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the FREEMAN

THE LESSONS OF KOREA
by General Bonner Fellers

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George E. Sokolsky

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INTRODUCING OURSELVES AND OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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the FREEMAN

NEW YORK, MONDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1950

THE FORTNIGHT

Under a parliamentary system this fall's Congressional elections could be crucial and decisive. The verdict could be clearly interpreted as either an approval or rejection of the Truman record. The vote would be either a mandate to the new Congress to support the President or a mandate for his resignation. But under our constitutional machinery the present mid-term Congressional elections present no such clearcut alternative. The voting itself, therefore, will be determined in large part by purely local issues, by the personalities of candidates, regardless of party — and by confusion of counsel. The Republicans will point (however belatedly) to the reversals, incompetence and gross blunders of Mr. Truman's foreign policy, and urge the voters to repudiate that policy at the polls. But as everyone knows that Mr. Truman will nevertheless continue to be our President, the Democrats will argue that the voters must "strengthen his hand," and prove to Stalin and the world, by returning an overwhelming majority of Democrats, that America is "united" behind the "Acheson anti-Communist" policy.

The real result of another Democratic victory at this time would, of course, be demoralizing. In the field of foreign policy Mr. Truman and Secretary Acheson would be encouraged to embark on even more costly errors. They would continue to call upon Congress, and in an even more condescending tone, to demonstrate its patriotism by rubber-stamping every *fait accompli*. And in domestic policy, of course, we would be ruled even more ruthlessly by irresponsible pressure groups. Only the election of a Republican majority, and of Democrats who have demonstrated independence, can sober Mr. Truman and modify his course. This Republican majority is desperately needed even though the Republican record in Congress of the last two years has been uninspiring. It has been notorious for lack of courage, conviction, ideas, leadership, foresight or breadth of view. But a real victory at the polls might pull the party out of its present moral and intellectual jitters and restore its conviction and coherence. Until 1952, at any rate, our only hope lies in getting a courageous and intelligent opposition.

The Republicans have been fortunate this year in getting Governor Dewey to change his mind and run for reelection. He deserves to win on his administrative competence alone. The Democrats have supplied an additional reason by nominating an obscure political hack as his opponent. Dewey's candidacy will strengthen the entire Republican ticket in New York. It may help Joe Hanley to defeat Herbert Lehman's bid for reelection to the Senate. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished, for Lehman, in his opportunistic drift to the left, has finally become almost a parody of a Fair Dealer.

The only unfortunate consequence of a Dewey victory in New York might be a revival of his Presidential candidacy. We hope any such move, however natural it may seem in the aftermath of local victory, will be firmly discouraged from the beginning. Governor Dewey has already been defeated in two presidential campaigns, principally because he revealed in both, and particularly in the second, a lack of fundamental convictions on great issues. Mr. Dewey is an outstanding public servant and a fine administrator. But the Presidency demands, even though it so often fails to get, something more — a statesman.

Hopeful as the general Republican prospects seem, the fate of Senator Taft in Ohio is thought to be in serious doubt. It would be hard to overestimate the political deterioration that would follow if he were defeated. Whatever his shortcomings may be of personality or of judgment, he stands head and shoulders over every other Republican in Congress. He has supplied his party with most of the moral and intellectual leadership that it has had. He has become the symbol, in fact, of whatever independence of judgment Congress itself has shown in the last two years. When Congress has been on the verge of being stampeded into some reckless course, his has been usually the first and sometimes the only voice raised in protest. His opposition has never sprung from narrow partisanism, but from carefully thought out convictions; and time after time he has stated his views with sublime disregard of the political consequences to himself. He is one of a mere handful in Congress today who still believe, with Burke, that a representative owes his constituents "not his industry alone, but his judgment"; and that " he betrays instead of serving you if he sacrifices it to your opinion." If the voters of Ohio do not appreciate these qualities, if they do not know how irre-

placeable a statesman they have in Senator Taft, if they defeat him because of the smear tactics of a little clique of labor leaders who resent even the mild curbs he has put upon their powers through the Taft-Hartley Act, it will be a sign that ours has indeed become a sick democracy.

In the economic and fiscal sphere Congress and the Administration have been making nearly every mistake possible. They have done almost nothing to halt the causes of inflation, so to compensate they have thrown most of their energies into concealing the symptoms. The only direct cause of inflation (disregarding minor qualifications) is an increase in the volume of money and credit. Other so-called causes are indirect; they act through this. Yet the only credit restraints for which the new law specifically provides are those on installment buying and real estate loans. These are merely derivative forms of credit. Congress and the Administration have done nothing to prevent the expansion at the source of the *total volume* of money and bank credit, which is what really matters. On the contrary, the Treasury is determined, in spite of the opposition of the Federal Reserve authorities, to continue its policy of ultra-low interest rates. This is a direct stimulant to private inflationary borrowing. Under it the war can be financed only by dumping government securities on the banking system, monetizing the public debt, and expanding the volume of bank credit.

A serious anti-inflation policy would involve: (1) balancing the Federal budget, and paying for defense "as we go"; (2) abandonment of the government's farm price supports and housing subsidies; (3) abandonment of the government's cheap money policy; (4) making it difficult if not impossible for either the Federal Reserve or the member banks to acquire a larger net amount of government securities than they already hold; (5) restoring the required legal reserve ratio of the Federal Reserve Banks from the present low "emergency" level of 25 per cent, adopted in 1945, to at least the former requirements of 35 per cent against deposits and 40 per cent against notes; (6) tightening the restrictions on loans by the member banks and, if necessary, tightening the reserve requirements of the member banks. The Administration gives lip-service to doing the first of these things. But it talks of doing it only by increasing the already ominous burden of taxation; Mr. Truman's radio speech on the economic controls law said not a single word about reducing the government's own unparalleled civilian spending. All the belt-tightening, one gathers, is to be done by the taxpayers, and none by the pressure groups. All the economizing is to be done by the private citizens, and none by the bureaucrats. As for the other five requirements listed above, the government is doing nothing about any but the last — because the other four all require self-restraint on the part of the government agencies themselves. If governments would only stop *creating* inflation, the rest of the problem would be simple.

Unwilling to take real measures against inflation, Congress and the Administration were all the more eager to provide sham measures. The chief of these sham measures is, of course, price-fixing. There are two schools of price-fixers, both wrong. There are first those who want only "selective" price-fixing. These people would hold down prices only of particular products. By doing so, of course, they would reduce the incentive to produce those products at the same time as they would encourage their wasteful civilian consumption. In short, they would create shortages of the very things most needed for defense. They would soon find, in addition, that in order to control the price of their selected products they would be forced to control also the price of the raw materials and the wages of the labor that went into the products. In brief, they would be forced to move in widening circles toward overall price control.

The second school of price-fixers consists of those who, like Bernard Baruch, want "an overall ceiling across the entire economy." They call this "total mobilization." They believe their scheme would avoid political favoritism in price and wage control. But if their proposal were seriously put into effect it would do more than anything else to slow up the conversion from a peacetime to a wartime basis. Precisely because it would maintain the same relationships of prices, wages and profits *to each other* as existed in peacetime, it would fail to provide the radical alteration of incentives and deterrents necessary for a quick voluntary shift from civilian to defense production. Overall price-fixing — of mink coats as well as manganese, and of fudge as well as fuses — becomes as ridiculous as it does unmanageable. And price-fixing is *never* "non-political." It is naive to put the power to fix prices in the hands of politicians, and expect them not to use it to hand out political favors and punishments and to bolster their own political position.

The relationship between credit control and price control, as preventives of inflation, can be stated very simply. If the volume of money and bank credit is prevented from expanding, price control is unnecessary. If money and bank credit are substantially increased in relation to the volume of goods, price control is futile.

Britain's nationalized railroads, docks and canals lost $58,000,000 in 1949, according to the annual report of the British Transport Commission. And the chairman of the commission declares that another substantial deficit in the current year "must be regarded as inevitable." Fortunately, this is nothing that the British Labor Government need seriously worry about. The whole deficit is being paid for by the American taxpayer out of Marshall plan funds. Of course none of the Marshall plan funds are specifically earmarked for that purpose. They are allotted to other purposes that sound better in ECA reports. But when the American taxpayers are forced to give the British Labor Government $58,000,000 for other purposes for which it would otherwise have to spend its own funds anyway, they obviously release $58,000,000 of those funds to pay for the nationalized railroad deficit. The end result, in other words, is just the same as if the American taxpayers paid directly for the nationalization deficit, and the British taxpayers paid for the other things for which our Marshall plan funds are spent. But, of course, this nationalized railroad deficit for which we pay is none of our business, and it would be "interfering in Britain's internal affairs" if we mentioned the subject.

THE FAITH OF THE FREEMAN

FOR AT LEAST two decades there has been an urgent need in America for a journal of opinion devoted to the cause of traditional liberalism and individual freedom. The *Freeman* is designed to fill that need.

If we judge merely from the lip-service paid to it, the cause of "freedom" would not seem to lack defenders. But it is most often invoked today under some cloudy collectivist concept. An outstanding example is the "Four Freedoms." One error implicit in this phrase is the assumption that freedom, which is indivisible, can be cut into slices like a cake. A second error is that the individual is entitled only to the particular freedoms that the state is gracious enough to permit him. The true principle is the other way round: it is the state's powers over the individual that must be specified and limited.

"Freedom of speech" and "freedom of worship" were already embraced in the Bill of Rights of the Constitution. But there they stand quite properly as specific limitations on the power of government. "Freedom from want" and "freedom from fear," however, are not liberties at all. They are commonly possessed by prisoners and slaves. They are guarantees of security — and spurious ones. They profess to guarantee what no government can in fact guarantee, least of all the socialist state or the self-styled "welfare" state.

It will be one of the foremost aims of the *Freeman* to clarify the concept of individual freedom and apply it to the problems of our time. Its basic principles and broader applications have long been embodied in the classic liberal tradition. That tradition has always emphasized the moral autonomy of the individual. Real morality cannot exist where there is no real freedom of choice. The individual must be free to act as his own conscience directs, so long as he does not infringe upon the equal rights of others.

The true liberal tradition has always placed great emphasis on economic liberty. It is particularly of economic liberty that communists, socialists, government planners and other collectivists have been most openly contemptuous. Yet it is not too much to say that economic freedom, as embodied in the free market, is the basic institution of a liberal society.

The free market means the freedom of everyone to produce, sell or buy whatever he wishes on the best terms he can obtain without deception or coercion. Free trade is the expression of the free market in the international field. Tariffs, quotas, exchange control, bilateral treaties, import and export prohibitions or restrictions, government price supports, subsidies or loans to favored industries, laws making it compulsory for A to "bargain" with B instead of C, wage-fixing, interest-fixing, price-fixing of every kind and in every field — all these are violations of the principle of the free market. The free market economy not only provides the maximum of economic liberty but insures maximum production. All interference with it tends to restrict and unbalance production.

Government must, of course, establish a legal and institutional framework of law and order. It must illegalize violence, intimidation, theft, fraud, coercive monopoly and coercion of every kind. It must enforce contracts and protect the rights of private property, recognizing that property rights are among the basic human rights.

Wherever socialism is complete — wherever the government is the sole employer — there can be no economic freedom. And where economic freedom does not exist, there can be no freedom of any other kind. It remains as true as in Alexander Hamilton's day that "a power over a man's subsistence amounts to a power over his will."

True liberalism has always recognized that one of the most important guarantees of freedom is the rule of law, the equality of all men before the law, the subordination of the state itself to the law. True liberalism rests on the common law, on clear and definite statute law, and on a government of limited powers. It means a minimum rather than a maximum of "administrative law" — which is often a mere euphemism for rule by unconfined bureaucratic caprice. And true liberalism means local autonomy and the decentralization of political power. The *Freeman* will defend these principles.

The *Freeman* will also defend the central principle of democracy. Authentic democracy does not, as so often supposed, imply the absurd thesis that the majority is always right. But it does recognize that it is only by majority consent that internal peace and stability can in the long run be preserved. Democratic progress consists, on the one hand, in making the government more responsible and responsive to the majority will and, on the other, in making that will itself more informed and enlightened.

In the sphere of foreign policy, the *Freeman* will favor the constant growth of cooperation among free peoples. Its emphasis will be upon the development of mutual good will rather than upon the creation of an elaborate, unnecessary and premature machinery of world organization. Any world organization that includes communist or other totalitarian governments is obviously worse than useless, for such governments must inevitably prevent the organization from taking any genuine steps toward peace and friendship. The organization will be either paralyzed or corrupted by such members, who are there only to use it either to inhibit common action against their aggression or as a platform and an amplifier for their own lying propaganda.

The only world organization that can serve a useful purpose today is one composed of the free nations for mutual assistance against the communist terror that threatens their very existence.

In terms of current labels, the *Freeman* will be at once radical, liberal, conservative and reactionary. It will be radical because it will go to the root of questions. It will be liberal because it will stand for the maximum of individual liberty, for tolerance of all honest diversity of opinion, and for faith in the efficacy of solving our

internal problems by discussion and reason rather than suppression and force. It will be conservative because it believes in conserving the great constructive achievements of the past. And it will be reactionary if that means reacting against ignorant and reckless efforts to destroy precisely what is most precious in our great economic, political and cultural heritage in the name of alleged "progress."

The *Freeman* is launched in the faith that there is a substantial body of readers in America who share these ideals, and who will rally to a periodical dedicated to their reaffirmation.

THE MARSHALL APPOINTMENT

General George Catlett Marshall, who has succeeded Louis Johnson, "the bull who carries his own China shop with him," as Secretary of Defense, has had his full share of acclaim. We do not doubt that he is a first-rate military organizer, or that he will soon have the Department of Defense working with heel-clicking precision. In two world wars Marshall has distinguished himself as a military technician. Give him a problem which requires accurate manipulation of the tables of organization, and he can solve it. He may not know amphibious — or triphibious — war as MacArthur knows it, but he does know enough to give a MacArthur his head. Marshall is a good administrator: no Marshall secretariat has ever been guilty of sloppy procedure, backbiting, undercutting or cheap politics. Nevertheless, we take a sour view of the Marshall appointment as Secretary of Defense, and we wish that the Republicans had shown more eloquence and backbone in opposing it.

The reason why we frown upon the choice of Marshall has to do with the inevitable symbolism of politics. Like it or not, the office of Secretary of Defense is *political* — which is one good reason why a civilian should hold it. As Secretary of Defense, Marshall will almost certainly be deferred to by President Truman on the political and social *ends* of military preparation as well as on questions of means. In matters of politics General Marshall has a record of being a shallow, uninspired thinker. He has always depended on the briefing of "experts," and he has never been properly suspicious of the motives of those who have done the briefing. When he undertook his famous mission to China in 1946 his mental handkit was stuffed with all the fallacies — or worse — propounded by Owen Lattimore, General Stilwell and the John Carter Vincent pro-Chinese Communist clique which was then busy making Far Eastern policy for the State Department. With a blithe disregard of the consequences, Marshall tried to merge Communist and non-Communist Chinese into a coalition government and a coalition army. He did not succeed in producing any such two-headed monstrosity, but he did manage to wreck Chiang Kai-shek's chances for defeating the Chinese Communists. His good friend, General Albert Wedemeyer, who undertook a subsequent mission to China, tried to repair the blunder, but Wedemeyer's advice, which in all probability would have committed fewer Americans to the direct support of Chiang than have been killed and wounded in Korea, was buried in the files.

As Secretary of State, Marshall continued to support a Communist-oriented policy in Asia. Then, to save Europe from the Communists, he put all the prestige of his name behind the Marshall Plan for shoring up the wobbly West European economies via grants and loans. The Marshall Plan has encouraged Europeans in the belief that they have a right to a high standard of living without doing anything in their own behalf either to achieve it or to protect it against the envy of Moscow. During all the months that ECA director Paul Hoffman has been using Marshall Plan money to rehabilitate European industry, the Europeans themselves have scarcely lifted a finger to build up their military defences against the hundreds of Soviet divisions which Stalin could send across the Elbe virtually at a moment's notice.

Appearing before the Senate, General Marshall disclaimed any primary responsibility for U. S. China policy. But a Secretary of State who undertakes to carry out a policy effectively makes it his own. Did he ever express any doubts as to the wisdom of letting the Chinese Communists overrun the most important nation in the whole of Asia? Did it ever stick in his craw that, in letting Chiang down, we were plowing under still another faithful wartime ally? Did he ever repeat to himself the litany of betrayal, "Mihailovich of Yugoslavia, Mickolajczyk of Poland . . . and now Chiang of China?" All of them were comrades in arms; all of them were betrayed. Marshall could hardly have saved Mihailovich or Mickolajczyk, but a forceful word on his part might have saved Chiang.

Since Marshall has a vested interest in the sort of political false pride that refuses to admit a mistake, we do not look to see him openly reverse himself on any of the policies which he followed as Secretary of State. His presence in the Cabinet is nicely calculated to buttress all the sad, not to say vicious, aspects of the Acheson "line" on China.

As we see it, there is only one slight glimmering of hope to be derived from the Marshall appointment. As a military man who is sworn to help check the expansion of Communism into Southeast Asia, Marshall must be able to see the value of a strong flank position. As long as the island of Formosa is denied to the Chinese Communists they can hardly move with impunity against Indo-China or Burma. The very fact of Chiang Kai-shek's presence in Formosa with 300,000 trained anti-Communist troops must immobilize many of dictator Mao Tse-Tung's Red Chinese divisions; these Red divisions must stick to the East China coast to provide insurance against invasion. Marshall, the military strategist, must know as much. Whether he will do anything about it is, of course, another matter. With Dean Acheson remaining in the government, we expect nothing more brilliant than a Formosa sell-out, with Marshall's tacit concurrence.

In asking UN to deal with the future status of Formosa, Acheson is preparing the way for an "impartial" high-level junking of Chiang Kai-shek's right to maintain his government on the island. Once the Nationalists' right to exist on Formosa is challenged, Chiang's remaining prestige will melt rapidly away. His guerilla forces on the mainland — which still number in the scores of thousands — will fade back into the anonymous peasantry. The Asian debacle will be complete.

THE LESSONS OF KOREA

By BONNER FELLERS

KOREA is of terrific moment to all Americans. It represents the first, epochal stand of the United Nations armed forces against the insidious, continuous encroachment of Communism upon free peoples.

After the President's fateful decision to intervene with ground forces, possibly no campaign was ever more brilliantly conceived and executed. Certainly never was there a more valiant fight against the enormous numerical superiority of a savage enemy. And this heroic action has given pause to Stalin. In endeavoring to spell out objectively the lessons from Korea, my only hope is that certain similar dangers now looming on the horizon may be avoided.

Valuable as well as dangerous conclusions may be drawn from the Korean front. The war there is a special war, almost entirely peculiar to Korea. We must keep in mind the fact that it is an unusual war if we are to profit by its lessons.

The same balance of forces, essential for success in Korea, would lead us to disaster against Russia.

When the President ordered our Army to support the South Koreans, we became involved in ground combat against the Red Forces from North Korea. Our forces are committed *at least* to the territorial restoration of the South Korean Republic.

The enemy has had neither air nor naval support. He is depending upon ground assault by vast masses of human beings willing to die and equipped only with normal infantry weapons. Our ground forces thus have the enormous advantage of unhampered support by our air and naval forces. With this balanced ground, sea and air team, unless Red Chinese or Russian Armies intervene, we shall soon crush the North Korean Reds between the jaws of General MacArthur's UN forces on the Seoul and South Korean fronts.

How would this same prescription for balanced forces, essential in Korea, succeed against Russia?

The Red Army, numerically, is immeasurably strong. Hitler hurled 220 crack divisions against it; he lost five million men dead or permanently disabled. Hitler's *Luftwaffe* controlled the air. His troops were well supplied, yet he failed utterly to kill off the Red Army.

In a war against Russia, should we follow our present intent to fight in Europe, our fleet and ground forces would have the full weight of the Red Air Force thrown against them until such time as the United Nations Forces could win the battle of the air. And with Russia's sixteen to twenty thousand land-based combat planes, winning the battle of the air would take considerable time and would be a costly assignment.

Meanwhile, our some fifty UN divisions, if we had that many in Europe, would be *chewed up* quickly by the Red Army if it started for Europe's Atlantic seaboard. In addition, our fleet and shipping would be subject to submarine attack. If the Russians have the new type torpedo which seeks its target, our losses by sinking might be heavy.

Thus, it is obvious that in shaping the balanced force to meet Russia, we should avoid her enormous ground strength and build the best air force in the world. With air supremacy we know our bombers can destroy Russia's war potential. We would still need adequate ground and sea forces to support the air arm by holding strategically located bases. These bases, of course, must be located so that the full weight of the Red Army can not be thrown against them.

In combat against Red Asia, we would face troops as spirited and formidable as were the North Koreans.

The combat effectiveness of the North Korean Army in its advance on Pusan astonished military observers. It was well-equipped, well-trained, and well-led. Its morale was high. The Koreans had been given something to fight for; it was *land*.

In the Orient, ownership of land is a mark of rare distinction. If one owns even a tiny dab of land, it lifts him into an entirely different social and economic level. When the Reds took over in North Korea and China, large landed estates were, at least temporarily, divided among the tenants who had been farming them. The land owners, instead of being killed, were given small plots of their own land with the opportunity to work with their hands alongside their former tenants.

There was nothing especially magnanimous in this lifting of the masses at the expense of the "tops." The new Red governments had not the equipment to collectivize the land. Until Asia is industrialized, farm machinery can not be made available for collectivization. Consequently, farming must continue as in the past, by hand, by hoe, and an occasional beast of burden.

To date, the communization of Asia has not gone far beyond the stage of dividing the loot; so far the masses like it. Now the tenants *think* they own the land. They fail to realize that after it is collectivized, the communist governments will demand — as in Russia — some 80 per cent of the crop. It is this high tax which has turned the Russian peasants against collectivization.

But the North Korean lives in the present. He is not now concerned with what is certain to be an ominous future. He hated Japanese occupation; he likes what has happened since. He fought for what appeared to be his new economic freedom.

There is reason to believe that all Asiatics under Red domination will fight as well as the North Koreans fought initially.

Koreans are not as ripe as are the Russians for psychological warfare.

General MacArthur is launching an intensive psychological campaign against the North Koreans. It has had considerable effect; it has induced many surrenders.

During combat, psychological warfare is a function of victory. As the tables begin to turn and the North Koreans meet adversity, we can expect it to induce mass surrender. But we have not convinced the North Koreans that communism is bad, because they now own land which they never owned before. The main task of disillusioning North Koreans or Red Chinese against communism cannot be accomplished until they see the real effects of communism. It will be some time before this can occur. In Russia, where communism has failed utterly, the people are ripe for a campaign of *truth*.

Operations which offer no decisive objective must be avoided.

Korea is not an essential element of our military strategy of the Pacific. If we were to move only to the 38th parallel, we would have no means of controlling events in the northern half of Korea. Should we clear all Korea of the Red menace, the threat from the north would tie up occupational forces of considerable size; and we would run the risk of becoming involved in war with Red China, or Russia, or both. In this case, our ground forces could not survive.

There is in Korea no target worthy of the steel of our strategic air force. The industrial plants which supply Red Korea are in Russia, immune to our air strikes.

A military victory can not be finally decisive because of the constant threat on the northern frontier. Although without a decisive military objective, there has already been a valuable by-product. The effect on the peoples of Asia has been electric. It has given them hope for the future.

We must never again permit ourselves to become engaged in any combat — anywhere — in which Stalin can decide the destiny of our forces.

The decision to intervene in Korea with ground forces placed us in an unenviable position. We were not ready.

As soon as General MacArthur built up sufficient UN ground forces behind our tiny perimeter about Pusan to enable him to hold, he undertook a most daring operation. He pared his Pusan holding forces to the bone; he pulled his last remaining occupational Division from Japan. With these, supported by the fleet and air force, he fashioned a highly mobile amphibious force, spearheaded by the Marines.

Under his personal supervision this force boldly stormed the Inchon peninsula and headed for Seoul. The objective was to cut off Red supplies flowing from the north, the bulk of which had to pass through Seoul.

The risk was enormous. Stalin, if he chose, could have poured 200,000 Red Chinese over the Manchurian border to bolster the Red Koreans. All the while Russia could maintain her neutrality.

Should Stalin have sent Chinese Red Forces to intervene — and he can still do so even after the North Korean resistance collapses — by sheer weight of man power alone, our UN forces could be destroyed or pushed off the peninsula.

This is a constant threat, not one which ends with a UN victory over the Red Korean forces.

Will Stalin elect to send vast reinforcements? The chances are he will not at this time.

For the first time since the cold war started Stalin has been checkmated. Until now he struck and we reacted. Now General MacArthur has seized the initiative. Unless Stalin intervenes with Chinese Red Forces it is a mere matter of days until the Red Koreans south of Seoul must surrender or be destroyed.

General MacArthur is gifted with a genius for slaughtering his enemy and saving his own troops. In the Philippine campaign we buried more than 314,000 Japanese counted dead, while American casualties totaled slightly more than 60,000 dead, wounded, and missing.

The Red Koreans can find no comfort in the MacArthur record against Japan in the Philippines!

Nevertheless, in spite of this brilliant fighting, so long as UN forces occupy Korea, our Destiny lies in Stalin's hands.

He can lead us into war with Red China — or Russia.

He can permit us to win, then with the Red Chinese threat, pin down UN occupational forces for an indefinite period of time.

Stalin, like the god Setebos, as Caliban conceived him, can adopt either of these measures — "loving not, hating not, just choosing so!"

We can't stand more Koreas.

With one or two magnificent exceptions, the rather listless UN response with man power for Korea makes it clear that the bulk of the forces must come from the United States; we have — at the moment — already committed practically all our available combat units. Should our forces be required in other areas before the Korean war and occupation are resolved, we shall not have them.

For a long time, we have been participants in a war of nerves. Our first military operation in the containment policy has been so costly and trying that it is possible we may be goaded into war with Russia rather than accept a series of wars of the Korean type. Might not the certainty of Russia's producing the atomic bomb in quantity impel us to commit the unpardonable sin of launching a preventive war?

I am personally and unalterably opposed, as are nearly all Americans opposed, to preventive war. But there is sinister danger that we may be stampeded into one.

We shall face this certain danger of World War III until we abandon our present policy of depending principally on United States ground forces to contain communism.

War with Russia can still be avoided, but this will require a new type of leadership. It will require a new strategy based on *prompt and overwhelming American air supremacy*. The new strategy should include also a *full scale psychological campaign* to induce the enslaved Russian masses to demand a liberal government. These are the only two forces to which Stalin is vulnerable — Air Power and Truth projected through the Iron Curtain. We should exploit both these vulnerabilities to the limit.

We have tried to buy our way out of war with Russia with the Marshall Plan and other foreign aid. We have tried to bluff our way out by plans to arm our Allies and ourselves. We have tried to talk our way out in the United Nations. All these tries have failed. As matters now stand we are still headed toward war.

Now, if we are to avoid World War III, we must think our way out.

WHY EUROPE RESENTS US

By WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

THE tacit but focal assumption of our European policies for the last five years has been that a direct relation exists between Europe's increasing dread of Russian aggression and a deepening enthusiasm for the United States. This assumption is dramatically false. Amidst all the stubborn diversities of Western Europe, only one other common attitude has grown as constantly as the continental non-Communists' desperate fear of Russia — a churlish resentment against the United States.

This may seem puzzling to Americans, who for a long and costly while now have been engaged in the rather generous adventure of saving the Old World. So indigenous is the American's faith in a just and precise interplay of service and reward, so powerful his characteristic desire to be loved by everybody, that he remains inclined not even to notice the appalling European response. But can he still afford the amiable self-deceit which underlies his government's Atlantic policy? For today the exasperating European contempt for America is no longer the mere pastime of arrogant and more or less discountable British and continental snobs. It is quite probably Russia's highest trump in a game of penetration which bets on discouraging rather than bombing the Continent.

The positive, the "selling" Communist assault on the European mind has failed miserably: Wherever Europeans keep voting their political preference, overwhelming majorities of four-fifths and better reject the perverse panacea with deepening disgust; and where preference no longer matters because the police cast the only effective vote, ever smaller minorities seem to be honestly enjoying the intellectual rape. Throughout Europe, popular consent to communism is today, if anything, weaker than it was fifteen years ago. And yet, Western Europe is just about ready to be had: her nervous system cannot much longer deny what her mind and her heart have so commendably refused to yield.

Though rather pathetic flops as positive salesmen, Stalin's "professional revolutionaries" are superb at exploiting psychotic disorders. And Europe, plagued by so many of them, has reached excessive vulnerability in the two emotional areas which, combined, invite the decisive act — fear of violation (i.e., of Russia), and resentment against the promoter of resistance (i.e., of America).

For, no matter how non-Communist Europeans may rationalize their repugnance to the United States, it is in the last analysis the defeatist's irritation with the fellow who, not having lost courage, makes surrender look even uglier and, at least morally, so much more complicated. Indeed, Marshal Pétain typifies Western Europe today more legitimately than he represented France in the early 'forties: Pétain hated De Gaulle with greater intensity than the Germans — not because he liked the Germans (whom, of course, he despised) but because the dogged simplicity of De Gaulle's "No" added to Pétain's surrender the dimension of final shame.

Now there is no particular shortage of grounds on which Europeans, or any one else, could take valid exception to American life at home and American behavior abroad. All that is second-rate, coarse and ignoble in American civilization assumes, in disturbing truth, an even greater shrillness when reflected from the alien and sensitive walls of the Old World. Yet what makes the contemporary European reaction to America so pathetic, if not downright asinine, is its very lack of sensitivity (sensitivity being the power of perceiving nuances). The crudeness of continental reactions to matters American simply revives the late American Know-Nothingism, in reverse.

For example, when the erudite editor of the Parisian *Le Monde*, a reliably conservative paper, gets anywhere near the subject, he sounds about as bright and refined as the lamented Mayor of Chicago promising to punch the King's nose. And, to appreciate the seriousness of Europe's anti-American hay-fever, one must study its conservative press rather than the petrified segments of its leftist public opinion. After all, London's *New Statesman and Nation* can not, in all fairness, be expected to improve upon our own *New Republic's* funny miscomprehension of America: the transfigured mood of suicide is equally characteristic of professional "liberals" all around the globe. (About the only respect in which this is One World: Though Nehru had the unique privilege of growing up in Ghandi's shadow, his brother-in-spirit is, of course, poor Dr. Benes.)

That the women's clubs of Walla Walla know considerably more about Europe than Europe's leading editors know about America is bad enough, but by no means the worst aspect of the ugly situation. Information has always been much less important than the mind that goes to work on it; and while the quality of Europe's American information could be easily improved, the quality of its mind reacting to America can not, I am afraid. That mind is much too much controlled by frightened viscera. Its responses are often amazing.

There is, for instance, Europe's conditioned reflex to what Europeans generally call America's Anti-Red Witch Hunt. During the second Hiss trial I, too, had to gather my day-by-day information from the European papers; and I can testify that no reader of Europe's conservative press could possibly doubt that an innocent, and a gentleman to boot, had been railroaded. The sly omitting and vituperative slanting to which dignified journals such as the London *Times* and the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* stooped in their coverage of the trial must have been seen to be believed. And I am not talking of editorial comments but of what was presented as news reports cabled from the court house.

That sort of thing could, of course, be charged to the strange professional malady which seems to have overtaken a once honest trade: No matter how staunchly

conservative its domestic policy, a so-called enlightened newspaper (here as well as abroad) will be served by leftist foreign correspondents. The effect (named by savants after its most renowned victim, the New York *Herald-Tribune*) must have something to do with consciences troubled by padding of expense accounts. But though the *virus Herald-Tribunensis* has undoubtedly hit the European conservative press, too, the astonishing performance of European correspondents in the United States is no mere personal behavior. They really represent their papers. It has become the manifest policy of Europe's conservatives to establish a virtuous alibi, just in case, by baiting Reactionary America.

In this, Europe's conservative press only executes a public mandate. So desperate is non-Communist Europe's desire somehow to escape the showdown that everybody is trying to convince himself of two things: one, there must be a *terrible misunderstanding* somewhere, and Russia's real objective is not Europe but America; two (and this is the most fascinating twist in the stricken European mind), Russia would pipe down if only those damnably unsubtle Americans would.

No one who knows anything about Europe's blood-soaked history, and has seen the ravages of yesterday, could want to ridicule, or even condemn, its horror of an onrushing repetition. And I for one, though I might disagree, would respectfully bow before a tragic manifestation of an honest and clean surrender — a coherent attitude, that is, of non-violence which accepts the consequences of submission to Caliban rather than drench Europe's soil once more with her tiring blood. Logic and the counsel of history and the moral law would all make me object to such an attitude — but object with a heavy heart and a humble awareness of much fortitude in the mistaken position.

It is the measure of Europe's moral exhaustion and its self-pitying state of mind that in all the jitters, amidst all the pettifogging debates about escape, and America's mischievous blocking of it — that in the whole cacophony of fearsome confusion not a single weighty voice has been heard to advocate, honestly and tragically, the honest and tragic surrender. Subjects of such profundity just are not on the agenda. Talk of the Germans' refusal to acknowledge their moral responsibility for Hitler! In saddening truth, *all* Europe refuses to acknowledge responsibility, *any* responsibility, for its fate, its acts, and its failures. What has happened, and might happen, and must not happen, is entirely America's responsibility, and America's guilt, and America's bungled choice.

In eleven months of intense exposure to Europe's politicians, intellectuals, businessmen and vaunted men-on-the-street, to its press and books and conversations, in travels from Britain to Italy and from Spain to Bavaria, I have not once encountered a coherent, thought-through, judiciously argued *alternative*, on the one hand, to what is dreaded as submission to Russian violence or, on the other, to what is derided as Coca-Collaboration with American fatheadedness. The loquacious schemes of a significantly European socialism or a characteristically European federalism do not count in the given context. For while they might, or might not, work in a Europe *un*menaced by 500 ruthlessly directed Russian divisions, their merits or demerits are utterly irrelevant in the presence of that suffocating pressure.

All that non-Communist Europe manages to articulate on this mercilessly immediate, predominant, indeed sole subject of its choice is one part pitiful truism ("People get hurt in wars, you know"), one part antiquated superstition ("The unfathomable Russian Soul, you know") and one part unmitigated gall ("The Americans are in this for their own health, you know"). All cooked, with a spicy dash of irony, in a rich sauce of self-pity ("and there isn't anything *we* can do, you know"). A total abdication.

And who is to deny that there is a great deal of truth in such an appraisal of specific weights — that America *is* fated with prime responsibilities and that, indeed, she *does* blunder? Also, who could forget that Europe only yesterday reigned supreme and that no dispossessed ruler has ever been known to rise from his fall with graceful serenity? Who, finally, would not expect the receiver of alms to hate the philanthropist? All this is trite and true. And explains but little of Europe's disgust with America.

At the bottom, I submit, is Europe's envy, not so much of America's wealth, as of its ridiculed "innocence." To the European non-Communist, and especially to him, it is inconceivable, and at the same time agonizingly enviable, that anybody should take *any*thing seriously enough to be willing to fight and to die for it. To walk in certainty is, to the European non-Communist, the ultimately offensive American trait. (But in Europe, as elsewhere, the Communist is ready to kill as well as to die for his faith — which is precisely what makes him the serious phenomenon he is and, in turn, makes him realize why he must envisage the American as his appointed final foe.)

They may call it "mature," or "realistic," or whatever they choose, but a total want of dedication to anything beyond personal survival has atrophied Europe's magnificent heritage of valor — and, deep down, the Europeans know it. More than anything else they resent in America's complexion the youthful sheen: how could *anyone* be so sure where he is going, so indecently young, so tactless in reminding Europe of the glorious future that has passed?

(*An aside:* This is as good a place as any to interject the ceremonial and somewhat redundant admission that the author is aware of the dangers of generalization. "The" Europeans are merely some Europeans, and there are indubitably some others who differ substantially, in looks and motivations, from the type portrayed in this sketch. But apart from the fact that the interdict against generalizing is itself a generalization and a particularly fatuous one, a correct recognition of the archetype is indispensable for any specific research. No individual Yankee is like any other, but unless you have a correct general idea of "the" New-Englander you will not understand any one of them. Quite likely no individual European fits the whole description given here of "the" European mentality; but each of them, I dare say, will emerge as a reasonable facsimile thereof, if you only study him closely enough.)

The European's disgust with exuberant virtuousness perhaps accounts for the amazing failure of Marshall Plan aid. Economically, of course, ECA has been an impressive success; even when occasionally mismanaged, an investment of fifteen billion dollars must produce some stunning technical effects. And so it did. But as an at-

tempt at purchasing friendship it is the laughingstock, and worse, of Europe — not because there were any strings attached to it, but because there were none. Far from appreciating such a veritable flood of generosity, Europeans suspect it: What hideous, what unspeakably sinister motives must be behind a gift so elephantine?

It would have been wiser, and would certainly have achieved more solid mutual understanding, if our aid had been offered, on a strict take-it-or-leave-it basis, tied to a reasonable minimum of desirable action on the other side: Whoever wants to draw from the pile (and nobody has to) must himself do this, and this, and this. (One of the troubles, to be sure, is that in 1947 we would not have known what to demand. And do we in 1950?)

Had we known and firmly said what we wanted, Europe could not possibly suspect our "real" motives more than she now does anyway; and at least some coordination of moves and direction would have been accomplished on both sides. There are even serious reasons to believe that the Europeans would have been secretly greatful for the kind of determined guidance they are so patently unable to distill from their many conflicting motivations.

As it happened, the ill-informed, free and easy American attitude has implanted the conviction in Europe that the Europeans, by not going Communist, are doing America a favor. It has strengthened the pipedream of a "third force" — the absurd idea that Europe can exist as a "neutral" half-fish-and-half-fowl midway between the Communist push and the democratic pull. It has obscured the prime fact that the inescapable destiny of a bridge is to be stepped upon; and that Europe, therefore, had better be no bridge but a fortress.

The trouble, of course, is that the Europeans, in addition to saving themselves, *are* doing America a favor by not going Communist; and no matter how sadly their unreasonable attitudes may exasperate us, we shall have to put up with them for commanding reasons of self-interest. But the cost of saving the free world could be considerably reduced if America would only learn to do business without assuming that the customer is, and has to be, in love with her.

ECLIPSE OF PARTY GOVERNMENT

By RAYMOND MOLEY

DECISIVE moments have appeared from time to time in our national history when political parties have offered no means for public decisions on issues of vital and exigent importance. At such times, under the imperious force of public opinion, old parties have either been rent asunder or have been reshaped to meet new demands.

We are very close to such a decisive moment. On all sides appear the signs of an ominous choice between two kinds of civilization. The one is that of our traditions — freedom of choice for the individual guarded by "the long still grasp of the law," restricted federalism in domestic affairs, with vital states and a national executive checked by potent congressional prestige and authority. The other is called by various names — "state interventionism," "socialism," "statism," "governmental absolutism," or the more seductive label, the "welfare state." Whatever the name, the substance of this proposed substitution for what we have had is clearly displayed in the acts, plans and intentions of those who exercise primary influence in our Federal Administration and in some of our states.

Americans are entitled to a clear presentation of the facts before they decide this issue. This ought to be done through political parties. But as parties now stand, people are not going to have that opportunity in the near future. For the concept of a two-party system, however nobly and intelligently conceived, has had little reality in recent years. The Republican Party is only partially a national party, and the Democratic Party is the captive of a federal machine. Moreover, in many states, notably in the South, there is not even one party worthy of the name. And both nominal national parties are rent by irreconcilable internal differences. In the face of such patent inadequacy in the means of a real choice, relatively more and more millions of Americans are rejecting the opportunity to vote at all.

It is, of course, known to all that the South, comprising approximately one-fourth of the Republic, has lacked a two-party system for eight decades. But it becomes apparent in a close examination of the facts that in most of the states of the South there is no party at all. This is convincingly shown by a wealth of research by V. O. Key, Jr., and associates in a most notable recent book, "Southern Politics." Key concludes:

> The Democratic party in most states of the South is merely a holding-company for a congeries of transient squabbling factions, most of which fail by far to meet the standards of permanence, cohesiveness, and responsibility that characterize the political party . . . In the conduct of campaigns for the control of legislatures, for the control of governorships, and for representatives in the national Congress, the South must depend for political leadership, not on political parties, but on lone-wolf operators, on fortuitous groupings of individuals, usually of a transient nature, on spectacular demagogues odd enough to command the attention of considerable numbers of voters, on men who have become persons of political consequence in their own little bailiwicks, and on other types of leaders whose methods to attract electoral attention serve as substitutes for leadership of a party organization.

The concept of a Republican Party in the South is only the hungry dream of a few leaders down there. There is not likely to be a real Republican opposition in the South in our time, unless a miracle of rehabilitation takes place in the leadership of the party.

All over the North, moreover, are hundreds of thousands of nominal Democrats who no longer adhere to the faith of the top command of their party, but who for one reason or another remain aloof from the Republican

Party. These disowned Democrats are essentially conservative, and their number includes many men and women of stature.

In thirty-two states the Republicans are fairly well established as a responsible party, they elect frequently; and in something more than sixteen of these states usually elect governors, senators and most of the congressmen. With a strong candidate they can sweep enough of these states to win a Presidential election, despite the handicap of the Solid South.

The Republican Party, however, is handicapped among the two-thirds of the states I have noted. In several states, notably in the West, election laws which were created in the great surge of progressivism forty years ago make it difficult to maintain a responsible party organization. Direct primaries, filing of individual names under more than one party designation in primaries, and freedom for voters to cross party lines in primaries are all serious bars to party responsibility.

Thus, the Republican Party is not a true national party. It is something less than two-thirds or something more than half of a national party. It cannot fairly be called a sectional party, although it is excluded from a vast and important part of the nation.

It has vitally important, almost malignant internal weaknesses. In foreign affairs it has in the past had such serious schisms as to endanger its very existence. In domestic policies its extremists — radical and extreme conservative — almost pull it apart at the seams. Torn by differences in ideology and by personal ambitions, it wallows in the high seas of policy like a ship in a mutiny. In 1948, with a victory in sight almost too easy to imagine, it chose a role of vagueness and generality, and the voters who should have supported it remained at home and let it lose. Since 1940, while the nation's voting potential has increased by many millions, the party has lost, not gained votes.

It clings to the principles of the 1870's when it seeks legislation to establish civil rights in the South by Federal force. This is a three-fold mistake. It denies itself the opportunity to gain in the South and the border states. It gains no votes among Northern Negroes, for they dance to the seductive music of Democratic statism. And, in espousing the various civil rights proposals, it is attempting to pass obviously unenforceable laws.

With true party government thus broken, scattered and disintegrated, the Federal machine under the direction of the Federal Executive has taken over. The wonder is that this has not happened before. We are in a process of evolution from a no-party system to a machine dictatorship. Instead of a system under which a responsible majority party controls those who hold the reins of government, as is still true in England, we have a system in which those in official power control their party. This is what happened to the party of Jackson in the dark years of the 1840's and 1850's. It is always a mark of political decadence. Federal office-holders control conventions, write party declarations, shape party policy and make dubious alliances with groups which, never authentically Democratic, are of no party at all.

Truman has gathered into his Cabinet a larger proportion of professional politicians than has any President in recent times. The White House entourage has the same complexion, as have the heads of great so-called "independent" agencies such as the Social Security Administration. Even Truman's more recent appointments to the Supreme Court have the color of agreeable political cronyism.

In five short years, this man has managed and directed the most potent Federal political machine in our history. His designation of William M. Boyle as National Chairman put the stamp of authentic machine politics on the whole Administration. For Boyle, too, is a trained Pendergast machine man. And he has made it clear that whoever works for government works for the Democratic Party.

In many states the number of Federal employees is as great or greater than a normal electoral majority. If the dependents of these employees are considered, well over half of the states' elections could measurably be controlled from Washington. Nor are these government employees even a major factor in machine power. Consider those who receive the favor of the government through loans, contracts, special privileges, and benefits of all kinds.

This structure resembles the traditional Democratic Party only in name. It is no longer a party. It is a machine — hard, disciplined, ambitious and puissant.

Party government has ceased to function.

From this point I am not disposed to follow the conventional exhortation to the effect that the Republican Party must "stand for something" and select candidates who stand for that something. Nor am I suggesting that there can be a super-Moses with no party ties but with a transcendent luster who could win for Republicans without clear issues at all. All that is as self-evident as the world's need for peace.

But we face immediate and emergent political facts. The line must be held against the march of statism during the time a truly conservative party can emerge or before the Republican Party can offer the essential alternative to the present ruling regime.

Up to now, the line has been held by the coalition of conservative Democrats and Northern Republicans in Congress. This phenomenon is not a matter of chance or of political expediency. It is a reflection of powerful sentiment in the nation as a whole for more conservative national policies. Since this sentiment has no direct means of registering itself through nation-wide party choice, it attains its purpose through the election of congressmen and senators in both parties who will checkmate Administration efforts to expand the power of the Federal government. The popular will, when it expresses itself by districts and states, is, broadly speaking, conservative.

Consideration of this expression of conservative opinion in Congress offers an excellent clue to the best means of further mobilization of this opinion — first as a means of holding the line in the next two years or more, and, next, of building from the bottom some unity of citizen purpose which can before too long force the reorganization of our national party system. The best course of action in behalf of freedom — a course available to everyone, regardless of nominal party affiliation — points to the Congressional district first and secondarily to the state. Instead of standing idly by, waiting four years to vote for a Presidential candidate, we can use the opportunity to fight for the essential freedoms close to home.

There is increasing evidence that people who favor a more conservative course and who feel no confidence in national decisions attained through the means of weakened national parties are organizing in their Congressional districts and communities to fight for better representation. In my travels over the country I have seen at first hand a number of such local efforts. Methods of organization differ, but generally such movements avoid party designations, and in some instances bear no name at all, although their sponsors and activities are well known. The backbone of these movements is not supplied by men and women of great wealth, but by solid people in the middle brackets. They are learning to play politics at the grass roots and at the doorbells.

In the South they throw their weight to the Democratic candidate in the primary who leans toward more conservative policies. In the North, it is more often a Republican who is supported.

These movements are not anti-political-party. They support the party when it meets their specifications. And they seek and in many cases possess enough power to force the party to nominate suitable candidates. They recruit workers from businesses, trades and professions, and they seek to arouse and bring to the polls those who might be called the great middle interests of the population — those groups which will be the major victims of socialistic planning. In many communities powerful recruits have been found among doctors, deeply disturbed and made politically conscious by the threat of government medicine.

There have been many marked successes, and there will be more. The potential harvest of such efforts can be very great when it is considered how few Americans have actually voted in recent Presidential elections. A few approximate figures show not only the need for citizen action, but the essential weakness of national parties. Willkie in 1940 received approximately 22.3 million votes; Roosevelt, 27.2 million. In 1944, Dewey received 22 million; Roosevelt, 25.6 million. In 1948, Dewey, 22 million; Truman, 24.1 million. Even if we add the Wallace and Thurmond votes to that of Truman, the Democrats fell short in 1948 of their 1940 vote. Meanwhile, the voting potential was increasing at a very high rate. In 1940, it was approximately 80 million; in 1944, 88 million; and in 1948, 95 million.

This is a deplorable party record. But it is a glowing promise of the possibilities of citizen activity in districts and communities. A little more than half of the people are voting in Presidential years, and in off years considerably less than half. If Truman and his program have a mandate, it is provided by only about one-fourth of the voting potential of the country.

Scores of active local and district citizens' organizations might well lay the groundwork for a real mobilization of this vast latent voting power in 1952 and thereafter. They would provide a mighty influence upon the selection of the next Republican Presidential candidate. Meanwhile they would prepare the way for the election of a truly conservative Congress, which would be the indispensable check upon a possibly reelected Truman or someone of his type or, as is more likely, the strong support of a conservative President.

There is needed also some national coalition organization to serve as a clearing house of information, training and direction for local and district groups and as an agency to gather and disseminate educational material suitable for the creation of truly conservative policies. There are several national agencies engaged in segments of such activity now, but they, too, need a coordinating center. Once there appears some unity in national and local movements, there might well be an effort either to bring to the Republican Party a new look or to start the creation of a new conservative party which can provide an alternative to the present drift toward a socialist state.

It is not too late to start, nor is it too early. The fact is that conservative currents are already under way which have shown potency in many primaries this year and which will surely appear in this election. This drift, if it can claim the whole-hearted and intelligent guidance of competent people, can provide what we have needed for a long time and what is essential to the preservation of free republican institutions — a truly national conservative party.

EASTWARD, HO!

"No known Communist works for the government," says the White House. We suggest a monument to the Unknown Communist, to be erected in front of the State Department.

When you accuse a non-Communist of being a Communist he simply shrugs his shoulders. When you accuse a fellow-traveler of being a Communist he calls you an unmitigated liar. When you accuse a Communist of being a Communist he sues you for slander.

In the upside-down language of the Communists, black is white, white is red, and red is progressive.

Moscow reports the opening of a new airline to Siberia. Who in Russia is in a hurry to get to Siberia?

In international politics, the Indian Pandit is trying to appease the Communist Bandit.

"I am being persecuted for my opinions," cries Harry Bridges. Not your opinions, comrade Bridges; Stalin's.

The Soviet Union has just issued a new stamp "depicting the worldwide struggle for peace and against the warmongers." It was first used, we are told, on a message to Korea where a few thousand Soviet peace emissaries peacefully trained a sizable army of Korean peace-lovers to fall victims to American aggression.

It is a sad commentary on our world to-day that Asiatic coolies and Harvard professors are the people most susceptible to Red propaganda.

Elections will be held in Eastern Germany on October 15. According to an official statement, they will be "the freest Germany has ever had: free from anti-Soviet agitation, free from demagoguery of opposition parties, free from bribery by monopolistic capital."

And, of course, free from the voters themselves.

ARGUS

FREEDOM—A STRUGGLE

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

THE concept of freedom is individual. We speak of a free nation, but what we really mean is a nation of free human beings. It is impossible to associate the word, freedom, with a majority, a minority, a mass, a mob, a good state or a bad state. The word, freedom, can refer only to one human being, standing alone as an individual, who enjoys inalienable rights that are his, not by consent, but because he is a human being.

In the United States, we assume that the freedom of the individual is not the result of chance or the product of revolution, but is derived from the "Laws of Nature and of Nature's God." Those who founded this country went even further when they stipulated that "all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights." In a word, freedom, in their minds, was fundamental to human existence; so fundamental that it was an endowment from God and not a work of man. It is of the essence of spiritual existence.

And in support of the concept of freedom is Natural Law which is more ancient, more fundamental, not subject to change by conditions of time or environment, than any laws passed by Legislatures. Thomas Jefferson put this concept in these words:

"Our legislators are not sufficiently apprised of the rightful limits of their power; that their true office is to declare and enforce only our natural rights and duties and to take none of them from us . . ."

II. The struggle over the freedom of the individual has been constant in human history. The State has, from time to time, absorbed powers and rights which cannot be within its scope and against this expansion of authority men have rebelled. Revolutions of this nature involve not so much a change of the personnel of government as they do a reassertion of the freedoms of the individual man. The Christian revolution within the Roman Empire was precisely such a reaffirmation of Natural Law and was won, not by those who mustered legions, but by those who taught the Law.

The Founding Fathers of our country need have done nothing more than to renounce allegiance to Great Britain. They could have chosen an American governor to replace a British governor. They could have adopted an American flag instead of the British flag. That, with a military victory, would have accomplished the physical character of the Revolution. But they went further: they established an intellectual and spiritual basis for the Revolution. They restated Natural Law and the role that Freedom plays in Natural Law. They had to satisfy their consciences that the risks they were taking and the sacrifices they were making were not limited to physical changes, but were matters of faith and principle.

This was the inevitable course that a people deeply steeped in religious tradition had to pursue, for it needs to be remembered that Mosaic Law, emphasizing human freedom as an article of religious faith, influenced the minds of our colonial ancestors more than English Common Law which emphasized the relations between the individual and the community.

Most of those who signed the Declaration of Independence, and Jefferson who wrote it, were lawyers reared on Coke's Commentaries and Decisions and they knew this passage which I quote from Dean Clarence Manion's able essay on "The Natural Law Philosophy of Founding Fathers":

> The Law of nature was before any judicial or municipal law [and] is immutable. The law of nature is that which God at the time of creation of the nature of man infused into his heart for his preservation and direction; and this is the eternal law, the moral law, called also the law of nature. And by this law, written with the finger of God in the heart of man, were the people of God a long time governed before the law was written by Moses, who was the first reporter or writer of law in the world. . . . God and nature is one to all and therefore the law of God and nature is one to all. . . . This law of nature which indeed is the eternal law of the creator, infused into the heart of the creature at the time of his creation, was two thousand years before any laws written and before any judicial or municipal laws. And certain it is that before judicial or municipal laws were made, kings did decide cases according to natural equity and were not tied to any rule or formality of law.

Here we have a concept of the law, and its relation to man, based not on legislation but on a moral system which deals in terms of man as a creation of God and not as a creature of the state. It was this concept which forced them to assert that man and not the state or those who controlled the state possessed "unalienable rights." Upon this concept they founded the new country. Therefore, the act of revolution was not only political; it was moral. The Declaration of Independence was not only a statement of separation; it was a reassertion of the dignity of man within the scope of Natural Law. That assertion dominated American thinking from 1776 to the current generations.

What dominates American thinking today it is impossible to say, but this we know from the experience of history: that when peoples desert the hard core of their traditions, they become confused; their government becomes chaotic; they either are conquered by a people who garner strength by adherence to a principle of life or they revert to their traditions and save themselves. And the hard core of American tradition is stated in the Declaration of Independence and deals with the inalienable rights of each individual human being by the grace of God; that is the American tradition and faith.

III. The maintenance of freedom is difficult and costly because freedom itself may lead to differences, which in periods of stress give the appearance of disorder. Both Hitler and Stalin produced what gives the appearance of an orderly society. They achieved their goal by repression, suppression, and even murder.

Differences are the end result of individual approaches to common problems and ideas. In a free society, differences are cultivated; in a society in which men are not free, differences are prohibited as a peril to the state. The Osmanli society forbade differences as the Spain of Ferdinand and Isabella and the Germany of Hitler and the Russia of Stalin forbade differences. None of these societies built as efficient a productive machine, to cite one phase of human life, as the United States in which independence of thought, judgment and action are cultivated.

The emphasis on varieties of thought and opinion, on differences, is important in these bad times, when unity is being stressed as a political device to maintain a party in power, which is never really important one way or the other. What does matter among free men is that they shall think in freedom. It is not to be presumed that their thoughts will be of any advantage; that they will even approximate the truth. For this experience with free societies teaches that out of a welter of contention the truth will rise; that out of competing views, the light of the truth will shine so bright and strong that men of wisdom and good-will will recognize it.

In a repressed society, such as the Russian, one man's judgment prevails and if he is in error, error triumphs. In a free society, the truth is pounded out on the anvil of contention and difference.

Those who have sought uniformity of thought and action have established despotisms, oligarchies, dictatorships and similar devices, all of which are designed to eliminate independence of thought as a danger to the State. On the other hand, those who, believing in freedom, do not fear differences, accept devices which include many political parties.

In the United States, we speak of a two-party system as including the major differences of view. Actually, there have generally been numerous parties, and even in the two major parties, factions exist representing diverse opinions. In addition, large numbers of pressure groups, organized on racial, religious, philosophic and vocational bases, are constantly being brought into existence with the object of exercising all the functions, in the realm of opinion, of a political party. In a word, in this free society not one political view prevails nor do only two contest for supremacy, but hundreds of views, thousands of ideas, expressed in every form and by every device imaginable, have free play in the market-place.

In such circumstances, error often appears to be more palatable than the truth; yet error does not go unchallenged nor can one man's opinion prevail against constant check, examination, scrutiny and even rejection.

IV. It is difficult and even unpleasant to recognize that in the middle of the twentieth century, this needs to be restated. It was the unquestioned attitude of the American people during most of their history and has become incorporated in the typically American adages, "One man's opinion is as good as another's," or "Every American is entitled to his opinion." While these adages are not precise, they do reflect the attitude of free men toward ideas, namely, that no one, not even the government, and actually the government less than anyone, can have a monopoly over ideas. We do not go quite so far as Tom Paine's philosophic anarchism when he said:

> Society is produced by our wants and government by our wickedness; [that] society in every state is a blessing but government in its best state is but a necessary evil; in its worst state an intolerable one; [that] government like dress, is the badge of lost innocence — a mode rendered necessary by the inability of moral virtue to govern the world.

Yet there has been an underplaying of government and those who govern in the attitudes of the American people. The most that they used to be willing to acknowledge is that they respect the office, not the man; which is nonsense, for an office without a man is merely functional, and possessing no personality cannot be respected. Most Americans call our current President, Harry, and the newspaper headlines have abbreviated him to H. S. T., the "S" standing for nothing. No one would have thought of calling Woodrow Wilson by his first name, Tom, or even by the more familiar second name, but Franklin D. Roosevelt became an alphabetical institution like many he created. Formality does not always accompany respect, but respect resists familiarity.

In this middle of the twentieth century, with its 36 years of war of one kind or another, including two general wars and several severe economic depressions, government has become even less loved, yet it has everywhere expanded its powers. In some countries, such expansion has been accompanied by the establishment of a despotic oligarchy, as in Soviet Russia, or by an absolute dictatorship as in Hitler's Germany and Franco's Spain. In such countries which now include all the members of the Soviet Empire, some 800 million human beings, freedom for the individual has disappeared altogether. He is shaped and patterned by his government. Obedience becomes a cardinal article of faith, and *Ordnung* is the essential philosophy of the state.

In both the United States and Great Britain, while the authority of government has expanded, the freedoms of the individual have not been curtailed except in the economic field. Yet, even in the economic field, government dares not boldly proclaim its mastery but employs hidden devices such as taxes and farm subsidies and management of interest rates to deceive its own citizens into believing that they still possess full economic freedom when actually the curtailments have been serious, if not severe. In most other fields of human activity, while government has probed into many and expanded over some, the limitations upon freedom have been so minor as not to have been noticed. Freedom is so fundamental in the mores of these peoples that were the government guilty of a vast impairment of the rights of man, the people would become more conscious of the fault and would respond to it.

V. As regards Communists, American public opinion, startlingly enough, even in time of war, is largely defensive of their right to think, speak, write and act as Marxists, so long as they are not spies. And even when they are proved to be spies, as Alger Hiss was, or when they are suspected, as William Remington is, the general attitude of Americans is to give them the benefit of the doubt. It took a Grand jury and two trial juries to convict Hiss in the year 1949, whereas his Communist affiliations were first exposed to the government in 1939.

Even when it was established that the Communist Party is a conspiracy, controlled by a foreign country

now our enemy, the Tydings Committee used the most unorthodox methods to protect the Communists in their inalienable rights under our moral and political system. The Senator even permitted them to flout his Committee as Earl Browder and Frederick Vanderbilt Field did. And although there was much criticism of Senator Millard Tydings, there was not sufficient to affect the political fortunes of a party which dared to perpetrate the hoax of such an investigation.

This attitude may be due to complacency, to an assumption that a handful of intellectual queers cannot overturn a great nation. Its danger lies not in our way of life but rather in the fact that Soviet Russia employs our freedoms as a method for our destruction. Engels once said:

> The irony of world history turns everything upside down. We, the "revolutionaries," the "rebels" — we are thriving far better on legal methods than on illegal methods and revolt. The parties of order, as they call themselves, are perishing under the legal conditions created by themselves. They cry despairingly with Odilon Barrot: *la légalité nous tue*, legality is the death of us; whereas we, under this legality, get firm muscles and rosy cheeks and look like eternal life. And if we are not so crazy as to let ourselves be driven into street fighting in order to please them, then nothing else is finally left for them but themselves to break through this legality so fatal to them.

For instance, no newspaper is published in Soviet Russia which can explain the American position in Korea; yet the *Daily Worker*, devoted to Stalin and denouncing everything American, appears every day and is protected by our laws. The Communist leaders are free on bail to perform their tasks for Stalin while other Americans are being killed in Korea. Academic freedom makes it possible for Marxists to teach in our universities, but such a capitalistic teacher would be imprisoned or even killed in Russia.

The danger to our way of life is not that we shall suppress Communists, but that we shall be forced to limit freedom. No nation, however its adherence to the philosophy of the unalienable rights of the individual, can long permit the presence of agents of a foreign enemy in its midst, not only advocating his ideas, but committing acts of sabotage and conspiracy. The law provides against poisoning of wells, but not against poisoning the minds of children. Therefore, a limitation must inevitably be enacted restricting Communists as the war between the two countries becomes more severe.

Our need is that such a restriction should be in the criminal, not the civil or moral field of law. A thief is arrested not because of what he believes to be true, but because he commits a felony. Espionage is a felony; conspiracies to destroy our way of life are felonies; sabotage can be made a felony. And all this is possible without forbidding a free man to accept Karl Marx as his guide as some might accept Mrs. Eddy or Gandhi. When the limitation is upon the commission of known felonies, there can be no objection; when it is upon differences of opinion, it offends the mores of this race of men. On the other hand, there is no reason why a school, a newspaper, a radio network or any agency needs to employ anyone known to serve an enemy of our nation.

VI. Suppose we stand utterly alone in our acceptance of freedom as a way of life, we shall not fail. For others would, as they could, turn to us as to a sanctuary for that doctrine of life incorporated in Natural Law which is the heart of the Western World. It is a doctrine worth the fight and the sacrifice. Without such a doctrine, we have no cause, no faith, no purpose. Perhaps that is why such an instrument as the "Voice of America" falls upon deaf ears; it has nothing to say. For unless it says that freedom is an outgrowth of Natural Law, it cannot justify freedom to those who have known 36 years of confusion and fear more years of it. No human being can be asked to sacrifice himself for the sake of confusion.

Unless it recognizes Natural Law as its guide, what is our civilization but a store-house of gadgets? Shall we ask the world to love us because we own the most automobiles and refrigerators, or shall we speak to them in the language of Alexander Hamilton?

> The sacred rights of mankind are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or musty records. They are written as with a sunbeam, in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of Divinity itself and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power.

WHAT TO DO ABOUT THE BOOKIES

NO thoughtful citizen of the Republic can have failed to be impressed by the evidence laid bare by the Senate investigation into organized gambling. Whether you blame Frankie Costello, Mickey Cohen, or the late lamented Bugsy Siegel, one significant fact appears: there are something like *fifty million* Americans who through the year make their wagers not at the legitimate race tracks but through the illegal, unlawful, illicit, wicked and depraved bookies.

Obviously, not all of the fifty million can be classified as genuine lawbreakers. Most of them, indeed, are at the worst only fellow-travelers, and in other respects are law-abiding citizens. I know, for example, just such a man: a not unrespected member of the local community, father of two lovely children, husband of a former PTA president, and himself an officeholder in various civic organizations. During a period when he was bedridden, he succumbed to ennui and temptation and wagered as much as *sixteen dollars a day* (two dollars a race) with a certain nameless gentleman known to him only as Joe. (I hasten to add, in case any Treasury Department employee reads this, that I lost just as though I had been able to occupy my regular turf-club seat at Santa Anita.)

Now you may argue that the thing to do is to strengthen the law and enforce it without fear or favor: arrest not only the bookies but the betting public. Ethically, I concede, that stand is unassailable; but, practically, if you will consider for a moment the jailing of fifty million Americans, you come up against the stark reality that America is underjailed at the moment. And, even if you could get a reactionary Congress to finance a public-jailing project, it would take from ten to twenty years to complete the program. True enough, there are some progressive concerns that, properly financed by the RFC (say five or ten billion a year to start with), are prepared to make pre-fabricated jails and could do the job in much less time. But even they, in the light of the

Korean situation, might have trouble in getting the necessary priorities, the military mind being what it is.

Nevertheless, the dilemma is there and we clearly cannot just sit by, watch the law flouted, and do nothing. Various proposals have been made, the foremost of which is to legalize the bookies as they do in England — as we legalized the purveyors of alcohol after a similar experience with prohibition. This would seem to be common sense — which is perhaps the best argument against it. A good many of our people, common sense or no, have what amount to religious convictions against the bookies. In no time some Pussyfoot Johnson would organize them, and Anti-Bookie Leagues would flourish in the same regions where the Anti-Saloon Leagues bloomed. Pretty soon their lobbyists would go to Washington claiming to represent ninety million voters — and congressmen and senators, especially in an election year, would be terrified. Even a lawmaker who kept his head and realized that *nobody* represents ninety million voters might be alarmed that his opponent could pick up just enough votes to beat him. In a cold war like that, the wise congressman makes a strategic retreat and withdraws to a previously prepared position. (And the proposed bill doesn't pass.) I see very little hope that way.

But I *do* see a chance to remedy the situation: and I hope I am not presumptuous in offering a plan to which I have given considerable study. I have not rushed into it: I have debated it not only with myself but with others. In addition to taking it up with groups of ordinary citizens, I have discussed it with various members of the ADA, the CIO, two former OPA officials, a Rand School economist, a famous Hollywood astrologer and a man recently converted to Dianetics. *All* of them were enthusiastic, and one has even promised to bring it to the attention of Henry Wallace, a former Vice-President of the United States.

With that encouragement, I feel I can not hesitate any longer in presenting my proposition publicly: it is, briefly, *to take the Brannan Plan out of agriculture and apply it to the race tracks.*

How? Very simply. *The government will guarantee the two-dollar bettor that he gets at least two dollars back.* If his horse wins, he collects the regulation pay-off as chronicled by the pari-mutuel board. But, if he loses, the government will give him back, *upon proper presentation of his pari-mutuel ticket,* his wager. Provided he has made a legal wager at the track, *he can't lose.*

Revolutionary? Perhaps. So were talking pictures, so was cellophane, so was the American Revolution!

And let me present what I think the plan (which I have called the Ryskind-Brannan Plan, though I am willing to settle for the Brannan-Ryskind Plan if I have to) will accomplish:

1. The American Family will be saved. The biggest argument against race-track gambling (even at the legalized tracks) has been that it has broken up homes by causing the provider to waste the money he needed for the household. Under the R-B (or the B-R) Plan, he will be making an investment.

2. The Bookies will be wiped out. Nobody is going to patronize a bookie — through whom he can lose — when, by patronizing the race track, he must at least break even.

3. The Fair Deal will be perpetuated. The Brannan Plan was aimed at capturing the votes of the ten million farmers. The R-B Plan shoots at *fifty million* voters.

4. It will provide bigger Federal taxes. Not only will the $2 man bet more, but soon he will be going to the $5 window. And the bookies, deprived of their normal source of income, will go straight and begin to bet at the tracks themselves. The increased betting will mean that the tracks can pay bigger dividends to the shareholders, who will be able to pay bigger taxes to the government.

5. It will reduce local taxes. The various state governments, all of which share in the track receipts, will get more money, enabling them to reduce local taxes.

6. The Plan will pay for itself. As more and more people wager at the tracks, the government's share of the income will become bigger and bigger. Within a few years, the money should be sufficient to retire the national debt. Eventually, there may be a surplus in our treasury.

7. We can retire our Baby Bonds. Although I propose to start with the regulation two-dollar man, I plan later on to introduce ten-cent and quarter windows, where the youngsters of the family can make their choice of horses and begin saving at the same time.

8. We can help the Reciprocal Trade Agreements. By an agreement with the British Labor Party, we could begin honoring losing tickets at Epsom Downs and Ascot, which might save that party at the next general election.

9. It could aid Point Four of the President's Program. Think of the millions of people in the backward nations without race tracks. If we loaned them a few billion dollars and a few thousand horses, we could raise their living standards within ten years.

10. We could wipe out Communism. I needn't point out that you rarely see a Communist at a race track. No man who has just won the daily double wants to contribute it to any cause. And if we are sincere about aiding the backward countries and introduce them to pari-mutuel betting on the lines I have indicated, we can stop worrying about Communist propaganda — for the redeemable, though losing, two-dollar, two-peso, two-yen, or two-franc ticket will be living, breathing fulfillment of the democratic way of life that no subversive propaganda can possibly counteract.

Naturally, I expect some opposition. It will come, no doubt, from the various Chambers of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, the Brookings Institute, Senators Taft and Byrd, and other princes of privileged plutocracy.

But I know that every true follower of Lord Keynes, Chester Bowles, Oscar Ewing and Secretary Brannan (after whom part of the plan is named) will be for it. So will the fifty million of us who are vitally interested in improving the breed and in making the sport of kings the sport of the common man.

Write your congressman. Or wire him — collect if need be. It won't matter in the long run. Fifty million Americans can't be wrong.

MORRIE RYSKIND

EXPERIMENT IN SUPPRESSION

By JOHN T. FLYNN

IT is not forbidden by law to write a book. However, having written one, the author is confronted with the task of finding a publisher to print it and a bookseller to stock it. This is by no means a simple matter for one who writes a book critical of our existing government. The truth is that the whole road a book must travel from the author to the reader is well patrolled by small but vocal, busy and effective squads in the service of the new Radical Bigotry. And the government itself, if it does not possess the authority to consign a volume to the public hangman, can, nevertheless, make the road it must travel a hard and losing one. The publisher of such a book, therefore, must face not merely the prospect of certain loss, but some other very formidable intimidations which can be invoked against him.

At the threshold, the hapless volume must encounter the reviewers. And the publisher must weigh the inevitable fact that the book will be either ignored or torn to pieces by them. How the radical reviewer has managed to install himself in the reviewing columns of many of even the most conservative newspapers is a subject yet fully to be explored. But the publisher must take into account the stern fact that the proposed work will have little better hope of a kind word in the columns of the New York *Times* or the *Herald-Tribune* than at the hands of the pink hatchetmen of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, the *New Republic* or the *Nation*.

Next, the volume must find its way into the bookstores. If the dealer is a business man he will be loath to stock an item of merchandise which is either ignored or condemned by the critics. But, alas! for some reason which I am not able to explain, all book dealers are not just business men. They have their place, for one reason or another, among the champions of the brave new world. The extent to which bookstores refuse to stock or display books critical of the present regime and its leaders is a subject worthy of study, to put it mildly. Thus with the certainty of a bad press and an unfriendly market place from the time it leaves the printing press, the publisher of such a book starts with two strikes against him. If, however, the author manages to navigate the embargoes of the publishing house, the reviewers and the book stalls a new difficulty is now being invented and perfected to hinder him. Our Congress has discovered a new device to pursue the offending volume into the very hands of the buyers themselves.

The right of a man to print a book is no greater than the right of another one to buy it. No one, so far as I know, has attempted to interfere with the mass distribution of innumerable books, pamphlets, tracts by countless communist, socialist and other left-wing organizations attacking our established institutions. If the attempt were made I would be among the first to condemn it. It is worthy of notice that this new experiment in suppression should begin not with a volume promoting some subversive proposals but with one defending our existing American system. Congress has proposed, not to scourge the author or to burn the book or jail the publisher, but to apply a more insidious form of interdiction against any man who dares to buy and distribute it.

This new and novel experiment in suppression is now being attempted under the Lobbying Act of 1946. The fact that the attempt is directed at a book which I wrote is of no moment. If the attempt succeeds it will be directed against others. Of course, whatever may be the defects of the Lobbying Act there was plenty of excuse for adopting some reasonable regulations of this activity. The purpose of the lobby is to influence the decision of Congress on legislation, but also to influence the administration of such legislation by our innumerable bureaus after it has been adopted. The right of the citizen to do this cannot be questioned. Literally hundreds of organizations representing business, labor, educational, charitable, political and other groups maintain large establishments in the capital to monitor the proposals of government and to influence legislation and administration favorable to them. Congressmen are supplied with pamphlets, memorials, petitions and must encounter small and large interested delegations which appear in person to shape their judgment on every conceivable type of lawmaking. This is proper.

However, it is also possible to carry on these attempts at controlling congressional action by far more devious means. Washington is full of professional lobbyists who are prepared, for their accustomed fee, to undertake the swift adoption or the slow death of legislation on any side of any question. They are equipped with large supplies of currency. They operate what might be called the social lobby, staffed by rollicking good fellows and lovely ladies. They cultivate continuing friendships with members and bureau heads. They can provide valuable social connections, political contributions, expensive travel tours and a reasonable hope of a rich retainer or a well paid job to influential officials when they leave Washington. Former chief counsel, assistant attorney generals, department heads and advisers and even former cabinet officers, as well as congressmen, settle down there to provide clients with their influence on all sides of all sorts of policies. A list of those flaming apostles of the Brave New World who now occupy plush seats in rich law firms serving business and labor alike would make an interesting study in the bright history of patriotism and reform.

Congress, fed up with the high horsepower of the pressure applied to their bedeviled minds, passed in 1946 a law to regulate the lobby. I do not undertake to evaluate its wisdom or effectiveness, but merely to record its appearance and the need for it. One of the provisions of this law is that any person engaged in lobbying must register with the proper officials of Congress and must report the names of all persons making contributions exceeding $500.

Because it is loosely drawn, many organizations which

never engage in actual lobbying, which never go near Washington or attempt any direct pressure upon its officials, have felt it necessary, in self-protection, to register under its terms, lest some action at some time might be construed as lobbying within its ill-drawn and vague directions. Now Congress has got around to broadening by interpretation its powers under that act to the point where a man or an organization might be convicted of unlawful lobbying because he is offering a book for sale without revealing the names of the buyers. It is a brazen attempt, by broadening the meaning of the word "lobbying", not merely to punish an institution or an individual who sells a book, but to add another road-block in the way of circulating ideas inimical to the party in power.

Lobbying consists, obviously, not only in personally buttonholing congressmen, but in organizing pressure, even at a distance, to bring that pressure to bear in Washington. It obviously does not include the circulation of books throughout the country to influence the thinking of the American people. If this be so then every publisher who sells in quantities books on any phase of our national economic and political life is a lobbyist. Every newspaper which discusses public questions in its community to influence the minds of its readers is a lobbyist. Every buyer of such a book in quantity is really a subscriber to this lobbying enterprise. There is a wide difference between addressing arguments to the minds of the people as a whole and organizing pressure among groups to act directly upon legislators in Washington about some special piece of legislation.

An organization known as the Committee for Constitutional Government engages chiefly in the publication of books and pamphlets for sale on public questions. Its purpose is avowedly to influence the minds of the people in favor of our established system. One such book, written by me, is a brief attempt to point out the steps by which the United States is being drawn along the road to socialism. It was published by a commercial publisher and sold in bookstores. The Committee for Constitutional Government contracted with the publisher to print a low-priced edition to be sold by mail. Some 700,000 of these were sold, chiefly to buyers of one or a few books. However, a small number of persons bought several thousand to distribute as they saw fit. Their object was obvious — to influence thinking. Is this a crime? Now Congress has charged that in buying these books the buyers were actually contributing to the support of the Committee and has demanded that the names of these buyers be revealed to the Buchanan Committee.

If those who buy books from this Committee are subject to Congressional snooping, where does the power end? The *Reader's Digest* printed a condensation of this same book, thus tending to influence the thinking of some 30,000,000 readers. It also offered for sale reprints of the condensation and sold over four million copies. Do not these tend to influence opinion? Is not the *Digest* then guilty of lobbying because it is influencing opinion by the same means used by the Committee for Constitutional Government? Is not every magazine and newspaper and publisher engaged in lobbying because they issue publications which influence opinion? Hundreds of other committees, leagues, councils — largely engaged in radical propaganda — do the same thing. Why have they not been haled before Congressman Buchanan's Select Committee on Lobbying Activities?

Why does this House Committee want the names of the people who bought and distributed this book in quantity? With the names in hand the invisible government in Washington can proceed to work on its campaign of intimidation. The government's instruments of harassment are numerous, and where the government's powers stop its underground allies can take up the work. Like a massive octopus the government now extends its tentacles into almost every department of human activity. Where it is not an overlord with formidable powers of investigation and compulsion, it is a purchaser, a giver of favors, exemptions and benefits. They know in Washington that the business man stands in dread of the frowning powers of the government's bureaus for taxation, investigation and regulation. And where its powers stop the resources of various privately financed allies can take up the work.

Not long ago such a group came into possession of the names of the contributors to another organization. Presently the agent of one of these groups called on one of the largest contributors to this organization. He coolly informed this gentleman that upon investigation he knew that almost half of the customers of his company belonged to elements in the population who could be stimulated to boycott his products if they knew he was contributing to the condemned organization. Unless his contributions ceased some action would have to be taken. If anyone is so innocent as to imagine that this sort of thing is uncommon he knows little of the present state and temper of our government and of its miscellaneous supporters.

This is the offense I hold hardest against the new school of compulsive politics, chiefly the work of our present government's radical squadrons. Despite occasional explosions of heat in controversy, there has always been an element of benevolence in our people in their human relations — the inheritance of centuries. This is now being poisoned by the elements of dogmatism and intolerance and hatred. Upon these traits of tolerance in our people all sorts of revolutionary schools have prospered for years to the point where now they can be found roosting in every sector of our national government, turning upon the old defenders of the American system every conceivable legal and extra-legal weapon of suppression. And, worst of all, in the process infecting everyone with their dark and militant bigotry.

A DISORDERED, immense ambition, one of those ambitions which can germinate only in the souls of the oppressed and feed only on the misfortune of an entire nation, ferments in the heart of the Russian people. This nation, essentially conquering, greedy through privation, is expiating in advance through a humiliating submission, a hope of tyrannizing over others; the glory, the riches, which it awaits divert it from the shame it endures; and to wash his hands of the impious sacrifice of all liberty, public and personal, the slave, on his knees, dreams of dominating the world.

MARQUIS DE CUSTINE

PLAIN TALK AND AMERASIA

By ISAAC DON LEVINE

THIS is the day of the post-Korean patriot. The man of divided loyalty, the one-quarter to three-quarters American, who combined idolatry of Stalin's dictatorship with lip-service to civil rights and freedom at home, has come into his own by waving the flag of the UN. He who but yesterday could see no wrong in anything the Kremlin did is widely acclaimed as soon as he confesses to an aversion for Malik or Vishinsky.

The pastures of opinion in general and the commanding heights in Washington in particular are full of so-called liberals who are now hailed as great patriots because they have joined the beating of drums for action in Korea. These post-Korean patriots are the very ones who helped deliver China into Soviet vassalage, who cried "witch-hunt" when Alger Hiss was put on trial by jury, and who through their consistent appeasement of the Muscovite despotism paved the way for the bloody events in Korea.

Such is the lot of yesterday's fellow-traveler. Today his path is strewn with roses. Not so that of the pioneer opponent of Communist totalitarianism. What is the fate of the genuine liberal who for years warned against Communist imperialism, exposing its sinister ramifications, fighting its fifth columns, endeavoring to unearth the truth and unmask the enemy within?

For an answer to this question the future student of history may well turn to a document recently issued by none other than the Committee on Foreign Relations of the United States Senate, a paper known as the Tydings Report. There, two such truth-seekers, whose worst fears have been tragically vindicated on the battlefields of Korea, are branded and pilloried as professional anti-Communists "whose incomes and reputation depend on developing and maintaining new Communist fears."

This well-nigh unbelievable charge is actually to be found in the Tydings Report, in the section dealing with the now famous and still unsolved mystery of the *Amerasia* case. The reference is to this writer and to Ralph de Toledano, once on the staff of *Plain Talk*, whose guilt, in the eyes of the authors of the Tydings Report, must have been aggravated by his best-selling exposé of the Hiss case, "Seeds of Treason."

If you are mystified by this phenomenon, you are at least in good company. One of America's ace investigators, Frank Brooks Bielaski, in demanding last August a renewed investigation of the *Amerasia* case, declared: "To me it is incomprehensible that those who tell the facts are held up to ridicule as if they were the culprits instead of the people who should be punished."

It was Mr. Bielaski, in his capacity of director of undercover investigations of the OSS (Office of Strategic Services), who staged the original wartime raid on the offices of the obscure magazine *Amerasia*, in March, 1945. And it was that raid which led to the discovery by the FBI of some 1700 documents filched from government files, including 540 confidential papers, some of topmost secrecy dealing with naval and military dispositions and plans as well as diplomatic moves of the greatest delicacy. As Mr. Bielaski put it, "The Hiss-Chambers case is mere chicken feed compared with the *Amerasia* case."

Some day there may be a full-dress investigation of the case which would also bring out the real authorship of the Tydings Report. Here we shall confine ourselves to a sober review of just one phase of the matter.

The Tydings Foreign Relations Subcommittee focused its searchlight upon the *Plain Talk* article of Emmanuel S. Larsen, one of the six defendants arrested by the FBI in connection with the *Amerasia* affair — not one of whom, incidentally, ever got a jail sentence. In dealing with the charge that disloyal individuals in the State Department have been responsible for the failure of America's China policy, the Tydings Report cited the article, "The State Department Espionage Case," as follows:

> This article appeared in the October, 1946, issue of *Plain Talk*, a magazine published in New York City, of which Isaac Don Levine has been the editor and Ralph de Toledano, the managing editor. . . . This article, attributed to Larsen, has been repeatedly cited, paraphrased, and referred to as the basis for charges that American Far-Eastern policy was "sold down the river" to Soviet Russia. . . .
>
> Testifying before us, however, Larsen repudiated the *Plain Talk* article in all essential respects. To corroborate his repudiation, he submitted the draft of the article which he actually wrote, which is now an exhibit in our proceedings. The true draft bears little or no resemblance to the article which was published and, unlike the latter, contains none of the bases for charges of a plot to destroy American policy in the Far East which have greatly confused the American people. . . .

Although the Tydings Report proceeded to declare that "Larsen's credibility generally is open to serious doubt," neither of the persons maliciously slandered by him was given an opportunity to present the facts. The record shows that Senators Hickenlooper and Lodge and minority counsel Robert Morris sought unsuccessfully to have these facts laid before the subcommittee. When it became a matter of public knowledge that a report by the subcommittee was under preparation, I dispatched this telegram to Chairman Tydings:

> In connection with Emmanuel Larsen's recent testimony in executive session before your committee, reported in the press as repudiating his article on *Amerasia* case published in *Plain Talk* for October 1946, am prepared to submit stack of original writings and numerous letters by Larsen which utterly refute his alleged testimony and which in every major respect substantiate the charges made by him in 1946. Your record would be manifestly incomplete and unfair to me without reference to this documentary and conclusive evidence.

There was no acknowledgment of the message, nor was I summoned to appear before the subcommittee. Upon the publication of the voluminous Tydings Report, containing in full the record of Larsen's secret testimony

but omitting my telegram, I submitted to Chairman Tydings the salient facts regarding Larsen's *Plain Talk* article, proving his testimony to be a tissue of downright falsehoods, of wilful distortions, and of irresponsible assertions. These facts, given below in seven points, state the case of *Plain Talk* and evidence the need for a sweeping inquiry into the *Amerasia* case.

1. There never was any question of Mr. Larsen *writing* an article for *Plain Talk*. He was not, and did not pretend to be, a writer. The so-called "true draft" [1] of his article was never submitted or intended for publication in *Plain Talk*. What happened was that following his testimony before the Hobbs Congressional Committee in May, 1946, I became interested in his story of the obscure *Amerasia* case and asked him to set down, without any attempt at completeness or literary finish, an autobiographical account of his experience to be used as background material for an article.

On the basis of this material and other memoranda on the case, I proceeded to interview Mr. Larsen and elicit from him the full story of the *Amerasia* spy ring. He knew all along that the final draft would be submitted to him for correction or drastic revision. It is common practice in reputable magazine and newspaper offices to assign a professional writer to do the story of a non-literary figure, be he a spy, a political refugee, a famous soldier, a former ambassador, or an ex-king.

Later I asked Mr. Larsen to make additional notes of his recollections, and some of these are preserved in my files. I did the basic interviewing; Mr. de Toledano did only some supplementary questioning. And it was I, and I alone, who wrote Mr. Larsen's story as it appeared, with his full approval, in *Plain Talk* for October, 1946.

His allegation notwithstanding, there was no rush about getting his approval. At that time — August 14 — we had no deadline and had not even made final arrangements with a printer. The October issue, our first, did not go to press until the beginning of September.

Mr. Larsen was enthusiastic about the article as I had written it; and made only some minor corrections in longhand with red ink, as the original manuscript in my possession attests. Moreover, although I had asked only for the usual signature on the title page, he exuberantly signed both the first and last pages, initialed the 24 pages in between, and repeated the entire performance, including corrections, on the yellow carbon copy. For a man in a hurry to catch a train, as he alleged before the Tydings Committee and as Chief Counsel Morgan prompted him to repeat at the close of the executive session of June 6, this was strange behavior indeed.

2. Far from repudiating his article at the time it was published, Larsen was delighted. The article was released to the press on September 16. In a long letter dated September 25 and still in my possession he congratulated Mr. de Toledano and myself on the first issue of *Plain Talk*. "All my friends and acquaintances," he lamented, were "disappointed when they learned that [no copies] would appear on newsstands." He offered to approach them all for subscriptions, and added that "there were immediate and favorable reactions even in the State Department only a week after *Plain Talk* was published."

For three and one half years thereafter, until January, 1950, Mr. Larsen continued to bombard me with letters and memoranda, offering various projects, seeking financial assistance from *Plain Talk*, proposing exposés of Communist and pro-Communist elements, and bolstering his original charges. I have numerous letters from him which prove his unremitting efforts to collaborate with *Plain Talk*.

3. The Tydings Report accepts at its face value Larsen's repudiation of the *Plain Talk* article "in all essential respects." The fact is that Larsen was not only responsible for every essential charge made in the article, but often went far beyond the published charges. One striking instance of this was his statement that Dean Acheson was the leader of the pro-Soviet bloc in the State Department. This was the first time I had ever heard Mr. Acheson so labeled, and it came as a distinct shock. I decided to omit the charge from the article; but there can be no disputing that Mr. Larsen made it, for on May 11, 1946, ten weeks before I even met him, he had testified before the Hobbs Committee in executive session about

> These people in the State Department who are forcing a pro-Communist policy so as to enhance their own little group at the head of which I consider Dean Acheson stands as the leader.

4. Who were "these people"? A probing interrogation would have revealed a conspiracy. Instead, the Tydings Report goes so far as to claim that the so-called "true draft" of Larsen's *Plain Talk* article "contains none of the bases for charges of a plot to destroy American policy in the Far East." Apparently even Chief Counsel Morgan was too preoccupied with discrediting *Plain Talk* to examine this draft — else what could he have called these excerpts?

> . . . a few minor career men in the United States Government . . . set themselves up as the reformers of China. . . . a consistent flow of moral support to the Communists, tended to unduly encourage the opposition to our war ally. . . .
>
> . . . the officers in the department relied largely on dispatches from the field, and the writers of such dispatches, such as John Service, Emmerson, Davies, and Ludden, were all violently critical of the Chungking government and full of praise for the Communists and the Democratic League.
>
> . . . I was now convinced that John Service, because of his anti-Kuomintang and his pro-Communist leanings, had received not only financial aid from his friends in the State Department but also sufficient pull to obtain quick and complete vindication. . . .
>
> . . . Thus Hurley's strenuous attempts at mediation were of no avail — *in fact they were wilfully sabotaged* (Larsen's emphasis). And back in the State Department, his reports were discredited by John Carter Vincent and his crew. . . .
>
> . . . I do have a fairly good recollection of some of the outstanding reports and attached comments that would bear me out in my contention that Hurley's assistants in China sympathized so openly with the Reds . . . that they did harm to our good relations with China.
>
> . . . These field officers seemed to believe anything that the Communists told them. Thus, just as John Davies believed that the Communists had a non-Russian orientation, John Service tried hard to convince Washington that the Communists were pursuing a policy of avoidance of civil war. . . .

[1] Tydings Report, Exhibit 89, Part II, Appendix.

If all these statements quoted from Larsen's own so-called "true draft" do not add up to "bases for charges of a plot to destroy American policy," what do they signify?

5. Even before the issue of *Plain Talk* featuring his article had been delivered by the printers, Mr. Larsen wrote me from Washington on September 11 this unsolicited report which bolstered his charges against John Carter Vincent:

> Yesterday I heard from [name] that John Carter Vincent is soon up for promotion to *MINISTER*. . . . Please see what you can do to prevent such a thing from happening; instead of being promoted he ought to be fired. . . . Now is the time to warn them in the Dept. not to try to promote any pro-Communist foreign service employees . . . that leftist group run by Dean Acheson, Vincent, and others.

6. In a letter dated February 14, 1947, Larsen continued to add to his charges against State Department officials. I quote from an original letter addressed to Alfred Kohlberg, of which a signed copy, still in my possession, was sent to me:

> I went over to see Dr. Syngman Rhee [now President of the South Korean Republic] who has long been feuding with J. C. V. [John Carter Vincent]. He showed me a letter from a Stuart Ward, president of the Columbian Club in California; Ward wrote about Kilsco Kenneth Haan, a well-known Communist Korean, and said that Haan had come to see him and admitted that he was working closely with the Far East Div. in the State Dept. . . . Rhee also said that he knows for sure that J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI has something on Vincent that would blow Vincent sky-high, but how to get it?

7. Before the Tydings subcommittee in executive session on June 6, Larsen declared:

> I did not mention Stilwell, yet Stilwell was violently attacked in there. They showed me the Stilwell file they had. They even showed me a photostatic copy of a letter from General Stilwell in China written to his wife . . . to show me Stilwell was a pro-Communist.

The evidence is the other way round. In the notes Larsen made in the course of my interviews with him early in August, 1946, I find the following item:

> Page 7/3rd para. As to Stilwell's demands, Service wrote dispatches from China to the Dept. supporting Stilwell and his outrageous demands. Service's reports sounded like a rabble-rouser's speeches.

On August 29, 1947, Larsen went much further. He proposed that we allow him to launch in *Plain Talk* "a pre-dawn attack" on the deceased General Stilwell on the occasion of the announced publication of his diaries.

> It is obvious [he wrote] that it is the same crowd that is shopping around for every bit of material that can damage the National government of China and promote the reputation of the Chinese Reds. It would be a great victory over them if their "next attack" could be neutralized by the prior publication of the damaging material on Stilwell — who was itching to shoulder a rifle for the Communists. . . . I have some material, but I know you have the Stilwell letter I'd love to use. Are you prepared to let me have it and write up the pre-dawn attack for *Plain Talk*?

On September 5 I turned down this offer on the ground that I was not acquainted with the contents of the Stilwell diaries. And concerning the "Stilwell letter" I wrote:

> The letter in question which you saw in this office appeared in the *Daily Worker* of February 1, 1947. It was not a letter but a telegram from Mrs. Stilwell to Starobin of the *Daily Worker*, quoting her late husband.

It is self-evident that Mr. Larsen saw among the clippings on the Stilwell affair in the *Plain Talk* offices a photostat of something which could not have been made before February 1, 1947, and that in his testimony he transposed something which he observed in 1947 to the period preceding the publication of his *Plain Talk* article. **"Seldom, if ever,** in the history of Congressional investigations," I wrote to Senator Tydings in submitting the foregoing facts, "have innocent and reputable and deeply patriotic citizens been subjected at the hands of a Senatorial committee to such vilification and slander and gratuitous character assassination without benefit of a hearing, without benefit of counsel, and solely upon the word of a disloyal American."

It appeared — and there is authoritative evidence to support it — that Chairman Tydings was not even familiar with the conclusions in his Report dealing with the *Amerasia* case, and that he had not even read the part reflecting upon *Plain Talk* and its editors in the paper which bears his signature! Whereupon Senator McMahon, a member of the subcommittee, went before the Senate on August 31 and in the name of Senator Tydings and himself read into the Congressional Record the essential facts here outlined, adding a tribute to the writer for "his services in uncovering subversive activities."

But the mystery of the *Amerasia* case, which is at the heart of America's policy in China, which in turn has led to the Korean prelude to the next world holocaust, remains — and still cries for solution.

WHERE THE HOME FRONT IS SOFT

SOON after the split-jury ending of the first Hiss trial I happened to be visiting a friend whom I had regarded as rather sophisticated politically. She is a veteran newspaperwoman, on friendly terms with scores of able and informed people. She is astute in her evaluation of persons in and out of her local politics, and she is and always has been solidly anti-Communist.

What, she asked, did I think of that stupid Hiss jury?

I replied that I thought the jury had done as well as could have been expected; that the country owed a great debt to Richard Nixon; that the next jury would almost certainly convict; that scores of informed and responsible journalists and government workers had been convinced ever since 1939 that Hiss was a Communist.

My friend's jaw dropped. She had expected, it appeared, that I would join her in deploring the undeserved ordeal of a valuable public servant. That was what all her "liberal" non-Communist friends were saying.

A few days later we had a cocktail party attended by a number of friends whom I had known since 1932, when I functioned for a lurid eight months as Secretary of

the League of Professional Groups for Foster and Ford. Like myself, many of the people at the party had learned their anti-Communism the hard way during that period and had been vigorously applying it ever since. If a GPU executioner had entered the room he could have fanned his machine gun and liquidated with one round a fair sample of the *avant-garde* anti-Communist intellectuals of the country.

One of the guests was a well-known and very able cause executive who probably knew more about run-of-the-mill city and state politics than all the rest of us put together. What she didn't know was Communists and Communism, never having burned her hands, as we had, in attempts to work with the Communists in the Popular Fronts of the Thirties.

I watched her make the rounds, her face a study in mounting stupefaction. Whenever she entered a group she found the conversation based on the common assumptions that Hiss was guilty; that the State and other Federal Departments had been and were heavily infiltrated with Soviet agents, Communist Party members, and disposable fellow-travellers; that it was absurd and disastrous to equate the Communist conspiracy with legitimate American political parties; that the Kremlin oligarchy was bent on world conquest; that it was as impossible to do business with Stalin as it was with Hitler.

Finally my outraged guest cornered me, and in the high-pitched shout that enables her to disdain the aid of loud-speakers at public meetings, she exclaimed: "Are you and your friends all crazy?"

We weren't, of course. Nor was she. It was merely that we had enjoyed exceptional educational opportunities with respect to Communism and Communists, whereas she had had none at all, although she had been everywhere, knew everybody, and had good brains to boot. I should also add that she proved to have an open mind. A few nights later she had me to dinner and cross-examined me for two hours straight about radical politics. Once she got the general idea she learned rapidly.

The next week I attended a meeting of my American Legion post and found myself at the bar with one of its ablest and most likeable members, who has never been either a Communist fellow-traveller or a Communist sympathizer. He had heard that I was writing something about the Peekskill riots of August and September, 1949, and wanted to know what I had found out about the business. He had had a summer home in the region and had moved away only the year before.

"How horrible," he said "to attack an audience of innocent music lovers! If I had still lived there I would have felt morally obligated, as a Jew, to attend that second Robeson concert with my family."

I looked at him with something like consternation, started to speak, and thought better of it. Already I had gathered enough evidence to convince myself that the anti-Semitic manifestations at the Robeson propaganda and fund-raising rallies — they weren't really concerts at all — were of minor significance, being incidental to an ill-considered anti-Communist demonstration the Communists had done their best to exploit — and, with respect to the second riot at least, to provoke.

My friend, another able, educated, and privileged person, had fallen, like the simple, unlettered stone-throwers of Cortlandt Township, into the propaganda trap the Communists had prepared for him — with the highly effective, if inadvertent help of a half-dozen "liberal cause" organizations.

So closed and conditioned is the climate of opinion in which many non-Communist and anti-Communist "liberals" live that the truth is rarely permitted to reach them. Instead, one hears from their lips the clichés of the *Daily Worker*, repeated at the third or fourth remove but almost phrase for phrase and with astonishing conviction. One of these clichés is the venomous personal smear applied to Whittaker Chambers. Those who at one time or another have been acquainted with Chambers, and who followed the record of the trials, know that his was a moral and spiritual ordeal from which he emerged with dignity and credit. Hence it is the more astonishing to hear this complex and sensitive man referred to as a "monster" and "moral assassin" by non-Communist "liberals" who, when pressed, are obliged to admit that they don't in the least know what they are talking about.

I could easily multiply such examples. I cite them by way of making a general point, which is that the softest spot on the home front, now that the cold war with the Kremlin has turned hot, is not the Communist Fifth Column, or its active and disposable fellow-travellers. Nor is it the trade unions, whose purge of Communists was well under way long before Moscow triggered the North Korean attack. Nor is it the "common man," whom Henry Wallace never understood and whose common sense he has never shared.

The soft spot — softened by three decades of Communist infiltration and propaganda — is close to the top of American society. It consists of non-Communist and even anti-Communist liberals, mostly middle and upper class business and professional people — the same strata in which Benedict Arnold moved so freely during the American Revolution. In general, it is these people who followed Franklin D. Roosevelt into the New Deal and its alphabetical agencies, into World War II, and into Roosevelt's trustful appeasement of the Kremlin. They know as little Communist history as did their master, and they are equally opinionated. Like Roosevelt and his most intimate aides, the only Communists they have ever known are the well-disguised and astute agents and fellow-travellers who are likely to be their close friends — as Hiss was the friend of Acheson.

It is these people, usually, who man the directorates of the foundations and the "liberal cause" organizations. They are ordinarily quite loyal, but extraordinarily ignorant, without any direct experience with Communist operations. And they are blindingly self-assured. With some notable exceptions they know chiefly what they have read in the liberal magazines of opinion, which for three decades have stuffed their heads with things that never were so.

Often, during the latter half of this period especially, one has been moved to exclaim:

"How far the *Nation* and the *New Republic* have spread their little darknesses!"

Far indeed when one considers the small circulations of these publications. But not far enough, fortunately, to benight the common man for whom they have sobbed and bled.

The common man doesn't read these magazines. But he can grasp the idea of treason without reading about it in a book, and he values his citizenship in a free country enough to fight for it.

When the Communists picketed Judge Medina's court room and called him a "rat," it made the common man of the American small towns mad. When Paul Robeson came back from Moscow and told his audiences that American Negroes would never fight for their country in a war with the Soviet Union, it made them madder.

Why not? Societies, like individuals, must be willing and able to resent insults if they are to survive. There is in fact something healthy and reassuring about the mounting anger of the American common man against Communist arrogance, mendacity, and outrage. It means that America has something moral and spiritual to fight with and for. It means, one can hope, that we shall prove worthy of the world leadership that has been forced upon us in our fight for political and social values that in their final essence are moral and spiritual.

Yet anger, one hastens to add, is not enough; especially it is not a safe guide in fighting an adversary who operates with cold and logical contempt of all ethical and moral codes.

Anger betrayed the common man into stoning the automobiles of Paul Robeson's 15,000 "innocent music lovers" whom the Communist Party mobilized at Peekskill — along with a menacing display of its para-military forces. Thereby Radio Moscow was given invaluable ammunition for its propaganda, from Seoul to Sao Paulo.

Since Korea, anger has flared into small skirmishes in a dozen American cities and countrysides. Anti-Communist industrial workers have tried to settle accounts with detested Communist stooges in the trade unions before departing for war service. Local veterans have agitated the passage of hastily contrived and needlessly repressive city ordinances.

All this has provided excellent material for the American Civil Rights Congress and other Communist fronts to exploit, in their program of calculated civil disruption and provocation — especially in sensitive areas where the "Peekskill formula" can be applied to the fomenting of racial and religious hatred and strife.

"What is to be done?" asked Louis Waldman, veteran anti-Communist labor attorney, in the American Civil Liberties Union's panel discussion of the Peekskill riots, "with organizations that have a vested interest in disorder, as had the Nazis in Germany, the Fascists in Italy — as have the Stalinists everywhere?"

Not only did the directors of the ACLU fail to answer Waldman's question; they refused to acknowledge that it required an answer by organized libertarians.

"It is not the function of the ACLU," said Osmond K. Fraenkel, "to support the government in its prosecution of Communists."

To this it might well have been replied that it is also not the function of the ACLU to provide ammunition for Communist propaganda, which was unquestionably the effect, however inadvertent, of its pamphlet report on the riots. That this could happen, despite the fact that a majority of the present directorate of the ACLU is actively anti-Communist, is illustrative of the amount of lag, leak and ideological inertia that currently afflicts American "liberals."

Obviously the defense of civil liberties cannot be separated from the fight against Communism, because the Communist Fifth Column threatens and attacks our civil liberties far more dangerously than does any current manifestation of anti-Communist hysteria or native "fascism." And our civil liberties *must* be defended and preserved, since to lose them would be to lose our fight against totalitarianism.

The American common man understands that well enough. But he may be forgiven for doubting that the defense of our civil liberties in wartime can safely be entrusted to soft "liberals" who, even after Korea, remain clothed in the intolerably obsolete Popular Front ideologies of the Thirties, and who in consequence find themselves regularly maneuvered into defending the right of totalitarians to destroy civil rights.

This paradox has been observed and excoriated by conservative commentators — with a degree of unconscious pharisaism.

For the "treason of the clerks" which they denounce is by no means confined to the middle and upper class "liberals" who have been bamboozled and exploited by the Kremlin and its stooges. The fact is that our business and industrial leaders themselves must bear their share of responsibility for this treason. For example, how did it happen that our well-heeled newspaper, magazine, and network advertising media carried for years large quantities of disguised Communist propaganda, much of it written by people whose Communist sympathies were well known?

Why was it that to date the most effective work of exposing and combating Communist infiltration and subversion has been done, not by the conservative press, but by starveling socialist, anarchist, and ex-Communist intellectuals — with little help from the coffers of the wealthy?

This, then, is where the home front is soft: at the top or close to the top of the American social pyramid; there, rather than at the broad base of its common men. Visibly from day to day the home front is hardening. If our professional "liberals" don't harden fast enough, the common man, who produces planes and tanks and men to fight with them, will also produce his own ideas about how to deal with the Communist Fifth Column.

They will not necessarily be bad or illiberal ideas. It was an average American jury that convicted Hiss, and it was an ordinary Westchester County Grand Jury that, after eight months of painstaking investigation, brought in a presentment about the Peekskill affair so poised and intelligent in its recommendations as to win the applause of some of the "liberal" newspaper editors who had been most alarmed by the riots.

Reading this and similar documents turned out by the routine operation of the American social process makes one realize afresh that the Republic has not lived its first hundred and fifty years of freedom in vain. Communist subversion and infiltration has corrupted and confused only the surfaces of American society. At the core the home front isn't soft at all. It is alive, sound, and hard enough, one can believe, to confront and survive the worst crisis in our history.

JAMES RORTY

AN ERA ON TRIAL

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

A Generation on Trial: U.S.A. v. Alger Hiss, by Alistair Cooke. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50*

Seeds of Treason: The True Story of The Hiss-Chambers Tragedy, by Ralph de Toledano and Victor Lasky. *New York: Funk and Wagnalls Co. $3.50*

ALISTAIR COOKE'S book — the Cooke book — on the Hiss-Chambers case is nicely done to a formula, that of the patronizing social anthropologist who takes the "exterior view" of the queer customs of the natives. Not that Mr. Cooke is an anthropologist; he is merely the English-born chief American correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, with a background of specialization at Yale in the American language. But the main effort of his book, as it must strike a U. S.-born reviewer who is satisfied that the American jury system is as safe an instrument of justice as can be devised in a fallible world, is to cast doubt on the benighted legal norms and customs of a people who might be conceded the equals in general culture of the Trobriand Islanders or the Arapesh of Melanesia.

This is not to say that Mr. Cooke's running account of the two Hiss-Chambers trials lacks merit. The author, who has been a movie critic and a writer on the theatre, has an extremely cultivated sense of the dramatic, and he makes the most of the histrionic poses of Alger Hiss's first counsel, Lloyd Paul Stryker, and the slower, but infinitely more subtle and tenacious, methods of Thomas F. Murphy, the government prosecutor. The reader who can come to Mr. Cooke's book with the "exterior view" will undoubtedly go away with a rewarding feeling that he has read the best whodunit since Dorothy Sayers stopped clanging the bell clappers in "The Nine Tailors."

Unfortunately for my own literary pleasure, I knew Whittaker Chambers, chief witness against Hiss for the prosecution, for ten years as a journalistic colleague at Time, Inc. I knew him as an honest, far-sighted, courageous and almost uncannily prophetic magazine writer and editor and a most tender and devoted husband and father. What appalls me about Mr. Cooke's method is his relative lack of curiosity as to the manner of man Whit Chambers is and was. He doesn't precisely say that Chambers rushed in the Summer of 1948 to inform the House Committee on Un-American Activities that Alger Hiss was a spy, but he leaves the unwary reader with that impression. The fact of the matter, however, is quite otherwise.

Whit Chambers did go to the government in 1939, when the Nazi-Soviet pact sent a chill through the bones of this ex-Soviet agent and courier, by then thoroughly repentant. He did warn Adolf Berle of the State Department that certain strategically-placed Soviet sympathizers were drawing their checks from the U. S. government and in a position to mess up policy. But during all the years of Chambers's service on *Time Magazine* his chief pride was that, unlike other "ex's" who had quit the half-world of the Communist underground, he refused categorically to make his living by dishing up the usual fare of the literary informer. As an editor of *Time* he took a deep satisfaction in writing about such things as Rebecca West's love for her Buckinghamshire acres and herd of cattle, or Reinhold Niebuhr's complex theological distinctions, or Mommsen's historical insight into the decay of ancient Rome. When *Life* decided to run a long series on the development of European culture, Whit Chambers took the job with alacrity. One of his disillusionments as a journalist came when a *Life* editor decided to give more weight to the R. H. Tawney economic interpretation of the Protestant Reformation than Whit Chambers, the ex-Marxist, thought was justified.

When he first got word that he was to be subpoenaed to testify before the House Committee, Whit Chambers was in something of a blue funk. Or at least it was as close to a blue funk as an ex-Bolshevik could experience. A New York *Sun* reporter had dragged out the old story of the Chambers-Isaac Don Levine visit to Berle in Washington in 1939. Chambers tried to get the story killed in late editions of the *Sun*, but did not succeed. When people in the *Time* office urged that he had nothing to worry about, he looked down the hallway toward the desk of his Managing Editor, Tom Matthews, and said, "Have you ever heard the word 'informer'? People don't like informers." Later on in the day he remarked, with a philosophical sigh: "Oh, well. I always feared I'd have to cross this bridge sometime, and now it's here."

Mr. Cooke could have discovered something of Chambers's reaction to the summons if he had done a little good legwork. But the projected form of his book precluded any such legwork. Having decided to stick to the court record for the sake of "objectivity," Mr. Cooke arbitrarily cut himself off from a true exercise of the reporter's function, which is to pursue the facts even where the lawyer can not go. He did not go to the bottom of the question of the credibility of Chambers as a witness. For that matter, he did nothing to get behind what he calls the "fine bone" of the countenance of Alger Hiss. He was apparently predisposed to accept Hiss's word for a lot of things until the evidence of the typewritten documents shook him. But if he had really wanted to give Hiss the benefit of every doubt he should have interviewed a score of people who knew Hiss as a U. S. Department of Agriculture employee, as a counsel for the Nye Committee, and so on.

Mr. Cooke's lack of reportorial enterprise comes out most startlingly in his handling of the testimony of Malcolm Cowley, who swore that Chambers had told him

over the luncheon table in 1940 that Francis Sayre, Woodrow Wilson's son-in-law and Hiss's old chief, was the head of a Communist apparatus in the State Department. Mr. Cowley, who is a man of precise, if sometimes misguided, opinions, may have heard it that way. But the fact of the matter is that Malcolm Cowley is hard of hearing in one ear, and sometimes gets things a little wrong when he misses a key word. Chambers probably told him that someone in Francis Sayre's office was head of a Communist apparatus. I would not for a moment impugn Mr. Cowley's honesty, for I once knew him fairly well, and knew him, too, as a truthful man. But deafness does not always make a person an accurate diarist.

The Cooke book on the Hiss-Chambers case is the product of loving care. Every sentence bears the evidence of a craftsman who delights in fine intaglio work. It is, as I have suggested, very good reading. Last Spring, when two reporters, Ralph de Toledano and Victor Lasky, published "Seeds of Treason," they were accused of turning out a "quickie." True, the Toledano-Lasky work was hot off the griddle. But both Toledano and Lasky had a background knowledge of the Communist conspiracy that stood them in good stead, and, unlike Alistair Cooke, they were not afraid of wearing out shoe leather and ringing doorbells. Their "quickie" still tells a lot more about the Hiss-Chambers case than Mr. Cooke's loving recreation of the two trials that first acquainted thousands of Americans with the fact that dalliance with Communism, even to the point of treason, was "in the mode" in the thirties among the intellectuals. I don't advise against a reading of Mr. Cooke's book, but it should certainly be balanced by either a subsequent or preliminary reading of the Toledano-Lasky work. And those who are disposed to deference toward the "exterior view" of the social anthropologist might well reflect that field observation can never take the place of real reflection based on a mixture of hard investigation and long immersion in a culture. Mr. Cooke apparently did not know the literary and intellectual communism of the Thirties from close contact with it. His book reflects his newness to the pastures in which he has chosen to graze.

FAULKNER'S WORLD

The Collected Stories of William Faulkner. *New York: Random House. $4.75*

There are forty-two stories in "The Collected Stories of William Faulkner," and the book runs to 900 pages. It must be said at the outset that, considered as a whole, they seem his best work. They are plainly the product of one of the most powerful and original imaginations in American literature, and they justify including Faulkner among the world's masters of fiction.

The town of Jefferson that Faulkner has been building for the past thirty years, the Negroes with their grave and oblique comments, the cunning and pettiness of the monstrous Snopes family, with their eyes like stagnant water, the romantic Sartoris descendants, the world of courthouse squares, barber shops, mountain cabins, bus stations, old houses, lawyers' offices, swamps, plantations, is no longer only potentially a Balzacian creation: it is, like the Paris of Balzac, a living environment, with a history, heroes, mythology, codes, and a life of its own.

These stories gain their strength from being part of the whole Faulkner environment. They can be read independently of the novels, but they take on their deepest meaning as exemplifications of one side or another of the people and the practices of Faulkner's own specific Mississippi civilization. There are six sections in the book. The first, "The Country," contains six stories, newer ones, and generally Faulkner's best: "Barn Burning," "Shingles for the Lord," "The Tall Men," "A Bear Hunt," "Two Soldiers," and "Shall Not Perish." The second section, "The Village," begins with the famous "A Rose for Emily," and includes ten stories, ending with the equally famous "That Evening Sun," the only one of the stories Faulkner wrote in the early thirties that can be compared with his newer work. The third section, "The Wilderness," is made up of four of those baffling Indian tales of Faulkner's that seem to have come from nowhere and to bear no relation to anything else in literature. The next, "The Wasteland," consists of five war stories. The fifth section, "The Middle Ground," is principally made up of the stories Faulkner published in the middle thirties — "Wash," "Dr. Martino," and "The Brooch" — along with a newer piece like "Golden Land," of corruption and publicity in Los Angeles. The final section, "Beyond," includes "Black Music," "The Leg," and such very early works as "Mistral" and "Divorce in Naples." They are so different from the later ones, and so much like the expatriate fiction of the time, that they seem almost the work of another writer.

As to what is in them: in "Barn Burning" we come upon Abner Snopes and his family thirty years after the Civil War. The Snopeses, for readers who are not familiar with the novels, are that extraordinary clan of amoral, cunning, and yet essentially comic opportunists who have been inundating the country. They wheedle their way into jobs, they graft, lie, cheat, steal, they set one Negro workman against another by telling each that the other is after his job, they trade their wives for minor political posts or junior partnerships, they stage accidents to collect insurance, and they climb, climb and climb, devoting to their tireless self-seeking their considerable brains, their cold hearts and their sacred honor. The name is synonymous with a kind of ludicrous shrewdness and stupid cunning — little snide deals worked out like diplomatic maneuvers. As a symbol the Snopeses are probably a good deal more representative and significant than the Babbitts ever were. We now learn of another side of them: old Ab Snopes, crippled and vicious, accompanied by his sons and bovine daughters, is burning the barns of any landowner who crosses him. His son, Colonel Sartoris Snopes, rebels against this destructive pilgrimage across the land (and apparently, it seems, against the Sodom-and-Gomorrah home life of the family), warns a landowner, and flees.

Heretofore the Snopeses have been maddening, or contemptible, or funny, but old Ab in his villainy, limping along with a wound in his heel (dating from the days he was stealing Confederate and/or Union horses), long-faced, taciturn, dark and merciless, is a powerful figure, rightly feared; Faulkner's portrait of him is his clearest example of his mastery of backwoods dialect and of this type of mentality. Heretofore, too, the rise of the Snopeses has been in worldly terms. They get political jobs. But the boy's revolt is not merely the awakening of a moral

sense — it is an heroic act; not a glimmering awareness of right and wrong, but a sudden leap from a world of hatred and primitive cunning.

The Flem Snopes who steals the brass fitting from the city power plant (including the safety valve) is kin to the Snopes of Jefferson who buys mules and runs them on the railroad track so he can collect damages from the railroad. The Sartoris drunk on Armistice Day in France ("Ad Astra") is of the same family as the ninety-year-old Virginia Sartoris of "There Was a Queen," listening to the confession of her daughter-in-law. The Compsons of "That Evening Sun," trying ineffectually to prevent their negro maid from being murdered, is the Compson family of "The Sound and the Fury," the character of the children foreshadowing their later tragedy. The Major Waddell of "Mountain Victory," killed after the Civil War as he is trying to get back to his plantation, is the son of the Indian and Frenchwoman, named Waddel or Vidal, who appeared in Washington, calling on the President, in Faulkner's cycle of Indian stories.

These interrelationships are not only a part of the story — often they *are* the story, what it is that adds significance, movement, emotion, a sense of mystery, what prevents it from being only a picturesque or dramatic incident. They link the individual stories to something, in the way that Hawthorne's stories, in Van Wyck Brooks's phrase, were links with the Middle Ages. They link them to the past, to history, to the world of quality symbolized by the Sartoris family — not quality in the crude family-tree sense of the word, of course, but a world of quality in which action and expression is in accord with the truest and deepest impulse, and free of calculation and guile. The vision of this quality lies over Faulkner's novels; it hovers over the town of Jefferson like a mirage; the Sartorises and a few others understand or glimpse it; the Snopeses have no conception of it whatsoever. The linkages to the whole are so important to Faulkner's work that it is doubtful if it would mean anything like what it does without them. Faulkner's war stories could have been written by others, and so could his stories of flying. The intricate interrelationships of Jefferson, ancestry, the delicate filaments of inheritance and recollection, are unique: there is never a question but that they are a positive force in the life of the people.

Faulkner is no antiquarian. When he does recount known history, it is often superficial. His people often talk it, like a preacher quoting a text — not a text actually relevant, but one that is supposed to be. The interconnections in his stories are to the past, but he has had to create a past as well. I do not understand his Indians, but I marvel at them, at the imagination that conceived of these torpid redskins and their Negro slaves, and gave them speech, clothes, emotions; the chief who hauled the steamboat overland to his plantation; the mixture of tribal rites and Paris education; the flight of the Negro slave who is to be killed to keep the dead chief company in the other world. It is true that they provide Faulkner with much material for satire, but unlike the Snopeses they have so few points of contact with a recognizable world that it seems too labored and difficult for the effect, like raising a building in order to paint a caricature of a WPA mural on the wall.

This collection of his short stories is so much clearer than Faulkner's work in general that it is inappropriate to do more than mention the familiar exaggerations and repetitions. When he began to write, when he was half way through his second novel, "I discovered," he said, "that writing was a mighty fine thing. It enabled you to make men stand on their hind legs and cast a shadow." Sartoris made him feel that "I had all these people" and when he discovered them "I wanted to bring back all the others." To a considerable extent he has done so, and this recreation of an hitherto unimaginable past is what lay behind those first rather conventionally rebellious tales. It may also serve to explain, partially, why Faulkner stands in an oblique relationship to the life of his time, why his picture of Jefferson does not have the kind of relationship to the country that Balzac's Paris bears to France and the world.

The material for his art does not lie on the surface; it is not around everywhere in Jefferson's streets and houses and schools and stores; it has to be dug and scratched for, fabricated, added to, joined and connected. A past has to be created for it, and a political theory. Faulkner digs up his extraordinary incidents and characters, and by sheer will power and a powerful narrative gift and a command of common speech almost makes them seem part of ordinary experience. He almost convinces us that his Jefferson is the South, and his stories representative. They are very often not: they are fragments filling in one part or another of the pattern, compelling enough to make us accept an obvious weakness of motive, or to overlook some vague and affected writing ("time and despair rushed as slow and dark under him as under any garlanded boy or crownless and crestless girl . . .").

In "The Tall Men," for example, a draft investigator comes to arrest two farm boys for failing to register for the draft. Their father has been hurt in the mill that day, and the investigator is led into the old man's room, where he finds himself surrounded by silent and watchful men. They keep him there while the boys go to enlist. The old man has been drinking so much that the doctor cannot give him an anesthetic and amputates his leg without it, while the sheriff talks to the investigator about war, government, the AAA — "Life has done got cheap, and life ain't cheap. Life's a pretty durn valuable thing. I don't mean just getting along from one WPA relief check to the next one, but honor and pride and discipline that makes a man worth preserving . . ." In "Shingles for the Lord" the volunteer workmen reshingling the church argue about the time each one is to give: "You don't seem to have kept up with these modren ideas about work that's been flooding and uplifting the country these past few years." There is a kind of conservative Democratic wish-fulfillment in this picture of the government and the people, and it is part of the same view of life that turns so much of the humor of Faulkner's novels into grotesque horseplay, that turns so many of their big scenes into static tableaux, and that turns so much of the narative into impressions, sequences of words — outraged, violent, voiceless, indignant — "Then he left," or "Then we were alone" — in place of the clear development we have been led by his own graphic powers to expect.

Yet with this granted, his stories are marvelous. The

old man and his son tearing off the shingles of the church in the darkness in order to put one over on another volunteer workman for the Lord, and then dropping a lantern and burning the church, are unbeatable: their story is a masterpiece. The Negro dialogue, especially in "Mule in the Yard," has never been surpassed by Faulkner, which probably means by anyone. And in "Two Soldiers" it seems to me that Faulkner has stated his case more clearly than in all the novels that preceded it. This story of a country boy running away to find his brother in the army — "You got to have water and wood to cook with. I can cut it and tote it for you-all" — has a wild and passionate simplicity; it really is the love of the country without reservations or restraint. This is what he has been driving at, the quality whose absence has been the source of his estrangement from Jefferson, the quality that the Snopeses cannot comprehend. In the past, in the Sartorises or the gallant Southerners in the Civil War, it has often been distorted, emerging as a momentary acceptance of impulse, bravado, show, a scornful rejection of compromise, but it is here perfectly fused with the setting — the bus station and the recruiting office — and the time — the days after Pearl Harbor — whose mood and character have never been better expressed. This is one of Faulkner's stories that was right on the street, all around him, requiring no past or explanations, and it is his best.

ROBERT CANTWELL

SLANDERING THE PRESS

Prejudice and the Press: A Restatement of the Principle of Freedom of the Press, with Specific Reference to the Hutchins-Luce Commission, by Frank Hughes. *New York: Devin-Adair. $6.00.*

Ever since the early days of the Roosevelt Administration, the American press has been the butt of concerted criticism. The charge has been that our newspapers do not reflect the spirit of the times (whatever that is), that they do not meet the needs of our society (whatever they are), and that they stand in opposition to the will of the majority (*i.e.*, the New and Fair Deals). Strangely enough these attacks have come from the same liberals who, when they were the "outs" instead of the "ins," urged the press to buck the current, to keep up a running fire on government, and to keep the body politic alert to the encroachments of bureaucratic corruption.

This shift would not be particularly vicious were it no more than the natural reaction of those who, once in power, fear being thrown out. It might have been in fact slightly humorous to observe the pure-in-heart liberals functioning like ordinary politicians and human beings. But the attack on the press went beyond the usual groans of anguish. For the liberals, tainted by association with the Communists and following the totalitarian bent of their ideology, set out to destroy respect for the world's freest, most honest, and most competent press.

"You can't believe what you read in the papers," they cried and in time this became an article of faith. By dint of constant repetition, they convinced large sections of the American people that American newspapers represent "big business," that they are controlled by advertisers, and that they are venal in their sensationalism.

In 1947, these disjointed criticisms were codified by a self-styled "Commission on Freedom of the Press" — thirteen professors who knew less about newspaper editing and publishing than a bright ten-year-old could get from seeing "The Front Page." None of them had ever covered a fire or handled copy on a city desk. It is doubtful if any of them had ever seen the inside of a city room or knew the difference between a slot and a spike.

This might have promised a certain academic detachment. Perhaps professional newspapermen are too closely involved to perform an exploratory operation on their own profession. But the Commissioners were above the vulgar examination of the anatomy of the press. Keeping a number of investigators busy on a series of leaf-raking projects, the Commissioners limited themselves to what newspapermen irreverently call "thumbsucking." Relying on "common knowledge" and a quick scanning of the headlines, they sat and pondered and issued dicta.

On the basis of the nourishment derived, the Commissioners made strong and sweeping charges against the American press. It is, they deduced, "irresponsible," contemptuous of society's needs. Newspapers "reflect the bias" of their owners and the newspaperman is no more than a prostitute pandering to this bias. All these dicta added up to the Commission's soothing idea that the press be held "accountable" under threat of censorship. But "accountable" to whom? Newspapers in a free country have always been accountable and responsible to their readers. New York City newsstands offer a wide array of papers, ranging from the extreme left to the extreme right. That the *Daily News* sells more than the *Daily Worker* happens to be true, but only because the irresponsible and slothful reader refuses to be liberated from his ignorance. The answer, as the politely totalitarian commission saw it, was to create a new "responsibility" and "accountability" — to "society," which of course means the government.

To arrive at this tinplated censorship, the Commission was forced to delete the clause on "inalienable rights" from the Declaration of Independence and to repeal the First Amendment by putting "freedom of the press" in a special and restrictive category which placed misbehaving newspapers in the protective custody of the federal government. The "liberal" Atlantic Monthly swallowed the Commission's report whole. "This formidable jury," it said, "has tried the press and found it wanting in responsibility and adequacy to the public need."

It took a working newspaperman, subject to the disciplines and rigorous standards of his profession, to dissect the Commission's findings and to show them up for exactly what they were — the manifesto of a statist cabal intent on disseminating political error. To gather the facts and write "Prejudice and the Press," Frank Hughes, a topflight newsman on the *Chicago Tribune*, spent no $200,000. He had no platoon of legmen to do his research. But both as reporting and as scholarship, his book puts to shame the efforts of a Commission which blackguarded the American press. As analysis, it is a monumental piece of work — this and any year's book for newspapermen, editors, and thoughtful readers. It is, moreover, one answer to those who would trade freedom for a nonexistent security, a restatement of principles for those who would recast the basic tenets of American liberty.

In writing "Prejudice and the Press," Hughes interviewed the key figures on the Commission, probed their past writings and associations, analyzed their methods of arriving at conclusions, cited multitudinous chapter-and-verse to show that their researches were a sham, and demonstrated conclusively that they had no real interest in the problems of American newspaper publishing. He then proceeded to the "findings" of the Commission and painstakingly demolished them one by one. The chapter on the Commission's handling of Ed Kennedy, the man who broke the V-E-day story "prematurely," is a classic of reporting.

The ridiculous myth that the press was "responsible" in the early days of the Republic is torn apart by a documented account of the newspaper corruption in those days. Statistically, Hughes shows that the myth of a "monopoly press" just doesn't stand up. In point of fact, the holdings of news chains have declined. Moving on to the "bias of great wealth" allegedly shown by newspapers, he points out, tongue in cheek, that the thirteen members of the Commission "are the managers of, stewards of, or employes of one of the greatest aggregations of private and untaxed wealth in the history of mankind" — and he proves it with figures.

Parallel to his factual examination of the Commission's "findings," Frank Hughes has refuted the Commission's ideological lucubrations in a series of historical, sociological, and philosophical essays which go considerably beyond what might have seemed to be the scope of his book. To philosophical critics such as Benjamin Stolberg, this is the real meat of "Prejudice and the Press." Perhaps this is so. I would quarrel with such things as the equation of socialists and communists — a view with some economic, but no political, justification. But no one will quarrel with the gallant and devastating job Mr. Hughes has done on the "new philosophy" of the totalitarian liberals — a philosophy which, in the words of Dean Olson of Norwestern University's school of journalism, "sets up the claim that freedom to print is a property of the government to be granted or withheld from individual citizens at the government's will." Frank Hughes has met this viewpoint head-on, and the effectiveness of his rebuttal can best be measured by the attempts to smother "Prejudice and the Press" with loud damns — or to ignore it altogether.

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

THE STATE OF ISRAEL

New Star in the Near East, by Kenneth W. Bilby. *New York: Doubleday. $3.50*

If one examines the matter purely in familiar, physical terms of magnitude — areas, populations, armies, material power, and so on — one can only come to the conclusion that the Jews of Palestine could not possibly mold themselves into a sovereign state. But they did it, and the story is told vividly and sympathetically in "New Star in the Near East," by Kenneth Bilby, who was the New York *Herald Tribune's* correspondent in the Near East for two years.

Mr. Bilby doesn't argue about who has the "moral right" to Palestine. Both Jews and Arabs had such a right. "They were feathers in the slip stream of history," he says, "and both came to rest, with perfect justification, in a small arena which made conflict inevitable." The issue was resolved by force: "The Jews rule three-quarters of Palestine today because they fought the better fight. Only force will ever make them relinquish their hold."

In this hardheaded, realistic vein, the author explains how the Jews were able to carve out a small state for themselves in the heart of the Arab world, a region in which three leading religions and three major powers felt a profound interest. He describes the Israeli and Arab armies and the battles they fought against one another, and he discusses the social structure behind those armies: the semifeudal Arab economy and the grave imperfections in its political organization; and Israel's welfare state economy, political democracy and its curious amalgam of socialism and "collective private enterprise" in the cooperative farms ("kibbutzim").

Mr. Bilby thinks that Israel is here to stay. He has great admiration for this energetic little state born of seemingly wild hopes and political sagacity, of the broken bodies and spirits of Hitler's victims and the patience and hard work of the native and earlier immigrant Zionists. He does not, however, hesitate to criticize Israel policy as the occasion arises. He feels that Israel ought to offer to take back 250,000 Arab refugees no matter how great the cost in money or in Jewish immigration. He asserts that Israel, despite its "pretense of being something a notch above the jaded standards" of international power politics, is pursuing only a policy of "self-interest" — no better, no worse, than other states.

"New Star in the Near East" is above all a moderate, reasoned discussion of the establishment of Israel and its problems of domestic and foreign policy. It is journalistic in the best sense of the word: well-written, interesting, and authoritative. Mr. Bilby is no economist, political scientist or sociologist, and he makes no claim to being able to settle all the matters he discusses. But he always discusses them intelligently. He deals with all the problems of Israel: its advanced economy in the midst of a semifeudal one; the relation between religion and nationalism; its dependence upon American funds; its attempt to pursue a Western, pro-American policy in foreign affairs without endangering the welfare of those Jews still behind the Iron Curtain and without dooming their chance to emigrate to Israel; its inflation problem and the balance between industry and agriculture, between collectivism and free enterprise; its chances of avoiding another war, of which the Arab states speak freely; and the problems of a West-oriented society now receiving a great influx of Jews from undeveloped, non-Western countries of the Near East.

As a good journalist, Mr. Bilby handles these weighty matters lightly, in personal terms, and with only an occasional (but apparently, for newspapermen, inevitable) reference to the political opinions of taxi-drivers. His final appraisal, typical of the tone and approach of his excellent book, is worth quoting:

> The greatest hope for Israel is that it will ultimately fit without fuss into the family of nations, that its strength and weaknesses will be judged in the same context as others', that it will develop into the Switzerland of the Levant. Clear the atmosphere of messianic overtones, subordinate the emotionalism of redemption, cast off the Zionist superlatives; then accept Israel for what it is — a hard-working little state, long on brain power, short on natural resources.

MORROE BERGER

SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE CATCHES UP

It is perhaps the most trenchant irony of our time that the emergence of modern art is indissolubly connected with the first solid victories of what is now generally called communism. When I speak of victories I do not refer to the crude politico-military achievements of the Russian system, attained by the use or threat of brute force. What I mean is the almost lackadaisically won triumph of communistic ideas among so-called intellectuals of the West who take great pride in being known as "liberals" — one of the semantic bastardizations of our day, as slickly inaccurate as the appropriation of the word democracy by the Soviet propaganda machine.

These victories date back a mere two-score years or so. But to those of us old enough to remember the preceding times with fond nostalgia, it seems like a century. The old days were blessed days, unbelievable to this regimented and frustrated generation — days when a man could travel, untrammeled, all over the globe with no need of a passport, much less of visas, and could exchange his money in the most barbaric and out-of-the-way places for the gold of his hosts; days when neither export licenses nor income taxes, nor the bureaucrats administering them, had yet been invented.

Especially in the United States the time was full of a naive and somehow captivating enthusiasm. Socialism, then all of one piece with communism, seemed in the air, and if you talked long enough with one of its addicts you could catch it, like the measles. The slums began to stir, and young men and women, pale, dirty and excited, held intense and interminable conversations in Greenwich Village basements about the glorious social promise.

The enthusiastic if somewhat confused evangelists of the new gospel were a relatively small number of college-bred "intellectuals" — a word only then coming into general use — who found little response among their fellow citizens except the artists who received them with open arms. The reason for this avid acceptance of a movement which at first glance seems wholly foreign to the artistic temperament is not far to seek. By and large, artists have been, at least since the Renaissance, almost professional rebels and malcontents, precisely because they bitterly resent any kind of limitation on their freedom, such as society is forever trying to impose. The phrase *"épater le bourgeois"* is the invention of an artist. It was also the battle cry of the advocates of social change. The bourgeoisie was the common enemy.

And yet, the alliance between the would-be social revolutionary and the artist was strange and unnatural. At his best the revolutionary, hating a civilization to which he cannot adjust himself, is possessed of a sharp analytical mind. The sum and substance of the artist is the creative personality. And creation and analysis are implacable enemies — even in the soul of the individual.

Whether the loud and persistent support of cubism, disharmonic and atonal music, and similar manifestations of modernism in the arts was due to a deep-laid plan to accelerate the corruption and decline of the "decadent" capitalist system, or whether it was due merely to a sophomoric delight in shocking the naive, is a moot question. Certain it is that the artist innocently either overlooked or forgot the qualitative difference between his own rebelliousness and that of his new friends.

For the artist's revolt, down to the nineteenth century, never had any social objective. No painting, no work of sculpture or music, no poem or drama of our civilization created before the French Revolution contains any kind of direct or even implied social significance. Traces of this curious disinterestedness survive even today. Where you find it, you are likely to find a genuine artist. It is a mark of distinction for a man like Mestrovič that he remains interested in man as man and not as a political, social or economic molecule.

Since the beginning of the nineteenth century artistic feeling and thinking has come down from the great traditional style to what Spengler has aptly called the frog perspective. The artist has descended all the way from what is now disdainfully called his ivory tower. He is engaged in every conceivable social, economic and political enterprise — most of them paltry beyond belief — and he permits his art to reflect the opinions of his favorite newspaper. All art forms, in fact, show a pronounced trend toward journalism, and not always good journalism. A great deal of contemporary art is propaganda inspired by those who dominate the world of art as essayists, critics, and historians — in brief, by the intellectuals.

It was these very same intellectuals (then as now masquerading under the liberal banner) who doubled as the shock troops of "progress" in the political field and the aggressive promoters of the new painters, sculptors and composers who now began the storming of our esthetic ramparts. In the United States this effort was at first greeted with astonished dismay, as witness the memorable elegy of Bobby Edwards, the official bohemian poet of the day. Commenting on Mr. Walkowitz's drawings for the socialist-communist bible, he asked:

> They draw fat women for *The Masses*
> Ungainly, stout, denuded lasses —
> How does this help the working classes?

The question remains unanswered to this day. It is perhaps significant that from the very outset the new, socially conscious art found its principal admirers among those who by definition were presumably the sworn enemies of social change. The masses stubbornly continued to prefer saccharine-sweet music and chromos portraying improbably pretty landscapes, to the works of Hindemith or Picasso.

So long as communism had no permanent homeland, modern art made its headquarters as a matter of course in Paris, which in its long history has often tolerantly welcomed the most astounding imbecilities of mankind, and where men take their art almost as seriously as their cooking, their women and even their money. Significantly, it was also here that the pedantic theories of Marx were first translated into direct action. Paris has a long and tenacious memory, and jealously guards its priority in the making of social revolutions. It is by no means accidental that M. Picasso — a typical Parisian in that

he is an adopted one — has always been a member of the most leftward party available at the moment.

Even after the Communist junta had taken over the country theoretically least suitable for it, the situation remained relatively unchanged. Moscow became, in Torquato Tasso's phrase, a sort of liberated Jerusalem whither the newly converted made pilgrimages, but the temporal capital of modern art remained Paris, although Berlin ran it a close second during the turbulent days of the Weimar Republic. Indeed, it was Adolf Hitler (whose personal tastes ran deplorably to Boecklin, red plush and antiqued gold, Richard Wagner and *Einbrennsuppe*) who first coined the phrase *Kunstbolschewismus* — a phrase so precisely descriptive of European art in the thirties that, unlike many other pronouncements of this very typical common man, it required no comment.

When the West finally had to take up arms to meet at Armageddon the Oriental concept of life in German uniform, we found ourselves fighting in a righteous cause. But, as in so many other cases, we found that a small and relatively insignificant minority had arrogated to itself the intellectual and esthetic leadership. The music that piped us into battle was not the "Eroica," not the stately "Battle Hymn of the Republic," not even the gay and lilting tune of "Over There," but the parallel fifths and undiminished sevenths of M. Shostakovitch and his fellows.

The enormous domestic prestige of a decisive and complete victory made it possible for the Kremlin to accentuate and strengthen a tendency observable long before the war brought many of Russia's impressionable young men in contact with the fringes of Western civilization, where their unquestioning faith in the party line was open to corruption by bourgeois ideas of beauty. Gradually, as the Soviet government had eliminated practical political opposition at home, it had turned its attention to the abstract, intellectual and esthetic "means of production." Here, art *had* to serve a social purpose with a vengeance — even in the abstruse forms of serious musical composition.

The approach was very gradual, however. The occasional gentle slaps on the wrist administered to Ilya Ehrenburg, Dmitri Shostakovitch and other such homemade geniuses went almost unnoticed. Moreover, for decades the Moscow leadership was far too shrewd to alienate its best friends and most valuable allies in the West by a pedantic insistence on party discipline. Its policies were flexible, as always, and esthetics were considered a matter of secondary importance in any case.

Thus the Western art world was relatively unprepared for the thunder on the left now confusedly emanating from behind the iron curtain. Incredulous, in dismay and consternation, the apostles of modern-art-and-social-significance observed *Matyushka Rossia*, like a frenetic brood sow, rearing up and monstrously devouring her own litter. Social significance, at long last, had caught up with its most articulate defenders. But if, appalled and shaken, they murmured with Mr. Prufrock, "That is not what I meant at all — not what I meant at all," the spectacle did not lack humor for the rest of us. The picture of M. Picasso having to apologize humbly for his "Guernica" to Comrade Duclos — of all people — is devastatingly funny.

ERNST F. CURTZ

BROADWAY SYMPHONY

For all moviegoers one generation removed from the present the Roxy Theatre was the high temple of the talkies and by all comparisons the largest, the costliest, the most luxurious, and certainly the grandest thing of its kind on this planet. At the Roxy the stupendous and the supercolossal were commonplace. And, though now surpassed in size and elegance, the gilded Roxy continues in the grand tradition of Broadway, offering every conceivable kind of spectacle ranging from "Xmas" ice shows to Easter tableaus complete with the Last Supper.

One of the most recent and elaborate of the Roxy "on stage" productions was the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York. . . . To introduce the Philharmonic a young announcer stands spotlighted before a stage microphone. In accents smooth, crisp, and urbane he gives the audience the benefit of his researches into the gaslit era of old New York, recalling the fact that the Philharmonic was founded more than one hundred years ago.

Then, with an appropriate phrase and a wave of the hand, he introduces the great orchestra. With another expansive phrase he ushers in the distinguished director — Dimitri Mitropoulos. (Loud applause.)

The conductor's first down beat starts off Wagner's overture to "Die Meistersinger," which sounds as stirring at the Roxy as it ever did in Carnegie Hall seven blocks away; although for the first few bars it appears less than genuine in the gilt-encrusted glitter of the Roxy staging.

Certainly the Roxy is a lot more comfortable than old Carnegie Hall. But just as certainly no time-hallowed tradition of great music haunts it. This is perhaps fortunate; many music lovers never go to Carnegie Hall just because it is so uncomfortable, so tradition-bound, and so utterly austere. They have come to associate it with dullness, despite the fact that almost everything exciting in music in the last half century has been heard there. Still, listening to one concert in comfort at the Roxy underlines the fact that Carnegie Hall needs a real reform of its seating and not just another face-lifting with new paint.

Polite applause follows the Wagner overture, and now the ensemble launches into the technically dazzling *Classical* symphony of Prokofieff. This brings a somewhat warmer response, interrupted momentarily by Eileen Farrell's entrance. As the Irish-American soprano turns her back on the orchestra and delivers poor Madam Butterfly's haunting aria, "One Fine Day," the mood of the audience changes. Next comes "The Last Rose of Summer," sung, and accompanied by the orchestra, more thrillingly than words can convey. An old chestnut has been transformed into a beautiful *marron glacé*.

The Roxy audience is completely won over. Everyone is enthusiastic. Leaving the Roxy I heard one of its patrons exclaim to his companion: "They sure put it ovah." "Soitanly," she replied. "That's the finest orchestra in the woild." They knew. RALPH DE SOLA

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