to have encouraged subconsciously the awesome stupidity of attacks upon himself. Opponents became reckless out of threat, losing their capacity to reason precisely at the moment when they were being called upon to be reasonable. This is a behavioral pattern that I take pride in having newly discovered, because Deg nor anyone else to my knowledge has ever mentioned it. Let me give an example:

In *Ages in Chaos*, V. took away five centuries that did not belong to Egyptian history, whereas in *Peoples of the Sea* V. took away three centuries that did belong to Egypt, at least according to Deg, who was siding with the "Glasgow Revisionists." One could not follow this important development from a reading of the great newspapers or the scholarly journals. The *New York Times* did carry a review of the latter work, antagonistic as expected, but quite irrelevant to the issue. Arthur Isenberg, an Israeli writer, addressed a reproach to the *Times* editor, containing *inter alia* a neat

statistical reprimand for Thomsen's snide remark about V.'s supposed overdoing of "the first person perpendicular."

17 July 1977

The Editor, New York Times Book Review Section
The New York Times
229 West 43rd street
New York, N.Y. 10036 (U.S.A.)

To the Editor:

In his reply to his critics, Dietrick Thomsen is ever more unconvincing than in his (highly!) original review of Dr. Velikovsky's "*Peoples of the Sea*". He begins by patronizingly awarding unsolicited certificates to some of those who take Velikovsky's book more seriously than he does: They are "fine and intelligent people, and they raise cogent points" which -- alas! -- "lack of space" prevents Thomsen from refuting. Next, he concedes that "in many points" Velikovsky "may be correct", an acknowledgment which he repeats (in spite of space limitations) a paragraph later. But then he dilutes the concession by means of a peculiar definition of science as a "set of mind" which, he implies, Velikovsky does not exhibit. His major objection it seems, is to the tone of Velikovsky's book -- as if scientific theories should be judged by connoisseurs of tone and style to determine their adequacy.

Tone apart, he faults Velikovsky for overdoing the use of the pronoun "I" (the "first person perpendicular" as Thomsen quaintly calls it.). This prompted a little research on my own part, with the following results:

Author	Short Title	No.of Times I is used in 100 consecutive pages
Darwin	Origin of Species	153
Hoyle	Nature of the Universe	116
Einstein	Relativity	60
Eddington	New Pathways in Science	191
Tinbergen	Herring Gull's World	161

Von Frisch	Bees, Their Vision, etc.	132
Velikovsky	Peoples of the Sea	8

(total "I" count for the entire book, xvi-261 page: 32)

(My counting was done hurriedly: the actual figures are likely to be somewhat larger in all cases: Thomsen is welcome to a recount.)

A grand egotist like V. rarely lets his third person slip uncontrolled into the first person, whatever the provocation. In fact, he slips into the third person, as V. sometimes did, talking of himself as "Velikovsky."

Later on, Thomsen, the reviewer, defended himself in a letter to Clark Whelton. He was furious at the impossible task set for him by the *Times*, and for bizarre editorial cuts.

What I have tried to express here is that somehow the figure of V made people lose their senses and self-control; rages collected and rushed about like the winds when released from the bag of Aeolus.

V. moved to Princeton from Upper Manhattan in 1952; Deg moved there from Stanford, California, in 1957. Five blocks apart, it took five years to meet, a block a year, so to speak. Deg was deeply involved in New York City and travelled sometimes to Washington. V. spent these years in secluded study, with his wife and his daughter's family for company, his wife's musical ensemble to listen to, several meetings with Harry H. Hess, and some conversations with Albert Einstein. He did not attend conventions, or review other people's books; he did not join the network of science, but then how could he? There was no science of neo-catastrophism. He might have joined associations of ancient history, anthropology, philosophy and history of science, though; he did not, wisely, for he was interested in a peculiar combination, unrecognizable, except in its bits and pieces, in conventional programs of the associations. He was a special case; he would have it no other way; he wanted to sit above all of them and receive their respect.

But the ideas of an authority and heretic may be contradictory. To be a heretic is to be opposed to established authority. If V. could not be an authority, he would be a heretic. His true heroes were top authorities; his professed heroes were heretics. There were three of these, he would say to Deg.

One was Diego Pirez, also known as Schlmo Molcho. A second was Giordano Bruno. A third was Miguel Serveto (or Michael Servetus). Deg 's heroes were many; he was more polytheistic, so to speak, or even antireligious. They ranged from Jesus of Nazareth to Benjamin Franklin. They would include in the Church-dominated Middle Ages William of Occam, for he was an empiricist, nominalist, anti-Aristotelian libertarian who believed that words signified only real things and events, who taught also that reason could only arrive at valid comment when talking of the real world, not the divine, which only faith could attain (thus non-religious matters were freed from church control). Occam 's principle, Occam 's Razor, prefers to cope with problem using the fewest possible functions and terms, so therefore Deg would feel that his simple quantavolutionary model, *Solaria Binaria* to begin with, and all that spewed therefrom, was in the great tradition of the Razor.

But William was beset by the authorities, convicted of heresy, and so fled to the safety of the Emperor 's jurisdiction. His influence carried down the years, and of course all who were tinged with his notions felt the hostility of authority, such as the Sorbonne Professor Jean Buridan who around 1358 was drowned (not burned) and was celebrated by the allegory of "Buridan 's Ass," that starved to death because it could not decide which of two bundles of wheat to eat; the same Buridan, too, revived in the song of the student-brigand-poet FranHois Villon, who in turn should have been "sanctified" as heretical hero by the student radicals of the 1960 's, but was somehow overlooked.

But Deg found heroes wherever he had gone throughout life, in India, Turkey, Italy, England, Hawaii and so on -- never mind the war heroes who were glosses on the immense rainbow of heroes -- and heroines, because he found that heroism came more naturally and frequently to women. Whenever one studies leadership -- the movement of events, whether political or intellectual, one must first

carefully dis sever fame from achievement. He wrote about heroes in one of his poems, contained in *Passage of the Year*, the poetry which he published in 1967, where he said

*...I shall never
never understand
why famous names are worshipped
and writers wear their pens to nubbins on them.
When they are nothing
while the great ones bump
our elbows and disappear in the crowd.
"Wait!" "Hold on!"
I call after them
and they don ' t even turn around.
They are vanished, they are dust.
No cast of bronze contains them.*

One of Deg ' s unsung heroes would have been the man whose name I forget (naturally), the English amateur of eoliths whose protests, if harkened to rather than ridiculed, would have made the Piltdown hoax impossible. But I would not detract one whit from V. ' s heroes.

Schlmo Molcho was a Kabbalist and pseudo-messiah, a Catholic convert who reverted to Judaism. Around 1529 he began to believe he was the Messiah, and Pope Clement VII granted him protection. In 1531 he was denounced, tried and condemned to burn; he was saved by the Pope and another man burned in his place. He began to counsel the Emperor Charles V but was denounced and burned at the stake in 1532 after refusing to recant and reconvert to Christianity.

Miguel Serveto (Michael Servetus) was a true Renaissance figure who discovered the pulmonary circulation system, was the originator of the science of comparative geography, and was a defender of free thought and free speech. He intimated that Christ was only human, and in his writings on Christianity preserved nothing that was merely traditional and dogmatic. Arrested in Vienne, France, and condemned for heresy, he escaped but strangely entered Geneva, heading for Italy, and was caught. All the

Swiss protestant cantons were consulted and returned a recommendation that he be punished for blasphemy. Calvin, however, hated him and insisted that he be burned at the stake for heresy, for he refused to retract his dislocation of the elements of the Trinity, his argument against the validity of infant baptism, and his denial of original sin. He died on October 27, 1553.

Giordano Bruno began his career as Dominican philosopher but was accused of heresy. He managed to teach at universities of several nations and wrote copiously in metaphysics, with excursions into satire and poetry. Finally, after fifteen years of work and wandering, he came into Venice, where he was seized, convicted of heresy, sent to Rome, and, after prolonged imprisonment, burned at the stake in 1600. Intensely anti-dogmatic, he propounded the infinity of worlds, the pantheism of matter, and the relativity of man ' s position in the universe.

V. seems to have put the cart before the horse: one did not need to be burned at the stake to be a heretic or a hero. And a great many heretics of history escaped the fate intended for them. Often there are ages where heretics are ignored and tolerated, as in North America and Western Europe, when practically all forms of dissent, even against the heads of state and the forms of government, except when expressed as deadly terrorism, escape severe physical sanctions. The relativity of values and practices in the "advanced" democracies of today is such that almost no definition of heresy is operative.

Notably, V. ' s heretical heroes were long dead. He said once, in criticizing the magazine *Pensée* and a foundation that were working to help him, and speaking to Milton, Rose, and Wolfe, that he did not "wish, well, to carry the banners for all heretics." Waiting as he was for designation to the top rank of authorities, he meant to be wary of association with any contemporary heretic.

Deg only half listened to V. ' s litany of his heroes ' lives and virtues. V. would never say what really fascinated him in the human characters of these men. His was hardly the depth analysis that one might expect from a psychoanalyst. Indeed -- and this must seem exceedingly strange to those who did not know him -- he almost

never analyzed public figures of even those who were in controversy with him. He accepted them, as if they were rational creatures and their justness or unjustness was simply a matter of fact. So it was almost always Deg who was suggesting and proposing motivations and characteristics while V. seemed to regard his opponents (and friends) as unidimensional, almost as automatons.

In this way, and others, V. 's mind and character were Mosaic and Old Testament. He did not even consider himself a member of the British Society for Interdisciplinary Studies, founded to pursue work very much along his lines. Nor did he regard his tamer organ, *Kronos* magazine, as part of himself. He consented to lecture at Deg 's college in the Valaisan Alps of Switzerland one summer, but he would not go and return with the chartered aircraft carrying students and faculty, so that Deg had to authorize expensive tickets by way of Swissair. (But possibly it was not out of snobbery or comfort, but rather that the airline was Germany's Lufthansa.)

He was absolutely unwilling to give anyone the slightest authority over himself. He never worked for anyone; he could barely tolerate cooperating with anyone. He had a striking inability to identify with people. He did not like to be compared with anyone alive and once exploded publicly in cutting anger when Professor Warwick, in an attempt at a supportive speech, not only seemed to make light of his claims to discovery, but dared to compare his own treatment as a doctoral student by V. 's foes of the Harvard Astronomy faculty with V. 's treatment by the same people.

This continual insistence upon treating any offensive or belittling gesture towards himself as a major event, a *casus belli*, was the facade of his immense egocentrism, perhaps of the very narcissism which, in psychoanalytic practice, he claimed, must be the first region of the unconscious to be plumbed. Again one thinks of Moses, who looked upon all opposing thoughts and practices as actions against Yahweh. But V. never called in God as lawgiver, witness, judge, or executioner. He was all of these, or all of these except the last, which he left to his supporters, and was so in the name of the rational authority of the system of science, an abstract authority, not people so much as principles, not realistic principles,

but ideal principles. He expected nothing less than ideal justice.

The kind of offenses that were committed against him were commonplace in science, as in every other field of human activity. But none dared tell him so for if such were proclaimed, the game would be up and all the cosmic heretics of the Velikovsky camp would have to strike camp and retire. Friends left him from time to time, tiring of the game. Even if one brought up an equally nasty case, he would become suspicious that his own demand-level might be threatened. This is certainly narcissistic behavior.

Often V. would protest that he had never behaved *ad hominem* towards his critics. How could they be so personal, aggressive and vile? He said that they were incorrect, wrong, and at worst, uniformitarian in their thinking. Hardly the invective of a mighty warrior -- which he was.

But there was many another to do this job for him, and no strong or foolish critic ever escaped the lash of letters and articles from his supporters. This would be done at his urging or with his blessing. They were usually appropriate, to the point, deserved -- but excessive. None could recall an instance when V. pulled back the reins on his steeds. He usually was playing out the reins, and slapping them; many could recall instances when V. felt that a case being made on his behalf was not forceful enough.

But why did V. maintain personally so proper a language and bearing towards scientists and publicists who were terming him a charlatan, a crackpot, a novice, and more? Partly, it was strategy: to be above the battle, to be insulted without descending to their level of retaliation. He was also restrained by his ultimate conservatism with regard to authority. Authorities might, unfairly, unjustly, without provocation, drag him through the mire, but he could not let himself do the same to them. He could unleash his minions to do so, however, and they did.

This is an achievement of a great leader -- to be above the battle and yet direct it, to not lose one's dignity in a thicket of passionate verbiage, to be excommunicated and martyred without descending to the level of his opponents.

At Lethbridge University, in the prairie of the oil-rich province of Alberta, Canada, a conference on V. 's ideas was held in 1974 and Deg flew in for the event. There turned up a local professor, a German named Muller, who came down heavily upon V. in the local newspaper, and V. was outraged. He turned to his largest artillery piece to blast Muller. He would not appear at the next meeting. "You can do it," he said to Deg as he lay sulking in his tent like Achilles, "no one else is strong enough." So Deg departed from the hotel room where V. and Elisheva rested, and, when the appropriate moment came, took the floor, Muller at the rostrum, and denounced the newspaper article and impugned Muller's general competence. Deg was not especially happy at becoming a petty hero. Muller was unlikeable, true enough, and had the temerity to imply that V. was converting ethnic pride into an historical reconstruction, the type of remark that Germans had been scrupulously and correctly leaving non-Germans to make since World War II. Yet, when it appeared that Muller was excessively disliked, and on his way to becoming a whipping-boy, Deg felt sorry for the person, a feeling that returned a couple of years later when the same Muller was murdered by a jealous colleague on a matter of adultery.

I doubt that Deg bothered to tell V. half the horror-stories he knew of recent academic and publishing crimes, let alone the sixteenth century heretics. In one case -- it happened to be his own -- Deg went off to World War II as a co-author and came back to find the book, half of it his composition, published under a single name, this not his own. "Well I 'll be damned!" he said, when sent a copy of the book, and was soon busy with other matters, nor was his friendship with his co-author more than temporarily bruised.

More annoying, Deg believed, was a case when his *Politics for Better or Worse* was published in 1973. Three young women instructors from different universities did a study of textbooks on American politics to prove how demeaning were their authors toward women, how indifferent, how ignorant. Then, at the last minute, Deg 's book appeared on the market, was snatched up and thrown into the bonfire in an appendix to the report that they caused to be distributed widely at the national convention of the American

Political Science Association. That is, they flagrantly lied about, distorted, ignored or did not read the book which, had they known, he had deliberately planned and executed as a radical exposure of the situation of women and of the need for reforms leading to sexual equality. When he composed an indignant letter to the culprits, weeks after the damage was done, he showed it to his learned daughters, Victoria and Jessica. Their advice: don't get so excited, Daddy! (How willing are children to sacrifice their parents!) He wrote a note of gentle chiding and that was the last heard of the matter; not one of the three responded. I wonder whether he should have introduced a thunderous denunciatory resolution on the floor of the Convention. After all, his book might have sold tens of thousands more of copies had it been properly contrasted with other textbooks.

V. could never understand that the crime against him was not horrendous nor uncommon. It was remarkable in the evidence being so clear and the subject being in principle so important. It was especially remarkable because he was his own biographer. Every slip of paper -- every insult and complaint -- was treasured. Since he succeeded in finding a great audience, in publishing his other works without difficulty, and in attracting to his areas of interest several dozen excellent scholars (a most rare achievement for even the most famous and successful scientists) he might just as well have been amused, scornful, and satisfied. Albert Einstein actually wrote him just this, after reading an account of the insulting opposition to his work: "I would be happy if you, too, could enjoy the whole episode from its humorous side."

That was asking too much, especially from V. For him only the respectful conversion of heads of science would suffice. He respected authority and power: therefore only authority could legitimately crown him. Crowds were fine, because they were pleasing in themselves but always, too, they were used by him as a measure, such as of the pressure that his views must be exerting on the experts and unbelievers. Crowds were not authoritative in themselves.

Deg often hinted, remonstrated, and harangued: "You must not pin your hopes on conversion of the leaders," and would list the

reasons why the leader would not budge, the "sunk costs" of their lives, the unavailability of heavy sanctions against their retaining conventional views, etc. and sometimes Deg would say: "Tell me if there is a single reason why an establishment leader *should* side with you on any controversial point of yours. What 's in it for him?" V. would rather not answer. He realized that he could not say. "Because I am right," although that is what he would have liked to say. This would betray narcissism.

For over thirty years, V. suffered this situation, in which he was inextricably trapped. Not in full awareness, not as a strategy -- because they could not be fully acknowledged as such -- he adapted in several way to the implacability of the scholars.

He claimed the understanding and sympathy of the young; uncorrupted by old ideas, they would see his ideas without prejudice or jealousy. Becoming a champion of youth did not come easily to him, but it was an acceptable line of public argument, a stereotype of the culture. He was never an active advocate of the young, certainly not during the critical years of student rebellions.

He diagnosed the problem of the established authorities as "collective amnesia." Again, this argument came later. Deg does not recall V. having advanced it when in 1963 they had long conversations on the motivations of his opponents, but the argument is prominent in *Mankind in Amnesia*, posthumously published. As we shall see, the concept itself falls into doubt when it is used without specific valid tests to label or unlabel the behavior of persons or groups.

He watched for, sought to encounter, and carefully tended any maverick from the respectable herd of scientists. When he learned that an Australian astrophysicist, Bailey, had announced calculations showing the sun to carry an immense electrical charge, V. corresponded with him, and hosted him on a visit to Princeton; Bailey received acclaim from the heretic circle that he could not receive from the scientific world. V. corresponded with and visited Claude Schaeffer in Europe when he came to read Schaeffer's *Stratigraphie Comparée*, but, as in the case of Bailey, there was a warmth of shared sentiments without noticeable movements of

these men to the Velikovsky camp. Trainor, Michelson, Santillana, Hadas, Kallen, M. Cook, Sagan, Einstein, Dyson, Bigelow, Hess, Kaufman, and others were approached, responded in greater or lesser extent and sympathy, then withdrew to their proper spheres.

Robert H. Pfeiffer, Harvard Semitic Scholar, appears to have accepted V.'s *Ages in Chaos*, without carrying out substantial work that his approval might logically have entailed. There was also in the seventies the category of scholars who were outside of academia, or young, or still unfulfilled who had, like Deg, entered the full stream of V.'s work, men like Ransom, Milton, Juergens, Cardona, Sieff, Greenberg, Dave Talbott, Reade, Crew, Rose, James, Lowery, and Gammon. C.J. Ransom was, V. confided to several supporters, "for a while the only physicist who saw something in my work and followed it."

The ideal supporter, to V.'s mind, would have been a fully accepting astronomer of renown, who could announce the success of an indisputable test of a near-encounter of Venus and Earth 3500 years ago. Astrophysicist Robert Bass made an effective sally in the seventies. When two British astronomers, Clube and Napier, entered wholesale upon V.'s terrain with a model of recent cometary encounters, they hardly mentioned him. Yet they possessed foreknowledge of his work and they could have used it legitimately as a foil, contrasting his planetary theory with their own cometary theory, and accepting openly much of his historical and legendary reconstruction in place of their own, which was weak. Once more we have an authority problem: though expecting a spanking, they hoped to avoid a trouncing. They received two spankings, one conventional, the other heretical; are two spanks less than one trounce?

Actually, when one goes to the heart of the matter, Deg was the only scholar of considerable previous reputation who accepted most of Velikovsky's work in the natural and historical sciences, absorbed it, and carried on with it. Most friendly or tolerant scholars of established reputation acted like a trapeze artist who pauses for a moment on his swing to watch an especially neat trick being executed by a tightrope walker in the next ring of the circus.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE BRITISH CONNECTION

For many years Velikovsky's books had been popular in Britain but his supporters were out of touch. Recalling the early days. Librarian Brian Moore wrote:

The popular science writers occupy an important place in the communications system which links the scientist and the public, and they have played a major role in propagating the unfavorable image of Velikovsky. Having been officially declared a heretic by the scientific Inquisition, Velikovsky has been handed over to the secular arm of the scientific popularisers for public torment. Some readers may think this an extravagant metaphor, but any objective examination of the available evidence on the "Affair" will lead to this conclusion. My own interest in Velikovsky stemmed in part from the hysterical scientific reaction to his ideas -- a reaction unique in this century when books proposing unorthodox ideas swarm, are ignored and sink without a trace.

I am led once more to remark upon how vulnerable the public opponents of quantavolution, particularly of Velikovsky, are made by their arrogant certainty. A full generation of repetitive experiences has hardly affected their effrontery nor hence mitigated their discomfiture.

I would point out a feature of the ridicule not elsewhere commented upon. The scientific community will have its jokes: enough to say "Velikovsky" in a group of scientists and there would arise that ineffable combination of good humor, snarls, titters, knowing glances, and intellectual nudging that tie people together, like mention of a joke would other groups: "Remember the story of Pat and Mike at the wake?" (laughter in the tavern) or "They're reprinting the Bible in a plain wrapper for the Alabama schools," (giggles), or "Did you see where Ronald Reagan has gotten the

Nobel Peace Prize?" (laughter and snarls). There is comfort, mutual solace, malice, subconscious fear, a bonding of spirits in possessing a few names to which phrases and epithets can acceptably be applied.

In these times Deg visited England without knowing Brian Moore or the many others who came together ultimately and with whom he later associated happily. He would visit old friends from the Eighth Army of World War II like Rayburn Heycock of the BBC or of politics, like Michael Fraser, and go about his business. In London on June 16, 1968, he is writing in his journal:

Russell Square is green in the cool of morning and the fountain may be heard to play now that Sunday has stopped the motors. Four small boys have come out early to play a frightening game with the taxicabs. They run out in front of them just as the signal light is about to turn green. They put their faith in accurate timing of machines, just as their elders.

Last night I dreamed that Velikovsky died, and was much disturbed. I wept. I felt there was terrible loss. He died suddenly, as an old man will. I confessed that I knew nothing, that I could reconstruct nothing of his work. Just bits and pieces that meant nothing.

It must have come from my walk through the British Museum yesterday afternoon. I read so many inscriptions, all flatly against his ideas of dates. One bore the suspicious rendering that I have remarked before -- "Pharaoh 'A' name borne both by 'Q' in the 12th century and 'R' of the sixth century." The same man with the centuries so wrong?

I searched for Greeks and Assyrians with horned helmets to correspond with those of the '*Peoples of the Sea*' whom Velikovsky places with the fourth century Greeks and noticed several features on statues and vases. Braids that look like horns, short plumes (?); Athena of Pergamon with two horned projections towards the front of her helmet (baby wings out of a crown?)

The airplane ride from N.Y. had seemed short to me. Nothing had been fully solved by departure time -- I left several highly important matters in the hands of other -- collecting my debt from Simulmatics, the merger of our company PIT with "3is",

the contract for my American government textbooks, the fate on the exhibition to El Arish (permission for which has been denied by Israel), John's case at court conveniently and perhaps forever postponed and summer itinerary awry, my contract with Simon and Schuster for both "Republic in Crisis" and "Velikovsky and his Critics" pending -- but in all cases the formula of the execution is assigned to someone. [Little did he know, alas, that all would proceed according to Murphy's Law: "If anything can go wrong, it will."]

The early 1970's witnessed the founding in England of the Society for Interdisciplinary Studies (SIS), conceived by a gang of four, and on a Halloween night. The first issue of their *Review*, later to be attractively printed, was in mimeography and, at that, barely readable, but its contents were of excellent quality. The founders, and those who signed up, many of them American, settled into a flexible oligarchy. The dominant members have been, on the whole, Brian Moore, Malcolm Lowery, Peter James, Harold Tresman, Martin Sieff, Euan McKie, Ralph Amelan, Geoffrey Gammon, John J. Bimson, Eric Crew, Hyam Maccoby, Michael Reade, Bernard Newgrosh, and Bernard Prescott, with possibly others, but obviously enough in number to forbid an easy sociometric diagram of the networks of cross-influencing, not to mention the differentiation between those who were primarily organizers and those who were intellectual contributors. With two exceptions, they never met or heard Velikovsky in person, although his work inspired their organization: by contrast, all of the involved Americans knew him personally.

The Constitution of the Society adopted in 1978 declared as its principal objectives:

(a) to promote a multi-disciplinary approach to scientific and scholarly problems and in particular to promote the active consideration by scientists, scholars, and students of alternatives to the theory of uniformity in astronomy and earth history:

(b) to promote a better understanding of the nature of the earth, the solar system and human history, through the combined use of historical and contemporary evidence of all

kinds, and to encourage a continuous reassessment of the validity of the basic assumptions of the discipline concerned by testing these against evidence;

(c) to promote better co-operation between workers in specialized fields of learning in the belief that isolated study is sterile;

(d) to foster research among scientists and scholars towards achieving these aims.

It was not at all the American condition, where years before, following only upon occasional bulletins that supporters of V. issued in the 1960's, there came *Pensée*, a production of the young Talbott brothers, Stephen and David, whose enthusiasm for his work crystallized into a conversion of their small magazine on human rights into a forum on the *Velikovsky Affair*, at least for ten issues. Stephen Talbott was a brilliant editor and organizer, bent upon opening the world to quantavolutionary ideas, but also to criticism of them. After spectacular successes, *Pensée* collapsed under a load of debt and overwork. As it was ending, it promised to broaden its interests beyond Velikovsky and to discuss ideas irreconcilable with his.

V. would have no part of this, and several of his Eastern supporters -- with Lewis Greenberg and Warner Sizemore leading -- issued the first number of *Kronos*. *Kronos* became editorially the child of Lewis Greenberg, a young art historian of the faculty of Moore College of Art in Philadelphia. He recruited a group of convinced supporters of V. who contributed articles and evaluations, and who, being the closest to a prestigious academic group that he could put together, he should have called "Board of Advisors," but whom he called "Staff," and he set up grades of Senior Editors, Associate Editors, Contributing Editors, and Staff, hoping to build a respectable latticework of authority such as is conventional among scientific journals.

Financing, production, and management fell to Warner Sizemore, who, by virtue of his faculty status at Glassboro State College, was enabled to establish an academic connection for the journal, a

public relations device of no small value for a new review with a disreputable and controversial perspective in science. *Kronos* remained essentially and in many details under V. 's thumb until his death, performing very much the function of *Imago* for Freud.

This is not to say that the directors of *Kronos* were uncritical; in the very first issue, Zvi Rix ventured ominously upon weak points in an article upon the origins of anti-semitism and the Ankh. They simply had to acknowledge V. 's power, his help, his thesaurus of notes and materials, even on occasion his financial aid, and above all -- what men such as Stecchini, Motz, Jastrow, Sagan, Hadas, Gordon, and Deg, especially, had in their own way to bow to -- his well-nigh complete erudition and orderly mental inventory on the matters at issue.

Early in 1976, Deg appeared at the British Library Association in London to speak to the Society; first contact between the Americans and British was made. About a hundred persons were present and Deg talked informally but to good effect on subjects both sociological and quantavolutionary. Questions from the floor were numerous and only a sense of decorum brought the meeting to close. Afterwards the ringleaders adjourned to an English approximation of a café and carried on a conversation for hours.

The high competence of the British group was manifest; if they were strongest and at "state of the art" level in history, they evidenced also in abundance the imprecisely defined general background in the sciences and humanities which is so necessary in facing up to questions excited from all quarters of knowledge when exoterrestrial encounters are at issue.

I wish that I might now introduce some of the many letters that the heretics exchanged over the years: they would display the interweaving of ideas, the reportage, the delicate personal relations, and the ramified research and life activities that inevitably and essentially occur in an intellectual movement. Even a single instance -- a letter from Deg to Malcolm Lowery -- may lend the flavor of it all.

Naxos, July 16, 1976

Dear Malcolm:

Thank you so much for your letter and the transcript. It was excellent work and my best compliment is to edit it immediately and return it to you. So here it is. I probably have been imprudent in letting everything stand, as you hoped I might. But it is fair. I think, and fairness is one up on prudence. I have made a number of technical corrections, clarified words, and introduced a euphemism or two. I understand that you intend to split the presentation and leave the operation to your discretion... Your article on Kugler was most intriguing. Have you sent Stecchini a copy? (...) The material is rich and your commentaries and presentations of the source matter referred to by Kugler valuable. I would expect the whole, amplified even to the extent of a complete translation, would constitute a welcome book. Perhaps one for *Kronos* Press... Was the *Atlantis* item really August '61, as you write? I'd like to see it: perhaps you can confirm the citation next time around. The Tuareg are a mysterious people, you know, of undefined race and origins. The Fabrizio Mori reports, if locatable, would be more valuable... You *do* bring up surprises *re* Velikovsky. No, I've only heard of original work he's done in electroencephalography, that he may have been the first to propound it. What you quote is fascinating. It does relate to the suppression of instincts, of which I make much in the transition from hominid to man...It gives us time to think, but heightens general anxiety at not being able to respond. My general theory of the subject is being prepared for limited distribution prior to the long haul on publishing the book, so I shall hope to send you a copy. Meanwhile, I would suppose you could readily do the translation yourself. Rix has a lot of trouble with English. (I try not to distinguish 'lower' from 'higher' species. In my present lonely spot, I am compelled to admit the many superiorities of the ants)...I haven't received the *T.L.S.* review of *Velikovsky Reconsidered*. I've gone through Temple's work on *Sirius* hurriedly. He moves into his theme backwards -- first the Africans, then the Egyptians, then spacemen. Dr. V. in his "Chronology and Astronomy" found Sirius (Sothis) a yardstick for measuring the Venus-cycle. The one item (well-known) of the tribal recognition of the invisible star goes along with other ancient knowledge of the skies that was lost and recently recaptured by telescope (*cf.* my brief article -- Did I leave a copy with you? -- on the rings of Saturn and bonds of Jupiter). Better eyes, magnifying atmosphere, closer proximity, ancient

telescopes? -- we'll have to make up our minds in the light of a total well-developed theory of Revolutionary Primevalogy... I wish that we had transcripts of the many additional hours that we spent in discussion. Which leads me to say how much I enjoyed the whole of my visit with you all. I'm due to fly back in haste...

So went the messages, back and forth and around. In the States, Deg worked closely now with Earl Milton of Lethbridge, Canada on *Solaria Binaria*. He saw Sizemore regularly in Princeton. He visited with Velikovsky. Most of the American network communications in these days funneled into Greenberg, with whom Deg had only an annual telephone conversation but about whom he received information from Sizemore. *Kronos* magazine sponsored two meetings at a Motel in the Princeton area; Sizemore exhausted himself to pull them off successfully. One was before V. died in November, 1979, the second later on, and Elisheva dropped in upon it.

Deg missed both meeting for being abroad. The second was unexciting, save for wrangling between Greenberg and Whelton. So far as I can understand the causes, there were none of substance. Clark Whelton spoke up in general criticism of the proceedings as lackluster and Lewis Greenberg tore into him from the Chair with *ad personam* indignation which was incomprehensible unless, as I was told, "You know Lew..." Few friendly heretics -- never mind the unfriendly larger participation -- had no occasion over the years to receive his uncomplimentary remarks and the consoling words from others, "You know Lew..."

Greenberg's correspondence with the British was equally a mixture of rationality, abuse, and threats, and since he never would fly, he did not appear in England and only Peter James had a pleasant encounter with him. But that was once. When Greenberg invited James to become of the "Staff" of *Kronos*, Peter accepted. He was almost bumped from it when he wrote an early piece of criticism of V. and V., in a fit of anger, told Sizemore and Greenberg that they had to get rid of him or else he would withdraw his support from *Kronos*. Then, according to Sizemore, V. reconsidered, recalling no doubt his own reputation as a champion of freedom of speech and press, and called up to

withdraw his demand. Nevertheless, not too long afterwards, what V. had wished came about, when Greenberg and James quarreled and James resigned, as will be explained later.

In the Spring of 1980 Deg reappeared in London to address the Society. By this time his agenda was full of friends of catastrophist persuasion. The *Velikovsky Affair* had appeared in a British edition in paperback with a new preface. Earl Milton was coming in from Alberta, Canada, to speak, after which, with his wife Joan and his little son Davin, he was to join up with Deg for a heavy workout on *Solaria Binaria* at the Island of Naxos on the Aegean Sea.

On Deg 's list of telephone numbers in London for the occasion we find Peter James, his primary host, informant, and contact man, a slender scintillating young and blonde man who seemed to be everywhere and into everything in London, who lived on vegetables and beer in a collectivity, and who had surpassed intellectually the university degree he was arranging to pick up. He supplied Deg and Ami with an apartment, perfect in every regard save its price and lack of telephone, of which the latter was the more serious. Hotel prices were prohibitive. Food was expensive and as always bad, except in the oriental and European restaurants.

Luckily down the street was the Baeck Hebrew center, school and library, tended over by Hyam Maccoby who took to reading Deg 's Moses manuscript while Deg stuck heavy coins in unending numbers into the hallway telephone. For, on the aforesaid phone list were all those he wished he might see: Geoffrey Gammon, Malcolm Lowery, Brian Moore, Peter Warlow, Harold Tresman, John Bimson, Martin Sieff, Eric Crew, Robert Temple, Fred Freeman, Redmond Mullin. Rayburn Heycock, Margaret Willes, Nick Austin, and Cloe and Mike Fraser. There were thereupon added in a confused network the names and numbers of all the people who were contacted in order to contact others and the temporary, supplementary, changed disconnected and "try-him-at" numbers.

And on his "to-do" list for the two week were to write his paper for delivery to the Society, to have his novel *Ronald' s Norm* typed up and copied, to read the latest exchanges on *Solaria Binaria* and

discuss them with Milton, to discuss with Sphere Books the *Velikovsky Affair* and his manuscripts (the same with Margaret Willes of Sidgwick and Jackson), to discuss "Aphrodite's true identity" with James and explain the ideas of an Encyclopedia and the possibility of a Quantavolution Institute, to open a bank account at Barclay's, to edit finally and send *Chaos and Creation* to the Indian printers, to visit the headquarters of Amnesty International, to visit the Temples in the countryside to see how their garden was growing and where Robert's mind was in the aftermath of his book on the *Sirius Mystery*, to write his son Chris in Rotterdam and send him some money, to meet Fred Freeman of Liverpool whose ideas on independent welfare action and tax reforms were *simpatico*. And much more, but of course, much was not done, bogged down in conflicts of time and logistical difficulties like the telephone and vainly-searched-for typist.

When his plane took off from London, he entered some lines in his journal, captioned

Failures of a trip to England -- England in the Spring -- "Oh, to be in England when... "A book yet to be published jests at my ability to concoct surprising numbers. Here are more [on time expenditures]:

Trying to find a good place to eat	12.5%
Discussing the food and service	12.0%
Writing the talk that should have been written beforehand	23.9%
Futile Communications with Publishers	4.0%
Walks and visits: external sociability	29.0%
Management and commuting	10.5%
Eyeball-to-eyeball discussion about quantavolution	5.6%
Listen to other perform and performing	8.0%
All others	9.4%

	114.9%

Adds to over 100% because of doing more than one thing at one time, e.g. "No, I think we passed the restaurant; that was a good piece you did with O'Geoghan," or "Carter's foray into Iran was foredoomed; why did Dayton [author of a magnificent book on ancient ceramics and minerals] waste so much time

decriing the mentality of archaeologists?"

Now what more would I have wanted to do? Talk to Bimson
re opinion of natural disasters at Megiddo
Dolby *re* ice ages
Moore *re* poetry
Lowery *re* linguistics
Sieff *re*...James *re*...etc. etc.

I am diverging and must return and repeat: the British and their magazine were more of a free association and farther removed from V.'s hulking figure. Hence it would be more likely that opposition should arise successfully there. First it happened when Euam Mackie, a proverbial tall dour Scot, a Glasgow Museum curator and co-founder of SIS, began to place monuments that were seemingly oriented to the present directions of the compass, such as Stonehenge, in the period before the Venusian catastrophe of around -1450 BC when the Earth was said by the V. scenario to have changed its axis of rotation and orbit, hence its orientations and its calendar. Further, when Deg appeared in England in 1976 and presented his thesis of "the Disastrous Love Affair of Moon and Mars," he found that the English view, led by Peter James, rejected his, and V.'s, and Robert Graves' identification of Homer's Aphrodite with Moon, insisting that the goddess stood for the planet Venus, not Moon. James published more criticism, and Deg was given to understand that he had been worsted -- Rix, Cardona, Gordon and others espoused the James thesis and Deg was driven back to the stack shelves. V. said to Deg that he had more material for the defense somewhere in his files, but he never produced it.

But then the heavy onslaught came with the long-awaited publication of *Peoples of the Sea* and *Ramses II and His Times*. After intimating dissent for some time, the British now mobilized at a conference in Glasgow in April, 1978, and delivered a set of papers that confirmed V.'s worst fears. The British -- or let me say, the historical fraction of the SIS elite -- while affirming their support of V.'s reconstruction of Egyptian (and hence total Mediterranean and Near East) chronology until the end of the 18th Dynasty said in effect "Stop! Disposing of 500 years is enough." The rest of the Egyptian historical sequence is in respectable order: Ramses III

was not 4th century, he was also moved back to the 8th Century. The Hittites did have their Empire before the Chaldeans and were not a side-show or a double for them. The end result was to cut V.'s immense loaf in half and to reassure him that "Half a loaf is better than none at all."

One might see the pattern emerging. By 1983, when Brian Moore had been elected President and Peter James Editor, much more emphatically than in 1978, might it be said that the "essential purpose" of the Society was "to promote active consideration by scientist, scholars and students, of alternatives to the theory of uniformity in astronomy and Earth history." This could only mean the general approach of revolutionary primevalogy and quantavolution. The lines of advance would move outward from Velikovsky but SIS would deny that it "is committed to any specific catastrophic theory." The *Review* would not become involved *ad hominem* and in emotionally charged wrangling but "will concentrate on the real issues at stake, as for example the occurrence of exoterrestrial catastrophes and the reconstruction of ancient chronology." The "*SIS Review* offers the broadest spectrum of opinion and the most objective approach..."

By this time, however, signs of a wider movement were also emanating from its elder, *Kronos*, triennially printed in America, and the younger *Catastrophism and Ancient History*, a biennial magazine founded and published by Marvin Luckerman at Los Angeles, California.

There was still no broad monthly of the type of *Science 83* (an AAAS publication) which Deg had been advocating on both sides of the ocean. He would have liked to see a published magazine "*Quanta*" and an *Encyclopedia of Quantavolution and Catastrophe*, so he caused to be sent around to hundreds of persons interested in the field a circular describing the projects as follows:

PLEASE GIVE US YOUR VALUED OPINIONS ON TWO QUESTIONS.

Project I. Quanta.

A monthly magazine, large format dedicated to presenting to a

wider public all current news and developments in the sciences and the humanities related to the theory of quantavolution: the theory that the major sources of change in the history of the world, both in the natural sciences (all fields) and in the humanities (all fields) and including human nature and behavior, have come from sudden, high-powered, and large-scale events.

It is an idea with a rich past, of famous writers, but, of writers whose works have long submerged beneath the conventional tides of uniformitarian, evolutionary, and gradualist thought. We must pull out and bring forward into contemporary review the greatest of these ancient, medieval and early modern writings from all over the world, ranging through legend, through religion, through literature, through science, in all their diversity and format, so that once again they become part of our civilized heritage. Simultaneously, we must select, from the enormous volume of indifferent but carefully prepared scientific and humanistic work that is oblivious to the quantavolutionary idea, the remarkable findings, the nuggets, the truths and reality that are buried there.

Finally. *Quanta* should publish the best of the new generation of writers who are ready to tackle and overthrow old images of science and philosophy, the old idols of thought, and to discover in the world of nature and life, including human conduct and behavior, the validity of the quantavolutionary vision of the world. *Quanta* will preach and practice objectivity.

We are presently in most disorderly state of publishing, whether of books or magazines. In this confusion of the age, there must be a place for a modest but forthright publication, and that is what *Quanta* seeks to be, that publishes for a certain critical mass of readers the facts, theories and news about a general and liberal approach to the phenomena of geology, psychology, astronomy, biology, and other science.

Project 2. The Encyclopedia of Quantavolution.

A person who is interested in the quantavolutionary modes of change in natural and life history is often frustrated when he searches for information about a writer, a river, an animal, a myth, a phenomenon, a period of time, a place, an excavation, a planet, a concept, or a philosophy; indeed, just about anything that one looks up becomes a source of frustration. Why? Because practically every subject treated in conventional

reference books has been passed through two centuries of suppression of the quantavolutionary, of the sudden, intense jumps that have been responsible for the largest proportion of change in the universe.

What has been written has not been referred to and has been actively lost. Begin with the letter "alpha", go to "Aaron", and proceed; every article has a missing slant, a missing theory, absent evidence. But so much is left out, and so many useless things are included for the quantavolutionary scholar, student, active reader, whatever the realm of inquiry, that there is a pressing need for a new encyclopedia, so new indeed that one has to go back to the Encyclopedia of Diderot in the Eighteen Century to conceive of such an innovation and advance in the history of science and the humanities.

The present tight capital situation is not favorable to investments in publishing projects. Orthodox foundation channels are clearly closed. Nevertheless, given that the shortage of financial aid has not impeded thought and progress in quantavolution, the initiative and participation of scores of competent scholars in all fields of learning can be counted on to carry the project along. A cooperative organization, headed by an international editorial committee, can produce alphabetically a series of fascicles that would in three years range from A to Z. Then the total product would be bound in cloth and paper for public sale. During the interim, individuals, libraries and institutions would subscribe to the fascicles to provide operating capital, receiving in the end a sizable discount on the final Encyclopedia, which would cost at present prices about \$90.00.

The returns were not encouraging. It appeared that the costs of finding a sufficient market for the magazine and encyclopedia would exceed the costs of production. That is, if a quarter of a million dollars were to be spent in development and first publication, not counting contributed and compensated time, at least that much money would be required to carry the message through the dense thicket of mass book and magazine advertising. The competition among the *National Geographic* magazine, *Science 83*, *Discovery*, *Museum*, *Geo*, *Science Digest*, the *Smithsonian Magazine*, and other journals was so severe, their struggle for survival and expansion so costly, that a small voice, no matter how sharply contrasting, would be overwhelmed.

The situation of an encyclopedia could be different. Here Deg discussed with Jeremiah Kaplan, an acquaintance of some 35 years and Chairman of the Board of Macmillan Company, a possible participation of Macmillan. Kaplan had put through the great *International Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences* and was now directing the preparation of an *Encyclopedia of Religion*. The question of the controversial nature of the Encyclopedia arose not directly but indirectly. With Charley Smith, the appropriate Macmillan editor, they put together a scenario, a typical setting for the use of the Encyclopedia.

A high school girl walks into her school library and asks the Librarian where she can find material for a short theme on evolution. The librarian advises her to consult the Britannica and the *Encyclopedia of Quantavolution* and Catastrophe. The "Ev" volume of the first is being used by another student, so the girl studies the article on "Evolution" in the new Encyclopedia, writes her paper, gets a failing grade from her teacher, complains, embroils the librarian, and the librarian is told by the science teacher never to refer anyone to *that* book again.

The librarians, it is concluded, want or must buy encyclopedias that provide "unbiased" conventional articles in the name of prominent authorities; there is only one truth in science. Deg thanks his host for the fine lunch and walks out whistling upon windy Third Avenue thinking "Macmillan has changed since 1950. The customers now exercise precensorship." He did not, of course, agree, and could offer other scenarios -- but what was the use?

The great one-world society was a handicap for the movement. Creative workers were spread around the world. Far from each other, their communications were poor, and relatively expensive, given that at least half of them had disposable incomes at the official U.S.A. poverty boundary; few were well-to-do. Deg made Peter James an offer of a subsistence and "pie in the sky" if he would collaborate, but James was working and studying in a combination of a job and studies designed to extract a higher degree from the University of London. Deg talked also to Martin Sieff, who from time to time, like most Northern Irish, wondered

whether he should move out before he was blown out by a bomb. On May 18, 1981, he was writing to Sieff at the "Belfast Telegraph":

Dear Martin,

I do regret that I cannot plot some position for you that would enable you to carry on your valuable work in quantavolution and history, both social and natural. We have, I believe, the phenomenon of an emergent new general paradigm for science and philosophy, and you should be on hand as parent and midwife (the parthenogenetic simile is not amiss in ancient age-breaking and age-making, as you know).

We need to publish many books. We need a magazine building upon the extant ones -- *Quanta*, I call it. We need an Encyclopedia of Quantavolution. We need an information storage and retrieval system that is set for quick production and dissemination of old and new materials. When done, our progress will be rapid, and we will generate a much larger supporting group from scientists, public, and science reporters. I cannot be blamed if I see you highly productive and influential in this state of affairs. Your journalistic experience adds to your potential.

Besides yourself are the others and I feel strongly sympathetic, too, towards James, Lowery, and a dozen more.

But visions without resources may be blameworthy. The great research centers are situated where costs of living are high and life complicated -- New York, Princeton, Washington, London, Paris, Israel, Amsterdam, the hope for large donors or, these times, a university that would accept a new institute in its budget, much less one such as ours in spirit. I tried indeed with the University of Maryland, New York University, and elsewhere; the answer, even when friendly, is "Bring in your own funds." Velikovsky's resources went into a family shop, supporting additionally Jan [Sammer] and Richard [Heinberg] for the time being, whence all products carry the brand name "made by Velikovsky." What Elisheva is doing is wonderful. Greenberg is hopelessly guarded in his *Kronos* den. None, however, can say it is the beginning and end of quantavolution in science, history and philosophy.

So what can be done? We are frustrated. My own income is cut deliberately to the subsistence level in order to pursue my studies, precisely at the time in life when I could be enjoying the highest earnings. But if not Quantavolution, then Kalos, the World Order movement, would occupy me ungainfully. Only a bonanza of some type, whose chance is perhaps one in ten, would let us set up some type of communal operation or institute on Quantavolution. A five year lease on an appropriate property near a good library; subsistence for perhaps eight persons, about \$20,000 for materials, expenses, and initial publications: we are approaching \$100,000 a year of minimal costs. Sources of funds: grants, donations, side earnings, correspondence courses, conferences, publications. Should you have any ideas, I would be eager to receive them. Meanwhile I shall brood and watch, like a demiurge, grasp at whatever creativity I can, and pounce upon any larger opportunity...

On Dec. 21, 1981, as it seems that Sieff may be enticed onto Yankee territory, Deg writes again:

Dear Martin:

There is small occasion for cheering you on to these shores, except for my wish that you might come and succeed and be nearby. Several major dailies have folded up recently. The New York Daily News is on the block. There is a new market for papers and talents in suburbia around the land, catering to shopping centers and a semi-literate public. Magazines are plentiful, unprofitable and short-lived. The economy is in a recession, whose end I do not see because it is shrouded in an apparently bottomless pit of world and domestic problems into which politics refuses even to peer much less descend. Book publishing, too, is floundering in the muck. Great talents, such as your own, are of little advantage; mediocrity, with unflagging snuffling in all corners, would stand you better. I don't doubt that you'll get along; that you'll be at home with your dreams, I doubt.

With all this, ought I to say, also, that the teaching field is in poor shape? The lower schools are emptying and entering into their biggest crisis since the dawn of free schooling. College and university budgets are all in poor shape. There are scores of applicants for every small opening. That still does not mean that very fine candidates are being hired for the few jobs available. Back to coda: you may find something, but you

won ' t like it very much.

May I suggest this: If you come, come to stay; choose the spot where you want to live beyond all other; once there take on any kind of work to make ends meet and begin the aforesaid snuffling around; sooner or later, you ' ll find something better than most, which will give you a little freedom and cash. If you don ' t have friends to begin with, you ' ll find them everywhere at about the same level of intercourse. No matter whether Tampa or San Francisco, not any more. If we had the kind of society we wished for, I wouldn ' t need to write this letter because there would be a community of persons digging our sort of interest and you would make your way here naturally, and there would be a place for you without saying. The University of Chicago was that sort of area in the 1930 ' s; almost everyone was a genius or considered himself such, and most were broke, and most were into what they thought might be the new world.

Here in Trenton, I ' m isolated in a way. I have to go long distances to see people and they to see me. My little old house bears no resemblance to the fine and spacious house I once had in Princeton. The Princeton libraries are only twenty-minutes drive from here, but you cannot afford the car and gasoline, were you to crowd in with us. We ' ll probably be leaving for Greece in March for several months, so there is a possibility of arranging for you to stay here while we ' re gone. But I can see no advantage to this, since you ' ll be having to travel by train or by car to wherever you might be needing to go to seek a position, or to get together with people. No, it would make no sense to stay here unless I were here and then only for so long as a couple of days for an exchange of views. Even for this, I ' d try to find some friend around here who could accommodate you comfortably while we visit together. I ' ll give you all the names I can think of, with all the compliments to accompany them, anywhere in the country you may wish to go. I ' m not optimistic about this procedure, but I ' ll be glad to oblige. Do you remember how costly it is to travel? And wherever you go, the way Americans live in their far-flung warrens, you ' ll not be where you want to be even for the moment. The distances are an enemy, especially for the poor. How, by the way, do you expect to get a job without a work visa? I think you have to find an employer who will make a special request before coming. Or else, come, find a job, return and be called back. Isn ' t that the way it works, unless you come as an independent

writer without a wage or salary paid you here.

If I had even a little money to pay expenses, I would invite you here to join in preparing the Encyclopedia of Quantavolution, a project that I think would move our cause forward greatly and sooner or later pay off financially. My idea would be to provide alphabetic fascicles every month or two until the job would be complete, financing the venture largely from subscriptions to these (with a large discount on the ultimate bound volumes), do it all in 2000 pages, all fields, half written by five editors (e.g. besides myself and you, say Brian, Bimson, Milton, Lowery and other good colleagues who might want to come aboard) and half by about 100 other contributors, taking three years in all, appearing in three volumes in 2,000,000 words and selling at a low \$89. I think Princeton would be a good place to center it, but I wonder about Cambridge, Eng. (with occasional editorial conferences in Naxos.) I would readily contemplate a move to Cambridge if there were a few enthusiastic souls about and a minimal cooperation by the Cambridge Library authorities. Couldn't we lease an old house big enough to barrack visitors for a reasonably small sum for three years and have a go at it? The production should be done in-house on a word- processing system that would provide print-out for the fascicles during the whole creative period and then feed floppy discs to the automatic typesetter for the final production of the bound volumes. We would attach a newsletter, perhaps the Newsletter of "Workshop," to the fascicles and when the Encyclopedia comes out continue the publication of a wide-public magazine *Quanta*.

I was going into Manhattan today, but am glad that I changed my mind and could therefore get this letter off to you, among other things. Holidays don't turn me on; I make my own, as often as possible. Concluding, let me not give the impression that I have ceased to think about what you might do and where, but give me feedback and encouragement and I'll do better next time.

Cordially yours,

Alfred

Martin Sieff came like a whirlwind, and came again not much later, a short, dark counterpart of Peter James, a comic book buff, friendly and grateful, darting brown eyes through heavy glasses,

missing nothing, spewing out accounts of college days at Oxford, the dire internal politics of Israel, the latest bombing of his Belfast newspaper, the psychology of Velikovsky, the girls of Long Island-Belfast-Jerusalem, the personalities of the cosmic heretics of Britain, the confusion of the British Society for Interdisciplinary Studies ("Nothing at all like the big way you do things here, no support..." "What do you mean? We are disaster-stricken. Out of touch, nasty little arguments and all of that..." "Not really, I thought that was us!" "Not so, I thought that was us!")

Martin wants to see Clark Whelton and he and Deg hear of Clark's longing for an Association where we can all get together on a regular basis. Alas, Clark is assistant to Mayor Koch, on 24-hour alert; he is writing a novel; he is going through the trauma of kids readying for college. How, when, with what means and who? Everyone looks blank and slightly pained. But the outer world must have something in mind when they speak of the "underground" the "well-organized tactics" of the catastrophists, the invariable sharp attacks greeting an offensive remark about Velikovsky or against short chronology or for exoterrestrial eternal peace, as, for instance the *London Times Literary Supplement* of 26 June 1967 murmuring about "a powerful force in the underground of academe."

Not long afterwards, dodging about the streets of Belfast (he has spent most of his thirty years in two civil emergencies, of Belfast and of Israel), Martin rifles a letter to Clark Whelton at the Mayor's Office in New York, expressing fear of the collapse of the Society for Interdisciplinary Studies journal.

Belfast, 9 August 1983

(...)

"There is only one solution that I can see -- the appointment of an Editor-in-Chief with full authority over production, and over all SIS copy -- both Workshop and Review, able to appoint and fire editorial staff at his discretion, responsible for deadlines, and responsible himself directly to the SIS Chairman, creating a workable Publisher-Editor relationship. Should you succeed in launching a U.S. version of the Society, this is the only way to get the thing done. Government by committee is a wash out. As long as Lowery was on form it served as a useful

camouflage for him to operate under, while he actually put out a high quality product. But once he pulled out, the whole cumbersome system of referees and editorial committee responsible in its turn to Council, another committee under a mini-Lowery in its turn, just fell apart. Peter James is an outstanding scholar. But he doesn't know the meaning of the word "deadline". Brian Moore put an immense amount of effort into the Review's production -- and had nothing to show for it at the end of the day...

There was of course no money to pay an Editor. Sieff feared a collapse of the Society, and could only pray that its membership would be patient with the leadership a little longer. [In a letter to Deg later on he expresses surprise that the phoenix is arising from its ashes.]

And then horror of horrors, Martin announces re-re-revisionism of ancient Egyptian chronology: I am becoming convinced that everything that happened in the Exodus and in the crisis of the Ipuwer Papyrus may well have been at the end of the Old Kingdom. At this point Deg 's mental vision shuts down like a toad 's eyelids. When the revolution comes, nothing is spared, and then it feeds upon itself. No, you don 't, Martin! That 's too much!

Here is how Sieff declared the consensus again to Whelton: "*Ages in Chaos*, Vol. I still stands. Minor corrections and improvements, yes" -- but the Hyksos are the Amalekites; El Amarna tablets fall in the time of the prophet Elisha; Queen Hatshepsut of Egypt is the Queen of Sheba; Thutmose III is biblical Shishak. "To which I will add the correlation -- Ramses III in Jeroboam II 's time; Merneptah kicked out by Azru = Uzziah/Azariah; Ramses II = Late Bronze-Iron interchange." In these words, 30 years after *Ages in Chaos* first appeared, Sieff is pronouncing the validating results of thirty years ' work, practically none of which was done by anti-heretics, and which, whatever else happens, in cosmology and chronology, are sufficient to bring the rewriting of much of ancient Egyptian, Hebrew, Syrian, Anatolian, Greek, and Roman history. But Martin is part of "whatever else happens" and so are Peter James, David Rohl, John Bimson, and Jim Clarke who are energetically taking V.

apart and putting him together again. The old chronology is gone but there is yet no tongue-in-groove replacement.

In April 1983, Deg and Ami, after two months in France to promote her just published novel, *Le Pigeon d'Argile*, go to London from Paris and he speaks on *Homo Schizo*, on the gestalt of creation that in short order makes a cultured person out of hominid. This time they have the apartment (and telephone) of Stimson, Peter James ' friend, with a monster bed embracing its room, from which everything is reachable with levers and buttons and on which all is do-able, apparently including dining, for there is no dining space.

There is a fine celebration after the meeting, proverbial homemade English pastry playing a nostalgic part; drink flows freely and the survivors end up at the pub nearby. Deg meets Jill Aberly so can tell her that he admires her snippets on fossil assemblages and many other mini-reviews of the quantavolutionary literature. Again he misses John Bimson and, too, Bernard Newgrosh, the medical doctor who edits *Workshop* for the SIS.

He does a fast trip to Brian Moore ' s Cleveland haunts and the two of them ascend the Observatory hill in Edinburgh to spend hours with Victor Clube and William Napier who have published their *Cosmic Serpent*, which Deg had read, but they have not read *Chaos and Creation* so he gives them that and they give him a reprint and all are full of talk and trying for a common ground while sniffing about a bit doggishly.

Clube and Napier call their quantavolutionary scenario "the disintegrating comet theory." They set themselves to showing that at great intervals of time the Solar System encounters galactic clouds of cometary material and suffers heavy destruction from collisions. Residual comets accompany the Solar System, and their periodic visitations, on rare occasion, end in disaster. Like many others working on catastrophism, the two Edinburgh astronomers find themselves isolated, both because of the extremity of their ideas and because they need much material from fields like mythology and linguistics that they cannot grasp themselves nor command expert consultants to provide for them.

The crux of the matter is that, while both groups grant catastrophes in human times, the Scottish astronomers want to read "comets" where the Deg-V. contingent read "planets" and they bring out reams of calculations on Encke's Halley's and more to come, while Deg is confident by now of *Solaria Binaria* and cannot wait for the book, which, if not calculation-full, is calculation-proofed, and he feels good about some tag-wrestling matches to come, where with much better historical reconstruction and with Milton at his side, well, we shall see, he thought happily, as they stepped out upon the Observatory site overlooking beautifully the fine somber city with the sea beyond, and they took their jovial leave.

Deg was pondering, wasn't this setting where Comyns Beaumont placed the world of the Bible and was Edinburgh Jerusalem, and it was all transferred to the New Palestine after the comet struck? Nonsense, of course -- to what lengths will not subconscious ethnocentricity lead one, but how far and how near was Beaumont to William Blake the mystic poet and painter who envisioned Jerusalem as England, pathetic genius, lost soul amidst the steam and soot of his century.

Time had come to leave England for New York, but two matters had to be settled. After much thinking and talking, Deg decided he could entrust the manuscript of *Solaria Binaria*, which he had been hoarding all the while, to Rosemary Burnard of the Society for composition on the IBM type-setting machine that the Society had scraped up the funds to buy and use for its publications. A type-font was chosen, the format designed. Within three months all would be done and the pasted-up camera-ready copy would be sent to Milton and Deg for final correction and printing. Not so: July stretched to January before the job was done. Shall I stop to explain the six months delay, Deg's fortnightly fury, the sweet, bold abstracted character of Rosemary, the trials of the intellectual underground in Britain, speaking of how things don't get done and finally maybe do get done in the perennial bohemia of generation after generation of the Western World intelligentsia? Of course not. I cannot allow myself a Proustian self-indulgence in prose. If there is a page to

spare, it must go to the heroic efforts of it seemed everybody to penetrate the U.S. Immigration Service just enough to get Ami aboard a plane to New York.

Excepting the several millions of Indians who already were on hand, the vast majority of individuals (and I use this term significantly) who came to the shores of the New World were driven away from their old haunts-by the Old World authorities, by famine, by failure of one kind or another -- and half of them came within the past century. And they are coming now, in vast numbers, such that the system of restraints has broken down, and the question now is how to legitimize millions of persons as Americans without setting into motion a similar advent of millions more. At work, of course, is the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service which, you must understand, is separate and distinct from the Department of State, but shares this with the Department of State: that they live a life out of Kafka 's *Castle*, full of resounding laws, rules and regulations, and of textbook principles of administration.

Now, as in Kafka 's books, the people most removed from the intent of the laws are bedeviled by them. So it is that an apolitical, well-behaved French writer, who is married to an American, unrecognized for the troublemaker he is, can have more difficulty getting in and out of the country than anyone of the mob of persons whom the agencies are instructed and exhorted to screen, examine, and order into various categories. So it happened, that the aforesaid French novelist, female, law-abiding, with a stamp on her passport letting her in but stuck with a paper not letting her out beyond a certain time, can be prevented from coming in and must begin at the beginning -- lines, forms, physical examinations, faceless officials, and time without apparent end.

Here then enters Professor de Grazia, professionally, fully, skeptically, ironically, indignantly aware of what imbecility *ad infinitum* bureaucracies historically display, whether in science or in travel, yet who still imagines that a minor delay in the return of his wife, for good reason (for the good of the U.S.A., too) will not cause much of a problem, if he addresses the Immigration Service in London properly and in good time. One week of good time goes by, and a second week. Ordinary communications, cables, phone

calls are not enough. Interchangeable faceless beings turn on and off. The system cannot cope with the request to reenter; a ping-pong game is set up, with the US offices on the one side and on the other side of the Big pond reluctantly striking the ball, after resting in-between shots.

I cannot be sure of what finally happened, except that at a certain point Deg stopped acting like a proper ordinary citizen trying to get his wife back home and began acting like a politician and a border-runner. Ultimately are mobilized the good offices of a U.S. Minister, a Consul, a U.S. Senator, several U.S. lawyers, and a politically prominent British Lord, coupled with a partially blocked presumptuous entry upon a British Airways plane with the baggage flying solo, until somehow something cracks in the system at the New York Airport, and the message gets through to the airline that if Anne-Marie de Grazia were to be aboard a certain plane no objection to her coming home to America would be raised by the Inspector at the immigration counter. Nor was there.

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