

THE Freeman

AUGUST 11, 1952 25¢

THE LIBERAL DEFEAT AT CHICAGO

UNIVERSITY
OF MICHIGAN

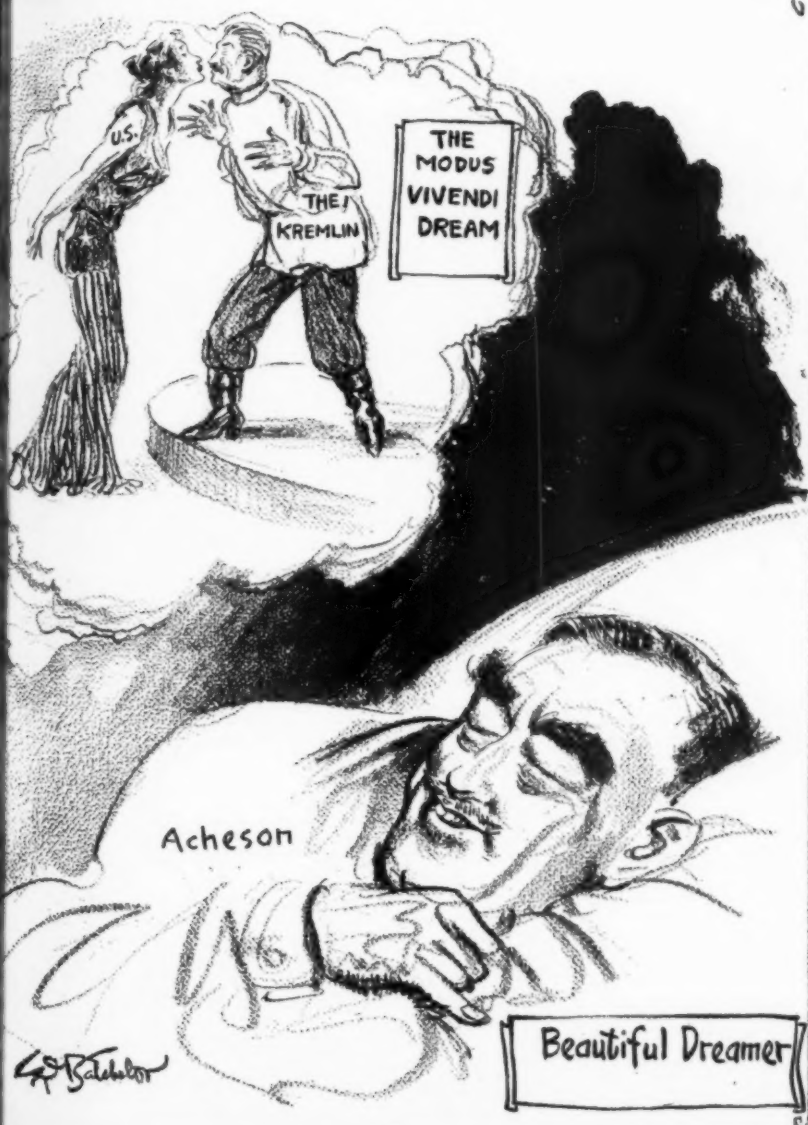
AUG 4 1952

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An Editorial

an ex-Counselor of the Soviet Foreign Office:

The West Betrays the Russians



Why Stalin Rejects Peace

F. A. Voigt

The Kremlin's Secret Weapon

W. H. Chamberlin

Gingerbread and Circuses

William S. Schlamm

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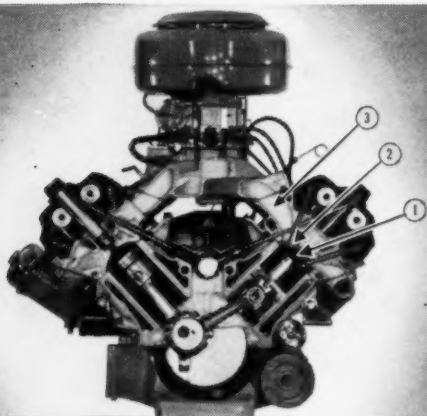
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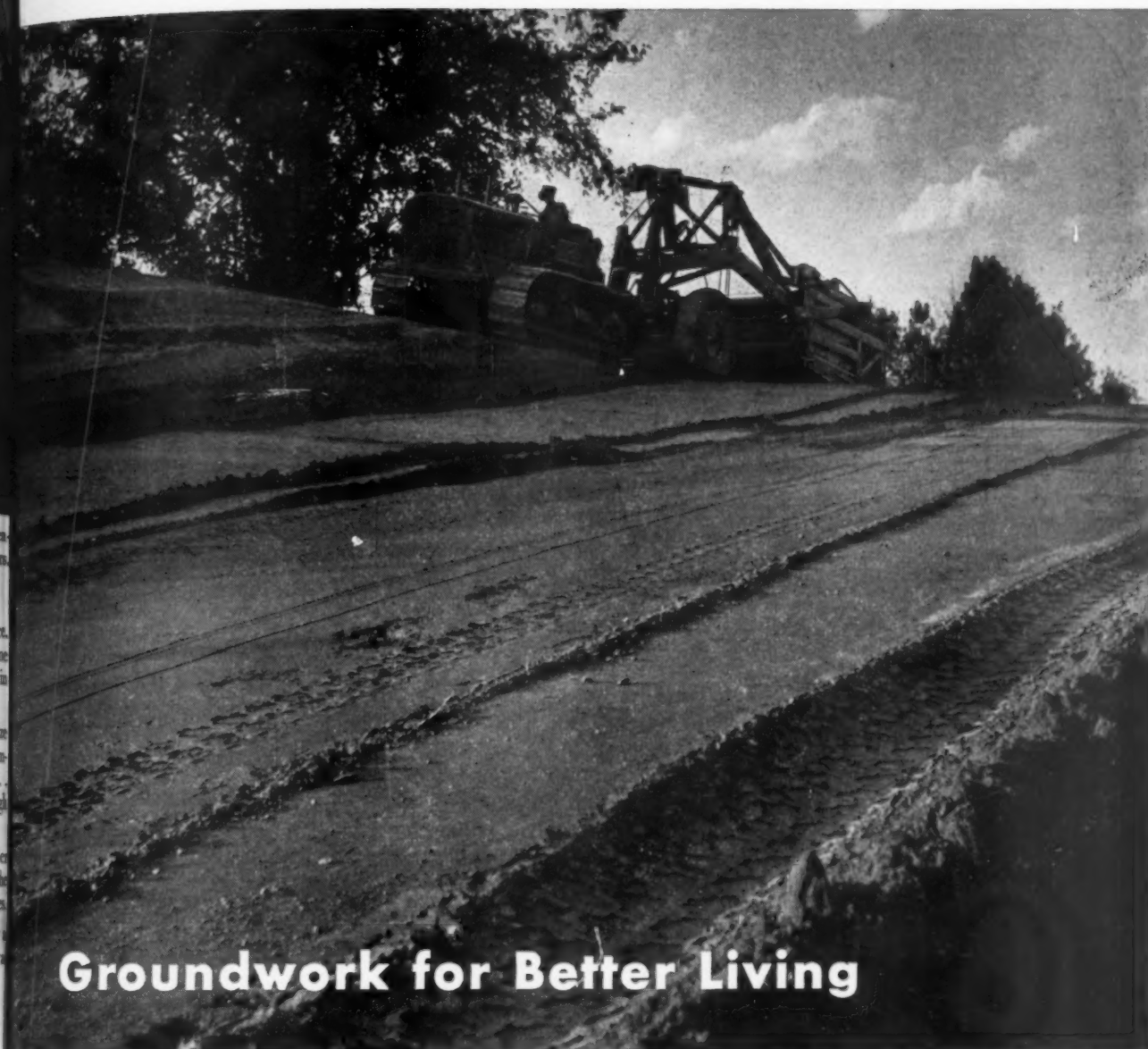
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Groundwork for Better Living

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Letters

The Korean Fiasco

Alice Widener and Wayne Geissinger gave us a good account of what happened in Korea [the *Freeman*, June 30].

After two years of fighting we have over 109,000 casualties and have spent \$15 billion. Informed military officials estimate that operations like the present with no truce, no big offensive, no attempt to win, can last for ten years. This would involve about 12,000 casualties yearly and a yearly expense of over \$7 billion. At present we have over 450,000 in the armed forces in Korea. What do we do next?

Brooklyn, N. Y. HOWARD W. TONT

Intellectuals With a Difference

I have a peeve: *Freeman* writers keep referring to the writers for leftist magazines as intellectuals. Let's face it: all of you writers are intellectuals. The main difference is the ideas that you espouse. I read the *Freeman* as an antidote for the poisonous ideas re our economic system. Another difference is the writing, that in the *Freeman* being brilliant, except—second peeve—in Mr. Chamberlain's last paragraph on Blunden's book (p. 668) I could not get the idea for the words. Instrumentalist Absolutist, Non-Pragmatist; see also p. 670. That is just intellectual jargon.

The "People on Our Side" series is a very good idea—gives a positive tone to the magazine.

Hyde Park, Mass. ARTHUR H. BLAN

From a History Teacher

I am writing to express again my deep appreciation of having been so fortunate in receiving a fellowship to the *Freeman* Seminar conducted by Dr. Ludwig von Mises [San Francisco June 23-July 3].

The lectures themselves I found provocative, stimulating and highly rewarding. As a classic exposition of the virtues of individualism and the evils of socialism, buttressed with an impressive array of scholarship, they were unmatched. Such points as the condition of the common man in England before the industrial revolution (I have long been familiar with and emphasized the condition after started), the genesis of Bismarck's welfare state, and the changes in the Marxian attitude toward that type of government were especially relevant for incorporation into my own presentations of modern history.

(Continued on page 782)

THE Freeman

A Fortnightly
For
Individualists

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Our Contributors

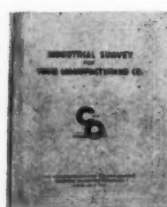
IGOR BOGOLEPOV ("The West Betrays the Russians") brought with him into exile perhaps the most extensive and intimate knowledge of the high Soviet bureaucracy of any escapee yet to reach us. During twenty years' service in the *Narkomindel* (the Soviet Foreign Office), Bogolepov collaborated closely with Maxim Litvinov, grew to know Vishinsky and Gromyko well indeed. His duties took him to Spain in 1937, frequently to Geneva with Litvinov, and in 1940-41 he helped the Soviet proconsuls administer the Baltic republics, being a member of the Estonian government. An avowed anti-Communist by principle, Bogolepov was born in Tomsk, Siberia, the son of M. I. Bogolepov, a famous economist and university professor. He was graduated from the Petrograd (now Leningrad) University law school in 1933; became a Doctor of Laws in 1937. His last official post in Russia, after a hitch on the Red Army staff, was as counselor of the Foreign Office. . . . F. A. VOIGT ("Why Stalin Rejects Peace"), the one-time editor of *Nineteenth Century* and *After* and correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, has contributed to the *Freeman*, among other articles, "British Socialism Is Dead" (June 4, 1951) and "The Sovereign Position" (January 14, 1952). . . . WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN ("The Kremlin's Secret Weapon"), one of the earliest of American journalistic authorities on Russia to penetrate the vast hoax of Bolshevism, has written on that subject for the *Freeman* and wide audiences elsewhere in book and article. Mr. Chamberlin conducts a column in the *Wall Street Journal* and is now in Europe studying conditions. . . . VLADIMIR PETROV ("Crankshaw's Confusion," a book review), an instructor in Russian at Yale, served six years in the Kolyma slave labor camp for "anti-Soviet activities." His books are "Soviet Gold" and "My Retreat from Russia." . . . HELEN WOODWARD ("Bullet of a Book"), who wrote the memorable "My Father's America: New York, 1880" for the *Freeman* of May 19, 1952, is well known as a newspaperwoman, advertising executive and novelist.

Among Ourselves

It was by deliberate design that we chose to inaugurate a new policy of illustrating the *Freeman* with this Soviet Number. The overwhelming subject of the Soviet Union seemed to call for pictorial treatment. Who better to depict the absurd Western dreams of a *modus vivendi* than that great pictorial journalist, C. D. Batchelor? A native of Kansas, the most zealous collector of walking-sticks in North America, owner of the only Rolls-Royce in Deep River, Conn., Mr. Batchelor has been the political cartoonist of the *New York Daily News* since 1931, winning the Pulitzer Prize for his gifted efforts in 1937. . . . While on the subject of the New York press, may we quote briefly from an appreciative note written us by the veteran and valiant editor of the *Daily Mirror*, Jack Lait? Mr. Lait described the *Freeman* as a "courageous, incisive and essential medium of sturdy Americanism."



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THE Freeman

MONDAY, AUGUST 11, 1952

The Fortnight

Although the "liberal" wing of the Democratic Convention took a beating in its attempt to unseat the balky Southern delegations, it had pretty much its way with the party platform. Over the deliberations of the Platform Committee hovered the spirit of that Perfect New Dealer Harry Hopkins, exponent of the policy of winning elections by bribing the voters with their own money. Farmers and would-be farmers, workers, veterans, small businessmen, the old, the young, the ill, the disabled, the blind, would-be home owners, regions with an eye on the Federal pork barrel, even hunters and fishermen—all are offered increased public largesse at the hands of an inevitably aggrandized Welfare State. And of course there is to be an expansion of our international WPA, with the object of bringing hope and prosperity to backward peoples in an inverse ratio (as the platform does not mention) to the loss of both in the United States. Two groups are excluded from the invitation to ride the bandwagon to Utopia (and victory): big business, explicitly threatened with anti-trust suits; and the taxpayers, implicitly threatened with the bill.

As we listened to this global giveaway program, the realization was borne in upon us that the only group into which we fitted was that forgotten category, the taxpayers. Though depressing, it had at least the advantage of enabling us to be objective and even a little philosophical. As the burden of Democratic generosity (complete with bureaucratic controls) grew heavier and heavier, we finally staggered off to bed, sadly reflecting upon the blindness of Welfare-State addicts to the harsh fact that no government can possibly give its citizens anything that they do not themselves produce.

Have you seen their faces? If your eyes were glued to the television screen during the late Democratic free-for-all, perhaps you are mulling over the same question that troubles us. Why were the mature, wise, tolerant, even humorous faces to be found among the exponents of "reaction," the Battles, the Rayburns, the Byrds, the Farleys and others of the Democratic Old Guard? And why

were the faces of their "liberal" challengers without exception sour, tight-lipped, immature, ill-tempered, even fanatical? What is it in the cult of global humanitarianism that seems invariably to banish humanity from the human countenance? Is it the bigotry satirized in that old chestnut: "Comes the Revolution, you'll eat strawberries *and like them*"?

As the fight in the Democratic Convention reached its climax, it was interrupted with the news that the steel strike had been settled. In lieu of commenting on this news we pass (in the Conventional term) to Dr. Leo Wolman (p. 772) who had already written before the event all that we would feel moved to say after it.

The Athenians first dubbed Aristides "the Just" then, bored with his virtue, ostracized him. The winning Republican faction at Chicago first banished Taft, then began to praise him.

We give you, as a typical reflection of this right-about-face, Arthur Krock's encomium in the *New York Times* of July 15. Mr. Krock, who had mercilessly scathed Taft before the nomination, noted that although his defeat

... must have been shattering ... he bore it with dignity and graciousness; one watcher at least thought this was his finest hour; that, even if he had become President, he could have left no finer memory to his people. As an example of the high quality ... that man finds so difficult in practice, Mr. Taft's behavior revealed one of the reasons why he is so widely admired and loved.

Mr. Taft might answer this belated praise in the wistful words of the old refrain: "Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love, but—why should you kick me downstairs?"

The French government has warned the United States that unless we shell out another 600 million dollars, and pronto, it may stop the rearming of France. For, as Premier Pinay stated with admirable Gallic directness, he could not pay the bills "without departing from his plan to levy no new taxes." This Pinay Plan (no doubt an authentically French *pendant* to the Marshall Plan) strikes us as absolutely brilliant, but M. Pinay, a novice in the intricate business of international

panhandling, should not advertise it so much. He might put ideas into our heads. A plan to levy no new taxes might prove immensely popular over here. And where would that leave the French and their venerable custom of sending their tax bills to Washington, D. C.?

Things have indeed come to a pretty pass when a truly great metropolitan newspaper, the *New York Daily News*, finds it expedient to preface a tribute to a truly great capitalistic enterprise, the du Pont company, with sardonic apologies to the left. The du Pont company is currently celebrating its first 150 years, during which it rose from a small plant on Brandywine Creek near Wilmington, Delaware, in which the "founder," Eleuthère du Pont, mixed the powder himself, into a useful colossus of American industry. Few American institutions of any nature have so distinguished, so memorable a record, and yet the *News* prefaced its wholly justified remarks about the du Pont company by suggesting that to give such "an editorial salute" would "invite Bronx cheers, hoots, snorts and cries of 'Wall street stooge' from the local Reds, Pinks, fellow-travelers and fuzzbrains." The *Freeman* prefers its salute neat. We'll come right out and say it: best wishes to the du Pont company for another 150 years' prosperity and frustration to its enemies among the Reds, etc., the socializers and the Welfare Staters.

Note on the China Lobby: The *New York World Telegram*, having got around to an analysis of Alfred Kohlberg's immense services *re* the Institute of Pacific Relations, announced in a recent issue that "if there were medals for good citizenship, Alfred Kohlberg would merit one for his successful fight to unmask this instance of Soviet penetration."

The State Department has discontinued *Amerika*, that weird Russian-language U. S. journal whose contents had to be approved by the Soviet government. Our hearts go out to the natives of Iran, Greece and other countries, to whom the Department donated the 28,000 (out of 50,000) copies which the Kremlin fired back at it each month; no longer will they be able to read American "propaganda" in the original Russian. We sympathize, too, with the people of Minsk, Pinsk and Dvinsk who will now have to do without those precious four-page spreads of "Late Spring in Maine," "Michigan State College Apple Trees in Bloom" and "American Bobsledding" which the State Department deemed effective anti-Communist material. In return, we shall be deprived of the *USSR Information Bulletin*, which the Soviet Embassy in Washington has so kindly mailed to us every month free of charge. If the Administration now found a way of keeping the Russians uninformed about our atomic secrets, the communications be-

tween the two countries would at last approach a satisfactory state.

You pays your money and you takes your choice: A correspondent vacationing in Canada sends us the following item from the *Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph* of July 14 (which will hardly be news to Republicans):

BULLETINS: Truman Down With Virus Inflation.

And Frank Edwards, the radio commentator, has suggested that the President may be afflicted with Dwight's Disease.

The Liberal Defeat

The Democratic National Convention was by no means the raucous farce that many professed to find it. For one thing it produced in Adlai Stevenson a candidate of unsuspected eloquence and appeal. For a second thing it reunited the party in power, fractured into three parts in 1948; reassembling for yet another go at the polls the weary, implausible coalition of Fabian and Dixiecrat, laborite and big city boss that has proved so disappointingly durable. The convention furthermore restored the party's management pretty much to the Old Guard which, skilfully and patiently, routed the leftist-"liberal" wing during many hours of purposeful wrangling. There will be this year no Dixiecrat secession, alienating the electoral votes of four states; no Henry A. Wallace will arise at the head of the Democratic far left and the Communists to hand New York, Michigan and Maryland to the Grand Old Party.

Governor Stevenson's acceptance speech suggested that he stands head and shoulders above his party. The speeches until that early morning hour of Saturday had been uniformly second-rate, scarcely articulate and informed by nothing higher than the elemental desires of politicians long at the trough not to be shoved away. What the TV millions had seen was an unashamed portrayal of the politics of mass bribery, in speech and platform, which has characterized all the popular movements of the twentieth century: Bolshevism, Fascism in its various guises, Nazism, Social Democracy and Fabianism with its American replica, New/Fair Dealism. Mr. Truman's vulgar appeal for votes in return for Treasury handouts was in keeping with all that had gone before.

Stevenson, a balding, hesitant man of no great presence, transformed this cheap performance into an occasion of dignity that harked the delegates, groggy and contentious as they were, back to a worthier time. Speaking with a distinction rare in contemporary public life, Stevenson opened vistas into the ordeal of the West that momentarily dwarfed party. Not since that earlier Princetonian,

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Woodrow Wilson, played upon the loftier sentiments of America with the locutions of a stored and disciplined mind has there arisen in either party such a literate nominee. The reluctant candidate disclosed himself as a spellbinder, and if you have not read the soberly elegant passages of his acceptance speech do so, however you intend to vote in November, for your own literary pleasure.

There is an impression prevalent that the public likes to be addressed by its political masters in the vernacular; that Harry Truman's bare and rachitic prose is Mr. Average Voter's dish. We beg leave to differ, citing the general acceptance of Mr. Churchill's Addisonian rhetoric, the vast emotional response evoked by General MacArthur's majestic homilies and the fact that Franklin D. Roosevelt himself, although his suave exhortations smelled more of the copywriter's salon than the student's lamp, only pretended to talk down to the masses. He took immense pride in his speech composition. The public, as we judge it, is flattered, rather than the reverse, when addressed by a scholar and a gentleman in the accents appropriate to his station.

The Democratic Convention likewise unfolded an elaborate and surprising paradox. Whereas the supposedly conservative Republican Party had veered to the left two weeks earlier, the "party of humanity" moved decidedly to the right. Although both deviations were more apparent than real, they were the product of design. The Eisenhower forces, drilled by Thomas E. Dewey, Governor John S. Fine and Arthur Summerfield, marched under the "liberal" banner of Lodge and Saltonstall, Ives, Tobey and Wayne Morse against what they chose to term the Old Guard and, upon winning the field, proceeded to purge the prostrate foe. It is the view of this Republican faction that the country is prevalently "liberal" and that only "liberal" tactics can win for them. It was, however, this very maneuver that encouraged the Democratic Old Guard to unhorse the Americans for Democratic Action and the CIO. The Republican schism resulting from the "liberal" victory nerved Sam Rayburn, Jacob Arvey, Leslie Biffle and James A. Farley, to name only the most conspicuous of the professionals, to take chances they might not otherwise have dared with their own left wing.

The two conventions differed markedly in this: the Democratic leaders organized and harmonized their forces with an eye single to the November election; the triumphant Republican faction behaved as if it deemed the nomination the final goal. The men at the Democratic helm allowed the leftist faction its head for two days, then placated the South and confounded the "liberals" by seating Virginia, Louisiana and South Carolina, thus making hash of the illiberal Moody resolution. They drafted an uncommitted candidate who has differed with the Administration on such matters as socialized medicine, the Brannan Plan, the Taft-

Hartley Act, the dismissal of MacArthur, and Formosa, before the left wing could claim him as their own. Disregarding candidates proposed by ADAers, they nominated an authentic Southerner from Dixiecrat country, himself a nominal Dixiecrat in 1948, John J. Sparkman. This "liberal" rout is the most explicitly reassuring development of the convention to those who believe with the *Freeman* that any brake on Fabianism is gratifying.

We have dwelt upon Stevenson's eloquence, but eloquence is no sure index to wisdom, practical capacity or character. President Wilson, more the man of letters than the statesman, was tricked by his own polished phrases into a misreading of history that produced some of the horrors that still plague us. Roosevelt had no master in the art of mass persuasion. Nor can we forget that Truman has made Stevenson his protégé and intends barnstorming for him. However elevated his diction, Stevenson is inescapably the heir of Roosevelt and Truman, sworn to defend the foreign policies that forfeited the fruits of World War II, aggrandized the Soviet Union and weakened us before the enemy; sworn also to defend the strategic imbecilities that deprived us of China, brought on the war in Korea, may lose us the western Pacific and have failed to assure us security in western Europe. Stevenson inherits also the shame of the Administration's coddling and sheltering of enemy agents within the government. He is likewise committed through his party's platform to all the leveling, socialistic, statist policies that go under the name of Big Government.

If Stevenson wished to take full advantage of the Republican rift he would have to remove Truman's hand from his shoulder and ignore or drastically interpret his party's platform. These things he is not likely to do. The danger to the Republican cause is that he may be able by means of his engaging and supple mind sufficiently to reassure enough disaffected Republicans that he is different from what we have had that they will decline to vote. With all the impediments listed above, Stevenson is still the most ingratiating candidate the Democrats could have named. His nomination, moreover, steadies the Democratic Party and makes the recruiting of Democratic votes by the Republicans a tougher job.

The prime danger to Eisenhower of the Democratic results at Chicago lies in the fact that Stevenson is the candidate of a united party, Eisenhower is not. There is no good disguising the fact that many nationalist and traditional Republicans are unreconciled to the new party leadership; unreconciled not so much because Taft lost as because they fear that Eisenhower, owing his nomination to Dewey, may adopt the unaggressive Dewey strategy of 1944 and 1948. They are fearful, too, that Eisenhower will not, or can not, wage an aggressive campaign against the Administra-

tion's fateful foreign policies, that he will not embrace the issue of Communists in government that accounted for the spectacular Senatorial victories of 1950 and that he will not stand wholeheartedly on the Chicago platform.

Eisenhower may be able to win without the solid support of his party's professionals. He may win without the "Old Guard" in the Senate and House. (Dewey both in 1944 and 1948 cold-shouldered the Republicans in Congress.) Eisenhower may win at the head of a still unreconciled party but the risks always were high and they seem increased by what happened among the Democrats at Chicago.

The *Freeman* happens to believe that the health, the welfare, perhaps even the survival of our great, free society depends upon the repudiation by the electorate this fall of the whole foreign policy complex maintained by the Roosevelt-Truman regime. We believe also that a reversal of the trend toward statism is essential. We are hopeful that General Eisenhower, fishing in Colorado, will note the conduct of the majority party's convention, observe that they united their factions and stood boldly on their record and that he will take immediate steps to unify his own party and plan a militant campaign that will hit the opposition at every point they have raised.

Television Blues

The *Freeman* walks wide of petty reform, reserving its fire for changes of vaster portent. Within the last month we have found an urgent and necessitous project worthy of our fire. We herewith demand a Constitutional amendment prohibiting the coverage of national political conventions by radio or television. This is serious; we move to save the Republic.

Radio already has got in its fell work; television, fixing its prying and disillusioning eye upon the antics and asinities of our shirtsleeved statesmen in convention assembled, is likely to so disgust the plain citizen that he may continue to withhold his vote until zero is reached. As all know, there has been a steady decline in the percentage of voters in national elections since 1940; in that year 59 per cent of the eligibles voted, in 1948 only 52 per cent. Those were the years of radio's greatest sway.

Comes television. Four years ago only four million viewers, it was estimated, observed the mugger, the dishevelment and the indiscipline of self-government at its worst. This year TV proudly claims 70 to 90 million witnesses. The total vote in November, if we are any prophet, will correspondingly dip far below 1948. The populace can take only so much; these intimate glimpses into the behavior of our political masters are far more sub-

versive of our hallowed political institutions than all the printed jeremiads since John Adams. Amongst the confused portents of the time one stands out as certain: no Republic can get along without voters.

Heat 94; Hum. 88; Veep 74

The weather being considerably hotter than the news from the Democratic Convention, we quit reading the papers, turned off the TV set and switched to a mental process which psychoanalysts recommend as "free association." The method has been known to shed light on the messiest neuroses and, moreover, requires lying down on a couch—two tempting reasons for sweltering convention analysts to employ it in an attempt at beating both the heat and the competition.

From where we were lying, this is how things Democratic seemed to be shaping up toward the convention climax.

Dedicated, as always, to a more abundant life and a better break for everybody, the Democrats first played with the idea of electing six Presidents (Barkley, Harriman, Kefauver, Kerr, Russell and Stevenson). This would have given the nation a different President every day of the week—Truman or nobody, alternately, running the country on Sundays. Aside from visual variety (to which a TV-conditioned American public is surely entitled) and a more perfect regional representation in the White House, the new arrangement would also have produced a handsome increase of national purchasing power. But, unfortunately, it soon ran into several snags, some merely Constitutional but some important.

As the learned Attorney General pointed out, the Constitutional difficulties could have been easily overcome by the Inherent Powers of the Presidency, if not by a simple ruling of either the Office of Price Stabilization or Elmer Davis on WJZ. With comparable astuteness, the alleged need for some continuity of Administration was to be met by a firm commitment of George Allen to play poker with all six Presidents (and Casino with Truman on Sundays). Finally, the dread that half a dozen Secretaries of State might get in one another's hair was dispelled by the ingenious proposal to grant Walter Lippmann the status of a neutral power and farm U. S. foreign policy out to him on a cost-plus basis.

But just when the convention was unanimously ready to proclaim the Barkley-Harriman-Kefauver-Kerr-Russell-Stevenson ticket, Betty Furness found, on her solemn oath of office, that the White House refrigerators contain no magic defroster button and can therefore make ice-cubes for not more than one incumbent. In the face of such adversity, the Democrats had to shelve the whole plan and

No Truck With the USSR

With the abandonment of the magazine *Amerika* in Moscow, with William N. Oatis still languishing in Soviet durance and the Kremlin accentuating its monstrous anti-American policy, why continue the mockery of diplomatic recognition? Whatever pretense of cordiality still existed before World War Two-and-One-Half in Korea has long since evaporated.

Igor Bogolepov's arresting article in this issue on the Soviet resistance and our discouragement of it (mordantly illustrated by that challenging cartoonist, C. D. Batchelor) puts the case for a breach in a new and persuasive light.

Not only, Bogolepov is saying, does the United States have nothing to gain by maintaining an Embassy in Moscow; we suffer a measurable loss by so doing. The very fact of American recognition, plus the amenities which are the small change of traditional diplomacy, disheartens our allies, the people of the USSR. Insofar as we show approval or sufferance of the bloody usurpers in the Politburo, to that extent we weaken the will to resist of the passive millions who know and hate Soviet tyranny in its homeland.

Mr. Bogolepov, certainly one of the most brilliantly clear-sighted of the Soviet refugees to take shelter here, makes an unarguable case. What indeed would be our lot if Stalin stood at the head of a reconciled, indoctrinated and united nation instead of presiding, as he does, over a people rent with disaffection and loathing of their masters?

Could the West, still feebly knit, irresolute and spiritually baffled, maintain even the present insecure balance of power if the people of the USSR were on Stalin's side and not, in a certain measure, on ours?

The first need, in the light of Mr. Bogolepov's article, is for Americans to distinguish precisely between the ruled and the rulers in the Soviet domain. Soviet apologists have been ingeniously explaining Russian expansionism in terms of Pan-Slavism and the imperial march of the Muscovy Grand Dukes since Peter the Great. Such a rationalization is patently wide of the mark and should be rejected by those who wish truly to understand the dangerous world in which we live. Moreover, we should find ways to assure the peoples on the other side of the Iron Curtain that their fate concerns us, that we hold liberty (as Litvinov spuriously said of peace) to be indivisible. At least we owe them an affirmative sign that we do not countenance their tyrants or the tyranny under which they suffer.

The means of accomplishing this reassurance are various and we shall, from time to time, recur to the theme in the hope of finding a solution beneficial to the West.

buckle down to selecting a more conventional ticket.

The logical choice for a party which had so persuasively disqualified Douglas MacArthur for high office on grounds of age as well as military rank was, of course, Alben Barkley. Though a few years older than the General, the Veep is on the other hand only a (Kentucky) Colonel. Furthermore, the convention could then have nominated Professor Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. for Vice President, a brilliant move which would not only have reduced the ticket's median age to slightly over 16, but also assured the Democrats of Jimmy Wechsler's vote (not to mention that of Professor Arthur Schlesinger, Sr.).

However, this inspired stratagem was stymied by a stubborn suspicion of certain CIO leaders that Barkley just was not rich enough to match W. Averell Harriman's orthodox adherence to the New Deal. Phil Murray knows better than to settle for a middle-class President when he can get a multi-millionaire for the job. What teased him, and seems to have seriously damaged Mr. Harriman's prospects for a real crack at Social Reform, was the skilfully planted convention rumor that Senator Robert Kerr was a multier multi-millionaire and would consequently be a more dependable caretaker for a Labor government.

Such a deadlock between multi-millionaires was bound to improve the tactical position of the remaining three candidates. Senator Russell, indeed, lost no time in taking advantage of the Convention's fervent wish to liberate the Southern Negroes all over again. Furthermore, on the third convention day he had formed an effective alliance with New York's Senator Lehman to sew up the Arabic vote, too.

Governor Stevenson, though his friendship with Alger Hiss was undeniably far less intimate than Mr. Acheson's, could point with pride to his distinguished foreign-policy record, particularly his indispensable contribution to the veto clause in the UN Charter. Senator Kefauver, on his part, could view with alarm the dire consequences organized crime was having on the literacy of the TV audience. One of his floor managers, by the way, was for days scared that such a line of argument might stimulate a convention boomlet for Ambassador Bill O'Dwyer, but the Senator discarded the frightened advice, and subsequent events proved him right. Bill will stay in Mexico.

Thus the convention trend had inexorably formed toward the nomination of (the reader will kindly fill in), as your commentator knew all along or, anyhow, two minutes ahead of Walter Cronkite (who scooped us only because he had physical possession of the CBS microphone). And no matter how one feels about the victorious nominee, he unquestionably incarnates a party which is more than ever dedicated to Life, Happiness and the Pursuit of Liberty.

All right, doctor, we are getting off the couch.

Our Own Red Dean Case

The American public could feel more sympathy for the mortification of Mr. Churchill and other Britons over Dean Hewlett Johnson's "germ warfare" mendacities had the British government not shown such undignified haste in recognizing Soviet China and had it not further pressed everywhere and insistently for like action by the United States and the United Nations. It is perhaps irreverent to suggest that the chickens have come home to roost in the venerable See Church of Canterbury, but such is the melancholy case.

If British faces are red over the Red Dean's treasonous behavior the faces of a number of American intellectuals should, if they are not wholly lost to the other world, show a little pink. Dr. Johnson's last visit to the United States occurred in 1948. It was sponsored by a Soviet apparatus in this country called the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship. Among those Americans who welcomed this ecclesiastical agent of Soviet imperialism were Henry Wallace (who spoke on the same platform), Thomas Mann, that somber playwright Arthur Miller, Elmer Rice, the dubious historian Henry Steele Commager and, as might be expected, a whole kit and caboodle from Fair Harvard: Ralph Barton Perry, William E. Hocking, Howard Mumford Jones and Dr. Allan M. Butler. Nor should we overlook Olin Downes, the music critic of that leaning tower of objectivity, the once hallowed *New York Times*.

In painting the British kettle black, we should not ignore our own pot which, in terms of Soviet germ warfare propaganda in high places, is likewise sable. Dr. Gene Weltfish, the most pertinacious female Communist apologist in the United States, is also a teacher of anthropology at Columbia University. A month or so ago Dr. Weltfish approximated Dean Johnson's slurs upon the United Nations forces in Korea in an address at Pythian Temple, which was brought to public notice by Mrs. Alice Widener, a *Freeman* contributor. Dr. Weltfish repeated at a New York City press conference her charges that the United States forces were dropping bubonic plague bombs on the "women and children" of northern Korea.

The significance of the utterances by the Red Dean and the red pedagogue lies in their widespread use by the Soviet Union in its campaign of hatred against the West. Both speak from the background of ancient and honorable institutions.

Because of the encrustations of prerogative and privilege in the British politico-ecclesiastical machine, the Dean seems immune from deposition. Such is not the case with Dr. Weltfish. The trustees of Columbia University should make a first order of business the dismissal of Dr. Weltfish so that she can no longer cloak her calculated lies with the prestige of the great university on Morningside

Heights. This is not, we add, a private matter of concern only to the trustees. It is instinct with the public interest.

The Churchill Debacle

The subject may be repetitious, but Britain is broke again. She is, in fact, more seriously broke than at any time since the Marshall Plan was improvised to bail her out. Even worse, the most recent convulsion of chronic British bankruptcy coincides with what might develop into a lethal illness of Churchill's Conservative Party.

Our current political preoccupations have driven off the front pages this momentous British news: the gold and dollar reserve, over 3.5 billion when Churchill returned to power, was last month down to 1.7 billion. Serious enough under any conditions, this drop might well have catastrophic consequences for a British budget which Churchill's government, contrary to solemn commitments, has mismanaged from a surplus of \$47 million in the first budget quarter of 1951 to a deficit of \$546 million in the first budget quarter of 1952.

True, Britain's rearmament needs have put an unexpected burden on the new Conservative government. But their bid for power was based on their claim to courage and superior wisdom in precisely such an economic predicament. And the rearmament apologia does not impress the British electorate. It is shocked, not so much by the hard times that continue under a Conservative Administration, but by Churchill's appalling reluctance to use surgery against the collectivist cancer.

A tremor of bitter disillusionment is currently shaking that faithful half of the British people who saw in Churchill's return to power their last, best hope. Here, for example, is how the *London Tablet*, in the past perhaps the most loyal supporter of Conservatism, voices this tragic disappointment with Churchill's unbelievable drifting:

Since they have been in office, the Conservative Government have given the most convincing imitation of a troupe of scalded cats. . . . The present Administration can not in any event last. It lacks leadership, but, above all, it lacks power. . . . The Conservative Party will go the way of its historic rival (the Liberals) and, if defeated at the next general election, will never again hold office. As a party of half-hearted planners and only rather more reluctant quitters, it has no future. . . . [One] half of the nation voted the present Administration into office yesterday. It would vote it out today. . . . Apathy is spreading; skepticism turns rapidly into active hostility.

We recommend this outcry, and the Conservative loss of nerve that caused it, for most careful contemplation to those Republicans who counsel Eisenhower to pull a Churchill—not the bold and decisive Churchill of 1940, but the "prudent," "half-hearted planner" of 1952.

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The West Betrays the Russians

By IGOR BOGOLEPOV

The Russians, says a former Soviet official, have been aiding the free world since 1917 through passive resistance to Bolshevism, but the West has betrayed them by appeasing their oppressors.

There appears to be a general belief that Russians who escape from the Soviet Union are disillusioned Communists. On the contrary, most of them are anti-Communists who never believed in communism and were always enemies of the Bolshevik dictatorship. This is true in my own case, but I can well understand how anyone reading my Soviet record might regard the fact with a certain skepticism, thinking it implausible that a former counselor at the Soviet Foreign Office could always have been an anti-Communist; especially a counselor who worked with such men as Molotov and Vishinsky.

But in the Communist world everything—logic included—is different from what it is elsewhere. As a Soviet writer said, "There are two kinds of electricity: one is indeed bourgeois, but the other is proletarian."

Here in the West, an individual who disagrees with his government is free to oppose it openly. But in the Soviet Union, a citizen who wishes to fight communism must begin by enlisting in its ranks. He must serve the dictatorship with one hand while fighting it with the other—no heroic or even comfortable way to fight.

In the past, many Russians preferred to enter into open, "honest" opposition to the Bolsheviks—in the White Armies, in the innumerable plots and reprisals or in armies organized on enemy soil, such as that led by General Vlassov in Germany during the last war. All such movements have lost; and my own explanation of this twentieth-century tragedy is that an ultra-modern and completely unorthodox Communist regime can not be overthrown by nineteenth-century cloak-and-dagger conspiracies, or by wars carried out along the lines of purely military operations against an enemy nation.

Yet there still exists in my country an anti-Communist resistance which is unprecedented in size and nature; a giant and extremely effective opposition to the most clever, cruel and rationally organized tyranny the world has ever known. This resistance has no leaders, no formal organization and no established program. Yet it embraces millions and millions of Russian and non-Russian men and women—the overwhelming majority, indeed, of the Soviet population. And precisely because of its loose and unorthodox form, it seems to be in a position to challenge the fury of Communist reprisals, and to impede Communist expansion.

It would be incorrect and foolish to say that there are no Communists or Communist sympathizers in the Soviet Union. The theory of wholesale hostility to Stalin's regime is almost as far from the truth as the theory that the Russians are a nation of Communists. Yet the amazing fact is that after 35 years of Communist rule Stalin still has very few supporters and very many opponents.

To establish the fact of Russian resistance, it is not necessary to determine whether there are ten or twenty million inmates in the Communist prisons and concentration camps. One need only compare the past and present size of the Soviet secret police compound in Moscow's Lubianka Prison. Thirty years ago it comprised three medium-size buildings. Today it has hundreds of buildings spread over a territory exceeding the area between New York City's Brooklyn Bridge and Battery Park.

It would be a mistake, however, to conclude that in the Soviet Union everybody who is not with the Communists is against them. There are, to be sure, many anti-Communists even within the party, as official reports on the various purges have recognized. We have active and courageous fighters for liberty. But we also have our average man in the street—and he is in the vast majority—who may be called a passive anti-Communist. He would prefer to stay aloof from any kind of political activity, if only he could. But to remain aloof is impossible under a regime which proclaims: "He who is not on our side is against us!" Communism differs from all other forms of dictatorship in that it not only prohibits any sign of opposition or discontent but also requires that everybody become in word and deed an active partisan of the cause. There can be no private life, and no escape from communism.

Deprived of physical and mental independence, forced against his will to be highly political, to hate some people and to adore others, peaceful and good-natured Ivan Ivanovich becomes instinctively opposed to the regime of self-appointed Communist tutors. Here is the source of the vast, all-Russian resistance which is one of the most important elements in the Russian political situation, and which has forced and is still forcing Stalin to alter and postpone many of his most aggressive plans.

This resistance is, of course, as unorthodox as everything else in the Communist sphere. What it

really amounts to is the sum total of the passive but effective individual resistance of dozens of millions of Russian men and women. It made itself felt constantly from the time of the October Revolution until the end of World War II when I managed to make my escape. For example, while traveling through the agricultural regions of Russia, I could observe the collective farmers peacefully relaxing in the shade during bright sunny mornings at harvest time. After all, they weren't farming their own land! In factories the so-called "bosses"—the proletarian workmen—fulfilled and overfulfilled *on paper* their "socialist obligations" without trying for any real increase in productivity. And in the early days of World War II, millions of Russians in Red Army uniforms surrendered to the Germans in the hope of getting rid of communism.

Sabotaging Soviet Diplomacy

As a counselor to the Soviet Foreign Office I was myself a part of this general passive resistance.

Soviet diplomacy is not politics but propaganda. Thus, during the years 1923 to 1942, I was personally connected with the Communist business of selling to the West a false picture of an innocent, peace-loving, arch-progressive and democratic Soviet regime. At first I was none too pleased to be associated with this "operation confusion" carried out by my boss, Maxim Litvinov. But since it was impossible to live in the Soviet Union without somehow serving the Communist cause, I said to myself: "I might as well remain where I am, because if a real Communist takes my place here at the Foreign Office, then who is going to throw monkey wrenches into this monkey business?"

So I began to sabotage in my own field as my fellow-countrymen all around me were sabotaging in theirs. Although it was not in my power to alter Soviet strategy, I could at least try to make its execution less effective. I always overemphasized the legal or factual difficulties in the way of carrying out political moves. Or I tried to soften their effect. And whenever I was charged with conveying Soviet propaganda to the West, I did my best to make it as unfit for the Western mentality as possible. This was not difficult, since the censors were mostly sharp, uneducated boys from the Secret Police who preferred to have articles from *Pravda*, and other propaganda for home consumption only, translated into foreign languages with very little alteration.

During a period of service in the Baltic countries in the midst of the Soviet terror of 1941 I was happy to find that my theory of the necessity for an anti-Communist to gain the confidence of the Soviet top brass paid off in concrete results. As a high echelon member of the Soviet Administration I was able to help many Estonians and Latvians to escape deportation to the Soviet Union.

On the whole, however, I was dissatisfied with

the results of my work as a soldier in the anti-Soviet resistance. As time passed, Soviet propaganda became more and more fruitful. The world press and public opinion were increasingly convinced by Litvinov's false pacifist-democratic pretensions. Western ignorance and naiveté; fear of Hitler; and last but not least the intensive Soviet exploitation of fellow-travelers, liberals, dupes and paid agents in all branches of Western public life; all this brought about a change of attitude favorable to the Soviet Union. I was a failure, and my course was clear. I must escape to the West and do my part—no matter how small—to destroy the Soviet legends which were making the Western world one of the main supporters of communism in Russia. Unfortunately, my plan of escape succeeded at a time when the West was divided by World War II and there was little chance to fight against the Communist occupation of my country.

But even though my own efforts thus failed, can it be said that those of millions of other Russians were in vain? Considering only the successes of Soviet expansion after the war, this rhetorical question might be answered affirmatively. But in the light of what might have happened—which politics must also take into account—the answer must be negative.

Suppose the Russian people were really behind the Kremlin's aggressive plans? In that case there would be no setbacks in Moscow's industrial preparation for war, and Soviet output would be very much greater than it now is. What is more important, Stalin would not be obliged to waste resources, manpower and time in a running fight against the opposition within his own state. Instead of maintaining a horde of secret police and a vast complex of jails and concentration camps, he could mobilize all the giant resources and energies of Russia against the West. He could then venture upon an even more aggressive policy—perhaps even an open war against the United States—without fear of such stabs in the back as sabotage at home and mass desertions at the front. If, instead of opposing Communist aggression, the Russian people had actively and wholeheartedly supported it, what would remain today of Europe, Asia and Africa?

These are no mere rhetorical and theoretical speculations. They are the practical conclusions to be drawn from the events of the last war on the eastern front.

I have already mentioned the reluctance of the Russian soldiers to fight during the first period of that war. A second fact of major importance was the change in temper of the Russians within ten or twelve weeks after they first met the Germans. It is necessary to mention this fact because fellow-traveling American "experts" on Russian affairs have done their best to pervert or to conceal from American public opinion the true story of Russian mass surrender to the Germans. The truth is that the Russians began to fight in self-defense only

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when it became evident that the Germans intended to destroy Russia as an independent nation, or at least dismember it under the pretext of "liberating" the Ukraine, the Caucasus and other regions. Fighting for national survival, the Russians were forced to abandon their hopes of overthrowing the internal enemy with the help of a foreign power, and to join forces with their oppressors against the German invader.

Those who visited my country during World War II witnessed the heroic, self-sacrificing and extremely effective work that Russians were doing in the factories, on the farms, and in the technical and scientific laboratories. In those same factories, fields and laboratories before the war the Communist regime had led merciless, bloody and unsuccessful battles against millions of *Vrediteli* (saboteurs), as it calls soldiers of the resistance.

Stalingrad has a significance far transcending its fame for having rolled back the tide of Nazi expansion. Stalingrad proved the accuracy of Stalin's premise that in a showdown fight with a Western power, Western Russophobia would be his most effective weapon in suppressing Russian anti-communism. In any big Communist venture against the major powers of the West, he will lean heavily on this premise.

For its own self-protection, therefore, the West must not yield to Russophobia. And perhaps its hostility can be diminished if it will recall a few events of the historical past: how the Russians saved Europe by absorbing the terrific blow of Mongolian conquest; how Russia finally removed the Turkish menace; how it defeated the French bid for domination of Europe under Napoleon. In World War I, Russian sacrifices now forgotten made possible the miracle of the Marne; and in World War II, Stalingrad was the first of the great land victories. Even now the Russian people, defeated in the open struggle against communism which has never ceased since 1917, are limiting Communist expansion and jeopardizing Stalin's plans by their passive but effective resistance, and thus giving, once again, invaluable support to the Western nations. Neither flat denial nor silence can deprive this fact of its historical importance.

The West Handicaps Russian Resistance

There is no feeling of reproach in what I have said, nor any idea of trying to "sell the Russians to the West" or to induce the West to love the Russians. Only an Edward Crankshaw—that most confused of all the extremely confused Western "experts" on Russia—might speak about love and hatred as a key to the understanding of present-day troubles with international communism.

My task, as I view it, is rather to draw the Western world's attention to the fact that there exists in the Soviet Union a large national resistance, passive and therefore limited in effect. Also,

I wish to put this question to the West: Since this passive Russian resistance does exist, isn't there a chance of transforming it into an active resistance?

No expert can definitely predict the final success or failure of such an attempt. But as a Russian expert on Russian affairs (much less hazardous than being an American expert on Russian affairs), I am firmly convinced there would be great opportunities for success in a policy based on activating the anti-Communist resistance within the Soviet Union. I also hold strong convictions about the practical ways and means to this end. These means are not confined to radio broadcasting or similar propaganda activities which are merely an alibi for those who are reluctant to place the struggle against communism on a more solid and practical if also a more risky basis. Nor do I think that we Russians need American dollars or any other type of Western material assistance to activate the passive Russian resistance to communism. The forces of dialectical materialism can not be defeated by dollars, but only by the hatred for tyranny and hope of freedom which burn in the human heart.

All that the Russian resistance really needs is that the West abandon its policy of cooperating with the Communist program for world revolution by lending moral, economic and political support to the Soviet regime—a policy which Lloyd George once called "trade with the cannibals." Today this cannibal trade flourishes at the cost of the disorganization of the West's normal world trade.

It seems to me that the Western attitude toward the Soviet Union (i.e., toward a gang of political criminals at large who usurped power in one great country in order to gain domination over the whole world) has in reality been nothing more than a Western Marshall Plan for Aiding Communism. The history of the past thirty years proves this beyond a doubt. The opening of Russian markets to British trade, the mobilization of all peace-loving forces in a *united front with Communists* against the Fascist menace, the creation of a brave new world of Four Freedoms, and the present American policy of "containing" communism—all these have been merely successive expressions of the single-minded, immutable will of the West to find a *modus vivendi* with the Communists to the detriment of Russia and its stubborn, valiant, generation-long struggle against the common enemy of mankind.

It is this Western policy of siding with Russian and other Communists against the Russian anti-Communists which is responsible for the very existence of communism in Russia and throughout the world today. Without Western support and recognition Russian communism would have gone under in 1921 when the wave of a spontaneous popular revolution led by the Kronstadt sailors, the workers of Petrograd and peasants from almost all the Russian provinces was about to engulf the small gang of Marxist Utopians shivering behind the Kremlin walls. But a British Tory government

chose that very moment to conclude its trade agreement with the Soviet leaders, involving *de facto* recognition and thus giving them extremely valuable material and moral support which helped to crush and dispirit the Russian anti-Communists. The date of that agreement—March 16, 1921—marks the beginning of a long series of treasonable Western acts against the freedom of the Russian nation and of the world.

But no drunkard will admit that he is a drunkard, and no madman knows that he is mad. I do not wish to impose on anyone my point of view, which is shared in principle by every Russian anti-Communist. All I ask is that my readers ponder two facts: the existence of Russian resistance to communism; and the obvious failure of the traditional Western policy of seeking a *modus vivendi* with the Communists.

In the course of its attempts to implement this *modus vivendi* policy, the West has lost three-fourths of Europe and three-fifths of Asia. There is nothing to add to this capital fact—except this: If you in the West really are unable or unwilling to fight the Communist menace, then at least do not handicap with your appeasement of the Kremlin the struggle of the Russian people to save their naked lives—and yours!

The Ghosts Go West

"If you learned the wrong things about the Soviet Union," Igor Bogolepov told the McCarran Subcommittee on Internal Security, "your thoughts are also wrong." Then this former counselor to the Soviet Foreign Office, who describes the Russian resistance to communism in the preceding article, outlined the successful efforts of the Soviet government to teach the free world "the wrong things about the Soviet Union"—with the enthusiastic and unpaid help of many Western sympathizers. So startling are his revelations that we reprint for the information of our readers part of his testimony as quoted by the Committee in its Report.

THE EDITORS

"MR. BOGOLEPOV. In the Foreign Office we have had a special, I think you call it joint committee. . . . This important body was responsible directly to the political commission of the Politburo for carrying out the infiltration of ideas and men through the Iron Curtain to the Western countries. . . . It was a very big business of ours. . . . Ideological infiltration, the creation of fellow-travelers, including the Western intelligentsia to write books and articles which were favorable for the Soviet Union. . . .

"SEN. FERGUSON. Did they ever pay any money . . . ?

"MR. BOGOLEPOV. . . . the majority of the Soviet agents outside as well as inside are unpaid. . . . [They] work out of their sympathy toward the Soviet Union.

"SEN. FERGUSON. How do you get people to write books without paying them subsidies, and so forth?

"MR. BOGOLEPOV. Why do we have to pay for books?

There are American publishers to publish the books and pay for them. . . .

"MR. MORRIS. Through the Foreign Office you had people in other countries write books favorable to the Soviet point of view.

"MR. BOGOLEPOV. . . . You certainly remember the British labor leaders, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, very reasonable people. They visited the Soviet Union in about 1935 or 1936, and the result of their visit was a two-volume work, 'Soviet Communism and New Civilization'. . . . The materials for this book actually were given by the Soviet Foreign Office. . . . They had only to remake a little bit for English text, a little bit criticizing, but in its general trend the bulk of the material was prepared for them in the Soviet Foreign Office . . . and I participated myself in part of this work. . . .

"An American example: You know perhaps Professor Hazard of Columbia University. . . . Professor Hazard before leaving the Soviet Union, where he spent two or three years, was given by the Soviet Foreign Office a bunch of papers concerning the Soviet law system and courts, which were later translated by him into English and published here in the United States as his own research work. Actually a lot of that material was presented to him in Moscow and is either Soviet propaganda or nonsense having no relation to the Soviet at all.

"SEN. FERGUSON. What did the Webbs . . . write on? . . .

"MR. BOGOLEPOV. They described the Soviet way of life, which they found better than the British way of life. . . . For example, the chapter concerning the very humanitarian way of Soviet detention camps and jails was written by the Soviet secret police itself. . . . I received it from the chief of one of the divisions of the NKVD, the Soviet secret police. . . .

"SEN. WATKINS. Did you read the English books? . . .

"MR. BOGOLEPOV. Yes; . . . I found that the material which I prepared was so well done that the Webbs didn't change it any. . . .

"SEN. FERGUSON. . . . Now can you honestly state any other authors?

"MR. BOGOLEPOV. Frederick Schuman, 'Soviet Politics Abroad and at Home' . . . a book which, in my opinion, is full of nonsense. . . . Mr. Schuman lets the American readers of his book believe that it is only because the American, Japanese, French, and English peoples made their so-called intervention on the side of the Russian national against the Communist that the Communist Soviet Union is now reluctant to have good relations with the British. If you compare Schuman's book with the corresponding page of the official History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union you will very easily recognize that they say the same thing. Frederick Schuman got his ideas from the Soviet propaganda. . . .

"The largest part of ['Conspiracy Against the Soviet Union,' by Albert Kahn and Michael Sayers] . . . was written by a certain Veinberg, who was a vice chief of the southwestern division of the Foreign Office. . . . I saw myself the Russian manuscript before it was sent to New York. . . . They rearranged it, perhaps, but the facts and the ideas are the same."

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Why Stalin Rejects Peace

By F. A. VOIGT

A distinguished British writer finds that the apocalyptic nature of communism renders its addicts unable even to think in terms of peace. Therefore Western hopes of peace are illusory.

There is a belief, to be found even among Christians, that there is a kinship between Christianity and communism (regrettable as the methods of the Communists may be), and that the early Christians were also early Communists.

This belief is radically wrong. No abyss could be wider than that between Christianity and communism. It is the abyss between the secular and the transcendental, the temporal and the eternal. Nevertheless, it is an abyss between two religions, not between religion and non-religion. The Communist faith is a religion and is not, as the Communists themselves maintain, and as many Christians suppose, materialistic.

"Dialectical materialism," as the Communists call it, is the central doctrine of their religion. But so far from being materialistic, it assumes the existence of a cosmic process by which mankind will achieve salvation in this world. The process operates "dialectically" through the "conflict of opposites"—of thesis and antithesis, which engender synthesis; synthesis, in its turn, becomes thesis which again finds its antithesis, and so on, until the final conflict which engenders the final synthesis.

In human society, say the Communist theologians, the cosmic process operates through conflicts between class and class, with ever-growing intensity. The final conflict is the world revolution which will resolve all conflict and bring history to an end. Communism is the final synthesis—the ultimate condition of man.

All orthodox Communists, from Marx to Stalin, call their doctrine a "theory" and assert that it is "scientific" and "objective." They share the error, frequently found even among scientists, that a theory is a fact. We have in our own time seen how theories which were regarded as axiomatic or "true" have been superseded by others that "fit the facts" or "account for the appearances" more comprehensively. Modern research has compelled physicists and biologists to revise their theories radically. Communist "theory" remains immune to the advance of science. What Lenin wrote in 1899 ("Our Program") is taken for true by all Communists today: "We base our faith entirely on Marx's theory."

To the Communists, the cosmic process is something that actually happens, something discovered

and expounded by Marx and Engels, the fundamental reality, the irreducible and irrefutable truth. To prove it, they read their "theory" into and not out of the phenomenal world. They dematerialize matter by endowing it with extraordinary and wonder-working attributes. By virtue of their intense subjectivity, they perpetually discover anew these attributes which they themselves have invented. In this manner they remain permanently convinced of the truth of their "theory." Nothing could be less "objective," less "scientific," less "materialistic."

Two Vastly Different Faiths

Christianity is a rational religion, and Christian theology is a science demanding exact observation and rigorous logic. But the Christian faith is also supra-rational, for it is concerned with things that transcend the human reason. The Communist faith professes complete rationalism. It denies the existence of the supra-rational and transcendental. It asserts that there is nothing that can not be apprehended by the human reason. Nevertheless, it gives no reasons, whether deductive or inductive, for the existence of the "dialectical" cosmic process. We are not told how and why it ever began or why it should ever come to an end.

This process, as the Communists conceive it, is teleological, for it has a purpose directed towards a *télos*, or end. Such an end presupposes an active principle of perfection which works its own fulfilment. They assume (without admitting or even knowing that they do so) the existence of a universal mind or spirit, while emphatically asserting their "materialism."

The fulfilment of the cosmic process, according to the Communists, is "inevitable"—a word which abounds in their literature. The day, therefore, will come—inevitably—when communism will have embraced the whole of mankind to the exclusion of every other order or system.

The communist faith can not admit the existence of what we call evil, wickedness, or sin, for it assumes that man is by nature good and only does wrong when he is the victim of economic circumstances (the belief of the Communists in the potency of "economic forces" adds to their faith an element of pandemonium). It is for this reason

that non-political offenders are judged more leniently in Soviet than in British or American courts. In the Soviet labor camps murderers, burglars, blackmailers and so on hold privileged positions. Only political offenders are *radically* wicked. They are the exploiters of economic circumstances, not victims but victimizers. They have attempted, by obstructing the cosmic process, to prevent its consummation. Therefore they must be destroyed as enemies of mankind.

What of the "workers" who are not Communists? They are, after all, a vast majority, and yet the Communists never refer to them save in terms of adulation. They are, as it were, *natural* Communists, even if they do not know it. Although victims of economic circumstance, they are not radically corrupt. As the cosmic process, moving toward fulfillment, transforms economic circumstance, the natural (or immanent) communism of the "workers" is made manifest—as the result of every election held in the Soviet Union is meant to prove.

Belief in the natural goodness of man is not confined to Communists. It is probably the prevalent belief among the educated in the Western world today. But it is incompatible with the Christian doctrine of the Fall. To deny original sin is to deny the Redemption and, therefore, Christianity itself. If we hold that man is by nature good, we may be Communists but we can not be Christians.

Some who profess Christianity believe that the early Christians were communistic in the sense that they shared their goods with one another, and that a genuinely communistic State would, in terms of economics, at least, resemble a genuinely Christian State.

This is radical error. There can be no Christian State save in a transcendental sense, and there can be no Communist State in any sense (as we shall see and, indeed, as the Communists themselves admit). Nevertheless Christian teaching, far more than Communist teaching, abounds in practical injunctions for life in this world, injunctions very relevant to man's relations with the State and to his part in the economic order. But even in this respect, Christianity has no kinship with communism.

"Heaven on Earth," Soviet-Style

It is one of the aims of the Communists to increase the world's wealth for all to share. This aim is not in itself un-Christian. But the specifically Christian injunction is to share poverty, not wealth. The possession of wealth, according to Christian teaching, is not sinful—only the love of wealth is sinful. The possession of great wealth is perilous to the welfare of the soul. Only the practice of charity can overcome the peril. The Christian injunction, "Thou shalt not steal!" presupposes the existence of property to which the owner has a right. But this right is not unconditional. Without charity it becomes a wrong. The Bible says: "Give

to the poor!" It does not say: "Rob the rich!" But to the Communist, expropriation without compensation is right. To the Christian it is wrong. The Communist does not accept the injunction: "Give to the poor!" for what the rich own is not theirs to give but rightfully the poor's. The Communist faith excludes charity in all its forms.

Lenin called communism, or the consummation of the cosmic process, "heaven on earth." According to Christian doctrine the Kingdom of Heaven, which is not of this world, is unattainable save by obedience to the divine law and by the grace of an omnipotent deity. According to Communist doctrine the Kingdom of Heaven—the inevitable consummation, in this world, of the cosmic process—will be a condition of justice, equality and peace, of limitless freedom and superabundant plenty. There will be no state and no laws. There will be an unprecedented efflorescence of science, art and letters. Necessity, which the ancients regarded as master even of the gods, will disappear. Men will be omniscient, omnipotent (masters, even, of Nature herself), in the enjoyment of felicity without a shadow or blemish.

Perhaps the reader will think that this summary account of the Communist heaven, in fact of communism itself, is a caricature. Two quotations, which could be multiplied, will suffice to show that it is not.

The expropriation of the capitalists will inevitably result in a gigantic development of the productive forces of human society . . . In Communist society people will gradually become accustomed to the elementary rules of social life . . . they will become accustomed to observing them without force, without compulsion, without subordination, without the special apparatus for compulsion which is called the State [Lenin: "The State and Revolution," 1918, *italics* Lenin's own].

For the first time in its history mankind will take its fate into its own hands . . . The development of the productive forces of world Communist society will make it possible to raise the well-being of the whole of humanity and reduce to a minimum the time devoted to material production and, consequently, will enable culture to flourish as never before in history. This new culture of humanity that is united for the first time in history and has abolished all State boundaries . . . will bury for ever all mysticism, religion, prejudice and superstition, and will give a powerful impetus to the development of all-conquering scientific knowledge [Program of the Communist International, 1928].

Such is the Communist Kingdom of Heaven! Even the Communists themselves do not claim that it exists today—not even in Russia. Only non-Communists suppose that Russia is a Communist State.

In the early years of the Socialist movement, the words socialism and communism were often used interchangeably. Marx and Engels regarded socialism as "the first phase of Communist society." This "first phase" has been achieved in Russia. There can be no Communist State for the "withering

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away of the State" is a condition of communism.

We might reasonably suppose that if Russia were "going ahead toward communism" from the "lower phase," as Lenin called it, to the "higher," there would be some sign of its advent, that the State would at least begin to "wither away." But we see the opposite. We see the Soviet State grow more powerful every year. It is today by far the most powerful in the world. The cosmic machinery seems to be grinding out something that grows less and less like communism. How then is the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth to come about?

Only by a kind of apocalypse, something wholly outside the known laws of nature, something the mind of man can not conceive—a leap from the known into the unknown world. This was recognized by Engels who, throwing "science," "objectivity," and "materialism" to the winds, informs us that the "transition" will be "humanity's leap from the realm of necessity to the realm of freedom."

These words of Engels are the most significant in the whole of Communist literature. They reveal the essential religious, apocalyptic character of the Communist faith.

The secular apocalypse and the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth are the sum total of all Communist endeavor, the essential purpose to which the foreign and domestic policies of the Soviet Union and of the Chinese Republic are ruthlessly subordinated, the ultimate reason for the existence of the Communist armed forces, of the terror and of the labor camps.

The realm which today extends from the Elbe to the China Sea, with its immense resources and a population of about 700,000,000, is nothing other than an operational base, the most formidable ever known, for the task of universal conquest which will transform the world into that single Union of Soviet Republics without which the Kingdom of Heaven can not be established—as long as one enemy remains, there can be no communism. According to Stalin's own admission, communism is as yet impossible, even in Russia, because the "bourgeois" powers, with their "spies, assassins and wreckers" are "waiting for an opportunity to attack" and, therefore, compel the "Socialist State" to remain a State "with its military, punitive and intelligence organs" (Report to the Eighteenth Congress). Communism will be universal, or it will not be at all.

Russia is, however, the prototype of the existing Chinese People's Republic, Polish People's Republic, East German People's Republic, and so on, as of the future American People's Republic, British People's Republic, and so on:

... the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, the prototype of the future World Socialist Republic ... the amalgamation of the whole world into a single World-Socialist Soviet Republic [Report to the Tenth All-Russian Congress of Soviets, 1922].

The Communists are, therefore, waging a religious war. It is not surprising that they should be waging it with zeal, without respite, and with all the means at their disposal. It is not surprising that they hate us so implacably, for we, according to their faith, would cheat mankind of ultimate felicity.

Their doctrine renders the Communists unable even to *think* in terms of peace. According to that doctrine, peace can not exist except in a Communist society and, as there is no Communist society anywhere, there can be no peace. Only the "leap from the realm of necessity to the realm of freedom" can bring peace. When the Communists talk of peace they mean that their enemies cease fighting while they themselves prepare to renew the fight, or continue the fight in another form. They have never negotiated a peace that was more than a truce. To them security means security for war, not for peace—the security of the operational base for continued or renewed aggression.

A Parallel with the Jacobins

The Communist Revolution is true to type. Stalin's spiritual ancestor is not Ivan the Terrible but Robespierre.

When the American War of Independence came to an end, France was at peace. She was the richest country in the world. She had never enjoyed such security before. Her Revolution found supporters among her own nobility and in the royal and ducal courts of Europe. It was welcomed with enthusiasm in the world of letters. Louis XVI, a man of limited intellect but kindly, pious and tolerant, accepted revolutionary innovation as conducive to the well-being of his subjects until he began, belatedly and reluctantly, to perceive the menace of despotism, anarchy and war. None of the powers wished to intervene at first. But the Jacobins, like their successors, the Communists of today, were propagators of a militant secular religion which arrogated universal validity. They wanted war, they needed war, they could not think except in terms of war. The war they planned and waged was a religious war of calculated aggression.

The people of France had an immense longing for tranquility after the turmoils and the ruinous economic crises that had followed the capture of the Bastille. The Jacobins had to invent reasons for waging war. Like the Communists, they spread rumors of foreign aggression. They represented France as the intended victim of armed invasion and infested with hostile spies, agents, and assassins. They aroused the very danger they professed to fear. They compelled the powers to act. The powers acted when no alternative was left—reluctantly, feebly, and with divided councils. England held back longer than the rest. She was utterly averse to a "war of principles," as it was called in those days (today we should call it "ideological

war"). She would not have fought at all had not the Revolution threatened to engulf Belgium which was vital to her security. Not until England entered the war with all her might did the powers combine to overthrow the common foe.

The Russo-Chinese Revolution

The modern age has witnessed four mighty revolutions, all religious and all European. Just as there is not one doctrine professed by the Russian Revolution that is specifically Russian, so there is not one professed by the Chinese Revolution which is specifically Chinese.

Ferrero, one of the wisest of historians, was mistaken for once when he said that no revolution outlasts a generation. The Russian has lasted longer and shows no symptoms of decline. For all we know, it has still to reach the climax of its power. We have no valid reason to suppose that the Chinese will not last as long. Perhaps it will be the mightiest and the most durable of all.

For the first time in history two revolutions, arrogating universal validity and resolved on universal conquest, have combined. Animated by a militant spirit, directed by an extraordinary singleness of purpose, and disposing of resources that are unsurpassed in the world and can, within a few years, surpass themselves by internal exploitation and external conquest, they threaten the foundations of the Western world in a manner both more radical and more formidable than their two predecessors.

It is the central religious belief, the imminence of the Kingdom of Heaven and its apocalyptic advent on this earth and in our own time, that gives the revolution such an intense and immediate reality in the hearts and minds of the faithful. Although the Kingdom can never be established, it is, as it were, close at hand. Lenin was constantly seeing it just round the corner: in 1918 he wrote that events in Germany would "infallibly" transfer "political power into the hands of the proletariat" (*Izvestia*, October 4) and that "the revolution is inevitable in all belligerent countries"—and, therefore, in Great Britain and the United States (*ibid.*, October 25). Lenin came to recognize that the "bourgeoisie" might rally and that there might be a long "transition period." But today the Communist faithful, with their faith renewed and fortified by their prodigious successes which "prove," and "absolutely" so, the truth of all that their masters from Lenin to Mao Tse-tung have taught, see just ahead, if not the Kingdom of Heaven itself, the place from which "the leap from the realm of necessity to the realm of freedom" will at last be taken, the scene of the final apocalypse which will "inevitably" establish the Kingdom.

On every "front"—and what country, what society, what institution is *not* a "front"?—at every point and in every situation there are immediate

and tangible objectives. That the ultimate objective is forever unattainable and so intangible that it can not even be conceived, is a source of power, not of weakness, for it enables the faithful to sustain the fight and renew their ardor year in year out, for more than a generation, and perhaps for another generation to come.

Even if the Communist coalition were to subjugate the entire globe and establish the Universal Federation of Soviet Socialist Republics, as envisaged by Stalin himself, even then communism could not prevail, the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth would not be established. The World War would be transformed into a universal civil war through the Terror, which is but static civil war; the present condition of the Soviet Union and of the Chinese Republic would be universalized.

Because the Kingdom can never come in this world, the Revolution, like its predecessors, will go on. It can not stop. Not only are the faithful unable to stop it, they are unable even to wish that it should stop, for it is the only thing that has a meaning, that gives their life any significance. Like its predecessors, the Revolution will not stop of itself because it can not. It will not stop until it is stopped by forces external to itself.

The Soviet Lexicon

During the late 1920s and the early 1930s, Soviet Russia was a leading advocate of plans for disarmament. This was apparently consistent with Communist theory that war was a function of capitalist competition, and that national armament was inherently a way of keeping the working class in subjection. There were other reasons, however, which are today very revealing since they appeared in the official Communist publication *International Press Correspondence* (Inprecor) of November 28, 1929:

"It goes without saying that not a single Communist thought for a moment that the imperialists would accept the Soviet disarmament proposals... the disarmament policy of the Soviet government must be used for purposes of agitation... However, they must not be utilized as a pretext for advancing similar demands in capitalist countries, but as a means: 1. for recruiting sympathizers for the Soviet Union—the champion of peace and socialism; 2. for utilizing the *results* of the Soviet disarmament policy and its exposure of the imperialists in the effort to eradicate all pacifist illusions and carry on propaganda among the masses in support of the only way toward disarmament and abolition of war, *viz.*, arming the proletariat, overthrowing the bourgeoisie and establishing the proletarian dictatorship."

In other words, when the Soviet government says "peace" it means "revolution."

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The Kremlin's Secret Weapon

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

The United States has failed to capitalize on vital assets in the political war with the Soviets, says a former Moscow correspondent.

Jujitsu is a form of trick wrestling much cultivated in Japan. Its main principle is to make your opponent throw himself largely by his own weight. Political jujitsu is the true secret weapon of Soviet communism. It has played a great role both in the Soviet conquest of Russia and in the postwar political successes of the Kremlin in Europe and Asia. If we do not want to condemn ourselves to frustration and ultimate defeat in the global struggle with militant communism, it is high time for us to learn a few jujitsu tricks ourselves.

The Russian civil war is one of the forgotten events of recent history. It is not uncommon to encounter the impression that the Bolsheviks directly overthrew the imperial regime of the Tsars. Actually, Tsarism collapsed in March 1917, in one of the most spontaneous, unplanned revolutions in history. The carefully planned Bolshevik coup d'état of November 1917 overthrew a weak socialist-liberal coalition headed by Alexander Kerensky.

The amount of resistance which communism aroused among the Russian peoples is very much underestimated. Soviet rule was firmly established only after three years of bitter civil war, war in which fifth columns were active in the rear of both Reds and Whites. It is significant that the regions where the resistance to communism was strongest, the Ukraine and the North Caucasus, were far from united in resisting the Germans in 1941.

There were at least three occasions when the fate of the Soviet regime hung precariously in the balance, when a little stronger push from the opposition or a little more weakness within might have led to its downfall and thereby profoundly changed the history of the world.

The first of these crises occurred in August-September 1918. The territory under Soviet control had shrunk to the proportions of the medieval grand duchy of Muscovy. The Ukraine, with its food surplus, its coal and iron, had been under German control since the Peace of Brest-Litovsk. A small force of Czechoslovak legionaries, aided by local malcontents, had overthrown the Soviets along the line of the Trans-Siberian Railway and paved the way for the establishment of anti-Soviet governments in Siberia and in the valley of the Volga. An Anglo-American force had disembarked at Archangel and British forces were at Murmansk. Within the shrunken Soviet territory the fiercest class war was going on in every village.

In order to get a minimum of food for the cities, the Soviet government had set up "Committees of the Poor" in all the villages, with the function of plundering the grain stocks of their wealthier (less poor) neighbors, in cooperation with armed detachments of workers who scoured the countryside for grain. People were beaten to death, cut to pieces, burned alive, in this savage and pathetic struggle for the country's last crusts of bread.

The newly organized Red Army was still poorly trained and unreliable in morale. It is no exaggeration to say that two or three effective divisions of anti-Soviet troops, had they been available, could have marched to Moscow from Kazan, farthest point of the advance of the army fighting on the Volga, in the name of the dispersed Constituent Assembly and "liquidated" the Soviet regime. But no such divisions were available. As sometimes happens in history, a great issue was settled by tiny forces. On the decisive Volga front near Kazan, Trotsky disposed of between three and four thousand front-line troops against a little over two thousand Whites. The tide turned early in September. The Red Army retook Kazan and other Volga towns. The subsequent breakdown of Germany laid the Ukraine open to a successful Bolshevik invasion. The first mortal crisis of the Soviet regime was surmounted.

The second crisis occurred in October 1919. By this time both sides were better organized. The main stronghold of the anti-Bolshevik cause was in the South. What started at the end of 1917 as a desperate partisan venture of a few thousand men who were prepared to die rather than compromise with Bolshevism, had swelled into a major threat.

Here there was some jujitsu in reverse. As the Reds always profited from confusion and discontent in territory occupied by the Whites, so General Anton Denikin, commander of the anti-Bolshevik forces in South Russia, took advantage of the bitter disillusionment which followed the introduction of Soviet rule in many parts of the country.

The Cossacks, traditional crack cavalry of the Tsar, who lived on comfortable homesteads in the fertile valleys of the Don and Kuban, were among the first to rise against the tyranny, outrages and requisitions of the Reds. They flocked into the ranks of Denikin's Volunteer Army. There was also a sharp turn of sentiment against Soviet rule in the Ukraine in the spring and summer of 1919.

By October Denikin had fought his way beyond Orel; only one large town, Tula, lay between him and Moscow. Then a minor White leader, General Yudenitch, made a sudden dash for Petrograd and reached the outskirts. So serious was the situation that, as I was told by a veteran Communist in Moscow, forged passports were being prepared for prominent party members in the event that it would be necessary to go underground.

But again the final military punch was lacking. Denikin had overextended his thin line. The drive to Orel had used up his last reserves. When the tide turned and the Red Army, superior in men and fire power, went over to the counter-offensive, the White regime collapsed rapidly, for social and economic as well as military reasons.

The third great crisis came in the early spring of 1921. The White armies had been crushed, and the war with Poland was ended. But the nation was at the low point of a terrific economic crisis, the fruit of the system of so-called war communism. Under this system all private trade was outlawed and the peasants were required to give up all their surplus foodstuffs, almost literally at the point of a gun. The result, which should have been obvious to anyone but a Marxist doctrinaire, was that there was less and less food to be had, even by the most ruthless requisitions. The cities were depopulated; a large part of the "sovereign proletariat" dispersed all over the countryside, looking for something to eat. Despite penalties and exhortations and maximum regimentation of labor through Communist stooge trade-unions, productivity of the hungry and dispirited workers fell lower and lower. Discussing this period, the Communist economic historian, L. Kritzman, writes:

Such a decline in the productive forces, not of a little community, but of an enormous society of a hundred million people . . . is unprecedented in the history of humanity.

The gravity of the crisis was emphasized when the sailors and workers of Kronstadt, the naval base near Petrograd which was an old Communist stronghold, broke out in revolt in March 1921, calling for free Soviets, equal rations and an end of requisitions. The revolt was mercilessly crushed. But it was the decisive signal which induced Lenin to rescue the country from its slough of economic stagnation by restoring freedom of private trade and assuring the peasants that, after paying a tax in kind, they could dispose of the rest of their produce as they might choose.

The holding of power by the Communists during the years of civil war was a more remarkable achievement than the seizure of power in 1917. At that time it was only necessary for Lenin and his associates to swim with the tide, to encourage movements of revolt and social break-up which were already in full swing: the mutiny of the army, the seizure of the big estates by the peasants, the rejection of all discipline by the factory work-

ers, the general class war of the poor and ignorant majority against the educated minority.

But the favorite 1917 slogans of the Bolsheviks, "Peace, Bread, Land" turned to dust and ashes in the aftermath of their seizure of power. The soldier who had deserted the world war front found himself conscripted, on pain of death, for the Red Army. The workers, along with other groups of the city population, found themselves hungrier than they had ever been under the Tsars. The peasant found the possession of land a bitter mockery when obliged to turn over his produce, almost without compensation, to the government.

The Russian People Lose

How, then, did the Soviet regime survive the ordeal of civil war? There can be little doubt that if all the hatred which Soviet rule generated among the Russian people had ever been fused under a single leadership, Lenin and Trotsky and Stalin and all their associates would have been swept into oblivion. But there never was any such fusion. Communism triumphed not so much by its own strength as by exploiting the blunders, the weaknesses and, above all, the divisions of its opponents.

Consider how the Communists deceived the peasants, who in 1917 constituted some four-fifths of the Russian population. First they stole the main points in the program of a rival party, the Socialist Revolutionaries, promulgated these points as a decree on land and thereby won the support, or the neutral acquiescence, of the peasants while they were consolidating their power. There was nothing in this decree, needless to say, about collective farming or about the right of the State to confiscate all the peasant's surplus produce.

When the time came to apply requisitions they split the village by setting the "village poor" (compared with whom Steinbeck's Okies would have been millionaires) to plunder their slightly less poor neighbors. And they held up to the peasants who had despoiled the big estates the specter of ruthless revenge if the landlords came back with the White armies. The failure of the White governments to work out a satisfactory law of agrarian reform played into their hands.

There was more opportunity for jujitsu in dealing with the nationality issue. More than half the population of the prewar Russian Empire was composed of non-Russians—Poles and Finns, Ukrainians and Letts, Georgians and Armenians and many Moslem peoples of the Caucasus and Asia.

The fall of Tsarism let loose nationalist movements in non-Russian regions, and these movements became stronger as a reaction to communism. Many non-Russians who would have been willing to settle for cultural autonomy and a reasonable amount of local self-government on a federal basis in a constitutional monarchy or a free republic felt that separation was the only defense

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against the terror and poverty that went with communism.

The Communists proclaimed their belief in the right of all nationalities to self-determination, "including separation." They never lived up to this principle. The Poles, Finns, Letts, Lithuanians and Estonians had to fight the Red Army before they could contract out of the Soviet Union. The Ukraine and the Caucasus were overrun by Russian Red Army troops. But the mere promise of self-determination helped the Soviet cause considerably. The White leaders were avowed Russian Nationalists. Some non-Communist nationalists were inclined to listen to the siren calls from Moscow; they learned too late the value of these assurances.

A striking example of how political jujitsu could pay off occurred in the autumn of 1919. Denikin was as close to Moscow as New York is to Boston. On the western flank of the Red Army was a substantial Polish force. A vigorous Polish offensive at that time might have crumpled the Red front and enabled Denikin to reach Moscow. But a Polish Communist, Julian Markhevsky, was rushed as a secret envoy to Marshal Pilsudski and convinced him that Denikin would represent a greater threat to Poland than Lenin. The Polish offensive did not take place, and Denikin was defeated.

The Free World Loses

This same art of political jujitsu, so frequently practiced during the civil war first to soothe, then to destroy groups and individuals marked for ultimate liquidation by the Communist great design, has figured prominently in the formidable Communist success story since the war. Could there be a more brilliant demonstration of this art than the situation in Asia, where Americans are engaged with Chinese and North Koreans, French with Indo-Chinese, British with Chinese guerrillas in Malaya?

There has been an identical pattern of political juggling in every European country occupied by the Red Army in the late stages of the war. First there was a phoney coalition, attractively labeled "People's Liberation Front," in which the Communists held all the levers of power, surrounded by a decorative fringe of non-Communists. Bit by bit the outlines of dictatorship became clearer and harder. The leaders of the democratic opposition were hanged, like Petkov in Bulgaria, or jailed for life, like Maniu in Rumania, or forced to flee for their lives, like Mikolajczyk in Poland.

If one studies the basic documents of the Communist movement one finds amazingly detailed and accurate blueprints for future jujitsu operations. Here is the prescription which the Second Congress of the Comintern offered for the communization of India, China and other Asiatic countries:

The Communist International must establish temporary relations and even unions with the revolutionary movements in the colonies and backward

countries, without, however, amalgamating with them, but preserving the independent character of the proletarian movement even though it be still in its embryonic state . . .

The revolution in the colonies is not going to be a Communist revolution in its first stages. But if from the outset the leadership is in the hands of a Communist vanguard, the revolutionary masses will not be led astray, but may go ahead through the successive periods of revolutionary experience.

The forecast of the shape of things to come in China could scarcely be bettered. And the warning to the Nehrus, Soekarnos, Nahas Pashas and others who dream of remaining above the battle while raking in Point Four dividends and centering their ideological fire on "Western imperialism" is clear.

The Communists find a multitude of rifts in the Western world, made to order for their political warfare. Communist propaganda in France offers friendship with the Soviet Union as the sole guaranty against German militarism. On the other side of the Rhine Communist propaganda is geared to the theme that the Soviet Union is Germany's shield against the nefarious schemes of the West.

William Pitt, in a notable speech of February 1, 1783, was speaking of the French Jacobins. But any farsighted modern statesman might adapt his words to the methods of Soviet communism:

They have stated that they would organize every country by a disorganizing principle; and afterwards, they tell you all this is done by the will of the people. . . . Under the name of liberty they have resolved to make every country in substance, if not in form, a province dependent on themselves, through the despotism of Jacobin societies. This has given a more fatal blow to the liberties of mankind than any they have suffered, even from the boldest attempts of the most aspiring monarch.

The plain lesson from the success of Communist political jujitsu is that, in sheer self-defense, we should learn a few jujitsu tricks of our own. The strains and stresses behind the Iron Curtain are not shouted from the newspaper headlines, like those in the Western world; but they are no less real. They could be exploited by an intelligent program of political and propaganda warfare.

Our showing in political warfare has been dismally negative. We consented at Yalta to send back anti-Soviet refugees to the firing squads and concentration camps. We passed up the opportunity to form a foreign legion of unsurpassed morale out of the many anti-Communists of military age among the DPs. There was little publicity about the tremendously significant fact that, of well over a million people who refused under any conditions to return to their homes, virtually every one was from a Communist-dominated country.

While Stalin has been fighting us in the Far East by proxies, we have discouraged the people who might well be fighting on our side. We shamefully neglected to provide the South Koreans with arms. We imposed an absurd Utopian pacifist con-

stitution on the Japanese. Even after the Chinese Communists were waging active war against us, we refused to accept aid from the Chinese Nationalists, or to let one bomb fall in anger on the Red Chinese bases.

We shall find ourselves thrown for heavier and heavier falls by the Kremlin masters of jujitsu if we do not make a swift, clean break with the kind of diplomacy symbolized by Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam. In the interest of intelligent political warfare it would be worth while to look up the chronicles of the grim Russian civil war, from which these conclusions emerge:

1. The peoples of Russia did not voluntarily and enthusiastically accept communism. They submitted after more than three years of the fiercest kind of civil war and terror considerably exceeding what happened after the French Revolution.

2. The Soviet Communist rulers have cheated the peasant of his basic aspiration, private property in land. Had the Nazis abolished collective farms and given the people in occupied areas a decent, moderate occupation regime the Soviet system would probably have disintegrated from within.

3. The nationalist feeling of the non-Russian peoples of the Soviet Union, especially of the Ukrainians, Caucasians and Central Asians and of the recently annexed Baltic countries, is a special force for disintegration of the Soviet Empire which should not be overlooked.

The Economics of Freedom

Steel Strike Post-Mortem

By LEO WOLMAN

Before this article appears, the steel strike will in all probability have been settled. The reason for this is clear. All strikes are settled sooner or later, and the steel strike is not likely to prove an exception to the rule. People get tired of striking, particularly when the wages they lose are as high as they are in steel and when the issues which prolong the conflict are of no direct or deep concern to them. The steel companies, also, find it increasingly difficult to assume responsibility for the continuance of a shut-down which so disastrously affects the country's entire economy.

The terms of the settlement are, likewise, not hard to forecast. They were pretty much determined by the original recommendations of the Wage Stabilization Board and the alacrity with which the board's proposals were adopted by Mr. Truman as his own. Such sponsorship was all that Mr. Philip Murray needed. Getting from the government much more than he had any right to expect, he was quick to take the position that, as a law-abiding and loyal American citizen, he could,

of course, not reject a mandate of his government. Operating from this position of strength, he could afford to sit it out and wait until the steel companies yielded. This they have substantially done in the case of wages and with other issues, such as the union shop. The union is bound to come out of the negotiations with much more than it had when it entered them.

Meanwhile, the losses that everyone—the industry, the employees, the military establishment, and business generally—has suffered from this struggle for power are appalling. Before the men go back to work they will have lost two months' wages at the average rate of \$76 a week, plus such overtime as they may have worked at the rate of at least \$2.85 an hour. This is a lot of money to lose in order to enable Mr. Murray and his union administration to have their way in subjecting present and future employees of the steel industry to compulsory membership and uncontrolled domination by the union.

The most interesting feature of this episode is the equanimity with which the Administration has received the loss of more than 17,000,000 tons of stock, while it was refusing for political reasons to use the law of the land—the Taft-Hartley Act—in order to bring the strike to an end and start the steel mills producing. If Mr. Truman's constantly reiterated warnings of the existence of a military emergency were genuine, then his inaction during two critical months is inexplicable. For it is now obvious, as it has always been, that no one would have been the loser if the strike had been called off while negotiations were going on. The employees would have received the benefits of a wage increase dated back to April 1 or March 15, the flow of iron ore to the mills would have continued, and the needs of the military machine for steel would have been met. Some responsible agent of the Administration should be asked to explain why the government of the United States took it upon itself to provoke a strike and then did nothing to stop it.

Worth Hearing Again

My statesmanship is still all in China, where the last struggle for power is to come. China is bound to go to pieces, and every year is a long step to the bad. The only country now on the spot is Russia, and if Russia organizes China as an economical power, the little drama of history will end in the overthrow of our clumsy Western civilization. We never can compete with Asia, and Chinese coal and labor, organized by a Siberian system.

In that event I allow till 1950 to run our race out. It does not interest me enough to hang on for it another half century.

HENRY ADAMS, in a letter to his wife from Washington, March 22, 1903



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Arts and Entertainments

By WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM



Gingerbread and Circuses

Of the several mischievous legends that have deformed the mind of the Western intelligentsia, none was more absurd than the contention of superior cultural achievements in the Soviet Union. At one time or another we have all encountered that precious type of intellectual who, with sincere regret for the cruder aspects of Bolshevism, airily argued that all such human pain might prove justified by cultural progress—the liquidation of illiteracy, you know; the upsurge of dynamic arts, and that sort of thing.

A readiness to trade pain for culture is, of course, in itself a sure sign of cultural degeneracy, especially when the pain under discussion is that of others. Those miniature cynics and *ersatz* Borgias who consider some lustrous artifacts an adequate justification for underlying human misery are void of esthetics as well as ethics. For it is unthinkable that the advanced sensibility required for any genuine appreciation of art could be without compassion for life. Michelangelo, I am convinced, would have been the first to insist that to save a child's limbs, or even to dry his tears, is infinitely more important than to paint the Sistine Chapel. They who claim that humanity is but the humus for artistic crops are merely snobs and, beneath a manufactured veneer of refinement, indeed Calibans.

And they are, in addition, asses when there is no artistic product to support their sophism. This is precisely what happened to the cultural apologetics of Bolshevism: the humus of crushed humanity has been piling up in Soviet Russia for more than thirty years, but the cultural crop failures have grown more appalling from season to season. Artistically, Soviet Russia is today a desert decorated with gingerbread ornaments of a Philistine mediocrity unmatched by anything the Western eye has suffered since the worst breakdown of Victorian taste.

There was, no doubt, an early phase in the immense Soviet convulsion which could have fooled, and did fool, even the most honest men and most exquisite tastes. In the cataclysmic year of 1917, all Russian energies were fanned to white heat, for better or worse. And so were, of course, the innate artistic talents of the great Russian people which (contrary to another successful legend with which the Bolshevik propaganda has contaminated the

world) had in the nineteenth century moved to the front rank of Western civilization.

In historic fact, the violent upsurge of creativeness in the first revolutionary years (the impact of which the Western memory connects with a few unforgettable Eisenstein pictures more than anything else) was not at all the first phase of a new Soviet culture. It was the last enormous flash of a highly civilized Russian nineteenth century. What has followed since, in all areas of Soviet culture, has been an uninterrupted march toward the Philistinism, the calendar art, the inescapable sterility and cultural dearth of a vulgar police society.

The measure of the unprecedented collapse, I repeat, must be the level pre-Soviet Russia had reached in a century of creative outburst. The immense nineteenth-century body of Russian literature, for one thing, has no equal in any other language. Just as in the nineteenth century painting was France, music Austria and Germany, and manners England, so literature, and particularly the novel, was Russia.

Yes, there were also Dickens and Hardy in England, Balzac and Hugo in France, Melville in America; and they were giants. But they thrust up from their national levels of literary life like huge erratic boulders from an endless plain. The rollcall of Russian nineteenth-century writers makes the giant almost the norm. Gogol, Pushkin, Dostoevsky, Chekhov, Tolstoi, in a succession so fast that it was almost simultaneity, have aggregated the very essence of what we have come to call modern literature—the profound awareness of the human situation, the inexorable debt of the mind to the soul, of the conscious to the subconscious, of man to fate.

The level of Russian literature since about 1920 would be pathetic under Albanian conditions; it is absolutely terrifying against the backdrop of Russia's magnificent national tradition. And there is not even the consoling thought that the Iron Curtain may have hidden for us any considerable portion of Soviet literature. For even if the Bolsheviks were not the inexhaustible promotion experts they are when it comes to printed matter, Western publishers, in their insatiable and often stupid eagerness for the exotic Soviet product, have assuredly imported from Soviet Russia anything that faintly resembled a novel. Yes, we were exposed to all there was. And the net effect has been not so much disagreement as boredom. The truly frightening as-

pect of the Soviet novel is its psychological, philosophical and artistic illiteracy.

Which brings me to the bouquet that even the most balanced "progressives" are bound to throw Stalin's way: that mass illiteracy has been liquidated in Russia. Anyone who cares to can pick up scholarly studies which challenge that contention even statistically: the rate at which the vast sub-literate nationalities of the Russian Empire were learning to read in the last four pre-Soviet decades seems to have been just as fast as, if not faster than, the enforced training after 1917. I for one do not give a hoot. What matters is not that a man can read but *what* he reads. And I think that a man who knows only the Bible by heart lives on a higher cultural plane than one who avidly reads what Stalin has to say about God and the world.

And then there are the other two cultural products Soviet Russia has continuously exported in toto—music and movies. No Soviet artifact has deteriorated so appallingly, because none has tumbled from such a height of technical perfection, as the Soviet film. Only twenty-five years ago, no matter where a critic stood on social philosophy, he could not remain untouched by the artistic courage, the emotional vigor, the technical competence of the Soviet film. What the West has seen since, and we have dependably seen everything the Russians deemed presentable, outdoes the most insincere and artistically inferior Hollywood product—not so much because the Soviet film of the last two decades manipulates truth and rapes ideas, but mainly because it has become so dreary an effort to entertain Stalin's court on Stalin's level of taste. No wonder that after the war the people of Prague and Vienna, when the Red Army occupation forces showed the best Soviet films for free, preferred to pay money to see second-rate Hollywood musicals. Even what Hollywood considers a photogenic pair of legs is indeed a higher form of celebrating life, and therefore a higher esthetic value, than the greasy pair of boots that perpetually strut through the Soviet film of the last twenty-five years.

The decay of Soviet music may be a more controversial contention, but I have never understood the orgiastic writings of Mr. Olin Downes in the *New York Times*, a paper we always thought moored in the backwash of Richard Wagner until it began selling us on Shostakovich. It could be said in defense of Mr. Downes's impeccable reputation as a musical reactionary that his publicly admitted political preference has run away with his petrified sense of discrimination. At any rate Shostakovich, who started as a gifted imitator of Gustav Mahler, is now generally written off by most people of sane musical judgment. And what else could have happened to a frail musical talent run over and over by the hippopotamus of political authority that tells a Soviet composer what is good for him?

Though on Kachaturian's level of pop music the Soviets may have exported a few pleasurable numbers, the only Soviet composer who seems to have survived the Philistine ordeal with some grace and continuous evidence of greatness is Prokofiev. And significantly, he is the only one who had matured before 1917. He is, in fact, an incorrigible product of Western musical elegance, and no matter how he tries to hide behind the officially prescribed corny Russian folklore, his early Parisian splendor keeps breaking through. To claim Prokofiev's undeniable genius for the alleged inspirational prowess of the Soviet Revolution is not much more legitimate than to issue a posthumous membership card of the Communist Party to Beethoven—as Comrade Gerhardt Eisler did a few weeks ago.

It would perhaps be unfair to blame the Soviets for the excruciatingly bad painting and architecture that has emerged in Russia's thirty lean years. Russian painting has been a big laugh for a century, if not longer, and Russian architecture has been a pale and embarrassing imitation of Western architecture since Peter the Great so violently broke with the great Byzantine tradition. Even so, architecture has always been one of the more reliable cultural testimonies to an authentic upsurge of the spirit; and if the Soviet Revolution had contained anything of the sort, it would have reliably shown on the streets. It did not.

An almost comical fatness and a truly Babbittesque obsession with volume are the only true characteristics of Soviet architecture—a truth recently expressed by Mr. Novikov, the disarmingly naive Soviet Ambassador to India, when he thus praised a disgustingly colossal Indian exhibition of Soviet Russia's "cultural progress":

The reason why we are building the Moscow University as a skyscraper is that we have to train our architects and our technicians for the building of the Lenin Building which will house the Government, have a cinema for 50,000 people, hotels, libraries, etc., and will be 1500 feet high—much higher than the Empire State Building. For only in that way can we really build something worthy of the greatness of the Father of the Russian Revolution.

That last phrase might get the Ambassador in trouble with Stalin, who, as is so well known, has a monopoly on fatherhood of everything, but otherwise Mr. Novikov has presented the case fairly and squarely. Indeed, as in any other degraded civilization, the reason for building in Russia is merely to train technicians for more building; and its measures of greatness and worth are size and numbers.

Mr. Babbitt, you will recall, had at least one excuse for his intoxication with quantity: his was an honest belief that Bentham's platitude of greatest pleasure for the greatest number of people was destined to replace the Sermon on the Mount. It was a stupid but, as I said, an honest belief. And even such a worthless credo, just because it came from Babbitt's heart, produced some architecture which fell short of undying greatness but will re-

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main a respectable try—the American skyscraper. But when the Soviets copy the Woolworth Building two generations later, they are nothing but pompous witnesses to the spiritual void they represent. The sky their Lenin Building is going to scrape is a gray blanket over a gray social scene. They are reaching for it, not with the arrogant but fiery defiance of Prometheus, but with the dead hand of a tyranny which has suffocated the unpredictable person and thus has suffocated the arts.

The Great Red Father

Of all the purges initiated by Stalin the most frightful, . . . is his purge of the children. . . . The shootings and deportations and famines of 1932-33 had produced a fresh wave of *bezprizornii*, . . . There was a tremendous crime wave among young children. Disease among them was widespread. Sexual depravity was almost universal. Even more shocking to Stalin . . . many thousands . . . as an escape from their hard life, were entering religious sects.

Stalin decided to act. . . . On April 8, 1935, *Izvestia* published an official decree [which] extended the death penalty to children above the age of twelve for offenses ranging from petty larceny to treason. Armed with this terrible weapon, the Ogpu rounded up hundreds of thousands of young children and condemned them to concentration camps, to labor gangs and in many cases to execution.

It was just when these horrors were taking place that Stalin emerged from his semi-monastical isolation and began to pose before cameras as the godfather of Russia's little children. . . . He was shown escorting a twelve-year-old girl to the parade in Red Square. . . . Again, he was receiving gifts from a pretty child who came from distant Turkestan, to receive the Order of Lenin and a gold watch and a kiss from the "Father of Nations. . . ."

This camouflage was employed deliberately during these most terrible months when the Ogpu was blotting out the lives of twelve-, thirteen- and fourteen-year-old children on official charges of being "traitors, spies, Trotskyists, Fascists. . . ."

Not until February, 1939 did the world get an inkling of this, the most frightful purge of all. . . . The local Ogpu prosecutor in Leninsk-Kuznetsk and several of his assistants were chosen [as scapegoats] . . . the number of . . . victims . . . has never been, and never can be estimated. All that is officially known from the admission of the Soviet government, is that in the town of Leninsk-Kuznetsk, . . . 160 school children were subjected by the Ogpu to medieval tortures under a law formulated by Stalin, while Stalin was being photographed smiling benignly among his godchildren.

W. G. KRIVITSKY, "In Stalin's Secret Service," Harper, 1939

This Is What They Said

It is terribly dangerous to let any one group get too much power in the government.

HARRY S. TRUMAN, 1948 campaign speech in Dexter, Iowa

The ultimate toward which such a development [price control and other regulation of the market] tends is a planned economy in which production must be scaled, supplies rationed, priorities established, techniques adjusted, capital channeled, labor mobilized and controlled to put the public's consumption and the business world's system of production in working harmony with the official price structure.

EDWIN G. NOURSE, "Price Making in Democracy," 1944

Based on our experience, it is believed that the cost in man-hours and money of reduction in force as now administered, in addition to the loss of morale of employees of the agency, is far greater than the actual money saved by legislative action requiring a reduction in force.

SUBCOMMITTEE ON FEDERAL MANPOWER POLICIES, Interim Report, March 1952, quoting a letter from "one experienced personnel officer"

One day in 1937 I was sitting on the stage in a ballroom in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel during the proceedings of the annual *New York Herald Tribune* Forum when the polite stranger next to me introduced himself as David Stevens and turned out to be the head of the Humanities Division of the Rockefeller Foundation. Instead of listening to the speakers, most of whom were subversives of one kind or another, Mr. Stevens and I held a whispered conversation about a magazine article of mine he had just read, and the first thing I knew he asked me if I could use a grant-in-aid. I wasn't exactly broke at the time, but the offer was one of those flukes that could happen only in America and who was I to scorn our Way by refusing a Rockefeller grant? On the other hand, being a subversive and hep to some of the history of great American fortunes, and also being tired after finishing a book, I didn't—I couldn't—refuse Rockefeller money. I took it.

LOUIS ADAMIC in a posthumous article, "Confessions of a 33rd-Degree Subversive," the *Nation*, June 28, 1952

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

THE EDITORS



A Reviewer's Notebook

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Senator Joe McCarthy has written a book called "McCarthyism: The Fight for America" (Devin-Adair, 50 cents). I found myself momentarily puzzled by the title, for there isn't a thing that corresponds to the popular notion of "McCarthyism" in a hundred-odd pages of closely packed text. What we find here is not rant, or wild charges, but sober citations from books, magazines, newspapers and the incontrovertible evidence presented at Congressional hearings. Strictly on the evidence of this book, one would be forced to choose between two conclusions: either Joe McCarthy has been basely slandered by the McLiberals, or he has become a quite responsible scholar overnight.

There is more than the evidence of this book, of course. The truth is that Joe McCarthy has learned more and more about his subject—the influence of communism on the foreign policy, the domestic politics and the culture of America—as he has gone along. When he first became aware of the workings of infiltrators, spies and fellow-traveling dupes, he was an unsophisticated young politician from the Middle West. Being a Leo Durocher-John McGraw sort of fellow, a take-charge guy, he fumed, bit his nails, and rushed out of the dug-out to protest before a large crowd that some illegal spitballs and emery balls were being pitched by Lefty Lattimore. True, he hadn't seen Lattimore nick the ball on his spikes. But there were certainly some strange optical hijinks as Lefty's curve dipped over the outside corner of the plate.

Like Leo Durocher and John McGraw, McCarthy is not particularly subtle in the heat of debate. He learned to argue on the sandlots, not at Oxford. And right off the bat he made a mistake: he called Owen (*toujours de l'audace*) Lattimore the "top Soviet agent" in the United States. Since Gerhardt Eisler was the No. 1 Soviet agent in America throughout the historical period in question, this was in obvious contempt of the law of physics that says only one solid object can occupy a given space at a given moment. On the other hand, there might be a quibble to justify McCarthy: maybe the Soviet apparatus allows for plenty of room at the top. (Just under the space occupied by Joe Stalin, of course.)

In any event, McCarthy's loose use of the King's English gave Lattimore the chance to come back at

him. And Lattimore did. But events moved on, and Joe McCarthy kept on digging. He read books, he listened to dozens of people. And he began to learn something about the refinements of debate. The result is particularly apparent in his chapter called "The Evidence on Owen Lattimore." Here Joe McCarthy eschews the pop-off language of the dug-out. Instead, he quotes, quotes, quotes, levying upon Lattimore's own writings and upon the evidence presented by thirteen witnesses who have testified under oath to Lattimore's party-lining activities in behalf of the Wave of the Future: Mao Tse-tung Style.

Joe McCarthy follows the same sober question-and-answer method in chapters on Dean Acheson, Philip Jessup, George Marshall, the Tydings Committee, and on his own speech delivered at Wheeling, West Virginia, where his use of sober arithmetic regarding questionable loyalty cases in the State Department was distorted by an inexcusably careless and vituperative opposition. In clearing up the details about the charges and counter-charges involved in the struggle known as "McCarthyism," Joe McCarthy gives evidence that he can challenge Ph.D. workers at their own business of clearing all things back to authenticated sources. Furthermore, Joe McCarthy shows signs of learning that the outright Communist "spy" and "agent" may be less important than the Communist culture-carrier or peddler of influence in the McLiberals' fight to transform America into a version of Lower Slobbovia. (How's that for a title: "McLiberalism, the Fight for Lower Slobbovia"?)

Not that the Dick Tracy approach to spies and infiltrators in the State Department isn't necessary as long as Dean Acheson and his gang are moving the levers of power in Foggy Bottom. The infiltrators have been there, and McCarthy has proved it. There remains, however, the larger problem of explaining how Acheson got that way, or Who Sold Our Ruling Class the Bill of Goods? This is something that Joe McCarthy is just tumbling to. Before he can fully understand it, he needs some briefing on the Communist attitude toward what carries influence, which is words.

Long before Communist Harold Ware, son of Communist "Mother" Bloor, planted his cell in the Department of Agriculture in Washington (the cell

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from which emerged such characters as Lee Pressman and Alger Hiss), the Communists were busy with Objective No. 1, which was the capture of New York, the word capital of the United States. This job was pulled off in the thirties. It was an impalpable capture, and probably at no time did actual Communists ever occupy more than a few big jobs in the book publishing, magazine and newspaper world. But ever since the Communists first created their League of Professional Groups for Foster and Ford in 1932, they have managed to put their coloration on the American Word.

The League of Professional Groups lasted no longer than most Communist fronts, succumbing in due order to the Trotskyite schism of the mid-thirties. But for every Communist cultural "front" which broke up, five new ones were formed. There were the League of American Writers, the League Against War and Fascism (later the League for Peace and Democracy), the Descendants of the American Revolution, the League of Women Shoppers, etcetera, etcetera. The turnover in Big Name membership was fast and furious, since it took only a little face-to-face experience with the Communists to open the eyes of anyone with a modicum of critical sense. But always the Communists managed to retain the types that liked organization for its own sake. They couldn't hold an Edmund Wilson, a James Rorty, a Sidney Hook or a John Dos Passos, but they did hold the natural politicians of the cultural world. And these they infiltrated into bigger and better posts in publishing, in Hollywood, and in such organizations as the Book and Magazine Guild and the New York Newspaper Guild.

In time, the infiltrates achieved a wide amount of power to give and withhold jobs, to accept and to refuse manuscripts, and to exalt or to sabotage books and articles. In the late thirties and on up to 1945 and 1946 any author who deliberately provoked the Communists could count on a standard smear treatment. I well remember the fate of Ben Stolberg's "Story of the CIO." The book was an expansion of a series of Scripps-Howard syndicated articles exposing the Communists in certain of the CIO unions. Inasmuch as Phil Murray got around to purging the Communist elements from the CIO a decade later on charges that were essentially the same as those made by Stolberg in the thirties, the truth of the book is hardly to be questioned. Nevertheless, one of the Viking Press's own employees organized an inside-the-office crusade to discredit his own firm's book on the ground that it contained "mistakes." Stooze "petitions" rolled into Viking from all over asking the company to suppress Stolberg's "lies." The campaign was rolling furiously when Harold Guinzberg, the Viking Press president, came home from Europe and put a stop to it. But the damage had been done: Stolberg had been

"discredited" in the eyes of a number of dupe key reviewers.

The extent of Communist influence on American cultural life in the late thirties is perhaps best measured by what has gone down in anti-Communist history as the "letter of the 400 fools." Issued on August 14, 1939, this letter pointed to the "fascist" character of anyone who dared suggest the "fantastic falsehood" that the USSR and the totalitarian states are "basically alike." Vincent Sheean, Irving Fineman, Granville Hicks, Dashiell Hammett, Langston Hughes, Waldo Frank, Arthur Kober, Max Lerner, Frederick Schuman, Kyle Crichton and Robert Coates were among the 400 who put their names to a palpably idiotic document. Nine days later Berlin and Moscow made known the terms of their "pact of friendship," and a number of faces took on a purely physiological tinge of red.

Many of the 400 fools later beat their breasts and proclaimed their own gullibility. But so slickly had the Communist penetration of the "opinion industries" done its job that it is still considered disreputable to make a career of attacking communism. Today there is a small but growing market for the anti-Communist writer—he can get himself published in such organs as the *American Legion Monthly* or the *Freeman*. He can, if he will first piously proclaim that he is neither a McCarthyite nor an anti-McCarthyite, get published in the *New Leader*. But he will still have difficulty getting work from the fashionable old-line press—say, the *New York Times Sunday Book Review*, or the *Saturday Review of Literature*, or the slicks. By their oblique control of writing in the thirties and the early forties, the Communists managed to poison the intellectual life of a whole nation—and the poison has lingered on. The Communists created the stereotypes that move college professors, suburban women's club program chairmen, small-town editorial writers and Washington, D. C., bureaucrats even down to this year of 1952.

This was the really important job that was done on America—the job of poisoning the word. And now the big job is to extract the poison, and to change the stereotypes that move preachers, professors, editors and women's club speakers. In its essence, it is not a job that can be done by Congressional investigation, and we sincerely hope that Joe McCarthy will not attempt to take on a Senatorial Battle of the Books, which would involve destruction of the First Amendment to the Constitution. The job is one for journalism, and for journalism alone. But where are the journals and the journalists to do it? Alas, most of our editors are still fast asleep. They are still devoting most of their dream-walking energies to battling "McCarthyism" and kowtowing to McLiberalism. They

still think it is the quintessence of moral courage to denounce McCarthy—even though Richard H. Rovere, who denounces McCarthy periodically, admits that he has found such denunciation “no more taxing or dangerous than drinking my morning coffee.”

When will our editors tumble to the truth that McCarthy has merely uncovered the end-result, on governmental levels, of the subversion of the word that took place in the thirties? When will they start the laborious business of redefining the American Word? In my more pessimistic moments I doubt that they ever will. But my glandular optimism always reasserts itself, and I have had a long lesson in patient waiting.

Crankshaw's Confusion

Cracks in the Kremlin Wall, by Edward Crankshaw. New York: Viking. \$3.50

It is rather hard to say what Mr. Crankshaw intended in his book, for it does not represent an essay that logically brings a reader to the conclusion that is indicated by the title. In fact, there are several quite different subjects discussed by the author, and they are linked together in a rather artificial way.

One strand in the book is Mr. Crankshaw's theory about the general inferiority of the Russians. Certain students of Dostoevsky reached the conclusion long ago that the Russian people adore suffering, that they suffer always and with peculiar passion. Now Mr. Crankshaw has produced a theory that the Russians are born anarchists, that they love an absolute freedom so much that, being unable to attain it, they paradoxically agree to nothing less than an absolute serfdom. According to Mr. Crankshaw, the Russians have admired their dictators ever since the Middle Ages. They have had no aspiration for freedom and democracy. Mr. Crankshaw further suggests that Russians just can not imagine the possibility of life without a secret police. They revel in a life that would horrify almost any Briton or American.

Despite his claim that “few people have a greater admiration and affection for the Russian people” than he has, Mr. Crankshaw insists that though the life in contemporary Russia would be unbearable to a Britisher such as himself, it is still all right for the Russians. They have been accustomed to it for centuries. However, Mr. Crankshaw does admit on occasion that the Russians enjoyed a higher standard of living under the Tsar than they now enjoy under Stalin.

Another pet Crankshaw theory is that “Russia and communism are synonyms.” But Mr. Crankshaw is extremely unconvincing when he tries to prove that it was not communism that conquered

Russia under Lenin and Stalin, but a traditional Russian imperialism with traditions dating back to the times of the Muscovite Tsars and Peter the Great. According to Mr. Crankshaw, the only trouble with the present rulers of Russia is that they have succeeded in exploiting the discontent of the underdog all around the world by formal adherence to Marxism and the use of unscrupulous propaganda.

Mr. Crankshaw rejects the fact that in Soviet communism we face an absolutely new and unprecedented phenomenon; that the subversive tactics of the Soviet government were never characteristic of the pre-revolutionary governments of Russia, any more than they were characteristic of other imperialistic countries in Europe, the British Empire included.

In his attempt to picture Lenin and Stalin as ardent Russian nationalists, Mr. Crankshaw forgets that the first requirement of nationalism is love for one's country and one's people. Later in his book he tells horrifying stories about subhuman conditions in Russia, conditions created purposefully by the Kremlin gang. On certain occasions these conditions have betrayed the very interests of the nation. How can such things be reconciled with Mr. Crankshaw's idea of Stalin's nationalism?

Quite apart from the philosophical import of his book, the author raises the question of Soviet strength and its menace to the rest of the world. In discussing this, Mr. Crankshaw shows considerable knowledge of the internal situation in the USSR. His conclusions here are worthy of every attention. Mr. Crankshaw's point is that the Soviet Union is too weak to start even a limited aggression in the visible future. It must solve many internal problems before it can hope to represent a real force to be feared. Mr. Crankshaw makes it quite clear that Moscow leaves Titoist Yugoslavia alone for the simple reason that it might prove too costly to make the attempt to remove Tito by force.

The Crankshaw theory about Stalin's weakness may be entirely correct. However, we can not afford to take chances: dictators are always unpredictable. Even if we did know exactly what is going on in Politburo meetings, we still would have no right to slack off in our preparations to stop Russia from enslaving the world. Many times in Soviet history both Lenin and Stalin have put their regimes on the brink of destruction because of their shortsightedness and miscalculation. All too many nations have lost their independence since World War II because of complacency among the great democracies, and there is no guarantee that the Soviet expansionist dynamic is exhausted. The danger of war exists. Despite Mr. Crankshaw, the situation is much more serious than a badger threatening chickens. And the danger will remain until, in one way or another, the Soviet regime in Russia is liquidated.

VLADIMIR PETROV

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Bullet of a Book

El Campesino: Life and Death in Soviet Russia, by Valentín Gonzales and Julian Gorkin. Translated by Ilsa Barea. New York: Putnam. \$3.50

This looks like a book. It isn't. It's a bullet shot out of a gun; it's the life of a man who lived like that: swift, hard and deadly.

From the hungry mountains of Estramadura, this Spanish peasant fought to the highest military school in Moscow. Then came prison, flight, arrest, escape—and today he is telling people what he saw. Tortured for months, night and day, in the Lubyanka Prison, he nearly died, but he was one of the few who did not "confess."

From the time he was fifteen years old, Gonzales was known in Spain as El Campesino (the Peasant) and his pride in that name runs through his life. He was bitterly angry because the Russians called him Komisaró Piotr Antonovich.

His father was an anarchist who was killed fighting the Spanish monarchy. El Campesino learned terrorism as a boy. After he had made and used his first bomb, he was in prison in Spain and in Morocco. He was a rebel against the Spanish monarchy, against Franco and finally against Stalin. While he was in the Spanish Army in Morocco, his sergeant abused him. During a battle he killed the sergeant. No officer was harsh toward him again.

Always an anarchist, always against all authority. Then came Joseito. Joseito was a friend. He gave El Campesino Communist stuff to read. Joseito started him on the beautiful rosy road to Moscow. Why did this individualist so quickly take the road to the Red Prison Land? He says that he thought then that this was revolution too, and that if you obeyed, it was because you wanted to. In all his harsh life he had never heard or seen anything that would give him a yardstick, nothing that would help him pass judgment on the promises held out by Joseito and his friends. He knew nothing of other countries, he had no world knowledge. Then, too, he had always acted and never thought.

The Loyalist Revolution opened the gates to hope. El Campesino was a leader among the Spaniards, built up by the Russians as a hero. It was this build-up that saved the man: the Stalinists hesitated to kill a hero whom they needed for propaganda uses in Spanish America.

For the cause, El Campesino stole and gave stolen money to the Communist Party. But he began to have his first doubts. The didoes of the Communists in the Loyalist war horrified him. For this he blamed the Spanish Communists. He was confident that when Moscow knew what they were doing, they'd soon stop all that.

So at last he went to the Communist heaven and there for the first time was pushed into real think-

ing. They treated him wonderfully: luxury, pretty girls "elegantly dressed" to bathe and wait on him, the great officers' academy. He began soon enough to get into trouble. The decent human being, the anarchist in him, couldn't take it. His days of thoughtless action were over.

There are only 218 pages in this book, but there isn't a wasted word. We learn quickly about the hereditary military caste, the four workers among the officers who wound up in Siberia, the machinations of La Pasionara. We learn about the panic as the Germans approached Moscow when Stalin "spoke in a feeble, sugary, expressionless voice." We see the documents burning in the Red Square, the riots, the crazy train, the flight, El Campesino's escape, his recapture, the subway work, the mines, flight again, refuge each night with a licensed prostitute (the only safe place), his Russian wife (what became of her?).

This is a tough book about a tough man. It makes the tough school of our fiction look like a soft-boiled egg. El Campesino was not a man to love, but one to fear and heed. He has been helped in the writing by Julian Gorkin, who has done a fine job of compression. The translator, Ilsa Barea, has kept the spirit of the action and the character.

HELEN WOODWARD

Chinese Leninism

Mao's China: Party Reform Documents, 1942-1944. Seattle: University of Washington Press. \$4.50

General Sadao Araki, one of the more imaginative of the prewar Japanese military leaders, once remarked that the Japanese as a people were like clay, the Chinese like sand. And the history of China since the fall of the obsolete imperial regime in 1911 does indeed suggest a series of vain attempts to pour the innumerable grains of sand represented by the Chinese people into some kind of firm political, economic and social mold.

Now the Chinese Communists are trying to organize and regiment the Chinese people according to a well-tested Soviet political formula: unlimited terror plus unlimited propaganda. As independent foreign correspondents were barred from Red China even before the outbreak of the war in Korea, there is special value, as evidence of the general lines of Communist political thought, in translations of the speeches of Mao Tse-tung and other leaders.

The present volume is a collection of such translations, mostly related to the war years, 1942-1944. As Mr. Boyd Compton, the translator, explains in an introduction, the Communists were establishing military and political bases in various regions of North China which were too remote from the large railways to be firmly held by the Japanese.

Their social and economic policy at that time was relatively moderate; their aim was to set up a kind of coalition front which they could dominate through their tight organization and superior purposefulness. One finds little eloquence or profundity in these discourses of the Chinese Lenin. But the reader who can plow through a good deal of arid didactic material will find much evidence for the dependence of Mao Tse-tung and his associates on "Marxism-Leninism" as a system of thought and on the Soviet ideal and model of a tightly disciplined party, to which the individual member is required to sacrifice his heart, his brain and his life.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

MacArthur's Beliefs

Revitalizing a Nation. A Statement of Beliefs, Opinions and Policies in the Public Pronouncements of General of the Army Douglas MacArthur. Chicago: Heritage Foundation. \$2.00

Here are the views, stated with Lincolnian simplicity, of a great soldier-statesman, whose integrity, honor, incorruptibility, dignity, insight and courage are an open book.

As a soldier, he picked his way, undiscouraged by faint-hearted support, up through the Pacific as deftly as a cat crossing a wet street, and at length landed with a handful of attendants on the shores of the still resentful and formidably outnumbering enemy. As a statesman, he succeeded in demoting a god and having the divinity and his worshippers like it—an unparalleled feat. He has borne with unruffled dignity the crude affront of his sudden dismissal and an attempted humiliation that did not humble. The dignity of his speech before Congress impressed the nation and the world.

There is a widespread, patent and latent, popular resentment of his inconsiderate and discourteous dismissal. A young man had sensed the situation when he broke out: "Lindbergh got a great reception. So did Ike. But wait till Mac comes home!"

Your reviewer once asked an eminent general, now at rest in Arlington, who had been closely associated with MacArthur, whether the General was a poseur, or even a coward, as averred by his detractors. The answer was "No! When a man is handsome, that is always against him. And when he is meticulous in person and dress, he is at once deemed a snob. All nonsense! As for being cowardly, he was, as a brigadier general in War I, wounded more than once at the front line. Haven't you seen the photographs that show him wading ashore under fire?"

These samples of MacArthur's speeches reveal the quality of the man as clearly as do those of Churchill. What more need be said of them than that they portray a strong intellect brooding upon an almost unexampled experience; and also an in-

sight that recognizes the essentially moral nature of the domestic and international issues in this formidable national and world crisis? That is why not a few of us have the conviction that the General exercises an unparalleled moral "revitalizing" influence in a demoralized and devitalized era. It is the acts behind the words that count with us, for the eloquence of his words emanates straight out of his record of deeds. He is a single-minded, imperturbable, fearless champion of the simple truth.

A. G. KELLER

Brief Mention

Perspective on a Troubled Decade, edited by Lyman Bryson, Louis Finkelstein and R. M. MacIver. New York: Harper. \$5.50

Under the editorship of Lyman Bryson, Louis Finkelstein and R. M. MacIver, a splendid wealth of material drawn from a Columbia University Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion has been incorporated into a magnificently printed book, whose physical appearance alone would make it a pleasure to own. But it is definitely not the type of book one sits down to read from cover to cover. When ninety-five scholars, each a highly trained specialist in any one of a hundred specialized disciplines, get together to present their own particular "perspective" on the last decade, the result is bound to be indigestible when swallowed as a lump. It would take more than a miracle to unify the approaches of people with such varied views as Gardner Murphy, William E. Hocking, Margaret Mead, William Seifriz, Philipp Frank, Paul Weiss, Edgar Brightman, E. A. Burt and Herbert W. Schneider. We can consider ourselves lucky if we find them speaking the same language—and there are places in this book where our luck begins to wear thin. The strength of the book lies in its avoidance of oversimplified panaceas. Its weakness: a lack of unifying principle.

T. R. M.

Two Cheers for Democracy, by E. M. Forster. New York: Harcourt, Brace. \$4.00

This is E. M. Forster's first full-length book in fifteen years. The author's heart is in the right place: he stood up in tough times to be counted for liberty. But he is no torch bearer. He coyly offers two cheers, not three, for democracy—and the absence of the third cheer has a chilling effect. Obviously Forster doesn't worry about being unpopular; he says that he "belongs to the fag end of Victorian liberalism." More precisely, he is among those who prefer to question rather than to affirm. He does, however, have faith in the arts. As a critical essayist he brings new life to an old form, refurbishing it with the touch of the novelist. He discusses a variety of writers from Skelton to Eliot with insight. And the deadpan sketch of the home life of the Sidney Webbs is fun.

E. G.

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Second Harvest

By EDWARD DAHLBERG

What Is Art? by Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Aylmer Maude. New York: Oxford. \$1.25

The Oxford University Press has reprinted the remarkable polemic, "What Is Art?," translated by Aylmer Maude, whose study of Tolstoy published in 1910 is as valuable as Gilchrist's famous book on William Blake. "What Is Art?" is a moral tract on the evil of the arts. It is a superficial folly to set aside this book because Tolstoy said that Shakespeare and Beethoven were decadent. Tolstoy is right in distrusting the artist, for genius is a lawless angel over which few have prevailed. Christ went to the wilderness to overcome temptation, but the poet seeks wilderness solitude to cultivate it.

Tolstoy attacked Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Verlaine, all of whom were artistic hermits of special sins. In "What Is Art?" Tolstoy assails the decadence of "The Gallant Marksman," a prose-poem by Baudelaire. In this poem the poet, the religious dandy of literary abstractions, goes to the forest in a carriage and stops at a shooting-gallery. The poet takes a rifle and aims at one of the decoy dolls, a scene which presents the agony of the esthete in quest of *le mot juste*. The poet missing several times, his "delicious, execrable" wife mocks him. Taking aim again, he imagines that the doll he decapitates is his wife as well as time, "the monster."

The disciples of the shooting-gallery school of esthetics are Pound, Eliot, Auden, Isherwood, Williams, Tate and Ransome. What unites all these people is intellectual perversity, the cult of solitude and *le mot juste* which results in a private, lonely alphabet. The old literature is founded on the Mosaic family laws, the parents, filial obedience, and marriage. One will look in vain for the conjugal table and the household hearth in modern letters. As Baudelaire says in "The Stranger," also quoted by Tolstoy: "I have neither father nor mother, no sister, brother."

The Solomons of literature, Isaiah, Euripides, Donne, Tolstoy, lament loneliness, barrenness and the passing away of the summer fruits, but the modern cult abominates women—and masculine force. "Only the brute is really potent," wrote Baudelaire. Baudelaire took from Poe, his teacher, the mountain tarns and the miasmas and employed them as symbols of impotence, sterility and absolute extinction. Whatever grew, ripened or bloomed was for Baudelaire a horror. In the Poe short stories the women are almost invariably murdered.

Behind the cult of "originality" is the sanctified platitude. The idols, Wilde, Gide, Eliot, Williams, Pound and Cummings, have devoured more people than Moloch, but who dares question their tyrant screeds? What is the value of such doggerel as

Eliot's "... the women come and go Talking of Michaelangelo." If one says that "I grow old. . . I grow old . . . I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled" is Yahoo nursery verse, he is churlishly told that such banality is the poet's literary intention. No one troubles to add that this does not make the result any less trite.

Reputation in the arts is mass hypnotism. The greatest frauds are accepted with comatose welcome. The composer is as violently perverse as the painter, for what is important is intentionally to do violence to sounds, objects, reality. Fire department sirens and whistles, as in the pulp opuses of Edgar Varese, are regarded as titanism in sensibility. Now we are told that Aaron Copeland may make an opera out of the libidinous illiteracies of "Studs Lonigan," by James T. Farrell. These are the satans of carnage who are taking their revenge against reality and man. It was for this reason that Plato and Tolstoy feared that music would enslave the will.

We go to the great masters with humility. We reread Tolstoy with the same reverence that Liu Tsung Yuan said he had for the poetry of his friend, Han Yu, never opening his books without first washing his hands. We turn to the Bible to escape the torpor of the heart. But we go to new poetry for novelty and the image, which does not increase compassion but coldness.

A hypersensitive and often subhuman art is the result of the beauty-cult which Tolstoy hated. Tolstoy pointed out that Plato, Socrates and Aristotle did not think that goodness and beauty always coincide.

The perverse is the touchstone of the modern man of taste, and we see a sybaritic use of a Biblical reference in Gide's "If It Die," taken from John the Evangelist. By "If It Die" Gide referred to Wilde and his disciples, who have had the most noxious effects upon the American arts, the ballet, the stage, the movies, music and painting. These arts that prey upon the nervous system swindle man of his morals and of his affections.

Many sophists regarded Gibbon as a philister for saying that the decline of the family brought about the fall of Rome. The difference between a virtuous, republican Cato and a Heliogabalus lies in the disappearance of Roman household virtues: marriage, progeny and filial respect. By the time of Catullus, Martial, Horace, the Roman vestal virgin had given way to the lewd idol.

In all of Tolstoy's writings he particularly impugns any kind of violence. The whole contemporary art-cult is based upon an art of shock which results in the deliberate disorder of language, sounds, objects and sex. It is this kind of intentional devilism which has given us surrealism and existentialism. Tolstoy had an unusual conscience, and we can open "What Is Art?" with the same assurance that we have when we turn to the five books of Moses or the Sermon on the Mount.

Nothing for Nothing No, Not Even Medicine!

Available to you now is the 24-page booklet "How Sick is State Medicine?", reprinted from Dr. Melchior Palyi's comprehensive article in the FREEMAN of June 16. Dr. Palyi convincingly points out the vast difference between the rosy promises of socialized medicine and the grim realities that exist wherever it has been implemented.

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Letters

(Continued from page 752)

I am not trying to say that I became converted completely to the set of ideas that Dr. Mises and the *Freeman* represent. But I do say that any student or teacher of the social sciences who fails to think deeply on these ideas is negligent and ill-informed, if not worse. This feeling the seminar did leave with me. Certainly I personally appreciate some of these ideas far more than I did a month ago.

The following suggestion is offered for future seminars. A few with whom I talked seemed to agree that more discussion during the period after the formal lecture ended would have been an improvement. Too often a question was merely a prelude to a brief lecture by Dr. Mises, and too often a question posing a problem countering some of the lecturer's points was buried beneath an answer that seemed to avoid completely the issue raised. With a gathering such as the San Francisco group, more chance for others to get in on some of these issues would certainly have proved stimulating. I realize this is not a vital point, and not one which the sponsors of a seminar can readily control. (I wish I were free from the things I criticize in others teachers). But I thought this might be a way of indicating my gratitude to you.

Philadelphia, Pa.

ROBERT MILLER

Darwin Preceded Marx

In Dr. Haushalter's second article on "Our Leftist Clergy" (your issue of June 16) the first sentence says: "In the fateful year 1867 appeared two books heavily loaded with revolution and trouble for the Christian religion—Darwin's 'Origin of the Species' and Karl Marx's 'Das Kapital'." Darwin's "Origin of Species" (not the species) was published in 1859, a memorable year in the history of science.

New York City

HARDEN F. TAYLOR

Required Reading

I want to tell you that I was perfectly delighted with the July 14 issue of the *Freeman*. I wish that every "American For Demagogic Action" would have an opportunity to read Morrie Ryskind's "Ode to a Harvard Don," and I would like to see all so-called "liberal" organizations, including the "League of Lady Vipers," be required to read, or be permitted to read, "FEPC Is a Fraud," by George S. Schuyler.

St. Louis, Missouri

TOWNER PHELAN

Two Voters Speak

I am in general agreement with editorial policy, but find myself unable to comprehend your seeming failure to understand the true reason for popular demand for Eisenhower. It seems to me to be clear . . . that people are tired of both parties as they now constituted, or were before nomination of Eisenhower. The fact that Eisenhower is not a politician is all to the good. He has character, courage and common sense, qualities much needed in a leader for the present time. Of course Taft has political experience, but the public is in revolt against the professional politician both right and left. . . .

Many of us, especially in the South, still adhere to Jefferson's principles and oppose the socialist trend in Washington. From its birth the Republican Party was hostile to the South, and since Roosevelt the New Deal Party has been equally or more so. Therefore the South hopes to find the Republican Party under Eisenhower quite different from the old, and that it will be a safer haven than the New Deal Party.

No Democratic candidate has ever been elected without the vote of the South, Harry Truman to the contrary. Only four states deserted the party '48. Two or three times that number may go to Eisenhower this time.

Gatlinburg, Tenn. JAMES A. PETERSON

The Acheson gang has procured the Republican Presidential nomination by one of its stooges and will certainly give the Democratic nomination to another of its stooges. This means that fifty million Americans (half the eligible voters) will boycott this election as they did in 1948, unless someone has the wisdom and courage to form a truly American third party to nominate MacArthur and Byrd.

Oakhurst, N. J.

S. Z. HENK

From General Willoughby

I have long been aware of the quality and fresh nuance of your magazine. It is first-rate and has attained that comparative rarity in the American jungle: intellectual probity and independence.

CHARLES A. WILLOUGHBY

Madrid, Spain

Maj. Gen., U. S. Army

Bureaucratic Mazes

Don Knowlton's "A Picklish Situation" in your issue of July 28 was a satirical masterpiece on the amazing mazes of bureaucracy. Let's have more of the same.

New York City

M. W. TAYLOR

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