the

DECEMBER 31, 1951 25 CENTS

FREEMAN

CALLING STALIN'S BLUFF
Malcolm Wheeler-Nicholson

JESSE JONES AND THE RFC
Raymond Moley

THE INCENTIVE TO PRODUCE
Edward F. Hutton

MANNERS, ARTS AND MORALS
William S. Schlamm

THE FUNCTION OF THE FREEMAN
An Editorial

Editors: John Chamberlain • Henry Hazlitt • Suzanne La Follette

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DECEMBER 31, 1951

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A WORD ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

MAJOR MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON predicted the attack on Pearl Harbor in his book, "America Can Win." His previous articles for the *Freeman* were "The Second Pearl Harbor" (December 11, 1950) and "Strategy for America" (February 12).

EDWARD F. HUTTON, special partner of the New York brokerage firm that bears his name, began his career as a "grease monkey," mail clerk and blacksmith's helper. He is co-founder of Freedoms Foundation, Inc., and last year received from New York University the honorary degree of Doctor of Commercial Science as a "fighting missionary for enterprise."

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the FREEMAN

NEW YORK, MONDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1951

THE FORTNIGHT

After having been cleared six times by the State Department's Loyalty Security Board, China Boy John Stewart Service has at last been dismissed from the Department on a finding by the Loyalty Review Board of "reasonable doubt" about his loyalty to his country. The principal reason for this doubt, according to the press, was Service's role in the *Amerasia* case, in 1945. That case, in connection with which Service was arrested and then released, concerned the theft *in wartime* of hundreds of government documents, many of them top secret, which were found in the office of *Amerasia*, a photostating plant disguised as a pro-Soviet magazine. The reason behind the release of four suspects and the light penalties imposed upon two others still remains a top secret of the State and Justice Departments.

The State Department has known for more than six years about Service's role in the *Amerasia* case. During five years and nine months of that time he was not only kept in positions giving him access to classified material, but was vigorously defended by the Department—notably by Mr. George F. Kennan, whose word carried great weight not only with the Loyalty Board but with members of Congress, as the Record of the Tydings Committee shows. Note that Service was not excluded from access to secret documents until March 1951. Yet in that same Tydings Committee Record (session of June 26, 1950) you will find part of a recording by the FBI of a conversation between John Stewart Service and Philip J. Jaffe, editor of *Amerasia*, who was fined $2500 for purloining government documents. We quote one remark by Service, which appears on p. 1404: "Well, what I said about the military plans is, of course, very secret."

Doesn't all this cast doubt not merely on Service's loyalty but on the State Department's own good faith? Especially after the case of Alger Hiss, upon whom Secretary Acheson refused to turn his back? Whittaker Chambers told the Department in 1939 that Hiss was a Soviet agent. Yet the Department promoted him to one important policy-making post after another until he resigned in December 1946, to Mr. Acheson's deep regret (see p. 206 of this issue). Four years later, and eleven years after the Department had been informed of Hiss's espionage activities, he was convicted of having lied about them under oath before a Congressional Committee. A desire to protect the interests of the American people does not seem to be one of the Department's more compelling motives. What is it, then, that has induced Mr. Acheson to accept the appearance of humiliating defeat at the hands of his arch-enemy, Senator McCarthy?

When Pilate asked what truth was, his state of mind was sheer certainty if compared with that of our Democratic Senators. The Committee on Armed Services appointed a Subcommittee on Preparedness, headed by Lyndon B. Johnson, Democratic Senator of Texas. Mr. Johnson's carefully studied findings: "The defense program [is] in a deplorable state, with output lagging so far behind as actually to endanger the nation's security." A few days later, the Joint Committee on Defense Production, headed by Senator Burnet R. Maybank, Democrat of South Carolina, officially refused "to be alarmed by unconfirmed reports of failures to maintain a minimum of national security." They are all loyal Administration Senators but seem to have contrary impressions on how safe it is to live under Mr. Truman's leadership. Whom is one to believe? All an American contemporary of Mr. Truman's knows with certainty is that Mrs. Caudle, as her husband has repeatedly testified under oath, is "a sweet thing." This is indeed reassuring, but not enough to warrant national serenity.

A year ago the United States informed the government of the Philippines that Filipinos could count on no more aid from American taxpayers unless they started to help themselves. According to the *Wall Street Journal's* Washington correspondent, this policy of toughness has paid off: the Filipinos have balanced their State budget, started a number of new industries, and dramatically increased their export trade. Maybe it would be a good thing if the

Marshall Plan Forever boys were to send a mission to Manila to see how common sense can work the miracles that the Economics of the Miraculous invariably fail to produce.

It has become fashionable among the Administration's court journalists to suggest that, rather than investigate errors of the past, we should all ponder the challenge of the future. To oppose such a powerfully sweet line, in a profession which traditionally rallies to the defense of motherhood and strongly disapproves of sin, would seem suicidal, but we will take a chance. The errors of the past, it seems to us, remain the top problem of the present for the simple reason that the perpetrators of those errors are still in charge of our national future. Now it is of course true that one repentant sinner is more welcome in Heaven than ten habitually righteous bores, but the operative word in this noble revelation is "repentant." If memory serves, Mr. Truman has never retracted his contention that the investigation of Alger Hiss was a "red herring." Mr. Harriman still thinks Yalta was a bargain. Messrs. Acheson and Jessup take every other day a new oath to the unexceptionable soundness of their every past judgment. Whatever be the place where unrepentant sinners are welcome, it is decidedly not Heaven. Neither can it be, at the peril of national survival, the Federal government.

We get reports from Holland that the Dutch press is in a furore of worry over the recent issue of *Collier's* magazine that was devoted to a "preview of the war we do not want." Whether liberal or conservative, Catholic or Lutheran, the Dutch editorial writers seem to concur in thinking that the United States is inexorably pushing Europe from Cold War to Hot War, and that the writers for the *Collier's* war issue (who include Robert E. Sherwood, Edward Murrow, Stuart Chase, Philip Wylie and Bill Mauldin) are part of a gigantic war plot. We wish to reassure the Dutch editorial writers on one point: practically all the writers for the *Collier's* "preview" issue have already demonstrated that they are the world's worst prophets. Take Stuart Chase, for example. He's an estimable man in many respects, but he pulled the biggest prophetic boner of the century when he predicted some twenty years ago that World War II would last a mere two hours! As for Bob Sherwood, he's a good fellow, but he certainly guessed wrong about the possibility of postwar amity with Stalin in 1945. To the extent that the *Collier's* writers think a big blow-off is coming we feel quite safe. Amsterdam and Rotterdam papers please copy.

Harold Ross, the extraordinary creator of the *New Yorker*, lived much too briefly, but long enough to see the nation's stylish intelligentsia uniformly dressed in the nonconformism of his aggressive youth. When Ross died, his superb idea to *épater le bourgeois* and at the same time let him pick up the check, had succeeded to the point of no return—spiritual return, that is. What he started as the unpredictable comeback of gay rebels to the boorishness of their environment, had become the precisely predictable weekly group ritual of everybody who had set his mind on being somebody. Harold Ross, no doubt, will for a long time be remembered as one who, with his immense talent and a raffish kind of integrity, has helped in forming the American Intellectual of the arrogantly "liberal" type. If the artifice, as we suspect, shall be found wanting in the stormy days ahead, the fault will not necessarily be charged to the powerful sculptor. Rather, a nation deserted by its sophisticates should blame their feebleness of character and their reprehensible urge to imitate.

Joe DiMaggio, who covered center field for the New York Yankees like a tent for sixteen years, has just announced that he has hung up his glove forever. This is one of the sadder items of the past month, and it is not out of mere sentiment or love for baseball that we say it. The truth is that Joe DiMaggio probably had more to teach the youth of America than the combined professors of the combined economics courses of the combined American universities. Joe played his game with the grace and precision of a Pavlova or a Moira Shearer. Daily for sixteen summers he was a living proof that the proper application of brains, energy and technique could produce the most exquisite perfection of result. Joe never behaved in a way calculated to make one believe that a fig can be had from a thistle, or that lower prices can be conjured out of price control. With Joe the effect always followed out of the causation thereof. Watching him was a living inoculation against lunacy of all kinds.

A thirteen-year-old came home from school the other day and said, within our hearing: "Gee, the Russians really are getting dangerous. I never realized it until the teacher made us look at the globe this morning. The Russians are creeping up all the time." This bit of intelligence made us feel rather good about our schools for a change. If more Americans would look at the globe—particularly at that portion now in ferment from Pakistan and Iran around to Suez and Egypt—they might achieve the wisdom of a thirteen-year-old school child who has the eyes to see the implications of a flanking operation on a map when the operation is in process of being carried out.

Just a Red-baiter at heart: Mr. Caudle said he accepted Mr. d'Agostino's invitation to go to Italy, expenses paid (1) in order to help bring about the reconciliation of the parents of his host who were on the point of separation and (2) to study the infiltration of communism in Rome. In Rome?

The Freeman deeply sympathizes with President Harry Truman's annoyance at having to carry around a Caudle appendage.

The Function of the Freeman

IN OUR first issue, on October 2, 1950, we published an editorial called "The Faith of the Freeman," in which we outlined our fundamental economic, political and moral philosophy. Now, at the completion of our first full calendar year of existence, we think it appropriate to say something about our function.

On the positive side, of course, our function is to expound and apply our announced principles of traditional liberalism, voluntary cooperation and individual freedom. On the negative side, it is to expose the errors of coercionism and collectivism of all degrees—of statism, "planning," controlism, socialism, fascism and communism.

We seek, in other words, not only to hearten and strengthen those who already accept the principles of individual freedom, but to convert honestly confused collectivists to those principles.

A few of our friends sometimes tell us that a periodical like the *Freeman* is read only by those who already believe in its aims, and that therefore we believers in liberty are merely "talking to ourselves." But even if this were true, which it isn't, we would still be performing a vital function. It is imperative that those who already believe in a market economy, limited government and individual freedom should have the constant encouragement of knowing that they do not stand alone, that there is high hope for their cause. It is imperative that all such men and women keep abreast of current developments and know their meaning in relation to the cause of freedom. It is imperative that, through constant criticism of each other's ideas, they continue to clarify, increase and perfect their understanding. Only to the extent that they do this can they be counted upon to remain true to a libertarian philosophy, and to recognize collectivist fallacies. Only if they do this can the believers in freedom and individualism hope even to hold their ranks together, and cease constantly to lose converts, as in the past, to collectivism.

But the function of a journal of opinion like the *Freeman* only begins here. The defenders of freedom must do far more than hold their present ranks together. If their ideas are to triumph, they must make converts themselves from the philosophy of collectivism that dominates the world today.

They can do this only if they themselves have a deeper and clearer understanding than the collectivists, and are able not only to recognize the collectivist errors, but to refute them in such a way that the more candid collectivists will themselves recognize, acknowledge and renounce them as errors. A friend of free enterprise is hardly worth having if he can only fume and sputter. He must know the facts; he must think; he must be articulate; he must be able to convince. On the strategy of conversion, our side can take at least one lesson from the enemy. The task of the Bolsheviks, Lenin once wrote, is "to present a patient, systematic and persistent analysis." And our own cause, the cause of freedom, can grow in strength and numbers only if it attracts and keeps adherents who in turn will become, not blind or one-eyed partisans, but enlightened and able expositors, teachers, disseminators, proselytizers.

To make this possible, it is essential that there should exist a prospering periodical with the aims of the *Freeman*. We must restore "conservatism" and the cause of economic freedom to intellectual repute. They have not enjoyed that repute, in the eyes of most "intellectuals," for many years—perhaps since the beginning of the twentieth century.

"We are all Socialists nowadays," said the Prince of Wales in 1895, and he was not joking as much as his listeners, or he himself, supposed. We must never forget that, in the long perspective of human history, "capitalism"—i.e., individualism and a free market economy—is the newest form of economic organization. Communism is the most primitive form; it is as old as primordial man. Feudalism, a regime of status; rigid State and guild control; mercantilism; all these preceded the emergence of economic liberty. Socialism as a self-conscious "intellectual" movement came into being a century and a half ago with such writers as Saint-Simon, Owen, and Fourier. In its Marxian form it made its official debut, so to speak, in the revolutions of 1848 and in the Communist Manifesto of the same year.

And it was not, contrary to popular myth, the proletarian masses or the starving millions who were responsible for either originating or propagating socialist ideas. It was well-fed middle-class intellectuals. This description applies not only to Marx and Engels themselves, but to the epigoni, and to the literati who were chiefly responsible for parroting and popularizing the socialist doctrines. Intellectual hostility to capitalism was made fashionable by the Carlyles and Ruskins of the nineteenth century, and later by the Fabians. Since the beginning of the twentieth century it has been difficult to find an outstanding novelist or playwright, from Bernard Shaw to H. G. Wells, or from Anatole France to André Gide, who did not proudly proclaim himself a Socialist.

The late Lord Keynes, in the last pages of "The General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money," a book not always distinguished for wisdom or sense, pointed out one fact that is profoundly true.

> The ideas of economists and political philosophers [he wrote] both when they are right and when they are wrong, are more powerful than is commonly understood. Indeed the world is ruled by little else. Practical men, who believe themselves to be quite exempt from any intellectual influences, are usually the slaves of some defunct economist. Madmen in authority, who hear voices in the air,

are distilling their frenzy from some academic scribbler of a few years back.

The irony and tragedy of the present is that Keynes himself has become the chief "academic scribbler" and "defunct economist" whose ideas dominate the "madmen in authority" and the intellectuals today. The restoration of economic, fiscal or monetary sanity will not be possible until these intellectuals have been converted or (to use a word coined by Keynes himself) debamboozled.

Who are the intellectuals? They include not merely the professional economists, but novelists, playwrights and screen writers, literary and music critics, readers in publishing houses. They include chemists and physicists, who are fond of sounding off on political and economic issues and using the prestige gained in their own specialty to pontificate on subjects of which they are even more ignorant than the laymen they presume to address. They include college professors, not merely of economics but of literature, history, astronomy, poetry. They include clergymen, lecturers, radio commentators, editorial writers, columnists, reporters, teachers, union leaders, psychoanalysts, painters, composers, Broadway and Hollywood actors—anybody and everybody who has gained an audience beyond that of his immediate family and friends, and whose opinions carry kudos and influence either with other intellectuals or with the man in the street.

To consider this group of intellectuals is to recognize that it sets the fashion in political, economic and moral ideas, and that the masses of men follow the intellectual leadership—good or bad—that it supplies. Clearly also there is a hierarchy within this hierarchy. The ballet dancer, say, gets his ideas from the pages of the *New Yorker*, and the *New Yorker* from some vague memory of Veblen; the popular leftist novelist gets his notions from the *Nation* or the *New Republic*, and these in turn from the Webbs, the Harold Laskis or the John Deweys.

The hopeful aspect of this process is that it can also be used to revise or reverse ideas. If the intellectual leaders, when they go wrong, can have a great influence for harm, so, when they are right, they can have a great influence for good. When we consider the immense practical influence for evil that has been exercised by Karl Marx's *"Das Kapital,"* we should also recall the immense practical influence for good exercised by Adam Smith's "The Wealth of Nations." If the intellectual leaders can themselves be converted or reconverted, they can be counted on, in turn, to take care of the task of mass conversion. For the masses do respect and follow intellectual leadership.

Above all, we must keep in mind the rising generation, which will comprise both the future masses and the future intellectual leaders, and whose ideas and actions will be heavily determined by what they are taught today.

Few practical businessmen realize how economic and social ideas originate and spread, because they are not usually themselves students or readers. It is perhaps unrealistic to expect them to be. There is a necessary division of labor in society, and most businessmen have enough to do in improving their particular product to satisfy consumers, in reducing costs and in meeting competition. But one result of the preoccupation of business leaders with their own immediate problems is that they hardly become aware of the existence and power of ideas—conservative or radical—until some legislative proposal that would destroy their business is put before Congress, or until the labor union in their own plant makes some ruinous demand. Then they are apt to think that this demand comes from the rank-and-file of the workers, and that it can be answered by some statistics showing the smallness of profits compared with wages.

But usually neither the assumed origin nor the assumed cure is correct. The demands come, not from the working rank-and-file, but from labor leaders following a suggestion thrown out in some college classroom, or by some radical writer; and the practical businessman, even though he knows the immediate facts of his own business, finds himself at a heavy disadvantage in these controversies because he can not answer, and perhaps is even unaware of, the *general premises* on which the contentions of those hostile to business really rest.

It is the aim of the *Freeman* to address itself specifically to the leaders and moulders of public opinion and to thinking people everywhere, in order to help create a healthier climate for the preservation of free enterprise and the liberty and moral autonomy of the individual. It is our aim to point out the fallacies in the basic premises of the collectivists of all degrees up to the totalitarian.

It is our aim, above all, to expound the foundations of a philosophy of freedom.

McKinney, A Monk Won't Do!

SEVERAL weeks ago, when the Hon. Frank McKinney was ordained chairman of the Democratic National Committee, we advanced three possible alternatives to the current method of selecting the High Priest of Trumanism ("In Defense of Virtue," issue of November 19). Deeply moved by the sweet innocence McKinney's face radiated on first sight (the country boy's halo has in the meantime been identified as the reflection from a pile of money —$68,000 he had made on a $1000 investment in a government-connected bankruptcy case), we were even then haunted by a premonition that he might prove just as expendable as his predecessors, and almost as expendable as our tax money.

And so, with the desire to conserve at least the nation's *spiritual* resources, we suggested that an end be made to the reckless tapping of innocent country boys and that the chairman of the Democratic National Committee in the future be chosen in one of these three ways: "from among certified

wards of bankruptcy courts who are legally incapable, and therefore beyond the suspicion, of handling checks, cash, or steel priorities"; or by picking a Republican to run the Democratic Party, which then could not be held responsible for anything it would inevitably do to the country's cash; or by auctioning off the job to the highest bidder, if not making it a main prize in a national lottery.

But why do we quote ourselves so extensively? Not out of pride (though we are rather fond of our constructive suggestions), but to prepare the reader for a fourth alternative—one Mr. McKinney himself advanced only the other day. Impatient with some nosey Puritans who worry about the Potomac Gold Rush, he stopped to muse as follows: "If some people had their way, we would have to go to some abbey and choose a monk to head the party."

Preferably a Trappist, no doubt, whose vow would prevent him from talking to Congressional investigators. Now, deeming ourselves experts on the subject of improving the Democratic National Committee, we want to assure Mr. McKinney that we, too, had hit on this interesting idea but had decided, after careful consideration, not to submit it. As he has proposed it on his own responsibility, we should like to tell Mr. McKinney why we thought the suggestion unworkable.

The first difficulty is that a monk, no matter what order he belongs to, does not know a thing about mink coats. If he is a Franciscan, he might even harbor brotherly sentiments for the mink, his fellow creature, which would never do. How could our governmental wheels keep turning if a Franciscan at the helm of the Democratic National Committee were to lobby Congress to outlaw mink-skinning?

Even more forbidding is another aspect of a monk's succeeding Mr. McKinney. A custom has developed among monks to stay single, and we do not have to tell Mr. McKinney how difficult it is for a bachelor to throw those genteel cocktail parties at which the Nathans meet the Caudles.

Then there is a monk's congenital indifference to such fundamental economic operations as tax frauds and generous exchange of betting tips. Conditioned by an existence several brackets below the tax-exempt minimum, a monk connects the words "to forgive" with mercy rather than with tax debts. Consequently, he could never begin to understand the Democratic system of Grunewald checks and Empire Co. balances. And how could Mr. Truman run the country if the only betting the monk-chairman of his National Committee was ever involved in concerned a bet on salvation?

If, on the other hand, Mr. McKinney feels attracted by the notion that some monks have considerable experience in begging, and so might be of help in gathering a fat Democratic kitty for the forthcoming elections, he would seem to be jumping to conclusions. Monks are notoriously appreciative of very small gifts, and some have even been known to give a sincere blessing in gratitude for two bits.

No, Mr. McKinney's idea just is not practical. Psychoanalytically speaking, it is quite understandable that it occurred to him: the arch-typical Irish subconscious, enviably close to the soil that nourishes religious imagery, always tends to recall the nearness of sin and contrition—sinner and monk. But Mr. McKinney got it all in reverse. What his subconscious evidently wanted him to submit was that repentant chairmen of the Democratic National Committee should ultimately become monks —not *vice versa*. And though we hope to see the day when Frank McKinney enters a monastery, we expect the Democratic National headquarters to remain forever a quite different sort of house.

A Marshall Aid Folly

AMERICANS of Italian stock pay murderous taxes so that snobbish British miners may continue to prevent jobless Italians from digging badly needed coal. Then, having financed crass British discrimination against their starving cousins, those American taxpayers of Italian origin must pay once more—this time to enable the Continent to buy in expensive dollar markets the coal that would be amply available in the deserted mines of Yorkshire. And if there is anything crazier than this Marshall Aid paradox, it is the modish American custom of calling anybody who questions the economic and moral justification of such "interventionism" an ignoble and shortsighted "isolationist."

This is how the Rube Goldberg contraption of our foreign economic policy works in the fantastic case of coal. European industry depends on coal—luckily the one raw material the Old World owns in abundance. Yet Britain's coal exports to the Continent, more essential than ever now that eastern Europe's coal resources have been confiscated by the Soviets, have dropped almost one-third below the prewar level. Why? Because hundreds of thousands of British miners have discovered that their Welfare State guarantees greater "security" in less demanding endeavors, and have consequently abandoned the mines. (Seven hundred thousand men are working today in the British mines, as compared with 1,200,000 at the prewar peak.)

In Italy, on the other hand, structural unemployment suffocates an industrious race: conservative estimates put Italy's surplus manpower above two million. Of these able-bodied unemployables, hundreds of thousands are enthusiastically willing to work in other countries, even on backbreaking and short-lived jobs. If Great Britain permitted them to man abandoned mines, she could raise her coal production by 20 per cent without any important capital investment, and improve Europe's trade balance by about $400 million—not just in "soft" currency equivalents of dollars, but in real greenbacks. For American coal now makes up for the British coal deficit; which means waste of American money and of scarce international shipping space—an insane

double drain on the Atlantic economy. Dollars spent on American coal (which could be so easily replaced from European resources) are unavailable for essential European imports from overseas; and the wanton use of shipping space drives international freight rates ever higher.

So what is it that makes Britain blink at her convenient chance? It is British Labor. In cavalier contempt of the "economic materialism" to which they are philosophically committed, the British labor unions would renounce the undeniable advantages of increased coal production rather than rub elbows with "Dagoes." It is clearly a case of unmitigated racial arrogance, and British Labor knows it. Each time Labor's apologists undertake to rationalize their veto against the admission of Italians to the undermanned British coal industry, they get stalled in an embarrassing mumble—for instance, the dishonest argument that imported Italians might ruin Britain's labor market if mass unemployment were ever to hit it again. In its desperate effort to salvage some of Italy's jobless, the de Gasperi government, backed by the International Labor Office in Geneva, has gladly offered Britain the contractual right to reship those temporary immigrants to Italy in any such predicament. No, recent field surveys have established beyond any reasonable doubt that the sole obstacle to the one feasible solution of Europe's coal crisis remains the British coal miners' refusal to mix with Italian proletarians. Yet even Churchill's government keeps complying with such costly nonsense; and America, of course, continues to oblige everybody (except the American taxpayer).

Now it would never occur to us to dispute an Englishman's right to be snobbish; and if Mr. Bevan's constituents, having duly pledged "the international solidarity of the working classes" at his Sunday meetings, recoil from personal contact with foreigners on weekdays, it is entirely their own business—provided Americans, notoriously a mongrel race, are not expected to pay for such British indulgence. When this country needed good people to build its physical wealth, it took in millions of Italian men and women who since have added great zest and a wonderful humanity to the American spectrum. What would this country have done without its Joe DiMaggios? An American foreign economic policy that now requires these American Italians to underwrite a blatant British insult to one of Europe's worthiest races, is insupportable.

And yet it is vociferously supported by our "interventionist" crowd, past masters at robbing words of their meaning. Surely, people who want this country to refrain from intervening abroad on the side of fair play and good economic sense should be called the real isolationists; while Americans who propose (as we do) that American aid abroad be confined to those who comply with elementary standards of intelligence and decency should be recognized as the country's honest internationalists. The Italians who starve at home and could create in Britain wealth for all Europe, are among the several collective victims of the sad American confusion that engendered the Marshall Aid follies.

If our foreign economic policy were administered by men who retained the slightest feeling for the laws of economy and the venerable Golden Rule, all European governments concerned could be made to comprehend that we will not spend another penny on replacements for coal which Italians could happily dig in British mines. But as this government is in the hands of fuzzy-minded wastrels, we shall continue to finance the most arrogant quirks in the European mind.

Aspirin at the Gun Point

Two news items caught our attention last week in a strange juxtaposition. The first concerned the Christian Scientists, who have apparently been responsible for the deletion of all questions dealing with the germ theory of disease from New York State high school Regents examinations. The second item, culled from the ever-watchful *Wall Street Journal*, concerned a request by the doctors in the British National Health Service that their government fine any patients who fail to take the doctor's pills.

Now, we personally believe in the germ theory of disease. But we don't want to argue about biological evidence at this particular moment. We are concerned here with political truth, not medical truth. It seems to us that both the Christian Scientists and the British doctors are guilty of monkeying with the same type of buzzsaw when they seek to invoke the power of the State to enforce their separate and quite antithetical ideas about "science."

First, let us consider the dimwittedness of those British doctors. If they had their way, the Christian Scientists would be the first minority to get it in the neck. Once the force of a police state is put behind the business of making people take aspirin tablets, it would become tantamount to compounding a crime to sell the works of Mary Baker Eddy. Under the British constitutional system, which guarantees no man his rights, it would be easy to penalize Christian Scientists for interfering with a compulsory pill law. Fortunately in America, which has a written Constitution and a Bill of Rights, you can not force pills on a Christian Scientist without violating the First Amendment.

The connection between pills and freedom of religion, seemingly so remote, turns out to be uncomfortably close. That's the way it always happens when men begin to run to government for anything. Far from being divisible, freedom is a seamless web. The doctors who want to force pills down peoples' throats at the gun point are trifling with the guillotine. And Christian Scientists who want the State to interfere with the right of biology teachers to teach the scientific evidence of the germ theory of disease are monkeying with the same instrument.

Calling Stalin's Bluff

By **MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON**

The most effective way to meet the Soviet menace, says Major Wheeler-Nicholson, is to hit Stalin where he is weakest—inside the Iron Curtain.

THE MYTH of Soviet invincibility has been nourished largely on our fears. To continue feeding this Caesar upon such meat will undoubtedly make him grow so great as to destroy us. Instead of attacking the cause, the wrong dietary formula, we have concerned ourselves only with the effects. To cope with these, we have limited ourselves to choice between a major war and national bankruptcy in our effort to preserve the peace.

The Administration assures us that we must face some dreary decades of staggering under an increasing tax burden for defense. Simultaneously, the military inform us that against Stalin's atomic bombing there *is* no defense. This leaves us in the position of being forced to pay heavily for something we shall not receive. To be assessed for the privilege of waiting until Stalin is ready to blast us into the dust seems a little less than the ideal solution.

Seeing that in thus being called upon to provide the funds to insure our own destruction, we are not appreciably advancing the cause of world freedom, it might pay us to carry our thinking a logical step or two further.

The crux of the matter is in the word "defense." Militarily speaking, the passive defense has always been looked upon as a form of deferred suicide. The only reliable specific against an active offense is an active counter-offense, on the principle that only a sword is fit to cope with a sword, and that a shield alone against an active sword avails but little.

A sword is being forged against us today. The entire energies of the Soviet state are devoted to psychological and physical preparation for war. We should have learned by now that the psychological assault being concentrated against us is the normal totalitarian preparation for the physical assault to follow. Should we, by taking ready and easily available means, succeed only in averting that physical assault, world peace would still be remote, and our own peril undiminished. We would still be faced with the same combination of Communist dynamism and expansionism, which would bankrupt us by fabricating weapons with its vast hordes of slave labor at a tithe of our costs. We would still be faced with the growing power of the largest slave state in history, its younger generations growing up into faceless robots knowing nothing but slavery. These hordes would still be controlled by ruthless men with Neanderthal minds, able to blast the free world with the aid of the frightful weapons provided by modern science.

Under such conditions, our uneasy armed peace could give us no assurance against violent interruption at any hour. Time would work for the Soviets and against us. With consolidation of the "armored hordes" of Asia under Communist rule, and with the internal disintegration of Europe under the impact of lower living standards due to heavy armaments, we would inevitably be isolated upon our own continent without allies, cut off from sources of vital raw materials, and awaiting assault.

Because we have invited the opponent to shoot first, our enormous expenditure for armament would avail us nothing. For we are suicidally allowing the opponent to acquire enough of an atomic bomb stockpile, not necessarily to exceed or even to equal ours, but simply adequate to the task of destroying us whenever he is ready.

The Dynamic Application of Force

As we stand today we are the only nation capable of mobilizing the free world to preserve its liberties. Our plans to do that leave something to be desired. They envisage the passive defensive until we are hit, and then a slow, lumbering crusade overseas to fight the last two wars over again in Europe. Today we are faced with a new kind of war against a tougher and more relentless enemy. We have to do better than that, not only to win but to survive. To achieve survival we have to take the offensive. This does not involve a "preventive" war, whatever that means. It does mean the dynamic application of force to attain our own ends.

There are three standard ways of applying national force. The simple method is to hurl one's own military strength against the opponent in battle. This is the hard way, being a confession of failure in diplomacy. It could conceivably put us into a series of costly and long-drawn-out wars, on the order of Rome versus Carthage, without any surety against meeting the fate of Carthage. It has the disadvantage, against a dictator, of tending to unify his people behind him, thereby increasing our costs. It is not a good method for us, in view of our propensity for winning a war and losing the peace.

The second method is to win through power politics. This, first of all, presupposes skill in applying power in the right places. Even with more skilful playing, however, this method has one fault: it fails to eliminate the opponent completely from the

game. Unless we seek a future complicated by Kremlin deviltry, we shall have to do better than this.

The third way is to war against the enemy internally, to hoist him with his own petard by actively aiding the revolt of his own people against him. This is far less costly than all-out war and can be far more effective in removing the cause of the evil.

The Kremlin employs all three of these means. It wages war against us by satellites. It outsmarts our players at the international poker table. It strives to foment revolt of the free world "masses" against their "masters." This attack on so many fronts tends to obfuscate our statesmen, as the weaving of a serpent's head paralyzes the will of the rabbit.

In consequence we have not yet made up our minds what methods we shall adopt to combat it. We are aiming somewhat vaguely at all three targets simultaneously, thereby increasing the certainty of hitting none. The basic fault is that we have too many objectives. This is tantamount to having no objective.

We are being assaulted on the military, the power-politics and the internal fronts. We have to hit back on those fronts. Instead we are on the defensive on all three fronts, Korea, the United Nations and the United States. To take the offensive successfully requires concentration of force on one front, which entails economy of force by "containing" lesser fronts with minimum force to enable the use of maximum force on the selected front. It sounds stuffy but it makes sense, as any businessman knows who saves on minor expenses and overhead, and thus conserves his capital to buy with in a favorable market.

Selection of the major front is based on (a) which is most vulnerable, and (b) which can give the greatest gains at the least cost. This would rule out the military front at this time. As we do not want, and in fact are unable to fight a successful all-out war at present, this would automatically relegate both the military and the power-politics spheres to containment roles, i.e. the skilful placing of such force as we have as the essential component of the power in power-politics (a little matter our statesmen have been prone to neglect).

Exploiting the Enemy's Weakness

That leaves us with the psychological and internal warfare as the main or active front upon which to concentrate. If this should, upon examination, prove to be the opponent's most vulnerable area, and the sphere in which we could gain the most with the least expenditure, we would then be justified in concentrating our main efforts upon it.

Recalling that our objective is world peace, which requires the elimination of the men in the Kremlin, it would seem reasonable to seek the aid of the millions of people most interested, those slaves who have nothing to lose but their chains.

Our problem then would divide itself into two main phases. The first requires that we prevent the opponent from waging total war against the free world in these next few dangerous months. The second requires that we simultaneously rouse his satellites and his own slave populations to revolt against him.

We have the power, ready and available to do both these things today, if we will remember two axioms. *The one is that it takes less power to prevent a war than to fight a war, if that power is mobilized in time.* The second is *that it takes less power either to prevent a war or fight a war if that power is skilfully placed.*

We are not even using the power we have. Stalin uses his World War II veterans to swell his armed forces to some 12,000,000, with reserves. He employs this force as a threat to gain his ends. The free world in Europe and America alone has some 20,000,000 veterans of World War II, still in their prime, who could be mobilized like Stalin's on a part-time, standby basis, as a stronger counter-threat.

We are failing to use realistically our enormous advantage in our larger stockpile of superior atomic bombs. We are failing to exploit the greatest strength of all—our opponent's weaknesses.

Both Stalin and Mao Tse-tung require war to whip up the flagging enthusiasm of their overdriven and disillusioned slaves. Like Mussolini and Hitler before them, they have run the gamut of totalitarian tricks, arriving inevitably at the point where internal discontent can be diverted from themselves only by waging war against an alleged foreign aggressor, that role being assigned to America. But Stalin can risk neither defeat nor a long-drawn-out war against us, without danger of meeting the fate of Mussolini and Hitler.

"Without the miracle of American production the United Nations could not have possibly hoped to win," said Joseph Stalin in 1945. That production is already under way. He is in the difficult position of trying to run a flat-footed race with time, while impaled between the horns of a dilemma. Korea has at least proved that it might not be too easy to knock us out within six months.

But unless he does so, he risks the possibility that we will tear down the Iron Curtain and assure his downfall by exposing all the threadbare pretensions of communism to his own people. For it is inconceivable that an armed and courageous free world would permit that cauldron of Oriental slavery to continue brewing poison against it.

In addition to the quandary thus posed to Stalin, both Soviet and Chinese Communists are faced with an assortment of eternal verities. Among them are: the impossibility of fooling all the people all the time; the fact that truth will eventually conquer falsehood; and the historical lesson that no rulership founded upon blood and terror can long endure.

Stalin is up against a fourth fact, having to do with the weakening effect of territorial expansion.

As Montesquieu observed in analyzing the downfall of Rome,

> Conquests are easy because they are made with the whole of one's forces; they are difficult to maintain, because they are defended with only partial force. . . . Rome was finally destroyed because all the nations attacked her at once and penetrated her everywhere.

This can be the clue to our eventual elimination of the men in the Kremlin, seeing that Soviet Russia is a patchwork of some 160 nationalities, of which at least 159 might be prevailed upon to aid in upsetting the Kremlin applecart.

Clausewitz, who paid more heed to the moral factors in warfare than most military thinkers, stated that "The whole of warfare presupposes human weaknesses and is directed against the latter," and in speaking of Russia, "she can only be defeated by her own weakness and by effects of internal dissension. To hit these weak spots of her political existence, a shock going right to the heart of her government will be necessary."

The Dictators' Dilemma

Mao Tse-tung perches uneasily upon a police state in which animosity against the rulers has grown faster than the always essential police force. Stalin's police force has become so powerful that, like the Praetorian guard, it can instigate palace revolutions. Both rulers are afflicted with mass discontent arising from bureaucratic administration of the economic fallacies of communism, with Mao adding war-induced inflation to his growing Chinese ills. Both are alienating the rural 80 per cent of their populations, Stalin through collective farms, Mao by land "redistribution" and "agrarian reforms." The larger Chinese farms average some 12 acres. There is only 25 per cent farm tenancy in China compared to America's 42 per cent and Britain's 75 per cent. As a consequence of "agrarian reforms" most thrifty farmers in the one-third of China which has been "liberated" have taken to the hills as guerrillas. The resulting shrinkage in the food supply has been intensified by catastrophic floods and droughts. Active guerrilla forces in China are estimated as high as 1,600,000 with inactive elements, waiting for aid, at several times that number.

Stalin has popped so many of his dissidents into slave labor camps that there is scarcely a Russian who has not friends or relatives thus enslaved. The resultant disaffection, coupled with the Russian peasants' lack of enthusiasm for the collective farm system, led during the last war to the entire initial breakdown of the Kremlin plans for peasant partisan warfare against the invader. Peasant soldiers furnish the bulk of the cannon fodder to both Stalin and Mao today. Chinese as well as Russian peasants have proved redoubtable fighters, if well led in a cause in which they believe. Yet in the last war some 2,000,000 Russians surrendered between June 29 and October 18 to the Nazi invaders, with 200,000 initially volunteering to fight against Stalin. Later every German division was filled out with Russian volunteers, with 500,000 Russians serving against Stalin by midsummer.

Inferior Red Army leadership permitted German armored columns to knife through the Russian infantry masses. Soviet military-political dogma, controlling too far from the rear, with its quick-to-shoot political officers at the front, allowed little initiative to field commanders. This resulted in terrible losses in forced attempts to achieve impossible objectives in the wrong places, to the neglect of swift action to meet emergencies in the right places.

Modern mechanized warfare has not proved the forte of the Soviet Union. When the Russian armies marched into Germany, the roadsides behind them were lined for miles with beautiful American trucks, needing nothing but minor mechanical adjustment to keep them running. The Russian forces arrived with a horde of two-wheeled country carts and horses as transport. German officers report that the Soviet armored divisions in the occupied area today are in bad shape mechanically due to the draft of their scanty force of skilled mechanics to reinforce Soviet factory production, and that most of the tanks and half the trucks could not stand a month's active service.

German military opinion holds that the Red Army is not only vulnerable to armored assault, but that against mobile offensive war techniques it will find its present reliance upon infantry masses, backed by heavy artillery, ineffective. It finds many deficiencies in Red Army technical details, in addition to rigidity of dogma and lack of mobility.

Stalin, who is credited with having made two errors, one in showing the Russian soldier to Europe and the other in showing Europe to the Russian soldier, has been forced by excessive desertions to rotate Soviet units in the occupied areas, plus strict confinement of his men to their own barracks areas. The Russian soldiers, who pillaged workmen's apartments in Vienna in the belief that only "capitalists" could afford such luxury, have spread word throughout Russia of the better living conditions beyond the Iron Curtain. The sum total of these factors may be the clue to Stalin's preference for using satellite troops to do his fighting.

In Europe, these satellites are even less dependable. The defection of Tito opened the historic Vardar Valley route of invasion to the Balkans; the mass sit-down strike of Balkan coal miners several months ago threw sand into the gears of satellite production; the growth of slave labor camps in the satellite countries is in part due to resistance of the peasants to collectivization, plus the heavy and onerous grain exactions of Moscow. Titoism can be made extremely popular among the still enslaved satellites, whose refugees continue to swell the ranks of the 9,000,000 displaced persons in Europe. In addition to these there are millions of Russian minority peoples who have been shifted

away from Soviet borders for having displayed a distinct lack of enthusiasm for their Bolshevik masters.

To make available to the free world the forces of wrath and despair behind the Iron Curtain would be the most effective and realistic move we could make. To do as President Wilson did so successfully in World War I, would require us to make a ringing declaration of intent to aid the helpless slaves behind the Iron Curtain, stating that our objective is to free them, restore their farms to the peasants, and to give independence to the seized and minority peoples, from the Baltic nations to Siberia.

To do this would be to oppose Communist dynamism with more potent dynamism, administering a "shock that would go right to the heart of [Russia's] government" by rousing into action the millions of slaves who form the insecure foundation of the monolithic Soviet state. It would require cancelling much of the twittering inanity of the Voice of America, with its plethora of feminine voices, normally unconvincing to European and Asiatic males. It would require the firm voices of men, ringing out, not in lame rebuttal of fantastic Soviet vituperation, but in bold proclamation of the truth about communism and the Soviets. The linguistic abilities, contacts and knowledge of the refugees should be organized not only to further the broadcasting but to get word past the Iron Curtain by infiltration. Contact should be made with resistance elements in these areas by the Special Operations Section of the OSS revived and joined up with its excellent British counterpart, to provide parachutes, planes, hand-operated radio sets and weapons to partisans behind the Iron Curtain. These activities, being basically military, should be centered, not in the State Department, but in a special section having importance equal to the Armed Services. How the Kremlin fears such methods is illustrated in Lenin's dismay at the appearance of anti-Bolshevik partisans in the Ukraine in 1919. "We must dread these guerrilla tendencies," he shouted hysterically, "we must dread them like fire or they will lead us to our destruction!"

One active guerrilla is estimated variously to counter from five to ten soldiers. We have millions of potential guerrillas available in both Europe and Asia.

They are the fagots awaiting the match. Stalin dreads their fire even more than did Lenin. Stalin also dreads our atom bombs. We could activate our now dangerously passive defense by placing them threateningly nearer Soviet targets in order to inhibit the march of the Red Army legions. This done, a secret OSS, equipped to bring hope and active aid to fighters for freedom, could set the Soviet lands ablaze with revolt. Further indulgence in words can only bring on all-out war. It is time that we turned to deeds, if the world is not to crumble before Stalin's baseless and brazen bluff.

The Incentive to Produce

By **EDWARD F. HUTTON**

THE INCENTIVE to produce is the strength of America. Human ambition has put billions of dollars of the people's savings to work in the system of free private enterprise. These dollars buy tools for production and keep people employed. The incentive to produce made possible the system that makes more and more goods at less and less cost so that more and more people can buy them.

It is *incentive* that feeds the cow that supplies the government with its "tax milk." The question is: "How much feed can you take away from the cow and still get milk?" In other words, how much of the profits can you take away from the producer without destroying the incentive to produce?

To meet government obligations new wealth must be created, and only by production can such new wealth be made possible. No one has yet discovered how to produce without paying labor; how to produce without risk capital; or how to get capital without savings. If confiscation of the worker's pay—and we are all workers—is the order of the day, then where are we to find savings for future production? If people are to consume, someone must produce. Without the incentive, why produce? People do not work for nothing.

Never before in our history could so many problems be solved quickly by one simple remedy—free production with a profit attached. It is a reasonable assumption that the people's moneys in our risk capital system are entitled to interest, so-called dividends, for the risk which they take. On the other hand, industry should have the privilege of saving to expand plants in order to increase production. Without savings, industry is forced to go into the capital market and borrow money, thereby weakening the risks of its shareowners, whose money made possible the business as a going concern.

The incentive risk capital system is faced with conflicting laws, such as the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and the Robinson-Patman Act. One states that you may, and the other that you may not. Business operations around the clock can not avoid breaking these laws—and businessmen know it. Such confusion of the rights of business should be cleared up by those making the laws. Again, business is con-

ducting its affairs by directives and decrees, that is, under the quasi-judicial authority of administrative law. Such methods should be constitutionally questioned. The risk capital system is further threatened because the government today have in effect proclaimed themselves as the preferred and common shareowners in all activities of business without risk of financial investment. They are interested only in the profits of business—the government "take" in taxes. In other words, those administering our laws have, by legislative methods, placed themselves in the position of preference, with authority to name the amount of their "take" from year to year without the approval and consent of those whose moneys are in the business.

For instance, it is a very serious matter when the government as a self-imposed shareowner in a corporation, can state: "This year we will want an additional amount of the profits as government 'take' before the interest of the shareowners is considered." Uncle Sam, by edict, has placed himself in the position of being a partner of every man who works; and his interest is based on his financial thirst, irrespective of moral principles.

The Constitution lodges supreme power nowhere. Our forefathers who wrote it knew that liberty is safe and the rights of men secure only when power is widely distributed, and never when it is concentrated in the hands of one party whose voice becomes the law—the witness, the judge, the jury and the executioner.

We are essentially and definitely a *risk capital* nation—not a capitalistic imperialistic nation. The only true capitalistic imperialistic state is Russia. It owns everything, including the people and the profits the people could make on their labor, if they were free.

WE WHO are engaged in industrial activities understand how to produce. We know how to sell products by advertising. But we are failing miserably to tell the story which is the romance of our great country.

In 1791 our Constitution was the charter of freedom for three millions of people living in thirteen weak states. They had no world industry, no world commerce, no world power. They were dangerous dreamers, so foreign rulers thought; but they believed in the rights of men. Kings and despots either ridiculed or hated them. But this nation rose to top world power in less than 160 years. That is the romance of America.

We have had no more brains, no more God-given rights, no better souls or bodies, than any other people. We have simply lived under a system that has guaranteed us the rights and privileges, liberties and opportunities that all peoples should have.

Every right an American citizen exercises from morning to night, every safety he has all the night through, every escape from fear and worry, rests in the Constitution and Bill of Rights. These, our basic laws, have shaped the history and romance of America. It should be written and rewritten, told and retold. Without a single hasty charge, without pointing the finger of scorn at any other system, let us evaluate what we have before we trade it for any other form of government or bow to any other as being superior to our own.

There was a Carthage. While the soldiers fought, the citizens of the walled town went on living as they had always lived. "War," the citizens said, "is for the soldiers." So Carthage fell—and the Romans sowed its fields with salt.

There is an America. While its politicians run the government, the citizens go on living as they have always lived, protected by the Constitution and Bill of Rights. "Government," they say, "is for the politicians."

We are in danger of going the way of Carthage. More of our industrial leaders—trustees and administrators of the shareowner's savings—must accept and face with courage their obligations toward public issues. Otherwise liberty will cease to exist. Failing in our trust, where will we find a Marshall Plan for ourselves?

If this Republic is to survive it will do so only because of the interest and active part we citizens take in it. To have security, we must work for a practical solution of our problems and help settle—but not assume in perpetuity—the full responsibilities of the entire world. Such a task would smash our economy and bankrupt America.

It is alarming to think that the planners are working to change our government, but more so to think we are letting them do it without a sweeping public protest. Is it not the responsibility of the Bar Association and the lawyers of our country, who are sworn to defend and uphold the Constitution, to create this public protest by informing and enlightening the people?

One of the many planners placed in key positions in 1933—Rexford Tugwell, Under Secretary of the Department of Agriculture—stated:

> Business will logically be required to disappear. This is not an overstatement for the sake of "emphasis." It is literally meant. . . . National planning implies guidance of capital uses . . . Capital allocation would depend on knowledge from some planning agencies how much for a measured period ought to be put to one use rather than to another. The first step in control would be to limit self-allocations.

In 1936 the effort to limit self-allocation of capital funds found expression in the undistributed profits tax. The thought was, of course, that the government knew how to spend the money which the people had acquired through labor and saving more wisely than they could spend it themselves.

Tugwell's idea was statism. It was war against the savings of thrifty people. His words indicated his desire to strike at the foundation of our risk capital system—the freedom of all enterprise.

Dr. Harlow R. Person, a consultant for the PWA in the early attempt of the New Deal to alter the face of America, has been quoted as follows:

> The establishment of the expanding social economy will require the elimination and revision of many elemental factors. Let us hope this can be accomplished without blind violence. The new order will require modification of such concepts as those of private property—of the function of corporations —of savings, spending for investment and consumption. The leaders in Russia have large visions in respect to liberty eventually. It has been restricted while they are getting their foothold.

Only a few years ago a lady well qualified to speak made this statement in her column, "My Day": "It has been a long fight to put the economic control of our system in the hands of government where it can be administered for the interests of the people as a whole." That statement was a notification that the long fight was now at an end and the control of our system was in the hands of government.

Senator Harry F. Byrd evidently saw the handwriting on the wall in 1942, when he said:

> The people of the United States must realize that this dictatorship is not a thing born of war. It was conceived ten years ago when the New Dealers came into office and stealthily tiptoed toward the abandonment of government of the people, by the people, and for the people. . . .
>
> Under their war powers they have the authority to do what they have always dreamed of—to take complete control of the fortunes and conduct of every citizen in the United States, to use them like bricks and mortar to build their idea of a perfect world.

THE MARCH of the human mind is slow. People do not grasp these trends toward socialism, which means State authority *vs.* Constitutional authority. You can not expect the people to defend themselves against what they do not understand. Their judgment is as good as their information.

If we are to continue the system that built our country, the rights of our risk capital system depend upon the integrity of its proper interpretation by those administering our government, and the freedom of our institutions to produce. The ability of the system to function rests in Congress, which originates legislation, taxation and appropriation of public funds.

Good men in government need outspoken support from good men in business; together they constitute an overwhelming majority. They should cast aside all suspicion of one another and cooperate for the destiny of America. If we fail in this solution of our problems, then history may say that our way of life died at the height of its glory.

Those citizens who have faith must become articulate and stop this trend toward a socialized America. Our only weapons are facts and truth. Our hope of preserving the blessings of liberty lies in making those blessings plain to the millions of Americans.

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A profit is not without honor in this country, except in the viewpoint of the Administration's economists.

EDMUND J. KIEFER

This Is What They Said

WHILE in Yenan, our party, which included beside myself, T. R. Bisson of the Foreign Policy Association, and Owen Lattimore, editor of *Pacific Affairs*, stayed at the Foreign Office. We had barely finished our first dinner in Yenan, when guests arrived: Ting Ling, China's foremost woman writer; Li Li-san, an old associate of Dr. Sun Yat-sen; the only two non-Chinese then in the region, Agnes Smedley and Peggy Snow, wife of the American writer, Edgar Snow, and many Communist leaders. . . .

Our interviews with Mao Tse-tung were many and on a host of topics: . . . Then Mao Tse-tung continued: "The Chinese revolution is not an exception; it is one part of the world revolution. . . . We on our part are concerned with the fate of the American people. The American people are oppressed, of course from the inside. It is the hope of all of us that our two countries shall work together."

PHILIP J. JAFFE, *New Masses*, October 12, 1937

This is a great day. This is the day we have all been looking for since December 7, 1941. This is the day when fascism and police government cease in the world.

HARRY S. TRUMAN, as reported in the *New York Times*, August 15, 1945

He [Alger Hiss] has a vast number of devoted friends and admirers in the [State] Department, and they all shall regret his departure . . . and follow his career with very great interest.

DEAN ACHESON, on Hiss's resignation from the Department of State on December 13, 1946

Finally, the very popularity of the Soviet system among the masses of mankind throughout the world further testifies to the distinctive originality of this system.

PITIRIM A. SOROKIN, "Russia and the United States," 1944

This Is Where We Came In

Great Britain Officially Voices Willingness to Sign Proposed Air Locarno. Eden Tells Commons of Empire's Desire. Parity of Four Great Powers Would Be Really Gained, He Says. Hopes Hitler Will Agree to Other Arms Cuts to Insure End of Bad Feelings.

HEADLINE, *New Haven Journal Courier*, June 1, 1935

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

In the Wake of Liberation

By **BERTRAND de JOUVENEL**

THE FRENCH elections of June 17 showed that the Communists retain their hold upon a good fourth of the electorate. Nor is this the worst. Their electoral strength rests mainly upon their control of one-half of the wage-earning electorate.[1] Previous elections to Social Security Boards had brought this out, and also showed that, in opposition to the compact Communist half, the remainder is badly splintered.

In the field of organizations the picture is even more pronounced: the Communists are in undisputed control of the old and powerful *Confédération Générale du Travail* while its former non-Communist leaders are cut adrift in the weak *Force Ouvrière*. The Communists, then, are justified in their claim that they lead the "working class": in so far as it is organized, it is organized by them. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that they have carved out for themselves within the nation a smaller Communist nation.

This is a result of the revolutionary situation of 1944 and 1945. Americans, who have known no such situation for many generations, can hardly imagine it. All established institutions, all prevailing beliefs, all acquired situations and rights are called into question; and in the general process of recasting, a formidable opportunity is afforded to a disciplined group which alone knows what it wants amidst the general excitement and confusion.

It is generally taken for granted abroad that after the crumbling of Vichy and the eviction of the Germans the prewar Republic was restored. It was not so. An important revolutionary gap intervened, which the Communists put to good use, and a new regime was finally instituted, of which they were the major architects: their influence has been only gradually and by no means fully shaken off.

Had General de Gaulle wished to restore the prewar Republic at the Liberation, his course was clear, set forth in *ad hoc* laws (chiefly the Treveneuc Law voted in 1872 after a former disaster). With the downfall of the Vichy regime, local powers accrued to the existing but suspended *Conseils Généraux* (local bodies of elected counsellors). National powers reverted to the Houses of Parliament which in French law represent the entire nation. The Houses had turned over their powers to Marshal Pétain in July 1940 but this was to be regarded either as *ultra vires* or as having lapsed, and indeed Pétain himself in November 1943 made an official decision that the Houses were competent once more in view of his disability to govern. The Treveneuc Law provided that, Parliament defaulting, the local bodies delegate some of their number to form the sovereign assembly. Thus the procedure was clear. Queuille pointed it out at the time, but to no avail. The procedure preferred was revolutionary.

De Gaulle had already chosen his line in May and June 1942, when he declared that "national liberation is inseparable from national insurrection . . . the old parliament is unrepresentative [the Popular Front Parliament elected in 1936] . . . as the French people unite for victory they . . . unite for Revolution."[2]

De Gaulle Breaks With the Past

This marked the appearance of a new theme which would develop: the liberation was to be the occasion for a revolution. Not only must the institutions of Vichy be swept away but also those of prewar France. On the morrow of the American landing in North Africa, de Gaulle spoke in London in the name of the French people:

> The hierarchies of yesterday, the men of yesterday, the rules of the game of yesterday can not regain the confidence of the French people. The nation recognizes no other framework, no other leadership, than that of its Revolution . . .

The London Committee was no longer an upholder of the Republican institutions in abeyance, but the originator of a new regime: "Our National Committee holds its authority from the spontaneous consent of the French, and from the mandate received by those groups which are assembling the French within France." This was spoken while there was considerable danger that in Algiers, on soil legally French, the American authorities would recognize some non-Gaullist French authority.

In such straits, the General was greatly concerned to prove that inner France looked to him more than to Giraud. He insisted that movements should pay allegiance to him personally, and it was a major success when the courageous Rémy brought over to him the Communist leader Grenier, in January 1943. As his competitor, Giraud, was very much a man of the Right, de Gaulle was induced to lean heavily upon the forces of the Left. Nor was this fundamentally uncongenial to him. He is an authoritarian, impatient of forms, enamored of forceful action, convinced that politics is an expression of vitality rather than ethics.

It is remarkable that both the governments vying for the loyalty of the French during the Occupation repudiated the prewar institutions. Indeed, there had been in the country, coincident with the defeat, a violent and unanimous revulsion of feel-

[1] The wage earners constitute little more than 55 per cent of France's active population.

[2] These statements are from declarations of May 1 and 27 and June 23.

ing against the Republic, which was blamed for having frittered away the fruits of the 1918 victory and for having drifted into disaster.

The Vichy government, gravely underestimating the German pressures to which it would be subjected, had undertaken to rebuild France, step by step. The Germans, of course, would not allow this and gradually infiltrated the Vichy government with collaborationist elements recruited in Paris. Vichy then became an incomprehensible mixture of two sets of people and two different purposes. And French hopes turned increasingly to de Gaulle. As against the classical idea of rebuilding walls, ridiculed by events, they turned to the romantic idea of the great wind sweeping away outworn structures and making all things new. This romanticism was manifested in a great outburst of poetry; in a great number of groups or movements where young people tasted the joys of comradeship in dangerous conspiracy: this was the spirit which would guide the new France.

The Communist Tactics

These movements were more or less coordinated into a National Council of the Resistance, which worked in liaison with Algiers but claimed to be more expressive of the inner France. The Communists saw the great importance of this body and, while they were content with a moderate representation in the Council, actually—under the guise of various organizations they controlled—they filled about half the seats with men of far greater political experience than their romantic associates.

It is sound Leninist teaching that successful seizure of power demands the following conditions: a major popular excitement implying a complete break with habitual routines of life; a collapse of the established authorities due to general disregard of their orders and repudiation of their right to command; the arming of the people, that is, of the bolder elements. Under such conditions "the people in arms" improvises its own councils and tribunals, which govern and judge without forms, a spontaneous process which allows "the vanguard of the proletariat" to direct the course of events. It was, then, quite natural that the Communists should seek to create precisely this revolutionary situation. What is remarkable is the innocence which the non-Communists displayed in making their own and sending out as Resistance instructions what were in fact instructions for a Bolshevik revolution; for example, the instructions readied on October 15, 1943 and sent out in the name of the united movements of the Resistance.

These instructions were clearly inspired by the fear of a peaceful transfer of powers from the Vichy officials to the Gaullists (and when the time came there was, in fact, no hitch there). This should not be allowed to occur, said the instructions, without a mass rising; and the functions of the rising were clearly described: immediate elimination of the authorities; mass demonstrations demanding revolutionary measures; formation of Liberation Committees taking action on their own.

With the liberation came the insurrection, according to plan. It could not have for its aim the installation of a Soviet Republic in France; it would have been absurd to attempt this with Allied armies present. But much was achieved.

First and foremost an image was unforgettably imprinted on the memories of the French. They saw, almost coincident with the retirement of the Germans, the noisy emergence of the Communist insurrectionists (FTP). Wild acclaim greeted these first French soldiers. Thus the groundwork was laid for the claim that the people of France had driven out the enemy under the guidance of a Communist vanguard.

Immediately the hunt was on for collaborationists or Vichyites or anyone who could, with some or no reason, be regarded as guilty. There was a blood bath such as France had not known since St. Bartholomew's Eve. The recital of what happened, of the dragging of people through the streets, of the tortures inflicted, makes horrible reading. Mass burials are still discovered every now and then, the bodies bearing evidence of atrocities.

This terror also served a Communist purpose. It is well remembered in the countryside, and people will tell you they don't want to commit themselves to anti-Communist policies which would designate them for victims the next time.

As the Communists were the only ones who knew how to make use of the popular excitement, they found themselves, precisely as they had wished, holding the whiphand over the incoming government, which had to make deals with the insurrection. One such deal was the recall of the deserter Thorez in an aura of glory. De Gaulle's followers say that but for him the country would have remained at the discretion of revolutionary bands. His enemies blame him for all that happened.

The Communists had been anti-militarists up to 1935, defeatists and collaborationists from August 1939 to June 1941. It was enormously to their advantage that participation in the insurrection of 1944 should be made the major and even exclusive test of patriotism. This they achieved, thanks to the innocence of their non-Communist associates. The young Frenchmen who form the great bulk of the Communist following today are honestly convinced that their party is not only patriotic but the most patriotic of all; a view for which they can cite as evidence quotations from all their associates of 1944, heaping laurels upon the Communists.

The Communists, except for a brief interlude in 1936, had always been outside the pale. And respectability as well as patriotism is an important asset in obtaining the confidence of the people. Now in 1944 and 1945, they were on equal ground with the provisional government. This was not a legitimate government, drawing its powers from election, but a *de facto* power; a self-constituted government assisted by a consultative assembly nominated by itself and groups associated with it.

This feature was very much to the advantage of the Communists, and they sought to prolong it.

There were many things they could get done in the flush of excitement which could never have been done by regular authorities. For instance, the taking over of all newspapers. The need for a press to tell the good news justified the invasion and seizure of newspaper offices by groups which henceforth had an interest in retaining possession. This was first granted them by the *de facto* government and finally passed into law. Not only did the Communists thus gain a high proportion of the information media; but they established a solidarity with others who had seized private property, and sowed discord which has not abated to this day between the bourgeois dispossessed and the bourgeois usurpers. The moral advantage of getting bourgeois to behave against all bourgeois principles of legality and morality is not to be underestimated. It is the moral equivalent of galloping inflation: a destruction of bourgeois standards.

The Purge

After what had happened under the Occupation, punishments were inevitable. Resentment ran high. It was not directed solely against those who had been actual collaborationists, who had wilfully associated with the enemy out of greed, fanaticism, opportunism, or because they took an erroneous view of the national interest. Anyone who had assumed or retained any position of responsibility, in the belief that something could be achieved or merely that some social mechanisms had to be kept going, had been fair game for the Free French radio. Such people were not, of course, given credit for any balking of enemy purposes which had been done unobstrusively. The best minds at Algiers had been concerned about discrimination in judging guilt. But the Communists saw to it that the flames of anger were fanned. They made it a sign of collaborationism to attempt any discrimination.

For the Communists, what mattered was not to pass fair judgment but to remove from every field such leaders as stood in the way of their future rise to power. In a resolution of May 29, 1949, the leaders of the *Force Ouvrière* ruefully reviewed the purge in the unions:

> It is public knowledge that the Stalinists used the purge committees in the unions to eliminate those who might stand in the way of their colonization . . . it is well known that those who had an uneasy conscience had only to join the Communist Party to be free of anxiety. . . .

And M. Teitgen, one of the Ministers of Justice who presided over it, also says: "The purge was a machination of the Communist Party to get rid of the greatest possible number of its opponents." This is going almost too far. The purge was unavoidable. It should not have been allowed to become a political operation, but this, too, became inevitable when it was decided in Algiers to put it in the hands of *ad hoc* tribunals.

Three series of courts were set up: courts of justice to condemn acts which had favored the enemy; civic chambers to pronounce the "national indignity" of minor offenders; and finally, in all administrations, purge committees to oust employees for bad behavior. The penalty of removal carried with it the loss of all rights pertaining to the position, such as pensions. The penalty of "national indignity" carried not only the loss of voting rights, but such a number of civil disabilities that those punished lost almost every possibility of making a livelihood. Finally, the courts of justice passed sentences of death, hard labor for life, etc.

The vicious feature common to all these tribunals was that in all cases juries passed judgment, and that jurymen had to be recruited from those "having given ample proof of their national feelings"—in fact from those most eager to condemn. People who had lost relatives shot or deported by the Germans were the principal jurymen.

The French, however, are not prone to cherish feelings of vengeance for very long, and after the first months there was a distinct reluctance to sit on the juries, which came to be staffed by a majority of Communists who knew that their business was to pass judgments on the strength of future opposition, not of past wrongs. It is remarkable that long after the eviction of the Communists from the government, and even after the signing of the Atlantic Pact, Frenchmen were still being judged by juries mainly Communist.

Executions dragged out during the years of recovery. News filtered out of our prisons and penitentiaries, which are among the filthiest and most degrading in the world. It became known to what level of animal life cultured and fastidious men had been abased—generals, admirals, high dignitaries of the State, leading intellectuals. Many condemnations had been unjust, and this redounded to the credit of all. All were suffering. One could witness the lesser ordeal undergone by those whose "national indignity" had been proclaimed, who hovered like wraiths on the fringes of society, finding no place to work. All this gradually changed popular feelings.

Our governments over the last few years have let out as many as they dared, through the back door, but no general amnesty could be declared. Any suggestion to that effect raised an outcry from the Communists and gave them occasion to rally to their standard the parties associated with them at the time of the purge. It is remarkable how the groups which worked together at the time of the purge draw together when there is talk of an amnesty. The Communists are then the acknowledged leaders in the justification of what was done in common. There is here a principle of reunion of the initial tripartite coalition of Communists, Socialists and the MRP (*Mouvement Républicain Populaire*), similar to that solidarity of regicides which was never appealed to in vain in the years following the French Revolution.

Far less spectacular, but a very important fea-

ture of the purge, is the disqualification of 569 members of Parliament who voted in July 1940 to transfer authority to Pétain. This was very important to the Communists because it eliminated from political life all the more experienced leaders of the non-Communist parties, for instance the majority of the Socialist leaders, eighty of whom had voted for Pétain. No Communist had done so, for the very good reason that the Communists had previously been disqualified under the Daladier government of the Third Republic.

It seems a paradox that former Ministers of Vichy can be elected to Parliament and in fact sit there, while those men are disqualified who, at the call of the President of the Senate, Jeanneney, and the President of the Chamber, Herriot, thought proper to give their confidence to Pétain—especially in view of the honors which the Fourth Republic heaped upon Jeanneney and Herriot.

In this business of ineligibility we have a clear instance of Communist cleverness: it was to the advantage of the Communists to move out of the way as many men of experience as possible; it has since been to the advantage of all others to maintain a measure which made way for new men and suppressed competitors.

The advantages to the Communists of what was done in the months following the Liberation progressively wear off. There is, however, a great advantage still accruing to them from the existence in the nation of a mass of some hundreds of thousands of people smarting from material or moral wounds received either in person or through close relatives. A curious solidarity has arisen among people who in fact conducted themselves in very different ways. The officer of the Armistice Army who was stricken off the rolls by a summary general decision; the Republican member of the House who had yearned for the Allied landing, then found himself made ineligible for his office because of a four-year-old vote; such men had most heartily despised the journalist who wrote for a Parisian newspaper of the Occupation. But people included, justly or unjustly, in the same repudiation tend to draw together. They constitute a common public for an ever-growing literature which sometimes justly denounces the post-liberation excesses, but all too often attempts to vindicate wrongful policies.

Such literature is extremely abundant in France. This is the country of the Dreyfus case, and there are many Dreyfuses among those who have been branded. It is also the country of Poincaré where people desperately want to prove that they are right, or were right, even when they were not. The result of all this is to exasperate those who took part in the liberation policies; for fear of granting too much, many refuse to grant enough.

The lesson to be drawn is probably that no mistake can be more cruel than to attempt to maintain national sovereignty and a national government in conditions which preclude it. We are not as assured as we would like that the lesson has no relevance for the future.

Let the Clergy Speak!

By **CHARLES J. DUTTON**

I THINK it was the first of July a clergyman preached a sermon in a wealthy New York church. Nothing out of the way in that, clergymen are presumed to preach sermons on Sundays: but there were two odd things about this one.

The church was the Community Church in New York, presumed to be Unitarian, though in reality a good way off it. As a rule Unitarian churches are not open in the summer. Members and ministers take a two to three months vacation. (Perhaps the members need a rest from the sermons, the ministers from the members.)

But this sermon, preached by a minister from a small church in the Middle West, was something! Let me quote it:

> Business for profit is impeding the progress and freedom of the American people. . . . The British are better off than before the Labor Party came in. They have freedom and security and a choice does not have to be made between them.

This clergyman had made, he said, a trip to Europe the year before, and had found that "at least two-thirds of the people are better off than before." "An evil," he expounded, "of the free enterprise system of this country is that it concentrates too much power in the hands of the very few." (Ask the million stockholders of A T & T about that!) "There have been social gains in the Russian system for the masses. And social gains under the Communists." (Ask the twelve million in the slave camps about that!)

Now this was a clergyman speaking—not a very important one—but a minister, speaking in one country to defend another which would not even *let* him speak.

It's typical of what's happening. That sermon—quoted from the *New York Times* notice—was delivered in a church which only the profit system could have kept open. The minister is against the system. He professed to like the "rough justice in Russia." That justice which would allow no free church, nor his talk! As for England, he thought things were getting better there. I was hearing from England every month—about an egg a week, an ounce and a half of bacon, living off the Marshall Plan, "first time the boy ever had an orange," etc. This clergyman liked it. The great mystery is, why?

There's nothing new in this. Some years ago a clergyman of the same denomination decided to labor for what he called the "workingman." There were apparently none of the type he had in mind in his church. (He happened also to be the editor of the *Christian Register*, once the best-known religious journal in the country.) His effort to show his standing took the form of marching in a parade of strikers, carrying a banner telling the press he represented "MY CHURCH"! The strike happened to be a wildcat strike 1500 miles from his church, none

of whose members worked for the company under attack. All the clergyman accomplished (perhaps that was what he wanted) was to get his name in print. His church, his denomination were of course censured. He got a much larger church—a post which he holds at the present time.

There is that strong group in the Methodist Church led by Bishop Ward. Many have belonged to every subversive group in the nation. They love Soviet Russia; they apologize for her all the time. As one student put it (he was studying in the largest Methodist theological school) "You've got to be 'left' to get anywhere in this school. If you're not a Pacifist or Socialist, you're out."

THE METHODIST Church is the largest of the Protestant denominations. Its Federation for Social Action publishes a *Social Questions Bulletin*, which goes to every Methodist clergyman. Here is a quotation:

> We reject the profit motive and seek to replace it with economic planning and to develop a class without any privileges.

In another editorial its secretary wrote:

> We say the Christmas story means not the improvement of the present social order, but the revolutionary abolition and replacement by a new economic order.

The Federation has among its members half the bishops of the church. It includes the heads of their largest theological schools, editors of their papers, heads of various important boards, ministers of their largest churches. To date none of them has been heard to object to what their Federation says.

Take Jerome Davis, who apologizes for Russia every day and has backed many organizations which have been named as Communist fronts. His book "Behind Soviet Power" is one of the most outspoken apologies for Russia yet published. It was sent free of charge to more than 23,000 Methodist clergymen. With it went a letter stating that it was a gift from the Methodist Federation and adding that every clergyman must read it. There are some queer things in that book, as odd as some statements that Davis made when he spoke to the National Convention of the Methodists. Read them and wonder!

Soviet concentration camps, according to Davis, are "simply places to keep criminals." On the jailing of innocent people, the shooting of those who oppose Russia in the slave nations, Davis has this to say: "If Russia sends innocent people to concentration camps and tightens up civil liberties, it's the fault of the American government." Just how is not revealed. He further says: "In the last thirty years the Soviet Union has a record for peace the equal of the United States." Again, "Back of all our fear is the demonstrated success in planned economy, first in the Soviet Union, then Poland and Czechoslovakia." I wonder what Davis has read lately?

If you had attended that convention several years ago in Kansas City, on the program you would have found the name of Carl Aldo Marzani. It was Marzani who, for concealing his Communist ties and lying about his aid to communism, lost his government job and spent a year in jail. On the program, under his name and topic, "The Church and Civil Liberties," was the line, "A victim of the government loyalty purge." The ministers cheered him.

The secretary of the Federation for Social Action is Jack McMichael. Before getting this job he was chairman of the American Youth Congress, a notorious Communist front. According to the Attorney General he belongs, or did, to sixteen subversive Communist-front organizations. If that's not enough, look at Dr. Harry F. Ward: no American has belonged to more Communist-front groups than he—the number is seventy. He has written much for the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses*. He is dubbed "the grand old man of the Methodist Church." The Attorney General's report called him something else!

Of course there are a good many Methodist ministers. This group hardly represents them. But why don't they complain? The men in the large city churches belong to the Federation, and thus tolerate and condone it. I have yet to read of one voicing a protest. The trouble is that a minority have got themselves into places where they can be heard—in theological schools, on church magazines and church boards and in the pulpits of some of the large churches. In the eyes of the public they represent "the church." They are not the church. In the communistic society they espouse the church is wiped out. These fools should know it.

To a lesser degree you will find this same thing in other denominations. Half-apologies for the Soviets; dismissal of concentration camps, loss of freedom, killings; and some vague idea that in the future if the State has control of all the people, it's going to be better. But there's one thing you never find, or at least I never have. A short editorial in the *Freeman*, in speaking of the basketball scandal, expressed it: "How can you have private morality if there is no national morality?"

According to the FBI, crime in the last few months has increased about 15 per cent. Sex crime, mostly against children, is up about 20 per cent. Juvenile delinquency is a great problem. And for the first time in our history drug-users are children, in our schools. Do the ministers mention these things? Very, very few of them.

My proposal is that the 250,000 ministers start talking about ethics, the basis of all religion. (I mean honesty, decency, truth.) That they speak out against graft and easy morals. They overlook the fact that Mr. Truman's election to the Senate (which in the end made him President) was accomplished by votes from the Pendergast wards in Kansas City. Without these questionable votes he would have been defeated. Ministers should score as unethical and dishonest the graft, the mink coats, the letting of defense contracts for money, and the laughing at these things. Do you hear one word against such? No. Or from very few pulpits.

If the clergymen would start talking about the

fundamentals of religion, ethics, honesty, they could do something they are not doing now—raise the moral standard of our land. Why flirt with communism, which would end every church they speak in? Why say, "Oh, we need some bloodletting in revolution"? I still remember the Bible says: "Thou shalt not kill." Why defend a nation or group which is against everything that gives them the right to speak? I don't know. I do know the clergy have the best chance to try to get American life back on an ethical basis.

What can individuals do who have no political power? It's hard to say. They might do what I did a while ago. I went to church. The minister's sermon was on the dull side until suddenly toward the end he dropped his notes and came out with a plea. We must sign the Stockholm peace proposal on the table in the lobby! Russia wanted peace; only our capitalist government was against it! (That's my 25 shares of A T & T). Since I was once in Army Intelligence, I listened. His pleas continued. I rose, picked up my hat, and walked out.

Oh, I am in bad in the town. But you can do the same. On any one, church, club, or whatever group, that wants us to change over to the Soviet system. Walk out! You can do that.

Siblings Have I None

By **HARRY S. BROWN**

IT WAS reassuring to read in a recent newspaper dispatch from Washington that our government has set aside $8044 for a study of "sibling rivalry as a psychological hazard"; the study to be made by Dr. F. G. Orr of the University of Colorado. I know nothing about Dr. Orr. I know very little about such sums of money as $8044. But I do know something about siblings. Do you?

Ask the man in the street what *he* knows about siblings. I asked such a man only yesterday.

"A sibling?" he responded. "Why, it's a kind of squash, ain't it? I *hate* summer squash!"

There you are! It's high time the facts—all the facts, as a matter of fact—regarding siblings were recorded, and the complete study made available to all of us at a nominal cost by the Government Printing Office. The record should be made for the sake of posterity, if for no other purpose.

Do you remember the dodo? No; of course you don't. It disappeared from the face of the earth shortly after the invasion of its natural habitat by so-called civilized man. Nothing whatever is known by anyone today regarding "dodo rivalry as a psychological hazard." In fact, you can change the word "psychological" to "physiological," and say it again.

Considering what has happened to the cost of everything since the days when the dodo flourished, it is probable that it would have cost no more than 23 cents to have made a complete study of the dodo at that time. Did the government do anything about it? No!

I know what you're saying to yourself—at least if you're the kind of man who likes summer squash, *really* likes it, I mean. You're saying that there's no danger that siblings will follow the course of the dodo and become extinct. "The dodo was too stupid to survive. That's all!" Well?

LET ME inform you that the sibling is already gradually disappearing from this country, and from many other countries as well. There are fewer siblings in the United States right now than there were when I was a boy, and when I was a boy there were fewer siblings in this country than in the days of my father's childhood. As in the case of the now extinct dodo, so-called civilized man is the deadly enemy of the sibling.

Well do I remember how Teddy Roosevelt used to warn us. *He* knew what was happening to the sibling population! If he were alive today and writing as I am writing, I know what he would say:

"We survived the extermination of the dodo; but we shall not survive the extermination of the sibling!" Perhaps he would have said "will not survive." I'm not sure.

Teddy Roosevelt did his valiant best for the good cause. Come to think of it, so did Franklin Roosevelt. Both men devoted a substantial portion of their energies to the preservation of the sibling. But what has President Truman done for the sibling? Nothing! Nothing, that is, except in an indirect way to father the appropriation out of which comes the $8044 which has been set aside for a study of "sibling rivalry as a psychological hazard." I, for one, say that's not enough! Probably Dr. Orr would agree with me.

Nevertheless, I envy Dr. Orr his opportunity. Eight thousand and forty-four dollars! And no cents!

I wonder if I could persuade my Congressman to sponsor an appropriation to endow me with a similar sum to write a scientific monograph on another subject.

For much less than $8044 I am fully prepared—ripe and ready, as it were—to furnish the government with a treatise which will definitely demonstrate, once and for all, that the clavicle preceded the clavichord. In other words, had there been no clavicle there would have been no clavichord. Curiously enough, the clavichord survives only in such out-of-the-way places as museums, while its predecessor, the clavicle,—well, practically everybody nowadays has a clavicle.

Yes, sir; I shall write a letter to my Congressman tonight. In the meantime, I'll extend a helping hand to Dr. Orr. I'll send him the name and address of a friend of mine who has the nicest pair of siblings you ever saw, one male and one female. Sibley and Sibyl, he calls them. I think that's cute, don't you? Sibley is still a little fellow, but Sibyl is almost twenty years old. The only trouble is, I'm not sure $8044 would be enough.

Manners, Arts and Morals

Notes on the Entertainment Industries

By **WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM**

MODERN man's main occupation, at least in America, seems to be leisure. What he does with his free time may in the end determine the fate of his civilization more decisively than what he produces in his working hours. One short century after Karl Marx prophesied that the inexorable law of capitalism would force more and more people to work longer and longer hours, we are visibly heading towards the 30-hour week; which proves Marx wrong once more, but does not prove that our troubles are shrinking. They are multiplying. It was a cinch to make men produce twice as much in half the time: we simply had to add robots to manpower; and nature's energy resources remain infinite. But the expanding vastness of man's free time can be filled only with the scarcest commodities of all—with values and images.

This new department of the *Freeman*, if it succeeds, will be a fortnightly market report on values and images as they are processed in the biggest of all American industries—"the entertainment industry." The ugly phrase characterizes the social predicament. An ubiquitous machinery keeps swirling, twenty-four hours a day, to satisfy man's growing leisure appetites. "The great sickness of man," observed the very wise Albert Schweitzer, "is that he is constantly seeking entertainment and more entertainment, sometimes of the stupidest and more cruel type, instead of finding stimulation from within." Whatever it is man seeks, entertainment and more entertainment is what he gets—an inundation more perilous than monetary inflation.

Perhaps there is no rescue from the rising flood. The corrosion of quality by swelling quantities may be inescapable; and may bring death to a civilization formed by "mass media of communication." But while our heads are still above the waters, we want at least to see where we are carried and what hilariously odd objects are drifting by. This department promises to keep its eyes open. It can promise no more. For if it knew how to make the movies and the theater and television and the mass magazines celebrate the Creator, rather than debase His creatures, this is evidently what it would be doing, rather than scrutinizing other peoples' frantic deeds. But to make up for its lack of what Mr. Darryl Zanuck would call "creativeness," this department will keep its standards moderately high, confess its own prejudices, and shoot straight.

Some Dreads of Television

Nothing I can report about television is more frightening than this: it fascinates me. Nobody forces me to have, day by day, my mind offended, my senses revolted, my stomach turned. I spend, voluntarily, hours in front of a machine which gives me continuous pain. And as I have never before in my life had reason to suspect myself of masochistic urges, I must credit the medium with extraordinary hypnotic powers over all conceivable sorts of people.

Television, it seems to me, is not simply a home package of moving pictures. Nor is it radio with a new dimension added. Its fascination, I think, is derived from the unprecedented illusion it contrives: that man has acquired omnipresence. For the first time, the eternal dream of man seems realized—to participate, himself unseen and uncommitted, in all the lives that surround him. Of course, intelligence and esthetic sensibility inform him that he is being cheated; that television's reality is falsified and its fiction polluted; that he is participating, if at all, in a masquerade. And yet, the mere fact of simultaneity—the fact that, while he safely remains within the shell of his self, other people are at this very same moment desperately reaching out for him—this pretense of personal experience, magnified to include the world, seems to exert an irresistible attraction. I, at least, have no better explanation for the humiliating fact that I can stare for hours at an instrument of torture.

But whatever the correct explanation, there seems to be no room for doubt that all other "mass media" combined will have considerably less impact on our civilization than TV. To say that it is so impressive because it is new, is to fool oneself. The more we get used to it, the more shall we become addicted. ("Nothing is easier than to stop smoking," explained Mark Twain. "I've done it a thousand times.") And far from being one of the minor vices, the TV habit has what it takes to determine the quality of our lives.

The statistics are slowly coming in—frightful numbers of daily hours the American family is chained to TV, more and more to the exclusion of such finer pleasures as reading books and playing poker. And what is it that moves from outer space into the American home?

From time to time, this department will tell specifically of television's cabbages and kings—of horror shows and Milton Berle, of investigations and caviar for the masses, of photo intelligence from across the seven seas and the delight that is Jimmy Durante. For the moment, just to lay a few foundation stones, I should like to advance two general observations.

The first concerns television's voraciousness. To

keep their electronics flowing, the existing American TV stations must gather, in a single year, material for 50,000 hours of entertainment. (And before we know it, three times as many stations will have to issue 150,000 hours of entertainment a year.) Hardly any part of this can be shown twice: While the ear may be grateful for familiarity (music gains from repetition), the eye is constitutionally fickle. But can any one really envision the low that will have to be reached to procure such quantities?

Since the moving picture camera was invented, the combined film industry of the entire world has produced, in scores of years, far less than 50,000 hours of photographed tales, repeating itself ten times over. Yet not even a fool of serenity will want to deny that its volume has defeated the art. At their current rate of consumption (not counting soap operas and fictionalized variety shows), our TV stations need literary material equivalent to more than 10,000 printed short stories a year; which is several hundred times more than the combined literary talent of the entire human race can annually create on a supra-moronic level. Where it all will end, no one knows (as has been said on another occasion). But I have my guesses.

For another dread, there is television's inherent tendency to fictionalize the most assuredly real. To wrap every event into a glossy "story," and so to deprive it of its authenticity, has been the predilection of all our "mass media." But in television, this mischievous tendency threatens to remake the whole universe into a "production"—and not just because TV's present managers happen to be "showmen," but because of the medium's very nature: a screen *is* meant for shows. Yet what will become of man's shrinking sense of reality if life, as presented by WNBT, approaches him in no other fashion but manicured, rouged, dressed up, staged and directed beyond any resemblance to the crude but real thing? The day may come when man, raised on the fiction that woman is built like Dagmar, will be shocked by the truth and stop propagating himself.

These and other prospects of the TV millenium will be more minutely viewed in future issues. Just now, if only to reassure ourselves that all is not yet TV, I should like to consider Mr. Brooks Atkinson.

How Scareable Are Playwrights?

The other day Mr. Brooks Atkinson, God's understudy in the American theater, tried his hand at a last judgment. His performance, one must regretfully report, has only strengthened the old impression that Mr. Atkinson, in the role of the Almighty, ranks among history's more conspicuous miscastings.

This, I hasten to add, is in no way meant to poohpooh the power Mr. Atkinson wields over the American stage. Greater even than that of New York City's Commissioner for Licenses, and inferior only to the venerable authority of the Shuberts, Mr. Atkinson's influence on the American drama could be hardly overrated. So important, in fact, are his theatrical pronouncements that they merit (and shall receive in this department) regular and careful reviewing. But as it happens, the first opportunity to accord him the attentive treatment he deserves was a display of what is indubitably Mr. Atkinson's least developed faculty—his judgment.

The performance under review is a soliloquy Mr. Atkinson recited recently in the Sunday *New York Times*. Soon after the curtain had risen, he stated his theme:

> None of the new dramatic work [of the current Broadway season] has suggested that the authors are creative writers with original points of view or vivid ideas. And many of the new plays . . . have been hopelessly banal, as if both the authors and producers had aimed at mediocrity and had not succeeded in getting that high in the artistic scale.

This sounded promising—not so much on grounds of originality and vivid ideas (for even Manhattan's least precocious high-school kids have long ago stopped talking of Broadway's vulgar sterility), but at least on the ground of relative courage: Mr. Atkinson's stock in the reviewing trade is urbane euphoria, and for him to admit the intellectual bankruptcy of Broadway was as if Pollyanna had finally noticed a fly on her éclair. A moderate suspense was immediately created; and having profited from years of theatergoing, Mr. Atkinson went on to tantalize his audience with the promise of a real denouement: "Certain factors have been working against the health of the theater for a long time," he hinted darkly before the Second Act curtain. The mood was set for a bang-up Third Act.

Whodunit? Who, or what will be shown responsible for the tepid mess the American drama is in? The same dearth of virile playwrights which, from time immemorial, has accompanied every period of atrophied faith and maimed values? The entertainment industry's vulgar insistence on "yaks" and "boffs" that has blunted a nation's sensibilities? The gladhanding critics who applaud such national debasement?

Up goes the curtain—and "No," concludes Mr. Atkinson. Responsible for the debacle of the Broadway stage are not the anemic playwrights; not the entertainment-jaded senses of the public; not the obliging critics; not the barbarically tasteless producers. Responsible is a Junior Senator from Wisconsin, Mr. Joseph R. McCarthy.

"The ignorant heresy-hunting and the bigoted character assassination that have acquired the generic title of McCarthyism," thundered Mr. Atkinson, "are succeeding. The hoodlums are in control here as well as in Russia, and the theater begins to look as insipid in the one place as in the other. . . . We can not expect to have vital art in our theater if we emulate totalitarian countries and yield the control of cultural life to the Yahoos and hoodlums." Final curtain.

Now this was language undistinguished but strong—the strongest Mr. Atkinson has used since

his last panegyric recommendation of a third-rate Broadway musical. However, I can not say that the exposure of Joe McCarthy as the destroyer of the American drama caught me entirely unprepared. A few days before, in the drugstore of the small but fashionable town I am living in, I heard a youngster blame Mr. McCarthy for the low mark he got on his algebra paper. All over the country, one notices, the sophomores have started blaming the Senator for all their flops, and we are getting used to it. What really displeased me in Mr. Atkinson's performance was a sort of naive ignorance that would qualify him for ingenue roles rather than the exalted character part he is playing on Broadway.

How Erudite Is Mr. Atkinson?

I mean Mr. Atkinson's show of erudition. Realizing what he owes to the distinguished paper he works for, he sprinkled heavy spices of learning across the dough he was spreading over the front page of the *Times's* Drama Section. He could not very well expect his readers to believe that Mr. McCarthy himself had ghostwritten one or several of the miserable turkeys which were recently gored on Broadway. So he had to summon impressive circumstantial evidence: "Aristophanes, Ibsen, Strindberg, Tolstoy, Chekhov, Shaw, O'Casey and O'Neill were not content to give lip service to mediocrity," shouted the erudite Mr. Atkinson just before the final curtain fell—the implication being that lip service to mediocrity was all a theater terrorized by the Junior Senator from Wisconsin would be permitted to produce. And it is this coquettish parade of his liberal education, rather than anything else, which convinces me that Mr. Atkinson is an amateur ingenue.

In the first place—what in heck happened between Aristophanes and Ibsen? That Mr. Atkinson, in an apparently chronological enumeration of important playwrights, can so elegantly leap across two thousand years, may be a credit to the nimbleness of his middle-aged feet, but it seems to exhaust him intellectually. (True, while clearing twenty centuries in one jump, Mr. Atkinson did notice one talented playwright, W. Shakespeare, but dismissed him as a freak—the odd sort of writer, you know, who, instead of duly rebelling against his society, glorifies it.) The point is this: More excellent plays have been written in those two thousand years than even a McCarthyless generation of Hellmans, Odetses, Rices, Millers, Blitzsteins (and whatever other "serious" playwrights Mr. Atkinson considers scared off by Mr. McCarthy) could hope to put over on the American theater.

What might have caused Mr. Atkinson's blackout is the revealing fact that much of this glorious dramatic heritage has been accumulated in a period which he, a membership-dues paying "liberal," is obliged to call "dark ages"—centuries of conformism and hierarchical discipline which make "McCarthyism" look like an outbreak of red-hot anarchy. In other words, I venture to suggest, at the risk of exaggerating, that Calderon and Corneille are better playwrights than Odets and Blitzstein: the McCarthys of their days, rather than shut them up, made them write better plays.

And this is precisely what happened to those more fortunate playwrights whom Mr. Atkinson has favored with a notice in the *Times*. O'Neill, Mr. Atkinson may recall, earned his first Pulitzer Prize in the days of the Palmer Raids. And even when Mr. Atkinson's thyroid gets so hyper than he can spit the insane sentence, "The hoodlums are in control here as well as in Russia"—even in such a total breakdown of his every discerning faculty he would, I hope, admit that the climate blowing across the American cultural scene was considerably balmier in 1951 than in Palmer's days.

But if he is not willing to concede the O'Neill case, how could he possibly sidestep Strindberg, except by pleading plain ignorance? Strindberg, throughout his life, had not only to swim against a violent current of European "Yahoo" conformism, but was a target of physical police interference. At the turn of the century, to see a Strindberg play in Stockholm, or in Berlin, or in Vienna, one sometimes had to pass cordons of gendarmes who were trying to get the names of people brazen enough to patronize a "private" Strindberg performance. And what did this do to Strindberg? It made him grow from play to play.

Now Tolstoy and Chekhov, as Mr. Atkinson might have heard around Broadway, lived and wrote under Tsars who, as Mr. Odets and Miss Hellman will be glad to explain to him, were such abominable oppressors of playwrights that their overthrow seems to justify all subsequent NKVD excesses. To settle the case of Ibsen, he was haunted for decades, and all over Europe, by censors and cops. That leaves Mr. Atkinson with only Aristophanes, Shaw and O'Casey. As to Aristophanes, whomever he was kidding he was certainly not kidding himself: his every line testifies how well he knew that most Senators disliked him. Shaw was discovered on the German stage, and kept in money by the American theater, many years before England agreed to tolerate his existence. And O'Casey vegetated as an openly professing Communist in fiercely Catholic Ireland—a situation so unenviable that, by comparison, Miss Hellman and Mr. Rice ought to feel greatly appreciated by Mr. McCarthy.

In short, as I advised the youngster who was blaming the Senator for his defeat in algebra, Mr. McCarthy is a busy man and must not be expected to alibi for all the sophomores who neglect their homework. The American theater is not controlled by hoodlums but by Atkinsons; and Mr. Atkinson will be the first to admit that he is no Yahoo, either. The trouble with the American drama is not that Mr. McCarthy is Mr. McCarthy but that Mr. Odets is Mr. Odets: What prevents Mr. Odets from having a good play of his produced on Broadway, this or any other season, is solely the fact that he is not equipped to write one. Had Mr. Atkinson told him so in the first place, instead of transporting him

right away to the American division of Shakespeareship, the young man might have improved.

Which gets us back to Mr. Atkinson's recent performance. He fell flat on his face (an overworked term of critical opprobrium, but still peculiarly apt to describe inadequate stage action) when he failed to mention a single new play which deserved *and did not get* a showing. Surely Mr. Atkinson, not unlike the Being he understudies, must know of every puny sparrow that falls from a New York playwright's desk. Why did he not present the likeliest birds? Why did he not tell of *a single play* too good, too bold, too substantial, too nonconformist, to be produced in the shadow of that omnipotent Senator from Wisconsin?

For this, I can advance only two possible explanations. One, there is no such play. Two, Mr. Atkinson has no sense of values. And both explanations, I am afraid, are correct. The allegedly serious American playwrights he has in mind have so little to say, and are so free from inner compulsion to say it, that the slightest Senatorial frown could indeed scare them into being what they are—namely, sterile. As for Mr. Atkinson, there is really nothing wrong with him that promotion to a less sensitive department of the *Times* could not cure.

From Our Readers

The Issue on Education

I have just finished reading your issue of December 3 and I can not let this day pass without sending you my gratitude for its publication. The subject of your main thesis, "The Failure of American Education," is of the utmost importance, and it is expertly handled in the way in which it focuses the problem as it relates to religion, economics and the standards of excellence, as well as to educational theory.

Thanks are especially due for two articles—because they are the foundation for all the others—one by Mortimer Smith on the interpretation of the reason of our failure, and the other by Jack Schwartzman on the natural law.

The contribution made by the *Freeman* in this issue may well prove to be the motivation to restore education to its great and true function of leading man to that sense of wholeness and freedom out of which every Age of Enlightenment is born.

Hartsdale, New York RUSSELL J. CLINCHY

At the risk of appearing ungrateful for an article so incisive and instructive as Mr. Schwartzman's, I must demur when he refers to Heraclitus as "villain Number One"—villains Two and Three being Hegel and Karl Marx.

We are in some difficulty with regard to Heraclitus. Even the ancients regarded his sayings as "dark," and of his great work nothing remains to us except 126 small detached fragments.

Mr. Schwartzman goes to the root of the matter when he affirms the eternal validity of Natural Law. Heraclitus seems to have denied the existence of any norms or constants, for he held that all things change (or "flow"). He may have anticipated Hegel in regarding the cosmic process as a union of opposites. If this were all, Mr. Schwartzman would have a strong case against him.

But it is not all. While regarding human judgments as relative and therefore fallible, he held that "with God all is beautiful, good and just" (fr.120). He held that the universe was not created, but existed from eternity—"an ever living fire, flaring up *according to measure* and dying down *according to measure*" (fr.30, italics my own). In all things there is measure, and all is one great harmony. Much knowledge, as such, is of no avail (fr.40) for all things move according to the Logos, and only in apprehending the Logos can we achieve true knowledge. The Logos is common to all men and yet each man lives as though he had some special insight of his own (fr. 1 & 2), or, as we say nowadays, "every man has a right to his own opinion." There can be no individual Logos or Reason, but only Reason as such.

The universe to Heraclitus was not chaos but order. Change, to him, was not revolution but rhythm (or *metamorphosis* as conceived by Goethe). Heraclitus perceived chaos only in the multitude of opinions that prevail amongst men. "To be wise is to tell the truth and to act according to nature" (fr. 112—perhaps Mr. Schwartzman has this fragment in mind when he says that Heraclitus "did believe in some sort of Natural Law"). Men must arm themselves not with opinions but "with understanding [of the Logos] which is common to all, just as a town is armed with the law . . . for all human laws draw their nourishment from the divine law" (fr. 114).

No, to call Heraclitus "villain Number One" will not do! I doubt whether it is wise to speak in terms of antecedent "villains" at all but if, for the sake of argument, we do, whom shall we designate as "villain Number One"?

I suggest Rousseau.

Bramley, England F. A. VOIGT

Congratulations on your issue in which you devoted space to education and the serious inroads "foreign" theories have been making in our colleges, secondary and perhaps even elementary schools. Much too little has been said about this. Most parents are unaware of it. They believe that texts being used are faithful to our American heritage of liberty and respect for the supremacy of personal rights as outlined in our Declaration of Independence and framed within our Constitutional system. These "foreign" theories—collectivism or socialism or communism—are tending more and more to suppress, if not destroy, our American way of life. . . .

Great Neck, New York JAMES MCMILLEN

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Every time I look at John T. Flynn I marvel at what human beings—good human beings—can take and do. Flynn has been smeared more than any other living American journalist, and he has been called a thousand things that he quite definitely is not. Yet he bobs up smiling and ready to do battle for what he thinks is right. He doesn't care about justice for himself; indeed, he thinks it a waste of time to fight for purely personal vindication. But he cares mightily for justice for others. Altogether he is a marvel of human resilience, good humor and integrity. I think he underestimated the military power of Hitler after Gamelin and the other French generals proved to be such hollow shells in 1940, but in spite of this one mistake in judgment there has been no more effective campaigner for a libertarian (i.e., non-Fascist, non-Statist) America in his generation. He is the truly libertarian man, ready to attack Big Business in an era of Wall Street malfeasance, or the Big State in a time of political misfeasance.

Moreover, as the keenest journalist of our day, Flynn has been uniquely true to his calling—a remarkable fact in a profession that has seen perfidy honored, if not deified. John Flynn kept quiet about many things for patriotic reasons during the war, but in 1945 he was ready and raring to go. If it had not been for his pertinacity the true story of Pearl Harbor might never have been broken. And if he had not risked blacklisting in editorial sanctums by insisting that Franklin D. Roosevelt was a mortal man with mortal failings, the politicos of the Truman Administration, assuming the attributes and continuity of godhood, would probably have succeeded long since in saddling us with a Statism even more onerous than that of Socialist England.

In the early years of our benighted century the journalists of the muckraking press acted as effective watchdogs on political shenanigans. But when the "liberals" took over in Washington in the name of a non-liberal Statism, John Flynn, the libertarian who hated both the Fascistic NRA and the whole system of centralized Bismarckian social security, was just about the only good watchdog left on the horizon. Flynn has picked up allies since the nineteen thirties, but if he had not been around to label the NRA as "Chamber of Commerce Fascism," and to attack the Treasury theft of our social security payments to finance the running expenses of government, the libertarian movement of the nineteen fifties might have been blighted before birth.

This is a long preamble to a review of John T. Flynn's newest book, "While You Slept: Our Tragedy in Asia and Who Made It" (Devin-Adair, $2.50.) But Mr. Flynn has made a blanket indictment of a majority of the American reading public in his title, and the proper way of beginning a review of a book called "While You Slept" is to examine the record of the author to test his own credentials proving wakefulness. As a man who has seldom been caught napping, Mr. Flynn has a right to his title: while most Americans (including practically all editors of important review media) were sound asleep, Mr. Flynn had his eyes wide open.

Mr. Flynn is not an Asia "expert." Thank God for that; the Asia "experts" of our generation have proved just about as stupid and obtuse as men can be. But if Mr. Flynn is not an Asia "expert," he is a man of morality and common sense. He is moral enough to know that one should not desert an ally in the midst of war, and he has sufficient common sense to realize that it does not constitute a diplomatic victory to lose a vast continent and hundreds of millions of people to one's sworn enemy. Even if Mr. Flynn is not an "old China hand," his morality and his common sense make him enough of an Asia expert for me. Owen Lattimore may know all about the tribal customs of Turkestan, but he doesn't know enough to come in when it rains. Mr. Flynn does.

"While You Slept" tells a horrifying story with a brilliant economy of means. The American people know by now that the Communists have succeeded in capturing China. They know it because their sons are dying in Korea, which is next door to Mao Tse-tung's Red paradise. But despite such trail-breaking articles as Irene Kuhn's "Why You Buy Books That Sell Communism," and despite the informed journalism of Freda Utley's "The China Story," not many people know the story of how the "thought controllers" of Stalinist communism poisoned American public opinion on the subject of China. Mr. Flynn tackles that story with all his old-time zestfulness and his unmatched facility at statistical analysis.

The story of our Asian debacle is one of a skilfully executed pincers movement. One of the Communist pincers was provided by the infiltration—or, if you prefer a non-McCarthyan type of delicacy, the "persuasion"—of the upper levels of government, including the Far Eastern Division of our

Department of State. Mr. Flynn calls no living man who is out of jail or unconvicted a traitor, and he does not fling the name of Communist around lightly. He is not against Dean Acheson and George Marshall because of any alleged duplicity or presumed corruption; he is against them because he thinks their Far Eastern policies were wrong. He is not against Owen Lattimore because Senator McCarthy called Lattimore a "top Soviet agent"; he is against Lattimore because he has read the man's books and finds them full of subtle propaganda for the cause of Mao Tse-tung's China.

Skilfully refusing to fall into the trap of name-calling, Mr. Flynn nevertheless makes it indelibly plain that our State Department was won over in the late stages of World War II to the idea that Mao Tse-tung represented the "wave of the future" in Asia. But it takes two pincers to get a grip on a nation as large and as free as America. The second pincer the Communists had ready was the infiltration of the media that control the making of public opinion.

How did the Communists do this? They did it not by planting holders of party cards in editorial positions. No, they did it by far more subtle means. They did it by placing their sympathizers in key positions in such organs of "expert" opinion as the Institute of Pacific Relations. Mr. Flynn has a long and sordid story to tell about this Institute and how its sponsors were gulled. Having captured at one remove the business of creating "expert" opinion, the Communists (working at two removes) were in a position to control what went into most of the books about Asia. Because of stupidity in the editorial sanctums of the *New York Times Book Review* and the *New York Herald Tribune Books*, a small pro-Mao Tse-tung clique was enabled to make a racket out of the reviewing of books on China. Mr. Flynn makes no loose charges here: he takes thirty books on China and analyzes their fate at the hands of the reviewers. Of 23 pro-Communist China books, "all of them," says Mr. Flynn, "where reviewed, received glowing approval in the literary reviews I have named—that is the *New York Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, the *Nation*, the *New Republic* and the *Saturday Review of Literature*. And every one of the anti-Communist books was either roundly condemned or ignored in these same reviews."

Mr. Flynn goes on to tell the story of how the Communists, again working at one or two removes through fellow-traveling sympathizers, infected the popular magazines and the moving pictures. He also tells the story of that strange magazine called *Amerasia*, which specialized in stealing top-level secret documents from government files. It had at least one purloined document for every subscriber.

With public opinion softened up, the State Department had a clear field for its China policy—for a time. But in the long run realities must prove stronger than propaganda, and facts must prove more compelling than words. The post-1945 behavior of Soviet Russia was such that the Red-dominated pincers operation on American foreign policy was inevitably doomed to fail. As the ugly realities intruded on the sleepers' dreams, the resonance faded out of Dean Acheson's speeches and Owen Lattimore's book reviews. There is nothing like a fact to kill a theory.

There remains, of course, the problem of public trust. Our State Department is no longer working (outwardly, at any rate) at the job of building Stalin's strength in Asia. And decently competent reviews of Far Eastern books have begun to blossom shyly in the *New York Times Book Review* section. The American public is no longer being drugged the way it was drugged in the middle and late nineteen forties. But public confidence would be vastly enhanced if Dean Acheson would make just one little confession of error, or if Lester Markel, who controls the Sunday publications of the *New York Times*, would say, just once, "I was taken in."

I don't want to seem mean to either Dean Acheson or Lester Markel. I myself was taken in by the Communists in the nineteen thirties. I know from experience that it is not easy to say *"mea culpa."* But I can say this: once you have said it you feel a lot better, and you can go to work again with a clear conscience.

ALMOST TOO CLEVER

The End of the Affair, by Graham Greene. *New York: Viking. $3.00*

The dialectics of sin and suffering underlie most of Mr. Graham Greene's work in fiction. It is not too much to say that in his books life without flaming sin is of no interest and no consequence; man, to fulfill his spiritual destiny, must do more than take a long look at the worst—he must partake of it bodily and degrade himself wholeheartedly. If he is fortunate, he may be purged by suffering and repentance and at last achieve God's mercy. If, like the terrible boy in "Brighton Rock," or poor Scobie in "The Heart of the Matter," he is unfortunate, he goes to hell.

Theologically this doctrine may be old-fashioned, and many must think it untrue. As a basis for dramatic art, however, it is magnificently useful, and there is no doubt that Mr. Greene is one of the most competent novelists of our time. He combines immense technical skill and daring with a subtle understanding of the human heart and compassion for all human frailty. In "The Heart of the Matter," published in 1948, he achieved a small masterpiece.

Mr. Greene's new novel, "The End of the Affair," contains the same fundamental motive of sin and suffering, but unlike the earlier novels it comes in

the end to redemption. The scene, relatively muted, is London during the war, and the explosion of a bomb is the direct cause of the catharsis. The fable at first seems to be utterly commonplace—so much so, in fact, that many readers may find the first half of the book rather dreary. There is a sordid domestic triangle involving the faithless wife, the preoccupied husband, the successful lover through whom the story is told as a first-person narrative. Nothing in the situation is made compelling, and for a time we acquire a weary distaste for the vain and cold-hearted lover, who we discover is a professional novelist existing apparently in a large social vacuum. There are a few sharp glimpses of copulations and bickerings, and some minor comedy involving an absurd private detective, but with all his skill and subtlety Mr. Greene scarcely escapes dullness.

Once the deeper motive of the drama takes shape, however, a proper tension is established. The narrative makes use of the wife's private journal, and at once we enter a realm of spiritual travail and overwhelming love. Here the woman, whom we have imperfectly seen through the myopic eyes of her unworthy lover, becomes a profoundly tragic figure struggling with compulsions of passion, loyalty, faith and conscience. In the end, as the argument has it, she inevitably comes to the church, to God, and dies a sort of martyr, a saint of love. "No true lover shall come to hell," Chaucer once wrote, defending the good women who gave their all for love. And Mr. Greene goes on to a denouement of regeneration: through the woman's martyrdom miracles come to pass—the selfish lover finds a heart, the blind husband sees, a professed atheist not only believes but is also mysteriously cured of an ugly birthmark.

These are the traditional materials of tragic art, and Mr. Greene is a writer capable of using them. One would like to rank him very high among the masters of fiction, and there is no doubt that England stands in desperate need of a contemporary master. But "The End of the Affair" has certain weaknesses which seem to me symptomatic not only of Mr. Greene but of some of the other gifted Englishmen of our time. The style and method, for example, are almost too clever; there is an effect of technical refinement that somewhat removes the characters from solid earth and solid flesh. There are assumptions about behavior that are not persuasively created in dramatic terms: the word "hate," for example, runs through the book like a refrain but is never embodied in a fully plausible act or emotion. Further, there are assumptions about man's need for God (the essential argument) that are simply taken for granted. A comparison with Dostoievski is probably unfair, but one inevitably makes it at the expense of Mr. Greene; the motives and intentions are strikingly similar, but the products themselves differ in dramatic fullness and richness and strength.

What the English novel most urgently needs is a return to life; for a generation it has lost touch with mankind and has indulged itself in ironic complacence and somewhat sterile brain-stuff. Mr. Greene is not complacent or sterile but, with all his insights and compassion, he is still to some degree a victim of his cleverness and his doctrine.

GERALD WARNER BRACE

JONES AND THE RFC

Fifty Billion Dollars, by Jesse H. Jones with Edward Angly. *New York: Macmillan. $6.00*

In one New York review of this very important book, a reviewer whose worship of Franklin D. Roosevelt is well known failed to mention the late President at all. This is an indefensible misrepresentation of the book and its purpose. For the Reconstruction Finance Corporation under Jesse Holman Jones was for twelve years an integral part of the Administration of President Roosevelt. Jones was not originally appointed to the board of the corporation by Roosevelt, but he held his position at the President's pleasure and subsequently he was appointed by him as Secretary of Commerce. The President maintained a constant concern with the RFC, dictating many of its policies and suggesting many loans. Finally, the climax of the book is Jones's dismissal by Roosevelt. To omit Roosevelt is to ignore the second most important character in the book.

The only conclusion that can be drawn from this omission of Roosevelt is that what Jones has to say is not favorable. The fact is that this book adds to the mounting evidence that is melting down the Roosevelt figure to life size.

The book, however, will survive the neglect of biased reviewers. For it is a tremendous story of a monumental public service.

Unlike so many self-sponsored chronicles of statesmen, this is no ghost-written job. It is indubitably the authentic Jones. His hand is evident on every page. But with such a mass of records to review, the author wisely selected Edward Angly as collaborator. Angly spent three years gathering the facts from every possible source, and the finished product will be hard for even the most determined opponent to attack.

The concept that gave birth to the RFC must be credited to President Herbert Hoover. It was built upon a sure faith that the American economic system had within itself the means of curing itself.

But something more than faith is necessary in such an enterprise. There must be business judgment in administering such a massive agency. Every loan must be appraised and weighed not only in the light of its promise of repayment, but in that of its value to the whole structure. This was the indispensable ingredient supplied by Jones.

I can personally testify to many of the facts and conditions that prevailed in two or three years of the RFC and the Roosevelt Administration. The radical, or what might be called the second New

Deal had not yet appeared. Jones was sponsored for his appointment to the board of the RFC by two stalwart Democratic conservatives, John Nance Garner and Carter Glass. When Roosevelt was inaugurated and the bank paralysis gripped the country there was no Chairman of the RFC. Conservative people like Secretary of the Treasury Will Woodin, Ogden Mills, Arthur Ballantine, Lewis Douglas, Carter Glass, and Jones himself engineered the opening of the banks. Roosevelt could do little but endorse their proposals.

Jones learned, as I had learned before and as so many failed to learn in later years, that the way to work with F.D.R. was to go ahead, take chances, and use your own independent judgment. If things worked out, Roosevelt would think he had made the decisions. If they did not, he would have to shield the mistakes.

This independence Jones never relinquished. As his book amply proves, when Roosevelt, through the vagaries of his administrative habits or because of indiscreet political commitments, asked Jones to do something that might have ended in embarrassment or disaster, the master of the RFC shrewdly found ways either to sidetrack the idea or to accomplish the end in a safer, sounder way. Perhaps Roosevelt ultimately felt grateful for this means of saving him from his own folly, or he stored up smoldering resentment against Jones. However, he never, until the end, risked a break, for he knew very well that such a break would sweep away his influence with the most influential members of his own party in Congress.

For as time went on Jones became more and more powerful on the Hill. Hard-pressed committee chairmen up there, irritated by the foibles, the fancies, and the incompetence of the radicals who proliferated as the years passed, came to depend more and more on the judgment of Jones. Since the more influential of those Democrats were from the South, it came to be that the South repeatedly saved the government from itself. That means of salvation, it may be added, is still the only hope of the Democratic Party.

The immense powers and discretion of the RFC granted by a Congress that believed in Jones might have achieved recovery with few or none of the New Deal alphabetical agencies that were created in 1933 and after. Public works, relief, housing, farm loans and supports, railway reorganization and reconstruction, help for small business, and many other activities could and should have been the sole province of the RFC. Thus, the vision of Hoover and the administrative skill of Jones might have thrown the light of hope far down the years.

In the war the fantastic Wallace Board of Economic Warfare was a redundant parallel to the existing world-wide organization of the RFC and its subsidiaries. But Roosevelt had a passion for duplication and a jealous desire to build agencies in his own image. With all these paralleling activities Jones dealt with restraint and patience, cooperating when he could and, where joint action was impossible, calmly going his own way. There was plenty for him to do in any event.

The most spectacular and the most important and basic, as well as the first service of the RFC was the rehabilitation of the banking structure of the country. No one who was not at the center of things in March 1933 can appreciate the panic that swept over the bankers of the nation. For the most part they were sincere men, deeply aware of their critical responsibility. But in this crisis they were confused. Their ideas, spoken in many tongues, were a hodgepodge of contradictions.

In the midst of this, Jones came forward with the brilliant concept of buying the preferred stock of those banks which showed a promise of solvency. Modestly, Jones says he can not remember where the idea originated. The fact is that he probably created it out of many diverse suggestions. At any rate, he boldly implemented it, and it proved to be the magic drug that killed the deadly germ of insolvency.

Next in importance in the early days was the immense task of saving the railroads. The disease that afflicted these institutions was of long standing. They were built helter-skelter in a fierce spirit of competition and in an atmosphere of boom times. They were the victims of ruthless exploitation, of waste, of mismanagement, and of bad financing. Jones took personal charge of the medication, forced feeding, and surgery essential to their rehabilitation. Slowly the process of treatment went on. In all, the RFC lent a billion dollars to eighty-nine railroads, and by 1949 all but sixteen had fully repaid their obligations.

The other lines of RFC aid and lending are too numerous for more than mention here. They covered help to agriculture, the real estate market, surety and casualty companies, grants for self-liquidating public works, rural electrification, loans to life insurance companies, building and loan associations, and export and import activities. There was the great Roosevelt experiment in buying gold, in which the RFC played a key role. And finally, in the second part of the book, there is portrayed the vast role of the RFC in building the sinews of war-making.

In 1934 Congress authorized loans to private business and industry. This, it should be noted, proved to be a perversion of the original purposes of the Corporation. As long as Jones held the controls, it probably did no harm. But while Jones does not say so, he may believe, in looking back, that it was a mistake. Certainly the ills to which the post-Jones RFC has fallen victim show its essential danger. The testimony of Jones in recent years reveals a firm conviction that, except in times of dire depression, such loans are dangerous and subject to gross abuse. But that last chapter of the RFC now being written in the headlines, a chapter of sordid politics and immoral personal enrichment, is not part of the Jones story.

Jones's book, however, makes clear that chiselers and moochers were not absent in his day. There were plenty of calls from the White House and no end to the succession of reaching hands. But the record shows that $50 billion were managed with such consummate skill and integrity that no old scandal is likely to be found by even the most industrious digger.

Two phases of the wartime activities of the RFC are given extensive treatment in this book—the one which concerns Jones's controversy with Wallace; the other, the efforts of our government to maintain its supply of rubber. In the earlier days of rearmament, from June 1940 to the fall of Singapore in 1942, the RFC made frantic efforts to stockpile natural rubber—efforts which, considering the difficulties, met with good success. But with Japan in control of the great source of the natural supply, the need for the synthetic product became critical. At that moment there was plenty of second-guessing, and sniping criticism was directed at Jones. This is answered in detail in this book, and in my judgment Jones has the last and best word. The fact is that not Jones but Roosevelt himself retarded the progress of building synthetic rubber plants. Subsequently, the President appointed a committee consisting of Bernard Baruch, James B. Conant, and Karl T. Compton to investigate and report. The Baruch Committee's report had some digs at the RFC, which, incidentally, are well answered in this book. The disposition of the committee to be critical, by a pointed reference Jones attributes to Baruch alone. Here I can offer my personal testimony that Baruch told me at the time that Roosevelt told him that the delay in preparing for synthetic rubber production was the President's and not Jones's fault.

The Wallace adventure in world-wide social reform with his Board of Economic Warfare provides a chapter which makes high comedy. Apparently this strange agency was created to provide work for the idle hands but teeming brain of the Vice President. The President thus hoped to build up his chosen successor. Instead, this agency proved to be the reason why Wallace lost any chance to be renominated. Thus, as Jones says, "he dug his own grave." After a headlong collision with Jones, the Wallace outfit was abolished by the President. No doubt this was done because Congress certainly would have acted itself to end this ridiculous affair.

But as everyone knows, Wallace had his brief moment later, when the President, ill, "weakened in mind and body," dismissed Jones to make a place for Wallace. This was done not only in the worst possible manner, but with the most crass expression of reasons that any President has ever presented. Nothing but Jones's statement that on that occasion he noticed "the deterioration" of the President's mind can explain that incident.

The Congress did what it could to mitigate the damage done by the Wallace appointment. The House, by a vote of 400 to 2, and the Senate, by 74 to 12, snatched the lending agencies away from the itching hands of Wallace before the Senate confirmed the new appointment to the Secretaryship of Commerce.

The numerous cult that seeks to bracket the late President with Washington and Lincoln will find it hard going to prevent the Jones measured appraisal of Roosevelt from going into the judgment of history. There was the inexcusable act of ingratitude in dropping Jones to reward Wallace, a hater of free enterprise, for his demagogic speeches in 1944. There was the cruel removal of William S. Knudsen as chief of industrial mobilization. There was the excessive $200,000 legal fee to Basil O'Connor's law firm for participation in an insurance reorganization. O'Connor was Roosevelt's friend and former law partner. Jones refused to pay the fee, but the court compelled the payment of $137,000. This was the same Roosevelt who advocated a maximum income for all of $25,000 a year. And Jones lays on the line in all its messy detail the "bailing out" of Elliott Roosevelt in the Hartford affair.

All these and more are given in detail, and the comment at the end of the story of the dismissal must be the final verdict of Jones: "I could no longer have respected him or worked with him."

RAYMOND MOLEY

SPANISH BITTER SWEET

The Face of Spain, by Gerald Brenan. *New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. $3.75*

Spain is a trap for most writers, since it is practically impossible to write about the country and not write about its politics. In his preface to "The Face of Spain," Gerald Brenan explains that he wished to concentrate on the more timeless questions, yet when he went back to Spain after an absence of thirteen years, he found politics, government and the present regime virtually the only Spanish topics of conversation. So his book reports a good many of these conversations and becomes, in spite of its author's avowed intention, partly political. But Mr. Brenan mixes the political aspect with all the rest—as it is mixed in Spain—and the result is a balanced book, always interesting, with flashes of real beauty. The story of the author's search for the grave of Garcia Lorca in Granada, told with quiet coolness, is a characteristic medley, one of many in the book.

A former English resident of Malaga, Brenan may be remembered for the book he wrote when he returned to England after the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War. Called "The Spanish Labyrinth," it was one of the more sober and effective studies of the war's historical and political background. "The Face of Spain" is more informal and unpretentious, being a day-to-day account of three months spent last spring in southern and western Spain. (The author went no further north than Madrid.)

Since Mr. Brenan was friendly to the Spanish Republic, it follows that he must basically lack sympathy with the Franco regime. But when there is something decent to say about the present government, he says it, and his book seems quite the reverse of a propaganda vehicle for any group. Not all his friends were Republicans, and thirteen years have seen many changes. His book neither praises nor condemns. Rather it makes clear the vicious legacy of hatred and bitterness left by the Civil War, for each camp has its list of authentic, unforgotten horrors with which the opposing camp stands accused.

The most depressing thing in Mr. Brenan's book is its record of poverty. In every chapter, slipped in between glimpses of idyllic country, as incongruous as the truth, the record of misery continues—in Cordova, in Malaga, in Granada, in Toledo, in Madrid. And the picture grows of an unoriginal, authoritarian regime, which has rebuilt some buildings, cleared away some debris, filled the prisons with objectionables of many kinds, formed an excellent police and army to keep things in control, and appointed its friends to municipal and provincial offices all over the country. Covering everything as a tent is the black market—in the liberal sense, the free market—the nightmare of producer and consumer alike, a network involving Spaniards high and low. It is not without affiliations with various forms of vice, and the only ones who get punished for recourse to it are those without patronage or party affiliation. Withal, the individual Spaniard of whatever class remains—in or out of Mr. Brenan's book—voluble, tough, austere, a modern Stoic.

"The Face of Spain" is not all politics. There are some lovely pictures of Andalusia and the Sierra Morena wilderness. Mr. Brenan has not balked at Spanish modes of conveyance and has gone by bus, by train and on foot part of the way. His book has prospered accordingly. Many out of the way spots are touched upon here and in no other recent book on Spain. More important, there are no lush passages, no descriptions of sunsets, for Mr. Brenan writes clean, sensitive prose, and catches with a sure touch the bitter sweetness of the country.

CATHERINE MAHER

EUROPE IN 1952

Europe Between the Acts, by R. G. Waldeck. *New York: Doubleday. $3.50*

To the traveler bent on a 1952 spring or summer trip to Europe, whether it be for business or pleasure, no more enjoyable bon voyage gift can be given than "Europe Between the Acts" by R. G. Waldeck. I became acquainted with this distinguished literary lady while on duty with the Military Intelligence Division of the War Department general staff in 1942. Countess Rosie, as she was referred to familiarly in Pentagon Intelligence circles in those war years, was thought by us to be acquainted with more important European politicos than anyone on either side of the Potomac River. What was perhaps a still more valuable asset from Intelligence's point of view was that the Countess possessed an uncanny flair for prophesying correctly the course of things to come, especially in Germany. This gift of hers was not really a magical one. Rather did it seem to us soldiers to be based on knowledge gained through long residence in almost all important European countries, personal acquaintance with leaders of most of the ruling cliques in each capital, and her own brilliant analytical powers. But no matter how she had acquired her special seer-like gifts, she placed them in the war years at the disposal of our Army without asking in return either remuneration or, indeed, even personal recognition. To find now once again, in "Europe Between the Acts," this gift of prophecy flourishing in all its old time vigor, is refreshing indeed.

Though this book was published early in 1951, most of it was written, as Countess Waldeck tells us in her introduction, in '48 and '49. Despite her numerous amusing sartorial and culinary excursions, to the Parisian *haute couture* and to Ritzes everywhere, the book is basically a serious analysis of Europe's political problems. Indeed, the nine essays which make up the book are topical ones, each stating the problems which confronted one or another European country at a given moment. Now it has been my impression that nothing is more fragile than an account of a momentary political climate, once that climate has passed away. How many topical political books deserve to be read six months, or even six weeks, after going to press? I myself have found very few, but "Europe Between the Acts" remains a definite exception.

I read "Europe Between the Acts" for the first time in January 1951. I have now just reread the book, to see for myself—perhaps indeed not without a bit of malice—whether Countess Waldeck's prophetic powers had grown dim since those far-off Pentagon days. To both my pleasure and astonishment, I detected no single important instance in the book, in which ideas written down in '48, '49 and '50, did not hold true in December '51, despite the dramatic storm of events which had engulfed Korea, the Middle East and Europe since the book was written. Instances of startlingly correct prophecy occur on almost every fourth page. How perfectly did Countess Waldeck gauge in 1948 the nearly even balance of strength in England between Labor and the Conservatives; a balance not materially disturbed by two intervening General Elections. How events have borne out her prediction that the Pope would become the true political leader of Italy—the successor of Mussolini! How correct seems now her '49 prediction that Sweden would not join the Atlantic Pact! Above all, how clearly Countess Waldeck appreciated in '49 the incredible difficulties which would beset Washington's

effort to entice Germany to place its military manpower at Eisenhower's disposal. These difficulties are not likely to be overcome soon.

I should doubt whether any comparable—and, I add advisedly, up-to-date—political analysis of Europe's climate will be written this winter—or indeed in all of 1952. So I intend to see to it that each friend who sails next spring to Europe is provided with the most up-to-date political Baedeker I know, "Europe Between the Acts."

TRUMAN SMITH

MAILER'S NEW SYMBOLISM

Barbary Shore, by Norman Mailer. *New York: Rinehart. $3.00*

Whatever anyone may think of Norman Mailer's new novel, no one will be able to accuse him of repeating himself. Indeed, "Barbary Shore" will almost certainly come as a surprise, even a startling surprise, to readers of "The Naked and the Dead"; for the young novelist who proved himself a master of tough realism now gives us a tale in which fantasy, poetry, symbolism and mystery illumine, color, distort, and sometimes conceal such realistic elements as the story holds. One thinks comparatively of the plays of Tennessee Williams, and of some of the fiction of Carson McCullers. But one quickly realizes that the comparisons will not do. Mr. Mailer's mixture is his own.

The story is told in the first person by Mikey Lovett, a young man with a scarred body, a face that is a masterpiece of plastic surgery, and a memory that goes back only a few years. He supposes that he must have been in the war, but he is not sure. He has tried to recall the kind of accident in which his natural face was destroyed, but he has found himself lost among possible alternatives. So he has learned to live without a past, and with the hope of becoming a novelist.

Toward that end he moves into a top-floor room of a dirty lodging-house on Brooklyn Heights, and begins his novel. In the same house lives a slatternly, foul-mouthed, but sexually attractive landlady, with her beautiful female brat of three-and-a-half years, and two men lodgers; and shortly after Lovett's arrival a young woman, whose origins are obscure and whose conversation is remarkable, rents a room from the reluctant landlady. An atmosphere of mystery thickens in the house on the Heights, the behavior of its inhabitants becomes increasingly eccentric and their talk ever more cryptic. In fact, the bewildered but curious reader often feels like quoting the character who declares at one point in the narrative: "I'm completely adrift and can not discern up from down nor left from right. . ." Gradually, however, there comes clarification of a kind—although it is far from complete.

We discover that one of the men lodgers is a former Stalinist, a once-trusted party agent whose hands are stained with the blood of old Bolsheviks, and on whose conscience lies the guilt of having played a small part in Trotsky's murder. This he did even after he had ceased to believe that Trotsky was wrong; and that, he thinks, is his great crime. With the signing of an infamous pact he changed sides and worked for a time in some governmental bureau of the world's leading capitalistic country. When he vanished from that bureau a nameless object of inestimable value vanished coincidentally. We learn also that the other male lodger is some sort of secret agent of "the country in which we are living," and that the young woman is a passionate Trotskyite whose life ceased for all practical purposes at the moment that Trotsky fell under the assassin's ax.

This is all, I think, that should be told of the plot of a novel that has been designed to rely heavily on the effectiveness of mystery, suspense and revelation. As for the book's message, it is to be found most clearly expressed in the long speech that the one-time Stalinist makes to his accusers and Lovett. We live in a dark hour. The revolution has failed and has been betrayed; old revolutionaries have taken many different roads, including that of the apologist, the rationalizer. The world is divided into two great blocs between which war is inevitable because, for demonstrable reasons, the economic plight of both "monopoly capitalism" and "state capitalism" is desperate. Each bloc prepares for war, and "the process is irreversible." The economic crisis is already permanent; soon we shall know a permanent state of war, for, no matter which bloc wins temporarily, the process of war will necessarily be repeated on lower and lower levels "until we are faced with mankind in barbary."

Yet the process, so we are told, may not be wholly irreversible. There is still one small, last hope—revolutionary socialism. Impotent though it is now, it is still barely possible that "the human condition" will at some future date be alleviated by its ideas and its program. So the old Stalinist, at the end of his own tether, seeks to pass on to a worthy heir "the remnants of my socialist culture," in the hope that the heritage may one day be usable in propitious circumstances. "But for the present," as Mikey Lovett finally declares, "the storm approaches its thunderhead, and it is apparent that the boat drifts ever closer to shore."

The publishers call this book "a courageous novel," and it is probable that many readers will consider it an eloquent statement of mankind's present, tragic state. However, I can not help thinking that "Barbary Shore" suffers from the trickiness of its construction, from its author's wilful exercises in obfuscation, and from the introduction of incidents and speeches that are not, even on second reading, clearly relevant to the whole. It also contains a few small patches of surprisingly bad writing. But it is, however successful or unsuccessful, the work of a vigorous, creative, highly original talent—a talent with a future as well as a past.

BEN RAY REDMAN

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