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JANUARY 22, 1951 25 CENTS

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FREEMAN

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An Editorial

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Editors: **John Chamberlain · Henry Hazlitt · Suzanne La Follette**

PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR

the FREEMAN

with which is combined the magazine, PLAIN TALK

Editors, JOHN CHAMBERLAIN HENRY HAZLITT

Managing Editor, SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

JANUARY 22, 1951

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

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

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

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

RUMFORD PRESS, CONCORD, N. H.

A WORD ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

LAWRENCE R. BROWN, currently an engineer, served during the war as Assistant Director of the Chemical Bureau of the War Production Board. There he was involved in a host of logistic questions, foreign and domestic, including plenty about eastern Siberia. . . . L. ROBERT DRIVER, a tax consultant and financial analyst in New York, has written many articles on taxation and finance for national magazines. His collaborator on "The Myth of Uncle Croesus," FREDERIC NELSON, is associate editor in charge of the editorial page of the *Saturday Evening Post*. . . . DAVID STOLBERG is a young newspaperman who is now a soldier-correspondent with the Eighth Army in Korea. . . . Art critic JEROME MELLQUIST took off for Paris soon after the Carnegie International. His report on the show was therefore delayed. . . . A combination farmer and journalist, R. V. FELLHAUER has been in newspaper work in Kansas City for forty years, and is now general manager of the *Packer*, which reports on production and distribution of farm products. He owns and operates two farms in western Missouri, and is close to the grass-roots thinking there. . . . MARTIN EBON, author of "World Communism Today," visited and reported on the Far East in the summer of 1949. . . . Also familiar with the Orient is FREDERICK GRUIN, who spent a couple of years in China for *Time*, and is on the editorial staff of that magazine. . . . THADDEUS ASHBY has written feature stories for the *Chicago Tribune* and motion picture scenarios. An article of his which appeared in the *Reader's Digest* for July 1950 is being dramatized for BBC. . . . Heaven help editors, says CAROLINE DUER, who was one herself. Now a sprightly 85, she does free-lance writing and keeps a watchful eye on editorial blue-pencilings.

Forthcoming:

The article by Forrest Davis announced for this issue has been postponed. In early issues look also for an article on universal military training by Hoffman Nickerson, "Artist and Layman" by Clarence A. Brodeur, and William S. Schlamm's views on apostasy from communism.

the FREEMAN

NEW YORK, MONDAY, JANUARY 22, 1951

THE FORTNIGHT

There are three main questions involved in President Truman's assertion of his right to order any number of American troops into Europe or any other place in the world that he may see fit — the question of constitutional right, the question of political wisdom, and the question of good faith. Mr. Truman is wrong on all three.

It is the sole constitutional prerogative of Congress to declare war. Mr. Truman was guilty of a clear usurpation of power, as Senator Taft has insisted, when he brought about an actual state of war by ordering our troops into Korea without asking for such a Congressional declaration. Whenever, in fact, the President's orders make or tend to make a war a *fait accompli* — so that Congress is left with no choice but to acknowledge the war's existence — he clearly usurps the power that the Constitution puts solely in the hands of Congress.

Mr. Truman declared at a press conference that he did not need the approval of Congress to send more troops to Europe, even in very substantial numbers, and therefore would not ask for such approval. He did promise to "consult" a few committee members — with the clear implication that he would ignore their advice if it was contrary to his own intentions. Any such failure to ask for a recording of the wishes of the whole body of the people's elected representatives, for fear that those wishes might be contrary to what Mr. Truman wanted to do, would be obviously unwise politically. Mr. Truman would then have only himself to blame for a divided country or resentful troops.

Finally, and most important, there is a moral question. Arthur Krock in the *New York Times* of January 11 reprinted an excerpt from the testimony of Secretary Acheson before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on April 27, 1949. Senator Hickenlooper, trying to clarify the obligations of the pact, asked "whether or not we are expected to supply substantial numbers . . . of American troops to implement the land power of western Europe prior to aggression?" Mr. Acheson replied: "The answer to that question, Senator, is a clear and absolute 'No.'"

Yet here is what happened on January 11 this year, as reported in the *New York Times* of the next day:

> "Is it the Administration's . . . present intention to increase our forces in Europe to give General Eisenhower the wherewithal with which to defend Europe?" a reporter asked.
>
> "Why certainly, why certainly," Mr. Truman replied.

And there you have it. Mr. Acheson's "clear and absolute No" when he was trying to persuade Congress to ratify the treaty, has not merely dissolved into a Maybe; it has been completely reversed, into a clear and absolute Yes.

Can a sound foreign policy rest on such brazen bad faith? What are we fighting for, anyway? What are American boys in Korea supposed to be dying for? We publish in this issue an editorial urging Congress to call upon Mr. Truman to resign. Nothing could more clearly underline the urgency of such a step than this cynical breaking of the Administration's pledged word.

In the natural way of thinking, a wild bull market in Wall Street is associated with profits — in the present case with war profits — and hence the irresistible demand for an excess profits tax to take the profit out of war. There ought not to be profit in war. Everybody feels like that, especially toward the other fellow's profit. But then it appears that the bull market takes an excess profits tax in its stride. Stocks go on rising; whereupon cynical people say, "You see. They know they can beat an excess profits tax and they don't care." The fact is, however, that the buyers who day after day have been overwhelming the facilities of the Stock Exchange, driving prices higher and higher, are not thinking of profits at all. They are in flight from the dollar. They are exchanging dollars for pieces of paper that represent things.

Briefly, they are trying to beat inflation. They are acting on very clear signs that the longer you hold a dollar the less it will buy, whereas no matter what happens to the dollar, when it is all over things will still be things. A steel mill will not cease to be a steel mill. The late Josiah Stamp used to say that the only sure way to beat inflation was to buy blankets, whiskey and small parcels of productive land. Few people would know how to store blankets and whiskey on a large scale and the trouble with land is that, the minute you buy it, taxes begin to

eat it up. If it is a large sum of money you are dealing with, the easiest way to protect your principal is to put it into stocks and forget dividends and profits. That is what the great investment trusts now are doing.

If you think a bull market in Wall Street is a scandal in war time, remember the cause. Inflation is the scandal. The only way to stop the bull market is to stop inflation and gradually restore faith in the dollar — a faith that now is in decline not only here but all over the world. A year ago Europe regarded the American dollar as the equivalent of gold. That is no longer true. Europe now prefers gold — and this despite the fact that a foreign holder of an American dollar is permitted to exchange it for gold. An American holder of an American dollar has not that right. That is one of the kinks of our "bullion gold standard." It is impossible legally for an American to hedge against inflation by acquiring gold. He is forbidden to own gold. All the more, therefore, his hedging instinct takes him into stocks.

The reports from Europe indicating a terrific "welcome" for General Ike Eisenhower are heartening to read, but they are apt to be misleading. No doubt "They Like Ike" is the song of the day in Paris and in Brussels. But are they singing "They Like Ike" in Bonn and Berlin? Alas, our spies inform us that the Germans are not anxious to go to war for the West under Eisenhower's leadership. Eisenhower's memoirs of the Crusade in Europe express no great fondness for the Germans — and the memoirs were long ago translated into German and published as part of our cultural program of explaining to Germans the meaning of democracy. Assured in his own words that Ike has a certain contempt for them, how can the Germans be expected to warm to the idea of a European army commanded by the man who beat hell out of them in 1944 and 1945? Assuming that we want an all-western European defense, including Germans, someone will have to paint a new and warmer picture of Eisenhower for them.

Almost as if he intended to make a symbolic point of it, Sinclair Lewis, America's greatest satiric novelist, chose Rome as his place of death on January 10. A great destroyer of values, Lewis was also, to steal from the title of his penultimate novel, a perennial "god-seeker." We have no information that he ever turned to formal Christianity for solace and courage in his declining phase, but we do know that he had long since rejected the nihilistic mood of his middle years. He had gone on from the negations of "Main Street" and "Babbitt" to create a loving portrait of a truth-seeking scientist in "Arrowsmith" and an equally fond delineation of a "good" businessman in "Dodsworth." He even went so far as to make a hero out of a very Babbitty small-town businessman, Fred Cornplow, in a novel called "The Prodigal Parents."

Unfortunately for the long-derided and long-suffering members of Rotary and Kiwanis, who had taken it on the chin for a decade because of "Babbitt," Lewis's talent had started to run thin before he got around to his positive defense of Rotary virtues. His books written in celebration of the American system — "The Prodigal Parents," "Cass Timberlane," "Work of Art," "It Can't Happen Here" — were carelessly put together and often filled with dubious and unexplained motivations; they never caught on with the public that had rushed to read the sharp and glittering satiric spoofs on American village and small city life in "Main Street" and "Babbitt." Lewis was always more successful as a hater than as a lover, probably for the reason that his main talent was for mimicry.

Lewis spent his last years in a violent oscillation between Minnesota and Italy. In Florence and Rome and in the "lost Swede towns" of his Minnesota youth he was looking for a place called home. He never quite found that home, although for a period he came close to discovering happiness in Duluth. Even in Italy Sinclair Lewis breathed a fundamental love for the Middle West; he liked Italy because he had written "Babbitt" there. Neighborliness and the freedom he had imbibed as a boy in Sauk Center, Minnesota, were always Lewis's lodestars. Even his great nihilistic successes — "Main Street," "Babbitt" — are filled with interludes and "asides" that accentuate the values of American neighborliness and freedom. Carol Milford Kennicott in "Main Street" may have been callowly pretentious in her pathetic hunger for a Maeterlinckian version of culture, but, as John Erskine pointed out years ago, a hired girl in the same story could and did derive great happiness from all the humble advantages of Gopher Prairie's democracy. As for Doc Kennicott and Georgie Babbitt, they were good old slobs — and Lewis loved them as Middle-Western Americans even as he went through the motions of tearing them limb from limb. Satirists are usually ambivalent and confused persons who really love what they are deriding, and Lewis was no exception to the general rule of the breed.

A sad little drama has recently been enacted in Geneva, the city which perhaps typifies more than any other the failure of twentieth-century man to make the world over in the image of Eden. Gathered together in the historic home of the League of Nations, delegates to a One-World Conference were all set to draw up a world constitution. Unfortunately they fell to fighting with each other, with the result that the British delegation, charging the conference leaders with "political irresponsibility," went home in a huff. Whereupon Fyke Farmer, delegate from Nashville, Tennessee, accused the British delegates of the crime of having "disrupted the conference by calling meetings in hotel bedrooms." Boys, boys! If the peacemakers can't dwell together in amity, what are the rest of us to do? The spectacle of a One-World jam session degenerating into a hair-pulling contest is no doubt food for gigantic mirth. But the pat symbolism of One-Worlders accusing each other of the double-cross has too much of the flavor of a warning parable, and all we can manage in this bleak winter of cold and hot wars is one wry little smile.

Former Senator Millard Tydings has sued before the Senate Committee on Privileges to set aside the recent will of the voters of Maryland on the ground of "imposture." If imposture is the issue, what about the colossal and arrogant pretense of Mr. Tydings that he spent a good part of 1950 seriously investigating charges of subversion in the State Department?

WHY TRUMAN SHOULD RESIGN

It becomes increasingly obvious that President Truman, however well-intentioned, is leading the country down the road to calamity. The throwing of our ground troops into Korea, by Mr. Truman's sole decision and in clear usurpation of the constitutional prerogative of Congress, has led us into the worst military defeat in our history.

Less obvious at the moment is the chaos in domestic policy, with the Administration steadily creating monetary inflation on the one hand, and then, on the other, trying to "save" the country from its inevitable effects by imposing price-fixing, rationing and other totalitarian controls. Yet the ultimate result of this could be even more serious, when the over-all welfare of the country is considered, than the Korean disaster.

The mounting danger of the situation, the rate at which we have been and are moving toward disaster, makes it increasingly academic and fatuous to talk about the possible successor to Mr. Truman — in 1953.

The prospect of Mr. Truman's remaining at the head of affairs for the next two years, and making the final decision on all matters of major or minor policy, makes it seem almost fatuous, in fact, seriously to discuss what should be done now in any field of national policy — whether military strategy, diplomatic aims, economic organization, or any other serious subject.

For no matter how thoughtful, conciliatory or justified the criticism of his policies, or how obvious the calamity to which they have already led, Mr. Truman seems determined to continue along his previous course. Korea, he says proudly, is a "symbol." It surely is. To the rest of us it is a symbol of a major and wholly avoidable defeat, a symbol of the folly of acting on the basis of wish-fulfillment rhetoric rather than of hard realities. But Mr. Truman can speak of it as if it were the symbol of a brilliant victory.

"If the democracies had stood up against the invasion of Manchuria in 1931," he said in his annual message to Congress, "or the attack on Ethiopia in 1935, or the seizure of Austria in 1938; if they had stood together against aggression on these occasions *as the United Nations has done in Korea*, the whole history of our time would have been different."

If the rhetoric of good intentions had been translated into the language of actual results, this sentence would have read: "If the democracies had suffered in Manchuria in 1931, or in Ethiopia in 1935, or in Austria in 1938, a military defeat comparable in extent and humiliation with the one they have just suffered in Korea . . . !"

But even if Mr. Truman were less stubborn in the face of Korea's exposure of the bankruptcy of his foreign policy, even if he were willing to change his course and humbly to seek new advice and guidance, we must face the simple truth that he is incompetent to distinguish good advice from bad, and would not know how to put good advice into effect.

It is futile for anyone to think out and lay down a policy unless the man upon whom we chiefly depend to put the policy into effect is competent to do it. Americans recognize this simple truth in every field but politics. The directors of a steel company or the trustees of a university would not think that they were solving the problems of their institution by shouting directions or framing a blueprint for an incompetent president to carry out. Such a board of directors or trustees would recognize, in fact, that its chief function was to choose the right executive, to supplant an unfit man with a fit one, or even a good man with the best man available. An army with its own survival at stake would not keep a general whose incompetence had been demonstrated, and seriously think that it could offset the incompetence by shouting a bedlam of conflicting advice at him.

Whatever the plan of grand strategy, or whoever had formulated it, only the hour-to-hour or moment-to-moment decisions of the general in command could make it effective. And no country could survive under a system by which a general was chosen for a fixed period of four years and could not be changed until the end of that period no matter into how many defeats he was leading his forces. Yet how much more important is the commander-in-chief!

This brings us back to our central constitutional difficulty — that Congress seems to have no effective mechanism for removing one President and substituting another. Writing on the English Constitution in 1876, Walter Bagehot pointed out that the "legislature chosen, in name, to make laws, in fact finds its principal business in making and in keeping an executive." But this fact was not clearly recognized, even in England, until Bagehot's time. And it has never been clearly recognized here. Yet it is in large part because our Congress does not have or has not used this power that it has become increasingly impotent in recent years.

For Congress today appears to have the choice only of two courses — either to be a rubber stamp for executive policies or to obstruct executive policies. There is always much solemn talk, of course, of "bipartisanship" and "cooperation." But the blunt truth is that Congress has no means by which it can force the President to cooperate with it; and it is merely accused of failing to cooperate with *him* unless it does what he asks. This is especially true in a war crisis.

And Congress therefore becomes a rubber stamp. It passes as a matter of course, for example, fantastic "defense" appropriations as requested by the President, without daring to give them any but the most perfunctory examination. This is in spite of the fact, amply attested by past experience, that these tremendous sums are spent carelessly, stupidly, wastefully and sometimes flagrantly. But Congress doesn't dare to stand accused of "holding up the defense program" in a crisis.

But if it were merely Congress's duty to endorse whatever the President requested, then it would be an obvious saving of time and money to have no Congress at all. Yet the totalitarian implications of the "liberal" outcries against Congressional "obstructionism" are seldom recognized. And so the tendency of a "war" Congress is

to grant more powers and still more powers to an executive incompetent to exercise even modest powers.

Though Senator Taft's opponents have, as usual, poured plenty of personal ridicule and abuse upon him, not one of them has successfully answered his contention that: "The President simply usurped authority, in violation of the laws and the Constitution, when he sent troops to Korea to carry out the resolution of the United Nations in an undeclared war." And as the Senator added, once this decision was made, Congress "had no choice but to back up wholeheartedly the boys who were fighting in Korea."

In brief, as long as Congress has no power to remove the President, it has no choice between becoming a rubber stamp and becoming a mere obstruction, no choice between precipitating a deadlock and permitting a dictatorship.

And because a representative assembly itself can not administer, but can only prevent the executive from administering, it always gets the chief blame for a deadlock.

In short, unless Congress has power to remove a President, unless it has power to change the executive, it is reduced in the public eye to the mere "talking-mill" or "babbling institution" ridiculed by every totalitarian from Carlyle to Hitler.

But is Congress in fact this powerless under our Constitution? Or has it simply failed to make use of its powers under the Constitution?

We are not talking of the method of impeachment. This procedure is much too drastic, clumsy, time-consuming and grave for Congress to be willing to resort to it. The Constitution provides that "the President . . . shall be removed from office on impeachment for, and conviction of, treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors." This does not specifically cover mere incompetence (which may nevertheless be disastrous to the nation), or even usurpation of power, unless such usurpation can be defined as a "high crime" or "misdemeanor." But as Woodrow Wilson pointed out, what stands in the way of good government is not usually "great crimes" but "folly or incapacity."

Is Congress — is the nation — powerless against folly or incapacity? Not entirely. Most of us have forgotten that the Constitution specifically provides for, and therefore authorizes, the *resignation* of the President: "In case of the *removal* of the President from office, or of his death, *resignation*, or *inability* to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice President," etc.

This clause not only explicitly envisages the resignation of a President but also implies, in the phrase "inability," that he can be removed for a loss of health, a loss of sanity, or even a lack of competence. It is only usage, it is only Congress's previous failure to act, that has allowed this clause so far to become a dead or, shall we say, a sleeping letter. There is no warrant in the wording itself for confining the application of the word "inability" solely to *physical* inability. Clearly it was meant to refer also to mental inability. And even the strictest constructionist would find it hard to deny that "inability" means lack of ability — incompetence, incapacity.

Clearly, moreover, the framers of the Constitution did not intend the President to be the judge of his own "inability." That would make no more sense than it would make if the common law required a person to declare his own incompetence, in the legal sense of the term, before a guardian could be appointed. The obvious body to pass on the inability of the President is the same Congress to which the Constitution specifically assigns the power of impeachment.

There is no reason, in short, why we can not under our Constitution do by actual practice and precedent what Great Britain, Canada, Australia, and many European countries do, not under specific written clauses as a rule, but by actual practice and precedent.

As a simple, practical matter, if Congress were to pass a joint resolution declaring that it and the country had lost confidence in the President, and calling upon him to resign, it is hardly conceivable that Mr. Truman could refuse to resign.

Two conditions should accompany or precede such a resolution. One would be the passage of a law by Congress declaring that if a President resigned before the termination of his elected term, the payment of his salary would be continued for what would have been the balance of that term. This would remove irrelevant economic considerations from the area of discussion.

The other condition is that any resolution of lack of confidence would be offered, not under Republican sponsorship, but under Democratic or under joint Democratic-Republican sponsorship. This would remove the resolution from the field of party politics. The resolution could not in fact be a partisan one. For its practical effect would be that one Democratic President would resign in order to make way for a Democratic successor — Vice President Barkley.

The situation resulting from this might fall short of the ideal. Many people might not consider Alben Barkley, either in age or in statesmanship, to be up to the tremendous responsibilities of the Presidential office in the present crisis. But the change-over would nevertheless accomplish a very great deal. It would put not only Mr. Truman, but all future Presidents, on notice that they could not with impunity set aside the constitutional prerogatives and usurp the powers of Congress. The change-over would remove a man, and a group of officials and advisers, whom many suspect, rightly or wrongly, of having permitted a continued useless involvement in Korea, with needless further casualties for American troops, in preference to permitting an earlier withdrawal and thereby admitting their original mistake in ordering our troops into the Korean trap in the first place. The change to a new Administration would remove any of those, in other words, who to save their own faces might be tempted to continue, prolong or compound the mistakes of the past.

Once this action had been taken, Congress could then proceed either to amend the Presidential succession law, or to submit an amendment of the Constitution itself, to permit the American people to have a voice and a choice in the midst of crisis, and not only to remove a President who is leading the country on a disastrous course, but to install as his successor a leader who could command the full support of Congress and inspire the complete confidence of the people.

CHOOSE THEREFORE THE GRIM REASON

Every thoughtful person shudders to think what will happen if and when people begin to lose faith in the dollar and in the bonds of their government. That is why the salesmanship of the United States Treasury, with its false and cynical appeal to thrift, enjoys almost complete immunity from criticism. Hour by hour you may hear earnest voices speaking its prepared pieces on the air, and they go like this:

> Make sure of your security now. Buy United States savings bonds. Guaranteed by the government. It will return you four dollars for every three.

If you say what is wrong with this you will be in the position of attacking the credit of the government at a critical time. It will be said of you that you are obstructing the sale of its bonds, and nobody wants to do that, because of course it is necessary for the government to sell bonds, and to buy them is a patriotic duty. But that same reason for not telling the truth has been acting for eighteen years, with such results as not only that millions of innocents have been ruinously mulcted, but that the government has come to believe that any reckless promise to pay, engraved on a piece of paper, is clothed in a kind of sanctity. It began in the first year of the New Deal, when the government offered bonds payable in gold and particularly recommended them to small investors, while at the same time it was writing a law to repudiate the promise to pay in gold.

What is this savings bond that now comes recommended to you by the government as the perfect answer to your forethought of security? It is *guaranteed by the government.* That phrase is reminiscent of a time when a breach of faith by the government was unimaginable; when its word had the value of gold everywhere in the world. What does it mean now? It means only that when the bond matures it will be paid in dollars. But whereas once an American dollar was as good as gold, because if you wanted gold you could get gold for it, now it is an irredeemable paper dollar, or, if you like, it is redeemable only in another paper dollar like itself. Thus you have your government's IOU, that is to say, its bond redeemable only in irredeemable paper money. The value of the bond therefore is unknown. It can not even be guessed at, since nobody is able to say what this irredeemable paper dollar is going to be worth when your bond becomes due and payable.

The United States bond you bought in 1939 now is worth some 43 per cent less (in terms of what it will buy as measured by official cost-of-living index numbers) than what you paid for it. Yet it was guaranteed by the government and sold to you as a wise and sound investment. There is no reason to suppose that the same thing will not happen to the bond you buy now. Indeed, the same thing, or worse, is bound to happen to it if the government continues the inflationary policies to which it seems fatally committed — if it continues to issue IOUs secured only by irredeemable paper dollars, which irredeemable paper dollars are in turn secured by the IOUs, and so on to any point of spiral absurdity, until the end. The end would be monetary chaos, and a pretty thing that would be to catch up with you in your old age.

Everybody should buy government bonds, and buy them now, but not for any reason to be discovered in the Treasury's sales talk. There is a better reason, and we wonder what the response would be if the truth were told — if the Treasury would say:

> The government desperately needs your money. It will give you its IOU for what it borrows and promise to pay you back in dollars. But you are not to regard this as an investment in the ordinary sense, nor as something you save for your personal security, and your government tells you this because it does not guarantee what the dollars will be worth when you get them back. They may be worth much less. The government is asking you to buy these bonds as a contribution to the country's defense. The possibility of loss, which is not denied, will seem to you a secondary consideration when you reflect that if the country is not successfully defended, all will be lost. The government is obliged to ask our young men to risk their lives. It is asking you to risk only your dollars.

Not only, as we think, would an appeal like this sell many bonds; it might be the beginning of a kind of sincerity that could lead us back to the principles of honest money.

INTELLECTUAL'S PROGRESS

The *Saturday Review of Literature* chose December 16 as a good time to dig out and publish an old speech by former Dean Virginia C. Gildersleeve of Barnard College. And their article, which might have been called, "How to Confuse the American Mind," appeared just two weeks before a letter from Miss Gildersleeve to the *New York Times.* The two together might be titled, "Intellectual's Progress."

The article deals chiefly with the San Francisco Conference. In it Miss Gildersleeve says that

> Our Russian allies [sic] believe honestly and sincerely that the only way to build a state on a democratic basis is to build on the complete dominance of the Communist group. . . . We believe we want to protect minorities and individual rights.

The Russians are honest and sincere; "we" apparently are not. And so, when Miss Gildersleeve cites the Polish question as one on which the difference in defining "democratic" created misunderstanding, the implication is that after all the Russians had some justification for disregarding the Yalta agreement prescribing free elections.

Miss Gildersleeve is for discarding the word democratic and finding some other on which we may be able to agree with "the Russians." Another confusing expression, it seems, is "free press." "We" think we have a free press and "the Russians" think their controlled press is free. "What do the words 'free press' mean?"

Dean Gildersleeve, it seems, tried hard at San Francisco to understand "the Russians." But if you try to understand people by permitting them to redefine and pervert the words which express your most cherished traditions and beliefs, you are asking to be led into such utter moral confusion as this on the Polish underground leaders whom Stalin betrayed and framed:

> Had [the USSR] told us what was actually happening to those sixteen democratic Polish leaders who so mysteriously disappeared I have often thought the episode might not have seemed so ominous and alarming as it did.

On December 28 the same Dean Gildersleeve criticized Pearl Buck's approval of the Chinese Communist Wu's attack on this country before the UN; with no quibbling, either, about what General Wu might have meant by what he said, or the fact that he spoke for Russia. The speech, she said,

> twisted the facts, and it rang with arrogance, cruelty and anger that could never have stemmed from a people born to the great traditions of Buddha and Confucius.

Does Dean Gildersleeve, we wonder, realize that Wu might never have addressed the UN in the voice of Stalin if she and other American representatives had been willing to appraise that voice honestly in 1945?

THE GREAT DEBATE

By ALFRED KOHLBERG

The debate on foreign policy that rocks the country from Congress to country store, has developed an enormous amount of heat, if not much light as yet. As recently as the Presidential campaign of 1948, both parties considered the topic taboo, and it was scarcely mentioned by the political tub-thumpers.

In 1949 a Republican politician told me the subject of communism was not of political interest. "It's like VD," he said. "Everybody's against it, but nobody wants to talk about it." Since June 25th last, public interest has grown almost daily. President Truman's statement of December 19, calling on Secretary Acheson's critics to offer alternative foreign policies, opened the floodgates of debate.

Former President Hoover, John Foster Dulles and Secretary Acheson have been the leading proponents of varying viewpoints. In the public mind they represent directly opposed policies. Carefully considered, however, they seem really to share the same point of view, differing only as to the details of its implementation. The viewpoint of all three might be titled: "*Permanent Armed Confrontation.*" All three propose a defensive build-up to hold back onrushing Soviet power, largely by military force. Messrs. Dulles and Acheson would abandon the anti-Communist Chinese forces — the largest armies in the Far East, while attempting to strengthen western Europe with American troops by 1953. President Hoover would partly reverse the process, help defend Formosa and abandon western Europe until it shows more will to fight.

The average American has no military knowledge from which to form a careful judgment of the merits of this argument, yet he tends instinctively to side with President Hoover. Distrust of Acheson and Dulles, distrust of the President who has brought us from victory to near-disaster in five years, and distrust of the European allies who ditched us in Korea and now want to make a deal with the Red Chinese aggressors, all play a part in this instinctive attitude.

With some, the distrust runs so deep that they think the Administration, still under the influence of its Communist sympathizers, is secretly committed to its policy of the last seven years. This policy might be titled: "*The Continuous Appeasement Policy.*" This is the policy of Teheran and Yalta, Potsdam and Moscow, and all the conferences where we negotiated away all eastern Europe, parts of Germany and Austria, and all of China. In the appeals to Stalin to sit down again at another four-power foreign ministers' conference, they see more of the "make Stalin happy" idea.

In the coming years, under the direction of Truman and Harriman and Acheson and Marshall, and other men of Yalta, they fear appeasement after appeasement until we really stand alone. In the immediate future they fear the betrayal of Formosa and the Nationalist Chinese guerrillas (over 2,000,000 of them) on the excuse that they are "corrupt"; then maybe of Iran and the Middle East (all very "corrupt," too); then of parts of Europe and Africa and maybe Alaska (it used to belong to Russia, as Mrs. Roosevelt remarked — and Russia also claimed Washington, Oregon and northern California).

But there is another possibility. Its proponents merit the nation's highest consideration, yet it is scarcely considered. This policy might be titled: "*Offensive Counter-subversion.*"

The idea has been advanced for years by Generals MacArthur, Wedemeyer and Chennault and many lesser lights among the military, especially in the intelligence sections of the armed forces. At least one book and numerous magazine articles have urged it. Its aim is the destruction and overthrow of the Communist dictatorship that now enslaves one-third of mankind. It would make us the arsenal, directing center, and strategic reserve in the struggle to restore a free world.

Pouring our economic and military reserves into fringe areas such as Korea, or into areas of non-fighting pensioners bent on appeasement, would be avoided like the plague. Such commitment of our strategic reserves in the early stages of the struggle would be treason in this view; especially when contrary to the advice of our most competent military men.

This alternative policy aims to destroy the dictatorship which is our enemy, instead of its slaves, who would like to be our friends.

The majority of anti-Communist students of communism are in general agreement on this third policy. The principal steps in such a policy would be:

1. Clean our own house. Separate the dupes from the hard core of traitors. Watch the dupes and take appropriate care of the traitors.

2. Aid all nations fighting communism or willing to fight it, but within our means and on condition that they clear out their own Communists.

3. Break diplomatic relations with the Communist world.

4. Fire the Communist nations out of the UN. If that can not be done, fire the UN out of the U. S.

5. Arm and direct the guerrilla and underground forces behind the Iron Curtain.

6. Stop all trade with the Communist world. Permit free trade only with the allies of point 2, above. Control trade with all others to prevent benefiting Soviet power. Prohibit all aid to nations not in the alliance provided in point 2, above.

Proponents of this policy point out that it is exactly what we will do the day after war is declared, in any case. They claim that we are at war now, and they ask the Administration, "What are we waiting for?"

FRUITS OF "UNITY"

By GARET GARRETT

"LET THERE be unity," says the voice of panic. "In unity there is strength." But there is the voice of danger saying, "Many are the strong that have perished before us. There may be unity for national suicide."

Unity has no gift of seeing. It may be blind. It has no wisdom in itself. It may be both valorous and stupid.

We have had unity, seldom entire of course, but to a degree never before imagined in a democratic republic. There was unity enough for Measures Short of War, reinforced by the image of Hitler stepping across the Atlantic to conquer the Americans, although as it turned out he could not pass thirty miles of English channel to finish the British when they were prone after Dunkerque.

Then for fear of disunity there was complete unity for the war itself. And whatever may have been one's suppressed thoughts at the time, or the afterthoughts since of "revisionists" like Beard, victory was its own justification. It was much more than physical victory. The torch of civilization had passed to the hands of a romantic people who dreamed of universal peace and brotherhood and wanted nothing else for themselves from their day at Armageddon.

At the end of the war the United States was incomparably the great military, economic and moral power in the world. Its word was final. It had only to say no, and there could not take place anywhere in the earth an act of aggression. To whatever it said yes, that was a gilded thing and people held forth their hands to receive it, unable at first to comprehend such generosity and yet in a little while taking it for granted and demanding it as a right, because the Americans were so rich, the British Socialists saying that as capitalists the Americans were under a necessity to give their surplus away to save themselves from drowning in it. Reporting to the President in 1945 the Chief of Staff said: "The security of the United States now is in our own hands."

How long ago was that? Five years.

Has it been for want of unity that in five years we have lost not only our authority in the world but control of our own destiny? Has it been for want of unity that terror now gripes the entrails of our cities, fear is the theme of government propaganda, and we talk of *survival?*

Think back a little. Was it in the first place for fear of disunity that Roosevelt reversed American foreign policy and recognized the Soviet dictatorship, and then permitted Stalin's agents to create cells of treason in the executive agencies of government? That was in time of what we believed to be peace, and although it was very embarrassing when Stalin went over to Hitler, his agents nevertheless continued to sit in the councils of American government, up to policy-making levels. All embarrassments ceased when Hitler turned on the Russians. Then Stalin became our preferred ally, with priorities in lend-lease dictated by Harry Hopkins, who, in the words of President Roosevelt, got along with Stalin like a house afire. Those who knew better wrote books about it afterward, but while it was going on there was silent unity. To criticize Stalin was an offense against unity.

So then later it was not want of unity that obliged the Roosevelt government, nor the Truman government that succeeded it, to embrace Stalin as a peace-loving collaborator in the postwar world, to betray into his hands our ally China, to give him all that part of Europe that lies now behind the Iron Curtain, and to put the American neck into a noose at Berlin. For two years more Stalin was Mr. Truman's good old Joe, who sometimes behaved badly because he was the prisoner of wicked men in the Kremlin; and as for Stalin's agents in the executive agencies of government, people who kept talking about that were hysterical, to say the least of them, and at the worst they were enemies of unity and played a game with red herrings. He was not worried about communism. Let nobody else worry about it.

Since there was nothing to worry about, it would be safe to disembowel the military establishment, which was done, to make more funds for the welfare state. The Navy went into mothballs, the Army was demobilized, the Air Force was wrecked — and there was unity for all of that.

Then Mr. Truman's official economic advisers turned the people's attention to the fascinating bauble of perpetual boom, to be maintained by scientific inflation; and there was unity for that.

Meanwhile our efforts to save Europe from chaos had been frustrated. The Socialist government of Great Britain had devoured a loan of $4,000,000,000, with no benefit but an increase of appetite. It was perhaps wrong to try doing this thing piecemeal. So the Truman government invented the Marshall Plan to do it all at once. If the countries of Europe would get together, add up their estimated deficits for a series of years and send us the bill, we would pay it.

And in this at first there was no thought of filling peoples' bellies to keep them from going Communist. That came later. At first Russia was expected to come in, like everybody else; she was invited. But the Kremlin declined to come in and forbade her satellites to come in, for no reason given at the time.

For all of that there was unity. We lived with the hypnotic fiction that the conduct of American affairs abroad was above politics. Was there not a bipartisan foreign policy?

Thus the country was conditioned and prepared to lose the cold war. Although we did not know it, the cold war was already lost when in 1947 the Truman Doctrine was announced, by the President alone. The immediate occasion for it was that the British Government had suddenly thrown Greece in our lap, fairly sure that we would not let it roll on the floor. And they were right. This might have been handled as a limited commitment to help Greece repel Communist aggression, and it might

have included also Turkey; but no. It had to be done with a grand gesture. It had to be something bold and brave, and something at the same time that would shrewdly serve a political end. Apparently by that time Mr. Truman had become aware of Communist aggression in the world as a fact; but that was not all. He was aware also that softness toward Soviet Russia had become a serious political liability. Now, therefore, he would do it properly. That is how it happened that what might have been a limited adventure in the Mediterranean world came to be clothed in the Truman Doctrine.

In his message to Congress asking for the means to aid Greece and Turkey he declared that the United States hereafter would act to stop totalitarian aggression anywhere in the world. He did not explicitly say Russian aggression, but there was no mistaking what he meant; there was no other kind of aggression to stop.

Well, there was unity for the Truman Doctrine too. Its terrific total implications were almost entirely ignored. Mr. Truman himself could hardly have been aware of them. One of the few who saw them clearly was Dr. Virgil Jordan. This, he said, was in fact a declaration of war upon Soviet Russia. The Russians would so understand it. Therefore, go on with it. Say to the Russians, "You go home, and we will come home and let people alone" — and say it at once while we still had sole possession of the atomic bomb. He said these things before a dinner of distinguished persons at the Waldorf, and his words were received with horrified and unbelieving silence.

The consequences of the Truman Doctrine were these:

1. For the first time in history a sane nation had assumed *unlimited* political, economic and military obligations in the world — and it had done this with no premeditation whatever and no appraisal of the possible cost in terms of its own resources. However, if you ask, "How shall you weigh your resources against an unlimited liability?" the answer is that you can not do it. And that's the point.

2. In a world at war, or about to be at war, a nation had abolished its frontiers — for if you are going to stop aggression everywhere, where *is* your frontier?

3. We had thrown away the first prerogative of a militant nation, which is to choose its battleground — to say where, when and on what terms it will fight. The power of initiative was delivered to the enemy. The aggressor would be able to name the time, the place and the conditions, as we were to find out later to our sorrow.

4. The Atlantic Pact, by which we undertake to put both equipment and fighting manpower into western Europe for the defense of countries that have not really made up their minds to defend themselves, and might sooner appease the Russians than become the battleground of a Russo-American war.

Our one incurable weakness is manpower. We are only 150 million people. We are 100 million fewer than the combined people of those European countries that expect us to defend them against the Russians. Therefore, as any tenth-grade boy would know, we should avoid meeting Stalin's Asian and Eurasian hordes on the ground. Nevertheless, at last the Truman government was maneuvered into accepting war on the worst terrain in the world — as in the tube of a funnel, with the Chinese hordes pouring themselves in at the top.

As we may now recall, there was unity behind Mr. Truman when he made the decision to enter Korea. He expected the country to be thrilled, and it was. The decision was consistent with the Truman Doctrine, morally obligatory thereunder; but people were as vague about what it was going to mean as Mr. Truman was, or as they had been about the implications of the Truman Doctrine in the first place.

What Mr. Truman thought was going to be a "police action" turned into a war that in six months had already cost us half as much as the cost of our total exertions in World War I; it turned into a war that dangerously stripped the home base of its defenses, leaving the country, in the words of General Omar Bradley, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, without the strength to defend itself against attack; a war in which we found ourselves swapping American lives for Asiatic lives; precisely the kind of war we could never win, said Hanson W. Baldwin — "a land struggle on the Asiatic continent in a theater where no decision is possible against the hordes of Asia."

The enemy had picked the place, had chosen his own time, had named the conditions.

Now mobilization. There must be unity for that. Certainly there will be unity for that. It is the sequel, and imperative. And yet the people may be permitted to ask: What is this mobilization for? The President says it is in order "that the full moral and material strength of the nation may be readied for the dangers which threaten us."

Everybody perceives the dangers that threaten us, including one that Mr. Truman can not see, namely, the self-admiring, grimacing incompetence of that same leadership which has cost us the world and our authority in it, which has involved us in these perils, which continues never to doubt its own rightwiseness, and still demands of the people unity.

How shall these dangers be met? It is no answer to say, as Mr. Truman says, that we must make ourselves strong enough to meet them. Five years ago we were strong enough. As we build up our military strength again, what shall we do with it? Mr. Truman does not say. So far as the people know, there is no plan. Therefore they are asking: Shall we go on in Asia, swapping American for Asiatic lives, and if so, to where? Shall we come home, and if so to what? Shall we forget Asia, or appease the enemy there, and put our strength in Europe, as the Europeans say we should, trusting that if it comes to final war with Russia our boughten European allies will not go out from under us?

In any event, how shall this country recover the power of initiative, so that it will be able to say where and when and whom it will fight? Is there a plan for doing that? If we can not do that, then we shall not get back control of our own destiny. The Kremlin will deploy our manpower and dispose of our resources; the Kremlin will determine the size of our military budget and the condition of our internal economy.

We know the taste of humiliation. It is strange and exceedingly bitter. But worse than anything else that has happened to us is something that now we are doing to ourselves. We are talking of survival. A nation with a world of its own, supreme custodian of a hemisphere embraced by oceans, having an industrial power of its own

roughly equal to that of all other peoples combined, so rich that the next richest country is by comparison poor — *that nation talks of survival!*

A Senator asks: "Is this the hour of our nation's twilight, the last fading hour of light before an endless night shall envelop us and all the Western world?" These sickly words, hag-ridden by fear, so perfectly expressed the mood of the Senate that everybody forgot how they would sound, echoing around the world, in the ears of both our allies and the enemy.

Survival is a false and craven word. There may be many questions in the crucible but survival is not one of them, except we put it there ourselves. This nation, said Lincoln, must endure forever unless it commits suicide.

Let the supreme question be one of alternatives, such as, for example, the alternative to create in this hemisphere a military power the like of which the world has never seen — dedicated to American defense, with assistance only to other nations who may be going our way, and only to these upon lines definitely demarked, which we mean to hold by our own strength.

The strength of a giant is in his own loins. Yet the mightiest giant may be bled to death by many unrequited wounds, not one of which by itself would be mortal. This American giant, for all his wonderful armor, may be dangerously bled by Asiatics who climb on his tanks and tear at the doors with their bare hands. He may be bled in another way by allies who take more than they give and want even more. He has already wasted more blood than he could afford to lose by walking backward into traps and fighting the bear where the bear is not.

The compulsion to this folly is the tragic theme song of our foreign policy. Everywhere we must go on doing it, and in order that we may go on doing it we must make blood faster and faster.

If only we were trading blood with the enemy, that would make a kind of heroic sense. But the enemy, with much more blood to spare than we have, is saving it. Fighting the enemy in Asia, we kill Koreans and Chinese — no Russians. As we help the French to fight him in Indo-China, or the British to fight him in Malaya, we help them to kill natives — no Russians. Recently the country shuddered at the thought that to meet a Russian-prepared Communist demonstration in Berlin we might be obliged to kill teen-age Germans. Again, no Russians. What did the Berlin air lift cost the Russians? Nothing. In six months the war in Korea cost us more than $10,000,000,000. What did it cost the Russians?

Even yet we but dimly comprehend the nature of the intelligence that is acting against us. It is perhaps the first absolutely free principle of evil that was ever set free in the world — free because it is bound by nothing, not by its word, not by conscience, not by its own people, not by any moral sense whatever, not by its own ideology, which is a weapon, nor by superstitions such as did once somewhat restrain the barbaric horde. This intelligence has out-thought us, outwitted us, outmaneuvered us, in both diplomacy and battle. With Machiavellian cynicism it has exploited our fundamental faith in the decency of all people.

Yet voices are heard among us intoning the intellectual idiocy that this is a struggle for the heart and mind of mankind. There is an ancient proverb which says that people may be so stupid as to baffle their own gods.

THIS IS WHAT THEY SAID

. . . we are closer to world peace now than at any time in the last three years.

HARRY S. TRUMAN, June 10, 1950

Russia's confidence and her realization of her ambitions is contagious to nations trying to rebuild their governments in the postwar world. Her influence may spread because countries could derive inspirational material from her actions. Possibly the France, Germany, Italy and Czechoslovakia of the future may be patterned on that of the Soviet Union.

JOHN FOSTER DULLES, October 14, 1943

By the testimony of performance and in my opinion, the word of honor of the Soviet Government is as safe as the Bible. . . . The Soviet Union stands staunchly for international morality.

JOSEPH E. DAVIES, as reported in the *Daily Worker*, February 25, 1942

. . . Marshal Tito, with characteristic humanity, and human interest, took me out into the stables and showed me there the horse that he rode in all that great period of warfare, his little mare Molly, and I saw how he put his arms in affectionate embrace around Molly's neck. I saw Marshal Tito's great dog, Tiga, which lingered lovingly at his feet.

CLAUDE PEPPER, August 2, 1946

A new situation has been created in Poland as a result of her complete liberation by the Red Army. . . . The provisional government which is now functioning in Poland should therefore be reorganized on a broader democratic basis . . .

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT and J. STALIN in the Yalta Agreement, February 1945

The Hermit of Chicago

I have never met a Communist professor.

ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS, *Tower Topics*, December 1948

Late All-American

The Soviet Union is the only country I've ever been in, where I've felt completely at ease. I've lived in England and America and I've almost circled the globe — but for myself, wife and son, the Soviet Union is our future home . . . I don't see how one can come to any other conclusion than that the Soviet way is the only way.

PAUL ROBESON, *Soviet Russia Today*, August 1936

The Freeman *invites contributions to this column, and will pay $2 for each quotation published. If an item is sent in by more than one person, the one from whom it is first received will be paid. To facilitate verification, the sender should give the title of the periodical or book from which the item is taken, with the exact date if the source is a periodical and the publication year and page number if it is a book. Quotations should be brief. They can not be returned or acknowledged.* THE EDITORS

SWISS SHANGRI-LA

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

ONE obvious likeness between Switzerland and the fabled land of Shangri-la is the extraordinary beauty of the mountain scenery, with snowy peaks, glacier-fed blue lakes and breathtaking vistas from ranges and high passes. Switzerland is also a Shangri-la in another sense. It has come closer to a satisfactory solution of the problem of maintaining a free society in the twentieth century than any spot on the globe.

The first half of this century has been a severe testing time for the ideal of government by consent. Two global wars have destroyed liberalism in some parts of the world and gravely undermined its bases in others. Indeed that honorable word liberalism has been degraded by conscious or unconscious semantic confusion. It is often identified with a loss of faith in the virtues of individualism and self-reliance and a blind faith that the state can do for men what they can not do for themselves.

One sometimes sees in print, and without any suggestion of irony, the expression: "Communists and other liberals." This is certainly calculated to make the great historic liberals, Locke and Montesquieu, Morley and John Stuart Mill, stir uneasily in their graves. For it suggests that there is something in common between liberalism and the most complete totalitarian negation of all essential liberal values — freedom of speech and press and religion, freedom of economic activity, freedom from arbitrary state controls and cruel and unusual punishments.

Switzerland is a living example of the complete workability, in a high-powered industrial age, of the true liberty that is linked with law and deeply rooted in individual opportunity and responsibility. The Swiss way of life is an impressive refutation of every cruel, fanatical ideology, of every fallacious crackpot panacea that has confused men's minds and bedeviled the political and economic conditions under which they are required to lead their lives.

It is surprising that this Swiss example has been so little noted, that the lessons of the Swiss Shangri-la have been so little regarded. Switzerland could teach us far more about the possibilities of the good life in the free society than Communist Russia or Socialist Britain. And it is a friendly and hospitable country, not only easy but pleasant to visit. Yet the amazing Swiss record has been almost entirely overlooked. The secrets of the Swiss national success story have remained unexplored. What are the main items in this record?

It might seem that nature and geography condemned Switzerland to permanent impoverishment. The country is without a seacoast and without overseas colonies. Switzerland is conspicuously poor in natural resources, apart from the hydroelectric power of its mountain streams. But the Swiss standard of living is the envy of Europe. The Swiss have fewer per capita automobiles, television sets, electrical washing machines and other modern gadgets than Americans. But they also have less visible poverty, vastly fewer gangsters and no slums.

The totalitarian utopias which promised to abolish poverty have only succeeded in universalizing it. The dictatorship of the proletariat has everywhere been proved a fraud and a hoax. It has been only transparent camouflage for a ruthless dictatorship over the proletariat by a self-styled and self-perpetuating elite.

But the Swiss way of life has rendered the best possible service to the proletariat by abolishing it. As the observant French publicist, André Siegfried, remarks in his recent book on Switzerland:[1]

> No other country creates the same impression today, neither the United States nor South America, with its erratically distributed riches, where the rich are too rich and the people of the countryside have a level of life not much higher than that which prevails in India. In Switzerland there is a certain equality in prosperity: there is no proletariat, no misery and no hovels.

The Swiss are divided linguistically into three groups, four if one counts the peasants in the Engadine region who speak the old Romansch dialect. About three-fourths of the Swiss use German as their language; most of the remainder are French-speaking, while the official language in the southern canton of Ticino is Italian.

One might imagine that the country would have been torn by conflicting sentimental sympathies during the two great European wars. Nothing of the kind. There was undivided loyalty to Swiss free institutions. Opposition to nazism, so repugnant to a Swiss tradition of liberty that dates back for more than six centuries, was especially strong in the German-speaking cantons. At the same time the Swiss took the lead in organizing humanitarian relief work when Germany, after the war, was excluded from UNRRA benefits.

Since the war Switzerland has enjoyed a combination of economic circumstances that seems almost too good to be true: full employment, freedom of trade-union organization, and no strikes. It is sometimes suggested that strikes are an inevitable accompaniment of the capitalist system, which can be expected to disappear under socialism or communism. There can be no doubt that communism, like fascism, does away with strikes, and with liberty at the same time, by imposing the sternest penalties of arrest and incarceration in concentration camps on workers who take this form of expressing dissatisfaction. The coming into power of a labor government in Great Britain, however, has not put an end to work stoppages. The dockers quit at the slightest excuse; the meat handlers at Smithfield Market periodically diminish the country's meager meat ration; railwaymen and miners slow down and quit when the spirit moves them; and a smoldering guerrilla war in the printing industry paralyzes the British periodical press, in-

[1] "Switzerland: A Democratic Way of Life." By André Siegfried. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $3.00

cluding the leftist *New Statesman*, for weeks and months on end.

There are no laws that outlaw strikes or forbid trade-union membership or establish state control over unions in Switzerland. But there is a sufficient fund of common sense, good will and moderation on both sides to make the Swiss industrial record of no strikes practically 100 per cent over a long period of years.

Strikes and poverty are not the only evils which are conspicuous by their absence. If one calls the roll of the disasters that have threatened and plagued Europe during the turbulent first half of the twentieth century, it is remarkable how many the Swiss have escaped.

Wars? There has not been a hostile army on Swiss soil since the time of Napoleon. Of course this is partly a matter of good luck, a consequence of Switzerland's mountainous terrain and of the desire of belligerents to maintain a few neutral regions where private talks and transactions of various kinds can be carried out. But the Swiss combination of resolution and self-limitation, of strict neutrality and evident willingness and preparedness to fight to the last man in the event of invasion, have contributed a good deal to the national security. At the present time the Swiss Army, based on an old established tradition of universal military training and frequent refresher courses after the period of active training is over, is considered the best in continental Europe outside the Iron Curtain.

Typical of the Swiss spirit and of the Swiss pride in marksmanship, kept alive by frequent shooting contests in the mountains, is the reported reply of a Swiss officer when the last German Kaiser asked him what would become of the Swiss Army if a German army twice as strong were sent against it. "Your Majesty," the officer is supposed to have replied, "that would mean just two shots for each Swiss soldier."

Swiss independence and neutrality could not be maintained if Europe were dominated by a single aggressive power. Culturally and spiritually it is a neutrality altogether benevolent to the West in the present cold war. But it is not likely to be abandoned as a national policy until the political, economic and military basis of European unity is a good deal more solid and impressive than is the case today.

Dictators? The Swiss got rid of their feudal overlords centuries ago. They have shown a most profound and healthy allergy to the modern-style dictatorship, with its method of rule by unlimited propaganda, reinforced by unlimited terror. No European country has been more immune to fascism and to communism. And this might give some cause for reflection to those who argue that the only effective bulwark against communism is socialism. The Swiss rank with the Belgians as among the two European peoples who accept most wholeheartedly the principles and implications of the free market and the capitalist economy. And, significantly, communism is a negligible threat in Belgium, a non-existent threat in Switzerland.

Dollar shortage and exchange control? Switzerland is the only country I have visited since the war which seems to have more dollars than it knows what to do with. Until the slash of 30 per cent in the official value of the British pound in September 1949, the dollar was at a discount on the Swiss free market — a situation surely without precedent in the world.

There are two reasons why the Swiss franc, one of the few currencies which remained unchanged in value after the British devaluation, is generally regarded as a rock of stability in an ocean of fluctuating fiat money. First, its gold coverage is more than 100 per cent. As a Swiss banker said to me last year, "It would be hard for us to lower the value of our money even if we wanted to. Our franc is practically pure gold." The second is the very general Swiss quality of thrift, which leads to a wholesome distrust of projects for free government spending which would lower the value of the currency. In this country of a little over four million people there are about four million bank accounts. I remarked to a Swiss acquaintance that this seemed to indicate one bank account per citizen. "No," he replied. "Many have two. You see, our population figure includes children and babies."

Switzerland is one of the happy few countries where the customs authorities couldn't care less how much money the foreign visitor brings in or takes out. In fact one of the few occasions when the Swiss authorities made use of their right to expel undesirable aliens was when two snoopers from the British Treasury arrived and began to poke their noses into financial transactions of British nationals in Switzerland. The Swiss Government not only expelled these unwelcome interlopers, but announced over the radio its reasons for doing so. One may be sure that this action was greeted with hearty if muted cheers by many Britons, who may well have looked back nostalgically to the time when their own government would have reacted to a similar provocation in a similar fashion.

The perceptive André Siegfried writes:

> Today Switzerland gives us the impression of a sort of paradise lost: there once again we have found conditions of life which two wars have made impossible in Europe, and an atmosphere of normality which has now become completely abnormal on our unfortunate continent.

How has Switzerland remained an island of true, historic liberalism in a continent swept by the tides of communism and socialism? What are the secrets of the good society which the Swiss have built, so unpretentiously, yet so impressively? How have they contrived to maintain a high level of prosperity without colonies or a merchant marine or raw materials?

Perhaps the most obvious answer is the ability of the Swiss to avoid wars and violent revolutions. But there are other factors in the Swiss success story which impressed me, as I studied the country with growing sympathy and admiration on two visits, in 1946 and 1949. And some of these factors might suggest useful lessons to Americans and other free peoples.

First, the Swiss maintain a most effective system of checks and balances against excessive concentrations of power. "We don't like big shots," said a young Swiss banker whom I met in Geneva, a former student at the Harvard School of Business Administration.

This ingrained distrust of excessive power applies impartially to big government, big business and big trade-unionism. The Swiss canton has maintained its autonomous functions vis-à-vis Berne far more successfully than the American state has escaped domination from the

federal bureaucracy in Washington. The largest Swiss factory would be very small by American standards. And there is no Swiss equivalent for John L. Lewis. There is no trade-union organization with either the power or the will to tie up the country's basic industries.

The provisions of the Swiss Constitution, adopted a little over 100 years ago, fit in admirably with this system of checks and balances, which would certainly have appealed to the authors of "The Federalist." With one important exception, the Swiss Constitution closely resembles the American. There is a federal form of government, with a National Council (*Nationalrat*) elected on a basis of population and a States Council (*Ständerat*) in which all 22 cantons are equally represented.

So far the parallel with the United States is clear. But the Swiss have not imitated the American institution of a strong Presidency. The executive branch of the government, the Federal Council, is elected every four years by the two houses of parliament. It is composed of seven members, each responsible for the conduct of some department of national affairs. The office of President passes in rotation from one Federal Councillor to another at one-year intervals. It is hard to imagine a constitutional set-up that erects more effective barriers against demagogy.

Still another feature of Swiss decentralization is the high proportion of the people who live in small communities. Less than one-third of the Swiss population lives in towns with more than 10,000 inhabitants. Democracy is kept very much alive at the grass-roots level by the practice, in the less populous cantons, of direct local legislation by mass assemblies of all the qualified voters.

Second, the Swiss take a national pride, which would no doubt seem sadly misplaced to many advanced thinkers, in their capacity for hard and efficient work. Whether a Swiss is employed in some capacity in running a hotel or a bank, or in manufacturing a watch or a turbine, he takes satisfaction in a job well done. He is not a clock-watcher. Few peoples have succumbed so little to the fallacy of getting something for nothing.

Poverty in natural resources is replaced by achievements of scientific research and high skill in craftsmanship. The quality of the Swiss watch is proverbial. There have been equal achievements in the construction of turbines and precision machinery and chemicals. And Switzerland has developed its superb scenery into a profitable source of tourist income. With their honest money and their open-door trade policy the Swiss have become the natural bankers of Europe. Indirect earnings from foreign investments, from patents, from banking and insurance transactions help to keep the national balance of payments comfortably in order.

Third, the Swiss possess the happy gift of knowing when they are well off. Their country is one of the most cosmopolitan in the world, because of its role as host to an army of tourists and to a large number of congresses of all kinds — political, intellectual, business, scientific. Swiss newspapers, such as the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* and the *Journal de Genève* are among the best in the world.

The average Swiss is exceptionally well-informed about world conditions. He knows what havoc national socialism and fascism worked in Germany and Italy. He knows what conditions are behind the Iron Curtain; and he is not favorably impressed. Usually a hearty eater, with an appetite whetted by mountain climbing and other outdoor exercise, he knows the meager diet which socialism has brought to Britain. He hears the stories of British tourists with a mixture of sympathy and amazement.

Freedom, freedom in one piece, integral freedom, political, economic, intellectual, has worked well for these descendants of Wilhelm Tell and Arnold von Winkelried. They are not inclined to exchange this freedom for any of the gaudy panaceas which, as they can see all around them, have worked extremely badly. The Swiss are stubbornly convinced that two and two make four, not five or twenty-five or one hundred. A Swiss liberal would talk a language that Cobden and Bright would understand.

Fourth, Switzerland is a country where distribution of wealth, like distribution of power, reveals few glaring contrasts and inequalities. So there is little grist for the mills of the preachers of class hatred and class warfare. Indeed, nothing could be more striking and instructive than the magnificent indifference of the Swiss to the incendiary appeals of the many revolutionaries to whom they have granted refuge and asylum.

The great anarchist Michael Bakunin lived for many years in Switzerland. When he died in Berne in 1876 he was so little known that his tombstone carries the unconsciously insulting inscription: *Rentier*. Lenin went from Switzerland to found in Russia the first totalitarian empire. It is doubtful whether he converted half a dozen Swiss to his views.

One of the leading intellectual figures in Swiss history is Jacob Burckhardt, historian of the Renaissance and an erudite scholar and profound thinker who foresaw with almost clairvoyant vision the shape of the totalitarian regime that would become a reality in the twentieth century. From his vast knowledge of history he drew the lesson that power itself is evil, something to be curbed if possible, otherwise to be shunned.

The Swiss have taken that lesson to heart. Their free institutions are based on the solid rock of popular understanding and consent. Switzerland is a constant living example of the possibilities and practical advantages of a philosophy of liberty, translated into everyday practice.

And a close-up view of Switzerland against the background of postwar Europe inspires some skepticism about the assumption that change is always progress. Since 1938, or even since 1913, Switzerland has changed less than any European country. It has not even adopted women's suffrage. But among the innovations it has avoided are executions without trial, concentration camps, savage mass persecutions along class or race lines, transformation of parliaments into gatherings of puppet robots, of newspapers into government propaganda organs, of universities into instruments of indoctrination. The lights of the old European civilization, blacked out or dimmed in large areas of the continent, never ceased to burn brightly in Switzerland.

In a pessimistic mood one may consider Switzerland a mirror of Europe's decline and fall. In an optimistic mood one may look on Switzerland as a miniature model of a possible future free federation of the peoples of Europe.

WHY STALIN NEEDS ASIA

By LAWRENCE R. BROWN

WE HAVE been floundering for so many months now in the moral issues of the Korean War that it has been quite forgotten, apparently, that some motive decided the Soviet Empire to send its Korean conscripts across the 38th Parallel. (A boundary, incidentally, whose origin has never been explained; it was *not* agreed to at either Teheran or Yalta but ordered from Washington *after* the Japanese surrender.[1]) The Russians may, of course, have thought they would be unopposed. They may have had good reason to think that we would grumble. They probably did not expect a sudden, and apparently unadvised, Presidential decision to bring on even unofficial war at this time. But even for a military picnic they must have had a motive. That it was a serious motive the fact that they have thrown in their Chinese armies is ample proof. What could the motive have been?

The evidence indicates that it was to accomplish one of the last steps necessary to bring about the final military defeat of the United States in the only place where this can be done: on the continent of North America. Although the error has been pointed out many times, and though in a purely intellectual way we know better, our living image of the earth is a Mercator map. It still can not seem real to us that Soviet air bases in eastern Siberia are as near the industrial backbone of the United States — the Pittsburgh-Youngstown area — as London or Paris, that the potential Soviet air bases on the Arctic coast east of the Mackenzie are nearly a thousand miles nearer than any point in Europe.

In Manchuria and the adjoining parts of Siberia there exists a considerable degree of basic industrial plant. Along the Arctic coast there are modern military air bases. In eastern Siberia heavy troop concentrations are known to exist, including a high proportion of airborne divisions. At Vladivostok there is based a large fleet of the most modern submarines. On Sakhalin, Kamchatka, and the eastern tip of Siberia are based more airborne divisions. From this whole powerful military area of Manchuria and eastern Siberia stretches a narrow, fog-covered sea where our powerful surface Navy — if we recommissioned it — might find it impossible to operate against planes and submarines. Beyond this narrow sea lies southern Alaska. Across the empty Arctic Ocean from eastern Siberia lie the uninhabited barrens of northern Alaska and Canada, an area almost inaccessible by land from the south. Even today there is no military barrier that we could erect to keep Soviet troops, by sea and air in summer and by air in winter, from occupying any part of this area they chose, building such air bases as suited them, and basing there such planes as they were able to keep fueled and armed. It is true that this is not very pleasant country, but it is the same sort of country as the Soviet Arctic in which Soviet military practice has been conducted and perfected for many years.

The air enthusiasts have talked a great deal about long range transpolar bombing raids, presumably both ways. They are no doubt correct, but the sudden presence of Soviet bomber and interceptor bases several thousand miles nearer Chicago could be counted on to alter very drastically any question of reciprocity in transpolar bombing. We could, of course, attack such bases by air, but it would seem almost impossible to reach them by land across the vast stretches of mountain and marsh which separate this area from the last wilderness road of northern Canada. The effect of such bases on our ability to attack Russia or defend ourselves from Soviet air raids needs no comment.

Of course, estimation of the military potential of eastern Siberia and consideration of the ability of the Soviet Government to invade even the Arctic of the American continent presumes the possibility of war between the United States and that Empire. Although the Soviet Government constantly talks about such a war, for some curious reason "respectable" American opinion has refused to consider it a serious possibility. Why it should not be so considered is a mystery unless the fact that we have never before been attacked makes it impossible for most people to realize the profound changes from conditions that were true in the past. There is today a great power with a serious motive for waging a war of annihilation against us. There exist today as there did not in the past the technical means for doing so.

As a base it is necessary to make certain assumptions concerning the major purposes of the Soviet Empire and the United States. In the light of the evidence of thirty years of political operations, these assumptions involve little or no speculation; yet in strict logic they must be called assumptions, though to me, at least, they are so thoroughly supported by evidence that they can be acted on as facts. These assumptions are: 1) that the United States desires nothing but the preservation of the political and social systems of the world as they now exist but will consent to changes that can be brought about without too obviously endangering the United States or bringing about a major war; and 2) that the Soviet Empire desires the destruction of all Western political power. The second assumption can be variously phrased: that the Soviet Union desires to establish communism everywhere or that it desires to conquer the world. These all in fact amount to the same thing, since the desired situation is one in which Stalin's orders would be obeyed everywhere in the world.

Now, since the only effective military powers other than the Soviet Union during the past thirty years have been Western states, the prerequisite for Stalin's lordship is the destruction of these states as military powers. We have seen during the past decade the Soviet Empire assisting in the destruction of the effective military power of all of them except the United States. Naturally, with the destruction of the other Western powers as states of real political consequence, the operations, political and vitu-

[1] See James F. Byrnes, "Speaking Frankly" pp. 221–222.

perative, that were formerly directed against Germany and the British Empire are now directed against us.

The question, then, before Moscow is: How can the effective military power of the United States be destroyed? Can it be done by internal political operations revolutionary in nature even if not in form? Can it be done by mastering all the other continents and either ruining us with economic and political pressure, or slowly building up an overwhelming military power against us in the rest of the world? Or can it be done only by direct military attack upon us here on this continent without the preliminary isolation contemplated by the second possibility?

On the first possibility, we can probably conclude that the Soviet Government — if they ever seriously entertained it — have certainly given it up. The Soviet apparatus in the United States now is not designed to win a large electoral following — I doubt that it ever was — but to conspire, to terrorize, to steer special segments of public opinion, to manipulate the government through stupid or friendly officials. These are not of themselves revolutionary operations. Rather they are merely ancillary to the exterior operations of a great military power.

In regard to the other two possibilities, we can probably assume that the Soviet Government has arrived at one fairly certain preliminary conclusion. The last two wars are reasonable warrant for dreading the potential military power of the United States. It is easy to see that for a year or even for two years the sweep of a war could well go constantly against us. But after that, the terrible military engine we can create would alter the whole aspect of the situation. A prudent man would, therefore, come to the conclusion that before embarking on a war with the United States he must have in hand military strength, and a terrain to deploy it, sufficient to cripple the industrial plant of the United States before our potential strength could be converted into actual strength. Domestic disorder, strikes and sabotage would, of course, be helpful but could not by themselves remotely accomplish the objective. Only organized military force, invasion or terribly effective air raids, or both together, could accomplish this.

Considering this conclusion, the second possibility for attacking the United States would be out of the question. The occupation of the rest of the world would push us into intensive military preparations if not into immediate war so that for all practical purposes the second possibility merges with the third.

Considered thus, Soviet operations during the past three years are worth a brief review. With the collapse of the Communist attempt to make serious headway by party politics in Italy and France, Europe has been left inviolate. Only clamor has opposed our policy of rehabilitation and slow rearming of Europe. Yet there never has been any real doubt that a serious Soviet military attack could roll over all Europe in a brief period. Why has it not been attempted? Three theories and only three have been offered to explain this phenomenon: The Soviet Empire is a peace-loving power without interest in foreign conquest; the Soviet Government has concluded that the armed occupation of Europe means war with the United States and it does not desire war with the United States; or thirdly, it is not yet ready for war with the United States.

In contrast, Soviet policy in Asia has been strictly military and marked by a consistent determination. No vacillation and fooling around like the Berlin blockade and the Greek adventure have accompanied the imperial march across Asia. Furthermore, friends of Russia in the United States have adopted a far more serious attitude toward American policy in Asia. They have exposed themselves individually to far graver risks by operating almost openly upon the Asiatic question in contrast to the mere formality of their opposition to our European policy — or even their complete silence on the subject. Nor has the West European division of the State Department been the scene of such peculiar events nor been graced by such interesting personalities as the China desk.

It seems evident that the Soviet Government has concluded that the possession of Europe is immaterial to its ability to wage rapid, crushing war against the United States, but that possession of the western Pacific is so essential to this enterprise that without it perhaps such a war can not be fought at all. It is neither prestige, nor primarily a desire to use the manpower of China or the pitiful resources of Korea, but a major strategic consideration that has led the Soviet Government to bring on even unofficial war in Asia.

There is only one flaw in the dangerous military potential of eastern Siberia. It appears to have inadequate oil. The long haul over the Siberian railroads from the Caspian, railroads which in war would have plenty of other freight, would seem to diminish, if not destroy its value as a base of operations against the United States. This is its situation at the moment, but this situation is not eternal. In Indonesia there is oil, all the oil one could need, with the ease of a seaborne connection to Vladivostok and Port Arthur, even if necessary through Bering Straits to Soviet air fields on the Arctic coast, as the Soviet Government tried to move stock-pile aviation gasoline from our Pacific ports in the peaceful summer of 1946. (Nor was it lack of an export license that spoiled the scheme.)

But to move oil from Soerabaya to Vladivostok, while simple in peace time, could raise difficulties in war unless American air and sea bases were far away. It would require passing between Formosa and the coast of China and through the straits at the southern tip of Korea. Odd that we should so insistently have heard these names from the high-minded friends of agrarian reformers. Curious that two places of such strategic interest should be selected as moral problems out of all the abuses that dot the face of the globe.

The full peril of the Asiatic strategic crisis has not been faced in Washington. It is not that there is no one aware of it. Far from it. But the conduct of the Administration as a functioning government is almost uninfluenced by these considerations. Its defense against Soviet attack in Asia, except for its one bold move at the outset of the Korean campaign, has been the typical compound of optimism and surrender. Its strong positions have been taken in Europe where no strategic considerations vital to the physical defense of North America are involved and where Soviet opposition here and abroad has been vituperative only. In Europe are located the futile bases for attacking the heart of the Soviet Empire — as though we could hold them against a determined Soviet attack — but they are of little immediate use for attack against us. It is true also that we could not tolerate

a Soviet-occupied Europe, but solely as a long-run danger. Soviet-occupied Europe could not accomplish our destruction before we had time to rally our strength.

In Asia, where the Soviet Empire can immediately threaten the American continent, the Administration has been confused and divided. It makes a strange and perhaps ominous contrast with the skill of the American Government in opposing the Germans. In the late war from 1939 on, and above all after June 1941, there was always a determined nucleus of able men who worked with the consistent objective of effecting the military overthrow of the German Reich. Today in our government if there is any group that acts as a unit in pursuit of a concrete objective, it is a group that views with equanimity if not pleasure the Asiatic triumph of the Soviet Empire. I do not know in just what image this triumph presents itself before their eyes — doubtless they convince themselves that it will also enhance the true welfare of the United States. But this is the only program. Against it there is no real policy — only day-to-day improvisation and at the best a strategy of passive defense and postponement that leaves all the initiative to the Soviet Empire.

There are loyal Americans who argue that we can afford to lose Korea and Formosa and still inhibit the military potential of eastern Siberia by holding Japan, the Philippines and Indonesia. But actually *we* do not hold the Philippines or Indonesia. They are held by governments at the moment friendly to us but none too sure of their own tenure. If the Soviet Empire gains Formosa and Korea, how long can the remnant of the French hold out in Indo-China or the British in Malaya? How long could the friendly governments of the Philippines and Indonesia resist Soviet pressure when all that would be asked of the one would be to stay neutral and of the other to sell oil at a fair price? How long could we sit isolated in Japan and what real good would it do us between internal unrest and air hammering from Korea?

There is also the argument currently being widely publicized that for us to get involved in an Asiatic war — specifically for us to recognize the state of war that now exists between ourselves and that department of the Soviet Government which calls itself Communist China — would be to do just what Stalin wants us to do. Some of the sources that peddle this yarn have, at times, shown a curious awareness of what Stalin wants, but they have heretofore always argued for it rather than against it. This would perhaps warrant not again heeding their advice; but the strategic situation alone is warrant enough for taking any risk of war now rather than accept war under much worse conditions later.

The difficulty is increased by the natural reaction of outraged Americans at the disasters brought on by the policies of the last six or seven years. It is not surprising that we confuse every off-shore enterprise with the fatuous talk of the self-styled global thinkers or the betrayal arranged by the agents, friends and dupes of the Soviet Empire. Our instinct to retreat to the defense of the North American continent is sound in purpose but strategically impossible. North America is a continent with a vast open flank in the northwest. It is a position that can not be defended on the continent itself but only from the sea flank of eastern Siberia, only by firm control of the western Pacific.

Of course, no one would propose attempting to invade North China with mass American armies, nor would that be the alternative to abandonment of all strategic positions as the hand-wringers and appeasers seem to believe. Even if we can not hold Korea — and this is far from certain — we can hold Formosa and we can put mass armies on the mainland of Asia by arming and assisting the Chinese Nationalists, provided for a change that we assign this task to men who are not determined that the Nationalists shall be defeated. At the same time we can seriously injure the Soviet position in North China by air raids from Japan. We can also set to work to build a Japanese army while we still have some prestige in that country. Of course, there is the risk that the Soviet Government may formally intervene if we take such steps, but if so it is better to face that intervention in Asia where our naval power is of use and while we still can count on the assistance of some troops besides our own. Above all it seems wise to face it before eastern Siberia has access to the oil it needs. The only real alternative is to be forced to fight that Empire after it secures the North American air bases which it needs for effective raids on our industrial centers.

And what of the United Nations? It need disturb no one who does not wish to be confused or spread confusion. Our troops were in Korea legally on a UN mission. They did not thereby become UN troops. The United States was carrying out a UN mission, but its troops remained its own. These troops were attacked by the Soviet's Chinese armies. Whatever the UN wishes to make of an attack on troops acting under its mandate, nothing the UN does or does not do renders this attack anything but an act of war against the United States. Against an act of war we have every right, legal and moral, to resist in whatever manner we deem wise. I do not think we have yet come to the pass where steps necessary to the preservation of our national life can be taken only if they receive the approval of our enemies.

Our real problem then is not to be overly concerned about debates within the UN or about what immediate response the Soviet Empire might make to any action of ours. Neither the support nor the disapproval of the UN will save or destroy this republic, and the imperial purpose of the Soviet Government is already set and known. The only variations will be in the maneuvers it deems expedient to take towards its objective. Least of all should our decision be influenced by concern whether the Soviet response is open war. The fact that the Soviet Government is not already legally at war with us, that it is offering us, in effect, an opportunity to retreat in disgrace from the western Pacific without legal war, means not peace but only that our retreat will make our destruction easier in the near future.

It would probably be imprudent for us to reply to the Soviet attack on us in Korea by attacking directly the legal Russian façade of that Empire. Possibly the Soviet Government does not yet feel strong enough to enter open, legal war, and if we hold the essentials of our strategic position and rapidly increase our relative strength, that war may never occur. I personally doubt this, but it is possible. We have, I fear, already assisted the Soviet Empire to become so mighty that I doubt its will-

ingness to forego its great objective. But in any case we must insist on denying the Soviet Empire improved facilities for bombing us from the American Arctic. If this insistence leads the Soviet Government to make open war against us, then the possibility of peace has already passed and our problem is only to avoid having the war come at a more unfavorable time under far more difficult strategic conditions.

GOD BLESS DICK TRACY

By DAVID STOLBERG

Seoul, Korea, December 10

IF THE knowledge helps them any, American mothers and fathers are not the only parents in the world who are obliged to put up with comic books for their youngsters. Indeed, in Korea, at least north of the 38th Parallel, the same blood and gore, ogres and heroes ad infinitum are showered not only upon the children but upon the grownups as well.

But the comic books of Communist Korea have no fictitious gun-totin' Western avengers of hoss-thievery, no Superman capable of defending whole populations from the Martian hordes, no moral (unless a bayonet in the groin of every "invading" UN doughboy could be called a moral). For these are strictly Soviet-style, including no feature intended solely for entertainment, in the crass tradition of decadent Americanism.

Before advanced U. S. Eighth Army headquarters evacuated the former, and unfortunately present, North Korean capital, Pyongyang, on December 4, several of these comic books had been "liberated." Returned to Seoul and translated into English they made fascinating reading. Issued weekly until Pyongyang's fall in late October, and presumably now ready again for Communist printing presses, they are entitled *Arrow*, and subtitled "humor magazines of current events."

Compared with American comic books, they are larger, thinner, and, like many of our own, but in a far more sinister way, are thoroughly devoid of humor. They number an average of 20 pages of individual "cartoons," some strung in narrative series. The publisher is listed as "The Responsible Printing House," complete with address and telephone number in Pyongyang. That the thing is locally printed is conceivably true, but the influence of *Pravda*-like editorializing is obvious. Although most of the cartoonists have typical Korean names, there are several drawings credited to "G. Valk" and "Y. Ganf," and the similarities of the many "Korean-inspired" and few Soviet-credited productions are amazing for apparently different authorship.

The heroes of this literature are "our heroic North Korean soldiers" (very few of whom are being used in the general Chinese offensive at this date), workers on the home front, North Korean military leaders, Russian science, Russian agriculture and Russia, period. The villainous roles are played by Trygve Lie, Syngman Rhee, Generals MacArthur and Marshall, atrocity-loving GIs, a duped United Nations, President Truman, UNESCO, ECA, Wall Street, colony and slave-grabbing America.

A single-tracked product of Soviet-Communist Korea propaganda, *Arrow* repeats and repeats the themes of American-sponsored UN aggression, American atrocities, North Korean strength, Wall Street imperialism and the other familiar catechisms of current political dogma. As a humor magazine it is not effective. As propaganda it is extremely so. It is executed in the simple cusswords, graphic illustrations and monotonous harping typical of the highly-trained, politically sophisticated Soviet masters in techniques of regimenting thought.

One cartoon features a stricken North Korean mother holding a daughter made lifeless by the same bombs, plainly marked "UN" and "U.$.," which rain destruction on her village, flaming in the background.

Another, headlined "MOTHER! We trust you at the home front while our soldiers fight the enemy," depicts one of these soldiers, grim-faced with the responsibility of avenging untold American atrocities, thrusting his blood-dripping bayonet through the buttocks and the groin of the President of the United States. The act is gleefully applauded by a crowd of "united" Koreans.

In *Arrow's* twentieth issue the oft-repeated claim of the sinking of a U. S. battle cruiser is illustrated. This feat was purportedly accomplished by a North Korean "little battle boat company," commanded by General (Flagboat) Kim Kun ak and comprising converted civilian craft, drawn in likeness to our own famed "mosquito boats" of World War II.

Through other cartoons the reader is informed that the "progressive people of America are struggling against the Wall Street gang now planning the hysteria of war"; that "the Marshall-planned invasion by America is opposed by all of Europe"; that the armies of North Korea are holding "democratic elections in liberated areas" and freeing the land and the peasant from the oppression of feudalism and the landlord.

The Stockholm Declaration for the Protection of World Peace, a resolution of the rubber-stamp conference in the Swedish capital last summer, comes in for a good deal of boosting. According to *Arrow*, the capitalists and warlords who "started the war in Korea" are becoming more and more alarmed by the "worldwide peace movement" growing rapidly since the Declaration's adoption. In one illustration, Truman says to Lie, "I didn't know there was a power greater than the atomic bomb in the world," and is hysterically answered, "We are being struck by lightning." This tidbit of conversation is made the more frantic by the physical weight of huge stacks of the Declaration, which sway precariously above them, a modern Sword of Damocles.

Slums and poverty make up the foreground of a picture of the Capitol dome in Washington, over the illuminating caption: "The life of the American people is being made even poorer by the plunder of Wall Street." On the same page, "progressive, peace-loving Americans" are being strong-armed into silence by the Nazi-like thug police of the "capitalist dictatorship." Syngman Rhee suffers a thousand deaths in the pages of *Arrow*; American doughboys loot even the poorest of Korean hovels and ravish Korean mothers, interrupted in the nursing of their young.

Stateside comic books would be hailed as a blessing by our current detractors of Al Capp and company after an hour's session with *Arrow*. And even if they can't stomach Hopalong Cassidy, they are not forced to parrot his every word for a tenuous guarantee of their personal safety. God bless Dick Tracy!

THE MYTH OF UNCLE CROESUS

By L. ROBERT DRIVER *and* FREDERIC NELSON

THE AMERICAN people are spending millions to tell the world the American story. There is no serious dissent from this policy. Indeed, most people agree that we ought to spend more on the Voice of America than we do now, and improve the programs.

But if we expect to get important results from our propaganda, it must be based on truth and not illusions. And if the Administration is to tell the truth about America to foreign countries, why should it not tell the American people a little less untruth at home? After all, what we say among ourselves has a way of leaking abroad.

For example: We are told in almost every report of the President's Committee of Economic Advisors that the United States is growing richer by giving away its substance and spending billions on armament and defense. As a result, the recipients of our largesse, instead of accepting it as our share in a common effort at recovery, assume from our own statements that we are merely dumping on them our unwanted surpluses, and that we expect in return the right to control their affairs.

Why shouldn't foreigners reach these conclusions? Our own government's statisticians solemnly claim that, while the rest of the world was going broke, the American people "saved" $168,000,000,000 in the ten years ending December 31, 1949. The government's optimistic economists do not say that in the same period $218,000,000,000 was added to the federal debt, not to mention the billions of new debt contracted by states, municipalities, private corporations and individuals.

Nor do they mention the added fact that, while we have been going steadily into debt and exporting our goods abroad as gifts, we have shorn ourselves of the capital needed for new factories, public buildings, highways, railway and industrial equipment: all needed in our defense effort.

Thus, while the Russians can quote our own statistics to prove to their satellites that America got rich out of the war, the truth is quite the opposite.

The truth is that the four American corporations usually identified as "war babies" did less well during the war than the average for all corporations. The combined income of General Motors, General Electric, United States Steel and du Pont was one per cent more during the four war years 1942–45 than for the four years 1936–39. This is true although their combined sales for the 1942–45 period were two-and-a-half times those of 1936–39. The income of all corporations engaged in manufacturing (including the four companies named) increased 114 per cent during the same period. The income of investors was up 29 per cent and other types of personal income rose 135 per cent. Since U. S. Steel is about the most maligned of our big companies, it is interesting to note that its average profits during the four years ending in 1945 were less than the average of the preceding 41 years of its existence.

We are now confronted with the need for new expenditures for defense, which President Truman predicts will run as high as $50,000,000,000 a year by 1952. But the myth of our vast wealth enables the Administration to go on playing Lady Bountiful, with everything on the cuff: The "Point Four" program is to go forward as if nothing had happened. And if anything is to be cut out of Welfare State spending and other fancy items, the President has not specifically mentioned it.

We are still rich enough, the story goes, to arm ourselves against the most menacing threat in our history, without swearing off on any Fair Deal luxury, even for Lent. No wonder other countries envy rather than love us, and accept our gifts as if they represented no sacrifice at all! They get the idea straight out of United States Government statements. The rich and "Wall Street" can pay, while government welfare spending continues!

Actually the "rich" are on the decline because of the low return on capital and high income and estate taxes. Persons with $100,000 or more of annual income had 10 per cent less income before taxes in 1945 than they had in 1916 when income statistics were inaugurated. In addition to this, the average yield on stocks declined 34 per cent, and on corporate bonds 17 per cent between 1941 and 1945. "After taxes" their plight was far worse — to say nothing about the fact that 1916 dollars bought several times as much. Furthermore, the remaining rich can not pay any appreciable part of the defense effort, even if we tax them 100 per cent on capital and income. The taxable resources are elsewhere today — in the hands of wage earners and small operators.

If the expression "Wall Street" means anything, it would appear to refer to the corporations shown by the Department of Commerce as being "security and commodity brokers, dealers and exchanges." The average number of such corporations doing business during the past 20 years has been from 1300 to 1500, and their assets are about $1,000,000,000. Now the statistics of the Department of Commerce show that these corporations taken as a group, lost money in each of these 20 years — $151,000,000 during the four war years.

Furthermore, "Wall Street" is necessary to provide a market for old and new corporate securities, and the "rich" furnish much of the capital of our corporations. We smile when Russia blames all our ills on "Wall Street." But Mr. Truman got elected by the same contention.

Another means by which our government aids Stalin's propagandists is the emphasis on what the Department of Commerce calls "Gross National Product or Expenditure." The item is nothing more than an estimate of the expenditures made by individuals, corporations and the government for goods and services. It is now claimed that the "Gross National Product or Expenditure" item will reach $284,000,000,000 in 1950 — over three times that of 1939 and over twice that of 1941. From this,

speakers on the radio and writers in the press assure us that our productive equipment is three times that of 1939. But we did not fully operate our equipment in 1939 because 17 per cent of our labor force was unemployed; there was little demand for goods at home, and we were not giving billions of dollars' worth of goods abroad. Now it is easy to demonstrate from statistics published by the Treasury Department that the net plant and equipment of corporations in 1946 was 17 per cent less than in 1930 and almost the same in 1939 as in 1946.

These Treasury statistics are not available after 1946. But, if we use the Department of Commerce estimates of "Gross National Product or Expenditure" as a measure of productive capacity after 1945, it will show that our productive capacity has decreased. For example, according to the Department of Commerce, wholesale commodity prices rose 61.7 per cent between 1945 and November 1950, and the item of "Gross National Product or Expenditure" was $215,200,000,000 for 1945. If, therefore, the "Gross National Product or Expenditure" for 1945 is adjusted to reflect the increased wholesale prices of 1950, the amount for 1945 would have been $348,000,000,000 or 22.4 per cent more than the current estimate of $284,200,000,000 for 1950.

If the prices of goods and services increase as much in the next ten years as in the past ten years, the "Gross National Product or Expenditure" of $284,200,000,000 now estimated for 1950 will be $621,000,000,000 in 1960, even though no more goods are produced or no more services performed. Gross National Product stated in terms of dollars is largely a measure of inflation, not of production. Certainly no one would claim that a farmer had doubled his production of apples because he got $1000 for his crop in 1948 and $2000 in 1949, if the price had doubled.

Since we ourselves boast of our alleged wealth, it is small wonder that other countries are content to let us bear the brunt of resistance to Soviet aggression. We have spent $90,000,000,000 on defense and Marshall Plan aid to Europe, and find ourselves with no allies who can do much to resist Russia except by costing us more money. With an uncle as rich and powerful as Uncle Sam has been telling everybody he is, why should any of the Marshall Plan countries worry?

But it's time for Americans to begin doing something more than worry. First, we should tell ourselves the truth about our own state of affairs. We are not rich enough to throw our assets around for no better purpose than to buy "good will" which doesn't stay bought.

Second, we should go about improving our position by trimming our gifts abroad to strictly defense needs.

Third, the Administration should prune mercilessly the pork-barrel, and so-called welfare expenditures, thus suggesting that the government is as ready for resistance to Soviet aggression as it is forever urging ordinary citizens to be.

If we do at least these three simple things, our propaganda will sound less like a series of pronouncements from a remote rich relative, and more like a friendly message from one of the beleaguered free nations to its neighbors. Here at home, our citizens will get a more realistic idea of the job before them, and will be more nearly reconciled to making the necessary sacrifices.

MIDDLE WESTERN FARMERS ARE AFRAID OF SOCIALISM . . .

By **R. V. FELLHAUER**

MOST of my neighbors in my farm community around Archie, Missouri, forty miles south of Kansas City, where I own and operate two farms, are rather independent in their political opinions. It is true that they call themselves Republicans or Democrats as a rule, but they are pretty free to criticize their own party actions nationally. For instance, some of the Republicans around here aren't happy over the attitude of Republicans in Congress in going along with farm legislation in recent years, nor do they approve of all foreign policies that their party representatives in Congress have supported.

More caustic criticism comes from Democrats concerning the "welfare state" ideas of leaders in the Democratic Party which have proved such great vote pullers in cities in recent years. This includes to some extent federal farm price support with its accompanying acreage control. This was strikingly illustrated last year in the corn crop grown in my vicinity. Many paid no attention whatever to acreage allotments, some perhaps because they intended to feed the grain on their own farms, but others because they felt that it is not the proper function of government to tell us what we may plant. And, too, most of us are quite willing to operate our farms without a government price crutch.

"Are you going to follow your corn allotment this year?", I asked George Green, a Democrat and a near neighbor, last spring.

"Hell, no," he replied. "Those people in Washington don't know enough to tell me what I should do on this farm."

As a matter of fact, neither did I pay any attention to my corn acreage allotment, for I feel the same way about it as does George Green. We want to be free to plant as we see best from our own individual standpoint.

Take my own farms, for instance. I have about 140 acres or more of excellent "corn ground," fertile second-bottom land that should produce a hundred bushels per acre year after year. It so happens that I raise cattle principally, and this land is in grass now. But under present farm support legislation, if I wanted to turn to corn or wheat for a cash crop, I couldn't plant this acreage and be on an equal basis as to price support with those of my neighbors who might observe allotments. Neither could I get an allotment to grow more than 30 acres of corn, for the allotment is based upon the historical record of my land. My wheat "allotment" last year was three acres!

We farmers don't see such restrictions of liberty laid upon other industries, and we don't think it is fair to us. We believe we should be as free in our individual operations as a manufacturer or a storekeeper, and we are quite willing to take our chances for profit without a government price floor and its attendant restrictions.

Another thing: We are desperately afraid of the blight of socialism on America. Many of us feel that we are well along toward socialism right now, and that if a few more

"welfare" ideas are enacted into law we will be in it so deep that there could be no hope of ever regaining our liberty.

That this tendency toward socialism is greatly feared by farmers is strikingly illustrated, it seems to me, by the vote on November 7. While the Republican candidate in Missouri, a normally Democratic state, was not elected, his vote was heavy outside Kansas City and St. Louis, which his opponent carried by big majorities because, for one thing, he espoused the repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act, and the cities have a large labor vote. The farm and country-town vote was a different story.

The re-election of Taft by an overwhelming majority, and the gains shown elsewhere over the Truman school of thought are quite pleasing to farmers in general in this part of the country. We feel that it indicates a trend away from socialism and regimentation throughout the nation, and that the people are again beginning to think it best to depend upon themselves to procure the things they need, rather than to lean upon government to provide for their wants through taxation and controls.

Another thought: The party — Democratic or Republican — that will come out unequivocally against socialistic policies in the 1952 campaign, and nominate men who will stand squarely behind such a platform, will, I believe, carry the big farm vote two years from now. But if both parties promise the people the earth and the fullness thereof without effort on the part of the people themselves, I don't believe that half of the farmers will even trouble to go to the polls on November 4, 1952.

FROM OUR READERS

Our Political Dilemma

With no idea of "stumping the experts" I would still like to register some disagreement with Henry Hazlitt's piece, "Our Political Paralysis," in your issue of December 25.

Mr. Hazlitt seizes on our present political crisis as a special pleader for his preferred parliamentary system, which, he attempts to prove, would have largely prevented the problems we face. Against this argument can not one point to Europe, strewn with the wrecks of parliamentary systems, saddled with more leftist governmental patterns than our own, with Communist elements . . . strongly entrenched . . . ?

Mr. Hazlitt furnishes, in my opinion, his own answer to our dilemma when he points to the all-important fact that our foreign affairs for so long have been conducted in extra-constitutional fashion. In this connection, few *Freeman* articles have surpassed in content, scholarship and timeliness the piece in the October 16 issue entitled "Harvest of Folly," by Samuel J. Kornhauser. Mr. Kornhauser demonstrates, to the complete satisfaction of this reader, that the problem which concerns him, Mr. Hazlitt and so many of us does not stem from weaknesses of our constitutional system but from the fact that our public servants for so long have honored it more in the breach than in the observance.

Another prevailing factor in our political crisis is the failure of the party of opposition to oppose. The blame for not having stemmed the trend away from constitutionalism must be emphatically laid upon the Republican Party. I was delighted to have Mr. Hazlitt criticize Mr. Dewey for asking for a moratorium on criticism, but I would also have liked to have him point out that Mr. Dewey played his self-appointed role of me-too artist to the all but unbelievable point of "clearing" with the Democratic President the address from which so much was expected.

There is a third factor which, in my opinion, has far more to do with our present deplorable situation than the weakness of our constitutional system. This is the failure of the American press to tell its readers the unvarnished truth not only with reference to the present crisis but also to political developments over the years. One important newspaper, confessing its own failure in this respect, recently published an impressive editorial promising more honest reporting of the news, under the striking title: "Peccavi, peccavi!" If the whole American press and the Republican Party, supported by some repentant Democrats, would follow suit, it is safe to predict that our political paralysis would end without the necessity of radical overhauling of our political charter.

New York City — LUCILLE CARDIN CRAIN

Escape from Dictatorship

I would like to suggest that Mr. Hazlitt's article, "Our Political Paralysis," be put in pamphlet form and distributed among our citizens with a special copy for each member of both houses of Congress. It suggests a sane and sober escape from the Truman dictatorship and would secure us against a repetition of such misfortune in the future.

New York City — MICHAEL MORAN

Required Reading

There is not a magazine, every word of which I come as nearly devouring, as the *Freeman*. Now and then, however, something especially hits the target.

In this category must fall two articles of the December 25th issue. They are "Our Political Paralysis" by Henry Hazlitt and "Senator Taft's New Deal" by Forrest Davis. I have never read more factual, more effective, finer or clearer presentations of our present governmental and diplomatic impasse than these. Every American who has any interest in our national future should read and digest both these masterpieces.

The Midwest is waking to our critical danger, albeit there are those still who believe we can go on fighting everybody's wars with nobody's help without incurring our own fatal dissolution. Their ilk are, of course, neither informed on nor interested in American history, tradition, resources or limitations. They seem unaware that every nation and every civilization that has pursued the path we're now on has perished.

Springfield, Illinois — EARLE BENJAMIN SEARCY

The Spirit of the Freeman

Please permit me to remark that, in so far as the memory of an ancient fogy is dependable, the more issues of the *Freeman* I read, the more I perceive a considerable resemblance to the tone of the former *Freeman* and of the *New Freeman*.

I even note similarity in such minutiae as wording. Certain happy turns of phrase make me glance to the

bottom of the page to see whether they are somehow signed by Journeyman, for example.

Perhaps I should therefore pray for a long life for the *Freeman*. Instead, I am grateful that there is a single issue of it. In this day of universally established insanity, it is a miracle of sorts that there is a single issue.

Toms River, N. J. PROSPER D. WIRT

EDITORS: HEAVEN HELP THEM

By CAROLINE DUER

SINCE I was eighteen I have been a writer of sorts, and at eighty-five I am still a writer of sorts; but for some ten or eleven years of my life I was an editor of sorts, too; that is, I looked at other people's manuscripts besides contributing my own, and I have certain ideas about editorship which I burn to express.

In my story-writing period, long ago, I remember an editor who altered the name of my heroine (of course, without consulting me) and who defended himself against my subsequent remonstrances by saying he had "disagreeable personal associations with the name of Julia." This I consider about as reasonable as refusing to allow any dark-haired woman to be mentioned in your pages because you'd been jilted by a gypsy! I remember another man who, when I objected to certain changes, protested that "an editor must impress *his* personality on every article in *his* magazine."

Well, I grant that good editorship means wisdom and understanding in selection of material. Also that the character of the individual who selects, and his knowledge of his public, have a great deal to do with the success of his publication. I am disposed, even, to the belief that a single mind directs better than a symposium of minds in conference. But never shall I believe that arbitrary changes of another person's story, or his phraseology, are allowable — unless there is a question of editorial policy, or of grammatical correctness, and then changes should be submitted for the author's approval.

If one buys a picture one does not attempt to alter it, over the artist's signature, according to one's idea of what he *should* have meant. Take, for example, a girl in a snowstorm sheltering a rose under her ragged shawl; would one paint out the rose and paint in an umbrella under the assumption that it was more suitable and most probably what the artist intended — or would have intended if he had given it thought? That's the kind of temptation some editors find it impossible to resist.

If a picture gallery were already provided with frames and artists were required to fit into them any pictures they desired to exhibit, I wonder what the result would be? It is an interesting thought. At least the artists themselves would do the changing.

Altering the kind of language used by a writer to the kind used by the blue pencil is often unnecessary and usually infuriating. I write like myself. If people happen to enjoy it that is the only value I have. I am perfectly willing to accept suggestions, but I don't want them forced upon me "unbeknownst." Not long ago whoever was reading an article of mine (probably in haste) blue-pencilled a sentence in the middle. Now, I was not against leaving out that sentence, but there was an allusion to the subject of it in the beginning and a reference to it at the end. This evidently had not been noticed, and the article would have appeared very vague if I had not insisted upon seeing proof and so been able to eliminate the allusion and the reference.

Articles on specific subjects should not be tampered with. If a person is writing about, say, embroidery and another, who knows nothing whatever about embroidery, is set to cut it, the result may be that useful information is garbled, or left out altogether, which is unfair to the reader. And while the reader alone no longer carries the magazine, what the reader finds it worth while to read carries the circulation that carries the advertiser, who in turn supplies the money to run it.

I know it is difficult, but I think it should be possible, to give advice to readers without upsetting advertisers. To a woman who writes about silver, for instance, and wants to know if she would be considered hopelessly "incorrect" (horrid word) if she kept on using her old family teaspoons for tea, for oranges or grapefruit, and for soup in cups, or if she must buy sharp-pointed and round-bowled spoons to supplement the old oval ones. What should she be told? I should feel it wrong not to tell her the truth. Her oval teaspoons can perfectly well be used in all the ways she mentions. She is not under any obligation, and certainly no fashion demands it, to buy different ones unless she likes the different shapes and finds them convenient. Many people do prefer them. If they do they should have them. If she doesn't she should not. Now, if that simple statement makes trouble, the magazine is too much under the thumb of its advertisers to be of real use to its readers. Fashions are not made by advertisers. They are made by the selections of people of independent taste and judgment, and followed by their imitators. The editor who reports this most fully and courageously is the most helpful to the public.

When it comes to our great fiction magazines of today I am more than ever shocked by the liberties they permit themselves. I have long ceased to write fiction, so there is no personal rancor in what I say. There was an example of their doings given lately in a review which published a whole story, and also showed some of the rewritten changes intended by a magazine which must have been considering it. They were very bad. And why they should have been made at all baffled me.

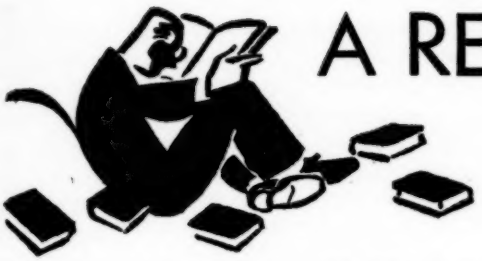
Every person who takes up the pen is not a writer, and any writer who thinks himself beyond criticism is a fool; but the editor who feels that the blue-pencil *must* be making improvements because it is wielded by his good right hand, is the Oxford dictionary's definition of a "wiseacre." And I won't say what that is!

INSTRUCTIONS FROM AN EDITOR

What kind of verse do editors print?
A rather painful question —
The best they get: but as private hint
I'll give you a suggestion.

We like all moods, the gay, the solemn,
But the real killer-diller
Is never more than quarter-column
And makes a useful filler.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY



A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

On a hot August day in 1906 old Colonel Henry Watterson, the ebullient editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, came across a gaily impertinent reference to himself on the editorial page of the ordinarily stodgy Baltimore *Sun*. Amazed by the unexpected discovery, Marse Henry replied in kind. "Think of it!" he said. "The staid old Baltimore *Sun* has got itself a Whangdoodle. Nor is it one of those bogus Whangdoodles . . . but a genuine, guaranteed, imported [article] direct from the mountains of Hepsidam."

The Whangdoodle which so delighted Marse Henry was, of course, H. L. Mencken, and the incident is worth setting down here for the simple reason that an even newer Whangdoodle has been fledged out of contact with the old. The newest Whangdoodle is William Manchester, whose biography of Mencken, "Disturber of the Peace" (Harper, $3.75), is worthy in every way of its engrossing subject. Mr. Manchester is all of 28 years old and this is his first published book. With a background of graduate school work at the University of Missouri and police reporting in Oklahoma City, Mr. Manchester is eminently qualified to deal with the combination of opposites that is H. L. Mencken. Mr. Manchester writes with the verve of a Sonja Henie doing a pirouette on her skate points; he has the true Mencken delight in burlesque and in outrageous overstatement delivered as if it were understatement of the severest kind. Yet for all his Menckenian qualities, Mr. Manchester manages to maintain a distinct style of his own — a miraculous performance for one who has had such a prolonged immersion in that most contagious of all contagions, the prose style of Henry Louis Mencken.

When a young Whangdoodle comes to grips with a gaffer of the species one is tempted to call out a brass band and go parading through the streets. But leave us not go completely overboard in eulogy of the subject of Mr. Manchester's biography. Leave us eulogize where eulogy is due and then turn to the reservations. H. L. Mencken was undoubtedly the chief liberator of my own college generation in the early twenties. We had read Van Wyck Brooks's "America's Coming of Age"; we had pondered Randolph Bourne's "Adventures of a Literary Radical"; we had listened to William Lyon Phelps's praise of Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Shaw and Ibsen; we had harkened to the strident clamor of the Chicago Renascence; we had skittered down to Greenwich Village seeking a glimpse of the red tresses of Edna Millay; we had followed the peregrinations of Floyd Dell's callow Felix Fays and "emancipated" Janet Marches. But it was H. L. Mencken who waved his maestro's wand over the whole engaging spectacle, holding the symphonic voices of the goofy but incredibly vital epoch to concert pitch. The intellectual Toscanini of the twenties, he made the music of other men express a magic all his own. His *American Mercury* was the Bible of the campuses, and even the anti-Menckenites of the average college faculty had an occasional grudging good word to say for Mencken's great exploratory study, "The American Language."

Mencken laughed at politics, of course, and we all laughed with him. But our laughter was subtly different from Mencken's own. What we failed to realize was that the Mencken guffaw had Voltairean undertones. It stemmed in good part from an outraged appreciation of true libertarian political principles, not from mere love of watching the clowns behave idiotically in the anterooms of Capitol Hill. Mencken had read his Jefferson, his John Stuart Mill, and we had not. All we did was to laugh, distrusting any and all principles, whether libertarian or otherwise. The upshot of it was that we had nothing substantial in our backgrounds to save us in 1929 and 1933. Bare and shivering in the economic blizzard, we rushed for any shelter available. Some of us ducked for a tent called Technocracy, lured by the barking voice of the shaman-engineer, Mr. Howard Scott. Others fell for any one of thirty varieties of neo-Marxian flapdoodle; the then *New Republican* Edmund Wilson, for example, proposed in all seriousness that we "take communism away from the Communists." (As if that would improve the flavor.)

Now, Mencken was not responsible for our more obscene political divagations; he never made any pretense of being his brother's keeper. Whether responsible or not, however, he did hurt us by diverting our attention from the literature of political and economic freedom. As Mr. Manchester points out, Mencken was actually a very civilized Tory; but the college generations of the twenties mistook him for a nihilistic anarchist. We thought he was merely kidding when he extolled the "Maryland Free State" and spoke of solacing himself with the state papers of Thomas Jefferson; actually, he meant every word of his praise of the Free State's Jeffersonian past. He had his Platonic notion of the Good Society, his image of the "great good place," shining securely in the back of his mind all along.

Because he had firmly grounded political principles he could not possibly fall for the intellectual zigzagging of the Rooseveltian witch doctors. And if he failed to keep the specifically Menckenian generations of the twenties on the right track by any positive preaching of civilized Tory (or John Stuart Mill liberal) political principles, he at least had imparted a sufficient skepticism to enable them to climb out from the Rooseveltian morass by themselves. It took time for many of the boys and girls

of the twenties to extricate themselves from the Marxian and Keynesian heresies of the thirties, but no one who had taken Mencken's laughter to heart in his youth could possibly remain the devoted servant of a New Deal that could leap nimbly from NRA collectivism to Brandeisean trust-busting to price-fixing and OPA-ism without ever perceiving the philosophical stultification and dishonesty involved in such chaotic behavior. If Mencken helped by an oversight to mislead a whole host of Menckenians in the twenties, his staunch individualism, which is at last reappearing above ground in a hundred places, may yet save the republic — and with it, the world.

Mr. Manchester draws the moral of Mencken's life only in terms of image; the reader must get the preachment by inference. But no one with a particle of wit can possibly mistake Mr. Manchester's implied recommendations. "Disturber of the Peace" is a book to be pondered; one hopes in particular that the young men and women of the forties, the boys and girls who know Mencken only as a philologist and a writer of *gemütlich* reminiscences for the *New Yorker*, will take Mr. Manchester's exhumations to their hearts.

Mr. Manchester's portrait of *le maître* is a deftly shaded one; the whole man emerges in all his wonderfully intricate contradictions. Mencken scoffed at the cow colleges, yet he himself first practiced writing by enrolling at a correspondence school. He denounced cultists of all sorts, yet he was a secret fresh-air fiend who slept religiously for years on a cold and draughty porch that would have frightened the most hardened member of the Byrd Antarctic expedition. He laughed at all schools of organized faith, but when he visited Rome he kissed the ring of the Pope. He denounced the ancestor worshippers of the DAR, yet he spent a comparative fortune to have his own Saxon ancestry traced by a firm that specialized in such research. A man who had won renown as America's most defiant bachelor, he married late in life and proved the most devoted of husbands. He shocked the bourgeois deliberately and without end, yet all his habits were bourgeois in the extreme. He loved order, he loved sedentary comforts, and he rated the American bathroom more highly than he rated the Acropolis.

For one who spent the twenties in crib and highchair, Mr. Manchester has a most remarkable grasp of Mencken's whole background. I detect only one wrong emphasis in "Disturber of the Peace," and that is in his treatment of the late Stuart Sherman. Mr. Manchester seems to think that Mr. Sherman remained more or less an anti-Menckenite until the end. The fact of the matter is that Sherman deserted the More-Babbitt New Humanist group some time before assuming editorial direction of the New York *Herald Tribune Books* in the mid-twenties. Sherman spent the later years of his life praising the very authors whom Mencken and George Jean Nathan had first brought out in the *Smart Set* in the decade of World War I. In fact, Sherman became more Menckenian than Mencken in his latter-day tastes; he continued to praise Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, D. H. Lawrence, Floyd Dell and other duly certified incendiaries long after Mencken had lost interest in the fiction of the New Day.

This review has not touched on Mencken's virtues as an editor (for example, he mailed contributions back within twenty-four hours); it has not dealt with him as Baltimore's greatest journalist; it has not gone into details of the great Mencken-Nathan collaboration; and it has had nothing to say about Mencken's quarrel with the Boston censor and innumerable related Pecksniffs. All I can say in defense of my own narrow selectivity is that one can no more stuff Mencken into a few columns of type than one could stuff Bushman, the great ape of Chicago, into a match box. The man is Protean; even in the "prime of senility" (to use his own phrase from a letter to A. G. Keller), he casts an immense shadow. One hopes that Mr. Manchester's biography of Baltimore's most eminent citizen will have at least one reader for every original phrase that Mencken coined in fifty years of his hell-for-leather journalistic life.

THEY SPEAK FOR MR. STONE

We Speak For Ourselves: A Self-Portrait of America, edited by Irving Stone. *New York: Doubleday.* *$5.00*

At first glance Mr. Stone's idea appealed to me: the object of his book, according to the jacket, is to present a self-portrait of America, "an exciting portrait . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . sixty-four colorful Americans . . . tell their own stories . . . with all the astonishing contrasts of our country's varied life." This is what the book claims to do, but like most endeavors by high-minded editors with strong social consciences, the result doesn't fulfill the claim. Autobiography should be an accurate medium for self-portrait, and I would be willing to fork over five dollars for a collection of good likenesses. But first I will hold the likenesses up to the light to examine their virtues.

Exposed to the light, the only stories in this book that I ever want to encounter again are Frank Lloyd Wright's account of building the Imperial Hotel, Charles Lindbergh's Atlantic solo piece, James Thurber's recollections of hilarious college days, and Mark Twain's dissertation on bats. The first two are stories of achievement, a part of the American picture shamefully neglected by Mr. Stone. The second two are funny, and remain funny no matter how often reread. Thurber's football player who couldn't name a certain means of transportation despite the toot-toots and choo-choos of his helpful classmates is pure humor, socially unconscious; contains no preachment, no self-righteous blasts at the corporations. I shall reread it when I meet it in another book. Mark Twain on cave bats is equally oblivious to social purpose, yet I shall always love the following (which somehow got into Mr. Stone's propaganda carryall by accident): "A bat is soft and silky; I do not know a creature that is pleasanter to the touch or is more grateful for caressings." When Mark Twain told his mother, "there's something in my pocket for you," the trusting woman would put her hand in. "But she always took it out again, herself; I didn't have to tell her. It was remarkable the way she couldn't learn to like bats. The more experience she had, the more she could not change her views."

If all the selections were up to the Thurber or the Twain, a reviewer would be hard put to know when to stop quoting. Mr. Stone, however, has simplified my task

immeasurably. Of the 64 selections only fifteen have any vigor. The book is a large dose of autobiography and won't make any new converts to this art form; it argues for ghosting. If Mr. Stone deliberately chose Mark Twain for reasons other than his famous name, he must have some discrimination. Why, then, did he include so much plain dull reading? The answer is that he wishes to sell us a pig in a poke. This book is really a political treatise, an anthology of propaganda, disguised as a cross-section purporting to represent all walks of life.

The evidence of conspiracy derives from a single omission, one walk of life conspicuously absent: there are no capitalists in this book. Of the 64 selections, none carries a message for capitalism. Strange, is it not, that a self-portrait of America is wholly devoid of praise for the system that built, stocked and equipped America? Andrew Carnegie wrote an autobiography; so did Walter Chrysler; so did certain industrialists who had the help of Boyden Sparks and Samuel Crowther. The books of Carnegie and the rest made fascinating reading for me, but not for Irving Stone, who has chosen to anthologize seven militant labor agitators, yet not one fighter for free enterprise.

In the interests of plain good reading, Tom Girdler's "Boot Straps," the story of how Little Steel whittled Big Steel down to size, might have been included. But Tom Girdler is too vital for Mr. Stone, whose collectivist collection contains a curiously uncolorful assortment of bores. The inclusion of Alfred E. Smith's naive complaints that the Republicans blocked his legislation failed to arouse me. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's dreary Feminist platitudes left me utterly uncharmed; Samuel Gompers's belabored underdog-ism is so badly written I felt like taking revenge by kicking the nearest underdog in the face. Michael Shadid's heavy-footed country doctor anecdotes lured me right to sleep, while Jane Addams's forty years of single-toned do-gooding makes reading so singularly lacking in pep I wouldn't recommend it to a social worker.

The reader who dredges up five dollars for this anthology of monotones is a glutton for punishment; he must be more interested in alleged good intentions than in good writing. If the dull writers were chosen for their humanitarian politics, this is even truer of the better writers. (I use "humanitarian" advisedly as a term of opprobrium, since to me it connotes the busybody, not one who respects the rights of man.) I don't ignore the fact that many of Mr. Stone's anthologized writers are passionate word-wielders; the objection is that they are all being passionate about the same collectivist ideals, sharpshooting at the American system in a book that is supposed to be a self-portrait of America.

It is time somebody committed the heresy of pointing out that the selfish, profit-seeking activities of Henry Ford and Thomas Edison, whose life histories are ignored in this book, did immeasurably more to promote the welfare of the world than all of the aggregate exertions of Mr. Stone's socialists, labor agitators, settlement workers, muckrakers, bureaucrats, humanitarians, fifth columnists and eleemosynaries. This may be a self-portrait of America, but even the reader who is rich enough to waste five bucks on pink pastels will have a hard time recognizing it — and a harder time reading it. He will have to hold it at a 45-degree angle — for the brushstrokes have a slant.

THADDEUS ASHBY

CALDWELL'S DOCTRINAIRES

Episode in Palmetto, by Erskine Caldwell. *New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $2.75*

One of the characters in Caldwell's new novel is a county agricultural agent named Thurmond Mustard. He wants to win a trip to Chicago offered by a big seed company for the best field of millet, and the only way he can do it is by persuading the best farmer in his district, a taciturn individual named Em Gee Sheddwood, to plant millet instead of whatever he planted in the past. Sheddwood, however, doesn't want to plant any millet, so the county agent tries to persuade him by fixing it up for him to marry the new school teacher who has just moved into his boarding house. The school teacher doesn't want to marry Em Gee, and for that matter Em Gee doesn't particularly want to marry her, though he is half-interested. Why, even if he should do so, he would be compelled to plant millet afterwards is a matter that the author does not make entirely clear.

"Episode in Palmetto" is not one of Caldwell's best novels, though it is better than any that he has written since "Tragic Ground." One difficulty is that his characters are a cut above his Tobacco Road primitives — the high school principal, the local politician, the boarding house keeper — people with at least the outward semblance of sense, so that the low-comedy complications of the plot are a little more difficult to carry off. Also, the central character, the school teacher, is such a beautiful pin-up girl, with her "erect posture and distinctive breasts and the pleasant conformations of her figure" that most of the time she is merely standing by, like the pretty girl in a musical comedy skit, or a burlesque blackout, saying, "Please let me go, Floyd," or "I don't know what you're talking about," or "But that's not true," or "I want you to believe me, Mr. Sheddwood," while the comedians work for their laughs. The book is nevertheless interesting for the light that it throws on all of Caldwell's writing. It used to be said that his characters were black-and-white representations, lacking depth and shading, but his new cast, especially the county agent, with his stealthy bureaucratic habits of mind, reveals what has been less obviously true of all of them.

Caldwell's characters are doctrinaires. They are people moved by a complete acceptance of a theory, a belief, a code of conduct, which they follow through relentlessly regardless of changing circumstances. The county agent on the subject of millet is as articulate and positive as Jeeter Lester on the subject of turnips, or Ty Ty Tyler on the way to find gold. They are all philosophers, theoreticians, serious thinkers, ready at any moment to discuss with complete conviction and boundless ignorance farming, Negroes, preaching, how to win crap games, the rotation of crops or the way to get next to a pretty school teacher. And despite the amorous passages in the novels, the number of scenes in which someone is compelled to leap through a window and go running unclothed through the neighborhood, they are not a passionate or headstrong people, but rather cold and considering, calculating, thoughtful, as detached in pondering the emotional involvements of their neighbors and

kinfolk as they are in speculating about the national economy.

Nor are they deliberately cruel. It is true that the Lesters pay no attention to the old grandmother, when Dude runs over her in the new car and she lies in the sandy yard, her face crushed, trying to crawl toward the house. Nor do Sister Bessie and Dude waste a moment's thought on the wagon they ran into when they went for a ride: "The nigger driving it ought to have had enough sense to get out of our way. . . . The wagon turned over on him and mashed him." When Semon Dye wangles his way into Clay Horey's house, in "Journeyman," seduces his Negro cook, and shoots her husband, he turns fiercely on Clay, while the Negro is lying on the floor of the bedroom, and asks: "Is this the way you treat visitors, Horey?" In "A Place Called Estherville" the rich girl trying to entice the Negro boy to her bed, or the doctor holding him up for money for his bicycle, have the same imperious indifference to human suffering as the proletarians of "Tobacco Road." In "Episode in Palmetto," after all the horseplay of the courtship of Em Gee and Vernona, the climax of the novel is an attempted murder and the suicide of a high school boy. While he is lying on the floor, presumably in a pool of blood, and while the revolver smoke is still presumably drifting around the room, Vernona and the county agent decide to go to Chicago by themselves, never giving a thought to the boy or the millet.

The Caldwell protagonists, being true doctrinaires, just can not be expected to take into account the human consequences of their theories. If their doctrines are false, and the actions taken in accord with them frequently disastrous, comparable results have been noticed in the contemporary world. When Ty Ty Tyler and his boys kidnap the albino, in "God's Little Acre," they are motivated by no ill-will: it is just that they have a theory that an albino can find gold, and they act upon it with that unity of theory and practice which Lenin said could only be accomplished by Marxism. When his wife asks the albino what is the matter, the unfortunate captive has no answer; the motives are so improbable and unreal, and so completely in accordance with an uncommunicable theory of behavior, that his only explanation is: "These sons of bitches have got me all roped up." The welter of pious generalization, quaint wordage, obvious self-interest and borrowed opinions of Jeeter Lester's long monologues are not much different from those found in an average broadcast on the welfare state. The schemes of Ty Ty or the county agent do not seem any more complicated, or less matters of burning down the house to get the roast pig, than the revelations that have appeared in recent volumes about the machinations over the third and fourth term nominations. No one in his right mind, of course, can accept Ty Ty's belief that an albino can find gold, just as no one (without force) can accept the theory of the master race or of self-determination for the black belt. And if the Lesters and the Tylers seem inhuman in their callousness, they have an addled application to the social planner working for his cause, the representative of the master race experimenting for the Third Reich, or the commissar carrying out one of those purges known as a genuine democratic agrarian reform movement.

There is, however, one difference in Caldwell's novels. Many of his characters have some physical disfigurement, like Ellie Mae's hairlip, or Sister Bessie's nose. But these appalling blemishes are trivial compared to the heartlessness of Caldwell's rustic doctrinaires following their theories through to the end. It amounts at last to the lack of some human quality, a cripplement or a mutilation of the spirit in comparison with which the physical shortcomings of the others are well-nigh endearing.

ROBERT CANTWELL

UNDERCOVER PATRIOT

Red Masquerade, by Angela Calomiris. *Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.00*

In early 1942 two FBI agents called at the Greenwich Village apartment of Angela Calomiris, a free-lance photographer who was considering joining one of the wartime women's services.

"We've got a war job for you," one agent said. "It won't pay a salary, and it won't bring you any recognition. It's secret work, and not even your closest friends are to know what you are doing. The mission we have in mind will be both dangerous and monotonous. . . . We're asking you because this job is essential to the internal security of the United States at war and we think you are one of the few people who can do it."

"What do you want me to do?" Miss Calomiris gasped.

"We would like to have you join the Communist Party and observe it for the FBI," the agent replied.

The proposal shocked Miss Calomiris. "But the Russians are our allies," she said. "They are now," the agent replied quietly. "But how long do you think that will last?"

To this day, Miss Calomiris hasn't the slightest idea of why the FBI tapped her for undercover work. She had been active in the Photo League, a group of leftist photographers specializing in the sort of "ash can" art usually published in Communist publications, but she had no idea it was Communist-controlled. And even if it was, she could hardly bring herself to believe that Communists were dangerous, particularly when they were so loudly behind the war effort (Russia, of course, had been attacked).

But, feeling she must do something to aid her country at war (and the FBI man did put it that way), Miss Calomiris joined the Communist Party and for seven years posed as a devoted party member, experiencing the greatest drudgeries — and considerable danger to her person — in delivering detailed reports on what she saw and heard to the FBI. And it is superbly ironic that the Communists, masters of deceit who have no equals in double-dealing, allowed her to get away with it for seven years.

Finally, the U. S. Government decided to end the masquerade. Miss Calomiris (her party name was Angela Cole) was called as a key government witness at the trial of the eleven top Communists, whose appeal from their conviction is headed for the U. S. Supreme Court. This reporter happened to be in the courtroom the day, April 26, 1949, when Miss Calomiris — a slight brunette, seemingly poised but inwardly frightened, she confesses in her book — took the stand. The consternation her appear-

ance caused among the defendants, their lawyers and the Communist claque which daily usurped the spectators' benches was in itself a tribute to her magnificent and courageous undercover work for the FBI. Harry Sacher, the shrillest of the Reds' vociferous attorneys, hurriedly borrowed a nickel from the *Daily Worker* reporter and rushed to an outside phone. His worst fears were apparently confirmed; for Miss Calomiris was a close friend of his own secretary.

Miss Calomiris's soft-spoken testimony the several days she was on the stand proved a major highlight of the historic trial. Even while she was testifying the Communist smear brigade went to work. The *Daily Worker* described her as "a lady snooper for the FBI who also dabbles in photography and other less popular pursuits" — permitting the comrades to draw on their imaginations without violating the libel laws.

The Howard Fast-edited *Masses and Mainstream* rushed into print with an editorial denouncing Miss Calomiris and other government witnesses as "disease-bearing vermin" employed by the FBI in its "germ warfare."

All this and more is told simply and straightforwardly by Miss Calomiris in "Red Masquerade," a book which is much more than a simple cloak-and-dagger story, though it reveals much of how the FBI operates in keeping tabs on the Communist conspirators — perhaps too much. Up to now excellent books on Communist activity have been written, mainly by such former Red leaders as Louis Budenz and Benjamin Gitlow — but they have dealt mainly with shenanigans among the party's highest bureaucracy. This book presents for the first time a complete picture of Communist activity in the party's lower ranks. It explains how and why the party is able to turn out several thousand fanatical comrades for a Union Square riot, a howling Madison Square Garden front meeting, or a "protest" picket line in front of the embassy of whatever government Soviet Russia happens to dislike at the moment.

Miss Calomiris, who never did become an important Communist leader, was assigned by the FBI to keep tabs on what happens in the party's branch levels. She worked diligently, participating in the most menial of tasks — earning the well-merited reputation in party circles of a "Jimmy Higgins" who could be counted on for any kind of assignment. She mimeographed leaflets, distributed them to longshoremen, collected dues, solicited funds from sympathizers, attended innumerable front meetings, and held open-air meetings, often defying rowdies who insulted her in obscene language. But she stood the gaff in heroic fashion, turning in vital information to the FBI, not knowing when it all would end.

In fact, the very day she took the stand in Federal Judge Harold Medina's courtroom she was still financial secretary of the West Midtown branch of the party. When she testified to this, Miss Calomiris heard an anguished comrade groan: "Good Lord, that means she has the membership lists!"

"Red Masquerade" is no breast-beating attack on the party by an embittered apostate paying off old scores. The story is told without the rancor that sometimes afflicts accounts by former Communists. This is fortunate, for rancor fails to convince those who need convincing most — those self-styled liberals who insist that the Communists, while dreadful people, are not dangerous. That they are dangerous and do not constitute an American organization is adequately demonstrated by Miss Calomiris — against whom no smear of apostasy can be raised.

What did Miss Calomiris get for her dangerous assignment? Outside of expenses, she received no compensation from the FBI and she didn't expect any. Since her courtroom appearance a year and a half ago she has been unable to obtain a permanent job.

An incident in her job-hunting experiences which does not appear in "Red Masquerade" was published by the New York *World-Telegram and Sun* recently. A picture editor of a national magazine called her in. After leafing through several of her photographic exhibits, he remarked:

"Really, Miss Calomiris, I can't look at your work without prejudice. How could you have done what you did? How do I know you're not making a dossier for the FBI on me right now?"

In an era which produced an Alger Hiss, a Harry Gold and a Judith Coplon, it augurs well for this nation that it also produced an Angela Calomiris, who good-humoredly did not allow that incident to faze her.

VICTOR LASKY

TIME OF SPLEEN

Two Kinds of Time, by Graham Peck. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $4.00*

A dispassionate, fully documented analysis of the failure of U. S. China policy between 1941 and 1951 is probably not yet possible. The fair-minded inquirer could make a solid beginning if he had complete access to Presidential and diplomatic records (the State Department's White Paper of 1949 contains important data but all is carefully selected and slanted, with apparent omissions). Then, to round out his study, the fairminded inquirer would need the secret archives of international communism, and that, at the moment, would seem as hopeless a prospect as an order from the Kremlin for the raising of the Curtain.

Still, from what material is at hand, a forceful argument can be put together that U. S. China policy and its apologists have suffered from four basic misjudgments. The policy-makers and apologists have misjudged 1) the nature of Chinese communism, 2) the extent of Russian intervention on behalf of a Red China, 3) the kind of U. S. aid that might have kept China free, and 4) the nature of China's Nationalist Government. A documentation of this argument would require lots more space than is available in a review. But the four misjudgments are all glaringly at work in "Two Kinds of Time," by an author whose time in China included a longish stint in Owen Lattimore's Far Eastern branch of the OWI.

Mr. Peck overwrites doggedly (725 pages), rambles in and out of some ribald anecdotes, and embellishes his chapters on travel and propaganda with nice line drawings of the China scene. But his essential thesis for which everything else becomes merely the takeoff, is an implacable, jaundiced abhorrence of Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang regime. Peck's contempt, ridicule

and hate for Chiang extend even to the old Christian gentleman's nightshirt and false teeth. Chiang's mainland government, Peck insists, was a vicious racket run by and for the "landlords" and "grain monopolists"; it was also a Big Practical Joke.

One doesn't need to imply that Chiang is a democrat, efficient executive or modern statesman (a term which has to embrace Vishinsky) to wonder if Peck's detractions aren't intemperate, to say the least. One doesn't need to imply praise of the Kuomintang to lift an eyebrow when Peck writes of "Kuomintang famine," blaming hunger caused by drought and war on Chiang's party; or when Peck asserts that there are "Kuomintang faces," naturally evil, villainous and predatory.

In contrast, Peck holds that the Communists may well be good for China. As practiced by Mao Tse-tung and Co., who are "patriots and idealists," Chinese communism demonstrates "sense, dignity and strength." Of course, the Chinese Communists have famines and other troubles. But just as there are two kinds of time in Peck's China, so there are two kinds of famine: that in Kuomintang territory which is caused solely by the wicked Nationalists, and that in Red territory which is understandably caused by the dislocations of war and nature. How biased can you get?

It was this kind of partisanship or misjudgment which led Henry Wallace and Owen Lattimore to brush off Chiang Kai-shek's warning to them that the Chinese Communists were in league with the Russian comrades. It was this kind of misjudgment which led John Service and John Davies to champion the Chinese Communists as dynamic progressives and to stigmatize aid to "feudalist" Chiang Kai-shek against armed communism as "a denial of democracy." Today, of course, the basis of U. S. foreign policy is to encourage anyone anywhere, always excepting Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa, to resist armed communism.

Peck belittles or waves aside Russian moral, material and diplomatic aid to the Chinese Communists. He repeats the worn claim that the U. S. threw billions down a Kuomintang rat hole, implying that such help was supposed to be used against communism; in truth, it was given to fight the Japanese and to rehabilitate the country after the Japanese war; from early 1946, an embargo was placed on U. S. military supplies to the Nationalists lest they be used against the Communists.

Berating Chiang is still a respectable game, but favoring the Chinese Communists is no longer as fashionable as it used to be. On the practical alternative to Chiang, Peck seems hazy or contradictory. As noted above, he holds that communism, however unwanted for the U. S., may be good for China. Then again, he thinks U. S. policy failed because it did not intervene in behalf of a "democratic third force" in China. He never identifies the third force. But he implies that because the U. S. did not turn openly against Chiang, it drove China into the arms of the Communists and the Communists into the arms of Russia.

All who disagree with this simple thesis and all who may have favored Greek-type aid to the Nationalists come off poorly in Peck's book. He gives black marks to American missionaries, who by and large are pictured as a sorry hypocritical lot; to General Chennault and his Flying Tigers, who are portrayed as mercenary; to Wendell Willkie, who was wrong to be friendly to Chiang; to General Wedemeyer, who is pictured as one who may have had his eye on promotion to Chief of Staff and therefore had to be pro-Nationalist. Peck, of course, was an OWI reporter; it's curious how readily he relates hearsay and rumor when it contributes to his anti-Chiang build-up ("as I have heard it . . . if it contains some inaccuracies . . . general outline is true . . . has historical interest.").

Perhaps the most astonishing twist in Peck's tirade is the claim that Publisher Henry Luce, Congressman Walter Judd and their like really run our China policy. They took over, implies Peck bitterly, when General Joseph Stilwell (one of Peck's rare heroes) was recalled in 1944. Vinegar Joe, advised by State Department aides, wanted the U. S. to arm the wonderful Chinese Communists and crack down hard on "peanut" Chiang. The Gimo balked and got Stilwell removed. "For me," remembers Peck, "the summer of the Stilwell Incident was a time of spleen." He seems never to have gotten over it.

FREDERICK GRUIN

POWER RUN WILD

The Brother, by Feike Feikema. *New York: Doubleday. $3.50*

The second volume of a trilogy — which, somewhat grandiloquently, is to be called "World's Wanderer"— "The Brother" continues the story of that same Thurs Wraldson who was the outsize hero of "The Primitive." A giant of a man, so abnormally large as to be virtually a freak, Thurs, in this novel, moves eastward from Michigan: the late nineteen thirties find him in and about New York, wrestling as painfully as before with life's meaning. Thurs works in a factory in Passaic, and becomes involved in a strike there. He progresses to Greenwich Village, samples its more exotic follies, and eventually rejects Marxism as a solution to his seeking just as he had earlier rejected organized religion. In addition, of course, he explores (somewhat belatedly) the torrid realms of sex, and he rubs shoulders with as curious an assortment of intellectuals, perverts, Communists, gangsters, bums and debutantes as have ever been assembled all in one novel.

For his earlier books —"The Brother" is his sixth — Mr. Feikema has received considerable praise. He has even on occasion been likened to Thomas Wolfe, for reasons which are almost too obvious. Actually, however, a comparison with Vardis Fisher seems to me more in order, for here one has the same raw power, coupled with a fumbling abuse of it, which have so often marred the latter writer's work. That "The Brother" has force and drive one can not well deny, but it is also inchoate, pretentious, quite frequently dull, and at times merely grotesque and rather silly. When he is writing of the world of the common man, to which Thurs seeks to ally himself, Mr. Feikema writes pungently, vigorously, with manifest authority, if with a grossness which sometimes seems excessive. When, however, he is dealing with the so-called intelligentsia, or the world of the idle rich, he degenerates lamentably into a kind of crude caricaturing reminiscent of Dreiser at his worst.

The real trouble, I feel, both with "The Brother" and Mr. Feikema, is the lack of disciplined thought that lies

behind this book — its lack of any important meaning despite its dithyrambic claims. Except that he is larger and lustier, how does Thurs differ markedly from the average moon calf of fiction? Are his exploratory adventures any more significant? In his contacts with art, sex, unionism and Marxism, Thurs discovers nothing that is strikingly new or different, and his reactions in each case are difficult to understand because one knows so little about his background and his previous emotional experience. "The Brother" can scarcely be called a self-sustaining story, being full of irritatingly vague references to events in Thurs's past which are bound to be meaningless to those who have not read "The Primitive."

In sum, "The Brother" is a sprawling, confused and disappointing novel, written with some power but with power run wild. It is the kind of novel, moreover, which is all too likely to be overrated — to seem more meaningful than it actually is. So much of our fiction today is precious and attenuated that we all of us tend to welcome the big "dynamic" novel, especially if it deals with coarse realities and the seamier side of life. "The Brother," however, is as mannered in its own fashion as the most rarefied novella, and has as little, really, to contribute towards an understanding of our times. Even Mr. Feikema's tricks of style —"he giraffed on," "he cameled on," etc., etc.— tend, with repetition, to seem overdone rather than fresh and arresting. Although he apparently has the equipment of a major writer, Mr. Feikema, I feel, has put it to poor use. Maybe this trilogy is just something he had to get out of his system.

EDITH H. WALTON

A GROPING MIND

East of Home, by Santha Rama Rau. *New York: Harper. $3.00*

This charming book is the account of a journey which took three young people from Japan to western China, Cambodia, Bangkok and Bali. The author, Santha Rama Rau, is the daughter of India's first ambassador to the United States and niece of her country's chief UN delegate, Sir Benegal Rau. The book's dust jacket and advertisements present Miss Rau dressed in a sari — handsomely symbolizing the attractively mysterious East.

The author's education was undertaken in England, and completed at Wellesley. She wrote one book when she discovered herself as an Indian, and called it "Home to India." The present volume is part of Miss Rau's self-discovery as an Asian. She brings to it odd bits of personality substance: some British restraint; a Brahmin woman's aristocratic self-assurance; a rather U. S.-bred compassion of one Asian for all peoples of Asia.

The whole thing is the narrative type of travelogue that has pretty much gone out of fashion. Its message — what there is of it — is played pianissimo. It is that Asia wants to be left alone; that the meddling West, which largely seems to mean America, ought to stick to its knitting. Miss Rau's traveling companions were two Americans: one, a linguist and authority on the Asian drama who had worked in the theater censorship section of SCAP in Japan; the other a blonde girl reporter, presented somewhat like the stock character of the efficient, if rather uncomprehending, journalistic journeywoman.

Many of the points made by Miss Rau are presented as quotes from her companions or from other characters that walk across their path; the author stays in the background, with elegant humility even in trying circumstances.

Example: "Mrs. Han said wearily, 'You are the ones who are afraid of communism. What can communism bring us that is worse than what we have? Can you talk to the Chinese peasant about civil liberties and free enterprise?'"

To the reader who did not just discover Asia yesterday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, whether as an Asian, an American, or a European, that type of dialogue is eminently familiar from the works of Anna Louise Strong, Agnes Smedley, Guenther Stein, Graham Peck, Harrison Forman, and many others. It reflects a fatalism that yields easily to tyranny.

Or take this phrase: "In Asia life is not a carefully protected thing, and death is not shocking. It is the one certainty." So what? Because Asia is on close terms with death, because it considers suicide a more or less honorable thing, must the rest of the world go down with it into the living death of totalitarianism — a rule so completely destructive of the subtlety and gentility that Asia cherishes that it is sure to destroy most of Asia's own spiritual traditions?

Miss Rau's book shows a groping and inquiring mind, standing on the crossroads of world thought; a mind which is capable of discerning, perhaps at a later date, that moral forces exist in the West that are not inferior to those of the East. Asia, which has its own subtle judgments, may eventually find that among various shades of gray in political-economic ethics, some shades are indeed lighter than others; when that time comes, its peoples and its statesmen will have arrived at a truth that transcends all time, all boundaries, and all variations of our human-tribal heritage.

MARTIN EBON

DAGGER ATTACK

Donne's Poetry and Modern Criticism, by Leonard Unger. *Chicago: Regnery. $3.00*

These abstruse platonisms on John Donne do not tell the reader anything about his poetry, but are a clear revelation of a type of pompous criticism that is boring to the gods and to men. Mr. Unger, who is at least the peer of Allen Tate in syntax folly, tells us that Mr. Tate's language "is not near the denoting end of the line," and who would deny it, or affirm it?

Mr. Unger writes that metaphysical poetry is "the development of imagery by logical extension," which ought to mean that a poet develops his images rather reasonably. He may or may not do it, and no one will ever find out from Mr. Tate or Mr. Unger or from a poet that Socrates said could never explain his own work. After Mr. Unger has cited Mr. Tate and Mr. Ransom and Mr. Grierson, and again Mr. Tate (the list begins to sound like a merry-go-round), he assures us that metaphysical poetry is probably just wit. He quotes from John Crowe Ransom: "No one ought to remove the comparisons from their poems," because we are likely to "demolish . . . the poem." Such erudite gibberish is literary illiteracy; like legal English, it is a direct dagger attack against all English.

EDWARD DAHLBERG

POSTWAR PAINTING

By JEROME MELLQUIST

IT HAS been said that a traveler sees in a foreign country only what he brings with him. This observation applies even more exactly to a vast and diversified art show like the Carnegie International at Pittsburgh. A veteran critic, who whizzed past the pictures in a wheel-chair, informed his public that he picked up not a single grain of the new; still another dipped his pen in vinegar and wrote a sour report; while a third merely filed some statistics like an accountant. Nevertheless, this first Carnegie International since World War II contained a wholesome cross-section of world painting today; and it prompted a thought or two on the direction of American art during the last three decades.

Certainly no doctor could have got a better sense of a gradual European convalescence than from a visit to this show. If, for instance, one paused among the 60 pictures sent by the French, the pulse might not seem too high, but still it had the regularity of returning good health. Overlooking for a moment the prize-winning "Threshers," by Jacques Villon, no fewer than eight canvases came from the bigger names in Paris. Chagall gathered couples and flowers again in his "Red Sun," Rouault once more poured forth his religious lamentations while creating a clown, and Dufy flung about a few grace-notes in a composition on a musical subject. If none of these was exciting, and if even Matisse, Braque and Leger contrived no particularly intoxicating vintages, yet they were continuing to make their annual harvest and the taste of it was not too bad. Furthermore, Gromaire, always a somewhat underestimated painter, had sent a somber nude again recalling that he might well be called the "Rubens of the coal-mines," while Miro had contributed a huge fantasy turning with all the capriciousness of a Catalonian weather-vane.

It is not always necessary to be new, but it is well to be sound, and all these works had the merit of being capably painted. As for the Villon, this not only vindicated the American critic Walter Pach, who never has ceased to champion Villon since the Armory Show in 1913, but it furnished a real piece of news by showing how the artist had tapped some waters of rejuvenation and thus had helped to refresh French painting during the most forbidding moments of the Nazi occupation.

Villon, who had been among the earlier Cubist experimenters, had been obliged to earn his living through newspaper caricatures, reproductions of other men's work, and similar assignments, and to work but marginally as a painter. Finally, in the early thirties he could concentrate upon painting. Slowly he filed away. He exhibited regularly, but few noticed. He perfected, he revised, he compressed, he sought even deeper for the anatomy of his subjects. Also, he continually refined his color. Then, when Paris capitulated, he fled the city and set up his easel at last in the country. He, who had always worked within the studio and done his Cubist diagrams and analyses, found a new light amidst the harvest-fields of southwestern France. His work deepened and became more full; then, as he turned also to portraits, he obtained a fresh richness in the human countenance — and a miracle had occurred. From defeat a new art had been forged, and a bewildered generation began to rejoice. The honor of the Carnegie prize merely recapitulates the praise that has been this faithful artist's ever since 1942.

Unfortunately, the single work by Pignon, "Sanary Peasant," shows merely a young man's rather facile adaptation of the findings of the honored veteran. Another of the coming painters who have been touched by Villon's example is Singier, whose "Interior with Closed Shutters" was compared by one elderly lady to hockey-sticks upon a background of red. Even so, it had a certain freshness. Then again there was the Honorable Mention to Jean Bazaine's "Gare Maritime," one of those densely woven works in which he almost suggests the knotting of a fist. Bazaine, who is one of the ablest men of the postwar generation, has united the color of more traditional painters like Bonnard to an almost exalted sense of high placement distinctly unique in art. By some wizardry he can transport the observer to an aerial perch, and such is the case with his Carnegie picture, as it certainly conveys a view from above.

Aside from these more intrepid Parisians, there was the usual crop representing *"la douceur de la vie"* — André Planson, Terechkovitch, or Legueult — and two other tendencies also deserving a word. Of these the first is led by that Master of the Toothpick, Bernard Buffet, who strips and depletes his subjects until only the narrowness is left. Even though this 22-year-old has already been much celebrated, he leaves the present observer always poorer for looking at his work. If that is art, then an empty bottle, highly polished, also provides plenty of wine. As for Bernard Lorjou, who might be called the Poet of the Stockyards, his combative reds and lunging figures do not stay in the frame. The assertion is greater than the strength, and this once again was his fault in "John Devoluy."

The report from the Italians might be summarized as rather like an "Echo de Paris." Picasso had not been forgotten by some of the younger men, notably Biroli, and busy propagandists showed the same relish for posters as some of the snarling French. De Pisis' nervous painting seemed to say that he was still impressed by Guardi, that 18th century master of the doorways and the lagoons; and Campigli contrived a canvas out of reminiscences of the Etruscan pottery-makers. More original works were furnished by Felice Casorati, whose tree-

stumps were cold and spikey against their mantle of snow, and Morandi, who paints with a quiet richness tempting one to nominate him as the best painter in Italy today.

Other national contingents were less stimulating. The Spaniards dwelt in the darkness of melancholia, blood and nightmares, and the Scandinavians had not relaxed from their customary rigidity. Among the Germans it was still apparent that they had not found again the head that Hitler lopped off in 1933. Certain painters who were then active still continue to work, it is true: Schmidt-Rottluff with his still-lifes; Otto Dix, who also furnished a still-life; and such well-established men as Karl Hofer and Willi Baumeister. But among the newer men only one, Theodore Werner, had contrived a fresh blaze of color in his "Composition with Black, Yellow and Blue." For the rest, the Germans stood exactly where they were 17 years ago (even admitting that the smoldering sunset of Nolde, another well-known man, was altogether admirable).

The English, by contrast, had almost succeeded in pulling themselves out of the doldrums. Quite apart from their usual academicians and cheery old Bohemians like Augustus John, they had sent over younger challengers like Graham Sutherland, who shows a religious inspiration, and Robert Colquhoun, who well remembers Picasso. Victor Pasmore, though using a confetti-palette almost recalling the Post-Impressionists, had a note of song in his painting; but one could have spared the "Portrait of Her Majesty the Queen," by Sir Gerald Kelly, who not only heads the Royal Academy but also sat upon the jury of selection for the Carnegie International. Even so, a new urgency has come into many of the British since the war, and this contributes a most welcome quickening which is not too often apparent in their art.

The Americans, who accounted for 103 of a total of 360 works in the exhibition, provided yet another form of stimulation. Supposing that a gallery-visitor of 1920 had wandered into the Carnegie, what familiar painters would he have seen? Very few. Possibly the only conspicuously interesting one would have been that mellow conservative Gifford Beal, who was among the original followers of Robert Henri and has never deviated from his allegiance. All the rest were newcomers. John Marin, to be sure, was known in those days, but hardly at the Carnegie. And the merit he shows in his water-colors was not apparent in the oil, which was a seascape. Possibly the choice was at fault.

For the rest, the visitor from 1920 could have spotted scarcely a name of that period. Certainly he would have found none of the men who, like William Glackens, Glenn Coleman, and Arthur B. Davies, won prizes in the decade immediately following World War I. These representatives of an older America, and an older painting, had almost vanished (and why was John Sloan not included?). Replacing them were what might be called the New Moderates. Charles Burchfield, one of the jurors, had not sent one of his more fiery works, but even so his painting was more loose-spoken and free-moving than that of the men before him. Almost the same temper was evident in Alexander Brook. Eugene Speicher again sent one of his competent portraits, recalling, along with Kenneth Hayes Miller, that the literal note has not been forgotten in our painting.

Yet the American section was dominated by men of a more modern tinge. Karl Knaths, who readily adapts from Picasso, again sent a Provincetown interpretation, and Franklin Watkins an excerpt from his vast Philadelphia mural for Henry McIlhenny. Lyonel Feininger, long domiciled in Germany (and who captured a second prize) spoke with a certain distinction in his crisp picture of coasting ships, and Niles Spencer painted with his usual commendable thoughtfulness. Few men represented our most advanced contingents, though Lee Gatch, whose tobacco-brown reflections of the American autumn, and Morris Graves, who combines religious meditation with excellent craftsmanship in his latest painting, do stem from these men on the forefront. Yet none of the more contentious artists like Pollock or William de Kooning or Mark Tobey had been corralled. One could have exchanged the cookie-cutting of the ubiquitous Grandma Moses for some of their work.

What emerges, then, from the Carnegie International is the impression that European painting has completed a substantial measure of recovery, or at least has continued to maintain its high median of production. American painting, by contrast, has slipped from an earlier mooring. No longer is there Social Protest (though here exemplified by a garish poster from Gwathmey and an enfeebled Gropper), nor is there even much celebration of the land. A new vocabulary is being sought. Everywhere there is flux. One can only hope that some of the present searchers will be included in the next Carnegie. Then it can furnish a still more knowledgeable report on the actual state of our painting, and even suggest, perhaps, that it may yet find a deeper anchorage as the result of the current soundings.

DEATH AND TWO WOMEN

When evening hour between the many calculated tides,
Hour of pause, comes to that house
He lies drained of the day's mild juices
Gnawed to bones between gallant sheets
Watched warily by these women as they watch a mouse.

To bed by yellow candlelight;
To bed to sleep by day and night.

One spoons the measured distillates and counts
The arithmetic of tissue and slow change;
One intones the day's events (over and over he marked
them with his blood) and cheer mounts
Like a chime of bells out of the ears' range.

(You have fought well, Leonidas, alone on a high pass
In the cold rain, thin air and slippery grass.)

They have been stalked, tracked down to these premises,
He with his death already in possession
Half clear of all but his own confidences
And she inheriting already in this aging light
The limp handclasp, the titles, deeds, claims to the
onrushing night.

EUGENE DAVIDSON