NOVEMBER 13, 1950 25 CENTS

The FREEMAN

LABOR IN POLITICS
Leo Wolman

PAUL ROBESON: MESSIAH OF COLOR
Winifred Raushenbush

PLAN FOR COUNTER-ACTION
Rodney Gilbert

THE LIBERAL DISINTEGRATION
Ralph de Toledano

THE NEW BARBARISM
Ernst F. Curtz

ARTHUR MILLER'S LITTLE MEN
Asher Brynes

Editors: John Chamberlain · Henry Hazlitt · Suzanne La Follette

PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR

the FREEMAN

with which is combined the magazine, PLAIN TALK

Editors, JOHN CHAMBERLAIN HENRY HAZLITT

Managing Editor, SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

NOVEMBER 13, 1950

CONTENTS VOL. 1—NO. 4

Editorials

The Fortnight 99
Candidates for Utopia 101
Chiang Kai-Rhee 102
The Mania for Compulsion 103
The Strategy of Fear 104
Labor in Politics ..... LEO WOLMAN 105
Plan for Counter-Action ..... RODNEY GILBERT 107
The Liberal Disintegration —
A Conservative View ..... RALPH DE TOLEDANO 109
Paul Robeson: Messiah of Color ... WINIFRED RAUSHENBUSH 111
1 + 1 = Anything in Russia ..... IRWIN SHULMAN 114
The New Barbarism ..... ERNST F. CURTZ 116
From Our Readers 117
Miller's Little Men ..... ASHER BRYNES 118
Freedom from Speech? ..... ROBERT CRUISE MCMANUS 120

Books

A Reviewer's Notebook ..... JOHN CHAMBERLAIN 121
A New Genetics ..... MILTON EDELMAN 123
Insidious Nostalgia ..... ALIX DU POY 123
Cutpurse Philosopher ..... EDWARD DAHLBERG 124
White House Jester ..... VICTOR LASKY 125
By Rommel's Friend ..... FLETCHER PRATT 126
Art of Withdrawal ..... JOHN FRANKLIN BARDIN 126
Self-Mistrustful Liberal ..... EDITH H. WALTON 127

Poems

Earlier Than You Think ..... RAYMOND HOLDEN 122
Ours Was an Age ..... CHRISTOPHER MORLEY 127

The Freeman *is published fortnightly. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General Offices, 240 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*

Application pending for second class entry at the Post Office at Concord, N. H. Rates: Twenty-five cents the copy; five dollars a year in the United States; six dollars elsewhere.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted but if return postage is enclosed they will endeavor to see that manuscripts rejected are promptly returned.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily represent the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

RUMFORD PRESS, CONCORD, N. H.

A WORD ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

LEO WOLMAN is Professor of Economics at Columbia University and famous as a writer on labor economics. . . . RODNEY GILBERT lived for 19 years in the Far East and is an outstanding authority on that part of the world. He recently returned from a prolonged visit to Formosa and other places beyond the international dateline. . . . WINIFRED RAUSHENBUSH is co-author, with James Rorty, of "The Lessons of Peekskill" in *Commentary* for October. . . . IRWIN SHULMAN is a Canadian chemist and writer on science. . . . MILTON EDELMAN has edited a country weekly, and is now engaged in anthropological studies. . . . ALIX DU POY, as "Ellen Taylor," has published two novels, "Towers Along the Grass" and "One Crystal and a Mother." . . . VICTOR LASKY, co-author with Ralph de Toledano of "Seeds of Treason", is on the New York *World-Telegram*. . . . FLETCHER PRATT is the well-known military expert. . . . JOHN FRANKLIN BARDIN has just published a new novel, "The Burning Glass." . . . EDITH H. WALTON was literary editor of the *Forum*. . . . RAYMOND HOLDEN is a poet and novelist whose "Selected Poems" appeared in 1946. . . . Our apologies to Robert Morris ("Counsel for the Minority," the *Freeman*, October 30). We listed him as formerly with the FBI, whereas we should have said that he was Assistant Counsel to the Rapp-Coudert Committee.

Forthcoming

In our next issue we shall follow up Dr. Wolman's "Labor in Politics" with an analysis of the CIO's Political Action Committee by Edna Lonigan, authority on government controls over economic life. We shall also publish an article on American radio propaganda in Berlin by Col. William F. Heimlich, who was in charge. Also an article on the war's effect on fiction by J. Donald Adams of the *New York Times* Book Review.

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.

the FREEMAN

NEW YORK, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1950

THE FORTNIGHT

Two impressive facts emerge from the election. The first is the interest shown by the voters, who turned out in record numbers for an off year. The second is their independence. The impressive victory of Senator Robert A. Taft alone is sufficient proof that the leadership principle has not yet taken any alarming hold on American politics. The leaders of organized labor made Ohio a testing ground of their control over the votes of their membership, and on election day a large proportion of their membership went to the polls and helped to elect Taft.

The contest for governor of New York comes under the head, "The Educability of Thomas E. Dewey." By devoting 18 hours on the eve of the election discussing the issues on radio and television, Mr. Dewey showed that he had learned the lesson of 1948, when he avoided issues so assiduously that the voters, in Roy Norr's words, "turned over on election morning and yawned him to defeat."

Elsewhere in the nation the voting tended to rebuke the extreme left wing policies frequently espoused by the President. California rewarded Richard Nixon, the man who disbelieved Alger Hiss, with a U. S. Senatorship, and gave leftist Helen Gahagan Douglas her first taste of defeat. Jimmy Roosevelt, who hoped to win on his father's reputation, lost the California race for governor to Earl Warren. In Maryland, Democratic Senator Millard Tydings, who was unabashedly brazen in choking off the senatorial attempt to investigate charges of communism in the State Department, was bounced out of office by an unknown named Butler. In Illinois majority leader Scott Lucas was trounced by Dirkson; Duff of Pennsylvania defeated Myers, the Truman senatorial whip, and in Connecticut Democratic Chester Bowles lost the race for governor to John Davis Lodge.

Mr. Truman can take comfort that Republican Senator Donnell was defeated in Missouri. He can also try to extract balm from the fact that Lehman was re-elected senator from New York, and from victories of McMahon and Benton in Connecticut. But Lehman surely got votes for more or less personal reasons; and it is significant that both McMahon and Benton, unlike Bowles, avoided giving the impression of all-out fair dealism to Connecticut citizens.

An interesting feature of the political campaign just closed was the last-minute enthusiasm of Democratic candidates for raising the pay of teachers, policemen, firemen and other civil employees. The war prosperity of the last eleven years has feathered the nests of millions of working people. What has been lost sight of were those far more numerous millions of working people whose wage increases have lagged pathetically behind the march of the inflation. Among these victims are the civil employees of the federal, state and local governments. Perhaps public employees of states and cities will now face the real cause of their plight. They can be paid only out of taxes. The states and cities cannot raise any more taxes. In any society not yet despoiled of its freedom there is a limit to the taxes that can be extorted from the citizens. The federal government has dipped so deeply into the pockets of the people for taxes that there is little or nothing left for the state and city governments to take. The public employee can find no relief for his inadequate pay save by joining in the struggle to check the extortions of the marauding federal tax gatherer.

Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, a devotee of the thing called National Planning, in a little religio-economic tract, quotes a UN Food Consultant on the plight of the non-eating wards of the UN. "Tomorrow," says the World Food Planner, "there will be 55,000 more for breakfast" — and of course dinner. Thus the candidates for three full meals a day increase by many millions a year. What is needed, of course, is planning to provide the food.

Our own planners are at work on the problem. One item in the plan works as follows: The government buys up $500,000,000 worth of potatoes, dyes them blue and thus makes them inedible. This raises the price of potatoes and makes them more difficult for the poor to buy, while keeping the blue spuds away from everybody's table. Then the government sells the blue potatoes for one cent back to the farmers from whom it purchased them for $1.68. The farmers use them as fertilizer to enable them to grow still more potatoes which the government buys at $1.68 a cwt., to be dyed blue and sold back to the farmers as fertilizer at one cent a cwt., to produce still more potatoes to be bought, blued and ploughed back and so on *ad infinitum*. This is what is called planning.

A brief editorial note in the London *Times* chronicles the practical collapse of a great socialist experiment in state-operated agriculture. Mr. John Strachey, former Communist lecturer and writer, now Minister of Defense in the British Cabinet, conceived, when he was Minister of Foods, a grandiose scheme to provide Britain with food and oils from the humble peanut. Back in 1947 he selected a tract of 3,120,000 acres in Kongwa, Africa, and began planting peanuts. It was to cost 10 million dollars the first year to plant 40,000 acres. But, alas, the outlays went to 40 million with only 17,000 acres planted. Each year the earth swallowed more millions, but withheld its peanuts. Our generous government contributed $1,500,000 for surveys. Our immense contributions of money to Britain have also aided this comic-opera enterprise in state farming. There were to be three million acres of peanuts. After three years a commission has visited Kongwa and has recommended the suspension of full-scale agriculture there. Houses and installations which cost around 60 or 70 million dollars are now found to be wholly unsuited to the modest farms which they hope will succeed the Great Groundnut Scheme which stands as a monument to socialist state-planning.

The course of events in Britain supplies proof again that socialism, once invoked in any society, passes sooner or later out of the power of its leaders to control. There are a few simple but irresistible laws in any social organism to which the men who manage it must conform. There is a terrible logic in these laws which, after a while, makes the laws stronger than the supposed leaders. Prime Minister Attlee and Mr. Herbert Morrison, who are moderates, now find themselves caught up in the movement of powerful social forces which they cannot stem and which move them along with a terrible logic in a course they take with obvious reluctance. Only last summer the Labor Party found itself torn by divisions, some groups — the cooperative leaders and certain labor unions — calling for a check on the advance into socialism, while the followers of Aneurin Bevan were clamoring for more and more nationalization. Not only Attlee and Morrison, but even Sir Stafford Cripps seemed willing to halt with the investing of steel. What is more, they were disturbed at the ever-growing need for sterner compulsions.

But once a society moves as deeply into socialism as Britain has done, there is no turning back and no escape from the necessity of police action to enforce compliance with harsh socialist regulations. Now, through the King's speech, these disturbed leaders are forced to acknowledge that their planned economy needs more planning and sterner measures to secure compliance. They are forced to insist that the whole economy must come, and remain, under a network of controls as extensive and harsh as the wartime controls. The grim, iron rule of the war economy is now held out as the permanent lot of Englishmen. The moderate Attlee still holds the post of leadership, but the extent of his grip upon the party shown at the Blackpool conference in 1949 has been enormously relaxed. At the recent Margate conference he was able to retain his position of leadership, but the huzzahs were mainly for the implacable Aneurin Bevan.

The day of the moderate socialist planner is drawing to a close in England. Henceforward, the laws of nature must take their course. Either Attlee must go and Churchill return or both must go and Bevan, or even some bolder spirit, take over the ship. The greatest blunder the amiable and dainty scholars of the socialist revolution have made is to suppose that they could hold it in check. Fabian socialism is after all an advanced form of statism. And in our modern order there is no stopping place along that road save Russian socialism (called communism) or Italian fascism.

A word much used in the England of the Socialists now makes its official appearance in America. This is the word "austerity." Cripps, who had promised Britain the bountiful age, was finally driven to summon her to austerity. Now President Truman's new Economic Stabilizer, Dr. Alan Valentine, begins his ministrations by warning us we must accept "a more austere form of living." He adds: "We must formulate programs and controls which can, if necessary, endure over more years (than four) and yet which leave our economy at the end of that time, stable, productive and free." Here again is the promise of the man "controlled yet free." How long will it take us to learn that when you submit man to one control you must invent another to make the first effective and still another to strengthen the second? England played with the dizzy welfare promises of the Socialists' first dupe — Lloyd George. To this she added the "temporary" controls of World War I. Then, struggling with the dislocations which these two produced, she moved into the tight controls of World War II, after which her wounded and fainting economy fell into the arms of the Socialists. As we see now, the movement into this ever-spreading jungle never ends. The next phase here is heralded in a *New York Times* headline: "Stabilizer Warns of Curbs for Years."

In our last issue, in the department called "A Reviewer's Notebook," we printed some harsh words about Pandit Nehru's gullibility vis-à-vis the expansive program of international communism. Particular reference was made to Nehru's strange theory that Communist movements in Asia are merely the expression of legitimate "nationalist" aspirations. Well, events have caught up with Nehru within the fortnight. Far from being satisfied with "freedom" for Peiping and Kunming, the Chinese Communists have undertaken to "liberate" Tibet by invasion. To be sure, the Tibetan highlands are nominally a part of China. But Tibet has generally been ruled by Tibetans under a loose regional arrangement that has never menaced China proper — or anybody else. The Communist invasion of Tibet is palpably an aggression aimed not only at Lhasa and the local autonomy of the Dalai Lama, but also at the whole balance of power between India and China in Asia. Nehru, wary at the twenty-fifth hour, has finally taken note of the predatory "internationalism" of Communist "nationalism." His government has said it is "disappointed" by Mao Tse-tung's attitude toward Tibet. In the circumstances, use of the word "disappointed" is the understatement of the century. But we are happy to see that Benes — pardon us, we mean Nehru — can finally wake up.

The fortnight has been one of obituaries. Al Jolson, Colonel Henry Stimson, Edna St. Vincent Millay and George Bernard Shaw have all died. No collective obituary of such a radically individualistic group of characters could possibly be written, but they did share one thing in common. The quality unifying these people almost eludes expression, but it had something to do with a willingness to stand on their own feet, without reference to prevailing ideas of good public relations. Al Jolson sang what he wanted to sing when he wanted to sing it. Colonel Stimson itched to fight the Japanese way back in the Hoover Administration. Edna Millay scoffed at all the conventions. As for Shaw . . .

Well, what about Shaw? We hope soon, in these pages, to present a piece about Shaw as a master propagandist in the theater. Always paradoxical, Shaw was both stupid and interesting. He dressed up dull ideas in the most coruscating of phrases. He wrote dazzling plays about automatons. He was often a crackpot, but editors paid thousands of dollars for Shavian notions that would have been thrown into the wastebasket if they had come from the Secretary of the Dubuque Anti-Vivisection League or the Vegetarian Society of La Jolla, California. A great comic playwright, Shaw failed to teach other playwrights the essence of his extraordinary theatrical talent. A thoroughly fallacious economist, he helped to persuade the majority of Englishmen to rebuild their whole social structure on his inane economic theorems. Along with his friend Sidney Webb, Shaw made the Fabian Society into a sort of general staff for the English Socialist Revolution. Together, Shaw and Webb converted the key people of the British Labor Party to lunacy. What Webb couldn't do with the Chinese torture of his endlessly reiterated statistics, Shaw did with the lightning punch of the Shavian wisecrack. So, in a sense, the state of modern England is Shaw's greatest monument.

Therein lies the final Shavian paradox: that so much brilliance could have eventuated in so much dullness. If Shaw's talents had not outrun his intelligence, he would have left a last will and testament denouncing Fabianism. As it is, he will be remembered for the dud of the Attlee Way of Life.

The day's news recently swept into the *New York Times* a little story concerning cortone, the astonishing anti-arthritis drug. In one year (and an alarmingly inflationary year at that) the price of this wonder-working medicine dropped more than four-fifths. The producers, a hard-headed chemical firm, no doubt feel more committed to selfish profit motives than to the Hippocratic oath. Yet by adhering strictly to the rules that govern property's hunger for profit, they have greatly expanded the elementary human right to seek relief from pain. If Tom Murphy had not cleared New York's sidewalks of those handy bookies, we would be willing to wager part of our minute editorial funds that it would have taken a "humanitarian" state monopoly much longer than a year to cut a nationalized cortone's production costs by four-fifths. There would have been no private profit, but much more private arthritis. This, we confess, is an advertisement — not for cortone's producers but for the economic system which produced them.

CANDIDATES FOR UTOPIA

There is amongst us a not uncommon character who might be described as a theological economist or an economic theologian. He pursues relentlessly two devils in our society — Profit and Competition. And he devotes a good deal more time to exorcising them than he does to Old Horny himself. He has discovered a substitute for Profit and Competition. He calls it Personality Building. We were never quite clear as to what he meant by this until we recently came upon a document issued by the Federal Social Security Board for the guidance of its workers.

In this astonishing guidebook the welfare worker is told that "the critical, empirical attitude of the natural sciences must now be extended to the study of personality and the social sciences in order to achieve the same mastery of individual and social behavior which we have acquired over the forces of inanimate nature." What the authors of this pregnant sentence have in mind is plain enough. When they have mastered this new science they propose to use it to refashion the personality of the race "in order to fit it for life in the socialized state."

The great aim is the socialized state. But this is impossible until men are made over into a new mold which will tailor their personalities for this new society. In achieving this, we are assured that "Social security and public assistance programs are a basic essential for attainment of *the socialized state envisaged in democratic ideology, a way of life which so far has been envisaged but which has been realized only in slight measure.*" (Our emphasis.)

One of the defects in our present society, we are apprised, is that "the adult has been reared to believe" that "self-support and self-respect are synonymous." The deplorable result of this is that if he finds he cannot support himself he is apt to experience a "loss of adequacy" — that is, he cannot "cope with circumstance." This all comes from the evil notion that there is something degrading in a condition of dependency. The personality, therefore, must be reshaped, so that this new citizen may turn to others for help without the least sense of humiliation. The finest type of man thenceforth "will have little anxiety about either his need to depend on others or his need to compete with others, that is, his wish to excel."

The social worker is cautioned to exercise the greatest tact in order that the applicant for help will not feel the least disturbance. The effect of this could be deplorable — the business of the Social Security Board might suffer. Or, as the document puts it, this "could operate against the recipient's free use of the agency's services." The agency, it seems, has a large assortment of services and is anxious to cultivate the market for its products.

Let us take the hypothetical case of Mr. Wilkes Micawber. He has a peculiar talent for dependency, without any need for cultivation. He has a wife and three children and he has been on relief for quite a few years. He toils not, neither does he spin. But, of course, the agency cannot go into that delicate matter. It might upset his personality. However, one fine day he shows up at the agency. He is greeted with the hospitality due an old and valued customer.

"Why, Mr. Micawber! How *do* you *do?* You haven't been in for months. Where have you been?"

But Micawber is in a truculent mood. "Where have I been? Where have *you* been? None of you people has been around to see whether I was alive or dead."

"Now, dear Mr. Micawber, please don't go on that way. You will get your personality all mussed up. Now what else can we do for you?"

"Well, if you had come around you would know I now have two families on my hands that I am unable to support unless I go to work."

"Two families! How wonderful! Please don't be frustrated. Tell us all about it."

Thus encouraged, Mr. Micawber tells. Having found that just one wife gave him a "sense of inadequacy," he has taken on a mistress, and now has a child in that home.

This is naturally a little disconcerting to the virgin questioning him. But she realizes that Mr. Micawber's sense of adequacy having been at least for the moment restored, she must be careful not to unsettle it again. And so dear Mr. Micawber is put down for a further share in our national income. Henceforth he is to get for himself and his two little families $3680 a year. Thus a personality is saved. If we can build enough Micawbers we shall have the perfect population for the socialist state.

Now we feel quite sure the well-balanced reader will think we are pulling his leg. Judge Jacob Panken, lifelong Socialist and Justice of the Domestic Relations Court in New York City for twenty years, recently described in the *Saturday Evening Post* a case fitting precisely the little script above about good old Micawber who no longer has to wait "for something to turn up." The old reliable agency is always there. The case described by Judge Panken involved a man with a wife and children. He deserted her and married another woman who presented him with a child. The drunken father, the deserted wife and her children, and the mistress and her child were all put on relief, the mistress being actually allotted more than the wife. She, perhaps, had a more sensitive personality which had to be conserved. In describing this case the editor of the magazine put it thus in the headline, paraphrasing the Judge:

> Want $3680 a year, tax free? You are required only to have no self respect and never get a job. Buy all the liquor you like. Desert your wife and take a mistress — and the Welfare Department may raise your income so you can afford both.

Judge Panken wrote that "Cases have come before me in which youngsters under twenty-one get married on relief and bring children into the world who are doomed to become unemployable." He described a family in which the father had been on relief without working for fifteen years, and now his son, reared on relief, is married and on relief.

Judge Panken explained how he had asked why the welfare agents did not go into the derelictions of these happy pupils in the new school of personality. He was told that to "ask a person what he does with the relief money given him is to do something that will undermine his dignity and his sense of security." The document we have been describing stresses that "all services must be proffered as a matter of right to which recipients are entitled." The social worker "who mistrusts the applicant and is concerned with proving his ineligibility intensifies his discomfort and tends to lower his morale." This sense of frustration might go so far that the applicant, in disgust, might quit relief and go to work. Nothing ought to be done to "operate against the recipient's free and untrammeled use of the agency's services."

But to return to our original grouch, what gripes us is that this is not just an agency for aiding the poor, but a great school for transforming the personality of the whole population (at the taxpayers' expense) in order to prepare it for the brave new world of the future. It is impossible, however, to suppress a discomforting question that rises in the mind. It is this: Are we all going nuts?

CHIANG KAI-RHEE

All we know about Syngman Rhee's right to be President of the Republic of Korea is that he was constitutionally chosen for the office in an election which the UN approved. He is the legitimate President of Korea until his term runs out in 1952.

Why, then, the scurry and the flutter of dubiety about Rhee's claims to the job? Why the buzz-buzz in Washington and at Lake Success about a new government for Korea? Why are the anti-Rhee propaganda mills working overtime to create the impression that Korea is governed by a gang of impostors?

It's hard to say with what specific individuals the anti-Rhee canards originate. Like off-color jokes and Broadway slang, they come into being without visible human agency. Again, like dirty jokes they travel with great speed and to the unlikeliest places. People who never heard of the town of Pusan before last August and September will solemnly swear to you that Rhee is nothing but a "little Chiang Kai-shek." They will tell you that he is a "reactionary," that he is a "front" for the "big landlords," that he is corrupt.

We've heard the same rigamarole before, of course; it became standard gabble about Chiang Kai-shek after the Communists had switched their line on China in 1943. The anti-Chiang propaganda was just as true — or as false — in 1941, but it was not until it served the needs of the Comintern that it began to seep into American country-club circles. How it got to the nineteenth hole of the average suburban golf links is a mystery — for the Communists and the fellow-travelers, few of whom play golf, didn't take it all the way. Nevertheless, it got there; and the Communists knew how to put it there by poisoning the intellectual approaches to the formation of U. S. public opinion.

For all we know, Syngman Rhee may not be the best person to govern Korea. He may not have a viable agricultural policy. He may have "reactionary" ideas. But the point is that he is a legitimate head of a friendly nation, and it is not our business to help maneuver him out of office. If there are people in Korea who don't want him for President, it's up to them to organize an opposition party and to name a candidate to oppose him in 1952.

The attempt to grease the slides under Rhee is, of course, part of the never-ceasing Kremlin campaign to subvert the world. As we go to press, the Korean war

threatens to become a Chinese war. But if peace can be had, the Communists will try to tie it to a "deal" on Formosa and a seat for Red China in the UN. Furthermore, they will try to create a UN contraption to administer Korea with or without Rhee, and if they succeed in fostering such a contraption they will then see to it that their agents get aboard it. They worked the trick once with UNRRA in eastern Europe — so why not try again in Asia?

As somebody, not Confucius, once said: "It's fun to be fooled." But we can think of less expensive ways of amusing ourselves than the ways the Communists and their fellow-traveling friends dream up.

THE MANIA FOR COMPULSION

Good citizens ought to defend their country. Good citizens ought to vote. But should they be compelled by law to do either?

In the Anglo-Saxon world, at least, the answer to such a question used to be no. It was part and parcel of the traditional English feeling about liberty that free men could always be counted on to volunteer in sufficient numbers both to serve the state and to see to it that rascals would be thrown out of office. Since 1914, however, the traditional English conception of liberty has had a hard time of it. To meet the *levée en masse* imposed by the authoritarian and dictator states of continental Europe in two world wars, the Anglo-Saxon world has felt itself compelled to resort to conscription to raise its armies. And now there is more and more talk about the necessity of making voting compulsory by law.

The mania for compulsion afflicts people of all political persuasions. For example, the eminently conservative Representative Wadsworth of New York joins with President Harry Truman in advocating, not merely a temporary draft for the armed forces, but Universal Military Training virtually in perpetuity. The *New York Times* is properly appalled when the Left advocates seizure of a person's property, but it looks with approval upon UMT, which is seizure of a man's body for a term of involuntary servitude. (The fact that UMT and slavery can be described functionally in the same terms ought to give anyone pause.) As for compulsory voting, Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York deserves great credit for rejecting the idea out of hand. But when Representative Jacob K. Javits of New York recently polled the governors of the 48 states on the idea, all too many of them seemed willing to flirt with it.

In opposing UMT, we realize that we are treading on boggy ground, at least from the narrowly pragmatic point of view. With Soviet Russia herding millions of its slave citizens into a gigantic mass army, and into a gigantic industry designed solely to support that army, just how is the West to meet the threat without resorting to compulsion on its own? Given a modicum of sense in our diplomacy over the past decade, the job of checking Russia could have been done without resort to the spending of billions and the compulsory uprooting of thousands of young men from schools, homes, jobs and careers. But our diplomacy has let us down. We have lost millions of allies in China, and in eastern and central Europe, because of the frivolities (and worse) of our State Department. So we are faced with the necessity of the draft.

Or are we? There is a school of military thought which says that we can still beat Russia without violating basic libertarian principles. A Major de Seversky, a General Bonner Fellers, even (perhaps) a Douglas MacArthur, would argue that the United States should concentrate on air power, on the industrial production of fast mobile weapons, and on guided missiles and the super-explosives. Properly handled, these might be the equivalent to us of the nineteenth-century British Navy, which was successfully manned by volunteers. Not being military experts, we hesitate to give unqualified endorsement to the Seversky idea. But at least it is worth more talk than it is getting.

Talk or not, however, the draft is with us for the time being. It will probably be with us for some time to come. Since it is rooted in a history of diplomatic mistakes that can not be conjured away, we accept it as an inevitable concomitant of the next five years. But acceptance of the draft as a *temporary* measure and acceptance of Universal Military Training as a permanent warp in the fabric of American life are quite different things.

The proponents of Universal Military Training claim that it will do wonders for the young. It will make them healthy, increase their self-reliance, and so on. Having visited army camps during World War II, and having listened to the GI tell stories that have never yet appeared in Kinsey, we doubt that a baptism in venereal disease or in spree drinking does much to improve a young man's health. As for the self-reliance, when did force applied to those over the age of fifteen ever contribute to such? To use contemporary psychiatric jargon, nobody ever becomes "inner-directed" by living an "other-directed" life. Jumping to the bark of the drill sergeant does not constitute a self-disciplined regimen.

From 1870 on, the countries of Europe went in for Universal Military Training. They also went in for romantic youth movements aimed at substituting a barrack-room life for the blandishments of bourgeois society. The end result was fascism — or the triumph of the principle that a man's body can be seized at any time by the State for the State's uses. Nobody, to our knowledge, has ever bothered to explore the nature of the "all-togetherness" of events in Europe from 1870 to 1950. But we do not doubt the connection between Universal Military Training and the triumph of the idea that the human being has no right to a life apart from the aims and needs of the State.

The United States has won two great wars within the span of a couple of generations. It has done so without interim Universal Military Training. Is it not reasonable to assume that it has been able to win precisely because it has had a society that left the individual free to experiment, to learn, to produce, on his own? Particularly in the individual's plastic years, from seventeen to twenty-one?

The assumption is not only reasonable, it is incontrovertible. A boy of sixteen or seventeen has just reached the stage of adolescence which poses the internal necessity of getting along on his own. He is ready to cut loose from strict parental supervision. At sixteen and seventeen, the self-reliant youth looks for a summer job away

from home. He begins to thumb the college catalogues to see what courses most appeal to him. He is beginning to mature. When a war comes, the properly matured youth is ready to use his ingenuity, his genuine self-reliance, in battle. He may need basic training in the elements of fighting (a training which can be provided in the period when the economy is tooling up to produce military supplies), but he will be a more resourceful aviator, a cannier tank-driver, if he has been left alone in his formative years to tinker with auto engines, or to run a tractor in summer months on a farm. And he will have a better conception of military tactics and strategy if he has quarterbacked a college football team or learned to execute the hit-and-run in baseball.

Under a system of compulsory Universal Military Training, the State rudely interferes with the natural processes of late adolescence. It jerks a boy from the area of experiment, of self-exploration and a fledgling approach to "inner-directedness," and plunks him down into an atmosphere of coercion. The sergeant-image replaces the father-image in his mind. He may be physically active in executing a thousand orders, he may even reach a point in the hierarchical army setup where he gives commands in addition to receiving them. But for all the activity of the military life, the boy is forced into psychological passivity. Things are done to him, or for him; he does not do things out of free choice for himself.

When the inductee goes back to civilian life, where he must learn to get along on his own, he is necessarily bewildered. The bewilderment disappears in time, but only because the atmosphere of civilian life in America is still incredibly free. A generation of UMT would change that atmosphere beyond recognition.

As we have said, a temporary draft may be necessary. But at best it is an acceptance of a lesser evil, something which should be watched carefully and rejected as soon as is possible. Keep the draft for the time being if no better way of opposing Russia can be found. But don't let us make the mistake of thinking that the values of Athens can be maintained by changing our society into a Sparta for all time.

To return to the matter of compulsory voting. Sometimes, when the two parties, Democratic and Republican, are both recreant to their trust, and there is no respectable third party in the field, the only honorable thing a citizen can do is to boycott the polls. By refraining from voting, he serves notice on the old-line politicians that he is a menace to be reckoned with when he returns to voting in the future. He is ready to follow a new leader, to vote for an entirely different program than any the old-line politician has seen fit to propose. Simply because the abstaining voter is an incalculable element in the political picture, the old-line politician must tread warily in his presence.

Not voting, then, can be as positive an act of citizenship as voting. And political freedom implies, of course, the freedom to refrain.

We do not advocate political indifference. We hope that more and more American citizens will choose voluntarily to vote when there is something to vote about. But a compulsory vote is a distasteful thing. It is almost as bad as a compulsory one-party slate.

Let's have done with the mania for compulsion! In a free society it doesn't solve a thing.

THE STRATEGY OF FEAR

Although the American gallupollomania has waned appreciably since 1948, we can not help wishing that some diligent pollster would set himself to ascertain what proportion of the electorate stayed away from the polls in confusion or disgust on election day. American political campaigning has not traditionally been characterized by sweetness or (unfortunately) by any dazzling amount of light. But neither has it often degenerated into a mud-slinging match in the course of which all candidates became so smeared that the voters were hard put to it to distinguish one from another.

This is what happened in several states during the campaign just ended. Perhaps it was propinquity, but it seemed to us that the most bewildering and begriming of all these free-for-alls took place in New York State, where the candidates accused one another publicly of everything discreditable, from income-tax evasion to being the tools of gangsters. However, in New York at least the gangsters involved were just common criminals. In other hotly fought contests, such as California's and Ohio's, they were foreign political and criminal gangsters — the gangsters who control the Kremlin.

In all the charges and counter-charges of Communist association, an interesting parallel emerged between the Soviet totalitarians and the native American "liberal" variety: that is, the tactic of attributing one's own misdoings to the opposition. In California, for example, Representative Helen Gahagan Douglas, whose Congressional record shows a very close sympathy with the Communist Left, accused her opponent, Representative Richard Nixon, whose record is one of intransigent opposition to communism, of having voted on various occasions with Congressman Vito Marcantonio. And in Ohio, among the really impressive array of Big Lies spread about Senator Robert A. Taft by the Democrats and Labor oligarchs, was the attempt to represent him as an associate of Earl Browder and a Communist party-liner on foreign policy. This from a coalition which since the war has presented Soviet Russia with half of Europe and the hegemony over Asia!

In an interesting series on the campaign, Mr. James Reston of the *New York Times* suggested that the "new and fierce strategy" was due to Republican adoption and Democratic continuation of Mr. Truman's tactics in the last week of the 1948 campaign, "when the President's own associates boasted that they were going out to stir up the fears and prejudices of the voters in the large urban areas of the East and Middle West." No doubt the President's demagogy had its influence; yet our impression was that the "new strategy" was no more aimed at the fears of the voters than at those of the politicos themselves. We think both parties were desperate; the Administration party because the cost in honor, money and national peril of the giveaway program known as American foreign policy appeared at last to be dawning on the American people; the Republicans, first because they felt that time was running out, and secondly, perhaps a little also because they dreaded the question, "Where were you while the sellout was going on?"

It is tragic that in this critical year Americans had to choose between two major parties neither of which effectively represents or defends their libertarian traditions.

LABOR IN POLITICS

By LEO WOLMAN

LABOR has always been in politics, in the United States as elsewhere. Long before the current large-scale experiments by organized labor with political action, individual unions and combinations of them sought to organize and use their political influence. This they did in a variety of ways — by working with local political machines, Democratic and Republican, by lobbying in the federal, state, and local legislative bodies, and occasionally, as in the La Follette campaign in 1924, by attempting to operate politically on a national scale.

While what the unions got out of such political activities was regarded, by the many intellectuals who observe and interpret labor movements, as consisting of trifling and well-nigh worthless benefits, the dominant labor organization of the times, the American Federation of Labor, deliberately and consistently avoided more elaborate and ambitious political enterprises. The Federation and most of its constituent unions seemed to be satisfied with the gains they made in building codes favorable to the construction unions, a more friendly attitude of the police toward picketing, and advances here and there in labor legislation. For numerous reasons and as a matter of principle the organized labor movement of this country long looked with disfavor on efforts to involve it in independent political action. Members of unions, also, though they were often propagandized in behalf of issues and candidates, were deemed free to exercise their independent personal judgments in the choice of both.

All of this is, of course, a far cry from the political direction which labor unions follow today. Politics have become one of their major preoccupations. In national elections, and in an increasing number of local polls, they aspire to exert a decisive influence. A large, if undisclosed, part of their resources is devoted to this end. In addition to specific agencies, such as the Political Action Committee of the CIO and the League for Political Education of the AFL, set up for the purpose of mobilizing organized labor's political power, much of the time and skill of union officials generally is spent in raising the political influence and furthering the political objectives of the several hundred national labor organizations which now constitute the labor movement in the United States.

Together with these changes in policy, the entire position of labor unions has been transformed. Employees belonging to unions now number 14 million or more, in place of the three million of the 1920's and early 1930's. From a minority of 10 per cent of the wage-earning population, union labor has become a minority of 30 per cent. Membership is concentrated in the large cities and in most of the industrial regions of the country. At least five national unions have from 500,000 to 1,000,000 members each, and a good many more from 100,000 to a half-million. In their own view, as well as in the eyes of an onlooker, these organizations, taken individually and collectively, are formidable aggregations of existing and potential power, economic and political.

It stands to reason that how these organizations use their power and what they use it for is, and should be, matters of public concern. Labor unions after all derive their rights, privileges and responsibilities from the law of the land. They owe much of their present position to special favors, not specifically granted by the law, bestowed upon them by the federal government. They should, therefore, be answerable for their acts and their standards of behavior should be measured in terms of accepted public policy applicable to the citizens of this country whether they are members of unions or not.

Considerations of this character led to the adoption of the Taft-Hartley Act, which deals with a variety of acts and forms of conduct which the public had come to regard as contrary to public policy and, hence, unlawful. Among these, this Act prohibits political contributions and expenditures by unions. The new federal Criminal Code states that it is unlawful "for any corporation whatever, or any labor organization to make a contribution or expenditure in connection with any election at which Presidential and Vice Presidential electors or a Senator or Representative . . . are to be voted for. . . ." The Code then applies the same prohibition to primary elections and goes on, among other things, to fix the penalties for violation of the law.

The courts have not yet passed on these provisions. But whatever the courts finally decide, it is important to know what issues are involved in framing an appropriate public policy on this question. The central issue turns on what guarantees we need in order to protect the political freedom and independence of the individual citizen, whoever he may be. It was to afford such protection that we devised the secret ballot, made it illegal to buy votes, imposed limitations on electioneering in the neighborhood of polling-places, and prohibited employers from dictating the votes of their employees. Anyone reading about the conduct of elections in countries behind the iron curtain will quickly see how essential to the preservation of the American political system safeguards such as these are.

Equally important must be the right of a citizen to support whatever political party or movement he chooses, and to determine on his own what financial contribution he wishes to make to political campaign funds. When a man joins a union, how much of this political freedom does he voluntarily surrender? The dues he pays into the union treasury flow into a common pool, which is used for a wide range of purposes. The typical union spends money for organizing, carrying on its negotiating functions, running one or more newspapers, education, propaganda, lobbying and, probably, political activity.

Where, then, is the dividing line between the proper, and legal, distribution of union funds and their misuse? Voluntary organizations which practice commingling of funds always face awkward questions. Even the CIO and the AFL, uncertain as the present state of the law on this

matter is, have doubts as to how far they can go in using the union treasury to finance political contributions and expenditures. That is why they organized the PAC and the League for Political Education, which are presumably financed by voluntary contributions from union members and others.

Effective as these political arms of organized labor may be, they hardly suffice by themselves to make anything like adequate use of the potential political resources of unions. The result is that unions, in campaigns that they regard as critical, are bound to fall back on their total administrative machinery to supplement the work of the PAC, the League or similar *ad hoc* agencies. When unions do this, who is to know what expenditures are the equivalent of political contributions and what funds are dispensed for the customary operations of a labor organization?

For labor unions simultaneously perform a great variety of functions. While there is considerable division of labor in the work of union administrative agents, from the president of a national union to the shop committeeman, there is no such thing as job specifications for union officials which keep them at a specific, clearly defined task. The work of nearly all union officials contains a large agitational element, whatever their particular assignments may be. It is consequently easy for them to be agitating about more than one question at the same time. Whatever else they have to do can wait for a more propitious occasion.

The American labor movement, taken in its entirety, is an ideal instrument for political action. There are probably more than 100,000 local bodies scattered throughout the country. No one has counted the number of shops under union control, nor the size of the officialdom reaching down into the lowest ranks which is necessary to administer this far-flung movement. It is easy to see how effective a political agency these organizations can be, once it is decided to use them skilfully for this purpose. For a long time lack of unity in organized labor stood in the way of combined political action, but in recent years, having tasted the fruits of political power, the highly diverse elements of the labor movement have come close to agreeing on the principal planks of a labor political platform. They are, therefore, now in a position to use these resources which are at their disposal.

In this context it is hard to see what authority the officials of organized labor have to represent the political views and interests of their members and where they derive their authority to employ union funds for this purpose. Certainly not all union members are unanimous in their choice of candidates for political office or in what they want their elected representatives to do. Some union members are Democrats, others are Republicans, and still others deny allegiance to either major party. Yet, as members of unions, they are not only subjected to the pressure of yielding to a united labor political front, but their payments to their unions may be used to promote political parties, candidates for office, and legislation to which they are opposed. The discrepancy between what men do under compulsion and when they have freedom of action is suggested by the experience with raising funds of such an agency as the League for Political Education. When the League's program for the national political campaign of 1950 was announced, its sponsors estimated that a voluntary contribution of $1 per head would yield from the seven million members of the AFL $7,000,000, and a $2 contribution, $14,000,000. But the amount collected, so far announced, turned out to be a small fraction of either sum.

These problems of political independence and freedom are not new, nor are they peculiar to the United States. They have simply become more pressing and important here, because of the swift and enormous rise to power of organized labor and because of its intention to use the means it has to establish its political power. In England, which has had an independent labor party for a long time, the Parliament in the Trade Disputes Act of 1927, adopted after the general strike of 1926, stated it to be unlawful "to require any member of a trade union to make any contribution to the political fund of a trade union unless . . . he has given notice in writing" of his willingness to contribute. The Act also required separate accounting of political contributions and other union funds. The result of these provisions was a sharp drop in political contributions. The Labor Party, when it took office after the war, of course repealed this statute. But the problem to which the Act was addressed still exists. In the United States, where the whole tendency in trade unionism is to resort more and more to compulsion and where the demand for the closed shop has become increasingly insistent, it is a short step to apply compulsion to the political activities of the individual member.

The general political implications of such developments in this country are far-reaching. They threaten to weaken and, perhaps, destroy the essential features of our political democracy. The labor movement is a typical pressure group. Its political program consists of a long, and lengthening, list of specific proposals which it has decided it needs for its own peculiar interests. The notion of the general welfare, or the common or public interest, is tending to atrophy. With it is disappearing the conception of an independent public official who, in deciding what to do, consults his conscience and his view of the nation's welfare. For when he runs for office nowadays, he is bound to be confronted with an enumeration of bills, on which his voting record is specified in minute detail. On this record his political future may henceforth depend.

A DISCIPLE OF KEYNES

> Police came up with an explanation today for a wave of broken auto windshields — the big, sweeping kind that cost $75 for replacement. They arrested the local glazier on a malicious mischief charge. Police said that the glazier, Frank C. Gerbolini, admitted he made the rounds in his car, drumming up business for himself with a slingshot.
>
> *AP dispatch from Teaneck, N. J., October 11*

PLAN FOR COUNTER-ACTION

By RODNEY GILBERT

THE WAR now looming with the Red Empire can be prevented. It can be prevented at a cost somewhat less than that of a few modern battleships, by what might be called "counter-subversion." We have to recognize that Stalinism has declared war upon us in the ideological, or psychological, or "morale" fields a thousand times over. Then we have to accept the challenge, officially and without pussyfooting. We have to let the world know that we take up that challenge; that we are going to fight in the same fields. We have to say this loudly and clearly, so that it will go deep into the territories in which the Kremlin exploits despair. We have to say that, since the Kremlin is dedicated to the sabotage and subversion of our way of life, we hereby dedicate ourselves to the sabotage and subversion of Stalinism, to the moral and material support of "counter-subversion" everywhere, and to the support of counter-revolution wherever it justifies support.

Why not? I should like to hear why not.

When Japan threw her towel in the ring in August, 1945, and this country shut down war production with a bang and started getting the boys home and out of uniform, high hope prevailed in the Kremlin. But the great American hope, fatuous in retrospect, was that a peace based upon live-and-let-live relations between differing social systems — to which Soviet Russia was assumed to be sincerely committed — was established forever, or nearly so. The high hope in the Kremlin was that our abrupt reversion from a war economy to production for use would result almost immediately in a terrific economic crash. This would be followed by even more ruinous collapses in other capitalistic countries. Stalinist fifth columns would exploit confusion and misery swiftly and expertly. The World Revolution would advance by gigantic bounds and, in no time at all, Stalinism would be the only political religion throughout what had been the civilized world.

Against this high hope Soviet Russia's top economist raised a warning voice. All Eugene Varga said was that although Western capitalism's foundations were undoubtedly rotten and crumbling its collapse might not come immediately. It was the Politburo's denunciation of Varga for puncturing its inflated hope of quick and easy world conquest that gave the gaping, blinking West its first vague understanding of what the Kremlin's real attitude toward live-and-let-live softism really was.

But the Kremlin was quick enough to shake itself out of its pipe dream and give some hard thought to ways and means. As America proved its capacity for revitalizing its own economy, and for contributing lavishly to the revitalization of Europe, with fifth columns losing ground everywhere, the Kremlin remembered a famous injunction of Lenin's which can be paraphrased briefly as follows: "Conquer the East, and the East will insure your conquest of the West." The prospect in the East must have looked all the more promising because the Truman Administration's policies in China, guided by ignorance, bitter prejudice and the needling of slippery fellow-travelers, were consistently opposed to the defense of East Asia against Stalinism.

Now, to skip a lot, who knows why Moscow ordered the North Korean descent upon South Korea? Most likely it took at face value the various assurances that had come out of Washington since January to the effect that, since South Korea was of no strategic value and was indefensible anyway, the South Koreans would get no support if attacked. Maybe the Politburo thought that a lot of "face" could be made in Asia for Stalinism at almost no cost, and that America's reputation for leaving friends in the lurch, so well established in China, could be enhanced. If so, they fell a little short of understanding "democracy" as it works. They did not realize that their *coup* would interrupt the President's vacation and bring him back to Washington hopping mad.

However flabbergasted they may have been by the result of this miscalculation, the Kremlin gang must soon have recovered from the shock. Every editorial writer in this land hastened to tell them that they had hit on a nearly infallible formula for ruining us at little risk and at little cost to themselves. By using veteran Siberian and Manchurian troops of Korean ancestry, and by rolling in some of their hitherto untested tanks, guns and other heavy equipment, of which they had a stupendous surplus, they obliged us to put almost all we had into that peewee satellite operation. This forced upon us the realization of how little we had. This forced us to think of what we might need in Europe, or what our allies might need. For every piece of equipment that we needed in Korea, we should have five more ready in Europe. We should have five extra planes, five tanks, five bazookas and five stretchers. We should also have five trained men and fifty dollars extra. To Moscow's delight, these considerations threatened to put us back on a wartime economy. They would have us consuming our resources, wasting our productive power, conscripting our young men into non-productive military training, raising taxes, promoting inflation, and otherwise undermining our economic health.

Marvellous, isn't it, what a terrific economic impact that little Korean venture of the Kremlin's has had upon us? So why not more? Enough of the same would certainly soften us up for the pushover, if war could be long enough postponed.

Maybe it will suit the Russians to get us and our allies in Korea involved with Red China, which could happen before this is in print; or maybe it will not. Assuming that they do not want war with the United States until we are economically exhausted, it would be exceedingly risky for them to order heavy Chinese participation in the Korean war. Their responsibility for it would be even clearer in the world's sight than their responsibility for

the attack on South Korea, because their control of Manchurian communications is as absolute as their control of Siberian communications. And if their Manchurian mercenaries would not fight, United Nations counteraction might cost them the control of the whole Manchurian railway system. It would seem likelier to this writer that if they wanted to involve us with Red China they might see less risk to themselves in air attacks on Formosa, which would bring them into immediate conflict with the Seventh Fleet's air support; or they could pour in much heavier aid to Ho Chi Minh through Indo-China's numerous back doors, to elicit from us heavier support for Bao Dai. Then they could again remind us of Iran's weakness, Turkey's vulnerability, Tito's precarious position, and the fact that Berlin is always a hostage in their hands.

Every one of these possibilities has been envisaged for the Kremlin in the newspapers of many nations. But to none of the surveys of the many opportunities at Stalin's disposal for jostling the West into economic prostration without risk of war, has there been appended any new suggestion for turning the Politburo's fearful attention upon the weaknesses in its own vitals. The bully who discovers that the pain in his side is cancer of the liver is not thenceforth much of a menace to his neighborhood. And through psychological warfare, a hundred painful little weaknesses in the Red imperial system can be turned into malignant growths which would take the Kremlin's mind off world conquest altogether.

There are three fronts on which we should challenge Stalinism to mortal combat. The first is the fifth column here at home. The next is in the satellites, or the "captive states," as you choose. Finally, there is the Soviet Russian home front, where we probably have a bigger force on our side than all of the Western world could muster.

But my thesis is that Stalinism can be wrecked by blowing up any major satellite in Joseph Stalin's face. My thesis is that it can be done in China more quickly, readily and cheaply than in any other satellite, because the police system there is lagging far behind popular counter-revolutionary sentiment. And what is Stalinism anywhere without its police system?

My thesis, further, is that with all-out American moral support, and only a modicum of material support, including not a single American combat trooper and with or without the Seventh Fleet, Taiwan (Formosa) can be made a base for counter-revolution in China which may spread to Asia, then to Europe, and then maybe even to Russia. This is the best bet we have for preventing World War III at relatively trifling cost. As I see it, the Truman Administration is doing everything in its power, even in the United Nations, to destroy the usefulness of Formosa to us. It is making every effort to emasculate a powerful ally in the essential business of blowing up Communist China in Stalin's face.

Formosa is the only part of the Far East in which perfect peace prevails. There is no civil war, no banditry, no crime. The island feeds, as it should not have to, a national government and a national army, navy and air force, running to about 750,000; yet it exports rice. The native population eats as well as it ever did and wears unpatched clothes. It loves its local self-government. All in all, Taiwan is the best blueprint of a future non-Stalinist China that has yet been drafted anywhere. Because of the well-grounded horror of inflation, government is being run on an austerity basis that really does challenge honesty to the breaking point. The army's behavior is irreproachable. It is well fed and trained. With "cannibalism" of equipment, it could put 250,000 into action on Formosa's beaches, or wherever necessary. With extra equipment, it could almost double that number. Here is the biggest well-trained army opposing Stalinism in all of Asia, on the safest of all bases.

This is all very fine. But unless there is an opportunity for counter-revolution on the other side of the Formosa Channel, the situation can not last forever. The island of Taiwan can readily pay for an excellent civil administration, much subsidized development of agriculture and industry, and the little policing that it needs. But unless the armed forces, which are now eating up reserves at an alarming rate, are to go back to the mainland pretty soon, they will shortly be eating up Taiwan. So what chance have they of going back?

For three months out of the past five this writer was on the island, and in constant touch with sagacious sources of information in Hongkong, trying diligently to get an answer to that question. I was exposed to much wishful thinking — in one instance to a most doleful line of talk about conditions on the mainland from a returning secret police agent. It turned out that he had come back as a Stalinist agent, ingratiating himself by "revealing" Red horrors. He was tripped up because he overdid it. At any rate, I am not at all sure that, if Formosa now undertook a counter-attack upon the mainland, the going would be easy. But I am sure of several things about this situation.

Time is now working in favor of counter-revolution in China and will continue to do so for quite a long time. It is a race between police control under Russian instruction and growing popular resentment, tremendously stimulated by the sight of a Russian. Wherever these hordes of Russian "advisers" appear, controls over the peoples' lives will undoubtedly tighten. But wherever they appear they advertise the fact that Communist "liberation" means subservience to an alien power. This stimulates underground resistance on a bigger and bigger scale. This resentment of Russian intrusion into the Red control of China is one that the armies can not escape. The fighting forces which have given Soviet Russia control of China are most decidedly *not* those which used to operate out of Yenan, under Mao Tse-tung and Chu Teh, when all the infatuated "liberals" and Stilwell underlings were making their pilgrimages to that wartime Red stronghold. The hard fighting core of the new Red armies in China, amounting to about a million men, is made up of precisely the same elements as the Northern war-lords' armies of the preceding three decades. They are the same cheerful mercenaries from Shantung, the Huai and Yellow River valleys, and Manchuria, who will join anybody's army or anybody's bandit force, to take the burden of their appetites off their families' inadequate acres.

They are at least 85 per cent illiterate. Stalinist indoctrination can be poured on them — as you might pour red dye on a duck which sheds it at the first dive for a bug — but can not be injected into them. There is

one thing latent in the system of every one of them; and that is a horror of foreign domination of China. The Mao Tse-tung regime has pounded them with abuse of American imperialism; but they don't see it in evidence. Underground propaganda tells them that they are the stooges of Russian imperialism, and the more Russians they see (and despise, as they do despise the Russians traditionally) the readier they are to believe it. In their systems they also have deeply rooted the idea that America is China's wholly unselfish friend. That is deeper down than any talk of Russia's benevolent interest in China will go in this generation.

Then note that these Northern mercenary soldiers are either in South China or have lately been there. They don't understand the language, they don't like the food, they call the mode of life "barbarous," they pick up malaria, dysentery and typhoid; and then they get news about rural North China from a constant tide of refugees from "agrarian reform" which makes them exceedingly nervous about the welfare of their own relatives at home. It all adds up to a powerful craving to go back.

That is my considered estimate of the Chinese Red Army. Its soldiers could be bought by the regiment, brigade and division, if half a dozen beachheads were established on the coast. The really stupendous problem would be to know what to do with them when bought — unless one were prepared to finance a bang-up counter-revolution.

Meanwhile counter-subversion goes merrily on in Red China. China's Nationalist armies, retreating under various conditions of under-supply, defections and all the rest, left behind guerrilla units, with plenty of arms and ammunition, in whatever numbers each territory could support. Between Manchuria and Hainan, the total number left behind and still in communication with Formosa is about 300,000. Just for fun, consider the situation in the Chosan Islands, off the coast below Shanghai. Those islands were officially evacuated in May, and the Stalinists immediately put about 1200 men into them as an occupation force. It happens, however, that the guerrillas left behind are about double that number. Communications with Formosa and with the mainland are in their hands.

Mao Tse-tung's whole career was that of an "agrarian reformer." His communism was based on peasant support. That is now repudiated by that Li Li-san who was brought back into China by the Russian Red Army. The new reliance is on labor, the industrial proletariat; the peasantry has been mercilessly looted. The result has been wholesale farmer revolt, particularly in West China — Western Hunan, Kweichow, Szechuan and much of Kuangsi and Yunnan. The combination in those parts of scattered soldiery, revolting peasants, native bandits, local bad characters and what you will, has created a situation which is as far beyond Formosa's ken as it is beyond Peking's control.

Meanwhile, labor too has gone haywire. Li Li-san's policy, imported from Russia without modification, has been that of regimenting labor. The unions' new purpose was to get higher production, through the speed-up and "labor heroism," at less pay. How well or ill Chinese labor would have taken this new dispensation if there had been full employment, nobody knows. But there has been nearly 50 per cent unemployment throughout all of China's industrial cities. Consequently much of Chinese labor is right now a well-organized and determined counter-revolutionary force, very highly skilled in sabotage. It has actually backfired into Hongkong, without the slightest sympathy from the British authorities. There it has taken over from the Stalinists their former control of most of the labor unions through which they had hoped to wreck the colony economically in advance of a Stalinist military conquest.

Among the institutions within which Stalinism in China can be shaken, there remains the usual enormous Red bureaucracy. This is almost entirely non-Stalinist. If the starry-eyed pilgrims to Yenan in the early forties will think back, they will remember that the Mao Tse-tung of those days could not have supplied any big city in North China with adequate administrative personnel. Where did they get the personnel to run a hundred great cities, a thousand nationalized industries, a customs service, an immigration service? They had to use tens of thousands of people who hated them like poison. They have in critically important jobs great numbers of persons who, to avoid starvation after their country relatives were butchered as kulaks, took indoctrination courses so as to qualify for bureaucratic jobs. The more Stalinism they have to absorb, the greater their hate. I have seen stacks of smuggled letters to this effect.

On the strength of these observations, I believe that, if counter-revolution were given this country's moral support on Formosa and in Red China, Stalinist China could be blown up in Joe Stalin's face within a year; and that this would start a chain reaction which would indefinitely postpone the third World War.

THE LIBERAL DISINTEGRATION— A CONSERVATIVE VIEW

By RALPH DE TOLEDANO

THE Hiss case has been a litmus test for liberalism. In the acid bath of history the true-blue "liberals" have come out a disconcerting pink. At the height of their power, they dominate both government and the intellectuals; but their terrified reaction to the indictment and conviction of Alger Hiss has negated their liberalism and equated them with the Communists whom they ostensibly disdain. Since that day in August, 1948, when Whittaker Chambers slowly and mournfully phrased his accusation, they have with malice aforethought distorted fact and commerced in villainy to exculpate a man whose least crime was treason against the human spirit.

Their defense of Hiss was simultaneous and double-barreled. Identifying themselves with the criminal, they protested that he was innocent. Identifying themselves with the crime, they shouted that it was no crime at all but a commonplace of the era in which it was committed. And, in a triumph of perverse reasoning, they insisted that the evil was not in the cancer, but in the surgeon who had laid open the flesh to expose it. Scourge Chambers, then, for he was the surgeon. Scourge him so thoroughly that no other man would dare to pick up the sterile knife again. So Chambers, who had once placed himself in jeopardy and again sacrificed career and good

name to disclose the conspiracy, was the ogre. And Hiss, who had persisted in infamy through the Hitler-Stalin pact and at least (according to government evidence never produced at the trial) well into 1945, was the victim.

There was some cold political logic behind this. Alger Hiss was not a single betrayer who had wormed his way into the top reaches of the government. He was a powerful figure in a State Department clique. The friends who sheltered him from the exposure which began in 1939 and continued until his downfall were even more powerful. The President had refused to act against him, probably out of sheer Rooseveltian whimsy. His name was linked to the great diplomatic projects and adventures of the early postwar era. The policy of fatuous Soviet appeasement had been sired by this clique which accepted and returned Hiss's loyalty.

To protect these vested interests, it became vitally important for the "liberals" to defend Hiss by any and all means. Suddenly, in the "liberal" view, Hiss symbolized all the bright young men who descended on Washington in the early New Deal days — the young men who, more than Roosevelt or Wallace, gave the New Deal its ideological coloration. Ironically enough, because Hiss differed from many of these young men only in degree — "There but for the grace of God go I," they said with unconscious frankness — the liberal defense of the spy-perjurer merely served to alert the slumbering conservatives to the issue. The Hiss case ceased to be an isolated instance — an illusion that should have been fostered — and became a test case. As usual, the "liberals" fought the battle where their lines were most vulnerable.

An apologetic literature of abuse and obfuscation began to grow. Max Lerner obliquely suggested in one of his columns that Hiss's involvement in a Communist spy ring had been dictated by the late President as a counter-espionage device. Robert Bendiner disingenuously told *Nation* readers that Hiss's crime had stemmed from a desire to see "our own democratic freedoms safeguarded." Safely off the record, Archibald MacLeish spun a theory before the Nieman Fellows at Harvard so wretched that it can not be repeated here. The theory of a Chambers-FBI frame-up, supposedly plotted by a liberal Administration to destroy all liberals, had wide circulation and gained considerable credence. Another, that Chambers was merely satisfying a ten-year grudge, also made the rounds.

With the aid of a plumber's helper, Freud was dredged for explanation. Friends of Hiss laid all the blame on Mrs. Hiss. Her friends smirked and said the whole story would come out at the trial, destroying Chambers. (It did, but not in the way they had intended.) At the trial, Hiss's lawyers dragged innumerable red herrings across the trail, and the "liberals" scampered hopefully after each one. When after two exhaustive trials, a jury brought in the verdict of guilty, the "liberals" discovered that the jury system was no good.

Behind the panicked "liberals" two well-organized forces prodded and pushed. The first was the Communist Party. Its unusual restraint in the Hiss affair was, in itself, an indication of the intense interest with which it watched the case unfold. There were no "spontaneous" committees to defend Hiss, no posters held aloft at May Day parades, no diatribes in the *Daily Worker*. The redbaiting of Hiss's lawyers evoked no bilious answer. Instead, the well-oiled machine of character assassination went quietly and efficiently into high gear. Hiss was left alone; Chambers was the butt. Despite the shift in the political climate, the moral climate had not changed, and the liaison between the so-called non-Communist Left and the Party remained operative. Via this non-Communist Left, the infection was carried to the middle-of-the-roaders.

The other organized force was the government bureaucracy, particularly in the State Department and the White House secretariat. Heartened by President Truman's "red herring" remark, they moved in busily. Unless the case were scotched, the public might decide to take a retrospective look at OWI, OSS, UNRRA. The monumental blunders of Yalta and Potsdam might take on a new and more sinister light. More dangerous, the State Department's Far Eastern policy, coming to gradual fruition in the victory of the Chinese Communists, might become the focus of public attention. Even the Secretary of State, who had risen to power in the toppling of Grew and Dooman, might be forced to face the glare. How then could he turn his back on Alger Hiss?

These are the political explanations. But psychologically, the root cause of the "liberal" terror can be found in the character of Whittaker Chambers. Even before the House hearings began in 1948, the exposure of Communists in government had become almost commonplace. It was not what Chambers had done, but what he was, which infuriated and stampeded the "liberals." For Chambers was the first man of real and unconquerable stature to stand up before them. What might have been a sordid squabble acquired dimension, Biblical and stirring to those who observed Chambers at first hand. In his somber words there were overtones of the *dies irae* which were intolerable to the "liberals."

Unlike many in the small army of ex-Communists who had already been witness to the Communist conspiracy, Whittaker Chambers understood the nature of the titanic conflict convulsing this age. The struggle was not over socio-economic systems but over man's soul. The "liberals" could not accept Chambers as a religious man. They could not accept his concept of a religious war because they could not accept religion in the first place. It threatened their universe. They were baffled and outraged by a man who said simply that he believed in God and in freedom. To accept these linked anathemas would have forced them to surrender their diplomas. God they had rejected. And through compromise and expediency, they had long since replaced freedom with a golden calf of "security."

For the more honest "liberals," it was not that they loved Hiss, but that they hated Chambers. "It's the first effect of not believing in God that you lose your common sense, and can't see things as they are," Chesterton's Father Brown once said. Confusing sin with reason, the "liberals" brushed aside the common sense of the irrefutable and immutable documentary evidence, they shrank away from Chambers's uncompromising conviction — compromise is endemic to modern "liberalism";

it knows no other way — and the stark accusation of his existence. And when Chambers spoke of a "God of mercy" and a "God of justice," they called in the witch doctors to label it paranoia. Very interesting, they said of this mayhem on psychiatry, and romped off into a nightmare vista.

The Hiss case is important because it gave "liberals" the courage to continue down a chosen road. When the Remington case was reopened, Alan Barth took the offensive in the *Guild Reporter* by repeating Dr. Isaiah Bowman's preposterous libel that ex-Communists were secretly party members intent on spreading confusion and distrust. Ironically enough, this charge has even crept into the *New York Post*, edited by an ex-Communist! It blossomed in the Tydings Subcommittee "investigation."

But the "liberal" disintegration became even more apparent as Senator McCarthy's charges against the Administration unfolded. The "liberals" made great and gleeful use of every disparaging fact about the Wisconsin Senator. Yet when Tydings was repeatedly caught in outright lies, the "liberals" were strangely silent. They demanded a free inquiry, yet never once protested when the minority members of the Tydings Subcommittee were prevented from subpoenaing their own witnesses. When, until the last days of the hearings, the minority counsel was not even permitted to cross-examine witnesses, the "liberals" stood by complacently.

When hundreds of avenues of investigation were blocked off by Tydings and his Democratic colleagues, the "liberals" were mum. When the Jews and the Catholic Church were dragged into the quarrel, there was silence in the "liberal" ranks. When the State Department, in order to silence criticism, put an investigator on the trail of an important newspaperman, it was the Republicans, not ADA, who objected to this attack on freedom of the press. When Philip Jessup protested his innocence by pointing to his Revolutionary War ancestry, no "liberal" bothered to ask whether the eminent Ambassador would have been less worthy of belief were he a first-generation American.

In covering the hearings, "liberal" newspapers suppressed news critical of the Administration, outrageously slanted what they did print, and sought to prove that Tydings, a Senator whose record could bear some examination, was a sterling idealist. Screaming smear, they resorted to guilt by association to damn their antagonists. The *New York Post* made much of the fact that McCarthy would not repeat his charges off the Senate floor. But when Tydings, in a monstrous report which attacked individuals who had not been permitted to testify, ignored a challenge to repeat his libels where they were not privileged, the *Post* refused to publish the story.

The catalogue is endless. The documentation is easily at hand. And it proves what had only been suspected during the Hiss case, that the "liberals" hold "liberalism" above patriotism and self-interest above truth. The *gente non sancta* of liberalism proved themselves powerful but morally bankrupt. The cream of the jest, of course, was that the "liberals" never understood that Hiss, not Chambers, had betrayed them — or that, whatever his faults, McCarthy was less their enemy than Tydings.

The most extravagant victories, in the acid bath of history, can never change the color of that betrayal. Though the "liberals" have grimed-over the reputation of Whittaker Chambers and elevated the dubious characters of the State Department to sainthood, they have for a long time to come lost their amateur standing, their moral right to criticize, and their self-respect. God has a way of writing history which the "liberals" will never understand. They can scream, but until they have raised a Lenin from their midst, they cannot rewrite history.

PAUL ROBESON: MESSIAH OF COLOR

By WINIFRED RAUSHENBUSH

TEARS rolled down Paul Robeson's cheeks as he talked to reporters after the second Peekskill riot. The stones of rioters had broken the windows of his car. He had seen the hate-contorted faces on the highway. He told reporters that the police had permitted the stoning, hoping that his supporters would fight back.

"That's all they were waiting for," he declared. "They would have shot us down. They were willing to massacre us."

Any man, however strong his nerves, would have been terrified by the fury of the Peekskill mob. Robeson's justly celebrated poise was completely shattered. For fifteen years his role as a Communist sympathizer had rested lightly on his giant shoulders. Then the Communist Party cracked the whip. In April, 1949, he made his famous speech — "it is unthinkable that the Negro people could be drawn into war with the Soviet Union." On Sept. 4, 1949, he was the central figure in the first open mass-display of its para-military forces the Communist Party had ever staged in the United States. A year later, on Aug. 4, 1950, the State Department cancelled his passport.

Today the great Paul Robeson sits in his Connecticut house, waiting to be used. He is one of the most valuable assets the Kremlin has ever acquired. For he is the voice of America as the Politburo wants the people of Asia to hear it; the Messiah who, they hope, will lead the colored peoples of the world into the strong sunlight of communism's unclouded future.

The American singer and actor who waits for his cue to play out this, his most grandiose role, is fifty-two. Walter Camp's all-American end is six feet three, and considerably heavier than when he played football for Rutgers. The magnificent voice is sometimes roughened and weary, but still effective. What is gone is the serenity formerly characteristic of this once fortunate, amiable and modest man. In some of his later pictures, taken in moments of excitement, the face is ugly and weak. Because he has chosen communism as his way of life, his financial assets are dwindling. In 1948, when he made propaganda for Wallace, a proposed concert tour with 85 appearances failed to materialize. Each concert would have netted him $2,000. He sings now only to Communist audiences and divides his take with Communist organizations. This year the Robesons moved from their 15-room house

in Enfield, Connecticut, to a six-room house in South Norwalk.

Everyone knows the golden legend of Robeson's early career and artistic success. His father's people came, he believes, from Lower Nigeria; his mother's people are two-thirds Indian. Paul's father, John Drew Robeson, was a runaway slave at 15, put himself through Lincoln University, and became a minister. He has been described as one of the soundest and most intelligent men of his race.

In Westfield, New Jersey, young Paul spent four years in a school with white children and encountered no prejudice. The crucial experience of his youth came when he entered Rutgers. By way of hazing the colored boy, his team-mates broke several ribs, smashed his nose and trampled his hand. Visiting him in the hospital, his older brother urged him to fight back. When he returned to the football field, Paul was prepared to die, if necessary. In a burst of fully released anger, he felled six men. Afraid that he might actually kill one of his team-mates, the coach called off the slaughter. When Paul graduated, he had acquired a major share of the athletic and scholastic honors Rutgers had to offer.

Robeson's young manhood was a triumphant Horatio Alger pageant, marred only by complications arising from the fact that his singing, his acting and his magnificent physique commanded the admiration of many women. In 1919, Alexander Wollcott said of him, "I have never seen anyone so quietly sure that he was going somewhere." In 1923 Robeson was graduated from Columbia Law School, where he was considered one of the university's most brilliant men. By 1925 he was an actor and concert singer. In 1927 he made his first big money in "Show Boat," and in 1928 he settled in London. Before he was thirty he had sung in a number of European countries.

In 1922, Robeson had married an efficient, ambitious woman, with a fighting edge that seems sharper than his own. Eslanda Cardozo Goode had studied chemistry, and later anthropology. In 1930, she wrote a biography of her husband, entitled, "Paul Robeson, Negro." In this book Mrs. Robeson reports that her husband was embarrassed by the project and had told a friend: "She [his wife] thinks I'm brave and honest and moral, whereas I'm none of these things." Eslanda retorts that Paul's great original sin is laziness, with a capital "L." She accuses her husband of never learning his lines until the last minute, of losing his friends because he won't write a letter, and of trying to get by as a singer by claiming "I'm a special interpreter of the music of my people." This candid exegesis did little to cement the relations of the pair.

For a time Robeson was a brilliant social success in London. As he himself says, he was "taken up" by the British. The people who took him up were members of "Burke's Peerage" society. Unfortunately, his English sojourn ended badly and the shock he sustained at this time profoundly affected his subsequent career.

On June 26, 1932 his wife announced to the press that she was divorcing him. A London dispatch in the *New York Times* said: "It is most incredible, though, that people should be linking Paul's name with that of a famous titled English woman." On the same day Robeson was interviewed by the New York *Daily News*. "Robeson intimated," said the *News*, "that he is in love with an English society woman and hopes to marry her. . . ." It further quoted him as saying that "it is not the Honorable Nancy Cunard. . . . Neither is it the actress who played Desdemona to my Othello. . . . I desire above all things to maintain my personal dignity. If this stirs up race prejudice, I am prepared to leave this country. . . . I am assured of a following in England."

It would appear that Robeson actually did say these things. Immediately, the doors of England's great houses were closed against him; as decisively, one Englishman remarked, as they had once closed on Oscar Wilde. Simultaneously the criticisms of his work took on an acid tone. After having played in Drury Lane, he was forced to appear in cheap music halls. Finally he could stand it no longer. Addressing the League of Colored People in London on Dec. 13, 1934, he said, "I am unquestionably leaving this country. I refuse to live with the sword of Damocles hanging over my head."

This English experience was crucial, because it flung him straight into Soviet Russia's waiting arms. He had abandoned the United States, because he could not walk into a first-class eating place between 10th Street and Harlem. In 1931 he had declared that he intended to make his permanent home in England, the country which "gives Negroes the fairest chance." Now England had failed him. When in 1935 Robeson and his wife — by now reunited — arrived in Russia, he was offered Chaliapin's former post and hailed as a favorite son. Interviewed by Julia Dorn for *New Theater* (July, 1935) he said, "In Soviet Russia, I breathe freely for the first time in my life."

From 1935 on, Robeson was definitely in the Russian orbit. What Russians believed about American Negroes in the thirties has been amusingly described by a colored man who was in Russia at the same time as the Robesons:

> The Russians had been told that American Negroes were impossibly degraded; much lower than the Russian serfs had ever been. The maid at one of my hotels gave me a towel. She thought that, being a Negro, I had never seen a towel before, and would not know how to use one. I didn't undeceive her.
>
> A little later, in Odessa, an historical commissar told a group of us that in America a Negro couldn't talk to a white person. I said that wasn't true. The commissar continued his exposition and mentioned the life of Negroes in New York City, where, it appeared, Negroes live behind a barbed wire barricade in a place called Harlem. At high noon, every day, two Negroes are removed from this enclosure, taken to Times Square and lynched. What was shameful was not merely the fact that the Russians felt it necessary to create these lies, but that four of the eleven Negroes present agreed that this was an accurate description of New York life.

In 1936 Mrs. Robeson, accompanied by her ten-year-old son, Pauli, traveled through Africa. She emerged with a sharpened and virulent hatred of the white race, which ten years later she set down in her book "African Journey." Twice the Robesons visited Spain, where Robeson sang to the Republican soldiers. Mrs. Robeson carried away the conviction that the Republican forces lost because they were reluctant to bomb their fellow Spaniards. In 1949, she told Pearl Buck:

> Where we part company is still exactly where we have disagreed all along — on the idea of liquidation: immobilizing, removing, or if necessary killing off a few people who are terribly destructive, so that millions may live in peace and progress.

Between 1935 and 1939, Robeson spent two years in Russia. It was the period of the great purges; and since he spoke Russian, it would have been impossible not to know what was going on. Although he allowed the Communist press to state that eventually, when he was through with his travels, his family would make Russia their home, he later denied it. On Dec. 21, 1936, a Moscow dispatch to the *New York Times* said: "He denied current rumors that he intends to become a Soviet citizen, saying that America is his country."

When the storm clouds of war gathered over Europe in 1939, the Robesons returned to the States. He devoted himself to all his customary pursuits: his artistic career, his study of languages, and his lifelong war with American restaurants and hotels. He also made the usual gestures of the Communist sympathizer.

In 1940, he served as vice-chairman of the National Council of the American Peace Mobilization, listed as a seditious organization by the Attorney General. On March 17, 1941, he attended an official Party function. In 1942, he was patron of the Congress of Soviet-American Friendship. However, it was not until 1944, when he announced that he would henceforth use his art as a social weapon, that he became an open fighter in the Communist ranks. And it was not until the summer of 1949 that he threw off the wraps and began swinging.

Nineteen forty-nine was the summer of the Paris speech and the Peekskill riots. To understand what Paul Robeson and the Soviet propagandists were up to a year before Korea exploded, it is essential to recognize that Robeson had been assigned a very special mission, which had much more to do with Asia than with the United States. Its nature may be inferred from the remarks of William L. Patterson, one of the twelve convicted Communist leaders and director of the Civil Rights Congress, of which Robeson has been a vice-chairman.

"The FBI fears," said Mr. Patterson, "that a Negro leader can be a much greater threat to this country's drive against civil rights than a white leader. Negroes, quite out of proportion to their numbers, can play a role in throwing back reaction. They owe this to billions of people in the Far East, who want some force to emerge capable of challenging American reaction. The Negro is singularly blessed, because he is now prepared to play a significant role in world history."

This was Robeson's assignment. In the approaching conflict between the white and colored peoples of the world — the colored being represented by the Soviet Motherland — his action, as a spokesman for the 14,000,000 colored people of the United States, might be the deciding force which would topple the white race from its seats of power. If he succeeded, he would be remembered a thousand years from now as one of the great emancipators of all time.

The role had everything; especially as compared with the Uncle Tom parts which had often been assigned to him because of his color. Many of these parts had been extremely distasteful to colored people, and to Robeson himself.

Robeson's first gesture as the Messiah of Color was his speech at the Communist-instigated Peace Conference in Paris, in April, 1949. Returning to the United States, he announced: "I said it was unthinkable that the Negro people of America or elsewhere in the world could be drawn into war with the Soviet Union. I repeat it with hundredfold emphasis: THEY WILL NOT."

This statement was as close to being treasonable, in the generally accepted sense of the word, as anything that has been uttered by an American since World War II ended. It sent an electric shock around the world and caused some real damage to Robeson's own people in this country. A survey of 1,000 white persons in seven American cities, made shortly after the speech, showed that half of them believed that Negroes would be disloyal if they had the opportunity. To repair the harm Robeson had done, such men as Lester Granger, director of the National Urban League, and Dr. Charles Johnson, President of Fiske University and a UN official, had to set the record straight before the Committee on Un-American Activities, rejecting as farcical Robeson's claim that he was in a position to speak for American Negroes.

"The plain truth of the matter is," said Mr. Thomas W. Young, publisher of the Norfolk, Virginia, *Journal and Guide*, "that in his Paris declaration Mr. Robeson has done a great disservice to his race — far greater than he has done to his country. And if Mr. Robeson does not recognize this injury he has done to the cause of the Negro in this country, then this underscores his disqualification as a representative of the race.

"Mr. Robeson is now so far out of touch with the Negro's thinking and his everyday emotions that he can not speak authoritatively about or for the race. His distant travels and his latter-day preoccupation with the affairs of the Soviets have broken the bond he once held with the Negro mind."

No Negro insurrection against the Korean war took place. Colored men are serving on that United Nations front, as they have served in every war in American history. As a people's leader, Robeson has proved a dud.

He was much more useful — not to his people, but to the Soviet Union — as the hero of the Peekskill riots. As overseas propaganda, the riots were the Communists' biggest windfall since the Scottsboro case. They were jubilant. "This great victory is only a beginning," said the *Daily Worker*.

Having tasted blood, what the Party wants now is bigger and better Peekskills, with a few Negro lynchings thrown in for good measure. Like an ominous spoor, the talk about lynchings runs through current Communist literature. "We are sure," said the *Daily Worker* of August 27, 1949,

> that labor, the Negro people, the Jewish people and the vast majorities that supported FDR don't want Wall Street's kind of an America. More to their liking is the America Paul Robeson fights for and that is why Paul Robeson was scheduled to be lynched.

ALP leaflets, distributed before the second Peekskill riot, mentioned the "anti-Negro, anti-Semitic lynch mobs." In William L. Patterson's report to the national executive board of the Civil Rights Congress he says: "Contrary to the report of Tuskeegee University, more than 200 lynchings took place in 1949." (This of course is pure fiction.) Robeson himself underwrote this demand of the Party for martyrs, when he said in his Harlem speech of June 19, 1949: "If we must die, let it be in Mississippi or Georgia. Let it be wherever we are lynched and deprived of our rights as human beings."

The frequently expressed aim of the Communists is to persuade the world that anti-Negroism and anti-Semitism are increasing in the United States and that this is proof that America is rotten. Since the Russians have long considered two lynchings a day normal for New York, they must occasionally be treated to the spectacle of some violent American excess in this direction. What would Russia not give for news of an American race riot with which to flood the air over Korea, the Near East, Indonesia, Latin America? Any victim would do, but the more famous the better. Has *Pravda* not announced that the Peekskill mobs wanted to lynch Robeson? What *Pravda* wishes, the Party can sometimes bring to pass. There could be very few things, of course, that would hurt America more deeply.

The Party would be even smarter, however, if it smuggled Paul Robeson out of the country and shipped him to Asia to persuade Asiatics, by his lies and his songs, that the United States is a weak, vile and divided country, in which revolution is imminent. He is admirably fitted for this role. He claims to know fifteen languages, and to have learned Norwegian in a day. His stature, his amiability, his powerful, calm, resonant voice are still magic to audiences anywhere.

But Robeson has about come to the end of his string. Instead of grappling with himself and deciding what he wanted to do with his much better than average intelligence and gifts, he has coasted, letting life make all the decisions for him. But he is still Pastor John Drew Robeson's son. He would like, finally, to do something great, perhaps even something difficult. If he can believe in his mission, that will save him — at least in his own eyes. But if he is aware that he is only a tool, he will suffer, and his suffering may destroy him.

The possibility that Robeson might break with the Communist Party, to which he has never given allegiance publicly, is remote, according to top-flight Negro intellectuals. They believe he is too deeply involved and that the Party has too much on him.

Paul Robeson's father was a slave until the age of fifteen. Today the son is not his own man; he has not been his own man for many years. From slavery to slavery in two generations is much too short a span for American stock as good as that of the Robesons.

1+1=ANYTHING IN RUSSIA

By IRWIN SHULMAN

THE MOST significant martyrdom of science in modern history has been taking place in Russia. The traditional right of the scientist to search for truth has fought a losing battle with the state philosophy of the Soviet Union, and, for all practical purposes, the scientist has temporarily lost.

Science in Russia is subsidized by the state. The government foots the bill because all science is theoretically directed at social improvement. But the individual scientist pays a high price for his bread, butter and test-tubes. His scientific investigations must be pursued within the boundaries of Marxism, and an unwavering emphasis is placed on the practical applications of his discoveries. The scientist is discouraged from investigating the morality of flypaper. He must catch flies.

In the nineteenth century, science and politics had little connection. Scientists were vaguely considered an asset, adding to the cultural prestige of the countries in which they worked. They were rarely required to justify the work they were doing or its ultimate value. Science sowed curiosity and reaped a harvest of accomplishment, and this right of curiosity came to be an accepted *modus operandi* in most countries. However, the twentieth century brought a new way of thought to Russia.

In 1921, shortly after the Russian Revolution of 1917, when anti-clerical feeling was strong, Timiriazev, a plant physiologist of the Lenin régime, denounced Western applications of Mendelian inheritance as "clerical anti-Darwinism." Mendel, an Austrian monk, had discovered the mechanism of inheritance during the nineteenth century, though his work was forgotten until the twentieth century. He found that the characteristics of the parents did not "mix," as had been popularly supposed, but remained separate, each one exerting its influence.

However Timiriazev, a staunch Darwinian fundamentalist, realized later in his career that Mendelian segregation isolates individual differences for selection to act on, and as such is not only consistent with but essential to the Darwinian theories of selection and evolution. Since Marx, whose basic works had become the foundations of the policies of the Russian state, had used Darwin's theories, these theories had to be maintained.

Timiriazev's influence over Lenin was such that Lenin eventually appointed Vavilov, a Mendelian plant physiologist, to head Soviet agriculture. Under Vavilov, research stations were established for the improvement of crops, and Soviet agriculture advanced, particularly in cereal research. Unfortunately for himself, Vavilov made a poor synthesis of science and Marxism. He remained primarily the skeptical, searching scientist.

In 1928, under Stalin, Western influences became suspect, and, as such, unscientific. However, Marx had praised Darwin, therefore Darwin remained sacred. Timiriazev had found favor with Lenin, therefore Timiriazev also shone with reflected glory. Lenin had also spoken favorably of Michurin, another botanist, and an unwitting villain of the drama now beginning its command performance.

A government which relied on the absence of inborn class and race differences in man as the basis for its political theory was naturally opposed to a science of genetics which implied the presence of just such differences as a basis for evolution.

Therefore a return to Darwin's original use of Lamarck's explanations of evolution occurred. (Darwin

himself had been ignorant of Mendel's discovery of the mechanism of heredity, and based his theories on Lamarck's then-plausible hypothesis, which assumed inheritance by the offspring of characteristics acquired by parents during their lifetime.

Among the many biologists who disproved Lamarck's theories, the most famous was Weismann, who spent almost a life time amputating rats' tails. The young were invariably born with normal, undiminished tails. Michurin claimed, further, that a plant could be "trained" to improve itself. However, due to his fundamental ignorance of genetics, the hybrids upon which he based his claims were not really hybrids at all.

The rise of Hitler, and his racial theories which assumed permanent, unconditional, and homogeneous genetic superiority of a particular group of people, occasioned a crisis. The Russian retort to Hitler (and to Western science) was to repudiate genetics entirely, and to replace it with a "proletarian and Marxist" science, which, however, turned out to be neither science nor Marxism. Timiriazev and Michurin were its gods, and a prophet was about to be manufactured.

The Russian theory was dialectically different, but essentially similar to the Nazi one. Stocks of supposedly inferior heredity would, according to the Russians, have deteriorated because of poor living conditions. According to the Nazis, poor living conditions are a direct result of inherent hereditary inferiority. The Russians were attempting to perfect themselves by creating an ideal environment, while the Nazis, believing themselves already perfect, proceeded to acquire the environment to which they believed themselves entitled by divine right.

A plant physiologist named Lysenko achieved fame in 1928 with a method of growing wheat in northern climates, a development greatly needed at that time in Russia. Though his wheat failed to achieve the expectations promised in a publicity campaign, his reputation and subsequent climb to stardom were assured by the manipulation of an Odessa journalist named Prezent. Lysenko had accomplished a triumph of the new Soviet science. The Messiah had arrived.

At genetics "congresses" held in 1932 and 1936, the Vavilov school of genetics was annihilated by the Lysenkoists. Lysenko's experiments were presented without numbers, definitions, or controls. But his adversaries' objections to these irregularities were studiously disregarded. In 1939 "Mendelism-Morganism" was associated with fascism, and Lysenko entered the Soviet Hall of Fame of dogmatic deities.

An editorial in *Izvestia* of September 1948 stated: "The Michurinists have proved, not by words but by demonstration, that it is possible to direct the inborn influences of plants and animals, and to influence their development in a desired manner." It further condemned remaining adherents to scientific genetics as idealistic and reactionary (two good Russian epithets), and affirmed a determination to replace all present teachers of biology with Lysenko-trained personnel. This is being done not only in Russia, but also in the Soviet zone of occupied Germany, in Czechoslovakia and other satellites.

Vavilov was removed, exiled, and eventually liquidated. During his exile, unknown to him, he was made a foreign member of the Royal Society. Lysenko was made director of agricultural science in Russia, and a vice president of the Supreme Soviet. After thirteen years of coordinated attack, the theory and practice of genetics in Russia has become nonexistent, and of historical importance only as a "way of error."

Lysenko, in his published works, outlines some of his theories. "Heredity is nature, nature is development," he states. "All descendants of a modified organism will be similarly modified." And, since Darwin's theories were accepted without statistical proof, Lysenko feels that his are obvious enough to entitle them to similar privileges. Many of the processes described by Lysenko have never been viewed under the microscope. Teleology and witchcraft are dialectically reconciled with current dogma. He can refute every argument by quoting from his infallible sources.

He has set up the rules of the scientific game according to what he considers to be the present political philosophy. His views are correct, since they are based on acceptable politics. All others are idealistic, and therefore incorrect. He gives no recognition to the fact that classical genetics is extremely materialistic, while his own views border on mysticism. Being a fundamentalist, he decides what is right and wrong. He feels no obligation to evaluate what he condemns because it is "in error," and therefore worthless.

Marx knew no more of the mechanics of heredity than Darwin did, but the Marxist accepts the original dogma, disregarding subsequent scientific discoveries which have modified the original theories. Therefore Marxist philosophy now adopts a scholastic attitude in conflict with the advance of science. To Marx, heredity was not part of the materialistic interpretation of society because at the time it was immaterial. When science put heredity on a material basis, Marxism was already unchangeable.

Lenin, one of the first interpreters of Marx's theories, stated "Non-partisans in philosophy are just as muddle-headed as in politics." However, the very essence of science is its freedom to experiment and to evaluate results without preformed prejudice.

In another country, Lysenko would be merely a misguided curiosity. As a Soviet political power, he wields great influence not only in his own country, but potentially in countries within the Russian sphere of influence.

J. B. S. Haldane, the great English biologist, one of Lysenko's contemporaries, has commented: "At best, Marxism can only tell a scientist what to look for. It will rarely, if ever, tell him what he is going to find." In this case, the dogma tells the scientist what he must find.

With Marxism ruling in large areas of the world today, science may be retarded for an indefinite period. Isolationism is a negative solution; in science it has little more practicality than in politics. The Western world, at present, can only heed the lesson of the "infallible state," and avoid the trap.

The State Department has cancelled the passports of a few Communists and fellow-travelers who have been planning to visit some of the "people's democracies." The real punishment, however, would be to let them go and insist that they remain there. ARGUS

THE NEW BARBARISM

By ERNST F. CURTZ

THE MANIFEST disintegration of Europe is a painful spectacle for those of us whose roots were deep in the tragic soil of the older continent. We see Germany, but a few years ago an important factor in the world's cultural life, obliterated, with most of its literary and musical artists either dispersed in exile or tainted forever with the stain of submission to an illiterate tyranny. In Italy, as elsewhere, the creative arts have taken an indefinite holiday: neither the war nor its aftermath have produced, in any of its arts, anything above the second-rate level. England's greatest and only serious poet is a native American. Its greatest prose writer has for years preferred Southern California to what Mr. Toynbee stubbornly calls the "optimum conditions" presumably existing in the foggier zones. What else the country of Shakespeare and Donne exhibits by way of literature is either written by Irish writers, or it consists of ill-mannered snapping at the heels of its erstwhile colony, such as the recent effusions of Messrs. Priestley, Waugh *et al.*, and a few dozen new variations on the harmless theme of country life in the shires.

France, for four centuries the cultural heart of humanity, presents the most appalling picture of all. There the "isms" in painting grow like hydra heads from the writhing body of dollar greed and frustration. From there musicians flee in despair to more hospitable shores. There a "new" literature has the insolence to ascribe its inspiration to Soren Kierkegaard, obviously without having taken the trouble to read him. Meanwhile it steals its style and, clumsily, some of its motives, from America, relying no doubt on that curious provision in the *Code Napoléon*, so distressing to young women in trouble, according to which *"la recherche de la paternité est interdite."* The great artists and writers who survive from a happier past — Gide, Benda, Mauriac and a few others — appear to have written themselves dry. Their late work seems exhausted and sterile. They are aging inexorably.

There are exceptions; but they are few in number. On the whole that is the story. Europe has gone provincial. And unlike the provincialism of Main Street, that which derives from decadence is a one-way street. There is no return passage.

It would be idle to deny that symptoms of this degenerative process are observable on our side of the ocean. Superficial signs of decadence are here, sure enough, especially on the Eastern seaboard which has traditionally been our link with European ideas, manners and morals. It has even spread westward to some extent. This is perhaps because so many of our college instructors are band-wagon, or imitative, intellectuals; and intellectuals of this fashionable stripe are to decadence what maggots are to corruption. But even in the East the ostensible signs of decay are often no more than the adolescent attempt to seem more sophisticated, more elegantly corrupt, more world-weary than the realities bear out. Scratch the surface of these blasé men and women who try their best to look as if, in Théophile Gautier's phrase, they had taken the trouble of being born! Not infrequently you will find good, well-meaning, solid citizens underneath — few Babbitts perhaps, but many Dodsworths. Their leers may hint at the unspeakable Babylonian revelries advertised in a recent "scientific" report. But their hearts are not in the business. The leers are a little self-conscious. America has not yet produced an authentic Baron de Charlus. There is a hard core of healthy vitality in the country which all the pseudo-sophistication of the colleges, the snobbery of the newly rich, the swinish display of the war and black-market profiteers, the noisy clamor of the professional art touts can not corrode — can not even touch.

An amusing sidelight on this question is provided by a comparison of American expatriates a half century ago, and those of the two decades between the wars. Then it was people like Whistler, Mary Cassatt, Henry James, who chose a European atmosphere in preference to that of their own country. In the thirties and forties, to cite only the best of the lot, there were Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein and Henry Miller! That neither they nor any other member of their sad company were ever capable of producing anything but mediocre poetry, meaningless babblings, or uninteresting essays in repetitive pornography is unimportant. But that many of our critics still treat their patronizing drivel with grave seriousness is symptomatic of the persistent inferiority feeling which has stifled the aspirations of many young Americans and has kept the eyes of critics and the public fixed on the dry rot which is what chiefly remains of Europe's culture. Too many of us still make deep and reverent obeisance to it.

The simple truth is that all forms of art have permitted themselves to be not merely influenced, but actually ruled, and ruled with a mailed fist, by the intellectual proletariat of the great cities, instead of by the artists themselves. Worse — in many instances the artist has become an intellectual, with tragicomic results.

For this new intelligentsia is sharply distinguished from that of other days not merely in degree, but in kind. The older ones had some of the common characteristics of the species: envy, hatred, vanity and that arrogant disbelief in the limitations of human knowledge which is common to the ill-bred and over-educated of all ages. But none of them, down to our day, had any doubt of the validity of tradition in the field of the arts and humanities, however loudly they might rant against traditions elsewhere; and none of them failed to respect the dignity of men's work, however contemptuous they might be of men in the flesh. The fact that Voltaire, Beaumarchais, Balzac (and even Beethoven!) endowed themselves with phony titles of nobility is evidence that in helping to destroy an ancient order of rank they found a mold into which to pour themselves. Their personal manners of conduct, of thinking and of writing were formed or at least influenced by a very conscious if not always successful imitation of those of the aristocrats who had preceded them.

The new intellectuals who are eating their way leisurely into the vitals of our civilization are of another kidney. They derive, almost without exception, from a cultural vacuum. They had no traditions to start with, or they discarded them during their adolescence — retaining only some of the absurd superstitions of their childhood. Their school years either made them into what Ortega calls *los nuevos bárbaros*, i.e. specialists without the slightest knowledge of or regard for the general culture of man-

kind: in that case they contemptuously denounce their betters as "dilettantes" and actually display a certain pride in their own insensitive and barbarous ignorance. Or they confuse all the activities of mankind with a social crusade — in the organization of which they promptly elect themselves to positions on the general staff.

Because they have no traditions themselves, they hate and seek to destroy all those they encounter. It follows that they wholly lack genuine regard for the great works of man in any field, particularly in the field of art — that humble reverence which has always distinguished great thinkers and artists.

The results are beginning to be apparent even in the United States, although here those proudly calling themselves intellectuals are often no more than soft-headed cranks or misplaced evangelists. They exercise on the climate of thought, philosophy and art an influence out of all proportion to their number; actually, their number is small and their leaders are in a position to command merely applause — but certainly no respect. In this sense, it is a comfort to remember that the new intellectuals respect nothing — not each other, not even themselves.

FROM OUR READERS

An Honest Light

May I congratulate you with all my heart on the intelligence and courage of the *Freeman?* (With Dr. Johnson, I believe "courage to be the first of the virtues . . . because, sir, if you have it not, you will have little opportunity to practice the others.")

I found the magazine absorbingly readable. Homage and welcome to a new and honest light on our perplexed American sea!

Nobleboro, Maine HENRY BESTON

On the Ryskind-Brannan Plan

I have just finished reading "What To Do About The Bookies" by Morrie Ryskind. It gave me the answers I have been looking for these past five weeks.

It so happens that through no fault of my own I became defense counsel to two rookie cops who were suspended from the New York police force on orders of Mayor O'Dwyer because he did not like the gambling investigation conducted in Brooklyn by Miles F. McDonald, for whom these rookies were working. In the course of the trial it became necessary for me to become something of an expert on bookies and their business. Until then I thought I knew the meaning of such words as "banker," "pick-up," "drop," "comptroller," etc. from what I had learned from Smith, Ricardo and Marx. But I was mistaken. I first learned the true meaning of these words in this trial.

But this new-found knowledge was not enough. My instinct for reform was left completely unsatisfied, because I did not have a ready, broad, comprehensive program, backed by a sound philosophy, with which to answer the public craving for both gambling and low taxes. In the nick of time Mr. Ryskind's article came to the rescue. It started me on a fresh point of view. If only the nation took his program to heart, what a wonderful, brave, new world this would be.

New York City LOUIS WALDMAN

Nathan Witt's Beginnings

In your issue of October 16, Robert Cruise McManus writes that "Nathan Witt was counsel to the original Labor Advisory Board of the NRA where the whole New Deal labor program started." Having been chairman of the Labor Advisory Board from its inception in June 1933 until March 1934, when I resigned to become chairman of the Automobile Labor Board in Detroit, I do not think that Mr. McManus is correctly informed on this point. So far as I know the LAB had no counsel. As for Mr. Witt, I never laid eyes on him. If he was advising the LAB, I should have encountered him, for I was around many hours, every day of the week.

I am equally disinclined to accept the judgment that the whole New Deal labor program started with or in the LAB. Some case can be made for starting the program with the passage of the Railway Labor Act in 1926, or, better still, the adoption of the Norris-La Guardia Act in 1932. Passing by the National Industrial Recovery Act of June 1933, the Wagner Act of 1935 and the five decisions in 1937 of the U. S. Supreme Court which validated the Wagner Act, paved the way for some of the most careless and biased administration of law this country has ever seen.

New York City LEO WOLMAN

Here's the documentation for my statement. It comes from "Hearings Regarding Communist Espionage in the U. S. Government, Before the Committee on Un-American Activities, 80th Congress, Second Session" (page 1029):

Mr. Witt: "I was first employed by the Federal government in the Agricultural Adjustment Administration in . . . 1933. I was there until February 1934, at which time I joined the legal staff of the old National Labor Relations Board, established under Public Resolution No. 44, pursuant to the National Industrial Recovery Act."

I am sure Leo Wolman has long since forgotten the dazed young man who covered the NRA for the *Washington Post* at the height of Hugh Johnson's Hallelujahs. But I will never forget Leo Wolman. To me, he was the only man in the whole three-block-long building who kept his shirt on and used his brains instead of his endocrine glands to think with. I certainly had no thought of throwing a curve at him when I made that statement about Witt.

Hopewell, New Jersey ROBERT CRUISE MCMANUS

P.S. I just dug this out of the 1939 *World Almanac:*

> The NLRB was created as an independent agency . . . July 5, 1935. . . . To it was transferred the personnel from . . . the old Board, which was created on June 19, 1934.

That means there were three outfits, Wolman's NRA NLAB, the NRA's NLRB, and the *independent* NLRB set up by the Wagner Act. Dr. Wolman went to Detroit in March 1934 to set up the Automobile Labor Board, whose throat was cut shortly thereafter. Witt says he joined the old NLRB of NRA in February. If his date is correct, the thing he joined *was* the NLAB, because the NLRB had not yet been born. That would make my original statement correct.

I've got to stop before I go crazy. R. C. MCM.

MILLER'S LITTLE MEN

By ASHER BRYNES

NOT LONG ago the movie critic of the *New York Times*, speaking of Arthur Miller's current adaptation of the Italian film called "Difficult Years," complained:

> A good many liberal-minded people have written in great distress that we have done a severe injustice to a socially constructive film . . . the aspect of this picture which, we repeat, must be clearly recognized is that the symbol for Italy's popular weakness, the little clerk, is made a lovable guy. The audience is encouraged to like him as a well-intentioned blockhead . . . to those in other countries it will generally appear a poor excuse [for Fascism].

The same excuse could apply to Germany's popular weakness for Nazism. It's time to draw the line somewhere.

Who is this little man, anyway? How did he become what Miller makes of him, an apology for dictatorship? Originally he was some one else altogether; he was the guy who got tired of being kept common. Those who held him down used to call him that and when he grew sick of it, after centuries of knuckling under, he rose up and said, "By God, I am a common man." And with the logic of complete defiance he stuck that name on the front of his own cocked hat and wore it as a flag. We have a pretty full record of his doings, and one thing is certain. He was no Charlie Chaplin in jackboots, like that little Fascist clerk, but a strictly irregular guy with a gun in his hand.

After he had won the big revolution in this country he went back to his farm and busied himself in the effort to become an uncommon man, now that there were no royal dictators to hinder him. Indeed, he minded his own business with such absorption and such material success that he all but sank from sight, as a common man. About a generation ago William Graham Sumner, foreseeing the introversion of the world he fought for, named him *the forgotten man*. When the Great Depression arrived and his confidence in himself was shaken to its foundations, one of President Roosevelt's bright speech-writers dug out the phrase and used it to describe the little people.

The little man is the nightmare of this century. He is, so Stalin and Hitler and Mussolini have taught us, a folkish creature, terrible in gangs, helpless alone. As an individual he has to be cared for and in the mass he has to be led. Uplift and order, destiny and direction; these are his necessities. He probably exists in Russia. The Communist Party of the U.S.S.R. has the power to create him, and indeed there is no other way to explain what its fantastic and inhuman power is for. The Communist Party of the U.S.A., having no such power, has had to content itself with agitation, infiltration and art; all kinds of art, but chiefly the theater because actors are real men and women speaking words put into their mouths by somebody else.

For fifteen years the American stage has been afflicted with a plague of these little men. In the beginning there were masses of them chanting that they would *not* be oppressed, led by tragic individuals, martyrs rather than masters. Then the appearance of a genuinely populist playwright caused a diversion. William Saroyan peopled his plays with characters only superficially outcasts of "the system," grownups and children without money, or with very little, who nevertheless found ways to enjoy life because they were let alone. Saroyan's people were poor but they were not small. (Technically, he substituted the free monologue for the determined chant of writers like Clifford Odets.) The effect was striking: audiences recognized the difference and reacted accordingly. By 1943 Joseph Mitchell, a *New Yorker* staffman, was saying indignantly (in "McSorley's Wonderful Saloon"): "I regard this phrase as patronizing and repulsive. There are no little people in this book. They are as big as you are, whoever you are!"

Arthur Miller's first play, "The Man Who Had All the Luck" (1944) was written with a complete set of Saroyan characters and differed only in its animation, an insistence on pace which characterizes all of Miller's plays. His latest drama, "Death of a Salesman" (1949), is a violently tragic arraignment of capitalism in which a family of little people learn that failure to beat "the system" is the foredoomed result of a man's conscientious belief in its goodness. "The system" beats Mr. Miller's salesman to death. Within five years Miller has moved from whimsy to catastrophe. Why? Because he began to hear Molotov and Vishinsky haranguing Americans in New York as if the name of that city were Moscow, and reacted accordingly? Because so many red and pink uplifters of the little people were suddenly shaken out of Washington? Or why otherwise? It's been a passable time for most Americans, big or little.

The beginnings of the change can be traced in a rambling book, "Situation Normal," which Miller published during World War II. He was then chiefly a writer of radio scripts with a Hollywood commission in his pocket, and he traveled from camp to camp to get material for a movie of the broadest possible appeal, like Ernie Pyle's columns, about the training of raw G. I.'s for the fighting abroad. Watching maneuvers with two colonels one morning, he heard several lieutenant-umpires commenting on the unreal battle below. They said everything was technically wrong. "There can never be a substitute for death," thought Miller.

The passage in which Miller recorded this discovery is of primary significance for an understanding of his later development:

> The trouble, I think, was that they weren't fighting *anybody*. You cannot put live soldiers up on that knoll and have them shooting at your troops for the realism of it, but a realer realism I think you can infuse into maneuvers like this without endangering a man. If by art, by speech, by written word you could build an image of the enemy

> our guys would go to more trouble finding out how best to attack him and it would eventually save lives. I do not think most of the G. I.'s I saw . . . believe in their souls that the enemy is not going to give quarter. There were no Nazis in the hills today.

The battle exercise was a flop because the Army could not make it realistic by killing anybody — but artists, authors and playwrights can!

Later Miller listened to the tired soldiers talking over their beer. They sounded just like Saroyan characters, and it was inadequate for his purpose. Why were they being trained to fight a war? He threw that question at the most alert of them. "I figure," responded this lad from Kentucky, "they're trainin' me so's I can die in the proper manner befittin' to myself." As to why there had to be a war in the first place, he said, "Hell, I don't know. It's trouble enough just livin' without tryin' to figure something like that." Then he asked Miller whether he had ever seen Betty Grable.

Miller could find no answers more suitable to the development of his "realer realism." But he picked up a hint of what he wanted from a combat veteran in an officer's candidate school who worried about his comrades still fighting in the Pacific jungles and was not concerned about his own advancement. So there was a brotherhood born of battle! So men who experienced it did get a feeling of exhilaration (actually the veteran was so depressed that he was about to flunk the course) from the knowledge that whatever the insignificance of their jobs they were working alongside a great mass of men, working from their squads to their platoons and through their nations toward solidarity with freedom-loving peoples everywhere. Neither the people of America nor those of any other nation, so Miller surmised, ever fought a war in order to keep everything the same, and certainly never for free enterprise or jobs or property.

Finally Miller decided to insist that Hollywood make a movie saying all that for the sake of "the mothers who as yet do not reconcile themselves to the threat they and their world face." What Hollywood did make was "G. I. Joe," a homey little item which dispensed consolation in a different way. It showed that the Army was like a mother to the boys.

Miller returned to Broadway. It was a Broadway that had already fallen for the patronizing view of the little people as helpless push-pins. Lillian Hellman, S. N. Behrman and a whole slew of fashionable playwrights had established the point of view. Miller's next major work for Broadway, "All My Sons" (1947), concerns a small Midwestern manufacturer who produces a batch of defective parts for airplane motors. Faced with almost certain cancellation of his contract and the possible loss of his business, he patches them up and smuggles them through Army inspection. Twenty-one pursuit planes equipped with his product crash. The pilots die. His son, also a pilot, on hearing the news of his father's arrest, commits suicide by flying off into the wide blue yonder. The businessman-father worms his way out of jail by throwing the blame on someone else. But when he is confronted with the story by a younger son, he, too, commits suicide. The war, so Miller shouts, was fought to achieve brotherhood, not to preserve capitalism, but capitalism triumphed and brotherhood was postponed; consequently, when the war is over, capitalism reaches backward and explodes the source of brotherhood, the family.

From this conventionally well-made play with a phony message Miller turned to the devices of the expressionistic theater and two years later produced "Death of a Salesman," an indictment of the system itself in the person of an humble drummer who conscientiously believes in it. Miller's complex technique, his deployment of the action of the play on two levels, his use of flashbacks, invisible walls, off-stage voices and musical themes is, on the whole, a brilliant success. What goes on inside his hero's head — Willy Loman's warped memories, his gruesome existence, his flamboyant dreams — is all acted out and driven along to a determined conclusion. Willy is a little man and he is crushed by such powerful dramatic machinery that one cannot help feeling that under the same pressure the same thing could have happened to anybody.

Willy's story is that of a salesman who started out on the wrong foot. In the beginning he was told that you have to sell yourself before you can sell anything to anybody else. He was sold this dictum in early manhood and he now has the kind of faith which blinds a man to anything but his own ability to accomplish everything. He is a twentieth-century version of Ibsen's Peer Gynt, the man who thought that if you make an endless amount of money you will endlessly have whatever you need. Like Peer he believes in the horrible troll credo: "Be enough to thyself."

Unlike Ibsen, however, Miller never gives his hero a chance. Willy's "Gyntish self" is reduced to the size of a little man's illusion; it just doesn't work, he never makes money, he merely dies. Miller puts the thematic proposition of the play into the mouth of Willy's wife, who has stood by him through thick and thin.

> LINDA: I don't say he's a great man. Willy Loman never made a lot of money. His name was never in the paper. He's not the finest character that ever lived. But he's a human being and a terrible thing has happened to him. So attention must be paid. He's not to be allowed to fall into his grave like an old dog. Attention, attention must be finally paid to such a person.

Attention should be paid to Willy. But is he a person? The question is whether he represents an actual human being or a theatrically contrived character, a product of Miller's devotion to the "realer realism" of collectivist propaganda.

Two years before the play appeared Dr. Erich Fromm described the pathology of such a character in "Man For Himself" (1947), a book that had a fairly wide sale and may have contributed to the "realer realism" of the play. According to Dr. Fromm the marketing orientation (or set of characteristics normally developed by individuals who sell things or services in our exchange economy) consists of some fifteen traits. Comparison of the book and the play shows that Willy Loman is a literal transcription of the negative, unsocial aspects of eleven of these traits. The positive aspects are entirely overlooked. Willy is *childish* rather than youthful; he is *without a future or a past* rather than forward-looking, he is *unable to be alone* rather than social; he is *aimless* rather than experimenting, *overactive* rather than efficient, *tactless* rather than curious, *undiscriminating* rather than adapt-

able, *indifferent* rather than tolerant, *wasteful* rather than generous, *silly* rather than witty.

Dr. Fromm's summary of Willy's character, written two years before the play, might serve as a precise description of Miller's hero. As Fromm says:

> Today we can meet with a person who acts and feels like an automaton; we find that he never experiences anything which is really his; that he experiences himself entirely as the person he thinks he is supposed to be; that smiles have replaced laughter, meaningless chatter replaced communicative speech and dulled despair taken the place of genuine sadness.

Nor does Dr. Fromm overlook Willy's ineffectual performance as a husband and father:

> It is an illusion to expect that the loneliness of man rooted in the marketing orientation can be cured by individual love. Its very nature is that no specific and permanent kind of relatedness is developed, but . . . only a changeability of attitudes which is not a quality at all, but only a role.

Dr. Fromm also had specific ideas of the causation and cure of this aberration. The integrity, he says, of a person who experiences himself both as the seller and as the commodity to be sold in the market depends on conditions beyond his control. The cure is *productiveness.*

Miller allows Willy to buy a home for his family, like most Americans; he lets him display considerable skill as a handyman. "You know something, Charley," says Willy's older son in the epilogue of the play, "there's more of him in that front stoop than in all the sales he ever made." To which the other replies: "Yeah. He was a happy man with a batch of cement." But from first to last Miller lampoons the worth of Willy's home ownership. He is swindled by suppliers of appliances, tenements rise around him and darken his parlor — and for a last unkind thrust the final payment on the mortgage is made only after he is dead.

Willy never has the ghost of a chance; he dies of an overdose of the "realer realism." Even Dr. Fromm's warning that the positive and negative aspects of the marketing orientation are always manifested in various blends or mixtures of both is disregarded by Miller. Willy is so loaded with negatives that he is a psychoanalytical diagram. If he does prove anything it is that Miller so dislikes the market economy in which he sells his own plays that he is willing to tinker with its orientation in order to make a case. His talent as a dramatist enables him to bring it off — in the theater. One wonders, however, whether he will succeed as well with his next project.

Miller's plans for this fall include an adaptation of Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People." What Ibsen meant by that title was an enemy of the *little* people; his hero, Dr. Thomas Stockmann, is a magnificent common man who declares war on the lot of them. "The majority *never* has right on its side!" he shouts. "The majority has *might* on its side, unfortunately; but *right* it has *not.* I am in the right — I and a few other scattered individuals. The minority is always in the right." And he concludes: "I propose to raise a revolution against the lie that the majority has the monopoly of truth."

The little people are always wrong — Ibsen meant that seriously. Dr. Stockmann, as most biographers agree, is a self-portrait, and Ibsen repeated the same sentiments on many other occasions; he even hurled them at a body of workingmen whom he was invited to address in his old age. They cannot be explained away.

Arthur Miller is a bold man to tackle this mare's nest; but then he can cut Ibsen as he pleases. He may modify this passage quoted above and some others that are even more shocking. Or, since Dr. Stockmann is quite naive in certain respects, he may be played up as a bit of a buffoon. Or Miller might make Ibsen suggest that "enemies of the people" like Dr. Stockmann, scientific political radicals, are always the real friends of the people. For through Ibsen's character of the physician who is always right, he will probably sense the vague under-image of the Communist politician — the man who alone among politicians claims to be a scientist, professor of a body of absolute truth called Marxism which tells him what is good for the people and licenses him to apply any amount of force or fraud or "realer realism" to make this "truth" prevail.

FREEDOM FROM SPEECH?

Why Waste Civil Rights on a Republican, or
It All Depends Who Hunts the Witch.

The men who own the Ohio coal mines were recently ordered by the man who owns the miners to keep Senator Robert Taft off their own property. Here's how it happened. John L. Lewis heard that the Senator was going campaigning down the shafts. He immediately told the Ohio Coal Operators Association to "refuse him entry to the mines." John intimated there'd be a coal strike if his orders were not obeyed.

Senator Taft is recognized by friend and foe as a leader of the National Republican opposition. Friend and foe also recognize that any campaign Taft undertakes is of national significance. One of the reasons for Taft's importance is his co-authorship of the Taft-Hartley Act, which directly affects coal miners and all other wage earners. It would seem that he has a right to tell the miners what he thinks of his own law, but John L. wags a finger and says, "No!"

Any protests about this from the Americans for "Democratic Action"? Any cries of pain from the "Civil Liberties" Union or the "Civil Rights" Congress? Any picket lines, parades, protest meetings?

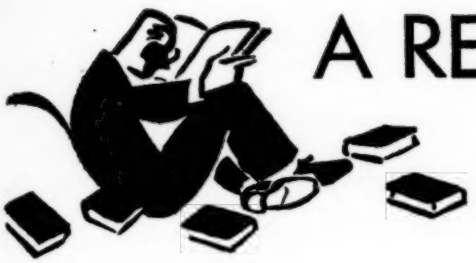
About the same time as the Lewis incident, President Truman put a speech in Averell Harriman's pocket and sent him off to the AFL convention. When Averell got time to read it, he found out that he was supposed to boost the "bi-partisan" foreign policy and then accuse Taft of "furthering Communist objectives."

"I am not here to make a partisan speech," the manuscript continued.

Of course, the President endorsed the "Harriman" attack. The CIO's Allan Haywood chimed in with the revelation that Taft uses "Communist-like tactics." The CIO's Walter Reuther said the Senator favored a policy that would make him "the best ally Joe Stalin has in America."

Has any "liberal" accused Truman, Harriman, Haywood, Reuther of "the Big Lie technique"? Is any "liberal" writing a book about Taft's "Ordeal By Slander"?

ROBERT CRUISE MCMANUS



A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Away back in the antediluvian thirties, when young Americans were succumbing in droves to the strange belief that they could cut loose from their eighteenth century libertarian heritage to follow the authoritarian star of Marx, a gifted novelist sat in a Manhattan restaurant and gibed across the room at a group of his fellow writers. "Intellectuals of the world, unite," he declaimed with good-natured solemnity, "you have nothing to lose but your brains."

The novelist who uttered this mocking parody of the peroration of the Communist Manifesto was John Dos Passos. The stupidity of attempting to force intellectuals to think "in committee" was only just beginning to dawn on Mr. Dos Passos, but he was to learn fast in the later years of the Cock-eyed Decade. An indefatigable traveler, Mr. Dos Passos had been batting about the world almost from childhood. He had been in France during the later stages of World War I; he had watched the rise and fall of the revolutionary surge in Russia; he had let his poet's eye rove over the burnt landscapes of medieval Spain; he had, in Malcolm Cowley's expressive phrase, hitched his ivory tower to the last car of the Orient Express. As a young man fresh out of Harvard, Dos Passos had welcomed the activity induced by the collectivist heresy — though for paradoxically individual reasons. He sided with the radicals of the day because he disliked injustice, not because he was in love with the illusory order of collectivist organization. His real psychological affinity was for the anarchists of his beloved Spain; he had not yet come to see that some government is necessary to protect the natural rights of the individual.

Unlike the average so-called intellectual, Mr. Dos Passos really had an intellect. Which is to say that he was willing to test his preconceptions, his hypotheses, in the light of consequences. He didn't like the consequences of the Russian Revolution. He didn't like the consequences of Soviet interference in the Spanish Civil War. His keen eye for realities caused him to break intellectually with all of his erstwhile comrades — with Archibald MacLeish, with Ernest Hemingway, with Malcolm Cowley. Often a man who breaks with old friends over ideas and beliefs carries with him into his future life a bitterness that acts as a corrosive on expression. But Dos Passos has never been bitter; he has never written a line out of fundamental ill will.

Dos Passos's latest book, "The Prospect Before Us," (Houghton Mifflin. $3.75), is a clear-eyed attempt to present a comparative audit of political systems. Rigged up as a series of illustrated travel lectures, complete with imaginary movies and a polyphonal critical audience, the book darts hither and yon, from England to Buenos Aires, and from the rolling Nebraska prairie to the railroad sidings of East Palestine, Ohio. The intent is to compare such diverse phenomena as Attlee socialism, *Peronista* authoritarianism, and life in the new America of Fair Deal bureaucracy, big corporations and big unions. This comparative audit of systems is illuminating for the similarities it turns up on three continents. It is also illuminating for the differences it ultimately stresses. Dangerous though the centralizing and bureaucratizing trends in the United States may be, there is still a far greater measure of social and psychological health in North America than elsewhere. Ever the rational optimist, John Dos Passos thinks we may yet succeed in adapting ourselves to the facts of the big corporation and the big union without losing our individualism, or our genius for local solution of local problems.

Mr. Dos Passos aptly says that "the heresies of thirty years ago are the dogmas now." The fads and theories of the Greenwich Village rebels who used to drink in the basement of the Brevoort in 1914 are today the orthodoxies of the college campus, the fashionable lecture circuit and the anterooms of political Washington. Every fool and his brother believes in administrative law, and in the agonized improvisations that go by the strange name of the "planned economy." Keynes has replaced Adam Smith as the totem.

If only because the young must eventually revolt against the deadening mediocrity of sloganized Leftist thinking, the new orthodoxies can not last forever. Belief in the various allotropes of socialism must crumble before the realities of bureaucratic life. What then? Mr. Dos Passos is not sure. He thinks that profit sharing may blow new life into the capitalist economy; he thinks that the device of the voluntary cooperative may be used to solve many individual and regional problems that demand some sort of organized approach. He doesn't try to lay down any blueprints; he merely says that our destinies can not safely be allowed to settle in the gummy hands of Washington, or of any set of board rooms that have lost contact with local feelings and local pride.

Mr. Dos Passos writes of Brazil, of Uruguay, of the Argentine Republic and of Chile with warmth and understanding. He is a little haphazard and sketchy about Peru. He brings the flour milling industry of the North American Midwest to life, and he writes sympathetically about Akron and the rubber workers' union. His best pages, however, are about farming in Iowa and about the strangulation of the individual in modern England. It is the point counterpoint provided by Attlee socialism and the enthusiastic agricultural experimentation of Bob Garst of Iowa that lends vivacity and human meaning to "The Prospect Before Us."

Theoretically, as Dos Passos willingly concedes, the modern Englishman is not a slave. He can still throw his government out of office by the vote; he can still change the laws of Britain by recourse to parliamentary methods. But can a young Englishman dispose of his own future as he sees fit? Can he move about the world as he wills? Can he start a business for himself?

Mr. Dos Passos says no to all such hypothetical questions. In Birmingham he ran into a couple of toolmakers who, twenty-two years ago, had gone into business for themselves. "Suppose you were young fellows coming out of the service now," asked Dos Passos, "could you do the same thing?" "Couldn't be done," said one of the toolmakers. "You'd be licked before you started by the regulations and where would you get the capital when taxes take all your savings? It would cost five times what it did prewar. And 'ow could you get the materials when the quotas are based on what a firm used in 1938?"

So much for freedom to start a new enterprise in Attlee's Britain.

In Iowa it is different; there a man can still buy a farm. He may have to put up with a lot of nonsense from the likes of Mr. Brannan, and he may depend on support prices for a profit that will ultimately be taken from him if the philosophy of controls continues to be pushed in Washington. But the Iowa farmer is still free as of the moment of writing to experiment with fertilizers, with new plowing and disking methods, with new hybrids.

Freedom to experiment naturally entails risk; an unwise experiment may come to nothing. But does making a fetish of security necessarily abolish the risk? In Chile Mr. Dos Passos listened one night to Dr. Cruz Coke, a conservative politician. Said Dr. Coke: "Passing laws . . . proved no cure. They [the politicians] tried to protect wage workers, and farmers, in fact everybody's income, by law. The result was that everybody was sinking into poverty together. The result of the law assuring business enterprises a margin of profit was that it wasn't any longer to the businessman's advantage to run his business efficiently because he got his profit anyway." That was the experience in Chile; it will be the experience in the United States if current economic trends are pushed to their logical conclusion.

Edna St. Vincent Millay, the girl from Maine whose "Renascence" was the first full-throated harbinger of the American poetic revival of the teens and the twenties, is dead. Rather callously and sloppily, I thought, the newspaper obituary writers fastened upon those aspects of Miss Millay's life that had the least poetic significance. The flaming-youth, burning-the-candle-at-both-ends verse was quoted almost universally; then the obit writers skipped rapidly over the years to emphasize the didactic stuff (bad poetry, even though written with noble ends in view) which Miss Millay produced in the early forties to wake the world to the crimes of the Nazis.

Annoyed and disheartened by the obituaries, I got down from dusty shelves the slim, chastely-printed black-and-gold volumes of "Second April," "The Harp-Weaver" and "A Few Figs From Thistles" and the somewhat more opulently designed "Wine From These Grapes" and "The Buck in the Snow." The very heft of the slender books brought long dormant emotions to life. As I have long suspected, the best of Edna Millay has the least to do with the social history of her epoch. The Younger Generation verses, which the whole youthful tribe once seemed to wear on its sleeves in lieu of hearts, date badly. But the sonnets and lyrics that grew out of Edna Millay's experience of loss and bereavement are still wonderful:

> That April should be shattered by a gust,
> That August should be levelled by a rain,
> I can endure, and that the lifted dust
> Of man should settle to the earth again;
> But that a dream can die, will be a thrust
> Between my ribs forever of hot pain.

And:

> Oh, there will pass with your great passing
> Little of beauty not your own, —
> Only the light from common water,
> Only the grace from simple stone.

The elegies and dirges which Edna Millay wrote for her dead Vassar friend, "D. C.," are more of the same. And just as authentic, if slightly less beautiful, are the Maine coast poems, lyrical evocations of a lost childhood:

> Always before about my dooryard,
> Marking the reach of the winter sea,
> Rooted in sand and dragging drift-wood,
> Straggled the purple wild sweet-pea;
>
> Always I climbed the wave at morning,
> Shook the sand from my shoes at night,
> That now am caught beneath great buildings,
> Stricken with noise, confused with light.

Edmund Wilson has spoken of Edna Millay's reminting of the old, worn coinage of the romantic poets. Actually, her best poetry remints nothing; it is personal to the experience of the little girl from the Penobscot country. It could never be mistaken for Keats or Shelley or anybody who ever wrote a quatrain or a sonnet about a lark, a nightingale or a Grecian urn.

EARLIER THAN YOU THINK

> It is earlier than you think. A rising cloud
> And spread of burning, sulphurous and loud,
> Far larger than a hand, is in the sky,
> Working to weaken morning in the eye.
> What shall it find to ruin, if it comes
> Pouring its rebel envy on our homes?
> That vessel of mind and soul, God's paradigm,
> Or man, the embodiment of wasted time,
> Naked, with only fear of change to show
> For all there was to be, to have, to know?
> It is earlier than you think. Man lies abed
> With the cover pride pulled high above his head.
> How shall he pass the time, instant or age,
> Yet left to him on this unstable stage
> Playing the part of one who has not yet died?
> It is not God, but terror deified,
> The fear of death, in whose image man was made.
> It is still early for the unafraid.

RAYMOND HOLDEN

A NEW GENETICS

Genetics and the Races of Man, by William C. Boyd. *Boston: Little, Brown. $6.00*

It was W. S. Gilbert, in a sly, if not misanthropic mood, who said:

> Darwinian Man, though well-behaved
> At best is only a monkey shaved.

That was over sixty years ago. Only recently, however, have scientists actually begun tentative explorations into the relationship between zoology and anthropology.

In facing the question of what determines race, anthropologists have been particularly laggard in bringing to bear the wealth of research resulting from studies of animal species. As a result, philosophers, historians, totalitarians and the more unregenerate type of Dixiecrat have had a high old time pre-empting the stage to frame their own special answers. With prejudice raging everywhere, the anthropological connotations of the problem have disappeared beneath the obscurantist sediment.

The anthropologists are now attempting to atone for their negligence. Valiantly they are striving to lift the discussion of race differences out of the mucky deposits up to a calm, rational plane. Unfortunately they have spent most of their efforts to date on countering the obviously nonsensical race superiority theories. They have offered no real answer to the riddle of race.

Dr. William C. Boyd, prominent physical anthropologist, geneticist and immunologist, promises, however, to do better. His "Genetics and the Races of Man" employs the tools of zoology in presenting his answer. What Dr. Boyd proposes, stated very simply, is a definition of race differences on the basis of "serology," or of blood types.

If racial categories are to make any sense — and Dr. Boyd is not sure that they do — they "must be made on the basis of man's genetic constitution." What genetic characteristics can be used to make the classification? Boyd jettisons the traditional criteria — pigmentation, head shapes, hair textures, and so forth — on four principal grounds: First, the gradations within characteristics are too fine and numerous in number to provide for clear-cut distinctions; secondly, the differences between individuals in the same so-called "race" are often greater than the differences between two "races"; thirdly, because traits are often adaptive, being strongly influenced and modified by environment; and fourthly, because adaptive traits are not inherited by any known genetic mechanism.

The selection of blood-type relations involves no real difficulties. There the differences are clear-cut: Type A blood is always separate and distinct from Type B. Blood types owe nothing to environment. Most important, through many years of blood-type testing for other purposes, a clear genetic mechanism has been isolated.

Dr. Boyd does not rule out definitions of race based on a study of other genetic differences; he merely says that:

> Serological factors are almost the only human characteristics of which we know the exact mechanism of inheritance and . . . only the use of characters inherited in a known manner will satisfy our criteria for a satisfactory classification of races.

In short, a good tool for studying differences among, say, apes ought to prove equally useful in studying differences among men.

The author does a conscientious, if somewhat technical, job of proving his thesis. On the basis of the incidence of the Rh, the A, B and O, the M and N and other blood-type factors, he emerges with a delineation of six races: an early European group (represented today by the Basque), the European Caucasoid, African Negroid, Asiatic Mongoloid, American Indian and Australoid.

While Dr. Boyd's approach to tabulating blood-type gene frequencies is revolutionary, his conclusions are not startling. "Far from discouraging us," he says, "this should be a sign that our new methods are not doing so badly." In the past, anthropologists had unwittingly set up classifications that made sense geographically. In so doing they approximated Boyd's definition of race: A population in a general geographical area which differs significantly from other human populations in regard to the frequency of one or more of the genes it possesses. "All we have done," says Boyd, "is show the same thing can be accomplished more simply, and without so many inconsistencies, by considering gene frequencies."

This new method of race differentiation is more objective. It measures race intermixture more scientifically. Most heartening of all to the layman, it tilts a potent lance against race bigots. In no part of the world, for instance, "does the possession of a blood type A gene or even an Rh negative gene exclude [a man] from the best society. There are no prejudices against genes."

The publisher's caution to the general reader to skip certain technical chapters is well taken; even the non-technical portions make hard going. But the book as a whole makes engrossing reading for anyone who has not yet completely forgotten his Mendelian genetics. Whether it will open up a new era in racial tolerance remains to be seen.

MILTON EDELMAN

INSIDIOUS NOSTALGIA

Springtime in Paris, by Elliot Paul. *New York: Random House. $3.50*

Paris is one of those cities which cast a spell, for better or worse, on those who come in contact with them. Some find magic in walking its streets with Voltaire, Napoleon or George Sand. To others, Paris is a fascinating jumble composed of the colorful internationalism of the *rue de la Paix*, champagne cocktails at the Ritz, night clubs on the slopes of Montmartre, pressed duck at the *Tour d'Argent* and *haute couture*. For the incipient Bohemian there is the exhilarating *laissez faire* of the sidewalk cafés of Montparnasse and the Quartier St. Germain. Then there is Elliot Paul's *rue de la Huchette* — a short, sun-shy street running from the Place St. Michel to the *rue du Petit Pont*. It is, to all appearances, a street like any other, but Mr. Paul has converted it into a Never, Never Land not unlike Cabell's Poictesme. Ten years ago he immortalized it in a volume entitled "The Last Time I Saw Paris." The present opus is more of the same except that it is less vividly and convincingly done.

Mr. Paul returned to the *rue de la Huchette* in the spring of 1949, determined to find it as he left it. He did. The war, occupation by the Germans, collaboration, the Re-

sistance, the Black Market, inflation, communism — all that had done nothing but prove the indestructibility of the legend. Nostalgia can be an insidious thing. It can destroy all sense of proportion and mire one in the lush fastnesses of sentimentality. This seems to be Mr. Paul's fix. He began to go to pieces the moment he stepped on board the De Grasse. The discomforts of the voyage merely stirred up lyricism in him, and later in Paris he jubilantly says: "I had been afraid in the course of ten years' absence from France that the French might have lost their charming inefficiency. My forebodings had been in vain. French petty economies still prove ruinously expensive; whatever is easy is made difficult."

Now, I, too, have lived in France and while I love Paris and some of the French yet I never fail to be irritated when I register a letter or try to wangle a *carte d'identité* out of the Prefecture. Mr. Paul is so charmed that he even overestimates their inefficiency. He triumphantly calls attention to the fact that the French can't make a suitable coat hanger. Twenty years ago I purchased a half dozen hangers at the Bon Marché. They are the most efficient hangers I have ever had.

Coming back to Mr. Paul's Poictesme: He has peopled the *rue de la Huchette* with characters who behave in anything but a French manner. Although it is a quarter where taxidermists, horse butchers, florists, herbalists and streetwalkers supposedly struggle for a living, no one, except possibly the streetwalkers, seems to be doing a stroke of work. They are in a continual stew over the business of other people, while neglecting their own. They spend their time at windows, spying on one another, or milling up and down the street, buttonholing and interfering with one another. One of the highlights of the book is the discovery by Noel, the taxidermist, that a *clochard* of the quarter would look like Robert Schuman if he were washed and dressed up. Practically the whole street turns out, hunting the old bum down, forcibly giving him a bath and outfitting him with clothes hastily purchased at the Flea Market. This is good fiction but Mr. Paul gives the impression that such behavior is typically French. It isn't. The average Frenchman, even if he were a taxidermist, would spend the morning in his shop, relax his two hours over lunch, and spend the evening adding up the day's take. A French friend once said to me: "We French have the reputation of being addicted to immorality. This is not so. The average Frenchman would find the cost of it prohibitive."

The same would be true of the didoes Mr. Paul's Frenchmen cut up.

This happy-go-lucky extroversion extends to their ideology. According to Mr. Paul, communism in the *rue de la Huchette* is a very "casual and sociable" affair. In other words, they take on Stalin with the same unthinking lightheartedness that Dora, the streetwalker, takes on a client. One of Mr. Paul's friends was a certain Dr. Thiouville, who became a Communist simply because he admired Frederic Joliot-Curie as a scientist! He goes on to say that in the *rue de la Huchette* the Communists, the Rightists, the Titoists or what have you form a friendly company of neighbors much more homogeneous than the gatherings there in the thirties when the line of demarcation was between those who believed in the Republic and those who wanted a dictatorship (what, then, is Stalinism?). The war cleaned everything up; no one thinks France will go to war in the forseeable future or that the United States and Russia will fight, using France as a battleground. In short, says Mr. Paul, they were all quite merry in the spring of 1949 and presumably still are.

Mr. Paul can write well when he describes a spring morning in Paris or a street accident. It is when his emotions are involved (and they are too easily involved) that he flounders about (the book is at least a hundred pages too long) in his heady misconceptions, the most flagrant of which is his blithe assertion that a world menace like communism is not to be taken seriously as long as it is French.

ALIX DU POY

CUTPURSE PHILOSOPHER

William James, by Lloyd Morris. *New York*: *Scribner's. $2.00*

This little book on William James by Lloyd Morris has some real pedestrian uses, but lacks the atmosphere of the gods and the planets out of which metaphysics and dreams are made. William James was an academic paradox: he was a sparse man and a lifelong neurasthenic who was also the Chatauquan evangelist of health and energy. He had a summer home in New Hampshire with fourteen doors, all opening outward, as he said. James hated the desiccated pedagogue upon whom he has had such an enormous influence. For all of his plain extroversions he was, perhaps, a sub rosa cutpurse philosopher who not only took from Charles Peirce the word, pragmatism, but Peirce's whole doctrine. Peirce, unable to get a university appointment because he was supposed to be a rough and thorny nature, had tombstone reticences, and never attacked his friend, James, as a plagiarist. Peirce, a lonely man, who used odd and bare-rock words, was sufficiently vexed with James to change pragmatism to pragmaticism.

The main fault with pragmatic thought is its language. Peirce's words are isolated and austere and have a dry Nantucket vision about them, but James's books are glutted with those gregarious, yokel phrases that have become the shibboleths of specious educators. The ancient Greek philosophers paid a great deal of attention to their hexameters, and it is still very doubtful that bad writing can be the groundwork of imaginative speculation. Once John Dewey wrote that it was not necessary for science to be dull, unmindful that his own books are all written in a nasal monotone.

James's slack prose has got many an American author into much moral trouble, for it is the ethical judgments of the pragmatic thinkers that are most ambiguous. This ambiguity was a source of great concern to Charles Peirce. James's hatred of principles and abstractions made him an apostle of expediency. Though William James was religious, there was no evening in his soul. Despite his skepticism regarding absolutes, he said that there was in human experience an internal "push" against which man is powerless, but which impels him toward ends, or what he called the "destiny of our belief."

It was easy enough for James to attack the fluxional truths of science, but do morals really change? Do we read the Socratic Dialogues with a very different ethical

nature than Plato possessed when he wrote them? If we say we do, it is hard then to explain the indignation with which an American reader peruses the pages of the trial and the prison scene of Socrates. William James was an adversary of Royce, who said that the existence of God rested upon the existence of evil. What irritated James most was Royce's explanation of human vice, which somehow or other is translated into the good of God. But, as we know, James believed the results of an idea determine its human value, and this is very dangerous political doctrine (it was Mussolini who told Eduard Lindeman that pragmatism was the father of fascism). James's theories fathered the kind of American education that has been doctored by the academic and exchequer Poloniuses of social adjustment.

No matter what the advocates of William James say, if his books are read with searching honesty, it will be very difficult to deny that pragmatism is a credo for men with equivocal ends in mind.

EDWARD DAHLBERG

WHITE HOUSE JESTER

Presidents Who Have Known Me, by George E. Allen. *New York: Simon and Schuster. $3.00*

If for no other reason — and there are many others — this book is worth reading because of its courageous appraisal of the technique used by Drew Pearson in gathering what passes for inside news in his widely circulated column. In a book which quietly and good-naturedly kids the pants off some of our leading politicians, including two Presidents, George E. Allen — who has achieved the reputation of White House clown, but who actually was far more important, even if he refuses to admit it himself — performs a public service in divulging Pearson's "whitemail" technique.

Pearson's methods "were shrewdly designed to exploit the weaknesses of the genus public official," Allen declares. He recounts how Pearson's column would appear some mornings with an item "poking me, but quite gently, in some vulnerable spot."

"That afternoon a smiling young man, one of Pearson's employees, would turn up in my office, wondering what news items I had for him that day. It seemed to me that the plain implication of his attitude always was that if I cooperated I would get good publicity in the Pearson columns and broadcasts, and that if I didn't I would find myself more accurately described to the Pearson audience. Readers addicted to Pearson's daily exposures may easily judge how cooperative I was by the press he gave me."

Unfortunately, as Mr. Allen points out, this "whitemail" technique "works with a remarkably large number of Washington officials." The tragic case of James V. Forrestal, who was hounded up to the time of his death by Pearson, is cited as an example of what might happen to a government official who refused to cooperate with the columnist.

Mr. Allen also performs a public service in giving a clear first-hand account of how Henry A. Wallace didn't become President of the United States. He recounts in considerable detail the shenanigans of the party bosses to head off the 1944 nomination of Mr. Wallace for the Vice-Presidency, adding: "Bosses are held in ill repute in the United States — and with some justice — but this was a time when the bosses saved the country's bacon." If it weren't for the much-maligned bosses, Mr. Allen suggests, President Wallace might now be sitting before a White House microphone proclaiming that "the United States of America shall henceforth be called the Soviet States of America, that all Democrats from Mississippi weighing more than two hundred pounds shall be rendered in order that unwashed comrades in Greater Russia can be assured an adequate soap supply. . . ."

Mr. Allen's book reads like a distillation of innumerable dinner-table, poker-game and political-banquet talks. A master of the politician's anecdote, Mr. Allen came by his forte honestly. His Uncle John Allen of Tupelo, Congressman from Mississippi during Reconstruction days, was one of the most fascinating gentlemen of the Ol' South. Uncle John won elections for 16 years by claiming he was the only Confederate in political life who wasn't a general. When his impassioned orations in the House were interrupted because his time was up, Uncle John would say, "I will retire to the cloakroom to receive congratulations."

Immodesty, Mr. Allen readily admits, is a family tradition. When young George began his legal career in Okolona, Miss., in 1917, his first case involved injury to a lady who had tripped in a railroad day coach. Allen sued for $40,000 and "after several conferences with A. T. Stovall, Chickasaw County's most distinguished corporation lawyer, in which he brazenly contended that I had no case, I settled for ten dollars."

Mr. Allen eventually got into the hotel business, making lots of dough, losing it, making it back. That's how he got to Washington. He obtained a financial interest in the Wardman Park Hotel. When the Democrats took over Washington, Mr. Allen suggested to Senator Pat Harrison that he'd like to be one of the District of Columbia's three commissioners.

As one-third "Mayor" of Washington he fixed traffic tickets for the mighty, appointed the dog catcher, became involved with the March of Dimes, the Red Cross, the Boy Scouts, the President's Birthday Balls, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis; and was Harry Hopkins's relief administrator in Washington. He once played golf with Hopkins with the understanding that if he won Hopkins would give him an additional million dollars for his relief projects!

Directing the Civil Works Administration, he set some unemployed newspapermen friends "with decent sporting instincts" to tabulating the number of favorites who had won at the more reputable tracks in the past twenty years (33 per cent). And he met President Franklin D. Roosevelt, "a man I instinctively didn't rate high. I had to learn to like him as one learns to like olives." President Truman is more his kind of folks.

Despite — or perhaps because of — its jocular approach to persons high in the councils of state, this book is one of the most important to come out of Washington. It's an invaluable source book. But it can also be read with profit by those seeking a laugh in these troubled times.

VICTOR LASKY

BY ROMMEL'S FRIEND

Invasion 1944, by Hans Speidel. *Chicago: Henry Regnery. $2.75*

Rommel's chief of staff here tells what went on at German headquarters in the west from April to September 1944; from the time when the Anglo-American invasion of France became imminent to the date when the Allied drive from the beaches began to slow up on the approaches to the West Wall. At the close of that period General Speidel himself was in the hands of the Gestapo; and Rommel, only just recovering from wounds received in July, would be dead by commanded suicide within less than a month.

The narrative of what produced these dual results is both political and military. The military part of the story offers few surprises. General Speidel rehearses the familiar complaints about Allied material superiority (no losing general in history has ever admitted anything but being outnumbered), and Hitler's impossible intuitive strategy (with orders unwise in the first place, and which could not possibly be executed in the second).

A few oddities appear in the course of these complaints. For instance, the only American general for whom Speidel has any respect is Patton, and he thinks that the September slowup must have come about because of some order from Bradley restricting that fiery leader, since the Allies "could not possibly" have experienced any difficulties about supplies. Speidel is pretty bitter about Hitler's refusal to allow Rommel any freedom of maneuver, but side by side with this, running all through the book, is the plaint that Allied air inhibited every maneuver Rommel tried to make. The picture of General Stülpnagel, the governor of Paris, as being at heart a kindly gentleman, is surely one for the book — or the birds.

But the chief interest and importance of the book lies in its picture of the almost incredible military-political conditions surrounding the German High Command in the west during those weeks when the Allied invasion was daily expected and then taking place. When Rommel wanted anti-aircraft artillery he had to apply to Göring, who kept his headquarters in East Prussia and usually said no. The commander in the west had no authority to ask for the construction of defenses at any given point, since such decisions were in the hands of the Todt organization; he had no authority over the 30,000 troops tied up in the Channel Islands with the best artillery the German western command possessed. When Rommel tried to tell the Führer that the position was so critical the war in the west should be brought to an end at once, he was told that such things were none of his business and given a lecture on the V-bombs.

These were the conditions under which Rommel joined the conspiracy whose result was the abortive bomb plot of July 20. Speidel says its basic objective was to come to terms with the Western Allies, get rid of Hitler and throw everything against Russia. Even if the second of these objectives had been achieved it may be doubted whether the rest of the program could have been carried out, but the attempt against Hitler was doomed to failure when Rommel was wounded by an Allied plane three days before the bomb went off, leaving no one with sufficient military prestige and resolution to lead the revolt against the Führer.

Thus Speidel, who cherishes for his former chief an almost superstitious admiration and never tires of talking about the humanitarianism of the man who abandoned his Italian allies in the desert and impressed French workers under the gun to build fortifications. It never occurs to him that humanitarianism could question the methods by which the German objectives were to be achieved; and for this reason, as much as for the historical light it throws, "Invasion 1944" is a curious and an interesting book. But perhaps the ultimate point of the book is that a dictatorship cannot afford independence of thought below the head, even on strictly military matters.

FLETCHER PRATT

ART OF WITHDRAWAL

The Maugham Reader, a Selection from the Work of W. Somerset Maugham. *New York: Doubleday. $5.00*

W. Somerset Maugham, as revealed by his stories, his plays, his two novels and his quasi-autobiography, "The Summing Up," that comprise this omnibus volume, emerges not so much as a man born of woman as a character imagined by Henry James. The scene would be the loggia of a villa, vaguely described in the master's elliptical style. The narrator would be a young proselyte, come to sit at the feet of the famous, the prosperous, the little man. There would be a sense of the past appraised, of the near achievement lamented. The character's first words would be, as he gave the narrator a lingering, a subtle, an all-but-inquiring look: "From time to time I have asked myself whether I should have been a better writer if I had devoted my whole life to literature."

Since the reviewer is not Henry James, he will content himself with answering that question, which he deems the key to Maugham's fate, by asking another: Can a writer achieve literature without devoting his whole life to it? Some perhaps can; Henry Green and Wallace Stevens come to mind at once — there are many others — but the point remains that there is a withdrawal from life itself in Maugham that is precisely represented by our imagined question. This Georgian novelist that one forgets when ticking off Lawrence and Huxley, Bennett and Wells — I usually remember him after I have thought of Wyndham-Lewis — has only a secure place for our time as the novelist of equivocation.

In "The Painted Veil," one of the novels contained in this sampler — the other is "Christmas Holiday" — Maugham's equivocation is at all times present. Throughout the entire narrative, the reader is most aware of the novelist's presence, as he throws up the curtain on the fashionable blackout skit that begins the book — wife in lover's arms, husband trying door — as he peeps into his heroine's mind, pruriently withdrawing at the censorable moment: "And then he found her lips and the pressure of his upon them shot through her body like the flame of God." The novelist's technique of interruption is not confined to sensations and emotions; it is also characteristic of the manner in which he tiptoes up to

Tao and flirts with a nun's sincere belief in the value of renunciation. Never is the reader drawn into the pith and pulse of a character's being, never is he given a direct impression, always he is stage managed, brought near, allowed to inspect, told what to think and to what degree he may feel, then whisked away to another bedroom, another hill station.

The stories, and some of the author's most proficient can be read in this anthology, exhibit another and more subtle type of withdrawal. "Jane" will do as an example. The reader is introduced to two women, one worldly and one innocent, both widowed. The innocent friend bores the worldly friend. When she marries a young man, who says he is an architect but might be a gigolo, the worldly woman predicts a brief marriage, an unhappy life and disillusionment for her friend. But why go on? You know already that the plot reverses itself, that the marriage is brief because the widow tires of her young man, that her innocence passes for wit among the sophisticates and that it is the worldly friend who is disillusioned. You read the story for the same pleasure that you watch a magician, to be diverted by the practiced hand that manipulates the rabbit, or the two friends, as the case may be. Beyond this, the style is simple, the dialogue brisk and the length just right to give you time to turn off the light and put out the cigarette before you sleep.

Yet you have not known what it was to *be* Jane. Her situation does not make you think of a time in your life, or express as only fiction can an order in experience that has lurked on the edges of consciousness. Maugham has withdrawn when you needed him most, when you were about to become an innocent widow in love with a young man, to content himself with legerdemain and to say: "See, innocence is of this world and to be of this world can be innocence, too."

To reduce art to machination is to deprecate reality and foolishly to hedge one's bets with fate. Mr. Maugham has played the black *and* the red, but neither came up.

JOHN FRANKLIN BARDIN

SELF-MISTRUSTFUL LIBERAL

Blandings' Way, by Eric Hodgins. *New York: Simon and Schuster. $3.00*

Mr. Blandings, when last heard from, had made the final payments on his all too costly dream house and was preparing to settle down to rural peace. How peace persisted in eluding him is the burden of this sequel, which probes more intimately than its predecessor into Mr. Blandings's confused mind and elaborates on his follies and uncertainties. Perched on his Connecticut mountain top — which was described so graphically in "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House" — our hero, from the start, is a split personality, torn between the demands of his advertising job and his efforts to become a social force in his newly found community. In addition, there are the ordinary hazards of country living, which he is ill equipped to deal with. As Mr. Blandings faces ice storms, grass fires and the hostility of his neighbors, one sees that he is the same born blunderer whom the building trades mulcted — as wistful, as trusting, as naive.

In "Blandings' Way," however — which is considerably more of a novel than was his first book — Mr. Hodgins is not playing it for laughs to the extent that he was earlier; and uproarious as are the adventures of his badly buffeted hero, the underlying tone is one of satire. Mr. Blandings — let's face it — is a symbol. He is a symbol of the self-mistrustful liberal, the man of good will who is so apt to get into trouble with everyone. Thus in the course of his civic activities (he serves, by a fluke, on the school board and tries, without success, to run the local paper) Mr. Blandings, inevitably, is pilloried from all sides, and is accused of being both a Communist and a particularly sinister kind of capitalist. Only at advertising, which he dislikes, is Mr. Blandings competent, and it is to New York and Madison Avenue that in the end he returns — shudderingly grateful to be through with the country.

The burning question, of course, is whether Mr. Hodgins's new book is as funny as his last one, and as likely to hit home pungently to his readers. The answer to this one is yes and no. There are sections in "Blandings' Way" which are quite irresistible. The scenes in the advertising office, for example, are at least as entertaining as anything the author has written. But there are also sections which seem to drag and lag, or which are too broadly and determinedly farcical. Mr. Hodgins, one feels, has spread himself too thin. Instead of concentrating on one incisive point he has tried to make too many. Beneath all the buffoonery, there is a note of wry cynicism which I, at least, did not care for, and which struck me as faintly out of key. Mr. Blandings is a good fellow. We have all come to love him. Does he really — do others of his kind — deserve the fate which his creator metes out to him?

EDITH H. WALTON

OURS WAS AN AGE (1900-1950)

Ours was an age when poets wept
  And innocence went under;
And every conscience cleanly kept
  Cries out, it is no wonder.

Ours was an age in pain consumed,
  In crowds, and haste mechanic;
To fever and frustration doomed
  It consummates in panic.

Ours was an age of jigs and gears
  When science was heroic;
A golden age for engineers,
  But, for us weaker, stoic.

Ours was an age when sky's pure breath,
  In which the mind rejoices,
Men used to talk themselves to death
  With contradicting Voices.

Ours was an age when earth was split
  (Which we have no defense of) —
O men, find what with better wit
  You may make better sense of.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

the FREEMAN

Christmas bells are liberty bells. Where communism comes to power, the Christmas bells are stilled.

This year, for hundreds of millions behind the Iron Curtain, there will be no Christmas bells, no exchange of gifts commemorating the gifts brought by the three wise men to the newborn Prince of Peace.

Behind the Iron Curtain the Christmas bells are stilled.

Let's keep freedom ringing in the United States.

The *Freeman* is dedicated to the cause of freedom. It was founded to defend human dignity and liberty against the creeping inroads of totalitarianism.

Give the *Freeman* to your friends this Christmas. Send your subscriptions in the envelope bound into this copy.

Help to keep freedom ringing in the United States.

Editors:
PUBLISH