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vol. no. 5

ne REEMAN

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INSIDE BRITISH COMMUNISM
Charlotte Haldane

Editors: John Chamberlain · Henry Hazlitt · Suzanne La Follette

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A WORD ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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Forthcoming:

In our issue of December 13, look for an analysis of the recent election by GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY; also an article by GARET GARRETT on the General Motors labor contract. In that or other early issues we expect to publish an article on Soviet anti-Semitism by EUGENE LYONS, one on British expropriation by FRANK CHODOROV, and one on the Communists as an underground party by PAUL CROUCH.

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 27, 1950

THE FORTNIGHT

The people of the United States pay their senators to discuss and vote on issues. They pay them to keep a weather eye on the conduct of our foreign policy. But when Senator Taft proposed within the fortnight to "re-examine" the effect of our policies in Europe and Asia, the ineffable Dean Acheson promptly smacked him for "isolationism." "Henceforward," said Acheson, "we may expect to see 'isolationists' parade as 're-examinists.' "

This attempt to choke off criticism might be serious if it promised to be successful. But, happily for the nation, the good Dean has pulled another boner. As an epithet, "re-examinist" just doesn't rate. You can hiss the word "isolationist," and your hissing will convey the imputation that isolationism connotes everything in the book from selfishness to the head-burying stance of the quaking ostrich. But "re-examinist" sounds like someone who is always ready to look at the facts in the light of a changing situation — as indeed Taft is.

Any rational man ought to be willing to "re-examine" a policy that has proved unsuccessful. Any good Christian ought to have the humility to admit his past mistakes. But when Senator Flanders, who has never been an "isolationist" by even so much as a tenth of one per cent, comes to Taft's side in the controversy with Acheson, we may be sure that neither rationality nor Christian humility has much rating with the higher echelons of the Department of State.

Why does Acheson fear "re-examination"? Are his policies so uniformly successful that they are beyond questioning? When Red Chinese soldiers crossed the Yalu River, was Mao Tse-tung behaving like the Tito whom Acheson hopes to raise up in East Asia? When the Attlee government begins to hem and haw about rearming Britain, is the Acheson policy of building anti-Soviet strength in Europe working out? Acheson's motives may be good, his aims may be noble. But motives and aims count for nothing in foreign policy when methods produce an effect precisely the opposite of that intended. If Acheson can't see this, then the "re-examination" called for by Taft ought not to cease until we have a new Secretary of State willing to try a new tack when an old one fails.

In our last issue we wrote about the effort of our planners to increase the food supply by staining potatoes blue and then plowing them back into the soil to fertilize other potatoes to be stained blue and so on in a geometrical progression that would daze Euclid, not to mention the American taxpayer. This week we want to call attention to the 97,000,000 pounds of dried eggs (ugh!) which the food planners have stashed away in Kansas caves and elsewhere at a cost of 96 cents a pound. This burial of dried egg powder in caves is the best bit of planning we've encountered since the Economy of Abundance was inaugurated by the destruction of the little pigs. First of all, it solves the perplexing problem of finding employment for empty caves, which is something that has bothered us speleologists (cave-lovers to you) ever since Mark Twain pulled Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher out of the cave at Hannibal and bolted the entrance.

Secondly, it has enabled the planners to parlay a bit of local American planning into a solution for the Red China dried egg problem. How, you may ask? Simple, my dear Watson. The trick is turned this way: by taking home-made American dried eggs off the market and hiving them away in caves, a paucity of low-priced egg powder is thereby created. But Red China has lots of low-priced egg powder, and American bakers, who seem to need the distasteful stuff, naturally turn to Red China to get it. It's been coming into this country from the China coast in shipload lots; some 700 tons of it were recently landed on Seattle docks. Incidentally, the Red China tax bite on Chinese dried-egg exporters probably helps to finance the employment of Red Chinese troops to shoot GIs in Korea, which is an added triumph for the dried egg planners. Boys, ain't planning wonderful?

The government's admonition against hoarding is strange, considering the Department of Agriculture sets such store by it.

Drew Pearson, the man who boasts that he is 86 per cent right in his Sunday radio predictions, has developed crystal ball trouble. On November 5 he predicted that Senator Lucas would win in Illinois, that Senator Thomas would win in Utah, that Senator Hickenlooper would lose in Iowa, that Judge Pecora would become Mayor of New York City, that Senator Tydings would win in

Maryland, and that Helen Gahagan Douglas would be elected Senator from California. If Mr. Pearson is worried lest his prediction average for the year fall below 86 per cent, we can tell him how to avoid any such catastrophe. He still has four or five broadcasts before New Year's Day in which to recoup his average by predicting that the sun will rise tomorrow, that the Mississippi River will keep flowing towards its delta, that Stalin will continue to shoot his enemies, that Mao Tse-tung will not become a Tito, and that Dean Acheson will still continue to give psychological hostages to a mistaken past.

Bernard Baruch recently told a Brown University audience that it is still possible in America for a man to make a million dollars. Well, maybe so, provided you can get an insider's view of the capital gains potential in a number of good stock deals, or if you can tap a Texas oil gusher, or if you can combine the talents of Bing Crosby, Hetty Green and Bet-a-Million Gates. But if you are just a hard-working man who would like to keep his earnings to invest, there isn't a chance of getting that million. The fact is that seventeen years of the New Deal and the Fair Deal have served only to harden and stratify class lines in America. The old rich of 1933 generally remain rich. The 1933 members of the middle class are still middle class. The 1933 poor, with exceptions, remain poor. The old "upward mobility" of American society has been slowed to a walk.

Looking back over the past two decades, we hold this the greatest crime of the New Dealers: they have indulged in arrant class legislation that has hurt the chances of the poor most and harmed the rich least. The result of New Deal class legislation is that the Harrimans, the Marjorie Post Close Hutton Davieses, and a hundred other scions of great fortunes, have been frozen into the mold of a relatively permanent moneyed aristocracy, while very few people below them can rise out of their natal station. Not that the old rich like this state of affairs; it keeps them from having any fun or adventure with their money, and in time, when we approximate the condition of Britain, they will lose their estates via death duties. The truth is that two decades of class legislation in America have made everybody sadder, and nobody seems to be wiser. It's a lugubrious ending to the bright new day that so many thought was dawning in 1933.

Strange Coincidence Department: On the very day that two Puerto Ricans tried to assassinate President Harry Truman, the New York *Daily Worker* printed the following words:

> We seized Puerto Rico in 1898 just when it was on the verge of winning its own freedom from Spain. We have made a hell hole of it for the greater glory of the sugar trust which owns and runs it as a cheap-labor colony. . . . Armed forces may repress the Puerto Rican people now: but it cannot solve their poverty. . . . Armed suppression can't kill the people's love of freedom in Puerto Rico any more than it can in Korea. All of Asia, Africa and Latin America will understand and sympathize with the Puerto Rican people's cause. The Puerto Ricans are challenging the Taft-Hartleyites, the McCarran Act thought-control, and the push to atomic war. They seek the same peace and democracy the American people seek. They deserve the support of the labor unions, of the churches, and all opponents of tyranny. To help Puerto Rico win independence is the moral objective of every democratic-minded American.

Curious that Puerto Rico was so much on the collective mind of the *Daily Worker* at a moment when two Puerto Ricans were maneuvering for a good shot at the President of the United States.

Remember when the pro-Soviet Left was howling about the "Darlan deal" in North Africa? The *Nation*, *PM*, the *New York Post* — indeed, practically all American journals, whether Left or Right — were perfectly certain that the deal with such a reprehensible Vichyite as Admiral Darlan would alienate our noble ally, Joseph Stalin. But alas for the illusions of yesteryear, they can not stand up against the ironies of historical revelation. According to a letter from Stalin recently made public by Winston Churchill, the Soviet boss, far from being horrified by the Darlan deal, actually told Roosevelt in December of 1942 that it was a "great achievement" to have won Darlan to the side of the Allies. "Eisenhower's policy with respect to Darlan . . ." said Stalin, "is perfectly correct." We aren't surprised that Stalin welcomed the North African deal with a Vichy Frenchman; after all, he had himself dealt at an earlier date with the Nazi Ribbentrop at a time when fascism, to Man Friday Molotov, was merely a matter of taste.

When he is not busy with his law books, Judge Jerome Frank likes to expatiate on what he calls the cloacal theory of the forthcoming disappearance of the North American continent. According to the Frank way of thinking, the natural fertility of our land must eventually flow out to sea via its sewage system. All must be lost in the end to the fishes, the crabs, the periwinkles and the sea urchins.

This brings us by a quick detour to the subject of Robert Moses, New York City's stalwart and pertinacious park commissioner. Bob is the latest convert to Judge Frank's cloacal theory of the decline and fall of empires. To help stop the draining of the North American continent into the ocean, he proposes to make synthetic topsoil out of processed and decontaminated sewage sludge. He wants to put 2,250,000 cubic yards of this synthetic topping on the 1900 acres of parkland that are still in the filling stage in the New York City area.

This would kill two birds with one stone. On the one hand, it would prevent a great deal of natural fertility from going to waste in the sea. On the other hand, it would help put a stop to a process that is constantly robbing one part of the countryside to improve another. In Connecticut, for example, the lush borders of the Wilbur Cross and Merritt cross-state highway systems have sometimes been achieved at the expense of nearby acres which have been stripped down to the ugly bones of old red sandstone or rusty-looking traprock. Thus Peter is robbed to pay Paul. Moses proposes to save us from all that.

Workers of the world, attention! The Soviet government has suggested a $5,000 reduction in the UN budget provisions for charwomen's overtime and night differential pay.

YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST POLITICIAN

The roly-poly Mr. Boyle, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, has been asking plaintively what happened in the election. One of the things that happened was that Mr. Boyle's stately and splendid party organization collapsed. Deals were made locally with the Republicans right and left, and, where deals were not made, Democratic politicians folded their arms and did nothing.

Look at the election results. In New York's five boroughs, Mr. Impellitteri, a Democratic dissident, and Mr. Dewey, a Republican, each got remarkable votes — the highest a Democratic dissident or a Republican have had in the city's history. In Connecticut, Mr. McMahon, a Democrat, carried the state, and so did Mr. Lodge, a Republican. In Ohio, it was Mr. Lausche, a Democrat, and Mr. Taft, a Republican. In Chicago's massive Democratic wards, the Democratic politicians gave Mr. Lucas an unprecedentedly low vote, and similarly with Mrs. Douglas in the Democratic districts in and around Los Angeles. In other states, there was equally plain evidence of deals with the Republicans, or failure to vote the Democratic organization's members.

Deals between politicians of opposite parties, and failure to vote an organization's members, are in themselves not new. What made this election different from all previous ones was their prevalence. Across the country, the number of states in which the Democratic organization acted as it was supposed to act — the chief cases being Pennsylvania and Missouri — can be counted on one hand. It is not meant by this that the Republicans' near-victory was a contrived affair — the result of "the word" just before election from Pete's Bar and Cocktail Lounge. It was just what it has commonly been taken to be — an expression of the offense felt by millions of everyday citizens, Democrats and Republicans alike, at many of the Truman Administration's policies. There was an anti-Administration tide, but in many places Democratic politicians helped the Republican vote to a considerably higher figure than the tide alone would have carried it.

Why did Democratic politicians do this? They also were offended by the Administration — in their case by its favoritism toward assorted Fair Dealers. In New York, for example, the Administration showed favoritism toward Mr. Dubinsky's Liberal Party. Early in the campaign, Mr. Dubinsky's spokesman ordered certain Democratic candidates withdrawn, and the Administration and its local agent, Mr. Flynn, fell over themselves to comply. Whether these candidates were, or weren't, fit public servants is beside the point. The point is that a large number of politicians who had been backing them were brushed aside without being given a chance to offer counter-arguments. They were given the business, and the business meant that, if the Democratic ticket as revised to suit Mr. Dubinsky won in the election, they themselves would soon be out on the snow-drifted winter streets. So the rejected politicians put up Mr. Impellitteri, and, on his behalf, borrowed up to 200,000 votes from the Republicans, and returned about 200,000 for Mr. Dewey.

The case in other states varied only in detail. Everywhere you find the same aggressive attempt on the part of the Administration and its local agents to push ahead favorites — Mr. Bowles's so-called "crew-cuts" in Connecticut, Mr. Kroll's PAC-CIO in Ohio, Governor Stevenson's ADA friends in Illinois and even — although here Mr. Truman had to swallow hard — the Jimmy Roosevelt-Mrs. Douglas faction in California. Everywhere was an aggressive stamping on the faces of other Democratic politicians. Those who made deals with the Republicans did not love the Republicans; the choice left them was the Republicans or the snowdrift.

With the great increase in federal jobs and contracts in the last few years — the federal budget is now about twice that of all lesser governmental budgets combined — persons of a worrying nature have worried lest a monolithic Washington political organization come into existence, far too strong ever to be voted out of office, which would wreck the two-party system. The election should give them comfort. The two-party system, by permitting deals between the parties, makes it impossible that either be monolithic. Something after the fashion of the free market, the two-party system is its own doctor.

There is a connection between the offense everyday citizens have taken at the Administration, and that to which the politicians gave vent in the election. The citizens are concerned about recognition of Red China, compulsory health insurance, the Brannan Plan. The evil of the Truman Administration is not in giving a fair hearing to the citizens who advocate these policies, but in refusing to hear the citizens who oppose them — and not merely that, but pursuing the opponents with smears and income-tax investigations. The election's result — partly due to the wish of politicians to keep out of snowdrifts — makes it harder for the Administration to misbehave. The genius of American politics tends to make politicians, intent on their own selfish interests, also help serve the interests of the citizens, and the Republic.

PAGE LEWIS CARROLL

The *Manchester Guardian*, British liberal newspaper, interprets the recent American elections as a repudiation of the "soundest foreign policy which the United States has found in this century." It pays President Truman the tribute of having provided a "strong, coherent, imaginative and realistic answer to the challenge of Communist imperialism." This misconception on the part of an influential British journal almost takes the breath away. In 1945 the free world, including Britain and the United States, stood victors over the Nazi tyranny. Britain and America had great armies on the European continent, they ruled the sea and the air, they had 450,000,000 allies in Nationalist China. Today Britain and America have only a corporal's guard in Europe, they don't command the air, and their sea lanes are vulnerable to the Russian snorkel submarine. The 450,000,000 allies in China have been taken captive by Marxist ideologues aided and abetted by the American State Department. The whole balance of power has turned against the Anglo-American community.

As for the "coherence" of the Truman policy, it would take Lewis Carroll to explain it. Is it "coherent" to jump

from the Atlantic Charter of 1941 (freedom for all peoples), to Yalta and Potsdam of 1945 (slavery for Poles, Hungarians, Bulgarians and Czechs), to the Truman Doctrine of 1947 (to support free people who are resisting attempted subjugation), to the Asiatic policy of the Marshall-Acheson period (to withhold support from free Chinese people who are resisting a Marxist conqueror), to the Marshall Plan (originally conceived as a way of bolstering Iron Curtain countries as well as free West European nations), to the 1949 George Kennan policy of "containment" of communism, to the early 1950 policy of virtually inviting the supposedly "contained" Communists into Korea and Formosa, to the middle-1950 policy of denying both Korea and Formosa to the Communists, to the late-1950 policy of letting Formosa drift into a limbo position of now-we-save-it-now-we-don't, to the 1951 policy of — well, what? Does the *Manchester Guardian* dare predict? Does anyone dare predict?

If the Truman-Acheson record seems like "coherence" to a British journal which has a reputation for disinterested thinking, we can only shake our heads sadly. We wish we could explain to the editors of the *Guardian* that the Republicans, as symbolized by Bob Taft, are not "isolationist" by any rational definition of the term. Taft has advocated a Monroe Doctrine for Europe (proposing that the United States go to war at once against Russia should that power "aggress" against any of the remaining free European nations.) He has advocated defending Formosa against the Communists in Asia. Whatever is to be said for or against the Taft policy, it is at least coherent.

HOW ABOUT SOME DECENT RESTRAINT?

Memo to the Television Dealers and Manufacturers of America:

Hey, what kind of advertising campaign are you running? We, at the *Freeman*, are all for you, and all for the institution of advertising. But we are all for the parents, too. As a parent ourselves, we don't like to see you pressuring our children by tying up the ownership of a television set with a sort of juvenile snob appeal. Your latest advertisement reads: "You give your child's *body* all the sunshine and fresh air and vitamins you can. *How about sunshine for the morale? How about vitamins for his mind?* Educators agree — television is all that and more for a growing child." And then you quote Angelo Patri: "It is practically impossible for boys and girls to 'hold their own' with schoolmates unless television is available to them."

Well, maybe some television shows are sunshine for the morale and vitamins for the mind. But, if you'll pardon us, most of the shows that we have seen are the agonized threshings and experiments of a fledgling medium that has not yet found its true line of development. We think television has a great future. But it is in its infancy, and most of the pabulum it offers for the young at this stage contains about as many good vitamins as the stuff some bakers sell for bread.

Specifically, the *Freeman* doesn't like your line of advertising because it tries to drive a wedge between parents and children. It is disrespectful to the family as an institution. It tries to put authority where it doesn't belong, in the hands of kids who are too easily pressured into gangs. In its own milder way, it is the sort of thing Hitler did when he organized the Hitler Youth and instructed it to flout parental discipline where such discipline was not in line with what the State wanted.

The net effect of trying to pressure the young into conformity with all the other young is to make parental decisions twice as difficult as they are. There are parents (and we are among them) who don't think it a good thing for kids to sit indoors all afternoon listening to the radio or glueing their eyes to a television screen. Addiction to radio or television, if indulged without reasonable restraint, encourages the child to be passive, to take a purely spectatorial attitude toward life. The television-struck child watches football in preference to playing it, just as the radio-struck Lone Ranger fan listens to talk about horses instead of going out and learning to ride them. Or just as the young Stop the Music fan insists on tuning in on song programs when he should be practicing the violin or the piano.

Don't try to tell us that we are taking a gloomy view of the situation; as a parent we *know*. Our children have to be dragged away from radio and television to do their homework, to practice their scales, and to feed the bantam chickens they insist on keeping as pets. Left to their own devices they would never read a book; they would just sit and look and listen all day.

Now for saying these harsh words to you, please don't try to dismiss us as enemies of the competitive system. We are friends of the competitive system, and hope we would have the courage to go to the stake or the gallows to defend it. We resist the pressure to conformity that is explicit in your advertising precisely because we are on the side of innumerable small professional and business people who have a bigger stake in the business system than all the television dealers put together.

If the professional and business people of whom we speak had a trade association, we can imagine the advertisement they might write. It would go this way:

MR. KING (a piano teacher): I like television. But the attempt to force television down the throats of all parents by pressuring the young into thinking it the only badge of respectability is hurting my business. Kids don't concentrate on their finger-exercises any more; they can't stay at the piano when Johnny down the street is taunting them about their not being able to watch the latest program.

MISS STODELLE (a ballet teacher): I agree with Mr. King. My students are not improving as they should. They sit around all day looking at television. The result is sedentary habits. Their leg muscles lose tone, and they can't get their bar work done.

Mr. BYRON (a football coach): I can't get the kids to stay around and practice like they used to. They want to get home and look at television.

MISS FOLEY (a grade school teacher): My students are turning in home work that gets sloppier by the minute. They listen to radio and watch television all evening until it is too late for them to do their lessons. Then they try to make up for it by rushing through the assignment on the school busses the next morning.

We are certain no such anti-television advertisements will be written. But we can assure the television dealers that lots of free, individualistic people who believe

thoroughly in the competitive business system are talking this way. Many of these people own television sets, and they are not against television reaching ultimately every living room in America. What they don't like is the high-pressure tactics of a group which insists on setting children against non-conforming parents by plugging a juvenile snob appeal that doesn't belong in the United States.

A VITAL REFORM

Our global planners, now somewhat obfuscated by the seams and cracks in their new dream world, enjoyed a brief lift by the report that Senator Taft had given the final thrust to the dragon of isolationism in his reported statement that "only an idiot can be an isolationist today." Unhappily this is not quite what the Senator said. Here are his own words as reported in the *New York Times:*

> Isolationism has been used simply as a name. I would say also that *anybody is an idiot who calls anybody else an isolationist.* How can we be isolationists when we are involved in wars and treaties and every kind of international relationships? It can not be more than a question of degree and certainly not of principle.

To this perfectly obvious truism no one can possibly take exception. We are actually committed on a dozen fronts in every continent to all sorts of obligations. We are at war in Asia. And wars threaten to explode against us in a dozen other Asiatic and European spots. This is now an accomplished fact and those who shaped the foreign policies of the United States can not possibly escape full responsibility for it. What can be done about it would challenge the ingenuity of statesmanship of the highest order of wisdom and patriotism. But as the nation finds itself face to face with this grave series of decisions, there is at least one step that ought to be taken without further delay. This has to do with the machinery by which our foreign affairs are shaped.

It can not be denied that the revolutionary shift in our foreign affairs was accomplished by devious devices. The word "isolationism" has become a semantic weapon in the hands of our global planners to intimidate the mind. In the years before 1914, the United States was in the truest sense of the word the least isolationist nation in the world. Our relationships with all other nations were open, unselfish, untouched by any ambition for conquest. We bought and sold all over the world more freely than any other country. We opened our doors not merely to free and friendly intercourse but to millions from all over Europe and South America on a scale unmatched by any other nation. We had no selfish designs upon the territory or the sovereignty of any other people. We were, in a sense unmatched by any other nation, a good neighbor.

The countries of Europe practiced a thing which we called imperialism but which is now called internationalism. Britain, France, Spain, Germany, Italy and even little Belgium and Holland had seized large portions of the world, enslaved their peoples in varying degrees and exploited their resources. In the process of operating this evil system they growled at each other, and at fairly regular intervals quit growling and took to fighting.

Did anyone in those old days feel justified in branding our position and conduct in the world as something evil called isolationism? Away back in 1812 this country became enmeshed in one of those endless European wars. The war of 1812–15 was a mere offshoot of one of Europe's numerous wars. But from 1812 to 1917 — a stretch of 105 years — we became involved in no other war in Europe. However, in 1917, Woodrow Wilson took us into the first World War and then abandoned completely the principle of minding our own business. Whatever may be said for the old policy, it gave us a century of peace so far as European wars were concerned. And whatever may be said of the new order, this must be conceded: that in 33 years it has enmeshed us in three wars thus far — two of them the most destructive in history — while before us stretches the prospect of endless conflict.

After the first World War there came a moment when it was generally accepted that we should return to our traditional role of the good neighbor. Yet by a series of intrusions, rather than by any clear decision, and by a succession of secret moves, we have been pushed into a role no one can clearly define and along a course the end of which no one can see. We are in a war in Korea now into which — rightly or wrongly — we were thrust by the decision of one man, taken swiftly in the night and communicated to an astonished world in the morning. Strange as this may be, it has its genesis in a series of invasions of power which is at the bottom of all our ills. And this brings us back to that first step of which we have spoken — a correction in the machinery by which our foreign affairs are handled.

First of all the Congress — its members from both parties — should make a firm stand to put an end to the usurpation of power in the foreign field by the Executive. It should deal without delay and resolutely with the system of what are called executive agreements. We are at this moment involved in a world of perplexities all of which stem from agreements made by President Roosevelt not only without consulting the Senate but without taking his closest advisers into his confidence — without, indeed, revealing some of the gravest to his own Secretary of State. Whatever can be said about the agreements themselves, this procedure is a menace of the utmost gravity to our security.

An even more immediate need is to make a correction inside Congress itself by which effective opposition to the President's foreign adventures can be asserted. The necessity for this is strikingly illustrated by the case of Senator Vandenberg. Vandenberg had fought vigorously the whole foreign program of Roosevelt up to and even after our entry into the war. Senator Borah had been ranking Republican member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. In that position he was able to make himself the outstanding spokesman of his party on foreign affairs. He died in 1940 and was succeeded in that post by Senator Vandenberg. In these years Roosevelt discovered a means, under cover of the war hysteria, of creating a spurious so-called bi-partisan support of his foreign policies by the simple device of reaching into the Republican Party and selecting for high posts in his cabinet and elsewhere leaders who were as rabid as himself on the subject of American internationalism. He made Stimson Secretary of War and Knox Secretary of the Navy, and he tried to suborn Alfred Landon, but without success. Republican leaders after a while began

to see that it was Roosevelt who was naming Republican spokesmen in almost every department of policy.

Vandenberg told more than one friend that he was going to make himself the Republican spokesman on foreign policy. And he is too smart a man not to have known that if he joined the internationalist bloc he would soon receive the necessary tap on the shoulder from Roosevelt. Toward the end of 1944, the discussion of postwar policy was coming to the surface. The Dumbarton Oaks Conference had been held. Then on January 11, 1945, Vandenberg delivered a much-heralded speech in the Senate. He gave his answer to the great $64 question which was then the *sine qua non* of regularity on foreign affairs. He declared for the permanent disarming of Germany. In that speech, in effect, he walked across the aisle which divides the parties and said, "FDR, here I come!"

The meeting of the Big Three was approaching, and the San Francisco Conference to fabricate Roosevelt's United Nations was in the offing. It was as if Vandenberg had held out his neck to receive Roosevelt's accolade signifying his appointment as official spokesman of the Republican Party on foreign affairs. Three days later it was delivered; he was named a delegate to the San Francisco Conference. Later he was named to the London Conference.

Vandenberg did not represent the attitude of the Republican minority. But the war was on and the desertion of so many high Republican dignitaries to the President's side created an intimidation from which the party in Congress could never recover in time to be useful. Thereafter Vandenberg and Dulles did the job upon their party with the aid of the screaming and applauding "liberal" newspapers.

Vandenberg attained the eminence from which he did so much mischief by virtue of the fact that he was the ranking Republican of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and would be its chairman if his party attained power. He got this position wholly by virtue of the seniority rule which governs the selection of committee chairmen in both houses. In the same way the incredible Sol Bloom, the former hoochy-coochy manager, was chairman of this important committee in the House, while Representative Eaton, an eighty-year-old Anglophile, was ranking Republican member.

In time of war and, perhaps, in the slippery moments after war, it may well be that a bi-partisan foreign policy is desirable. But this means a policy to which both parties can give their assent. That assent should come from the parties through some apparatus capable of registering its own decisions. It ought not to be possible for one man or a few who hold strategic positions of power at some critical moment wholly through the accident of long service to deliver a party to the President or to paralyze the party's capacity for effective discussion and resistance to policies it can not approve.

For this reason we suggest that the chairmen of the two committees — Foreign Relations in the Senate and Foreign Affairs in the House — if not indeed all committee members, should be named *de novo* at the organization of each Congress, so that the chairmen as well as the whole personnel, will represent the attitudes of their respective parties. This is not offered as any criticism of the seniority rule generally. Curious as the rule appears to so many strangers to Congress, there is much to be said for it. But there is nothing to be said for it and everything to be said against it in the case of the committees dealing with foreign affairs, particularly in the Senate.

Aside from this, the parties themselves ought to have the energy to assert their influence. At the moment it seems inevitable that the almost universally distrusted Acheson will be separated from the business of foreign affairs. Already we hear the repetition of the familiar appeals for bi-partisan action behind the State Department. It is a fair guess that this is nothing more than preparation for Mr. Truman's imitation of the Roosevelt stratagems with the "drafting" of Mr. John Foster Dulles or someone resembling him. If this is attempted, the Republican organization in the Senate and House should disavow any responsibility for such an appointment by the President.

All this, of course, would be but a beginning. The whole subject of Presidential action in the making of foreign agreements without treaties should be exposed to a serious and searching investigation. Congress, particularly the Senate, should find some method of vindicating its own functions in this serious business of our foreign relations.

ANOTHER MacARTHUR CANARD

Despite everything that General MacArthur has done in Korea to demonstrate his military brilliance, his common sense and his sterling patriotism, the potent anti-MacArthur clique in Washington still continues to feed derogatory stuff about the General to the press. The really sad thing is that the gossip is picked up and disseminated to the four winds by those who should know better. The latest story to be put out is that MacArthur told Truman on Wake Island that he understood the Oriental mind and could thus assure the President that the Chinese Communists would not interfere in Korea. Said the columning Alsops, in the New York *Herald-Tribune* of November 13: ". . . the timing of the Chinese move . . . was supremely illogical — this was one reason why General Douglas MacArthur assured Truman . . . that the danger of intervention had passed." A CBS news commentator repeated the substance of the Alsop statement. Altogether the picture thus created was one of a general who, out of arrogant presumption to superior knowledge of the Chinese mind, was caught way off base.

Since this picture does not jibe with our knowledge of the General, we sent him a wire asking him to confirm or deny the truth of the reports. Said the General in reply: "The statement quoted in your message of the thirteenth is entirely without foundation in fact. Signed, MacArthur. Tokyo, Japan."

We wouldn't bother with the anti-MacArthur campaign if it were not so virulent, insistent, continuous and pervasive. Who starts these periodical anti-MacArthur rumors? They seem to come from certain well-established pipelines into both White House and State Department. Yet Truman depends on MacArthur to win our battles in Korea without the expenditure of vast numbers of American lives. Out of gratitude to his able military representative in the Far East, we think Mr. Truman ought to take a look at the pipeline situation in his own Washington bailiwick.

ANATOMY OF THE PAC

By EDNA LONIGAN

THERE is obviously something very wrong in Washington that our usual explanations do not cover. The Truman Administration spent $214 billions from July 1945 to July 1950, but we have neither peace nor plenty. We have no military force and no foreign policy adequate to meet the dangers we face. A growing popular awareness of these facts was an important factor in the Administration's defeats on election day.

All political action has its roots in the sources of political power. Every act in Washington is explainable by what is happening in the election districts. It is changes in the election districts, and in our party system, over the last eighteen years, which have made possible the strange new policies of our federal government.

In early 1940, the inner stresses within the Democratic Party grew too great, and the party split. Farley, Hull and Garner were opposed to the third term because, as Farley said, in America new men should be allowed to come up from below. The New Dealers favored a third term because, if Roosevelt retired, they would have nowhere to go. They had little standing or achievement in private life. The "New Dealers" won; but the bureaucrats, who had not come up through the ranks, could not hold political power. They only precipitated a struggle within the ranks of the "ins" to determine who was going to be the party.

Beneath the old party labels, who is exercising the power now? Obviously the party machine or fraction is much stronger, more stable and more skilful than the New Dealers ever were. This new political machine, which holds together the fragments that make up the "Fair Deal" and rules the old Democratic Party, is an outgrowth of the CIO's Political Action Committee (PAC).

The PAC was formally organized on July 7, 1943, by the Executive Board of the CIO, under the guidance of Sidney Hillman. Its purpose, according to CIO President Philip Murray, was to "mobilize the five million members of the CIO . . . for effective labor action on the political front." He explained that because of the "deplorable record of the 78th Congress, the primary political task today is to weld the unity of all workers, farmers and other progressives, behind candidates, regardless of party affiliations, who support the war program of our Commander-in-Chief, and enlightened domestic and foreign policies." From the beginning the PAC was vitally interested in the composition of Congress, and in control of policy through control of Congress.

The PAC program was well under way in the summer of 1944. At the Chicago convention where PAC helped to nominate him for a fourth term, President Roosevelt was quoted as saying: "Clear everything with Sidney." The PAC supported Truman for Vice President and probable successor, and helped elect a Congress which would carry out the Roosevelt policies.

The new 79th Congress followed the Roosevelt-PAC line in foreign affairs, with UNO, UNRRA, Bretton Woods; but on domestic policy it refused to go along with the demands of the PAC spokesmen to keep peacetime price controls and to make deficit financing permanent by voting public housing, socialized medicine and other welfare schemes.

In the 1946 campaign, the PAC arrogantly demanded that the voters defeat all the candidates for Congress who had refused to support its measures and had dared to advocate a free economy. It was roundly defeated by the voters, who were sick of rationing.

After the 1946 campaign the PAC dropped out of sight. Most people thought it was no longer dangerous. What has the PAC been doing since 1946?

Under PAC the local CIO officials became grass-roots political organizers responsible for seeing that every union member and his family were registered, and "educated" to vote for policies the PAC favored. The machinery of the unions was converted to supply trained organizers, and followers drilled in obedience. PAC also supplied a means of political compulsion on the voters because, under the Wagner Act, workers who refused to register on the orders of the shop steward could be deprived of their jobs and their union cards — that is, of their right to work in any other shop in the industry. Under the same threat the workers could also be compelled to make political contributions to the PAC fund. The unions, that is, exercised the power of taxation.

Policy was made at the top, and "ratified" by the locals. There was no place for debate or dissenting opinion, and no way for change to come from below. There was no chance for the members to leave and form an opposition party, because they were tied to the PAC by their jobs. This amounted to virtual disfranchisement of the minority — or perhaps the majority — which did not agree with the policies made at national headquarters.

This new political machine differed from traditional American party organization in several important ways.

Our political system rests on what we call "representative government," but the name, as usual, explains only the past significance of the idea. What does "representative" mean; "representative" of what? A "representative" political system is one in which local differences are "represented," or preserved. Small areas have a spokesman at the seat of government, and therefore, even if they differ from the most powerful or the most numerous, they can not be obliterated by a ruling class at the center with its restless drive toward uniformity. "Representative" government is unity in diversity. It is the form of government which protects all the individual differences in a community because, as Mill put it so beautifully, those differences are precious to anyone who values humanity. It is, of course, the most mature and subtle of all patterns of political organization.

The representative principle is the complete antithesis of the leadership principle, in which one faction becomes

supreme, and subordinates all other parts of the nation to its will. The change from representative government to totalitarian government has its counterpart in the change in the political party, from the "representative party" reflecting the individual members with all their differences, to the "leadership party." In the new party men are controlled in masses by a steering mechanism at the center, which induces them to vote alike, as the leaders wish, and replaces free choice with the plebiscite.

The PAC was then by its very formation a challenge to representative government. Workingmen who could be seduced by promises of social gains into accepting a "package" of ideas bound together at the center, or compelled to accept them through fear of losing their jobs, were no longer free citizens of a Republic.

All this power might not have been so dangerous, except that the new political bosses knew exactly how to use it. Joseph Gaer, official historian of the PAC, tells us in "The First Round" that in 1942, out of 80 million voters, only 28 million cast their votes. The PAC leaders knew, as Insull knew, that most voters, whether at the polls or at directors' meetings, are inert. Whoever controls a very small fraction of the votes can control the whole body. With only 28 million citizens voting, an organization which could bring one or two million strategically distributed new voters to the polls could control the whole United States.

Hillman knew that the primaries were even more important than the vote on election day because an outside faction could more easily get control and put its men in, or prevent its opponents from being nominated, so that the voters could not choose them if they wanted to.

Another trifle was noticed by Hillman and his legal staff. The Corrupt Practices Act and the Smith-Connolly Act, which governed contributions to political parties by unions or corporations, did not apply to the primaries. The PAC could spend all the money it liked in the primaries, and still be within the law.

With this new weapon Sidney Hillman and his coworkers set to work to turn the flank of the Democratic Party, by defeating every vestige of the Farley-Garner wing and building up a new group of candidates committed to PAC policies.

A nation-wide political junta of left-wing union leaders able to put 12 million votes and millions of dollars behind policies of their own choosing, and to force their opponents out of public life, would have been threat enough to representative government. But American labor had nothing to do with it.

In January, 1944, Earl Browder reported to the American Communist Party that the Soviet leaders had decided to disband it, and replace it with a new political organization including workers, farmers, and other "progressives," organized in every election district through the labor unions.

This new party conforms in every respect with the structure of the PAC, announced a few months earlier. What is even more interesting, the Communist Party announced its dissolution a few months later and became the Communist Political Association. The remarkable resemblance between the PAC and Browder's program for the Communist Party was spelled out by the Dies Committee in March, 1944, in House Report 1311. The Communist Party and its allies raised the usual bitter criticisms of this report, but they did not answer its facts.

Browder said the new policy was to achieve "national unity for the realization of the perspectives laid down in Teheran." These perspectives included Big Three unity, a postwar economic program for the United States resting on vast foreign loans (especially to Russia), "capital funds for the improvement of undeveloped countries," "full employment," and higher income for "consumers." The new party was not to attack capitalists but actively to seek cooperation with all workers and farmers, and especially with businessmen, capitalists and their managers. This power was to be directed to liquidation of fascism in Germany and Japan, and of the "reactionary and pro-fascist circles in the United States." Every single element in the Browder program was incorporated in the PAC program. It has been the policy of the Administration ever since.

In 1944 PAC enjoyed a sweeping victory in the fourth term election of President Roosevelt, and of their candidate for Vice President, Harry Truman. They salved Wallace's wounds by demanding that he be appointed Secretary of Commerce, a move that gagged even Roosevelt. Roosevelt died soon afterward. PAC's man was President, and Wallace was close to the President's ear where he could make his suggestions on foreign and domestic policy.

The most important PAC victory, however, was in Congress. Joseph Gaer lists twelve members of Congress who were defeated in the 1944 elections with the fullest cooperation of the PAC. They were Dies, Starnes and Costello of the Dies Committee; Kennedy, Kleberg, Lamberston, Newsome and Patton in the House, and Worth Clark, Champ Clark, Rufus Holman and Ellison Smith in the Senate.

Another outstanding triumph of PAC in 1944 was obtained in the primaries, particularly in the Southern States, where the small number of voters participating made it especially easy for the PAC techniques to win control. In fact we shall never know the extent of the power exercised by the PAC until we have had a full study of the primary contests, especially in the Southern States.

We know the results in part by the slow but unremitting rise in the number of "liberal" Southerners who have come to Washington to represent the "Democratic" Party. It is extremely difficult to persuade Southerners that the PAC has so much weight. They know "It can't happen here." They do not yet see what can happen when the power released by WPA, farm payments, NLRB and the unions falls into the hands of a small group with a military sense of strategy and perfect military synchronization.

What became of the PAC after the 80th Republican Congress came in? We can be sure, knowing the forces in control of the PAC, that it went somewhere. The Communists never retreat; they only change tactics. They merely turned off their propaganda. That is a technique the New Dealers knew well. Whenever the comment grows unfavorable enough, just drop out of sight, and people will forget.

Evidence of how far the PAC idea had become embedded in the regular Democratic Party is furnished in

a speech by Francis L. McElroy, New York State Democratic campaign manager in 1946. Mr. McElroy declared that the Republican Party in New York State was the rallying point in this country for pro-Hitler forces. "The arguments employed in this campaign by Mr. Dewey . . . are the same deadly, vicious arguments which Hitler and the Nazis used to gain power in Germany," he said.

Mr. McElroy added that the Democratic Party was ready to back its charge that the Republican Party was the rallying point for every "un-American organization, every bigot, every treasonable person in the nation."

That is not the language of the American party system. If you test it by the use of symbols, it is the language of the Browder program of 1944. Because the PAC was so perfectly camouflaged as a labor movement, it was able to win over large strata of the American middle classes — the teachers, religious leaders, skilled workers.

In 1947 various State conventions of the CIO ratified (unanimously) the PAC program in preparation for 1948. So, curiously enough, did various state conventions of the AFL.

What united them? The Taft-Hartley Act. Is that because Taft-Hartley hurt the working people or because it hurt some one else? The Act forbade unions to punish their members by loss of their union cards (their right to work in most trades) for any reason except non-payment of dues. Workers could not be legally punished for refusing to vote as ordered, or for refusing to contribute to a political cause. This put a crimp in the PAC.

The Wagner Act had evidently been drafted with Communist help. Charles Kramer, a friend of Lee Pressman, was in Wagner's office. Lee Pressman, former CIO General Counsel, has admitted his Communist connections. Nathan Witt, secretary of the NLRB, was listed as belonging to the same cell. Taft-Hartley put an end to the use of the unions as a political chain gang, under American government auspices. Except for one thing.

Though Taft-Hartley injured the Communists, it certainly did not injure the workers. Why then did the workers unite against it? Because the Communists executed another strategic retreat. They let go of the prominent offices in the CIO but they still had control of the press, and the policy-making and opinion-forming organs. Then they got their ideas into the opinion-forming agencies of the AFL, especially its League for Political Education.

How could the AFL be captured by the Communist policy-makers? It had a great tradition, but in the face of CIO "gains," its leaders thought they had to "do something." And the Communists were ready and waiting to tell them what to do — policies nicely hidden behind the cloak of higher wages, more benefits, but still fitting perfectly the symbols laid down to guide policy-making by Earl Browder in 1944.

Labor was now no longer divided. There was no national "Democratic" Party. Where was the resistance to PAC to come from?

In 1948 we did not hear much about PAC. We heard instead of the Progressive Party, which nominated Henry Wallace on a third party ticket, generally admitted to be the party of the Communists. But was it?

There was a strong belief among the Communist leadership that a third party was a great mistake. Hillman had seen and pointed out the technical difficulties which had made it impossible for even Theodore Roosevelt to set up a third party. He had also shown how easy it was to take over one of the old parties.

What proof have we that the Politburo in Moscow wanted the election of Wallace? Wallace certainly did not poll the total Communist vote. For eight years they had worked on getting control of a major party. Why give up the Truman party?

In 1948 the New Dealers deserted Truman because they thought his ship was sinking. That merely showed the profound political stupidity of the bureaucracy turned political strategists. The men in the jobs stayed with Truman because they had to. Truman went into the convention with all the Presidential powers — the bureaucracy, the spending powers, and the power of appointment. The local "machines" had to go with the strongest. When Senator Humphrey put through what was virtually the PAC platform in the "Democratic" convention, and Truman accepted it, he was on his way.

Practically every word of Truman's campaign came, again, from Browder's pattern of 1944, which is the policy of the PAC. Practically every word of his attack on the 80th Congress can be found earlier in the pages of the *Daily Worker* and the *People's Daily World*.

What then was the role of Wallace and the third party? It was the old Communist dialectic. By setting up Wallace as the "left," the Communists could make Truman's platform and speeches look like the "center."

The reason Truman and the remnants of the Democratic Party fell into the trap is that after the defeat of the Farley-Hull-Garner group, there wasn't anything there. It is often said that the city machines took over the party. But the city machines do not have a policy. They were simple reflections of whatever were the prevailing ideas, those most likely to win votes on a simple day-to-day basis. The broken fragments that made up the once great Democratic Party — the unhappy Southern Democrats, the office-holders, the city machines which were naturally anti-Communist, the vast hordes of recipients of government checks, on farms, in schools, in the states, in welfare — could offer no resistance to a small but determined group who knew the laws of strategy in their bones, who knew what they wanted and how to get it, and who had a perfect camouflage.

Of course Truman does not know this. He is wrapped in his silken cocoon. Nothing unpleasant is ever brought to his attention, nothing at all that would remotely suggest that he is surrounded by Communists in sheep's clothing. The hard-headed Americans who still remain in his circle are probably hoping that they will be able to recapture him and the party, and defeat the PAC machine, as Hull, Jesse Jones, Morgenthau and Walker vainly hoped they could win over the destroyers in Roosevelt's day.

It is no part of the PAC strategy to be content with victory over the Democratic Party. Their aim is one-party government. They turned the flank of the Democratic Party by building up a faction of their own, and waging unremitting war on the leaders of the Constitutional group. They expect to destroy the Hoover wing of the Republican Party as they destroyed the Farley-Garner wing of the Democratic Party. Then they would take over the others through "me-too-ism," and victory would be theirs. They are already far along their way.

The Communists have a well-organized "leadership"

party operating within the shell of the old Democratic Party, but directed in military fashion by their secret agents. They were badly defeated in the recent election in a few critical states. But if they are to be decisively defeated, believers in representative government must be prepared for a long struggle. (Already the PAC is talking about "broadening its appeal" to the voters.) Americans do not like to believe that their relations with Communists in this country come under the rules of war. The Politburo has reversed the great dictum of Clausewitz, that war is politics by another means. To the Communists, politics is war by another means. There is no possibility for Americans to deal with the fifth column in our political parties except by that heightening of attention, intelligence and devotion that are necessary in war.

PROFITS = EFFICIENCY

By HAROLD LOEB

PRESIDENT TRUMAN has written Congress requesting the immediate passage of an excess profit tax. Evidently the Administration believes that this tax is imperative. It may be of interest to consider why.

The tax, incorrectly called an excess profit tax, favored by the Secretary of the Treasury, would take 75 per cent of corporation profit in excess of 75 per cent of the average profit realized in three of the years 1946–49. To visualize such a tax, imagine that it applies to your income. You would select those three of the last four years in which your income was greatest, take an average, subtract 25 per cent, then pay the government 75 per cent of what you were earning in excess of that amount. In effect, the tax rolls back corporation net income 25 per cent, then freezes it close to this limit.

Since it applies only to corporations, the proposed tax is peculiar in that it does not appreciably cut back spending on civilian goods, which is required to prevent inflation and to make room for war production. Yet when I sought to discover why it was needed, I received little satisfaction. Many people favor the tax as a matter of justice. It is felt that corporations should turn back part of their profits because some of us are giving our lives. But corporations are not people, and no one is sponsoring an excess income tax, which would serve in a crude way to distribute sacrifices.

Some people justify the tax because it would raise money. The late excess profit tax brought in some three billion a year after special exemptions, postwar adjustments, and refunds. However, it would be easier to raise three billion by hiking the corporation income tax; much easier, except politically, by raising the individual's income tax, and very much less damaging, as will be shown. Thus revenue is not the crucial consideration.

Some people approve the tax because they think it soaks the rich. However the tax would have little effect on dividends, which would still be amply covered by most of the established firms. In any case, the money distributed by corporations to stockholders is already taxed heavily, being subject not only to the 45 per cent corporation tax but also to the individual income tax which approaches 90 per cent for rich people. The tax experts acknowledge that there is little more revenue to be squeezed from this source.

Apparently the arguments in favor of the tax are sentimental and rather nebulous. The arguments against the tax are practical and cogent.

1. An excess profit tax obstructs the expansion of industry. Corporate enterprise in the United States is using some 60 per cent of its net revenue for increasing plant and improving productivity. Cutting back profit reduces the funds available for these purposes, both directly and indirectly, for it is difficult to obtain money from outside private sources when profit is limited and losses are not.

2. An excess profit tax penalizes efficiency. Concerns which barely cover their costs would pay no tax. Concerns which effected important economies would pay out all but a fraction of the resultant saving. Also, limiting profit removes the incentive for increasing efficiency and hits small, new and growing concerns harder than the established corporations, thereby lessening competition.

3. An excess profit tax promotes inflation. Since there is little incentive to hold down costs when additional profit has to be surrendered, management gives in readily to union demands for increased wages, diverts large sums to advertising and other expenditures of doubtful utility in war time, and sometimes raises its own salary bill. Such expenditures add to inflationary pressures.

4. An excess profit tax is inequitable. Those concerns which suffered misfortune — fires, strikes, or even the change-over of products — during the years which set the norm, would receive a lower base than the firms which prospered in the period. No doubt the right to apply for relief from such situations would be written into the law. In the past, relief provisions resulted in many lawsuits (some 15,000 are still pending), wasted time and effort, and failed to even out inequalities.

Since an excess profit tax hinders the expansion of the industrial plant and the increase of its productivity (both of which abet military power) and fosters waste and civilian spending (which weaken the economy) the proposed tax can not be justified as a war measure. It is even less defensible as a peace measure.

An excess profit tax damages the peacetime economy because it eliminates the guide or governor which channels effort among the various fields in a free enterprise system. This guide is, of course, profit and loss. In a free system, managements which produce more cheaply than their competitors, or satisfy their consumers more successfully, tend to make greater profit than their rivals. Greater profits provide funds for expansion and, even more important, attract new funds and enterprisers. As a result, such firms and industries grow and multiply while incompetent firms and undesired industries con-

tract. Furthermore, the expansions and contractions induced by profit and loss facilitate the millions of adjustments required to keep the various firms and industries in balance so that that which is produced is consumed and that which is needed is provided. Largely for these reasons productivity and living standards rise persistently in free economies.

The excess profit tax, in that it limits profit, knocks down the signposts. Instead of millions of experts — experts in their particular shops, mills, pastures — reacting to the stream of events, the government issues orders controlling the flow of funds and efforts.

Much can be said for government controls during war. The objective is known: maximum diversion of effort into armament. Such errors as are made, and they are numerous, can be corrected by mandatory action. It is not efficient, but the landing craft get built. During peace, however, the situation is reversed.

The substitution of government edicts for market guidance might not be too important in the short run. We survived several years of that recently and might survive several years more without irremediable harm being done to the American economy. However, today's emergency is not limited to four or five years. It may well go on for fifty years. It may well go on until the cumulative decline in efficiency which results from crystallizing the corporate structure by an excess profit tax and other controls will have reduced the efficiency of the American economy to the level, let us say, of England's.

In view of these considerations the question occurs: Why is such extraordinary pressure exerted to enact an excess profit tax? Is it purely political, a device to garner votes?

I imagine it goes a little deeper than that. For several generations the institutions of the Western world, in particular its central institution, the free enterprise system, have been under attack. Perhaps the greatest success achieved by this campaign in the United States has been to attach a stigma to profit. Consequently many people, when faced by danger, seek to cast out profit in order to lighten their sense of guilt. Oddly enough (or is it merely human?) they do not proceed against the increase in their own incomes, but wish to strike down corporation profits. Yet a rollback of corporation profits would hamper the expansion needed for the war effort, and the delimiting of corporation profit would weaken and eventually wreck the free enterprise system, as I have shown. On the other hand, a cutback in consumers' income would arrest inflation and aid the war effort by holding down the cost of equipment.

I suspect, therefore, that despite the undoubted sincerity of the vast majority of those who favor an excess profit tax, some are quite aware they have a Trojan horse by the tail. For could a strong excess profit tax be enacted and could it be enforced for a long enough period, the flux and flow by which American industry moves erratically but persistently forward, would come to an end. Our advantage over the controlled economies would diminish. One of these days the controlled economies would feel strong enough to challenge us on the field of battle, something they are loath to do so long as we are able to produce about as large a quantity of war materials as the rest of the world put together.

By then it would be too late to repeal the tax.

FROM OUR READERS

Mr. Morley Provokes

You are right that Felix Morley's article on Korea (the *Freeman*, October 30) is provocative. It provokes me violently. If, after fighting two wars for democracy, we propose to turn over a people that has battled valiantly for its own freedom to alien sovereignty, we shall out-Munich Munich. How hollow then would ring our exhortations to other peoples to fight for their freedom!

Buffalo, New York. C. I. CLAFLIN

The suggestion made by Mr. Felix Morley in "A Solution for Korea," that this unhappy nation be handed back to the Japanese, is astounding. It would be difficult to find another instance in modern history where one people were more systematically exploited and impoverished by a conqueror than were the Koreans by the Japanese over a long course of years. . . .

The narrow, technical grounds advanced by Mr. Morley are untenable. Japan's surrender accepted the right and the power of the Allied Nations to establish an independent Korea. Recognition by our country of the Korean Republic was not conditioned upon later ratification of a peace treaty with Japan.

Our rivalry with Russia for the establishment of a friendly regime in Korea did not precipitate the ill will between the US and the USSR. The reverse is true. The hostility between us precipitated the division of Korea into two artificial segments.

Milford, Connecticut. EPHRAIM E. SINN

The Issue of Freedom

I have read the *Freeman* with keen interest and feel that you are reducing to simple and lucid English an issue which many people in this country seem to straddle or obfuscate with other issues so that the essential principles which must be carried do not stand out.

Best regards to you in your new venture.

Tampa, Florida R. A. LIGGETT

For the Gold Standard

You probably agree that the greatest danger to our democracy today is due to unbridled inflation of the currency, and that this is due to unbridled federal deficit spending.

You agree that deficit spending (and resultant printing of unbacked currency) is necessary to pay for unbridled federal appropriations, due not only to the Executive but to Congressional purchasing of votes. This is because we, the public, demand it. Re-educating 150 million people is a tremendous job.

However, there is one quick, effective, and possible way out — the return to the gold standard. It is possible today without severe economic shock. Congress might conceivably do it (if properly educated) because all congressmen — and candidates — would then be on an equal footing and no one could honestly promise to spend more money than there was.

We can never return to the 1934 value of the dollar; but we can thus stop further runaway inflation.

Los Angeles, California E. W. HIESTAND

OPERATION BACKTALK

By WILLIAM F. HEIMLICH

THE VOICE coming out of the loudspeaker was intense, insistent:

"*Wahl Nein*, vote No. Do not be a party to the Communist swindle. Do not sell your German birthright for a mess of Moscow pottage. Vote No."

Throughout Eastern Germany in the summer of the Berlin blockade men and women of the Soviet zone of occupation heard that earnest voice, tuning their little radios as low as possible, for the secret police arrest those known to listen. And they did vote No!, and the election was a swindle. Observers of the U. S. State Department, commending Radio RIAS, Berlin, credited the station with so upsetting the voting that the results could not be made public for two days. The Communists had to have time to juggle the election figures. And meanwhile, they were being worried by RIAS and made to look as ridiculous and disorganized as, for the moment, they were.

From February, 1948 when General Clay gave RIAS the green light, until the autumn of 1949, RIAS was the chief thorn in the side of the Communists in Central Europe. With its weapons of ridicule and laughter, its straight reporting and reputation for staying on top of the news, RIAS was a force which the Communists found hard to combat. True, they control, in their own zone, at least three transmitters as powerful, better financed and with the full resources of the Red Army back of them. But RIAS had aggressive American know-how, courageous German anti-Communists (many of them former concentration camp inmates) and a sense of humor. Even more important, in the words of General Frank L. Howley, Military Government Commandant in Berlin:

> RIAS is the old story of having the better mouse trap and advertising it. It isn't hard to convince a German that the Western world offers a better, surer, more secure way of life than the Kremlin.

RIAS (Radio in American Sector) is a postwar baby which reached maturity when the cold war began. Started in 1945 as a wired radio service, it had little or no success except for a brief period during the 1946 elections when it assisted the non-Communist parties to be heard within the city. Its competition, Radio Berlin, was and is housed in a splendid modern broadcasting plant located in the British sector of the city. Until the towers were destroyed by the French in the fall of 1948, the transmitter was located in that sector. But nobody broadcast from the station except the Russians and the German Communists. In its early days, RIAS was miserably housed in the drafty, cold rooms of the Fernamt, the central telephone exchange building in Berlin, using wornout, salvaged equipment taken for the most part from Wehrmacht stocks. Its direction was in the hands of non-professionals both American and German, and the terms of its charter were so vague as to be without meaning. By autumn, 1947, Berliners were saying:

> *Ja*, we have two senders in Berlin, one belonging to Ivan and the other to his American cousin.

What they were really saying was that RIAS had become so "objective" in its approach to the East-West problem that it was bending over backward to be fair to the Communists. Frank Howley knew that being "objective" in this instance meant to be playing into the hands of the Communists. General Clay was convinced of this as well, with the result that he directed that RIAS be placed under Howley's control and a professional American radio man be placed in the station with the title of director. The writer, one of Howley's assistants, was that man. I was given full authority to reorganize the station, to select new personnel, to revamp the programs, in short, to build a station capable of competing on more even terms with the powerful voice of Radio Berlin.

One of the Americans in RIAS had just joined the station, an imaginative young New Yorker named Boris Shub, who is well informed on Communist strategy. His political attacks, sharp and biting, soon drew fire from the German Communists. It was planned that way. RIAS had to become known. It had to be talked about, advertised, for there is no use in telling the best message in the world if nobody is listening.

While we waited for a new building, hours on the air were expanded. Previously, the station had broadcast from late afternoon until midnight. We immediately increased this to noon-to-midnight. Placards by the hundred went up all over Berlin, advertising the best of the new RIAS programs. Small paper eye-shades with RIAS in huge blue letters were passed out by the thousand at sporting events and were soon eagerly sought and displayed by the Berlin small fry. As new talent and new programming produced better radio shows, special prevues for the Berlin press, including the Communist papers, soon gave RIAS more than its share of public notice. Most important, however, was the increased number of news broadcasts, the addition of hard-hitting commentators who called a spade a spade, and the full play to the American, British and French points of view in the United Nations, Council of Foreign Ministers and other international gatherings. Within a few months, Berlin and West German newspapers were quoting RIAS as a news source.

The station was transmitting on an ancient mobile 20,000 watt transmitter which had once been "Gustav Sender" of the Wehrmacht in the Balkans. Mounted on five diesel trucks, the plant was towed to Berlin in 1946 and put on the air a year later. Until the new transmitter went on the air in the summer of 1949, Gustav was held together by bailing wire and the determination of the devoted German engineers. Shortly before the blockade began, we found that a 40,000 watt transmitter, ordered by the radio branch of the Information Control Division, OMGUS, would enable RIAS to reach far outside Berlin,

covering the Eastern zone by day and night and giving the Americans a really powerful voice behind the Iron Curtain. To our astonishment and dismay, the radio branch decided to send the new transmitter to Hof, on the U. S.-Soviet frontier. The blockade was just beginning. Both President Truman and General Clay had expressed our determination to stay in Berlin. "If the Russians move in, it's an act of war and the transmitter is lost anyhow, whether in Berlin or the west," I insisted. Nonetheless, we had to watch our nice new transmitter be loaded aboard a C-47 and flown out of town. Incidentally, that 40,000 watt transmitter was still not on the air two years later!

The action in removing the transmitter was taken by Charles Saul Lewis, then Chief of the Radio Branch Information Services Division, OMGUS. His deputy was Hans Bruno Meyer, both of them former employees of the old Office of War Information, but neither with professional broadcasting experience. Meyer had emigrated to the United States in 1936 and returned to Germany as Deputy Chief of Radio Branch in 1946. Lewis and Meyer had been responsible for the policies in operation of radio RIAS from its beginning until February, 1948 when General Clay transferred responsibility to General Howley. After my resignation, the control of RIAS reverted to Radio Branch Information Services Division of the new Hicog (High Commissioner's Office). Its first act was to discharge the five militant anti-Communist Germans who had sparkplugged the stiff policy of radio RIAS. The results were almost instantly visible in a decline of listeners' interest and in the militant policy of the station.

RIAS had instituted broadcasts from the city assembly following the elections in Berlin. These were pointed up with regular interviews and smart reporting during dull moments, and generally enlivened by the same techniques used in the United States. Soon our audience was international. Letters were received from Sweden commending us on this kind of radio.

Soon RIAS combined good showmanship with its political message. One of the first successful shows of 1948 was a splendid dramatization of George Orwell's satire on the Russian Revolution, "The Animal Farm." RIAS gave the script to the brilliant young German satirist, Gunther Neumann, who set the story to music and pointed up the dialogue to needle sharpness. While the Communists screamed against the show, RIAS had to answer popular demand and rebroadcast it five times. With an eye to competition, top-notch writers and producers were brought to RIAS from western German stations and new talent was unceasingly sought. New stars were created, and funds were found, almost on a month-to-month basis, to hire and hold such talent.

Results were immediate. In February, 1948 a mail survey showed only 350 pieces of listener mail. By November of the same year, despite blockade, two currencies and two postal systems, the mail had increased to more than 4,000 pieces per month. Two of the most popular programs were those of a Hungarian journalist, Varady, and an attractive young stage star, Christina Ohlsen.

Among the most militant anti-Communists are the so-called *Kampfgruppe gegen Unmenschlichkeit*, or fighters against inhumanity (See *Reader's Digest*, February 1950, "The Man the Russians Fear Most"). That organization has informants in strategic spots everywhere behind the Iron Curtain and provided reliable, first-hand information of what was going on and, more important, what was planned. This information resulted in the famed RIAS *Spizelsendungen*, broadcasts which named people working for the MVD and secret police and reported on missing persons whom the organization had located in Soviet concentration camps. Drew Middleton of the *New York Times* reported that this series of broadcasts "has the general effect of a hand grenade in a clothes closet." Certainly it spread consternation among the Communists in Eastern Germany.

As one might guess, RIAS commentators and reporters were soon on the MVD wanted list. One commentator, Eugene Hartman, was lucky enough to escape an attempted "arrest" in his apartment in the British sector of the city — an arrest by Soviet policemen at four o'clock in the morning — and thereafter he, together with Varady, Christina and the chief reporters, were under special police protection.

It was generally known on September 4, 1948 that the Communists in the eastern sector of the city would attempt their putsch the next day. The event took place in the city assembly located in the Soviet sector. The assembly room, located on the third floor of the city hall, has the usual speaker's rostrum and a small press gallery in a balcony at the end of the hall. One RIAS reporter was normally just off the rostrum where he had a direct telephone to the RIAS control room, and there was, of course, a speaker's microphone beside the public address mike. Anticipating trouble on September 5, we made slightly different arrangements. The speaker's microphone was replaced by one exactly like the public address mike, without the RIAS sign. One reporter was placed in the press gallery in addition to the regular reporter on the floor. In the studio itself, we had one of the best commentators and ad-lib experts standing by with earphones on, ready to interrupt the broadcast from the assembly at any time this was indicated.

The broadcast went on the air at 1:00 p.m. as usual. Franz Neumann, chairman of the Social Democrats in Berlin, Dr. Otto Suhr, chairman of the Assembly, and Frau Luise Schroeder, acting Lord Mayor, were interviewed briefly. Then one reporter went to a window and began describing a crowd gathering in the street below. Shouting and parading thugs began piling out of Soviet trucks, singing the Internationale in a distinct Saxon dialect. Communist speakers began haranguing the crowd, which in turn demanded entrance into the building. Smiling police, all of them under Soviet orders, stood aside and permitted the mob to rush the great doors. Locked and barred, the doors went down with a crash heard all over Germany, and the shouting mob started up the stairs. At that point the RIAS reporter at the window ducked back into the assembly room where the doors to the room were shut and barred. Non-Communist members of the city assembly, numbering about 150 men and women and representing more than 80 per cent of the Berlin voters, waited with growing anxiety as the crowd outside began hammering at the doors.

Suddenly the mob was inside as the RIAS reporter, speaking with Winchell speed, described the melee.

Chairs, desks, tables were overturned. Shouting and cursing, the mob advanced on the suddenly discovered RIAS reporter, Jurgen Graf, who was slugged and had his microphone jerked out of his hand. Meanwhile, in the balcony, a second reporter, Schultz, began describing the scene from his vantage point. With cries of "Get that rat from RIAS!" the Communist press representatives in the balcony lunged after him, finally cutting the microphone cable. Schultz, seeing that he could do nothing more from the gallery, moved downstairs to the floor and joined Graf, who had come around. Together they made their way to the RIAS engineer, still at his post on the rostrum. Again the gang moved in on the RIAS men, who were quickly surrounded by American newspapermen. So protected, they left the building.

Meanwhile, however, the microphone on the rostrum was still "hot" and everything taking place was being broadcast. Back in the studio, the RIAS commentator was saying: "Listen to that, Berliners, that's your city being taken over by goon squads from Saxony. This is not Prague or Warsaw, this is Berlin, September 5, 1948!" That broadcast was off the air before 2:00 p.m. but in less than an hour RIAS had electrified Germany to the danger of communism, and had become the only radio in the world to record a play-by-play account of a genuine Communist putsch.

RIAS cancelled its remaining afternoon broadcasts to rebroadcast the story of the putsch over and over, with on-the-spot witnesses. At 2:30, Franz Neumann called to say that the assembly, less those members who had been slugged and rendered *hors de combat* in the City Hall, would continue its meeting in the Republic Square in front of the burned-out Reichstag. He asked if RIAS would announce the fact, and urge the citizens of Berlin to drop what they were doing and come to the square. With only two hours to get them there, RIAS pulled out all stops. At 5:00 p.m. a crowd estimated at more than 50,000 persons was in Republic Square listening to their leaders tell them what had happened that afternoon. Two days later, the greatest assembly of its kind in modern times took place when nearly half a million people jammed into that square to express their determination to resist. RIAS had become the voice of freedom in a beleaguered city.

Meanwhile, with the blockade, light and power were available only twice a day to Berliners and then for only two hours at a time. This meant that RIAS, to be effective in Western Berlin, had to improvise, repeat programs, "find a way." A way was found when the Army loaned the station four weapons carriers, small trucks which were rigged up with loudspeakers by RIAS technicians. These trucks went the rounds of the U. S., British and French sectors of the city day and night, stopping at street intersections to "broadcast" the news of the day. A terrific morale builder, these trucks kept their schedule rain or shine, cold or warm, day and night. Desperately poor Berliners "adopted" the boys on the trucks, bringing them a cup of tea from their meager rations or a piece of *kuchen*, expressing in a hundred ways their gratitude to "das RIAS," which was a symbol as well as a friend. In other places, such as police stations, hospitals, fire engine houses where power was constantly available, small loudspeakers were rigged up, and RIAS could be heard at any time. Meanwhile, the station was transmitting around the clock, 24 hours a day and the struggle to keep "Gustav" healthy and in operation left the engineers exhausted but successful and proud.

While the news and special events staff were covering themselves with glory, the writers and producers were not idle. They dramatized "I Chose Freedom," "Darkness at Noon" and other best sellers. An original documentary "The Kasenkina Case" was broadcast with spectacular success. When the Mindszenty trials were on in Budapest, Varady produced a script, based on actual information, which attracted the Vatican's attention and was warmly praised. Best of all, Gunther Neumann, Willi Shaeffers and other top entertainers prepared some of the funniest and at the same time most effective variety shows on the air. Erik Ode, a former child film star in Germany, joined the RIAS staff as chief producer and brought out one top-flight show after the other, all with telling political effect, all good listening by any measurement. Ode, incidentally, came to the United States last spring and so impressed radio men here that they offered him large sums to remain. The Mayor of New Orleans even made him an honorary citizen of that city. Ode came back to Berlin very proud of the fact that he would not have to pay any taxes in New Orleans for five years!

In one short year, RIAS became Germany's number one station. With good music and entertainment, major listening audiences were assured for the political message. Even the Voice of America, carried twice a day on the station for a total of 45 minutes, sent representatives over to see what formula was producing such results. Another impartial observer, Dr. Harry Scornia of Indiana University, himself a professional radio expert, called it the best station he had observed in action and "with a tremendous contribution to the cultural life of its listeners as well as great political significance." The Soviet press viewed it from a different angle, hinting darkly at retribution and reprisals and calling its director "*der unheimliche Herr Heimlich*" and "the steel fist in the velvet glove of the Wall Street monopolists."

Thus RIAS, two hundred kilometers east of the Iron Curtain, has been America's most potent propaganda weapon in the cold war. The RIAS success in keeping German anti-Communists in and Fascists out, of winning the confidence and affection of children while at the same time inspiring their parents, might well serve as a guide as to how America can win the cold war. If the cold war is won, if we are successful in our fight for the minds of men, then perhaps there need not be any other kind of conflict. True, RIAS is a propaganda station, as every station everywhere in the world is something of a propaganda station. But it is propaganda for all that is right and decent, in which humanity has come to believe during the course of centuries.

No newspaper, book or periodical can easily penetrate the Iron Curtain. Short wave radio beams are jammed and distorted by distance. But RIAS, day or night, can bring a message to nearly forty million people on a wave length which they can "get" with primitive receivers. If what RIAS does is propaganda, then perhaps we should paraphrase Clausewitz and say that "propaganda war is the destruction of the enemy's will to resist in advance of foreseeable hostilities."

CAN CHIANG TRUST AMERICA?

By ALFRED KOHLBERG

ON November 6 Senator Knowland of California demanded that Communist China's invasion of Korea be answered by permitting General MacArthur to accept the troops offered by Chiang Kai-shek last June. And in the *Freeman* of November 13 Rodney Gilbert proposed that we use Chiang's guerrillas on the Chinese mainland to overthrow the Mao Tse-tung dictatorship. These are logical proposals, but they pose an important question: Would Chiang Kai-shek dare to commit himself on the American side in the Far Eastern war?

The record of our government in dealing with wartime allies is not one to inspire the American people with pride, or other peoples with confidence. It betrayed the Polish underground leaders to Stalin, who promptly framed and jailed them; and it abandoned Mihailovich to Stalin's puppet, Tito, who murdered him. Now let us consider its record in China.

During the years 1942 and 1943, when America had no arms or ammunition to spare for China — not a single rifle, not a single cartridge — President Roosevelt in message after message urged Chiang to fight on. During 1943 and the succeeding years Japan made attractive peace offers to Chiang Kai-shek through neutral embassies. In each instance Chiang advised President Roosevelt secretly of the offer and his refusal to consider it, and received President Roosevelt's thanks in return.

When for the first time President Roosevelt and Chiang Kai-shek met face to face, at Cairo in November 1943, detailed understandings of the objectives for which they fought in the Pacific were put down in a public document called the Declaration of Cairo. This promised that all the areas Japan had stolen from the Chinese, including Manchuria and Formosa, would be restored to the Republic of China, that is, to the government, then and now headed by Chiang Kai-shek. Since then embargoes of supplies to Chiang's government, refusal to permit it to take over North China and Manchuria in 1945–46, denunciations culminating in the White Paper of August 1949, must have proved to Chiang Kai-shek that the American government, as represented by its present Administration, is an untrustworthy ally.

When in October 1948 Prime Minister Nehru told an American reporter that the question that faced his government was whether it dared be an ally of the United States; and when the following autumn he came to Washington and after high-level discussions announced that India would be the friend of both the East and the West and the ally of neither, he was expressing a conclusion as to American reliability that must also be in the mind of Chiang Kai-shek. Chiang may feel that America as an ally is not to be trusted. He may suspect that if, on more American promises, he should land on the Continent of China and involve himself again in an all-out war with the Communists, we would turn on him once more if it happened to suit our immediate expediencies, and for the sake of a temporary peace again cut him off from supplies and make a deal with his Communist enemies.

But Chiang is not in Nehru's position; he can not remain even temporarily a friend of both East and West and the ally of neither. Temporarily secure on his island of Formosa, with 1,600,000 guerrillas (as he claims) on the mainland loyal to him and maintaining liaison with him, he is, of necessity, committed to the death to the anti-Communist cause. If we become involved in a full-scale war with the Chinese Communists in Korea, he can not too long remain neutral. However, he can bide his time and demand, as the price of entry into full-scale war on our side, written and public understandings that no American Administration in the future could betray.

In the summer of 1949, when I met Chiang Kai-shek for the first time and spent two days as his guest in his retreat in the mountains of Formosa, we discussed Sino-American relations. He was a disillusioned, but not a bitter man; he looked forward to the days when the exigencies of world conflict would force America again to seek Chinese allies. He asked me to take home the message that a Nationalist China meant 450,000,000 friends for America in the world conflict slowly developing toward a crisis, while a Communist China meant 450,000,000 enemies in that crisis. How important this difference would be to us is now fully apparent from the havoc that just 8,000,000 North Koreans, armed and directed by Russia, have created.

For the moment Nehru has complete freedom of choice. He can choose the side of freedom or the side of communism; or he can choose to remain neutral. Chiang has a very limited choice. He may choose the side of freedom against communism, or he may, if only temporarily, remain neutral. America has no choice at all in Asia. Having involved itself in Korea, it must fight communism or accept defeat.

If we are to win against the forces of communism in Asia, we must have the alliance of Chiang Kai-shek and his much greater forces on Formosa and on the mainland of China. If we do not, we can not win; the best we could hope for would be a stalemate. And to win we must convince Chiang that we are allies to be trusted. The first step in that direction would, of course, be the removal from influence in American affairs of all those men who have engineered his betrayal since 1944.

Should the war in Korea develop into a war with Communist China, the United States would be the true "have not" power. We would be the "have not" power in terms of manpower, a most essential factor in ground warfare. Chiang Kai-shek has this in unlimited quantities. Will he now trust us sufficiently to throw that manpower in to balance the scales?

Chiang is a simple and direct character and a deeply religious Christian. He is extremely likely to put his trust in works and not in words.

INSIDE BRITISH COMMUNISM

By CHARLOTTE HALDANE

I LEFT the Communist Party after I had visited the Soviet Union as a war correspondent, in 1941. Until then, I had been a member of the Communist Party of Great Britain, affiliated through it with the Comintern. I had joined the Party in 1937, as the result of my enthusiasm for the struggle of the liberal Spanish Republic against Fascist aggression. I had become a Communist because I loved and believed in personal and national liberty, freedom, independence, the rights of the common man; for the reasons which had impelled Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Paine to support the French Revolution at the end of the eighteenth century. In my time, fascism seemed again to be threatening these values. But Soviet Communism, as I saw with my own eyes in 1941, had destroyed them utterly in Russia and was menacing them even more gravely than fascism in the rest of the world. My experiences in Moscow and other places in the Soviet Union closed the circle for me. Immediately on returning to London I resigned from the British Communist Party.

During the years of my membership, I was on terms of friendship — in one case of intimate friendship — with the leaders of the British Communist Party. It may shed a useful side light on the motivation and the characteristic methods of all Communist leaders if I here tabulate briefly some of the reasons which caused these men to admit me to their confidence.

1. I was at that time the wife of Professor John Burdon Sanderson Haldane, one of Britain's most distinguished biologists, a leading authority on Darwinism, highly respected in the Soviet Union; the nephew of the famous War Minister and Lord Chancellor, the late Lord Haldane. Professor Haldane, on account of his name and his personal attainments, would be a great asset to the Party on its "intellectual" side, which in England at that time was definitely weak. But it would obviously be much easier to snare this prize through his wife's influence than to attempt the capture directly. I was the sprat with which this whale was to be landed. And although I too was known to be difficult — individualistic, temperamental, obstinate — my faults could to some extent be corrected by Party discipline or if necessary condoned in view of my actual and potential value to the Party.

2. Though I was only what the British middle class calls "comfortably off," from the Communist point of view I was rich. Moreover, I was idealistically prepared to give and to collect for the Party quite appreciable sums of money. I was also more than willing to share with the comrades such good things in life as I possessed. Many middle class converts to Communism are impelled by a feeling of guilty masochism, of shame at having been born "bourgeois," to behave in such circumstances as I then did.

3. There was a dearth of able women among the Party hierarchy, of women willing to work under Party discipline and direction without pay; to subordinate their gifts to Party requirements. I happened to be a linguist, speaking French, German, and Spanish fluently, a popular public speaker, with a knack of collecting money from the enthusiasts who flocked to meetings in aid of the Spanish cause or of the International Brigade; and from those with ampler funds who, while not willing to commit themselves publicly, gave a good deal in private when tactfully approached.

For these reasons alone the leadership of the British Communist Party was more than willing to encourage and flatter me, socially as well as politically. It must be realized that in the Communist Party, in all countries where it is not yet in power, there are only two basic groups, a large majority and a tiny minority. In Russia and other countries where the Communists have seized power, the relative balance is qualitatively the same, and only quantitatively different, in the sense that more trained and paid professionals are then needed to hold the country together and to run it. The majority are the rank and file followers, the great unpaid masses; as it were, the political and industrial "cannon-fodder." "Theirs not to reason why" but to obey the Party line, blindly, wherever it may lead. The minority are the paid servants and agents of the Russian bosses, controlled through the organization that changed its name, but not its spots, from Comintern to Cominform, in 1943–1947.

Far from responding personally, as I in my political innocence did, to the difficulties and troubles that beset the ordinary rank-and-file members in their everyday lives, the leadership regarded them with that characteristic cynicism of the paid Communist towards the great unpaid, merely as the convenient tools of Party policy.

But in spite of the idealistic motives and the subconscious guilt-complexes that had caused me to join the Communist Party, I was a journalist by profession, used to handling difficult stories and difficult people; an experienced observer, too, of the social and political scenes. The thing that amazed me most about the C.P.G.B., when I first joined it, was the fact that in spite of the conspiratorial atmosphere, the secrecy, one could, apparently with the greatest facility, become not only the friend but the trusted confidant of those in the inner circle. One had only to produce a bottle of whiskey to get them to talk with self-revealing candor and to divulge confidences which, if reported to their colleagues, would have sufficed to ruin their careers. I well remember one occasion when one of the top four British Communists expressed to me freely and frankly his opinion of the most popular of them all. One had only to listen to the sincerity of the tones with which he voiced his unmitigated hatred of and contempt for this rival — leaving out of account the violence of his vocabulary — to understand the venomous passions which must have informed the feud between Stalin and Trotsky.

The clue to this attitude is not difficult to discover.

The small minority, the paid and Moscow-trained leaders of the C.P.G.B., were without exception men who preferred personal power to every other prize in the world; to riches or social security, for instance, which tempt most men. Physical discomfort, very modest standards of living, many hardships, meant nothing to them. In their lust for power, for notoriety, for publicity, they welcomed imprisonment, which bestowed on them the aura of martyrdom. Only one thing mattered: the approbation of Moscow. They had only one dread: the fear of falling into disfavor with the powerful group known as E.C.C.I. (Executive Committee of the Communist International) or with the Russian leaders, even more powerful, who directed it from behind the scenes. And from their point of view they were not wrong in their anticipation of the unimagined power — unimagined in 1937 — those men were to wield in 1949.

How often in those days have I listened to stories, from such leaders as William Gallacher, Bill Rust, Arthur Horner, David Springhall, of their early adventures on underground trips to Moscow, of being smuggled across frontiers in the coal-bunkers of tramp steamers, always in imminent danger of capture and imprisonment. Nowadays foreign Communist leaders from countries where their passports have not yet been cancelled, can fly to Moscow in all the luxury, with all the publicity, previously attendant only on the trips of Rockefellers or Fords. They have certainly gone up in the world, those comrades, in more senses than one!

But from my personal knowledge of and association with them, I was to learn the consequences of giving up absolute standards of right and wrong, absolute ethical values, in favor of those relative ones that rule the lives of Marxists. This abrogation of ethical values leads to a permanent dishonesty of outlook and behavior, both in private and in public life.

In 1938 I paid a visit to Barcelona. At that time William Rust, afterwards editor of the London *Daily Worker*, was stationed in that city as its Spanish war correspondent. This was a convenient alibi, cloaking his real mission, for he was political commissar of the British Battalion of the International Brigade. The battalion, which I visited with him, was up at the front, living on very meagre rations. I had come to Spain to bring the men cigarettes and chocolate, collected in Britain. I also had quite a lot of pesetas with me, which I was legally authorized by the Spanish Government of that time to bring into the country. But seeing all around me that the people of Spain were starving and that the boys in the fighting line were almost as badly off for food, I felt the deepest shame when, night after night, Comrade Rust would take me to eat large and luxurious meals — paid for, of course, with my pesetas — at the many black market restaurants that flourished in Barcelona at that time. He was wholly cynical about it, holding that it would not help any of the other comrades to fill their stomachs if we denied ourselves these excellent meals and the bottles of strong wine and brandy we drank with them.

In 1941 I was to find an exactly similar attitude in Kuibyshev, on the Volga, where refugee women and children were starving to death, while within a few feet of them officials, Party members, N.K.V.D. men and the foreigners who had been evacuated there from Moscow were filling themselves with every luxury, from milk chocolate to champagne.

Time and again the British Communist Party has fallen into moral disrepute with the British people on account of the switches and changes in the Party line. When the 1939–45 war broke out, the Party secretary, Harry Pollitt, wrote a "directive" in the *Daily Worker*, welcoming the British Government's decision to declare war on Hitler. But alas, Moscow proclaimed an exactly opposite line, for all Communists everywhere to condemn the "capitalist" war. Until, of course, Hitler turned on his former ally, and it then immediately became a war of defense of the democratic people (the Russians) against the criminal fascist aggressors.

Many honest and sincere British Communists and fellow-travelers disgustedly left the C.P.G.B. at this time. But all the professional leaders who had made the political error of allowing their love of their own country temporarily to take precedence over their loyalty to Stalin were obliged publicly to recant, in the most abject terms.

In spite of the moral obloquy this kind of public behavior calls forth from those who do believe in ethics, in patriotism, in simple standards of decent public behavior, the British Communist Party today still continues to be the dog that is wagged by its Moscow tail. In the last General Election in this country, in 1950, the Party put one hundred candidates in the field. Not one was elected; most of them lost their deposits. Now, although I am no longer in the confidence of the leadership, I know from past experience that such a policy simply could not have been adopted without Moscow's approval. In fact it was probably insisted on by the Russians, as a test of the Party's political standing in this country. But when it publicly and ignominiously failed — and it must have cost those who financed the Party's election campaign at least £100,000 ($280,000) — the failure was naturally laid on the C.P.G.B. alone. It was not, therefore, surprising to learn that recently Harry Pollitt, writing in the journal of the Cominform, squarely shouldered the blame for this wrong policy, and was once again appearing in the familiar role of willing and loyal whipping-boy to his foreign masters.

But if the C.P.G.B. has not shone particularly in the political field it has been doing pretty well elsewhere recently, in a sphere in which it can do much more damage. Although the Communist leadership in the Trades Union movement in this country is small, it is extremely powerful.

Perhaps the most able of all British Communists is the little Welsh miners' leader, Arthur Horner. Horner loves to relate — and told me the story himself some years ago — how on one occasion he had fallen out with the local political leaders on a matter of policy. He fought the matter right through to the Comintern, took his case to the highest quarters, and won it, triumphantly, with the approval of Stalin in person. That was some years ago, but ever since then his position in the British Communist Party has been more or less unassailable. He has very great ability, drive, and personal charm.

The attack on the industrial side has borne good fruits in the success which has attended the many unofficial

strikes promoted or organized by underground Communist leadership in the Trades Unions in recent years. However, this leadership is now faced with a new and more difficult situation. Previously the official Trades Union leaders here have disliked revealing to the workers the full extent of Communist influence in their organizations. It was only after a series of strikes in the British dockyards last year — designed by the Cominform to coincide with similarly planned disturbances in Canada, Australia, and other parts of the British Commonwealth — that the Trades Union leaders decided to have a showdown. They, and the British Minister of Labor, George Isaacs, himself an old and trusted Trade Union official, have now issued a series of vehement warnings to the workers against the secret agents of Moscow in their midst. The British Government has also made it clear that all the necessary measures exist and can be put into force immediately if it becomes necessary to deal more sternly with these saboteurs.

Yet the fact must be faced that every year, in all countries, tens of thousands still join the Communist parties. While it is true — in Britain at any rate — that almost as many as flock to the entrances rush to the exits as soon as they have discovered what goes on inside, the fact remains that Soviet Russia still exercises a formidable emotional lure. It has been abundantly proved that in all the Cominform countries, including Russia, the standard of living is far lower than in most of the free democracies, and certainly all the Western ones. Housing, food, commodity goods, entertainment, all are of far worse quality and for the average worker or peasant far more expensive than elsewhere. In fact, from my personal experience of Moscow, Archangel, Kuibyshev, Gorki, I would say that an unexaggerated description of almost any slum, whether in London, Liverpool, or Glasgow, could be — "A Russian home away from home." In addition, in these totalitarian prison-countries, personal liberty is non-existent. Even the career-Communist, whose standard of living is wildly beyond and above that of the ordinary people, has to fear day and night that the higher he rises, the lower he may fall, to disgrace, imprisonment, slave-labor, and his family with him.

Nevertheless, the myth persists, the myth that Soviet-land is synonymous with Schlaraffenland, the Land of Wishful Thinking, as I have called it. Stalin, who double-crossed both Roosevelt and Churchill, on whom he depended to defeat the conquering Germans, is worshipped by ignorant millions who have never set eyes on him, nor are likely to do so, as Hitler was never worshipped.

One of the most curious features of the Soviet lure is its fascination for scientists; men who surely should know better, and who yet betray with a sense not of guilt but of masochistic pride, the secrets of their own country's most vital defenses. Herein seems to me to lie a valuable clue to the motivation of the Communist convert. Love of power; spiritual and intellectual arrogance; atrophy of all moral sense; hatred of one's superiors; contempt for one's fellow-men; profound pessimism; all these factors, leading to emotional cravings that can not be satisfied save through masochistic devotion to an anti-religious religion — I offer these clues for the investigation of the experts.

For I am profoundly convinced that one supremely important task today, both in my own country and all over the world, is to find out, by careful psychological study and analysis, the basic motives that cause people of all classes and nations to become converts to Communism.

Finally, among the British rank-and-file — and presumably this also applies in other countries — there is an absolutely genuine and rather touching utopianism, best expressed in the favorite hymn of the British working-class, Blake's great poem, "Jerusalem."

> And was Jerusalem builded here
> Among these dark Satanic mills?

It should be remembered that it was among those dark Satanic mills of Lancashire that Friedrich Engels spent much of his youth, and that it was this scene and the misery of the workers — mostly women and young children — who slaved in them, that inspired him to write "The Condition of the Working Classes in England in 1844" (published in 1892).

The British workers have reason to be proud of their progress in the 106 years since that book was written; in their advance towards building Jerusalem in "England's green and pleasant land." It is their quite legitimate ambition to achieve this that is so successfully exploited by the envoys of that almost mythical figure in far-away Russia, of whom one is tempted to inquire, also in the words of William Blake, "Did He who made the lamb make thee?"

Once the various factors that compose the personality of a Communist have been analyzed and studied individually and separately, and then put together again, it should be possible to educate the peoples everywhere to understand in whose interest and for what purpose Russia desires to destroy their liberties, their political freedoms, and their economic prosperity. But there is a long way to go, still, and a great need for intensive study and for co-ordination on a nation-wide and world-wide scale, if we intend to fight and to defeat the Gospel of Hate — the greatest evil that has threatened humanity since Christ brought to the world the Gospel of Love.

EASTWARD, HO!

The French Communist leader, Maurice Thorez, is ill, and has been rushed to Moscow for treatment. The Kremlin, apparently, does not want Comrade Thorez to recover.

Russians claim that the Moscow subway is the best in the world. To be sure, there is nothing in the world to match Moscow's underground.

In a letter to the *Literary Gazette*, the composer Dimitri Shostakovich says he is busily engaged in the study of Stalin's writings, which "help me to compose better music." Too bad Tchaikovsky and Moussorgsky never lived to study Stalin's writings. They, too, might have amounted to something.

The Soviet Union is ready to meet the West half-way, Vishinsky declared in the United Nations. Stalin will gladly meet half-way anyone whom he is anxious to liquidate in a hurry.

Peace-loving Stalin, it appears, is ready to outlaw all weapons Russia does not possess. ARGUS

WAR IN AMERICAN FICTION

By J. DONALD ADAMS

THIS IS the story of a chance discovery of what the average intelligent American war veteran thinks about the American war fiction that has come from World War II. It was a discovery that confirmed me in the belief which I already held: that with few exceptions, the war novels we have had these recent years present an essentially false picture of American men at war. Merely as reportage, undertaking to describe what combat is like, and how men behave under fire, these books have frequently achieved vividness and truth; they have captured all the filth, horror, boredom, terror and misery which are an inescapable part of war. Where they have failed, and badly, is in the picture they have given of the American soldier as a human being. I resented the falsity, the distortion, the one-sidedness of that picture, and I was glad to find that so many men who fought in World War II shared my resentment.

In the name of realism, too many of our young novelists have offered us, in their pictures of the American soldier, the kind of resemblance one finds in a cracked or beveled mirror. They have shown us, and asked us to accept as a credible cross-section of the American armies that fought round the globe, as fine a collection of prime SOBs, Kremlin fodder and psychopaths as could ever be found under the light of a blue moon. In the book which has had the greatest popular and critical success of any of the war novels — Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" — we were, furthermore, asked to accept as true a picture of the backgrounds out of which his characters came, so hand-picked and distorted as to match Moscow propaganda at its peak of misrepresentation.

Anger, says the old proverb, begins with folly and ends with repentance. But that isn't always so. For I write of an angry outburst which, far from ending in repentance, resulted in somewhat reassuring me as to the intrinsic soundness of American life. And this in spite of the fact that while we as a people were once capable of anger kept at white heat in a good cause, we have for some reason lost that capacity and have come to blow hot, cold and indifferent.

The angry outburst was my own, but it was duplicated in many of the letters it drew forth. In the column, "Speaking of Books," in the *New York Times Book Review*, I had expressed sharp disagreement with a review of a British war novel, "From the City, From the Plough." It was my contention that the reviewer, in summarily dismissing this book as so much sentimental hokum, was talking through his hat. What in his eyes had deprived Alexander Baron's novel of the right to serious consideration was, I pointed out, "the fact that the men who make up the Fifth Battalion of the Wessex Regiment are, on the whole, a pretty decent lot of guys, including even the officers." I added that the reviewer was "very much let down because there happen not to be mentioned any cases of battle psychosis in this battalion" (composed of stolid country boys) and that he seemed nettled because the unit turned up only one deserter.

The response to my protest was surprising. Letters poured in from every part of the country, from people of all ages and both sexes, but I was particularly heartened by the expressions of approval which came both from Regular Army officers high in the service and from men of college age who had fought on South Pacific islands, on Normandy beachheads, and in the Italian hills.

Nothing in many years has given me more pleasure or a greater sense of reward than a letter which came from two Harvard undergraduates, one a former Seabee on Okinawa, the other a one-time bearer in France and Germany of a first scout's rifle in an infantry platoon. The former doughboy, fighting on the European front at the age of 18, wrote that he then realized how:

> American literature which was supposed to have told us everything there was to tell about our world, which had implied that America had been swept upward on wings of progress out of the world of old-hat history into a new era of a secular utopia, and which had concentrated its energies during the past several decades upon the loopholes and shortcomings of that secular utopia, had told us nothing at all about our world. . . .
>
> My roommate, Jack, and I were amazed by your most recent essay, because it stated . . . the things that we have been hammering on all year, including your concluding statement that American realism is the realism of a spoiled child.

A first lieutenant in the Marine Corps Reserve, who had served seven years as enlisted man and officer and who is now a student at the University of Buffalo, wrote of his fellow-students who are too young to have had war service, that:

> They seem to glory in the "ideological blinders" of Mr. Mailer, whose book is their bible of life in the armed services. They are quite convinced that somewhere in basic training the "American boy" loses his sensitive, democratic soul and has it replaced with liquor, prostitution and psychoneurosis, and reaches his greatest sociological heights by cursing out a "90 day wonder" who undemocratically demands that Johnny keep in step with the rest of the boys. The GI student is gradually disappearing from the American college scene, and it is regrettable that the impressionable youngsters who are taking his place must derive their only picture of the U.S. fighting man from the distorted positive slant of the Mailers, and the negative one of the Lieblings . . . I would like to match your anger by suggesting that there are probably more psychoneurotics writing "war novels" today than ever dodged bullets in Europe and the Pacific.

And while we are with the Marines, let me present this testimony from an ex-corporal:

> It was the most moving experience of my life to find that there was, in the vast majority of men I lived with for over three years — even among those with virtually no education or introspective sensitivity — a firmly en-

> trenched sense of their own dignity as human beings, and a vital awareness of, and respect for, their fellows . . . Those cynical critics who . . . pontifically presume to imply — in the best Freudian tradition — that several men who risked death rescuing a companion do so because they are victims of unsatisfactory sexual relations with their wives or of some polymorphous-perverse death-wish, are much mistaken.
>
> The American war novel which will give the picture of man in totality, which will deal truly with, as you remark, the tolerance and affection which men under the pressure of circumstances come to feel for each other, and which will treat honestly man's inherent goodness and selflessness of purpose, has yet to be published.

From a junior at Yale: "For once from the war came a book ("From the City, From the Plough") which spoke of the idealism, the camaraderie, the love of militant valor, the desire for heroism, that were certainly very real strains in the complex of emotions in our fighting forces. . . . No war can be won without those beliefs in cause and trust in arms that "From the City" speaks of in the Wessex Regiment."

A retired Regular Army lieutenant-colonel, who served through World War I with the Fifth Field Artillery, recalled that the battalion he commanded had but one deserter, and through an entire year in the line with the First Division, but one incompetent officer, one who slightly resembled the glory-hunting Major Maddison of the Wessex, and only three proven cowards. "I suppose," he added, "we would now be criticized because we believed that both officers and soldiers had a share in winning the war and that it was not won entirely by enlisted men."

From a regular Army colonel of engineers:

> It is time someone outside the Army told the American citizen that his Army either in peace or war is not predominantly composed of psychopaths, sexual perverts, drunks and prussianized officers and that the only heroic characters are not naked and dead . . . After 33 years' service in the Army, including regimental command in combat, I have yet to encounter any unit as rotten in morals and morale as some novelists and reviewers conjure up in their imaginations.

The mother of a boy who served three years in the Pacific wrote that she gave him, at his request, "The Naked and the Dead," and that it angered and disgusted him. Incidentally, on the question of photographic reproduction of soldiers' language, one veteran made this acute observation:

> Profanity and smut are the vocabulary of an army language, and when the language is *spoken*, it says nothing about the character of the man who speaks it, but in print, it gets in the way and gives a wrong impression of the individual.

Usually, when statements made in print arouse such strong feelings, there are dissenting voices. In this instance, the reaction was unanimously against the prevailing character of our war fiction, beginning with a signed editorial by Major-General H. W. Blakeley, U.S.A., Ret., in *Armed Service*, down through the letters from veterans of college age. Frequently, their agreement was extended to include endorsement of the characterization I had made of American realism as a whole, and not simply the realism of the war books, as "the realism of a spoiled child."

There were, of course, a few exceptions made in favor of certain books — exceptions which I would make myself. One correspondent singled out for praise Harry Brown's "A Walk in the Sun." Another thought that Ira Wolfert's "An Act of Love" might be described as Conrad's "Lord Jim" in modern battle dress. A third mentioned John Horne Burns's "The Gallery," and a fourth, "Mr. Roberts." To these one could certainly add John Hersey's "In the Valley," though that was more strictly reportage, with enough use of fictional technique to reveal the incipient novelist who followed with "A Bell for Adano." And the list might be further extended to include James Mitchener's "Tales from the South Pacific," Irwin Shaw's "The Young Lions", "World Without Heroes" by Arthur C. Fields, and "Guard of Honor" by James Gould Cozzens, although this last deals with a more restricted set of experiences.

Notwithstanding such books as these, with their occasional recognition of decent impulses in men, their occasional flashes of humor and their more tolerant spirit, the general character of the fiction we have had from World War II is marked by a narrowly dogmatic attitude, in that it only grudgingly admits of human virtue and human aspiration, in that it deliberately wears blinders wherever the fundamental strengths of American life are to be seen. Nor do I think that our present crop of war novelists are to be absolved from the weakness of self-pity, as has sometimes been maintained. Its self-pity is tempered and modified to a degree that the corresponding mood of Hemingway's generation was not, but the indulgence is still markedly apparent. The big difference between the two generations, to my mind, is that the present one is looking for that something to which it can tie its aspirations, for an anchor by which to find and hold its hope, whereas the earlier had told itself that there was nothing to look for.

Unfortunately, the distortions which have characterized our war fiction have extended also to many of our so-called realistic novels on whatever theme, to the end that they have for years past presented a misleading and very partial picture of American life. Many readers of fiction in this country, I am convinced from my correspondence, are aware of this misrepresentation and are annoyed, if not angered, by it. The vision of too many of our novelists has been restricted to seeing only what they have wanted to see. Popular fiction, of the type printed in our magazines of wide circulation, has worn rose-colored glasses; our "serious" novelists, on the other hand, have looked at their world through lenses that are dark and dirt-encrusted. A clear and balanced vision, admitting both the shadowed and the bright, has been all but absent from our fiction.

Because we have become a spoiled people, remote from and largely untouched by the realities which other great peoples, both in Europe and in Asia, have known at first hand, we have become almost incapable of a true realism. We have been divorced from the broad and tragic base of common human experience as shared by the whole people of a nation. While misery and fear, brutality and despair have multiplied in many lands, we have been subjected at home only to petty discomforts and deprivations. We fought the war vicariously, with great energy and some small measure of self-sacrifice, it is true, but not with misery and horror shared

with our troops, as it was shared by the people of Britain.

Even the war between the states, bloody though it was, left whole areas of our life untouched. Except for a few faltering moments, we have always lived in confidence and hope; the journey westward, in quest of fatter lands and freer life, has symbolized the national temper. Those trials of Job, which have been the part of every other great nation, and of which George Santayana said that until we had suffered them, it would not be known whether the Americans were at bottom a spiritual or a material-minded people, are still to come.

Our realism, for the most part, reminds me of the complaints of a healthy man annoyed by a passing and trivial illness. Because we have had so much, and so easily, it has grown increasingly hard for us to understand the pleasure and the satisfaction that peoples less fortunately placed can have in the small recompenses of life. How could we write realistic books? It is like asking a pampered child to tell you the meaning of life.

What then of the books that are being written, and which will be written in America now and in the immediate future? What may we hope for them to be like, in order that they may feed and foster that spirit of man whose flame now burns so fitfully and with so pale a light? Let us say first what we hope they may not be like; even in saying that, we may reveal the essential qualities by which they will be distinguished if man is not to be discarded as nature's magnificent failure.

They will not, I venture to say, when they touch upon the most deeply probing experience which has yet come to those who were born after the first quarter of this century, be like Mr. Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead," which is resented and repudiated by so many thinking, clear-sighted young American veterans. Though they will take more cognizance of the inner life of man than is commonly to be found in our so-called realistic fiction, whether written of the war or of the rat-race which so many of our writers would have us believe is the chief occupation of men at peace, they will not, I hope, go to the lengths of torturing self-analysis which cloud and obscure the pages of a book like Mr. Wolfert's "An Act of Love."

What then, will they do? They will, if my reading of the changing temper of young minds of whatever age is not mistaken, reaffirm, in a period whose sensibilities have been badly blunted by mass murder and mass suicide, the inalienable sanctity and worth of the individual human life. They will tear off the ideological blinders that restrict the vision of too many young American novelists writing of their own time; they will recover the truth that lay behind those too much mocked-at words of William Dean Howells, when he said that the more smiling aspects of life were the more truly American ones (who can doubt it when he looks about him at the world today?); they will rediscover the sense that American literature once had of the duality of man's nature, of its equal capacity for good and evil, and they will build their books again around the core of that never-ending conflict. They will remember the words of the greatest spokesman that American youth has ever had — Ralph Waldo Emerson — words that might well be framed above the desk of every aspiring writer — "All life remains unwritten still."

BERNARD SHAW AND PROPAGANDA

By RICHARD McLAUGHLIN

BROADWAY this season has had a spate of propaganda plays. They have all had a common defect: they are written by playwrights who underestimate the intelligence of their antagonists. The modern playwright is so carried away by the importance of his social message that, like Aldous Huxley in "The Gioconda Smile," he often fails to give us first-class theater. Either that, or like James Bridie and Samuel Raphaelson, he is an amateur in the art of polemics. Bridie and Raphaelson try to be appealing, but they keep such a wary eye on the box-office receipts that they end up with no real message and very little play. No matter how we look at it, the contemporary propagandist playwright has much to learn if he is ever going to make the social tract a provocative and literate contribution to the modern theater.

Of course, our current theater propagandists could hardly ask for stiffer competition than they are having right now. There are two Shaw revivals enlivening the autumn doldrums at the moment: "Arms and the Man" at the Arena Theater in the Hotel Edison, and "Mrs. Warren's Profession" further downtown at the Bleecker Street Theater. Both Shaw plays are packing them in at a time when many of the new attractions have already shut down or are playing to half-empty houses. Shaw's ideas may have become dated, but his plays are still wonderful entertainment. The man who lived by "sedulous advertisement," flaunting the motto of "Do as I say, not as I do," may have passed on this month along with his paradoxical legend, but his dramas, comedies, fantasies and dramatized historical puns will surely go on forever.

Looking in on the Arena production of the first of Shaw's four "Pleasant" plays, I found it as bright and impish as ever. Assailing Byronic idealism in the way Ibsen did, but on Shaw's own satirical terms, this comedy has always provided a lark for a first-rate cast. Here we are reminded of G.B.S.'s comments on actors:

> Any fool can make an audience laugh. I want to see how many of them, laughing or grave, are in the melting mood. And this result can not be achieved, even by actors who thoroughly understand my purpose, except through an artistic beauty of execution unattainable without long and arduous practice, and an intellectual effort which my plays probably do not seem serious enough to call forth.

Unfortunately, "artistic beauty of execution" and "intellectual effort" are not very conspicuous in either Shaw revival. With the exception of an enchanting, intelligent performance by Francis Lederer as the Swiss Captain Bluntschli, who prefers chocolate creams to wars, military posturers and silly maidens, the Arena production of "Arms and the Man" seemed to me more boisterous than even the Bulgarians could have possibly been in 1885.

Downtown at the Bleecker Street Theater, where "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is playing, Shaw is getting somewhat better treatment. Estelle Winwood portrays

the lady in the oldest profession for all the role is worth. Still, there are times when she does the unforgiveable and talks exclusively to the first three rows in the orchestra. She gets splendid support from Louisa Horton as her illegitimate daughter, Vivie. John Loder shares the billing as Sir George Crofts, Mrs. Warren's business partner. His foppish, languid manner would hardly stir anyone "to declare furiously that Sir George Crofts ought to be kicked" (as the critic did who rushed from Shaw's "Unpleasant" propagandist play on opening night, in London, January 5th, 1902). In the preface to "Mrs. Warren's Profession," Shaw writes: "Society, and not the individual, is the villain of the piece." This view of villainy has hardly survived the years, but with a Shaw play it doesn't matter. Eager though he was to put over his sophistical argument, Shaw never dealt in cheap wares, but allowed every person his or her own point of view.

Perhaps the play closest to the Shaw revivals in intellectual content, if not in technique, is Aldous Huxley's "The Gioconda Smile" (recently closed). Mr. Huxley has taken one of his perfectly good early stories and blown it up into a turgid metaphysical drama on man's sense of guilt in a world that is cold and barren for want of faith in some kind of mystical absolutism. It is at bottom a melodrama concerning a philandering, dissolute husband, his murdered invalid wife, the frustrated spinster next door who secretly loves him, and the young second wife he brings home instead of the spinster. And, most important of all, at least to Mr. Huxley, is the family doctor. He speaks for Aldous Huxley unendingly throughout the piece, even to the extent of postponing the fireworks where Valerie Taylor peels off her Gioconda mask and reveals her murderess's madness.

Another British importation that will have shut down by press time, James Bridie's "Daphne Laureola," turned out to be nothing but a chatty, somewhat windy tour de force for Dame Edith Evans and Cecil Parker. Dame Edith, as the tippling Lady Pitts, gave us several glorious moments, and Cecil Parker, who played her aging spouse, also helped to save the show from becoming an utter bore. Mr. Bridie, an affable, donnish Scot, has neither Barrie's magic nor Shaw's scientific detachment. This is, at best, a rather thin comedy of manners in which the characters discuss everything from Greek mythology to women's rights without arriving at any very startling conclusions. Mr. Bridie is trying to say that poets can be shortsighted, or bombastic, while people with clay feet are capable of being stirred by immortal longings. A wispy theme; Shaw would have snickered at the presentation.

Our own local dramatist, Samson Raphaelson, has a considerably more pertinent social message for us, but does not manage to put it across as successfully as he might. He, too, should have studied Shaw's tricks. Raphaelson's "Hilda Crane" (Coronet Theater) is a drama about a rather commonplace Hedda Gabler of the present-day Middle West. Yet we are asked to believe it is a modern tragedy of the emancipated woman and how the twentieth century has failed to make her happy.

Hilda Crane's story is right out of the psychoanalyst's case-book. She is a neurotic, egotistical young woman who, having got pushed around in the big city, returns home to marry respectably even if it kills her. (Incidentally, it does!) Successful professional women are going to find Mr. Raphaelson's premise absurd. Jessica Tandy makes the most of a lot of claptrap. Coming straight from her strenuous role of Blanche du Bois in "A Streetcar Named Desire," she reveals the proper histrionics and commanding presence to tussle with an equally strenuous role. Beulah Bondi, who has been away from Broadway too long, is suitably forbidding and effective as her provincial-minded mother, and the rest of the players do their level best to sustain the tense mood of what will appear to some as a frightfully accurate but uninspired transcription of an American small-town family scandal.

Comparisons are invidious but, none the less, I can't help wondering how Shaw would have handled the themes of Messrs. Huxley, Bridie and Raphaelson. I do not know how many dramatists read other dramatists' work. But it is obvious that all three of these playwrights would certainly have avoided many of their mistakes if they had consulted Shaw's brilliant prefaces. They would have discovered, for example, that Shaw considered himself "a very old-fashioned playwright," and that he made no secret of tapping the history of the stage. He was capable of employing the technique of the London theater of the sixties, or even earlier, if it suited his immediate needs. On this score Mr. Raphaelson might have had the master's approval, while Mr. Huxley and Mr. Bridie would have been reminded that no worthwhile sermon need ever be fuzzy or rhetorical, or expanded at the expense of the play's continuity and entertainment values.

For to be a true dispenser of invective and abuse in the theater (as Shaw was), the first principle is to anticipate the weapons of one's opponents. Of course it may be asking too much to expect another intellect like Shaw's in the theater in our time, for he was like nothing so much as a vast steamroller leveling the noisome anthills of contemporaneous cant. No matter how many people he capriciously led down the garden path with his misguided political and economic theories, he gave the best of himself, his scientifically detached mind and outrageous sense of fun, to the living drama.

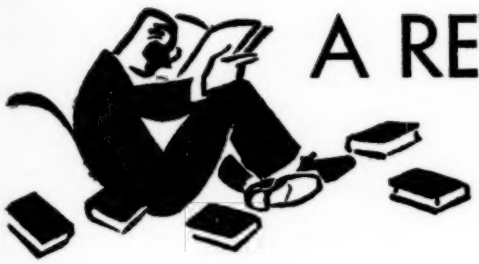
PROMISED LAND

Across the seas there is always the other land
Of the glittering constellations, dawns and favored beaches.
Over those mountains, the black earth, the dances, the hand
Raised in welcome to the heart's desire, the ultimate reaches
Of the nights' visions.

There are no reliable reports from that country; no word
Of change, of salt leaching the sweet water,
Of hostile tribes; nothing is heard.
But ever beyond tumult and slaughter
Journeys and indecisions

It lies, sighted at the end of day
Or toward morning; always past the edge of the sea.
Once there you would need no chart for the way
The topography is familiar; all as you knew it to be.

EUGENE DAVIDSON



A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The twenties are haunting the imagination of 1950. To prove it, there is the F. Scott Fitzgerald revival. "The Great Gatsby," Fitzgerald's one perfect book, is part of most of the standard new college seminars in Eng. Lit. 36, a classic to be read along with "The Scarlet Letter" and "Ethan Frome." A biography of Fitzgerald is scheduled for January. And within the month Budd Schulberg, the talented refugee from Hollywood, has published his "The Disenchanted" (Random House, $3.50), a tumultuous novel about a writer who cracked up like Fitzgerald and died before he could finish a manuscript that gave every promise of being first-rate.

Mr. Schulberg, a Dartmouth graduate of the mid-thirties, never knew the twenties from personal experience. But, as the son of the head of Paramount Studios, he did know the Fitzgerald legend. During his last years Fitzgerald worked on moving picture scripts and made notes for a novel about movie land (a truncated version of which exists as "The Last Tycoon"). As the seeming shell of a once-famous writer, Fitzgerald must have been taken as an awful warning by aspiring young scenarists as he walked about Hollywood in the late thirties. There was no gainsaying the fact, however, that he had written some enchanting prose in his time. To Schulberg, both the Fitzgerald books and the guttering end to a great career alike needed explanation. Hence "The Disenchanted," which draws liberally for its many flash-backs upon Fitzgerald's own autobiographical writings. Indeed, it is hard to see how "The Disenchanted" could have existed had it not been for Fitzgerald's own superior version of the story that has been printed in "Tender Is the Night" and in the notes and essays that Edmund Wilson edited into the fascinating volume called "The Crack-Up."

To get at the essence of the Fitzgerald story, Mr. Shulberg has himself tried to stand outside of time. He has taken a character, Manley Halliday, who, like the Gloria Swanson of "Sunset Boulevard," lives almost solely on memories of the twenties. Halliday, a bright novelist of a departed epoch, is trying to recoup himself financially by taking a ten-week job (at $2000 a week) at the studios of Victor Milgrim. Milgrim, a snob and a sadist, carries Halliday off to the New Hampshire Ivy League college of Webster to collaborate with young Shep Stearns on a script depicting young love at the mid-winter Ice Carnival. (Out of the script, and the shooting of Webster ski jumpers as appropriate background, Milgrim hopes to conjure an honorary degree for himself.) Webster happens to be Stearns's own college, where he was graduated in the mid-thirties into the Era of Social Consciousness, which also is the era of glib pigeonholing. In the personages of Halliday and Stearns, the collegiate twenties and the collegiate thirties face each other across a psychological gulf. They criticize each other, they seek to understand each other — but, as Schulberg has written the story, they tend to cancel each other out. The twenties failed because when man puts all his energies into being an island he wears himself into a frazzle and can't complete his work. The thirties failed because concentrating on being "part of the maine" involves a disastrous neglect of the self. The Schulberg moral would seem to be that neither island nor main can win.

Standing outside of time, Schulberg tends thus to dismiss both decades. Yet the margin of victory, however faint, lies with the twenties, and Schulberg admits as much. At least Halliday-Fitzgerald created works that live according to laws of their own. None of the Fitzgerald characters, from Amory Blaine to Dick Diver and Monroe Stahr of "The Last Tycoon," is a type to be pigeonholed, or to be wholly explained in terms of economic background or social movement.

In giving the verdict to the twenties by a shade, Schulberg obviously is right. No decade that produced Willa Cather's "A Lost Lady" or Sinclair Lewis's "Arrowsmith" or Elizabeth Roberts's "The Time of Man" or Glenway Wescott's "The Grandmothers" or Ring Lardner's stories can be written off as a failure. Nevertheless, "The Disenchanted" is not really Scott Fitzgerald's life. The man is not to be understood basically in terms of contrasting decades.

Mr. Schulberg lets us look at his Halliday-Fitzgerald during a week in which the doomed novelist is on a monumental binge. Tumbling off the wagon on his way to Webster with Stearns and Milgrim, Halliday ultimately freezes his feet in the snows of New Hampshire, gets gangrene, and dies of an embolism after an operation. The drunken Halliday babbles endlessly about his talent — and the twenties. Nothing that he says or does makes any connection with the Fitzgerald who actually finished his career writing an understanding and entirely objective book not about the golden twenties of the Paris expatriates but about the movie colony of Hollywood itself. Unfinished though it is, "The Last Tycoon" is the work of a mature artist; it could only have been done by a disciplined, forward-looking man.

Only superficially did the tragedy of Scott Fitzgerald lie in the passage of time. It has been said that he tried to make a career, and not a preparation for a career, out of his youth. He and his wife, Zelda (the fascinating Jere of Mr. Schulberg's novel) supposedly roistered their days away. The champagne, the white nights on the Mediterranean, the house parties, the debts, finally caught up with them. But other men, women and couples

have survived all these hazards, whether of drink, debt or wasted time. The truth is that Fitzgerald himself survived the wasted years at least long enough to write "Tender Is the Night" and "The Last Tycoon." (The fact that his heart ultimately failed him in his forties is an accident of the genes as much as anything else; for example, Grover Cleveland Alexander, a great pitcher and a classic drunk, having a different combination of genes, lived some twenty years longer than Fitzgerald.)

No, the tragedy of Fitzgerald was not the passage of time; it was something else that Mr. Schulberg misses entirely. In the light of "Tender Is the Night," that story of a doctor's attempt to make a go of a marriage with a girl who has been ruined by her father, it might be said that Fitzgerald's trouble was a response to Zelda's psychopathology. But no one can be ruined in adult years by another's psychopathology; people stand for better or worse on their own feet. No, the Fitzgerald troubles must have gone back to the early formative years — to things that are barely hinted at in "This Side of Paradise." If the heroine of "Tender Is the Night" is to be explained in terms of a faulty daughter-father relationship, the hero of "This Side of Paradise" is to be explained in terms of a hothouse son-mother relationship. The two psychopathologies, if we may rely on the evidence of the Fitzgerald novels, crossed paths in later life — with interesting and sometimes horrifying results.

Artistically speaking, however, Fitzgerald's frequently harrowing experiences and relationships constituted no tragedy at all; they presented him with self-knowledge and the knowledge of others and gave him the substance of his art. To quote from his own introduction to the Modern Library edition of "The Great Gatsby": "It was my material, and it was all I had to deal with." But it was material good enough to sustain a writing career that was far from negligible even in the last sad years of personal loss and lowered physical vitality.

If Schulberg misses the point about Fitzgerald, he still poses an interesting question in confronting the twenties with the thirties. Why is it that the novelists of the twenties produced fiction that will live, while the novelists of the thirties, with a very few exceptions, are already being forgotten? The answer would seem to be that a novel can not be made of time — or a social system — pressing in on a person if the person has nothing apart from either time or the social system to throw back at it. The novelists of the twenties knew as much. Willa Cather's "lost lady" had a hunger that would have tried for expression in any age or society. Fitzgerald's Gatsby, the eternal romantic, would have gone his way to rebellious doom no matter whether Coolidge or Stalin were his ruler. Almost by definition the novel is the form for dramatizing the individual's pressure against the limitations of space, time and other people. The novelist must start from the individual's end, or his emphases will be wrong. If a novelist goes at his business from the outside in (as the novelist who deals in social categories must do) he will wind up writing a bastard form of history, not fiction. Fitzgerald's books are often good social history, but the fiction is the main thing, and the history is merely the by-product of a man who observed all things accurately and well.

AN IDOLATROUS GENERATION

Psychoanalysis and Religion, *by Eric Fromm. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50*

The Lonely Crowd, *A Study of the Changing American Character, by David Riesman in collaboration with Reuel Denney and Nathan Glazer. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50*

Ours is an evil, adulterous and idolatrous generation, as any well-trained New England divine of the last century would have perceived without difficulty. Especially, idolatrous, if idolatry be defined as man's turning away from the God in himself to worship things — machines, the approval of his fellows, and the graven ideologies of the totalitarian state.

The nature of our contemporary idolatry is the subject of a too-short lecture sequence by the eminent psychoanalyst Eric Fromm, and of a too-long book by a trio of sociologists. Since Mr. Riesman and his collaborators express their indebtedness to Dr. Fromm for the conceptual framework which they utilize in their study of the American character, it is fortunate that the two books are published almost simultaneously. The basic idea is that of "other-directedness" — in Dr. Fromm's phrase, "the marketing orientation of modern man."

Dr. Fromm's critique of the "marketing orientation" is more fully set forth in his earlier "Man for Himself." The present book extends the same critique in the context of an interesting if not wholly successful attempt to reconcile, and even in some degree to identify, the functions of religion and psychoanalysis.

Both Dr. Fromm and his sociological disciples address themselves to a general audience of educated readers. Both books are concerned with the problem of freedom; with the preservation of our moral and spiritual autonomy, threatened and debilitated as it is by the dictatorship of the bureaucrat on the one hand and of the unscrupulous advertiser on the other. Both inveigh, as did the Old Testament prophets, against the false idols of the crowd and show how the oblations of their worshippers yield only a tragic emptiness and loneliness.

Of the two approaches Dr. Fromm's is the more successful; he says more in fewer pages. He even manages to give the impression that he is writing about real people instead of arid and dubiously inhabited sociological categories. For example:

> The "adjusted" person . . . is one who has made himself into a commodity, with nothing stable or definite except his need to please and his readiness to change roles. As long as he succeeds in his efforts he enjoys a certain amount of security, but his betrayal of the higher self, of human values, leaves an inner emptiness and insecurity which will become manifest when anything goes wrong in his battle for success. And even if nothing should go wrong, he often pays for his human failure with ulcers, heart trouble, or any of the other psychically determined kinds of illness.

And here is Dr. Fromm's summary of what it takes for a man to become religious, as religion is defined by the humanistic teachings of Lao Tse, Buddha, the Prophets, Socrates, Jesus and Spinoza:

> He must be independent and free, an end in himself and not the means for any other person's purposes. He must relate himself to his fellow man lovingly. If he has not

> love he is an empty shell even if his were all power, wealth, and intelligence. Man must know the difference between good and evil, he must listen to the voice of his conscience and be able to follow it.

"Is it not time", asks Dr. Fromm, "to cease to argue about God and instead to unite in the unmasking of contemporary forms of idolatry? Today it is not Baal and Astarte but the deification of the state and of power in authoritarian countries and the deification of the machine and of success in our own culture which threaten the most spiritual possessions of man."

On these and similar texts Mr. Riesman and his collaborators have based what is, rather surprisingly, more an argument than a piece of social reporting. In newspaperdom what they have written would be called an extended "think piece" — a form of writing to which correspondents resort when news is scarce and they know their editors to be indulgent. True, this think piece fulfills the promise of the jacket in that it is frequently brilliant — especially when the authors get down to cases, as they do in treating the "other-directedness" of the progressive school system and of our mass media of communication.

Who has not had the experience of being entertained by the serene and gracious mother of a progressive school prodigy who gives the impression that she is reading the text of some godawful educational Paracelsus with one hand and not-smacking her offspring with the other? Meanwhile the monstrous little moppet is tweaking your nose or prodding your posterior with an ice-pick. Or worse, he is openly using the pressure of his "peer-group" in alliance with the advertiser, to "manipulate" poppa into the purchase of a television set. From this, is it so long a step psychologically to the custom of the countries where school children turn in their parents to the NKVD?

Our authors provide a good deal to deepen the alarm with which one regards this phase of our changing middle-class culture. For example, one reads that in the progressive schools even the five-year-old's "knobby" or idiosyncratic qualities and vices are repressed by the stern coercion of his "sociometric peers." Neither at this stage nor later do these apprentice totalitarians tolerate any privacies of feeling or conduct. Young girls discuss the necking techniques of their rivals with their named partners. Adolescent boys are forced, in bull sessions, to disclose the details of their amatory conquests, with names, dates and places.

Illustrative details of this sort are not lacking in these and a few other chapters of the book. On the whole, however, the authors document too little and intellectualize, abstract and systematize too much. We are given only brief glimpses of the crowd and its members, and almost instantly they disappear into their appropriate sociological pigeonholes (political indifferents, moralizers, inside dopesters) without being given any real chance to say whether they are really tradition-directed, inner-directed, other-directed, or perhaps none of the three.

The evolution of these categories is correlated with the evolution of the three successive demographic phases: a stable population balanced by equally heavy birth and death rates, an expanding population, and the phase of incipient decline we are now entering. This theoretical structure provides one, but only one, of many useful and revealing ways of looking at the American social process, of explaining our contemporary idolatries, and of charting the decline of our moral, social and spiritual autonomy.

But the reality of the people and the process escapes this and other theoretical frameworks. For its reporting, sociology still needs another de Tocqueville, and for its theory another Veblen.

JAMES RORTY

INNOCENCE ABROAD

The Man of Independence, by Jonathan Daniels. *Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.75*

Amidst the usual pother that heralds the appearance of any New Deal book, this life of Harry Truman makes its bow. It might be dismissed as little more than a campaign biography, though it is far better than the usual product of that lowly order of literature. The friendly boosters among the reviewers speak highly of the good writing and wide research but concede a certain sloppiness in many sentences. The writing is good enough for the most part. The research consists chiefly in the author's day-to-day contacts with many in the cast of characters of the Roosevelt-Truman administrations and, most of all, his talks with Truman himself. The reference to the sloppy sentences is noted because I surmise the work was intended for publication at a later day, with an eye on 1952. However, the waning fortunes of its hero must have led its sponsors to rush into print without too much time for a critical amendment of the manuscript. After all, there is no point in providing a lifesaving apparatus in 1952 for a man whose political existence is threatened in 1950.

With this observation about the literary quality of the volume out of the way, it must be noted that it has a value far beyond its original purpose as campaign material. History takes its final shape and color much like the fashioning of a mosaic. As each new witness brings his mite to the picture, it begins to take a form approaching the truth. Jonathan Daniels, who was one of Mr. Roosevelt's Secretaries Anonymous and served in a similar capacity under Mr. Truman, has his own little budget of knick-knacks of history which he lays fondly upon the surface of the still dim but growing masterpiece. They are of no small interest.

Of course there is a laborious effort to wash Mr. Truman clean of the old Pendergast stains. The author, if he succeeds at all in this project, does little more for his hero than to picture him as an amazingly simple and gullible person. We are told, of course, that Mr. Truman knew Pendergast. And Pendergast supported him. But, after all, Truman lived and wrought in Independence while Pendergast operated in faraway Kansas City which, one might suppose, was as remote and mysterious to the Man of Independence as Korea later turned out to be. He did not realize fully what Tom Pendergast was up to, any more than he suspected what his good friend, Joe Stalin, who was "more like Pendergast than any man I ever met," was plotting in Asia.

He was quite as ignorant, we gather, about the Klan. He did file an application for membership and put up his ten-dollar initiation. But later, when he heard the Klan was against Catholics, he asked and got his ten dollars back — an excellent yarn for Chicago, New York and Boston voters. The Klan had been burning crosses all

around Independence, and the nation resounded with its bigotries. Truman, we are told, tried to duck the issue — riding between Klan and anti-Klan. But when a friend told him it was good politics to join, he signed an application. Of course it is to his credit that he withdrew it. What lingers in the mind of the reader, however, is his biographer's design to make the reader believe that Truman was as innocent of what the Klan was doing as he was innocent of what Pendergast and, later, Stalin were doing. It would seem we ought to have at the helm — the world being what it is — a more suspicious man.

The simple truth is that Mr. Truman was a machine politician himself — actually the boss of his county whose vote, he boasted, he could deliver. Machine politics has its own peculiar ethics. And the professional ethics of all trades — including lawyers, doctors, brokers and newspaper editors — are heavily loaded with the ingredient of self-interest. Moreover, all trades have their special virtues and their very special vices. The political-machine trade has its own highly exalted virtues. A man must be courageous. He must be generous to his supporters. He must be loyal, must stand behind his friends at all costs. He must keep his word. And, above all, he must have an open hand with the poor and downtrodden, particularly those who are registered. Even the simple problem of graft has its recognized moral nuances. There is a difference between graft on a government contract and graft from a brothel, and several ethical attitudes on all the varieties in between. Also there is the very "honest" politician who will not take graft in any form himself, but looks with an understanding eye upon the necessities of practical affairs which make it essential to his own success to keep one or both eyes closed or half closed upon the practical operations of his less squeamish colleagues. The author makes a good case for Mr. Truman's own rectitude, but he does not, it would seem, examine critically enough the moral values of the machine out of whose power his advancement came. The most that can be said is that he makes his hero a good man but definitely not a hero.

An interesting light on Truman, the businessman, is found in a curious reference to the famous haberdashery that failed. It was the "deflation" that did it. That's the standard explanation and may well be true. But the author unconsciously supplies another reason. This haberdashery was only partly a store. It was, to quote Mr. Daniels' naive description of it, "a store, employment agency, schoolroom, small loan center, confession booth and club." It was, in fact, a confabulation center and only incidentally a store, and incidentally it blew up — which seems logical enough.

However, it is not these features of the book that are most striking. What is important is the light it throws upon some of the still dark corners of the Roosevelt years. For one thing we get an illuminating glimpse of the indoctrination process to which a somewhat innocent Senator may be submitted when he arrives in Washington. Truman arrived utterly unknown but billed as a model conservative, honest as the day is long and a good road builder and not too bright. But once in Washington the heat of the Bright New Day was quickly applied to him. Max Lowenthal took him in tow. Max is definitely brighter than Harry and, what is more important, knew intimately all the angles of the Brave New World of which Harry was to be made a citizen. Max had almost virgin ground to till. The new pupil gave such promise that he was soon taken to the sanctum of Judge Brandeis, approaching that shrine and returning frequently with no little awe. He was an apt scholar. Before very long we find him uttering the following amazing sentence about unemployment: "If it is necessary," he said, "to cut each working day to two hours and give the same wage we used to earn for a ten-hour day, we will distribute the profits over the entire country." There is no space here to explore the vast implications of this astounding utterance. Here was a recruit who had outstripped his masters and gone almost haywire in his zeal.

Truman admitted that he liked Hopkins. He averred that while it was perhaps all right in a simpler day for the people to take care of the government, the government must now take care of the people. He began to issue economic pronouncements. Here is one that is enough to bring a gasp from even such a cloud-rider as his present economic adviser, Lawyer Keyserling: "*We are now going about the job*," he said, "*of redistributing wealth that was amassed in robust years. But, thank heaven, we are going about it more peacefully than was done in Russia, Italy or Germany.*" Mr. Daniels seems to hail this cuckooland economics with quiet satisfaction. But it is really difficult not to believe that some scatterbrain in the New Deal handed Truman this choice bit of economic claptrap. Daniels thinks this put him four centuries ahead of Pendergast. I would think it put him eight centuries back, into the dark age of Louis XI.

Returning to the solid earth of official Washington, the author makes some valuable contributions to our history. I have never heard before this version of how Wallace, Byrnes and Barkley were ditched for the Vice Presidency by Roosevelt in favor of Truman. It was not, it seems, just a quickie which popped into the head of the dying Roosevelt at the last minute. Some of Truman's Washington buddies were putting the Vice Presidency into his thoughts as early as 1943. Around the White House, the FDR intimates were whispering in frightened accents about the waning Roosevelt, while trumpeting the news of his good health to the people. Even such a devoted servitor as Pa Watson knew that the gray ghost in the White House was sinking rapidly into the grave. They became increasingly horrified at the prospect of a Wallace renomination, with his quick elevation to the Presidency. Edwin Pauley and Watson connived to open easily the doors to Roosevelt for the anti-Wallace men, while keeping the Wallace supporters out. They paraded in to repeat: "We are for you, but not for Wallace."

It was somewhere in this interval before the convention that Ed Flynn, Frank Walker, Ed Kelly of Chicago, Frank Hague, George Allen and Pauley decided that Roosevelt was a goner and that the way to bring the White House and the party back out of the hands of the Pinkies and the Crackpots was to nominate Roosevelt for President and some safe and sane conservative as VP. They decided Truman was the man. And on July 11th in the White House they convinced Roosevelt. "Very well, it's Truman," he said. Of course, Byrnes and Barkley were walking around with assurances of Roosevelt's support. So was Wallace. But it is difficult to believe — even

for those whose opinion of Roosevelt is quite low — that three days after this, Roosevelt gave to Wallace that famous letter of endorsement with which he very nearly captured the nomination for Vice President and ultimately the Presidency.

The grim jest in all this is that those smart politicians — Flynn, Pauley, Hague, Kelly and Hannegan — picked a lemon. Truman had gone over bag and baggage to the apostles of the Brave New World in which the "government would take care of the people" and redistribute the wealth, "but more peacefully than Stalin and Hitler did it."

JOHN T. FLYNN

HOW TO LICK STALIN

The Choice, by Boris Shub. *New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $2.75*

The Achilles heel of world communism is the Soviet Union. And, of all the 200 million Soviet people who suffer under Stalin, none resent their enslavement more articulately than the educated upper levels of the Russian Communist Party, the Soviet Army, and the MVD. That is what Boris Shub, a Russian-speaking American who has talked to many of those Russians since 1945, concludes in his new book, "The Choice." According to Mr. Shub, if the top Soviet officials and generals — who command the power to overthrow Stalin — are openly supported by the United States, World War III can be averted by a Russian Revolution.

As a sergeant with the Ninth Army in 1945, the author helped escort liberated Russian prisoners of war and slave laborers in Germany who were voluntarily returning to the U.S.S.R. He was convinced at the time, as so many others have become since then, that the great masses of patriotic Russians hated and feared the Stalin dictatorship. Two years later, in Berlin, Shub — as political adviser to RIAS, the American radio station — discovered that top Communist Party and Soviet officials, men whom he had thought to be "monolithic," were even more resentful of Stalin's oppressive police state. Unlike the masses, these men — deputies of the Supreme Soviet, cultural commissars, Pravda writers, MVD officers and so on — have the power to act. Shub's closeups of these high officials furnish an entirely new insight into the profound weakness of the Soviet ruling hierarchy. "There is no true loyalty to Stalin-Beria-Malenkov in any significant segment of the party, the state, the army, the police, or the people," says Shub. "There is only fear, hatred, distrust, cynicism, and despair." His book concretely bears out this simple and startling contention.

Shub proposes that the United States officially and openly proclaim its support of any and all groups in Russia who will work for the overthrow of Stalin. He urges as the first steps a Presidential proclamation promising effective political, military and economic aid to such groups; the indictment as war criminals (on the basis of the Nuremburg precedent) of Stalin, police chief Beria, and Cominform boss Malenkov; and a concentrated appeal to the Soviet occupation army (300,000 men) in East Germany which, he shows, "is already permeated with the spirit of revolt." Along with these steps, Shub urges a massive psychological offensive built around "the legitimate pride of the Russian people in the best that is in them, in their noble revolutionary past, in the liberating message of their great literature, in the words and deeds of the men and women who fought, spoke and died for freedom, who interpreted the best in the Russian spirit to the world and brought the world closer to Russia."

To skeptics who believe that open revolutionary warfare is impossible against a totalitarian system, Shub amply demonstrates the contrary in his exciting account of how Berlin, under the daring leadership of RIAS, came to defy Soviet terror. The chapter, "Courage Is Most of Our Might," is a stirring practical demonstration of how millions — in the face of mortal danger — will rally and fight for freedom under inspired leadership.

The Shub thesis that Russia is ripe for anti-Stalinist revolution will not surprise anyone acquainted with the true history of Russian resistance to oppression. If American policy-makers wanted Stalin & Co. out of the way, there is no doubt it could be done within a fairly short time. But what Boris Shub doesn't take up is the $64 question: Are Harry Truman and Dean G. Acheson and their aides really determined to eliminate Stalin's world power? Would they *really* prefer the overthrow of Stalin and a democratic Russia to a new appeasement deal which might keep a Damocles peace for a few years? Shub assumes, perhaps too optimistically, that the appeasement door has been bolted and that the futile "containment" policy ended with Korea.

An editorial in *Fortune* recently pointed out that "there is not too much the matter with the world of October 1950 that could not be fixed by two revolutions, one in Russia and the other in Washington. The one in Washington, which would not require bloodshed, probably must come first." This is undoubtedly true, but we may not have much time. Shub points out that as long as the State Department continues pouring money and resources into peripheral opposition to Stalin and does nothing about Stalin's Muscovite home base, then "Beria's nuclear plants and hydrogen research projects bring us ever closer to the day when fifty million Americans could be destroyed in a genocidal war."

Shub concludes by saying that "it doesn't take an annual war budget of twenty-five billion dollars, interminable commitments all over the globe, the dislocation of civilian life for a generation, and a dreadful race for new weapons of world destruction, to eliminate Stalin, Beria and Malenkov. It only takes the will to do so." Well, only the explosive power of American public opinion can provide that will by waking up the Administration and putting our foreign policy on its feet. Boris Shub's exciting book, if it reaches a wide enough audience, could arouse that explosive public opinion; and an aroused America would be more than half the battle won. As William C. Bullitt, former Ambassador to Russia, and General John R. Deane, who headed the wartime military mission in Moscow, have already pointed out, our only hope for real peace lies in a program for the revolutionary overthrow of Stalin along the lines presented by Boris Shub. "The Choice" is therefore a "must" choice for 1950.

VICTOR LASKY

TOYNBEE ON WAR

War and Civilization, by Arnold J. Toynbee. Selected by Albert V. Fowler from "A Study of History." *New York: Oxford. $2.50*

This is a book of selections by Albert V. Fowler from Toynbee's massive and as yet uncompleted six volume "Study of History."

One opens any book by Toynbee with mixed feelings. On the one hand there is bound to be the magnificent sweep of Toynbee's thought, springing from the necessary truths that not single nations but entire civilizations are the only intelligible fields of historical study, and that the essence of any civilization is its religion and consequently its ethics. On the other hand, there will almost certainly be the queer Toynbee failures; Toynbee never clearly distinguishes between different civilizations and different local or temporary divisions within the same civilization, and he fantastically underrates communism when he presents it as merely a desirable stimulus to reform!

In the present volume Toynbee fails to reason from first principles concerning war. That our society is suffering from an overdose of armed conflict, that various past civilizations have, or at least may have, perished from similar overdoses, and that ours may consequently perish in its turn, everyone will agree. Unfortunately Toynbee neither defines what war is nor shows its necessary connection with policing. Nor does he examine sufficiently the various societies which have historically succeeded in limiting war within their own boundaries.

Amusingly enough, Mr. Fowler has left out of this book the key passage on pages 535–7 of Vol. 4 of the "Study of History," in which Toynbee solemnly laments because Hildebrand, afterwards the great Pope Gregory VII, when appointed guardian of St. Peter's Church, organized a police force which defeated the bandits who had been stealing the gifts laid by pilgrims on the High Altar. To lament such policing is to advocate pure anarchy. Yet policing and war are both examples of organized force. The main difference between them is that the resistance of law-breakers seldom deserves the name of organized force in its turn. When it does so — as, for instance, it did around Boston in 1775 — you have war. Since this may happen at any time, potential war will always exist.

In the first chapter of this book, the account of the eighteenth century limitation of war is good as far as it goes. But Toynbee mentions neither the benefits conferred by the Imperial Roman and the Medieval limitations, nor the factors underlying all three limitations: i.e. the existence of a large measure of agreement as to what constitutes justice backed up by appropriate military instruments.

It is irrelevant to note, as Toynbee does in chapter 2, that soldiers may or may not be virtuous; the point is that when there is no agreement as to justice, then the potential of war must remain high. Readers may judge for themselves whether or not any agreement between traditional morals and the communism which at least nominally controls some 40 per cent of the world's population is possible.

Did space permit, a number of subordinate points might profitably be discussed. No doubt, as we are told in chapters 4 and 5, the Assyrians swelled up their empire until it burst like Aesop's bullfrog, but after all they had a splendid run for their money for four centuries. As to Charlemagne, perhaps he did wage too many wars against other Christians, especially the Lombards, as Toynbee suggests. On the other hand, political unification of the besieged Christendom of that time was surely worth some sacrifice, and it may have been only the great Emperor's incessant campaigning that gave the Christian West sufficient elbowroom to resist the Viking, Saracen and Magyar raiders of the next few generations. As to Toynbee's habit of calling Tamerlane "Timur Lenk," the reviewer confesses to irritation at so barbarous a locution in the work of so accomplished a classical scholar. One might as well jabber terms like "factual" or "methodology" and be done with it.

The last chapter, "The Failure of the Saviour With the Sword," proves either too little or too much. Temporary military successes have indeed failed over and over again to save decadent societies, but in most cases those societies might well have collapsed even sooner without the victories.

Perhaps the most penetrating thought in the book is in the preface: in threatened societies soldiers are important but saints are even more essential. Unfortunately saints can not be made to order, especially in periods like our own, of which Chesterton has said somewhere: "If we have passed beyond the saint I fear we have passed him without bowing." Good soldiers and great saints have jointly saved Christendom in former Times of Trouble.

HOFFMAN NICKERSON

GREAT PARABLE

Fyodor Dostoevsky. By Rene Fueloep-Miller. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. *New York: Scribner's. $2.00*

Although this is a critical book on Dostoevsky, the admirers of that epileptical saint of literature will learn much more from the life of the novelist than from Fueloep-Miller. However, it may be that the greatest novel and parable is Dostoevsky's life. Dostoevsky died, shortly after completing "The Brothers Karamazov," reaching for a pen that had dropped. This exertion brought on a hemorrhage. However, Dostoevsky's pen was no more fatal or fantastic than his experiences . . . At four o'clock in the morning a friend and the poet Nekrassov came to announce that the author of "Poor Folk," Dostoevsky's first novel, was a genius. A few days later there was another knock on the door, and this time the gendarmes and some cossacks advised him that he was a conspirator and took him to the grim Peter and Paul Fortress. Dostoevsky had been seen talking to a group of young political enthusiasts about Fourier and Herzen.

The forced labor in Siberia, which was horrible enough, yielded less to the novelist than the fantastic comedy of misfortunes which were his after his release. The real steam-bath prison, as Dostoevsky said in a letter, was his first marriage. Just married, he was traveling with his wife in a coach behind which was her lover in a carriage. When Dostoevsky established himself and his wife in a Petersburg flat, he had to support her lover

because he was unemployed. When his wife, who was a crazy consumptive, was dying, she insisted that he wind up clocks until the springs broke, and then demanded that he put them together again.

Dostoevsky's poverty was also very bizarre and appears to belong more to literature than to life. He was not only fantastic with women because he was poor, he was perhaps a more ridiculous figure with them than Othello or foolish Lear. Dostoevsky fell in love with Polina, who is the heroine of the wittiest book he ever wrote, "The Gambler." Few people have given Dostoevsky sufficient credit for being very clever. He could not hold Polina because he had no money, and so she fell in love with a rich Spaniard who quickly deserted her. However, Dostoevsky was no man to leave a woman who had cuckolded him. Raging with jealousy, he went at once to the casino to make a miraculous coup at the gambling tables to win back Polina. Dostoevsky had worked out a number system based on mystical intuition, arithmetic and chance, and won! But gambling so eased him of the chagrins of jealousy that he forgot all about Polina until he lost the greater part of what he had won. By the time he rejoined the deserted Polina, Dostoevsky had to pawn some of her luggage and clothes so that he could return to the green tables of chance.

There was nothing grubby about Dostoevsky's poverty, painful though it was. When Dostoevsky was in a gloomy room in one of those resort and bath towns in Germany, the proprietor of the hotel refused to give him meals on credit, although he did allow him hot tea twice a day. Dostoevsky, to avoid embarrassing the hotel guests as well as himself, rose an hour earlier so as not to pass the tables during meals and returned in the evenings after dinner, but found that his walks had increased his appetite enormously. Then, to forget food and his general wretchedness, he wrote novels and prepared notes for other books until the tallow candle burned down. When the hotelkeeper declined to give him another candle on credit, he sent out many letters to friends and publishers entreating them for money, and mailed them without stamps!

Then his beloved brother, Michael, died, and left a widow and three children, and just enough roubles for his burial expenses. Dostoevsky supported them, and also took over the magazine, the *Epocha*, which Michael had founded, as well as its debts, something like 25,000 roubles. Dostoevsky was pursued by creditors, and had to accept a 3000 rouble advance from an infamous publisher who demanded a lengthy novel to be finished on a certain day. This publisher also exacted of Dostoevsky all rights to his previous works should he fail to complete the book on time. Dostoevsky went to work on "Crime and Punishment," but he also wanted to write about the gambling passion at the casinos, for with Dostoevsky his own droll agony was never very far behind the book. However, he did write "Crime and Punishment," but was unable to deliver the manuscript to the publisher, who had left Petersburg to avoid receiving it so that he could claim Dostoevsky's novels. Fortunately, Dostoevsky's new young wife very cannily took the manuscript to the police station.

Epileptic fits were as useful to him as a novelist as his ridiculous gambling, the liaison with Polina, and his miserable but eccentric penury. Dostoevsky, like Mahomet, found his vision, his Prince Myshkin, through epileptic trances. Mr. Fueloep-Miller writes that after Oscar Wilde left Reading Gaol he was defunct as an artist, but Dostoevsky's mischances with women, the Siberian prison, and even the debts and the scurvy pawnbrokers to whom he had to go repeatedly, were not only no hindrances but provided him with the materials for the tales and the novels. Dostoevsky's life was itself de luxe genius, and as important as his astonishing books.

EDWARD DAHLBERG

ISLAND MADNESS

The Burning Glass, by John Franklin Bardin. *New York: Scribner's. $3.00.*

There is something about an island which makes people behave in an abnormal fashion. Put even a twelve-year-old child on rock surrounded by water and he'll go haywire. Pathological introspection, an insane interest in the affairs of one's neighbors, a fantasy so frenetic that it has all the earmarks of reality — this is the result of such isolation and it is the theme of "The Burning Glass."

Mr. Bardin has put a group of people on an island (presumably off the New England coast) and there for one midsummer day observes them. There is Mark, the brilliant young geneticist whose absorption in his work has all but shut out any other conception of life; Mark's wife, Ruth, a poet, whose vision has no real meaning to any one but herself; Winston Bailey, a musician who abandons his clarinet for a Sexone box where he sits absorbing the energy necessary for a life without inhibitions; Winston's wife, Alicia, who is as casual about indulging her desires as she is about motherhood; Howard De Vanter, an aristocrat turned businessman, who still clings to the rituals of good breeding; his niece, Amalia, an artist (magazine covers), who sits back and laughs at it all. But the story really centers around Roger, the twelve-year-old son of the Baileys, a strange precocious child who sees more than he should and, what is more tragic, tries to set the crooked straight in a way which is anything but straight.

The summer peace of the island has been disturbed by a series of grotesque, sometimes obscene, but always accurate caricatures. The sketches are found everywhere — on stones, steps, pillows and shopping bags. The story is climaxed by an open-air concert which clears up the mystery but ends tragically for the child and more or less so for everyone else, except for Mark and Ruth who have groped their way to the decision that a child of their own might turn the trick.

Mr. Bardin is capable of occasional flashes of psychological subtlety. For instance, Amalia is laughing at her uncle and his futile attempts to anchor himself to the meaningless rituals of the past and at her own attempts to free herself from them:

> She would not have thought of this by herself, the laughter thought of it for her. . . . The place where the laughter began she could never trace. . . . Humour crept through her, a physical thing like the blood itself, cooling her, detaching her mind, enabling her to isolate the experience in which she had been participating, placing it there under the scalpel of her wit. . . .

Mr. Bardin can write. It would be interesting to see what he could do if he faced up to a group of characters on the mainland.

ALIX DU POY

the FREEMAN

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