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THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

January 29, 1987

MEMORANDUM TO: JACK COURTEMANCHE
DEPUTY ASSISTANT TO THE PRESIDENT
AND CHIEF OF STAFF TO THE FIRST LADY

FROM: MAX GREEN *gm*
ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR, OFFICE OF PUBLIC LIAISON

When a friend of mine at the Anti-Defamation League heard that Mrs. Reagan was to meet with Gelsey Kirkland, he called to tell me that Kirkland had been influenced by the Lyndon LaRoucheites. I asked him to send evidence, and he did. The underlinings and comments on the excerpts are my friend's. The book review appeared in a LaRouche publication. I send these materials to alert you to the possibility that the LaRoucheites may very well exploit the meeting for their own purposes. Also, I'd like to know what what you think about this.

DANCING ON MY GRAVE



AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY

Gelsey Kirkland

WITH

Greg Lawrence

DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC.
GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK
1986

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

At the risk of omitting a few and in no particular order, my thanks to the following people, without whom this book would not exist, at least not in its present form.

My husband and co-writer, Greg Lawrence. My mother, Nancy Salisbury, and stepfather, Robert Salisbury. My brother, Marshall Kirkland, and sister, Johnna Kirkland. Greg's mother, Marilyn Lawrence, and sister, Paula Stricklin.

Richard Malina and his good offices at Doubleday. My editor, Jacqueline Onassis, who believed in the project from the beginning and—in spite of the authors' occasional resistance—did make it possible. For her ability to weather the storms, Shaye Areheart. Alex Gotfryd, Glenn Rounds. Heather Kilpatrick. Ellen Mastromonaco. Marianne Velmans.

For his perspicacity and attention to detail, my creative consultant, Barry Laine, a friend and worthy critic. Dina Makarova, whose constant and loving contribution goes beyond reckoning. Christopher Kirkland, who did the picture research and provided a wealth of enthusiasm and insights. For affection and wise counsel, Lisa Filloramo. For services and wit rendered along the way, Bonnie Egan. For years of familial encouragement, Don Bevan, Pat Kirkland Bevan, Robin Kirkland MacDonald, and Delta Mitchell Hoadley.

For their time, advice, and support: Antony Tudor, Natalia Makarova, Peter Schaufuss, Arthur Mitchell, Edward Villella, Anthony Dowell, Joan Moynagh, David Howard, Pilar Garcia, Georgina Parkinson, Barna Osertag, Haila Stoddard, Carl Michel, Patrik Moreton, Peter Stelzer, Laura Stevenson, Stephen Greco, Brooke Adams, Lynne Adams, Angela Vullo and Patrick McCormick, Meg Gordon, Deane Rink, Marvin Frankel, Joseph Stricklin, Dr. Robert Cancro, Dr. Steven Ajl, Victor Sendax, Patricia Bromley and Charles Grant, Carlo Levi Minzi, Peter and Judith Wyer, Lisa Drew, Brooke Cadwallader, Christopher White, Jonathan Lash, Marcia Merry, and all those who had courage enough to speak in confidence.

Both are La Rouchites

hag. Nothing could numb that pain or release the cry in my throat. How could I go on with the New York season?

I spent the next three weeks with Greg, a period of desperation and utter madness. I tried to keep him a secret from my manager, my dealer, and the company. I feared that someone would either do away with Greg or break us apart. After all, he was threatening to steal everybody's favorite meal ticket. He arranged for me to get off speed by buying relatively pure coke from a dealer that he knew. We kept the drug hidden in the wall of what was now "our apartment." The two of us went through two ounces in those three weeks, four thousand dollars' worth of cocaine. It was a miracle that we survived.

During that time, we went to an Easter egg hunt, a party at the home of one of Greg's cohorts. The "eggs" were packages of various drugs. I was so obnoxious that Greg was reluctant to introduce me to his old friends, mostly characters from the film world. Yet his behavior was as erratic as mine. Still, there was something, intuition or wishful thinking, that made me believe he was different from the other men in my life. Sharing the same intensity, we seemed to be deeply in love, but the trust between us was wavering.

When he stayed out all night on one occasion, I became a shrill monster and tried to drive him away permanently. I accused him of manipulating me just like everyone else. He did not flinch, but said with a level voice, "Gelsey, are you so brainwashed that you can't see the difference?"

The word "brainwashed" hit me like a sledgehammer. He sat me down on a mattress and continued, "Don't you realize how conned you are? Where do you think your money goes, Gelsey? No wonder you have friends at Chase Manhattan! Don't you realize that certain people might like you to be a drug addict? As long as they don't have to know about it. As long as they can watch you spill your guts on the stage. As long as you dance in public and die in private. We've both mastered the art of self-destruction! We've both been duped!"

We talked for hours. Unlike me, Greg was a witting victim. He seemed to know the drug trade from the inside out and tried to teach me about the economics and the politics. The more I found out, the more furious I became. He suggested, "Just follow the trail of dirty money after it leaves your hand."

*La Ronche
innocence*

I learned that billions of illicit dollars were laundered annually through the banking system in the United States alone, that drugs were the most profitable commodity in the world. I learned how the usurious credit policies of the International Monetary Fund promoted cash crops—such as marijuana, coca plants, and opium poppies—instead of food crops. I also learned about the CIA's MK-Ultra program and the research sponsored by the Tavistock Institute, that drugs were not only a source of profit, but an instrument for social control.

My mind conjured up images of children starving and bureaucrats collect-

ing pounds of flesh by computer. Greg's more outrageous exaggerations provoked me, which was exactly what he intended. He likened cocaine to systematic euthanasia: "Think of it as mercy killing on a grand scale. Think of it as both an ultimate form of pain relief and a final solution to overpopulation. Even murder can be merciful if you believe you're performing a public service and ridding the world of useless eaters. If you sat on the board of directors of Dope Incorporated, life would combine the risk of a business deal and the challenge of a medical experiment. You'd have limitless possibilities for fulfillment and happiness."

The sinister implications were too much for me. I argued, "No one could be that evil! No one would deliberately do that!"

He looked exasperated. "It's not a conspiracy. It's the way people think. They never seem to see the consequences of their actions. Look at it this way. We've been invaded. Part of our society has been enslaved, and nobody has issued a new Emancipation Proclamation. The war on drugs is just a public relations joke, a good intention buried in corruption. It would cost too much to treat all these addicts, to really educate children, to stop the drugs at the borders, to bomb the plantations. The budget has to be cut, just like your throat. Look at yourself! Gelsey Kirkland! Ballet star! Drug addict! Do you really think you're free? Free to kill yourself, maybe!"

We did more cocaine. Greg decided to tape our conversation, saying we might want to remember it someday. "You may just have to tell your story in order to live with yourself." At that moment, he looked like an ancient rendering I had seen of Alexander the Great, with huge eyes and prominent nose. I talked for almost an hour, recounting my experiences working on *Romeo and Juliet* in 1980 for the Royal Ballet. I came to a shrieking halt after describing how Kenneth MacMillan directed me, how I used my rage to dance a scene. I was enraged all over again.

Greg had not said a word. His smile took me by surprise. "Gelsey, it sounds like you have the same trouble with choreographers that you have with the audience. You expect them to understand you and automatically share your special love for the art, but that could take a lifetime. Sometimes it never happens at all. There was a German conductor, Wilhelm Furtwängler. He was misunderstood and much maligned. He conducted Beethoven better than just about anybody alive, but people called him a Nazi—except for the Jewish musicians he helped escape from Germany during the war. Well, that wise old man believed that great art was the only antidote for madness. He put it something like this. The public makes demands, and the artist is expected to live up to them. But the artist too has demands. And the public expects such demands from the artist, since these are what give him his own dignity."

I was speechless for a moment, averting my eyes. "Yea, well, I can't say anything about dignity."

"Gelsey, there's always a struggle in that kind of exchange. It's easy to let

Greg suggested, "The idea is to use our minds. What other meaning can our lives have? We've cut ourselves off from everyone and everything that was killing us. Let's gather the best ideas that we can find."

Then he tried to incite me, "If you love me, Gelsey, then think for yourself, find yourself in the works of those artists who share your spirit. There must have been some reason you danced all those years! Let's find out what it was!"

We listened to Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, and Beethoven. I tried to hear the voices in the music, the dramatic dialogue, the intricate poetry of tones. Each piece was a sublime puzzle in which to immerse myself. How had such artists composed? I had to use my mind, not just my ears.

We pored over paintings by Rembrandt, Botticelli, and Leonardo, trying to see from the perspective of those artists who were bold enough to celebrate the beauty of the human form and hold it up to the world. To discover their method of composition, I had to use my mind, not just my eyes.

While I fought against lethargy, Greg read to me from Plato, Augustine, Dante, Shakespeare, Schiller, and so on. I was making friends across the centuries. We dug into the old notebooks of the artists themselves—they were the ones who created their works, who could tell me how and why they worked the way they did.

I went through all of Plato's *Dialogues*. These were the questions I had always wanted to ask, the sort of discourse I had always wanted to fashion. It was as if Socrates had articulated all the impulses I had ever danced. He was the one who told me that the intensity of my will to perfect was neither disease nor madness.

Each morning, Greg and I read newspapers and magazines, everything we could get our hands on. We were not trying to escape from the present. But how could we understand the present without knowing the past, the moments that led us to where we were?

Over the first few weeks, my concentration span increased. My energy and stamina came back. I gained weight, maybe fifteen or twenty pounds, stuffing myself with food. I made up for a lifetime of starvation. I proved that Dr. Cancro was mistaken in one respect: I was not a lousy lover.

After about a month, I was off Valium. The most severe withdrawal symptoms were a half dozen five-minute depressions. I became a cranky child for those short intervals. They passed as soon as I recognized them for what they were, as soon as Greg reminded me that it would take time, perhaps six months, for the last traces of the drug to be cleansed from my system.

After six weeks, I began to work on my body again, slowly, tentatively, joyously. I worked out in the barn and, later, in the kitchen of our new home in Vermont. I had no intention of dancing, but wanted to teach my partner everything I knew about the art. He was a fast learner, having studied pantomime and acting for some years. We had already begun work on this book, but I still did not understand the nature of my addiction. Our social and

mental worlds had changed; but where had I gone wrong with my life in the first place?

A critical answer was provided by Helga Zepp LaRouche, German-born founder of the Schiller Institute. Her polemical writings contained a moving study of Schiller. In spite of her extreme point of view, her unyielding radicalism, this woman provided a crucial turning point for me. Her zealous devotion to the classics and her political war against drugs emboldened me to act, yet in my own way. Her scathing criticism of modern art gave me a clue about the relation between imitation and addiction. She wrote in the June 1980 issue of the *Campaigner*:

If art were merely imitation and both the artist and the audience became whatever they imagined themselves to be, then all lawfulness in art would disappear, and absolutely anyone could simply set down on paper, canvas or score whatever his state of mind happened to be at the time, and that would be art.

Had I not been taught during my early years that the best dancer was the one who offered the best imitation? Had I not become an imitative expert? I was a chameleon. Drugs induced a state of mind that allowed me to change colors in various ways, to believe in ideals and a form of dance which were alien to me. I relinquished all principles and criteria. Not only was I able to look like someone else, I was able to think like someone else.

If imitation were the highest form of flattery, then whom was I trying to flatter? My distorted copy of a ballerina provided a kind of immediate gratification, like the drug itself, but never really satisfied me. My purpose was to please the audience and my choreographers, but what pleased them was as brief as a dream.

Greg and I began to outline my story, focusing on the men in my life, those who had the most influence on me: my father, Mr. B, and Misha. Their images seemed to have been burned into my psyche, but perhaps I never really knew them. I had followed in my father's footsteps, but now I rejected his chosen path, deciding for myself that self-destruction had no place in any art worthy of the name. I had tried to make myself into a Balanchine ballerina, but his genius gave me no room to think. I had almost turned myself into a Russian ballerina for Misha, but lost him somewhere between Lenin-grad and Hollywood.

One of Shakespeare's dark-lady sonnets made me realize how my misguided love for these men led me to a dead end. The final couplet was most telling:

But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

*Campaigner
is a LaRouche
publication*

Such realizations brought angry tears and still more questions. As my anger was released, the image of myself clarified, like a photographic negative slowly developing in the palm of my hand.

Where did my obsessive efforts to imitate end and actual originality begin? That which was created by imitation seemed transitory, as fleeting as pleasure itself. But a truly original creation would have to live forever in some sense. That piece of the creative puzzle was emphasized for me by Peter Wyer, a New York City medical doctor and musical theoretician at the Classical Frontiers Foundation, along with his wife, Judy. The task was to create something immortal in my life, to expand the classical repertory, to articulate the dance perfectly. Yet, I secretly wondered if I would ever dance again, vehemently resisting any suggestion of that kind for many months.

Greg and I involved ourselves in the politics of the drug culture. We wrote letters of critical support to the White House, and to Alan García Pérez, the newly elected President of Peru, a courageous man leading the war against drugs and austerity in South America. The letters, whatever their impact may have been, were an indication of my remoralization, a recognition that acts of conscience may have some effect in this world after all.

I began to study science—anatomy, biology, and physics—subjects I found intimately related to my art. I made a lot of mistakes at first, errors of judgment and scholarly blunders, but I took heart from the words of Beethoven:

You will not find a treatise that is too learned for me; without laying claim to any genuine learning, I yet accustomed myself from childhood onwards to grasp the spirit of the best and wisest in every age. Shame on the artist who does not consider it his duty to achieve at least so much.

In my own field, Beethoven led me to his one-time collaborator, Viganò, who, in turn, introduced me to Noverre. These two ballet masters of the past suggested future projects for me, new directions.

I was providing myself with the education that I never had. My approach was not academic. I was looking for ideas and values that I could use in my life. It was not any particular work of art that helped me overcome drugs, but the continuous process of mobilizing my mental resources, supported by a man who needed to be saved as much as I did. Together we became more aware of the creative process itself, which made our choices more deliberate and impassioned. Our relationship was in the end a marriage of minds as well as hearts. We refused to replace one addiction with another.

Our education has continued for almost two years. In August 1984, Greg and I signed a contract to write this book. The writing has been the final therapeutic stage of my recovery, a labor of constant love. We were sustained in our collaboration by the hope that others might at least recognize, if not avoid, the traps I found waiting for me. Our purpose allowed me to sort out both my priorities and my personal history.

BURY the UNDEAD

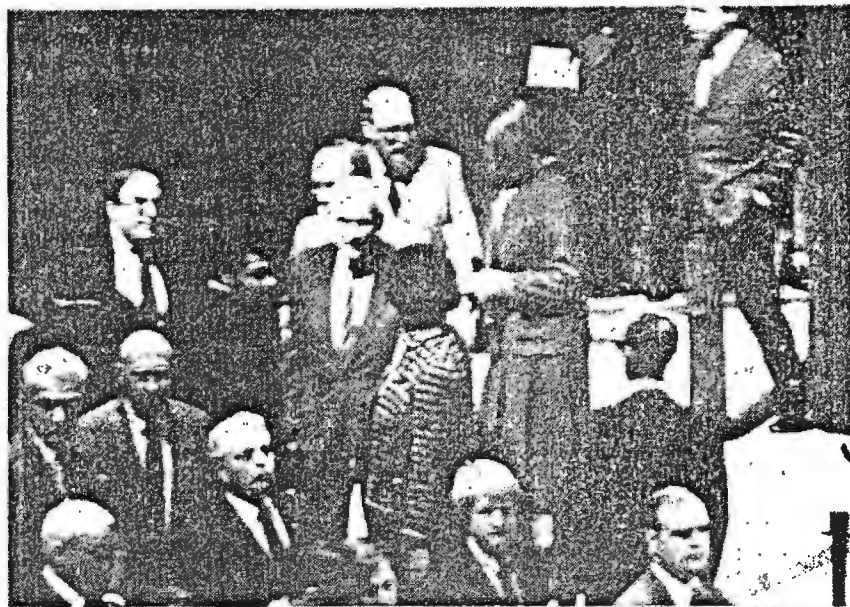
Alan Cranston—World Federalist in the Senate

by Don Baier

Alan Cranston is a remarkable presence in the U.S. Senate, not least because his appearance somewhat resembles a comic-book villain, a resemblance enhanced by the surrounding darkness in this quick glimpse of Cranston recorded at the Sept. 16 memorial services for W. Averell Harriman in Washington Cathedral. Cranston was obviously right at home in the ghoulish tradition of "Joe Stalin's favorite Nazi," whose policies he has followed for more than 40 years.

Since the '50s, Cranston has been an advocate of arms control and negotiations toward a one-world-government with the U.S.S.R., along the lines of the program laid out by Bertrand Russell's Pugwash project. Although Cranston achieved his present post as California's senior U.S. Senator as a Democrat, is the Senate's Democratic Whip, and ran for President as a Democrat in 1984, shortly after World War II, from 1949-52, he was national president of the United World Federalists, the world-government operation cooked up by Cord Meyer, Jr. of the Bankers' CIA. During the war Cranston was in the heavily infiltrated Office of War Information unit.

But his noble idealism—in the years before the war he was so anxious to bring the thinking of Adolf Hitler to the American people that he put out a "bootleg"



Sen. Alan Cranston (D-Calif.) is the cadaverous looking fellow in the back.

edition of "Mein Kampf"—did not prevent Cranston from a lucrative postwar career as a real estate developer, like so many other successful California Democrats. From real estate he graduated to become the state controller in 1958, and 10 years later was elected to the Senate.

Now, as Whip, Cranston has consistently opposed President Reagan's de-

fense policy, and kept Democrats in line against the MX missile, for a nuclear freeze, and in opposition to the SDI. Cranston has also attacked Proposition 64, the anti-AIDS initiative on the California ballot.

Political observers note of Cranston that "he looks older than he is." Obviously, his political burial is long overdue.

CLUB OF LIFE

Caring for the Disabled 8,000 Years Ago

by Linda Everett

Florida archeologists announced in October that they have made some startling discoveries which may change forever our perception of "primitive" society. During the past three years, Florida State University archeologists working at a central Florida peat bog, have uncovered several burial sites of an ancient American culture of about 8,000 years ago.

Recently, the Windover Archeological Research Project uncovered a new burial site, which revealed the skeleton of an elderly woman whose skull cradled the woman's fully intact brain, something completely unheard of in so ancient a site. Besides amazing discoveries of soft brain tissue (with the oldest examples of human cellular structure to be found anywhere), the archeologists have also found evidence that this North American culture was much more advanced than generally portrayed.

The tip-off came after finding a piece

of cloth of a very sophisticated weaving method and the skeleton of a teenager with a severe birth defect.

The child was about 16 years of age when he died. He was born with spina bifida, a congenital defect in which the spine fails to enclose the spinal cord completely, leaving a delicate bulge or sac over the opening containing spinal fluid. Besides the constant threat of major infections in the exposed sac, there is leg paralysis, and a myriad of other medical difficulties.

The teenager buried in the Florida peat bog must have been severely crippled for some time before his death. Medical specialists think his foot bones withered away fairly early in his life, allowing his deformity to get progressively worse.

Project director Glen H. Doran, explained, "This clearly was a culture that could care for a person with a serious handicap. It is not the way you usually think about prehistoric hunter-gatherers. We tend to think of people of this time as leading a very hard life, devoting all their energy to subsistence, but what



Back in the prehistoric era, infants did not have the advantages of this modern technology. But new evidence shows even those with serious defects like spina bifida were cared for.

Gelsey Kirkland's 'Dancing On My Grave'

by Sheila Jones

"Dancing On My Grave," by Gelsey Kirkland with Greg Lawrence. New York: Doubleday and Company. 1986, 286 pp. Price: \$17.95.

This autobiography by Gelsey Kirkland is a powerfully moving testament to the greatness of the culture of Western Civilization, as defined by Plato, Saint Augustine, Dante, Leonardo da Vinci, and our beloved Poet of Freedom, Friedrich Schiller.

Further, if our readers need more confirmation of the cultural, moral, scientific, and philosophical power of Lyndon and Helga LaRouche's global movement to end the Age of Aquarius, and bring about the Age of Reason by creating a worldwide cultural Renaissance, this starkly truthful autobiography by one of America's most brilliant ballerinas, and her battle with Satan's New Dark Age, ought to put all doubts to rest.

Dark Age

The book details the cold-blooded, calculated conspiracy of the degradation of the human spirit, the unrelenting assault by the Russian music/ballet mafia, to sacrifice a once-vibrant young mind and soul, who strove to grasp the meaning of that divine spark which burns bright in us all, on the altar of pragmatism, imitation, and banality.

From early on, Kirkland was in a constant battle to discover a just and lawful marriage between her art-form and the human mind. Instead, the dark world of cynicism, pessimism, and disdain for individual human creative powers was mobilized, to cultivate the "collective soul" of the Non-Existent on the stage—which later led to the Non-Existent in personal life.

What is vital about this autobiography, which all Hollywood-style critics refuse to touch, is Kirkland's candid exposés of the Russian mafia's ties to the underworld of the drug-rock-homosexual-counter culture. Also, she describes the connections of the Russian dissident movement to the Age of Aquarius, dominated by the likes of Balanchine, Mikhail Baryshnikov, et al.

Apart from the grueling physical abuse she was put through as a child by her teachers, in order for her to "perfect" her body, Kirkland painfully sketches the brutal abuses to her mind, soul, and spirit, which she came to realize was the intent of this profession, as dominated by these figures—and which ultimately drove her to becoming a hard-core cocaine addict, with a \$3,000-plus a week habit at times. Having been driven into the bowels of inferno as a cocaine addict, she still danced, with no one caring to help her.

The unspoken word, was "Gelsey Kirkland's name still draws crowds and great

reviews." Slowly dying of anorexia, and related health problems, she watched herself dance as if looking at "her own corpse."

Drugs and Degradation

She tells the story of how George Balanchine gave her amphetamines, when she was once too tired to dance a performance, telling her "Take these vitamins, Gelsey... You will feel better soon!" She said it was true, "I danced as though my feet were separate from my body." When he offered them again, she realized they were amphetamines. This got her mind and her heart to begin thinking over what kind of business she had gotten into. "Was this what I dreamed of? Did I not want to become a ballerina to bring beauty to the world?"

When she was down and out and had lost jobs because of the drugs, she ended up in an insane asylum—only to find that the doctors were now attempting to finish off what residue remained, of that once privately sacred spark of hope she had. She and her mother were put through incredibly vicious psychological sessions, to cure her of her attitude of thinking she was better than her other teachers and Balanchine, and Baryshnikov, et al. Then the asylum psychiatrists decided she must never leave the asylum—yet, because her insurance was running out, they proposed that she dance in the New York Ballet, near the clinic, so she could pay them, and live at the asylum!

Hope

She finally escaped the asylum, and it was on a lonely evening, when she was looking for a cocaine fix, that she met her Greg Lawrence, at that time also a cocaine addict. Together, they realized that life was worth fighting for. Together they discovered the works of the Schiller Institute. They moved to a farm in upstate New York, and quit "cold turkey," accompanied by the writings of Helga Zepp-LaRouche, Dante, Saint Augustine, Friedrich Schiller, as well as the music of Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, and the paintings of Leonardo da Vinci and Rembrandt, to discover what it was that her mind was so desperately seeking.

Kirkland writes in this book how she had learned that the drug trade was a multibillion-dollar business run by the International Monetary Fund—that the usurious credit policies of the IMF promoted marijuana, coca plants, and opium poppies, instead of food crops. She writes how she learned about the CIA's MK-Ultra program and the research sponsored by the Tavistock Institute, that drugs were not only a source of profit, but an instrument for social control.

She writes: "My mind conjured up images of children starving and bureaucrats collecting pounds of flesh by computer. Greg's more outrageous exaggerations provoked me, which was exactly

what he intended. He likened cocaine to systematic euthanasia. 'Think of it as mercy killing on a grand scale. Think of it as both an ultimate form of pain relief and a final solution to overpopulation. Even murder can be merciful if you believe you're performing a public service and ridding the world of useless eaters. If you sat on the board of directors of Dope, Inc., life would combine the risk of a business deal and the challenge of a medical experiment. You'd have limitless possibilities for fulfillment and happiness.'"

The power of the classics to move the human spirit, to overcome the atrocities of The Age of Aquarius and the New Dark Age, is clearly evidenced in this autobiography.

Helga LaRouche

To the forces of evil who wish to destroy Lyndon and Helga LaRouche's international movement, as seen in the infamous panty-raid in Leesburg, Va., the last chapter of Kirkland's book surely must cause shrieks of terror in the Kremlin. For Kirkland states, after citing Friedrich Schiller's poem "A Maiden from Afar," "A critical answer was provided by Helga-Zepp LaRouche, German-born founder of the Schiller Institute. Her polemical writings contained a moving study of Schiller... Her zealous devotion to the classics and her political war against drugs emboldened me to act yet in my own way. Her scathing criticism of modern art gave me a clue about the relation between imitation and addiction. She wrote in the June 1980 issue of the Campaigner:

"If art were merely imitation and both the artist and the audience became whatever they imagined themselves to be then all lawfulness in art would disappear, and absolutely anyone could simply set down on paper, canvas or score whatever his state of mind happened to be at the time, and that would be art."

Is not this, as gleaned from the article in the Campaigner, the method Lyndon and Helga LaRouche had defined when initiating their international movement? To wage war on drugs politically, a Kirkland did, in sending telegrams of support to newly elected President Alar Garcia in Peru, encouraging him in his war against drugs and austerity in South America?

Kirkland also thanks Carlo Levi Minzi a "a young composer and pianist who called me on my birthday in 1985," in stating that she knew that her life had changed, that she had learned that "quality of thought is what counts."

This autobiography is a beautiful work of art for Americans to see the power of beauty, to destroy evil. For the unbending, loving optimism of Lyndon and Helga LaRouche, this author agrees with Kirkland; as she knows, so do all those dedicated to Western Civilization.