MARCH 26, 1951 25 CENTS

the FREEMAN

THE B-36 IS A TANKER
Hamilton A. Long

THOMAS MANN'S LEFT HAND
Eugene Tillinger

APROPOS APOSTASY
William S. Schlamm

BASEBALL ACCEPTS THE NEGRO
Al Hirshberg

FAREWELL TO UTOPIA
John Chamberlain

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

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A WORD ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

MARCH 26, 1951

CONTENTS VOL. 1—NO. 13

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HAMILTON A. LONG, Air Force major in the last war, is now gathering material for a book on the wartime activities of Communists in the United States. He is a lawyer by profession. . . . PIERRE FAILLANT, a French journalist, and ROBERT DONLEVIN, a young American writer with INS in Paris, collaborated on the dispatch, "Great Debate — Soviet Style." EUGENE TILLINGER wrote for the North American Newspaper Alliance in Europe. Now a free-lance in New York, he has contributed to *This Week*, *Liberty* and other magazines. Readers of *Plain Talk* will remember his "The Moral Eclipse of Thomas Mann." . . . Articles by WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM appeared in the first two issues of the *Freeman*. His book "Dictatorship of the Lie," written in 1936, was among the first to analyze the deep identity of Fascism and Bolshevism. . . . KENDALL FOSS is well qualified to describe the Free University of Berlin, for General Clay in 1948 appointed him to help organize this unique institution. Mr. Foss, who is now doing free-lance writing in Munich, wrote for *Time* during the war years, and before the war spent six years in Europe for the INS and UP. . . . AL HIRSHBERG went to work for the *Boston Post* as a college correspondent and has been there ever since, except for three years in the Navy. He now covers baseball and football almost exclusively, and has written books on the Boston Red Sox and the Boston Braves. . . . PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN, well-known columnist and magazine writer, was born in London when her father, Prince Peter Kropotkin, was in exile from Czarist Russia. She began her writing career in Europe as foreign correspondent for English and South American papers, but has been an American citizen for twenty years. Bilingual from childhood, she translated into Russian Shaw's "Pygmalion" and other famous English plays, and into English the new abridged editions of "War and Peace" and "The Brothers Karamazov." . . . ERNEST C. POLLARD is Professor of Biophysics at Yale University. . . . GEORGE H. FORD, associate professor of English at the University of Cincinnati, is author of "Keats and the Victorians," "The Pickersgill Letters" and other studies.

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the FREEMAN

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THE FORTNIGHT

Don't take too seriously the answers to a United Press poll of Democratic state chairmen, national committeemen and other party leaders that their first candidate is none other than Harry S. Truman, and that they do not consider him "ethically" bound by the new anti-third-term amendment to the Constitution because it specifically exempts him.

The leaders interviewed are precisely those who can least afford to state their private opinions publicly if those opinions happen to be against the Presidential incumbent. For as long as he remains in office their own power and influence depend upon him. The favors they are able to grant depend in turn on how well they stand with the man who has the Federal appointive power. They dare not change unless they are sure that the political winds in their respective states have already changed.

And the real question is not whether Mr. Truman has the "ethical" right to run again, now that the anti-third-term principle has been formally embodied in the Constitution, but whether he wouldn't be running under too heavy a political handicap. Much more significant in this poll were the more frequent "second" choices of the party leaders — in which the two names that turned up most often were Senator Paul Douglas and General Eisenhower. But the whole discussion is a little early to carry much atmosphere of reality. In fact, Senator Douglas was embarrassed by it, and was forced, in accordance with the well-established rules of the game, to declare that he was not a candidate.

The Democratic leaders did not sound, moreover, as if they had given sufficient weight to the RFC scandals. Perhaps they have come to feel, in the last eighteen years, that no amount of revealed corruption ever bothers the majority of American voters as long as the Presidential incumbent continues to make and promise sufficient handouts to special pressure groups. But a public that seemed relatively indifferent about officials accepting gifts of deep-freezes from people in a position to receive official favors from them seems to balk at $9,540 mink coats. Apparently the impression has got around Washington that the real purpose of the RFC was to be the FCFNDC — Finance Corporation for Friends of the National Democratic Committee. What still seems to be insufficiently understood in Congress is that a governmental bank set up to make loans to private businesses that do not have good enough credit to get loans from private banks is bound to make loans for political reasons because it is certainly not making loans for sound economic reasons. The only assurance against continuance of such scandals is not the reorganization of the RFC but its abolition.

On March 4 Dr. Vannevar Bush announced flatly that if Soviet Russia were to send its armies rolling across the German plains "tomorrow," the United States with its "A-bombs and the planes to carry them would destroy Russia." In this issue of the *Freeman* (see the article on page 393, "The B-36 Is a Tanker") Major Hamilton Long announces just as flatly that existing American bombing planes can not hope to paralyze Russian production unless some means of providing them with fighter-escort can be found. Since the Long article is largely composed of information drawn from official sources (including some statements previously made by Vannevar Bush himself), the discrepancy between Dr. Bush's views and those of Major Long seems to us to be worth serious pondering.

The explanation, so it seems to the editors of the *Freeman*, is not far to seek: Major Long thinks the Russians have already developed their defense against bombing attacks to a high degree of perfection, whereas Dr. Bush, on the other hand, apparently considers the Russians to be laggard on this score. It is noteworthy, however, that Dr. Bush went on record, in an article written for the NEA Service last December, with the chilling statement that "at some time, in my opinion, Russia can build such a defense that we would have exceedingly great difficulty in delivering A-bombs on their primary targets. We might still reach their secondary targets. But whenever Russia feels that she could impose upon our bombers such attrition that we could not undertake to bomb primary targets, then at that time we must have other means of stopping the Russian armies."

It would be interesting to know just how much time Dr. Bush thinks we have before the Russians can build their air defenses to the point which Major Long accepts as a reality pertaining to the Spring of 1951. Our own feeling

is that neither Major Long nor Dr. Bush really knows whether the Russians have perfected their air defenses or not. But if nobody really knows, it would be the mark of prudence to proceed on the more pessimistic assumption. We know from both Major Long and Dr. Bush that such things as radar, guided missiles, jet interceptor planes, night fighters, the proximity fuse and plane-to-plane rocket propulsion make it entirely possible for a defensive-minded power to make unescorted bombing attacks prohibitively costly. This being so, the B-36 *is* a tanker.

What to do about the situation? One answer is this: the United States must hold air bases close to the Soviet Union. From American bases in Japan, in Turkey, in North Africa, "tanker" bombers could be sent over Russia with rocket-armed fighter-plane protection. Major Long doubts that the United States will be able to hold air bases in Japan or Turkey or North Africa for very long. The editors of the *Freeman* disagree with him on this point. But whatever the truth may be about our ability to hold overseas air bases, the United States can not move too quickly to lessen its dependence on the unescorted B-36.

Stewart Alsop, of the team of columning Alsops, has reported that Senator Taft "now appears firmly to have embraced substantially the *Chicago Tribune* version of foreign policy" — meaning, we suppose, that he has become "isolationist" in a big way. Mr. Alsop also reports that "astute observers" see a solid Senator Taft-Senator Joe McCarthy "alliance in the making," and asks dramatically how a man of Taft's reputation for integrity could ally himself with a McCarthy. Leaving Joe McCarthy's reputation out of it for the moment, what we want to know is how Stewart Alsop can possibly read isolationism into Taft's recent utterances and record. Taft has gone along with the Lodge compromise on American divisions for Eisenhower, and he has stated publicly that he believes the United States should extend the Monroe Doctrine to western Europe. He has also called for an American declaration of war on Russia the moment a Soviet tank pokes a nose through the Iron Curtain. Is that the *Chicago Tribune* version of foreign policy? Is it "isolationism"? It seems to us that Stewart Alsop is indulging himself in a rather outsize bit of so-called "McCarthyism" on his own.

We've been applying a little arithmetic to the United States Bureau for Indian Affairs, which reportedly has one bureaucratic employee for every thirty Indians in the country. Assuming that there are at least three Indians to a family, this means one guardian on the Federal payroll for every ten Indian families. Now if each Indian Bureau employee gets an average annual pay-check of $4000 (another reasonable guess on our part), that comes to $400 per Indian family. Inasmuch as the official American philosophy of Indian-protection seems to assume that Indians must remain wards of the government in perpetuity unless they strike oil or become professional ballplayers, the $400 annual expenditure will probably go on until the last living Indian goes to the Happy Hunting Ground.

How much simpler — and how much more gratifying to those who believe Indians could be men, not wards — if every Indian family were to be presented with, say, a $4000 farm, the cost to be amortized over a ten-year stretch. If that could be brought within the ken of our philosophy of Indian-protection, the Indian question might magically disappear within a decade. This would give our children some respite amid paying for the social security we have already paid for and had stolen from us, and the professional Indian-guardians could be heaved off the public payroll and put to some useful work. . . . Alas, we know we're merely daydreaming; it's just hopelessly naive to believe a government could ever take a direct road toward solving anything that involves separating a bureaucrat from his bureau.

Every year, come March, there is a solemn announcement from Albany that the State government has graciously consented to "forgive" New York State citizens a small proportion of their income taxes. It's certainly nice to know that you have to be "forgiven" every twelve months for keeping something that belonged to you in the first place. We thank thee, dear Stalin — er, we mean dear Dewey — for your charity. And just to be nice to you in a turnabout way, we're sending you a book on the subject of semantics. No charge; we'll "forgive" you the price.

For those who believe that a government monopoly of broadcasting such as exists in Great Britain is no threat to liberty the recently published "Report of the Broadcasting Committee 1949" (Cmd 8116) provides ample food for thought. The report of the committee, presided over by Lord Beveridge, is revealing more by its implicit assumptions than by its awareness of the problem. We shall confine ourselves to quoting a few lines from one particularly significant paragraph (386): With respect to broadcasts from foreign countries it is there argued that

> In the last resort, if we do not want either political propaganda or commercial broadcasts from abroad, we may be driven to jamming, as Soviet Russia has jammed much or most of the information about the world outside which the British and American broadcasting authorities have endeavored to supply to the Russian people. . . . In dealing with broadcasts from abroad the choice may come to lie between jamming them and making bargains to keep them under control.

Where exactly is the difference between this view and the attitude of totalitarian governments?

The London correspondent for the *Baltimore Sun* comes up with the information that socialism is losing its appeal among Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates. If this is true, it is the most heartening news that the editors of the *Freeman* have heard in a blue moon. For as the mind of the undergraduate goes, so goes the nation — a decade or so later. The young Britishers who flocked to listen to Professors Harold Laski and G. D. H. Cole in the thirties created the mode that made for British Labor government socialism in the forties. Similarly, the American students who sat at the feet of Rex Tugwell and Felix Frankfurter in the twenties set the intellectual fashion which resulted in the New Dealism of 1933–40. If the same sort of political-intellectual rhythm pertains in the future, England will have a real non-socialist Conservative government by the time 1960 rolls round. We hope the British can survive their lack of proteins and the rest of their "ordeal by planning" until the advent of that happy day.

TO OUR FRIENDS IN EUROPE

We know from our mail that we have some very good friends in Europe. We know from the same source that the foreign policy ideas which have been advocated from time to time in the *Freeman* mystify some (though by no means all) of our good European friends. Victims of the sloganized thinking that emanates from more than one Washington source, these European friends seem to think it a mark of "isolationism" that:

1. We have considered it necessary, with Herbert Hoover, to stress the overwhelming importance of building up United States air and sea power;
2. We have asked that future commitments of United States troops to the defense of European soil be made in accordance with a mandatory "matching" ratio of one American division to five or six European divisions; and
3. We have talked a good deal about the need for protecting the United States flank in the Pacific by keeping Formosa out of the hands of the Communists and by helping the forces of Chiang Kai-shek to carry the war against Mao Tse-tung.

These three points that have been stressed in the *Freeman* seem to us to be based on a proper estimate of the strength of 140 million American citizens as it might be most effectively applied to the job of keeping Stalin at bay in both the eastern and western hemispheres. Since the three points cover the sea, the air and, inferentially, *all* of the continents, it is hard to see how anyone can wring a proof of "isolationism" out of them. Yet the mail bag tells us that it is possible to do so.

How to explain ourselves to our good European friends? How to prove that the main end of *Freeman* policy is to save, not merely the solitary isle of Formosa, but the interlocked civilizations of Europe and North America? Maybe the best way to begin is to make the simple and incontrovertible assertion that the earth is round. This is a fact that may not seem of prime importance to west Europeans who see an extra-huge colossus threatening them from one direction: the East. But the roundness of the globe is the only thing that has saved western Europe to date. If Stalin, following out the precepts of Lenin, did not consider himself bound to bring colonial Asia into the Communist orbit before tackling the "old" lands of capitalism, western Europe would long since have fallen to superior numbers of Red troops.

Time and again the theoreticians of Marxism-Leninism have told the activists of the Bolshevik party that the way to win the West is first to win the East. The theory has been epigrammatically formulated by Trotsky as "the law of uneven and combined development." This theory, which was Lenin's own theory before Trotsky put it into highly polished literary form, stresses the special vulnerability of capitalism's colonial domain. Put crudely, it means that historic periods can be telescoped in lands that have never developed a bourgeoisie. Lacking a strongly entrenched middle class, the colonial countries are considered ripe for quick and easy overthrow by a manufactured "proletarian" push against the remnants of ancient ruling cliques. It matters not at all that colonial nations usually have only the rudiments of an urban "proletariat." "Worker" leaders can be created out of willing dupes to provoke tenant farmers into rising against landowners; these same "worker" leaders can be set up in business as "patriots" who are against the "devils" of alleged foreign exploitation.

If the Communists are bent on fatally weakening the capitalist world by outflanking it in Asia, it follows that any action which tends to obstruct Stalin's program in Asia must give western Europe an extra breathing spell. And, since time is of the essence when it comes to rearmament, the way to give Europe the opportunity to raise and train sixty or a hundred divisions is to keep the pressure on Stalin in the Far East. Stalin can't very well switch his attention from Asia before his program is completed without putting the whole vital artery of the trans-Siberian railroad at the mercy of Western airpower based on Japan and the southern Asiatic tier.

Because the United States is a large island-continent on a round earth, it should have a rounded foreign policy appropriate to its geopolitical position on the map. Unlike France, or Denmark, or Italy, or western Germany, the United States is vulnerable to Soviet attack from either the east or the west, or from both quarters simultaneously. If the United States concentrates on Europe to the exclusion of the Far East, it can lose its Japanese and Philippine bases and see its Hanford atomic energy works blasted to rubble from Soviet forward bases seized by Red paratroopers in Alaska. If it concentrates on the Pacific to the exclusion of Europe, it can see the process reversed, with destruction coming by way of Soviet bombers based on the fields of northern Europe.

Hence the intimate strategic interconnectedness of Formosa and France, which is something that even so astute a commentator as Elmer Davis tends to miss. (It is not true, Elmer, that responsible Republicans wish to trade France for Formosa; they want to save France by using Formosa to keep Stalin tied up in the field of his major effort.)

Now, the wealth and the energies of 140 million Americans are admittedly great. But they are not so great as to be unlimited, even though many American commentators seem bent on giving just that impression to Europeans. It would take a mathematician as skilled in "Alice in Wonderland" *divertissement* as Lewis Carroll to prove that 140 million Americans constitute a larger population than the 200 million Europeans who still live outside the Iron Curtain. Even with their advanced machine-power, if 140 million Americans are to hold the anti-Communist front in the Far East (where the enemy is actually being engaged in Korea), they need considerable help from 200 million free Europeans. They also need help from whatever Chinese still actively believe in fighting the Communist enemy. Hence the *Freeman's* foreign policy. Hence our insistence that Europe raise five or six divisions to every American division marked for service on the Elbe or the Rhine. Hence our insistence upon the common-sensical project of enlisting the aid of

Chiang Kai-shek's Formosan army and his mainland guerrillas. Hence our insistence that United States air and sea power be stepped up to the point where they can give formidable support, "cover" and mobility to the soldiers of Free Europe and Free China.

It is an almost insuperably difficult job to prove the roundness of the globe to a Frenchman in Picardy or a Walloon in Belgium. After all, the inhabitants of Picardy and Belgium are dwellers on the North European plain, and this fact gives them the optical illusion of a flatness stretching all the way east to the Urals. When Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium asks a promise that the United States "will engage itself without limit" in Europe, he is speaking as a North European plain dweller who has seen two generations of Germans march in hob-nailed boots across Belgium from the east. Yet despite the fact that Belgium has been occupied by an alien power from the east during two world wars, it is today a free nation. Why? Because the island powers of England and America were able to hold the outer globe.

They did this by limiting the nature of their commitment to Europe itself, holding out sufficient reserve to make sure Germany could not win outside of Europe. British Tommies fought in Europe in World War I, but other Britishers held the sea, and it was a gifted British agent, T. E. Lawrence, who brought over the Arabs to the Allies.

It may not please continental Europeans to be told the facts of geography, but Europe itself does not control the world. Conquest of Europe by a power that can not break out of Europe into Africa, into oil-rich Arabia, or into the East Indies, must be ultimately meaningless. Europe can be a trap for a conquerer, as well as a lever.

It is precisely because Europe can be made into a trap that the United States must have a second line of battle — which means air power and sea power and enough uncommitted mobile army units to hold the line of the Mediterranean and the Middle East. Until recently, the British have understood the policy of the strong second line. They won the Napoleonic wars by maintaining their second line. Trafalgar was a second-line battle; Lord Nelson a second-line hero! The British in the Napoleonic period were maligned and cursed. To the Austrians, the Prussians, the Italians, the Spaniards, the Dutch and the Flemings, England was "Perfidious Albion." To use the lingo of modern internationalism, Britain seemed addicted to the policy of "too little and too late." It was maddening to the Europeans that Britain should refuse to raise mass conscript armies for continental use. It annoyed them no end to watch the Fabian dilatoriness of the British strategy that eventually led Napoleon to lengthen his supply lines to the breaking point in Spain and Russia. But how else could British energies have been utilized for eventual victory? The proof of the pudding was in the post-1814 victory period: England had not only saved Europe from Napoleon; it had also saved out enough energy to create an international economic system that gave the western world the most truly liberal century it has ever known.

Despite the lessons of their own past, the British make the same mistake as the continental Europeans when they try to advise the United States on foreign policy matters. Under the Attlee policy of transforming imperial-minded Britain into an island Sweden, the British are losing their old military instincts. Even more than the continental Europeans, the British seem to want to cut and run in the Far East. They are willing to give Formosa to the Communists under the illusion that they are thus saving Kenya and Gibraltar. They are willing to chaffer for a few pounds by letting the sinews of war flow to Mao Tse-tung through Hongkong. They do not seem to care that Hongkong must fall if Formosa falls: one island off the Chinese coast must go the way of the other. And what if Formosa and Hongkong go to the Communists? Will this lessen the pressure on Singapore and India? And if Singapore and India go, what about Australia and New Zealand? What about Iran and Arabia? What about Kenya? Can not the British see that Stalin will be able to turn all his energies to conquest of the West once he no longer has to worry about the East?

The American people might complain, with some justice, that the European members of the UN are letting the United States down in Korea. The vast bulk of the 400,000-man UN army in Korea consists of Americans and South Koreans. It has cost the United States some 20 billion dollars to date to fight Stalin's North Korean and Red Chinese stooges on the Korean peninsula. American casualties in Korea now total some 50,000; the other casualties among the UN forces, as last announced, were a meager 2785!

But if complaints can justly be made that Europe is not holding up its end in the Korean theater, the *Freeman* would be willing to forget the whole matter on one condition: that western Europe get to work organizing an army capable of deterring Stalin in Europe while the United States fights him in Asia. It takes a big bridge of ships, plus some 800,000 men organized in services of supply, transportation, communications and so on, to keep a small army at fighting peak in Korea. If America is also expected to supply the bulk of the soldiers needed to hold Europe as well as Korea, just think of the extra men that must be tied up in supply and transport to support them! No doubt 140 million Americans can do a lot toward providing both soldiers and transport for Europe as well as for Korea. But at what cost to the proper utilization of American factory power to turn out planes, warships, rockets, atomic bombs and all the other paraphernalia of war that would make Europe's own soldiers doubly, nay trebly, effective against the hordes of Stalin? Europeans can hardly have it both ways: if they insist on masses of American men to defend Europeans in Europe, they must forego a perhaps critical amount of the strength that could be had out of full use of the American machines.

Since the Communists have succeeded in debauching both words and arithmetic to the point where virtually nobody can react to them any more, this editorial addressed to our European friends may or may not reach its mark. But we like to think that words can still be refurbished and that figures can still be made to convey a message of truth. We would like to hear from Europeans who read this editorial; their comments might help us better to explain ourselves, or to change our thinking if there are some relevant points that we have overlooked. Anyway, we have done our best to explain our way of thinking, and we hope there will be no more complaints about "isolationism" when the *Freeman* is above all concerned with cheating Stalin of his intended European prey.

THE XXII AMENDMENT

When the Twenty-second Amendment went into effect on February 26, there was formally embodied in the Constitution a provision that had been part of our unwritten and unbroken political tradition during the whole century and a half between the period when the Constitution was adopted in 1788 and when Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected to a third term in 1940.

As so often happens, not until this tradition was violated were its value and necessity adequately recognized. The reasons for it were not fully understood by either of Roosevelt's Republican opponents when he ran, successively, for his third and his fourth term. Neither Wendell Willkie nor Governor Dewey presented the real case against more than two terms for any President. It was not merely that George Washington had set a precedent by refusing a third term. It was not merely that the precedent had since then been unbroken. And it was not merely to "give somebody else a chance" — as if the presidency were a prize to be distributed among as many individuals as possible.

The real reasons went much deeper. Probably the most important is that the President in office, through his power of appointment and removal, in effect controls the votes of the overwhelming majority of officeholders, and the votes of this group and their families are the determining factor in swinging an otherwise close election. (If, for example, we deduct the presumptive Federal officeholder vote from Roosevelt's popular majority in 1944, we get an actual majority for Dewey.)

There are many factors in addition to this. One of them is the tremendous prestige and authority of the Presidential office itself; the power of the incumbent to command the front pages of the newspapers and the radio channels for any statement he cares to make or any version of the facts he cares to promulgate; and the use of almost the whole articulate Federal bureaucracy as at least part-time apologists and publicity agents for his own Administration. The incumbent is able to campaign in a much more effective manner than his opponent. He may command national radio hook-ups free of charge for "nonpartisan" speeches as President. In the midst of an election campaign he may make dramatic "inspection" tours of war plants, or hold spectacular conferences as "commander-in-chief" with the top general in the field in war time.

Finally, he can help to create the myth of the "indispensable man," build up a constant atmosphere of crisis, control the nominating convention, and argue that a time of crisis is no time for a change and that his hand will be weakened in negotiating with foreign countries if there is even a suspicion that he may be supplanted by someone else.

Therefore the ratification of the Twenty-second Amendment has made and will make a profound change in the political atmosphere. Its ratification is also in itself a symptom that a marked change in the political atmosphere had already taken place. From this standpoint the "box score" on ratifications is impressive. The amendment as passed by Congress was submitted to the States on March 24, 1947. In the next two months it was ratified by eighteen State legislatures, practically all Republican. The Democrats would have nothing to do with it because they felt it was in effect a slur on the memory of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

There were no more ratifications until 1948, and in that year there were only three, two of them, however, Southern Democratic — Virginia and Mississippi. In the whole of 1949 there were only two more ratifications; in the whole of 1950 only one. The proposed amendment seemed about to become a dead letter. But then came the Korean episode, the 1950 elections, the draft, enormous budgets, the price-fixing mess, the RFC scandals. When the State legislatures met this year things happened fast. Before two months were up the twelve ratifications still necessary for enactment had been secured.

There is a curious irony about this amendment. On paper, only one person in the United States is exempted from its provisions — Harry S. Truman. Technically, he could still continue to run for President for the rest of his life. Yet *practically*, Harry S. Truman is the one person whom the amendment affects *most*. His nomination for a third term would violate the principle that has now been explicitly embodied in our basic law. And therefore that nomination has become, psychologically and politically, all but impossible. The effects of this are already noticeable in the new freedom with which Congressional committees under Democratic leadership are beginning to expose the corruption among Truman appointees.

For the paradox of the new amendment is that, though President Truman is the one man exempted from its provisions, it is clearly the resentments and fears raised by his Administration (among both Republicans and Democrats) that were mainly responsible for the rush of legislative ratifications this January and February. And this situation has encouraged at least one member of Congress, Representative Frederic R. Coudert, Jr. of New York, to go a step further, and to introduce a resolution for a constitutional amendment that would authorize the Congress, by a concurrent resolution and on a two-thirds vote of lack of confidence in the President, either to compel the resignation of the President or to force a national election for both President and Congress within forty days.

Readers of the *Freeman* will recall that we have repeatedly urged precisely an amendment of this type. As Mr. Coudert declares: "Some such action as this is made necessary by the enormous growth of the power of the Presidency and the corresponding decline of Congress."

But Mr. Coudert's amendment (in spite of the fact that like the Twenty-second Amendment it specifically exempts Mr. Truman from its provisions) will probably face both indifference and determined hostility. Representative Emanuel Celler of New York, for example, has openly promised to abuse his accidental power as chairman of the Judiciary Committee by declaring: "I am going to push [this proposal] into a hole and bury it so deep that it will never see the light of day."

Therefore we hope Mr. Coudert and other members of Congress will not be discouraged, but will proceed to offer still another amendment, to make the amending process itself less time-consuming and cumbrous. The most promising method is that already in use in Australia, where constitutional amendments can be submitted to a simultaneous direct vote of the people, and are carried if approved by a majority of all the voters as well as a majority of the States.

EXPLAINING THE INEXPLICABLE

During the decades since President Lincoln, in the sorrow of a great heart, wrote eloquent words of sympathy to mothers whose sons had died to save the Union, letters from high officials to "little people" have been degraded into a convenient device for putting over government propaganda. The theory evidently is that all the other "little people" will be flattered and reassured by so much condescension to one of them. But the use of such a propaganda technique in this country shows how far we have got away from the idea that high officials are the servants of the sovereign people.

Joseph Stalin has a "little" correspondent. His name is Ivan Ivanov, and he is the Soviet analogue of the faceless American known as John Doe. And Dean Acheson has now elaborated on the technique by addressing a dithyramb to the father of a disgruntled young marine, fuzzing up our foreign policy with generalities about American decency and duty in answer to the son's suggestion that it was perhaps a bit fouled up.

This young man is no John Doe. He has a real name, and his face has appeared in the press. He is Corporal John B. Moullette, stationed at Camp Pendleton, California. And his father, Clarence E. Moullette, to whom he confided his misgivings, is reported to be assistant to the Mayor of Camden, N. J. Mr. Moullette sent his son's letter to the Secretary of State, along with one of his own — an incoherent endorsement of the Truman-Acheson muddle in which the highlight was his bracketing the late true patriot, James Forrestal, with the convicted perjuror, Alger Hiss, as "earnest Americans of good understanding."

Now, why should one look with a jaundiced eye upon the double-distilled idealism to which this neat triple play — dutifully reported on the front pages — has treated the fathers and mothers of all those American soldiers who have paid or may pay with their lives for the mess that Truman and Acheson have made of our foreign affairs? The answer is, because of internal evidence warranting suspicion of Mr. Acheson's motives.

First, there is the curious fact that the corporal's reason for resenting his recall to service appeared to be the fact that the UN did not admit Communist China to membership and settle "at the round table" the "problem of Red China *vs.* the world." Possibly the corporal did not follow the reports from Lake Success during the time when the UN was vainly attempting to get Red China to agree to a proposed "cease-fire" order which practically conceded in advance precisely what he demands. Possibly, too, if he were at the fighting front he would not feel that Communist China should be so handsomely rewarded by the UN for having killed or wounded some 50,000 of his buddies in a war of sheer aggression.

Far stranger than Corporal Moullette's attitude, however, is that of Secretary Acheson. He managed to write a letter which filled almost a column and a quarter in the *New York Times*, without once mentioning Communist China by name. He might have informed the young man that it is not customary to extend diplomatic recognition to the enemy, admit him to your council table and ask what you can do for him, while his armies are engaged in an unprovoked attack on your own forces. But of course he had practically done just that by acceding to the "cease fire" proposal. He did not even remind Corporal Moullette that the fighting to which he objected was started by Communist China, that it was being continued by Communist China, and that the nameless aggressor of which the Secretary spoke in justifying the Korean war was — Communist China, spurred on and aided by the Soviet Union.

As peculiar as this omission was Mr. Acheson's statement that:

> The heroic sacrifices which are now being made in Korea may enable the world to pass through this time of hostility and tension without the catastrophe, the greater destruction and the immeasurably greater sacrifices of a world conflict.

Does Mr. Acheson regard the American forces in Korea as expendables and the Korean war, which has already cost the American people $20 billion and 50,000 casualties, as a mere holding operation? If so, for what purpose? General MacArthur has said that the Korean war threatens to become a stalemate unless "vital decisions" are made —

> decisions far beyond the scope of the authority vested in me as the military commander, decisions which . . . must provide on the highest international levels an answer to the obscurities which now becloud the unsolved problems raised by Red China's undeclared war in Korea.

This statement was universally, and we think correctly, interpreted to mean that there would be a stalemate in Korea unless the UN decided to give strategic meaning to that war by fighting the aggressor where it would hurt — at his bases in Manchuria and on his exposed flank, the Chinese mainland, now protected by the American Seventh Fleet from Free Chinese attacks. The General's stalemate is Mr. Acheson's holding operation. Does a stalemate in Korea make sense? Then neither does a mere holding operation. To what purpose, then, are we pouring out our blood and treasure?

The Administration has lately done everything in its power to divert public attention from our forgotten men in Korea to its plans for "European defense." Does Mr. Acheson really expect that by "holding" in Korea we can build up a force in Europe so strong that we can eventually withdraw from Korea, turn Asia over to communism, and still prevent the catastrophe of a world war? From his failure to link Red China explicitly with its Soviet masters, from his talk about "holding" in Korea, and from the all-important fact that Formosa is still on the UN agenda where he put it; from all these facts it is fair to ask whether he still hopes to put over the fiction of an independent "Titoist" China, to recognize it and see it admitted to the UN, and to turn over Formosa to a UN protectorate — a sure invitation to Communist invasion.

And what about America's position in the Pacific? What about exposing the continental United States to Soviet aggression from Siberia? As we showed in our issue of December 11 ("The Case Against Acheson") it is hard to reconcile American interests with Mr. Acheson's actual foreign policy, for all his wordy lip-service to American ideals. It is his obvious failure to protect American interests which has created our present sinister predicament. If one may judge from this letter, that failure may be expected to continue.

THE B-36 IS A TANKER

By HAMILTON A. LONG

THE FALLACIES and falsities in the propaganda in support of the B-36 need to be exposed. The policy of silence about its inadequacies must end. Official, published Air Force information — if properly correlated and evaluated — reveals the truth: the B-36 is just a tanker. The Kremlin knows. The American people and Congress should know.

The question is this: In a Russo-American war, can the B-36 (or any other bomber, for that matter) make "effective delivery" of bombs against Russian targets: bombs in such quantity, against so many targets of such basic importance militarily, and so continuously, as to impair gravely Russia's capacity and will to carry on the war?

The critical importance of the question is due partly to the fact that Russia's atomic bombs can prevent the landing of an American army in Europe. This was admitted by Generals Bradley and Collins, top military officials, in the 1949 Hearings of the House Armed Services Committee regarding the B-36, and later confirmed in effect by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. America's atomic bombs can likewise prevent a Russian army from landing in North America.

What about air operations? Air defense techniques now available — to Russia as well as to America — permit blocking of long-range bombers operating without fighter-escort, as the distances are too vast for fighters to accompany them. Our best jet fighters' combat radius is only about 1000 miles. The lack of fighter-escort means that Soviet fighters would control the skies over Russia and the adjacent seas and territories. This dooms our bombers. In Air Force circles, it is axiomatic that "You can't transport anything through the air unless your fighter planes control it" — as Air Force Secretary Symington said in September 1948.

What are these effective air-defense techniques? They are related to the four phases of air defense: detection, trailing, getting into attack-position, attacking effectively. The following discussion of these four phases, in this order, will deal primarily with a trans-Arctic mission taking off from bases in the United States; but the factors — especially lack of escort — would be much the same even if the bases were as near Russia as West Germany.

The bases could not be that near, of course, because the Soviet air force, aided by local Communist traitors, can destroy all hostile big airbases in Eurasia on the first day of war, and can quickly neutralize, at best, those in the British Isles — reportedly admitted by Britain's military leaders to be indefensible against the V-2 rocket alone — and likewise those in Japan. Any big bases in North Africa would be easily and quickly destroyed by air attack and sabotage.

The first phase, detection of the bombers, would find the Kremlin aided by spies in the United States who would send word, by clandestine radio and otherwise, of the bombers' take-off. Once the bombers are over the Polar region, perhaps even over Arctic Canada, the Russian air-warning net, including radar, must be expected to begin to operate. If in the nightless summer, which the Kremlin would surely choose for starting the war, daylight conditions would facilitate detection. High-flying bombers' vapor-trails are visible to the eye for 100 miles, stretching from horizon to horizon. There and lower, in the cloud or "weather" area, radar would reveal them.

Just before starting the war, Russia would surely establish numerous eye-spotter and radar ground-stations (on land or ice) in the Arctic region — even on our side of the North Pole; and perhaps even in the wilds of Arctic Canada. Strings of such stations would, of course, be operating in Russia also, to warn of attack not only from across the Arctic but from the West (Europe-North Africa) and the East (Japan).

The Russians can be expected, furthermore, to adopt the suggestion made by AF General George Kenney in 1947, while head of the AF Strategic Command. This is to have a string of radar-patrol planes, using the big-bomber type carrying powerful radar. Speaking of patrolling the Alaska-Canada region, Kenney said: "A handful of very long-range planes like the new B-36 could do the job with radar search equipment." High-flying planes, paired with low-flying ones, would double the protection. Airborne radar worked well in World War II. These Russian patrol-planes would be encountered perhaps over Arctic Canada; certainly over the Polar region and long before the Russian coast was approached.

Russia now has an effective radar-warning net. As long ago as 1948 Wesley Price reported in the *Saturday Evening Post* the existence of a steadily operating Russian radar-warning system "from the sub-Arctic to the Black Sea." In December 1950 Dr. Vannevar Bush said that in the past five years "Russia has been building her radar network." Her scientists were in the forefront of scientific development of radar, having produced the first scientific paper on the multi-cavity magnetron, the heart of radar, according to a reliable report; and she has had years of aid from the Germans, who operated an effective radar-warning system during the war. It is suicidal folly to underrate the Russians in this regard.

There is believed to be no sound reason for assuming that the Arctic conditions producing the Northern Lights will bar radar-work so as to prevent effective radar-detection of our bombers. After such timely detection, Russian patrol-planes will trail our bombers until radar-equipped interceptor-fighters — summoned by radio — arrive. There will be no need for radio-silence, of course. Ground-stations will aid in this trailing phase, too. The bombers can not hide or escape.

This second-phase trailing operation and the third phase — getting the fighters into position to attack —

will be aided by the vast distances involved. Note some sample approximate figures en route from Kansas City via the North Pole to Sverdlovsk, in the heart of the Urals industrial region: to the Arctic Circle, 2000 miles; to the Pole, 1500 more; another 1500 to the Russian coast; and almost another 1000 to Sverdlovsk. En route there are possible sites for fighter bases on the big island, Novaya Zemlya — 1500 miles from Sverdlovsk — and on Franz Josef Land (islands), 2000 miles from that city. Further west, it is 600 miles from Archangel to Moscow and 600 from Murmansk to Leningrad; this being only the northern strip of Russia, which extends southward for further vast distances.

For the slowpoke B-36 these distances represent *hours upon hours* of the threat of momentary destruction. Its average long-range mission speed is about 250 miles per hour, the jet boosters permitting only a few very short bursts of about 400 miles per hour — not half the speed of the supersonic jet fighters. This danger exists when the plane goes in to target — then, if it is miraculously spared, when it comes away. Our B-36s, now totaling about 60 and to be increased to no more than 200 or so, would be disastrously outnumbered — perhaps 25 to one, or even 100 to one. Contributing to disaster would be the huge size of the Russian defender-force, the ease with which high-speed fighters (to intercept the bombers) can be assembled from distant bases at a desired point, and the fact that our few bombers would have to be sent in small mission-groups of a dozen or less, in order to avoid putting too many eggs into one basket. The fighters will have ample time to take attack-position long before the bombers even reach the Russian coast.

The fallacy, or falsity, formerly propagated by the Big Bomber Bombast Boys (Air Force leaders and others), that fighters can not operate effectively at bombers' high altitude, was exploded in the 1949 Hearings. Air Force Generals Spaatz, Kenney and LeMay admitted that this was a phony argument in behalf of the B-36.

Russian interceptor-fighters are of the finest. Besides their own first-class skill and facilities, the Russians have now been aided for years by German technical and operating personnel and the equipment captured from German factories. They are perhaps far ahead of us. Even our much-touted supersonic plane, the Bell X-1, was "nothing but a 'beefed-up' copy" of a captured German wartime plane brought to this country in 1945 in an Army C-54 cargo plane, as admitted by our Air Force leaders in 1948 according to reliable press reports. In 1947 General LeMay, now head of our Strategic Air Force, admitted: "We are more than ten years behind Russia in aeronautic research and developments." He had earlier admitted that the Germans were fifteen years ahead of us in fundamental research in 1945.

It is absurd to assume that the Soviet fighters can not take and maintain the attack position regardless of the bombers' altitude or any other factor. Our Air Force's own wartime experience proves that, under these conditions, the unescorted bombers are doomed during the *hours upon hours* of fighter-attack, going in to the target alone — doubly so coming out. A 1945 report of the Air Force Evaluation Board,[1] for example, concluded that once fighters closed in on a bomber it was as good as gone unless they missed or broke off the attack. The danger to the bomber, it found, was measured primarily by whether fighters would intercept. Once interception was made, the bomber losses were almost directly proportional to the period of sustained fighter attack.

In the engagements on which this report was based, the fighters were equipped merely with guns, whereas the Russian fighters will have rockets far outranging the guns of the bombers, leaving the latter utterly helpless. Even the crude rockets first used by German fighters in 1943 against our unescorted bombers on daylight missions over Germany were deadly. The bomber losses rose until, in one October raid, they were about 20 per cent. This disastrous development forced the complete abandonment of unescorted daylight missions, as admitted by the official history of the Air Force.[2]

Vastly improved rockets are now available. In 1949 General J. T. McNarney, then head of the Air Force Matériel Command, announced that there were then available for bomber interception, to be launched from fighter planes,

> . . . air-to-air missiles [rockets] which could be launched under their own rocket power at supersonic speeds to targets several miles away. By means of a radar homing device within the missiles they will track down the enemy [bombers], even in evasive action, and, by means of proximity fuses, they will be detonated when within lethal range of the enemy [bombers].

Fired from just beyond a bomber's gun range, rockets even without these devices will be fatal; with these devices they will do their deadly work even when fired from miles away. There are types of "homing" device other than the radar type — for example, the thermal variety which seeks heat and heads for the bombers' engines. No effective defense is now available against air-to-air rockets so equipped; and it is believed that none is likely in the foreseeable future.

There is every reason to assume that Russia is ready to use such rockets. The Russians and Germans have been far ahead of us in the rocket field; witness the V-2. Bombers can not use rockets effectively, moreover, because when fired cross-wind (any way except straight forward or rearward) they "weathercock" — turn into the wind made by the bombers' high speed. Fighters will always attack so as not to be exposed in such front or rear position if bombers are ever armed with rockets. Even the Russian patrol planes could, however, use such rockets effectively against the bombers.

Under these conditions the doom of the bombers is double-sealed by the wall of fire they will encounter in key target areas, where shells and rockets — equipped with homing devices and proximity fuses — will be used by ground defenses. Some U. S. military authorities have conceded that if Germany had had the proximity fuse alone, she could probably have denied the German skies to our bombers in World War II. The Russians have it; just as they have our super-secret self-aiming anti-aircraft gun — a sample having been shipped to Russia by the U. S. Army in 1944, according to a reliable report.

Other grave handicaps will beset the bombers' attempt to make "effective delivery." For example, the under-

[1] "Eighth Air Force Tactical Development," 1945; as commented on in an article by Col. Dale O. Smith in AF Air University *Quarterly Review* (reprinted in *Flying*, Feb. 1949).

[2] "The Army Air Force in World War II": 1949, V. 2, p. 704.

ground installations of the Russians; effective camouflage (like the undetected German wartime factory with a small forest growing on its roof); and lack of photographically made air-maps of Russia giving precise locations of targets or even of key target areas, like cities. Such maps are essential to effective bombing; especially since the bombers — under deadly attack all the while and very limited in fuel supply — would have no time to cruise around looking for the target.

Bomber attacks in darkness — when and where darkness might exist — would not offer any substantial advantage of added secrecy because the Russian radar-warning net and radar-equipped planes can operate effectively at night, in all weather. In the 1949 Hearings, General Kenney stated incorrectly that there was not in existence anywhere a radar-equipped fighter plane capable of operating at night at bomber altitudes (over 40,000 feet). He based this erroneous assumption on the fact that the Air Force had, through gross negligence, failed to develop such a plane — of critical importance to national defense — although the Navy then had one in operation, as Navy officers later testified in the same Hearings. There is every reason to assume that the Russians, too, then had one, developed with the aid of the Germans who had effective radar-equipped night-fighters in the war; and it is conceded that the Russians now have such a plane.

This makes of controlling significance General Kenney's 1949 testimony that the necessarily unescorted B-36 was then fit only for night missions (ruling out entirely any trans-Arctic mission in the nightless summer months) and that "If they get a night fighter with a search radar that can operate at 40,000 feet, the B-36 will become a tanker." The Navy then had such a plane. The Air Force now has one, as admitted by Air Force Secretary Finletter on January 29, 1951. The Russians certainly have one now. The B-36 *is* just a tanker.

From the foregoing facts alone, it is obvious that the short-range bombing missions of World War II — for instance, between Britain and Germany — can not be soundly compared with vastly longer bombing missions in any Soviet-American war. Even during the last war, moreover, the Air Force saying, "Some bombers will always get through," was misleading. It was a half-truth at best because of the unbearably high loss-rate for unescorted bombers when the Germans' use of rockets forced abandonment of daylight bomber missions, as we have seen.

When General Vandenberg employed this fallacy ("Some bombers will always get through") in the 1949 Hearings, a committee member accused him of telling "only half the truth," and brought out the crucial fact of unbearable loss-rate, citing the Air Force's own official wartime history.[3] Yet General Vandenberg continues to deal in this misleading half-truth, and in other respects to falsify the picture regarding the vulnerability of our unescorted bombers — as in his article in the *Saturday Evening Post* of February 17, ironically entitled "The Truth About Our Air Power."

In this article he asserted that the B-36 has the "ability to deliver the bomb anywhere in the world," yet made no mention of the key factors which would prevent this. In discussing the B-36, he never so much as mentioned the fighters' air-to-air rockets — equipped with "homing" devices and proximity fuses — nor even those used by the Germans in 1943 and undoubtedly improved upon by the Russians.

The General also made the shocking admission that the Air Force does not even hope — despite maximum defenses — to be able to stop over 30 per cent of Russia's bombers; and that it would not be ready to achieve even this score now, in case of attack by Russia's one-way bombers (numbering hundreds, he said) which can attack U. S. targets at any time. In other words, our Air Force leaders appear resigned to seeing seven out of ten Soviet bombers get through to destroy seven out of ten Kremlin-selected cities, atomic bomb plants, B-36 bases, ports or other targets.

This figure of 30 per cent, the General said, assumed that Russia would send 100 bombers on a single mission. This Russia could do repeatedly because it has hundreds of bombers. Yet, by his own rule, our sixty B-36s today could *not* be as effective as a single Soviet mission, even if all of them went in one raid on Russia. He admitted, moreover, that a mission of only a few Soviet bombers — half a dozen or so — could be knocked down; which means, necessarily, that he knows the B-36s in small-group missions could not get through to Russian targets even if Russia's air-defenses were as inadequate as ours under his inadequate leadership. His figure of 100 bombers in a single mission pertains to the supposedly effective cross-fire of bombers' guns; but fighters equipped with rockets will make these guns useless.

These faults in General Vandenberg's article are matched by his exaggeration — to the point of gross misrepresentation — of the difficulties that impede our establishing an adequate radar-warning network for North America. He never mentioned the key role which can be played by airborne radar.

Vandenberg and his co-leaders of the Air Force have been trapped by their own web of fallacies and falsities into admitting their own incompetence and the bankruptcy of our air defense. Their default is General Bradley's by adoption because he has joined in propagating their fallacy that "Some bombers will get through," as he stated on January 22, 1951 in testifying before a Congressional committee.

America can and should — indeed, must — have an adequate air-defense system in North America, consisting of defense-in-depth arrangement of a radar-warning network (ground stations and air-patrols) and of operating fighter fields. America's defense set-up must at least match Russia's. This can be done by employing in Alaska and Canada (with Canada's cooperation) the radar and fighter facilities to be created in future, as well as those which the Air Force now has distributed all around the world — sheer waste as far as America's genuine defense is concerned. And the cost would not be as great as that of the present waste.

After the 1949 Hearings the Committee ignored the question of the B-36's capability. In its 1950 report, it merely stated that each of the Armed Services should decide on the merit of its own weapons. It said this despite the convincing factual case presented against the

[3] Record of Hearings, House Armed Services Committee: Oct. 1949, p. 464.

B-36, and also despite the fact that, soon after the Hearings had ended, General Collins, speaking as Army Chief of Staff, admitted that the United States could not wage intercontinental war with existing weapons (including the B-36). This meant, he said later, that overseas bases would be needed *to provide fighter escort* and refueling for the B-36s; regarding which he said the Joint Chiefs of Staff were "in accord."

This statement was confirmed by General Bradley's testimony on January 22, 1951 that, in case of attack:

> The *initial* retaliation against an enemy by *strategic bombing* will be provided *if* the air power and the necessary Army and Navy support *to seize and hold the bases* from which to operate, are in our hands the moment an emergency arises. [Italics mine.]

In other words, Bradley and Collins and the other leaders of the Armed Forces know that unescorted bombers can not make "effective delivery." Yet they continue to help befuddle the people and Congress about the B-36 — to help build up within the defense establishment a colossal B-36 empire which is a fraud militarily, a bankrupting process for the nation's economy.

As any sensible citizen can see from the foregoing facts alone, the "mystery" cloaking the B-36's inadequacies as a bomber is fooling only the American people — not the Kremlin. These facts lead inexorably to this conclusion: The B-36, as a bomber, is America's one-way flying coffin, capable of making "effective delivery" only of the corpses of its suicide-mission crew members.

GREAT DEBATE—SOVIET STYLE

By PIERRE FAILLANT *and* ROBERT DONLEVIN

Paris

THE ALMOST simultaneous disappearance of former Czechoslovak Foreign Minister Vladimir Clementis and the opening of an important schism in the Italian Communist Party had a direct bearing on Kremlin plans for a mid-April offensive in Yugoslavia and Italy, according to information gathered here from reliable Swiss, Italian and Czech émigré sources.

The first inkling of the schism in the Italian Communist Party came on January 28, when two Communist Deputies, Valdo Magnani and Aldo Cucchi, announced their resignations. Both men were party stalwarts and had just recently returned from trips to Moscow and Warsaw respectively, where they went to get the latest word on the tactics to be employed by the Kremlin in case of a general conflict.

Cucchi and Magnani knew that over a year ago a Soviet People's Commissar named Ciantek and a group of twenty-odd deputies had been assigned to the "urgent" mission of organizing new cells of saboteurs in Italy and the rest of western Europe. Cucchi and Magnani were to assume leading roles in these sabotage groups, whose membership was drawn from the Association of Former Italian Partisans, veterans of the wartime anti-Fascist maquis in Italy, in which the two Deputies had played important parts.

In the event of war this fifth column of several hundred thousand militant Communists were to have two main missions: 1) the cutting of communications between Rome and Milan, Italy and Austria, and Italy and Yugoslavia; and 2) the reception of "volunteer" Communist parachute brigades which would be dropped in Italy as well as in Yugoslavia to conduct guerrilla warfare.

On their trips behind the Iron Curtain, Magnani and Cucchi learned that war was considered inevitable by a certain number of members of the Politburo because of the present critical situation in the satellite countries and the determination of the West to rearm. According to the line of reasoning followed by this faction, a delay of even one year would be fatal to a rapid and certain Communist victory, whereas an attack this spring would find the West still incapable of defending itself, and military success would have the usual salutary effect of consolidating the regime, especially in the restless satellite states.

Our informants also reported that another Politburo clique now opposes this line of action for three reasons: 1) the West's superiority in atomic weapons; 2) when Magnani and Cucchi resigned from the Communist Party they took with them between 150,000 and 200,000 followers — militant Communists who were the main body of the party's carefully set up sabotage organization; and 3) certain deviationist defections from the Czechoslovak Communist Party.

The eagerness with which a number of Italian Communists awaited the arrival of the Red Army in Yugoslavia and of the "volunteer" parachute partisans in Italy to help force the installation of a Communist regime in Rome, had disturbed Magnani and Cucchi, although they did not believe the menace was real. Behind the Iron Curtain, however, they got both confirmation of the Kremlin's timetable for a mid-April offensive and an unpleasant preview of what life would be like in a Communist Italy. They also learned that Clementis was in contact with several Czechoslovak "nationalist" Communists who were said to be supported by the Politburo faction who fear war.

Clementis intended to warn these Communists having "nationalist" tendencies, in both the satellite and Western nations, of the Kremlin's plan for war. His arrest by Stalin's puppets in Prague (if the report is true) was no doubt timed to prevent this action.

EASTWARD, HO!

A Soviet basketball team came to Shanghai and, imposing on the "brotherly" Chinese team its own rules and referees, easily won all the games. Whereupon, one may assume, the defeated players of the liberated "new China" immediately dispatched a message of thanks to their beloved leader Stalin.

India's Prime Minister Nehru is still very busy trying to convince the Chinese Communists that they are not Communists.

Albania has joined the rest of the "people's democracies" and adopted a "peace law." From now on any Albanian who doubts that the Chinese fighting in Korea are volunteers will be branded a warmonger and hanged. ARGUS

THOMAS MANN'S LEFT HAND

By EUGENE TILLINGER

THE RANKS of the intellectuals who sign every Communist-inspired manifesto and join every Moscow propaganda front are growing sparser. But Thomas Mann is still in the vanguard of this curious parade. With amazing consistency he continues to back every Stalinist organization that carries the word "peace" in its title.

The eminent German novelist — now an American citizen and a resident of California — sponsored the Win the Peace group in 1946. In 1948 he was chairman of the Conference for Peace. In 1949 he not only endorsed the Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace held at the Waldorf-Astoria, but denounced "the machinations aimed at discrediting" this party-line assembly. Now Thomas Mann is backing the newly formed American Peace Crusade, along with Paul Robeson, Howard Fast, Rockwell Kent, Elmer Benson, National Chairman of the Progressive Party, and such leaders of Communist-dominated unions as Ben Gold, Abram Flaxer and Hugh Bryson. The initial statement of this group calls for the withdrawal of American troops from Korea, an end to war in the Far East and to the armaments race, and "recognition of the right of the Chinese People's Republic to representation in the UN."

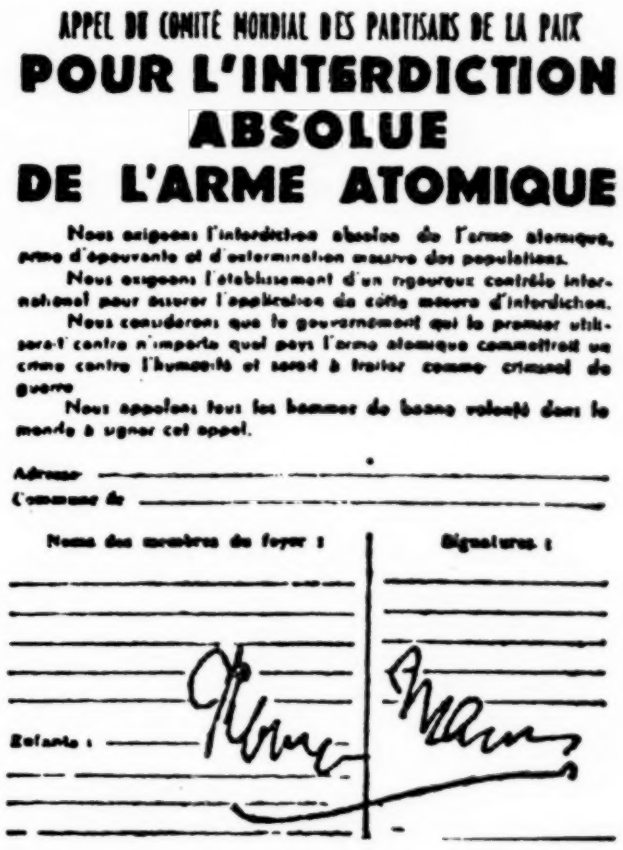
Thus the author of "The Magic Mountain," who has emphasized that "Anti-Bolshevism is the fundamental folly of our time," further deepens his own moral eclipse. The American press has paid little attention to certain pronouncements made by Thomas Mann in lectures and interviews, mostly abroad. But the Moscow propaganda machine has played them up to the full. The least that can be said of them is that they were just what the Kremlin publicists were looking for.

A few months ago it appeared that Thomas Mann, in the seclusion of his ivory tower in Santa Monica, felt a bit uneasy about some of his pro-Soviet statements. His denial that he had ever signed the so-called Stockholm Peace Appeal was carried in a United Press dispatch from Los Angeles, dated October 31, 1950. He declared: "I have never signed the Stockholm Peace Appeal, even if this is erroneously so often stated." And he added: "I heard about this assertion only comparatively late, because I traveled around the whole summer. Then, when I learned about it, I didn't deny it because it was too late and because I have always been for peace."

Dr. Mann's reference to the "assertion" that he had signed the Stockholm Appeal is vague, but this writer can refresh his memory. On May 18, 1950, the French weekly *Les Lettres Françaises* published an exclusive interview with Thomas Mann on its front page, under a screaming three-column headline. *Les Lettres Françaises* is not an obscure literary periodical; it is the French Communist Party's official organ in the cultural field. Its publisher, Claude Morgan, who interviewed Dr. Mann, is one of the foremost French Stalinist intellectuals. In granting this exclusive interview Thomas Mann must have been well aware with whom he was speaking — the more so because Morgan began by bringing him the greetings of the World Committee of the Partisans of Peace.

"Why did you sign the Stockholm Appeal?" Morgan asked.

Answered Thomas Mann: "I signed the Stockholm Appeal because I support every movement whose goal is to further peace. In an atomic war, I am convinced, there will be neither victor nor loser, but the world will suffer general destruction. For that reason I have signed. I think I have [thus] acted in the interest of my new fatherland, America. . . ."


APPEL DU COMITÉ MONDIAL DES PARTISANS DE LA PAIX

POUR L'INTERDICTION ABSOLUE DE L'ARME ATOMIQUE

Nous exigeons l'interdiction absolue de l'arme atomique, cette épouvante et d'extermination massive des populations.

Nous exigeons l'établissement d'un rigoureux contrôle international pour assurer l'application de cette mesure d'interdiction.

Nous considérons que le gouvernement qui le premier utiliserait contre n'importe quel pays l'arme atomique commettrait un crime contre l'humanité et serait à traiter comme criminel de guerre.

Nous appelons tous les hommes de bonne volonté dans le monde à signer cet appel.

Adresse

Commune de

Noms des membres du foyer : | Signatures :

Enfants :

Another interview, in the French Communist-front periodical *Droit et Liberté* (May 25, 1950), quotes Thomas Mann as saying: "We must save the peace; this today is the most important thing. Therefore the movement for peace that started in Stockholm should be heartily welcomed." This article emphasizes the fact that "the night before this interview was granted, Thomas Mann had signed the Stockholm Appeal."

The entire Communist press of Europe, inside and outside the Iron Curtain, featured excerpts from Dr. Mann's interview with Claude Morgan. It seems, therefore, rather strange

that Mann, traveling in Europe at the very same time, should not have been aware of these "allegations." For instance, the Berlin Communist paper, *BZ am Abend*, reprinted the complete interview on May 23. The German Communist press service, DPA, quoted from *Les Lettres Françaises* and commented:

> Thus Thomas Mann publicly acknowledged . . . during his stay in Paris that he had put his signature on the Stockholm Appeal to ban the atom bomb. . . .

But by far the most devastating blow to Thomas Mann's "denial" was the reproduction by the French Communist press of his original signature on the official sheet of the World Committee of Partisans of Peace for the Absolute Prohibition of Atomic Weapons. Special leaflets bearing Mann's signature were circulated in France in order to get other signatures for the Stockholm Appeal (see photostatic copy reproduced with this article). The Berlin anti-Communist daily, *Tages-Spiegel*, on December 17 commented ironically that perhaps Thomas Mann had given his signature under the impression that he was dealing with innocent autograph hunters.

So much for Thomas Mann's "denial" number one. Now, let's look at his "denial" number two. On November 18, 1950, the German Communist paper, *Neues Deutschland*, reported that Thomas Mann had been elected to the presidium of the Second World Peace Congress in Warsaw. The next day, obviously to refute the story, which was embarrassing to him at that time, Thomas Mann issued a statement to the effect that he had nothing whatsoever to do with the Communist World Peace Congress. An Associated Press dispatch dated November 19 carried the following report:

> Thomas Mann denied energetically maintaining any relation with the Second World Peace Congress. He declared that he did not want to be associated in any way with the 'peace congress,' but rather to serve the cause of peace itself without connection with any 'foreign group,' whose propaganda hurts the idea of peace more than it helps it.

At first glance this statement gave the impression that Thomas Mann had finally seen the light. Unfortunately for Mann, however, there is documentary evidence to the contrary in a letter written by him in November 1950 to Professor Frédéric Joliot-Curie, president of the World Peace Congress. *L'Humanité*, official daily of the French Communist Party, published excerpts from this letter on November 15, 1950 on its special page devoted to the opening of the Warsaw meeting. Thomas Mann wrote to Joliot-Curie:

> I received your letter as well as the motion addressed to the Security Council of the Office of the World Committee of the Partisans of Peace, and I can not but express to you and to your co-workers my sympathy and my respect for your noble efforts to save the peace. In this undertaking you have allies throughout the world, and certainly in America, too, because the American people do not want war. There is a strong opposition [to it] from intellectuals, clergymen, scientists and writers. They fight the influence of those groups who, mistakenly, steer toward a war that will see no victor. The President [of the U. S.] receives a flood of letters and wires asking him to use every means to bring about an agreement with the Soviet Union.

It should be noted that this letter of praise was written at a time when reports from London about the British Government's objections to the meeting of the World Peace Congress in Sheffield were carried on the front pages of the American press. If Thomas Mann really had intended to refute any connection with the World Peace Congress, he could have written Joliot-Curie to this effect. Instead, the novelist preferred to express his "sympathy" and "respect" for the work of an undisputed instrument of Stalinist propaganda.

In a series of lectures delivered last summer in his native German in Zurich, Stockholm and other European cities, as well as in New York City, Thomas Mann proclaimed "humanistic communism" as his answer to the world's ills. He wanted the United States to take the initiative for a universal peace conference which, in the national interests of all peoples, would devise a plan for an over-all financing of peace, for a consolidation of all economic forces of all peoples, and for a just distribution of the world's goods. Such "humanistic communism" would outdo inhuman communism, in his opinion. If Moscow should reject participation in such world planning, if the Soviets should exclude themselves in their national egotism, only then but not before would Dr. Mann be ready to agree that Soviet Russia doesn't want peace! Even after the aggression in Korea, as late as August 23, 1950, in a lecture at the Yale Library in New Haven, he said he "did not think that Russia was preparing for war."

Nobody will deny or minimize Thomas Mann's stature as a novelist, but his political record as signer and endorser of pro-Communist statements, and as spokesman for fellow-traveling and Communist organizations and causes is a sorry testimony to the irresponsibility of a world-famous writer, whose behavior in these troubled times is of great propaganda value to the Kremlin.

What else is it when *Pravda* stresses Mann's condemnation of the Atlantic Pact; when the German Red bosses, Wilhelm Pieck and Otto Grotewohl, hail him as "intrepid fighter against warmongering and against anti-Bolshevism"; when East German Communist trade unions greet him as "brother-in-arms, a living protest against Americanism, boogie-woogiedom and cultural barbarism"?

It would have been wiser for Thomas Mann to keep out of politics. But as he obviously feels it his duty to send political messages, to sign political appeals, to endorse political causes, a few pertinent questions are in order:

Have you taken a definite stand on Korea?

Have you condemned Chinese Communist aggression?

Have you ever spoken out against Soviet slave labor camps?

Have you endorsed the anti-Communist Berlin Congress for Cultural Freedom?

Have you ever said a word about the brutal behavior of the Soviet representatives in the United Nations?

Have you ever protested against the loss of freedom of millions of non-Soviet citizens in the satellite countries?

Have you ever raised your voice against the religious persecutions behind the Iron Curtain?

Do you still believe that "anti-Bolshevism is the fundamental folly of our time"?

LABOR SHOULD FAVOR HIGH PROFITS

By HAROLD LOEB

THE RECORD is clear. Wages and profits rise and fall together. Both wages and profits reached a peak in 1929. By 1932 profit had fallen until it was negative, losses exceeding profits. The wage bill, too, had dropped to the lowest level in many years. Profits and wages rose thereafter until 1937 when they both fell back, to recover under the impetus of war spending as the decade ended. In the 1940s, after rising during the war and postwar period, both profits and wages fell slightly as employment declined in 1949. It appears that wages are highest when profits are highest, and are lowest at such times as profit disappears. The two quantities vary directly.

In view of this relationship, labor union officials might reasonably be expected to favor higher profits since high wages are achieved only when profits are high, too. Yet hardly a day passes without some labor spokesman decrying the enormity of corporation profits and demanding that the government do something about it. What lies behind the opposition of such leaders to what apparently is in the interest of their membership?

Anti-profit sentiment probably stems from an error which was first presented in scholarly fashion by David Ricardo. In the 1876 edition of his works[1] it is stated: "There can be no rise in the value of labor without a fall in profits." Or, if that is not clear enough: "Profits would be high or low in proportion as wages were low or high." He thought that a shift in the price level would not disturb this relationship, for he wrote: "But if it were otherwise, if the price of commodities were permanently raised by high wages, the proposition would not less be true which asserts that high wages invariably effect the employers of labor, by depriving them of a portion of their profits."

Thus Ricardo suggested the class war thesis before Marx. For if profits fell when wages rose, and wages fell when profits rose, society would be divided inexorably into two classes with conflicting interests.

It might be asked how so sharp a thinker could commit so egregious an error, an error which is exposed by every statistic. The answer is that statistics were fragmentary in the nineteenth century and that economists seldom checked their logic by referring to the recorded facts. Obviously this excuse no longer applies, yet the error goes on acquiring momentum during the years.

Marx picked it up a few decades after Ricardo put it down. He combined Ricardo's inverse relationship of wages and profits with Ricardo's iron law:

> The natural price of labor is that price which is necessary to enable the laborers, one with another, to subsist and to perpetuate their race, without either increase or diminution.

If workers were paid only that minimum needed to keep them proliferating, and if wages varied inversely with profits, the increment of wealth made available by the advance in technology could be released only in the form of profit. But how, asked Marx, could the relatively small class who received profit expend their ever-increasing income? Obviously they would have difficulty. So Marx predicted the imminent collapse of the capitalist system because it could neither distribute the wealth it produced, nor prevent the impoverishment of the workers. And his followers continue to accept his analysis although wages have risen far above the subsistence level, and profits have increased instead of diminishing as wages rose.

In a sense, therefore, it may be said that Americans are dying in Korea because long-dead theorists failed to check their deductions against the observable facts.

However, none of this explains why Mr. Murray and Mr. Green, and the many Congressmen who sponsored the excess-profit tax believe that they are aiding labor and enhancing the general welfare by striking at profit. Few of them would admit to being Marxists, or even Ricardians. Yet unless one accepts these exploded theories, there is no visible reason for attacking profit, a relatively minor income source quantitatively, though most important functionally, when the need is to extract money from the spending stream and thus pay for the defense effort, and prevent or at least retard inflation.

Before considering what impact this anti-profit bias may have on the defense economy, it is useful to indicate the nature of Ricardo's error. Ricardo simply left a relevant possibility out of his demand-supply equation. His argument assumes that production is constant. If that were so, an increase of one group's income would have to come out of the receipts of another group. But production is not constant. Not only has there been a long-trend increase averaging some 2½ to 3 per cent a year in the United States, but also there have been short-term increases and decreases known as the business cycle.

If production should increase in any time period, then all income sources not only could, but would, share in the increase. The reason is that in a free system higher wages increase sales, and higher sales send profits up. Similarly higher profits stimulate capital formation which raises employment and the total wage bill, which in turn induces employment to bid up the price (wage) of labor. Thus the two reciprocally related quantities, as the statistics demonstrate, vary directly and *not inversely*.

The anti-profit bias is likely to hinder in several ways our struggle to survive. In the first place the delusion that the cost of defense can be paid largely out of profits, conceals the necessity of cutting down the consumption of consumers' goods. So labor unions continue to demand and sometimes to obtain higher monetary wages, though the situation compels lower real wages. Workers, as a result, will feel cheated and deprived, as time goes on.

Secondly, the bias has persuaded the Administration to change our economic system. By arresting the free play of price the United States has in effect surrendered to the enemy before engaging in battle. For it is the free, decentralized economic system which has achieved the miracle of modern production. By giving up this system the United States will gradually relinquish its one great advantage over the Soviet Union. Our manpower is less, our natural resources no greater. It is only the much greater productivity of our flexible economic procedures which enables us to challenge the fanatical discipline of the regressive totalitarians.

[1] London: John Murray. pps. 23 and 60.

APROPOS APOSTASY

By WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

THE EX-COMMUNIST has become arch-typical for our disjointed decade but seems to be as generally unloved as the times he signifies. His predicament may be measured by the fact that he constitutes the only topic on which Westbrook Pegler and Eleanor Roosevelt persistently agree: they both hate the ex-Communist, albeit for opposite reasons — Mr. Pegler being unable to forgive the wretched man's past, Mrs. Roosevelt his reneging present. A Pegler-Roosevelt consensus on anything at all is surely a sufficiently remarkable spectacle to recommend inquiry — particularly if it promises to illuminate some other corners of the contemporary stage.

The ambiguities start with the label. It makes about as much sense to call one man an ex-Communist as to call every man an ex-child; which of course means that it does make *some* sense. It was generally known even before Freud that the child (its adventures and frustrations) remains traceable throughout grown man's entire life; and it is equally probable that the impulses which moved a person to fall in love with communism in an early phase of his growth will stay alive and operate after his conversion back to intellectual and moral sanity. So, if we choose, we may go on calling people ex-children in general and ex-Communists in particular.

Yet relevant information on a convert's personality will be found, not in the statistical fact of his former affiliation, but in the nature of his need for it. Berlin's extraordinary Mayor Reuter and his poisonous opponent, Gerhart Eisler, joined the Party almost at the same time, about 32 years ago; but their spectacularly different development since ought to have fully clarified that the two men must have taken an identical step for just about the opposite reasons — Reuter apparently because he mistook communism for a guarantor of human freedom; Eisler, because unashamed violence has always fascinated cynical intelligences. Such misunderstandings do happen, as no one knows better than Mr. Pegler. In the thirties, he supported F.D.R. and the Communist-inspired Newspaper Guild — presumably (and this is the pertinent catch) for the very same reason that made him later fight both: Mr. Pegler was then, as he is now, strictly against any pushing around of his friend George Spelvin, American.

The most calamitous short circuits in human affairs occur when motives get crossed. And the Pegler position of once-a-Communist-always-a-Communist won't do, because, among other things, it is wrong. His diagnosis presupposes that communism can attract only one very special sort of mind, the predetermined and therefore hopeless victim of an alien and rare plague. But cumulative evidence shows that communism, like polio, can strike anybody anywhere. Why? Because, while our modern society is empty of disciplined dedication, even the most modern of men eternally hunger for it. Distressed by a secularized world that seems to have lost all purpose, the sensitive young take easily to the opium for the intelligentsia — communism.

Why has it proved impossible for an illustrious majority of the world's important writers to avoid being captured, for a varying spell of sleep-walking, by the mendacious heresy? In "Verdict Of Three Decades" (Duell, Sloan and Pearce), an anthology shrewdly compiled and competently annotated by Julien Steinberg, dozens of famous voices explain their ultimate "individual revolt against Soviet communism." Intelligent college teachers who want to steer their students through the pains of growing up mentally could do much worse than introduce this volume, perhaps together with the preceding "The God That Failed," as textbook material for political science classes. Mr. Steinberg's choice selections from a tremendously growing crop of conversion literature give, quite definitively, a twofold evidence. They prove, one, that any authentic intelligence can finally recover from the ferocious attack of the potent lie; and two, that any authentic intelligence can be its victim.

Perhaps our more pessimistic theologians are right: perhaps young intellectuals *do* become Communists because man is born with original sin (which is pride). But the real hell of it is that, two times out of three, the Great Whore solicits our young men with the promise of *purification!* With justice, however, the devil is the final dupe: a person taken in by that sort of promise will dependably walk out again, Mr. Pegler notwithstanding, because the very same thing that first made him embrace communism must later make him fight it — his sensitive skin.

But what is true in two out of three cases may not necessarily apply to the third. Communism, a drive-in philosophy that can accommodate all kinds of customers, also appeals to some people's degraded craving for the violence man can do to man. For these, there will come neither a time nor a need for apostasy: in their case, the devil has faithfully kept the contract and honestly delivered all the thrills they were led to expect.

All available testimony counsels confidence in the superior power of motive over the more or less accidental error of affiliation. Such confidence, in turn, counsels anything but indulgence toward the error. To the contrary, short of grace, there is no other cure for the heretic but to be held strictly responsible for the consequences and the company of his heresy; and it remains society's pedagogic duty to push the heretic's nose into the mess he's making, whatever his motives may be. But society could not fulfil that duty, and thereby cure itself of an ever-present infection, if the Pegler position ever became official. The survival of free society depends very much on man's proven capacity to change, not his nature, but his mind. Fortunately, the rule that applies to the fundamentally sane person is not the Pegler adage but rather its reversal: once-a-Communist-never-a-Communist-again.

Much too often the ex-Communist himself seems to invite the sullen animosity around him. The convert, not unlike the lover, tends to yell that nothing comparable has ever happened before; and his breathless rapture is not only quite ludicrous but also a bit offensive. In the long run the world *does* mind being told ten times a year how one X.Y., still panting from his late discovery, has found out that Stalin is a Bolshevik. Rumors to that effect have been going around for quite some time, and though the most recent discoverer's slowness does not necessarily prove him an ass, all by itself it does not necessarily establish his claim to intellectual leadership either. If Hamlet had been nothing but slow, there would have been no play.

It is his pompous insistence on tragedy that defeats many an ex-Communist. Even more important, the loneliness which has so often been his fate breeds a peculiar superiority complex — the tacit, and sometimes not so tacit, innuendo that he alone has been chosen to save the world. Too many ex-Communists bear their increasingly trite experience like a special cross. To have erred is certainly no unforgiveable sin; nor is it, on the other hand, a sacrament. It is perfectly true that the ex-Communist can usefully serve the free society with his hard-earned knowledge of the moon's other side; and that this important service should be appreciatively invited. But the ex-Communist should learn how to calm down, to laugh at himself on occasion, and, above all, to understand that others may have acquired wisdom, even sophistication, without having served a stretch in the Party.

Even though his melodramatic trimmings of conversion may exasperate the audience, they neither explain nor excuse the characteristic sneer the ex-Communist dependably evokes among the certified "liberals." No, the derisive foam that automatically emanates from the "liberal" book-review sections of our conservative morning papers whenever the writings (or the mere existence) of an ex-Communist must be considered, indicates far more than just the critics' occupational weakness for easy cracks.

In comparison, the Pegler position is clearly superior to that of our professional "liberals." Mr. Pegler feels about all shades of Marxism pretty much the way he feels about leprosy: he just wouldn't touch a former leper because, no matter how long ago the fellow seemingly recovered, he might still be carrying loathsome germs. An unenlightened and perhaps somewhat inhuman attitude — yet a coherent one. Whereas the "liberal" sneer at the ex-Communist is more confused than even a "liberal" has any business to be.

For our "liberal," though he never was in the Party himself, readily understands how a generous and competent man might for a while have been seduced by the forceful primitiveness of Leninism. The ability to understand could be called the Hiss-Reflex of the conditioned "liberal" mind. Yet right next to the Hiss-Reflex sits the Chambers-Reflex — the violent "liberal" revulsion against the ex-Communist who wants to repair what he has come to consider the catastrophic consequences of a grave error. Whence that revulsion? Does he, the "liberal," deny that those consequences *are* catastrophic? He most assuredly does not, so the "liberal" protests; in fact, he points out, he himself never fell for Leninism because he had always sensed its hidden beastly nature. So why hate Chambers? Because, asserts the "liberal," renegades are congenitally despicable.

So, contrary to Mr. Pegler who loathes ex-Communists because they once were Communists, our "liberal" hates them because they are renegades now. Well, doesn't this simply mean that the "liberals" prefer the ex-Communist's previously held position? Not at all, they assert again; it means merely that a turncoat is the lowest possible form of life. And here the "liberal" mind gets spectacularly entangled.

It can't be "turncoatism" that really bothers the "liberal." No "liberal" has ever sneered at the apostasy of Harold Ickes and Henry Wallace, two ex-Republicans who attack their former associates with the lustiest venom and gustiest vigor. Some "liberals" may have disagreed with one or another publicly taken position of Ickes and Wallace — but surely never on the grounds of turncoatism or "the psychopathic emotionalism of apostasy." If any one were to question the high integrity of Justice Hugo Black by connecting his admirable sensitiveness in the area of civil rights with his conclusively repented former membership in the Klan, Mrs. Roosevelt would be articulately, and very rightly, incensed. And no yokel amuses the *Nation* more genuinely than an Oyster Bay Roosevelt who keeps cursing Cousin Franklin as a renegade from family and class.

Clearly, the "liberal" contention that apostasy is intrinsically abominable appears *prima facie* dishonest. It is also, of course, logically absurd. If language is to retain any meaning at all, there can be nothing dishonorable in turning from error to truth and combating what one has found to be error. True, a dishonorable man can renounce even a false position for dishonorable motives; in which case the argument has to be directed *ad personam* rather than *ad factum*, with the full burden of proof on the accuser. But what is one to think of an accuser who then offers the fact of conversion in *sole* evidence of the convert's moral inferiority?

And what is one to think of our "liberals" who applaud Harold Ickes's savage attacks on what he honestly considers the villainy of his former fellow-Republicans, but damn Whittaker Chambers's legally enforced and quite reluctant testimony against his former comrade Hiss? Quite simply, and inescapably, one is forced to conclude: 1) our "liberals" sincerely detest what Ickes has reneged from; 2) they do *not* sincerely detest the position Chambers has renounced; 3) they deem, in general, conversion from Republicanism to anti-Republicanism morally progressive, but conversion from communism to anti-communism morally degenerate. And if any other conclusion can be drawn, within the bounds of logic, from the "liberal" position on apostasy, our "liberals" have not yet submitted it.

However, our "liberals" cultivate a substitute for intellectual coherence — the humanly attractive sentiment that, no matter how honest a conversion, a convert ready to damage, personally, his former associates-in-error is simply repugnant. Yet is this sentiment, on second thought, really so attractive?

The "liberals" under consideration are Americans and profess, quite believably, profound agreement with America's bright tradition of constitutional law. Now that

law requires that a man, to be eligible for citizenship in the Republic, not only foreswear any allegiance to his former fatherland, but carry, if need be, arms against his kin still committed to his own former allegiance. Nor is this a theoretical requirement. Just a few years ago, many a former German entered the U. S. Army and shot to death other Germans, once his intimate friends, who preferred loyalty to their first, their native allegiance, even under Hitler. No American "liberal" has ever been heard to condemn Germans on the ground that, conversion or no conversion, a fellow ready to destroy former associates-in-error is humanly repugnant. To the contrary, American "liberals" have audibly expressed their unequivocal respect for a man whose new dedication was so honest and strong that he did not hesitate to drop U. S. incendiary bombs on relatives and childhood friends.

In short, the trouble with his position on apostasy is that the "liberal," as usual, has not thought it through to the end. He admires the man who willed and, as U. S. bombardier, achieved the physical destruction of the best friends of his youth because, indeed, great evil must never be allowed to profit from tender private sentiments. But in the Chambers-Hiss set of circumstances, the "liberal" without hesitation puts the validity of such sentiments above the demands of dedication. Doesn't he thereby confess that to him no issue of great evil is involved in an American's subservience to the Soviet Government?

Indeed, what traps the "liberal" each time is his moral disarmament. So far and so proudly has he removed himself from moral force that men who still possess it strike him as either funny or barbarian. Away back, when he saw exquisite merits in the Communist position, the "liberal" knew better than to join it. Now, when he can not contradict the men who have discovered for themselves the evil inherent in that position, and who are giving battle, he again knows better than to join them. He *always* knows better, because he never wants to know deeply. For him, to know deeply is to be uncouth. He does not even want to know the true meaning of his own, the "liberal" position.

He claims, quite ironically, to be puzzled by that allegedly enigmatic creature, the ex-Communist who once passionately believed in what he later found to be so evil a perversion of his hungry faith. Now, there exists a bit of information which might help the "liberal" comprehension — information straight from the horse-thief's mouth.

Once upon a time, it seems, when perpetual unanimity was not yet the law of the Comintern, the Hungarian Party dispatched its chief to Moscow, to place before Stalin the differences within its Central Committee. For hours he expounded the deviations of the minority, in contrast to the merits of his own opinions. Finally Stalin, who had listened without moving a muscle, interrupted:

"Well, how do the two groups stand with regard to the Russian party leadership?"

"Naturally," said the Hungarian, with the appropriate smirk, "naturally, both are for you, Comrade Stalin. Only that the opposition endorses you strictly for opportunistic reasons, while my group is for you out of honest conviction."

"In that case," said Stalin, "I should decide in favor of your opponents. You see, convictions can change."

THIS IS WHAT THEY SAID

When we have restored the price level, we shall seek to establish and maintain a dollar which will not change its purchasing and debt-paying power during the succeeding generation.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, October 22, 1933

Anyone who attempts to achieve socialism by any other route than that of political democracy will inevitably arrive at the most absurd reactionary deductions, both political and economic.

LENIN in 1905

For those who believe it impossible for any American abroad to be a spy, or for any accusation of a Soviet satellite to be true, there is the stubborn and open fact of Vogeler's confession in court. . . . Vogeler may be innocent but there is his confession, just as there was Klaus Fuchs' confession in London.

MAX LERNER, *New York Post*, February 20, 1950

The United Nations Assembly further serves its task of being a "center for harmonizing."

JOHN FOSTER DULLES, "War or Peace," 1950, p. 71

At the opening of the General Assembly in New York, Mr. Vishinsky made . . . his famous — or infamous — "warmongering" speech in which, among other things, he attacked me personally, although I was sitting as a delegate with him. When delegates, red in the face, violently shouted abuse of their fellows as "warmongers," it was realized that, if such manners were generally adopted, they would be in themselves a disturbance of the peace.

JOHN FOSTER DULLES, *ibid*, pp. 68, 69

If we think of social progress in terms of the lifting of all members of the human race from bondage, from misery, and from barbarism to a plane on which they can lead the life that becomes a man; if we consider the brutality of man to man as a desecration of human nature; if we are moved by compassion towards the unfortunate and by faith in their potentialities; if we are resolved to develop the inventive and creative powers of man to the utmost, and extend their benefits to all; if we seek on every side and in every human relationship to substitute peace for war and cooperation for conflict; if we feel ourselves linked with every man in a common moral enterprise — if this is our side, then, I submit, Russia belongs with us, and we with Russia.

RALPH BARTON PERRY, "Our Side Is Right," 1942

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

BERLIN'S FREE UNIVERSITY

By KENDALL FOSS

ONE EVENING last summer the fifty young men and women who make up the student parliament of the Free University of Berlin sat tense and silent. The subject of discussion was a threatened Communist infiltration of the Law Faculty. Horst Roegner-Francke, chairman of the general committee — the Cabinet in the government of this scrupulously democratic little republic of 5000 student-citizens — was speaking. Herr Roegner-Francke is a grave, bespectacled man in his early thirties. The war and certain difficulties imposed by Hitler delayed his plan to become a doctor. He knows as well as any Berliner today that eternal vigilance is the price of his hard-won liberties.

"The Cabinet has reluctantly concluded," he said, "that a systematic attempt is being made to destroy one of the pillars upon which this university rests — the responsible participation of the student body in the direction of the institution. It is just this fight to share in the shaping of our university which makes us so painful a thorn in the side of the totalitarians."

He paused to let his meaning sink in. Some of the younger members showed consternation, even fear. The older students looked grim; they sensed what was coming and were ready for it.

"It is with regret," Roegner-Francke resumed, "that we note that the Dean of the Law Faculty, Prof. Dr. Wilhelm Wengler, is attempting to undermine the cooperation between students and staff and to introduce teachers who do not share our mistrust of the authoritarian way. In spite of his professional qualifications, Prof. Wengler is not an acceptable member of the Faculty of the Free University; he is a threat to our two-year-old achievement."

Prof. Wengler had come from the Soviet-dominated old University of Berlin. The discussion brought out the fact that his appointment had been rushed through in April 1949 in the absence of the university's first Rector, Prof. Edwin Redslob (rhymes with Job, the Prophet). The usual forms were not on file in his appointment folder. In June 1948 Prof. Wengler had publicly expressed his opposition to the whole idea of a free university and ostentatiously left the meeting of prominent citizens who were trying to launch the project. No sooner had he joined the staff than he had set about promoting the appointment of others whose opposition to the new Eastern totalitarianism was mild, to say the least. Throughout his time at the Free University, Prof. Wengler had shown himself a master of the Eastern tactic of smearing by innuendo and a firm believer in arrogant threats of force if a student dared to question his actions.

"I welcome the vigilance of the students," Prof. Redslob said. "It is the lifeblood of our attempt to break with the encrusted traditions of the past and to set a bar to further Russian encroachments on the western part of Berlin. These youngsters know exactly what they are fighting for — sometimes even better than their elders. Besides," and he dropped his voice to a mock whisper, "I very much doubt that we shall have Prof. Wengler with us for long."

The Free University is a unique phenomenon in an unusual city. Twelve years under one dictatorship, followed by six in the shadow of another, have made the Berliner acutely aware of the value of liberty. From the entry of the Red Army in April 1945, to the arrival of the Western powers in July, through the farce of four-power administration to the blockade and the final splitting of the city into two adjoining but utterly different worlds, Berliners have had ample opportunity to appraise the merits of the two ways of life and to express their preferences.

Developments in the field of higher education played no small part in crystallizing their feeling. Deaf to all suggestions that the old university on the Unter den Linden (just inside the Russian Sector) should be under four-power supervision, the Russians had reopened the once-proud doors of the battered and unheated halls of learning in February 1946. As May Day drew near, the buildings suddenly blossomed with huge red banners and placards proclaiming the university's joy over the merger of the Communist and Social-Democratic parties of the Russian zone to form the now notorious Socialist Unity Party (SED).

Georg Wradzidlo, the head of the Student Committee, dared to suggest that it was inappropriate for only one of the three licensed political parties to be allowed to decorate the university buildings. By order of the Soviet Administration he was promptly removed from the position to which he had ostensibly been elected.

The following March — sometimes the Soviet machinery moves with baffling deliberation — Wradzidlo and nine other students disappeared one night into the capacious maw of the MVD, the Russian secret police. It is known that Wradzidlo, who had spent a year in Buchenwald under the Nazis, was sent to Sachsenhausen. A year ago the Russians announced that they were closing their concentration camps in Germany and releasing the inmates. However, none of the students arrested in the spring of 1947 has returned home.

By March 1948, more than forty students had vanished in the same way. When three student editors protested in their little magazine, the *Colloquium*, the Russians, through their SED puppet in charge of education, dismissed them at once. In the supercharged atmosphere of that time — the Russians had just walked out of the Allied Control Council and the first "technical" difficulties were hampering the movement of trains, trucks and barges between Berlin and the West — this incident proved momentous.

More than 1000 of the 2000 students who lived in the western sectors of the city met in a protest rally 100

yards outside the Soviet sector. They clamored loudly, if somewhat despairingly, for an opportunity to study free from fear and from the doctrinaire distortions imposed by the Russians. In the weeks which followed, the demand was echoed by group after group of sober, frightened but determined citizens.

General Lucius D. Clay agreed to help, provided the initiative clearly came from the Germans themselves. He was opposed to any move which might make a new university look like an American importation, presented on a platter by courtesy of the Military Government.

In May the Berlin Parliament voted 80 per cent in favor of a new and free university, with only the SED opposing. And in June, fifty prominent citizens representing the arts and professions, politics, business, administration and the trade unions met and did a most un-German thing. As private citizens, without benefit of a command from on high but with a strong sense of civic responsibility and a goodly portion of that civil courage which is often so hard to find in Germany, they resolved to go ahead and they chose a preparatory committee to carry out their resolution. The chairman was Oberbürgermeister Ernst Reuter, who is a professor as well as a tireless worker for a free society. The vice-chairman was Prof. Redslob, a distinguished art historian, writer and administrator known for his courageous behavior during the Nazi Reich. Both men have since visited the United States, where they were acclaimed in the name of their hard-pressed city.

Chairman Reuter's committee considered the situation carefully — the prospects were anything but bright — and decided to go ahead. They issued a proclamation, stating their determination and appealing to the friends of liberty everywhere for assistance.

Then, and only then, was General Clay willing to let it be known that he had quietly arranged, just before currency reform wiped out the Military Government's reichsmark balances entirely, to transfer 20 million from the reorientation fund to a trustee for the projected university. With the standard ten-to-one shrinkage, this gave the preparatory committee an initial budget of 2,000,000 marks. Military Government also "happened" to be de-requisitioning some highly suitable buildings, which the committee was able to secure.

Prospective students at once organized flying furniture squads. In a matter of days the bare necessaries had been rounded up, telephones had been wangled, and negotiations were in progress with candidates for faculty positions. At this stage only a handful of professors occupying chairs at the old university and elsewhere in the Russian zone saw that, if it had been wrong for German professors to lend their prestige to the Nazis, it was worse to serve a second time as window-dressing for a new dictatorship. Far too many of the older generation still insisted that the political goals of the state they served were no concern of theirs.

Many who have had occasion to observe the development of the Free University at first hand are outspoken in their conviction that it could not have come into existence without the drive and the political insight of the younger generation. It is because of this that there is a student member on the Board of Trustees, in the governing Senate, on every faculty and in every other corporate body of the university. This is unique in Germany, east or west, and explains why Prof. Wengler's attempt to disrupt the pattern endangered the very foundations of this novel contribution to democratic education in Germany.

The first winter was hard going, as was everything else in blockaded Berlin. The Board of Trustees had to hold its first session on packing boxes. For weeks the files consisted of neat piles around the office floor, each weighted down with a piece of brick from one of the city's rubble piles. Lectures began on schedule in November — the traditional date for the opening of a German winter semester — but lecturers and students had to wear their overcoats. There was precious little laboratory equipment and an appalling lack of books. Yet when the dedication exercises were finally held in December, the few wondering representatives of western German universities who were able to fly in declared that it was incredible that a school equipped, after a fashion, to handle 2000 students, could have been organized in the space of six months. One of the student speakers explained:

> The Free University, like everything else achieved in Berlin these days, is a product of the impossibly unfavorable conditions. We have learned that nothing comes of waiting for propitious moments.

In the summer of 1949, at the end of the second term, things began to look up. The blockade had been lifted; the city had voted funds to supplement the rapidly vanishing residue of General Clay's donation; United States High Commissioner John McCloy had promised an additional million marks; and such urgent necessaries as books, laboratory equipment, and nourishing food for the student mess-halls had started to trickle in from the West. The school could double its enrollment and begin to consider itself established.

Suddenly it became known that a handful of students had been invited by an instructor in the Medical Faculty to meet secretly with some older members of a notorious dueling corps, with a view to reviving this most outmoded of all German university traditions. There was a burst of jeering laughter in east Berlin and acute embarrassment in the western sectors.

The Student Government was on the job at once. Pictures appeared on the bulletin board showing the would-be duelists decked out in little monkey caps and bright sashes. They were captioned: "Our constitution declares that membership in a dueling corps is inconsistent with the spirit of the Free University. Do you wish to see this paragraph changed?" No one did, and the erring instructor soon disappeared.

Next, the student member of the Trustees brought up the matter to the Board. Slyly he pointed out that such lapses were an ever-present danger, since there was no proper student clubhouse where the urge toward social contact could find an outlet. The elders rummaged in forgotten corners of the budget and discovered about $6000 which they agreed to release if the students could find a suitable location. Within four days the alerted students had found a large and comfortable house and had secured a lease. Fourteen days later the flying furniture squads had located the necessary furniture and hauled it to the clubhouse on pushcarts.

One pleasant winter afternoon recently Prof. Redslob

and the new Rector, Prof. Hans von Kress, took time out for a session of happy reminiscence. Outside the wide windows of the Rector's comfortable office we could see students streaming by. A few were on crutches, some had an arm or a leg missing, but on the whole the war generation was thinning out. There were noticeably more youngsters in the crowd than a year ago.

"It has been a great experience," Prof. Redslob said, "right from the start. It is immensely heartening to find that this city, which I shall always love, still has the strength to assert its will, still has the initiative and the resourcefulness to create new values."

Prof. Redslob is well aware that the Free University has been called "the greatest cultural achievement in Germany since the war." His gaze wandered over the heads of the students to where the American flag stirred over General Clay's former headquarters, smaller now and less significant since the High Commissioner who succeeded him chose to live in Frankfurt.

"Without that magnificent self-confidence which distinguishes so many of your countrymen and which we Europeans find it so hard to emulate," Prof. von Kress added, "I doubt that we could have made it. Like the survival of free Berlin itself, this university is the product of American vigor and know-how, and Berlin's own desperate determination not to let the ugly recent past repeat itself. Is it too much to say that we have built a lighthouse here in this easternmost outpost of the West, and that its beam is sweeping the darkened reaches of the surrounding Soviet zone?"

BASEBALL ACCEPTS THE NEGRO

By AL HIRSHBERG

BASEBALL'S noble experiment of lifting the color line is working so well that, after five years, Negro ball players in the major leagues are taken completely for granted. The national game has calmly — almost casually — opened gates locked for nearly a century. It was done with a minimum of effort or fuss.

Branch Rickey was proponent of the idea, and protector and advisor to its chief protagonist, Jackie Robinson. Rickey, at the time, was president of the occasionally volatile, sometimes brilliant, always unpredictable Brooklyn Dodgers. When he announced, in 1945, that he had signed Robinson to a contract (after having carefully polled other baseball executives, with not too unfavorable results) the public was at first astonished, then curious and finally deeply interested. It was, to the everlasting credit of baseball's vast following, never apprehensive.

Rickey laid the groundwork carefully. After convincing himself that what opposition there was among baseball owners was not serious enough to block the plan, he handpicked Robinson as the best combination of ball player, gentleman and scholar. Robinson was a graduate of the University of California at Los Angeles. He was acutely aware of the "Negro problem" in baseball, and fully prepared to accept the burden of blazing a new trail for his race.

One prerequisite was Robinson's ability to live up to major league standards as a ball player. This was probably most important of all for, as Rickey well knew, ball players love to win. Rickey sensed that they would accept anyone, regardless of race, color, or creed, if he could help a ball club.

Rickey made everything as painless as possible for potential objectors when Robinson first started in professional baseball in the spring of 1946. He placed him with a private family at the training headquarters in Daytona Beach, Florida. Later he assigned Robinson to the Dodgers' farm club at Montreal, where prejudice against Negroes is at a minimum. He signed another colored player to keep Robinson company on the road. He checked hotels in every city in the International League to find which would accept Robinson and which would not. In case of refusal he did not make an issue of it. Instead, he arranged for comfortable accommodations among Robinson's own people in the cities involved. He warned Robinson of every conceivable pitfall, and even put him through a painful personal inquisition to prepare him for verbal abuse that might be directed against him.

Robinson, realizing fully how much was at stake that first year, absorbed fantastic mental torture with the stoicism of the long oppressed. He minded his own business, and he concentrated on playing baseball to the best of his ability. He came through with spectacular success, leading the league in batting and spearheading the Montreal Royals to the International League pennant. He did more than that. Long before the season had reached the half-way mark, he was accepted by team-mates and fans alike as an integral unit in a typical American machine — a professional baseball team.

Rickey rewarded him with a well-earned promotion. In the spring of 1947 Robinson became a member of the Dodgers, and it was 1947 that became the key season in the great test of tolerance. Brooklyn was not Montreal, the Dodgers were not the Royals, the National League was not the International League. Would Robinson be accepted in the major leagues? That question could be determined in only one way, and Rickey was, perhaps, the only man in baseball who fully realized that fact. The answer lay in whether or not Robinson was a good enough ball player to help the Dodgers win.

From there on, it was up to Robinson. He behaved exactly as Rickey expected him to. He absorbed a certain amount of mental anguish, but not so much this time. He helped himself, and fans — even opposing players — showed that they were prepared to give him a break. The abuse that came his way was less than he expected, though occasionally more than he could have taken if Rickey hadn't trained him so well. In some cities he lived in hotels with his team-mates; in others he lived in private homes. A Negro newspaperman traveled with him at the club's expense. Rickey made sure that he was never left to brood by himself.

There was, of course, a certain amount of objection from other ballplayers, but for the most part they adopted a wait-and-see attitude. Two clubs showed signs of revolt, but they quickly calmed down when President Ford Frick of the National League intervened. Frick was as anxious as Rickey for the experiment to work.

The burden on Robinson's shoulders was heavy, but he was strong enough to carry it. He went through a sensationally successful freshman season in the National League, and as the Brooklyn first baseman he helped lead the Dodgers to the pennant. At the end of the year, he was voted the league's outstanding rookie.

Robinson the ballplayer was taken into the fold. Robinson the Negro was shoved into the background. Today, still an outstanding ballplayer and a success in radio and television, Jackie Robinson is an important figure in American entertainment circles. And just as Rickey expected, he pushed the doors open permanently for others of his race.

The colored men who followed Robinson into baseball had to be good, but not as good as he had had to be. They had to be of major-league caliber, but, unlike Robinson, they did not have to be outstanding stars. Today a young Negro ballplayer is a prospect, not a problem, to baseball scouts. Without looking at his color, they ask, "Can he hit? Can he run? Can he field? Can he throw?"

A newspaper photograph taken during the 1948 World's Series between the Boston Braves and the Cleveland Indians thoroughly expressed baseball's acceptance of the Negro. The Indians won the fourth game, which was played in Cleveland's vast municipal stadium. The key hit of the game was a home run by Larry Doby, their colored center fielder, which broke up a tight pitching duel between Steve Gromek of Cleveland and Johnny Sain of Boston. The victory gave the Indians a three-to-one lead in games and left them needing only one more contest to win the series.

In the Cleveland locker room after the game, Gromek, a Detroit boy of Polish extraction, rushed over to Doby and happily threw his arms around his colored teammate. A cameraman snapped the scene; the picture was sent out by the wire services and carried in many papers in this country and abroad. It was an eloquent answer to any doubt about the acceptance of Negroes in baseball.

The large number of Southerners who are in baseball have learned a lot about tolerance in the last five years. If everyone from Dixie could play a little big-league baseball, the South would be many years nearer to solution of its so-called Negro problem. Robinson's first manager at Montreal was Clay Hopper, a Southerner; antagonistic at first to the whole idea of regarding Negroes as human, Hopper ended by calling Jackie Robinson "a gentleman." Many of Robinson's Brooklyn team-mates — and good friends — come from below the Mason-Dixon Line.

There is still something to be desired. All of the Negroes in the big leagues are concentrated in New York, Boston, Cleveland and Chicago. Some other teams have Negroes under contract, playing in farm clubs in the minors. Others have no colored boys on their lists and apparently have no intention of signing any.

Rickey, as it happened left a rich heritage when he moved out of Brooklyn to become general manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates last winter. The Dodgers have three Negroes besides Robinson, and all are important members of the team. Roy Campanella is the best catcher in the National League. Don Newcombe and Dan Bankhead are among the best pitchers. While these boys are paired as roommates, they all mingle freely with their white team-mates, and they are thoroughly accepted.

The New York Giants have two colored boys, Henry Thompson and Monte Irvin. Both are key members of a club which many observers believe will win the National League pennant. Their manager is Leo Durocher, whose only prejudice is against ballplayers who can't play ball. Durocher managed the Dodgers for years before he moved over to the Polo Grounds in 1949. There are two Negroes with the Boston Braves — Sam Jethroe and Luis Marquez. Jethroe, the only colored man on the team last year, played well enough to earn the same first-year honors that went to Robinson — he was voted the outstanding rookie in the league.

The Cleveland club has led the way in the American League, and the Indians, like the Dodgers, have profited handsomely. Doby is one of the finest outfielders in the game. Luke Easter, a huge first baseman, was a big-league star in his freshman year last season. The Indians have tried several other Negroes with some degree of success, notably that old-timer of the Negro leagues, "Satchel" Paige.

The prime mover in Cleveland was Bill Veeck, a redheaded extrovert who roared into town, built up the ball club and then roared out again. It was while Veeck was president of the Indians that they signed Doby, the first Negro to play in the American League. The only other team in the league ever to have tried Negro ballplayers was the St. Louis club, which had two a few years ago.

The absence of colored players in some big-league ball clubs is not necessarily due to prejudice. Actually, Negro players of major-league stature are not easy to come by. There are no more unbiased men in the world than baseball scouts. Once the gates were opened to Negroes, they rushed pell-mell for the Negro leagues to watch players of all ages in action. If anything, they were prejudiced in favor of colored players.

But baseball scouts are essentially pragmatists. They know exactly what to look for in a young prospect. They insist on minimum requirements of speed, arm and power. And, in the Negro circuits, they have found comparatively few men who can meet those requirements. The men who measured up were offered contracts, and a number of them are playing in the minor leagues today.

Another factor still tends to keep Negroes from moving into organized baseball. Many of them don't want to leave their own circles. They are unwilling to face problems which, to a large extent, have long since been solved. Trained in a society which has made them feel inferior to the white man, they don't care to expose themselves to possible disappointment.

Baseball, willy-nilly, has offered the rest of the country a simple solution to a difficult situation, by judging Negroes on the basis of ability without regard to color. It is not a perfect solution; there are still social barriers between the white and colored players. Nevertheless it represents a long step forward.

FROM OUR READERS

Professor Orton Replies

Your correspondent T. Q. Mitchell opens his attack on my essay (the *Freeman* December 25) with a misquotation, on the basis of which he accuses me of "an absolute falsehood." Apart from other errors, he quotes me as saying that world problems "have become social, and not ecological." What I wrote was "social rather than ecological." He then represents my essay as depending entirely on his misquotation and says it "loses all validity." He adds that "authorities agree" with his position.

"Authorities" are very much divided, though none of course denies the importance of the ecological problem. So far as my essay referred to it, the conclusions are such as most "authorities" would endorse — including William Vogt, whose excellent book Mitchell seems to have read. The relative weight to be given to biological as contrasted with other factors is indeed a cardinal issue, deserving of sober and serious treatment.

A previous attack on my essay, published in the *Freeman* of February 12, described my thesis as "the old, familiar Russian softener." Readers who are seriously interested in serious questions might care to reread my paper with these two attacks in mind.

Northampton, Mass. W. A. ORTON

Refuting Dr. Commager

In your editorial of February 12, "How to Curb One-Man Rule," you take issue with Henry Steele Commager's article in the *New York Times Magazine* of January 14 on the question of Executive authority to commit troops outside the country. I should like to add the following observations to your comment.

Dr. Commager's position on this issue is clear. "The Taft-Coudert program," he says, "has no support in law or history." Categorically asserting that "the constitutional issue . . . was settled," he undertakes to settle it once more, for good measure.

While agreeing with the statement "Our Constitution is not only the original document," I disagree with the corollary "It is also a century and a half of interpretation . . . tradition, practice and custom" if this is meant to imply that these have, in any way, altered its basic validity. The Constitution itself wisely provides the proper — and only — procedure for such changes, by way of amendment, and this procedure has been frequently used. Dr. Commager, however, attributes to the Constitution the status of Common Law, and thus dependence on precedent. John Quincy Adams's dictum that the President "has the power of involving the nation in war" is quoted, but Adams's qualification that this refers to "defensive war" is strangely omitted.

The next argument advanced is that "On his own initiative Washington had proclaimed *neutrality* . . . which *might well* have involved us in war . . ." But "might well" is not "did," and proclaiming neutrality does not involve sending troops. Again: "On his own initiative John Adams . . . sent *commissioners* to France to *end* the *quasi*-war. . . ." But "to end" is not synonymous with "to initiate" and commissioners are not troops. (My emphasis.)

"On his own initiative Jefferson . . . inaugurated the war with the Barbary pirates." Should one dignify the suppression of piracy with the term "war"? Moreover, the Constitution, Article I, Section 8, Number 10, specifically lists as one of the powers of Congress "to define and punish piracies . . . and offences against the law of nations."

"When France failed to provide money due the United States . . . Jackson ordered the *Navy* to *prepare* for active service," and "Tyler . . . disposed . . . forces so as to *threaten* Mexico." The italics (mine) speak for themselves. "Polk ordered General Tyler across the Nueces and thus precipitated the Mexican War." At best — or worst — a lone "precedent" of no binding legal value. "President Pierce . . . ordered an American squadron to bombard Greytown, in Nicaragua." Like the preceding instance, this is merely an example of the "big stick" policy in the Americas which has been amply discredited and repudiated.

"In 1853 Commodore Perry sailed his squadron into Yedo Bay, overawed the Shogunate and persuaded the Japanese. . . ." The disarming moderation of this language is Dr. Commager's.

"Lincoln . . . went ahead on his own," "when Beauregard fired on Fort Sumter." Dr. Commager fails to point out on whose side Beauregard was. Moreover, to construe the "advance into Virginia" as committing troops outside the nation would be to deny the unity of these United States.

Then follow a few more examples of the abandoned "big stick" policy. "Franklin Roosevelt's conduct of foreign affairs" is indeed "fresh in our minds." To say that none of his acts "short of war" was successfully challenged at the courts is an indirect aspersion on the patriotic restraint exhibited in times of emergency by the opposition. Moreover it is misleading, as they were, to the best of my recollection, not challenged "at the courts" at all. To add: "nor has any of them been successfully challenged, as yet, at the bar of history" is, to say the least, somewhat premature.

The above are the "historical precedents" and Dr. Commager, with unconscious humor, comments: "Were they constitutional? *Obviously* the *Presidents themselves thought so*, and we can not ignore the weight of that testimony"! On the other hand, he concedes that "Congressmen objected," but to this he attaches no probative value. As for the "attitude of the courts," he says "the record is impressive" but admits in the next breath that "it is difficult to challenge an exercise of Presidential power directly." . . .

Insisting quite correctly that "treaties are laws" too, Dr. Commager mentions the Charter of the United Nations without pointing out in what way it may be pertinent, and the North Atlantic Treaty without referring to the fact that the President's Secretary of State, at its adoption, denied that it envisaged sending troops abroad.

When a learned professor of history at a university with a respectable football team, an expert of acknowledged standing in his chosen field who may fairly be presumed to have a command of the history of the United States, can apparently advance no more cogent arguments, a layman may perhaps be permitted to wonder just how tenable the Executive's position in the premises may be.

New York City H. C. FURSTENWALDE

DRAMATIC STRIP-TEASE

By RICHARD McLAUGHLIN

PERHAPS the oddest feature about Tennessee Williams's "The Rose Tattoo" (Martin Beck Theater) is that many of those who are most vociferous in its defense will confess when finally cornered that they have yet to see the play performed. Call this blind worship or what you will, I strongly suspect that Mr. Williams's champions are merely guilty of oversubscribing to his special brand of sensationalism.

Williams is a chronicler of the tawdrier side of human existence. There is nothing wrong with this so long as the artist knows when and how to give it the necessary distillation or embellishment. In this Williams has been unusually successful in the past. His frustrated, troubled heroines in "The Glass Menagerie," "A Streetcar Named Desire," and "Summer and Smoke" were not only believable against their local backgrounds; their personal dilemmas had positive roots in a wider, perhaps universal, pattern of behavior. The drama of his heroines' conflicts or compromises with the conventions of their respective environments suggested that Williams at least had a working familiarity with whatever segment of life he happened to be depicting at the time. Unfortunately this can not be said for "The Rose Tattoo" or for the community of unsuspecting Sicilians who, he tries to bamboozle us into believing, actually live along the Gulf Coast between New Orleans and Mobile today. If they do actually live there, then you can bet they would never recognize themselves as transplanted to the Broadway stage in Mr. Williams's shoddy strip-tease farce.

Serafina Delle Rose (Maureen Stapleton), the simple-witted heroine of Mr. Williams's new vehicle, may well present his attempt to show us what he can do with the female personality stripped of the nervous complexes of a high-geared modern society. But are we meant to gather from the subnormal goings-on in "The Rose Tattoo" that illiteracy and sheer animalism are the attributes of the joyous living that is denied to the more real but tragic women of his earlier plays? If so, then he should have stuck to domestic frustrations.

Since comedy is not Tennessee Williams's forte, he can be downright embarrassing when he aims to be funny. His brand of burlesque may often be mistaken for a patronizing attitude toward these Sicilian-Americans down New Orleans way. We find ourselves invariably laughing *at* them, not with them. Certainly the coarseness of the proceedings would have met with hot resentment if Williams had dared to suggest that they were at all representative of our own metropolitan or suburban morality. There is no such danger, however, since he knows a box-office drawing card when he holds one. He has produced a fumbling low comedy out of raw materials that could have provided, with a little effort, genuine pathos in the theater. An improvement on the Kinsey Report in dramatic form would be challenging; but the lesson to be derived from this little number is rather like a clumsy lecture for children on sex hygiene.

Nonsensical as Serafina's story may be, here is a brief résumé: The curtain rises on Serafina going into ecstasies over the love-making of her truck-driving, dope-peddling rose of a spouse, Rosario, who dies off-stage before we ever get a glimpse of him. Then follows Serafina's voluntary purdah for three years, during which time she remains indoors wearing only a slip and going about barefooted. Naturally her standing as a mother and seamstress in the community suffers. She is finally urged by her impatient fifteen-year-old daughter and anxious neighbors to get on with her sewing. Emerging from her mourning, she discovers that her husband has been a philanderer. But another truck-driver arrives on the scene who has her ex-husband's body, topped by the head of a fool. Serafina wastes no time in going off to bed with it. Here, perhaps, is fetishistic realism if not poetic justice. As for the rose tattoo, it crops up on the chests of Serafina's original off-stage mate, of his successor, Alvarro, and of Rosario's mistress — and twice with a tickling sensation on Serafina's breast to tell her after a satisfactory night that she has conceived. I could not help observing that Maureen Stapleton behaved valiantly in the face of such overwhelming productivity, and that her supporting cast did their best to ignore the confused directions in the script.

One looks in vain in this play for the subtle nuances in tone and texture, the emotional or spiritual gradations expected of a playwright who has frequently been called a contemporary poet of the American theater. Perhaps the kindest thing to do would be to dismiss "The Rose Tattoo" altogether and pretend it never happened. However, this is impossible since Williams himself has openly set down in print the laws and functions of the artist *vs.* time. We must assume from these solemn declarations that Williams, too, moves with the angels, and that his play, whatever its merits or demerits, must be measured by the standards of a valid work of art. Had we been led to believe for a single moment that Tennessee Williams would stoop to dealing in commercial entertainment, "The Rose Tattoo" would without further ado have been placed in its proper category alongside that equally dreary attraction, "Peep Show."

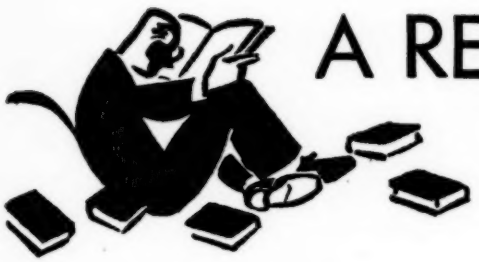
WAR IN ASIA

If we must die,
let it be with minds unchained,
though arms are crushed to the machine,
seeing the holocaust not as corona
of oncoming glory, but rushing death
unleashed again, growling for our throats.

Breathe no quicker, catch the pulse:
if we must die, and so we must, let death
be no convenience, no adjunct of blind,
impervious, gallant, man-caught plunge
to ward off the sarcastic knowing,
the unpitying vision into the machine,
the splintered bone and rending gut.

Let it be cool or cursing bloody-mouthed
but knowing why and that we should not die.

RALPH DE TOLEDANO



A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

A little more than a hundred years ago, in the Paris that was then working itself into the emotional frenzy that led to the 1848 revolution, a Frenchman named Etienne Cabet wrote a Utopian novel called "Voyage en Icarie." I remember reading "Voyage en Icarie" in the New York Public Library in the midst of the 1929 depression. Outside the library seedy-looking men were selling apples on the street corners and newsboys were hawking the latest edition of the latest story about bankers jumping out of windows into Wall Street. The reason why I was reading Cabet had a direct connection with the mood of the times. I was then busy writing "Farewell to Reform," a book that owed its impetus to my feeling (fortunately transient) that the human race was not up to practicing the rather exacting self-discipline that is demanded of free men in a free system. I needed to know about "Voyage en Icarie" because it was the forerunner of our own Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward," the novel that converted so many public figures of the eighteen-eighties (including the novelist William Dean Howells) to accepting a Yankee version of the Communist ideal.

To me, "Voyage en Icarie" was a horrifying literary experience. What it did was to present the barrack state as the Kingdom of God on earth. Cabet's Icaria was the logical extension into peace time of Napoleon Bonaparte's idea of the conscripted nation-in-arms. The industries of Icaria were all nationalized and run by a committee of bureaucrats and engineers. Everyone in Icaria was forced to work; people wore uniforms; the state was the sole employer, the sole arbiter of education and morals. What passed for "public opinion" was dispensed by government publications in the guise of "news."

The sobering thing about "Voyage en Icarie" is that it became an actuality for one-sixth of the earth's land surface some time in the third decade of the twentieth century. For what is Soviet Russia but the actual projection of Cabet's Napoleonic fantasy? Far more accurately than Marx, who didn't have the brains or the imagination to draw logical deductions from his own benighted economic notions, Cabet had called the ultimate turn of the radical movements that grew out of the turmoil of his own time. If the realization of "Voyage en Icarie" had been limited to Soviet Russia, the allegedly freedom-loving people of the West might have protected themselves by manning the eastern marches of Europe with a force devoted to quarantining the Icarian plague. Unfortunately for the idea of quarantine, however, the Icarian ideas began sprouting all over the West in the nineteen-twenties and the nineteen-thirties. Mussolini produced his own Icaria in Italy; Hitler founded an Icaria on the rubble of the Weimar Republic in Germany. In England the Fabians worked assiduously to create a Fabian Icaria, with Sidney Webb as its improbable Cabet; in the United States Franklin D. Roosevelt experimented with his own Yankee Doodling Icarian devices ranging from NRA to that adolescent "work army" known as the CCC. (Incidentally, when Eleanor Roosevelt advocates "national service" for the young, she is trumpeting an Icarian idea.)

The terrifying ubiquity of the Icarian dream (parade-ground order everywhere, and everyone sacrificed to the goose-step) has inspired a George Orwell to write his blood-chilling "1984," a projection of Icarian principles on a grandly universalized scale. All of us, says Orwell in effect, are foredoomed to become citizens of Icaria, eating strawberries and liking them even though they give us the hives. If this indeed be true (and what statesmen, what nations, have the fortitude or the principles to stop it?), the great problem of the future will be how to overthrow an absolute tyranny over the human mind and heart. (Since the bees and the ants haven't been able to do it, will men fare any better?)

My colleague in the next room, Henry Hazlitt, is the first brave soul to hazard an answer to this problem. (Comes the Icarian revolution in America and Hazlitt will be the first to be marched to the guillotine.) Mr. Hazlitt's answer is embodied in a witty and challenging work of fiction called "The Great Idea" (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3.50). This novel, which combines the titillation of an Edward Bellamy romance with the solid educational virtues of a good Socratic dialogue on economics, might be taken as the Utopian novel to end all Utopian novels.

But let us have done for the moment with this talk of Utopia. Since it is the real world of the ages of Victoria and Grover Cleveland that has become the Utopian dream of 1951, Mr. Hazlitt's opening chapters read like straight realism embellished with a grisly Hogarthian humor. The year, as Mr. Hazlitt's story commences, is 282 AM (After Marx), or 2100 by the old, forgotten bourgeois calendar. The world has long since been won by the Muscovite Communists (hence its new name of Wonworld), and all of the continents and the islands of the sea are run by a Politburo that is predominantly Russian. The Biggest Shot of All in the Politburo is a man known as Stalenin; his Number 2 is Bolshekov. Life in Wonworld is a regimented barrack life; the population is divided into "functional" groups like the society of a hive of bees. Everybody, of course, has a number; names are mere survivals of bourgeois individualism.

Since the histories, the novels, the economic treatises, the plays and even the languages of ancient bourgeois life have all been destroyed in a series of great public

bonfires, nobody remembers what free capitalism and representative government were like. Rebellion is an idea that occurs to nobody in the lesser "functional" groups of proletarians, for they have been conditioned by solemnly proclaimed "axioms" that have been drilled into them from birth. (The new universal language is Marxanto, which is so peculiarly constructed that logical precision leading to doubt is virtually impossible.)

This dreary state of affairs would have gone on until the planet froze if it had not been for a single mistake of Dictator Stalenin. This monster had banished his wife and son to the Bermudas because of the strange delusion in Madame Stalenin's mind that Wonworld had betrayed the original faith of Marx. (Being of an upper "functional" group, Madame Stalenin had a glimmering idea that Marx could be interpreted in more than one way.) The son, Peter Uldanov, alone of all the youth of Wonworld, has escaped the conditioning process of Soviet "education"; strangely and unaccountably, he has been brought up on music, chemistry, physics and mathematics. (He even plays the old scores of a bourgeois composer named Mozart, one of the classical composers who escaped destruction in the cultural bonfires for the simple reason that certain musicians had memorized him and were in a position to pass the knowledge on to others. This was impossible in the case of Shakespeare, Goethe and other great literary artists, for, where musical notation in Wonworld remained the same, knowledge of languages like English and German disappeared with the first generation that knew only Marxanto.)

Being an unconditioned youth when brought back to Moscow by an aging Stalenin, Peter Uldanov sees things with a preternaturally fresh eye. Accustomed to the bright colors of the Bermudas and the precise accents of music and mathematics, Peter knows that the continental orbits of Wonworld are drab, sad, ghoulish and idiotic. Since his father is bent on making him his successor as Dictator, Peter resolves to do something about the situation when he gets the chance. Alone in Wonworld, Peter wants people to have freedom from fear. Alone in Wonworld, he wants them to think and decide for themselves.

Knowing nothing of the principles of freedom, Peter is forced to work by guess and by God — and by the logical precision of a mind trained in mathematics. He is opposed by Bolshekov, the malevolent Number 2 of the Politburo, but he has on his side a shrewd Yankee commissar named Adams. How Peter and Adams rediscover the principles of freedom, of private ownership, of the free market, and of representative government, is the burden of Mr. Hazlitt's tale. Progressively Peter and Adams hit upon all the "great ideas" that underlie the Western philosophy of the free individual in the free society. They rediscover the idea of money as a medium of exchange (and, later, as a store of value). They work their way back to the idea of "value" as a derivative of desire, as the expression of choice on the part of individuals who have free will. They come to see that economic calculation is impossible in a socialist state. They learn why there has been no invention, no progress, in Wonworld since the last free capitalist government was wiped out. They learn why central planning and tyranny inevitably go together.

It is impossible in the short space of a review to give an adequate idea of the closeness of Mr. Hazlitt's reasoning. All that I can say here is that in a series of remarkable colloquies between Peter and Adams Mr. Hazlitt proves the case for his "great idea" that the nearest we can come to Utopia on earth is to leave the individual free to exercise choice, the sole condition being that the individual will not use force or fraud to hurt others. Freedom of choice naturally implies the freedom to buy and sell in the open market, freedom to own tools of production, freedom to publish one's own newspaper or periodical, freedom to choose one's governmental representatives. The moment that we begin to trifle with "controls" (i.e., with penalties for the exercise of freedom of choice) we are on the path that leads from Freeworld to Wonworld.

While the Socratic dialogues between Peter and Adams are the heart of "The Great Idea," the economic matter is made easily digestible by the novelistic nature of the book. It may suffice here to say that Peter and Adams had to flee Moscow for America before they could put their "great idea" across. In America they were beyond the reach of Bolshekov's assassins. Even though they had been subjected and conditioned to Wonworld rule for decades, the Americans retained a queer creative bias that came to the surface the moment that Peter and Adams promulgated the idea of freedom to own and control land and productive equipment. They began quickly to outproduce Russia and Europe. With planes and guns pouring from their free factories, the Americans were soon in a position to take the offensive against Bolshekov's glum minions. And in the end Freeworld became a world-wide state.

I have said that Mr. Hazlitt's book might be taken as the Utopian novel to end Utopian novels. But Mr. Hazlitt is only a Utopian in a Pickwickian sense. An individualist can believe in competition between a million Utopians, but never in the success of one. That way lies tyranny. It is high time we knew the Utopian for the tyrant he is. What "The Great Idea" proves is that the Utopian generally starts at the wrong end of things. He begins by trying to set up a universal framework into which all people must be fitted. Naturally the "fitting" process entails compulsions of a Procrustean nature. Mavericks must be disciplined; dissenters must be suppressed. As the late Benjamin Stolberg once said, "The devil always offers a closed system." And a closed system becomes a prison.

OF MINOR POETS

Oh lesser poets! in your striven years
  You rhymed your privacies and setting suns;
In the Great Smokies or the far Kashmirs
  Your tears, poor dears, were salt as anyone's.

And yet . . . because you never quite bespoke
  The blazon beauty, nor the bleak absurd,
The sleepy reader, curse him, never woke
  To feel the impress of your searing word.

Or yet, maybe, reviewers never hinted
That the little book was ever printed?

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

NEW YORK'S RUSSIANS

Moscow on the Hudson, by M. K. Argus. Illustrated by the author. *New York: Harper. $2.50*

Americans who have Russian friends are forever telling anecdotes about them. These Russians are crazy people, they say, and exasperating, but funny as all get-out. Only rarely do Russians see themselves with humor enough to view their own quirks with laughter, or even with a smile.

M. K. Argus, born in the ancient Russian city of Novgorod, is one of the few who can write about his compatriots with wit, irony and chuckles. The slight exaggerations to which Russians will, of course, take exception, are part of the privilege enjoyed by every humorist.

In "Moscow on the Hudson," Mr. Argus has assembled a collection of delightful sketches depicting Russians settled in New York. He writes not of the Russians robotized by being Communist-bred, but of Russians who came here during the past thirty years. These, the Russians of whom Mr. Argus writes, are individuals.

We meet officials, generals, professors, landowners, authors, actors and actresses. (All the theatrical folk claim to have been with the Moscow Art Theater.) Not many of Mr. Argus's Russians have continued in the occupations familiar to them. Now they are doormen, taxi drivers, seamstresses, factory hands. Within a certain orbit their backgrounds are various, and so are their political opinions, yet all are bound together emotionally by the stubborn nostalgia of their love for Mother Russia. They feed the flame of their love with Russian meals, Russian songs, and with endless Russian talk. They adore parties at which someone recites a mournful poem. ". . . the hostess beams with unhappiness. Such a successful party."

The process of Americanization is tedious and painful to these denizens of Moscow on the Hudson. They create a little coziness for themselves by using such lingual adaptations as Washingtonsky, and Sheridansky Square. But a newspaper headline, "Yanks Defeat Reds," enchants them by its slangy Americanism. They think it means appeasement is over.

Mr. Argus came to this country shortly after the Bolshevik revolution. He is a member of the staff of *Novoye Russkoye Slovo*, the largest Russian-language newspaper published in America. He writes a humorous column under his "Argus" nom de plume. His own Americanization, achieved with the aid of his American wife, provides material for two amusing chapters.

"To Russians," says Mr. Argus, "time means nothing." His story of a dinner party illustrates this. His wife is giving the party. He promises to leave the office early. To pick up a manuscript, on his way home he stops for five minutes at the house of a Russian neighbor. One small glass of vodka, with zakouska, becomes three small glasses of vodka because, as Russians say, "God loves the Trinity." The five minutes stretch to thirty. He is late. He must go at once. He has his hat in hand, when his hostess sadly says, "What kind of dinner will you get? American dinner. Grass. I have a real Russian dinner tonight." So Mr. Argus stays. He must taste the lady's pirojki; they were famous even in St. Petersburg.

At home, dinner is almost over when he arrives. He pretends to eat. After her guests have gone, the understanding Mrs. Argus, his American wife, closes the incident by telling her husband that he is just "an incorrigible Russian."

In addition to its amusing readability, "Moscow on the Hudson" has the merit of briefness. Thanks, perhaps, to the influence of Mrs. Argus? Yet I regret the omission of two intensely Russian characteristics. Most Russians feel a fanatical devotion to the land, to the countryside where things grow. Scattered all over Long Island, New Jersey and Connecticut — anywhere within reasonable distance from New York — you will find Russians who have managed, with incredible sacrifice, to acquire some kind of shack and a parcel of earth. They grow things. They put up jellies and jams — for how can you drink your evening tea without homemade preserves? Russians can't.

Nor does Mr. Argus mention the sentimental feeling with which most Russians regard their Orthodox Church. They make a special point of attending midnight mass on Easter Eve, though they may not set foot in church at any other time. Their celebration of Easter plays a deep part in their nostalgic love for their mother country. It is also a mystic protest against the Junkerdom of Russia under the Soviets.

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

PLUTARCHIAN DAYDREAMER

Pierre Vergniaud: Voice of the French Revolution, by Claude G. Bowers. *New York: Macmillan. $6.50*

It is more than a hundred and fifty-seven years since the blade of the guillotine silenced that *superb orateur*, as Sainte-Beuve called him, who is now remembered mainly for his aphorism about the tendency of revolutions to devour their offspring after the manner of Cronus. Ambassador Claude Bowers's biography of Vergniaud is the first in English; indeed there have been only a few in French, the most recent and perhaps best being that of M. Eugène Lintilhac, which appeared in 1920. But Mr. Bowers, it seems, has had the benefit of some hitherto unpublished papers by Vergniaud himself and by his boon companion in life, politics and death, Jean-François Ducos.

Of all the great personalities of the French Revolution in its middle phase, Vergniaud is certainly the most amiable and attractive. He was generous and affectionate by nature, free of malice, and apparently almost free of ambition. He was one of that little band of newly-elected Bordelais deputies, who on their way to the Legislative Assembly had as a traveling-companion the German Count Reinhard. So much was Reinhard enchanted by their gaiety, intelligence and exalted enthusiasm, that under their spell he resolved to embrace the cause of France, freedom and fraternal equality. Alas, the tragedy of those charming young deputies was that the only sort of talent that was missing among them was a talent for politics.

It has sometimes seemed to me strange that the pedagogical disciples of Professor Dewey have never seen fit to use the French Revolution as an example of the dangers and pitfalls of the old-fashioned classical education.

The Girondists, like so many of their adversaries of the Left and Right, lived and died in a Plutarchian daydream. Vergniaud, as his speeches prove, was no exception; but he seems to have found it harder than did some to sustain the antique virtues for twenty-four hours of every day. Mr. Bowers does his best to acquit his hero of the reproach of indolence and hedonism fastened on him by contemporaries; and indeed it may have been because the revolutionary fires burned in him more fiercely than in others that he so often sought the cool consolations of Mlle. Julie Candeille and her harp.

Anyway, Mr. Bowers shares with his subject a disposition to view the whole of history in ideological chiaroscuro. For Vergniaud history was the endless battle of virtuous Bruti, Gracchi, Catos and Ciceros against evil Tarquins, Sullas, Catalines and Caesars. For Mr. Bowers it is an even simpler pattern of light and darkness, of pure-minded, high-principled, freedom-loving democrats *versus* blind and selfish reactionaries or black and brutal totalitarians. Thus he declines to allow Vergniaud even the defects of his qualities, or to consider him compassionately as one who was impelled by the intoxications of theory, the deliriums of an age and the fatal gift of eloquence into an historical role for which he was suited neither by temperament nor by experience, and obliged to play it out on a violent and melodramatic stage. But by attempting to give us instead the portrait of a clear-headed statesman and deep-thinking political philosopher, a sort of Gallic Jefferson, Mr. Bowers only succeeds in depriving Vergniaud's personal tragedy of some of its poignancy and in obscuring the historical moral. For a man in Mr. Bowers's position the moral might be somewhat disconcerting; whoever examines without emotional or doctrinal prejudice the course pursued by the Girondists in the momentous year of 1792 — observing how much they started that they were unable to finish, and their fitful oscillations between fanatic idealism and crude opportunism — can hardly fail to perceive certain temperamental and historical affinities between them and the political interests that were so recently ascendant at Washington.

It would be difficult to prove that the Girondists omitted any blunder in the book of statesmanship; and it can hardly be doubted that, while they possessed the initiative, they steered the Revolution straight toward the rock of dictatorship upon which it was wrecked. And long before they climbed into the executioner's carts they had consigned their own necks, plainly labeled and charges prepaid, to Citoyen Sanson and his bloody little widow. Their fiery anti-clericalism led them to extenuate the massacres at Avignon, and to throw themselves with all ardor into the fight to force the constitutional oath upon the clergy, thereby driving into the ranks of the counter-revolution a class which in the main had been highly revolutionary in 1789, preparing the tinders of civil war and permitting it to acquire the ferocity and stubbornness of a crusade. It was the constitutional oath that stuck like a barb in the conscience of Louis XVI, a lukewarm Royalist but a passionate Catholic, and drove him into his treasonable correspondences and to his attempt at flight. Again, it was the Girondists in alliance with the Parisian demagogues who called upon the underworld to help them denigrate and then destroy what remained of the ancient symbols of authority, imagining fondly that they could fill the vacuum with a new authority of philosophic abstractions, unsupported by custom or by police.

But having come at last by such devices to what they deemed the place of power, they felt themselves vaguely threatened by the anarchic forces they had called into action. Like so many revolutionary rulers before and after them, they sought to divert the destructive energies outward. They launched France upon the foreign wars that were to continue for more than twenty years and to sacrifice virtually a whole generation. But their net accomplishment was to create a pretext and an opportunity — some would say a necessity — for the Terror that was so quickly to devour them. And at each crisis of events it was the orator Vergniaud who rationalized the Girondist course of action by his persuasive eloquence and strove, almost always with success, to have it endorsed by the Assembly.

Yet for Mr. Bowers the great figures of the Gironde are still invested with the romantic nimbi placed around them by mythologists like Lamartine and Nodier; but, aware of the discredit that historical research has placed upon nineteenth-century legends, he is prepared to argue that Vergniaud was not a real Girondin at all, far less a Brissotin. In a sense he is right: the Girondists were not a political party, as we understand the term, but a collection of strongly opinionated and highly articulate individuals, who frequently found themselves more or less sympathetic on points of doctrine and policy but were incapable of planned and concerted action even in moments of peril. They represented no considerable body of French opinion, and were never more than a parliamentary minority. In the days of the Legislative Assembly they are virtually indistinguishable from the Jacobins; in fact most Girondists were conspicuous members of the club, and one of them, Lanjuinais, was its founder. It is probably true that the Girondins were the first of the Jacobins to utter aloud and boldly the fateful word "Republic"; but it is also true that of those Girondins who survived the Terror only one, Louvet, brought his republican principles back intact when he emerged from his hiding-place after Thermidor. There is no special reason to suppose that Vergniaud, had he lived, would have done the same. But if the Girondists were not themselves a party they succeeded, during those eight months of deadly conflict in the Convention after the foundation of the Republic, in making a single, cohesive party of their antagonists of the Mountain. They drove Marat, Danton and Robespierre into alliance; and in the end they managed, by their political ineptitude, to alienate their own allies in the Plain, or center.

It may well have been, as Mr. Bowers would have us believe, that Vergniaud, when not under the spell of his own rhetoric, had a somewhat clearer notion of political realities than reckless zealots like Rebecqui and Gaudet, or infatuated ideologues like Brissot and Louvet. He was not of the circle of Mme. Roland, and so escaped her heady and disastrous influences. Mr. Bowers and M. Lintilhac agree that Vergniaud was even disposed to welcome the overtures made to the Gironde by Danton; but the evidence is doubtful and difficult to reconcile with Vergniaud's brave and angry denunciations of the frightful prison massacres of September 1792. It is not

certain that those grandiose butcheries were actually instigated by Danton; but it is quite certain that some of his friends were implicated in them. It is also certain that Danton, whether guilty or not, boasted of his guilt for political reasons; and the Girondists, who in either case had reason for their horror and disgust, were satisfied to take his word.

Because of the great admiration in which Vergniaud's oratorical gifts were held by his colleagues, even those who were his enemies, some historians have represented him as a kind of *chef du parti*. But if the Girondists could be said to have possessed a parliamentary leader, it was more probably Gensonné. There was, alas, little leadership of any sort; and in parliamentary matters the Gironde was easily and repeatedly outmaneuvered by Robespierre. Vergniaud's influence was exerted wholly from the tribune by his voice and gift of phrase; he had no taste for the patient intrigue and negotiation whereby political power is built. But of course it was an age in which mere eloquence counted for much more than it does now. Even at the threshold of the Terror Vergniaud seldom failed to carry the Convention with him; but when he left the tribune his magic was soon dispelled by stronger persuasions of fear. Today his speeches with their incessant classical allusions and quotations seem, like most French Revolutionary oratory, insufferably pedantic. Yet one may still be powerfully moved by his nobler rhetorical flights, as for example the grand peroration of his philippic against the September murderers, or his famous reply on April 10, 1793, to the accusations of Robespierre, when, embracing the reproach of moderation, Vergniaud exclaims:

> *On a cherché à consummer la Révolution par la terreur; j'aurais voulu consummer par l'amour!*

After the expulsion of the Girondists from the National Convention had been forced by Marat and the insurrectionary mob, Vergniaud made no attempt to escape from Paris and the doom he must have known awaited him there. Perhaps, as Mr. Bowers suggests, he disapproved the schemes of Pétion and Buzot for raising a revolt against Paris and the Indivisible Republic in the provinces. Perhaps he remained because he was deeply in love. At all events he seems to have been an early victim of that enervation and lassitude which were so often the reaction to the revolutionary fevers, and which were presently to afflict even Danton. So many of the men who made the French Revolution were physically and emotionally exhausted by the strain of living, as Boissy d'Anglas put it, through centuries in years.

Mr. Bowers's book contains a good many reckless generalizations, many faults of syntax, and here and there errors, more irritating than consequential. Louvet's mistress was not, as is stated, "a Polish woman"; Mr. Bowers has confused Marguerite Dennelle with her literary metamorphosis as the "Lodoiska" of Louvet's sentimental novel. The brilliant and witty Abbé Maury was not, as our author appears to believe, a clerical aristocrat, but the son of a poor shoemaker, and many a bourgeois radical deemed him coarse. The proofreading is often careless. J. M. Thompson appears in the bibliography as "S. M. Thompson"; and the omission of a serial comma on page 335 causes the name of Jean-Baptise Louvet to appear in the index as "Louvet, Cambon"!

J. M. LALLEY

WHERE THE GIMMICK ENDS

Mixed Company, by Irwin Shaw. *New York: Random House. $3.75*

It is discomforting to consider Irwin Shaw's stories apart from the customary environment of *New Yorker* Profiles, brightly-colored advertisements and sophisticated cartoons. For without these buttresses they tend to fall apart and disclose a basic shallowness which even their highly-polished technique and all-too-fluent nobility of purpose can not disguise.

Mr. Shaw demonstrates that within the scope of five thousand words he is always able to devise a neat "gimmick" that will not only hold the interest of the widest possible audience, but leave it with the illusion that something truly significant has been said. His style, derived from the familiar rhythms of Hemingway, but devoid of their tautness and skill, permits him to creep up on the reader and convey his "message" without appearing to do so, to entertain even as he instructs. It enables him to switch, without a single tremor in transition, from a description of, say, a Capehart phonograph, to the troubled conscience of a young man who, in his dreams, sees the bombers blasting European cities.

Mr. Shaw, haunted by modern history, is always there to send forth a call to action and arouse us from our complacency. So filled are his heroes with the urgency of current events, that they must not only hold tightly to their dry martinis, but to the overwhelming sense of social guilt which threatens to burst forth at any moment. A typical example is the oft-anthologized "Main Currents of American Thought," where, in the midst of a fairly moving study of a hack writer, we come suddenly upon the following:

> Barcelona had fallen and the long dusty lines were beating their way to the French border with the planes over them, and out of a sense of guilt at not being on a dusty road, yourself, bloody-footed and in fear of death, you gave a hundred dollars, feeling at the same time that it was too much and nothing you ever gave could be enough.

The trouble with such writing lies not in its stilted intonations, but in the fact that it is so easy. Its slick delivery, coupled with the constant anxiety to demonstrate at all times his faith in the "little people," in democracy, in America, lends Mr. Shaw's work a facade of seriousness and sophistication. On the few occasions, however, when Mr. Shaw accidently plunges beyond his customary depth into a theme that offers genuine creative possibilities, he is careful to retrace his footsteps in such a manner as to leave these possibilities untouched.

Thus, in one of his more successful stories, "The Girls In Their Summer Dresses," we have what appears to be an excellent study of a married man, who, walking the streets on Sunday with his wife, can not help but eye admiringly each girl that passes. His wife, sensing this, forces him to admit that despite his genuine love for her, he might at some point conceivably burst the bonds of their marriage. Dispirited, they enter a bar, and decide to give up the thought of spending the day alone together. Then as the wife rises to make a phone call, Mr. Shaw ends the story thus: "Michael watched her walk, thinking, what a pretty girl, what nice legs."

We are amused in this story by the clear, crisp dialogue, the faithful rendition of marital small-talk, the pinpoint descriptions of passing women. But what has become of the theme originally raised? For in the beginning, the husband's plight appears to represent one of the irreconcilable conflicts of modern marriage. But with the last line we see that his appreciation of women is simply a harmless, abstract thing, encompassing even his wife and causing everything that has gone before to take on the aspect of a trick gesture which is never followed through. Here, as in all of Mr. Shaw's stories, when we have begun to hope for something more than this customary gesture, when the conflict is ready to begin in earnest, we perceive the conjurer's hand behind the scenery reducing all to the same meaningless triviality.

WALLACE MARKFIELD

THE THING

The Hell Bomb, by William L. Laurence. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75*

Sourcebook on Atomic Energy, by Samuel Glasstone. *New York: D. Van Nostrand Company. $2.90*

William Laurence is well known as one of the leading science reporters. His work has carried him into contact with many skilled professional scientists, and he has developed a considerable ability in converting their language into a form which is apparently acceptable to the non-professional reader. This ability can be seen in his little book on the hydrogen bomb, which is readable, well arranged and as regards the hydrogen bomb itself probably not far from giving the right impression.

One could complete the review with this paragraph but for two very important considerations. The first is that at present it is nearly impossible to obtain a professional statement regarding the hydrogen bomb due to a request by the Atomic Energy Commission that silence be guarded, and the second that a few pages of remarks about the possibility of defense against atomic weapons is included. This book is likely to be the only source of information for some time, and as we are now going through an era of seeking a basis for national policy it may well be that the influence exerted by Mr. Laurence is greater than is warranted.

How authoritative is scientific journalism? To answer this there comes to mind the analogy of a vase of artificial flowers. They look like flowers and if they are well made there is even conveyed the emotional response to flowers. Yet they don't fool the botanist for more than a second. Now if we think of this account of the hydrogen bomb as a vase of artificial flowers, not growing, not pretending to grow, but pretending to look right, we are in the right mood. How good is the imitation? Are there any real flowers like these? Since we can not enter the preserve where the real flowers grow, how valid is our emotional response to these, the imitations?

The tall central part of the bouquet, with the striking blossom and the vivid colors, the hydrogen bomb itself, is so unforgettable a sight that no one can ignore it. And the experts seem to say nothing against this. The map of damage due to an H-bomb, chosen with a deep instinct, showing the area of severe to total destruction by blast extending from the Empire State Building to Newark, Hackensack and Jamaica, which faces page 18, is probably quite fair. The account of the kinds of nuclear reactions involved and of the part played by present uranium bombs in starting the thermonuclear reaction is fair enough. Indeed Mr. Laurence uses extensive quotation, well chosen, to back up his statements. But around the edge of the vase is a charming friendly chain of daisies, reminding us of simplicity and security, which looks as though it were assembled a little carelessly. When we look again we see to our amazement that the petals are no more than shredded newspaper and that the chewing gum with which they are stuck down is plainly in sight. This is the part about defense against the H-bomb.

Mr. Laurence says:

> We have had it dinned into our ears for so long that there is no defense against the atomic bomb and that the only choice confronting us is "one world or none," without anyone taking the trouble to challenge these two pernicious catch phrases, that we have accepted them as gospel truth, particularly since they were uttered by some of our more articulate atomic scientists.
>
> The truth of the matter is that there can be and there is a defense against atomic weapons as against any other weapon. Basically it is the same as the defense against submarines, or enemy bombers: detect them and destroy them before they reach you. The difference is largely a matter of degree. With the aid of the vast stretches of the Atlantic and Pacific, augumented by an effective radar and interceptor system . . . the odds would be against a single A or H-bomb reaching our shores.

Now I am a poor professor and I can only afford to bet ten dollars. But right now I bet Mr. Laurence ten dollars that he can not produce a single person who shares the responsibility for the defense of this country and who knows the facts about radar and interception, who will agree with that last sentence. An overwhelming attrition rate on an enemy raid in the last war was reckoned at 10 per cent. The proximity fuse and radar-controlled gunfire "stopped" the V-1s. Defense was devised. Yet in spite of nearly a year's preparation, 95 per cent of V-1s reached their objective in the first three attacks. Yes, they were stopped later, but so what!

This time we are gambling with blue chips. One of those is on page 18 of Mr. Laurence's book. To lull the American public into false security and then one day have it find that the entire city of New York has been destroyed by an H-bomb is in my mind a great deal more pernicious than causing overpreparedness.

The fact is, that as in any other war, what we dish out we have also got to take. Mr. Laurence's book would be far stronger if he admitted this elementary fact.

An interesting feature of the book is the "Primer of Atomic Energy." It is good except that it will cause much embarrassment to chemistry professors who have been used to regarding matter as conserved in chemical reactions; and that it conveys none of the revolution in thought brought by Bohr, Schrödinger, Heisenberg, Dirac and Pauli, whose names are clearly not "news." Einstein, of course, is "news."

The "Sourcebook on Atomic Energy" is of a wholly different character. Prepared under the auspices of the Atomic Energy Commission, with consultation available from many experienced personnel, it is a well written and carefully managed account of the whole subject of atomic energy. It should be read by persons with some scientific experience, though it is by no means for experts. To those

few people who recollect that the economic use of atomic power was "ten years away" in 1945 and that five years have passed, this book will be of much interest. It is regrettable that the recent releases of information on experimental reactors could not be included.

ERNEST C. POLLARD

GUSTO AND RETICENCE

New Letters of Robert Browning, edited by William Clyde DeVane and Kenneth L. Knickerbocker. *New Haven: Yale. $6.00*

To come upon these Browning letters fresh after a reading of Boswell's "London Journal" is a startling experience. It is a reminder that the undergraduate notion of the eighteenth century as an age of formality and reticence and of the nineteenth century as an age of personal revelation is merely something out of "Alice in Wonderland." For in Boswell's Journal (which was sent, of course, in letters written to a friend), the incredible young man hides nothing whatever from his correspondent. Browning, on the other hand, seems to reveal very little. In one of his poems, he had heartily deplored the sonnet-writing custom of unlocking one's heart, and in these letters he follows his own advice. When writing to friends, in fact, he is usually even more reticent than when writing poems for the general public. Sometimes his guard is lowered a little, especially in the earlier letters in which he makes his bumptious requests to Macready, the actor. And throughout the volume, he does give himself away by his persistent concern with the reception of his poems. Unlike some of his contemporaries such as Dickens, who tried to shield themselves from reviews, Browning can be seen here painfully reading every review he can get his hands on. Often it was an excruciating experience for him, and some of his most characteristic passages are his bellows of rage against the "stupid and spiteful" critics and the pig-like public who grunt for something new in poetry and then only grunt the more when they receive it.

Browning likened the reviewers of his "Men and Women" volume to a zoo full of monkeys: " 'Whoo-oo-oo-oo' mouths the big monkey — 'Whee-ee-ee-ee' squeaks the little monkey and such a dig with the end of my umbrella as I should give the brutes." In spite of his much reputed cheerfulness, which is present here, too, Browning seems to have retained from his early failures a sense of insecurity as an artist. Even after the Browning Society was founded, he soberly reminded a correspondent: "My own claims to be a poet have always been strongly contested, and not altogether by people I despised." He had other reasons for insecurity (the failure of his son, for one) yet it was his nature to mask such feelings. "I have been knocked about all my life," he notes, "and taught patience under a tap or two."

Another difference from the Boswell Journal is a difference of pace. The leisurely tradition of letter-writing, as the editors indicate, had gone out by Browning's time, although an afterglow glimmered on in the correspondence of Fitzgerald. Many of the letters making up this new collection were obviously written in haste and are merely pedestrian directions to Browning's publisher about straightening out accounts, or to his hostesses, in later life, about dinner engagements. More interesting to most readers are those letters, perhaps equally hasty, in which the gusto of the man comes through. It is this quality that Thackeray remarked on when, sick in bed, he was visited by Browning: "What spirits he has — almost too much for my weak state. He almost blew me out of bed." The same breezy style appears in the best of these letters, in his brilliant analysis of Carlyle, for example, or in his blundering comments on Swinburne.

The following passage, with its harsh juxtapositions, has the very ring of the poet's voice: "It must be this warm-chilly April weather, sweet sour like violet punch, that undoes me. Soberly — eh, Oh! Those rhymes are rare — everybody knows *I* beat the world that way— can tie and untie English as a Roman girl a tame serpent's tail — but rare those rhymes all the same."

In one passage, Browning records his amusement that Lockhart admired him for being so unlike "a damned literary man," but his letters suggest that Lockhart was right. Unlike Keats, he rarely takes his correspondents with him over his poetic hurdles. There is one letter, however, perhaps the best in this interesting collection, which is thoroughly literary. In it, he tries to define the difference between his own poetry and the kind which relies upon "poeticalness," that is, "the superficial glitter of language and profusion of figure" which "suffice for many readers." Did he perhaps have Tennyson (or, at least, the Tennysonians) in mind?

For the editing one can have nothing but praise. Almost all of the four hundred odd letters have never before been published; they have been collected over a period of many years, and are presented with the kind of painstaking annotation that no previous collections of Browning's correspondence have had. The notes in themselves are a mine of Victoriana. The editors have aimed, they say, to advance the standard of Browning scholarship, and their achievement here is evident.

The editors also hope that this collection will help to bring nearer a full biography of the poet. Meanwhile, these new letters will help readers of Browning to grope round for further clues to some of the puzzles of his life and writing. What his Victorian critics called his "utter unintelligibility" is related to the same causes which made him so reticent a letter-writer. And if Browning is the uncle who left a rich legacy of "unintelligibility" to twentieth-century poets (a legacy not frequently acknowledged), it would be interesting to know more of the reasons for his own development of it.

GEORGE H. FORD

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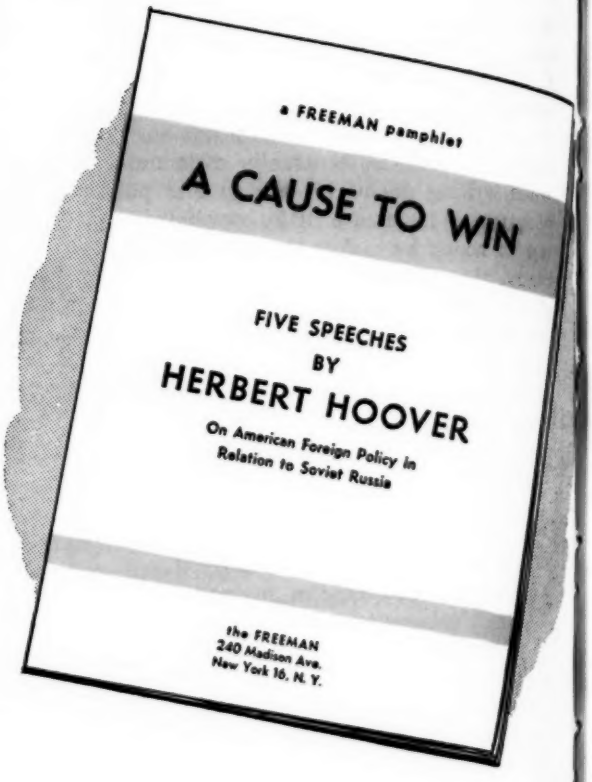

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