OCTOBER 30, 1950 25 CENTS

the FREEMAN

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Editors: John Chamberlain · Henry Hazlitt · Suzanne La Follette

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CONTENTS VOL. 1—NO. 3

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A WORD ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN T. FLYNN, financial expert and caustic critic of the New and Fair Deals, wrote "Experiment in Supression" for our first issue. . . . OLIVER CARLSON will be remembered by our readers for his article "California Sees Through It" in our last issue. . . . FRANK CHODOROV, intransigent individualist, is editor of the monthly newsletter, *Analysis*. . . . ELLIOT PAUL, known to a wide public as the author of "The Last Time I Saw Paris," has just published "Springtime In Paris." . . . ROBERT MORRIS, lately counsel to the Republicans on the Tydings Subcommittee, was once with the FBI, and during the war served with Naval Intelligence. . . . FELIX MORLEY, who was founder with Frank Hanighen of *Human Events* is at present Washington representative of *Barron's*. . . . GENERAL BONNER FELLERS'S "The Lessons of Korea" in Number 1 of the *Freeman* has occasioned much favorable comment. . . . ASHER BRYNES, free-lance journalist, is author of "Government Against the People." . . . . . EDWARD DAHLBERG has just published a book entitled "The Flea of Sodom." . . . ROBERT CANTWELL is the author of a recent biography of Hawthorne. . . . JAMES RORTY last year received the first prize of Poetry Awards. . . . EUGENE DAVIDSON is editor of the Yale University Press.

Forthcoming

In our next issue we shall publish an article on Labor In Politics, by LEO WOLMAN, Professor of Economics at Columbia University. Also an article on the value of Nationalist China as an American weapon for counter-subversion by the well-known journalist, RODNEY GILBERT, recently returned from the Far East. In early issues we shall publish articles on Paul Robeson, the Communist Party of Great Britain, Anti-Semitism in Russia, and other timely subjects.

A Note to Subscribers

Notifications of change of address should include both the old and the new address, and should be sent to: Circulation Department, the *Freeman*, 240 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. Please allow 15 days for the change to become effective.

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NEW YORK, MONDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1950

THE FORTNIGHT

Nobody listens to Herbert Hoover — until it is too late. If the voters had listened to him in 1932 (the date economists have set as the turning point of the business cycle) the country would have recovered its economic poise without being encumbered with the dragging impediments of the NRA, the WPA and all the other things that served only to institutionalize the depression. Again, if Franklin D. Roosevelt had taken Hoover's advice in early 1933, a joint Republican-Democratic policy might have mitigated, or even averted, the banking collapse.

The Hoover approach to history is sound because it is rooted in valid principle. Only a few short months ago Mr. Hoover proposed a new conception of the UN. He advocated a reorganization of that body with the Soviet States excluded. Nobody listened until the UN accidentally proved the relevance of Mr. Hoover's advice by acting in the Korean crisis without Russia.

Recently Mr. Hoover has come up with some more excellent advice. Speaking over the radio on October 19, he urged that the United States make its military aid to Europe conditional upon Europe's own organization to oppose Soviet invasion. He also urged that no American soldiers be sent to Europe in advance of the creation of a strong European army. Without a powerful and coordinated continental army to oppose the Soviet power, ten divisions of Americans would be chewed up in no time. First things first, says Mr. Hoover. The United States is strong enough to support a united world stand against Soviet imperialism. But it is not strong enough to make a stand on the mainlands of Europe and Asia without considerable active help from the inhabitants thereof.

Once again, Mr. Hoover's advice has fallen on deaf ears. The negative punditical response to his plain common sense indicates nothing so much as a basic insanity in the genus publicist. For no sane man would put his trust — or his gun — in the hands of an ally who has shown absolutely no inclination to save himself. To arm a thoroughly reluctant friend is tantamount to handing a gun to one's enemy — for the friend will not object strenuously when the enemy comes to pick up the weapon for his own uses.

The phenomena that marked our entry into World War II are singularly missing now. The whoop-de-do and "off to the wars," and the refreshing billions flowing over the land like a flood of honey, are missing up to now. The Japanese blast at Pearl Harbor that killed 2300 Americans and wrecked our Navy there touched off an explosion of patriotic wrath. The reason why we should be angry at what the Koreans did to the Koreans in Korea has to be frequently explained to us. The inflation of World War II stole on us unperceived. When that row started our national debt was 40 billion. We blew 216 billion more of borrowed money into our economy to whip Hitler and hand over Eastern Europe and most of Asia to Stalin. Now we must begin soon again to blow more billions into a full balloon.

The nature of the approaching inflation, if not fully understood by our people, is at least not unknown to them. A sense of apprehension about this new internal enemy, inflation, is evident everywhere. The signs of it are arresting. Commodity prices have soared in a year from 134 to 157 in September. Farm prices have gone from 163 to 180. A list of 28 selected sensitive commodity prices reveals a sharp rise from 147 to 322. In a short time the stock market has gone from 134 to 157. Yet the real forces of inflation have hardly made their appearance. Currency circulation is smaller than last year. Private bank borrowing has increased, but federal borrowing has actually fallen off. Such inflation as we have had is a kind of anticipatory phenomenon, due largely to private outlays on government orders. The government operations in the bond market and at the banks are yet to come. The prospect is full of menace. There is but one check available and that is to trim to the bone federal expenditures on other than defense enterprises. Can the politicians be made to see this? Can they be endowed with the courage to act?

Even without inside information, it is possible to figure out the significance of President Truman's flight to Wake Island to confer with General MacArthur. Nothing, of course, but the most important emergency would have made this flight necessary. The one logical deduction (assuming that logic guides our President) is that the emergency was caused by General MacArthur's resignation the week before. President Truman would, of course,

have felt it absolutely incumbent upon him to persuade the General to delay his resignation until after the close of the Korean campaign — and after the elections.

In a very unhappy mood, President Truman flew to Wake, but an hour's discussion with the General obviously set everything right. The General must have willingly agreed to delay his resignation, preferring that it have no political implications. The two hours of subsequent discussion with Mr. Truman's advisers bored MacArthur, who said that he had more important matters to attend to in Tokyo — and so the meeting came to a quick end. The President (if we may continue to plug our hunch) returned happily to the United States, the political situation saved. The fate of Asia (including one-half of mankind) and the security of our own Pacific Coast, however, remained right where they were: in the hands of what Adolf Berle, under oath, called "the pro-Russian group" in the State Department.

Open Letter to General MacArthur: Please reconsider your apparent decision to keep quiet until after the November elections about the developing post-Korean situation in the Far East. If, after speaking out, you then feel compelled to resign your command you can become a Chinese citizen under Chiang Kai-shek and really go about the business of defending America.

Seemingly ungrateful for all the loyal service Mr. Trygve Lie gave them up to last June, the OGPU's delegates to the Security Council have vetoed his appointment for a second term as UN Secretary General. Actually, however, their slap may have insured his tenure; and this would be bad news indeed. For, while the General Assembly may think they are needling the Beria Boys by keeping Mr. Lie employed in spite of the veto, theirs would not necessarily be the last laugh. Mr. Lie, a man of few convictions and many resources, might soon return to the sort of practical joke that has endeared him to the Kremlin.

But even more alarming news, if possible, than Mr. Lie's prolonged tenure would be confirmation of the State Department's rumored readiness to "compromise" with Vishinsky by making Gunnar Myrdal successor to Lie. Dr. Myrdal, an extremely clever and excessively arrogant Swedish Socialist, is resented by his own party as the incarnation of what Social Democrats everywhere have learned to call the Fierlinger mutation of the Quisling virus. Author of the Swedish-Russian trade pact of 1946, which virtually ransacked Sweden's economy to pacify the Soviets, Dr. Myrdal has since masterminded the UN European Commission into a high-pressure propaganda outfit for "cooperation" with Stalin. Dr. Myrdal, even more charming than Mr. Lie — almost as charming, indeed, as Alger Hiss — would make Munich look like Custer's Last Stand.

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Ferguson suggested that it is the Attorney General's privilege to administer the Act "with proper discretion." The Senator, we submit, is wrong. Congress should not be so irresponsible as to pass a law and on the very same day invite the Executive to circumvent it. Our government, as we teach our school children, is one of laws and not of men. Not the Attorney General but the Internal Security Act should define the area of administrative discretion.

The definition is obvious. Congress was well-advised to insist that an applicant for a United States visa truthfully state all his former political affiliations. This country is surely entitled to know whom it is admitting to residence or to citizenship. And mere indifference to a previously held totalitarian creed ought not to restore democratic confidence in an applicant's desirability. But the law should be amended to provide explicitly that a credible change of mind, *proved by acts*, will be honored by this country, and that its foreign service is being paid and ordered to testify to the applicant's proved reliability when his record justifies it. This should be done as soon as Congress reconvenes, not just to correct a piece of sloppy legislation but to give notice to the world that this Republic is on the offensive, in deadly earnest, for the minds and hands of all men — even, and particularly, including the bodyguards of Stalin.

A WEIGHTED EQUATION

On October 12 Arthur Krock, head of the Washington Bureau of the *New York Times*, devoted his editorial column, "In the Nation," to the *Freeman*. With Mr. Krock's permission we are reprinting the column here in its entirety for two compelling reasons. One: it states the dilemma facing supporters of what we have called "traditional liberalism and individual freedom" as it has never been stated before. Two: it sets forth our hopes and our reason for being with such cogency, acumen, fair-mindedness and literary skill that we want to share it with all readers of the *Freeman*.

A Testing Ground of American Thinking

By ARTHUR KROCK

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12 — Has public opinion in this country moved so far to the left of the long-prevailing concept of the relation of the citizen to the state that the new periodical, *The Freeman*, cannot win and hold an audience large enough to make it prosper? This is a question which is interesting many among the various types of political philosophers, doctrinaires and officeholders in Washington.

It assumes, of course, that the editors — John Chamberlain, Henry Hazlitt and Suzanne La Follette — will reveal the necessary publishing and writing skills to compete for the austerity market where journals of opinion in the United States have offered their wares for many years. But that is a tenable assumption.

New Deal and Fair Deal

The heart of the question is whether what the editors in their first issue called "traditional liberalism and individual freedom," and described as most American political leaders and thinkers would have described it up to 1933, has been supplanted in popular devotion by the concept of the New Deal and the Fair Deal. There is little doubt this has happened in professional political circles, including some among the Republicans, where all recent elections except that of 1946 have made it clear that the newer doctrines attract the most votes. The lip service given to these doctrines by big city machine bosses who are only interested in getting the public offices is witness to this fact.

And there is another aspect of the problem which faces the editors of *The Freeman*, granting they will steadily turn out a superior product. This relates to the circumstance that, for years at any rate, the business men and other substantial citizens who proclaim the views and principles expressed in this first issue have shied away from support of a periodical press of the Right. Their tendency rather has been toward campaign contributions, trade association journals and hired representatives in Washington and the state capitals.

The Strength of the Left

This may be because the Democratic federal machine, which has been long entrenched in power and is the spokesman of the other political concept, has grown so large that it reaches into the daily lives and ledgers of almost everyone. Having in charge everything from the administration of taxes to farm supports and labor standards, with most of the public honors and offices to bestow, the Democratic federal machine is a force which many people fear to combat in public print.

Then, also, by shrewdly combining pleasing semantics with economic group favoritism and much publicity talent, the politicians and doctrinaires of the Left have persuaded many citizens that such principles as the editors of *The Freeman* have announced are the heartless maxims of those who "put property rights over human rights," or the obsolete shibboleths of a vanished and undesirable American society. Among their great and reiterated words and phrases are "welfare," "underprivilege," "civil rights," "reactionaries" and so on, employed as though they dealt with matters of irrefutable fact instead of matters of mere opinion.

Several times in this space there has been some study of the superior articulateness of the Left in stating its position and putting the opposition on the defensive. For a good many years the colleges seem to have been graduating a majority of young men and women who have come to public service and media of publication infused by their teachers or others with belief that the ever-growing federal state should and must provide "security," health services, education and increasing leisure for everyone, whether he wants it or not, no matter how much it costs or how inequitable is the tax system by which the funds are collected.

The Literary Corps

Colorful political leadership, in contrast to the drab figures who have led the opposition, has aided in attracting to the Left an impressive number of young people with literary talents. And, under the patronage of those long in power, this group has notably emphasized its viewpoint on the air waves, in plays, novels, political and economic pamphlets, book reviews, syndicated columns and innumerable ghost-written speeches for Democratic officeholders.

One of the most interesting developments in this connection is the recent use made of this group by labor union leaders. That materialized in a spate of letters to newspapers which published comment critical of the unions. The technique is to challenge, lengthily, every editorial, every news report, not to the liking of the unions; and to demand full publication as a matter of "fairness."

A Weighted Equation

Into this weighted equation *The Freeman* has ventured. And the venture is the hardier because the established weekly periodic journals of opinion which are of the Left have not been distinguished for financial success and often have been obliged to call on "angels" for survival. That may arise partly from the fact that the Left has so many other publishing outlets.

Whatever the reason, those who want the country to go in the general direction of the new weekly now have a champion in the field. Its life could be prolonged indefinitely by "angels." But its real strength will depend on individual support, and that will be a test of public opinion.

FOOTBALL AND STRATEGY

Writing in the Autumn issue of the *Yale Review*, Professor Dexter Perkins argues that "assistance to Western Europe, with its advanced technology, and its spiritual kinship with the United States, must at all times have priority over the questions of the Orient. If we spread ourselves too thin, we may fail to attain our over-all objective. *The strategy of today is the strategy of 1941; it is on the other side of the Atlantic, not on the other side of the Pacific, that the most crucial victories are to be won.*"

We quote this view of the world situation because it sums up, in pithy extract, the opinion of most of our influential commentators. It is Mr. Walter Lippmann's view, for example. It also happens to be Dean Acheson's view, and it is hopelessly wrong.

We do not argue that Europe is unimportant. What we do insist upon is that the Perkins-Lippmann-Acheson line is rooted in a hopelessly static conception of both political and military strategy. To begin with, the circumstances of 1941 and 1950 are entirely different. In 1941 the United States had two powerful enemies, Germany and Japan. They were separated in space by our erstwhile gallant ally, Soviet Russia. The geopolitical facts of 1941 dictated a choice between pressing the war in the Atlantic, or concentrating on the Pacific. Because Germany was the more powerful of our widely separated enemies, we chose to give priority to the Atlantic.

In 1950 our enemy is a single nation: Soviet Russia. It stands compactly astride two continents. Able to move simultaneously in two directions, it can commit us to a two-front war whether we like it or not. There can be no priority of front against this single enemy. If we desist from opposing Stalin in Asia to concentrate on Europe, Stalin will grin — and take Asia. If we desist from opposing him in Europe he will grin and gobble up Europe. And if he succeeds in taking either Asia or Europe, then he will be in a position to take everything almost at will.

True enough, the United States lacks the military forces available to check Stalin in Europe and Asia simultaneously. Lacking these forces, what are we to do? Neither Professor Perkins nor Walter Lippmann can figure it out, but any good football coach who has taught the theory of the reverse to the weak side, or the sudden buck-lateral, or the screened forward pass, knows the answer. It is: deception. "Never let your enemy know what is coming next." "Keep your enemy off balance." And so on, through forty apposite maxims which Mr. Lippmann can have by writing to Lou Little of Columbia or Herman Hickman of Yale.

In the specific context of 1950, our strategy must be to keep Stalin guessing as between Europe and Asia. If we don't keep him guessing the Western goose is ready for the plucking. Indeed, the most sobering thing about our situation is that if we can't keep Stalin off balance he can lick us in Europe even if we choose to commit every plane, gun, tank and ship we have to what Mr. Lippmann calls "the defense of the Atlantic community."

Both Winston Churchill and Dean Acheson speak bravely of the latent ability of Western Europe to defend itself. But what is the psychological truth about Western Europe's martial virtues of the moment? Commentators as diverse as F. A. Voigt (see the October 7th number of the *New Leader*), and the editors of *De Maasbode* (influential Dutch Catholic publication), are convinced that Western Europe has no intention of fighting anybody and that "European-mindedness" is far weaker in Europe than it is in Mr. Churchill's or in Mr. Acheson's head. Yet, in the face of all this testimony, the Dutch *Algemeen Handelsblad* argues that the defense of Europe requires a "stabilized" situation in the Far East. "The road towards such a situation," says the *Algemeen Handelsblad*, "leads through New Delhi to Peiping."

Stuff and nonsense! A "stabilized" Asia, far from saving Europe, would release the hundreds of Soviet divisions to concentrate on Tito, or on Germany, or on Greece. Free from worry about guerrilla uprisings in China, or about American bombers based on Japan, Stalin could pick up the small peninsula of Europe at his leisure.

If the West had unlimited trained manpower at its disposal, Europe could be defended without reference to Asia. Lacking the trained manpower, we are forced to fall back on untrained but potentially pestiferous and wily Asiatics. Dean Acheson and Walter Lippmann may despise the guerrillas who are still in the service of Chiang Kai-shek on the Asiatic mainland, but it is on the fortitude and brains of these brave coolies and peasants that the cause of the West depends. For it is the unknown potential in the Asiatic coolie that gives us the one element of manpower deception that we possess.

In Korea, General MacArthur, who is a genius at the improvisation of deception, managed to put more than 50,000 South Koreans into American units. He got incredible military mileage out of these raw neophytes. MacArthur's method was to use what he had and what he could scare up to keep the enemy off balance, and ultimately to hit the enemy where he was weakest (in his rear, up around Seoul). Incidentally (or maybe not so incidentally), MacArthur is an avid football fan, a general who knows the secret of Coach Red Blaik's use of deception at West Point. Red Blaik has never yet made the mistake of telling his enemy in advance that he proposes to concentrate on off-tackle plays to the right (the equivalent of Mr. Acheson's announcement that we propose to run all our power plays in the single direction of Leipzig or the Hungarian plain). We are perfectly serious in recommending that Mr. Acheson, Professor Perkins and Walter Lippmann spend more time at football games and less time burning the midnight oil when they are in a mood to learn something about strategy, which is never to be conceived statically save at its own great peril.

NORTH PACIFIC

It is natural that Americans should wish to know why President Truman went to Wake Island to meet General MacArthur. One theory, of course, is that it was nothing more than a pre-election stunt in which the President sought, by a dramatic extravaganza, to divert attention from our domestic difficulties by focusing it on our foreign affairs upon which it is generally supposed we should close ranks in the face of external dangers. It is clear that the speech at San Francisco was written before the President left Washington and that the one-hour private conference with MacArthur and the five-hour street parade in San Francisco represent the relative importance of the objectives of the trip.

However, it would be a profound mistake to dismiss the President's jaunt upon this score alone. It could have been incidentally a gesture to generate some support for the shabby colors of the United Nations, but so far as the speech revealed anything, the most important part is to be found in the following sentences:

> The Soviet Union and its colonial satellites are maintaining armed forces of great size and strength. . . . So long as they persist in maintaining these forces and in using them to intimidate other countries, the free men of the world have but one choice if they are to remain free. *They must oppose strength with strength.* . . .
>
> In our own country and in cooperation with other countries we are continuing to build armed forces strong enough to make it clear that aggression will not pay.

Then he explained that this meant we must continue "to devote more of our resources to military production and less to civilian consumption." This was capped with a ringing defiance flung out to Russia:

> We are aware of the dangers we face and we are going to be prepared to meet them. NOW LET NO AGGRESSOR MAKE ANY MISTAKE ABOUT THAT.

Here was a formal assumption of responsibility for defending any country anywhere in the world that is threatened by Russia or her satellites. This being so, are we prepared to face the realities of a bold challenge to "oppose strength with strength"? What is the strength of this Russian giant to whom the President has now dramatically thrown down the gauntlet?

Russia has at present under arms and capable of moving in any direction 200 divisions — four million men. She could raise this to 400 divisions without any difficulty. In Europe they are already on the ground. She has 20,000 combat planes at least. We have now about 12,000 — perhaps 15,000. We can, of course, produce more. But this war the President is talking about will have to be fought in Europe or in Asia — from 3000 to 10,000 miles away from us but on the very boundaries of Russia. If the American people feel themselves called upon to assume the defense of the world, they must recognize what the cost will be. It is a fact that the Washington government is now preparing its budget for next year and it is talking about NINETY-TWO BILLION DOLLARS. This is only a paltry beginning.

Of course, Mr. Truman must be counting on getting some support from our Allies in Europe — we have none in Asia that are worth counting. Before the words in San Francisco were cold on the President's lips, Washington announced a contribution to France of $2,450,000,000 and declared France must now begin the production of her own armaments to supplement what she will get from us. All this is on the assumption that France will join us in our guarantee to defend the world from aggression. France is two-thirds Socialist and Communist. She has no more stomach for fighting a war now than she had in 1939. How long would she stand before the swarming millions of Russia's tank-armed and air-supported legions? And, knowing this, is France likely to join in any such guarantee as Mr. Truman has announced? A third of the men in France's armies would be Reds. Their leader, when Hitler invaded France, promptly fled to Russia.

It is difficult for the American unfamiliar with the dark history of European militarism to see all the implications of this. If there is one thing clear in the history of Europe since 1880 it is that in Germany, France and Italy the governments had gone into competition with the Socialists in guaranteeing security for all. Germany was the first. The welfare projects of Bismarck involved Germany in debt. This produced but little effect upon the general security. Germany then threw herself into the arms of militarism with the sturdy support of farmers and great masses of workers. Militarism became the means of keeping 600,000 men in the army and another 1,250,000 men employed in agriculture and industry, not only without competing with private enterprise but actually supporting it. The army and the navy were its richest customers. Attempts to reduce military budgets were always opposed with the greatest energy by the farmers who sold horses and hay and oats and food to their largest single customer — the army.

To what extent Mr. Truman, who certainly is unacquainted with the ruthless laws of economics, is familiar with this history we cannot know. But as a practical man he can see clearly enough that the one institution that can enable him to spend vast sums of public money to provide jobs, while at the same time avoiding competition with private industry, is the institution of Defense. The patriotic motive with which it can be stimulated is the easiest to invoke. As long as this grandiose adventure of defending the whole world can be carried along, there will be jobs for all. But, quite as important, it will be possible to support the whole enterprise with borrowed funds. Who dares to lift his voice against paying taxes and lending money to our government when it faces the terrifying Communist giant?

The central significance of all this is that America is now definitely and permanently launched on a career of militarism not as a military but as an economic institution. It is entirely possible that from this position there can be, as a practical political policy, no retreat. This is the logical end of the road we entered upon in 1940. It is the beginning for us of the road Europe entered upon in the seventies.

The challenge of another Asiatic adventure comes hard upon the heels of the Korean episode. Fighting has been going on sporadically in Indo-China for four years. A fresh Communist offensive got under way in the second week of October. We are informed our army is hurrying military supplies to the French troops, which defend the puppet Vietnam government. The French are reported to have 210,000 troops, two-thirds of them Frenchmen. The Reds have some 70,000 regulars and a multitude of guerrillas, all Communist-trained and armed. A great deal of their equipment was obtained from the Chinese Communists, who got it from the Americans. Here is a threat for Mr. Truman — a dubious cause to be sure, for here we will be justly open to the charge of supporting a French imperial enterprise. But this could be the next chapter in Communist strategy in Asia. However, there are a dozen other fruitful spots there, all filled with problems more formidable than either Indo-China or Korea.

In Germany, and Europe generally, it must be said for the old Socialists that they opposed with all their energy the institution of militarism. Here, however, it gets the ardent backing of this curious hybrid army of phony liberals — as they are phony Socialists, whether they realize it or not — who are the intellectual mentors of the government of Mr. Truman.

JOHN T. FLYNN

HAM AND EGGS, NEW STYLE

By OLIVER CARLSON

FOR SIXTEEN long years now the old people of California have been the puppets for some of the smartest showmen and most unscrupulous demagogues ever to ballyhoo political panaceas.

The latest of California's many pension promotion schemes is in the form of a proposed initiative amendment to the state constitution and will be voted on at the general election, Tuesday, November 7th. This new initiative amendment has been given the name "Pension and Welfare Funding Act" by its shrewd promoters. The first section of this proposed constitutional amendment declares its purpose to be:

> To raise money to pay the costs of retirement pay, old age and blind pensions and welfare, and to relieve the taxpayer of all or a part of the ever increasing burden thereof, by licensing, taxing, regulating and rigidly controlling off-track bookmaking and gambling.

California's vast and growing army of senior citizens presents a tax and welfare problem of almost staggering proportions. Earlier pension schemes proposed to meet these costs by transaction taxes on all purchases, the issuance of scrip by the state, general sales taxes, and the like. The promoters of the Pension and Welfare Funding Act, however, propose to meet the entire cost of old-age pensions and welfare out of a tax on legalized gambling.

By this new twist the promoters promise: (1) assured security to the aged and the blind; (2) a 25 percent cut in taxes for the ordinary taxpayer by putting the tax burden on bookmakers and gamblers; (3) legalization of every type of gambling within the state, thus making California a bonanza for bookies, gamblers and slot machine venders. In this way the promoters hope to tie together the economic interests of these three divergent groups.

The most dangerous device in this scheme, however, consists of the provisions of the Act which write into the constitution of the State of California the names of the five pension "commissioners" in whom is vested all authority for administering the proposed statute. These five men will function independently of both the legislative and executive departments of government. They are empowered to hire and fire without regard to the civil service laws of the state. They are empowered to draw from the state treasury the sum of $6,000,000 "to pay the preliminary and organizational costs of placing in full and complete operation all provisions of this Article."

The commission is given complete control over "the licensing of, and the jurisdiction over, establishments, or places of business and over all persons and things (a) having to do with wagering on the results of races, games, or other contests or trials of skill, speed, or endurance of man or beast, (b) having to do with wagering or play for money on the results of games of chance or skill of any sort or description, (c) having to do with the ownership, possession or operation of any game of any sort or description, upon the operation or result of which or by means of which there is wagering, gaming, or play for money or other representative of value." The only exception is that already established under the California Horse Racing Law which provides for pari-mutuel betting at the race tracks.

The promoters of this scheme, understandably, have written themselves into the constitution as the five commissioners, two of whom will serve for four years, and the other three for six years at a salary of $10,000 per year for each, plus an unlimited expense account.

These promoters contend that "at least $300,000,000 of gambling tax money will flow into the state treasury to pay old age and blind pension costs." This anticipated revenue presupposes that the people of California will gamble away more than four billion dollars annually, or nearly 25 percent of the state's total annual income! They have provided in this proposed constitutional amendment that up to 5 percent of the state's "take" may be used to cover the administrative costs for the five-man commission. This would give the five commissioners complete control over about $15,000,000 a year. Such a sum would enable them to hire a large staff to be used for anything the commissioners desire.

The promoters of this pension scheme insist that the law will limit the number of major licensed bookmaking and gambling parlors to 480 for the entire state, but they fail to mention that an unlimited number of gambling licenses for slot machines may be issued to resorts and the like. However, the promoters have sought to protect the youth of California from the evils of gambling by providing: "a licensee shall not be licensed to operate . . . in any place that is less than 600 feet removed from any church or school."

There is one other twist to this pension-gambling amendment; the five-man commission will also be empowered to own and operate its own gambling houses. Strangely, no provision is made to govern the disposal of profits from the gambling houses which the commission itself might own.

Most of the money needed to secure the more than two hundred thousand signatures which placed the initiative measure on the November ballot was high-pressured out of California's oldsters. But the money which has been spent in trying to sell this amendment to the voters of the state has come from potential licensees of bookmaking and gambling joints. *Fortnight* magazine declared in its October 13th issue that "The gambling backers have collected $72,987, most of it coming in amounts of from $25 to $3,000, and from a lot of tavern owners and novelty companies." Plenty of other potential licensees stand ready to pay sizeable amounts for the privilege of operating bookmaking and gambling joints the moment the proposed amendment is enacted into law.

The Pension and Welfare Funding Act amendment is the brainchild of Willis and Lawrence Allen — a pair of the cleverest pension promoters ever to operate in California. The Allen brothers gained national notoriety back in 1938 when they launched the Thirty Dollars Every Thursday movement. This scheme provided that people over fifty years of age were to receive a thirty-dollar warrant from the State of California each Thursday. The money to redeem these warrants was to be raised by requiring holders to affix a two-cent stamp on the back of each one-dollar warrant each week before it could be spent. In this way, according to the Allens' propaganda machine, merchants or others who had accepted the warrants from the old people could redeem them for one dollar in United States currency from the State of California at the end of one year. By the end of its 52 weeks of negotiability the dollar warrant would have plastered on its back a total of $1.04 worth of stamps. In this way, they claimed, the Thirty Dollars Every Thursday plan would actually cost the State of California nothing at all, and Uncle Sam of course would be doing a land-office business in two-cent stamps.

The Thirty-Thursday, which soon came to be known as the "Ham and Eggs" scheme, was placed on the ballot as an initiative measure and rolled up more than a million votes. It was defeated by only a small margin in November, 1938. When the smoke of battle had cleared away the Allen brothers settled back and took stock of the situation. It looked good for another try. And in view of the fact that the brothers owned the advertising agency which handled all of the publicity for the Ham and Eggs association, on which they collected a 15 percent fee, the scheme had more than mere altruism behind it.

A new campaign was launched to place Ham and Eggs on the 1940 ballot. The old line politicians in the state didn't expect such a quick comeback of the Ham and Eggers. But the Allen brothers, with their highly efficient staff of spellbinders, moved into high gear at once to sway a vast army of aging citizens in economic distress who had plenty of time on their hands. The drive for funds and the drive for signers of the new initiative petition were organized and conducted in the best Community Chest tradition. There were charts and huge replicas of thermometers; contests were staged between various communities of the state or between individuals and groups to see which could secure the greatest number of names. The Ham and Eggs campaign was more than a political movement — it was a crusade of the pension-hungry old folks looking for a quick solution to their economic problem. On May 18, 1940, a delirious army of Ham and Eggers poured in upon Sacramento from every part of the state. The Allen brothers and their followers brought with them petitions bearing more than a million names and demanding that Governor Culbert Olson call a special election at once. The Governor refused to be stampeded and set the date of the election as November 8th.

The Allen brothers and their associates once again moved their campaign into high gear. The amount of money they collected will never be known, but on many days a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars poured in through the mails in response to fervent radio appeals. Mass meetings were staged by the thousands, and at every one substantial collections were obtained. Several hundred thousand old people were enrolled as members in the "Retirement Life Payments Association" (which the Allens owned) with dues at the rate of a penny a day. The weekly Ham and Eggs newspaper was one of the slickest "cause" sheets ever to be published. The Allen brothers, overlooking no bets, early opened its columns to paid advertising. The makers of patent medicines, tonics, get-rich-quick schemes and therapeutic appliances hastened to lay their wares before this vast army of the aged and ailing. In one issue of 40 pages, more than half the space was filled with advertising copy. Politicians, large and small, also flocked to the Allen brothers to pledge them their support in return for the votes they controlled.

The Ham-and-Eggs campaign of 1940 was one of the most bitter in the history of the state, but when the votes had been counted Ham and Eggs had been defeated, polling slightly less than the 1938 Thirty-Thursday scheme.

The Allens planned a second comeback in 1941, but by this time World War II was well under way; the United States had become the "arsenal of democracy"; unemployment was giving way to labor shortages. So the Allens went into an eclipse and were practically forgotten for the next five years. But by the late fall of 1945, with their old associates, Roy G. Owens and Nathan T. Porter, they were back in business again. Willis Allen's privately owned Cinema Advertising Agency was, of course, the sole advertising agency for this new deal. The promoters this time had worked out a constitutional amendment that looked like a sure-fire winner, for it tied gambling and pensions into one neat package. Furthermore, it wrote the names of Allen, Owens and Porter, plus two new associates, Glenn S. Wilson and Clif Kallam, into the constitution as the five pension commissioners.

A high-powered campaign to put the initiative on the ballot was in itself bound to be lucrative. The money that would be raised in the campaign proper if the initiative got onto the ballot would be equally lucrative. And if the voters of California actually bought the deal at the polls, the Allen brothers, Owen, Porter and their associates would become the most powerful men in the State of California.

Meanwhile, another pension promoter and former Ham and Egger, by the name of McLain, beat the Allen brothers to the draw. McLain launched his own movement for an initiative measure that would raise pensions to a minimum of $75 per month. He, too, had written into his constitutional amendment the name of the person (his private secretary) who was to administer the pension scheme. In a fast-moving and shrewdly conducted campaign, George McLain sold California voters his pension scheme by a small majority in the November election of 1948. A year later an aroused electorate repealed McLain's scheme by a decisive majority.

The Allen brothers' proposal, in the meantime, had made little headway. But within a week after the repeal of McLain's scheme the Allens moved in for a comeback. Many of McLain's professional organizers and speakers joined up with the Allens. Tens of thousands of confused and disappointed oldsters were ready victims for the Allen propaganda machine. By the 20th of March of this year over 223,000 signatures had been obtained. The

Pension and Welfare Funding Act amendment was placed on the state ballot for the November elections as Proposition No. 6.

Opposition to the Ham-and-Eggs gambling scheme includes both the Democratic and Republican parties of the state, Governor Warren, Democratic gubernatorial candidate James Roosevelt, the Parent-Teacher Associations, the AFL, the League of Women Voters, the Chambers of Commerce, and a host of other reputable religious, social and civic organizations. Even Dr. Townsend and his pension organization are opposed to the new panacea.

But this imposing array of official opposition does not guarantee that the amendment will be defeated on November 7th. Too many elder citizens believe it will give them larger pensions. Too many overburdened small taxpayers look upon this scheme as a way to cut their own heavy tax load. Too many young people who enjoy betting on horses, gambling at cards or playing slot machines want these recreations legalized. Few of these supporters have bothered to study the whole amendment carefully. They have failed to see that what they are voting for would put control of legalized gambling into the hands of five men with complete power to act as they wish.

Should this measure carry on November 7th it will undoubtedly be repealed before another year has passed. By that time the five commissioners should be so amply provided for that they need not worry about concocting new pension schemes for years to come.

COPS AND GAMBLERS

By FRANK CHODOROV

COPS ARE HUMAN, even as you and I. That is to say, they are not immune to the siren song of the "easy buck." The taking of a bribe is reprehensible; yet in so doing the policeman is but following the innate human desire to get something for nothing. It is an ubiquitous frailty, and to condemn the policeman for indulging it is perhaps a bit unfair. Perhaps the immorality of bribery lies, rather, in the conditions that make it possible. Perhaps the current "scandal" in the New York police department is traceable to the law.

This is not the first instance of misfeasance on the part of an American law-enforcement agency. In fact, the practice is so common that we rather expect it even as we pass laws and pile up enforcement agencies; an "investigation" is always in order. It is an incongruous condition of our social order that calls for an investigation of basic causes.

We start with the law. Underlying the corruption in the New York police department is a law designed to confine betting on horse-racing to the limits of the tracks. Why gambling outside a specified area should be the concern of society is hard to explain on any moral ground. The current law succeeded an attempt to make all gambling on horse-races illegal, and there we do have a moral doctrine; it is the presumption of social right superseding individual right. The doctrine declares that the group somehow attains a moral standard higher than that of the component membership, and that the group is in duty bound to impose that standard on all. Society is within its rights to make people "good" by force; and gambling is "bad."

The law against gambling proved unenforceable; the passion for prediction, coupled with the craving for an unearned dollar, obeys a law more basic than any organized society can enact. Nature scoffs at a legal document. Gambling on races held outside the Empire State took as many dollars as had been spent internally before banishment of the tracks.

The puritanical edict had come in the first place because the practical politician was convinced that the churchmen who clamored for it would recompense him with political preferment. The widespread violation of the law indicated that the gambling constituency could deliver more votes than the forces of "higher" morality, and it was decided in the interest of good politics to give them back their cherished race tracks. To appease the "good" folks, who also vote, the "evil" of gambling was geographically delimited.

The bargain with "thou shalt not" was sweetened by the prospect of more taxes, always the special delight of the politician. Invention had come up with a mechanical betting broker which could also serve as an automatic tax-collector; the device could be used only at the track. Justification for a tax on gambling — the politician must always find ethical support for picking our pockets — was two-fold: first, it was a punitive discouragement of gambling, which pleased the socialistic purists; second, whereas the bookmaker's "take" merely enriched that unsavory citizen, the state's share of gambling would come back to the general public in the form of "services." Fiddlesticks! The fact of the matter is that the parimutuel machine lent itself to the scheme of giving the state a monopoly of the bookmaking business.

The monopoly did not hold up. People who have neither the time nor the inclination to watch horses run nevertheless bet on the races, just because they want to gamble. Apparently the number in this category is large enough to attract entrepreneurs; the illegal bookmaker came because he was wanted.

The bookmaker is not a gambler. He is a gambling broker. The gamblers are the general public, or that considerable part of it that likes to gamble. The bookmaker tries to avoid being put into a gambling position by so balancing the bets that no matter what the outcome of the race he is not involved. For his services in handling the bets he charges a fee, and that is all he is interested in. Hence, the moral turpitude ascribed to the business must be shared by the gamblers, the general public, and their part of it is greater than that of the bookmakers. The bookmaker violates the law, to be sure, but he is only an accessory to the violation. The customer is the principal. This customer seems quite undisturbed by the fact, his conscience remains quite clear, and by his open defiance of the law he stamps it, not himself, immoral.

The law prohibiting off-the-track gambling is unenforceable simply because it defies an all too common human urge. As with all socialistic measures, the effective operation of this law depends on a police force comparable in size to the number of violators, ruthless in its methods and itself free from temptation. Were such a force possible, compliance might result, but would that compliance result in diminishing the urge to gamble? Can the nature of man be collectivized?

Every regulatory law contains within itself a potential privilege. Sometimes the privilege is intentional, as in the case of farmers' subsidies. More often, it is a by-product of the law. Invariably, the law gives a special advantage to those hardy enough to circumvent or violate it, and to compliant enforcement officers.

The law prohibiting off-the-track betting is purely a tax measure, only incidentally benefiting the operators of licensed tracks by encouraging attendance. However, since the betting public is all too willing to ignore the law, the privilege of cooperating with this multitude looms large; just how large is indicated by figures published in the newspapers. In Brooklyn alone, containing about one-seventh of the state's population, the privilege mounts up to twenty million dollars. That must be called "big" business. For that kind of money the brokers are willing to pay 5 percent for "protection."

It must be remembered that off-the-track gambling is the result of a human urge. Even if the police did not cooperate with the brokers, even if they made a conscientious effort to enforce the law, clandestine betting would persist. What service, then, do the police render for the million dollars paid them? Simply this: they protect the established brokers from competition. They actually enforce the law, but only against independent entrepreneurs, thus giving the graft-paying brokers a monopoly.

From the point of view of *morality*, this is comparable to the special privilege enjoyed by American manufacturers under the protective tariff system, or to the prerogatives guaranteed by our labor-relations laws to entrenched union leaders. For that matter, any local or national bureaucrat in charge of licensing does nothing else, morally, than the New York police are doing in the case of illegal off-the-track gambling; even if the bureaucrat accepts no gratuity, he is in fact granting some citizens an advantage over others.

If, therefore, the basic cause of corruption in the police force is the law, the cure is in abolishing the law. Nothing else will clean up the police department, permanently. If people were not interfered with in their urge to gamble, the brokers would go out of business — there would be no service for them to render — and the police would have no privilege to sell. Furthermore, the removal of the restraint would accord with our democratic principles.

The bookmakers would most certainly be opposed to such liberty and would gladly give comfort and aid to the politician, who would oppose it on fiscal grounds. The makers of pari-mutuel machines, which would lose a lot of trade, could also be expected to line up against freedom. And, of course, those who are always hell-bent on making man better than he is, whether he likes it or not, would raise their hands in horror at the idea of letting people alone.

The idea of licensing and taxing the bookmaker has been advanced. The net result would be a change in the incidence of privilege. What the cop on the beat now takes would go to the well-deserving ward-heeler in the licensing bureau; although, to be sure, the cop might be lured into cooperation with unlicensed bookmakers. In any case, the gambling public would pay the tax bill, just as it now underwrites the graft. And since the license would become a thing of value, we could expect in due time, when political capital could be made of them, "investigations" of graft in the licensing bureau.

In 1895 — an election year — corruption in the New York City police department became the great concern of up-state politicians. Nothing came of the work of the notorious Lexow Committee, but it is well remembered because there emerged from it a swashbuckling police commissioner who went on to become a swashbuckling President of the United States. District Attorney Whitman, a generation later, accomplished nothing more by his exposure of police corruption than to get himself elected governor. The present "investigation" was instituted, be it noted, during an election year, and three candidates for the mayoralty and two for the governorship are trying desperately to make capital of it. After the election, things will be as before, because the passion for regulation will come into conflict with the passion for gambling, and graft will again be the pacifier. In the meantime, the million dollars a year the police can not now touch will go to the lawyers for the defense.

OF SHRIMPS AND POTATOES

By ELLIOT PAUL

INFANTS dislike the taste of everything, at first, and protest by howling, mewling, spitting and assaulting those who try to make them swallow what is good for them. Young republics, or democracies, act likewise, and our United States is very young, from the white man's point of view. We value personal liberty, and rightly, to such a degree that citizens can not be coerced and corrected like infants, but in the choice of food they should be persuaded; not, as at present, by unscrupulous advertisers who want to fleece them and lower their resistance, but in some effective way not yet devised.

Actually, at the time of Christ, what we now call "our country" was inhabited by a highly civilized, peaceful, resourceful and in every way admirable race of people whose gift for fine living and the high art of eating is approximated only by the French today.

What is the difference between an American and a European? Only what Americans have learned from the Algonkians, who, over a period of centuries, thousands of years ago, walked all the way from northeastern Asia, in small groups, some navigating the Yukon, others making use of the low divide through the Rockies at the head of the Liard River. The Algonkians were not invaders, but explored and appreciated an uninhabited continent, a sizable area of which we have fallen heir to, in devious ways. Those Asiatic adventurers who settled along the west coast, or crossed the country to the east coast which later became New England, ate with relish the shellfish of the tidal zones and rivers, and all the wondrous sea creatures which thrived near the shore: the sea urchin, limpet, abalone, razor shell, lobster, langosta, whelk, sea snail, geoduk, oyster, soft clam, quahaug, triton, periwinkle, ink-fish, sepia, mussel, cockle, octopus, crab and the shrimps, which are so plentiful, universal, adaptable and various that they constitute one of the principal food resources of mankind — and are outrageously neglected.

The tribes of Algonkians who found it more convenient to live inland knew the crawfish and its mystery, made fine wines from berries, refreshed themselves with 15 or

more wild salads, devised sausages that are pure poetry, and knew as many flavors as Escoffier blended later. Those men our ancestors mistook for savages considered work essentially evil but shared it with their women, brought up their children understandingly, and came as near achieving an earthly Paradise as any people have. In fact, I know of no others who lived together without spite; inhabited a region where the resplendence of nature was symphonic, without spoiling it; were prodigal without waste and restrained without inhibitions. When the white men arrived, there were several tribes of Algonkian stock who had survived, among them the Penobscots who showed us the way toward our Constitution, the Ojibways, Foxes, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Crees, Muskegons, Delawares, Ottawas, Shawnees and the courageous, self-respecting Blackfoot tribe that has not yet surrendered.

Unluckily, about the time Christ was born, from Tibet and the Himalayan slopes the bloodthirsty Athapaskans invaded America with all the tricks of the old world and a few of their own. That was the end of peace on any large part of the earth, or general good will toward man. The Dog-Ribs, Sarcees, Montagnais, Navajos, Apaches, and others subdivided from the marauding Tibetans stole, murdered, tortured and burned, so that the Algonkians had to give up peaceful pursuits and defend themselves.

The Athaspaskans cared nothing for good food; used squaws as chattels; were contemptuous of design, amusements or aesthetics; and terrorized the continent about seventeen centuries before the Europeans landed in force and equalled the Tibetans in bestiality, greed and double dealing. It was the English in Connecticut, for instance, who taught the "Indians" to scalp their victims. The cultured Penobscots, bewildered because the Pilgrims seemed to be starving in the midst of plenty and luxury, tried to induce the whites to eat what was so richly available. The red men succeeded only in teaching a few whites to raise corn. Our forefathers might have learned much from the so-called "Indians" — what not to do from the Athapaskans, exponents of all that was vile. And the whites might have gained wisdom, taste and understanding from the Algonkian survivors. Instead they disdained it all, believing themselves the superior race.

The descendants of those white settlers now have the world on their hands and only vague ideas as to what to do with it.

II. Parmentier, the great French gastronomer, forced the French, at the point of the bayonet, to eat potatoes. It followed that they began to tolerate them, then like them, and eventually to recognize the king of tubers as one of nature's prime benefactions. In our democracy it might not be practical to take such direct measures with the middle-westerners in the matter of sea food, but perhaps from the experience of Parmentier with the French we may find a little guidance.

The contemporary scholar who has written most exhaustively about the potato — I refer to Dr. Redcliffe N. Salaman — seems jealous of Parmentier. Salaman refers to the French potato pioneer with a minimum of respect in the amazing encyclopedic book entitled "The History and Social Influence of the Potato." Dr. Salaman would have us believe that in the Seven Years' War, 1756 to 1763, Parmentier, an officer in the French Army allied with the Austrians, was captured by the Prussians five times. If Pernollet, who is the sixth in his line to have the finest hotel dining room and cuisine in the northeast of France (Belley, Department of the Ain) is to be credited, Parmentier was made prisoner only once and was so congenial that the Prussians, French and Austrians let him wander back and forth between camps at will. It was in Hanover that Parmentier first tasted potatoes, which his countrymen had believed were deadly poison.

About twelve years later, Parmentier, still eager to save France from the danger of famine because of the prevailing obsession for bleached wheat flour, was still propagandizing. He got from Louis XVI about fifty acres of what was considered worthless land near Sablons, grew bumper crops of potatoes there, and finally induced Marie Antoinette to wear a potato flower in her hair. That must have been a rare and beautiful sight, for the potato flower is almost too lovely. Larger than a morning glory, it is shaped like a chalice undivided at its base, ranging in color from bluish purple through heliotrope, dim russet and ivory white. There are petals terminating in pointed processes, traversed by yellow lines which appear to halve them. In the center are five reddish gold stamens. The mild fragrance is suggestive of tilia. Nothing from a queen's garden could be more elegant and simple, expressive and definitive.

It is not on record that Louis XVI or Marie Antoinette went so far as to eat potatoes, but the story of long standing, now current in France, is that Parmentier, having adjusted his politics to the revolution, Napoleon, and others, finally got himself appointed chief of the French Army commissary. He had the soldiers lined up and told them that those who did not eat a potato would be executed at sunrise. Most of the rank and file took a chance on being poisoned, and soon the potato became popular, then a staple, then a delicacy.

The Elizabethans in 1600, according to Salaman, Ben Jonson and others, "discovered" the quality in the potato that endears it to men and the right sort of women the western world over — namely, that it is the only plentiful, tasty and reasonably-priced stimulus toward the active rites of love. Should we not be proud that our Algonkians knew this before the birth of Christ? They cultivated and enjoyed the *openauk*, or white potato; the *okeepenauk*, or American truffle (now lost); and the *kaishcucpenauk*, which the French find today so subtle in flavor and call the "*topinambour*." According to Catlin and a German anthropologist named Harriott, long since called Higher, our "good Indians" were fully appreciative of the aphrodisiac virtues of the potato, the truffle and the glorified sunflower root. The author hopes sincerely that the qualities above described will not injure the potato business, or discourage those who can afford it from buying truffles, or dissuade the discerning ones from relishing an omelet of duck eggs with *topinambours*. Let the reformers leave us our potatoes, we pray.

III. Now how shall we compel Mid-Westerners to eat shrimps? Shrimps will lead their amateurs to the other riches of the littoral, and the fragrant tidal area's abundances will lure non-fisheaters to the fishes farther out

to sea. We have refrigeration, air transportation, everything but the education and the power and the glory.

As a native of New England I feel that my section of the country has suffered from the jealousies of less favored and less mature regions of the United States. About the South, I am willing to concede that the musical southern accent and the seemingly limitless supply of lithe, good-natured, unattached southern women who drift north almost justify the rest. In extremely melancholy moments I must confess that I rebuke the late General Sherman for a deplorable lack of zeal and thoroughness. The Middle West has always seemed to me a huge Gobi through which one should proceed, not with undue haste, but with dispatch. The West Coast is so near Mexico and has been so generously supplied with foreigners, mostly from Central Europe, that the eating is good, if not grand. It is one of the marvellous things about our democracy that sectionally we can wish one another politely in Hades and united can win wars and maintain a smooth two-party system in which the majority and minority are practically indistinguishable.

There is nothing suggestive of shrimps that President Truman could accept, as Louis XVI carried his bouquet of potato blossoms. He might collect sea shells, perhaps.

Unhappily, to the best of my information, our Commander in Chief and leader cares little for shrimps, one way or the other. He thinks of them, I am told, as pink entities which have been boiled stiff at least twenty minutes, shipped inexpertly any number of miles, and splashed with canned tomato catsup, which is, I believe, as great a menace to America as any hostile nation or ideology. What I have described is termed a "shrimp cocktail" and is served before the almost soup at the kind of American banquets which involve over-done steak, embalmed chicken, potatoes so loosely cooked that they will not do what in Shakespeare's day Sam Pepys or Henry Purcell expected of them, some sick green peas stained greener, then store ice cream, coffee made by dumping questionable brown dust into warm water, and endless speeches about banal subjects.

Somehow shrimps, which flourish from the arctic to the tropics and in quantities that would contribute substantially to feeding our population, have been jacked up in price to the level of beef steak, and the notion has been spread that the savory decapod crustacean must be half a foot long, without the head, in order to be worth consideration. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The tiny ghost shrimps of Puget Sound, so timid that they die of fright if someone speaks harshly, are among the choicest.

Neither the CIO nor the AFL can order its inland members to eat fish. The Democratic or Republican National Committees would not dare attempt such a wholesome reform. Army food must not be stimulating. The fact is that those who, while admitting that man does not live "by bread alone" insist that he should not have his innards habitually sabotaged and insulted, must undertake some long hard years of missionary work.

COUNSEL FOR THE MINORITY

A Report on the Tydings Investigation

By ROBERT MORRIS

IN APRIL of this year, on the recommendation of Senators Hickenlooper and Lodge, minority members of the Tydings Subcommittee, I was appointed their minority counsel. This Subcommittee had been set up by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to determine whether or not persons disloyal to the United States were or ever had been employed by the State Department. It had been sparked by Senator Joseph R. McCarthy's charges that such disloyal persons were still in the Department.

The Subcommittee began its work under distressing circumstances. In less than a decade the Soviet Union had expanded from 160,000,000 people to a mighty empire embracing almost a billion. Soviet expansion had been accomplished under circumstances reflecting either great incompetence on our part or downright subversion in top places. From the absorption of the Baltic countries through Poland, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and right down to China, at the very times when resistance should have been strongest, figures high in our government, with tortuous reasoning and bland sophistry, had advocated appeasement. The intensity of these blandishments seemed to have been highest at the time any particular country was being absorbed.

When the Soviet Empire had swallowed its victim, our government experts would denounce Communism in the abstract, then help pave the way for the next act of Soviet aggression. Alger Hiss, once high in our State Department and an architect of our foreign policy, had been convicted. The first in a long list of atomic spies were beginning to be uncovered. George Wheeler, who had been high in our denazification work in Germany, had taken off his mask and gone behind the Iron Curtain. Rumors were rampant, and suspicions were running high.

Now an arm of the Soviet Empire was ready to start war in Korea. The country currently being absorbed by the Soviet Union was China. Anti-Communist China still held a seat in the Security Council of the United Nations, had an army of 500,000 on Formosa, and a tremendous guerrilla force on the continent that was impeding the Sovietization of China. Chiang Kai-shek was presented as an emigré reactionary, and the Chinese Communists as "democrats" and "liberals" who should have our support lest, as Owen Lattimore suggested, they gravitate toward the Soviet Union. People high in the State Department wanted these full-fledged members of the Soviet International recognized and admitted to the United Nations.

Senator McCarthy, chafing at this turn of events, had brought certain anonymous charges that at least 81 (and there was a great conflict in figures) State Department employees were Communists or followers of the Communist Party line. When forced by the majority on the Subcommittee to name names, he identified about eight. The charge in almost all cases was that the persons were "pro-Communist," and nothing more. However, he called one man "a top Soviet agent." A well-known radio commentator identified this man as Owen Lattimore.

Such was the situation when I first took part in the hearings in Washington. The flow of events, stirred by Senator McCarthy, determined that the first witness should be Louis F. Budenz, former editor of the *Daily Worker* and former member of the National Committee of the Communist Party, who had not only abjured Communism but had proved his sincerity by aiding the government in the prosecution of the eleven Communist leaders. Budenz's testimony had initiated the Gerhardt Eisler proceedings; he had been the principal witness against John Santo, the Hungarian Communist; had aided the government in seven other important cases. He had devotedly given many hours a week to the Federal Bureau of Investigation without ever having been shown in error. He had been vouched for by John McGohey, who was the prosecutor of the eleven top Communists at Foley Square and by President Cavanaugh of Notre Dame University, where he had taught after he first left the Communist Party.

Budenz testified to four instances that supported his conclusion that Owen Lattimore was a Communist agent. Lattimore had been a well-known expert on the Far East; an employee of the State Department on the Pauley Mission to Japan; a consultant to the Secretary of State. Though not on the State Department payroll, he had also held such high quasi-State Department assignments as political advisor to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, recommended by the President of the United States at a critical time in our history (December 7, 1941); political advisor to Henry Wallace on his mission to Siberia and China; head of a United Nations mission to Afghanistan; director of the Pacific Division of the Office of War Information during World War II.

Probably the strongest of the four instances was Budenz's testimony that in 1944 when he was editor of the *Daily Worker*, Jack Stachel, director of Communist propaganda, had warned him (and the warning was repeated by the Party chairman, William Z. Foster) that Lattimore was doing important and secret work in the Party and that Budenz should strive to conceal Lattimore's Party affiliation in the Communist press. This was not a loose example of hearsay. Communist leaders do not talk lightly or with gossip aforethought under such circumstances.

Budenz cited three other such incidents and in addition asserted that in the secret listing and reference to high Party members in the minutes of the National Committee Lattimore was always referred to as "X" and "XL" for purposes of concealment.

The reaction to this testimony was curious. When Budenz stated that he had evidence on other State Department employees and other individuals who had a role in shaping our Far Eastern policy, he was at once taken off the public stand and next heard in secret session. Barred from this next session were not only myself, though I was counsel in effect to Senators Hickenlooper and Lodge, but Senator McCarthy, on whom Senator Tydings and the whole Democratic Administration put the burden to prove the charges. Furthermore Senator Tydings, until Senator McCarthy protested vehemently, allowed Lattimore and his attorney to remain. At this session Budenz named a present Point IV Program State Department official, Haldore Hansen, and a State Department consultant, Lawrence K. Rossinger, as members of the Communist Party. He also listed as members of the Communist Party a long series of "experts" on the Far East that readers would do well to learn by securing from the Foreign Relations Committee a copy of the testimony of the proceedings.

The attitude of the Tydings Subcommittee and the Democratic Administration toward Budenz's testimony was shameful. The cross-examination of Budenz was hostile, intense and wearing. It was done by the general counsel, Senator Greene, and by Abe Fortas, Lattimore's counsel, who acted through the general counsel. A high point in calumny was reached when Lattimore introduced into evidence a sealed copy of the transcript of the Santo deportation proceedings, at which Budenz had been the principal government witness. It included a record of what the Communists through their attorney, Harry Sacher, had thrown at Budenz in that hearing. The Immigration authorities, sensing its vileness, had decreed that only one copy be made, a fact that was verified in writing by the District Director of Immigration in New York, who asserted that this one copy had been given to Sacher in the event he had to use it on appeal. Santo never appealed; he voluntarily went behind the Iron Curtain. But Lattimore received (obviously from Sacher) that one copy of the transcript.

Then, surprisingly, Senator Dennis Chavez (Dem., New Mexico) revealed its contents on the Senate floor, even though it was sealed and the contents were never made known to Senators Hickenlooper and Lodge or myself. Senator Tydings, as Chairman of the Subcommittee, and Senator Lucas, as Democratic floor leader, officially joined Chavez in this attack. It was but one of many instances pointing to a secret liaison between the Communists, Lattimore, the Subcommittee and the Democratic Administration. What was the purpose of this attack on Budenz and what was its effect? From where I operated in lining up a list of witnesses, mostly ex-Communists who were able to confirm the Budenz testimony about the point at issue, it served notice on such people that if they came forward and testified against a Communist in government, they would be smeared and reviled on the Senate floor. Every ex-Communist has something to hide, and every one of the witnesses wilted in the face of it. It was a shrewd and effective move by Senator Tydings.

Despite this threat of pillory, there were witnesses who to the very end were willing to come forward. Senator Hickenlooper put on the record the fact that we had a list of 25 to 30 witnesses who would testify on vital points in the investigation. Eugene Lyons, writing in the *New Leader*, has brought out what Alexander Barmine, formerly a Brigadier General in Soviet Intelligence, would

have testified about Lattimore. But Senator Tydings steadfastly refused to call these witnesses and reproved me for suggesting that their testimony was important and that they should be heard. Senator McCarthy, on whom the whole burden of proof was thrust, was attacked in the vituperative majority report.

Freda Utley, who had been called to analyze Lattimore's writings, got along well enough with the Committee until she commenced to draw the parallel between Lattimore's ideas and the Communist Party line. She was thereafter rudely treated and subjected to long interrogation on her personal income and many details unrelated to the inquiry.

The only other witness of importance to be called was Frank B. Bielaski, a high official of the Office of Strategic Services. Because his testimony offered concrete and irrefutable proof that thousands of highly classified government documents were being systematically stolen, photostated and photographed by a ring operating within the government, it was made secretly and *in camera*. Documents when apprehended clearly showed that a ring still in the Department of State was linked in a conspiracy to vilify and undermine Chiang Kai-shek and the accredited Chinese Government and to exalt and strengthen the Chinese Communists. This was the real significance of the *Amerasia* case, which had never been investigated in spite of insistent minority pressure.

The secondary aspect of the *Amerasia* case, in my opinion, revolved about who was able to connive so successfully that government employees who had turned over secret documents to the magazine, could go completely free. Philip J. Jaffe, *Amerasia's* wealthy editor, had been fined an insignificant amount. Even though the Justice Department and Senator Tydings labeled the documents "teacup gossip," they contained such items as a highly confidential forecast of the Japanese War, giving secret strategic plans, the location of American submarines and the United States postwar treatment of the Japanese Emperor; the entire counter-Intelligence plan of Naval Intelligence; a top secret "for eyes only" message (the highest military classification I know) from President Roosevelt to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek; future military plans of the United States; future battle plans, attack routes of the Chinese Army against the Chinese Communists; many of Angus Ward's confidential reports on the situation within the Soviet Union (and they were almost the only realistic and non pro-Communist State Department records in the *Amerasia* papers) and many other documents so highly important that if you read of them in a dime thriller you would call them fantastic.

The Subcommittee's rejoinder to this secret testimony was to call, many of them publicly, a long list of apologists for the Government's failure to prosecute. The more they testified, the more implausible and disgraceful the case appeared. In short, the crucially significant *Amerasia* case was never seriously investigated. Owen Lattimore was one of the original editors of *Amerasia*.

Senator McCarthy tried in vain to get the committee to look into 81 other cases. A Federal Grand Jury meanwhile had indicted William Remington, one of the 81. Senator McCarthy read on the Senate floor a classified government report, anonymously as was his practice, on a present State Department employee, Edward George Posniak, whom a special agent of the FBI who had infiltrated the Communist Party, had met and known in the Communist movement. To those who have worked in Intelligence this is the most direct evidence you can expect to get. Yet Posniak, another of Senator McCarthy's 81 cases, was cleared by the Democratic members of the Subcommittee.

In the case of John S. Service, who has just been cleared again by the State Department, the FBI testified that while he was under their surveillance they had had a microphone installed in Philip Jaffe's hotel room, and had made a record of Service saying to Jaffe, "What I said about the military plans is of course very secret." Even though the FBI showed that Jaffe was in constant liaison with the Soviet Embassy, Earl Browder and Chinese Communist leaders, Service's explanation that he had been briefing a reputable newspaperman was accepted by the Subcommittee. Senator Lodge pointed out very logically that it is not the practice of State Department officials to search out newspapermen in clandestine session and transmit secret "military plans." As if this weren't enough, we introduced into the record Service's writings which invariably had praised the Chinese Communists and vilified Chiang and those Chinese leaders who were trying to hold off the Sovietization of their country. We also showed that he had a long list of associations with people whom various Congressional committees had shown to be Communists and Soviet agents. And yet, when Senator McCarthy just called him "pro-Communist," Service was one of our highest foreign service officials in India.

In connection with one of the present deputies to the Administration of the ECA, Theodore Geiger, once a State Department employee, I sought in vain to present several witnesses who were prepared to testify (one had testified before the Rapp-Coudert Legislative Committee in New York in 1941) that they were in the same Communist unit as this high official. Although Geiger handles secret material today, the chairman flatly asserted that we could not waste our afternoon going into this case.

But by far the most serious delinquency of the Subcommittee was its steadfast refusal to look into the nature of the Institute of Pacific Relations. It was serious because Budenz had testified (and others were prepared to do so) that this very influential organization during a particularly strategic period had been controlled by the Communists. Its executive secretary was Frederick Vanderbilt Field, who was later to become a foreign editor of the *Daily Worker* and who recently registered as an agent for the Chinese Communists. Its nominating committee, which reflects the real control, had Field, Lattimore and Harriett L. Moore as three out of four members. Budenz stated that he had met Miss Moore as a Communist.

The leaders of the Institute of Pacific Relations at that time are now leaders in shaping our Far Eastern policy. Closely associated with the Institute until 1946 was Philip C. Jessup, Ambassador-at-Large, whom the President sent on an official mission to Asia this year, and who has been almost top man in handling our Far Eastern negotiations. In fairness to Dr. Jessup, as well as to those countless millions who are uneasy about our Far Eastern policy, the Subcommittee should have determined to what extent, if any, the Communists who controlled the Insti-

tute were able to influence Dr. Jessup and other leaders.

Such were only a few of the facts uncovered by the hearings. They are disturbing enough. But when we are at war with the very force that may now be subverting our State Department, it seems shameful that an opportunity to explore once and for all, thoroughly and with sincerity, the underlying facts, should have been neglected and even thwarted. The Tydings Subcommittee did not do its job. The FBI can collect the facts, but someone has to bring them out.

A SOLUTION FOR KOREA

By FELIX MORLEY

In the following article Felix Morley proposes that Korea be reunited with Japan as a joint sovereignty connected by mutual allegiance to the Japanese throne. This strikes the editors of the Freeman, *in spite of disagreement on such points as the validity of Russian claims in Korea, as a provocative starting point for discussion of a difficult problem. It does not, however, impress us as a solution that is psychologically possible unless (1) the Korean people hate the Japanese a lot less than we suppose they do, and unless (2) the UN is both willing and able to give a firm guarantee that Korean rights, economic, social and legal, will not be kicked around by some future Japanese government at some future date. Could the UN give such a guarantee in perpetuity? We doubt it; the very existence of the veto makes it impossible for the UN as at present organized to guarantee anything. In any event, we are glad to print "A Solution for Korea" for what it is, a provocative approach to a problem that will prove difficult enough of solution on any ground.*

THE EDITORS

SINCE June 25, Korea has been top news in every edition of every American newspaper. Millions of words on that little-known country have been written by thousands of scribes. But the inescapable connection of Korea with Japan, which for geographical reasons alone must be a factor in any permanent settlement, is given little or no consideration.

This is the more surprising because Korea, as also Formosa, is still legally a part of the Japanese Empire. The Cairo Declaration, of December 1, 1943, was for the United States merely a statement of executive intent, having no binding force unless and until embodied in a treaty of peace, requiring Senate ratification.

At Cairo, it was agreed by Roosevelt, Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek that all territory "stolen" from China by Japan, including Manchuria and Formosa, would be restored to the Nationalist Chinese Government, as represented by the Generalissimo. It was further declared at Cairo that: "In due course, Korea shall become free and independent."

On his return from this conference, and that of Teheran, President Roosevelt said, broadcasting from Hyde Park: "We were able . . . to discuss certain long-range principles which we believe can assure peace in the Far East for many generations to come." Mr. Roosevelt at the same time called Stalin "truly representative of the heart and soul of the Russian people." But the President did not then or at any other time suggest that the political arrangements made were anything more than provisional and tentative.

On the contrary, reporting to Congress on January 11, 1944, Mr. Roosevelt went out of his way to assure the Senate that it would have the last word about the Cairo Declaration. The President said that he was "thoroughly conversant with the provisions of our Constitution." He added that no commitments other than those of a military nature were made at Cairo and Teheran. President Roosevelt then said flatly that: "There were no secret treaties or political or financial commitments."

The complete fluidity of the political aspects of the Cairo Declaration was indeed emphasized by President Roosevelt himself at Yalta, little more than a year later

The Yalta Agreement, of February 11, 1945, in some respects reversed that made at Cairo. At the earlier conference, Chiang Kai-shek had been assured that all Chinese territory "stolen" by Japan would be restored to China. At Yalta, with no Chinese representative present, Soviet Russia was given "preeminent" rights in Mongolia and Manchuria. But here again Mr. Roosevelt was well aware of the wholly provisional character of his wartime arrangements. In his last message to Congress, on March 1, 1945, the President said he was "well aware" that "arrangements made at Yalta" would have to be approved by "two-thirds of the Senate of the United States."

The case of Formosa and that of Korea are legally similar, but not identical. The legal title to both areas still vests in the government of Japan, and will continue to do so until a definitive peace treaty deprives Japan of sovereignty. In the case of Formosa, however, possession — perhaps more than nine parts of such international law as exists today — is now maintained by the government of Chiang Kai-shek, as recommended by an American President and British Prime Minister. In the case of Korea there is not even the shadow of an Anglo-American commitment either to Nationalist or Communist China. The only declaration on Korea was for its eventual independence, an objective to which both Moscow and Washington claim to be equally dedicated.

Korea became a bloody bone of contention not because the government of either Russia or the United States objected to its nominal independence, but because each of these great powers feared that the other would, in fact, control the ancient "Hermit Kingdom." Korean history gives plenty of basis for such fears. In modern times its people have never been able to establish effective independence.

To American thinking, especially in its presently outraged and inflamed condition, the Russian role in Korea seems absolutely black. Even to suggest that there is a Russian case is to risk classification as "subversive."

None the less, if a permanent and peaceful solution of the Korean problem is wanted, that risk must be taken. And the truth is that Russia has a case in Korea that has no relationship to the political ideas of the present Russian Government. Russia, as a great power, can no more be expected to tolerate a potentially hostile Korea than we could be expected to accept a potentially hostile Mexico. A glance at the map will show why.

The Russians have a right to feel strongly on this point because, at Yalta, we officially admitted their claim to special rights and interests at Dairen and Port Arthur, which in the hands of a military nation can always dominate Korea. We followed this up by actually inviting Russia, after Mr. Truman became President, to occupy Korea as far as the 38th Parallel. And Mr. Sumner Welles, the former Under Secretary of State, asserted in 1944 that it "seems not only logical but eminently desirable that the Soviet Government be assured of her rightful place in any international trusteeship which may be established on behalf of the Korean people."

Since the close of World War II the Administration has certainly worked to establish Korean independence, against obvious Russian obstruction. Under United Nations auspices a Korean Republic was established on August 15, 1948, and was recognized by Washington on January 1, 1949. Other countries have followed our leadership, but not the Soviet Union, which even utilized the veto to block admission of the Korean Republic to the United Nations. It may be suggested that if the North Koreans had been successful in their recent aggression, and had then established a Communist regime throughout all Korea, we in turn would have blocked the admission of that government to UN membership.

This is not to suggest that we have here a case of pot and kettle, grinding a miserable Korea of clay between them, but merely to say that there is a basis for reasonable disagreement between this country and Russia about Korea that cannot be solved by mutual recriminations. Yet if it is not solved, eventual war with Russia over Korea is almost a certainty, regardless of the temporary arrangements that might delay it.

If disagreements between nations could be submitted to judicial arbitration, one possible solution, which might help to avert the very real threat of war between Russia and the United States, would immediately become apparent. As long as Russia is supporting one Korean faction, and the United States another, the anticipated independence of the country seems a vain hope. That being so, it would seem rational to consider the restoration of Japanese sovereignty in Korea, the more so since that territory is still legally Japanese. It was, in fact, unconstitutional for us to recognize an independent Korea before concluding a legal peace treaty with Japan.

The suggestion is timely, because Secretary Acheson is now arguing that this overdue peace treaty with Japan should be concluded as quickly as possible, and because the making of this treaty must to some extent define the future of Korea, if only to rule that henceforth it will be completely independent of Japan.

Before that step is taken it would certainly be reasonable to inquire whether the Koreans themselves — as distinct from their factional leaders — would not prefer a reunion with Japan to their present dismal plight and prospects. Such a reunion could of course provide much more Korean autonomy than was granted under the old Japanese Empire, although until ten years ago nearly all impartial observers agreed that Korea was far more contented under Japanese rule than was, for instance, Southern Ireland under Britain.

The proposal at least deserves consideration, and has strong political, economic and historical arguments to recommend it, aside from the fact that no generally acceptable alternative plan seems to be forthcoming. President Truman says the United Nations should settle the future status of Korea, but that is really begging the question. The United Nations can take no initiative, either for war or peace, except as suggested by a member government. It is, moreover, illegal for the Administration to sponsor any Korean settlement until the Senate has fulfilled its Constitutional function of ratifying a peace treaty with Japan that will decide whether or not the future of Korea is disposable by us.

To reunite Japan and Korea, perhaps as joint sovereignties connected by a mutual allegiance to the Japanese throne, would hold out some promise better than that of a battlefield for the Korean people. A joint sovereignty arrangement would allow for Korean home rule under a local parliament, with clearly defined individual rights for all Korean citizens.

Such an arrangement would help greatly in making Japan self-supporting, thereby dismissing the grim prospect of indefinite American subsidies to the now shattered Japanese economy. It might well prove, from the Russian viewpoint, a settlement that would save face, not less so because the Kremlin believes that Japan will eventually go Communist anyway. That is a possibility that we must in any case confront. And Communism will certainly not diminish in Japan if all that the future holds for these barren islands is pauperized subjection to American military rule.

A reunion of Japan and Korea would also be historically sound. For centuries Korea has been a vassal of either China, Japan or Russia. The periods of Korean self-government have always been nominal and unsustained. How this picture is improved by the introduction of an American overlord, now suspect in Asia, is not clear. Some form of political union with a chastened and democratized Japan would seem to offer the most promising future for a ruined country, certain to be cast in close relationship with the adjacent, more efficient Japanese.

For an atomic war to spring from the present confusion and misery of Korea would indeed be a confession of absolute bankruptcy in American statesmanship. There are, in the words of President Roosevelt, "no political commitments" binding us to one rather than another solution of the Korean problem.

A peace treaty with Japan cannot now be much longer delayed. It should be made the occasion of a Korean settlement, to be approved later by the United Nations, that will at least check the present drift towards the third world war. There is a chance that such a settlement would break the log-jam in Russo-American relations, leading toward reasonable settlements elsewhere.

LORD KEYNES AND SAY'S LAW

By LUDWIG von MISES

LORD KEYNES'S main contribution did not lie in the development of new ideas but "in escaping from the old ones," as he himself declared at the end of the Preface to his "General Theory." The Keynesians tell us that his immortal achievement consists in the entire refutation of what has come to be known as Say's Law of Markets. The rejection of this law, they declare, is the gist of all Keynes's teachings; all other propositions of his doctrine follow with logical necessity from this fundamental insight and must collapse if the futility of his attack on Say's Law can be demonstrated.[1]

Now it is important to realize that what is called Say's Law was in the first instance designed as a refutation of doctrines popularly held in the ages preceding the development of economics as a branch of human knowledge. It was not an integral part of the new science of economics as taught by the Classical economists. It was rather a preliminary — the exposure and removal of garbled and untenable ideas which dimmed people's minds and were a serious obstacle to a reasonable analysis of conditions.

Whenever business turned bad, the average merchant had two explanations at hand: the evil was caused by a scarcity of money and by general overproduction. Adam Smith, in a famous passage in "The Wealth of Nations," exploded the first of these myths. Say devoted himself predominantly to a thorough refutation of the second.

As long as a definite thing is still an economic good and not a "free good," its supply is not, of course, *absolutely* abundant. There are still unsatisfied needs which a larger supply of the good concerned could satisfy. There are still people who would be glad to get more of this good than they are really getting. With regard to economic goods there can never be *absolute* overproduction. (And economics deals only with economic goods, not with free goods such as air which are no object of purposive human action, are therefore not produced, and with regard to which the employment of terms like underproduction and overproduction is simply nonsensical.)

With regard to economic goods there can be only *relative* overproduction. While the consumers are asking for definite quantities of shirts and of shoes, business has produced, say, a larger quantity of shoes and a smaller quantity of shirts. This is not general overproduction of all commodities. To the overproduction of shoes corresponds an underproduction of shirts. Consequently the result can not be a general depression of all branches of business. The outcome is a change in the exchange ratio between shoes and shirts. If, for instance, previously one pair of shoes could buy four shirts, it now buys only three shirts. While business is bad for the shoemakers, it is good for the shirtmakers. The attempts to explain the general depression of trade by referring to an allegedly general overproduction are therefore fallacious.

[1] P. M. Sweezy in *The New Economics*, Ed. by S. E. Harris, New York, 1947, p. 105.

Commodities, says Say, are ultimately paid for not by money, but by other commodities. Money is merely the commonly used medium of exchange; it plays only an intermediary role. What the seller wants ultimately to receive in exchange for the commodities sold is other commodities. Every commodity produced is therefore a price, as it were, for other commodities produced. The situation of the producer of any commodity is improved by any increase in the production of other commodities. What may hurt the interests of the producer of a definite commodity is his failure to anticipate correctly the state of the market. He has overrated the public's demand for his commodity and underrated its demand for other commodities. Consumers have no use for such a bungling entrepreneur; they buy his products only at prices which make him incur losses, and they force him, if he does not in time correct his mistakes, to go out of business. On the other hand, those entrepreneurs who have better succeeded in anticipating the public demand earn profits and are in a position to expand their business activities. This, says Say, is the truth behind the confused assertions of businessmen that the main difficulty is not in producing but in selling. It would be more appropriate to declare that the first and main problem of business is to produce in the best and cheapest way those commodities which will satisfy the most urgent of the not yet satisfied needs of the public.

Thus Smith and Say demolished the oldest and most naïve explanation of the trade cycle as provided by the popular effusions of inefficient traders. True, their achievement was merely negative. They exploded the belief that the recurrence of periods of bad business was caused by a scarcity of money and by a general overproduction. But they did not give us an elaborated theory of the trade cycle. The first explanation of this phenomenon was provided much later by the British Currency School.

The important contributions of Smith and Say were not entirely new and original. The history of economic thought can trace back some essential points of their reasoning to older authors. This in no way detracts from the merits of Smith and Say. They were the first to deal with the issue in a systematic way and to apply their conclusions to the problem of economic depressions. They were therefore also the first against whom the supporters of the spurious popular doctrine directed their violent attacks. Sismondi and Malthus chose Say as the target of passionate volleys when they tried — in vain — to salvage the discredited popular prejudices.

II. Say emerged victoriously from his polemics with Malthus and Sismondi. He proved his case, while his adversaries could not prove theirs. Henceforth, during the whole rest of the nineteenth century, the acknowledgment of the truth contained in Say's Law was the distinctive mark of an economist. Those authors and politi-

cians who made the alleged scarcity of money responsible for all ills and advocated inflation as the panacea were no longer considered economists but "monetary cranks."

The struggle between the champions of sound money and the inflationists went on for many decades. But it was no longer considered a controversy between various schools of economists. It was viewed as a conflict between economists and anti-economists, between reasonable men and ignorant zealots. When all civilized countries had adopted the gold standard or the gold-exchange standard, the cause of inflation seemed to be lost forever.

Economics did not content itself with what Smith and Say had taught about the problems involved. It developed an integrated system of theorems which cogently demonstrated the absurdity of the inflationist sophisms. It depicted in detail the inevitable consequences of an increase in the quantity of money in circulation and of credit expansion. It elaborated the monetary or circulation credit theory of the business cycle which clearly showed how the recurrence of depressions of trade is caused by the repeated attempts to "stimulate" business through credit expansion. Thus it conclusively proved that the slump, whose appearance the inflationists attributed to an insufficiency of the supply of money, is on the contrary the necessary outcome of attempts to remove such an alleged scarcity of money through credit expansion.

The economists did not contest the fact that a credit expansion in its initial stage makes business boom. But they pointed out how such a contrived boom must inevitably collapse after a while and produce a general depression. This demonstration could appeal to statesmen intent on promoting the enduring well-being of their nation. It could not influence demagogues who care for nothing but success in the impending election campaign and are not in the least troubled about what will happen the day after tomorrow. But it is precisely such people who have become supreme in the political life of this age of wars and revolutions. In defiance of all the teachings of the economists, inflation and credit expansion have been elevated to the dignity of the first principle of economic policy. Nearly all governments are now committed to reckless spending, and finance their deficits by issuing additional quantities of unredeemable paper money and by boundless credit expansion.

The great economists were harbingers of new ideas. The economic policies they recommended were at variance with the policies practiced by contemporary governments and political parties. As a rule many years, even decades, passed before public opinion accepted the new ideas as propagated by the economists, and before the required corresponding changes in policies were effected.

It was different with the "new economics" of Lord Keynes. The policies he advocated were precisely those which almost all governments, including the British, had already adopted many years before his "General Theory" was published. Keynes was not an innovator and champion of new methods of managing economic affairs. His contribution consisted rather in providing an apparent justification for the policies which were popular with those in power in spite of the fact that all economists viewed them as disastrous. His achievement was a rationalization of the policies already practiced. He was not a "revolutionary," as some of his adepts called him. The "Keynesian revolution" took place long before Keynes approved of it and fabricated a pseudo-scientific justification for it. What he really did was to write an apology for the existing policies of governments.

This explains the quick success of his book. It was greeted enthusiastically by the governments and the ruling political parties. Especially enraptured were a new type of intellectuals, the "government economists." They had had a bad conscience. They were aware of the fact that they were carrying out policies which all economists condemned as contrary to purpose and disastrous. Now they felt relieved. The "new economics" reestablished their moral equilibrium. Today they are no longer ashamed of being the handymen of bad policies. They glorify themselves. They are the prophets of the new creed.

III. The exuberant epithets which these admirers have bestowed upon his work cannot obscure the fact that Keynes did not refute Say's Law. He rejected it emotionally, but he did not advance a single tenable argument to invalidate its rationale.

Neither did Keynes try to refute by discursive reasoning the teachings of modern economics. He chose to ignore them, that was all. He never found any word of serious criticism against the theorem that increasing the quantity of money cannot effect anything else than, on the one hand, to favor some groups at the expense of other groups, and, on the other hand, to foster capital malinvestment and capital decumulation. He was at a complete loss when it came to advancing any sound argument to demolish the monetary theory of the trade cycle. All he did was to revive the self-contradictory dogmas of the various sects of inflationism. He did not add anything to the empty presumptions of his predecessors, from the old Birmingham School of Little Shilling Men down to Silvio Gesell. He merely translated their sophisms — a hundred times refuted — into the questionable language of mathematical economics. He passed over in silence all the objections which such men as Jevons, Walras and Wicksell — to name only a few — opposed to the effusions of the inflationists.

It is the same with his disciples. They think that calling "those who fail to be moved to admiration of Keynes's genius" such names as "dullard" or "narrow-minded fanatic" [2] is a substitute for sound economic reasoning. They believe that they have proved their case by dismissing their adversaries as "orthodox" or "neo-classical." They reveal the utmost ignorance in thinking that their doctrine is correct because it is new.

In fact, inflationism is the oldest of all fallacies. It was very popular long before the days of Smith, Say and Ricardo, against whose teachings the Keynesians cannot advance any other objection than that they are old.

IV. The unprecedented popularity of Keynesianism is due to the fact that it provides an apparent justification for the "deficit spending" policies of contemporary governments. It is the pseudo-philosophy of those who can think of nothing else than to dissipate the capital accumulated by previous generations.

Yet no effusions of authors however brilliant and

[2] Professor G. Haberler, *Opus cit.*, p. 161.

sophisticated can alter the perennial economic laws. They are and work and take care of themselves. Notwithstanding all the passionate fulminations of the spokesmen of governments, the inevitable consequences of inflationism and expansionism as depicted by the "orthodox" economists are coming to pass. And then, very late indeed, even simple people will discover that Keynes did not teach us how to perform the "miracle . . . of turning a stone into bread," [3] but the not at all miraculous procedure of eating the seed corn.

[3] Keynes, *Opus cit.*, p. 332.

FROM OUR READERS

Not for Fans Only

I justify my subscription to the *Freeman* with at least three reasons:

1. It supplies an urgent and unending national need.
2. The first number is excellent.
3. Your efforts deserve widespread support.

While the magazine is committed to broad national issues, its detractors will dismiss it as a vehicle of personal opinion. As others have discovered and died, it will have a tough fight to get out of the publishing red.

I'm not a successful financier, but I believe such a magazine should not only appeal for support from those who agree but should finagle support from others who thoroughly dislike it. The gate at a sports event comes not only from fans for an idol or team, but from those who ardently hate one contestant and hope he will be slaughtered. Make the *Freeman* not only the best liked, but most hated, magazine in the country. In self-defense, the owners of the toes it steps on will subscribe; some to know the next punch, others to read their letters to the editors. Make it the center of public controversy.

Silver Spring, Maryland — JUNIUS B. WOOD

The Best of Ryskind

Congratulations on your first issue. I found it important and engrossing from cover to cover.

And thanks in particular for the extra added dividend — the hilarious article by Morrie Ryskind. I'd like to predict it will take its place with the best of Benchley and Thurber. Anyway it seems perfectly safe (under the Ryskind-Brannan Plan) to bet $2.00 that "What To Do About The Bookies" will easily turn out to be one of the finest stories published this year.

Norwalk, Connecticut — F. K.

Never a Dull Moment

Congratulations on the first issue of the *Freeman* — not a dull article in the bunch. I hope you will keep this up — that is, avoid dullness, which is the chief drawback with the so-called intellectual, or "kept" press, as Pegler calls it.

New York City — DEVIN A. GARRITY

All the Way Through

I must take time to compliment you upon the issue of the *Freeman*, volume 1, no. 1. It came to me yesterday. I have had to reduce my reading list as affects magazines, and I almost threw this issue aside, but I took it up and became so interested that I read it all the way through.

You have a fine staff, it would seem. I congratulate you upon your ability to assemble it. The contributions are timely, well selected, and forcefully presented. The selection of material deserves all praise. The restraint that characterizes the different articles — accompanying the courage and directness of everything that appears in them, incidentally — is especially noteworthy.

I'm glad that you have entered the field. There are too few publications, and they are under pressure by the Federal Government in the hope that this sort of business can be stopped. What will happen to us if that result should follow, I hesitate even to contemplate. Therefore, three loud, resounding cheers for what you have done! I hope that you will be successful.

Auburn, New York — RICHARD C. S. DRUMMOND

Total Approval

The first copy of the *Freeman* has just come, and everything about it delights me. I particularly liked your statement of faith and the editorial on Marshall.

Los Angeles, California — GEORGE CREEL

Impressed by General Fellers

My congratulations on the initial issue of the *Freeman*, which I read last night with keen interest. Your comments on the financial and economic situation are not only sound, but are marvelously concise and clear. The two sentences about the relationship between credit control and price control tell that story perfectly.

The article by Bonner Fellers on "The Lessons of Korea" impressed me greatly, particularly his conclusion, and I am marking this piece for the attention of others.

New York City — C. W.

Faith in "the Remnant"

Just having seen, in the *Saturday Review*, the notice of your new venture with the familiar title, I enclose a check for a year's subscription. In offering my best wishes for a successful revival of the spirit of the *Freeman* I must congratulate you on your courage and faith in what Albert Jay Nock called the Remnant.

Goshen, Massachusetts — FRANK W. GARRISON

Filling the Void

Since nature abhors a vacuum in the realm of the intellect as well as in the world of matter, it was inevitable that a magazine like the *Freeman* would ultimately appear. The void between totalitarian, loose-lipped "liberalism" and outworn, sclerotic conservatism simply had to be filled.

If you fail to make a handful of powerful enemies in high places and if you do not succeed in attracting a host of loyal friends and intelligent readers, I will be greatly surprised. Your format is arresting without being clamorous, your contributors to the first issue are writers of formidable talent, and the tone of the magazine is just right. All the best!

New York City — CHARLES YALE HARRISON

From Cover to Cover

Congratulations on the first issue of the *Freeman*. I read and enjoyed all articles. All the good luck in the world.

Beverly Hills, California — ADOLPHE MENJOU

MACHINE AGE OPERA

By WINTHROP SARGEANT

LIKE most people who frequent musical circles, I have a friend who collects old operatic recordings. He is always on hand at fire sales and auctions; he spends hours in junk shops; he is on the mailing lists of a dozen dealers who specialize in phonographic antiques. At home, he keeps his trophies carefully arranged in envelopes on shelves: John McCormack singing Mozart's Il Mio Tesoro; Pol Plançon singing the Drum Major's Song from Massenet's "Le Cid"; Luisa Tetrazzini singing the Mad Scene from "Lucia"; arias sung by Lilli Lehmann, Alma Gluck, Farrar, Caruso, Scotti, Ternina, Tamagno, Ruffo, Stracciari, Hempel, Eames, Journet. To play them he has constructed, at great expense, a special phonograph capable of the greatest sensitiveness and the clearest amplification.

Most of these old recordings have scratchy surfaces. Their orchestral accompaniments are tinny and at times almost indistinguishable. Even the vocal parts come through, at best, with hazy outlines and stiff contours like those of old daguerreotypes. I remember the better part of an evening I spent with him, listening over and over again to a rare record made by the late Jean de Reszke in the earliest days of recording. From its ancient, hissing surface the needle brought forth a sound like that of a man singing under water in a hurricane. My friend listened enraptured, straining his ears for every tattered remnant of the great de Reszke voice as it struggled through vast distances of time and technology. His excitement was not due altogether to the vocal quality of these remnants, or to the totally indistinguishable buzz of orchestration that went with them. It was partly due to the thrill of a dramatic situation. De Reszke, hurdling technological imperfections, had managed to catch the last train just as it was pulling out of the limbo of the unrecallable past. Up ahead, Caruso and John McCormack had pretty good seats. But before de Reszke, many had been left behind. They would be remembered only as names in history books. How their voices actually sounded, nobody will ever know again.

The drama is heightened by another fact. The great artists who had been rescued from oblivion belonged to a different species from those who do most of today's recording (and singing in our studios and opera houses). That the old discs demonstrate irrefutably and ironically. By the time the phonograph became capable of preserving voices, the voices worth preserving had dwindled to a handful. Today they are almost extinct. The golden age of coexistence of great voices and phonographic fidelity lasted only about fifteen years. Our generation meets grand opera singing, at its finest, only on phonograph records that were made roughly between 1910 and 1925.

My friend, of course, never goes near the Metropolitan. Opera, to him, is strictly a matter of great voices. He is not interested in the improvement of opera's theatrical technique. He does not give a hoot what opera singers look like; he cares only how they sound. Among the Metropolitan singers of the moment, he will concede importance to very few. He regards such outstanding Wagnerian artists as Kirsten Flagstad, Helen Traubel, Lauritz Melchior, and Herbert Janssen as specialists who are about as closely related to opera singers as Percherons are to race horses. They can sing Wagner, but it is a question in my friend's mind whether Wagnerian declamation can properly be termed singing. If Helen Traubel could sing Norma as well as Brünnhilde (a trick Lilli Lehmann used to do), or if Melchior could sing Faust as well as Siegfried (a trick Jean de Reszke knew), my friend would admit them to the company of his immortals. Also, he regards Lily Pons as a fluty, underdone, child-like coloratura, and singers like Charles Kullman and John Brownlee as cultivated crooners. By the standards he maintains in his collection of old phonograph records, he is right.

Just what has brought about the contemporary dearth of great operatic talent nobody seems quite to know. Joe Romano, whose restaurant on West 54th Street has fed two generations of Metropolitan singers, attributes it entirely to an alarming decline in the average singer's consumption of spaghetti. In the vocal studios of 57th Street, the catastrophe is blamed on the modern singer's impatience for success and his lack of thorough training. In the dressing rooms of the Metropolitan it is blamed on the scarcity of competent vocal teachers.

Opera as an institution is in an obvious state of decline. For one thing, it is many years since a really successful opera has been written. The French operatic tradition seems to have died with Massenet; of all French operatic productions since Massenet, only Debussy's "Pelléas" and Charpentier's "Louise" retain a certain hold over the public. The generation of Strauss and Humperdinck (which was Wagnerian by musical tradition) has had no successful followers in Germany and Austria, although individual operas by highly individual composers like Pfitzner, Berg, Krenek, and Weill have enjoyed a fleeting national or cult celebrity. The more talented contemporary Italians seem to have turned away from opera, leaving the field to a group of minor theorists and nonconformists like Malipiero and Pizetti. The Russians seem to be writing little opera, and the even less that we have heard ("Lady Macbeth of Mzensk," "Quiet Flows the Don") is either shallowly satirical or amateurish.

The style of music that has been fashionable among "advanced" composers since the first World War has been unsuited either to the clear expression of human emotion or to the exigencies of the trained human voice. The composer who can write well for the voice (i.e., take full advantage of its best technical features and its magnificent resources for musico-dramatic declamation) has become practically extinct. "Der Rosenkavalier" seems to have been the last universally popular, vocally well-conceived opera. It dates from 1911.

Some of the causes of this decline may be economic. Opera, as we know it, is closely bound up with nineteenth century monarchic tradition. It is not a business like the movies or the Broadway theater. It is a social luxury whose patrons have always been expected to lose lavish sums of money if they wanted the first-rate product. The gradual dwindling of people who have such sums to lose, and the dwindling taste of those who have, has seriously undermined opera's finances.

But one cause of opera's present decline is undoubtedly a shift in theatrical technology — the emergence of what might be termed the microphonic revolution. This revolution, more drastic artistically than any political revolution in history, has brought about an era in which artistic success is no longer determined by the aristocracy of means, and by at least pretended culture, but by the innumerable millions who twirl the world's radio dials. It has already drastically changed the life, habits and outlook of the contemporary opera singer.

The glamour that once made operatic divas like Melba and Geraldine Farrar the pin-up girls of their generations has shifted to the movies. Today, the career of a singer who devotes himself exclusively to opera pays off in big artistic prestige, but no longer in big money. In recent years there has been a tendency for increasing numbers of the Metropolitan's top-rank figures to limit their Metropolitan careers to a few prestige performances, drawing on the Met's payroll only to the extent of two or three thousand a year and getting their real money from concert tours, recording, radio and the movies. Little by little, over the past forty years, grand opera has lost its position as the singer's Golconda. The Metropolitan is now almost an academic institution whose graduates, proudly displaying their degrees, sally forth to seek their fortunes in more remunerative fields; they return to the Alma Mater from time to time for a refresher course and, some of them, for purely artistic satisfaction.

The effect on the art of singing has been profound. It is possible today for a singer with a first-rate operatic voice like Nelson Eddy's to ignore the Metropolitan completely and to make a fabulous popular reputation, and an even more fabulous fortune, without ever going near an opera house. It is possible for a singer like Bing Crosby to become the idol of millions with a vocal equipment that, by operatic standards, is pathetic. Radio and the movies have so undermined the standards of the vocalist's art that there is no longer the slightest relation between the artistic excellence of a singer's output and the compensation he can expect for it. The incentive to cultivate microphonic charm — a knack requiring little or no training — far outweighs the incentive to undertake the years of patient labor required to perfect the voice of the genuine opera singer.

To a non-opera-going man, these symptoms may not appear to be any great cause for worry. "Suppose opera, along with a lot of other outmoded nineteenth century ornaments, is dying out?" he shrugs. "What of it? Can't we just write it off?" The answer is that we can not, unless we are willing to write off the art of music as it is known to cultivated and civilized audiences.

Few people — even few concertgoers — realize to what extent opera is the foundation of the musical culture of the West. Many of the world's greatest composers have written opera; all of them, without exception, have been artistic products of a society in which opera was a dominant art form; and all of them have been technically influenced by opera. Without opera, the tradition and style of symphonic music would probably never have been evolved. For example, the symphonic style of Mozart (who, incidentally, wrote his greatest works in the operatic form) is profoundly operatic, nearly every phrase exhibiting the conventions of the Italian aria. And these same conventions, handed down through the music of Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, and Bruckner, have survived as an indispensable constituent of what we strictly consider to be concert music. Only one traditional element in the language of modern symphonic music has even approached the importance of opera — the ecclesiastical style that culminated in Bach and Handel. And even that style contained a profusion of operatic ingredients.

Symphonic music is scarcely two hundred years old; opera, even in its present highly conventionalized form, has persisted at least twice that long. A balanced view of musical history might show that the central trunk in the growth of musical art is opera, and that such developments as the oratorio, the symphony, the string quartet and the piano sonata are offshoots long nourished by it. And, indeed, the present decline of opera has been accompanied by a similar decline in the creative vitality of every other branch of music.

But opera is not necessarily dead. It even survives at our own Metropolitan Opera House as a paying business proposition without the sort of subsidy it has nearly always required. In Europe it has survived the most severe wartime conditions; the luxury of operatic performances flourished during the straitened postwar years in Italy and Germany amid the most severe shortages.

Opera, in the four centuries of its unbroken development, has weathered many a crisis of economics and fashion. It has survived the hostility of the church and the disdain of intellectuals. It survived the French Revolution. It survived the death of such seventeenth and eighteenth century traditions as demanded the participation of artificially emasculated tenors (who could sing parts no longer possible). A whole literature of the European drama, including plays by Beaumarchais, Scribe, Hugo, Dumas *fils*, lives today only because it has been embalmed in operas like "The Barber of Seville", "The Marriage of Figaro", "Rigoletto" and "Traviata". Shakespeare's "Othello" has probably received more productions during the past two generations in its operatic than in its poetic form.

The tragedies of Sophocles, Aeschylus and Euripides were not what we call "legitimate" drama but, in fact, operas in which the lines were sung, instead of spoken, by trained "stars" and choruses. The sixteenth century Florentines who invented modern opera thought that they were resuscitating the Greek drama. The age-old combination of music and theater that they revived is not likely to die out, even when faced with the readjustments necessitated by modern technology. Further progress in microphonic fidelity may some day return great voices to a preferred place. And there is still enough prestige connected with grand opera to make the label "Tenor of the Metropolitan" a valuable asset even for the microphonic public.

There is certainly no dearth of young talent anxious to strut the proscenium of the Metropolitan Opera House. The trouble is that it has been insufficiently trained and that it is prematurely exploited. The appetite of radio and cinema for half-baked singing is so large and undiscriminating that an insufficiently trained voice can win quick fame and fortune. Success, for singers, has become too easy. A singer must have almost superhuman restraint to deny himself luscious broadcasting fees while he undergoes, for six or eight years, the obscure labor exacted of anyone who seriously wants a career in opera.

The results of too-easy success show in the careers of a whole generation of fairly well-known American opera singers. We should, by now, have graduated from the naive state of mind that twenty-five years ago helped catapult the Missouri coloratura, Marion Talley, into operatic stardom on the strength of a pretty but insufficiently prepared voice and despite a complete lack of operatic experience. We presumably know by now that one does not just "discover" ripe operatic voices in small town choirs, real estate offices, or fish markets, all ready to be dressed as Rigoletto or Carmen and pushed onto the Metropolitan stage. But how far are we indeed from that naiveté?

There is an alarming mortality among American operatic voices as their possessors approach middle age; and all experienced vocal authorities attribute it to lack of thorough training in early years. An old-time singer like Giovanni Martinelli manages somehow to keep singing at the age of sixty. But Lawrence Tibbett (an extremely conscientious if dramatically somewhat callow artist, who once had a great voice) is today a mere shadow of his former vocal self. The late Grace Moore, perhaps the archetype of the contemporary American diva, had quite a voice and quite an arresting theater personality. She acted the part of diva in real life as well as on the stage. Her charm and good looks made her for a time our leading American operatic celebrity. But an examination of Miss Moore's voice would have shown her characteristically deficient in well-nigh everything that stems from solid traditional training. Her musicianship was so uncertain that she could hardly sing a role without lapses in musical accuracy and good taste.

Throughout his career as general manager of the Metropolitan, Edward Johnson fought a valiant battle against the microphonic revolution. It resembled a rear-guard action however, and consisted largely of wary compromises and strategic retreats. In an effort to increase opera's popular appeal, he made a gesture here and there toward modernizing its theatrical techniques. Lacking singers with great voices, he emphasized singers with good looks. Lacking great stars, he concentrated on improved teamwork under the direction of star conductors like Georg Szell, Bruno Walter and Fritz Busch. Hard pressed by radio and movie competition, he cast his lot with a group of fairly talented young singers whose names, at that point, were not yet big enough to invite wholesale exploitation before the microphone. Limited by the Metropolitan's budget (which is postulated on the somewhat preposterous idea that opera should be conducted as a solvent business enterprise), he lured singers to his opera house by using for bait prestige rather than high salaries — an inflationary process that, if pushed too far, might end by seriously reducing the value of Metropolitan prestige.

The Johnsonian reforms gave opera an entirely changed aspect which may possibly have established a permanent pattern for the new microphonic era. Amplified by omnipotent microphones, the Met's small voices did not sound too badly on the Saturday afternoon broadcasts. The Met's slim young singers were undoubtedly easier on the eyes of audiences whose ideas of theatrical beauty are conditioned by the movies. Opera, among other things, is a branch of the theater, and there can be no harm in making it visually more presentable. Opera is also a branch of music. So neat ensembles and well-trained choruses and orchestras under fine conductors are all to the good. (It might be noted that some of the ensemble singing and orchestral playing that ornamented opera's golden age was fearfully slipshod.) But opera in the golden age was also something besides drama and music. It was, above all, a highly subtle and exciting branch of vocal athletics, a medium for the exploitation of extraordinarily beautiful voices. This was precisely the quality with which, under the influence of amazingly gifted operatic writers like Mozart and Verdi, opera achieved its greatest artistic triumphs. And this is precisely what opera has ceased to be.

This season a new general manager, Mr. Rudolf Bing, steps into the place just vacated by Edward Johnson. Mr. Bing, who evidently has a mind of his own, has already started grappling with the microphonic problem. One of his first reforms was to fire a whole group of singers who, like Melchior, had been using the Met for scattered prestige performances while spending the greater part of their time in Hollywood or on the radio. It is too early as yet to assess Mr. Bing's influence. His traditions, unlike Edward Johnson's, are Austrian and German, which probably means that he will lay great stress on workmanship, and musical and theatrical efficiency. He has already shown that he would like to ignore the power of the microphone, and restore the Met to its proper independence as the national capitol of American singing. Whether the technological situation will permit him to do this remains to be seen.

Meanwhile unexpected things may happen. Government subsidy, as practiced in Europe, may some day replace America's defunct operatic "angels." The broadcasting industry may take over opera, lock, stock and barrel, and solve its financial problems through national radio advertising revenue (it has, in fact, already begun to do so). Television may present further solutions and perhaps inaugurate a true age of microphonic opera.

But not until such a solution arrives will "grand" opera resume the grandeur it had in the days of Melba and Caruso. My friend, the phonographic antiquarian, will continue to live among his records, a modern Greek among the ruins of the Acropolis, contemplating the awesome remnants of a glorious age. For him, opera exists only in the ghostly rustling his needle draws from grooves in ancient wax.

The State Publishing House of Poland, we understand, is in great trouble. It has just published a History of Polish Literature without Stalin's portrait. ARGUS

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The American liberal (professional variety) is like the average bobby-soxer: his life goes from crush to crush. Yesterday the crush was Stalin (or Trotsky); today it is Tito — or India's Pandit Nehru. The search for an adorable political image takes a Jo Davidson or a Louis Adamic from Moscow to Belgrade; it takes a Vincent Sheean or a Louis Fischer from Moscow to India. This yen for kowtowing to strong men, or to supposedly super-spiritual men, in distant lands of drought, disease, penury and famine is one of the revealing mysteries of our goofy times. I don't know just what it portends in psycho-analytic terms, but it certainly argues a most un-Emersonian lack of self-reliance. They didn't act that way in the age of the lyceum circuit and Walden Pond.

Unlike the bobby-soxer's crush, the political calf-love of the professional liberal is a highly dangerous thing. Take the liberal's present-day crush on Jawaharlal Nehru, for example. For weeks now the adoring liberals have been trying to set Nehru up as a god in Asia. We must let Nehru settle the Korean problem. We must let Nehru settle the problem of Red China and the UN. For Nehru once saw Gandhi plain, and Nehru knows.

Why does he know? It is at this point that the argument gets a little tenuous. Nehru knows because he is the spokesman for that "spiritual" country, India; and India, of course, is the obvious leader of "non-Communist Asia." The liberal does not stop to analyze the Indian claim to leadership; he simply asserts it. He assumes that Nehru is the spokesman for a great and powerful nation that knows all about combating the appeal of Communism to the Asiatic mind.

Having read a bit in Nehru's autobiography and in his astoundingly catholic "Glimpses of World History," I am quite ready to admit that the Pandit is a most remarkable man. But I have just finished reading a book called "Interview With India," by John Frederick Muehl (John Day, $3.50), and if one-tenth of what Mr. Muehl writes about is true, then India is not in condition to assert its leadership in anything. It is a land struggling incompetently for the barest subsistence — and in the southern part of the peninsula it has a Communist problem of its own. Mr. Muehl loves India, but unlike the average traveling liberal he has eyes to see with, ears to hear with — and a highly sensitive nose to smell with. His reporting overcomes his sentimentality on practically every page.

Mr. Muehl's book is as horrifying as it is excellent. The author made his first trip to India during the war, as an American Field Service man attached to the British Indian Army. He hated the rampant hypocrisy of the British *pukka sahib* from the outset, but he also saw that the curse of India has an ancient lineage that antedates Lord Clive by centuries. The faults of India were there when the British came; they are still there now that the British have departed. As "Interview With India" makes plain, they exist at the Indian village level, far below any of the strata the British managed to penetrate.

Mr. Muehl's story is cast in the form of a travel diary. By bullock cart and on horseback, by boat and by camel, he made his way from Kathiawar above Bombay to the far south of the Indian subcontinent. He saw the horrors of caste; he watched what the Indian money-lenders and tax-collectors did to keep the villagers in eternal subjection. He traveled through salt wastes and through deserted towns that were being consumed by the advancing sand. He hobnobbed with people who were dying of diseases contracted from contaminated water. He talked with drought-distracted farmers who in an agony of miscomprehension ripped to pieces a dam built by the government across a river. "Who ever heard of stopping a river?" the farmers sneered.

It is not all darkness in Mr. Muehl's book. The remains of an ancient culture lend a man-made grace to certain of his landscapes. And the oppressed who jostle and scrabble for food in his pages confront their lot with a rueful wisdom that is the chief sign and seal of the brotherhood of man. But the innate human urge to dignity has the devil's own time of it in "Interview With India." There was only one place in Mr. Muehl's itinerary where health and *joie de vivre* proved to be the normal accompaniments of daily existence. That was along the Kanara coast far to the south of Bombay. Significantly, the men and women of the Kanara coast are isolated by jungle and mountains from the Indian hinterland. They face the Arabian Sea, they live in the sun and the surf, and they feed their children on a health-giving diet of shark's liver. Along the Kanara coast caste is less important than almost anywhere else in India. Hinduism is lightened for the Kanarese by a sense of humor.

Now, if the American liberal as exemplified, say, by Dr. Eduard Lindeman were to argue that the Kanarese fishermen have a right to offer moral leadership to the rest of Asia, it would make some sense. But I have yet to hear of a Lindeman or a Vincent Sheean discovering a practical saint on the Kanara coast. Far from being bulwarks against Communism, the Indians to the north, east and south of the Kanara coast could be had by any energetic conqueror from the rugged lands of the temperate zone. The whole Indian peninsula, on Mr. Muehl's evidence, is ripe, not for conquest from within, but for the next determined imperial push from without.

All of which brings me back to Nehru. The Pandit seems to be obsessed with the idea that any Asiatic nationalism is a good nationalism. What he does not recognize is that Communist nationalisms become internationalisms the very moment that the victory has been won at home. (Tito is no exception; he will turn imperialist in the Balkans the moment he is free to do so.) The Communists preach anything that is useful to them for a specific job; they even pose as capitalists in NEP eras. But the goal of One World (or Wonworld, as my colleague Mr. Hazlitt calls it) is always at the back of their minds. And the Wonworld must be Communist.

The reason why Pandit Nehru is a danger to Asia, to the West and to himself is that his foreign policy tends to release Communist energies for pressure all along the line from Iran to Batavia. A year ago I sat in a house in the Georgetown section of Washington talking with an escaped Russian who goes by the name of Bergstrom. Bergstrom, an authority on inner Asian dialects, had been brought here by the State Department to tell what he knows about Stalin's blueprint for Oriental conquest. A former adviser on texts to the Stalin School for Toilers of the East, Bergstrom is full of information about the systematic training of Asiatic revolutionaries. Every year full complements of Chinese, Annamese, Indians, Afghans, Japanese, Arabians and Burmese go to Moscow for indoctrination in Communist "nationalist" tactics and strategy. They return home with Marxism in their heads and at their fingertips. All of which means, of course, that they do not go home to be permanent "nationalists."

As "Bergstrom" has tried to tell the State Department, the Chinese Communist agents who have been trained at the Stalin School in Moscow are ready to move on into Indo-China the moment the Mao Tse-tung regime is consolidated in Peiping. Since the Chinese have done business in Southeast Asia for decades, the Chinese Communist agents are prepared to pose as shopkeepers, traders and bankers throughout the southern Asiatic world. And Nehru, by asking for acceptance of Red China in the councils of the powers, is doing all he can to bring these Chinese Communist agents right next door to his own harried and struggling homeland. For the sake of Nehru, for the sake of India, the West must fight India's own voice in world affairs. It is not the mark of friendship to cooperate with an urge to suicide.

Can we tell this to the American liberal who sets Nehru on a pedestal? I doubt it. But when all of Asia has fallen to the Communists, where will the American liberal go for his next crush? It will be hard to find a political tin god among the Bantu tribes of Africa or the Sekani Indians of British Columbia.

FRINGED GENTIAN

Blue eyes, lashed with frost,
Through you this mountain meadow is at gaze;
Stilled by the splendor of the autumn's wild chorale,
Lovely, and pure, and young when all the world is dying.

JAMES RORTY

GATHERING STORM

Behind Closed Doors, The Secret History of the Cold War, by Rear Admiral Ellis M. Zacharias, U.S. Navy (ret.) in collaboration with Ladislas Farago. *New York: G. P. Putnam's. $3.75*

This book presents some amazing, almost bewildering, disclosures on the gathering Red storm. The authors have done a professional job in reporting voluminous data collected for the most part from interviews with displaced anti-Communist Russians. There is no reason to doubt these behind-the-Kremlin scenes, especially in the light of actual developments to date in our titanic struggle with the Red menace.

Here, for example, is material and prophecy derived from a reputed official Soviet "Estimate of the Situation":

> War between the United States and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, which would be the third and probably decisive world war in the life of this tragic, unruly generation, is likely to materialize some time between the summer of 1952 and the fall of 1956.
>
> According to the authoritative Soviet "Estimate of the Situation," (1) the United States of America will experience a depression of major proportions between 1954 and 1956, and (2) the United States will then go to war to stave off the cataclysmic effects of depression on her national economy and morale.
>
> To forestall this American move, the U.S.S.R. is determined to move first, between now and 1956, to occupy all positions from which a physical attack against the U.S.S.R. could be launched without actually engaging in open hostilities. The U.S.S.R., so the Kremlin's planners calculate, could then lure the United States into a conventional land war at the end of an immensely long supply line, across dangerous waters. In other words, Russia plans to compel the United States to wage war on Soviet terms, in the manner most advantageous to the U.S.S.R. Thus, the experts said, "the defeat of the United States in such a war would be inevitable."

This Master Plan of the Soviets gives continuing priority to a series of expansions all around Russia's vast periphery. War in Korea, and today's critical tensions in Central Europe and the Middle East, fit perfectly into this Master Plan.

America's abortive attempt to combat Russia's encroachments is assessed by the authors of "Behind Closed Doors" in terms of a series of estimates of our leaders. These estimates are forthright, if not always sagacious. The authors are sound enough when they say that Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius . . . "brought to his high office but slight knowledge and little understanding of the basic issues of the day." But they really overshoot the mark when they write:

> General Marshall is undoubtedly one of the greatest men of this generation or of any generation of Americans. . . . The Russians respected him for his long and selfless advocacy of a second front across the English Channel. . . . Under Marshall the United States seized the initiative from the Russians. . . .
>
> Some of the achievements of the Marshall era should be, to be sure, properly credited to his Under Secretary of State, Dean G. Acheson. [The Truman Doctrine and Marshall Plan were] born in the State Department under the happy constellation of Marshall and Acheson. . . . The Marshall-Acheson era will live in the history of American diplomacy as its most positive period since the days of Jefferson and Monroe.

This worship of the Marshall-Acheson team is a pale infusion in the light of today's surging events. Both are already unhorsed; history is rapidly fitting them into their proper niche.

The authors go on to say: "The election (1952) of a man like Robert A. Taft would re-isolate the United States. . . . However paradoxical it may sound, Senator Taft is Stalin's candidate . . . should an internationalist like Truman or Eisenhower win, Stalin is determined to move at what he regards as the eleventh hour."

The authors wisely make no effort to substantiate their observations on Taft, Truman and Eisenhower. Senator Taft's demand that we protect Formosa and his oft-repeated willingness to go to war should Russia invade Western Europe has, long ago, crossed him off the list of isolationists. As for Stalin's choice of a candidate for President of the United States, Soviet sympathizers in our government have had considerable encouragement and protection from Mr. Truman. On the other hand, Senator Taft has consistently supported all measures to cleanse our government of Red influence.

The authors suggest a remedy for the ills of this sick and bewildered world:

> Only a meeting between the chiefs of states, between Generalissimo Stalin and President Truman or whoever the principal protagonists may be, can settle the grave controversies between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.
>
> We must make a last determined effort to seek peace in direct negotiations with the Russians, on the highest diplomatic level.

It is rather difficult to understand how the authors can place such confidence in a meeting between Stalin and Truman in view of the fact that "Behind Closed Doors" makes it clear that Russia is committed to the destruction of the United States and to the communization of the world.

In addition to a meeting between Stalin and Truman, the authors suggest a ten-point "action program for peace." The program calls for improved conduct of foreign relations, economic security, strong national unity, sound national defense, economic transfusion for Great Britain, a dominant position for France, alliances with Turkey, Israel, Transjordan, new treaty relationships between Russia and her satellites and a strengthening of the United Nations.

The prescription for national defense is incomplete. It ends rather abruptly with a recommended increase for the U.S. fleet and its air arm, with a view to intercepting enemy intercontinental bombers as they fly from Europe toward America. There would be some merit to this proposal were it not for the possibility that the Red Air Force may attack America by the Polar Route!

An outright gift of 10 billion dollars with no strings attached is suggested for Great Britain. Air bases in Turkey, Israel and Transjordan are contemplated. The Red Air Force would permit us to use these areas as bases about as long as we would permit Russia to use Cuba as an air base.

No mention of a psychological campaign against the Kremlin is made. This is rather astonishing in view of the fact that during 1944 and 1945 Admiral Zacharias made a series of brilliant broadcasts to the Japanese urging them to surrender.

In spite of the fact that a number of the views expressed are open to argument, "Behind Closed Doors" carries a warning which the American people dare not ignore. It spells out convincingly and in greatest detail *the Soviet program which contemplates the destruction of the United States.*

In the chapter, "The Great Washington Dilemma," the utter futility of our being able to defend Western Europe is convincingly presented. "The military commitments of the United States are unprecedented indeed in their dispersion." This, the authors rightly say, is contrary to sound military principles. Out of such violation of sound principles "develops the fallacious assumption that we would be capable of defending the whole democratic world simultaneously and everywhere."

> The dilemma is whether or not to tell the American people and their Congress the truth about the state of Europe, the truth about the value of this system of alliances, especially in the light of certain conversations some of the foreign and defense ministers of the North Atlantic Pact countries had with our own diplomatic and military officials.

Thus "Behind Closed Doors" reveals that we have embarked upon a military program which our leaders know to be unsound, yet they are unwilling to tell the American people this truth!

The authors have warned us of the fate which Russia plans for America and have pointed out that our counter proposals are worthless. The American people will do well to ponder these two facts before it is too late to take remedial action.

BONNER FELLERS

RELIGION, MORE OR LESS

Religion and the Intellectuals: A Symposium, by James Agee and Others. *New York: Partisan Review. $0.80*

Are we getting more religious? There are many signs and portents. More people are writing and talking about it, certainly, but religion is not a way of chat; it is a way of living, working and acting in this world. We ought to have some facts before we open the discussion.

According to the Twentieth Century Fund's recent survey of America's needs and resources, organized religion has been losing ground slightly, but with remarkable steadiness, for the past 30 years. Statistics of adult church membership show a definite downward trend; the gains we hear so much about have not kept pace with the growth of population in this country; the amount of money spent by religious bodies, reflecting, the survey assumes, the amount of real interest shown by members in the ministry of their churches, has fallen even more sharply. The proportion of church spending in relation to the national total of consumption expenditures fell from 1.4 per cent in 1933, for instance, to 0.9 per cent in 1941. "During the period of rising income after 1933," concludes the survey, "this tendency of an increase in total consumption expenditures to be accompanied by a fall in the percentage attributable to religious institutions was a consistent one, and there is little evidence that it will be reversed."

We have no reliable data showing that the last world war and the atom bomb and the growing awareness of

the horror of Communist collectivism have halted this trend. On the contrary the Second World War, like the First, had a depressing effect on the growth of organized religion; and the comment of a perceptive churchman in 1929 — the midpoint between the two great catastrophic events of our century — is just as apposite today. "Apparently the external factors are not the critical ones in membership enlistment in the churches. . . . The internal ones seem to be the decisive ones in the minds and hearts of the young. . . . Here is where war has its powerful devastating force . . . like an internal blight reducing the area of possible response with depressing finality. . . . The statistics of the Churches are a potent argument for the abolition of war."

The evaluation of internal factors is the particular business of intellectuals. Consequently, the news that they are talking about religion is significant, no matter what they say. It is hard, however, to keep a straight face when, for instance, one of the contributors to this official symposium comments on the problem of religion and sex. "I am not in a position to judge what the religious trend has done to sexuality during the past few decades, but I am convinced that at least the Christian tradition is profoundly opposed to a healthy unfolding of free sexuality," writes Irving Howe. The response of another contributor, James Agee, runs squarely in the opposite direction. "The conception of sex primarily or exclusively as pleasure must have done damage as deep and vicious in this time as the deadliest of religious attitudes toward sex can ever have done. Among surviving, conscious victims, many must become converts."

Perhaps the best way to avoid confusion in this pandemonium of opinions is to begin by counting. "Religion and the Intellectuals" is an anthology of religious, irreligious and halfway points of view. There are 29 entries in all, of which about 60 per cent are hostile, 25 per cent are friendly, and 15 per cent are statements of belief. The startling things about the collection are the size of the middle group, the fellow-travelers of faith, and the reasons they give for moving from the dominant secularism of their neighbors to an attitude of mild envy or self-mortification or ironic deprecation of their inability to believe.

This is all the more surprising in view of the editorial statement that was mailed to each of the contributors to serve as a basis for joint discussion. The statement began by defining intellectuals as a group or groups — never persons, apparently, never individuals — that lay claim to the leadership of culture. Speaking to these collectives of the enlightened, the editors said that if the present tendency toward religion continues our time will go down in history as the era of conversion and return. By contrast the early decades of the 20th century were a period of triumphant naturalism. The thinkers of that day foresaw a future society that could and would exist without religion. Why has this sharp change occurred? The editors supplied half an answer. "Intellectual fashions and fads are a matter we have all experienced . . . these puffs of the *Zeitgeist* (or climate of opinion) catch up the intellectuals for a decade or so only to let them down just as abruptly."

This elegant demurrer hardly jibes with the assertion of a claim to leadership. Were the intellectuals blown upon by communism and the other denominations of collectivism a dozen years ago or did they, on the contrary, puff it up themselves? What blew so many odd people, now deflated, into great authors and authorities, editors and officials, in the midst of the roaring thirties? By what alchemy was the Communist Party in this country enabled to rely on the occasional services and cash contributions of about five times the number of people in its own membership? One cannot lead anybody without responsibility. The literal truth is that many intellectuals once made communism fashionable by taking it seriously, but that was hardly leadership.

The most informative answers are those in which the contributors responded directly, and without any effort to work up their material into essays on the new turn toward religion. James Agee and Dwight MacDonald have the sprightliest pieces. Both belong to the middle bracket of intellectuals who have become friendly to religion but are not themselves religious; and from that position of vantage they can and do ring bells on both sides of the street. William Barrett (one of the editors of *Partisan Review*) is also a man of the middle, and his piece provides a handy summary of all the contributions in the volume.

"What strikes me most about the symposium," says Barrett, "is the amazing dissonance of the participant voices . . . the extraordinary diversity of orientations, points of departure, presuppositions, types of experience appealed to, etc., etc. Talk about cultural pluralism! Well, we have it, and our problem may now be to get beyond it." He would choose to live in an Age of Faith, when everybody is religious as a simple, spontaneous act of being; but we are not free to choose our Age. "We are what we are mostly from the unconscious influences we soak up . . . [and] this kind of choice we never have: centuries of rational criticism have done their work and given us this world in which we now live." Nevertheless, a man should follow his bent at all costs. Barrett has done so and as a result of several years of hard thinking "I have on my hands at least this conclusion: that I am unable to think of the world except as opening toward the possibility of God."

The key word which links Barrett to Agee and MacDonald and all the other men of the middle occurs unobtrusively; it is the direct notation of what it feels like to be an open-minded person, in this era of secular fanaticism and religious stagnation. "My own belief leaves me at an uncomfortable distance from any Church . . . I am inclined to be a little hostile toward recent converts . . . their belief has come a little too easily." In the same way MacDonald, speaking of the existence of two worlds which don't seem to connect, the world of *science* and the world of *values* or moral and aesthetic judgments, remarks, "For some reason, this dualism makes me uncomfortable, and I try instinctively to show that the good also 'works'. . . . The most satisfactory bridge between the two worlds is God. But, for me, the bridge is out." Agee reports his feelings more soberly, and in the third person, but he gets around to answering the big question which all opponents of revealed religions ask — and he does it in a way that leaves the modern reader shaking. "How can anyone who has swallowed the doctrines relating to penis-envy, or the withering

away of the State, strain at the doctrine of Transubstantiation?"

This evidence of the senses driving some of us toward instead of away from religion, is most significant. It may have pushed those contributors who now simply state their faith, Auden and Maritain and Tate and Tillich, toward a belief in an ultimate divine purpose. We do not know; they speak impersonally, for the most part; apparently they are too secure in their affirmation to say how they arrived at it. What this evidence does signify, however, and quite directly, is a new turn toward individualism. MacDonald, for instance (and this is all the more meaningful in that it comes from a former Trotskyite, or super-Communist), says, "Reform, reconstruction, even revolution must begin at a much more basic level than we imagined in the confident Thirties . . . [We must ask ourselves] what are the most important human needs — taking myself as that part of the universe I know best?"

Agee's observations carry that turn to individualism a step farther. Religion, he says, is not only all the individualist has left; "it is much more than that . . . it might honeycomb the totalitarian world with conscious and unwilling victims and this, quite aside from ultimate revolution, would be enough . . . individuals would preserve integrity, the possibility of growth, the sense of community; and perhaps that is the most one can hope for, and matters most, at any given time." In other words, nothing can prevent totalitarianism, but the individual standing up for his rights may deliver us from its worst effects.

In the postponement of our hopes for a political revolution religion will create men who refuse to obey the Stalins of the future, and those martyrs will fend off a complete relapse into collectivist barbarity. But surely it is somewhat fanatical to leave religion all the work to do. There is a secular cause which runs parallel to this line of thinking and is more accessible to the minds of most men. What prevents so many of us from seeing it? MacDonald, for instance, can *feel* the disparity between two sets of abstractions, value and measure, but he professes himself unable to understand the need for any universally valid sanction of the individual's right against the powers that be, against government, and in the final analysis against totalitarianism.

"I suppose," he says, "the period I feel closest to, in my values, is the Enlightenment, from which all that is most attractive in socialist as well as bourgeois-democratic doctrine derives." That Enlightenment began about two hundred years ago and culminated in the American and French Revolutions. It destroyed an oppressive complex of *vested* or political rights and substituted for them the beginnings of a system of *private* or personal rights. Its aim was to establish the principle of allowing individuals to work out their salvation in the things of this world, as of the next. Insofar as organized religion was vested, or enjoyed political privilege and support, liberalism was opposed to religion. The near unanimity with which *Partisan Review* intellectuals who are irreligious and who are just friendly to religion, and that means about 85 per cent of them, distinguish between "prophetic" faith and the faith of the churches is a relic of that ancient struggle.

Today the cause of political freedom and economic liberalism has been everywhere disarmed by the "benevolent" politics of socialism and communism. The revival of religion among intellectuals who are really secular radicals is a reflection of the fact that this collectivism has not invariably led to the absolute horror of Stalin; it has also led to the hopeless but momentarily bearable mediocrity of Attlee and Truman. We can, apparently, afford to fool around with the idea of martyrdom for the time being! But if every individual's right to the product of his labor continues to be denied, if the distinction between vested privilege — either of the majority or of the few — and private property continues to be confused, hopelessness must give way to horror. The fact that Attlee's benevolent intent is supposed to work itself out in this generation, and Stalin's in the next, is a trivial difference in the perspective of history.

ASHER BRYNES

STALEMATED PEOPLE

Cast a Cold Eye, by Mary McCarthy. *New York: Harcourt, Brace. $2.75*

"Cast a Cold Eye" is a volume of short stories done in a fatigued, metronomic prose. The stories are essays on wedlock, and everybody is so bored in this book that it reminds one of Kant's definition of marriage as the exchange of sexual properties for economic convenience, except that the married couple in "Weeds," the first story, are so tired that it is very doubtful that there is any sort of exchange. "Weeds" is a garden narrative, as the opening line shows: "She would leave him, she thought, as soon as the petunias had bloomed." Which is a rotten time for a woman to leave a man. The parched young wife spends her days in her *psychopathia sexualis* garden of boredom, planting petunias, scabiosa, perennials, and other Freudian and Jungian flowers, because the husband has no ardor within himself and is too drained to compete with the seed catalogues.

"The Friend of the Family" is another story about a stalemated couple who are too exhausted and pithless to be cohesive or plainly disjunctive. This neuter relationship is somehow saved or simply prolonged by Francis Cleary, a bachelor who is neither quite male nor feminine; he hasn't enough lucid sexual identity to be clearly defined. Francis Cleary acts as a substitute-husband, although he does not commit adultery; Francis does not commit anything. There is a piece of political doctrine oddly interpolated in this story. Miss McCarthy promises the reader that the world will have Francis Clearys so long as people refuse to accept Marx's "From each according to his capacities, to each according to his needs." This is droll dialectics and ought to make an impression even upon an anti-Marxian reader who would be willing to submit to any dogma to rid the American novel of Francis Cleary.

All the stories in this volume are stale, smart eroticism. One gets very weary of the up-to-date, tired sex in the fiction of the present-day street-gamin intelligentsia. There is so much of this *chic mademoiselle* pornography which parades as Marxism and great moral realism. Actually, it is just straight W. C. scatological novel-writing, and is altogether faked and very tired.

EDWARD DAHLBERG

HEMINGWAY'S PRESS

Across the River and Into the Trees, by Ernest Hemingway. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00*

Some twenty reviews of Hemingway's new novel have accumulated on my desk, another dozen or so have got mislaid, and aside from an acute essay in the London *Observer* and a few fine appraisals like that of Theodore Kalem in the *Christian Science Monitor*, they are generally worthless. About half of them are favorable, but that is not the point: it is not that the remainder are bad, but that the bad reviews, favorable or otherwise, are bad in a particular way; self-righteous, mawkish, pretentious, pompous, dishonest, misleading, having obviously been labored over, spelled out and lovingly polished, bad with a genuine zest and a strong will, bad with enthusiasm, eagerness and youthful impatience.

By and large, the position of the reviewers is that they have been waiting patiently. They have been forgiving. They have overlooked this or that. They did not complain when Hemingway came in late with "Green Hills of Africa" or "To Have and to Have Not," and they have put up with a lot of barroom fighting and dirty remarks about reviewers. "This is the novel," says Morton Dauwen Zabel bitterly, in the *Nation*, "we've awaited for ten years, certainly with every hope that it would augur a renewal of a talent that has given us several of the memorable books of the century." The full measure of Mr. Zabel's bitterness at his wasted time is indicated by his judgment: "The poorest thing the author has ever done — poor with a feebleness of invention, a dullness of language, and a self-parodying of style and theme." A dead goldfish, Milton Merlin calls it in the *Los Angeles Times*, "a tedious narrative; often offensive; sometimes funny when it is not meant to be and not very when it is. . . ."

Another frequent note is that the author has, after having made the reviewers wait all these years, left them. "It is not simply that this is bad Hemingway," says Edward Parone, in the *Hartford Courant*. "It is just bad, no matter who wrote it. Just the slang and the dragged-in knowledge are enough to give away the fact that he is no longer with us." Another singular complaint is a tardy conservatism — that is, a complaint from old liberals or radicals or fellow-travelers that Hemingway has not written a conservative novel. "Hemingway's prose has been getting very gamy," says Alfred Kazin ominously in the *New Yorker*, adding, in a modified Faulkner-and-Edmund Wilson prose of his own:

> As you listen to the Colonel go on and on, it slowly and reluctantly comes home to you that his real quality is not, as you would expect from Hemingway's early work, one man's lonely fight against despair and bureaucratization and death, but the oracular and naive self-importance of an American big shot who has been in all the countries and seen all the twentieth-century wars and has charmed a whole generation into believing that toughness is valor.

Occasionally the reviewers come through with some frank, man-to-man advice. "A thoroughly bad book," says Cyril Connolly, in the *London World*.

> Hemingway's Colonel soon emerges as one of the most unlikeable, drink-sodden and meandering old bores ever to have inflicted an interior monologue on those who can't answer back. . . . If Mr. Hemingway is to turn the corner, he will have to cease to be a repressed intellectual, as ashamed of the mind as he is outspoken about the body; he will have to study chess instead of baseball, Buddha or Saint Joan of the Cross rather than Belmonte or Omar Khayyam and foreswear all fermented liquors.

In candor, the English reviewers win hands down. "This is an evil book," says W. J. Brown — described as a former member of Parliament (ind.) — in the *Daily Graphic*. "It has taken Mr. Hemingway a whole decade to give birth to his fifth novel," says Peter Quennell in the *Daily Mail*, and every admirer must regret that it didn't take ten years more.

This is of course all nonsense; the reviewers obviously did not give a damn whether Hemingway ever wrote another novel or anything else. Nobody could possibly have expected, on the basis of "Big Two Hearted River," for example, a later study of man's lonely fight against despair and bureaucrats; and the suggestion that Hemingway would be fixed up by a judicious mixture of chess, Buddha and Saint Joan of the Cross is so insufferable that it makes the worst lapses of the novel seem as savory as Thoreau. After carving up Hemingway for five columns, Mr. Kazin takes his leave: "It is wonderful to know that Hemingway has recovered, and that this book is not his last word."

Under ordinary circumstances, the comments of reviewers are not of great importance, but Hemingway has always had a bad press, even when his critical comments have been most favorable; praise for the wrong reasons, or a focus of personal attention so blinding that it would be impossible to work in it; exaggeration of the qualities of past works, and complaints that the present one falls short of them; great expectations coupled with angry denunciations, so that with this work a number of solemn reviews expressed themselves strongly on his failure to be as good as Tolstoy. ("A Good Day for Mr. Tolstoy" — the *Nation*.)

The book that has provoked this current tirade is a slight work, classic in form, covering the last two days in the life of an American Army officer in Venice. It observes the unities with a discipline so taut that it virtually becomes a quality of the novel itself — an extra-literary sort of tension, not altogether pleasant, but contributing a distinctive flavor somewhat in the way that the sensuous freshness of Hemingway's early stories contributed a distinctive and original flavor to the literature of their time. In their case, it was easy and pleasant to assimilate. The underlying tension of this book is hard to take.

It opens with a brief glimpse of the Colonel in a duck blind, barely enough to establish the Hemingway trademark on the story. It shifts back to a morning two days before, his interview with a doctor who tells him, with a mixture of resignation and indifference, and obvious untruth, that he is in fine shape for his approaching expedition. On the drive from Trieste to Venice, the Colonel is passing through country he fought in during the first World War; the recollections create a mood in which rage and pride are mingled with a restrained and cautious friendliness — quickly stifled for fear of disrespect or ridicule — and a momentary relaxation and peace. In Venice a number of townspeople, waiters and bartenders and boatmen, greet him with what appears to be

genuine, though somewhat overstated, friendliness; he drinks quite a bit, exchanging jocose remarks, and then after some difficulty locates in a bar a 19-year-old countess who has recently become his mistress.

Much of the remainder of the novel consists of their conversation during dinner. The following day they meet again, and on this occasion the Colonel tells the girl in some detail of his war experiences and his opinion of a number of military men. These appear to be somewhat superficial and literary for a man who has spent his life in the service, and it must be admitted that they sometimes sound like an old actor talking about the towns he has played in; but whether this is the Colonel's nature, or the nature of such discourse in Army circles, or his professional caution in confiding with a beautiful girl of a defeated country, it is impossible to say.

They separate; the Colonel joins some young Italian acquaintances who are also admirers of the girl; they spend a quiet evening drinking and boasting, and in the morning, as the shooting ends, he perceives that his end has come. His boatman, whose wife and daughter have been raped by Allied Moroccan soldiers, leaves him to greater exertions than are called for, is openly disrespectful, and finally shoots the ducks intended for the Colonel; his host, at whose arrival on the scene the girl grows quiet, is now matter-of-fact and reserved. The labor of poling the boat has overstrained the Colonel's already failing heart, and this long week end, on one evening of which he has consumed six martinis, three gin-and-bitters, three bottles of wine and three bottles of champagne, and throughout which he has been under an extreme nervous tension, kills him.

The novel consists of brief glimpses of the city, many of them beautiful, and of the Colonel's tension, talking, caressing, attempting to make a good impression, watchful, suspicious, unburdening himself to the girl and covering up again.

The passages that have aroused the reviewers are principally the conversations of the Colonel and the girl. They are often unreal. Sometimes they are so artificial as to be unreadable, like some of the dialogue that John Drinkwater attributed to Abraham Lincoln. What makes much of the criticism inappropriate, however, is the assumption that Hemingway's dialogue in the past has been realistic, and this is a decline from it. Nostalgia has credited the talk of Jake and the bullfighter and Lady Brett with an authenticity they never possessed; Hemingway's conversations have always been stylized, though in a different way in the past. The artificiality of the talk of those early novels was in tune with the times, and not critical of them. It was mocking, sardonic, heartless, sometimes funny but in a bull-in-the-china-shop way. Its artificiality now is lyric, watchful, considerate and sensitive; it comes from the girl's attempt to release and control the Colonel's internal torment, and while it does not come off, its lyricism is an attempt to add some missing element to contemporary life.

The artificial brevity and toughness of the early works generated a whole library of tough-guy, monosyllabic novels and movies and radio programs. Their ultimate end — what they amount to as they filter down through the channels of popular culture — is those scenes where James Cagney knocks some girl's face in, or where the thin man or the fat man or Raymond Chandler's detectives bludgeon their way through gore. The style that Hemingway has worked out in "Across the River" is plainly an attempt to reverse the current. Its artificiality appears to be deliberate.

The concentration of the novel gives it something of the quality of Flaubert, but a Flaubert of ragged edges and loose colloquialisms, alternately exact and precise, and lazy and slipshod in detail, like the deliberate scratchiness of Segonzac's trees. Flaubert's rigid perfectionism would doubtless be inappropriate for the present, but there are probably better modifications than these love passages which incline in the direction of the valentine.

The London *Observer* article, referred to above, says that the real reason for Hemingway's bad press is not that his work has deteriorated, but that the attitude he typifies has become *démodé*. There are two aspects of this: first, that he never was, in his work, exactly what he was supposed to be in the myth. The second is that the praise that was given to Hemingway's early works was often uncritical, like those works themselves, accepting the customs and the standard attitudes of the moment, definitely fashionable, whatever else they were. In his personal characteristics, the Colonel is as lost and difficult a figure as the wealthy Jewish boy of "The Sun Also Rises." There is here, however, an attempt to get inside a character and relate a tragedy to the time, while the Jewish boy was never much more than the butt of some fairly cruel humor.

The myth itself was bad, and this novel is at once Hemingway's attempt to free himself of it and an indication that he never actually typified it. The style and content are directly set against the current of the times as his early books never were. Hemingway's treatment of the manipulations of the Colonel's heart condition touches one of the great unmentionables of our age, the scientific equivalent of Victorian sexual prudery. In view of all this — and particularly in view of the personal illness in which it was written — it is a triumph; the press reaction is one of the greatest scandals in American literary history, perhaps exceeded only by the treatment of Poe.

ROBERT CANTWELL

AUCTION

What am I bid for the contents of this house;
The table on which spilled many words and small
decisions,
The cup without the imprint of the mouth,
The unusual curtains, the mirror cleared of visions.

The red flag hangs over your hopeful heads,
Marks danger, revolution, buying,
Opportunity to sleep in used substantial beds
Where a generation lay long adying.

Collections: prints, books, fireside chats,
Framed mottoes that urged the world to valor,
Records of the compelling sounds of quacks,
Portraits out of Hollywood's Valhalla.

What am I bid; they're all for sale,
As is, in the echoing hall: Bid tooth and nail.

EUGENE DAVIDSON

the FREEMAN

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