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A WORD ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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Reprints of Morrie Ryskind's hilarious poem, "Conference," will be available from the *Freeman.*

the FREEMAN

NEW YORK, MONDAY, JANUARY 14, 1952

The U. S. Pays Blackmail

SET DOWN December 24, 1951, as a day of shame in the annals of our country. On that day a President of our country, the United States, being asked whether he planned to do anything about a demand for ransom for the release of four American soldiers held by the puppet government of a little country, replied: "What can you do?" and within a few days "the most powerful nation in the world" had supinely paid blackmail of $120,000.

The argument on which we submitted to this indignity was that the foremost if not sole consideration involved was the fate of the four soldiers who were held captive. The foremost consideration involved, on the contrary, was the national honor—the respect in which our nation is held both by our potential allies and by our potential enemies. Our forefathers never lost sight of this. It is precisely because they put this first that our nation became great.

"We prefer war in all cases to tribute under any form, and to any people whatever." So spoke Thomas Jefferson. In 1796, when our nation was still weak and small, Charles C. Pinckney, our Minister to France, when he was told by Talleyrand that a gift to the Directory might avert war with France, made his famous reply: "Millions for defense, sir, but not one cent for tribute." It was on this view, in the early nineteenth century, that we sent warships and put down the pirates of Morocco and Algiers. It was on this view, in the early years of the present century, when a bandit chieftain, Raisuli, had abducted an American citizen, that Theodore Roosevelt and Secretary Hay sent their famous dispatch: "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead."

Words like these were not spoken in thoughtless anger, or out of mere bravado. They were spoken by men who put first things first. To put the national honor first is not to be indifferent or callous to the fate of any individual who is being held as hostage. It is merely to recognize that this fate must be unfortunately subordinated to far wider considerations. On what principle or ground can Mr. Truman justify the Revolutionary War, or Lincoln the Civil War, or Wilson our participation in the first World War, or Franklin D. Roosevelt our participation in the second? Whatever mistake of judgment may have been involved in any one of these actions, they were alike, and right, in recognizing the central principle that the nation comes first.

"Men are not hanged for stealing horses," it was shrewdly observed in the seventeenth century, "but that horses may not be stolen." And on the same principle we may say that ransom is not refused because of indifference to the fate of a present hostage, but precisely so as not to encourage the taking of future hostages. To pay present demands for ransom is to invite future demands for ransom. To submit to extortion is to invite extortion. The one thing that no nation can ever afford is to allow itself, or its nationals, to be treated with contempt.

What is most discouraging is that none of these principles are unknown to those who advocated the payment of this blackmail. The editorials in the *New York Times* were a sad but typical instance. They recalled the fate of Vogeler and Oatis. They recalled that: "The Communists have already displayed their ruthlessness by shooting down an American plane over the Baltic and another off the Siberian coast, with the loss of a score of American lives." But they did not draw the obvious deduction that the holding of four American flyers for ransom occurred precisely because of our appallingly spineless handling of these preceding cases. Or rather, they drew the deduction but refused to apply it. "In principle," said the *Times*, "the American Government is rightly opposed to paying ransom of any kind, not only for the sake of its own dignity but also because one successful extortion only leads to more." And then in flagrant contradiction it concluded: "The money should be paid as quickly as

possible in the same manner that such money is handed over to ordinary kidnappers."

We have still not begun to know all the consequences of this weak and shortsighted submission. Behind the Iron Curtain the effect is clear. Hungary's official Communist Party newspaper argues that the "fine" must have been "just and correct"—as proved by the fact that the United States Government paid it. Other American citizens will now be captured, seized, insulted, humiliated, beaten, abroad in the calm confidence on the part of their captors that Mr. Truman will shrug his shoulders, say "what can we do?" and order the money paid. And future ransom demands will be raised, because we were so obviously delighted that we got off so cheaply. "The price of their [the four American flyers'] safety will be less than a tenth of a cent per capita" triumphantly pointed out the *New York Times*, without a word about the moral cost to us of our submission to blackmail. But we may be sure that the Communists will ask a higher price next time. We may be sure that this lesson will not be lost on the Chinese Communists at Panmunjom—if, indeed, they need any further lessons on how weak and irresolute our negotiations can be.

Our hasty payment of blackmail can not be undone. By it we have lost further face and prestige everywhere in the world. It means that our enemies will be emboldened to still further provocations. It means that our potential allies will put still less trust in our resolution and fortitude. All this is not accidental. We were barred from going by train to Berlin, our American planes were shot down, Vogeler and Oatis were seized, the four American flyers were held for ransom—all with the deliberate intent and for the precise purpose of causing us to lose face. And in each case we played right into the Communists' hands. "What can you do?"

The arguments being made for the appeasement of Stalin today are exactly the arguments made for the appeasement of Hitler from 1933 to 1939. "If we are firm, it means war. What can you do?" We have completely forgotten the lesson we learned at the cost of so much blood and treasure—that it is appeasement, not firmness, that leads to war, precisely because it invites further insults, provocations and aggressions.

After he had paid the ransom, Secretary Acheson tried to give an imitation of a bold action. He ordered the Hungarian consulates at Cleveland and New York to be closed. And Washington correspondents wrote that, "for the present, officials here believe, the United States has taken the maximum retaliation possible."

We hope we shall not be considered too wildly extreme if we can imagine even further measures. The blunt truth is, in fact, that after supinely yielding to the blackmail of a puppet state we must take really meaningful action if we are to recover the respect of the world, both inside and outside the Iron Curtain, and save ourselves and our nationals abroad from further and greater humiliations. Step one is simple and imperative: we must immediately break off all diplomatic relations with Hungary. What can we earn, in fact, except further contempt, by continuing to beg for "friendly relations" with a puppet government that has already treated us with contempt?

Having taken this indispensable step, we should (unless we find a prompt change of attitude) break off diplomatic relations with all the puppet states and with Russia itself. This action, in fact, is a logical corollary of breaking off relations with Hungary. For the Hungarians were only acting under Russian orders; it was the Russians who called Hungarian territory "our" geographical space, and Russians interviewed the four flyers.

It is hardly necessary to state at length the argument for breaking off diplomatic relations with Russia. After the dreary, futile and demoralizing record of such relations, the burden of proof is properly on those who can find any gain in continuing them. We know that most of the "diplomatic representatives" they send over here are in fact espionage agents. Their official newspapers, therefore, do not hesitate to call our own diplomatic representatives espionage agents. What, then, do we gain by continued relations? We know that their representatives continue to find out far more of military value about us than our representatives find out about them—an inevitable consequence when a democratic nation tries to have civilized relations with a totalitarian one. Have our negotiations achieved anything? You can find the answer to that in almost any headline taken at random: "U. S. Seeks 249th Talk to Frame Austrian Pact."

But, comes the inevitable automatic response: "breaking off relations would mean war!" Would it? We had no diplomatic relations with Bolshevik Russia during the whole sixteen-year period from 1917 to 1933. Would anyone care to argue that our relations with Russia during that period were worse than they have been since?

The logical next step would be to demand that Communist Russia and its puppets be thrown out of the United Nations. Russia has used the United Nations for nothing else than a platform for insults, propaganda and intrigue against the United States. It has used its membership in the United Nations precisely to *prevent* any effective action whatever in the direction of justice or peace. It is even, and all but openly, making war against the forces of the United Nations (90 per cent Americans) in Korea. Under these conditions it is inconceivable that we continue to tolerate Communist Russia as a member of the United Nations. If it should turn out (which we are loath to believe) that we could not get the votes to eject Russia and her puppets from the United Nations, then it would prove the futility of going on with the farce; and we should withdraw, to regain our independence of policy, our moral autonomy, and our sense of direction.

Two Massacres

THE nightmarish atmosphere of unreality that envelops anything involving our relations with communism has almost smothered the revelation by Col. James M. Hanley in the middle of last November that 6270 American prisoners of war had been murdered by Chinese and North Korean Communists. Even the correspondents reporting the negotiations regarding exchange of information on prisoners of war have managed to write as if Col. Hanley had never spoken; and when the Communists produced only 2724 names of American prisoners, leaving 7844 of our missing unaccounted for, the press generally took the line that "only time would tell" what had happened to those unlisted.

In the *New York Times* of December 21 Mr. Hanson W. Baldwin performed a much needed service by drawing the inexorable conclusions from the horror which has been so strangely played down by the Defense Department and the press.

> To an enemy callous of human life [he wrote] and reckless of human values . . . to a philosophy nurtured on the doctrine that the state is God and man the creature of it, and to armies that build victory upon the windrows of the dead, prisoners are no more than hostages to be used or abused as expediency or the whimsey of primitive men may indicate. . . . The enemy holds that man is cheap; . . . The Communist Russians, Chinese and North Koreans are in large number either (1) primitive men who have not yet outgrown the swaddling clothes of savagery; or (2) men whose god is power unhampered by restraint, who regard murder and cruelty as necessary techniques for the achievement of absolutism.
>
> The release of the names of the prisoners of war allegedly held by the enemy in Korea should not, therefore, blind us to the nature of the enemy, but should rather reveal that nature in all its implacability—an enemy set apart from the nations of the West by lack of civilized restraint, by a nonmoral callousness to the values we hold dear.

These are wise and timely words. If those dead shall not have died in vain it will be only because their countrymen fully understand the implications of their murder and draw therefrom the lesson of a new and fiercer devotion to the cause of freedom.

It is time that we do understand. For the Korean massacres are by no means a new or isolated phenomenon. Mr. Arthur Bliss Lane has sent us a long memorandum drawing the parallel with the massacre of Polish officers at Katyn, near Smolensk, in the spring of 1940. The tragedy of Katyn has also been played down under that policy of appeasement which has blunted the impact of Communist crimes on the American mind. Here, in brief, is the story:

When the USSR found itself in the war against Hitler, Stalin agreed to release the thousands of Polish soldiers (taken prisoner while he was helping Hitler to defeat Poland), in order that they might be reactivated to fight for the Allies. But when the Polish Prime Minister, General Sikorski, and other Polish representatives, queried Stalin, Molotov and Vishinsky concerning the whereabouts of their 15,000 officers, they could get only the most evasive replies. Then, in April 1945, the Nazis, by that time occupying the Smolensk area, discovered in the Katyn Forest the mass graves of 4500 of those officers. Like the Americans murdered in Korea, the bodies were found with their hands tied behind their backs. They had been shot. An international commission of medical men examined them and declared that the murders had taken place in 1940.

Did the Western world draw from this horror the conclusions Mr. Baldwin has drawn from the Korean massacres? It did not. The Soviet Government suddenly discovered that after all it did know something about those Polish officers: they had been murdered by the Nazis in August 1941 while working on the roads near Smolensk. But August of 1941 was an unusually hot month in that area, and the Polish bodies were found clad in heavy overcoats, indicating that they had been murdered in cold weather. None the less the OWI, headed by Elmer Davis, swallowed the Soviet story, hook, line and sinker and broadcast it to the world. The appeasement of Stalin had begun.

Everything that has since come to light about this massacre clearly indicates Soviet guilt. And there is one aspect of those revelations which is of special interest to the American people. In 1949, after Julius Epstein had published two articles on Katyn, he received a letter from Harry Thomas Schultz of Hanover, New Hampshire. Mr. Schultz informed him that the Hitler government had flown, from the prisoners' camp where he was an inmate, several Allied prisoners of war to Katyn, among them two Americans of whom one was a Lt. Col. Van Vliet. The American Committee for the Investigation of the Katyn Massacre, of which Mr. Lane was chairman, succeeded in locating Col. Van Vliet, who stated in answer to queries that he was in no position to give information. Thereupon Representative George A. Dondero wrote to the Director of Military Intelligence asking whether Col. Van Vliet had made a report on Katyn. The answer was that the Intelligence Division had "recently" acquired a report based in part on Col. Van Vliet's observations —but that it was classified!

Under prodding, the Defense Department did finally release a report by Col. Van Vliet, bluntly stating that he and the other officers flown to Katyn believed that "the Russians did it." But it was a *second* report, in which Col. Van Vliet stated that his first report had been made five years before, on May 22, 1945, to Maj. Gen. Clayton Bissell, who had had a "female assistant" take down his story. Only one typescript was made. Bissell marked it "Top Secret" and ordered Van Vliet, in writing, to maintain silence.

Under further pressure the Department of the Army was obliged to admit that Col. Van Vliet's first, "top secret," report was missing from its files. A letter from General Bissell to Frederick Lyons of the State Department on August 21, 1945, indicated that he had sent it on May 25 to General Julius C. Holmes, at that time an Assistant Secretary of State. But the Department of the Army could find in its files no receipt for the document and no copy of a letter of transmittal. General Holmes has denied any memory of the report, though General Bissell remembers having sent it.

Here is a mystery which rivals in interest that of the stolen documents found in the *Amerasia* files. Who had access to this report? Who was charged with sending it to General Holmes, and by what means? Who, in General Holmes's office, would have received it had it reached that office? Above all, why did the Defense Department consider the Katyn massacre a hush-hush matter as late as October 19, 1949? Was it part of that policy of appeasement which moved our top brass to admit, at the MacArthur Hearings, their craven fear of victory? Is that policy the reason for the silence of the military authorities about the Korean massacres? Did they fear that disclosure would anger the American people into demanding that the war be really fought?

These, and a great many other questions about the two massacres, so similar and so revealing of the Communist mentality, need to be thoroughly aired. On September 18, 1951, the House of Representatives authorized the formation of a committee to investigate the Katyn massacre. Already, we hear, it is under great pressure from the Administration not to do the job for which it was created. What is needed is public pressure to counteract that of our appeasing officials. Moreover, the public should demand that the scope of the inquiry be extended to include the Army's silence about the massacres in Korea. It is time the American people were permitted to know the kind of enemy they have to fight.

Curioser and Curioser

WHEN the State Department made public the findings of the Loyalty Review Board and its own Loyalty Security Board in the case of John Stewart Service, it violated a Presidential order, and the Loyalty Review Board duly protested to Mr. Acheson. Under Secretary Carlisle H. Humelsine, who had released the findings, said he had not known he was violating any regulation. The Under Secretary seems to have suffered a partial amnesia since July 25, 1951, when he wrote Senator Joseph R. McCarthy (*Congressional Record*, August 9) as follows in response to a request for information on the loyalty reviews of 29 cases, including that of Service:

> The President's Directive of March 13, 1948 . . . precludes me from furnishing any reports, records, or files relative to the loyalty of employees. Disclosure of such information would be prejudicial both to these people as individuals and to the government's ability to conduct a sound, just and honorable loyalty security program. . . .

It is for Mr. Acheson to discover if he can why Mr. Humelsine's memory was so good when he needed an excuse to refuse information to a critical Senator and so bad when it came to handling the matter of Service's dismissal. We would expect the Secretary of State to be stern with his forgetful subordinate, for Mr. Humelsine's disclosures, made in violation of a rule that no explanations be published of dismissals for doubtful loyalty, were damaging to the prestige of the Department's Security Board, which the Review Board had reversed.

The State Department Board found nothing worse than "serious indiscretions" in Service's turning over secret reports to Philip J. Jaffe of the *Amerasia* photostating plant. And it dismissed in these words his conversations with Jaffe in his hotel room about military matters, as recorded by the FBI:

> As a matter of fact he was not advised of any secret information at all concerning the military plans of the United States or of General Stilwell. . . . He could not therefore have been guilty of disclosing secret information as alleged because he had none. . . . The Board does not find any indiscretions on the part of Mr. Service in this issue.

The Review Board took a different view. The information about these conversations, it said, indicated

> that Service talked very freely, discussing, among other things, troop dispositions and military plans which he said he had seen and which he said were "very secret." . . . Service knew . . . of Jaffe's true character. To this man he gave . . . a large number of his reports . . . we find in conversations in Jaffe's hotel room, as reported by the FBI, no indication of any caution by Service in the continuous line of answers he made to Jaffe's "nosey" inquiries. . . . If Jaffe was "nosey," he rarely failed to get from Service what he asked for, punctuated, at one time at least, by the statement, "This is very secret."

Ironically, a letter from Brooks Atkinson of the *New York Times*, intended to help Service, contributed to his undoing. Mr. Atkinson had written that when he was the *Times* correspondent in China, Service "never permitted me to see classified material and was cautious and guarded about matters he considered confidential." The Review Board found that

> The contrast between his treatment of Jaffe and his treatment of Brooks Atkinson . . . requires no comment. To say that [his] course of conduct does not raise a reasonable doubt as to Service's own loyalty would, we are forced to think, stretch the mantle of charity too far.

The contrast between the findings of the State Department Board and those of the Review Board also requires no comment beyond this statement by

the Chairman of the Department's Loyalty Security Board, Conrad E. Snow, made some time before Service's dismissal:

> The Hiss case and the case of Judith Coplon . . . have done more harm in terms of public confidence than any harm Hiss or Coplon ever did in the delivery of classified papers.

Possibly a new State Department Loyalty Board would help.

Bob Taft, Vote-Getter

SEVERAL weeks ago, in commenting upon Senator Taft's book on foreign policy, we ventured the opinion that the so-called "eastern," or "liberal," Republicans can not read. We did this because they have consistently misrepresented virtually all of Taft's actual opinions on foreign policy. At the time we thought we were being just a bit outrageous in suggesting that the "liberal" Republicans were illiterates. But on further reflection we have decided that we didn't even tell the half of it. The truth is that the "eastern," or "liberal," Republican is not only on the level of a hillbilly when it comes to deciphering the alphabet. He is also strictly cracker, or woolhat, or backwoods redneck, or turkey gobbler, when it comes to dealing with simple sums in arithmetic.

We were prompted to this scandalous conclusion the other day when we listened, for the umpteenth time, to a group of "liberal" Republicans pompously proclaiming to their martini-sipping friends of the cocktail hour that "Taft can't win." At that very moment a letter reposed on our desk in the *Freeman* office. It was a letter composed by Richard Scandrett, a New York lawyer, who had taken the trouble to analyze Bob Taft's vote-getting record as far back as 1938. What Mr. Scandrett's figures quite definitely prove is that Taft is a veritable Calvin Coolidge or Theodore Roosevelt at vote-getting when compared to the numerous contemporary Republican wights who presume to be authorities on political sex-appeal, or "it."

Back in 1938 the machine Republicans of Ohio thought they were up against it to find a nominee who could beat the popular New Deal Senator Robert J. Buckley. John Bricker was the Republican choice for governor in Ohio that year, but in spite of Bricker's popularity the organization Republicans were desperately afraid that the Buckley vote would carry the whole Democratic ticket into office. When Taft's name was proposed for the Senate nomination, the organization Republicans shook their heads sadly. Taft, they said, was a good fellow, but he would be a fatal drag on John Bricker. Accordingly, the organization Republicans endorsed Judge Arthur Day, a respected member of the Ohio Supreme Court, for senatorial nomination.

Day had the support of the entire machine in the primaries, but Taft, campaigning on his own, licked Judge Day by 76,321 votes. He went on to beat Buckley in the Autumn election by 170,579 votes, and even ran substantially ahead of Governor Bricker.

The conclusion to be drawn from the 1938 Ohio senatorial campaign should have been that Taft is a veritable Lana Turner or Betty Grable among politicians. But instead of making a logical deduction from the statistics, people everywhere went on prating the old refrain, "Taft can't win." They kept singing this jangled tune even though Taft was reelected to the Senate in 1944, the year in which Tom Dewey lost his first run for the Presidency. And they are still singing it in 1952, despite the thumping victory Taft won in 1950 against Joe Ferguson, a good Democratic vote-getter.

Consider that Taft triumph of 1950 if you have been beguiled by the refrain, "Taft can't win." In 1950 the whole strength of the Truman Administration was thrown into Ohio to beat Taft out of the senatorship. The Vice President, the Attorney General, Secretary of Labor Tobin, Secretary of Commerce Sawyer, Secretary of Agriculture Brannan, Senator Lehman of New York, William Green of the AFL, and Philip Murray of the CIO, all went down the line for Taft's opponent, Joe Ferguson. They threw mud at Taft and, more importantly, they threw the paper green stuff that still unaccountably goes by the name of money. But in spite of screeches and caterwauling, hair-pulling and invective, slander and demagogy, on the part of the Democrats, Miss Clara Bow—excuse it, we mean Bob Taft—got a majority of 430,879 votes for senator. "Mr. It" was in again. He had carried 84 out of 88 counties, including all the industrial districts in the state. He did this in spite of the fact that he was the maligned co-author of the Taft-Hartley Act (the so-called "slave labor" bill), and in spite of the fact that Frank Lausche, a Democrat, won the Ohio governorship.

Now all of this is arithmetic. Adding machines do not lie. The figures say that Bob Taft invariably wins.

The so-called "eastern," or "liberal," Republicans, being unable to do simple sums in arithmetic, go on laboring under the illusion that the senior Senator from Ohio is still a man named Buckley, or maybe it is Joe Ferguson. But rank-and-file Republicans, the type that went through the fourth grade and can figure, have been drawing some conclusions from statistics. Last June the rank-and-filers indicated a 22 per cent Gallup poll preference for Taft as against a 30 per cent preference for Eisenhower. Six months later the Gallup poll showed that Taft was fast closing the gap; he had gone up to a 28 per cent preference as compared to a stationary 30 per cent for General Ike.

The "liberal" Republicans will probably conclude from this that Bob Taft is losing ground at a rapid clip.

Lord Russell, Terrorized

THIS COUNTRY, thank heavens, is still full of strange and hilarious noises, but none is sillier or funnier than the shriek that keeps emanating from our wealthy press—"liberals" blanketing the editorial pages with two-thousand-word complaints that they are being forced to keep their mouths shut. These days, for example, you can not open a capitalist paper such as the *New York Times* without catching the Socialist Lord Bertrand Russell, one of the century's most celebrated logicians, indulging in one of the century's most illogical acts: namely, crowding our press with loquacious assertions that a Socialist can no longer speak his mind in this terrorized country.

"In America," whispered Lord Russell in the clandestine *Times* (the same Sunday that another underground sheet, *This Week*, carried a similar message of his distress over the state of our affairs to only about ten million American families), "in America, almost as much as in Russia, you must think what your neighbors think, or rather what your neighbor thinks that it pays to think." To inquire what our capitalist press paid him to think in its columns what he must not think in America would be considered bad form by a British Socialist; and rightly so. But Lord Russell, who as a philosopher has always been a stickler for verifiable observations, can not possibly mind our curiosity about the evidence that made him reach this conclusion: "Nowadays, the man who has any doubt whatever is despised . . . and in America he is thought unfit to perform any public function."

In discussing this matter with a British Socialist of Lord Russell's fastidious sensitivities we are, of course, seriously handicapped. If, for instance, we asked him when the London *Daily Herald* last paid an American capitalist for expressing his tart opinions on British socialism, Lord Russell might resent this as a typically American (i.e., uncouth) assault on the freedom of the British press to print what it darned well pleases. Also, being one of the certified wits around the lecture circuit, Lord Russell would send us back to a witticism he had shrewdly built into his *Times* sermon before he turned his guns on us—namely, his disarming assertion that "in England ideas are thought negligible." If we then were to wonder why this England, this seemingly thoughtless realm, should be so vociferously anxious that ideas be not neglected in America, he would reproach us for taking him much too seriously.

Lord Russell, in short, fences brilliantly, but he insists on fencing *solo;* which, among other advantages, assures him of victory even when he ends up badly *touché*. As we do not wish to cramp his style (the gallant Lord is earning dollars for an England that surely needs them), we shall not fence with him at all but confine ourselves to statements of fact. To begin with, "the man who has any doubt whatever" is not despised in America but so extensively exhibited in the best papers and on TV that he soon looks somewhat fatigued, at least to us. Secondly, the only people thought by some of us to be unfit "to perform any public function in America" are those who have *no* "doubt whatever"—namely, no doubt that their allegiance to communism entitles them to betray their country. Thirdly, our government, our press and our schools remain top-heavy with all sorts of people who not only harbor but publicly express doubts about everything on, under and above earth, except, of course, a British Socialist's right to insult his American hosts.

On the other hand, Lord Russell's American friends do practice a not entirely liberal employment policy. They consider unfit "to perform any public function in America" all those Americans who, like Senator McCarthy, have doubts of a sort Lord Russell considers wrong. To the American Russellites even the most exaggerated attack on Mr. McCarthy is only an exercise of freedom of speech, while any equally lusty attack by Mr. McCarthy on Lord Russell would be presented, around the globe, as final evidence that fascism reigns over America.

Now the trouble with Lord Russell is not that he underrates the evil of communism; he has, in point of fact, recognized that evil earlier and more succinctly than most of us. The trouble with Lord Russell is that he, an unswerving believer in verifiable evidence where other people feel deeply satisfied with Faith, gets so alarmingly sloppy whenever his own political superstitions are tickled.

A few American radio actors have been embarrassed by their past affiliations with treasonable groups—and Lord Russell, a founding father of fact-worshipping Positivism, has no "doubt whatever" that naked terror is sweeping America. But the same Lord Russell, one of BBC's busiest performers, has never been heard to chastise a British radio system which allotted to Britain's most crucial election controversy less time than to the dog races. A few American college teachers have been denied a pretended moral right to teach economic principles which they probably despise, and Lord Russell has no "doubt whatever" that our freedom is being strangled "almost as much as in Russia." But the same Lord Russell kept quiet when his own Socialist government, to advance *their* economic principles, invented a moral right to furnish aircraft motors to a Red Air Force which was strafing American (and British) soldiers in Korea.

A child once became famous for exclaiming that a patently naked Emperor was wearing no clothes. Ever since then some people have sought fame by aping that child even when confronted by a procession of fur-clad Eskimos. Lord Russell, who has won adequate fame in the worthier pursuits of logic, should have no difficulty in comprehending why Andersen's innocent child was wise while its far less innocent imitators are merely childish. And even though Lord Russell, the great mathematician, enjoys his marketable renown as a jester, he should not permit his impish sense of humor to run away with the multiplication table.

The Sovereign Position

By F. A. VOIGT

In a war between Soviet Russia and the West, says an eminent British authority, the decisive position is the Dardanelles. While the West holds that position Russia can not win.

WAR, as Napoleon observed, is a matter of positions. So is the present conflict between the Western and the Communist alliances.

This is clearly understood by our opponents. They have secured certain positions and are, with sure strategic insight, striving to secure further positions. Their purpose is to gain a *general* strategic advantage which will enable them to become the master Power and impose their will upon us and, therefore, upon the world.

They are already masters of an Empire extending from the heart of Europe to the China Sea and from the Polar regions to the Himalayas. It may, in a few years, extend to the Persian Gulf and, in a few more, to the Indian Ocean.

They do not fear war, but they do fear defeat. Even if they gain the strategic advantage which will remove this fear, they will not make a general attack. It is not their intention to start the third World War. It is their intention that *we* shall start it when they have placed us before the inexorable alternative—war or submission.

But they will always accept the risk of a minor defeat if they see a reasonable chance of making a major gain. They accepted the risk in Greece and were defeated. Their loss was small, but, had they won, their gain would have been great, for they would have secured a position that is unique in the world—the Straits that connect the Black Sea with the Mediterranean. They accepted a risk in Korea. So far, they have failed. If the appearances are not deceptive, the Korean war will drag on indefinitely or end inconclusively. Had our opponents been successful, they would have secured the position from which they could, later on, attempt the conquest of Japan. But they have lost nothing by their failure —if it is a failure—in the Korean War; nothing, at least, that matters to them.

Against Powers like Russia and China which offer targets distributed over such vast areas, no decision can be achieved by the air arm alone, not even if it carries atomic bombs. It can be achieved only by the concentration of combined air power, sea power, and land power. Air power can strike, but can not hold. Sea power can strike and hold. But against our present opponents, land power must force the final decision.

Three things are needed for victory in war: national spirit, armaments and position. If the first fails, the war is lost in advance. If the second is inadequate, victory will not come at all if it does not come soon. If the third is lacking, the war will go on indefinitely or end inconclusively.

Russia has surrounded herself with a vast glacis which, except for one small gap, gives her immunity against decisive defeat. We can fly over the glacis, but air power *alone* is raiding power and no more.

If the West Holds the Straits

Russia can be defeated, finally and decisively, by virtue of that position which she has coveted for more than a century, the Straits.

If we hold it in sufficient strength, Russia can not invade western Europe with impunity because her left flank and her long lines of communication will be menaced. We hold it by virtue of our command of the sea and of our alliance with Greece and Turkey. It is a strong position, but must be made stronger still. It will not be strong enough until the alliance has the support of Yugoslavia.

Had Great Britain continued to hold India, she would still be holding Abadan, and the Malayan war would have been over by now. Persia, Pakistan and India are being exposed to the conquest for which Russia is certainly preparing. But because our command of the Straits and our alliance with Turkey would offer a threat to her right flank and her communications, she will not, with impunity, be able to use Persia as a base for operations against our vital interests in the Near East.[1]

If the Straits were to fall, Turkey would fall. The fall of Greece would follow. The Near East would be exposed to the twofold danger of converging Russian advance on the Persian Gulf and the Aegean.

If the Western Allies hold the Straits, the way to victory will be open to them because they will command the approaches to the Black Sea. If they gain the command of that sea, they will have secured a strategic advantage that will give them victory.

It will be objected that if the Straits are so important from every point of view, Russia will, in the event of war, or even if war seems imminent, develop an immense concentration to seize them for herself. It will also be objected that even if Anglo-American naval forces do enter the Black Sea, they will find themselves in a death-trap because there is only one narrow egress.

[1]During the second World War, the term Near East fell into disuse and some confusion arose as to where the Middle East began and ended. In the present article, the term Near East is used to indicate the region extending from the eastern Lybian border and the eastern shores of the Adriatic to the Persian Gulf; the Middle East to indicate the region between the eastern Turkish border and the confines of Indo-China.

These objections can not be examined in detail within the limits of an article, but this much can be said:

The more important a position is to one side, the more important it is to the other. Because of their proximity to Russian operational bases, the Straits are particularly vulnerable. But the Western Allies have incontestible superiority in one arm—the sea arm. Their command of the Mediterranean enables them to achieve a concentration of all arms in that one position and to secure the strategic advantage.

The particular value of this advantage for the defensive will be seen when we turn our attention to western Europe.

The European Powers

Great Britain is of Europe but not in Europe. Her strategy is oceanic and not Continental. Unlike the Continental Western Powers, she can defend herself, as she did before, though to do so may be harder than it was before.

The Continental Western Powers lack the moral reserves that would enable them to endure a long and grievous war. At this point it should, perhaps, be said that current projects for European "union" or "federation" will not bear critical scrutiny. They are illusory substitutes for sound policy. The Council of Europe has existed for two years and has produced nothing but talk. Phrases like "the pooling of sovereignties" are empty of meaning. Such a "pool" would be a vast talking shop. A European "union" would exacerbate, not allay, differences of outlook and interest. It would not help, but hinder, the efforts of the European Powers to combine in pursuit of one vital purpose. It would promote diffusion instead of concentration.

Great Britain has done herself and her Allies a disservice by talking about "union" as though she believed in it. But she has done a service by her refusal to take part in it, though it would have been better if she had said so from the beginning. She did not ask for "union" or "federation" to defeat the Empire of Napoleon, the Empires of the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs, and the Third Reich. She did not *unite* with her Allies, she *combined* with them. Any form of "union" would have been static. It was the varying character and its adaptability to one supreme purpose of the combination or condition that insured final victory.

France and Germany, unlike Greece and Turkey, are no longer able to fight *as nations*. They can both produce excellent *armées d'élite*, but the national spirit which sustained France in the first World War and Germany in the first and second has been broken for years to come, perhaps for ever. France and Germany will not contribute a force even remotely proportionate to resources and to their joint population of nearly a hundred million. Even if they did, such an army could not be relied upon in war. The larger the French and German armies are, the more they will reflect the national spirit (or the lack of it), and the greater will be the disaster. Western Europe can not be defended except by small and mobile *armées d'élite*, and then only if the weight of a Russian advance be reduced by aerial attack on the lines of communication and by the threat to the Russian left flank.

But even if western Europe falls, the war will not have been lost if the Straits are held. Perhaps we can even go so far as to say that the ultimate function of a western European army is to relieve the tremendous pressure which Russia will surely exercise against our position on the Straits.

If Marshal Tito had not broken with the Kremlin, the gap in Russia's protective glacis would extend to the Adriatic, so that the Communist alliance would be exposed to the pressure of Anglo-American sea power at two points in Europe instead of only one. It is evident that Tito is determined on neutrality against every possible opponent.

A neutral Yugoslavia would protect Russia's right flank in an advance on the Aegean and, therefore, enable her to increase her pressure on the Straits. It would prevent the Western Allies from outflanking her advance, deny them the advantage of sea power in the Adriatic, and exclude them from central Europe, an area of vital importance whether in peace or in war.

Russia has made no serious effort to reassert her authority in Yugoslavia because it is not in her interest to do so. She could have done so during the early months of the rupture—it was later on that she received warning from the United States that an attack on Yugoslavia might mean war.

If Tito Remains Neutral

The Yugoslav army of today is no more capable of resisting a Russian invasion than the Yugoslav army of 1941 was capable of resisting the German invasion. The officer corps is divided in its loyalties today as it was then, though the nature of these loyalties has changed. The Serbs, who are among the most patriotic and martial nations in the world, have little inducement to make sacrifices such as they have made twice before, in the two world wars. Their sacrifices were such as the Greeks and Turks, but no western European nation, could endure. And they were made in vain, for the Serbs are in far sorrier condition today than they were before the first World War, when most of them enjoyed a rough freedom under a crude but popular despotism and the rest lived under the relatively mild though unpopular rule of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. They will not make a similar, or even greater, sacrifice merely to exchange schismatic for orthodox communism.

If Yugoslavia were neutral, it would be exceedingly difficult for the Western Allies to force their way through a country so extensive, so mountainous, and so poor in communications, even against the light opposition which mobile forces, picked by Marshal Tito for the purpose and equipped with American arms, could offer, however friendly the Serbian peasants might be. But for Russia's vast

land power, a neutral Yugoslavia would present no serious obstacle.

So far, the rupture between Tito and the Kremlin is in the interest of the Soviets, not of the United States and the British Commonwealth. And it would seem that Russia's constant threats against the Marshal and the occasional clashes and hostile demonstrations on the Yugoslav border are but a ruse intended to make the rupture appear what it is not and to encourage the flow of Western arms and loans to Yugoslavia.

Marshal Tito has refused to make any concessions in return for the aid he has been receiving. It is for the Western Allies, in defense of their vital interests, to exact conditions which will enable them to extend the position they hold on the Straits to include Yugoslavia as well as Greece and Turkey. Their visible presence would be as welcome to the Serbs as it is to the Greeks. There is no chance of rebellion against the existing despotism as long as there is no chance of success. But the chance of success would be created by the sure prospect of support from the West.

Thanks to their command of the sea, the Western Allies can establish themselves in Albania at little cost and without serious risk. Russia could do nothing to stop them, for Albania is a position of hers which she can reinforce only by one long, circuitous and highly vulnerable sea route. The mere presence of Anglo-American forces in Albania and, therefore, on the Yugoslav border, would begin to transform the whole Balkan situation. If properly exploited, it could enable the Western Allies to extend their ascendancy to the Danube. If the old alliance between them and the Serbs were to be revived, the Serbs would be prepared to make the great sacrifice for the third time, in the knowledge that only through the final victory of the Western alliance could they ever recover their lost liberties and make their independence secure against all enemies.

It will, perhaps, be objected that Russia would forestall any action the Western Allies might take in Yugoslavia. But if they are determined, as they have said they are, to defend Yugoslavia against any threat to her independence when her independence does not serve their interests, they will surely be as determined to defend it when it does. Besides, it is hardly conceivable that Russia would endanger her prospects of vast conquest in southern Asia by precipitating a general war over Yugoslavia.

The Essential of Policy

If the Western Allies hold their position on the Straits in sufficient strength, they will be able to have what they have not had so far—a Soviet policy (unless "containment" can be called a policy). There can be no foreign policy without the exercise of pressure. At present they have no means of exercising pressure except the threat of a general war. War or nothing—that is their existing alternative. Because there are no other alternatives now, all negotiations with Russia are useless. As long as she is sure that we will not go to war for what we want, she will give us nothing. We are constantly exhorted to negotiate by those who profess to speak for a large public on both sides of the Atlantic, but we are never told what we are to negotiate about. There is, in fact, nothing to negotiate about, for the existing alternative leaves us nothing that could be attained by negotiation.

By holding and using the position that will give us access to the Black Sea and to central Europe, we shall be able to exercise pressure and defend our rights and interests by all the means essential to success, the means that lie between a general war and nothing.

We shall, in effect, have the Communist states of central and southeastern Europe for neighbors and will, in time, be able to consider the possibilities of restoring them to independence. We shall be able to decide the future of Austria to our advantage—and to her own advantage also. We shall have a far better prospect than we have today of influencing the future of Germany.

The Straits are in a position which, if held in sufficient strength, will enable us to influence events in southern Asia and the Far East, Russia, like any other power, will always be reluctant to engage in distant enterprise if she must beware of repercussions nearer home. The fate of Japan may be decided on the Straits.

This sovereign position can afford us the means of gaining the ends we desire in the *present* conflict and give us security without dishonor for at least a generation. In that case, there will be no third World War.

If war comes notwithstanding (for both we and our opponents can make mistakes, and mistakes, as Metternich observed, are the principal causes of wars), we shall, by force of arms, as in 1939, have to save what we could have saved, and then gain what we could have gained, by pressure based on position, as a lever on its fulcrum.

In a Dark Moment

(For Max Eastman)

Keep high your proud head, my beloved friend.
You spoke the truth against their God and Law;
As panic-stricken swimmers grab a straw
They grab at lies in order to defend
Their peace of mind. Let cowards use what blend
They will of slander and abuse—they glow
With shame in private. In their hearts they know
For what high ends and ventures you contend.

In the Grand Canyon rock-hewn temples stand
In silent magnitude amid the gutted plain.
They stand unchanged, unchanging, while the sand
And dust are swept away by wind and rain.
So history in ages singles out
A few bold lonely minds who dare to doubt.

ELIENA KRYLENKO

The Crime of Crimea

By **ARTHUR KEMP**

THE YALTA Agreement, perhaps the most significant event of the twentieth century, is rapidly becoming a major diplomatic "Who-dunit." Senators at the MacArthur Hearings time and again attempted to obtain the facts of the Far Eastern Section of that Agreement. Unfortunately they did not succeed. The Hearings left the public, and no doubt the Senators as well, in a maze of half-truths and conflicting evidence.

In its broad, general background the Yalta Agreement was widely understood before the MacArthur Hearings. Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin convened at Yalta on the Crimean Peninsula, February 5-11, 1945. Victory was in sight in Europe, and the three heads of state were considering political questions relating to the imminent collapse of Germany. About half-way through the conference, Roosevelt and Stalin agreed that the Soviet Union would receive certain economic and territorial concessions in Manchuria, Sakhalin Island and the Kuriles Islands. As *quid pro quo*, the Soviet Union agreed to renounce its non-aggression pact with Japan and to attack her within two or three months after the surrender of Germany. Mr. Roosevelt undertook to obtain the concurrence of Chiang Kai-shek in the terms of the agreement. Chiang, however, was not to be consulted or informed of the terms of the agreement until after the Soviet Union entered the war. Mr. Churchill, although he did not participate in formulating the agreement, subsequently signed it.

Part of the Yalta Agreement, made public immediately after the conference, proclaimed the birth of "World order under law, dedicated to peace, security, freedom and general well-being of all mankind." The Far Eastern Section, among others, was not revealed. Mr. Roosevelt publicly assured Congress, on March 1, 1945, that discussions had been confined to Europe.

The various omissions from the agreement may help to explain the extravagant enthusiasm it aroused. Vice President Harry S. Truman, on February 13, 1945, exulted: "We're going to look forward to the most glorious peace in the history of the world."

Gradually, over a two-year period, the secret sections of the Yalta Agreement were made public. The "most glorious peace" turned out to be a "cold war" which, within five years, had become a rather hot war involving up to the present time more than 100,000 American battle casualties. Criticism became more and more bitter. The policy at Yalta was a patent failure. When the Senators convened six years later, public enthusiasm—to put it mildly—had waned. An examination of the *Congressional Record* from June 1950 to June 1951 reveals hundreds of references to the "Crime of Crimea," "The Yalta Tragedy," "the Yalta Betrayal," with sundry variations. The average is better than two a day.

It was inevitable, therefore, that the MacArthur Hearings would touch upon the Far Eastern Section of the Yalta Agreement. Soon after his first appearance before the committees, Secretary of State Dean Acheson presented the Administration's official defense. Strictly speaking, it was not a defense but a tacit admission that the Yalta action had been an error. He argued, nevertheless, that the action was excusable, or explainable.

Acheson's Apology for Yalta

The Secretary's explanation had three main points:

1. The Far Eastern agreement was made entirely on "military considerations" to avoid the necessity of invading Japan—entailing the use of five million men and two and a half years' time, and the risk of a million casualties. This, said the Secretary, was the "then military opinion, concurred in by everyone."

2. It was necessary to keep the agreement secret to prevent the Japanese from finding out about it.

3. Besides, if these concessions had not been made to the Soviet Union, they would have taken them anyway.

This "explanation" is not new. A very similar statement was made in detail by the late Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., who attended the Yalta Conference as Mr. Roosevelt's Secretary of State. Much the same point of view was echoed by W. Averell Harriman, in an affidavit submitted to the committees.

Whether new or not, the explanation must have been attractive, for the press supporting the Administration's foreign policy has repeated it currently with varied embellishments. Even the Alsop brothers, who ordinarily exercise considerable healthy skepticism, swallowed it, proverbially speaking, "hook, line and sinker." Their widely syndicated column of July 22, 1951 entitled "Lesson Available in Yalta Pact," not only accepts the Stettinius-Acheson-Harriman explanation but also repeats it practically point for point.

Unfortunately, the explanation presented by Mr. Acheson is not supported by the evidence. Let us examine it in more detail.

The third point, that the Soviets could have taken whatever concessions were given them at Yalta, is not demonstrable one way or the other. Its logic, however, is inherently faulty and its morality nonexistent. It amounts to saying: "If you can not stop

a man from committing murder, hand him a gun." Such an argument is devoted to no principle save that of expediency. Instead of illustrating the sound moral fiber of American policy, it provides that grain of truth which makes Communist propaganda techniques so effective.

The second point, concerning secrecy, has no real bearing on the explanation. Even were this not so, the full text of the Yalta Agreement was not made public until March 24, 1947—long after any military necessity for secrecy had disappeared. The only potential enemy, a party to the agreement, was certainly not spending time and effort to find out about it. Not only was the agreement kept secret; it was not submitted to the Chinese Government; the peoples in the areas concerned were not consulted, Atlantic Charter or no Atlantic Charter; and there was not even the pretext of submitting it to the American Constitutional process of ratification. On this last point, the diligent historian will find it interesting to compare the various versions of Mr. Roosevelt's speech to Congress on March 1, 1945. The *New York Times* of March 2, 1945, gives this version—apparently from the press release:

> I am well aware of the Constitutional fact—as are all the United Nations—that this Charter must be approved by two-thirds of the Senate of the United States—*as will some of the other arrangements made at Yalta.* [Italics supplied]

As the speech appears in the *Congressional Record* of March 1, 1945, the italicized phrase is omitted. In Judge Rosenman's edited version of Mr. Roosevelt's "Papers and Addresses" (1944-45 volume), the paragraph reads:

> The Charter has to be—and should be—approved by the Senate of the United States, under the Constitution. I think the other nations all know it now. I am aware of that fact, and now all the other nations are.

The "military consideration" argument constitutes the heart of the explanation, and at this point the "plot thickens." The argument admits, albeit tacitly, that a mistake was made. But it shrouds the authors of the mistake in the anonymity of the "then military opinion, concurred in by everyone," as Mr. Acheson put it. Or, as Mr. Stettinius wrote, the agreement was signed because "the military insisted."

It is logical to assume that this "military" consisted of Mr. Roosevelt's Chiefs of Staff—Admirals Leahy and King, and Generals Marshall and Arnold.

Here the puzzle wraps itself in mystery. Admiral Leahy has revealed that he emphatically opposed the invasion of Japan because in his opinion that country was already virtually defeated. He also states flatly that the Field Commanders, General MacArthur and Admiral Nimitz, opposed an invasion for the same reason. General Arnold's book, "Global Mission," indicates a belief that Japan's shipping had been so destroyed as to render her a weakling before Yalta. Arnold was hospitalized at the time of the Yalta Agreement and could not have had much direct influence. At least one newspaper reporter has stated that Arnold sent a representative to Yalta to advise against the invasion. During the MacArthur Hearings, Senator Knowland of California wired Admiral King, asking specifically about his advice at Yalta. The Admiral replied:

> When the late President Roosevelt asked me about making concessions to Premier Stalin in order to get him to "play ball," I replied that I would concede him only the southern half of Sakhalin, and that as a sop.

By a process of elimination, only General Marshall remains. Sumner Welles specifically names General Marshall as the spokesman of the Army; and Admiral Leahy implies that the "Army" representation on the Chiefs of Staff was the source of pressure for concessions to the Soviet Union in order to secure Soviet participation in the war against Japan.

Marshall *vs.* Hiss

General Marshall occupied the witness chair for several days during the MacArthur Hearings and had many opportunities to clarify his part in the Yalta Agreement. Senator Smith of New Jersey asked him whether or not, at the time of the Yalta Conference, he was familiar with the terms of the Far Eastern Agreement. "I did not know the factors of it at the time," the General replied, somewhat vaguely.

Senator Smith apparently interpreted this to mean "No," and did not pursue the matter. Senator Knowland, on the other hand, was more persistent. "Were you," he asked, "familiar at Yalta with the Manchurian provisions of giving Dairen and the rights on the Manchurian Railroad and Port Arthur to the Soviet Union?" Marshall replied, "I do not think I was, Sir." The Senator seemed a little perturbed at his inability to obtain a flat answer, for he continued: "That feature of it was not discussed with the three Chiefs?" "Not to my knowledge, Senator," replied Secretary Marshall. Senator Smith then asked whether the decisions were reached in the political committee separate from the military. "Yes," Marshall replied.

Alger Hiss, one of Mr. Roosevelt's advisers at Yalta—who later acquired greater notoriety as principal in a spy case—directly contradicted this testimony of General Marshall on August 5, 1948:

> REPRESENTATIVE [now Senator] MUNDT: Did you participate in the portion of the Yalta Agreement which gave Russia control of the chief Manchurian railroad?
> MR. ALGER HISS: That was not part of the political agreement. I knew nothing of that until many months later. That was in the military talks in which I did not participate.

Someone was either mistaken or lying. Was it Mr. Hiss, later convicted of perjury in another matter? And, if so, why should Hiss have lied about it in 1948?

There is a further difficulty in the argument that the "military" were responsible for the concessions

in order to secure Soviet participation in the war. Some of the military gave quite contrary advice; to veil them in anonymity is a grave injustice. On April 12, 1945, a group of intelligence officers headed, apparently, by Col. Joseph A. Michela submitted a report which stated:

> . . . the entry of Soviet Russia into the Asiatic war would be a political event of world-shaking importance, the ill effect of which would be felt for decades to come. . . . Many military experts believe that the United States and Great Britain without further help possess the power to force unconditional surrender upon Japan. . . .
>
> The entry of Soviet Russia into the Asiatic war at so late a moment would shorten hostilities but little, and effect only a slight saving in American lives. . . . If Russia enters the Asiatic war, China will certainly lose her independence to become the Poland of Asia; Korea the Asiatic Rumania; Manchukuo the Soviet Bulgaria. . . .
>
> To take a line of action which would save a few lives now, and only a little time—at an unpredictable cost in lives, treasure and honor in the future—and simultaneously destroy our ally China, would be an act of treachery that would make the Atlantic Charter and our hopes for world peace a tragic farce. . . .
>
> It should be reiterated that the United States Army is by no means united in believing it wise to encourage the Soviet Union into the Asiatic War.

The foresight of that report, written after Yalta but without knowledge of the Agreement, is remarkable. Among the men who composed it were Col. Michela and Col. Truman Smith. The former had been military attaché at the American Embassy in Moscow until late 1944, and the latter had been military attaché in Berlin before the United States entered the war. That the opinions of such men—undoubtedly expressed vehemently over the years—were either not sought or ignored, constitute an American tragedy. In retrospect, it would appear that the ranks of the Generals and the Colonels should have been reversed. Strange, too, is the fact that the War Department was unable to locate the report in its files and that "it was probably destroyed."

Whose Was the Crime?

The MacArthur Hearings thus leave the Yalta Agreement a greater mystery than before. Apparently the Far Eastern Section was a "military decision" in which the military took no part; a "decision concurred in by everyone" in which no one concurred.

The diplomats, too, have avoided associating themselves with a "military decision" without benefit of military. Former Secretary of State Stettinius asserted that neither he nor the State Department was consulted. In fact, he said, his offer of help was turned down because the matter was purely military. Secretary of State Byrnes, who succeeded Stettinius, wrote that he was not told of the agreement until "some time" after he became Secretary of State. "Some time" must have meant at least six months after Yalta. Byrnes told reporters on September 4, 1945 that the United States had made no formal agreement concerning Sakhalin and the Kuriles Islands. He said "that no 'agreement' had been reached or even attempted. . . . He wanted it clearly understood that the U. S. had made no commitment on the matter of the Kuriles."

Marshall's denial of knowledge, previously cited, takes care of the General in the role of Secretary of State. When Secretary of State Acheson was asked by Senator Smith (N.J.) whether or not he knew of the preparations and policies at the time of the Yalta Conference, he replied, "I was not there, and I was not familiar with the preparations for what was to be done there, nor was I familiar with what was done there." He went on to state that he learned of the Far Eastern Agreement only after he had made a statement contrary to the agreement in a press conference. The error was picked up and commented upon by the Moscow press.

Small wonder, then, that commentators reflect public resentment of the Yalta Agreement. In fact, this non-military, non-diplomatic paradox raises the question whether or not this was a "military decision" at all. If it was not, why was it made? Who was responsible? Why was all military and political opinion to the contrary ignored? Was it made, perchance, in order to buy Soviet participation in the UN? Why are the facts still hidden in a maze of double-talk and secreted documents?

Primary responsibility, of course, rests with Franklin D. Roosevelt. But where lies the secondary responsibility? Where are the men who advised him before the event?

These questions need to be answered. A decision as important as the Far Eastern Section of the Yalta Agreement could scarcely have taken place without previous discussion, without written record of at least part of what took place—even allowing for Mr. Roosevelt's penchant for personal diplomacy. The rumors about Alger Hiss, who was present at Yalta; the lack of unity which so many orators deplore, are traceable to some extent to this mysterious secret. Americans have every reason to mistrust what they do not understand. They can make an honest judgment as to the competence of those who would make the policies of the future only if they have *all* the facts about their competence in the past.

Worth Hearing Again

. . . the habit of dealing with large sums will make the Government avaricious and profuse; and the system itself will infallibly generate the base vermin of spies and informers, and a still more pestilent race of political tools and retainers of the meanest and most odious description; while the prodigious patronage which the collecting of this splendid revenue will throw into the hands of Government will invest it with so vast an influence, and hold out such means and temptations for corruption, as all the virtue and public spirit, even of republicans, will be unable to resist.

SYDNEY SMITH, *Edinburgh Review*, 1820

A Slanted Guide to Library Selections

By **OLIVER CARLSON**

AN IMPRESSIVE, cheery-eyed old lady, Miss Helen E. Haines, who lives in Pasadena, California, has more to do with determining what books go onto the shelves of your public libraries than anyone else in the whole country.

Helen E. Haines is the dean of American librarians. For half a century or more she helped direct the growth of the American Library Association. Her love of books, her wide reading, her enthusiasm, her mastery of the library arts, her skill as a teacher, lecturer and writer—all these combined to make her a key figure among those who operate and direct our thousands of libraries. Her views and recommendations on book selections have carried—and still carry—tremendous weight. She is, so to speak, the librarians' librarian.

A few months ago Columbia University Press brought out a new and revised edition of Miss Haines's *magnum opus*, "Living With Books." The new edition, wrote Miss Haines, was needed "to show the ever-enlarging flow of books through our own times as manifestation of, and accompaniment to, the surging streams of history we are living in."

> For a dozen of the great regional divisions of books [she says] I have sought to present a broad synthesis of dominant subject, to indicate variant viewpoints, to balance opposed opinion, to be, so far as possible, comprehensive and objective throughout.

"Of all the thousands who are waiting to welcome the second edition of 'Living With Books,' the thirty-six most joyous ones are the teachers of book selection in the country's library schools . . ." declared Althea Warren, former chief librarian of the Los Angeles Public Library, in her foreword to the revised edition.

To all who have known Miss Haines's long and honorable career, her objectivity as well as her open-mindedness were beyond question. Her recommendations on newer books—as on older ones—therefore carried tremendous authority. Since it was first published in 1935, "Living With Books" has become the bible of librarians everywhere. In the 10,000 or more public, private, high school and college libraries of the United States, no textbook for librarians is more highly regarded. It is, as the *Bookman's Manual* declared, "the standard compendium of the art of book selection." The *California Librarian* says of the revised edition:

> This book is *the text* on book selection. Library school students can hardly appreciate how fortunate they are to have it . . . it needs no recommendation to librarians. In fact, we would give you warning that once you dip into it you are lost.

I have been doing more than dipping into Miss Haines's book. I have read carefully both the original 1935 edition and the 1950 revised edition. I can appreciate the enthusiasm of librarians for this textbook. It is well organized and filled with information of value to every library specialist. It evaluates hundreds of volumes. Each chapter has a list of recommended books. Above all, the book is easy to read. No wonder librarians swear by it.

THERE is, however, a profound—and dangerous—difference between the 1935 edition and that of 1950. For at some point in the intervening years Miss Haines "discovered" Soviet Russia and the Communist philosophy. Like all new converts, she has lost no opportunity in revising her book to play up her discovery. In fact, the major impression I get from a comparison of the original with the revised edition is the strong pro-Soviet bias of the latter. Miss Haines may think she is still objective, but in fact she has now become a propagandist for the Stalinist way of life.

The prestige enjoyed by Miss Haines's book has carried over to this new edition. Without doubt large numbers of librarians are already selecting books based upon her recommendations, without knowing that the cards have been stacked.

In the 1935 edition of "Living With Books," "communism" was not listed in the index (despite the fact that communism had been a major issue in world politics for nearly 18 years). In the 1950 edition there are 31 items under that heading. The USSR, as such, was unlisted in 1935. There were 17 items under it in 1950. Marxian philosophy was unlisted in the first edition. There are 36 items under that head in the new edition.

The tremendous power wielded by book reviewers who were apologists and defenders of the Soviet government and communism has been reported in detail by several writers during the past year. Miss Haines, however, insists that the opposite is true.

> In the literature of the war and postwar years the clash of nationalisms, the conflict of ideologies, kindled impassioned warfare; and the great reviewing combat arena of the period is that devoted to books about Russia. *Balanced judgment and fair understanding were obscured and the scales of American public opinion were weighted by prejudice and hostility of a strong anti-Soviet "bloc" of well-known reviewers, so that impartial, adequate book selection in this field deteriorated in many library collections.* [Italics mine.]

Librarians are warned by Miss Haines of the current "hysteria" against all books and publications friendly to communism. Political censorship, she insists, "has drawn strength from postwar reaction." She is determined to stop the "witch hunts"

and "book burnings." The picture she paints is so far from the truth that it might well have been taken from any one of the leading pro-Communist journals or from the writings of any one of the fellow-traveling authors she recommends and endorses.

An "essentially nationalistic" reaction, we are told,

> rose in the late 1940s to a nation-wide hysteria. "Treason" was read into acts, associations and thoughts arbitrarily defined as "disloyal"; books were suppressed or removed from libraries. Scholars accused of "liberal thoughts" were dismissed from colleges and universities; "loyalty tests" and "loyalty boards" were set in operation for workers of every grade in the framework of federal, state, county and municipal service. In spite of protest and resistant action by writers, publishers, teachers, scientists, librarians, many leaders in social and political thought, and a minority of newspapers, sanity and fair dealing seemed in eclipse.

No one can argue with Miss Haines when she insists that librarians "select books that will tend toward the development and enrichment of life," or when she demands that controversial or partisan books be selected "with reason, knowledge, and firm purpose to maintain impartiality." But this advice, which had already been presented in her 1935 edition, is canceled out in the 1950 edition by her pro-Soviet bias in every field of literature.

LET US consider more specifically those books and authors selected for praise by Miss Haines. In the field of drama, for example, only one book on motion picture and play writing is given unstinted praise. This is "The Theory and Techniques of Play Writing and Screen Writing," by John Howard Lawson, which she terms an "exhaustive, illuminating and explorative study." The damage done to the motion picture industry by Lawson and his fellow Communists in the Screen Writers Guild for nearly fifteen years has been documented by the testimony of Morrie Ryskind, Fred Niblo, Richard McCaulley, Howard Emmett Rogers, James K. McGuinness and many other leading screen writers. Lawson, be it remembered, was both the hatchet man and the commissar for the Hollywood Muscovites. But Miss Haines makes no mention of these facts. Instead she recommends his 1949 revised edition because:

> It adds a comprehensive section covering in brilliant, incisive analysis the development and problems of the motion picture from its American beginnings in 1908; and the whole text, by introduction and summations, has been given a fresh impact of immediacy in its penetrating exposition of the opposed ideological, social and economic influences that find expression in present-day dramatic art.

Miss Haines's chapter on Poetry closes with a stirring appeal to librarians to know and make available to the public "the Marxist classic, 'Illusion and Reality,' by Christopher Caudwell." This, we are told, is "a seminal volume . . . which . . . sets up milestones new to most American readers as it traces the course of poetry from the primitive past through an obscured present to an idealized future." She calls the book "a work of creative genius and encyclopedic range. . . ."

In her revised section on literature, Miss Haines labels anti-Communist George Orwell's powerful satire "1984" as "paranoia in literature." But she hails fellow-traveler Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" as high-grade fiction with its "grim, overpowering evocation of inhumanity, corruption and military fascism in the American capture of a small Japanese island in the Pacific."

At least five of her "selected readings in literature" are by well-known pro-Communists. These include: Joshua Kunitz's "Russian Literature Since the Revolution"; F. O. Matthiessen's "American Renaissance"; Stanley E. Hyman's "The Armed Vision"; Ralph Fox's "The Novel and the People"; Roger Garaudy's "Literature of the Graveyard." This last she describes as

> a brief, ardent affirmation of Communist ideals linked with scathing critical attack on the four writers (Koestler, Malraux, Sartre, Mauriac) chosen as symbols of the decadence, skepticism, despair and disintegration of a dying world.

Her chapter on Religion and Philosophy has been revised to permit a rather detailed and flattering exposition of Marxian philosophy. Librarians are especially urged to use John Sommerville's "Soviet Philosophy," which is "sympathetic in approach, authoritative in background, and opening valuable extensive material for comprehensive study." Professor Sidney Hook and other competent philosophers insist that Sommerville's book is deliberately slanted to paint a glowing but untrue picture of Soviet theory in practice. Miss Haines makes no mention of Hook or any other philosopher who is critical of communism except Bertrand Russell (whom she could not very well ignore).

Librarians are urged to put more books on their shelves which represent the Communist point of view because "it must be remembered that any philosophy of life, to be understood, must be approached with a certain amount of sympathetic imagination." Furthermore, says the author, "unqualified attack, reprobation, and denunciation are usually strongly represented in general library selection in this subject." Therefore she advises that Sommerville's book on Soviet philosophy be supplemented by Vernon Venable's "Human Nature: The Marxian View" as well as "Humanism as a Philosophy" by Corliss Lamont, who sets forth therein "his own warmly human philosophy."

When discussing current books on international relations, sociology and political science Miss Haines stacks her cards more deliberately than anywhere else on behalf of the forces of Stalinism. It is all done in a very nice way. For example, take this statement:

> Strong antagonism—personal, ideological, or political—dominating descriptive and interpretative books on Soviet Russia (John Fischer, V. A. Kravchenko are examples) should be balanced by more

> sympathetic, equally authentic work, such as that of Albert Rhys Williams, Edgar Snow, Hewlett Johnson and Walter Duranty.

Readers are warned that "Max Eastman is an irreconcilable antagonist to the Soviet state." It is therefore important to remember this "in the appraisal of anything he writes concerning Russia, but immaterial in consideration of his work in other fields." On the other hand, the books of Carey McWilliams, Louis Adamic and other well-known Soviet apologists are recommended as works of "brilliancy and vigor that possess wide popularity appeal." Among the recommended "Fifty Books of the Times Indicating Trends and Tendencies" there is listed *only one* which is critical of the growing trend to Statism: Hayek's "The Road to Serfdom."

To counterbalance this single book, we are given: Frederick Schuman's "Soviet Policy at Home and Abroad"; E. J. Simmons's "USSR Handbook"; Anna Louise Strong's "Tomorrow's China"; H. P. Beck's "Men Who Control Our Universities"; Harold J. Laski's "The American Democracy"; John Sommerville's "The Philosophy of Peace"; Carey McWilliams's "Brothers Under the Skin" and "A Mask for Privilege"; Francis Williams's "Socialist Britain"; Henry Sigerist's "Medicine and Human Welfare"; Nathan Straus's "The Seven Myths of Housing"; Henry Wallace's "Sixty Million Jobs."

Miss Haines also recommends "as valuable counterbalances to the invective and distortion that turn into war-tinder so much controversial U. S.-Soviet literature" the following volumes whose Communist slant has been commented upon by a host of interviewers: Edward H. Carr's "The Soviet Impact on the Western World"; Julian Towster's "Political Power in the U.S.S.R. 1917-1947"; Ruth Gruber's "I Went to the Soviet Arctic"; Rev. Hewlett Johnson's "Soviet Russia Since the War."

"Even in limited collections" of the smaller libraries, advises Miss Haines:

> there should also be authentic exposition of Marxian doctrine from the Marxist viewpoint, the tractates of Lenin and Stalin which are standard expressions of Soviet theory and practice, and Sidney and Beatrice Webb's "Soviet Communism: A New Civilization?", which since 1936 in its various editions, has been basic to study of the subject by American readers. Andrei Vishinsky's massive, militant exposition of "The Law of the Soviet State," though too expensive for smaller general collections, is of foundational value to any reader who wishes to understand the structure of the Soviet state. . . .

To the above are added Agnes Smedley's "Battle Hymn of China," Richard E. Lauterbach's "Danger From the East," Bartley C. Crum's "Behind the Silken Curtain," and Edgar Snow's "Red Star Over China."

ONE LOOKS in vain through this massive book for the works of David Dallin, William Henry Chamberlin and a host of other experts on Russia or the Far East. Not a single volume on life behind the Iron Curtain in the satellite countries is mentioned except Robert St. John's pro-Tito "The Silent People Speak."

Nowhere is mention made of any study on the slave labor camps of Soviet Russia, or the eyewitness reports of those who have fled from behind the Iron Curtain. Nor is a solitary book listed (of the many written) which tells of the rape of Poland and the Baltic States. Isaac Deutscher's faintly critical biography of Stalin is on the recommended list. Not so the monumental study by Boris Souvarine. Instead, Miss Haines warns her readers that there are too many

> present-day biographies motivated by intense political or ideological partisanship and overshadowed by personal antagonisms (as in "The Red Prussian: The Life and Legend of Karl Marx," by Leopold Schwarzschild, and in the deadly personal enmity that imparts unintended ironic flavor to the biography of Stalin by Trotsky).

Miss Haines's belated enthusiasm for the Soviet cause (she is nearly 80) breaks through in every chapter. She is angry even with those old "liberal" standbys, the *Nation* and the *New Republic*. Both, she maintains, "jettisoned much of their cargo of former consistent opinion under the fierce storm of anti-Communist feeling engendered by the 'cold war.'" She laments, too, the passing of the *New Masses*,

> old-established, vigorous Communist weekly, which in March 1948, wrecked by the anti-Communist storm, was merged as a monthly with *Mainstream*, a periodical launched in January 1947, under the editorship of Samuel Sillen, as a Marxian counter-influence to the non-Communist, socialist-progressive movement.

Nowhere does Miss Haines indicate that *Masses & Mainstream* is the official literary organ of the American Stalinists, and that it sets the tone for the intellectuals who are doing fifth-column work on our newspapers, in our colleges, in churches, and among professionals generally. The complete servility of every writer for *Masses & Mainstream* to the international Communist line is something that Miss Haines either does not know or refuses to admit. Instead, she informs us somewhat wistfully, yet proudly, that *Masses & Mainstream* though it leads "a precarious existence,"

> holds the allegiance of many able American and international writers and as a stimulative book-reviewing medium deserves fuller recognition than it receives. From six to a dozen books are covered in each issue by competent reviewers, who are likely to bring out qualities and significances not indicated elsewhere. . . .

"Living With Books" bears the imprint of Columbia University Press. The 1950 edition is selling well. Librarians everywhere, so long stimulated by the earlier edition, are singing its praises, but obviously without having examined it carefully.

The half-century of good work on behalf of library science performed by Helen E. Haines will long remain to her credit. But her late espousal of communism, and her attempt to boost its literature, are to be sincerely regretted. To attempt to stack

our public library shelves with the works of men and women who are dedicated to destroying our freedom—without clearly and unequivocally indicating this fact—is to undermine the very purposes of the American Library Association.

Miss Haines has never given her name to any of the Communist front organizations. She has probably never even gone to any of their meetings—though she was registered in 1950 in Pasadena as a member of the Independent Progressive Party, under which virtually all Communists in California are now enrolled. She is the perfect "innocent." Like so many muddled European and American intellectuals, she has mistaken the fine and noble phrases of Communist propaganda for Communist reality. It is time that she—and they—stopped living with books long enough to see the world as it really is.

Freedom Is Indivisible

By **BRUCE WINTON KNIGHT**

NOW that our country is expected to be the foremost champion of the "free world" (for how long and at what cost nobody knows), it has become more important than ever for Americans to think clearly about American freedom. It should be quite obvious to us that our freedom is indivisible. Since most of us must devote much of our fleeting lives to "getting and spending," it ought to be abundantly clear that economic freedom is an integral part of our personal liberty. And yet, like Benjamin Jowett, accused of asserting that "what I don't know isn't knowledge," we are actually behaving as if economic freedom either is not freedom at all or else is so trivial that we need not give it serious thought. A review of the most rudimentary facts about the nature of economic freedom and what is happening to it in the United States will show that this is the case.

Like any form of personal liberty, economic freedom means freedom to choose. Of course it is limited. Practically, we can choose only between real alternatives—and perfection is never one of the alternatives. Morally, we are bound by the very old principle that a man is his brother's keeper. For the consequences of our choices we are responsible not only to ourselves and our families but to our fellowmen in general. Individual freedom would be social nonsense if the strong did not protect the weak from invasion of their liberty, and if the fortunate did not help the unlucky. Economic freedom, then, lies in the area where real and responsible economic choices are made. Why should we want this area to be large rather than small? Partly because free choice can regulate an economy far more efficiently than any conceivable set of officials.

But the case for freedom goes much deeper than that. Adam Smith, so often scorned and so seldom read nowadays, properly emphasized the fact that without personal freedom and responsibility we can not be mature human beings. The New Testament had made a similar observation long before. Responsible freedom means self-reliance, self-discipline, self-denial. Only a nation which prizes these qualities is to be taken seriously as a defender of world freedom. Only a government which encourages them is fit to preside over a free nation. Nevertheless, our government has become the most formidable agency for restricting the area of our economic freedom.

CONSIDER freedom to choose between consuming and saving. Since the family is our most cherished social institution, it seems reasonable that we should not be hampered in saving for our children and our own old age. Yet for all practical purposes our government treats saving as an offense punishable by heavy fine. First it increases the difficulty of saving by burdening us with more and more onerous taxes to support its grandiose spending. Next, it decreases the money income from our savings by arbitrarily holding down the interest rate, that is, by official falsehood about the value of savings to producers. Then it employs inflation to reduce the buying power of whatever dollars we succeed in saving. By acting like a vast counterfeiting establishment it has already cut down by more than two-fifths the actual value of any savings which we have held in the form of its own money and its own bonds since 1939. Despite all of which our President tells us that: "If inflation gets away from us and wrecks our savings . . . it would be the easiest victory the Kremlin could hope for." *If!* And finally, having undermined our ability to save, this same government offers us "social security"—the false security of dollars which are to be whittled down by still more inflation.

Consider freedom to choose between different products. It seems reasonable that we should generally decide for ourselves what uses of our incomes give us the most satisfaction, and that producers should have to behave accordingly. Yet our government frustrates us with more official falsehoods in the form of artificial price "ceilings" and "floors." Both common sense and centuries of history should tell us what to expect from such Gothic devices. Ceilings, including rent ceilings, cause scarcities by increasing demand and decreasing supply. Floors, including supports for farm prices, cause gluts by increasing supply and decreasing demand.

And "social justice"? As for peacetime rent ceilings, public officials will not ration housing according to need. They dodge the unpopular task of de-

ciding who shall give up some of his space, and how much, and who shall move in. Consequently the supply is distributed by chance and favoritism. Practically the last chance goes to the workingman with children, since his job denies him time to look for quarters and his children make him an "undesirable tenant." As for farm price supports, how is justice served by helping landowners more than tenants, enriching prosperous landowners more than others, and increasing the cost of food to the poor? The essential meaning of these controls is that we shall not be free to choose goods according to what they are worth to us, and that production shall not be guided by our free choices.

Consider freedom to choose between different means of making a living. It seems reasonable that one who wishes to take chances on profits or losses should be free to enter a small business or buy stock in a large one, and that he should also have choices between different branches of business or self-employment. It seems reasonable that one who prefers to play it safe should be free to work for contractual wages, and that he should also have choices between different trades and different employers. Yet our government, directly or indirectly, keeps narrowing down this area of choice. Directly, it is shutting men out of enterprises by entering more and more fields itself. Our "progress," here, is toward complete socialism, under which the government would be the only enterpriser and therefore the only employer. Indirectly, it encourages labor unions which keep men out of "their" occupations by various expedients, the simplest of which is demanding such high wages that employers must either limit their labor forces or go broke.

THESE are merely a few examples of our government's many and growing restrictions on our fundamental economic freedom. Why, in this "sweet land of liberty," do we let it happen? And how, since liberalism refers to personal liberty, do we manage the astonishing feat of hailing it in the name of "liberalism"? No doubt private enterprise is partly to blame, since sometimes the same men who have preached "free" enterprise have sought private monopoly. Again, the terror inspired by the great depression of twenty years ago—a depression caused mainly by government's failure to discharge its primary obligation of regulating the value of money—has led us to seek security at the expense of freedom.

Part of the trouble comes from the desire to chop down those who outshine us and to get something for nothing in the process. Part of it stems from a yearning to escape from the responsibilities of freedom. But most of it seems to spring from poor thinking—visceral, astral, or negligible. To deal with all the confusions of thought would seem like wrestling with a fog, or putting the devil out through the door only to have him come back through all the windows. Nevertheless, the most popular ways of confusing freedom with its direct opposite are too serious to be ignored.

Economic freedom is assailed on the almost incredible ground that it has been violated in England and America. As an exploit in logic, this is on a level with the scolding which the preacher gave the people in church because so many were absent. Yet critics imagine they are exposing liberalism when they point out the grave economic abuses which existed under the system that they carelessly call "nineteenth-century liberalism." The fault lay not in liberalism, but in shirking responsibilities, such as the protection of children and the poor, which are of the very essence of liberalism. Similarly, economic freedom is charged with being a system under which the business "class" domineers over the laboring "class." Even if this were so, which it is not, it would be a weird objection to freedom, since domination by any organized class whatever is a violation of freedom.

Personal freedom is so confused with public benevolence that one who confesses dislike for the "Welfare State" is accused of hostility to the underdog. This is like arguing that if you don't like Jones's pills you are in favor of disease. The history of benevolent despotisms should warn us that benevolence is not necessarily liberal. It certainly is not liberal when liberty is traded for it and "authorities" decide what is benevolent. Last winter one of our leading economists used the literal form of the "Golden Rule" to illustrate this point. For example, if you relish pie while your neighbor prefers chow mein, it would be a poor rule which said you must give him pie, thus treating him as *you* wish to be treated. The really golden rule—even the State Department would do well to observe it—is to treat others as *they* wish to be treated, provided they live up to their social responsibilities.

Freedom is confused with economic equality. It is widely supposed that anything which reduces inequality must be "liberal." And yet, if it is a bad thing to reward equal merits unequally, it is surely no better to give equal rewards for unequal merits. As Ebenezer Elliott observed over a century ago:

> What is a Communist? One who hath yearnings
> For equal division of unequal earnings.

Much longer ago it was the teaching of the New Testament that the man who buries his talent should not expect reward. The slogan "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" is a vicious contradiction when used to defend indiscriminate leveling. When we start "equalizing" unequal men we destroy liberty and establish about the sort of fraternal relations which existed between Cain and Abel.

Freedom and democracy are so generally confused that the two terms are used almost interchangeably. Yet a majority can be very despotic toward the people who happen to be outvoted. In ancient Athens democracy developed such a keen appetite for plundering those who had more money than usual that the desperate victims were finally driven to collaborate with the outside enemies of the state. As Lord Acton pointed out, democratic tyranny is worse than the autocratic brand, because an autocrat is

restrained by the fear of popular resentment whereas there is no escape from a despotic majority except by flight or treason.

The chief test of a people's fitness for self-rule is the extent of protection given to minorities. The most ominous minority problem in the United States is not the mistreatment of racial and religious groups but the subjection which is being increasingly imposed by the majority on individuals, families and voluntary associations. British socialism, whether benevolent or not, was democratic tyranny against roughly half of the British families. In its "mixed economy" the Labor government, instead of confining itself to prescribing and enforcing general rules, branched out farther and farther into the detailed management of production and personal distribution. It dictated the forms in which the poor should receive additions to their incomes. It claimed and used the power to freeze laborers to particular occupations. Even for the majority of adults, being free once every election day to choose economic authorities is a pitiful substitute for constant freedom of economic choice.

FINALLY, state paternalists confuse themselves with Jehovah. Where men deserve a better economic deal, a genuine belief in freedom would generally require us to increase their money incomes and let them spend the money as they choose. But the paternalist insists that they must take the particular housing, medical care, and the like, which he thinks is best for them. Why will he not trust them to choose? Because, he says, they do not know how to choose wisely. But how can they learn to choose if they are not permitted to choose? Here his real answer, however he may veil it, is that they are congenitally incapable of learning. It should be clear where such an attitude logically leads. The farther a "Welfare State" goes—the greater the restrictions which it imposes on freedom of choice and the more people it restricts—the closer we come to the destruction of democracy itself. For the inherent philosophy of paternalism is that the "people" are children, while only the "authorities" are adults. And certainly children who were unfit to make the most elementary economic choices for themselves could not be fit to choose authorities for the endlessly complicated tasks of a centrally planned economy.

No, the authorities must choose themselves. Thus "democratic socialism" of the British type is at bottom a contradiction of terms. The socialism in it is necessarily hostile not only to economic freedom but to political freedom as well. The many weapons which its authorities may use to eliminate the nuisance of democracy need not be considered in detail. What we must think about, if we deserve to be free, is that sooner or later, as a result of its very nature, either its socialism or its democracy will have to yield. And what we are now witnessing is the encroachment of this system, this philosophy, on our own country, which we are told must be the foremost champion of the "free world."

This Is What They Said

THE NEWS supplying the American people with scurrilous lies about the Soviet Union comes from one source—a centralized and controlled propaganda machine. . . . When I was sentenced to the Federal jail for my political beliefs, I met in the jail poor, ordinary Americans—laborers. A thousand times I was asked the same questions: "Tell us about Russia"; "How is life in Russia?"; "What is communism?" The loud speakers in our jail were repeating for hours anti-Communist propaganda which did not seem to produce the least effect. For the questioning continued. . . .

HOWARD FAST, in an article "Thoughts of Common Americans," *Literaturnaya Gazeta,* Moscow, Nov. 10, 1951

What an amusing twist it is in the current truce negotiations in Korea to have Shakespearean quotations become one of the issues at odds between the North Korean general and the United States general.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, "My Day," Nov. 21, 1951

We advocate: (1) An immediate and drastic reduction of governmental expenses by abolishing useless commissions and offices, consolidating departments and bureaus, and eliminating extravagance, to accomplish a saving of not less than 25 per cent in the cost of Federal Government. (2) Maintenance of the national credit by a Federal budget annually balanced. (3) A sound currency to be maintained at all hazards.

PLATFORM OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY, 1932

A mistake in a Presidential election can cause the country untold harm.

HARRY S. TRUMAN, speech to National Women's Democratic Club, Nov. 20, 1951

I think the extraordinary thing about Yalta is that in these areas which were under the occupation of the Red Army, Roosevelt and Churchill still got from Stalin a pledge for free elections, a pledge which he did not keep and had no intention of keeping, but which nonetheless represented a concession which he did not make and represented American diplomacy operating beyond the limits of actual American power. Stalin must have had a hard time explaining to the Colonel McCormicks of the Soviet Union when he got back what had happened in Yalta.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR., Town Meeting of the Air, October 23, 1951

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

Conference

(To the Tune of "Danny Deever")

"Now, what the hell's been goin' on?" said Truman in his wrath.
"They've learned enough to turn us out!" said General McGrath.
"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Truman in his wrath.
"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," said General McGrath.

For they're nailin' tax collectors and some State Department men:
And some old familiar faces may not walk this way again;
There'll be some changes made—perhaps a new Attorney-Gen.—
We expect more resignations in the mornin'.

"What makes McKinney breathe so hard?" said Truman in his wrath.
"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," said General McGrath.
"What makes Tom Clark perspire so much?" said Truman in his wrath.
"The heat is on, the heat is on," said General McGrath.

For they started out with Maragon, who led them straight to Vaughan.
And what became of Finnegan?—he's going, going, gone!
And now they're after Caudle—and, God help us, come the dawn!—
We expect more resignations in the mornin'.

"His desk was right-hand desk to yours," said Truman in his wrath.
"Well, Maragon used the White House," said General McGrath.
"The rascals can not house with *me*," said Truman in his wrath.
"We're all in this together, Chief," said General McGrath.

It's all for one and one for all: A Noble Brotherhood
Who have picked the public pockets and have found the going good—
But if one is caught red-handed, why, of course it's understood
He hands in his resignation in the mornin'.

"What's that so black against the sun?" said Truman in his wrath.
"That is the record that we made," said General McGrath.
"What's that that whimpers overhead?" said Truman in his wrath.
"That's Oliphant a-singin', Chief," said General McGrath.

For they've brought in Edgar Hoover, you can hear the lockstep play,
And there's talk of Tommy Murphy—who put Alger Hiss away—
Ho! the Cabinet is shakin', and they'll want their beer today—
There'll be other resignations in the mornin'.

MORRIE RYSKIND

Classified Information

NOW THAT all Federal agencies are to adopt the same security classifications as State and Defense, right-thinking administrators will need guidance in this delicate work. A rough outline may help them to make the proper distinctions. Thus:

TOP SECRET: Apart from normal distribution to policy-making personnel within the agency, matter of this kind must be closely guarded, since it may give clues to troop dispositions, new weapons, or numbers of available ships and planes. Detailed reports, however, may be delivered in person, upon request, to editors of pro-Communist magazines like *Amerasia*, who make a hobby of photostating government documents.

SECRET: This category covers information only slightly less vital than Top Secret. Circulation should be rigidly controlled. Outside of authorized officials, nobody should see or read it, except Drew Pearson and the Alsop brothers. Documents marked "Secret" must be kept in safes when not in use. Material in the same classification should be segregated, under armed guard, unless it is being photographed for *Life* by Margaret Bourke White. "Secret" information may also be released for off-the-record indoctrination sessions, attended by at least 500 persons, not including waiters, hotel managers and people looking for the washroom.

RESTRICTED: This means almost nothing. But use it freely. It can be held as a club over the head of any conscientious, hard-working citizen who manages to bypass the public relations division and dig up a fact or two.

CONFIDENTIAL: You might as well have this printed on all your stationery. Generally, it is designed to cover anything that might make the agency look bad, if it fell into the hands of evil-minded men.

Go to it, men. The sooner you apply security regulations with the utmost rigidity, the sooner you will kill the handout disease now afflicting the Washington press corps. Correspondents may even go back to their old function of well-digging, instead of serving as the kind of ornamental mouthpieces you see on Renaissance fountains.

PAUL JONES

From Our Readers

The NAM and Ginger Rogers

In view of your editorial of November 19, regarding the item printed in the September 19 issue of *Variety*, I wish to call your attention to a letter from me published in *Variety* of September 21. I wrote:

> Miss Rogers was one of many prominent Americans, including J. Edgar Hoover, Ford Frick, Gen. Lucius Clay, Kate Smith, Irving Berlin, Henry Morgan, Robert Montgomery, Lucy Monroe, Lola Montez, Joe Louis, Joe Walcott, Lowell Thomas and Gen. Leslie Groves, whom the NAM and the Elmira Constitution Day Committee approached directly or indirectly as to their availability for participation as guests in the celebration on Sunday, Sept. 16.
>
> We were informed, as was the case with many of the others, that previous commitments or engagements would prevent Miss Rogers from attending. Among those who were able to attend were Miss Montez, Miss Monroe, General Groves and Mr. Morgan. Mr. Morgan was not employed, as your story stated, but he did, as a guest, kindly act as master of ceremonies.
>
> We would have been delighted to have had Miss Rogers participate in the ceremonies if she could have been there. That fact I can not state too strongly.
>
> Leonard Smith was a publicity man working directly under me for the Elmira celebration. Your story asserts that he "turned down the idea of inviting her [Miss Rogers] because of her association with ultra-rightwing groups on the Coast," leaving the inference that it was the NAM taking this attitude. The NAM did nothing of the sort, and I would like to point out that Mr. Smith neither had nor has or will have anything to do with establishing NAM policy.
>
> I believe that, in fairness to all concerned, you will wish to set the record straight.

HARRY E. BUCK, Manager, New York Regional Office, National Association of Manufacturers

New York City

[We are glad to have Mr. Buck's explanation.

THE EDITORS]

An Estimate of McCarthy

Occasionally there creep into the columns of the *Freeman* indications that some of your writers have been deluded by one of the most inflated and preposterous myths of our time: the myth that Senator Joseph B. McCarthy is a roughneck as careless of facts as he is in his choice of a tailor.

Until I started reading McCarthy's stuff in the Tydings reports and in his speeches only a short time ago, I too had rather fallen into the accepted notion of Joe as a rough-and-tumble fighter whom we were fortunate to have on our side because he had the energy and toughness of hide to outslug the whole crew of gangsters in pin-striped pants.

I've never met the man, and don't have to, in order to know that if he has any faults at all they are: (1) *too delicate and fine a sense of fair play;* (2) *an honesty and integrity of purpose so great that he will allow foul blows to be struck at him time after time without protest.*

The *Time* smear has a case in point. It reads: "When he spent three hours accusing General George Marshall . . . all but three Senators walked out on him." The implication is both snide and false.

The *Congressional Record* for Thursday, June 14, 1951, shows that, purely for the record, the late Senator Wherry had called attention to the fact that a quorum was not present when McCarthy obtained the floor. McCarthy acknowledged this, also for the record; and he explained that he had informed many Senators that his speech was to be 60,000 words long and he *did not expect them to listen to it but hoped they would read it.* That shows a rare sense of courtesy. (Incidentally, the gallery for that speech was crowded to the end, and more Senators were present at its close than at its beginning.)

McCarthy has a peculiarly touching reverence for the dignity and honor of the Senate, a reverence not shared at all by arrogant and ill-bred men like Tydings, Lehman and Benton. It is not a reverence for any Senator. It is a reverence for the legislative branch of the government.

This was shown, time and time again, during the Tydings inquiry. The record shows that at the very beginning, Senator Lodge protested twelve times, Hickenlooper three times, and McMahon once, against the vicious, filibustering tactics by which Tydings tried to prevent McCarthy from presenting his statement to the Senate subcommittee. McCarthy's conduct under such disgraceful proceedings was that of almost superhuman calm and urbanity.

I can find no single instance in all that printed matter, including the statements preceding and explaining each exhibit he put into the record, where McCarthy was even slightly inaccurate. This is amazing when you consider the immense amount of documentary material—a veritable mountain of it—which he had obviously digested, assimilated and had hair-trigger ready in his memory. The inaccuracies are in the barefaced falsification of the record by those who smear him.

I can find no single instance where McCarthy called someone a Communist when the only evidence he himself had was the State Department's own Security Board's report of the person's affiliations with Communist fronts and Communist activities. He leaned so far over backward in this matter that never once did he refer even to Frederick Vanderbilt Field as a Communist. He merely said that Field had devoted himself and his fortune to Communist causes.

I wish you would get somebody to do a story exploding the myth about McCarthy's being a roundhouse fighter. He is a fighter all right. But if there has ever been a gentleman of tact, courtesy, urbanity and genuine honor, it is McCarthy.

BURTON RASCOE

New York City

Manners, Arts and Morals

Notes on the Entertainment Industries

By WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

CRITICISM of our mass entertainment seems caught in a typical nightmare situation: its voice does not carry, its stabs do not connect, its target recedes on faintest approach. Yet there is nothing eerie about such total ineffectiveness. Criticism deals with intellectual and esthetic categories. But our mass entertainment aims neither at the mind nor at the senses. It aims at the solar plexus. Criticism, by definition rational, refers to man's natural experience. Mass entertainment (in a significant phrase it uses for self-promotion) is "out of this world." How, or rather where, should the two meet?

With its inimitable taste and tact, the movie industry launched its Broadway celebration of the Christmas season with "The Racket" (A Howard Hughes Production), a vehicle that neatly illustrates the point. Ostensibly, the film's subject matter is the tie-up between organized crime and municipal politics—and what could be more timely, more recognizably real, more of *our* world? Sure enough, in what was easily the past year's most bewildering advertising campaign, the picture was heralded as a tale which takes off where the Kefauver investigation had to stop; and the clinching come-on was an unmistakable innuendo that the film's protagonists, though they had of course to be cloaked under fictitious names, were the leading figures in the Kefauver investigation.

When seen at the Paramount Theater, the picture was at once identified as the third film rehash of a twenty-odd years old mediocre stage play. "The Racket" is so excruciatingly bad a picture, and so bare of even political relevancy, that it clearly remains outside any conceivable critical province. And yet, it merits attention—not only because it will draw millions of dollars from millions of pockets, but because it exposes, if anything, the nerve of our mass entertainment.

"The Racket" proves, more decisively than any other picture I have seen in years, that Hollywood is never so phony as when it purports to tackle reality. All that is being tackled in this picture is the actors, who, however, are taking still less punishment than the audience. What the audience gets in exchange for hard cash has not the vaguest resemblance to evil—human, political, or otherwise. One leaves the Paramount with nothing but the kind of nausea which follows physical nastiness. For this film (as indeed most any product of the solar-plexus school of entertainment) is at least in one respect thoroughly convincing. Its manufacturers are uncanny masters in the craft of transference: the shadows on the screen seem to be socking, not one another, but you. The only message the viewer receives from "The Racket" is a kick in the teeth. He will not learn how to cleanse municipal government, but he may pick up competent advice on how to displace a vertebra.

Time was when one could afford an amused air in the presence of movie mayhem. The industry, only a few years ago, seemed to have acquired the saving grace of self-persiflage, and the eyes on the screen twinkled before they got a shiner. No more. The movies have returned to the unabashed, beastly serious "realism" of violence. All the reasons for this regression are not entirely clear, but two of them seem quite discernible.

One ironical reason, I think, is that the Hollywood manufacturers, so touchingly eager to catch up with "culture," are falling under the spell of what nowadays goes for *avant garde* literature—that fad of self-conscious preoccupation with horror, coquettish perversions and the adolescent *Weltschmerz* which wears the long pants of "existentialism." With their characteristically shrewd timing, the film merchants discovered modern literature at the precise moment when it had not much more to offer than the old kick in the teeth. Now, as it happens, there are among "The Racket's" script writers hardly any with much literary reputation to lose. But the disturbing point is that Hollywood hacks, when they really let go, can now consider themselves irrefutably in tune with the *avant garde*—which advancement not only inflates the hack's ego but frees it from merciful repressions. To me, this deplorable development seems to contain great poetic justice: B-pictures begat our retarded *avant garde*, and now the prodigal son returns.

ANOTHER discernible reason for Hollywood's relapse into humorless mayhem is its desperate race against television. The two industries are engaged in a peculiarly literal sort of cut-throat competition—one in which, they seem to have agreed, victory goes to the competitor whose screen can show the greater number of throats actually slashed. To indicate the competitive pressure which forces Hollywood to step up stark butchery, here is an abbreviated list of regular TV programs the chief subject matter of which is murder—sometimes straight, i.e. murder à la Capone, sometimes embroidered with modish "psychological" frills, i.e. murder à la Kafka:

"Lights Out"; "Trapped"; "Mr. District Attorney"; "Six-Gun Playhouse"; "How Did They Get That Way?"; "Suspense"; "Danger"; "Crime Syndicated"; "Crime Reports"; "Famous Jury Trials";

"The Web"; "The Clock"; "T-Men in Action"; "Shadow of the Cloak"; "Racket Squad"; "Martin Kane, Private Eye"; "Crime Photographer"; "Foreign Intrigue"; "The Lives of Harry Lime"; "Mystery Theater"; "Adventures of Ellery Queen"; "Big Town"; "The Big Story"; "Front Page Detective"; "Man Against Crime."

This, I repeat, is the abbreviated *table d'hôte* menu of weekly gore, but there is also a great variety *à la carte*: among the offerings of such weekly TV play programs as Kraft Theater, Gruen Theater, Lucky Strike Theater, Schlitz Playhouse of Stars, Cosmopolitan Theater, Philco Playhouse, Studio One, Goodyear Theater, Video Theater, and all the other electronic facsimiles of the stage, many are meant to chill your blood by spilling some one else's. I have tested each of the listed horror programs at least once, and I have no doubt that TV is in deadly earnest: before long, a TV-raised America will consider foremost among man's inalienable rights Death, Insanity and The Pursuit of Violence.

TELEVISION could not have so fervently dedicated itself to ghoulishness had it not been honestly converted, together with all other "mass media," to a special theory of man. The television industry, it is true, does not primarily sell entertainment to a public, but a public to advertisers; entertainment is merely the technique by which TV lassoes the largest possible herd for the paying pitchman. But the economic health of the industry depends on how correctly it can assess mass appetites. And TV has staked its life on a bet that the American public's interest in gore is insatiable.

Well, is it? For a long time, you will recall, many of our newspapers were edited for "the reader's thirteen-year-old mind." The axiom of audience imbecility, to be sure, was never put to a severe test, but axioms seldom are; and the editors' rather pessimistic view of man kept the circulation managers happy. Even so, a few publishers got rich with the bold idea of raising the age of readers' consent to, say, sixteen. A similar outbreak of profitable contrition might stir television yet, but the odds seem to be against it. There are, in fact, alarming signs that the relatively most sensitive talents, far from making war on TV's vulgar preoccupation with violence, feel particularly attracted by the medium at its most lurid: you will find TV's smartest direction, most subtle acting, and technically best scripts consistently on "Danger" (Tuesdays, 10 p.m., Channel 2). The *Zeitgeist* seems to favor the talent's infatuation with the cheaply demoniacal.

On the whole, TV expects the viewer to be a strange sort of congenital addict. Barring the possibility that the TV producers do not even try to visualize him at all, they must think he is a jaded monster that can be jolted into attentiveness only with gradually increasing shots of exotic dope. But somewhat inconsistently, they must also assume that TV is the greatest and, in fact, the only passion in his life. How else are we to explain the presupposition of practically all TV—namely, that the viewer is privy to the most inconsequential affairs, foibles and chit-chats of all its entertainers?

Indeed, to appreciate TV's offerings in full, one would have to retire from all other activities and, moreover, possess total recall. The topical material of most productions is a crazy quilt of references and cross-references so intricate that you can not really follow an Arthur Godfrey spiel unless you are on intimate terms with Bob Hope and General Bradley, know the topography of Miami Beach and the social microcosmos of Palm Springs, have read Ed Sullivan's last column, discussed Einstein's latest publication with the Stork Club crowd, remember every footnote in "Show Biz," and are absolutely *au courant* with Washington gossip. I can not truthfully say that I find the ideal viewer of television programs attractive, but I do admire his diligence, his presence of mind, and his digestive prowess.

And then again, it is just possible that many advertising agencies—TV's unchallenged rulers—are fooling one another, and do not know it. Their ideal viewer perhaps does not exist. Perhaps a person keeps looking at the screen sometimes not because he likes what he sees, but because it is all he is being offered. The weird mixture of jaded appetite and surface sophistication is perhaps not at all the condition of the audience but merely a professional malady of some fatigued account executives who, under the pretext of catering to the public's low taste, suit themselves. Which brings us to a subject we shall discuss in the near future—comedy in television.

Thalassa! Thalassa!

The waves in motion charmed him long before
He knew what they had done. When only three
His parents said he stood upon the shore
And gazed, oblivious to all but sea.

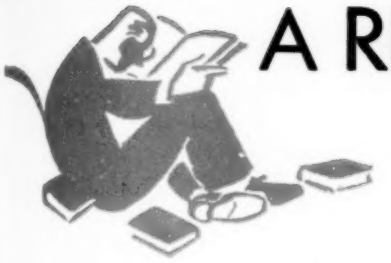
The bay was hubbly with the southwest breeze
Kicked up on blue-white August afternoons;
Its muted music through the tall spruce trees
Was scarcely louder than the ballad tunes

A mother hums to sing her child to sleep.
Seaward he looked and saw Atlantic breakers
Curl menacing before each gave a leap
To flail the rocks contesting their green acres.

The driftwood in the seaweed on the sand,
The poppel-stones worn smooth along the beach,
The iridescent shells that walled the strand—
His eyes devoured the loveliness of each

Until a craving that will never die
For high-tide sounds and flavors like the smell
Explosive rockweed yields when three-fourths dry
Subdued and held him captive by its spell.

WILBERT SNOW



A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

For a number of years there were two John Dos Passoses who walked around in the same outer skin. One of them was a poet with the eye of a painter; he wrote richly impressionistic travel books, "camera eye" interludes, and chanting paeans to his favorite heroes and villains in American history. The other was a novelist who hewed to a rigidly naturalistic, functional line, making his prose as spare and bare as an elm tree bough in winter. The poet delighted the senses; the novelist did a great deal toward taking his reader to the heart of contemporary life. But somehow this conscious splitting of an artistic personality never did seem to make much sense once one had discounted the proposition that modern life is inevitably dull and hence deserving only of the barest prose. One always had the feeling that the two Dos Passoses, good though they were, would function much more effectively if they could only meet and work as one.

Well, they have finally met and merged completely in a new Dos Passos novel, "Chosen Country" (Houghton Mifflin, $4). In this novel the painter-poet's eye has been welcomed back into the fiction writer's company. This is the story of a happy marriage and the antecedents that went to make it; and the distaff side of the narrative focuses on Lulie Harrington, who inherited an indomitable individualism from her professor-father and a lively beauty and quiet sense of fun from a Kentucky mother. Lulie is an unforgettable person, probably Dos Passos's most memorable woman; she stands out among Dos Passos's Janey Williamses and Margo Dowlings as a person with character always stands out. But the best thing about Lulie is her shattering impact on the esthetic theories of her creator. She just will not look at the world with the eye of a cold naturalist. On page 80 of "Chosen Country" Lulie stands gazing out over a north woods lake. What she sees is not just an ordinary evening star; she sees "a great nasturtiumcolored planet" blazing in the west.

In a world that finds nasturtium hues flaring in the night sky the poet that is Dos Passos can work at the top of his bent. There is a great deal of transmuted autobiography in "Chosen Country," for Jay Pignatelli, the young man who makes a detour across three continents to find Lulie Harrington, does and says most of the things that John Dos Passos was doing and saying while he was growing up. Jay's father was an Italian immigrant; John Dos Passos's father was from Portugal. Like John Dos Passos, Jay Pignatelli was dragged from Chicago to Belgium, and from England to Harvard, at a time when other boys were experimenting with sandlot baseball and eating banana splits at the corner drugstore. In Jay Pignatelli Mr. Dos Passos has created a character who has to provide his own roots. Jay tries to get sustenance from a score of soils—from the world of cosmopolitan hotels; from the ambulance service in World War I; from the radical movement that went to pieces, ideologically speaking, when the Bolsheviks made opportunism their fetish; from the practice of the law. But no truly vitalizing sap comes up until Jay digests the meaning of his immigrant father and finds the right girl in Lulie Harrington.

The search of Jay and Lulie for each other makes for one of the best things that John Dos Passos has written. It is a novel of rich overtones, for Dos Passos has rifled the social history of a generation to build up his background. "Chosen Country" moves through the America of the muckrakers, the America of the crusade to make the world safe for democracy, and the America of the Palmer raids, the Sacco-Vanzetti case and the speakeasy culture of the twenties. As is usually the case in a Dos Passos novel, there are interludes that do not at first blush seem to have much organic connection with the main story. Through the interludes of "Chosen Country" one gets a sense that Dos Passos is painting disguised portraits of Lincoln Steffens and Clarence Darrow and Jim McNamara, the dynamiter; or of Mary Heaton Vorse and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn; or of John Reed. These portraits are skillfully done, and they suggest that Dos Passos would make a first-rate biographer. They add to the richness and depth of his novelistic picture. And they do have their impact on the ideas that shaped the mind and culture of Jay Pignatelli.

Unfortunately, the Dos Passos habit of interrupting the narrative line of a story to give the reader a portrait of a Bay State Bradford who becomes an archaeologist and marries an English girl becomes downright annoying when it is Jay Pignatelli and Lulie Harrington that you want to read about. "Chosen Country" is far less of a labyrinth than is Mr. Dos Passos's earlier "The 42nd Parallel" or "The Big Money." Nevertheless, it does have its elements of a maze, and the minotaur that one is seeking is not always just around the corner. The Dos Passos interludes make excellent short stories, excellent vignettes, but one wishes more and more

that Lulie Harrington, who has definitely changed her creator's theory of novelistic prose composition, would also change his theory of dramatic presentation.

No doubt there really are nine-and-ninety ways of constructing tribal lays. Some novelists assemble their stories as the General Motors Company assembles a car; some novelists use the "wheel technique" of first creating the separate spokes and then fitting them into a hub and giving them a whirl until they all blend together. It does not matter what devices the novelist uses to build his story and get perspective, provided he can create a sense of progression within a unity. But the Dos Passos method, although it does add up to unity, plays hob with the reader's sense of progression. "Chosen Country" offers a scenic ride through beautiful country, but it is a ride in a car that jolts to annoying stops and goes off on more than one side trip up a dead-end lane. The side trips are worth while in themselves, but one wishes that Dos Passos would find some way of putting all his scenery along the main road.

INDIA'S ECONOMIC PROBLEM

India Afire, by Clare and Harris Wofford, Jr. *New York: John Day. $4.00*

In the Path of Mahatma Gandhi, by George Catlin. *Chicago: Regnery. $3.50*

Independence and After: A Collection of Speeches 1946-1949, by Jawaharlal Nehru. *New York: John Day. $3.00*

Mid-Century: The Social Implications of Scientific Progress, edited and annotated by John Ely Burchard. *Cambridge: Technology Press, and New York: Wiley. $7.50*

About three hundred years ago the structure of economic activities was by and large the same all over Europe and Asia. The immense majority of the population was employed in the production of foodstuffs and raw materials. They tilled the soil; they were hunters, fishermen, cattle breeders, lumbermen or miners. Only a minority worked in the small-scale shops that processed the raw materials. Commerce and transportation were insignificant. The standard of living of the people was shockingly low when compared with the present-day standard of an American "proletarian." The princes and noblemen and, exceptionally, also a few commoners enjoyed a better life, but they too lacked many amenities which Western man considers today indispensable. Besides, there was a steadily growing number of destitute paupers and beggars for whom virtually no room was left in the traditional economic order.

Then came to the West laissez-faire capitalism and rugged individualism. The economists exploded such age-old fallacies as that it is one of the main tasks of civil government to prevent efficient businessmen from getting rich and to protect the less efficient against the competition of the more efficient. Economic freedom created modern industry. Population figures multiplied, and the masses today enjoy a standard of living much higher than that of the well-to-do of earlier ages.

The spirit of freedom has not affected the mentality of the East. The Asiatics are eager to get the paraphernalia of Western capitalism, the products of its technological improvements and the machines that turn out these products. But committed to a crude materialist way of thinking, they fail to realize that the essential characteristic of Western civilization is not something material and tangible, but the philosophy of freedom and private initiative which—besides other things—has brought about all the technological improvements they covet. They believe that they could acquire all this wealth and raise their average standard of living without discarding the traditional ideologies that account for their poverty. They want to cling to their taboos, superstitions and rituals and yet to "industrialize." While lamenting their penury and the destitution of their masses and envying the riches of western Europe and America, they look with complacency upon the "mean" mentality of the West.

There is no use in telling us that Mahatma Gandhi was an honest and sincere man. The plain fact is that his philosophy was contradictory and self-defeating. Having seen the comparative wealth of the West, Gandhi deplored the misery of India and dreamed of improving the conditions of his countrymen. But the methods he recommended were not fit to attain the ends sought. India must choose between the social philosophy of the Vedanta and that of Adam Smith, Cobden and Bastiat.

The Congress Party has dropped the romantic illusions of Gandhi concerning handicrafts. It promulgates such slogans as "Produce or Perish." But it does not want to follow the path of capitalism. It thinks that socialism serves better the interests of India. Invidiously looking upon the conditions of the United States, it is enraptured by the methods of the British Labor Party and still more by those of the Soviets.

Now, the British Socialists found something to expropriate. There is in Great Britain capital accumulated in two hundred years of freedom that they can confiscate and eat up. But the problem of India is precisely the paucity of capital invested. Expropriating the capitalists can in England be considered as a short-run remedy, although it seriously harms the long-run interests of all the people. But in India it is useless even in the short run. For what India needs is first of all capital. Mr. Nehru thinks that all that is required to induce people to accumulate capital is to tell them "that we would not touch them for at least ten years, maybe more." On page 192 of his collected speeches he calls this "encouragement in every way." It has not occurred to Mr. Nehru that the people concerned would rather abstain from saving and spend their whole incomes than accumulate capital for their

expropriators. What makes for capital accumulation is the expectation that no confiscation will be put into effect.

It is useless to talk about industrialization if one prevents both domestic capital accumulation and the investment of foreign capital. The capitalists of the West would never have invested in Asiatic railroads, factories, mines and plantations if they had anticipated the policies of confiscation and expropriation.

Of course the present American Administration plans to convert Uncle Sam into Santa Claus. It promises to provide the underdeveloped peoples of Asia with all the funds they may need to live forever in prosperity. But will this policy last? Whether the Fair Dealers remain in power or not, it is certain that the voters will sooner or later insist that a Santa Claus government can find recipients for its gifts inside the United States.

Economic backwardness in Asia is admittedly harmful for this country. In a world of the international division of labor, economic inefficiency in any part of the earth hurts the interests of all other nations. But to subsidize the preservation of inefficient methods of economic management in foreign countries is not a suitable means of improving their productivity. On the contrary. It postpones the moment when these countries will be forced to substitute sound methods for unsound ways of conducting their affairs.

The spokesmen of India threaten us with the specter of communism. If you do not finance our effort adequately, they hint, we shall turn toward communism. Says Sir Ramaswami Mudaliar in the Burchard volume: "What better material for communism is there than that human element which can not even sustain itself by the bare necessities of life and will have to go half starving through all the ages of its existence?" This makes sense only if one assumes that communism is a better method, or even a method at all, of providing the people of India with a higher standard of living. Neither economic theory nor historical experience warrants such an assumption. What the eminent Indian gentleman wants to secure for his countrymen is not the standard of the Russian *moujik* but that of the Western common man. Precisely because the peoples of Asia are poor, they ought to adopt the methods that made conditions in the West more satisfactory.

On the eve of the Industrial Revolution the plight of the masses in England was not easier than that of the paupers of present-day India. India must follow the example of old liberal England if it wants to see its proletarians more prosperous. Without any assistance from abroad, laissez-faire made England the wealthiest nation in Europe. India, if it adopted capitalism today without mental reservations, would soon be in a much better position than England was in the days of the Hanoverian Georges. Its effort would be considerably furthered by investment of foreign private capital.

It would be very regrettable if communism were to conquer India, "liquidate" all its present leaders, enslave the people and perpetuate its economic distress. But Indian communism would not constitute a fatal political and military menace for this country provided the sale of American weapons and munitions to Communist nations is effectively prevented. What makes the Russian Communists dangerous today is the blood transfusion provided by the billions sent out from America in lend-lease, UNRRA and similar projects. The fundamental danger for America is the Communists in our midst and still more those "idealists" who under the hypocritical disguise of anti-communism serve the cause of communism as "useful innocents." And the great conflict between capitalism and communism will not be decided in the valleys of the Ganges, but in the valleys of the Mississippi and the Hudson. Not the coolies, but the American voters, will say the last word.

There is but one means to raise real wage rates, *viz.*, by accelerating the increase of capital as compared with population. What is going on in India today is just the opposite. The increase in population outruns the increase in capital. Deluded by the spurious doctrines of Western Socialists, union leaders, self-styled humanitarians and the bureaucrats of the International Labor Office, the Indian politicians think that minimum wage rates decreed and enforced either by the government or by union compulsion and pressure could benefit the people. They do not realize that forcing the employers to pay more to a worker than the equivalent of the value his work adds to the product checks the development of industry. Millions of Hindus whom new factories could employ remain unemployed or are employed in a wasteful way in overstaffed agriculture and in inefficient handicrafts solely on account of a misguided, although well-intentioned, "social" policy. It is a sad fact that India is poor. But poverty can not be conjured away by government magic. In fact, all the Indian Government does impairs the economic conditions of the masses.

The Congress Party does not appraise Indian conditions realistically. Mr. Nehru proudly announces in one of his speeches that India is "in terms of population the largest political unit in the world" and from the point of view of potential resources and the capacity to use those potential resources likewise "potentially" the biggest unit in the world. What sense is there in such boasting in view of the fact that India is one of the poorest countries in the world?

If India wants to improve its domestic conditions, it must stop talking big in world politics and aiming at territorial aggrandizement by coveting small neighbors such as Kashmir and Nepal. It must discard Mr. Nehru's conception that political independence "consists fundamentally and basically of foreign relations" and that its test is the establishment of expensive diplomatic missions abroad. True

political independence consists in taking care of one's nation's essential domestic concerns. That means, in present-day India, removing all obstacles to domestic capital accumulation and to the importation of foreign capital.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris cite on the title page of their book a question of Gandhi: "Pray tell me, what am I to do with a fifth of the human race living on the verge of starvation . . .?" This question allows of only one answer: Convince this fifth of the human race that there is but one way to prosperity, i.e., the unconditional adoption of laissez-faire capitalism, the system which delivered the West, at least to a great extent, from the evils that today plague the underdeveloped nations.

LUDWIG VON MISES

NIMBLE AND BRAVE

The Journals of André Gide. Volume IV: 1939-1949. Translated from the French with an Introduction and Notes by Justin O'Brien. *New York: Knopf. $6.00*

Readers of this great "Journal" should always bear one cardinal fact in mind: it was *not* posthumous. Although it looks for the most part like any other diary, the sort which is scribbled down from day to day and found later, irrespective of its author's intentions, among his attic papers, it was, on the contrary, not only written with publication in mind, but edited and put through the press by the same man who wrote it. It was even *completed*, something unique, surely, in a diary: on January 25, 1950, over a year before his death, Gide signed and dated the lines which "everything leads me to think will be the last of this 'Journal.'" Properly, therefore, it ought to be read as something involving as much of its author's calculated intent as one of his novels. Indeed, one might almost think of it as a sort of novel, which "employs" the diary form dramatically, as "The Immoralist" does, but with this difference, that it uses Gide's own private first person.

This, I think, is very close to what Emerson had in mind a century ago, when he predicted that "these novels will give way, by and by, to diaries and autobiographies." Nor is Gide an isolated phenomenon. We have only to look at the increasing number of contemporary novelists who seem compelled, in their imaginative work, to introduce their own personal recording "I": Proust was ambiguous, but E. E. Cummings, Henry Miller, Christopher Isherwood (in "Prater Violet"), James Agee, Jean Genet are not. And behind their work is vastly more than merely being, as Claudel accused Gide, "fascinated by mirrors." They are all after an image of man as not only conscious, not only self-conscious, but conscious of the very state of being self-conscious. To create the image, the artist himself must appear in his own work, and the drama of his relationship to that very work must become a part of the work. (He can no longer remain, as Joyce stipulated, "invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails.") One such image, perhaps the most beautiful contemporary literature has yet produced, is the gravely self-regarding speaker in Eliot's "Four Quartets." The relentlessly honest, self-impaled man who composes Gide's "Journal" is another.

As to this development of self-consciousness, we can say very little, except that, we being human, it is apparently here to stay. We may not like it. We may find some of its consequences enervating, effete, narcissistic. But unless, like too many pro-Edenites, we subscribe to some form (or cominform) of conscious unself-consciousness, we must continue to face it, and find strategies to survive it without denying it. "I swear," cried Dostoievski, "to be too conscious is an illness, a real out-and-out illness!" If so, it is an illness which must be acknowledged and lived with. And humankind today, whether in political, aesthetic, or moral terms, plainly divides itself into those who are so committed, and those who insist on some form of "deliberate innocence." Among the annals of the former which our century will have to show, the "Journal" of André Gide, which Claudel so fatuously called "nothing but a series of poses in front of himself," will remain one of the most honest, persevering, nimble and brave.

ROBERT PHELPS

FLIGHT AND FREEDOM

A Flier's World, by Wolfgang Langewiesche. *New York: McGraw-Hill. $3.75*

Mr. Langewiesche not only fills you with a desire to jump into the nearest airplane; he practically teaches you to fly. If you shy away from technical explanations, stop, listen to this: "Explanations are supposed to be dull to give, even duller to receive. Don't you believe it. There's a little electric spark that jumps, some place inside you, the moment you really understand something. It feels good. Watch for it."

Mr. Langewiesche loves his job. That job is being just about the only scientist-aviator alive who can supply the right electric spark to a reader in search of understanding. Not since John Gillespie McGee's "High Flight" or Antoine de St. Exupery's "Wind, Sand and Stars" has a practical airman written so poetically about his work. But while McGee and St. Exupery wrote of the wonders of the sky, Langewiesche writes of the wonders of the planes themselves—and of the men responsible for flight's progress.

The heroes who took the first steps into the unknown were taciturn, romantic men, individualists all—and Langewiesche knows exactly who gets credit for what. He restores the Wright Brothers to rightful fame once and for all, routing their detractors with finality. But most fascinating is what

you personally learn about how to fly. Listen to the bit of teaching he gave to Frederick Lewis Allen, who had never piloted before. "You act as if you were in a flat-bottomed boat and you had a big stone in the middle of it; you push that stone forward to put the bow down, you push it to the side to tilt the boat—that's just what you do with the [control] stick." As Mr. Allen observed, you could hardly go wrong with that simple analogy.

The first chapter is called "The Three Secrets of Human Flight." Secret one concerns wings and how they fly; secret two concerns freedom of motion, getting used to moving in all directions; secret three concerns the senses, getting used to the feel of nothing under you but air. After you digest these three secrets, which nobody has ever analyzed so well before, you *know how* to fly. I have a pilot's license, but I never really knew what I was doing until I read this book; after reading it I ran out and put it into practice; I have never felt so relaxed, so at home in a plane. I stopped thinking of the air as being nothing under me; I put my hand outside the window and felt "how the speed-stiffened air presses against it . . . the push and suction of fast flowing air . . . air, instead of being a void, turned out to be something on which you could lie as on a bed. . . ." And suddenly I lost my fear of falling.

You learn in this book what makes an airplane fly: It's simply its shape. Next to the shape of the plane the most important thing to flight is the weather. You know all about the weather? I didn't; I didn't even know what makes lightning. Listen:

> . . . a raindrop, falling through air, is not a stable thing. When it first starts falling, it takes on . . . the teardrop shape . . . it slips easily through the air and picks up speed. But at higher speed, the air presses it out of shape. It flattens out, becomes short and squat. For that shape it is falling too fast: it splatters itself into bits. This tearing of rain from rain . . . is analogous to pulling a sweater off yourself: as you tear apart what had been together, the small, split-off fragments of each raindrop come away charged with "negative" electricity; the main part of each drop itself keeps the "positive" charge. The small fragments are blown back up into the cloud . . . the main parts of the drops soar around in the lower part of the cloud and eventually fall to the ground. . . . High tension is built up between the upper and lower part of the cloud, and between the cloud and the ground. Lightning then jumps across as a gigantic spark.

You learn what it's like to fly through clouds, blind, and why it's so easy to go into a spin unless you trust your instruments absolutely; how the feeling that you are upside down will drive you crazy even though you do trust them.

> It does not matter [Langewiesche says, speaking of this strain] because finally you conquer this, too. You conquer it with imagination. You quit reading instruments mechanically. You quit moving the controls according to formula. Your imagination reaches beyond the gray curtains. With your mind's eye, you begin to see what the real eye can't see: the earth, the horizon, the sky—and your own airplane in it. Then you are no longer blind: then you are ready to fly when the birds are walking.

You learn about the dangers of high-speed compressibility in dramatic terms:

> He did it probably from exuberance of spirit. . . . He was at 30,000 feet in his fighter, doing 350 m.p.h. He . . . pointed his nose at the ground and let her go. The speed built up: 400, 450, 500 m.p.h. It took strong forward pressure to hold the airplane in this dive. A good airplane is stable . . . he held forward against this tendency and kept her diving. At 25,000 feet approaching 525 m.p.h. he crossed the frontier from the known to the unknown. The plane shuddered, and all of a sudden became *willing* to dive. The nose pitched down . . . the roar gave way to a softer, squashing sound . . . as if the nose were being sucked downward . . . the speed built up. . . . Startled, he came back on the stick . . . the ship did not answer . . . he hauled back on the stick with the strength of desperation . . . at 10 miles a minute it takes only a few seconds to get from 15,000 feet to the ground. People on the ground heard an unearthly sound, as from a siren, and saw the airplane go into the earth like a bolt of lightning.

I could go on quoting this kind of technical exposition all year, but you'll have to buy this book. As you read it you will become familiar with a flier's jargon. After Langewiesche explains the jargon he begins to talk to you in it. Then you feel like an insider. Langewiesche never tells you anything without telling you why.

Incidentally, Langewiesche doesn't love nature. He doesn't love the ocean—he speaks of the "grandiose boredom of the sea." He doesn't love mountains—you can't land on them. His second favorite place is the flat plains of South Dakota; his first favorite is a town, especially at night. And "especially an American town, where they don't spare the current. A brave sight . . . where towns are far apart, with a lot of darkness in between. People went out into this vastness, built a home town here and lit all those lights."

There is only one barrier to air progress—and now we come to Langewiesche's politics. In a flight around the world he ran into the barrier, which is political, in *every* country. Langewiesche calls it *friction loss.*

> Sometimes it seemed as if all this waste and delay were the result of some international conspiracy of the world's bureaucrats—we call it the *Burintern.* . . . Every government clerk has learned how you can make an easy living with a typewriter, a few sheets of carbon paper, a rubber stamp, a printed form. A new kind of servitude is growing up—life by permit: . . . the managed currency, the rationed gas, the travel permits, the prohibited areas, the identity cards, the export permits, the forbidden possessions, the visa, the police clearances, the queues . . . the quotas. This cancerous growth of the state is as malignant under the label of democracy as any other. What is the state of man in the middle of the 20th century? He stands in some office; they have taken away some paper of his which needs some stamp of theirs, and he is waiting.

THADDEUS ASHBY

WIFE AND WORK

Conjugal Love, by Alberto Moravia. Translated by Angus Davidson. *New York: Farrar, Straus and Young. $2.50*

It is a venerable truism that the two things of vital importance in a man's life are his wife and his work; indeed such a statement verges on banality. Yet for all that there are very few novels in which this old law is exemplified, and none certainly among contemporary novels in which it is brought home so convincingly and so dextrously as it is in the pages of this recent work of Moravia. One might almost say that the title is a little misleading, for many of the pages are given over to an analysis of the protagonist's work—and since the hero is a writer, who could better explore the field than Moravia himself? Yet such a charge would be unfair, for the strength of the book as a work of art and its appeal as a human document lie precisely in the perfect fusion of the two themes.

The basic proposition indeed may be stated in the simplest of terms: Sergio Baldeschi wants to be a successful husband and wants, too, to accomplish something worth while in the field of letters. Ambitions which do not seem at first glance necessarily contradictory, which, indeed, in the opinion of the hero must not be contradictory, and yet which, for their eventual concord, must in the nature of things depend on matters beyond the individual's control. On his wife, for one thing. On his own somewhat volatile temperament for another. And on the world. Not an easy subject, for all its apparent simplicity, to handle in a manner at once convincing and entertaining. But Moravia takes up his own challenge and is more than equal to the problem he has set himself.

To be entertaining—and I do not mean by that word "amusing," for humor is one thing we may never look for in Moravia—it would be enough to make the characters interesting and credible. This is the least of Moravia's difficulties, given his experience and endowments. The husband, who tells his story in the first person, is, with his mixture of egocentricity and diffidence, passion and introspection, all that we have a right to ask; his wife is also very artistically realized if we bear in mind that we see her only through her husband's eyes. More difficult it must have been to give universal significance—and some such element there must be if the title is to be justified—to the affairs of this not entirely commonplace couple. Herein perhaps lies the real success of the author, for the more delicate aspects of marriage—the deceptions and the self-deceptions, the misunderstanding and the over-shrewd comprehensions, the tenderness, the conflict and the invaluable if somewhat prosaic "good will" (the author's word)—are set forth for the perceptive reader with a magnificent economy. All we need to portray the outside world is entrusted to one character, authentic as an individual and yet quite valid, too, if considered symbolically.

Almost more interesting than the central theme is the parallel one of the hero's struggle with his art. We have the impression at times that the author is taking us into his confidence and revealing to us some of the secrets of the trade—or at least of his approach to the trade. There are some passages of destructive self-criticism towards the end of the book in which we may suspect that Moravia is enumerating what might be his own defects—they are indeed of the sort that "might be" if he were not such a conscientious artist. The theme of the aspiring writer is the lesser of the two subjects of the book but it may be to this that we owe the sense of absolute sincerity that gives this brief but perceptive novel its excellence and its authority. The translation by Angus Davidson seems to me first-rate.

THOMAS G. BERGIN

BRAVELY COMIC NOVEL

Viper in the Fist, by Hervé Bazin. Translated by W. J. Strachan. *New York: Prentice-Hall. $2.75*

The evidence of our time points to the fact that the once-famous French comic spirit has evaporated into stylized melancholy in the hearts of modern Gallic writers. The works of J. P. Sartre and Albert Camus and all their sad company are devoid of any genuine delight in the human comedy. But now there comes out of France "Viper in the Fist," by Hervé Bazin, a salty, uproarious and bravely comic novel; and one can only hope that the literary school of Paris is declining in influence, and that Bazin's novel is indicative of the true temper of the provinces.

"Viper in the Fist" is the tale of a diabolical mother and her three young sons. Everyone in the book hates this woman, except her own husband. At the center of the struggle is the conflict between the mother and her son Jean, nicknamed "Firebrand." The latter tells the story.

The scene of the novel is the Belle Angerie, seat of the old upper-middle-class Rezeau family for two hundred years. The Belle Angerie is in the corner of northern France termed the Craonnais. Jean's father, Jacques Rezeau, is a retired professor who dreams of family glory discovered in the mine of geneological research and entomological studies of *syrphidae*. The boys calls their mother "Folcoche," an abbreviation of the words for madwoman and swine. Jean suggests her character in his statement that she missed her vocation as governor of a woman's prison. She is the daughter of a newly rich family, and she brought to her husband a dowry of three hundred thousand gold francs, which as Jean says, enabled Jacques Rezeau "to live like a plutocrat until Poincaré devalued the franc." However, during the boyhood of Jean, the Rezeau family is subjected to the most stringent austerity measures.

The traditional sort of existence of the declining Rezeau family is described in a pitiless fashion. However, the analysis is not political nor basically

wrathful. There are wonderful rich characters in the book: tutors like Father Trubel, who was expelled from the Order which specialized in the evangelization of blacks because he was overzealous as regards Negro girls; peasants who send to the Chamber of Deputies a half-dozen Republican viscounts; a Chinese secretary who can hold his tongue in seven languages; visiting entomologists who are interested in *hemiptera*, alias fleas; and old family retainers who bag carp at night in the fish pond at the Belle Angerie.

"Folcoche" devises the most excruciating tortures to inflict upon her rebellious sons. She buys one suit and makes each son take a turn wearing it at an annual family reception. She shaves their heads. She orders public confession in the private family chapel. In turn, they kick, steal, poach, and attempt to poison. Eventually "Firebrand" barricades himself in his room and then runs away to Paris. The boys are pitted against a grownup ogre, and it stirs the heart of any reader who has had such an experience at one time in his childhood. The humor is ruthless, but the boys' plight is desperate. At the end of the novel the boys' rebellion is successful in that they are allowed to leave their prison of a home and enter a Jesuit school.

The tone and philosophical implications of the novel are utterly unlike Gide's "The Counterfeiters." Decadence is completely absent from "Viper in the Fist." It resembles Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn" more than any other work of fiction. This is in itself delightful and a sign of health and promise for the literature of France.

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

IDOLS BEHIND ALTARS

Baroque and Rococo in Latin America, by Pal Kelemen. *New York: Macmillan. $16.50*

It is only in recent years that there has been a recrudescence of interest in the art of Latin America. This interest has been restricted largely to the pre-Columbian art of the Aztec, Maya and Inca tribes; relatively little has been done about art after the conquistadors. Pal Kelemen's well-illustrated book covers this little appreciated and less known period of art in southern America.

After the conquest Spain imposed an entire culture on a vast civilization. The priesthood and the military made their domination so thorough that the old written language was destroyed, the sacred chronicles burned, the temples razed and the old gods supplanted by the Christ of Spain. The warriors and caciques, who would not accept a non-Indian Christ who was not even a victorious chief, were killed instantly. Atahuallpa, an Inca, mocked his captors because their Christ had been slain by the men he created.

In less than a century after Cortes about seventy thousand churches and five hundred convents were built and operated for the greater glory of God. But it was often the Bishop who built baroque and rococo monoliths to express his personal grandeur which sometimes exceeded the pomp of kings.

So total was the new control that in Lima by 1620 the convents had more ground than the rest of the city. Du Dézert described the actions of the Church in South America by saying "I plunder you, I crush you, I kill you, but I save you." But the beautiful art of the pre-Columbian period, tainted with heathen gods, was not consciously saved by the Church. The art the conquerors brought with them was a bastard art compounded of Renaissance, Moorish, Gothic and Greek, and in New Spain this art was too often imitated with little inspiration.

However, from the Ciudad Trujillo Cathedral (said to be the tomb of Christopher Columbus) to the Guadalupe and Quito cathedrals, the native talent of the Indian shows through the sterile imitation of the European forms.

Even in the case of such formalized representations as Christ on the cross the Indian gave the symbol all of the crude power he had formerly given to Yum Kax, the corn god. The passion of Christ, especially such scenes as the flogging, the crowning with the thorns and the crucifixion, was taken over with enthusiastic fervor. These cruel scenes were familiar to the hot-blooded Indian, who had earlier worshipped a war god of blood and paste who demanded human sacrifices. The crucifixion became to the Indian another expression of the blood ritual, which he depicted with fierce realism. In such remarkable representations of the scenes of the Passion as the Christ of the Flagellation and Christ Entombed, the figure is given real hair and textile clothing. New materials were used to heighten the naturalism of the figures. The pith of corn, a plant previously worshipped in many areas, was employed with special significance. The skeleton of a statue was modeled with dried maize leaves held together with agave cactus fibers; fingers and toes were of turkey feathers. The whole was then covered with a mixture made of the pith of cornstalks and ground-up orchid bulbs and covered with a thin coat of paste and tinted.

It is true that the baroque and rococo in South America are too often garish and ugly. The native wood carvers as they became less technically incompetent became more artistically inept. Carved pulpits and doorways, though perfectly and minutely wrought, are execrable. However, a monastery patio (like that of the Mercedarian monastery), the graceful facade of the Cathedral at Bogota, a primitive portrait head of the Virgin or a crudely carved group of the three kings, have infinite charm and feeling. Often in an elaborate altarpiece a single figure will step forth endowed with the crude force of an earlier art.

Pal Kelemen has given some of the feeling of the art of this hot and bloody Southland and, though not always discriminating or entertaining, he has shown the development of Latin American craftsmanship and style and has included some marvelous illustrations.

RLENE L. HOWELL

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