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FREE PRESS

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Model American Mistaken For Spy And Ruined

Collapsed from chest pains on an airplane galley floor, a vacationing scientist is suspected as a spy by a German stewardess. His destruction begins.

BY RICHARD SCAFFIDI

BROKE and jobless, Emil Schwarz came to the United States from Germany in 1929, a hopeful young man of 19. During half a century of hard work and continuing education, he rose to distinguished heights in science and industry. Today this exemplary citizen, Emil Schwarz, Ph.D. is back where he started — broke and jobless. But now he's 67 and battling with despair.

What happened? What went sour in the land of opportunity? Here is a "Who's Who In California," someone who has received letters of gratitude from the Defense Department and the president while association with the likes of Dr. Werner Von Braun. He was not

it was 10 years before he knew he had been the subject of major CIA, FBI, and Air Force Office of Scientific Intelligence (OSI) investigations. When he finally requested this information under the Freedom of Information Act, he was given an extended runaround. Then his Social Security benefits were challenged. Then the Internal Revenue Service audited him. Coincidences?

The ignorant mistake, which seems to have initiated the destruction of Dr. Schwarz had set an absurd snowball in motion. If only it were funny. The stewardess reported her suspicions to the captain who, in turn, radioed word to an Air Force contact who notified the CIA which authorized the OSI to investigate, also involving the FBI. Most of this information comes from CIA documents and is not refuted.

An OSI agent, posing as a Pan Am official, together with the stewardess, visited Schwarz in the Berlin hospital, attempting a covert interrogation. Results were far from incriminating but the unsuspecting American did openly admit corresponding briefly with a top

Soviet scientist. The inquiry was continued. There is strong evidence to suggest that Dr. Schwarz was drugged, his hotel room broken into, and documents taken.

Unwittingly you see, Schwarz checked out of the hospital and into a hotel "full of cloak and dagger types," one of whom offered him a beer. Schwarz remembers only how unusually well and long he slept after that beer. Ten years later, photostats of papers from his briefcase turned up, attached to his OSI-CIA dossier, without explanation. The selected documents are absolutely harmless.

Upon his return to the U.S. he was interrogated by two FBI agents. He thought this was a matter of routine and suspected nothing more, even extending his appreciation for their thoroughness and affirming his strong anti-communist opinions. The FBI report mentions this, and adds no damaging conclusions.

Why did this not end the whole business? How did it progress this far? As Dr. Schwarz wrote in a recent letter to the CIA: "Why in God's name, after your agents discovered to the contrary the stewardess' spy accusations against me, was that report to the FBI not recalled as false?"

The CIA answer, in effect, states that it was a matter of



Dr. Emil Schwarz

procedure and claims no wrongdoing. The FBI also pleads "procedure" but cheerfully informs Dr. Schwarz his letter will be added to his "pertinent records."

Both agencies disavow any intention of harassment, but consider this: a Social Security notice of overpayment was filed against Dr. Schwarz in 1974, before he knew of his secret files. The unemployed engineer requested that rather than stop his meager checks altogether, they allow him half payments. Over a year elapsed and Schwarz thankfully assumed he had been granted an entirely favorable ruling. However, one week after his formal request to open FBI and CIA files on him, the Social Security claim was levied again. He is still paying it off.

With mounting suspicion, he wrote to his senator, Nevada's Howard Cannon, asking if Cannon thought this irregular. No response from the senator, but one week later he was notified of an Internal Revenue Service tax audit.

And he still had to wait the better part of a year for his secret files, after repeated requests for them.

The files arrived (with deletions) 11 years after the original investigation. When Emil Schwarz read them he finally knew beyond doubt that he had been victimized. His decade of misfortune suddenly had an explanation. Small consolation.

In order to sue the government you must obtain its permission. Schwarz's "Suit Request" to the Justice Department was forwarded to the CIA. The CIA decided in its own favor and sent a non sequitur insurance form to Dr. Schwarz. Meanwhile the once-proud master engineer lives frugally on his wife's \$464 per month income from her job, recalling the dreams he had 50 years ago.

Continued next issue: details of unwarranted espionage activities against Dr. Schwarz, his sabotaged attempts to live a normal life, and efforts to discover the damaging files on him. It all paints a tragic picture of the awesome power and indifference of big bureaucracy.

From Who's Who To Who Cares, Part II

Dr. Emil Schwarz : Bureaucracy's Victim

BY RICHARD SCAFFIDI

MISTAKEN for a spy 12 years ago, Dr. Emil Schwarz became a target of investigations by several U.S. intelligence agencies — crippling his life ever since. (See Dec. 9, *Free Press*, p.6) The award-winning scientist and engineer, once a model of his upper middle-class community, now lives off his wife's \$464 per month income from her job and the rapidly fading hope that the government might somehow make amends for the ruin it brought him.

The CIA began Dr. Schwarz's woes by authorizing the Air Force Office of Scientific Investigation (OSI) to investigate a stewardess' suspicion that the vacationing Rocketdyne engineer was a spy. He had experienced chest pains while on the plane approaching Berlin in 1965 and asked the stewardess to be sure he and his important briefcase were not separated when he was hospitalized upon landing. She reported her imaginings to the captain. The captain radioed an Air Force contact. The contact notified the CIA. The CIA assigned the OSI

to begin an investigation. The OSI proceeded

The dubious spy accusation could have been cleared simply by confirming Schwarz's American citizenship and examining the harmless papers in his briefcase. Schwarz would have been eager and proud to do both, but rather than ask, an OSI agent was assigned to pose as a Pan Am official and accompany the stewardess to the engineer's Berlin hospital room for a covert interrogation.

The "intelligence" agent later reported, "Tried confirm fact Schwarz American citizen by gaining access Schwarz passport. This proved impossible as hospital have Schwarz docs and briefcase under their control and there no way gain access to these without breaking cover."

The investigation escalated and evidence supports Schwarz's theory that he was drugged in a hotel and his papers stolen to be copied.

Because he WAS a U.S. citizen and because he was being investigated by overseas intelligence, the FBI took over. When the unsuspecting scientist returned from vacation he was interrogated for hours by two agents. Their procedure bears some attention.

The files on this interrogation, obtained under the Freedom of Information Act,

contain no damaging facts. A great deal of "investigation" consisted of encouraging Schwarz to criticize communism and promise to tell officials if he "ever travels abroad in the future."

A chilling Orwellian note was added to his dossier: "(names deleted) who are generally familiar with communist activities in the northwest section of the Los Angeles area, in which area Schwarz resides and is employed, advised that they had no information concerning Schwarz."

Still, the trusting Dr. Schwarz had no knowledge of the extent of any files on him beyond the defense clearance he had received in connection with his position at Rocketdyne. Soon after his trip though he was transferred to a different department and eventually laid off, even though he had just the expertise required

Then began a frustrating search for a new job. With his "Who's Who" credentials, many large companies were interested but always rejected him at the last minute without explanation. The Bendix Corporation, for example, went so far as to send a letter addressed "To You As A New Bendix Employee." But he was turned down. When he requested a reason, the reply was: "Unfortunately we are unable to locate any earlier record of cor-

respondence with you as far as Bendix, Electroynamics Division is concerned."

More than 200 resumes met with similar results.

Perhaps most telling is the imposition of an IRS audit and Social Security benefit attachment levied exactly one week after Schwarz's official request for his secret files under the Freedom of Information Act.

The files themselves were nearly a year in coming, involving a classic runaround which included wrong addresses, passing the buck, and deletions.

During this whole trying period, Dr. Schwarz sought help and advice, through correspondence, from various politicians. After all Supervisor Ernest Debs had once referred to his life as "a saga of a fine, upstanding American" citing "contributions to and services on behalf of his country."

Congressman Reinecke's response to Schwarz's problems was they "will have to be written off as a bad experience."

Ronald Reagan: "I assure you I'm going to continue campaigning on the issues and pointing out the failures of this administration." Reagan, by the way, never answered at all after his election.

Senator Brooke: "I appreciate your making this material available to me and I look forward to reading it at the first opportunity"

Dr. Schwarz now lives in Nevada and outlined his woes to his senator, Howard Cannon, who responded:

"I can certainly understand why you would not want federal agencies to maintain files on your personal correspondence. I trust the agencies will be responsive to your request."

It is my hope that you and your wife will enjoy living in Nevada. As you know, Nevada is located in the sun bowl region of the United States which has tremendous importance for those who have your kind of interest in the possibilities of solar energy."

Letters have been sent by Dr. Schwarz all over the country, to politicians, industry, media and anyone the desperate man might reach for help. Meanwhile he has been denied his right to sue the government. You see, his "Suit Request" was forwarded to the CIA, which ruled that there is insufficient evidence against itself.

DR. EMIL Schwarz is anxious to hear of any reader's response to his story, especially any help or advice. His address is: 350 Desert Inn Road, No. D201, Las Vegas, NV 89109

—IMMIGRANT

From Page 1D

Communist activities. But suspiciously apparently lingered. "Why did this not end the whole business?" Schwarz asks 15 years later. His feelings are best expressed in a 1977 letter to the CIA: "Why in God's name, after your agents discovered to the contrary the stewardesses' spy accusations against me, was that report to the FBI not recalled as false?"

The "whole business" Schwarz referred to involved an apparent cloud of suspicion lodged against him after his return from Berlin.

It cannot be verified through declassified materials whether Schwarz was labeled a security risk by the U.S. government, or whether the engineering firms he applied at turned him down because he failed to gain a federal security clearance.

But there is strong evidence supporting Schwarz's claim that this security clearance is the only thing the companies involved had in common.

The FBI and CIA have since gone on record as denying any harassment of Schwarz, but it remains unclear exactly how incriminating their intelligence files were during that time.

Shortly after his FBI interview, Schwarz was transferred to a different department at Rocketdyne and eventually laid off.

Still unaware of any OSI, CIA or FBI investigations, Schwarz felt it would be only a matter of weeks before he could secure another engineering position. He never did.

Schwarz spent all of 1967 looking for a new job. Dozens of large companies said they were interested but always rejected him at the last minute without explanation.

For example, Schwarz recalled, a representative from the Bendix Corp. told Schwarz he was hired and could go to work as soon as certain paperwork was completed.

Schwarz never heard from Bendix again, except when he asked the personnel department what had happened.

"Unfortunately, we are unable to locate any earlier record of correspondence with you as far as Bendix, electro-dynamics division, is concerned," was the reply.

Other promises from engineering firms met with similar results. With his "Who's Who in California" credentials, Schwarz delivered more than 200 resumes to employers, receiving plenty of interest but no jobs.

"I have no doubt that the files maintained by the



PROUD IMMIGRANT - Emil Schwarz in 1965, going from Berlin to Frankfurt.

Congress had recently passed the Freedom of Information Act, and Schwarz was curious if any intelligence agencies had monitored several letters he sent to a Soviet scientist in the early 1960s. The letters concerned non-controversial science topics, and Schwarz was wondering if they had been opened and read along the way.

He received the declassified records several months later and was stunned to find out about the undercover investigation that took place during his Berlin vacation.

"Suddenly, everything began to make sense; the FBI questioning, my layoff at Rocketdyne, all the companies that didn't hire me after they said they were interested," he recalled.

It was too late to try to clear his name because his engineering days were over at age 65.

"But my privacy had been invaded, at the very least. They (CIA agents) broke into my hotel room and my briefcase in Berlin. Their investigation ended up destroying me," Schwarz said. "The only thing left was to sue them."

He did not have enough money to hire a lawyer to pursue it, so on Aug. 8, 1977, Schwarz filed a "suit request" to Attorney General Griffin Bell. The Justice Department must consent

reluctantly completed it, asking for \$1 million in damages.

On April 10, 1979, Schwarz received his final correspondence from the government. John Greaney, associate general counsel of the CIA, said, "The CIA had not taken any action to interfere with your professional career... This is a final denial of your claim against the CIA."

This letter only fueled the bitterness and frustration building up inside Schwarz for four years.

"How can the CIA appoint itself as judge in a claim against itself? It is unjust."

Last fall, Schwarz went to his "last hope," the American Civil Liberties Union. To date, he has not received any response to his letters.

And then desperation turned to hopelessness. Four months ago, Schwarz began sending large postcards each day to President Carter, Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti, and a handful of other Justice Department officials.

His message was clear: "I would like to invite you to my suicide party on Dec. 24, 1979. Sleep on it. You helped destroy me." For weeks, Schwarz sent a handful of these cards out in the daily mail. "I wanted to make the greatest sacri-

fice a man can make," he explained.

"If I killed myself on Christmas Eve, I thought it was the only way to expose what had happened. The only way to expose it was to die for it. I know I wouldn't have died in vain if they found out what their bureaucracy did to me."

Schwarz had every intention of carrying out his death threat. The letters were aimed at dramatizing his plight, to see whether anyone would "lift a finger to save me." No one did.

Christmas week came without a response. "After all those letters, they were saying, 'Go ahead and blow your brains out, we don't care.'"

Then Christmas Eve came and Schwarz decided not to pull the trigger. He was persuaded not to by a friend.

For now, Schwarz will continue his daily visits to the senior center on Bonanza Road — sipping coffee with friends, enjoying conversation, and occasionally reminiscing about the old days.

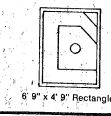
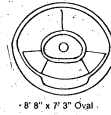
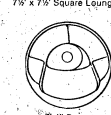
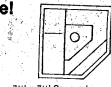
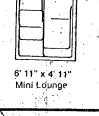
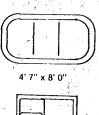
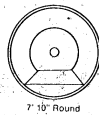
"The days are long," Schwarz reflected. "I've kept busy in the past two years writing letters, trying to fight this thing. But it doesn't look like there are many more ways I can fight."

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American dream shattered for immigrant

By Chris Broderick
R-J Staff Writer

Berlin in August 1965. The Cold War was simmering near the boiling point. The city — and in many ways the world — was divided by a concrete swath of distrust and fear called the Berlin Wall. American GIs and East Germans patrolled the walk their uneasy glances through the barbed wire were symbols of the global tension between democracy and communism.

The mood of the rest of the world was equally tense. In Southeast Asia, American B-52s thundered into North Vietnam as President Lyndon Johnson launched a new war strategy of escalation. In Moscow, two Kremlin newcomers named Leonid Brezhnev and Alekssei Kosygin began changing the course of post-Khrushchev Russia, stepping up military aid to the Third World.

And in the United States, a burgeoning civil rights movement endured bloody growing pains. A riot in the Watts area of Los Angeles left 35 dead and \$200 million in property destroyed.

Memories of those days are vivid in the mind of Emil Schwarz, a 69-year-old German immigrant who has lived in Las Vegas since 1970. It was August 1965 in Berlin, when Schwarz's proud American dream began to shatter into a thousand pieces.

His story is a complex and tragic one. A monumental victim of circumstances, Schwarz was a man caught in the wrong place at precisely the wrong time.

Mistaken for a communist spy by U.S. intelligence agents, Schwarz eventually lost his job and — completely unknown to him — reportedly was branded a security risk. According to Schwarz, he became virtually blacklisted and thus unemployable in aviation engineering.

More than 200 of his job applications met rejection after the bizarre case of mistaken identity in Berlin, which Schwarz says was no coincidence.

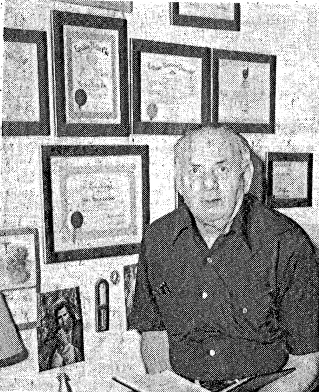
This was a man who had been listed in "Who's Who in California" and "Leaders in American Science" for his engineering accomplishments. For Schwarz, the land of opportunity turned into a maze of confusion.

Today, Schwarz sits in his small Las Vegas apartment more consumed and frustrated than ever about what he describes as a massive, insensitive bureaucracy.

He admits to being in poor health, recovering from a recent heart attack. It is becoming more and more of a struggle for him to make the daily morning pilgrimage to the Las Vegas Senior Citizens Center, where he has been a coffee-table regular for the past two years.

Besides his wife Bernice, there is only one thing in Schwarz's life which keeps him going, giving him a sense of purpose. It is an obsession over the fact he was once a model American with a prestigious, rewarding job, and a cloud of suspicion "destroyed" him in one sweeping blow.

"I came into this country broke and jobless. And I'm ending up just as bad 50 years later," Schwarz said.



MEMORIES - Emil Schwarz, who says he was mistaken for a spy 15 years ago in Berlin and subsequently ruined, is shown in the study of his Las Vegas apartment, where some of his awards and honors from better days are displayed.

R-J photo by Rene Germainer

"Nobody will ever know the anguish and anger I have gone through in the past 10 years."

Others may be able to cast aside old frustrations or misfortunes, but Schwarz feels like a man betrayed.

Ironically, what keeps Schwarz going is a wish of hope that justice somehow will be served and his long-standing claim for damages against the government will be resurrected. Schwarz still believes America is where a simple cause can be championed from obscurity to victory.

Indeed, Schwarz's story began in obscurity, on Aug. 21 1965.

Vacationing from his position as senior manufacturing engineer with a large California aerospace firm, Schwarz settled back comfortably in his airplane seat. He was on a Pan Am airliner bound for Berlin. It was his first visit to his homeland since leaving Germany in 1929.

Schwarz had been looking forward to this trip for a long time. Since arriving in the United States at age 18, he had worked at more than 20 jobs all across the country, from a machinist in Chicago to a gunsmith in Des Moines, Iowa.

Schwarz figured his long struggle had finally ended after he established himself as an award-winning aerospace engineer for Rocketdyne, a division of North American Aviation in Los Angeles.

After all, his life had been a classic by-the-boots-strap success story. He had worked his way up the free enterprise ladder, picking up a host of honorary awards, career accomplishments and self-taught academic achievements along the way.

There were his honors from the American Rocket Society, American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics, California Academy of Science, his doctorate in philosophy, and other achievements.

There were his listings in the 1964 "Who's Who in California," "Who's Who in American Science," and "The National Register of Prominent Americans."

aircraft, helicopters and nuclear components. Combine this circumstantial evidence with the Cold War atmosphere of nervousness blanketing Berlin, and it is understandable why the stewardess told the Pan Am captain a man lying unconscious in the back of the plane may be some sort of spy.

According to CIA records on Schwarz dating back to the incident, which were obtained through the Freedom of Information Act, the captain notified the Air Force about their suspicions. Air Force officials contacted the CIA, which authorized the Air Force Office of Scientific Intelligence (OSI) to investigate.

Keep in mind Schwarz was completely unaware any investigation had been launched. He would not know for 10 years.

The night of Aug. 21, an OSI agent posing as a Pan Am employee joined the stewardess in visiting Schwarz in the hospital. Declassified CIA records show the undercover agent questioned Schwarz about his visit to Berlin, but Schwarz was still woefully ignorant of his situation and was difficult to understand.

The CIA agent subsequently cabled this report to his supervisors: "Tried to confirm fact Schwarz is American citizen by gaining access Schwarz passport. This proved impossible as hospital (officials) have Schwarz documents and briefcase under their control and there no way gain access to these without breaking cover."

Schwarz returned to the United States a short time later and was questioned by two FBI agents when he ar-

rived. "I was told it was completely routine and suspected nothing more. I even thanked them for their thoroughness," he said.

A copy of the FBI interview, also gained through the Freedom of Information

Act, shows Schwarz was asked about his trip, what business he had in Berlin, and whether he had any ties to the Communist Party. The interview report, dated Nov. 23, 1965, also contained background checks conducted by the FBI on Schwarz.

There was nothing in any of the released FBI and CIA reports on Schwarz that could be considered solid evidence linking him with

Schwarz. See IMMIGRANT, Page 9D

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Exile in Las Vegas

by Robin Jenkins

Emil Schwarz was a rocket scientist and a philosopher who worked on America's space program. He claims he's been harrassed from his profession by the CIA, and there is reason to attribute authenticity to his claim. The question arises: is Emil a spy, or an innocent victim of the system?

"Over the door of the Department of Justice, are these words: 'The United States wins its point whenever justice is done to its citizens in the courts,'" wrote Dr. Emil Schwarz on a series of post cards that, last December, he sent to: President Carter, Stanfield Turner, Director of the C.I.A.; Benjamin Civaletti, Attorney General; and John Greaney, Associate Counsel General.

These post cards were a desperate attempt to draw attention to his plight. They also read, "I would like to invite you to my suicide party—24 December 1979. Sleep on it. You HELPED destroy me."

Again, no one listened.

He is now seventy years-old, and in poor health, having recently suffered two heart attacks. He is understandably depressed after living through fifteen years of professional and legal rejection, but the love of his wife, who supports them on a meager income, and the hope that justice will be done to him keep him alive.

Until fifteen years ago his life was a classic Horatio Alger story.

He came from Germany in 1929, the beginning of the Depression. In Ger-

many he had served apprenticeships as a machinist and as a gunsmith. A few days after he arrived in this country he found a job with a tool-manufacturing company. But as the Depression deepened, Emil found himself in the position of many other American men: he had to exist as a hobo for over five years. (When he recalls the desperation of Christmas in 1929, he says, "It wasn't as bad as 1979.") "But," he says with a sparkle in his eyes, "I am a genius." When the Depression lifted, in 1934, he was hired by the Peter Boller Machine Works, where he astounded people with mechanical inventiveness. He invented what was at that time, the world's largest floor-scrubbing machine, which was used to clean the Civic Opera House in Chicago. He invented a spaghetti machine, and the first hamburger-patty machine, which enabled the famous White Tower hamburger chain of Chicago to become a great success. He developed a rocking bed for heart patients with sluggish blood, which was used in the Henrotin Hospital. For Brunswick, the bowling-alley company, he made a machine for putting paper around the little chalk squares that are used with

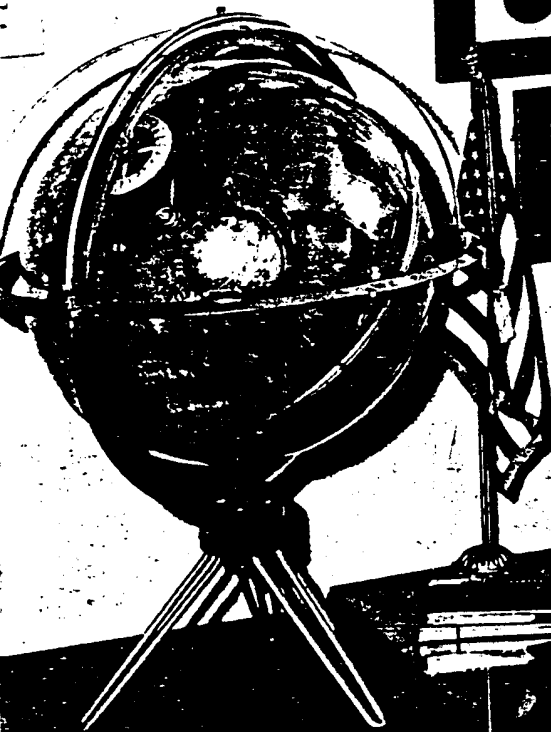
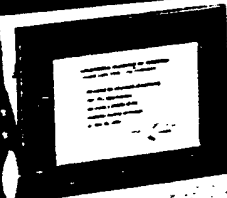
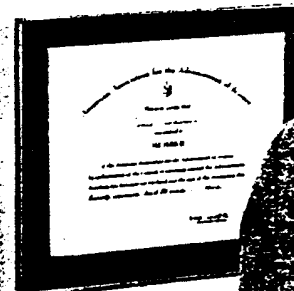
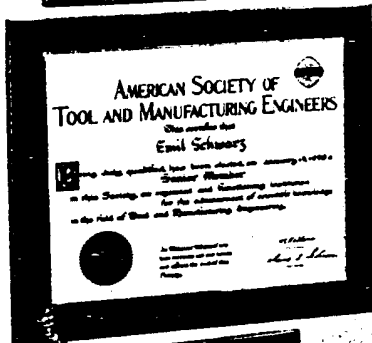
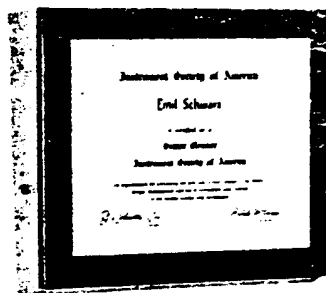
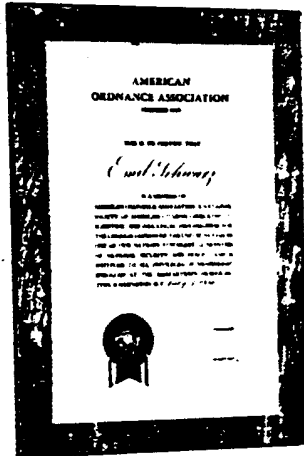
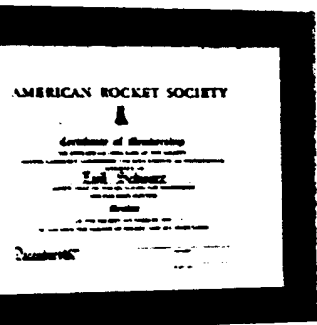
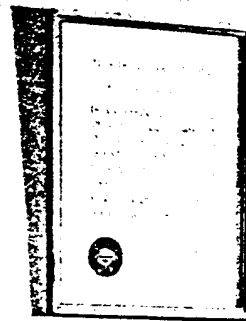
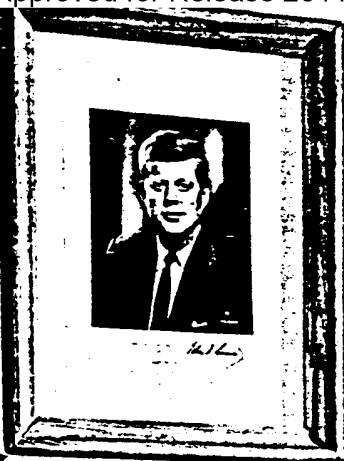
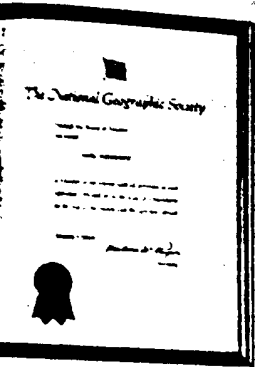
cue sticks. He refused to build that machine, since it would have put hundreds of girls out of work. "My philosophy is to help people, to make life easier through my inventions, not to put people out of work."

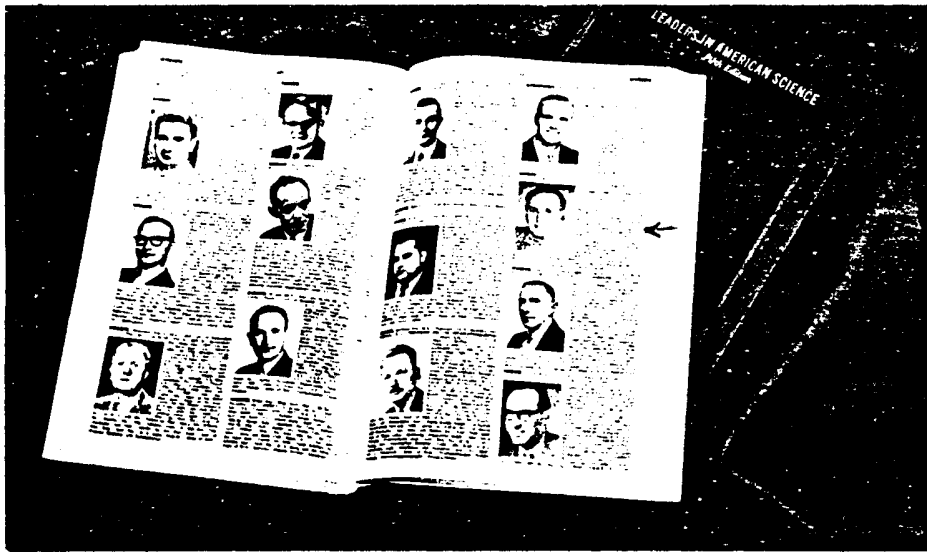
He became known as "the guy who comes up with the answer."

"For many years, I only slept two hours a night, and even then, the wheels would spin. I would wake up my wife and say, 'Honey, get a pencil.'"

Then began a series of jobs with engineering firms, auto makers, and when World War II came along, aircraft makers. He worked on jet engines from the J-13 to the J-75, and the B-29 bomber. He went from company to company on special request, enjoying the fame of resident genius. In the 1960's, when his troubles began, he had done intricate work on rocket engines at Cape Canaveral; he had also been employed at Viking Industries, Vard, and Rocketdyne, the top aerospace development names in the United States.

Not only was he interested in science, he was also interested in people. He and his wife took in homeless children. One baby boy was given to them by a bar-





Dr. Emil Schwarz' entry in *Leaders in American Science*.

tender after his mother had left him on the bar, for good. They adopted another little boy from a foster home, and took in three other small children after their single mother had drowned.

Emile became known in the places where he worked as a self-styled psychologist and philosopher. He had the answers to human problems as well as to engineering problems. People started calling him Dr. Schwarz, so one day he said to his wife, "Honey, I should get a degree in psychology and philosophy." He began self-study courses in these fields through the Neotarian College in Kansas City, and earned the initials Ps.D. and Ph.D..

During these years he was also collecting honors. He was lauded by the American Rocket Society, The American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics, and the California Academy of Science. He is listed in the *Who's Who in California*, *The Who's Who in Nevada*, *Leaders in American Science*, and *The National Register of Prominent Americans*.

Another facet of Dr. Schwarz's voracious appetite for learning and participation in life is his interest in public affairs. For many years he has read newspapers with the consciousness of an inventor of answers. "I see a problem in the news, and I write to the person, I don't care who it is: Ronald Reagan, the Peace Corps, President Kennedy, Barry Goldwater, the *L.A. Times*, or anybody; and I give a suggestion on how to solve the problem," he says with a chuckle. He has many albums full of such correspondence.

"I would never have talked about classified work. That would be unethical. I know a lot of top scientists, like Dr. Werner Von Braun, the famous German-American rocket engineer, and we know where to draw the line. Scientists meet all the time. We are professionals. There is nothing wrong with it."

Unfortunately it was this interest in life that made him politically suspect and turned his American dream into a bureaucratic nightmare.

In 1965 the Cold War was burning hotly, but Dr. Schwarz didn't have that in mind when he sent a newsclipping from a California paper to Professor M.V. Keldysh, the President of the Academy of Sciences, U.S.S.R. It was an article about the orbiting of the Cosmic Spaceship, *Voshod II*. "This is how we in America learn of the outstanding achievements in science," he wrote. "I also wanted to meet him," said Dr. Schwarz. "I have read many of his works, and consider him an expert in the field."

"Did it ever occur to you," I asked, "that the U.S. government would think you were spying if you met such a man, considering the nature of your work, and his?"

The National Register of Prominent Americans
and International Notables

O'CALLAGHAN, The Hon. Mike; Governor of Nevada, Executive Chamber, State Capitol, Carson City; (m) Carolyn; (s) B.S. & M.Ed. 1946 U. of ID, p.g.; CO St., U. of NV, Georgetown U., Claremont Grad. Sch.; (a) So. NV A.A.U.-pp, Lions Intl.-pp-Deputy District-p gov., K. of C., V. F.W.; (c) St. Dir. of Health & Welfare 1963 & 1964, Purple Heart, Silver Star, Bronze Star "v" Device; (Subjects on request)*

SANYER, The Hon. Frank Grant; Attorney, Gen. Counsel, Edn. Com. of the St., 302 East Carson Ave., Suite 800, Las Vegas; (m) Bette; (s) B.A. Linfield Coll., 1939, U. of NV 1941, Geo. WA U. Law Sch., 1942, LL.B., Georgetown U. Law Sch., 1948, Hon. LL.D. Linfield Coll., 1966 & U. of NV 1962; (a) Am.-NV-DC Bar Assn., Am. Jud. Soc., NV Dist. Attys. Assn.-pp, Nat. Dist. Attys. Assn.-pp, Elka Co. Bar Assn.-pp, C. of C.-pp, Lions-pp, U. of NV-Bd. regents, Co. Dem.-ch., Del.-Dem. St. Conv.; (c) Spl. Ambassador & Personal Repr. of Pres. of U.S. to Inauguration of Pres. of Paraguay 1968, Young Man of Yr. 1952, Gov. of NV 1959-67; [Legal Gambling in Nevada]*

SCHWARZ, Dr. Emil; Research & Development Engineer-Manager, Von Brumer Lab., 1545 N. 25th, Las Vegas; (m) Bernice; (s) Tech. Engr. Coll., Gunsmith & Mach. Apprentice, Germany, Ps.D., Ph.D. Neotarian Coll. of Phil., 1966; (a) Am. Inst. of Aeron. & Astron., A.D.A., N.A.A., Instrument Soc. of Am., Am. Soc. of Tool & Mfg. Engrs., CA Acad. of Sci., Nat. Geog. Soc., Am. Museum of Nat. Hist., Am. Rocket Soc., Am. Ord. Assn., A.A.A.S., Nat. Aeron. Assn., Nat. Wildlife Fedn., Nat. Writers C., Nat. Rifle Assn. of Am., I.P.A., Soc. Hon. Orgn. of Am. States, Sigma Chpt. of Epsilon Delta Chi, Cath. Ch.; (c) World War II Awds.-Cit. Dept. of Defense, White House & Exec. Office of President, Honored by Engr. Joint Cncl. of NY 1964, invented 7 spl. machines & 11 co-owned inventions; (L) 2000 Men Achiev., Ldrs. Am. Sci., W.W. California

The National Register of Prominent Americans
and International Notables
(an association)

Research Center
Venice, Florida 33595

"No," answered Dr. Schwarz, "it never occurred to me."

"What would you talk about, it you did meet him?"

"Oh, it would just be one guy to another. I mainly just wanted to see him. I would never have talked about classified work. That would be unethical. I know a lot of top scientists, like Dr. Wernher Von Braun, the famous German-American rocket engineer, and we know where to draw the line. Scientists meet all the time. We are professionals. There is nothing wrong with it."

As a scientist, Emil is apolitical. "I'm not at war with the Russians, I never have been," he says. His association, if you can call it that, with the Russians began in 1935, when the Russian Academy helped him with an engineering problem by giving him a formula for cooling fins for a 1-8 horsepower engine.

In the early 1960's, Emil had several ideas which were ahead of their time in the United States. One of them was that a glider-sled could be used for a moon landing. It would circle the moon within its gravitational pull and eventually the velocity would run down and it would land. Dr. Pickering, of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory at the California Institute of Technology wrote to Emil, "A glider type vehicle would not be feasible, in any case, since there is no air on the moon." Emil scoffed at this reply. "If it traveled all the way through the vacuum of space, why would it need air to land? The gravitational pull is the factor, not the atmospheric blanket."

He sent his paper on the subject to scientists in England and Germany, and from them he received concurring viewpoints. He also sent this paper to the Soviet Academy, but he got no reply. In 1965 he wrote, "I expected and received no answer in the American circles, but I had hoped (for) and highly valued your opinions." (When he went to Germany in 1965, he was hoping to meet Von Braun to find out if Keldysh was going to be at the upcoming Space Congress in Athens.) "I couldn't give this idea away," he says, "and now the

same time. They are in the air; scientists are thinking about the same things. Emil cites a good example of this phenomenon:

He would bring an album full of articles about himself and show the people how a person could really make it big in America.

If you were going to send a pigeon into flight, how would you do it? (He lifts his hands.) You don't just make it go on its own, you give it a lift. This is the same thing you must do with a rocket. I suggested a hydraulic booster to be put fifty feet in the ground. That way you save five tons of fuel on gravitational pull. You have more fuel—you stay up longer. Then I wondered, how do the Russians send 'em up? Not on the ocean like us, they must do it inland. The way to do it would be to use a rocket sled set at a thirty-five degree angle—a lunging launching pad. I discussed this at a symposium. You have two rockets, one a booster, pushing the other at a terrific speed. It's not a use of fuel but a pushing—you save fuel and you can

Emil describes his relationship to the military-industrial complex:

I hate ideas to be wasted. As an engineer-scientist, I want to see things proven. The case with Pickering is typical of what the big companies do to scientists. Rather than give them credit, they say, "Not feasible." My ideas aren't government secrets: I make them available to the Defense Department by registering them with the American Inventors Council in Washington, D.C.. Like my bomb shelter—if the United States doesn't want it, the Russians can use it—I wish I could build my inventions myself, but I don't have the money. It's like my invention of front stop-lights for automobiles. They would be a safety feature so the pedestrian could see if a car was going to stop when it comes toward you. The auto companies say they're too expensive, but they'll probably be putting them on someday. My wife and I have been stopped by the police several times for using them on our car. They say they're illegal. He laughs.

"Suppose one of your defense ideas got into the hands of the Russians, and they used it against the United States. How would you feel; how do other scientists feel about that situation? Guilty?"

"No—because it could be invented by any number of people at the same time. This is a terrible thing. I hate to see what is coming and I know it is. Soon. It is something I don't want to live through."

We all share this foreboding. It's even more absurdly frightening now than it was in 1965 because there are more weapons.

In the summer of 1965, the Schwarzes came into a little extra money through the sale of a piece of property. Emil hadn't been back to Germany since emigrating, thirty-one years before. Now his German family members were dead; but he reasoned, in his inimicable Schwarzian style, that if he put an ad in the newspaper of his home town, he could meet lots of old friends of the family. He would bring an album full of articles about himself and show the people how a person could really make it big in America. And that is what he did. But before he left, he thought he would try to get a visa to the U.S.S.R., and maybe he could meet the esteemed Professor Keldysh.

AMERICAN ROCKET SOCIETY



Certificate of Membership

THE OFFICERS and DIRECTORS OF THE SOCIETY
HAVING CAREFULLY CONSIDERED THE EDUCATIONAL and PROFESSIONAL
EXPERIENCE OF

Emil Schwarz

CERTIFY THAT HE HAS QUALIFIED FOR MEMBERSHIP
AND HAS BEEN ELECTED

Member

OF THE SOCIETY FOUNDED IN 1930
TO ADVANCE THE SCIENCE OF ROCKET AND JET PROPULSION

December 1957
DATE

[Signature]
PRESIDENT

[Signature]
SECRETARY

Dr. Emil Schwarz' certificate of membership in the American Rocket Society.

Space Shuttle uses a similar principle." It is no accident that the same inventions and scientific theories develop in different places of the world at the

put more up. Later, I saw a science program on television that showed the Russians using that same process. Mrs. Schwarz remembers the program.



Dr. Emil Schwarz—a formal portrait.

It was then that a series of bizarre episodes, linked to espionage, began.

He sent his passport to the Soviet Embassy in Washington, and since take-off time for the trip was nearing, and he had received no answer about his visa application, he called the Embassy itself. F.B.I. agents reported the incident as Schwarz told it to them, a few months later:

The first call was made in the morning and he was rudely and abruptly referred to another number where he could obtain the desired information. The person that he was to ask for at this number was PIETRO (phonic). SCHWARZ told

him that his application had been denied and his passport was being returned to him.

So Schwarz gave up the idea of going to Russia at that time.

The holiday began in Saarbruecken, Germany, Schwarz's birthplace, where the people hung banners in his honor. He enjoyed what he thought, ironically enough, was going to be a lifelong pleasant memory of a tribute to his success in America. After three weeks of festivities and sightseeing, he decided to go to Berlin to sightsee there.

Just before the plane landed, he had a seizure, which the stewardess thought was a heart attack (it turned out to be an

asthma attack). She gave him oxygen and tried to comfort him. Schwarz didn't want to lose his briefcase, which contained his album of newspaper clippings, and so he asked her not to separate it from him, because it contained "very important papers." The stewardess, according to one F.B.I. report concerning both O.S.I. (Office of Scientific Intelligence) and C.I.A. reports, also claimed that Schwarz, in his delirium, spoke in German, and said (she wasn't sure he said this, but she *believed* he said it) that he "was meeting a Russian diplomat in East Berlin." Someone (one report says it was the "medical man" but Schwarz insists it was the stewardess) looked through Schwarz's wallet and found an old business card from Vard Industries that had the heading, "missiles, aircraft, helicopters, and nuclear components." The stewardess relayed this information to the captain of the plane, and he became alarmed, and so relayed it to the Air Force Office of Scientific Intelligence.

The sleuth was on!
A the cab driver who took Emil from the hospital to his hotel said—and Emil thought it was a joke—
"The cloak and dagger guys are in there."

The sleuth was on!

As the cabdriver who took Emil from the hospital to his hotel said,—and Emil thought it was a joke—"The cloak-and-dagger guys are in there."

For several hours after the seizure he was semiconscious. There are differing accounts of what he said at that time. One C.I.A. report says he told the stewardess that the diplomat he was supposedly meeting had told him not to come to East Berlin via West Berlin. Emil disclaims this statement. That night, according to one C.I.A. report, an O.S.I. agent posed as a Pan American Airline Official and came to the hospital with the stewardess, under the pretext of helping Emil to rearrange his travel plans, but really to interrogate him. They also had a "technical man" on duty to break into Schwarz's luggage, if they thought it necessary. The report says:

DURING VISIT SCHWARZ NOT ENTIRELY COHERENT BUT INDICATED HE HAD PLANNED SEE SOV DIPLOMAT EAST BRN PM 21 AUG AND HAD PLANNED ARRANGE MEET WITH HEAD SOVIET ACADEMY SCIENCE IN NEAR FUTURE. THIS POINT MOST HAZY AS SCHWARZ MADE NO CLEAR REFERENCE TO TIME OR PLACE OF MEET WITH HEAD SOVIET ACADEMY SCIENCE. SCHWARZ ALSO INDICATED HE WELL CONNECTED WITH WHITE HOUSE BUT AGAIN THERE LACK CLARITY ON THIS POINT AS SCHWARZ USED MIXTURE GERMAN AND ENGLISH EXPRESS HIMSELF.

Schwarz says he said no such things. The thing to keep in mind while considering the conflicting stories is that Schwarz was delirious, and his important connections consisted of his innocuous letters about public affairs to people in high places. After his papers were searched and photocopied (those photocopies are part of the secret reports) it was determined that Schwarz had nothing classified. He had only personal papers. Officials at Rocketdyne, the company he was working for, were asked to search for missing documents, and they determined that nothing was missing.

Schwarz had no real evidence that he had been under investigation until eleven years later, one year after the Freedom of Information Act was passed. But during those years he suffered loss of prestige and financial ruin. After his project with Rocketdyne was finished, he began to look for a new job. For reasons unknown to him, he became unemployable. He endured what he calls, "a ten-month-job-seeking nightmare." He sent out over *two-hundred* resumes. The companies always showed strong interest in hiring him at first, but at the last minute they would tell him they had never heard of him.

An incident with the Bendix Corporation is typical. They sent him a letter welcoming him as a new employee; he even went for a physical and to a company indoctrination. When he heard nothing further from them, he called their personnel department, only to be told they had no record of ever corresponding with him. Two years after

It wasn't until 1977 that Emil was able to get enough information about the formerly classified reports to be sure that he had lost his security clearance. Then the details began to fit together.

sending out the resumes, Emil happened to meet an official from one of those companies. He asked this man to tell him what was going on. The official checked into the matter and told Emil that his file had been removed from the central security headquarters. That is why he had suddenly become a persona non grata.

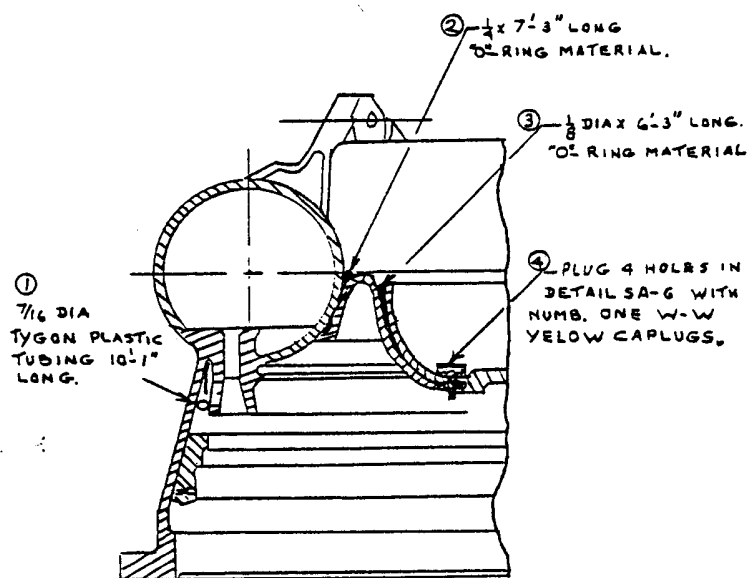
"Nobody will ever know the anger and anguish I have gone through," he said. Finally, Emil found a blue-collar job, but it was an embarrassment. "What if somebody I knew should see me working as a janitor? I would die of embarrassment if somebody should say, 'Dr. Schwarz, what are you doing here?'" He wanted to hide. That is why the

Schwarzes came to Las Vegas in 1968. To hide.

It wasn't until 1977 that Emil was able to get enough information about the formerly classified reports to be sure that he had lost his security clearance. Then the details began to fit together. He remembered the strange men who had bought him a beer one night in Berlin. He now believes that beer was drugged because he slept exceptionally well and the next morning found the lock on his briefcase broken. And there was the odd interview he had been put through by F.B.I. agents shortly after his return from the European trip. Their pretext that time was that they thought a bomb had been planted near the hotel in which he stayed, in order to kill him because he was a top scientist. He told the agents he doubted the bomb was meant for him because the explosion took place in a dentist's office adjacent to the hotel. The real reason was to question him about his feelings toward communist ideology. They told him it was simply routine and Schwarz thanked them for their thoroughness and interest in him—just as he had thanked the "airline official."

REPORT BY: E. SCHWARZ	ROCKETDYNE A DIVISION OF NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION INC.	PAGE NO.	OF
ORDER BY: [Signature]	PART NO. 460 901	REPORT NO.	
DATE: 2-12-67	TURBINE MANIFOLD ASSEMBLY	WORK NO.	

6-foot circumference



Dr. Emil Schwarz' diagram of a problem associated with a Rocketdyne rocket engine that malfunctioned in an Apollo spacecraft.



Bernice and Emil Schwarz leaving Germany after their tragic vacation.

In 1977 he wrote to the C.I.A., "Why in God's name, after your agents discovered to the contrary the stewardess's spy accusations against me, was that report to the F.B.I. not recalled as false?"

He ran into a beaurocratic rubber wall.

John Greaney, counsel for the C.I.A., responded, "I am sorry to learn from your letter that you feel employees of this Agency engaged in misconduct against you. This allegation is totally without foundation."

Emil decided to sue, only to learn that the government cannot be sued without its consent. The Attorney General's office referred his petition for suit back to the C.I.A. for investigation. *The C.I.A. is its own judge as to whether or not it can be sued.*

Apparently only to humor Dr. Schwarz, Greaney sent him an insurance form to fill out. Schwarz filled it out and sent it back. Greaney replied, "This claim does not provide additional facts to those submitted in your correspondence of 11 June 1977. I informed you on 7 July 1977 that the C.I.A. had not taken any action to interfere with your professional career . . . This is a final denial of your claim against the C.I.A." There were the words that, for months, haunted

Emil, as a "death blow," words which put him into a state of suicidal despair.

Emil has tried many times to enlist the help of the American Civil Liberties Union, but they do not answer his letters. It could be that they don't consider this to be a precedent-setting case. Local legal-aid attorneys are currently prevented from taking the case because a law, recently passed by Congress, forbids them to deal with fee-generating cases.

"The Civil Liberties Union was getting aggressive, and this is Congress's way of tying their hands," I was told by a local attorney.

Emil was referred to a local fee-generating lawyer who said he would take the case, if Emil would pay him three thousand dollars first, and twenty-three thousand over the next three years. Emil went to another attorney, who is quite well-known in Las Vegas, and this attorney "lost" Emil's copies of the C.I.A., F.B.I., and O.S.I. reports. Shortly thereafter, Emil noticed a car darting in and out of traffic to move near his car and then to move away from it. The passenger in the other car was pointing a movie camera at Emil.

Whether we see him as a menace to national security or as a naive inventor depends upon where we are coming from. It has to do with our integration into the rest of the world and with our reactions to current catch phrases . . .

The story of Emil Schwarz raises some serious questions about the roles of science and technology in a world-culture which on one hand, mechanically developed enough to travel through space, and on the other hand, divided by the tribal brutality of our cave-man ancestors.

Albert Einstein was caught in the same political insanity and had plenty to say about it:

Nationalism is an infantile sickness. It is the measles of the human race. Politics is a pendulum whose swings between anarchy and tyranny are fueled by perennially rejuvenated illusions.



The Officers and Directors of the society having carefully considered the educational and professional experience of
EMIL SCHWARZ
 certify that he has qualified for membership and has been elected
MEMBER

Membership certificate in American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics.

I believe that the horrifying deterioration in the ethical conduct of people today stems primarily from the mechanization and dehumanization of our lives—a disastrous byproduct of the development of the scientific and technical mentality. Nostra Culpa! I don't see any way to tackle this disastrous shortcoming. Man grows cold faster than the planet he inhabits.

Nationalism coupled with the dehumanized mentality. The illness of our age.

The mechanized treatment of scientists is one of the things Emil is most bitter about:

The scientist is used by company after company, nation after nation, and then thrown away. Look at what they did to the German scientists that came here with Von Braun to work at NASA. After the Americans were trained, they threw them out, laid them off after twenty-five years, gave preference to American veterans; and Russia did the same thing in 1960, but at least they bought them houses in Germany.

He is also bitter because his last productive years were taken away from him without a trial for any wrongdoing.

Whether we see him as a menace to national security or as a naive inventor depends upon where we are coming from. It has to do with our integration to the rest of the world and with our reactions to current catch phrases, such as "military superiority," and "the race for space." Emil is a typical scientist in that he doesn't care who gets there first. He just wants to be working on the innovation. What the innovation is and how it's used depends largely upon the direction of mankind's collective conscience.

Science, like art or history, does not spring from a vacuum. It is the product of what is surrounding the maker. The *circum-stance*.

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