the FREEMAN

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The Voice of America: Study in Planned Futility

GEORGE CREEL

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A WORD ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

ALIX DU POY has written a number of book reviews for the *Freeman*, but her story of her pioneer father is her first article for us. As "Ellen Taylor" she has published two novels, "Towers Along the Grass" and "One Crystal and a Mother."

GEORGE CREEL had edited the Kansas City *Independent* and the Denver *Post* and *Rocky Mountain News* before President Wilson appointed him in 1917 chairman of the Committee of Public Information for World War I. During the thirties Mr. Creel served as chairman of the San Francisco Regional Labor Board. He was a contributing editor of *Collier's* until 1946, and has written more than a dozen books, including "Russia's Race for Asia" (1949).

EDWARD HUNTER is author of the recent book, "Brain-Washing in Red China." He made his observations on "Indonesia's Little Kremlin" at first hand in Jakarta this winter.

GEORGE WINDER is a British economist and writer for the London *City Press*. His most recent article in the *Freeman* was "British Bureaucrats Kill Some Cows" (January 28, 1952).

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR. is author of the recent book "God and Man at Yale," which, by exposing collectivist teaching at Old Eli, stirred up a storm of abuse from the left. Among the most caustic criticisms was an attack on the book and its author in the *Atlantic Monthly* by McGeorge Bundy, whose book on Dean Acheson Mr. Buckley reviews in this issue. A 1950 Yale graduate, Mr. Buckley was chairman of the *Yale Daily News*, and served during the war as a lieutenant in the infantry. He has written for *Human Events*, and contributed "Senator McCarthy's Model?" to the *Freeman* of May 21, 1951.

BEN RAY REDMAN, well-known Los Angeles writer and critic, has recently written introductions for a Limited Editions Club edition of "The Black Tulip" and for "Rachel Ray" in the Borzoi Trollope series.

the FREEMAN

NEW YORK, MONDAY, MARCH 10, 1952

THE FORTNIGHT

More than a year after the foundation of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, the recent Lisbon Conference decided that General Eisenhower's blueprints needed to be strengthened. Accordingly it agreed upon the formation of a European Defense Force of fifty divisions, including a German contribution—but not this year. The decision was announced with fanfares. Secretary Acheson declared that it meant "a new day for all of us." In the general rejoicing over the plan to counter Russia's several hundred divisions with fifty either on hand or on order by the end of 1952, some important questions were played down. First, will the parliaments of the NATO countries and western Germany ratify the agreement? Second, will the U.S. Congress vote the further billions which Europe is already demanding to finance the project? Third, and most important of all, does Mr. Acheson's promise to submit our military budget to the NATO powers for annual review mean that those powers are to be permitted to decide military policy for this country? In other words, are we surrendering American sovereignty to our allies?

For once the House of Representatives asserted itself courageously in foreign affairs when it adopted, over the opposition of its Democratic leadership, its Foreign Affairs Committee and the Administration, a resolution directing Secretary of State Dean Acheson to come forward with full information as to whether President Truman had made any secret military commitments to Prime Minister Churchill of Great Britain in their consultations in January. The vote of 189 to 143 was emphatic. Analysis of the party line-up shows that it would not have been substantially changed if the fifty-nine missing Democrats and forty missing Republicans had participated.

The advocates of Presidential omnipotence argued, as usual, that the House had gone beyond its prerogatives even in asking for information. These advocates were, of course, silent about Mr. Truman's flagrant bypassing in Korea of Congress's sole Constitutional prerogative to declare war. Nor did they stop to inquire into the other causes that led up to this resolution. One of them is the increasing Congressional distrust of Administration assurances. Congress remembers, as Arthur Krock has pointed out, "the positive assurance of Mr. Acheson to Senator Hickenlooper, when all possible obligations of the North Atlantic Treaty were being investigated by the Senate committee, that these did not include any expectation the United States would 'send any substantial numbers of troops' to western Europe 'as a more or less permanent contribution to the development of these countries' capacity to resist [aggression].'"

There is probably no way of stopping our legislators from completing the folly of decreeing Universal Military Training as the permanent *peacetime* policy of this country. UMT, to describe it in terms of blunt functional truth, involves a compulsory seizure of every healthy young man's body by the State for a period of time. It is involuntary servitude, and therefore repugnant to our whole basic constitutional philosophy. If a State can seize a young man for military training in peacetime, it is equally entitled to seize older men to build roads for possible future military transport. The Soviets justify their slave camps on precisely the same grounds that UMT proponents use to justify their proposed law: the defense of the commonwealth. Deny this deadly parallel who can.

During times of war, certain measures of compulsion may be necessary—or, at any rate, there isn't much use arguing against them. But to saddle the United States with permanent peacetime compulsion is a denial of our whole past. It makes a mockery, for example, of those forebears of Wendell Willkie who quit Germany to escape Prussianism. It means that we are going the way of Europe after Napoleon, the way of Britain after 1914. It will even have its disastrous effect on the U. S. Treasury: just wait until the UMT

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graduates form their own pressure group to get double indemnity for their "services" to Uncle Sam. No legislator will be able to withstand that pressure group once it adds up to a sizeable proportion of the male population. Is this seeing things under the bed, or borrowing trouble from the future? Well, will anyone take a bet—in Swiss gold francs, or Canadian dollars—that we will be proved wrong?

David S. Ingalls, Senator Taft's campaign manager, has been sternly rebuked by Senator Lodge and the *New York Herald Tribune* for saying in San Francisco some unkind words about an unnamed General's box-office assets. And one may well endorse Mr. Lodge's warning that Republicans should not use irresponsible language against a primary contender who, after all, may in a later phase become the Party's official candidate. But the *Herald Tribune's* endorsement weakens Senator Lodge's reasonable reminder. Last November Mrs. Ogden Reid's editorialist found it proper to say this about Senator Taft, who at the time was the Party's only avowed candidate: "The spirit that creates in men the love of freedom, and imparts to institutions a vital being, eludes [Taft] completely." This irresponsible and rather stupid comment, as we then pointed out, made it of course impossible for the *Herald Tribune* to recommend, ever, the election of Taft: it should also have disqualified the paper as an arbiter of Party etiquette.

Several weeks ago we presented some questions which we felt General Eisenhower ought to answer before the Republican Party could conscientiously recommend him for the Presidency. Other people, of course, may have other questions to ask. Some, for instance, may wish to learn on whose authority Mr. John Gunther, writing in *Look* magazine after a special trip to the General's headquarters in Paris, made this disclosure:

> Two friends helped General Eisenhower in the editorial revision of his book "Crusade in Europe." They were Joseph Barnes, then the foreign editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*, and Ken McCormick, representing Doubleday & Co., Ike's publishers.

Whom did Mr. Barnes represent? His pro-Soviet bias was extensively analyzed by our Miss La Follette in the issue of August 27, 1951 ("The Case of Joseph Barnes"). Is this Joseph Barnes indeed a friend of the General's—and so cherished a friend that the General, more than adequately helped by a competent editor of Mr. McCormick's professional stature, felt an additional need for Mr. Barnes's stamp of approval on his official report to the nation? And does Eisenhower, unlike Acheson, believe in turning one's back on one's friends?

A hospital in London (England) reports that in 1950 it treated 192 people for slipped spinal discs. Before 1939 the slipped disc was a phenomenon unknown to this particular hospital's records. What is the import of the sudden eruption of the slipped disc? Does it mean that socialized medicine is reaching people whose back ailments once went undiagnosed? To some extent this is true. But the doctors of London have also discovered that disc trouble has become a synonym for everything from old-fashioned lumbago to a merely aching back. Socialized medicine has brought more medicine (though of a growingly inferior quality) to more people. But it has also multiplied neurasthenia to the point where the cure becomes almost indistinguishable from the disease.

Literary note: the Western Union Company has raised its word rate, and as a compensatory sop it is allowing the public to send up to fifteen words at the minimum charge. Among other things, this should have incalculable effects on American literature. The Hemingway style, lean and taut, was developed on the old get-it-all-into-ten-words formula. Presumably the next generation of writers will be exactly 50 per cent more verbose than their literary fathers. In an age when all disciplines are being progressively relaxed we count this as a deplorable prospect.

Socialists used to boast that the Soviet homeland comprised a sixth of the earth's surface. A lot of good black earth there, and a lot of peasants to raise food. Surely a sixth of the earth's surface should be able to take care of a population that is smaller than that of western Europe. It develops, however, that the Soviet sixth of the earth's surface can not even feed the Soviet cities. A news item from Helsinki informs us that the Finns have undertaken to provide food for needy Leningrad this winter. The Finns, of course, live in a cold northern clime; their soil isn't in it with the rich acres of the Ukraine, and their growing season is short. Yet Leningrad has to go to the Finns in order to eat. Clever people, those capitalist farmers of Finland; they not only feed their own cities, but they also carry the great socialist city of Leningrad on their enterprising backs.

Hopalong Cassidy (in private life, William Boyd) has decided to sell out. He is putting his various enterprises (including the merchandising rights to holsters, levis, black sombreros, guns and lassoes) on the market for $8 million. He says he has been working for peanuts (after taxes) and he prefers to take his capital gains and begin to enjoy life. We can't say that we blame Hoppy for his decision, but just where does that leave the youth of America? Here Hoppy has been bucking the prevalent ideological current for a generation in his effort to prove to our kids that a man should be self-reliant, enterprising, daring and a hard worker. Now he's going to lie back in a hammock and dream. Since Hoppy is the idol of millions of the young, we predict the utter collapse of the American character in the next generation.

Compulsory Union Membership

THE DECISION, or recommendation, on February 14, of an emergency railroad board which, for all practical purposes, grants the demand of railway unions for a union shop is the climax of long efforts by organized labor to make compulsory membership a matter of public policy. Time after time governmental agencies have backed away from this burning issue. Now a board, appointed by Mr. Truman and composed of at least two veteran New Deal arbitrators, has settled the question. In the eyes of this board it is sound public policy for unions to require "all those for whom they substantially bargain . . . to join [unions] and share the expense and responsibility of their activities." It remains for the Wage Stabilization Board and other public agencies like it to make similar findings in the cases pending before them, and compulsory unionism will have gone a long way in displacing the voluntarism which has for generations been associated with modern trade unionism and collective bargaining.

It can not be said that the railroad board was blind to the consequences of its opinion. What it says is full of weasel words: "It may be seriously questioned whether an . . . emergency board is truly a government agency at all." And again: "It is important to note that the board makes no directive order and it issues no binding award. The board is the creature of the government but does not wield its authority."

Such experienced arbitrators can not be as innocent as their words imply; nor can they possibly take their own disclaimers seriously. They know, or ought to know, how strong the sanctions are which such decisions carry. For nearly ten years, the Federal government has invoked injunctions, fines for contempt, and military occupation to enforce the findings of a succession of similar emergency boards on the railroad unions. Every effort has been made to establish the wisdom and correctness of each board's decision and, thus, to influence public opinion. The members of this board are certainly not unaware of this record or blind to the force which their opinion is very likely to command.

This decision shows how farsighted the labor unions were when they fought to make the Wage Stabilization Board a disputes, as well as a stabilization, agency. It was clear then and is, of course, crystal clear now that this decision, made by the Administration over the opposition of much of business, paved the way for just this type of action affecting all American industry. There was at no time justification for extending the jurisdiction of a stabilization board to such issues as the union shop and compulsory membership. But organized labor knew what it was after and it was strong and persuasive enough to win the support of Washington. Already the issue of the union shop is before the panel in the steel case and it is only a matter of time before the Wage Stabilization Board will be deluged with like demands from the numerous unions which would welcome an easy way to force employees into membership.

Probably few Americans realize how the spread of compulsory unionism eats into the rights of the rank and file of labor and adds immeasurably to the already great power of the labor movement of this country. The typical union is essentially a private organization. It has always been jealous of its right to manage its own affairs as it saw fit and has resented any interference or scrutiny of its management. That is, in fact, the real source of its bitter opposition to the Taft-Hartley Act, a statute which imposes the mildest of inhibitions on union action.

Once unions can depend on large-scale and universal compulsion, their freedom of action becomes almost impossible to curtail. Although they remain private agencies, they possess extensive and effective taxing power. They need not work or persuade in order to collect funds. Under these conditions, minorities are bound to lose their potency, are swallowed up and disappear. The political machines which run practically all unions become entrenched and can count thereafter on long and untroubled careers.

It would be a calamity if a reactionary decision of an emergency board proved to be the last word on this fundamental issue of public policy. The Congress has not covered itself with glory in dealing with this question. It is time it began to consider means of guarding individual rights and liberties which are today so seriously threatened.

Leading Whom Whither?

THE AMERICAN Association for the United Nations, whose self-appointed task seems to be to yield American sovereignty to that half-slave-half-free organization, held a conference in Chicago February 17-19 on "United States Responsibility for World Leadership." Along with the usual resolutions for universal handouts, disarmament and Utopia in general, it issued a warning against appeals to "dissident opinion" on the ground of their "repressive effect" on our UN delegates, which came perilously near to a demand for repression of free speech.

We pass over these and other starry-eyed proposals of the Association. What interests us at the moment is not so much the "assertion of American responsibility" for the kind of "world-leadership" Messrs. Truman and Acheson are

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exercising, as the disposition of the non-Communist world to follow.

Let us take as a fair criterion four votes which took place either in the General Assembly or the Political and Security Committee of the UN during its 1951-1952 session.

1. The United States on January 25, 1952, opposed in the Political and Security Committee a Soviet motion to admit 14 nations to the UN en masse (including the Soviet satellites Albania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Rumania and outer Mongolia). The motion was carried, 21-22. Note the anti-American votes and abstentions:

For the Soviet motion
Our allies: Denmark, Norway.
South Asia: Afghanistan, Burma, India, Indonesia.
Middle East: Egypt, Ethiopia, Iraq, Israel, Lebanon, Saudi Arabia, Syria, Yemen.
Others: Argentina, Sweden, Yugoslavia.
Abstaining
Our allies: Australia, Belgium, Canada, France, Liberia, The Netherlands, New Zealand, South Africa, the United Kingdom.
South Asia: Siam, Pakistan.
Middle East: Iran, Yemen.
Latin America: Chile, The Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Uruguay.
Others: Iceland.

The above list indicates that representatives of 741 million people in non-Communist countries opposed the American position by voting against it or abstaining. Excluding this country, only 110,000,000 were represented in support of the United States.

2. When the same resolution came up in the General Assembly, 22 nations supported the American position and 21 opposed it. The motion lost only because it required a two-thirds majority for adoption. Those nations supporting the American position were: Bolivia, Brazil, Free China, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, El Salvador, Greece, Haiti, Honduras, Luxembourg, Netherlands, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the Philippines, Thailand, Turkey, the United States, Venezuela.

Those non-Communist nations opposing our position either through votes or abstention were:

For the Soviet resolution:
Our Allies: Denmark, Norway.
South Asia: Afghanistan, Burma, India, Indonesia.
Middle East: Egypt, Ethiopia, Israel, Lebanon, Saudi Arabia, Syria, Yemen.
Latin America: Argentina.
Others: Sweden, Yugoslavia.
Abstaining
Our Allies: Australia, Belgium, Canada, France, Liberia, New Zealand, South Africa (absent), United Kingdom.
South Asia: Pakistan.
Middle East: Iran.
Latin America: Chile, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Mexico, Uruguay.

Representatives of 719 million people either voted against our position or abstained. Again excluding this country, representatives of only 130 million people supported the United States.

3. On January 11 a motion to establish a 12-man disarmament commission, supported by the United States, was adopted. But these non-Communist nations abstained:

South Asia: Burma, India, Indonesia, Pakistan.
Middle East: Egypt, Yemen.
Latin America: Argentina.

The delegates abstaining represented 468 million people. Those supporting the United States represented 533 million.

4. The Chinese resolution condemning the USSR for failure to carry out its treaty obligations was carried, 25-9, on February 1. The affirmative votes, in addition to our own, were supplied by 16 South American nations, China, Thailand, Turkey, Greece, Iraq, Lebanon, Liberia, and the Philippines. Voting against the resolution or abstaining were these non-Communist countries:

Against
Burma, India, Indonesia, Israel.
Abstaining
Our Allies: United Kingdom, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa, France, Belgium, Denmark, Norway, The Netherlands, Luxembourg.
South Asia: Afghanistan, Pakistan.
Middle East: Iran, Ethiopia, Saudi Arabia, Yemen.
Latin America: Argentina, Guatemala.
Others: Sweden, Yugoslavia, Iceland.

In this vote representatives of 656 million people supported the Soviet Union either actively or passively. Our position was supported by representatives of 195 million people (excluding the United States).

These were not unimportant votes. Two of them —on which American "world leadership" took its worst beating—concerned the Soviet government's attempt to pack the UN with its puppets. On the motion condemning the Soviet Union most of our allies either voted against our position or abstained. The four votes show that the countries of Asia lean rather toward the Soviet than toward the American position, that not more than 30 per cent of the South American population is to be depended upon to support us, and that our allies are quite capable of deserting us on questions of crucial importance.

The ineluctable conclusion seems to be that so far the great Truman-Acheson effort to organize the non-Communist world into a solid front for freedom against communism has failed. Not even some $30 billion of financial aid has won us firm friends, for of the nations which either voted against us or abstained fifteen have received large sums of money from this country through one giveaway agency or another.

The American Association for the UN would no doubt say that we are engaging in one of those "repressive" appeals to "dissident opinion." It even opened its invitation to the Chicago conference with a swing at former President Hoover for attempting, as it said, "to revive the Great Debate of a year ago." It seems to us that the facts we have cited give powerful support to Mr. Hoover's

argument that the United States can best help the rest of the world to oppose communism, not by frittering away its strength in attempts to bolster up reluctant allies with American money and American armies, but in making this country an impregnable fortress. It is strength, not generosity, that attracts dependable allies.

Blessed Be the Mealy-Mouthed

A YALE UNIVERSITY "advisory committee," headed by Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, has just issued a report on the "intellectual and spiritual welfare of the university, its students, and its faculty." The report conclusively states that the Yale administration knows of no Communist on the faculty at the present time. It also clears Yale of the charge of indoctrinating pupils with "subversive theories," or of encouraging irreligion.

Well, that's that. Yale doesn't knowingly employ Communists. It doesn't teach the principles of treason, with special case-book reference to Benedict Arnold, Quisling, Thorez, or Judas Iscariot. It doesn't subscribe to the principles of the Communist Manifesto. It doesn't encourage its professors to wrench Believers from the Everlasting Arms and apprentice them to the devil.

Our comment on all this is that we knew it all along. Dr. Coffin, along with other eminent Old Blues of the calibre of Edwin F. Blair, Wilmarth Lewis, Thomas W. Swan and Clarence W. Mendell, have put their names to an incontrovertible document. So what? So this: the report on "the intellectual and spiritual welfare of the university, its students, and its faculty" neatly sidesteps any real consideration of the "intellectual and spiritual welfare of the university, its students, and its faculty." Obviously designed to lull the public into thinking that William F. Buckley, Jr., author of the much discussed "God and Man at Yale," was way off base last Autumn when he accused the Yale faculty of fostering secularism and economic collectivism, the Coffin report refuses to come to grips with any single one of Mr. Buckley's accusations.

The truth of the matter is that Mr. Buckley made no charges that Yale harbored known Communists. He did not say that Yale professors were trying to undermine the government or provoke violent revolution. He did not argue that Yale was more irreligious than Princeton or Vassar or Oberlin, or, indeed, the nation in general. What he did say was that the Yale economics faculty had been using textbooks in which Keynesian and Fabian elements were intermingled with the doctrines of Adam Smith, Ricardo and Taussig. He quoted passages from the books—and the passages were not of the sort that can be laughed off as something "lifted out of context." He quoted some of Professor "Jungle Jim" Kennedy's sarcastic remarks about religion. He was so restrained in his treatment of the whole subject of Yale's teaching that he even declined to go into the matter of the Law School professors who have signed "innocent front" manifestoes. Mr. Buckley is no fool; he knows that our society is not endangered by direct intellectual onslaught. What he fears is the slow corrosion that results from texts that advocate giving the show away piecemeal.

We accuse Yale of being disingenuous in its use of the Coffin committee report. Since nobody ever said that Communists had taken over Yale, why drag in a red herring?

True, the Coffin committee was not ostensibly set up to answer Buckley. The university would doubtless point out that the committee was created long before "God and Man at Yale" was published. But the substance of Mr. Buckley's attack was well known in New Haven as far back as last Spring. The gist of the Buckley analysis of Yale economic textbooks appeared in an essay written for Frank Hanighen's *Human Events*, and this essay had been mailed to Yale graduates, officers and faculty members. The appointment of the Coffin committee, if we are not mistaken, was designed to take the wind out of Buckley's sails even before they had been fully unfurled.

What distresses us is that A. Whitney Griswold, Yale's new president, has been put in the position of sponsoring and championing a group of mealy-mouths. Left to his own devices, Mr. Griswold is a witty, plain-spoken and intellectually honest person. He is no stuffed shirt, which makes it incomprehensible that he should approve stuffing in the shirts of others. He has written good books, and he is an avowed enemy of the sort of book that results when five or ten people, gathered together in an "institute," sit around and chew up each other's prose. When confronted with student recalcitrance in his days as a teacher, he solved his problems good-humoredly. At one time he was bothered by an undergraduate who liked to bring his breakfast—a container of coffee and a toasted bun—into class. Instead of banishing the student, Professor Griswold brought him up to the front of the room, installed him in the lecturer's seat, and made him eat breakfast before the whole class. The boy took the punishment good-naturedly, the class had a lot of fun out of it—and nobody ever ate breakfast again in the Griswold course.

We cite this anecdote here because it shows Mr. Griswold's fundamental character. He ought to get back to it. He ought to admit that Yale, like every other big educational institution in the country, has taken color from the New Deal epoch. Of course our economics textbooks have advocated the redistribution of income via the progressive personal income tax! Of course they have approved certain measures of Statist interference

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with the free market! Of course our civilization has been growingly secular! One of the editors of the *Freeman* went to Yale in the twenties, and the trends were clear even in that distant day. He saw a number of Yale undergraduates throughout the thirties and the forties, and he knows what they were thinking from what they told him. The picture is plain: our undergraduate population has been brought up to believe that State intervention in the economic process is necessary under mid-twentieth century conditions.

Events, however, outpace the classroom. The reason why there is a fight on at the moment is that State intervention doesn't seem to be solving our problems. But the professors, who live in semi-isolation from the world, haven't yet caught on to the fact that people are in process of changing their minds and abandoning the preconceptions of the thirties. Having changed their minds about Statism, people will want to send their children to universities which at least question the beneficence of the gospel according to Keynes, or according to Sidney Webb. When the pressure gets too much for academic panjandrums to withstand, some anti-Keynesians will be appointed to economics faculties. And they will be accorded academic freedom even as their opponents are accorded academic freedom now.

The trouble with Yale is that it is trying to defend a vested academic interest without summoning up the courage to be candid about it. It should either be candid, or it should stop defending that vested interest. And it should stop the silly business of appointing committees to give Old Blue graduates the run-around.

Field For Soviet Imperialism

AN EYEWITNESS of the recent sacking of Cairo has written us the following scornful comment on certain American press accounts representing it as a spontaneous demonstration for war with Britain:

> Baloney! That little party was carefully planned and surprisingly well carried out. Those kids had their targets pinpointed, and moved into town with axes and crowbars. Where iron shutters were down they pried 'em open with crowbars and tossed gasoline inside. They did a mighty thorough job. I understand by count there were two hundred and twenty fires started—and finished. . . .

No doubt our friend is right. Such workmanlike destruction could not have been the work of a mere mob; nor would the police have been likely to remain so strangely inactive in the face of mere mob violence.

The question, therefore, naturally arises: Did the Communists have a hand in the thing? There is every reason to assume that they did, for Egypt, with its strategic position on the shortest sea route between Europe and the East, has long been a target for Soviet penetration and attack. It was discussed at the Sixth World Congress of the Comintern in 1928. By 1932 it had assumed such importance in Soviet strategy that *International Press Correspondence*, then the key publication of world communism, published a detailed draft program for the Egyptian Communist Party (May 26, 1932, pp 472 ff).

As always in Communist programs for "colonial" countries "nationalism" was the bait:

> 1. Drive out the British imperialists including their land, naval and air forces, from Egypt and the Sudan.
> 2. Complete, unlimited economic and political independence for Egypt and the Sudan. Complete freedom of national self-determination for the Sudan. The struggle for the liberation of all Arab peoples from the yoke of imperialism, for an all-Arab Federation of free peoples. . . . The overthrow of the monarchy. . . .

And so on in the usual vein, including demands for the expropriation of landowners, bankers and industrialists, the "liberation" of the fellahs, nationalization of irrigation, arming of the workers. In short, the Communist revolution. Even that early the tactics of the "fighters and organizers of the struggle for liberation" were clearly outlined:

> It is the task of the revolutionary workers to show oppressed and exploited Egypt the revolutionary way out of the crisis. The way to the revolutionary overthrow of imperialism and the reactionary monarchy, the way to the peasants' revolution can be prepared only through an open and stubborn mass struggle. . . . The working elements of the towns and villages and the best revolutionary elements among the students are impatient for struggle . . . The Communists and all conscious revolutionary fighters must turn their attention to work in the army of occupation and among the armed forces of the Fuad monarchy.

As we remarked in our last issue, Western policy-makers seem unable or unwilling to read. Or if they have read such Communist programs as that for the Egyptian Party they have refused to take them seriously. Surely the British could have prevented or at least minimized the present seething Egyptian resentment if they had restricted their military activities in Egypt to the guarding of the Suez Canal. Instead their Navy occupied the port of Alexandria, their army the principal cities of Egypt and their officers and civilians behaved towards Egyptian natives with the blind arrogance which has become the distinguishing mark of the Englishman among "colonials."

"The students are rioting against the British" a Cairo oculist said in 1935. "What they should be rioting for is clean water in the villages." But the presence of the British diverted the anger of the Egyptians from their native oppressors and channeled it toward the "imperialists." It also made them vulnerable to the propaganda of an infinitely more dangerous and cruel imperialism than any the West has ever known.

We shall no doubt hear more in the future about the issue of "agrarian reform" in Egypt.

MY FATHER'S AMERICA: I

How many Americans are old enough to remember the days before the New Deal? How many recall the spacious days of freedom? Thanks to the vast increase of centralized government and its influence on our media of communication, our younger generations are in growing danger of thinking the older individualism had nothing to recommend it. Remember the pogroms under Coolidge? Remember when nobody had $400 to buy a Tin Lizzie? Of course, there were never any such times. All the more reason, then, why the old America—"my father's America"—should be presented in true colors. The series of articles of which Miss du Poy's is the first is offered in the hope that it may help restore to this generation a knowledge of the heritage that made this country great. Further contributions to the series will appear from time to time. THE EDITORS

A Pioneer of the Prairie

By ALIX DU POY

I CAN see him, standing on a bare rise of ground back of the barn, shaking his fist at the cloudless southwest, his whole stance one of silent but eloquent defiance.

"You can't do this to me," he seemed to be saying, "not after the way I've worked. Rain, damn you, rain. . . ."

This was my father facing up to a Dakota drouth. He had no patience with my mother's system, which was one of acute worry followed by prayer. He refused to worry on principle, and prayer was futile. It was only too obvious that God, having created Dakota and leveled it off, had no further interest in it. The Devil had taken over and the only way to cope with the Devil was to meet his machinations with a little well-timed defiance. It didn't always work but it worked often enough to keep his family in bread and shoes and enabled him to hang on when other pioneers were decamping before foreclosure or worse.

In short, my father was a fighter. Opposition exhilarated him and Dakota gave him plenty of scope. Catastrophe was the one crop that could be depended upon and drouth was but a fraction of it. Nothing in the way of invasion is more devastating than a prairie fire when it gets going, and a blizzard can't be stopped at all. A sand storm can do a better job of scorching the land than an army of tank-borne Nazis, and a really efficient cyclone can be actually atomic. One might well wonder why he stuck it out. Nobody had drafted him, the government wasn't subsidizing him and even heroism can get to be an old story.

Not that I wondered then. I was born after my father had taken on Dakota and knew no other milieu until I went away to college. It was only after I left home that I began to view with an amazed admiration his dogged determination to see it through, and to realize that there had been method in his madness. For there was method in it. The struggle was bringing every ounce of his manhood into play. He was creating something. It wasn't just a fight. It was a realization. Even if he didn't win, it would still be one. But he won. Before he died he had the satisfaction of knowing that, thanks to the fight he had made, those barren acres were barren no longer.

Nor was my father unique. There were hundreds like him. He was unique only in that he was that rarity—a Frenchman with an itch to get away from home. Perhaps his grandfather, Christophe du Poy, had something to do with it, although his flight from France was not primarily due to a lust for adventure. During the French Revolution the du Poy estate near Rouen was razed to the ground and every male member of the family guillotined except for sixteen-year-old Christophe who managed to escape. He made his way to Le Havre, where he boarded a sailboat bound for New York. The boat capsized in a hurricane, and he was among the half dozen passengers who were rescued. He wound up in Baltimore, where there was already a large colony of French refugees. He married the daughter of one; his son, Louis, married the granddaughter of another; and my father was born there in 1863.

THE FAMILY tobacco business bored my father. So did Baltimore except for the food (he was passionately fond of oysters), and one morning he packed up and headed for the West. He settled in Iowa (where he met my mother) but those rolling fields of corn weren't boundless enough. Something in him longed for the horizonless freedom of the plains. So he married my mother and they went to South Dakota. He staked out a claim, built a house, bought a team of horses, some cows, a plow and a bushel of seed-wheat and started in. A few years later he added the adjoining half section to his acreage at a bargain

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because the owner could no longer stand the gaff and was heading back to a life of effete poverty in Illinois.

My mother hated the country. There was a certain social prestige attached to living in a real house while her neighbors crawled in and out of dugouts like moles, but this didn't make up for the trees, the vine-covered porches and civilized lawns of Iowa. The flatness of the prairie, unrelieved by anything but long colorless grass waving in a ceaseless wind, got on her nerves. She couldn't understand her husband's obvious infatuation for the place. The arid boundlessness which suffocated her seemed to release something in him—something which had been coiled tight for generations.

Because of the view, my father had built the house on a bluff overlooking the James River, a stream which enjoyed the distinction of being the longest unnavigable river in the world, and the place continued to enchant him. He would stand on the doorstep of the haphazard but tight little house and gaze out over that narrow, serpentine stream with its inadequate fringe of willows to an undulating sea of tawny grass, and there would be a sudden lift to his shoulders and a smile twitching at the mobile mouth under the dark, clipped mustache. Judged by conventional standards of beauty that view was sterile but for him there was euphoria in it.

"Not so pretty" he would murmur, "that is, not what your mother would call pretty. It's a matter of space and air. . . ."

The weather, though, was his enemy from the beginning. The weather out there had to be experienced to be believed. It would start snowing in October and pile up. Along about Christmas there would come a mild spell. Water would drip from the eaves and there was slush underfoot. However, this was no time to be counting crocuses. Inevitably there would come a morning when a long low dark line of cloud could be seen heaving in the northwest, and within an hour the wind would be tearing across the prairie howling like a banshee and the air would be white with whirling snow. The whole house darkened and shook and the thermometer would sag to forty and sometimes to sixty degrees below zero before it stopped.

The next morning we wouldn't have been able to see the sun even if there had been one. The snow was banked to the window tops. My mother would grimly set about getting breakfast in the dim, frigid kitchen (to stray three feet from the roaring stove was to court chilblains) and my father would pull on his arctics, bundle into a buffalo coat and start out to check up on the cattle and horses. Once he had to dig a tunnel through the snow from the back door to the barn.

We were prisoners that winter until the spring floods released us. For my sisters and me there was a certain exhilaration in the idea of being walled off from the world like Eskimos but it was short-lived. The teacher boarded with us and she proceeded to mitigate her boredom and at the same time draw her salary by turning our parlor into a schoolroom. We sat around the glowing base-burner, wrestling with fractions, learning to spell such incongruous words as "zephyr" and "burgeon" and memorizing the names of cocoanut-shaded archipelagos in the South Pacific while the wind howled and the snow continued to pile up. There was no thaw that year until late April, but the fields had no sooner dried sufficiently to be cultivated than my mother began to worry about a drouth.

"Always one dry spell we can count on," my father would observe, "and that's the one your mother frets about."

We all dreaded August because of cyclones. Several nights a week during this period my father would rout us out of bed, and to the tune of crashing thunder and the howl and swish of wind we would scuttle out to the cyclone cave where we spent the remainder of the night on a heap of mouldy blankets. Once we emerged to find one of the barns strewn in toothpicks over the pasture and another time we found the chicken house clinging to a cottonwood tree, the chickens still in it, safe but hysterical.

THERE was also a labor problem. During harvest my father was dependent on hoboes who wandered in for a handout and who could sometimes be persuaded to stay on. There was usually a dearth of these vagrants. Either that or a plethora of them, the laziness and inefficiency of one augmenting the laziness and inefficiency of the others. My mother hated them but as harvest time approached she would begin praying for their materialization just as she had prayed for rain in June.

They were an unsavoury, unpredictable, secretive lot. Even their first names sounded like aliases and a first name was generally all of it. It wasn't considered etiquette out there in those days to ask strangers what their last names were.

There was Joel, who wandered in one July morning and stayed two years. He refused to go to town (my father even bought his work clothes) and would jump and turn pale when there was a rap at the door. We knew nothing about him except that he was a fairly good worker and was kind to children and animals. One day my father returned from town, looking disturbed. He drew my mother into the parlor (where family conferences usually took place) and I glued my ear to the keyhole. Our friend Joel was a jailbird and an escaped one at that. My father had seen a notice tacked to the wall of the post-office offering a reward for the capture of one Joel Kincaid.

"But," gasped my mother, "are you sure he's the one?"

"The description fits. Even the picture looks like him."

"What was he in jail for? What did he do?"

"It didn't say," evaded my father, "and that's not important anyway. The important thing is that they're after him."

"What are you going to do?"

"Tell him. I'll let him have that bronco which turned up here this spring."

Twenty minutes later Joel was on the bronco headed West.

There was Mike, a temperamental Irishman who whistled while he shaved, talked to horses as if they were human and ate molasses on his potatoes. He saved his money, girls didn't interest him except as dancing partners and he never drank anything stronger than beer. He even had a surname, which was Mahoney. The ideal hired hand, but he didn't last. One Saturday night instead of riding off to a dance, he hanged himself in the barn. A search of his room revealed nothing but a few work clothes, an amethyst rosary with half the beads missing, a razor and a bank book showing a balance of $214.80.

There was Phil who carried a photograph of his mother in the hip pocket of his overalls and spent his evenings with the dictionary. A real Mr. Malaprop. "*Obsidian* as a mule," he would comment apropos of Ben, a balky old plough horse we had, "and let me tell you," he warned of Herb, another hired hand, "that feller's a *ratscallion* if I ever saw one." And Phil was right. Herb got one of the neighbor girls into trouble and absconded with the egg money my mother had cached in a sugar bowl on a top shelf of the pantry.

There was Andrew Holmquist, the only one of the lot who hadn't turned up as a hobo. He came from Norway and was interested in the scientific production of Dakota hard wheat. He was taciturn, didn't mind being snowbound because it reminded him of the long, sunless winters in Norway, admired my father (they seemed to commune without words) and disliked children, a thing we children respected him for because he made no attempt to conceal it. He wound up as an instructor in the State Agricultural College.

Then there were the Indians. They didn't care for life on the reservation and would frequently run away to revisit their old haunts, one of which was our farm. One afternoon while my mother was at work in the kitchen, she looked up and saw an Indian standing at the window. He stood there staring until my father returned from the fields, while she cowered in a chair. It was then she began urging my father to leave the country. By that time, however, he couldn't have left even if he had wanted to. Everything he possessed was tied up in those flat fields and that endless grass. We were land poor.

WE CHILDREN didn't worry. We played about the barnyard—a vast expanse of gumbo hillocked with manure—chased tumbleweeds over the long colorless grass, rode broncos bareback and fished for bullheads in the slow green water of the river. And for me there were also books. My father was an avid reader. He seldom read fiction. Life was exciting enough. Why make it up? He read biography and history and even enjoyed an occasional bout with the encyclopedia.

I preferred fiction and he encouraged rather than discouraged my taste. I would jog to town beside him on the high seat of the wagon (the surrey was used only when we drove to church en masse) and invariably we would stop at the drug store on Main Street where there was a glass jar or two of sticky pink and yellow candy on the counter and back of it several rows of dusty, unjacketed books.

"Here you are, Toad," he would say, tossing me a quarter, "get candy or anything you like."

We both knew what it would be. It would be one of those dusty, unjacketed books behind the counter. In this way I acquired books like "Corinne," "Eugénie Grandet," "The Confessions of an Opium Eater," and "Jane Eyre." This last my mother disapproved of. She hid it behind her wedding dress in a far corner of her closet, where I discovered it and then proceeded to read it surreptitiously while she was busy with her chores in the kitchen. As for "The Confessions of an Opium Eater," my father's eyebrows went up when I showed it to him.

"What's the matter?" I asked anxiously, "Shouldn't I have bought it?"

"Oh, I don't think it'll do you any harm, but," and his eyes twinkled, "that's one I'd hide from *her* if I were you."

MY FATHER was a Republican. He died before Roosevelt came to power but I know how he would have reacted to the enslaving paternalism of the New Deal. Every facet of it would have outraged his sense of independence—even his sense of honesty. Destroying food to keep prices up would have seemed criminal in his eyes. This was partly because of the French in him. He never wasted anything. But it would have been the threat to his independence which would have really worried him. He worked hard for what he got and it was his. He asked nothing of anyone. He could take care of himself and his family and when old age came he could take care of that, too. He died before that but he had already wangled enough from those stubborn acres to educate his children, build the kind of house my mother wanted and spend the winters in less snowbound places. One winter he and my mother went to Cuba and I still have an amusing letter he wrote while sitting at a café table in Havana.

I didn't appreciate him until I returned from Europe in 1939 after living there nine years. I had been living in Greece, where in spite of the language I had immediately felt at home. I had no sooner set foot on that arid, iridescent soil than the pioneer in me became recrudescent. Making a living was a struggle there, too. Not only that; freedom is a fetish with the Greeks.

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They work hard for what they get but it is theirs to do as they like with. Athens stays where it belongs.

Back in America I looked around. Something had happened to the people during my absence. Roosevelt, the Brain Trust, and the radio were doing their thinking for them and there was always the family car to take them out of themselves at sixty miles an hour. No more rainy days either. Roosevelt was taking care of those, too. . . .

The pioneer spirit had vanished along with the pioneers themselves. The young man who had the urge to face new horizons was taking it out in writing poetry or painting pictures that nobody but an eccentric like himself was interested in, or he was taking to the air where he soon discovered that freedom even up there is merely illusory and that it's no place to be if the idea is being a law unto yourself. There was no place to go any more, but—and this gave me pause—would there be a rush for it if another frontier materialized? Making a frontier bloom in spite of hell and no water takes time, and the average young man today isn't interested in anything but quick results and all modern conveniences plus television while getting them. The pioneer was dead. But was he? Could a spirit like that be throttled?

It was then my father resurrected himself and I saw him as he really was—a vital part of the foundation on which this country was built. It had gone soft at the top but the foundation was all right because he was all right. For this country wasn't founded on hysteria or on the costly and disastrous experiments of a handful of crackpots. Furthermore its basic strength is not due entirely to the spectacular exploits of a Washington, the statesmanship of a Jefferson and the constructive humanity of a Lincoln. It is also due, and this is perhaps the real secret of its strength, to the vision, courage and industry of that vast number of nameless but not lesser men known as pioneers, of whom my father was one.

Washington Varieties

The mink is the only animal that can bite after being skinned.

The road to success in Washington has a five-percent toll gate.

Governmental scandals have become such standard practice that they are now issued in triplicate.

No use talking. You have to hand it to the British. At least, the State Department does.

Dean Acheson has the manner and appearance of a statesman. This proves the old saw about judging a book by its cover. TOM K. CORLESS

This Is What They Said

HERE, in the person of Jack [John Stewart] Service, we have an able, conscientious and —I say again, as I've already said many times before—a demonstrably loyal foreign service officer. . . . But now, as a result of Senator McCarthy's resuscitation of these dead, discredited, disproven charges against him, Mr. Service finds his character once more called into question, his name once more blazoned in headlines of the whole country's press, and his brilliant career as a diplomat once more interrupted so that he can be defended, and can defend himself, against such baseless allegations all over again. Meanwhile, however, the personnel arrangements of which his new assignment to India was an important part are completely disrupted . . . and vital diplomatic operations in this highly strategic area are being interrupted and impaired.

JOHN E. PEURIFOY, Deputy Under Secretary of State, statement to United Press, March 16, 1950

The tragedy of the Administration is that so few . . . Americans understand what it is up to. . . . Mr. Truman has made all the necessary decisions with great and simple courage; but he has lacked the gift of illuminating them so that the people as a whole could understand their necessity.

RICHARD H. ROVERE and ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR., "The General and the President," 1951

In none of the three countries [Germany, France and Italy] is the tax authority held in anything like the same respect as the Bureau of Internal Revenue in the United States.

J. K. GALBRAITH in the *Reporter*, December 12, 1950

The ruling circles of England and France rudely declined Germany's peace proposals and the attempts of the Soviet Union to attain the earliest termination of the war.

STALIN in *Pravda*, quoted by the *New York Times*, November 30, 1939

Whose Friends?

Mr. Vishinsky . . . was in a very pleasant mood and we talked back and forth across the table. . . . For many of our Soviet friends I think the interpreters are merely a refuge.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, "My Day," November 27, 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

Study in Planned Futility

By GEORGE CREEL

Mr. George Creel, who here depicts the costly Babel euphemistically known as the "Voice of America," has a special right to criticize it; for he headed President Wilson's Committee on Public Information during World War I. In a recent letter he writes us that his Committee "issued all government information to the press; handled the voluntary censorship; supervised the cable censorship; worked for unity at home by war expositions, posters, Four Minute Men and motion pictures; had our offices in every neutral country (and won them to our side); had our people in England, France and Italy to buck them up; and put over the propaganda that broke through the Iron Curtain of the Central Powers. The cost of all this for the full two years of war was exactly $4,912,553. And Congress and the press never stopped hounding me for my extravagance." O tempora, O mores!

A CLUTTER of Washington agencies spent half a billion on propaganda between Pearl Harbor and V-J Day, yet victory found the world position of the United States so precarious that it was decided to continue the courtship of other peoples on a larger and even more lavish scale. As a result Administration midwives brought forth the International Information and Educational Activities, and called it the Voice of America (VOA).

Naturally enough the first task of the new organization, as a State Department adjunct, was to save war workers from the ignominy of private employment. Never was a bureaucratic obligation discharged more faithfully, for along with top levels of the Office of Strategic Services, the Office of War Information was taken over almost entirely. VOA now has 10,615 on its payroll, and plans to add 3000 more.

A creditable record if viewed bureaucratically, but not so good when it is remembered that the Administration's trumpeted purpose in creating the Voice of America was to *"contain communism"* and *"build up resistance to Soviet tyranny and imperialism."* Here is the score on that: At the war's end only Poland and the Baltic States had been enslaved by Russia; today Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, China and Yugoslavia are ruled by Red dictators, all recognizing Stalin's overlordship with the sole exception of Tito. Other victories that must be chalked up to the Kremlin's credit are the "police action" in Korea that has cost the United States so appallingly in blood and billions, the Moscow-directed uprisings in Malaya, Burma and Indo-China, and the Iranian and Egyptian "powder kegs."

All this, while the Voice of America's gallant Ten Thousand were spending a quarter of a billion "to stimulate among free nations the building of the unified strength necessary to deter aggression and secure peace." Nevertheless a locust swarm of VOA heads went before Congress last spring and asked for $115,000,000, plus a supplemental appropriation of $97,500,000, with which to carry on from June 30, 1951 to June 30, 1952. They were supremely confident, too, for the House committee before which they appeared had a Democratic majority, and was chaired by John J. Rooney, a stout Administration supporter.

A tragic miscalculation, for not only did Democrats vie with Republicans in condemning VOA's inefficiencies, but in the chorus of criticism Abou Ben Rooney led all the rest. At one stage in the merciless inquiry, Edward W. Barrett, Supreme Pontiff of the Voice (now retiring), burst forth:

> We have a terrifically short time in which to influence the minds of millions of men to prevent war . . . In order to get the job done that may save hundreds of thousands, we have to sacrifice some efficiency to get it done with speed.

"That," rasped Mr. Rooney,

> is exactly what you said a year ago. The Committee understands just as well as you the necessity for a strong Voice of America, and has all along. The questions are these: Is the thing being done sensibly? Are we getting our money's worth? High-sounding statements of noble purpose do not enter into the picture at all.

After he had listened to hours of double talk, "abracadabra" became Mr. Rooney's favorite word. Mr. Clevenger of Ohio, equally disgusted, declared that the whole VOA business had gone "into the realm of the fantastic," and that "we are just shouting a storm of words into the air without evidence that it has done any good." Mr. Stefan of Nebraska stated that the Voice was "making us the laughing stock of the world."

At the end of exhaustive hearings the Committee rawhided the VOA for "lack of proper planning, poor management and avoidable delays," and reported that it was "very much disappointed in accomplishments and progress to date." The requested appropriation of $115,000,000 was cut to $85,000,000, and the supplemental reduced from $97,500,000 to $9,533,939—a denial of $117,966,061.

The VOA spokesmen, highly indignant, appealed to the Senate Committee on Appropriations. But the Senators screamed louder than the Representatives, and only White House pressure kept them from cutting the $85,000,000 down to $63,000,000.

What did most to raise the blood pressure of

the House and Senate committees was an Alice in Blunderland sense of unreality that marked the hearings from first to last. A confusion of activity with progress; tangents instead of straightaways; the substitution of government gobbledygook for plain English, and above all, enthusiasms followed by apathy and disinterest.

Back in the summer of 1950, for instance, some genius in VOA conceived the idea of distributing free radio-receiver sets in certain selected countries so as to increase the size of the Voice's audience. Congress was urgently requested to rush an appropriation of $3,000,000 for the purchase of 200,000 sets at $15 apiece. The money was granted in July; yet bids were not asked until December, and then it was discovered that no American manufacturer could deliver before the summer of 1951. In another tizzy of urgency, 2750 sets were ordered from an English firm at $35 each, but none was delivered until February 1951, and then only five hundred. When this story was told to the Congressional committees, the members listened grimly and then ordered "that no part of the funds appropriated shall be used for the purchase of radio sets for free distribution."

It was also in the summer of 1950 that VOA heads begged $7,000,000 with which to buy a building in New York, declaring that any delay might imperil the country's peace and safety. Congress refused to be rushed, and further inquiry developed that a 31-story building in a good location could be had for three million dollars. The money was voted, and the Voices were grateful to the point of tears. However, a reexamination of the building disclosed that it provided not 250,000 square feet, but only a miserable 200,000, so the purchase was called off. The next move was an attempt to take over the Furniture Mart, a mammoth building in which a business of one-half billion is done annually; but the frantic outcry of the industry ended that. Deciding to accept the status of tenants, the VOA took space here and there, and at the time of the March hearings had spent $600,000 on rent. After pointing out that this money could have been saved had the 31-story structure been accepted, Mr. Rooney bit off this question: "Are all of your operations as loose and negligent as this?"

The "How Am I Doing?" Program

An extreme of irritation likewise marked inquiry into the "evaluation" program of the Voice; for on top of millions already spent, additional millions were being asked. These were some of the expenditures: International Public Opinion Research, conducted by Elmer Wilson and Elmo Roper, $41,775 for interviewing from 100 to 185 people about VOA broadcasts in five European countries; Columbia University, $225,000 for "comparative sociology on communications behavior study"; Dr. Herta Herzog, Motivational Research Director for an advertising firm, $7000 for analysis of 500 letters from France, Germany, Italy and Spain "to determine psychological characteristics and economic levels as revealed by the writers"; Harvard University, $11,500 for study of references to VOA in Soviet press and radio; University of Chicago, $15,000 for "comparative evaluation of broadcasts to Germany by VOA, the British Broadcasting Company and Moscow."

Other projects, with payments not revealed, were these: Gallup's American Institute of Public Opinion, study to ascertain how many Swedes and Norwegians listened to VOA programs in English; New York University, making content analyses of VOA output; Dr. Herta Herzog, appraisal of the language and delivery characteristics of broadcasts to eight European countries.

Along with an appropriation of $1,312,100 for radio evaluation, and $175,000 for surveys by "private contractors in selected areas," Mr. Barrett pleaded for $2,219,500 with which to make the following studies in 22 countries:

1. Key target audiences' attitudes on subjects of major concern	$ 630,000
2. To determine best media for psychological warfare themes to target audiences	242,000
3. Content analysis of media output to insure conformity to policy guidance	42,500
4. Basic research on the influence of country population groups to assure that the target groups are the right ones to reach	135,000
5. Ultimate program impact on selected audiences	1,000,000
6. To determine extent and degree of knowledge of English among target audiences in 18 countries	170,000

Was it possible, demanded the Congressmen, that after five years the VOA experts were still in doubt about what to do and how to do it? And if so, why couldn't some of the evaluation be done by the heads of the 209 missions in 84 countries? Or by the Central Intelligence Agency, the ambassadors and consuls, or even the VOA executives who spent most of their time racing from one country to another? Mr. Rooney made sharp mention of "WPA projects," and Mr. Stefan declared that the entire evaluation business was "geared primarily to get more money and more men."

Where fireworks really began, however, was when the Voice's top-flighters told of their propaganda approach to the Soviet Union and the Iron Curtain countries. In their opening statement they gave four million as an estimate of the number of listening sets in Russia. When committee members brought out that other estimates ran all the way from one to nine million, and that the United Nations proceeded on a guess of 1,500,000, Mr. Barrett broke down and admitted that "in the case of the Soviet Union we have to do an awful lot of putting together of very fragmentary information to get any kind of clear picture."

Turning to Asia, Foy Kohler, chief of the In-

ternational Broadcasting Division, made the flat statement that there were one million radio sets in China, "of which 200,000 are equipped for short wave reception."

When Dean Rusk, then Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, was asked about the probable number of receiver sets in China, he answered; "I would not put it at more than 60,000 in the entire country." In the same breath he insisted that VOA's propaganda efforts were "beginning to show considerable results in China." Pressed for proof, he produced a set of regulations put out by the Chinese Reds "to keep down rebellion and unrest." Under bombardment he was compelled to admit that nothing in them referred even remotely to the VOA broadcasts.

Contradictions were the order of the day. Mr. Barrett was happy to testify that VOA broadcasts were getting into Russia "at least 20 per cent clear to Moscow, and around 60 to 80 per cent in outlying districts." But Mr. Kohler, asked about the Ukraine, answered: "We have had no figure of listeners *as is usual in the case of the Soviet Union.*" (Italics added.)

While the hearing room still echoed to insistence that the Soviet Union was being penetrated by VOA broadcasts, witnesses came forward with mournful reports of Moscow's success in blocking these broadcasts. George Herrick, Chief of the Facilities Branch of the International Broadcasting Division, estimated that the Russians had spent $30,000,000 on the installation of a "jamming system," and that the annual cost of its maintenance was between "five and ten millions."

To meet this challenge, Mr. Barrett pleaded for $88,966,061 with which to put across his "ring facilities concept." He painted a picture of fourteen high-power relay bases around Russia and satellite countries, which would be fed through equally high-power origination stations in the United States. When installed, he predicted, this system would frustrate the "jamming" operations and enable the Voice "to blast the truth" into every area behind the Iron Curtain.

Unhappily, questioning developed that not a single site had been selected, and that no determination had been reached as to the countries in which some of the proposed facilities would be located. As Mr. Rooney caustically observed, even the number fourteen was "just an engineering guess," and twenty or even thirty might as well have been picked as absolutely vital.

Finally giving up all hope of finding out how much the Voice was getting into the Soviet Union and satellite states, the Committee turned to a discussion of VOA policy. Just *what was it* that Mr. Barrett and his Ten Thousand were trying to "blast through the Iron Curtain"? How far were they going in an attempt to encourage a spirit of revolt in Russia and its satellites?

Mr. Kohler instantly and somewhat indignantly disclaimed any such propaganda. "We are the instrument of the foreign policy of the United States and . . . it is not the foreign policy of the United States, at the moment, to stir up rebellions." About all that could be done in the way of inciting revolt, he indicated, was to remind captive peoples of "their own glorious traditions."

A Waste of Printed Words

Well, asked the Committee, what about printed matter? Are you making any better record there than with the spoken word? The VOA spokesmen thought they were, and cited the monthly magazine *Amerika*. Back in 1945 or thereabout, Averill Harriman had induced Stalin to take 50,000 copies of this publication for sale on the newsstands of his country. Was Stalin still keeping his bargain? No, not exactly. Under pressure a Mr. Dunning admitted that some 28,000 were being returned each month. Whether the remaining 22,000 were being sold or scrapped he could not say.

And were we still printing the full 50,000? Oh, yes, and about 8000 more. And what did we do with them? We distributed them as "prestige publications" in Iran, Greece, Germany and other countries where there were Russian groups. And what was the cost to the American taxpayer? Around $600,000 a year. Then why wasn't it a sound idea to stop publication?

> Oh, no! [declared Mr. Barrett]. We feel that the very fact that the Soviet Government is afraid of the publication is a demonstration it is exceedingly worth while to get that information behind the Iron Curtain. . . . To curtail the print order would be an acknowledgment of defeat.

And what was the nature of the information that Stalin did not dare to let in? Well, here is a list of the contents of the forty-eighth number of *Amerika*, picked out as a fair sample. A magnificent four-color job on expensive paper, the front cover shows ski scenes in Sun Valley, the back cover "Late Spring in Maine," the two inside covers American bobsledding and apple trees in bloom at Michigan State College.

The first four pages of the magazine are devoted to the "Good Heritage," the story of Tom and Mary Marshall, city folks who moved to a Pennsylvania farm some sixteen years ago. Photographs and text tell how they plough, plant and reap, and raise chickens, ducks and fruit; but pictures of picnics, dances and concerts prove that American life is not all work. Following the "feature" are four pages devoted to the Academy of Art and Literature, showing award of prizes and admission of new members; ten pages—five text and five photographs—about the administration of Puerto Rico; six pages—three text and three photographs—praising the composer Menotti and his two operas; four pages on basketball; four pages about stained glass windows; five pages on antibiotics; three pages on Dr. J. E. Church and his "snow measuring" hobby; two pages giving best methods of cleaning and pressing clothes; three pages on the New York Museum

of Modern Art; four pages of Justice W. O. Douglas's life story; and nine pages devoted to the third installment of John Hersey's novel, "The Wall."

After a proper interval for recovery, the empurpled Committee turned to the pamphlet designed to inform all foreign listeners of VOA's progress, schedules and frequencies, and circulated by the millions for free. A twenty-page job in four colors, on the most expensive paper as always, and with thirteen of its pages given over to these pieces of "ace propaganda": a view of the Schuykill River; photographs and life story of General Marshall, "the greatest living American"; two pages about stamp clubs; a biographical sketch of Thomas Eakins, American painter; two pages on "How Congressmen Report to the People"; "Letters from Listeners," all effusive; and as the high note, a glowing illustrated biography of Jo Stafford, singer of hit tunes, along with the offer of a free photograph on request.

By unanimous vote the Committee ordered Mr. Barrett to cut out the color, the expensive paper, the boosts of Administration favorites and popular songsters, and confine the pamphlet to schedules and frequencies.

Charity compels the drawing of a veil over what happened when the Committee came to consideration of a choice propaganda bit entitled "Eight Great Americans." Even Democratic members waxed green about the gills as they read the names: Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Senator Connally, Speaker Sam Rayburn, Vice President Barkley, Harry S. Truman, Dean Acheson—but why go on when even Mr. Rooney couldn't? Fortunately, inquiry developed that the pamphlet was so bad that it had to be junked.

What's Wrong With These Pictures?

Breathing hard but still indomitable, the Committee next examined Herbert Edwards, Chief of the Division of International Motion Pictures, demanding justification of a request for $13,074,035. Mr. Edwards obliged with the statement that his films had these objectives:

> To make basic democratic concepts more meaningful; to show free labor and free enterprise as complementary parts of an expanding economy; to alert people to the dangers of Communist aggression, and to prove that the people of the United States are tenacious in their democratic faith, seriously concerned with their international responsibilities, possessed of the enlightenment and economic strength required for the tasks before them.

Unfortunately, much of the effect of this rhetorical display was lost when Mr. Stefan began to ask about a two-reel picture costing $60,000, called "The Tanglewood Story." Mr. Edwards admitted that it was a picturization of a concert given by Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony at a summer festival in the Berkshires, and justified it with this explanation:

> It is one of our musical prestige pictures that we make to prove that America is not without arts and a love of music, . . . and that we are not uncultured boors and gangsters.

Hurrying to remove a plainly unfavorable impression, he proudly recited six films embodying "major policy statements": United Nations Aids the Republic of Korea; President Truman Reports on Korea; President Truman's Speech in San Francisco; President Truman Addresses the United Nations; Secretary Acheson Reports on New Communist Threat to World Peace; President Truman Addresses Congress. Seeing that the brows of the Congressmen were still beetled, Mr. Edwards hastily made mention of other films that he seemed to feel might be more appealing.

After touching on pictures built around Dr. Ralph Bunche, Edith Sampson (a member of the American delegation to the United Nations) and General Eisenhower, he took up "In Defense of Peace," a four-reel major picture on "Communist obstructionist tactics since the end of the last war, including their action in the United Nations, including the Berlin blockade and our institution of the air lift, and taking the story up to the Korean aggression." This did not go so well with the Committee, for everything played up in the film had constituted a humiliating loss of face for the United States.

Then, as always in moments of stress, Mr. Barrett took over. Brushing the past aside, he urged the Committee to judge the Voice by the "changes in program emphasis." One by one, he solemnly intoned them:

> Much more emphasis on building up an affirmative desire to cooperate with the United States; much more emphasis on developing a spirit of unity, guts and determination; a great deal more emphasis in building up a will to resist communism; a great deal more emphasis on building up behind the Iron Curtain the psychological obstacles to further Communist aggression.

"Do you mean to say," demanded Mr. Rooney, "that the four items you mention have not been component parts of the program of the Voice of America?"

Although insisting that they had been component parts, Mr. Barrett finally admitted that "the original concept put primary emphasis on building up understanding between the peoples of the United States and other peoples."

Five years and a half-billion spent on selling the "American way of life" to Poles, Czechoslovaks and other peoples who bought democracy from us back in the days of Woodrow Wilson! Boasts of our automobiles, deep freezes and tractors slushed down on wretched millions who remember Yalta and Potsdam and wait to hear whether we mean to wipe out the shame of our betrayals! And this the one answer, tucked away between a hillbilly song and a Truman classic: "It is not the foreign policy of the United States to stir up rebellions!"

Indonesia's Little Kremlin

By **EDWARD HUNTER**

Indonesia's recognition of Communist China has brought to her capital a Red Embassy that is a center of the Soviet conspiracy.

JAKARTA

AT THIS writing the largest billboard in the big Chinese section of Jakarta, capital of the youthful nation of Indonesia, advertises a film called "The White-Haired Daughter." It covers the first-floor windows of a large Chinese bookshop called Nan Sing Co. (Southern Star). A short way off, on one of Jakarta's main boulevards, is a group of Chinese temple structures, on well-kept grounds. Close by is a primary school for Chinese children, and a number of other Chinese bookshops.

Perhaps I should not have been surprised to discover that many Chinese, and most of the Indonesian officials, have no idea that "The White-Haired Daughter" is Communist China's most elaborate propaganda film. The heroine is the pretty daughter of a tenant farmer, who is forced to sell her to an avaricious landlord because he can't pay his rent. She has to serve opium to the landlord's cruel wife, and is raped by his son. When her boy friend tries to protest, he is beaten up and chased out of town.

The girl becomes a white-haired, ghostly figure who haunts a mountain temple to obtain food for herself and her nameless child. But her boy friend, now a Red Army officer, returns with the "Liberation Army" to save her village. Hearing of the "demon" living in a cave, he goes to find out the truth of the matter, for he no longer believes in demons now that the Reds have "liberated" his mind. He shoots at the fleeing form, pursues her into the cave—and discovers that she is the girl he once loved. Everybody lives happily ever after, waving the red flag.

In the big bookshop and the smaller ones nearby, propaganda is not disguised as entertainment. Their shelves and counters are crammed exclusively with Communist books, pamphlets and magazines, whose main theme is that Uncle Sam, the hated villain of the world, will be destroyed by the far-seeing Mao Tse-tung under Stalin's paternal guidance.

The primary school is Communist—teachers, textbooks and curriculum. So are at least 80 per cent of the thousands of Chinese schools in Indonesia. In front of the impressive temple buildings a big five-starred red flag waves, for they house the Chinese Communist Embassy.

These are the outward evidences of the fifth column that threatens the nascent Indonesian Republic. The Chinese Communist publications—and the broadcasts from Peiping and Moscow, which are clearly heard in Indonesia—leave no doubt about the Kremlin's objective. Like the Philippines and Korea, Indonesia must be harassed and sabotaged and kept in political and economic disorder until it "voluntarily" takes its place in the Soviet satellite ring.

YOU HAVE only to go into the Chinese Communist Embassy to find this line personified in Ambassador Wang Jen-hsu. Under the name of Pak Bahrein (Papa Bahrein), he wrote virulently Communist pamphlets and books published several years ago in Sumatra and distributed throughout Indonesia. At a time when the blossoming Indonesian Republic needed all the sympathy and energy it could arouse, he preached its overthrow as a "betrayal" of the peasants and workers.

At Medan, a Communist hot spot in Sumatra, Wang edited a Red newspaper, though his profession was ostensibly that of school teacher. The Dutch deported him in 1948 on the charge that he had no immigration papers, and he was returned to China by way of Hong Kong. Indonesian officials say that when they approved a man named Wang as Ambassador from Red China, after following Britain's persuasive example in recognizing the Communist regime, they never suspected that Peiping would have the gall to palm off this agitator and agent on them. The truth about Wang's dual personality was discovered when the writings of Pak Behrein, though obviously outdated, began to have a curious new vogue.

The Ambassador's wife, whom he acquired in Red China, is an English-speaking Shanghai girl, a graduate of St. John's University. Wang took her along on his first visits to high Indonesian officials—as a translator, he said, though it was later discovered that he spoke Indonesian well. At times, when a discussion or negotiation came to the point, Mrs. Wang would stop translating, but continue the conversation herself. A typical instance occurred at an informal dinner attended by the then Prime Minister Natsir. The proposal of the Asian-Arab bloc concerning a truce in the Korean war was being debated in the United Nations. Natsir discussed this with Wang, through Mrs. Wang as translator. She soon stopped telling her husband what was being said, and for fifteen minutes laid down her government's line herself.

It is actually she and another Communist Party stalwart—Consul General Ho Ying—who control the Embassy, observers say. Wang primarily represents the continuity of the propaganda effort. Ho Ying, usually more violent in his speeches, is

a shrewd fellow. Some say he is the top man.

The Red Chinese Embassy, center of a conspiratorial network covering Indonesia, has a staff of about sixty, entirely Chinese. Encouraged by their success in infiltrating Wang back into Indonesia, the Embassy at first informed the Indonesian Foreign Office of new additions to the staff only after they had arrived. But when a liner anchored at Jakarta's port with 16 grim-faced young Communist workers waiting to debark, all technically assigned to the Red Embassy, the Indonesian Government said no, and the 16 were shipped back to Hong Kong. Whether they will stay there is another matter. Wang's example shows that they may yet appear on Indonesian soil, in one guise or another.

THE EMBASSY staff does not appear at ordinary functions, but it frequently arranges very small and always unpublicized private parties. At such gatherings the Embassy makes contacts ranging from wealthy businessmen and educators in the Chinese community to henchmen from the shadowy underworld. During the war some of these henchmen worked in Indonesia for the Wang Ching-wei puppet regime of Nanking, helping the Japanese to consolidate their control. After V-J Day they flopped over into the Kuomintang camp. Their corruption and high-handed rascality was responsible in no small measure for the discrediting of Chiang Kai-shek among the Chinese in Indonesia. Now they are collaborating with Mao.

They engage in everything from the illegal smuggling of opium and gold—widely credited with paying for Communist underground activities in Indonesia—to putting pressure on Chinese schools and other institutions to follow the Peiping line. "After all," the argument runs, "Indonesia has recognized Red China, the same as Britain, so you had better get on the bandwagon before it is too late, if you know what is good for you."

One member of the Embassy staff who does get around publicly is a religious attaché—the only such in any diplomatic mission in Indonesia. He attends a different mosque daily, wearing a Moslem fez and a pious look. In a country with such a large Mohammedan population, this subtle propaganda is effective.

The Chinese Communists collaborate with the Dutch Communist Party, the father of communism in Indonesia; with the remnants of the Dutch die-hards, who would collaborate with the devil if that would undermine the Indonesian Republic; and with other anti-Jakarta guerrilla elements. Though communism is no problem in the regular Indonesian armed forces, difficulties are met with the groups organized as private armies of political parties or factions during the revolution, when all had a simple, single project—to oust the Dutch. The government is not blind to this situation, but is caught in a web created by past associations, confused economics and the hesitancy of the good-natured Indonesian to break completely with those who, like himself, fought the Dutch rulers.

It is true that Communist henchmen and agents were rounded up in a nation-wide series of raids on August 16, and some of the Chinese Reds most powerful in finance and in Parliament were arrested. President Soekarno recently spoke strong words, significant enough for the Information Ministry to distribute an English text. Obviously referring to the Chinese, he said:

> I should like to address myself to a group of foreigners. Some of these always propagate communism and incite to social revolution. They are not aware of the fact that, if a social revolution starts here, such a revolution will immediately become a racial revolution, and their own countrymen will be the first victims. . . . They are playing with fire which, if it spreads, will burn to ashes the bodies of their own countrymen in this country.

There has been no noticeable effect on the Red Embassy. But the Chinese Communists have never shown themselves concerned over the livelihood and security of Chinese non-Communists.

The recognition of Red China, which makes Indonesia's problem of internal security almost incapable of solution, was forced as Russia's price not to veto Indonesia's admission into the United Nations. Whether the price will prove too high only time—and Indonesia's growing alertness—will reveal.

A Stalinist Lexicon

Excerpts from the 1951 edition of the Soviet Dictionary of Foreign Words:

BOY SCOUT: A member of a bourgeois children's organization having a military-political character in capitalist countries.

DEMOCRACY: A political structure in which power belongs to the people. The Soviet Socialist democracy is a new higher type of democracy, with power actually in the hands of the people. . . . Bourgeois democracy is a form of class supremacy, the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie over the proletariat and the working masses.

IDEALISM: A reactionary and anti-scientific trend in philosophy which falsely states the idea that consciousness and spirit are primary in nature, life and matter are secondary. . . . During all the history of philosophy [it] appears as the ideology of reactionary classes.

MISSIONARY: An advance agent of the imperialist usurpers.

TRADE UNIONS: Trade union leaders are primarily opportunists and adherents of class collaboration with the bourgeoisie.

WALL STREET: A synonym for the plundering imperialistic interests of the American financial oligarchy.

Compiled by TRAWICK BOUSCAREN

After Capitalism, What?

By **GEORGE WINDER**

A British economist contends that the dreams of the Socialists can not be realized, and that the destruction of the free market system would be followed by the emergence of a new dark age.

THE MARXIST dislikes those social and economic forces that are responsible for human unhappiness. For that matter, so do we all. The economic and social system predominating in the free world, although greatly undermined by many forms of State control alien to its fundamental theory, is still usually called capitalism, though where it is found in its purer form it is better named free enterprise. Sometimes it is called Christian Civilization.

Capitalism has failed to cure poverty, misfortune and sin; therefore the Marxist hates capitalism, and more often than not carries over his hate from the system to its leaders, whom he calls the wicked and exploiting capitalists. Without visualizing very clearly what he will establish in its place, he is determined to destroy capitalism and all that it stands for.

Now there can be no doubt that although they may greatly exaggerate their charge, the Marxists and other Socialists are right when they say that capitalism has failed to cure a great many of the ills which afflict mankind. Perfection seems hard to come by. Are they right, therefore, in seeking to destroy a system so imperfect?

The answer seems to depend entirely on what system can be set up in its place. Is there another system waiting to supersede capitalism, which the world can adopt without difficulty? The Socialist believes there is.

To throw over capitalism and adopt a socialist form of society may be a risk, but, to the Socialist, it is a risk we should definitely take.

The less daring members of the community, however, hesitate to follow the Socialist in such an enterprise. They wonder if capitalism should not be credited with what it has done rather than condemned for what it has failed to accomplish; and they are satisfied with slow but fairly successful efforts to reform the system rather than destroy it.

So that we may be able to understand the essential nature of the society the Socialists wish to destroy, it would be as well here to consider what is, perhaps, the chief characteristic of capitalism and one for which it is often condemned. That is, its reliance on selfishness as the great motive-power which makes nearly its whole productive system work.

Notwithstanding the fact that many capitalists have shown the most disinterested benevolence, it can not be denied that, under capitalism, most men work for an end chosen by themselves, and that this end is often the advancement of their own interest or that of their families, although this may be combined with more altruistic aims.

Although Christianity tries to modify capitalism, and to persuade men to high motives, capitalism has never tried to destroy selfishness, but on the contrary makes use of it, diverting it into channels where it will serve society. It does all it can to see that brutal aggression or fraudulent cunning shall prove unprofitable, and that nobody shall receive material benefits without handing over property or services in return. The only honest means of obtaining material advantages under capitalism is persuasion. And the simplest means of persuading another to part with the goods or services one desires is to offer goods or services in return. To enable this system to develop, capitalism has evolved the free market and the price system.

Pure capitalism—never yet attained—would be a society in which all production and trade were governed by the free market, uninfluenced by monopolies, controls, tariffs, quotas, protection, preferences, or State favoritism to any section of the community.

CAPITALISM'S greatest achievement is that it has taken primitive, savage and uncultured man, and diverted his selfish energies from war, plunder, and food-gathering into production and trade. That is the all-important advance that humanity, under capitalism, has achieved. Destroy the right to work for one's selfish ends and for the benefit of one's family within the framework of law that generations of experience has built up, and you have destroyed capitalism.

The Socialist, looking at our tamed and comparatively law-abiding culture, takes the great achievement of capitalism for granted, and concentrates only on what it has not accomplished. He frequently compares capitalism with the tooth-and-claw struggle in the jungle, without realizing that it is precisely this form of struggle that capitalism, at least in times of peace, has succeeded in repressing. He gives capitalism no credit for the great moral advance it has achieved in persuading man to confine the pursuit of his selfish interests within channels which serve mankind; he blames it for the fact that selfishness still exists. He would eradicate the motive of self-interest, and replace it by the desire to work for the general good. But it is evident that, if new incentives are to replace the old selfish

motives, then man will respond to them only if his whole moral nature is changed.

If the socialist revolution is to succeed, then it must be accompanied by a moral revolution of the most complete and all-embracing kind.

The Christian also desires a moral revolution which would cause men to work for the common good rather than their own selfish ends, but he differs completely from the Socialist in the means he would use to attain his purpose. He would persuade the individual to work for the common good of his own free will, whereas socialism, by destroying individual property rights, seeks to make it extremely difficult for him to do anything other than serve the community as those who control the economic system shall direct.

THE MARXIST believes that once the means of production, transport and exchange are held in common, this economic revolution would be followed by a moral revolution in which mankind would throw over its age-old selfish instincts, and willingly devote its energies to the interests of the State.

The ordinary Socialist, while he does not agree with the Marxist belief that morals are the product of economic conditions, is so disappointed with the civilization which capitalism, modified by Christianity, has so far created that he is willing to go ahead with plans for the State establishment of common ownership, feeling that, at the very least, it is an interesting experiment that ought to be tried.

Although Socialist experiments in Russia and eastern Europe have not, it is now generally admitted, come up to expectations, the Socialists feel that the peoples of the older Western democracies are more advanced culturally, and therefore capable of realizing the ideal conceptions of socialism. It is assumed that the natural benevolence and moderation of the Englishman and the American, coupled with their longer history of democracy, will enable them to avoid the excesses of Russia, and safely establish socialism without too much danger to existing moral standards.

Some even go so far as to believe that all will be well under socialism because of the innate decency of man. Relieve man from the bonds of capitalism which have corrupted him, and he will stand forth in all his pristine nobility. Mr. Clement Attlee appears to be one of these optimists. He once said:

> Less and less are we depending on the incentives of individual profit. The more, then, we must develop, especially in the younger generation, the incentive of service to others, and of service to the community.

If this is not an expression of complete trust in the natural disinterestedness of man, it is only qualified by the thought that some development of that spirit, easily within the competence of State education to achieve, is alone necessary.

Because of their faith in the adaptability of human nature, the Socialists are willing to destroy capitalism, in the firm belief that it will be followed by a superior system. But is there any justification for this optimism? Can the nationalization of the means of production, transport and exchange—for that is all socialism can be sure of accomplishing—bring about the moral revolution necessary to make the new system work? Is the belief that common ownership can effect this moral revolution a noble dream, or is it an idle fancy arising from frustration and an unwillingness to face reality?

From two quarters we are given a very definite answer to this question. The first is the Christian Church, and the second is modern science. Both agree that the nature of man can be changed, but they also agree that it is a very painful and slow process.

The Christian doctrine of original sin completely repudiates the optimistic idealism of the Socialist. It sees man as naturally selfish, acquisitive, uncooperative, aggressive and dangerous until he has been saved by the grace of God. He must be taught by patient care and divine guidance to do good, and to cooperate with his fellows in society.

NOW THIS Christian doctrine may be nearly two thousand years old, but surely it is confirmed, although in very different terms, by the modern science of anthropology. This scientific study of the development of man finds him gathered together in groups, in which such peace and cooperation as he possesses is the result of slowly-acquired rules, taboos and tribal discipline. The struggle of the individual for his own selfish ends proceeds in every society. It is only the strength of the acquired social bond that prevents him from getting his own way by force and murder. To murder the stranger outside the bounds of his own particular group is always permissible in the food-gathering stage of society. Each tribe holds every other tribe as an enemy. Probably the Dyak headhunter is a survival of this stage of evolution.

Orderly social existence is not a natural phenomenon. There are a thousand different forms of social culture, each slowly developed and each having its tribal laws and taboos to hold chaos at bay. It may be that some of these taboos have lost their usefulness. Some may have arisen purely from superstition, and may never have had any real usefulness. But without strict laws and taboos, primitive cultures soon break up.

Morals are attributes of the individual, but they are also essential to society because they constitute a set of rules which people must obey if they are to live peacefully together. Sometimes when a primitive culture meets with modern civilization it can accept a new set of rules with its intellect, but the will and the emotions can not keep pace, and decadence sets in. The history of colonization over the last two hundred years

gives us many instances of cultures which though enlightened by contact with modern civilization, have also been destroyed, leaving behind them nothing but a decadent, dying race. The cultures of the Zulu and the American Red Indian are examples of this.

Our modern Western culture—call it capitalism or Christian civilization, what you will—required generations of human development to establish. A new culture can not be imposed upon us by some Master Mind of the intelligentsia. Man can not change his civilization as he changes his coat. He must be conditioned to his culture by ages of experience. Cultures can be established only by evolutionary processes, and not by advice, education, precept, force, or revolution.

WE ARE all too often told that Britain and America can hand their democratic systems over lock, stock and barrel to people having no tradition of democratic development. The premature attempt to establish democracy results in the complete destruction of human freedom in the culture concerned. This is why Nazism was established in Germany, fascism in Italy, and communism in Russia.

India is attempting to establish the Western system of democracy. Many of her leaders undoubtedly understand and approve democracy, but can they exercise the restraint this form of government demands?

Stalin is accused of "betraying" socialism, but if so, his betrayal arose inevitably. Collectivism took the form that it has always taken in the past. The tyranny and cruelty now commonplace in eastern Europe are not accidental. They do not arise because socialism has been unnecessarily "betrayed." They do not arise directly even from socialism itself. They are the inevitable result of that moral collapse which always follows the destruction of a culture.

The one thing we can be certain of in the great Socialist experiment is that, if allowed to continue, it will destroy capitalist morality and leave in its place a moral vacuum. When men can no longer work for their own selfish ends, within that framework of law which capitalism has taken centuries to establish, they will not willingly work for the common good. Unless chaos and starvation are to follow, it is necessary, when selfish incentives no longer apply, to devise other means to make men work.

The more the self-interest of capitalism is destroyed, the more such means as blatant propaganda, national chauvinism, direction of labor, secret police, cruelty and force are required, and the more it becomes necessary to divide the population into masters and slaves.

Selfishness, released from the channels into which capitalism has confined it, bursts forth all the more dangerously because collectivism concentrates unlimited power in the hands of a few. And government, if it is to avoid chaos, requires a tyranny exercised by a bureaucracy with the minds of gangsters.

All countries that have completely nationalized the means of production, transport and exchange are ruled today by amoral gangsters. This is no coincidence. It is the result of the inevitable failure of the socialist experiments those countries have undergone.

Where a culture is destroyed by revolution, nothing better ever takes its place. At the best, the revolution can eliminate only a few abuses; and after a period of bloodshed and slaughter the old system reasserts itself, as after the French Revolution. When, however, the old culture fails to be quickly reestablished, a dark age intervenes, until the lessons of civilization are slowly learned all over again. This was the case after the Roman Empire fell.

The civilization we have painfully built up is like a tiny raft in a vast sea of barbarism. It took generation after generation of experience to establish the moral code that lashes that raft together and enables men to rest even momentarily from enmity and war. Socialism, when it destroys the old economic system and establishes a system in which it is obligatory to labor for the common good, can not possibly produce the moral revolution necessary to make the system work. All that it will do is to destroy the moral standards we already have.

Man is born and exists in original sin until he is saved by the grace of God; or—to express the same truth in another way—he is a barbarian, knowing nothing of peace and the rights of others, until he has been slowly conditioned to a culture. Cultures must develop and improve slowly; revolutions destroy them.

To destroy an established culture is to revert to barbarism, so that we can say with assurance that when capitalism is destroyed a new dark age must necessarily begin. Judging by such experiments as we can already observe, the gangster will be on top.

In Lieu of Comment

Tell me that I must go
when loves survives its time;
teach me the instinct of the melting snow.

Give me the impulse to be free
when reason masters you
and tosses me.

So when we pass the hour of grace,
suffer me to go
succinctly: turn your face.

I'll know.

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

From Our Readers

Praise From Kathleen Norris

I cut so many things out of the (entirely indispensable) *Freeman* that it might be simpler to carry the entire file along when making speeches for the Republican campaign.

It has been a delight from the first issue.

Palo Alto, California KATHLEEN NORRIS

Two Generals: A Parallel

When I was in Tokyo in early March 1948, just after General MacArthur had declared his willingness to accept the Republican nomination for the Presidency, my old friend, Ray Richards of the Hearst press, phoned me. He asked me for an interview supporting MacArthur for President. I told him nobody cared whom I supported, but anyway I was not for MacArthur. This shocked him, so I explained that I had no idea where MacArthur stood on any of the issues that divided the country. I suggested that if the General should resign and come home, and in a series of speeches tell what he stood for, maybe I would be for him 100 per cent.

General MacArthur did not do so. General Eisenhower is now in the MacArthur position of 1948.

New York City ALFRED KOHLBERG

Democrats for Ike?

I attended the Eisenhower Rally at Madison Square Garden, February 8, 11:30 P.M. to 1:00 A.M. At 11:30 there were about six or eight thousand people in the Garden. By 12:30 the crowd had increased to twelve or thirteen thousand.

Tex McCrary was master of ceremonies. The entire meeting was conducted by him and other show people. There were no political speeches. Not a word about the issues. Practically nothing about the Republican Party. Nothing against the Democratic Party, except a few odd words. Of the hundreds of placards carried around, only one had an elephant on it. The only other elephant in the place was a tinseled one, not recognizable at a short distance.

Tex McCrary told the crowd that there were eighteen thousand people there, and at least another eighteen thousand outside in an overflow meeting. This fooled nobody, because there were at least five to eight thousand empty seats. When I went out I inquired of the cops, and there had been no overflow meeting. At no time was the Garden full.

The entertainers, for the most part, seemed to be pretty much those who had been for Roosevelt in 1944, and the prominence of Oklahoma and particularly Texas among the delegations present made one wonder whether the rally should not have been entitled: "Democrats for Ike." If there were any leading Republicans there, they were carefully kept out of sight. None was introduced. None spoke. Apparently none was there.

New York City C. A.

Mr. Wallace Explains Further

I would not ask for more space in the *Freeman* except for the fact that Mrs. Widener in your issue of February 11 asks whether I looked on American Communists as patriotic Americans in 1944. What I said to Chiang Kai-shek in 1944 was that American Communists were doing everything they could to help win the war against Japan and Germany and therefore I could not understand why the Chinese Communists should not be following the same line as the American Communists in their war effort. Of course the American Communists were supporting the war effort because of their interest in Russia rather than because of their interest in the USA. All this is spelled out in a telegram to Senator Knowland sent on June 5, 1951, which he introduced into the record and which the *New York Times* published on June 6.

Budenz said on October 5, 1951 that the Communists in 1944 had no objections to replacing Stilwell with Wedemeyer. What I said off the record on October 5 was that only a Communist could know that. No patriotic American, unless he were an FBI agent in a high-up Communist cell, could possibly keep continuously up-to-date on just where the Communists stood with regard to two American generals in 1944. In November of 1944 the Communists were calling Stilwell their "favorite general." So far as I know the American Communists never conferred that title on General Wedemeyer.

Mrs. Widener on page 178 of the *Freeman* says that our real enemy in 1944 was Russia, and that anyone high up in government who did not have the 1944 Budenz knowledge of communism was culpable. For my part I am proud to have done what I did to carry out the defeat of the enemies authorized by the U. S. Senate, namely Germany, Japan and their satellites. I am proud of my trip to China, my part in building up supplies in the Ever Normal Granary, of my part in bringing about the trade of cotton for rubber in 1939, and in stimulating imports for the war effort.

Whatever may be the dispute today as to the Communist line in 1944 there can be no doubt in 1952 that the Communists in all countries in the world (except momentarily Yugoslavia) are doing their best to destroy American capitalism and to this end are prepared to use force, sabotage, espionage and intrigue to the utmost. The dispute comes today as to the best way of meeting the challenge, especially in countries like India which are in danger of following in the footsteps of China.

South Salem, New York HENRY A. WALLACE

Manners, Arts and Morals

Notes on the Entertainment Industries

By WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

ONE essential element of the theater that consistently escapes criticism is the audience. The customer, by no means always right in even less complex market areas, remains of course the final judge of a cultural product only in the sense that he is free to buy or to reject the merchandise. But in a thoughtless extension of this truism, most of our critics seem to have granted the public a dispensation from error, and even misconduct, the assumption apparently being that solvency to the tune of $9.60 for a pair of tickets carries with it the mysterious gift of sane judgment. Even more grotesquely, the public is officially considered to be in a state of special grace— born, as it were, with original virtue and, if ever erring at all, not really responsible. Left to its own instincts, or so the critical doctrine of this "democratic" day seems to assume, the audience sides with the true and the beautiful.

This I find an outrageously wrong doctrine, on philosophical grounds as well as in actual observation. For instance, I am compelled to report that the audience of "The Shrike" (a shocker which, by comparison with the offerings of an indescribably sterile Broadway season, has some dramatic merits) scared me considerably more than did the frightening events on the stage.

In the play (by Joseph Kramm) a drifter, so ineffectual that he could not even commit suicide successfully, goes through the subsequent ordeal of detainment in the mental ward of "City Hospital." Whether Mr. Kramm intended to admonish us never to botch a suicide, or whether he wanted to rake the muck of bureaucratized psychiatry, is not quite clear. But his message, if any, is of little importance in either case. The crux of the matter, at least to me, was the behavior of the audience.

Confronted, rather hauntingly, with wretched men detained in a mental institution, the audience had a helluva time. The constant laughter that washed against the stage was, I assure you, not the half-hysterical giggling which quite often releases an otherwise unbearable tension. Nor was it the derisive laughter of an audience which, rightly or wrongly, wishes to inform the author how ludicrously he has failed. This, I swear, was clearly the response of Manhattan Calibans who, well into the second act, honestly thought they had bought tickets for a funny show. Not until Mr. José Ferrer let real tears roll down his trembling cheeks did these people realize that the occasion called for some compassionate response to suffering. And, perfectly able to take a hint, they never laughed again till the final curtain.

No mistake is possible: substantial parts of the Broadway audience are currently below the standard of sensitivity required to perceive anything more complex than a gag. For them, theater equals "entertainment," and "entertainment" equals boffs. In exchange for $4.80 per seat they expect, with the almost disarming innocence of some very low forms of life, to have their ribs tickled. Yet they are not really evil, these people.

Left to itself, their perception runs the gamut from boff to crack to yak. A patient in the mental ward snores in his miserable sleep—a boff. Another says "damn you"—a crack. Some one mentions "psychiatry"—a gag. Some one mentions a girl friend—a yak. Around 9:30 P.M. I felt the distinct desire to escape those frightening creatures around me and seek the relief of belonging among the deranged on the stage.

Now it could be said, of course, that our entertainment industries are to be blamed for this atrophy of sensibilities; and there is considerable truth in such an apology. Our "mass media" are indeed calculated to evoke, again and again, the most primitive reflexes; and with an incessant diet of calculated jolts man can doubtless be conditioned to subhuman response. This department will certainly not be suspected of overlooking that pernicious effect of debased commercialism. But there is also, I want to believe, man's immortal soul, for ever capable of salvation! What, if not the constant appeal to that superior nature of man, is the function of criticism? And how can criticism fulfil its function, if it does not, from time to time, take a brutish audience by its ears?

THE AUDIENCE of Mr. S. N. Behrman's "Jane" had another kind of fun. When the curtain rose over the unpopulated stage, the props got a big hand; and throughout the evening, no applause was more legitimate. Mr. Behrman has never really pretended to be in any business other than that of interior decoration—the business of covering empty spaces with pretty things. That he did again. Settings, actresses, manners and several epigrams in "Jane" are quite pretty. There is no play.

Yet the audience seemed happy all evening because, I suspect, it was flattered by Mr. Behrman's assumption that it was what they call *"a civilized audience."* By this, so far as I can make it out, is meant an audience which has to be shown only the bedroom door to anticipate the

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rest, is contented with cattiness where other audiences might insist on murder, and can in general subsist a whole evening on a diet of cocktail canapés. The trick of pleasing an audience with playless theater works on the principle of those promotion letters which assure you that you have been suggested as that rare person who would enjoy this or that product of rare quality.

In the case under discussion, Mr. Behrman chose to decorate the Cinderella room on Broadway which had stood empty since last season. But, though he was clearly in the public domain, he decided to share the credit for the dramatic material he did not have with W. Somerset Maugham. "Jane" is merely a conglomeration of more or less amusing remarks that could be made by, about and to a rich widow from Liverpool who, in the bloom of middle age, enchants London's wicked society with her wholesome innocence. Why the intelligent Mr. Behrman could not think this up all by himself remains a riddle for me. Miss Edna Best (in the title role) and Mr. Howard St. John (in an impersonation of Lord Beaverbrook) handled their lines—which is all they have to handle—quite wittily, while Mr. Basil Rathbone (impersonating Maugham) makes one realize again what deadening influence Oscar Wilde's style of dialogue has had on English acting.

There is of course room in the theater for competent interior decorators—provided there are also authentic playwrights around. In an era of theatrical vitality, writers of Mr. Behrman's talent, precisely because they do not pretend to literary ambitions, can sometimes provide virtuosos with the props for a magnificent *tour-de-force:* Eleanora Duse and Sarah Bernhardt reached their zeniths in completely worthless plays. But Miss Best is not in the same class. And, even worse, "Jane" succeeds on Broadway on its *own* merits. So atrociously bad is this season that Mr. Behrman's perfumed concoction stands out as relatively the most pleasant American play of the year!

Legend For Our Times

At the lich-gate he lies
Blackness upon his eyes.
Gorget and plastron show
It was no sluggard blow
Brought this brave knight so low.
Ora pro nobis.

Back from the Holy Land,
Chastened by victory,
Found he on every hand
Dragons he'd vowed to slay
When he had sailed away.

Greed, sloth, and gluttony,
Godlessness, vanity,
Jostled to welcome him,
Back from Jerusalem.

Folly and lechery,
Heedlessness, infamy,
Filled up the cup and cried:
"Drink to oblivion."

Stared he awhile, and then
Turned on his heel again,
As if from strangers.

Here in the nave he knelt,
Prayed through the night and felt,
Under his fingers,
Steel that had served him well,
Pressed by the infidel;
Knelt through the night and prayed,
Greeted the dawn with prayer.
Then God his answer made:

"There is one last crusade,
Safe though the Sepulchre:
There is one last crusade
That you must wage for me—
Make the victorious
Worthy of victory!"

Golden the dawnlight now,
Golden the knightly brow,
Golden the certainty.
"Come all ye people!"
Golden voice, golden words,
Calling the people.

"Mark ye the words I speak,
Hear ye the end we seek."

Bells from a steeple:
Golden bells, singing bells,
High in a steeple.

"I preach the last crusade:
Gather ye near me.
These are God's very words:
Hearken and hear me.
These are his golden words:
Hear and draw near me."

At the lich-gate he lies,
Blackness upon his eyes.
Gorget and plastron show
It was no sluggard blow
Brought this brave knight so low.
Ora pro nobis.

BEN RAY REDMAN

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

We sent a book a few weeks ago to Whittaker Chambers for review. It was the story of a European Communist who had been dragged through the great Moscow purge trials of the mid-thirties and had somehow lived to tell the tale. "I can't review this," said Mr. Chambers. "The poor fellow has suffered horribly, but he hasn't learned anything from his experiences. He's still a socialist."

The full implication of Mr. Chambers's attitude should be readily apparent to those who have read the first two installments in the *Saturday Evening Post* of his own story of the Hiss Case. Unlike most ex-Communists, Whittaker Chambers is not merely a witness *against* the malignant view of life that is behind Marxism. He is a witness *for* the fundamentally religious view of life that regards the human being as a sacred entity. The human being must not be involuntarily subjected to experiments decreed by politicians, or even by a democratic majority. Mr. Chambers's story, which is that of a brave man who has had a religious conversion, or an illumination, or an experience that has disclosed to him the operations of Natural Law (it doesn't really matter what you call it), will certainly mark a turning point in the literary treatment of the problem of communism. But it will have failed of its mark if it does not substantially help to produce a regeneration of the beliefs that underlie the whole structure of Western society.

Mr. Chambers's experience proves that one man who is willing to stand his ground on truth can defeat a million. But the truth must involve a complete repudiation of socialism, which is the spirit that denies in the name of a materialist hierarchy. The creative (or, if you like, the divine) in man must have scope, the way must be free for spontaneity to carry individuals where they would voluntarily go, either as individuals or as voluntary adherents to a group. The notion that man's future can be planned collectively, with the State serving as the compulsory planning agent, seals the creative and the spontaneous founts that lie deep in human nature. It closes the future to the benefits of inventiveness, of energy, of elegance, of amusing diversion, of adventure, of expression and of success in any one of the seven arts and the manifold theoretical sciences. It is not only that a Henry Ford would have no chance under socialism. A Shakespeare, a Josiah Willard Gibbs or a Max Planck would be equally impossible. And a Jesus of Nazareth would be strangled at his first suggestion that Caesar is not God.

Whittaker Chambers is right when he implies that our anti-Communist literature, so ubiquitous at the moment, is all too often the product of those who think that socialism might have been better if Lenin had lived, or if Trotsky had defeated Stalin. (Such people still think the British Labor Party can pull the job off.) But every so often an anti-Communist or an anti-totalitarian writer catches a glimpse of what Mr. Chambers is talking about. Robert Ardrey, in an excellent novel called "The Brotherhood of Fear" (Random House, $3), stands as a witness *for* something as well as *against*. Mr. Ardrey's book got very little attention from the routineers of our literary marketplace, but that should not keep it from making its way. A superbly imaginative tale, "The Brotherhood of Fear" highlights all that is real about human nature without ever once succumbing to the trappings of "realism." It is set in the middle of the sea in a mythical part of the world, although an obviously Mediterranean climate bathes the island dependency of Mr. Ardrey's mythical totalitarian State. By isolating his characters, and by joining the symbolic to the "real" in them, Mr. Ardrey gains prodigious dramatic impact. As an Erich Maria Remarque character says in "Spark of Life" (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3.75), "Feeling does not grow stronger through numbers. It can never count beyond one. One—but that's enough if one feels it." This truth is exemplified by Mr. Ardrey, who deals with his characters one and two at a time.

"The Brotherhood of Fear" makes the point that in a "planned" State everyone is ruled by terror of the one above him. The individual fears the member of the Secret Police who is set to watch him, but the member of the Secret Police is also caught up in a chain of fear that permeates totalitarian society from bottom to top. The hunter must either catch his prey or become the prey of others. This means that every man in totalitarian society must be infallible—or else. It is usually "or else."

Certainly it is "or else" in Mr. Ardrey's fable. Konnr, who is the perfect policeman because he lacks the ability to question directives, has the trail-sniffing *expertise* of a bloodhound, the tenac-

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ity of a limpet, and the singleness of view of a horse in double-size blinders. He pursues his quarry, Willy Bryo, to the great port of D———, only to discover that Willy has escaped by freighter to sea. Since disgrace (and the labor camp or worse) must await him if he fails to bring Willy back to land, Konnr puts out in a fishing vessel, the *Maria Voltin*, and overhauls Willy. But a storm overwhelms the *Voltin*, and Konnr and Willy are cast up on the beach of an island inhabited by shepherds. Willy escapes into the interior before Konnr recovers consciousness —and "The Brotherhood of Fear" becomes the story of what happens to human quarry and huntsman under the disturbing influence of a pastoral society that still maintains a latent belief in God, in freedom, in the inviolability of the family, and in the wisdom imparted by a visiting Englishman who long ago has taught the Elder of the island to read Shakespeare and the Old and New Testaments.

It would be unfair to divulge the outcome of "The Brotherhood of Fear." But, in a much different way, it makes all the points about human nature that Whittaker Chambers is making in his *Saturday Evening Post* series. In one phase of the argument the matter comes down to this: can a human being be fully human if he must depend for life on the order of his identification papers? When Konnr, the policeman, loses his papers, it is "the approximate loss of identity itself." Long ago, in "The Death Ship," B. Traven, that mysterious novelist of Mexico, made a similar observation about a sailor who had lost his passport. For Americans, the lesson should be heeded before it is too late. Won't someone please start a movement to tear up all documents that tend to reduce the human being to the status of a number on a card?

Erich Remarque is a witness for the religious view of the individual in his story of a Nazi concentration camp, "Spark of Life." But this novel, although it has its moments of tremendous power, falls into the error of trying to make the reader feel for thousands, not one or two. True, Remarque always comes back to individuals; he tries not to count beyond one in his specific paragraphs and page-length vignettes. But the over-all canvas is too broad, and the plotting of "Spark of Life," which ignores the vistas of the pre-Hitlerian past and the post-Hitlerian future, makes it impossible for the author to plumb the specific character of Prisoner 509, or Bucher, or Lebenthal, or Lewinsky. These men have suppressed their memories and curtailed their dreams. They live for the moment, and into the momentary future. That is what a concentration camp does to one, and Remarque does not spare reiteration in making the point. But when humanity must diminish itself in order to live, the novelist becomes diminished, too. That is another horror to be chalked up against the totalitarian disease of our benighted century.

I have been reading "Championship Figure Skating," by Gustave Lussi and Maurice Richards (Barnes, $3.75), and finding some political as well as athletic nourishment in it. Like all great teachers of sport, Gus Lussi knows that there is only one right way to carry through a sequence of human motions (though minor adjustments can be made for minor personal differences in anatomical structure). Lussi is one of those inspired madmen of the teaching profession who insist on seeing latent perfection in every pupil (William Chase, who teaches skating in Brooklyn, is another). But the point I want to make here is that Newbold Morris, who has just taken on the job of routing corruption from political Washington, is a figure skater who has applied much of Lussi's tenacity to the perfection of his own skating steps. If he can only see the relevance of the passionate figure skater's application of technique to the problem at hand, he can not fail in his job in Washington. The thing to watch is whether Mr. Morris has a unified view of his own life, or whether he keeps skating and the conduct of public affairs in two different compartments of his mind.

DEAN ACHESON'S RECORD

The Pattern of Responsibility, edited by McGeorge Bundy from the Record of Secretary of State Dean Acheson. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin.* $4.00

It is time the critics of Dean Acheson made certain concessions to his admirers. Because as long as they don't, the Big Issues of Acheson's record will be beclouded by outraged affirmations of certain skills of Acheson which are undeniable. So let it stand out indisputably that none of us questions a) the occasional splendor of Acheson's rhetoric, b) the eloquence or the abundance of his periodic indictments of communism, c) his mastery of parliamentary technique, d) the effectiveness of his dialectic, and perhaps even e) the nobility of his intentions. We insist, only, that he be recognized for what he is despite it all: a monumental and tragic failure as Secretary of State.

The world abounds in intelligent and articulate men, and opposition to communism is a very low common denominator among them. In the circumstances, one of our great national problems is not so much to select statesmen with these attributes, which is an easy enough task, but to unearth a man who is not only bright, clever and democratic, but also *effective* and *perspicacious* and *adjustable*; and no volume or volumes by McGeorge Bundy or any one else can hope to deflect from the shoulders of Dean Acheson major responsibility, after Truman, for the woeful, abysmal failure

of the free world to counter the Communist menace.

Yet Bundy is very aggressive about all this. He states in his preface that "on almost every big issue [Acheson] has been at once right, energetic and skillful." He then catalogues, primarily by quoting at enervating length from Mr. Acheson's public statements, the standard list of postwar Administration counter-measures to Soviet imperialism. They are, briefly, the stand of the United States in the United Nations on the evacuation of Soviet troops from Iran; the promulgation of the Truman Doctrine for Greece; the Marshall Plan; the Berlin airlift; the North Atlantic Treaty; the Korean War. Many of these programs took place before the appointment of Acheson in January of 1949, yet he is identified with most of them because he gave them his support first as Under Secretary of State and then as a private lawyer.

Now, each of these "anti-Communist" measures, with an exception or two, is controversial at least to the extent that the question arises whether it was best exploited, or most shrewdly designed, or most carefully selected from among alternative measures to enhance the strategic position of the free world as against the Soviet Union. For example, was the airlift the most fruitful means of countering brazen Russian aggression in Berlin? Was the administration or the constitution of the Marshall Plan as effective as it might have been? Has our behavior in Korea been intelligent, and has it worked maximum damage, militarily, economically, politically and psychologically, to the Soviet Union?

It was foredestined, of course, that the United States would eventually take some measures to hinder the march of communism. A government that refused to adopt an anti-Communist foreign policy, however adulterated, would have had about as much popular support as the Progressive Party rallied in 1948. So it must be kept in mind that *something* was bound to be done. The question then becomes, did Acheson do the minimum, the maximum, or something in between? It is this that Mr. Bundy simply doesn't talk about.

Notwithstanding, time and time and time again Mr. Bundy refers to what he calls "central ideas," "central positions," "central problems," "central questions"; but he never harnesses the vast data at his disposal in any such sensible way as to examine the central issue of Acheson's career as policy-maker. If he had, the reader would have been confronted by two naked facts from which to launch his analysis: a) Acheson is identified as the supporter and the formulator of American foreign policy from 1945 to the present, and b) over the same period (and to the tune of a despoiled treasury, a hundred thousand casualties, and fancy rhetoric) the free world, led by the United States, traversed a very long path—from easy dominance over nine-tenths of the world's population, to a cringing and uncertain defense of a little over one-half of the globe.

Such a framework for judging Acheson would unquestionably strike Mr. Bundy as founded upon a hoary cliché—discounting, as it is predictable that he would, the fact that more often than not a statement becomes a cliché because of its nagging and persistent identification with the truth. And the truth is that under Acheson, who fastidiously prepared the way by sacrificing hundreds of millions of free men to the reign of the hammer and sickle, we now face the Communists at point-blank range.

Although it would seem sufficient totally to discount Acheson as a moral man of reliable judgment by citing his defense as recently as a year ago of the Yalta treaty, it is reasonable to be patient and observe Acheson's record, so enthusiastically presented by Bundy, in a few specific and crucial instances:

1. *China.* Bundy makes a great deal of the cost of saving China, and not very much of the fact that the expenditure of money has never seriously depressed Truman or Acheson, and that China received less aid than Greece. But Greece and China are *different,* Acheson repeatedly states. Quite true; but they have a decisive similarity in that the integrity of both is vital to the United States, and both are targets of Soviet imperialism. But the 80th Congress voted less money for China than the President requested, Bundy retorts. True, but neither the President nor the Secretary of State (and they are the makers of foreign policy) put the situation to Congress as realistically as it was their obligation to have done. Neither dramatized the impending tragedy in China as they were both in a position to do; neither made a serious issue of the niggardliness of the appropriation that was forthcoming; nor was the appropriated money delivered to China with the dispatch that was so urgent in 1948. (See Freda Utley's "The China Story.")

And that isn't all: thousands of words have flowed out of Acheson's mouth to the effect that he has always been anxious to convince the Chinese people that the American Government would not interfere with domestic Chinese problems. I submit that the Chinese people were anxious for quite contrary affirmations, affirmations that the American people would *indeed* interfere in China to preserve the outlines of the Open Door Policy, and to guard China against national serfdom to a power hostile to civilization itself. I submit that such assurances were precisely and urgently called for, and that the absence of them contributed far more substantially to the disintegration of the Nationalist armies than any inadequacies of Chiang's Administration. After all, national pride, which it was the alleged purpose of Mr. Acheson to salvage by his preposterous ostrichism, did not prevent the puppet armies of Mao Tse-tung from overrunning China, and their

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dependence on a foreign power was no secret to anyone except American intellectuals.

2. *Loyalty and security in the State Department.* Bundy passes over unconscionably the wealth of incriminating material amassed by the McCarran Committee, and satisfies himself on occasion after occasion by relying upon such categorical (and palpably false) pronouncements of Acheson as that "there are no disloyal men in the State Department," or words to that effect. An example of Bundy's Tydings-like technique: The *Far Eastern Survey* (an official publication of the Institute of Pacific Relations) did not toe the Communist Party line, as Alfred Kohlberg insisted in 1944 that it did. For proof of it, see the fact that the IPR voted in 1947 by 1163 to 66 that it did not!

3. *The Firing of General MacArthur.* This controversy is treated with appalling legerdemain. MacArthur's analyses and recommendations (with which this writer does not happen to agree) are oversimplified to the point of travesty.

There are other examples of the lengths Bundy has had to go to make a case for Mr. Acheson. Since even the most contrived presentation and the most artful rhetorical flourishes are inadequate to sidestep the ineffable conclusion we must draw about our foreign policy in the light of our situation today as opposed to our situation six years ago, much of Bundy's case rests on the premise that, things being as they are, we are better off than we would have been without Acheson. We are certainly better off than we would have been had we, let us say, invited Andrei Gromyko to superintend our foreign policy. For this, I suppose, we should be in some measure grateful to Mr. Acheson as also to Mr. Bundy for bringing it to mind. But some of us don't feel that one-step-above-pro-communism is good enough; and for that reason we ask, again and insistently, why it is that, since our product, freedom, is supposed to be more marketable than the Soviet Union's, and why, since we started off in undisputed control of all the elements necessary to successful salesmanship, the people of the world are buying slavery? If it is true that we are as well off as we could be in the circumstances, then it must be true that malicious little gremlins, infatuated with Marxism, are in the saddle, capriciously manipulating our destiny.

Mr. Bundy has done a man's job in the defense of his idol. Unfortunately, a man's job is not enough to assuage the feelings of a people who after four years of bloody sacrifices were allowed only a short respite before being called upon anew to subsidize the fateful errors of our leaders. The ominous importance of this dull, misleading, improvised book is found not in what it says, but in what it symbolizes, for Mr. Bundy states in his preface that he will "take a chance with history and bet that Mr. Acheson will be listed fifty years from now among the best of our American Secretaries of State."

The odds, as a matter of fact, are with him. Not because he can depend upon a detached posthumous tribunal to vindicate Dean Acheson, but because he can list far more formidable future allies to take up his mantle when he puts it down. He will be able to count on an emerging American class: the domesticators of history, for whom the job of canonizing Acheson will be routine—to be squeezed in somewhere between exalting Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman.

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

ROME AND AMERICA

The Age of Constantine the Great, by Jacob Burckhardt. Translated by Moses Hadas. *New York: Pantheon. $5.00*

This beautiful study of three hundred years of Roman history, veiled in moral ironies, should make the reader think a great deal about America. Our colonial lawgivers had the rude hardihood of a Romulus and Remus, and the early 17th century New Englanders founded tree-shaded white frame villages as chaste as Alba, the white wooden village built by Aeneas and celebrated by Virgil. Rome had its fables, gods, bucolic commonwealth, and poetry, before it deteriorated and fell into the debaucheries of an Agrippina, mother of Nero, which required the powers of a Tacitus to pen. The lament of the poet, Propertius, who tells us about the rustic porkers that rooted in the dirt streets and on the hills of Rome, is about the same as Sherwood Anderson's verbal pining for the old Populist and handicraft Ohio towns.

The difference between the Roman and the American empire is that we are now adopting the licentious habits of a Poppaea, or a Commodus, or a Domitian, without having first acquired stable customs, deities, or a civilization. And we are about to become a soldier nation without any real knowledge of Europe, Africa, or the Orient, the marches in which we are committed to fight.

The problem confronting Marcus Aurelius, Severus, Diocletian, was how to control the Praetorian guard without emasculating the empire. The guard assassinated as well as appointed the rulers, most of whom were Thracian shepherds, stupid giants from Gaul, muleteers from the Danube provinces, fierce Goths from outpost regions. These proletarian Caesars, very able soldiers, cruelly taxed the serfs and impoverished the urban plebs. The maladies of aging Rome were revolutions, assassination, barrenness, and taxes. Prices had grown so disreputable and burdensome, and speculation in foods so wanton, by the time of Diocletian that that emperor felt he had to impose maximum prices on several hundreds of things, including grain, ordinary table food, livestock, clothes. Soldiers were robbed of their pay by a single purchase, and it cost a peasant almost two and a half days' wages for a pair of shoes. Mutton and lamb were prohibitive, and Falernian wine, hymned by the Latin

poets, was not for the peasant, or even for the lower urban classes who lived in the wealthiest city in the world.

Livy said that the downfall of Rome was brought about by insolence; rudeness was so great in his time that the lord of historians wrote that a blush was a mark of noble lineage. Gibbon wrote that the disintegration of the family household was the cause of Rome's decay. Emperors without offspring were a sign of a sterile populace. We know that the vilest boudoir acts of the feminine Caligula were imitated by the people. Anyone who reads St. Augustine's diatribes against the lascivious deities of the hinge and the door, or Lucian's mockery of homosexual Zeus, can see what was occurring in Rome.

Along with debauchery came national apathy, that is, human indifference to the sorrows or penury or debts of others. In Burckhardt's account it was Severus, the first representative of a thorough military rule, who raised his pitilessness to a principle. What Severus failed to consider was that his son, the monster Caracalla, otherwise without filial obedience, might pay the most perverse homage to what was ruthless in his father. Caracalla had made so many attempts on the life of his father that Severus was said to have whispered to the young man, "Do not let them see you kill me."

After Caracalla came the depraved Heliogabalus, who, Suetonius said, had not revealed his greedy, cormorant gut until he ascended the throne. Heliogabalus surrounded himself with dancers, athletes, jugglers, barbers, and actors. It was Plato who warned the Athenians against the rule of actors and entertainers, which we in some real measure have in America today. The late Roosevelt often called varlets of the screen and stage to his table, which reminds us of Domitian, who gathered around him jugglers and dwarfs, and who relieved Roman economy by abating the price of the eunuch!

Diocletian's reign is a sort of historical curio. This emperor avoided Rome, repairing to a trans-Adriatic city, just as Hitler sought seclusion in an Alpine hamlet. Like Hitler he believed in omens and had many soothsayers around him. Like Caracalla, who built magnificent baths, now the litter of marble and stones in neglected vineyards and ravaged graveyards, Diocletian had almost a morbid passion for building. He modeled his reign upon that of the virtuous Marcus Aurelius but he taxed the people implacably. Peasants in his time, renting land, were tithed horribly for crops and huts. As Ratzel has written, "in the beginning was the ground-rent," and it was at its most onerous in Diocletian's day.

America has produced no annalist to be placed alongside Livy, Suetonius, Gibbon or Jacob Burckhardt. What is conspicuous in Parkman, Prescott and the Spanish discoverer-chroniclers is not intellectual faculty, but energy. But the shape of our present is an invitation to a moralist on Burckhardt's model. It does not take much perception to see that we are on our way to the rigid social order of a Diocletian. And we may not have the saving luck to get a Christian renascence.

EDWARD DAHLBERG

MORE ON THE CHAPLIN MYTH

The Little Fellow: The Life and Work of Charles Spencer Chaplin, by Peter Cotes and Thelma Niklaus. *New York: Philosophical Library. $3.75*

This book is a restatement of the Chaplin legend and the expression of a Chaplin cult which undoubtedly ranks as one of the minor absurdities of our age. The "little fellow" is portrayed as a transcendent genius. "What is the fame of Gandhi compared with him who has shaken the world as only the figure of Christ has done before him?" It is only fair to add that this question is an extract from a statement written by Emil Ludwig, the biographer; but the authors seem to quote it with approval. For they narrate the comedian's life in such a manner as to evoke the image of a deified Chaplin. They depict him as a rare figure, lonely and isolated, who, misunderstood by the world, suffers endlessly from the pangs of genius as he tirelessly creates his immortal masterpieces.

More objective students, however, have found but little evidence to support this picture. Chaplin has actually been neither lonely nor isolated nor misunderstood by the world. He has, on the contrary, received more than his share of recognition. Nor do the residents of Hollywood know him as a hermit. He plays tennis, dances, visits night clubs, and attends political rallies. He has married several times and sired a number of children. He has friends and business associates and has surrounded himself with a host of sycophants. He enjoys the distinction of having been named the father of an illegitimate child. Undoubtedly Chaplin has had periods of loneliness and unhappiness when he felt himself isolated from the world; but this is hardly an unusual experience. He also suffered from a warped childhood, which apparently affected him to such an extent that he has been unable to adjust to wealth and fame even as millions of others have been unable to adjust to poverty and obscurity.

"The Little Fellow," however, is not only a highly idealized portrait of Chaplin but also a critical study of his works. Unfortunately the authors are completely lacking in judgment, discrimination and a sense of proportion. Chaplin, they maintain, "stands with Shakespeare and [they add somewhat anti-climactically] with Dickens." I regard the assertion that Chaplin "stands with Shakespeare" as the most foolish critical pronouncement since John O'Hara startled the world by proclaiming Ernest Hemingway the most important author of all the authors since 1616 or thereabouts. Comparison of Chaplin with Dickens, of course, sounds more reasonable, although I myself entertain grave doubts as to its validity; but I would not interpose

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these doubts as an objection to the book itself since I do not expect every writer to agree with me and would never condemn a book for a mere difference in opinion. But the thesis that Chaplin "stands with Shakespeare" can't be taken seriously.

"The Little Fellow" also contains one other major error. The authors credit Chaplin with having established the basis of film art. "Of the pioneers in America," they assert, "he was the first true creator in the new medium; and the only one to apply, from the beginning, film technique to film craft. . . . he was the creator of his art, and invented the form it took." Now it is recognized by almost all directors, critics and film historians, and even set forth in some of the books which the authors claim to have consulted in their bibliography, that this was actually the achievement of the late D. W. Griffith. Chaplin's technique as a film-maker, in fact, was largely derived from Griffith; and yet the authors mention Griffith only in passing as having been a friend and business associate of Chaplin and do not even know how to spell the name of the father of film art correctly. The name is Griffith—not Griffiths!

Exactly why a cult dedicated to the glorification of Chaplin arose is a mystery. There is much truth as well as irreverent wit in Professor Theodore Huff's remark that it sprang originally from a singular belief that Charlie Chaplin was the only begotten son of Karl Marx. For left-wing commentators have often interpreted the figure of the little tramp as a symbol of the proletariat, the establishment of whose dictatorship would presumably lead to the millennium. "The Little Fellow" is probably the most elaborate statement of the Chaplin myth yet published. For this reason the book, in spite of its errors of fact and interpretation, is not wholly devoid of importance.

HARRY FELDMAN

RELIABLE OUTLINE

The World in Crisis, by J. Salwyn Schapiro. *New York: McGraw-Hill. $5.00*

Professor Schapiro's 400-page survey of social, economic and political forces in our century is a well-balanced and neatly done job. Despite brief references to China and India, it does not deal with the whole world but almost exclusively with the more material aspects of the Western nations. Within the sphere of Western civilization, it emphasizes particular issues, such as planned economy, political and social democracy, nationalism, imperialism and totalitarianism. Special chapters are dedicated to Germany, Russia, America, and the prospects for a united world. For straight information, a good history book is preferred; for stimulating reading, something less stereotyped is desired; as a reliable outline for minds of the Freshman level the present volume is acceptable.

FELIX WITTMER

AN "A" FOR EFFORT

The Giant, by Feike Feikema. *New York: Doubleday. $3.95*

We are pretty generous-minded here in America, and to almost any ambitious enterprise, undertaken with real seriousness, we are apt to award at least an A for effort. That, however, is about all one can fairly concede to Feike Feikema, whose new novel, "The Giant," completes the lumbering trilogy to which he has given the title, "World's Wanderer." As, at long last, one takes leave of Thurs Wraldson, the author's gigantic hero, it becomes clear by how wide a margin Mr. Feikema has missed, and how greatly he has been overrated—at least in my opinion—by critics oversusceptible to his crude power and drive and his high-sounding but very windy rhapsodizing. Like its predecessors, "The Primitive" and "The Brother," "The Giant" was obviously written at white heat and with the most portentous kind of sincerity, but it remains a blundering failure of a book, grandiloquent, inflated, and for the most part crucifyingly dull.

In "The Giant," Thurs returns from New York, which he so hated, to his native Middle West, and there resumes his struggle to orient himself to life and to find an outlet for his latent creativeness. In the course of that struggle, he locates his unknown father, marries fairly satisfactorily, and in the end turns back to his music, as he should long ago have done—becoming a successful composer. As well, he establishes a close intimacy with an atomic scientist, Bruce Farrewell, who is ultimately responsible for his deliberately symbolic death. Symbolism, incidentally, underlies and overweights this whole turgid story, and the reader is expected to view Thurs not only as a prototype of the deeply creative artist, but as a symbol of mankind and his destiny in the coming atomic age.

In a discursive, frequently brash, but on the whole interesting postscript, the author explains what he was trying to accomplish in this "rume," as he prefers to call his trilogy, and also frankly admits that "World's Wanderer" is largely his own story—a fact which only the stupidest reader could have failed to guess anyway! Many of his ideas are provocative—particularly when he is discussing the novel and the role of autobiography—but the pity of it is that he is so unable to put them into practice, and to write the kind of book he dreams of writing. For all his capacity to feel, for all his dynamism, Mr. Feikema lacks the technical equipment of a really good novelist, and he also lacks taste, humor, discipline, and a sense of proportion. He is often grotesque and rather offensive when I am sure he does not mean to be. His experiments with language are invariably unfortunate. He is as confused as his hero once was, and like Thurs needs to channel his energies.

EDITH H. WALTON