the FREEMAN

FEBRUARY 12, 1951 25 CENTS

STRATEGY FOR AMERICA
Malcolm Wheeler-Nicholson

THE TREASON OF "LIBERALISM"
Forrest Davis

MAN OF THE TWENTIES
John Chamberlain

TRENDS CAN CHANGE
Ludwig von Mises

HOW TO CURB ONE-MAN RULE
An Editorial

Editors: John Chamberlain · Henry Hazlitt · Suzanne La Follette

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A WORD ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

As a sequel to "The Second Pearl Harbor" in the *Freeman* for December 11, MAJOR MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON outlines a four-point plan for global strategy. This article is another chapter from his forthcoming book, "The Terrible Swift Sword." . . . RENE KUHN is a young novelist who has recently returned from a year with the U. S. Embassy in London. . . . Painter, lecturer and author of articles on art, CLARENCE A. BRODEUR teaches modern painting at Pratt Institute. He served as Kosciuszko Foundation Exchange Professor to Poland, and is a trustee of the Fontainebleau Fine Arts and Music Schools Association. . . . CLAUDE G. BOWERS, the eminent historian and statesman, served as Ambassador to the Spanish Republic from 1933 until its fall in 1939. Since then he has been our Ambassador to Chile. Among his books are "The Tragic Era," "The Young Jefferson," and his most recent, "Pierre Vergniaud: Voice of the French Revolution." . . . WALLACE MARKFIELD has contributed fiction and criticism to *Partisan Review, Commentary,* and other magazines.

Forthcoming:

In the next issue Edna Lonigan will report on the struggle in Congress against the new political stratagems of the Fair Dealers. Look also for the promised article on universal military training by Hoffman Nickerson, authority on military history. Other articles which will appear in early issues are "The Manpower of Free China" by Geraldine Fitch; and a discussion, by Major Hamilton Long, of the inadequacy of the B-36 bomber.

Our Change of Date:

With this issue the *Freeman* goes on newsstands nationally for the first time. Though it appears, as usual, two weeks after the preceding issue, the method of dating has been changed to conform with prevailing newsstand practice. This issue is therefore dated February 12 instead of what would have been February 5 according to our former practice. Succeeding issues will be dated fortnightly from February 12.

the FREEMAN

NEW YORK, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1951

THE FORTNIGHT

The domestic economic "policy" administered from Washington has now touched heights of absurdity beyond the reach of any satirist. The Administration is permitting, encouraging and ordering inflation at a mounting rate. At the end of 1939 the volume of money (as measured by demand deposits and currency outside of banks) totaled $36 billion. In May of 1950 it totaled $109 billion. At the end of December it reached $117 billion. *Here* is the inflation. Here is the increase in monetary purchasing power bidding for goods. Here is *the* cause of the constant fall in the value of the dollar.

Yet the Secretary of the Treasury has chosen this moment to announce that the interest rate on long-term government bonds will be kept down to 2½ per cent. This inevitably means further inflation. For the Federal Reserve Banks will be forced to support the bonds at levels to yield that rate. In "buying" such bonds, they pay for them by creating still more money and bank deposits.

Then the Administration turns around and pretends to "protect" the citizens from its own inflation by throwing blanket price and wage ceilings over the entire economy —with the usual political loopholes for the pressure groups. This order is so absurd that even the administrators who framed it won't defend it. An official of the Office of Price Stabilization immediately announced that it was working to "cure the absurdities and inequities in yesterday's freeze." We may confidently predict that it will "cure" some absurdities and inequities only by creating new ones.

The truth is that price control is a completely spurious remedy for inflation. Its political function is to divert attention from the real cause, which is the government's own fiscal and monetary policies, and to put the blame on the wicked businessmen. A few of the consequences of price-fixing are discussed on page 296 of this issue.

The New York Post has been made panicky by the suggestion that the American Congress, like the British or Canadian Parliaments, either has or should be given the power to ask for the resignation of the chief executive. It rushed to the attack on our editorial "Why Truman Should Resign," but it could not quite bring itself to give a candid presentation of the idea. It accused us, with labored humor, of wanting to get rid of Mr. Truman in order to "select either Herbert Hoover or Chiang Kai-shek" as his successor. Of course constitutionally, as even the *Post* must know, the only possible successor to Mr. Truman would be Vice-President Barkley.

It is true that we went on to indicate that: "once this action had been taken, Congress could then proceed either to amend the Presidential succession law, or to submit an amendment to the Constitution itself, to permit the American people to have a voice and a choice in the midst of crisis." The *Post's* response to this is, in effect: "Thank heaven the American people are stuck with Truman, and powerless to supplant him for at least two more years, no matter what happens." The *Freeman* wishes to give the power to change a President in a crisis to Congress and the American people. The *Post*, that self-styled lover of democracy, is determined to keep Congress and the people impotent in this respect.

In the New York Times of January 21, Harry Schwartz, its expert on Russian statistics, was "seriously concerned" to find "an apparent inconsistency" in published Soviet steel statistics. "The importance of this discrepancy," he wrote, "arises from the fact that heretofore non-Soviet observers have believed that the Soviet Union's statistics on industrial production of different commodities in physical terms were the most trustworthy of all data released by that Government. Some wonderment is arising as to whether this assumption is still true." A very belated wonderment, it seems to us. Communist Russia's published statistics, like everything else, have always been designed primarily to serve the purposes of demagogy or propaganda, not of truth. What good reason has there ever been for considering the Russian Government's published statistics "trustworthy"? Or is the moral that lies will be regarded as "trustworthy" as long as they are consistent with each other, and will be doubted only when they are not consistent with other lies?

Every time some one in Washington proposes that we slash, let us say, $3.6 billion from the domestic budget, we stand up and cheer. But we notice that few people get up and cheer with us. The very magnitude of such a

figure as $3.6 billion makes it incomprehensible to the human mind; one can not get emotional about something that is beyond one's experience and one's ken. Indeed, the difficulty of reacting to a $3.6 billion budget cut proposal is rather like the difficulty of weeping for four million victims of a famine in China. It's just too much; the average man finds it easier to weep for one single victim of malnutrition in Brooklyn.

All the more reason, then, for us to cheer for people who ask for small piecemeal cuts in the burdensome national budget. A recent report by a House Post Office and Civil Service Subcommittee tells us, for example, that the Treasury Department's fiscal services could get along just as well with 7800 employees as they do now with 9400. Hurray! That is something anybody can take in. To continue, we found ourselves choking with indignation when we read the other day in a copy of the *Springfield Union* that a Massachusetts director of employment security had spent $774.52 for an office rug and $234.50 for a genuine walnut executive desk. Again, our hackles rose during a recent trip to Washington when we heard of officials sending their visitors back to hotels in government cars, thereby wasting the taxpayers' money on gasoline. . . . If some one really wants to get action on economy in Washington, let him prepare a dossier of one-thousand-and-one small items of waste involving one-thousand-and-one employees of a big executive department. The job could easily be done by a few newspaper managing editors who were worth their salt; all it would require would be a month's time put in by one capable reporter.

President Truman has turned down a suggestion that we use the "silver bullets" bribery technique of inducing Chinese Communist troops to surrender. He wants it to be known that America is above such base tactics. This strikes us as the most incredibly misplaced bit of high-mindedness that the twentieth century has yet seen. For what Mr. Truman is saying is that it is better to risk the lives of American GIs than it is to risk the loss of American money. The Presidential refusal to risk corrupting the morals of Chinese Communists comes with little grace from the man who has approved $41 billion of Marshall Plan bribery to keep Europeans on our side in the war against Stalin.

A popular theory has it that U. S. diplomatic defeats at Yalta and in China, not to mention our military losses in Korea, are all due to a series of accidental blunders that are totally unrelated to Stalin's having "planned it that way." There is also a scientific theory that a group of monkeys pecking away at typewriter keys might duplicate all the books in the British Museum by sheer accidental workings of the law of chance.

What has become of the bright eighteenth-century dream of a nation of free and educated citizens alert to public questions? One of Dr. Gallup's recent polls notes, for example, that just under half (49 per cent, to be exact) of the population either does not know who Dean Acheson is or has no opinion about his capacity as Secretary of State. Thirty-four per cent did not even recognize the name! The Gallup figures roughly approximate the proportion of eligible citizens who take the trouble to vote in national elections. The indifference and ignorance of half our people present many questions but before we grow too pessimistic we might stop and reflect that half a republic is better than none.

In the midst of the Great Debate on foreign policy, the *Freeman*, in the public interest, is publishing five speeches by former President Herbert Hoover in a pamphlet, with an introduction by Hugh Gibson, former Ambassador to Belgium. All of the speeches abound in Herbert Hoover's sober wisdom and Quaker dedication to the truth. We hope every speech will have its readers, but at this juncture we wish to call special attention to the first address in the pamphlet, dated June 29, 1941. At that time Herbert Hoover solemnly warned the American people that they could no more trust their destinies to the hands of the Soviet Politburo than they could trust them to the good will of the Hitler who had just double-crossed his bloodstained Communist comrade. . . . In Washington today the Administration tries to shrug off its many critics by muttering: "Anyone can be right when he has the benefit of hindsight." True enough; but in June 1941 Herbert Hoover had foresight. Wouldn't that seem to indicate that his words are more worth listening to in 1951 than the words of those who so clearly lacked this foresight?

A FREEMAN SEMINAR

The editors of the *Freeman* take pleasure in announcing their sponsorship of a seminar on essential problems of the social sciences, to be held by Professor Ludwig von Mises, author of "Human Action" and other important books, from Monday, June 25 through Friday, July 6, in New York City.

The seminar will meet every week day, except Saturday, from 5:15 to 7:30 p.m., in the alumni room of the New York University Alumni Federation in the NYU Faculty Club at 22 Washington Square, New York City. Five sessions will be devoted to analysis and discussion of fundamental problems of the general philosophy, significance, epistemology and methods of the sciences of human action, especially of ethics, economics and history. The other sessions will deal with problems of money and banking, the trade cycle, and fiscal policies; and in these sessions the various methods by which it is proposed to eliminate the recurrence of economic crises and mass unemployment will be examined and discussed.

Attendance will be limited, in order that each participant may have the opportunity to take an active part in the discussions. Applications should be made before May 15, and blanks for that purpose may be had from the editorial offices of this magazine, 240 Madison Avenue, New York 16. No fees will be charged. Six fellowships are available for applicants living outside the metropolitan area who can not afford to defray their own traveling and living expenses. Each fellow will receive $100, in addition to his necessary expense for transportation. Applications for fellowships should be made at the same time as applications for admission. In considering requests for fellowships the editors will give preference to teachers, editors, journalists, and graduate students in the social sciences.

HOW TO CURB ONE-MAN RULE

No one, as we pointed out in our last issue, has successfully refuted Senator Taft's 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." President Truman's assertion of his right to order any number of American troops into Europe today, without even seeking the approval of Congress, is wrong constitutionally, wrong as a matter of political wisdom, and wrong morally. As we pointed out in our last issue, the breach of good faith involved, in view of Secretary Acheson's "clear and absolute" assurances to Congress to the contrary, would be flagrant.

And yet a strange thing is happening. Congressional and journalistic partisans of the President have not only defended his right — constitutionally, politically and morally — to order such troops on his sole authority, but they have so vehemently rejected the idea that Congress should have even a voice in the matter that Congress itself seems to be on the verge once more of falling back into the role of an impotent bystander.

Most of the arguments put forward by the partisans of Mr. Truman will not bear serious examination. They are typified by an article by Henry Steele Commager in the *New York Times Magazine* of January 14. Mr. Commager begins by arguing that Congressmen have no right under our present system even to ask for the resignation of Secretary Acheson. The general impartiality of his argument may be judged from this beginning. He acknowledges that the Constitution explicitly assigns only to Congress the power to declare war; but quickly dismisses this as less important in determining present constitutional powers than the record of past usurpation by various Presidents. In fact, he slyly puts the word "declare" by itself in quotation marks — to imply, apparently, that the Founding Fathers meant to leave to Congress the mere formality of *declaration*, and meant to leave to the President (though they neglected to say so) the real decision whether or not we should actually become involved in war.

Mr. Commager then begins citing precedents on his side. "Polk," he writes, "ordered General Tyler across the Nueces and thus precipitated the Mexican War — presenting it to Congress as a *fait accompli*. Here was war by Presidential act." Instead of citing this as what it is — a clear case of Presidential usurpation, an historic warning of the dangers in allowing Congress to be so easily by-passed, an ominous example of the consequences of one-man rule in foreign affairs — Mr. Commager lists it as one of the precedents for continuing such an arrangement.

And then he cites with apparent relish Theodore Roosevelt's boast: "I took the Canal Zone and let Congress debate." Mr. Commager seems to be blissfully unaware of the totalitarian implications of praising one-man rule, whether in the field of domestic or of foreign policy, of deriding debate and even by implication deriding the notion that the people through their chosen representatives should have a voice in deciding whether or not they are to be thrown into war.

Having disposed of the constitutional issue to his own satisfaction, Mr. Commager goes on to imply that whenever there is a disagreement between the President and Congress about the extent and nature of the obligations of a treaty, the President must be right and Congress must be wrong. Thus if the President orders millions of troops to go anywhere at all, or involves us in outright war, Congress has a "theoretical" right, Mr. Commager concedes, to refuse to vote appropriations. But: "It is not to be imagined that the Congress would ever so abuse its power." It is apparently not an abuse of power, in brief, for a President on his sole decision to throw us into war whenever he sees fit; but it is an unimaginable abuse of power for Congress to exercise its clear constitutional right to withhold funds if he does so.

To the question of Senator Hickenlooper, on April 27, 1949, whether under the Atlantic Pact we were expected to "supply substantial numbers of American troops [to Europe] prior to aggression," Secretary Acheson replied with a "clear and absolute No." Yet Mr. Commager implies that *Congress*, if it refused to authorize all the troops Mr. Truman now wants to send to Europe, would "repudiate solemn obligations" and be "lost to honor."

It is true that Mr. Commager puts this in general terms. But his argument envisages only the possibility that Congress may wish to "repudiate" a treaty that the President wishes to uphold. He never considers what ought to be done if the President wishes to repudiate a pledge to Congress by doing something that no treaty in fact calls for.

You would think that if the Constitution really did place in the hands of a single man the sweeping and awful power to keep the American people at peace or to throw them into war, wholly at his own discretion and without any possible curb by the representative assembly, those who profess to love democracy would be appalled by the situation. You would think that they would urge either immediate revision of constitutional practice or an explicit constitutional amendment to provide some check upon the executive, to give some voice to the people. But most of those who now argue that Congress has no power to check the Presidential whim in this regard actually seem to relish the one-man rule that it implies. Thank heaven, they seem to say, if a President wants to take millions of boys from their peaceful pursuits and put them into Europe, if he wants to involve us in war, Congress is impotent to do anything about it!

The present situation, in fact, is one more illustration of the comparative impotence to which Congress has now allowed itself to be reduced in both foreign and domestic policy. It seems to have only the choice, as we pointed out in our last issue, of either being a rubber stamp for executive policies or merely obstructing executive policies. We return to the fact that a representative assembly which does not have the power of changing the executive

— as the British and Canadian parliaments do, for example — must tend to be reduced to this status.

Yet, paradoxical as it may at first seem, Congress could increase its real powers in many respects by foregoing some of its nominal powers. This is nowhere more clearly illustrated than in the field of foreign policy. Because treaties must now be constitutionally ratified by two-thirds of the Senate, and because the Senate can debate issues endlessly, or simply neglect to take them up at all, it has proved highly difficult and sometimes impossible in practice to get many desirable treaties ratified. As a result the practice has grown up of bypassing the Senate altogether by the dishonest device of calling treaties "executive agreements."

Yet this is an evasion which the public and the Senate itself connive in because of the recognized difficulty of getting a treaty ratified — not to speak of the foreign embarrassments that can arise from the mere frank and open debate of a proposed treaty. And the argument has been recently put forward that if Mr. Truman did indeed submit for Congressional approval a proposal to send huge contingents of American ground troops to Europe, and even if the majority of the Senate and of the people approved, the proposal could none the less be effectively killed in the Senate by a handful of men through the simple expedient of a filibuster. It is impossible to deny that this argument carries great practical weight.

The Senate majority could immediately have more real control of the situation, therefore, if by an act of self-denial it initiated a constitutional amendment to this effect: the Senate would give up the sole right to ratify treaties by a two-thirds vote. It would submit an amendment providing, instead, for treaty ratification by both the Senate and House, by a simple majority vote in each.

The historic reasons for the original choice of the Senate alone for the ratifying function have long disappeared. The logic as well as the justice of the situation requires that the House of Representatives — which will in any case be asked to provide the appropriations arising out of any treaty, or which participated in declaring the war out of which a peace treaty arises — should have an equal voice in treaty ratification.

But such a constitutional amendment should also carry another provision. This is that while every treaty *or agreement* must be submitted to Congress for ratification, it would become valid, say, sixty days after submission (when Congress is in session) *unless at least one House of Congress rejected it within that period by a majority vote.*

This would obviate the danger of a filibuster or of mere inaction. It would solve the problem of handling minor foreign agreements. It would tend to abridge the kind of debate that is more embarrassing to our foreign relations than illuminating. But such an amendment would make it impossible for the President to conclude any secret agreement (which should explicitly be made not binding on the nation), or to conclude any treaty or agreement to which the people were opposed. Above all, it would deprive any President of the present excuse for making "executive agreements," or for refusing to submit imperative questions of foreign policy to Congress, on the ground that such submission might cause a fatal delay. By voluntary surrender of some of its present nominal powers the Senate would exercise more real power.

WE'VE *HAD* THOUGHT CONTROL

Anyone who has had detailed experience with New York publishing circles knows how difficult it has been to get either anti-Communist or pro-free enterprise books published during the past two decades. Anyone who has had experience with reviewing knows how difficult it has been to get such works adequately reviewed. Even the book stores have conspired against the true liberal tradition: most of the clerks have seemed at one time or another to be in on some vast and annoyingly tacit conspiracy to peddle a neo-Marxian line of intellectual goods and to keep anything critical of Marx or John Maynard Keynes hidden well below the counter.

To the insider, the facts of the situation have long been such common knowledge that it is almost boring to bring them up again. But on Main Street and in suburbia the facts are hardly known at all. The suburban women's club discussion leader goes to the library and looks up Professor John K. Fairbank's favorable review of Theodore White's and Annalee Jacoby's "Thunder Out of China" in a New York Sunday book supplement without realizing that she is witness to the spectacle of one pro-Red China Owen Lattimoreite logrolling for a couple of other Lattimoreites. Knowing little of the literature about China, the average women's club discussion leader is scarcely aware that only one view of Asia gets its day in court in the supposedly "objective" metropolitan literary press. Nor does the average women's club discussion leader know anything about the technique of "birth control" of anti-Communist books as it has been practiced for years in many of the New York publishing houses.

Once, not so long ago, a bold fellow by the name of Hugh Gibson, who was formerly our Ambassador to Belgium, suggested in a publishing house meeting that William Henry Chamberlin be commissioned to write a book about the Communist subversion of Poland. A sputtering editor, unable to contain himself, came out with: "N-no. Chamberlin's nothing but a damned T-t-trotskyite."

Since Trotsky was a totalitarian and William Henry Chamberlin is a fervent believer in two-party government and traditional economic liberalism, the accusation was nonsense. Nevertheless, it effectively kept Chamberlin off that particular publisher's list. Just how widely such incidents as this were multipled during the thirties and the forties, it would be impossible at this date to tabulate. Many of the facts have been lost behind the Iron Curtain which American fellow-travelers have reared between the present and even the most recent past. Yet a good stab at tabulation has just been made by Irene Corbally Kuhn in the January 1951 issue of the *American Legion Magazine.* Called "Why You Buy Books That Sell Communism," Mrs. Kuhn's article sets down for posterity a long and impressive list of the more definitely provable incidents of Leftist "thought control" as it has been practiced ever since the days of the Popular Front movements of the thirties.

Mrs. Kuhn shows how John T. Flynn, a writer with forty years' experience behind him, was suddenly cut off from his market by the old-line publishing houses. The excuses offered by the publishers were threadbare — the "lists were full," they "couldn't get the book out on time," the "paper situation was bad," and so on. When

Mr. Flynn finally got Devin-Adair, a relatively new publisher, to back his "The Roosevelt Myth" and "The Road Ahead," he managed to crash a good market in spite of a conspiracy of relative silence on the part of the major review media. But to get this good market, he had to use unorthodox means: he had to appeal over the heads of both reviewers and bookstore clerks to his own personal list of readers that he had fortunately gathered and more or less card-indexed during a lifetime as a publicist.

Other writers, lacking Mr. Flynn's knowledge of how to carry on a selling campaign by direct mail appeals and personal agitation, were not so fortunate. The exiled Stanislaw Mikolajczyk's excellent "The Rape of Poland," which was published by Whittlesey House after it had been turned down by another publisher, should have sold widely. Being new to this country, however, Mr. Mikolajczyk lacked Mr. Flynn's canny knowledge of how to appeal to old-fashioned Americans over the heads of the fellow-traveler conspirators of the New York literary market place. The result was a commercial flop for one of the great source books on Communist methods of infiltrating and destroying a Western democracy.

Mrs. Kuhn goes on to detail the muffling of W. L. White's candid "Report on the Russians," George Creel's "Russia's Race for Asia," John B. Powell's "My Twenty-five Years in China," and the Victor Lasky-Ralph de Toledano book on the Hiss-Chambers case. No doubt some of the more notorious of Mrs. Kuhn's incidents will be old stuff to readers of the *Freeman's* predecessor, *Plain Talk*. All the more reason, then, for these readers to be on guard against a tendency to slack off in the war to spread the truth about Communist and fellow-traveler methods of thought control. The sophisticated reader owes it to his more naive brother to see to it that Mrs. Kuhn's *American Legion Magazine* article is bought, distributed and read. Some well-to-do person, group or foundation should blanket the men's service clubs and the women's clubs with reprints of it. A copy placed in the hands of every women's club lecture program chairman in the land might change the book-buying habits of a nation.

Mrs. Kuhn does not go into detail about the Communist campaign to infiltrate the publishing world that succeeded so handsomely in the thirties. The Commie technique of seizing the "control points" of the public opinion field is a long story, and it could be pieced together only by much digging. Suffice it to say here that the Communists in the thirties made a play to get "first readership" jobs in publishing houses and book clubs. They succeeded to an extent undreamed of on Main Street. Comfortably ensconced in a "first reader" job, the Communist could easily choke off an anti-Communist manuscript by a gifted unknown long before it got up to a responsible editor. The technique of "first readership" control is analogous to the "control of the in-basket" technique which Communists have exercised throughout bureaucratic Washington, D. C. In very recent months New York publishers have been waking up to the menace of the unwatched "first reader." But "in-basket control" must still continue in the lower echelons in Washington if the end-product in policy is any criterion. Americans by and large have still to learn that responsible decision can not be made at a top rung unless responsible information has been established all down the line.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

All through the Popular Front and wartime periods of "everything for Russia, even our self-respect," a pitifully small handful of prophetic writers in this country kept reiterating that it was dangerous to put any long-term trust in Stalin's dictatorship. The strain of bucking the Great Delusion for virtually two decades is now apparent in the death notices. A few weeks ago James K. McGuinness, the staunch leader of the anti-Communist fight in Hollywood, died of a heart attack. And just within the fortnight Benjamin Stolberg, irascible, delightful, cantankerous and amusing Ben, followed Jim McGuinness at the all-too-young age of fifty-nine. In his case, too, it was a heart attack.

Ben Stolberg was one of America's pioneer anti-Communists among the intellectuals. A labor journalist in the twenties, Ben began by admiring the theories of Marx and Lenin. But Ben always believed in letting facts correct his theories, and when he caught the American Communists of the twenties in a red-handed theft of Sacco-Vanzetti defense funds he cried out in righteous anger. This was the beginning of a change of mind and heart that led him quickly back to passionate individualism. In 1937 Ben undertook to do a series of articles on the CIO for the Scripps-Howard papers. He discovered communism at work in some of the CIO unions, and said so. When the articles were expanded into a book, "The Story of the CIO," the Communists and fellow-travelers in New York ganged up on Ben's reputation, smearing him in a thousand-and-one snide and utterly despicable ways. The smears had their powerful effect in editorial offices. But when Phil Murray finally got around to kicking the Communist unions out of the CIO a decade later it was on evidence, now fully corroborated by time, that Ben had originally assembled when it was dangerous to assemble it.

Ben paid a high price for being right at the journalistically "wrong" moment. Like other men of integrity before him, he was forced to live uncomplainingly in very strait circumstances. He developed a writing "block," largely because he felt there was little place for his work in the generally soft-headed American press. But he continued to have a very large influence. The wittiest of conversationalists, Ben poured out his ideas in talk that will be remembered to the day his last friend dies. If Ben had only had a Boswell among his acquaintances he would go down in history as the Dr. Johnson of the social struggle. Maybe his friends, if they tug planfully at their memories, will constitute themselves a sort of collective Boswell in Ben's behalf. Certain it is that Ben never lived a day without fashioning a new and devastating epigram. His epigrams were not merely clever; they were also enduringly wise. Reporters, columnists, editors, politicians, young book writers, trade union leaders fell into the habit of calling Ben up to consult him on everything from personal problems to world affairs. At the time of his death he had become a sort of one-man general staff for virtually all the good soldiers in the anti-Communist struggle.

A "passionately intellectual" man (the description is Andrew Overby's), Ben was religious in his own way. "God," he said on one occasion, "is freedom." Since

these few paragraphs are all too inadequate a farewell to Ben Stolberg as he goes to meet his God of Freedom, we promise our readers a more extended estimate of Ben's significance in an early issue of the *Freeman*. Meanwhile let us say it right here and now: "Ben Stolberg was a better fighter for truth than any of us."

PRICE-FIXING VS. FREEDOM

That price control is not a remedy for inflation should be obvious to every elementary student of economics. But we are at the moment concerned not primarily with what price control is *not*, but primarily with what it *is*.

Price control is primarily an abridgment of liberty. It deprives the individual seller of the freedom to ask the price that a competitive market would permit him to get. It deprives the individual buyer of the freedom to bid as high as he wishes against another would-be buyer rather than go without what he wants.

These are the obvious deprivations of freedom. But there are other deprivations less obvious but no less real.

A legal price-ceiling arbitrarily establishes a lower price than the free competitive offers and bids of sellers and buyers would establish in a free market. If a legal price-ceiling did not do that, it would be without effect; and there would be no excuse for imposing it at all.

But to say that a price-ceiling would make a price lower than a free market would make it, is only another way of saying that it would make demand chronically greater than supply. It would do this in two ways. Because it is a "bargain," and because they can afford to use it more wastefully, buyers and consumers will demand more of the price-fixed article at the lower fixed price than they would have demanded at the higher free price. And because they can make less of a profit-margin from it, while fewer new marginal producers will come into existence, producers will make less and sellers will offer less of the price-fixed article at the legal price-ceiling than they would have produced and offered at the higher free price-ceiling. In short, the effect of price-ceilings is almost inevitably to bring about a shortage of the price-fixed article.

Price-fixing, therefore, is hardly the way to encourage maximum war production. But our present concern is not with this aspect, but with the abridgment of freedom. Once a shortage has been brought about by price control, the next step of the bureaucrats must be to ration or allocate the product in order to restrict the demand and to compensate for the shorter supply. Price-fixing, in other words, abridges the liberty both to produce and to consume the price-fixed article.

Now when the government allocates a product, the allocation must be arbitrary. The typical formula is to allocate the product — if it is a raw material, say — in proportion to the consumption of different firms in some past period. But what are the consequences and implications of this? One consequence is to freeze the economy just where it is, to take the dynamic element completely out of it.

Another consequence is to reduce industrial efficiency all around the circle. The more efficient firms can not grow, no matter how efficient they are, because they can not get hold of more raw materials to increase their production. And the less efficient firms are no longer penalized for their inefficiency, because their competitors can not take business away from them either by bidding raw materials away from them or by taking customers away from them. For the more efficient competitors can not get the raw materials to supply new customers. They have no inducement to engage in price competition because they already can sell all they produce at the legal price-ceiling. And for the same reason they have no inducement to engage in quality competition.

In short, the improvement, economies and efficiencies that competition is constantly bringing about cease under price-ceilings except to the extent that they may be continued by habits carried over from a free market; but these habits have less and less influence the longer the price control remains.

One implication of these raw-material allocations is that those who have already gone into a business have certain rights and special privileges that others can not share. The outsiders are to be kept on the outside. Potential newcomers have temporarily been deprived of their right to enter the field.

We should like to illustrate this especially in the publishing business, because here it both directly and indirectly affects freedom of speech. When paper is allocated, newspapers and magazines are frozen in the relative positions they already occupy — or which they occupied at some given past date. As in other businesses, competition is discouraged. As in other businesses, the newcomer is kept out. Those already in the business are granted certain vested legal rights. This is one way to discourage new ideas.

But the threat to liberty may be even greater than this. For paper control puts in the hands of bureaucrats potential control over opinion. A repetition of the paper allocation of World War II could keep out any serious new entrant from the publishing field. The allocation ruling could easily be drawn so as to make it impossible, say, for a new magazine like the *Freeman* to continue publication or to grow to the point necessary for permanent economic survival. It could do this merely by taking 1950 paper consumption as its basis. Or it could discriminate under the appearance of non-discrimination. It could exclude, say, *all* fortnightly journals of opinion published in cities of more than 7,000,000 population and started after June 24, 1950.

Anyone who has carefully studied the results of paper allocation in Europe will not find such misgivings grossly exaggerated. Paper-allocation formulas and decisions have been used by European governments to discourage freedom of criticism. This control of opinion is, in fact, inherent in the situation. Few publications will severely criticize a government to which they must go, in effect, for a license to exist.

Less harm would be done, of course, by an allocation formula that permitted new entrants into the publishing field to exist or grow. But this editorial is not intended merely as a plea for a better formula than that of World War II. It is intended to emphasize the dangers to freedom in price-control and allocations in general, and above all in the realm which has to do with public information and public opinion.

STRATEGY FOR AMERICA

By MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON

WITH THAT foreign military dictator, Joseph Stalin, dictating our foreign and military policies, we are blithely headed to land, all spraddled out, in World War III.

Stalin, like the duck hunter on the prowl, is doing all the dictating to the sitting duck. We continue to sit, occasionally quacking that "We must be strong!" Each quack calls for more billions of dollars, without any plan as to when, where, and how we shall be strong, nor for what.

We are engaged in the impossible task of opposing a short-range policy of expediency, directed by a civilian State Department, against a long-range military plan, directed by a military general staff. The brilliant forensics of our Secretary of State have won out against the recommendations of our own trained soldiers, such as Generals Wedemeyer and MacArthur. The latter, before being ordered to fight in Korea, stated, as quoted by Walter Lippmann, that "anyone advising attack in Korea should have his head examined." This is a sound military estimate of the situation, both as to Korea and the heads involved.

In extenuation it must be said that the 59 major agencies in the Executive Department, having to do with foreign policy, plus their 32 coordinating committees, now being coordinated in turn, make planning a little diffuse. So does the vast bulk of the Pentagon, the largest military powerhouse in the world with the smallest trickle of land power in an emergency — some 700 soldiers to stop the initial drive of the North Korean army, although the Pentagon was staffed with some 26,000 people. Washington's mountainous confusion of civilian agencies, plus the water-tight compartmentalized thinking resulting from top-heavy military staffs, makes comparison of it with Moscow's streamlined agencies disquieting.

We are headed toward financial bankruptcy without the consolation of having it avert military defeat. There is a possibly more sensible alternative. *This is to take the vast power sources we have, now untapped, and use them more skillfully and economically to enforce peace, thereby averting both bankruptcy and defeat.*

To do that, we must adopt a more realistic goal than "defense." We must face the fact that the Kremlin plans our destruction. Unless we counter that by planning the elimination of the men in the Kremlin, we are handicapped like a shadow-boxer, content only to slap the wrist of a thug grimly intent upon committing assorted mayhem. Against the thug's arrogant aggressiveness the President surrounds himself with too many timid and irresolute advisers. They have run with the footmen and not kept up; how then can they run with the horsemen?

We lack a strategic global military plan to oppose Stalin's. We have only fragments of plans. One is advanced by ex-President Hoover and Senator Taft. Secretary Acheson has another. The Pentagon has a third.

Ex-President Hoover and Senator Taft want to avert war, so far as America is concerned, by at least threatening isolation in a big way. Actually, they both represent the instinct of the nation, which knows that self-preservation is the first law of nature and feels that present policies are imperiling our survival. Real isolationism, as distinct from what both Mr. Hoover and Mr. Taft actually recommended, is only a postponement for the condemned, not a full pardon, in these days of intercontinental atomic bombing.

Secretary Acheson has as his goal the averting of war from the entire free world. This is a military problem which has proved unsolvable by the measures he favors, such as "areas of strength," "postures of defense," "decisive sectors," and "containment." "Containment" comes nearest to being a military term except that it is the wrong name for the policy he so labels, which is known and sedulously avoided by the militarily mature, under its real name, the "cordon system," generally preceded by the adjective "fatal."

Third comes the Pentagon, quite properly planning to win a war. Unfortunately it is not working on Stalin's timetable, but its own, and is planning to fight the last war instead of to avert the next.

These three goals are actually vital and essential components of a master plan.

First, isolationism, in striving for survival, does only what the first principle of war does in striving for security. Security, like charity, begins at home. Security has not so begun, in our homeland.

Second, once we attained security at home, Secretary Acheson's program for the rest of the free world would make sense, since security, like charity, should not stay at home.

Last, the Pentagon's thesis can be applied to winning the peace instead of the war, via the power politics offensive, recalling that the home team can't hope to score or keep the opponent from scoring by huddling around the home goal posts.

By first attaining security at home, we could haply junk the fatal "cordon system" favored by the State Department and, instead, take up the more militarily effective offensive-defensive, to keep the opponent all hot and bothered with feinting, footwork and an occasional wallop, to discourage his plotting of devilment against us.

To sum up, our military planners must develop a global strategical plan to move successively (a) to ensure our security at home, (b) to extend that security to our troops and allies abroad, (c) to progress to the offensive-defensive phase by providing an interim shield against sudden assault, and (d) to attain the cold war offensive by combining military threat with psychological warfare, aimed at rousing Stalin's own sullen, unhappy slaves and satellites against him.

Security being like pregnancy in that one can not have "just a little of it," we would not then send American

troops to Europe under the present fatal "cordon system," perpetrated by our State Department. This would be to continue acting like the bull in the arena, rushing blindly to wherever Stalin's *toreros* wave their ragged red capes, forgetting Stalin himself, the *matador*, waiting unbreathed with his terrible swift sword.

We would, instead, drop our present military team formation, resembling that of a herd of sheep on the way to the slaughter pen, and get into a military team formation as adequate as Stalin's. He sits secure behind triple lines of outposts, supports and local reserves. These are his shield. Behind them are his main and strategic reserves, his terrible swift sword.

Ike Eisenhower's success in Europe could be assured by three military safeguards:

1. By adopting a strategic global plan into which Europe would fit as a military component, either as the "active sector" or the "containing sector."

2. By swiftly implementing such strategic global plan with military strength to be set up in proper military team-formation, with central reserve in the United States and with our own and allied local reserves, supports and outposts abroad, to counter Stalin's local reserves and his satellite supports and outposts.

3. By providing an interim shield to protect ourselves and our allies during the next few critical months, while we rearm.

4. By figuring on six months instead of two years as the Soviet timetable.

Point 1. There are some sound reasons why Europe should be the "containing" sector. To make it the "active" sector would be to open under the guns of the dealer, as we did in Korea, and, if war came, to be compelled to attack on the line of the opponent's greatest expectancy and his strongest defenses, thereby meeting increasing strength in depth with every mile of advance. It would require millions of American troops to supplement European forces. Whether the war-weary Europeans could be induced to mount an attack in that area is doubtful, seeing that neither Napoleon nor Hitler did too well at it.

Point 2. Setting up a military team formation to combat Stalin means, first of all, matching his reserve. We have three great assets, the strategically valuable central position of America, facing two great oceans; plus the greatest seapower and the potentially greatest airpower in the world. These dictate absolutely that the free world's reserve should be in America. It would be the shield to protect the West's greatest source of strength, our vast industry. It would be a sword to threaten Stalin, either to the east or to the west. It would integrate the West's sea, air and land power into the anti-Communist team, providing swift reinforcement to our own and allied forces abroad by sea and air. Both Mr. Hoover and Senator Taft feel this with instinctive common sense.

Stalin now operates on "interior lines," on the Eurasian land mass — i.e., like the spider he can move on the shorter spokes of his web to any point on the circumference more swiftly than his opponents ringed about him. But by maintaining both a main and a strategical reserve in America, we seize the interior lines and throw him on "exterior lines." This is because we can threaten him from both east and west, moving on our some 2500 miles of the best communications in the world, from coast to coast, more swiftly than he can make counter moves on his some 6500 miles of the worst communications. A reserve in America would give us our own terrible swift sword, much more flexible and more easily handled than his own.

Without a reserve we are militarily insolvent. A reserve is the keystone in the arch of military action, as of banking or business action or police action. It isn't the policeman on the beat who keeps law and order single-handed in a tough neighborhood. What makes the hoodlums behave is the platoon within call at the station house and the reserve at headquarters.

Only by use of the same means can we hope to make the international hoodlums behave. It is time we stopped mixing ourselves in a bloody and expensive fracas abroad wherever it suits Stalin to unleash his satellite forces. Airpower and seapower alone are not enough with the infantry-minded Stalin, who has even more than the normal Russian phobia against land invasion. "How many divisions has the Pope?" he asked scornfully at Potsdam. Stalin fears land invasion, knowing that his peasants may rise again to welcome the invaders as liberators. He does not even trust his own Red Army soldiers in battle, seeing that two million of them surrendered to Hitler in the last war. He only dares use them as threat. He would rather use Chinese Reds against us.

But by using the threat of his Soviet Russian reserves alone, Stalin has been able to seize most of Eurasia without risking a single Russian soldier in battle.

By swiftly organizing a reserve of our own and using it as a threat against Stalin, *we could free Eurasia without expending a single American soldier in battle.*

It is our American lack of any sense of military timing that gets us all messed up fighting wars abroad. Had we mobilized our reserves in time we could have halted World I and World War II without firing a shot. We could stop World War III with the right military timing. For our reserve will not avail us in the slightest to avert war unless we mobilize it, not six months or two years hence, but *now.*

We have that reserve, needing only the stroke of a pen to make it the most powerful argument against World War III.

We have only to do what Stalin does, by mobilizing and organizing into part-time, standby forces our 11 million veterans of World War II, still in their prime.

They are already trained, needing little time off from work. They live at home, saving billions in maintenance costs. Weapons are available for them; they can wear their own underwear, socks and shoes and use overalls until uniforms are provided. They don't have to be complete down to the last button and chin-strap to scare Stalin into a conniption fit. They would re-establish the balance of international power for the whole free world, and would also take away the only edge Stalin has on us.

Point 3. We have another and most potent shield, our atomic bomb pile. This we hide away, apologize for, announce that we won't use save with everyone's permission, including that of the UN appeasers; and then we cap the climax by stating that we won't shoot in any case without first being shot at! This is to carry on against

a ruthless aggressor with all the iron resolution and realism of a bunch of maiden aunts playing croquet. We are not even sure Stalin has the bomb. All we know is that he had an atomic explosion. But if he had it, and were not afraid of our superior quantity and quality, he would most certainly have used it by now. That he isn't doing so argues either too few bombs, too clumsy bombs or none at all. In any case we should call his bluff. To put our bombs within striking distance of Soviet vitals, and to announce that we would drop them on their targets when the first tank poked its nose through the Iron Curtain would be more salutary than all the meetings of ministers' councils and resolutions of the United Nations. But to do that we have to have men, not mice, running the show.

Point 4. The time for all these things is *now*. We are risking national suicide by blissfully counting on two to three years. We can make a tragic error by continuing such foolishness. We could not be hurt by error in believing that Stalin will strike within six months.

By taking our atomic bombs, ships, planes, veterans and brains simultaneously out of mothballs, we could achieve the defensive phase of security. But defense would get us nowhere. We have to progress to the offensive-defensive phase, both at home and abroad.

The quickest way to do this is to convert our most vulnerable areas into *ponts d'appui*, bridges or springboards to attack. Stalin's forces in Poland simultaneously protect that historic invasion route to Moscow plus his Baltic littoral, and threaten western Germany and Europe. We can convert our vulnerable lines, Alaska-Aleutians-Japan on the Pacific side, and Newfoundland-Greenland-Iceland-Norway, on the Atlantic side, into offensive springboards. By having offensive elements (shipping, armored divisions, airborne troops) available to strike along those lines, we can threaten Stalin into heavy dispersion on his far-flung European and Asiatic flanks. Russian fear of our making Alaska into a springboard has already been sounded in *Pravda*.

These two powerful threats mounted against Stalin would lessen the need of sending American troops abroad, save as token forces. There is vast manpower available both in Europe and Asia. They have far greater populations upon which to draw.

Sweden's excellent force of 600,000 could be integrated into the Atlantic Pact automatically by putting strong supporting units in weakly held Norway and Denmark, which, with the long arm of Uncle Sam in reserve on the Newfoundland-Norway line, would discourage Stalin. Britian has 4,000,000 reservists, veterans of World War II. Our problem in Germany could be swiftly solved by expanding our own units to take in German volunteers, or forming foreign legion units as recommended by Senator Lodge. There is vast manpower in the displaced White Russian, Ukrainian, Balt, Polish and other Stalin-hating homeless people in Europe. There are several million French veterans available, as well as Italian veterans. Italian armament factories should be put to work. The Yugoslav strength of 1,250,000, including reserves, can be integrated with Greek and Turkish strength. Turkish strength can be raised to 2,000,000 with our aid and extended laterally to protect Iran and the Near East oil. There are millions of North African fighting forces available, with plenty of British and French officers skilled in leading them.

With all this manpower available, the United States, furnishing the weapons and paying the bills, should not also have to furnish the soldiers. This would be too much of a drain on its human resources, besides costing ten times as much to transport them overseas with American supplies, food and pay.

Stalin having hurled satellite Asian troops at us, we have to hurl back or be sunk, on the principle that an offensive thrust can be met effectively only by an offensive counter-thrust.

In launching this, the question is not whether Europe is the "decisive sector," as Washington keeps repeating, parroting the slogan of Moscow and Peiping. The question is, which is the logical military "active sector" *where Stalin can be hurt the most with the least expenditure of American blood and treasure.*

By sending only 5000 American "instructors" and administrators to the free Chinese in Asia, we would have immediately available 500,000 anti-Communist troops on Formosa, with another one-and-one-half millions of active trained guerrilla fighters on the mainland. Behind these are millions more awaiting aid to throw off the Communist yoke. They want to fight. They are able to fight *today*.

If our policy makers in Washington can not figure out, from that, which is the logical "active sector" they could at least use the old military formula, "Go where the opponent least desires to have you!"

It should be obvious that both Stalin and Mao Tse-tung most emphatically do not desire to have us in Asia! The reason is not far to seek. If we accept the statement of Premier Chou En-lai, of Red China, *that two-thirds of China is still unconsolidated under Communist rule*, we can assume that the Communist regime, only one per cent of the vast Chinese masses, is having increasing difficulty at home.

As the Chinese Reds have denuded south China of the hard core of their armies (the mercenary North Korean and Manchurian veterans) to fight us in Korea, we can hit Stalin where it hurts the most, by starting a backfire against him in south China.

Such action would immediately convert our present, useless Korean fighting into strategical common sense, by making it contain substantial Red Chinese troops, freeing the Formosan Chinese to attack in south China, with our Seventh Fleet helping us instead of Stalin.

Such a move would hurt Stalin the most, because he can not, being security-minded, use his strategic mobile reserve against America until his vulnerable, 2000-mile-long Chinese-Siberian border is protected by a dependable, consolidated Communist China. He also knows, if we do not, that the strength of a potential ten million Chinese fighters is the decisive factor in World War III.

The Kremlin-inspired slogan, "America must not get bogged down in China" is being echoed from Peiping. Stalin did not get bogged down in a war in China. He backed one side with "instructors," arms and munitions. He won only due to the action of our State Department advisers (still in the saddle) who withdrew American support at a critical time.

By backing the free Chinese on Formosa, we could make

them the spearhead to stir all China to revolt, thus keeping Stalin so busy at home that he would not have time or energy to make more mischief abroad. This would relieve pressure on Europe. It would cost us less than one-tenth of one per cent of what it would to make Europe our active sector. This is the policy that will eventually have to be adopted, if we are granted time. If eventually, why not now?

As a matter of fact, Washington is actually aiding our opponent by one of the most brilliant strategical plays ever made — to carry the ball to the wrong goal.

By its orders to our Seventh Fleet in Formosan waters, Washington has accomplished the following: (1) It has hurt our ally, free China, by preventing its forces on Formosa from aiding their revolting comrades on the mainland; (2) It is hurting the French by freeing Chinese Red forces to aid Ho Chi Minh in Indo-China. This has hurt European defense by keeping 90 per cent of the French professional military forces from training duties at home; (3) It has hurt our British allies (somewhat myopic themselves in this case) by freeing Red Chinese to concentrate against Hong Kong; (4) It has given complete freedom of action to the Chinese Reds by protecting their vulnerable southern flank from the only force they fear, the Chinese army on Formosa; (5) This frees the Chinese Reds to hurl the bulk of their forces against our men in Korea; and (6) It permits the Red Chinese to tie down the bulk of our professional army training forces in Asia, thereby hurting the defense of America and Europe.

Stalin could not have possibly done better for himself than Washington amateur strategy has done for him. But amateur strategy has reached an all-time low when it uses our own Navy as aid in inflicting unnecessary casualties upon, and ensuring the defeat of, our own Army!

No wonder the GIs in Korea are asking, "Are those guys in Washington on our side?"

Unless we quickly get a change of policy and policy advisers in Washington, with the Defense Department revitalized, permitted and required to function effectually in its own sphere, this tragedy of errors will culminate in a second Pearl Harbor assault upon the United States.

To obviate this, Congress might be wise to hold its inquiry before rather than after the event. For there will be many wild charges, including that of giving aid and comfort to the enemy, after the event. An ounce of prevention now, instead of the buckets of whitewash, would also remove the impediments hampering the use of our own far more effective terrible swift sword.

TRENDS CAN CHANGE

By LUDWIG VON MISES

ONE OF the cherished dogmas implied in contemporary fashionable doctrines is the belief that tendencies of social evolution as manifested in the recent past will prevail in the future too. Study of the past, it is assumed, discloses the shape of things to come. Any attempt to reverse or even to stop a trend is doomed to failure. Man must submit to the irresistible power of historical destiny.

To this dogma is added the Hegelian idea of progressive improvement in human conditions. Every later stage of history, Hegel taught, is of necessity a higher and more perfect state than the preceding one, is progress toward the ultimate goal which God in his infinite goodness set for mankind. Thus any doubt with regard to the excellence of what is bound to come is unwarranted, unscientific and blasphemous. Those fighting "progress" are not only committed to a hopeless venture. They are also morally wicked, *reactionary*, for they want to prevent the emergence of conditions that will benefit the immense majority.

From the point of view of this philosophy its adepts, the self-styled "progressives," deal with the fundamental issues of economic policies. They do not examine the merits and demerits of suggested measures and reforms. This would, in their eyes, be unscientific. As they see it, the only question that has to be answered is whether such proposed innovations do or do not agree with the spirit of our age and follow the direction which destiny has ordained for the course of human affairs. The drift of the policies of the recent past teaches us what is both inescapable and beneficial. The only legitimate source for the cognition of what is salutary and has to be accomplished today is the knowledge of what was accomplished yesterday.

In the last decades there prevailed a trend toward more and more government interference with business. The sphere of the private citizen's initiative was narrowed down. Laws and administrative decrees restricted the field in which entrepreneurs and capitalists were free to conduct their activities in compliance with the wishes of the consumers as manifested in the structure of the market. From year to year an ever-increasing portion of profits and interest on capital invested was confiscated by taxation of corporation earnings and individual incomes and estates. "Social" control, i.e., government control, of business is step by step substituted for private control. The "progressives" are certain that this trend toward wresting "economic" power from the parasitic "leisure class" and its transfer to "the people" will go on until the "welfare state" will have supplanted the nefarious capitalist system which history has doomed for ever. Notwithstanding sinister machinations on the part of "the interests," mankind, led by government economists and other bureaucrats, politicians and union bosses, marches steadily toward the bliss of an earthly paradise.

The prestige of this myth is so enormous that it quells any opposition. It spreads defeatism among those who do not share the opinion that everything which comes later is better than what preceded, and are fully aware of the disastrous effects of all-round planning, i.e., totalitarian socialism. They, too, meekly submit to what, the pseudo-scholars tell them, is inevitable. It is this mentality of passively accepting defeat that has made socialism tri-

umph in many European countries and may very soon make it conquer in this country too.

The Marxian dogma of the inevitability of socialism was based on the thesis that capitalism necessarily results in progressive impoverishment of the immense majority of people. All the advantages of technological progress benefit exclusively the small minority of exploiters. The masses are condemned to increasing "misery, oppression, slavery, degradation, exploitation." No action on the part of governments or labor unions can succeed in stopping this evolution. Only socialism, which is bound to come "with the inexorability of a law of nature," will bring salvation by "the expropriation of the few usurpers by the mass of people."

Facts have belied this prognosis no less than all other Marxian forecasts. In the capitalist countries the common man's standard of living is today incomparably higher than it was in the days of Marx. It is simply not true that the fruits of technological improvement are enjoyed exclusively by the capitalists while the laborer, as the Communist Manifesto says, "instead of rising with the progress of industry, sinks deeper and deeper." Not a minority of "rugged individualists," but the masses, are the main consumers of the products turned out by large-scale production. Only morons can still cling to the fable that capitalism "is incompetent to assure an existence to its slave within his slavery."

Today the doctrine of the irreversibility of prevailing trends has supplanted the Marxian doctrine concerning the inevitability of progressive impoverishment.

Now this doctrine is devoid of any logical or experimental verification. Historical trends do not necessarily go on for ever. No practical man is so foolish as to assume that prices will keep rising because the price curves of the past show an upward tendency. On the contrary, the more prices soar, the more alarmed cautious businessmen become about a possible reversal. Almost all prognostications which our government statisticians made on the basis of their study of the figures available — which necessarily always refer to the past — have proved faulty. What is called extrapolation of trend lines is viewed by sound statistical theory with the utmost suspicion.

The same refers also to developments in fields which are not open to description by statistical figures. There was, for instance, in the course of ancient Greco-Roman civilization a tendency toward an interregional division of labor. The trade between the various parts of the vast Roman Empire intensified more and more. But then came a turning-point. Commerce declined, and there finally emerged the medieval manor system, with almost complete autarky of every landowner's household.

Or, to quote another example, there prevailed in the eighteenth century a tendency toward reducing the severity and the horrors of war. In 1770 the Comte de Guibert could write: "Today the whole of Europe is civilized. Wars have become less cruel. Except in combat no blood is shed; prisoners are respected; towns are no longer destroyed; the country is no more ravaged."

Can anybody maintain that this trend has not been changed?

But even if it were true that an historical trend must go on forever, and that therefore the coming of socialism is inevitable, it would still not be permissible to infer that socialism will be a better, or even more than that, the most perfect state of society's economic organization. There is nothing to support such a conclusion other than the arbitrary pseudo-theological surmises of Hegel, Comte and Marx, according to which every later stage of the historical process must necessarily be a better state. It is not true that human conditions must always improve, and that a relapse into very unsatisfactory modes of life, penury and barbarism is impossible. The comparatively high standard of living which the common man enjoys today in the capitalist countries is an achievement of laissez-faire capitalism. Neither theoretical reasoning nor historical experience allows the inference that it could be preserved, still less be improved under socialism.

In the last decades in many countries the number of divorces and of suicides has increased from year to year. Yet hardly anybody will have the temerity to contend that this trend means progress toward more satisfactory conditions.

The typical graduate of colleges and high schools very soon forgets most of the things he has learned. But there is one piece of indoctrination which makes a lasting impression on his mind, viz., the dogma of the irreversibility of the trend toward all-round planning and regimentation. He does not doubt the thesis that mankind will never return to capitalism, the dismal system of an age gone for ever, and that the "wave of the future" carries us toward the promised land of Cockaigne. If he had any doubts, what he reads in newspapers and what he hears from the politicians would dispel them. For even the candidates nominated by the parties of opposition, although critical of the measures of the party in power, protest that they are not "reactionary," and do not venture to stop the march toward "progress."

Thus the average man is predisposed in favor of socialism. Of course, he does not approve of everything that the Soviets have done. He thinks that the Russians have blundered in many respects, and he excuses these errors as being caused by their unfamiliarity with freedom. He blames the leaders, especially Stalin, for the corruption of the lofty ideal of all-round planning. His sympathies go rather to Tito, the upright rebel, who refuses to surrender to Russia. Not so long ago he displayed the same friendly feelings for Benes, and until only a few months ago for Mao Tse-tung, the "agrarian reformer."

At any rate, much American public opinion believes that this country is in essential matters backward, as it has not yet, like the Russians, wiped out production for profit and unemployment and has not yet attained stability. Practically nobody thinks that he could learn something important about these problems from a serious occupation with economics. The dogmas of the irreversibility of prevailing tendencies and of their unfailingly beneficial effects render such studies supererogatory. If economics confirms these dogmas, it is superfluous; if it is at variance with them, it is illusory and deceptive.

Now trends of evolution can change, and hitherto they almost always have changed. But they changed only because they met firm opposition. The prevailing trend toward what Hilaire Belloc called the servile state will certainly not be reversed if nobody has the courage to attack its underlying dogmas.

BRITAIN'S BOLLINGER BOLSHEVIK

By RENE KUHN

As this article was going to press, Prime Minister Attlee announced a Cabinet shuffle. Aneurin Bevan, in a big step upward, was relieved of his post as Minister of Health and named Minister of Labor and Welfare.

ONE SOFT, early summer Sunday evening in June 1949, with three other Americans, the London Bureau chief of a leading New York newspaper, his wife and the editor-in-chief of one of the largest American publishing firms, I spent an informal few hours at the home of Aneurin Bevan, British Minister of Health, and his wife, Jennie Lee, Scottish MP. Their house, a Regency bandbox, stands half-way along Cliveden Place (a neatly ironic location, some think) in London's fashionable Chelsea section. They were still at dinner when we arrived and, after greeting us briefly, waved us upstairs to wait for them in the large living room on the second floor. It was simply but expensively furnished with fine antiques, a catholic assortment of books and a profusion of comfortably upholstered overstuffed chairs. The room's most provocative feature, however, was a crystal and silver reproduction of a miner's lamp, set prominently on the Adam mantel.

We sat a few moments, chatting among ourselves, and presently our hosts joined us, bringing into the room with them a physical impression of enormous energy and vivid life. Bevan, heavy-chested but thin-bodied, with a massive head, ruddy face and keen blue eyes, moved gracefully and easily. Jennie Lee, short, dark, dynamic and bustling, set about making drinks. She offered us our choice of Scotch whiskey or Courvoisier brandy, both prohibitively expensive and well-nigh unobtainable in austerity England. As she filled the glasses, she chattered brightly, apologizing for her cotton dress and explaining that they had just come up from a country week end.

"Since no one these days can afford to have both a house in London *and* a house in the country," she went on, "we did the next best thing. We sold our house to friends and they've been very good about letting us go down to visit whenever we like." She handed the editor his highball and paused, musing. "You know, though, it gives you a queer feeling to see shrubs that you've tended, trees you've nursed, flowers you've planted, all growing up now on some one else's land."

There was an appreciative silence for a moment and then she whirled, facing us, her dark eyes snapping and alight with laughter. "Oh, the property instinct! It's the curse of us all!"

Bevan, meanwhile, had been offering the men outsize cigars. After selecting one for himself, he settled back in his chair, savoring the rich aroma of the smoke, and asked the editor, who was newly-arrived, his interpretation of the slight American business recession then in progress. The editor deprecated it as seasonal and relatively unimportant. Bevan listened closely for a moment and then began to nod impatiently, finally breaking in to deplore the fact that America's economy was still so backward as to be subject to such seasonal fluctuations.

He rolled his cigar thoughtfully. "And now you've got half the world hanging on your ups and downs. We're chained to you. And we can't do a thing about it. The Marshall Plan won't let us trade." He cocked his head to one side and digressed. "The Marshall Plan is merely a payment of your just debts to us — conscience money for having stayed out of two major conflicts until the last moment, letting us carry the burden for you. And now, with it, you cut the bottoms out of our pockets, pour the money through and tell the world how wonderful you are."

I asked him to be specific. How did the Marshall Plan prevent Britain from trading? He turned to me quickly and leaned forward, gesturing emphatically. "How about Canadian wheat and timber and salmon? You won't let us buy any of those and we need them desperately." Without waiting for a reply, he continued. "Really, you know, you ought to have some consistency in your policy. When the British Government makes a statement or takes a stand, you know it is the government's policy. With your government, one never knows. The State Department says one thing; the Commerce Department another; and the President, still another."

The editor broke in to observe that with a people as diverse as are Americans, with a thousand different attitudes and shades of opinion, it was a miracle we had a government at all. Bevan chuckled scornfully. "Well, now," he replied, "you've been congratulating yourselves and marvelling at that for more than 150 years. It's time you got over your astonishment and set about making that government work."

He pulled one hand through the stiff brush of springy gray hair in a characteristic gesture and resumed. "You know, you're going to find yourselves abandoned by the rest of the world unless you give up your policy of buying from no one and selling to everyone. The rest of the world is just going to go off and find its markets elsewhere. We'll go into the Colonies, the Far East, Africa — there are thousands of markets. And we'll trade goods — just as we're doing with Argentina. The world's economy is still based on sterling, not dollars. The chief trouble with America's economy is that it's all based on pressure groups. And your policy, such as it is, is always made by these pressure groups."

I asked him if he would give me an example of what he considered an economic pressure group that made policy. He waved expansively. "You've got a synthetic rubber pressure group, masquerading as a defense organization, that's choked off American purchases of Malayan rubber."

I asked if he would not concede that in this particular instance, we might, for once, be operating in the interests of self-defense in view of the lesson we learned from

World War II. "What's to stop you from getting your rubber in Malaya?" he demanded. I reminded him that the Communists were advancing rapidly southward over Asia and might conceivably have Malaya on their timetable of conquest. "Oh, well," he answered grandly, "if you think the Russians are going to take Malaya, you might just as well write a note to Stalin now, giving the whole thing up."

The argument continued, shifting presently to socialized medicine which he defended hotly, heaping scorn on the doctors who still opposed it and at one point making the flat assertion that "95 per cent of all doctors are quacks." The regimentation of medical practice which is fostered under the National Health Service he dismissed lightly with the observation that doctors are "the most unscientific men in the world and every time we make any move to direct them into scientific methods, they scream we are invading the sanctity of the doctor's office."

It was interesting to note Jennie Lee's reaction throughout the discussion. In the early part of the evening she had sat opposite Bevan, taking small part in the conversation. As the argument proceeded and became at times more heated, she rose and crossed the room to sit on a cushion at his feet in a defensive, protective attitude. Generally, she supported him, but she was not above deflating him occasionally. But whenever he painted himself into a verbal corner, she moved in quickly to turn the discussion with a light comment or a swift, witty thrust that invariably produced laughter and eased the tension. They worked together as a smoothly practiced and efficient team, and I was reminded of a remark she had once made: "Politics is my life, and my husband, a life hobby."

Bevan's forceful, pervasive personality, his almost hypnotic vigor, swept all argument before him that evening and it was easy to understand, watching him in action, how he had become the most popular single figure in the British Labor Party. It is easy now to understand how once again, in the autumn of 1950, Bevan was re-elected to the National Labor Party Executive (the inner circle of party policy masterminds) with a vote that was almost twice that of his nearest rival, as the party's rank and file rose to respond dramatically to the compelling charm, the easy eloquence of this classic Celt.

Bevan's career as a swayer of men began when he was still in his early teens in the Welsh mining town of Tredegar where he was born in 1897. He was the son of a coal miner, one of 13 children, of whom eight survived. He was born left-handed and, forced to change, he developed a stammer that made him almost unintelligible. To cure himself of the stammer and the painful shyness it had induced, he forced himself to set out in the evenings, touring the town, haranguing street crowds, or when he could not find an audience himself, heckling those who had. He never lacked a subject, for he had left school at 13 to go to work in the mines. The hardships of the work, the gruelling conditions in the pits, the meagerness of the pay, fanned a blaze of resentment in him that found an outlet in flaming, impassioned oratory. He was soon active in the local union of the Miners' Federation, and before long had left the mines altogether to devote all his energies to unioneering.

At 17, Bevan won a scholarship to the Central Labor College in London, and miners all over his home county of Monmouthshire contributed pennies to a fund to support him during his two years of study. He was a quick student and was shortly a glib advocate of Marxian socialism as the sure panacea for all of Britain's (if not the world's) economic difficulties. At 19, he returned to Wales and was elected to the local Urban District Council. But he was unable to find work because by then his reputation as an agitator had become well established, and the mine owners were reluctant to employ a man they considered a chronic troublemaker. Perhaps this period, more than any other in his life, gave Bevan the foundation for the professional grudge he bears against free-enterprise capitalism; a grudge which has shaped his whole mature personality and worked on every phase of his career, so that one British political expert has said of him: "Bevan does not seek solely personal advantage. Instead he burns to establish the advantage of one class — his own."

He had a brush with the law for refusing national service in the first World War which he condemned bitterly as "a capitalist war," eked out a living as a ditch digger and all the while worked assiduously in union politics, gaining followers continuously. Following the General Strike of 1926, during which he acted as a miners' dispute agent, he was elected a county councillor of Monmouthshire, and the next year was sent to Parliament to represent Ebbw Vale. He has been returned to Parliament from that district in every General Election since, with huge majorities.

Bevan's colorful reputation had preceeded him to London. Shortly after his arrival to assume his duties as an MP, he was cultivated by Mayfair society as an amusing new diversion. As he describes himself at that time, he was "a projectile discharged from the Welsh valleys." His bursts of bombast in Parliamentary debate, his passionate pursuit of the miners' cause, his acrid invective against the prevailing social and economic system and his lashing condemnation of anyone who happened not to agree with him, contrasted strangely, however, with his pleased acceptance of the easy opulence and lavish luxury of the Mayfair set, who called him "the Bollinger Bolshevik."

In 1934, a new and intensely significant force came into Bevan's life when he married Jennie Lee, an attractive and brilliant Scottish girl, the daughter of a coal miner. She had put herself through school and, with prizes and scholarships, had gone on to take her M.A. and then her LL.B. at Edinburgh University. After spending two-and-a-half years as a teacher and indefatigable volunteer speaker and worker for the Independent Labor Party, she had been elected to Parliament. There she had attached herself to the extreme left wing of the Labor Party in which Bevan was already prominent. In 1930 she, Bevan, John Strachey and George Strauss had visited Russia to tour industrial and mining centers. In 1931 she had been defeated for re-election to Parliament and embarked on a career as a journalist and lecturer. (She was to be returned to Parliament in 1945 and 1950.)

For their wedding trip, the Bevans went to Spain, spent several months studying the workings of the Republican government, and came away enthusiastic supporters of its program for social and economic reform. Back in Eng-

land, Bevan grew restive under the tight-reined discipline of the Labor Party's old-guard leadership, and more and more came to be known as a constitutional rebel. The struggle for power and position came to a head in the autumn of 1936 when he led a fight to swing the delegates to the National Labor Party conference to open support of the Republicans in Spain's raging civil war. The party leadership opposed the move and carried the delegates with them in a resolution to back non-intervention.

Bevan and his colleagues then decided on open warfare and in January 1937 brought out the first issue of a magazine of opinion, the *Tribune*, which they were determined should not be controlled by the machinery of the Labor Party and would have as its editorial policy militant socialism at home and active resistance to fascism abroad. Sir Stafford Cripps was the first Board Chairman, and both Bevan and Jennie Lee were Board members. Soon Cripps and Bevan, at a meeting of the Socialist League, founded the Unity Campaign, which advocated joint action on the part of all liberal, labor and Communist groups against fascism, which they considered the natural child of capitalism.

The success of the *Tribune* and the growing popular response to the Unity Campaign soon alarmed Transport House (Labor Party headquarters in London) and in March 1939 the battle was on. The Labor Party issued a mandate declaring that membership in the Labor Party and in the Socialist League were incompatible. The League was disbanded but Bevan and Cripps and their followers continued the Unity Campaign under Cripps's leadership. After a warning, Cripps was expelled from the Labor Party for continuing to circulate a petition urging an alliance of labor, liberal and Communist forces to overthrow Chamberlain's national government. The leadership of the Labor Party had previously rejected such a stand. Even after Cripps's expulsion the campaign for a Popular Front was carried on, despite threats from Transport House. When Bevan and four others refused to sever their connections with it, they were also expelled, in the summer of 1939. After he had finally assured himself that the party's leaders meant to continue their adamant opposition to the Popular Front, Bevan applied for readmission to the party. In December 1939 he was reinstated.

Throughout World War II, Bevan distinguished himself as the Churchill government's most vituperative and articulate critic. He believed that the war was by nature "a truly anti-Fascist war," but that under Churchill's direction, it was not conducted as such. He fought every major policy move savagely, disagreeing repeatedly with the majority opinion. As early as the autumn of 1941, he had begun clamoring for a second front. It was his considered opinion that the war could have been won in 1942 had not the government "lacked the guts to do it." He waged a private war in the House of Commons in which he drew on every weapon in his varied oratorical armory.

The historic feud between Bevan and Churchill still continues to boil over regularly. Basically, although poles apart philosophically and politically, the two men are very alike; each is mercurial, capable of expansive and engaging geniality, which in a moment can turn to monumental anger; both have the gift of great eloquence, the ready command of wit and contumely alike; both have been retarded in their careers by a precociousness that made them suspect to the older men in their parties, and both have tremendous personal magnetism that captures the imagination and hearts of men. But despite this, or because of it, they are the bitterest of enemies and evenly matched in the struggle. During one particularly vehement wartime Parliamentary exchange, Churchill, weary of Bevan's incessant attack, branded him "a merchant of disloyalty," to which Bevan replied immediately, "Better that than a wholesaler of disaster."

With the Labor Party's election victory of 1945, Bevan, for the first time, was given a chance to prove whether he was merely a professional critic, or a capable administrator. He was given the portfolio of Minister of Health and charged with the responsibility for a vast new housing and re-housing program, as well as the task of blueprinting Britain's first venture in socialized medicine. Several years will be needed to judge whether he has succeeded or failed in the latter task. It is perhaps enough to note here that the National Health Service cost as much to run in the first three months of operation as Bevan had requested (and been granted) for the entire first year, and that, in each year since, cost has consistently outrun expectations and budgetings.

Housing, or the lack of it, was the principal issue of the 1950 election although in July 1946 Bevan had boasted: "When the next election occurs, there will be no housing problem in Great Britain for the British working class."

Bevan has indicated openly that he is again restive; that he considers his mission as Minister of Health accomplished and is eager now to be on to fresh fields and more powerful responsibilities. The post he is said most to covet is that of Foreign Secretary. Ernest Bevin, aging and ailing, has been persuaded to hang on in his post simply to forestall the intra-party battle that his resignation would surely precipitate. Some indication of what the Western world might expect were Aneurin Bevan to become Foreign Secretary of Great Britain, may be gleaned from this statement he made to the national Labor Party conference at Margate in the autumn of 1950:

> The Tories think that our job is to destroy the Communists for them. I do not think we ought to spend our time on anti-communism. I detest the conspiracy to which the Communist Party has degenerated, but at the same time, the best answer to them is to do our Socialist job ourselves.

But whether he becomes Foreign Secretary or not, whether he succeeds in realizing his dream of becoming Prime Minister or not, Bevan, as the acknowledged leader of the Labor Party's extreme left wing, with his solid backstop of enormous popular support, will continue to exert a significant pressure on the shaping of the Labor government's policies — both domestic and foreign. Already that pressure is making itself felt as Bevan urges the renunciation of American military aid and Britain's abstention from a European "armament race," and as he views with alarm Britain's position as a co-partner with America in the war on communism in the Far East.

As Bevan moves closer and closer to the driver's seat, more and more people wish they knew the answer to the enigma of his personality — harmless evangelist or ruthless would-be dictator?

THE TREASON OF "LIBERALISM"

By FORREST DAVIS

Washington

THE DEFINITIVE word on the Administration's funk over its unacknowledged war was spoken the other day by a visiting cattleman. A plain man from the Plains, unversed in the polemical subtleties of capital shoptalk, he found himself amidst statesmen from his own range country at a noggin party on Capitol Hill. What he heard caused this booted and usually self-contained man growing agitation. The company agreed that the President's attempt to smuggle Fair Deal socialism into his backbreaking defense budget was a piece of immature chicane. It was agreed that the Administration's global military policy was so fantastically distorted that we could lose the war of the West before George Catlett Marshall discovers that Mao Tse-tung, not Chiang Kai-shek, is the enemy. It was suggested that the Administration, by seconding Great Britain's ignominious project for a cease-fire parley with the enemy over Formosa and Japan, had betrayed an inner weakness signifying a profound malady of the spirit. At this point the cattleman broke into the practiced phraseology of his hosts, drawling with deadly earnestness:

"I reckon the time has come to take this government away from the boys and hand it over to the men."

The cattleman could be forgiven for supposing that he had been whisked unaccountably to Lilliput. Events since last June have, in truth, dwarfed the chief men of the Administration. Why, the visitor was asking, must a resolute people with its terrible swift sword still undrawn, immeasurably strong in field and factory, be so feebly yet so refractorily led? Why must our chief of state be so palpably unequal to his task, mistaking pugnacity for strength of character, mistaking Congress for the enemy, sheltering himself behind a timid, evasive United Nations; hearkening so uncritically to Far Eastern defeatists and a London brazenly ready to violate the unity of the West to serve its abject appeasement of the common enemy in China? Why must the President still be advised on the highest levels by the friend of Alger Hiss and by the pessimistic, procrastinating septuagenarian General Marshall, sunk in reverie and failing to spur the arming of America as he had, when vigor and conviction were on him, in 1941?

Yet an inventory, no matter how explicit, of our rulers' weaknesses and follies comes short of giving us a true understanding of what ails our government in an hour of high destiny. The answer to the moral confusion, the flabby tone, the unwillingness to meet with a knightly spirit our appointed task of manning the marches of the West against the barbarian, lies deeper than personality. Should not the debilitating *malaise* which gives to life in Washington its sense of negation, empty of honor and dignity, be diagnosed as a failure of the "liberal" spirit? Is it not the prevailing political "liberalism" of the mid-century, that potpourri of indiscriminate do-goodism trending into statism and Marxism and blending so indistinguishably with treason, that is the deepest enemy of the traditional America and the West? It is this "liberalism" which, since World War I, has under the guise of welfare surrendered society after society into black reaction.

The unnerved, indecisive "liberal" socialism of Prince Lwow and Kerensky, instead of standing the implacably malign Lenin before a firing squad, allowed him to seize power and go on to blight a whole era with a senseless, murderous political adventurism known as communism. So it was with the "liberalism" of Weimar, shrinking from the decapitation of Hitler and the Communist traitors and ending in Nazism. It is "liberal" socialism that has produced the unrecognizably neurotic Britain, disloyal to the West. Above all, it is "liberalism" which, motivated to whatever degree by treachery, has cost us China, has enfeebled our offensive spirit and blunted our strategical judgment about our vital interest in the western Pacific. That "liberalism," preached with the fervor of a Byzantine heresy by glib intellectuals tired of the West, unequal to its overwhelming culture, eager to efface the masses whom they fear in the Leviathan state, is, I submit, behind our defensive faltering before the senior totalitarian State.

There is a deceptiveness about the façade of affairs in Washington. The Administration calls men to the colors, it busies itself with a gradual, somewhat grudging, mobilization of the economy. Intent on Europe First, it quarrels with its critics, evading the grim lesson that our Number One strategical problem is the western Pacific; that, if we lose Japan, we lose Alaska — and Europe. The Administration still bristles at suggestions that it root out the fifth column that has demonstrably betrayed us. It hesitates to summon the people to make a cause out of the war that has been forced upon them. Where is our dedication, where our determination (as in the case of our determination to destroy Hitler) to rid the world of the wicked men in the Kremlin, to free the peoples, including their own, whom they have enslaved, so that the world may return to peaceful ways?

In a sense not too remote, the troubled observer may be reminded of the contrast between reality and semblance in the Petrograd of 1916. The ministers of the provisional government went through the motions of ruling Mother Russia; they dispatched troops, they issued manifestoes, yet all they did was misdirected. And, while foreign diplomats reported the government secure, the conspirators at the Smolny convent forged their iron coup unmolested.

We are indebted to Leon Trotsky's "History of the Russian Revolution" for a description of the paradoxically normal scene as Russia drifted into ruin: the great bureaucracies of empire functioning, trams running through the dirty October snow, guards mounted at the Winter Palace, the ballet, the theater, the schools, the cafés, the shops pursuing their wonted course. The press,

from Tsarist to Bolshevist, appeared as usual on the morning after Lenin had appropriated the strategic centers with no recognition of that cataclysmic occurrence. We do not face insurrection, our extremity is presumably less grave, yet it may be legitimately doubted that our rulers are nearer the core of reality than the uncomprehending statesmen and citizens of Petrograd in its final hours of freedom.

The great bureaucracies of Washington function, the trolleys run, but the somnambulism is broken only by strong, heartening utterances in Congress and an occasional lonely journalistic voice. For, if the behavior of the Administration's chief men is definitely disturbing, the chorus of their journalistic mentors and spokesmen is downright frightening. The Administration organ, the *Washington Post*, cravenly advises the government to buy off Mao Tse-tung with Formosa! Walter Lippmann and Marquis Childs, *Post* columnists, warn their friends in the Government to accept Communist command of China as a *fait accompli* which must on no account be questioned.

True it is that the *Post* has invariably upheld the "liberal" abandonment of China, unfailingly sought to shield officials accused of subversion. In the voluminous lexicon of "liberal" journalism there is no word for treason. It is true also that Mr. Lippmann is an equivocal Mercury and Mr. Childs brings to world problems the dewy ardors of a sociology instructor or a Sri Nehru. Yet these journalists exercise enormous sway in the upper reaches of the Administration and, with Drew Pearson and the *fratres* Alsop, are the chosen instruments through which the propaganda of Secretaries Acheson and Marshall reaches the public.

To top all this, the Alsops recently disclosed a state of mind amongst the Administration's leaders so shocking that in ruder times it would have called out the fury of Congress and people. What they noted was the "bitter fact" that these highest functionaries were hoping that "our beachhead in Korea will be untenable." The leading men of our government, the Alsops were saying, hoped for the defeat, humiliation and death of our forces and the forcible abandonment of our only position on mainland Asia. How defeatist, we are entitled to ask the President, the Secretary of State and the Secretary of Defense, can you get?

There is, of course, a direction to all this scuttle: the unwillingness to free MacArthur to wage war in the enemy's back areas, to take offensive action against Communist China, to arm our long-suffering friends, the Nationalist Chinese; to make the martial Japanese our allies, to face up to our grievous peril and our real opportunities in the Far East. To draw our strength and attention away from the western Pacific, mastery of which contains Soviet power on that flank, shielding Alaska and the homeland, is *prima facie* in Soviet interest.

The Kremlin knows, if the Administration does not, that the loss of the western Pacific would be almost, if not quite, as calamitous for us as the loss of western Europe. (See "Why Stalin Needs Asia" in the *Freeman* of January 22.) What has happened, among other things of lesser import, is that the "liberal" world, to which belong the Administration, the British Socialists, Nehru and much of the seaboard American press, long ago decreed that the Soviet world should have China and be undisturbed in possession. Worse than that in moral terms, under a hypocritical cloak of inconceivable impertinence, the "liberal" world pretended that the welfare of the Chinese masses would be somehow advanced under the murderous Soviet terror.

Where did this "liberal" commitment to Chinese communism cross the line into treason? How near does this corruption reach into the heart of the government? Where in all this sorry situation is the President? It is freely supposed in Washington that Mr. Truman is ruled in matters of high policy by Acheson and Marshall, as in domestic questions such professional "liberals" as Max Lowenthal instruct him. If the protractedly juvenile Louis XIII had his Cardinal Richelieu and Father Joseph, Mr. Truman, it is said, has his *eminence rouge* in Acheson, his *eminence grise* in Marshall. The character of Mr. Acheson's "liberal" statesmanship was exhaustively treated in the *Freeman* of last December 11. The stages by which the President's Gray Eminence advanced from professional soldier to "liberal" statesman merit an equally close study if he is to remain in public life. (The persistent reports that Marshall is to give up the Defense Department are often coupled with the prediction that the President is to place him in an even more intimate relationship to national policy as his personal chief of staff.)

Although General Marshall's attitudes to the major strategy of World War II earned him the "friendship" of Stalin and Voroshilov (see p. 783, "Roosevelt and Hopkins" by Robert E. Sherwood) and constitute a provocative pattern from the second-front agitation to the prolongation of the Japanese war, it is sufficient unto the day to remember that his postwar mission to China was perhaps the most disastrous piece of diplomacy ever undertaken by an American. When General Marshall went to China the Nationalists (as Major General Claire L. Chennault reviewed the situation in his "Way of a Fighter") were everywhere victorious and bade fair soon to end Communist military power in China. When General Marshall departed fifteen months later, after imposing a truce, opening the Kalgan Pass, denying further military assistance to Chiang Kai-shek and demanding Communist inclusion in the government, it was apparent that the Reds were to have China. While it would be as bizarre to suggest that the General was actuated by improper motives as to accuse a most reverend archbishop of secretly practicing heresy, yet he must bear equally with the President and the Red Eminence the blame for the Chinese statecraft that has brought us face to face with Soviet power in Asia. If it is our fate to redeem China from Bolshevism, as I believe it to be, how can we ride that river with General Marshall?

Left to himself, Mr. Truman is without doubt as sincere and uncomplicated a patriot as the Midlands produce. Had he more acumen, more familiarity with dialectical mendacity, and greater self assurance in the field of ideas, he might very well have seen through the gigantic "liberal" imposture over China, the hoax of "liberal" agrarianism. The honest Missouri farmer in him, if unnetted in the "liberal" web, would have rooted the potential quislings from his Administration and would have been affronted by the infamous Tydings investigation. Such a Truman would not have lost China.

If it is a national misfortune, it is no less a personal tragedy that the epochal issues of these times have been crowded upon Mr. Truman. If no man ever brought fewer gifts to the Presidency, no President ever less sought the office in the first instance. We recall with retrospective pathos the scene at the Chicago convention when, munching a hot dog, the unambitious Senator from Missouri heard with incredulity, aversion and, it may well be, foreboding that he had been chosen to run with the already stricken Roosevelt.

My own recollection goes back to a spring day in 1944 when, at the end of a lengthy private talk with President Roosevelt at the White House, he let it be known by indirection that he would run for a fourth term. His reasons, which strike us with a wry irony these days, were summed up in his candidly avowed belief that no other American was qualified to carry the country through the war and the coming peace. Mr. Roosevelt discoursed upon his own qualifications, his unique familiarity with the conduct of the war, with the great world of international affairs and, owing to frequent visits and many personal friendships there, with Europe. It was no secret that he was contrasting his competence with that of his prospective opponent, Governor Thomas E. Dewey, a rival whom he affected to hold in lighthearted scorn as a young upstart in world matters.

"We can't, you know," Mr. Roosevelt recapitulated, "we really can't have an ignoramus for President."

In his work, "Roosevelt and Hopkins," Mr. Sherwood recalls another painfully prophetic incident of the 1944 campaign. Helping Mr. Roosevelt write a speech, the author proposed that they use a recent observation of Winston Churchill's that the United States now stood "at the highest pinnacle of her power and fame." This the President vetoed, explaining, to Sherwood's mystification, "What Winston says may be true at the moment but I'd hate to say it because we may be headed before very long for the pinnacle of our weakness" (sic). We are all the losers because Mr. Sherwood, as he confesses, improvidently failed to inquire what lay behind the astonishing utterance. Mr. Roosevelt was an extraordinarily complex human being with deep intuitions. Did he at the moment possess second sight? Was he being clairvoyant about the inability of the "liberal" mentality to contain the Soviet menace? Did he apprehend that his own world policy would inevitably plunge us into confusion and decay? In a presentiment of his own approaching death, did he suffer a twinge of compunction over the succession? Or was there perhaps a premonition of the dire consequences recorded in "Lalla Rookh," when

> treason, like a deadly blight
> Comes o'er the councils of the brave
> And blasts them in their hour of might?

Mr. Roosevelt left the American people a number of legacies, among them Mr. Truman. Another is the United Nations, a typically frivolous "liberal" improvisation; a pretentious and, as it now turns out, a dangerous instrumentality of world order foredoomed, as was apparent to any penetrating mind in 1945, by the utter irreconcilability of the two worlds, free and slave. Still another Roosevelt inheritance is the policy of surrender to the Soviet Union in Asia. At Teheran and Yalta the President restored to Stalin what the Tsars had lost in 1905, ascendancy in Manchuria.

It is true that Mr. Roosevelt, exemplifying the divorce between rhetoric and reality too frequent in his career, did not intend actually throwing China to the Communist wolves. Sumner Welles, writing in the current *Foreign Affairs*, quotes him as observing during a pre-Teheran conversation in 1943 that "a stable China, recognized as one of the great Powers, would be a barrier to Soviet ambitions in the Far East and serve as a centripetal force in Asia." This would also, Mr. Roosevelt reasoned, be of the "utmost value in limiting the effects of the revolutionary tidal wave already looming in the Far East." If only Roosevelt the strategical thinker, not Roosevelt the suitor for the bloodstained Stalin's good opinion, had prevailed at Teheran and Yalta!

The late President had an easier time of it with his war than Truman with his. The "liberal" Roosevelt could prosecute a wholehearted war to spare the world Nazism because "liberalism" single-mindedly hated Nazism. The "liberal" Truman finds his reluctant will to wage war on the Bolshevik motherland hampered by all sorts of psychological reservations because toward Nazism's hideous parent, Bolshevism, the "liberal" is at least subconsciously of two minds. In practical terms, he thinks himself against Bolshevism in Europe, while encouraging it in Asia.

The failure of the "liberal" to safeguard the towering edifice of the West at this stage is not so much because of vacillation, a crisis of nerves or bewilderment in his choice of values but because, in embracing the welfare state, he is compromised with evil. He has looked upon the face of evil and found it half good. How can he save a truly liberal, fluid, traditional society which he has sworn to destroy from Socialists, no matter how brutish, in whom he finds mirrored his own desire for the all-encompassing state that inevitably consumes the individual? If one fears for his country he scarcely dares contemplate the contrast between the clearsighted, cunning and remorseless stratagems of the *thuggerei* of the Kremlin and the shallow, halfhearted and ambivalent statecraft of Washington and London.

So it is that "at the pinnacle of our weakness" so many distressed Americans have come deeply to mistrust their Presidential leadership. The unprecedented volume of their mail since early in December to the White House and the Hill bespeaks their conviction that there is something rotten in Washington. If the intelligentsia is baffled and distraught, the people are not. They are liberals in the old sense. For three and a half centuries they have been operating a welfare *society* — not a welfare *state*. If Mr. Truman will forgive a gratuitous piece of advice, it is this: why not give up the unreliable "liberal" intellectuals and throw in with the people?

The introspective Gray Eminence revealed, while launching his Marshall Plan at Harvard some time ago, that he was troubled by his reflections on the Peloponnesian wars wherein the democratic Athens went down before the totalitarian Sparta. In his musings on the fate of Athens he must have encountered the brilliant and perfidious Alcibiades, who betrayed his country. May I suggest that a fitter subject for the meditations of an old soldier — and of the President of a country entering a war of hemispheres — is that stern patriot Cato the Elder? If Alcibiades was a "liberal," Cato was a Tory.

Besides identifying the enemy of his country and his culture, Cato exhibited no patience with the "liberal" innovations being lugged into his society by the Greeks. (Read Russians for Greeks.) In a time of trouble there is something comforting about the simple patriotism of an upright Tory.

Behind the tumultuous verbiage of these days there is one fundamental question for an American to answer: When this war is over do you want the writs to run from Washington, or Moscow, to the ends of the earth? It will be one way or other. The Tory answers that question without hesitation.

It was in the Cato vein that Senator Lyndon Johnson (Dem., Tex.) spoke in mid-December in a speech far too little regarded. Senator Johnson is chairman of the Military Preparedness Subcommittee. He said:

> 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? That is a question which we still have it in our power to answer. If we delay longer we can expect nothing but darkness and defeat and desolation. If we answer the challenge with courage and confidence, and with the ability of which we are capable, we can, I am sure, triumph over our foes.

At this hour, when we are experiencing history at its most intense, the Congress, on both sides of its aisles, is affording a leadership worthy of its best traditions. If the President cares to turn to and fight a war, he might profitably draw upon that source of strength. Why not draft Senator Johnson for Secretary of Defense? And if he wants a Secretary of State who understands the question of Asia, there is Senator Paul F. Douglas (Dem., Ill.) who, although a practicing "liberal," transcends that aberration when he allows the Marine of his World War II days to take possession of him.

FROM OUR READERS

Mr. Bliven Explains

In the *Freeman* of January 8, 1951, you quote a statement by Stanley M. Isaacs in the *New Republic* of May 20, 1946, saying that "Communists . . . are no real menace within this conservative country of ours," and urging liberals not to split on the Communist issue.

This statement by Mr. Isaacs was not made in a signed article, with the endorsement of the *New Republic*, as your republication clearly implies. It was made in a letter to the editor, as one of a group of statements solicited by the *New Republic* from liberals of varying views commenting on a letter published one week earlier, and written by James Loeb, Jr., national director of the Union for Democratic Action (now Americans for Democratic Action). His letter expressed the viewpoint that American liberals ought not to cooperate with Communists.

This fact should certainly have been recorded by you in republishing Mr. Isaacs' statement.

New York City — BRUCE BLIVEN

Headlines and Headstones

Your magazine is an invaluable contribution to clear, patriotic thought, excellently written and altogether a delight to read. It is regrettable, however, that you have brought to the light of day (even without the seal of your approval) the "prescription" with which Mr. Orton concludes his penetrating "Mid-Century Survey" (December 25). This prescription, with its appeal for the breaking down of national security boundaries and concepts, is the old, familiar Russian "softener." . . .

Mr. Orton is right in saying that training for combat makes the headlines and the headstones, but he forgets that it also made this country a good place for him to survive in. As a school man he should recall enough history to realize that annihilation has overtaken those communities which failed to defend themselves. . . .

Upper Montclair, New Jersey — F. C. WILLIAMS

Return to Sanity

The *Freeman* is magnificent. I wish those who praise it wouldn't insist too much that its business is catching up the torch of "liberalism" and so on. What I find in it is something which disappeared in America during the 20's and 30's, to wit, the realistic and disciplined intelligence, addressing the rational mind.

Nothing has more disturbed me these latter years than the atmosphere of irrationality in which we have had to live, than having to live a normal human life in a cloud-cuckoo-land full of human cuckoos. If you have Tom Beer's "The Mauve Decade," do read the chapter on "The Titaness." Some of the irrationality is the work of the Titaness's daughter who set out in the early 1910's to remake the sun and moon, and dust the jacket of the "snake-tailed" winds.

Nobleboro, Maine — HENRY BESTON

Curbing Inflation

As Professor Mints says in your issue of January 8, "price control" is inflationary. A "ceiling" discourages production, creates and shortens the shortage, and raises the price. The price becomes the black market price, always higher than what the free price would have been because of less efficient production and the risk. Moreover, the cost of "economic stabilization" would require the printing of another billion dollars' worth of bonds — another five billions of inflation. Higher prices by trying to "control" them! That gives aid to the enemy. . . .

But it is the duty of Government to control the general price level by honest taxation and honest money policies. Hearings begin on February 5 before the Ways and Means Committee which will lead to a bill to stop inflation and reduce all prices by taxing the national income, the rate adjustable each year to overbalance the budget, retire the debt, and restore and maintain the purchasing power of the dollar. This bill contains an automatic governor responsive to changes in the price level and operable to reduce prices to normal and hold them there, as desired. Further, this bill repeals all statutes which interfere with the free market for money, goods, or services. It gives the President power to allocate materials by imposing excise taxes on selected consumers' goods, to ration production out of consumers' goods and into defense goods. It provides that contracts for goods supplied to Government be let, not on a "cost plus" basis, but on an incentive basis providing higher profits for producers the lower the unit cost to Government.

E. S. HALL, Chief Engineer,

Farmington, Conn. — The All American Foundation, Inc.

ARTIST AND LAYMAN

By CLARENCE A. BRODEUR

IT IS an unfortunate fact of our life that layman and artist do not get on well together. They seem almost to be natural enemies. For generations now, these two have been abusing each other from their respective backyards. "Philistine!" shouts the artist. "Fool!" retorts the layman. Artist thinks layman is dull, and layman thinks artist is simple. It so happens that they both are right.

I am inclined to dislike the term *Art Appreciation*. Words have only a limited usefulness in this connection. But it is possible to describe the kind of person the artist generally is; and this should let you know what manner of product to expect from his hands. If you were an expert in hogs and found yourself asked to judge sheep, you might reasonably be puzzled. Your bohemian is often a swine; but the artist is a lamb. It is his basic character that does not fit the norm expected by the layman in his fellow-citizens. The layman looks to find a normally sophisticated adult, a rational being, and a maker of natural, matter-of-fact statements. The artist is abnormally unsophisticated, irrational, and unnatural. His approach to his world is childlike. His crucial mode of operation is intuitional. His manner of statement is extra-natural and, when at its best, hypernatural.

The artist is an innocent. He is a lamb. He is a child. I do not mean that he is free from sin. He is a son of Adam, and knows good from evil as well as any other. I mean that his eye and mind have not been blunted by the habit of hiding things under labels, burying them in pigeonholes, and filing them away as fully known facts. He is forever eagerly digging them out to take a fresh look. For him the world has never lost its newness.

This is his innocence: Humility opposed to pride. Simplicity against sophistication. Directness flattening pretense. Love neutralizing hate. It is the spirit that fosters playfulness, begets discovery, induces contemplation. It is able to marvel at a seeming trifle, often to draw from it a truth of staggering importance. It is the innocence of saints and children; of poets and painters and clowns. These are of all people the most observant, constantly alert to little things of which much can be made. All arts, indeed, contain the elements native to humor and wit: a taste for unexpectedness and incongruity; the capacity to see familiar things as strange; a penchant toward disinterested curiosity.

The marvelous is oftenest found hidden in the commonplace, but it takes the eye of the child or the fool to discover it. Not the imbecile, mind you; but Witless the Jester, whose name betrays the fact that Philistinism is not altogether new. He was considered unfit for normal living, even though his life itself depended upon his ability to smell out the refreshing absurdity, the illuminating fancy and the unsuspected paradox. Witless lived by his very wit. But he was called a fool.

The artist is irrational. His urge to make things is an instinct. This fact alone would account for much of the layman's suspicion and hostility. For Rationalism has taken such inordinate possession of men's minds that they scarcely have an instinct left, and they do not believe in it at all.

Man became vulnerable to error and subject to disaster on the day his Reason made him lord of all he surveyed. There remained to protect him only the intuition of a truth that extends beyond the reaches of his earth-bound mind. By trusting and nourishing that intuition he created his religions. These provided disciplines and habit-patterns to protect his physical health, safeguard his social welfare, and ensure his spiritual salvation. In the West, the widespread flight from Christianity and the egotistical mania for anarchic individualism have shattered those patterns. Your religious man is an intuitive man. He even has an instinct left: the memory of something greater than himself, which made him to be delivered out of his deficiencies and offers him the means toward perfection. But your rationalist has lost that certainty. He will have nothing that his reason can not show him, and nothing stronger than himself. He equates religion with superstition, and art with idiocy. He has no truck with intuitions, although he probably keeps a secret rabbit's-foot in his desk drawer, and he will play that hunch on Walter's Boy in the fourth at Saratoga. Here is your genuine idiot. He is the superstitious one, and of course he is irrational. Only his irrationalism is concealed — from all but his psychiatrist — whereas the artist's is openly avowed and trusted.

Just as a complex nature can not understand a simple one, as the sophisticate can not abide the innocent, so the prosaic rationalist can not brook the artist's irrationality. And in spite of the extensive planning that is entailed in the work of this creature, the critical point of combustion, the creative fusion which brings about fruition, seems to occur at the intuitional level. It is not rational nor consciously devised. At a certain point the mind leaps into space and makes contact with its solution unaided by rational directives.

But the artist, like the poet, is not even dealing with logical thought. What he is saying is illuminated from beyond the range of logic. Words will do it for the poet, but not words as used in prose. Else he would be a prosodist and not a poet at all. He must push his words and press them, stretch their boundaries, use symbols, and commit all manner of extravagances. He is a sort of metaphysician with words, as the painter or sculptor is with plastic forms.

No matter which mode of speech is involved, the strange fact is that the climactic birth of the thing remains an impenetrable mystery. The artist carefully gathers together his ideas and observations, in whatever manner his attitude dictates. He orders his forms and designs with all the knowledge and skills he has been able to acquire; sometimes with the frenzy of a dervish, sometimes

with the methodical precision of an engineer. The thing may turn into a stiff and opaque amalgam. But if it succeeds, it bursts into luminous flame. The impulse for this release of energy comes both from within him and from without. The *how* of its happening is a riddle. Neither artist nor philosopher can tell you.

Now most people today do not have much use for mysteries or myths or fables. They have too little humor to enjoy a fable, too little simplicity to find any sense in mythology, too little humility to accept a mystery. The average adult finds no regret but a solemn superiority in the knowledge that he has outgrown his nursery rhymes. The child knows enough to laugh at the cat and the fiddle; he may wonder and grow strangely wise in the tales of gods and heroes and monsters; and he may some day come to experience his mysteries. But in that case he will have grown up to be a poet or an artist. And if we do not take care, we shall breed children who say to their nurses, "Ah, get wise! How could a cow jump over the moon?"

The third reason for the layman's unhappiness — perhaps the only one of which he is aware — is that the artist is frequently so unnatural. I do not mean that he is a monster or that he beats his dear old mother. Often enough he is a rebel. Now and then he does something monstrous, but it is the exception rather than the rule. I mean that he is not a naturalist. He does not collect nature's items and put them, just as they are, into his works Instead he operates upon them, changes their complexion and even their shapes, joins together things that in nature were always apart. This is not logical or usual business, and it affronts the layman. It is highly unscientific and unscholarly. It has even been called subversive. Apparently the layman thinks the artist ought to be a scientist. But the artist flatly refuses, for he knows that that is none of his affair.

Our common expectation of realistic imitation in art is the curious result of a series of accidents. The mold of modern art history and criticism was initially fashioned by nineteenth-century scholars whose thinking was deeply tinctured by the new theory of evolution. As they saw the pattern, it took the following shape. Beautiful and perfect man had evolved from lower, cruder forms of life. Art must have done the same. They had only to look back, to see lower and cruder art forms progressively giving place to higher and more refined — that is, more naturalistic — ones. They paid no heed to the fact that the hieratic stiffness of the Christian Byzantine painters and mosaicists sprang up in a world filled with the relics of pagan Hellenistic realism. The great medieval Italian painters Giotto and Duccio were called "primitives," because they did not reach out toward a realism that was foreign to their religious purposes. The stone and stained-glass glories of Chartres were dubbed Gothic — that is, barbaric — because they were unnaturalistic and so must be considered ugly. Beauty wore corsets, indeed. Corsets of Victorian design.

The Victorian scholar was a poor sociologist. He failed to take much account of the ideas governing the societies which produced such varied art forms. It never occurred to his materialistic mind that an attitude could so govern the production of a period as to turn it away from naturalism, even though the artists' skills were fully competent. His flickering gaslight and leaky waterworks seemed to him the height of cultural perfection, and he judged all things by his own dull standards. The Chinese was a yellow man and a Yellow Peril. If he looked at oriental art, it was with condescension. Those fellows seemed not to understand perspective. Their work was rather flat; it had a strange asymmetry. He did not dream of their tremendous knowledge of natural forms, nor of its control by an equally intricate aesthetic code; a code linked intimately with their philosophy.

It is only too easy to show how deep remains the impress of this expectation of naturalism, and of the evolutionary doctrine which underlies it. Although the idea fortunately is no longer given tolerance among scholars, only twenty years ago one met with the bland assumption that the Greek had struggled for almost four hundred years with the problem of foreshortening and "correct" drawing of the human figure, before he finally conquered it.

I submit that such a statement is an outrageous insult to the Greek intelligence. Will anyone seriously maintain that the noble Hellene concentrated vainly for four hundred years upon a problem which an American youth can master in eighteen months? It is fantastic. We might as well say that the percipient Chinese has labored well over a thousand years without yet managing to solve the problem of optical perspective. We should have to label the astute Egyptian an utter dunce. I suggest that for nearly four hundred years the Greek was not concentrating upon that particular problem at all. I venture that the moment he did begin to think about it, he conquered it almost overnight.

The simple fact of the matter is that in any culture where the art forms have remained for long periods nonnaturalistic, they have remained so not from ignorance but by resistance or indifference. Every such case provides an instance of a closely knit cultural pattern, controlled by philosophic or religious attitudes. This is as true of the aboriginal cultures of Africa, Polynesia and Melanesia, as of the more complex oriental societies, as of Egypt, of Christian Byzantium, and of medieval Europe. In expressing the central ideas of their culture, the artists eschewed or ignored radical naturalism, simply because it is less suited to the task. It is reportorial. It can give you the visual facts but not their purport.

Western art successfully resisted the temptation to naturalism until the fifteenth century. And then the Renaissance succumbed to it. There is no doubt of the dominant tendency from that time onward. Since the visible world is always the artist's source material, and since his medium lends itself so easily to representation, naturalism would be the normal product wherever the cultural pattern did not resist it. And the other great accident responsible for our realistic predilection is the humanistic attitude of the Western Church. The Eastern Church has shown a more literal respect for the biblical injunction against graven images. But the Western Church had no great qualms about it. Our God is divine but He did become a man. The Word was made flesh, and it was in the warm Italian nature to accept that dogma and to reflect it quite literally in religious art. Then, too, the earthiness of the Greek, his habit of taking man as the measure of all things, weighed heavily in the Italian tradition just as it still does in our own. Consequently, by the fourteenth century Italian art was al-

ready far less hieratic than the Byzantine in which it had its roots. It was ready for the Renaissance, for the full flowering of individualism and scientific investigation. One by one, then, each artist became a law unto himself. He nearly forgot his sacerdotal character, and in the joy of his new-found liberty he never knew what he had lost. Beginning with Masaccio's very human nudes, climaxing in Leonardo's shattering spatial depth, the artist's conquests of the *real* eclipsed the earlier magic of Duccio and Giotto, of the Book of Kells, and Chartres. Eclipsed, but not surpassed.

Gauguin signaled the modern reawakening. For he, like so many of our contemporary artists, was interested in the inner truth more than the outer shell. He called naturalism the "abominable error." It was unmistakably the sirens' music of the Renaissance, which came near to foundering upon the rock of science. The Western artist ever since has had to lift the leaden weight of realism. Only the strongest have raised it high; and they have been obliged to cast some of it aside.

Art is a colossal swindle anyhow. The poet says one thing, and like as not he means another. The sculptor makes a thing to be taken for flesh, but it neither smells nor feels like flesh and it has no blood in it. It is made of clay or bronze or stone. The painter fakes his space on a flat surface, makes hair or houses out of gooey paste or watery drip, and fabricates his sunlight out of colored dirt. I should not blame the layman much for his impatience, if he looked at it that way. Curiously though, he seems to like being swindled rather than not. For the more the work apes nature, the more does it dissimulate and pretend to be something it is not. The out-and-out realist is the greatest swindler of them all. And to enjoy the swindle, though it may be fun, is not, rightly speaking, to enjoy the art.

The honest painter or sculptor does not compromise the facts, but he compromises with them. He knows that he must stop short of them. If he could speak quietly with his layman, he would say: "Look here, my friend, we both know that this is clay and not flesh. Let us enjoy the clay. This canvas is really flat and its space is limited; let's not deceive ourselves and try to poke a hole clean through it. I give you hair and houses, but I must give you them in paint. Take the paint, friend, along with the houses and the hair."

But the artist would still be obliged to admit that he deals with fancies, dreams and intuitions. He speaks of things that are above and beyond and behind the literal appearances. He would have to add that he is in some ways as innocent as a baby, as irrational as a sleepwalker, and as unnatural as the Apocalyptic Vision.

It has been said that connoisseurship begins with the English portrait, proceeds to French Impressionism, eventually arrives at medieval art, and terminates with the Chinese. Perhaps the best suggestion for the layman is to start along that road. But I would add that then he would surely enjoy the arts of India. Once these have spoken to him, he is ready for the strange powers and elaborate skills of the Melanesians, the Polynesians and the Africans. And if he lasts so long, he finally might engage to look at that odd mixture of aphrodisia and asceticism, of folly, doubt and holy exaltation, which we call Modern Art.

GUYS, GALS AND GREEKS

By RICHARD McLAUGHLIN

HIGHBROW, middlebrow or lowbrow, or however sadly or gladly we may take our theater pleasures, many of us have to admit that some of our pleasantest memories are associated with musical comedies we have attended over the years. I imagine it all began on that evening of September 12, 1866, when the curtain of Niblo's Garden, on the corner of Broadway and Prince Street, Manhattan, rose on the opening performance of "The Black Crook," frequently, if inaccurately, described as the first musical comedy produced at home. Anyway, it has been the happy custom of American audiences ever since then to leave the theater humming such hit songs as "Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking" (1890), "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" (1933) and "Some Enchanted Evening" (1949).

However, viewing the three new musicals that recently opened along Broadway, I seriously question whether the public is going to be granted very much opportunity to pursue its beloved custom during the present season. Possibly "Guys and Dolls" (Forty-Sixth Street Theater) has the most tuneful score of the trio. But none of its tunes are anywhere near as catchy as those cited above. Whether the new tunes will take on, once the juke-box crowds have discovered them, remains to be seen. Yet all three musical productions — "Guys and Dolls," "Bless You All" (Mark Hellinger Theater) and "Out Of This World" (New Century Theater) — are, as they say in Broadwayese, easy on the eyes. When it comes to belly laughs, "Guys and Dolls" is out in front of the others; that is, if one relishes Damon Runyon's world of Bowery bums, small-time operators and panhandlers. For Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows have based their book faithfully on Runyon's characters. The comic highlights in this musical depend mainly on how long one can see the funny side of staging a crap game first down a manhole and later in a Salvation Army mission.

As for Isabel Bigley, the Salvation Army lass who literally makes a psalm-singing gentleman out of the smooth-talking lecher, Sky Masterson (Robert Alda), I thought she sang "If I Were A Bell" with proper romantic emphasis and a pleasing voice. Still, I do not understand where all the drum beating about her performance comes in. Not when I see before me, for example, even now, the vision of loveliness that Evelyn Laye made as the Salvation Army miss in a revival of "The Belle of New York" in London, during the war. Actually, "Guys and Dolls" is Vivian Blaine's show. For she has not only a refreshing, pert stage presence but a droll humor all her own.

In striking contrast is "Bless You All," a revue so smartly dressed by Miles White and designed by Oliver Smith that our common sense should tell us not to expect its contents to be half so dazzling as its outer wrappings. But the package is not without its charms, though they are far too scattered for my taste. Pearl Bailey gives out in her inimitable confidential style with two numbers,

"When" and "You Never Know What Hit You — When It's Love." Then there is Mary McCarty, who struggles valiantly with some of Arnold Auerbach's feeble satirical sketches. Still, she fares much better in her interpretations than Jules Munshin, who seems entirely out of place in these highly literate, occasionally subtle, proceedings. The skit I liked least of all in the revue was "Southern Fried Chekov," a graceless lampooning of the Faulkner-cum-Caldwell-cum-Southern-dry-rot school of writers; the best was Mary McCarty's gleefully macabre singing of "Little Things Meant So Much To Me" while she finishes walling up her husband's corpse.

"Out Of This World," Cole Porter's latest musical, has been suggested by the Amphitryon legend. Musically, it may not represent Mr. Porter in top flight, but it has Agnes De Mille's deft staging and Hanya Holm's dance arrangements. Also the sets and costumes offer a breathtaking eyeful as we are transported to Olympus, a New York bar and among modern-day Greeks. All this, incidentally, with very little mortal effort; but with much immortal singing, dancing and leering since the topic of this gay-hearted extravaganza is, as everyone can guess, sex. In other words, more of that "bedroom fiddle-faddle" which first turned up in Cole Porter's "Gay Divorcee" (1932). This earlier show was, however, at least noteworthy for the haunting ballad, "Night and Day." I am afraid this new vehicle does not have any song to match that one. True, there are charming female singers on hand like Priscilla Gillette and Barbara Ashley, who show to best advantage in sentimental solos like "I Am Loved" and "Where, Oh, Where." That loveable gawky personality, Charlotte Greenwood, as Juno, is nevertheless the show's outstanding attraction. Her return to Broadway after 23 years was greeted the other night with a demonstration verging on a stampede.

Looking through Cecil Smith's recent provocative history, "Musical Comedy in America" (Theater Arts), I was startled by the following passage:

> The American audience has become more experienced and more sophisticated over the years, and its entertainment naturally has moved into an increasingly high plane of craftsmanship and literacy.

Surely Mr. Smith must have the same old playbills at his disposal as this correspondent has; and they speak for themselves. Without even attempting to compare this season's fresh crop of musicals to that of seasons gone by, I would still say that there is very little to choose between "South Pacific," "Kiss Me Kate," or "Call Me Madam" and old favorites like "Show Boat" (1927), "Of Thee I Sing" (1931) or "The Boys From Syracuse" (1938). If anything, the current trend of musical offerings would suggest that audiences display more remarkable forbearance — or is it leniency? — than ever. At present the musical comedy is fast growing into American opera. Vanished, but let's hope not forever, are the days when hilarious buffoons like the Marx brothers could kick an Irving Berlin score around in "The Cocoanuts" (1925) and everybody forgave them, even Berlin. Now most comedians have to wait their turns in the wings while the Ethel Mermans and Mary Martins deliver encores to wild applause for doing nothing more spectacular than daubing fresh paint on the heroines of yesterday's operettas.

THIS IS WHAT THEY SAID

People are very much wrought up about the "Communist bugaboo," but I am of the opinion that the country is perfectly safe so far as communism is concerned — we have too many sane people. Our government is made for the welfare of the people, and I don't believe there will come a time when any one will really want to overturn it.

HARRY S. TRUMAN, letter to Former Governor Earle, February 26, 1947

She [Russia] says she wants "friendly regimes" about her. What does she mean by friendly regimes? I have no inside track to this, but Czechoslovakia seems worth studying as a place that seems to have the answer. Here is one country — which had the only truly democratic government in eastern Europe — whose rights Russia consistently respected and with whom her relations were and remain cordial. . . . So evidently small nations can live side by side with Russia if they observe the same rules of propriety.

EDGAR SNOW, "People on Our Side," 1944

We in this country can choose whether to work with the Soviet Union as partner or whether to surrender to memories and fears. What we decide will also help decide matters for the Soviet Union. These are interdependencies. We too can go into plans for the peace because Soviet thinking and Soviet aspirations entitle us to do so. But we can not work effectively for our self-interest if fears and suspicions govern our minds.

RAYMOND SWING, the *Atlantic*, June 1945

And let no one tell you that we are not on the road to socialism in the Soviet Union. Let no one say that the workers of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics are not on the road to security, enlightenment and happiness.

WALTER REUTHER, in a letter of 1934

Weren't Silent Pictures Great?

They say communism may spread out all over the world. And I say — so what?

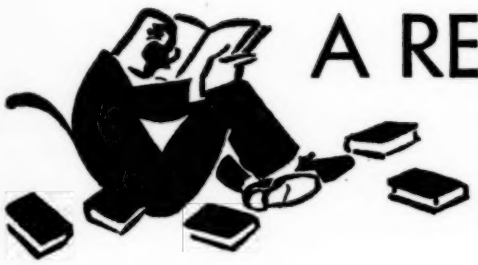
CHARLES CHAPLIN, *Daily Worker*, October 19, 1942, p. 7

Freud Conquers Marx

The courageous and resolute struggle against the safety and the freedom of all the peoples on earth, waged by the Communist Party of the U. S., headed by Bill Foster and other leaders, calls forth our admiration.

P. DE GROOT, General Secretary, Communist Party of the Netherlands, the *Worker*, January 7, 1951

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



A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Sterling North, writing in the *New York World-Telegram and Sun* the other day about the F. Scott Fitzgerald revival, was moved to wonder about the current nostalgia for the nineteen twenties. Is it merely a belated adolescent hankering for the days when we felt that we could be carefree and irresponsible? That may account for some of the nostalgic impulse. But there are deeper reasons why the twenties are now looming up as a period of particular importance. One of these reasons is that Americans, in the twenties, believed that man could be a creative agent by his own free decision. The man of the twenties believed that "anyone could do anything" — provided he really wanted to do it. He did not have to wait upon permission from a government, an institution, or a set of social conventions. The man of the twenties believed in freedom at the source, working outward from the dedicated individual.

Unlike Budd Schulberg, who tended to miss the point of the twenties in his recent novel about F. Scott Fitzgerald, "The Disenchanted," Arthur Mizener has caught the inner spirit of the decade in his vivid and sympathetic "The Far Side of Paradise: A Biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald" (Houghton Mifflin, $4.00). "The Far Side of Paradise" is both a re-creation of a life and a work of creative scholarship, related in its own way to "The Road to Xanadu." Where Budd Schulberg was fascinated by the spectacle of Fitzgerald's supposed collapse and disintegration, Mizener is primarily interested in the way a talented artist digested and reworked the material presented to him by experience into the living drama of great fiction. This is a refreshing departure from the Schulberg negativism.

That Fitzgerald pursued many a false god and did many an idiotic thing nobody in his right mind would deny. His remarkable book titles — "Tales of the Jazz Age," "Flappers and Philosophers," "The Beautiful and Damned," "All the Sad Young Men," "Taps at Reveille" — stressed the fizzy side of his nature that fitted so patly into the "Era of Wonderful Nonsense." But there was always the voice of conscience to call Scott Fitzgerald back from his dissipations, his revels and his eternally adolescent pranks. The "spoiled priest" in him knew when he was sinning — and in his most mature works he sat in judgment over all his lapses, big and little. He may have been disorganized in his personal relationships and his finances, but he was seldom disorganized in the practice of his craft. An artificer of great integrity, he would cut and rework and rephrase, achieving near-miracles in the subtle modulations of his evocative prose. Two of his books, "The Great Gatsby" and "Tender Is the Night," will be read as long as English literature is read anywhere.

Fitzgerald had an ambivalent attitude toward wealth, toward the American worship of success, toward the values of undergraduate life, toward the world of the commercial short story. As the spoiled son of an indulgent mother and an ineffectual, beaten-down father, he was self-centered without ever achieving any real measure of self-confidence. His feeling of being "black Irish," of coming from the wrong side of the tracks in a St. Paul, Minnesota, that made much of its Summit Avenue "best people," gave him an inferiority feeling that often tricked him into outrageous behavior. But the data of psychiatry are, in Fitzgerald's case, the materials of art. And he used these materials honestly and well, which is his justification both as an artist and as a man. After all, one grows up by making use of one's mistakes.

In all of his most fully realized characters — Amory Blaine of "This Side of Paradise," the romantic bootlegger, Jay Gatsby, of "The Great Gatsby," Dr. Dick Diver of "Tender Is the Night," and Monroe Stahr, the movie executive-producer of "The Last Tycoon" — Fitzgerald has projected his own story, with all of its grandeurs and miseries. If Fitzgerald had not been the dreaming undergraduate cub, the immature worshipper of the distant and incomprehensible rich, the baffled husband of a beautiful woman who succumbed to schizophrenia because of something that had happened to her in childhood, and the hopeful artisan who worked overtime to write a perfect movie scenario in his last Hollywood days, he would never have possessed a world to transform into fiction. He may have been highly uncritical, a veritable patsy, at the moment of experiencing any given phase of his life, but the warmness, the sensuous wonder, of his prose derives from the very intensity of his abandonment to immersion in his "own material." Fortunately for the more symmetrical aspects of his art, the immersion was — in time — followed by sober second thoughts, by an act of spiritual self-levitation; Fitzgerald could finally achieve a belated perspective, the "exterior view" which assesses the worth of experience. Fitzgerald's best work is wholly in accordance with Wordsworth's definition of poetry — "emotion recollected in tranquillity."

Fitzgerald's hero, the "man of the twenties" who insisted on his individualism, inevitably came a cropper. But was it because individualism must be accounted a deficient philosophy? I do not think so. The man who must wait for a signal outside himself, whether from "society," or from a social category, or from the state, or from a convention, to act will never bring anything new into being. The fault of Fitzgerald's characters resided not in their individualism but in their failure to cultivate the self-discipline that pushes freedom into truly creative

channels. The sports heroes of the twenties — Babe Ruth, Bobby Jones, Jack Dempsey, Bill Tilden, Helen Wills — had an almost formidable faculty of self-discipline. But on the higher levels of life the American of the twenties did not emulate his sports heroes; he let his individualism flow haphazardly over the landscape, completely out-of-channel.

At that, the American of the twenties was betrayed primarily by a *political* act that had happened before he himself came on the scene. The American businessman of the twenties, for example, has been blamed for the depression of 1929. But the depression came from government cheap-money policy in the immediate instance and, beyond that, from the activities of the peacemakers of Versailles, who saddled the German capitalist system with a vast and uneconomic debt that could not be paid out of production. The tariffs, the exchange controls, the repudiations, the devaluations and the quotas that were invoked after the political time-bomb of Versailles had exploded were the secondary effects of a political coercion of the free individual that antedated the twenties by at least a year.

Fitzgerald's "man of the twenties," then, was caught in the meshes of statism even during the period when statism had seemingly receded into the past. Being a novelist, not a social philosopher, Fitzgerald never quite understood what had happened to his world after 1929. He was fascinated, for a while, by the young Communists who came to visit him in Baltimore, but he soon came to see that there was no health in their attitude toward art. Since his intellectual mentor was Edmund Wilson, his old Princeton college friend, he respected the idea of the "socialism" which Wilson espoused. But he was never caught up in it — and it is significant that his last vital act on earth was to write admiringly of a "last tycoon," not of a newly-fledged man of the Leftist cult of the state.

Speaking of the twenties and individualism, I have just read a remarkable pamphlet called "Outlook for Freedom," by Leonard E. Read (Foundation for Economic Education, Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.). Mr. Read is very definitely in the mold of the "man of the twenties." He makes the point that nothing creative ever comes out of a "belief in the use of organized police force — government — as a means to attain social performance." Unlike most modern advocates of individualism, however, Mr. Read does not lament that the practice of freedom must wait on a change of government in Washington. The individual may be compelled by "legal" (as opposed to "natural") law to devote much of his energy to supporting what Mr. Read calls "communalization by force." Such things as TVA, rent control, social security, tariffs, subsidized prices, and so forth and so on, are all paid for by a mulcting of the energy of the individual victim of the Robin Hood state. But the individual can at least call things by their right names. He can, as Mr. Read says, "designate his own teachers," he can cultivate the spirit of inquiry, he can be a living example of truth-telling to his friends, he can create new trends of opinion. Freedom is, as Leonard Read says, "inside of man"; it can not be killed.

JEFFERSON'S PAPERS

The Papers of Thomas Jefferson, Volume 2, January 1777 to June 1779, edited by Julian P. Boyd. *Princeton University Press.* $10.00

When the late Adolph Ochs made possible the collection and publication of the papers and letters of Thomas Jefferson, the greatest of American political philosophers, he rendered an immeasurable service to American history and American scholarship. There was scarcely any subject of interest in Jefferson's time that did not challenge his curiosity, and there is hardly any subject of interest today on which his opinion can not be found in his voluminous correspondence. One need but turn to the Index of Foley's "Jefferson Encyclopedia" to find quotations from the letters and publications of the great philosopher setting forth his views on almost any subject under the sun. The range of his intellectual interest is almost incredible.

Now, thanks to Mr. Ochs, we are to have in 52 volumes all the letters and papers. This is important in the interpretation of the man who, more than any other, charted the "American way of life," since for a few generations there was a disposition among some historians to belittle his genius and his contribution to the molding of this way of life. So long as the American people adhere to democratic concepts and ideals, Jefferson will remain their symbol and interpreter.

The second volume of the "Papers" has now appeared. It covers the period from June 1777 to June 1779. While Jefferson had condensed the philosophy of democracy in the preamble of the Declaration of Independence, it was during his tenure in the legislature of Virginia of the years included in this volume that he set himself the task of building the superstructure of democratic institutions. The achievement of independence, which was the sole motive of not a few of our revolutionary leaders, was not his primary purpose. To him this meant little unless it carried with it a radical change in the political and social structure of the state. His goal was a democratic society and the trend of the time was distrustful, if not positively hostile, to democracy. As late as the Constitutional Convention the debates of the framers show conclusively this distrust, and the Bill of Rights, which is the bastion of democracy, was deliberately excluded after a full discussion. It was Jefferson's passionate insistence that brought its inclusion in the first amendments.

While still in Philadelphia in the Congress, Jefferson had been shocked by the undemocratic character of the Constitution adopted by his native state, its spirit reflected in the pamphlet by "A Native" — probably Carter Baxton — warning that democracy was "inimical to elegance and refinement, to manufactures, art and science and to the accumulation of wealth." Jefferson then refused the mission to France to take his place in the legislature to press against stubborn opposition for radical reforms of a democratic nature. These reforms, in the reviewer's opinion, laid the foundation for American democracy. The crucial reforms included the abolishing of primogeniture and entail — a system for the perpetuation of wealth in a few privileged families and for the

creation of an aristocracy resting on the possession of land and money.

This volume deals with the Revision of Laws, a colossal undertaking, carried through largely by Jefferson, Wythe and Pendleton, and here we have in full the various measures that were profoundly to influence American thought. Jefferson was to lay the foundation for the public school system of the United States, and for a new, more democratic, judicial system for Virginia which was set up largely under his supervision.

To the reviewer, the most interesting part of this volume is that setting forth the bill for the Establishment of Religious Freedom, with very extensive notes by the editor. The notes are important and illuminating. Nothing in the life of Jefferson is so vital and important as this period when he appears not only as a philosopher but as a constructive statesman of the first order, giving reality to the democratic concept of society. Some of his measures were so persistently and resourcefully opposed that they did not pass until he was in France, but he conceived them, pressed them, and Madison carried the fight forward after Jefferson had gone. It is significant of the bitterness of the struggle with reactionary forces that the hate engendered by Jefferson in sponsoring these democratic measures pursued him to the grave.

The Jefferson "Papers" are not only to include many letters of his not found in any other collection, but as many as 25,000 letters written to him. This tends to make the papers not only a vivid study of Jefferson but an illumination of the thinking of the times. The universal interests of the philosopher are revealed in the character of his correspondence, which touches on politics, social problems, science, invention and art. In a letter to David Rittenhouse, Jefferson dwells on a theme that occurs constantly throughout his life — his preference for a life of serious and serene scholarship to the turmoil of politics — a preference that was sincere. He understands and appreciates but regrets the time devoted to the public service by men like Franklin and Rittenhouse, whose genius in other things meant so much. "I doubt not," he wrote, "that there are in your country many persons equal to the task of conducting government, but you should consider that the world has but one Rittenhouse."

The first two volumes of the "Papers," foreshadowing the fifty that are to follow, justify the colossal and unprecedented task undertaken by American historical scholarship. I know of no American publishing venture that approaches it. To Jeffersonians, the recognition among historians and scholars of the supreme position among Americans of the greatest of our political philosophers and the architect of our democracy must be a source of extreme gratification. The work of direction and editing has clearly fallen to competent hands.

The publisher has given us stout volumes, with enduring paper, and print easy to read. From no other American statesman, leader or philosopher has poured such a wealth of wisdom; no other man so perfectly typifies what we call "Americanism," now engaged in a desperate battle for its preservation. And in these days when too many, in fear of communism, have been persuaded that we must choose between two forms of totalitarianism and tyranny, an incomparable service has been rendered the cause of Democracy by recalling to us in these days of decision the principles and ideals on which we have thrived, and without which we shall surely perish.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS

HOT-FOOT NOTES TO HISTORY

The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody, by Will Cuppy. *New York: Holt. $3.00*

I don't know what *you* will get if you read the late Will Cuppy's iconoclastic tour through history, but I know what *I* came out with: a reorientation to what I had regarded as familiar facts, a hundred belly-laughs, and the realization that I am a manic-depressive.

Last week was all manic. That was the week I was reading the book. I would read a chapter, fall down and double over in glee, interrupt my wife at whatever she was doing and read *her* the chapter. Then she'd join me on the floor and we'd laugh together till the kid came home from school, when I'd read *him* the chapter and he'd fall down and we'd all lie there laughing till the maid would come in to announce dinner and I'd read *her* the chapter — well, you've heard about Hollywood orgies, but this one was absolutely the tops. By Wednesday, curious neighbors and a truant officer joined us; Thursday, the milkman, worried about the mounting bottles outside the back door, notified the police, who broke down the front door — which turned out to have been unlocked all the time — listened to a couple of paragraphs and joined in the revelry; by Friday night, when we had guests for dinner, the place was a shambles. Some of the guests, I regret to state, are still downstairs laughing. Some people just can't take a hint.

But this week is the depressive stage, and don't be surprised if I go downstairs and tell those guests to get to hell off my living room floor and go home. The cops and the neighbors have departed, my son and the truant officer have gone back to school, but that Friday night contingent is still sticking around. What they probably hope for is to get dinner *this* Friday night. Well, they've got another think coming because the way I feel right now I'm in no mood for company or anything else. I'm looking at the world through dark glasses and the consequent depression makes the depression of the thirties seem like the Golden Age of Pericles. (I mean the way I used to think about the Age of Pericles before Cuppy tore the blinders off my eyes. Now I realize that, compared with Pericles, the thirties were the Golden Age.)

Anyway, this depression I'm suffering from is unique in that it can't be blamed on any Republican President. This one comes from the fact that I'm supposed to review Cuppy's book — and what I want to know is how the hell do you review a belly-laugh? All right, *you* try it. You can tell one, maybe, you can anthologize them like Bennett Cerf, but how do you review one? You might as well try to review the satyric leer of Harpo Marx as he chases a blonde.

I've read other historians and I suppose, in a pinch, I could review their works. But Cuppy isn't like any other historian. Oh, he's just as loaded with facts, but he gets to the point much faster — and usually with a belly-laugh. In my day I've read "De Bello Gallico" in the

original Latin, the "Anabasis" in the original Greek, and H. G. Wells, Beard, Robinson and Hayes in the original English, and I don't remember any belly-laughs. You might make out a case for Lytton Strachey, after a fashion; but Strachey, after all, was an Englishman and never came up with any wows that I recall. His irony, while it reached the mind, never touched the belly. (I'm not sure he would have considered it good taste.) If, however, you insist on Strachey, my notion is that Cuppy is one-fifth Strachey and four-fifths Kin Hubbard — and try and tie *that* for a combination. (You'll notice I don't mention Gibbon — how many belly-laughs are there, do you suppose, in *all* of Gibbon? I suspect that if he'd had a few, Gibbon might still be read instead of just referred to.)

Cuppy takes on the historians, too. He quotes what they said about their heroes and then he cites what said heroes did. The only conclusion I've been able to reach is that somebody is lying — and it isn't Cuppy. I don't care what you may have thought about Alexander the Great, Charlemagne, Hannibal, Philip II or Thutmose III. Cuppy strips them all — including Lady Godiva — and proves that in the main the rulers of mankind from 3500 B. C. to date were just plain pirates, frauds *or* jerks. This leads the thoughtful reader to one of two possible conclusions:

> 1. The happy — or manic — conclusion: that, all things considered, Messrs. Stalin, Mao Tse-tung, Nehru, Attlee and Truman are about on a par with Attila, Caligula, Peppy II, Thutmose IV and Philip II of Spain (sometimes referred to as Philip the Wise or, as Cuppy Latinizes it, Philip the Sap.[1]) Those who take this attitude feel that what Bert Leston Taylor termed the "so-called human race" is holding its own.
>
> 2. The unhappy — or depressive — conclusion: that, if *that's* all the progress we have been able to make in 5000 years, what's the use? (If you take this tack, you're going to be regarded as a re-examinist and destructive critic, and just at a time when we need national unity, too.)

I ought to mention Cuppy's footnotes. Like every decent historian he uses them copiously. But there's none of this silly "cf. Tacitus, Vol. XI, pp. 136–682" stuff, which the historian knows darn well you're not going to look up anyway. A Cuppy footnote is really a hotfoot-note to history. It may be irrelevant, but it is definitely competent and material. When he discusses Aztec civilization and flora and fauna, he comes up with a footnote that reads: "There were fifty varieties of beans. Some jumped and some didn't. It's the same today." Now *there's* a footnote that says something.

While I'm at it, let me give you one quotation from the text itself. "Once every year the [Nile] river overflows its banks, depositing a layer of rich alluvial soil on the parched ground. Then it recedes and soon the whole countryside, as far as the eye can reach, is covered with Egyptologists." I'd like to go on, but that's only the first paragraph and the book has 230 pages and I can't quote all of them because the *Freeman*, which pays space rates, says it just can't afford it. Why don't you drop over to the house some night and I'll read the whole thing to you? Or you could, I suppose, buy the damned book.

MORRIE RYSKIND

[1] *As in the Latin term for wise man, homo sapiens. Our own State Department is said to be full of them. Senator McCarthy has practically charged that those who aren't homos are saps. Ex-Senator Tydings has denied this.*

RUSSIA VS. AMERICA

America Faces Russia, by Thomas A. Bailey. *Ithaca, New York: Cornell University Press. $4.00*

The American Impact on Russia, by Max M. Laserson. *New York: Macmillan. $5.00*

Logically, these books should balance each other. They do, so far as intentions are concerned; Mr. Bailey is trying to say what we've thought of the Russians and Mr. Laserson is trying to say what the Russians have thought of us. No amount of trouble has been spared, for both authors are professors. Each is a native of the country whose public opinion he sets out to analyze. Yet the effect of reading these volumes together is almost ludicrous. There is no common ground whatever, for what is called public opinion in the United States has never existed in Russia and what Mr. Laserson is driven to examine, as a substitute for it in Russia, is the kind of comment that the esthetes of *New Directions* and *Partisan Review* might publish if they suddenly decided that politics can be more thrillingly transcendental than ballet. Since it is simply incredible that a man of Mr. Laserson's industry could have missed anything significant, we may hazard a verdict on the evidence he has gathered: From the time of Catherine the Great unto the present day the Russian political intelligentsia has been passionately serious, completely irresponsible (no fault of theirs, of course) and utterly stupid.

Poor Mr. Laserson! Such a heap of rubbish as he had to pick over! Even Mr. Bailey, toiling in California while Mr. Laserson sweated in New York, was aware of the difficulty. "No attempt is made," he says of his own work, "to develop in any detail the evolution of Russian public opinion toward the United States. Perhaps some day a scholar will attempt this . . . I wish him luck. It is difficult enough in a democracy . . ." This is a polite understatement. After all, it is the business of an autocrat or a dictator, czar or *vozhd*, to prevent public opinion and he is on the ground and has a police force to do it. How can any scholar in a different time or a distant land circumvent him and dig out the real McCoy?

Mr. Laserson doggedly tried to piece together as many Russian statements about America as he could find, but they are of such a queer senseless quality that his work is exhausting as well as exhaustive. He says:

> There was always a certain social and economic incompatibility if not estrangement between the United States and Russia . . . America, a country without feudalism in the past and with a bourgeoisie of tremendous vitality in the present, faced Russia, a country endowed with feudalism as a going concern and lacking any well established postfeudal bourgeoisie.

Mr. Laserson, apparently, has not outgrown the Marxist influences of his own past. It is questionable whether Russia ever developed any loose feudal institutions comparable to those of western Europe (after more than two hundred years of Mongol domination the country passed over directly to the centralized absolutism of Ivan III in the fifteenth century). However, the Communist dialectic requires the prior existence of feudalism as the antithesis of capitalism, so feudalism it has to be.

Modern Russian political thought began around 1881, after the assassination of the "liberal" Czar Alexander II,

and Mr. Laserson's summary puts the matter in a nutshell:

> There were the extreme right . . . and the leftists of legal and illegal Marxism. For the first the polestar was Prussianism, with . . . Hegel as the leading philosopher. For the second camp, the final ideal and goal was the organization of the proletariat . . . with Hegel as the leading philosopher.

All roads led to Hegel and the absolutism of the state "as the reality of the moral idea," that is to say the substitution of the authoritarian state for God. If the reader wonders how they managed to think themselves into that trap the following quotation from the works of Count Alexis Tolstoy (one of the greatest of Russian poets) which Mr. Laserson uses as a chapter heading will shed some light:

> We should not make America our idol
> Nor see in her the incarnation of our goal;
> America is backward, satisfied and idle,
> For ownership and money strives her soul.

We are "idle" although we "strive" because what we work for is money; and indeed the Count may have a point there. It is much harder to work for nothing, or next to nothing, as they do in Russia.

Mr. Bailey's book is a happier performance, whichever way you look at it. He is thoroughly grounded, for one thing, in diplomatic history; he knows the setting within which the shifting currents of U. S. public opinion moved. He repeats Mr. Laserson's cautionary statement. The two systems of government were antipathetic in the highest degree and the two peoples saw practically nothing of one another. "The most significant bond that the mismated nations had in common was a hatred of England, and out of that hatred grew friendship." This friendship is to be understood, he adds, in the diplomatic sense of the word — which means, as between the two nations, that they were not hostile and were willing to join from time to time in a common project when each could see something to its own advantage. Under this accurate definition he disposes of a host of myths, the chief of them being that the Russians dispatched a fleet to America during the Civil War in order to help Abraham Lincoln put an end to slavery. Actually the Russians were afraid of a war with Britain and wanted to store their boats in a neutral port.

Mr. Bailey upsets an even more persistent mythological episode when he gives full credit to the Russians for the Monroe Doctrine (it was largely a reaction to a Russian decree of 1821 forbidding all foreign vessels to approach within 100 miles of the coast of Alaska). This will make history an easier subject for future school children, for the current Truman Doctrine was inspired by the same kind of action from the same source. Aside from the re-examination of large historical matters such as these, Mr. Bailey provides a constant flow of nuggets of information and quotation from American newspapers of the past, as well as from records of the State Department. Our Minister to Russia in the middle of the last century was a Tennessee lawyer named Neill S. Brown. Brown must have been a born journalist. He wrote voluminous dispatches on Russian traits and customs under Czar Nicholas I (the police-king known in Russian slang as *Nicholas Nightstick*) which sound so pertinent to the time of Stalin that excerpts were used as chapter headings by General Walter Bedell Smith in his recent memoir, "My Three Years in Moscow."

"The story is current in Washington," adds Mr. Bailey, "that George F. Kennan, while a secretary of Embassy in Moscow during the 1930s, stumbled upon copies of the Brown file, and by selecting certain passages and changing the proper names prepared a dispatch for Washington completely relevant to the current situation."

ASHER BRYNES

THE FATAL SOUTH

South, by William Sansom. *New York: Harcourt, Brace. $2.75*

With the stories of William Sansom, the reader enters the forbidden region of dream symbolism, where authority takes on a monstrous and incalculable aspect, where laws are invested with terrorizing implications and each object contains an ominous threat. Corsica, Italy and the Riviera provide the exotic and fatal backgrounds for Sansom's newest collection. Disarmingly casual, Sansom manages nevertheless to evoke from landscape, architecture and street-plan a sense of shrouded violence which threatens to burst forth at any moment and engulf his characters. Thus, beneath the depths of a cheerful bather's sea, an island fisherman harpoons a body that has defied the pull of the tides; a snake, loose in the Gallerias of Milan, is held fascinated by a girl orchestra which plays on in panic; two gentle keepers of a Florence garden find themselves suddenly enmeshed with each other in an obsessive feud.

One of the Sansom stories, "Street Song," is concerned with a problem used so often in modern fiction that its sheer familiarity exacts enormous demands from the writer who dares take it up once again. Sansom's success with it is due to the delicate humor with which his characters and situations are infused. The theme of "Street Song" is that of the perennial English tourist, who, without Baedeker, but with much energy and guile, has come to "conquer" a new city. Carefully preparing himself for this trip, the young Englishman has mastered the accent of the city and its costumes. He is the efficient traveler, intent upon avoiding the old footpaths, certain that ". . . with chameleon cunning, he could merge and mix unrecognizably with the peoples of whatever land he visited." With a delightful irony, Sansom catches him in all his poses — seeking out the cheap hotels and sidewalk cafés, clutching his money-belt with frantic anxiety, wandering the streets in search of experience. At the end, the pathetic comedy is highlighted in the back alleys of the city, where he is fleeced by a money changer.

In "The Bank That Broke The Man At Monte Carlo" we are presented with another sort of tourist, one who arrives equipped with little more than a hangover and a return ticket home. Through this tourist's distorted vision, Monte Carlo becomes all of Europe, a predatory monster intent only upon divesting him of English pounds. Maintaining an exquisite balance between the comic and the grotesque, Sansom follows his protagonist through a few catastrophic hours in the museums and casinos, where the man is rendered so helpless and absurd that even his final attempt at suicide becomes a ludicrous failure.

Once again, as in Sansom's previous collections, "Three" and "Fireman Flower," the parts seem more impressive than the whole, the language at times more striking than the message it attempts to convey. Despite the ability to narrate and characterize brilliantly, Sansom is easily seduced into exaggeration of the symbolic value of his material, loading it with implications it can not always profitably bear. Nevertheless Mr. Sansom is a serious and moving writer, the possessor of a talent which is always disturbingly original.

WALLACE MARKFIELD

ELOQUENT HYSTERIA

Redemption, by Francis Stuart. *New York: Devin-Adair. $3.00*

Ever since he first attracted attention, in the 1930's, with "Pigeon Irish," Francis Stuart has been taken pretty seriously by the critics whether they have actually liked specific books of his or not. Popular success, however, has thus far eluded him — for reasons quite simple to deduce. Mr. Stuart is a poet and a mystic and a very Celtic Irishman. He tends to write of odd, strange people who behave in odd, strange ways, and the meaning of his novels is often elusive. All this is particularly true of his latest book, "Redemption" — a bizarre, puzzling story which has moments of great power and beauty, but which could hardly be called everyone's dish of tea. Readers, I imagine, are going to like or dislike it with almost equal violence. Personally I stand on middle ground.

The scene of "Redemption" is a small Irish town not far from Dublin, and the protagonist in a sense — though there are others to challenge him — is a disillusioned and feckless writer, Ezra Arrigho. Ezra spent the war years in Germany — why, one never knows — where he experienced the worst of the bombings, and imprisonment as well, in the company of a girl named Margareta. Believing her to be dead — falsely, as it proves — Ezra has returned to Ireland in an embittered frame of mind, and finds life there stale and profitless. He has deserted his wife; he is merely whiling away the time in a small-town hotel room; he is consciously nostalgic for the terrible war years, when at least he was alive, and knew love as well as agony, and had escaped from a "duck-pond" existence.

In his boredom and unease, Ezra sees a good deal of the local priest, Father Mellowes, who is as curious and contradictory a figure as Ezra himself. Seemingly a rather simple, stupid man, and definitely non-intellectual, Father Mellowes, actually, has great spiritual force, as Ezra comes slowly to recognize. There is something saintlike about him, something dispassionate and wise — as witness his reaction to Ezra's seduction of his all-too-virginal sister, who virtually throws herself at the latter's head. Father Mellowes has the kind of humility which enables him to learn. Not only is he shaken, through contact with Ezra, out of his small, complacent rut, but as both of them become involved in tragedy and violence, he rises to greater and greater heights of self-abnegation, and achieves a wisdom more and more Christlike.

The pivotal episode in the novel — the event which draws all the characters together and alters them profoundly — is a rather sordid and senseless local murder. Kavanagh, a Dublin fishmonger who has branch shops in Altamount, kills his wanton mistress in a fit of jealous frenzy and proceeds to confide both in the priest and in Ezra. Thence springs a train of consequences too strange and too complex to be chronicled in detail, but which includes the self-sacrificial marriage of Romilly, the priest's sister, to Kavanagh, the gross and sensual murderer. As the book draws to a close, all the characters have been purged and ennobled by their sharing of Kavanagh's agony, and Ezra has further been changed by the return of Margareta, even though she returns broken and maimed, a victim of war.

If this account of "Redemption" sounds perplexing, so, too, is the book, for at no time is the author's meaning in any way clear, and he definitely is guilty of morbid extravagance. What Mr. Stuart appears to be saying — or at least so it seems to me — is that one achieves spiritual growth only through suffering and pain, and that to live fully should be one's paramount concern. This, however, is hardly a new doctrine, and there is so much that is muzzily mystical and grotesque in the tale he has chosen to tell that Mr. Stuart's moral does not emerge very forcefully. "Redemption," as I have intimated, is a queer, compelling book. There are passages in it — to wit, Ezra's account of his wartime experiences — which are as good as anything the author has written. On the whole, however, I feel that the book misses badly, and that it is the product, for all its eloquence, of a form of hysteria which is perhaps characteristic of our times.

EDITH H. WALTON

HATCHET JOB

The Federal Bureau of Investigation, by Max Lowenthal. *New York: Sloane. $4.50*

Not until the Hiss case did I get to know the FBI. Up to that time I had spoken to FBI agents and seen its work at middle range. But the Bureau's operation in tracking down the leads supplied by the chief witnesses in the Hiss affair and its meticulous pursuit of legal fact, I saw from close range. It was a classic in investigative procedure. Not that the FBI was in any sense perfect or infallible. But a first-hand view of its functioning was reassuring. The FBI was exactly what it purported to be, a federal bureau of investigation — not a police force or a Gestapo.

When a volume both critical and highly documented, dealing with the FBI, was announced by William Sloane Associates, I was highly interested and a little apprehensive. I knew what the FBI's faults were. I knew that, emphasized and distorted, they could be a potent tool in the hands of the growing "liberal" claque which had made J. Edgar Hoover and his men prime targets from the moment that a substantial portion of the Bureau's work was devoted to penetrating Communist subversion, espionage and divisive tactics.

I was particularly concerned because William Sloane Associates had published one unfair, fictionalized account of the FBI (Merle Miller's "The Sure Thing") and a widely-read glorification of Chinese communism ("Thunder Over China"). The author of "The Federal Bureau of Investigation," moreover, was one Max Lowenthal, an intimate of President Truman and a power in the left-

wing fringes of the New Deal. As a friend of Mr. Truman, Lowenthal could almost claim a Presidential *nihil obstat.* And coming at a time when the "liberal" and fellow-traveling press was on the offensive against the Bureau, a book with this authority, spurious or not, might do very serious harm.

There was no need for worry. Had Lowenthal really studied the Bureau, learned its methods, and assimilated its history, he might have given an air of authenticity to his ponderous, 559-page indictment. Instead, he did a mechanical job of research, stringing together a large assortment of hostile quotes from the *Congressional Record* and the newspapers — all the quotations ripped out of context and sewed together with a polemic needle and a snide thread.

When you are through plowing Lowenthal's furrow, you are left with rather dirty shoes and the knowledge that on various occasions many people have taken exception to the FBI. You are also slightly puzzled. For Lowenthal intersperses the critical quotes with owlish assurances that to speak against the FBI is tantamount to political suicide. Since most of the people quoted are still politically hearty, the facts don't follow the accusation — a situation which has never given New Deal politicos pause. Much money has been spent in the free distribution[1] of the Lowenthal opus but my feeling is that the impartial reader will agree that in the contest the writer comes out second best to the subject.

In brief, Lowenthal's theses add up to this:

1. That the FBI is vicious, corrupt and inefficient.

2. That because it exercises no editorial judgment but enforces all laws passed by Congress, it is somehow reprehensible.

3. That no federal investigative agency is necessary. By inference, laws enforce themselves.

4. That all national police forces are by nature instruments of totalitarian thought control and should be done away with.

5. That the FBI creates and stresses a non-existent Communist danger. In Lowenthal's book, the Reds are harmless and would wither away but for J. Edgar Hoover's speechmaking and witch-hunting.

6. That the FBI is at once secretive and publicity-mad.

7. That the highly secret FBI files should be done away with because they contain hearsay and gossip. The FBI's clearing house of fingerprints, through which local police forces can track down criminals operating on an interstate basis, is also a threat to civil liberties.

8. That Hoover is responsible for the acts of his predecessors — a kind of guilt by inheritance.

Points 4 and 8 are Lowenthal's main stock-in-trade, a two-for-the-price-of-one bargain. To show totalitarianism and to smear Hoover, he drags up the old Palmer raids (1921) and the World War I draft raids (1917) and blames them on the FBI's present director. By consulting a listing of FBI chiefs, published in the book, the wary reader can learn that Hoover did not take over the Bureau until 1924. By consulting the records, the inquisitive reader can learn that the FBI was a discredited organization until Hoover took over and made it what it is today. Lowenthal strives valiantly, however, to obscure these facts by juggling the two periods in the FBI's history, tossing first one and then the other into the air. At times, it takes careful reading of a page or paragraph to realize that the terrible things being said refer to past and infamous chiefs and not to J. Edgar Hoover.

The Lowenthal method is to ignore Hoover's reputation among sober experts of law enforcement and to play down or hide the fact that he cleaned out lawless or blackmailing elements in the FBI, replaced them with well-trained young lawyers and accountants, imposed the strictest standards of official behavior on his men, and meticulously kept the Bureau out of politics.

Through the mouths of others, Lowenthal inveighs against the practice of wire-tapping. But you can search in vain for this quote: "I have no compunction in saying that wire-tapping should be used against those persons . . . who . . . are engaged in espionage . . . against the United States." FDR said those words when he gave the FBI authority to tap phones in espionage cases.

The proof of FBI "inefficiency" is a fair sample of Lowenthal's reasoning. During World War II, a young man spotted two strangers wearing topcoats in the Maine winter. He thought it strange and reported it to the FBI. Agents moved in, tracked down the men, and discovered that they were Nazi saboteurs. Lowenthal marks this down as an FBI failure. It should have *known* without relying on a witness. In the Lindbergh case, the FBI alerted all banks to be on the lookout for gold certificates. One such was reported by a bank clerk, the Bureau traced it back to Hauptmann, and the case was broken. This, too, is FBI "inefficiency" by Lowenthal standards. Yet when the Bureau plants its men in treasonous organizations to catch infamy a-borning, Lowenthal shrills of "informers."

The catalogue of errors, distortions, and half-truths is almost endless. The task of rooting out subversives in government, authorized by Congress and the President, is described as "tracking down persons and organizations whose views [the FBI] fears." A search of the Polish ship Batory, after Gerhardt Eisler had skipped bail, is cited as an example of the Bureau's "totalitarian-state methods of blustering intimidation." But the search was carried out by immigration officials, not the FBI.

Lowenthal has been carrying on a war with the FBI for many years. He has been collecting material for close to fifteen years. Yet in compiling his anti-FBI Bartlett, he never once consulted the Bureau for information or sought to get a rebuttal to the charges he was so lovingly compiling. This is hatchet scholarship, as practiced over the years by Goebbels and Vishinsky.

Solicitous over civil liberties, Lowenthal studiously avoided mention of an American Civil Liberties Union letter to J. Edgar Hoover commending him for "the fine balance which you are showing" and for "rare judicial sense." This view was recently topped by Morris Ernst, a jealous guardian of civil rights. "The FBI is unique in the history of national police," Ernst wrote. "It has a magnificent respect for individual freedom."

Certainly Ernst would go along with me in allowing Lowenthal the right to criticize. Honest criticism is necessary. But between criticism and blackguarding there is a vast difference. The author of "The Federal Bureau of Investigation" has failed to recognize it.

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

[1] Every member of Congress got a copy, gratis.

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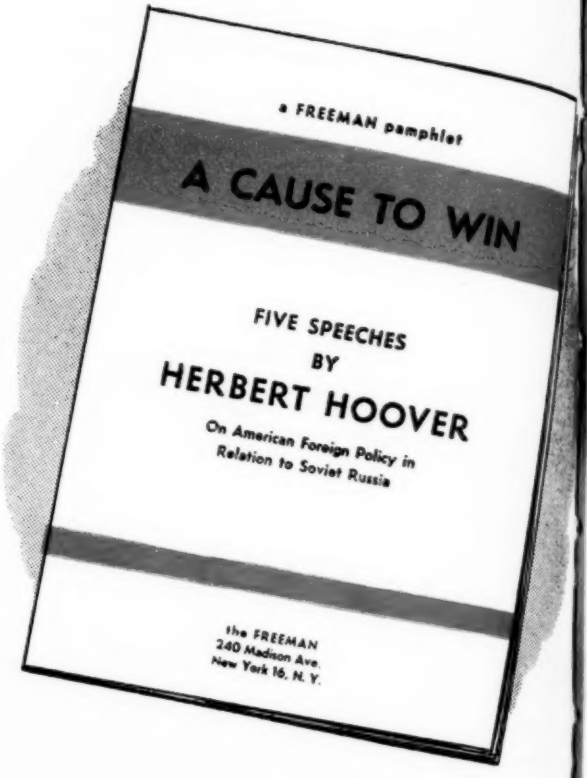

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