

The Religion of Immoralism

Max Eastman

Will Italy Vote Left?

Klaus Dohrn

Dante and the Moderns

Joseph Wood Krutch

Indoctrination in Korea

Martin Berkeley

The Necessity of "Red-Baiting"

An Editorial

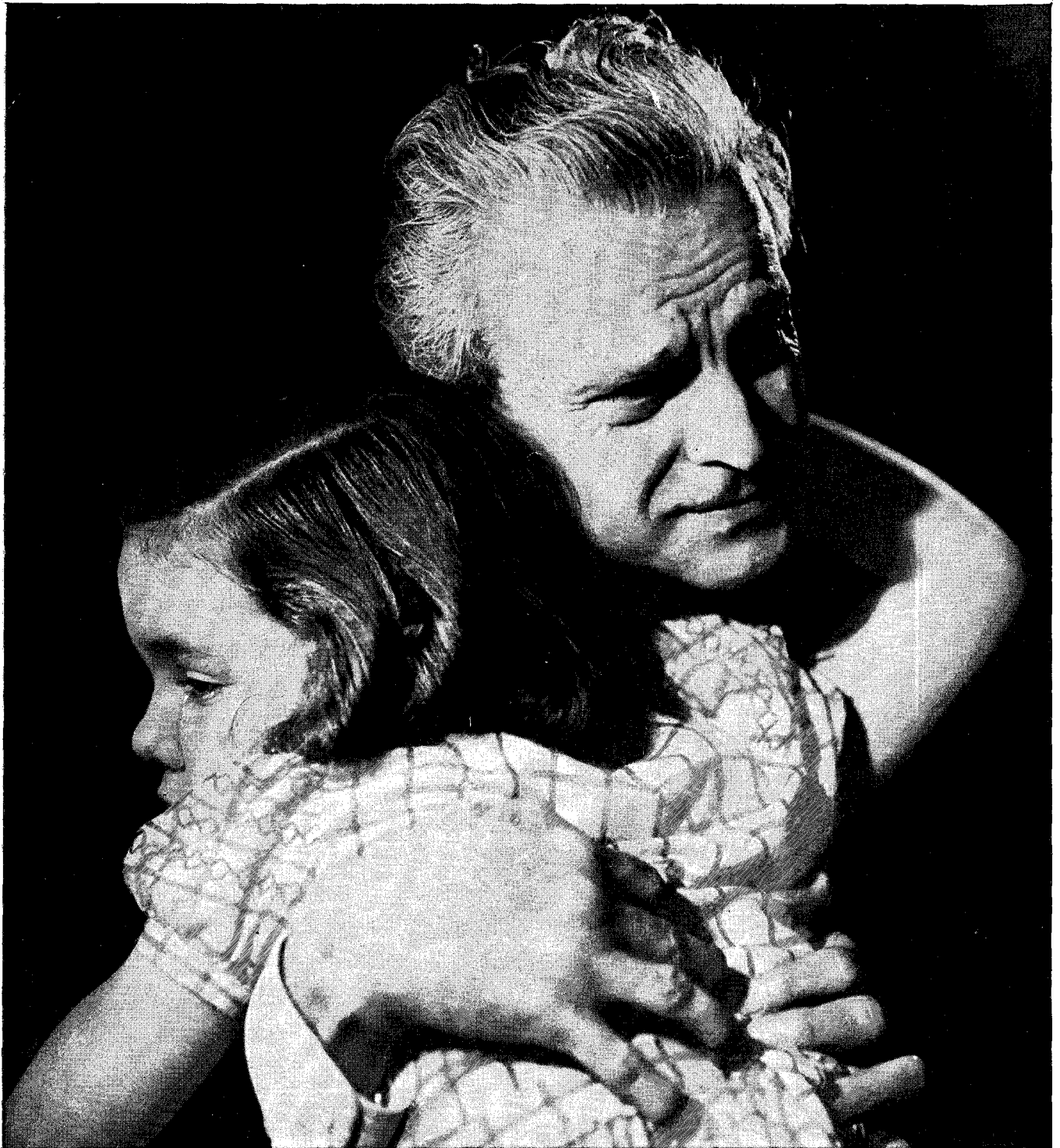


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THE Freeman

A Fortnightly
For
Individualists

Editor HENRY HAZLITT
Managing Editor FLORENCE NORTON

Contents

VOL. 3, NO. 18

JUNE 1, 1953

Editorials

Fortnight	617
The Necessity of "Red-Baiting".....	619
A Test of Our Honor	620
No Steel Strike.....	621

Articles

The Religion of Immoralism.....	MAX EASTMAN	622
The Case Against Nationalization.....	DIOGENES	625
What Should We Do About the ILO?.....	W. L. MCGRATH	627
Coronation Capers.....	HOWARD WYCE	629
Indoctrination in Korea.....	MARTIN BERKELEY	631
Will Italy Vote Left?.....	KLAUS DOHRN	634
John Flynn and the <i>Times</i>	GARET GARRETT	637

Books and the Arts

Dante and the Moderns.....	JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH	639
Our Japanese Friends.....	WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN	640
Legend into Man.....	ALICE BEAL PARSONS	641
Soviet Strategy.....	JULIAN GUMPERZ	642
Unresolved Dilemma.....	JOHN VERNON TABERNER	643
Clash of Cultures.....	GEORGE S. SCHUYLER	643
From Murder to Revolution.....	R. G. WALDECK	644
Sublime Talk.....	F. N.	645
Theater.....	ADELE GUTMAN NATHAN	646

Poem

Never Again.....	MARY SINTON LEITCH	626
------------------	--------------------	-----

This Is What They Said	633
------------------------------	-----

Worth Hearing Again	638
---------------------------	-----

From Our Readers	616
------------------------	-----

Our Contributors

DIOGENES is the pen name of a British columnist writing regularly for *Time and Tide* of London.

W. L. MC GRATH, a Cincinnati business executive, was a member of the labor management committee of the War Manpower Commission. For the past four years he has been a member of the American delegation to the Annual Conferences of the International Labor Organization in Geneva.

HOWARD WYCE is known to FREEMAN readers for his "Portrait of England," which appeared in two installments in our issues of March 9 and 23. His present piece on pre-Coronation Britain reached us just as we were going to press for our final number before that historic event.

MARTIN BERKELEY sent us the story of Paul F. Schnur, Jr. ("Indoctrination in Korea") from California, where in his time off from being a Hollywood screen writer he is working on a book about Communists and the Liberals. He is a former Communist, who broke with the party in 1943; in 1951 he testified before the House Un-American Activities Committee.

KLAUS DOHRN, though now a resident of this country, still spends a large part of his time abroad as an observer of the political scene and a correspondent. He returned only a short while ago from a year in Italy and will be back in Rome by the time his forecast of the Italian elections appears. He was from 1933-38 editor of the anti-Nazi, Catholic magazine, *Der Christliche Ständestaat*, in Vienna. He escaped from Austria to France where he edited a resistance newspaper in Paris. He has recently served as adviser on European affairs to the A. F. of L.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, author, dramatic critic, and professor of dramatic literature at Columbia University, is now living in Tucson, Arizona. In addition to his works on the theater, he has written a number of biographies. His most recent book is *Desert Year*, published in 1952.

Among Ourselves

For this issue Max Eastman has stepped forward from the book to the article section to show us a side of Marxism that has been generally smoothed over or ignored by the Marxians. Our distinguished guest lead book reviewer is Joseph Wood Krutch (see biographical note above). Mr. Eastman will return to his place at the head of the book pages in our June 15 issue with a discussion of *The Natural Superiority of Women* by Ashley Montagu.

THE FREEMAN is published fortnightly. Publication Office, Orange, Conn. Editorial and General Offices, 240 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Copyrighted in the United States, 1953, by the Freeman Magazine, Inc. Henry Hazlitt, President; Lawrence Fertig, Vice President; Claude Robinson, Secretary; Kurt Lassen, Treasurer.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Orange, Conn. Rates: Twenty-five cents the copy; five dollars a year in the United States; nine dollars for two years; six dollars a year elsewhere.

The editors can not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.

Articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials do not necessarily represent the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style.

11 Printed in U.S.A., by Wilson H. Lee Co., Orange, Connecticut

FROM OUR READERS

"Democracy in the Classroom" —Pro and Con

I am glad that there is such a magazine as the FREEMAN, for I believe that it is important to have a publication that presents the point of view which you do so adequately. I must admit, however, that even my own New England Republican background rebels at times at the intolerance of some of the statements made in your magazine.

My reason for writing you at this time is on a matter of simple honesty of reporting. On page 486 of the April 6, 1953, issue of the FREEMAN ("Democracy in the Classroom") appears the statement: "The group penetrated the previously conservative National Education Association, which later announced officially that 'dying laissez-faire must be completely destroyed.'" This is a completely false statement. Never in its nearly 100 years of history has the National Education Association officially made such a statement or anything similar to it.

Actually, the quotation is taken from the report of a small discussion group of an autonomous affiliated department of the NEA and it was "received and filed" in their meeting. In other words, the quoted statement was never an official statement of even an independent group within the NEA, to say nothing of the national organization itself.

Washington, D. C. R. B. KENNAN

If we are to split hairs, Mr. Kennan may have a point to his objection to the word "officially" in my article. I quoted from the proceedings of the seventy-second annual convention of the National Education Association, held in Washington, D. C., in 1934. In fuller context the passage read:

But to achieve these things, many drastic changes must be made, a dying laissez-faire must be completely destroyed, and all of us, including the "owners," must be subjected to a large degree of social control.

I do not believe, however, that ascribing this sentiment to the NEA distorted the Association's essential position. The report in question was presented to the Association's very important Department of Superintendence. And Mr. Kennan neglected to tell us that the author of the statement and the spokesman for this "small discussion group" was Willard E. Givens, the man who was later hired as Executive Secretary of NEA and served in that capacity for several years.

Joy Elmer Morgan, for many years editor of the Journal of the NEA, may

be presumed to have spoken officially for the organization. His language in writing of the American system was even stronger than that of the quotation in my article.

In an editorial that appeared in the January, 1939, issue of the Journal, Morgan wrote: "There has grown up in the United States during the past half century a new feudalism more threatening than the institution of human slavery." The editorial continued with bitter denunciation of "special privilege," "the corrupting influence of the great corporations," "a monopolistic press and radio," and other hates that strongly resembled the Communist-inspired line of agitation.

At the 1938 NEA Convention, Dr. Goodwin Watson of Teachers College, Columbia University, made an address in which he praised the "notable international achievement of the Soviet Union" and excoriated "chauvinistic nationalism" in the United States. "So long as power to control business and government rests with our present small reactionary ruling class we must expect enormous discrepancies between the ideals of world peace and actions taken far more with a view to profits," he said as quoted in the press at that time.

I would like to believe that there has been a change of heart at NEA since then. But its recent attempt to discredit the earnest efforts of two congressional committees to expose Communists and fellow-travelers in the teaching profession as "a wave of scapegoating" and "dangerous attacks on freedom of thought and civil liberties" hardly justifies that hope.

Springfield, Mo. FRED DE ARMOND

Battle Against Print

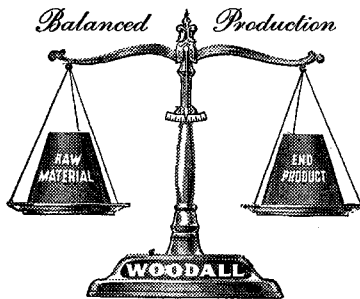
I have read Miss Schreiber's "The Battle against Print," April 20 issue, with interest. But I feel her despair is unwarranted. I refer you to the *New York Times Magazine* of April 5, page 58. Louis Hacker, Director of Columbia's School of General Studies, writes: "The leading interest of mature students is humanistic and not vocational. The largest department, in point of registration, is that of English language and literature. . . ."

New York, N. Y. I. K. ROLLING

As the mother of two college-age boys, I was especially interested in "The Battle against Print. . . ."

It would be a pity if the information in this article stopped right there. . . . Can't this material be disseminated by means of reprints in other magazines and newspapers? I congratulate you on having brought it to our attention.

New York, N. Y. MARJORIE R. ROSET



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THE Freeman

MONDAY, JUNE 1, 1953

The Fortnight

President Eisenhower and the State Department have made the only possible reply to the proposal of Sir Winston Churchill for a conference of the heads of state of leading powers to try to settle the differences between East and West. Mr. Eisenhower has properly pointed out that the Communist world must come forward with at least a few deeds revealing a real desire for peace before it can be assumed that any such meeting as that proposed by Sir Winston would have the least chance of fruitful results. As the State Department has pointed out, the Soviet Union has a good opportunity to make just such demonstrations of good faith in the Korean negotiations now in process, and in the forthcoming negotiations toward a treaty with Austria.

It is a little hard to understand, in fact, just why Sir Winston has revived the rather simple-minded idea that the issues which have been dividing the Communist and the free world can be settled if only he and Eisenhower and Malenkov can meet each other face-to-face and man-to-man around a table. That idea seized the popular imagination in the thirties. It culminated in Neville Chamberlain's fatuous belief, when he returned from Munich in 1938, that he had brought back "peace in our time." It was tried again, with no less disastrous results, at Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam.

The defense of these meetings by those of the free world who participated in them has been almost as damaging as the criticisms. The defenders say that if Hitler had only kept his word, or if Stalin had only abided by his, the agreements would have justified themselves. But apart from the fact that basic moral principles were cynically thrown away by democratic statesmen at Yalta and Potsdam, there was not the slightest evidence for the belief, on the part of any intelligent person, that Stalin would keep any word or abide by any agreement. Nor is there now the slightest reason for

supposing that any of the present leaders of the Kremlin would keep theirs. The result of such a meeting would be what the results of such meetings have been in the past. We would make still further concessions, and sign away still further principles, to get the agreement; and we would have no pledge in which we could put the slightest confidence.

The remarks of former Prime Minister Clement Attlee in Parliament on May 12 were neither grateful, tactful, sensible, nor reassuring. He attacked the Constitution of the country on which Britain has been leaning most heavily for economic and military aid. He declared that politically and economically the executive branch of the United States Government was tied hand and foot to the legislative arm by a Constitution "framed for an isolationist state." That Constitution, he said, makes it impossible for the executive branch of the government in Washington to implement its words. Now it is surely strange for an alleged believer in democracy to deplore the fact that our national representative assembly has anything to say, or that the executive must get its approval. The British Parliament has, in fact, far more power than the American Congress. True, it may not have to ratify a treaty affirmatively before that treaty can go into effect. But if it doesn't like a treaty or anything else—it can force the immediate resignation of the executive who tried to make it.

Mr. Attlee also put forward the odd proposal that Britain should play a major part in the Korean truce negotiations while continuing to play only a minor part in the Korean fighting. But we hope that Congress does not allow itself to become provoked by Mr. Attlee's folly into straining Anglo-American relations even further. Nothing but harm can come from wild talk of "sinking every accursed British ship carrying material to our enemy." On the other hand, we might at last start taking a realistic view of our policy of handing over billions of dollars to the British and other European governments on the still unproved contention that they cannot afford to pay for their own defense.

Whatever the final release of William N. Oatis may signify, it is not a diplomatic victory for the United States or for the free world. Perhaps we do not know all the motives behind the original arrest and imprisonment of Oatis, but we can be confident of one of them, because it runs through every action of the Soviet Union and its satellites. That motive was to humiliate the United States, not only in the eyes of the Iron Curtain countries, but in the eyes of Europe and of the rest of the world. It was to help prove to them that the United States either could not or would not protect them against the Soviet Union in the event of a war or other pressure, because it could not or would not protect the life and freedom even of its own citizens abroad. Our State Department's weak-kneed protests and mild reprisals proved that the Communists had correctly taken our diplomatic measure, as they had in scores of similar actions elsewhere.

This purpose of Oatis's arrest was fully served after twenty-five months' imprisonment. The occasion and manner of his release actually carried that purpose out even further. For after successfully treating the protests of our State Department with complete contempt, the Czech Communists released and "pardoned" Oatis in reply to an appeal from his wife. The printed text of her letter, it will be noticed, at no point even hinted that Oatis might be innocent of the charges against him; at no point even mentioned that he was an American citizen, and not subject to the jurisdiction of the Czech courts; at no point even suggested that there is such a thing as impersonal justice or a rule of law. It merely pleaded for the Communist President of Czechoslovakia to show his personal "mercy." He was released, therefore, on the same grounds that an admittedly guilty Czech citizen might have been released. And yet the response among many in Washington has been a pusillanimous haste to repeal all our mild reprisals, to start hoping that this is another expression of peaceable intentions on the part of the Soviet Union, and to continue to forget that thousands of our prisoners of war in Korea have been maltreated and slaughtered. How long are we doomed to repeat this dismal pattern of appeasement?

Secretary of State Dulles and Mutual Security Director Stassen have been on a trip through the Near East and South Asia, covering a lot of ground. What is true for one of these countries needn't apply to the others. But generally speaking, our foreign aid program in these areas has cheapened itself by the degrading tactics of the Truman Administration. Rather than taking our pick from the applications of countries in need of loans or other aid, we've practically begged them, please, to let us give them a few hundred millions. We hope Dulles and Stassen will put an

end to this disgrace, which gave countries like Burma a chance to turn down our aid with a gesture of annoyance and defiance. Extravagant hand-outs, proffered with an air of humble submission, are neither worthy of the United States nor appreciated by self-respecting countries.

The French government of Premier René Mayer has done a courageous thing. It has tried to strike at the root of France's constantly recurring economic crises. That root is excessive government spending. The French have, for decades, been living in a cloud-cuckoo land of financial irresponsibility. Mayer plans to cut the next budget by 10 per cent. He wants to put a ceiling on his administration's civil and military spending. He wants to block subsidies and other forms of state aid. Above all, he wants to have the French Constitution changed, so that a stable government can eventually take the place of the game of musical chairs that has kept France on the edge of chaos ever since the war. We hope Mayer makes it. We are keeping our fingers crossed. The economic morality of France has been seriously undermined; a something-for-nothing and I-want-mine-first attitude has become almost chronic. Will the French people respond to Mayer's courage and vigor? We are friends of France; we hope it can tap resources of moral strength that have seemed hidden in the recent past.

The Mayer government has done another thing, which was both good and bad. It devalued the Indo-China piaster from 17 to 10 francs. That is equivalent to a reduction from less than five cents to less than three cents. This step was aimed at the long-flourishing exchange racket which benefited smugglers and black market operators who took advantage of the artificially high rate previously fixed for the piaster. But in fixing this more realistic exchange rate, France slapped the three Associated States of Indo-China in the face. It did so at a time when Viet Nam, Cambodia, and Laos are extremely touchy about their supposed independence, which the French use as an argument against Communist wooing of nationalists. The Indo-Chinese are furious. They have a hard enough time just maintaining themselves against internal attacks on their integrity, their "collaboration" with the French. The French Government has again shown its ignorance or disregard of foreign repercussions.

Reading the complaints of Communists before Congressional committees, we are reminded of something a judge in Augusta, Georgia, once told us. "This man," he said, "had violated the liquor laws for twenty-three years unmolested, and he felt that now in my court, he had been imposed on. I have noticed this feeling in criminals before, who, after a long violation of the law, seem to think they have a right to do what they are doing."

The Necessity of "Red-Baiting"

The action of Judge Luther Youngdahl in throwing out several counts of indictment against Owen Lattimore is only the latest of several indications that legal procedure is not and probably cannot be our first line of defense against pro-Communist activity. One could understand the possibility of recognizing a distinction between the count in the indictment which charged Lattimore with being a sympathizer with Communism and a promoter of Communist interests and the other counts, which were matters of fact on which Lattimore was charged with having lied to the Senate Internal Security subcommittee.

What is not easy for a lay mind to understand is why the judge dismissed the counts alleging that Lattimore testified falsely about not knowing that certain contributors to the magazine which he edited, *Pacific Affairs*, were Communists and about the circumstances of his trip to the Chinese Communist capital, Yenan, and admitted other counts which seem neither more nor less ascertainable as matters of fact. Among the retained counts are the allegations that Lattimore lied about not knowing that the Chinese, Chao-ting Chi, was a Communist, about the time of his talks with the Soviet Ambassador Oumansky, and about handling the mail of Lauchlin Currie, Administrative Assistant to President Roosevelt. According to the testimony of Elizabeth Bentley before the Internal Security Subcommittee, Currie's extra-curricular activities included extending a helping hand to the Soviet Military Intelligence unit, for which Miss Bentley was a self-confessed agent during the war.

Despite the loose and absurdly exaggerated talk about the "reign of terror" (Bertrand Russell's expression) and the "black silence of fear" (Justice William O. Douglas' phrase) which have supposedly come over America, experience shows that Communist conspirators can get away with almost anything in this country and slip out of consequences through some legal loophole. One need only recall the curious official amnesia about the *Amerasia* scandal.

Amerasia was a left-wing magazine devoted to Far Eastern affairs. It had a small circulation but a curiously elaborate photographic apparatus. Its reprinting almost textually of what was supposed to be a highly secret wartime government document attracted attention. A raid on its office by OSS operatives revealed hundreds of secret documents from almost all government departments.

The FBI entered the case and after painstaking investigation arrested six persons: the editors of *Amerasia*, Philip Jaffe and Kate Mitchell; State Department employees John S. Service and Emmanuel Sigurd Larsen; Andrew Roth, of Naval

Intelligence, and Mark Gayn, a cosmopolitan journalist. There was, however, no judicial follow-up. Indictments were dropped, or, in the case of Jaffe and Larsen, quashed after the payment of fines. No one was punished for what was obviously a well-organized theft of government documents, for purposes that can easily be guessed, in time of war.

Or consider the case of Nathan Gregory Silvermaster, George Silverman, and others, busily engaged during the war in collecting information for the Soviet spy ring of which Elizabeth Bentley had personal knowledge. The Fifth Amendment was a sufficient shelter for them. They were able to escape any punishment for what were certainly morally treasonable acts by refusing to tell investigating committees anything except the time of day, if that. Silvermaster periodically bobs up in Washington insulting Congressional committees and putting on an air of outraged innocence as he complains how "progressive" people are being hounded for their views.

Judith Coplon gets off on various legal technicalities. And so it goes. A legal and constitutional system framed in a spirit of genuine liberalism, heavily and properly weighted with safeguards in favor of the accused, based on the assumption that treason would be a rare, almost unthinkable offense, is incapable of coping adequately with Communist conspiratorial techniques.

That is why "red-baiting"—in the sense of reasoned, documented exposure of Communist and pro-Communist infiltration of government departments and private agencies of information and communication—is absolutely necessary if American public opinion is not to be taken over by enemy agents before Americans realize what is happening.

The issue would be simpler if Communists and Communist sympathizers would stand up and say openly what they believe and think. Indeed our subversives-control legislation, well meant but so far quite ineffective, is designed not to suppress the expression of Communist ideas, but to make the Communist Party and its numerous fronts sail under their proper colors.

But we are not dealing with honest fanatics of a new idea, willing to give testimony for their faith straightforwardly, regardless of the cost. We are dealing with conspirators who try to sneak in their Moscow-inspired propaganda by stealth and double talk, who run for shelter to the Fifth Amendment when they are not only permitted but invited and urged by Congressional committees to state what they believe.

There is no reason to fear the Communist who writes a piece in the *Daily Worker*, closely tailored to the latest party line in *Pravda*, or who gets up

on a soapbox in Union Square and sets forth the true gospel according to Lenin and Stalin. For such individuals Jefferson's maxim still holds good: "Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it."

It is the conspiratorial, not the heretical aspect of Communism that is dangerous. Vigilance is needed in spotting the Communist or fellow-traveler who has assimilated Lenin's teaching: "It is necessary to use any ruse, cunning, unlawful method, evasion, concealment of truth," who, as Louis Budenz said of Owen Lattimore, knows how "to support Soviet policy in language that is non-Soviet."

The real danger of Communism in America is not anything Communists can achieve when they act openly as Communists. It is the plausible individual who constantly protests that he is not a Communist, *but . . .* It is the "strategic non-Communist" who sways the policy of the outwardly respectable magazine or publishing house, who, in one way or another, knifes the anti-Communist and pushes the pro-Communist book, who insinuates himself into a position of supposed authority in a college faculty or an organization which influences public opinion.

Freedom of speech is for conservatives, as well as for radicals and pro-Communists—a point that is often lost sight of in current breastbeating about a nonexistent "reign of terror." What is sauce for the Left-Wing goose should be sauce for the Right-Wing gander. If Reds have the right, which they certainly exercise, to advocate their views and also to smuggle them in under contraband labels, red-baiting is certainly a legitimate, patriotic, and necessary exercise of the right of free speech.

A Test of Our Honor

Though a settlement of the issue one way or another may conceivably be reached before this article appears, the negotiations for a Korean armistice have reached a stage at the moment of writing this where United States honor and humanity face a critical test. Both are deeply involved in the proposition that no unwilling prisoner in our hands shall be sent back to concentration camp, torture, and death.

Cold-blooded expediency points in the same direction. Should we weaken on this primary moral issue, should we allow direct or indirect pressure to be used against the approximately fifty thousand prisoners (about 35,000 North Koreans and 15,000 Chinese) who have expressed the strongest objections to returning, we would have little right or reason to expect that soldiers in the armies of Communist governments will ever surrender to us in the future.

We broke faith with honor and humanity once, at Yalta. We accepted the infamous principle that

Soviet political refugees in western zones of occupation should be repatriated by force, if necessary. The memory of this betrayal hangs like an albatross around the neck of our present policy of encouraging refugees from the Soviet Union to organize against Soviet rule. There must be no Far Eastern Yalta.

The spirit of blunder, bungle, and bumble seems to have plagued all our dealings with unfortunate Korea. There was the virtual invitation to Communist invasion by withdrawing American troops without building up in South Korea an army capable of coping with the formidable force which the Russians created in North Korea. There was Acheson's speech, deliberately excluding Korea from our defense perimeter.

The question of the prisoners was mishandled from the beginning. It should have been recognized that what was taking place in Korea was not a national war, but an international civil war, in which we had many secret friends on the other side of the line. Imagine the use to which a Communist regime would have put fifty thousand pro-Communist prisoners, if it could ever have obtained them!

But until the final screening for repatriation there was no attempt to segregate anti-Communist from Communist prisoners. Many of these anti-Communists had surrendered on promises of humane treatment, contained in leaflets dropped by our airplanes over enemy lines. Being handed back to the punishment which Communist governments mete out to "deserters" scarcely comes under the heading of humane treatment.

There was one clear, simple solution of the question, when so many prisoners revealed unwillingness to return. These men should have been immediately and unconditionally released, the North Koreans to mingle with the South Korean population, the Chinese for resettlement in Formosa or in overseas Chinese communities. This very act would have been a moral victory of no small proportions.

Instead of doing this we detained the prisoners and unwisely accepted in the last months of the Truman-Acheson regime a very objectionable Indian "compromise" proposal about the disposition of the prisoners, which was full of loopholes.

The Chinese Communists, who first insisted on unconditional forcible repatriation, tossed back at us a close replica of the Indian proposal. A commission of five nations—Poland, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, Sweden, and India—was to take over the prisoners who were unwilling to return. Over a period of four months the prisoners were to be plied with threats and blandishments from Chinese and North Korean representatives, backed most probably by Polish and Czechoslovak troops who would be guarding the prisoners. If the prisoners held out at the end of this period, they would still have no assurance of liberty and resettlement; their fate would depend on a political conference,

which conceivably might be dragged out for an indefinite period.

Acceptance of this proposal, as it stood, would have been a grave surrender of moral principle. The redemption of an American debt of honor and humanity must not depend on a "neutral" commission with two of its five members composed of Soviet puppet governments, and India, with its notorious bias in favor of appeasement, holding the deciding vote.

The Allied Command did accept some bad features of this proposal, but refused at least to accept its worst features. It accepted the Communist plan for a five-nation "neutral" commission (including Poland and Czechoslovakia), but it proposed an immediate release after a truce of about 34,000 North Koreans who have refused to return north of the 38th Parallel; and it limited to sixty days the period during which 15,000 unwilling Chinese would be held in neutral custody while Communist agents attempted to "persuade" them to return.

The Allied Command has set what are surely the minimum conditions for an honorable peace. Anything short of this would be worse than military defeat. It would be the disgrace that always accompanies abandonment and betrayal of the helpless.

No Steel Strike

On May 14, the negotiations between the C.I.O. steelworkers and the steel companies got off to an unpromising start. The union completed what it called "original presentation" of its wage-boost claims without telling the United States Steel Corporation how much it wants.

Steel management and steel labor have to come to an agreement before June 30. They probably will. Memory of last year's steel strike is still too vivid. The nation as a whole, and steel labor, paid a high price for the strike.

Last year, the Truman administration usurped the power to take over the steel industry. It claimed that the President had powers, "inherent" in the Constitution, to seize any industry under certain conditions. The courts did not agree with Mr. Truman. Neither did the voters in November, 1952.

The New Deal-Fair Deal administrations managed to muddy the waters of labor-management relations at the price of national stability. Instead of giving the free market a maximum chance to settle both wages and prices, the Truman regime kept flaunting its own authority and aspirations.

Finally, last year, management and labor found themselves in deadlock, and a strike became almost inevitable. We now know what that strike has cost the nation. The union paper, *Steel Labor*, has admitted that the strike cost the average steel worker \$346.48 in earnings during the 1952 walkout. But other estimates place the figure of worker loss as

high as \$600, or at a total of half a billion dollars.

The steel strike cost producers \$144,000,000 in income. Stockholders lost 25.6 per cent of their income. The nation as a whole, of course, lost the lacking steel production. At the same time, the U. S. Treasury received \$800,000,000 less from the steel industry than it had the year before. To this may be added a loss in taxes from the steel-using industries. Thus the tax loss comes to about one billion dollars.

Only because of the enormous increase in industry production capacity has a serious shortage of steel been avoided. Testimony before Congressional committees, however, suggests that the much-publicized ammunition shortage in Korea may, at least partly, have been due to loss of steel production.

The negotiations between steel management and steel labor began on May 14. They are crucial because steel has long been a bellwether for all industry—not only for companies using steel as a material, but also for coal, aviation, utilities, and other industries.

Steel workers lost sixty days of work last year, and they are in no mood to strike right now. They have no reason to strike, as a matter of fact. During the past decade, average hourly earnings of production workers in steel industry have risen from \$1.02 in 1942 to \$1.99 in 1952. Right now, steel workers' earnings have moved to an average of \$2.16.

A comparison with the consumer price index of the Bureau of Labor Statistics sheds further light on this trend. It shows that, even in terms of purchasing power, steel wages have kept well ahead of rising prices in the field of consumer goods. Thus, the C.I.O. United Steelworkers are, this year, engaged largely in safeguarding their prestige. They've got to act tough, just so no one can accuse them of getting soft.

With Philip Murray dead, the Steelworkers' leadership is in the hands of David J. McDonald, the steel union's new president. Everyone understands that McDonald has got to put on a show, that he has to go through the motions—as fiercely as he can—of brandishing the union's power in the face of steel management.

The lid is off steel prices, although there hasn't been much upward adjustment. Base quotations are about the same as before the end of price controls. Here and there, steel in special categories has experienced slight price rises.

But if wages go up, steel prices are likely to go up, too. The changes in both wages and prices are likely to be slight. They will more readily reflect the fluctuations of a free market than was possible in the recent past. That is all to the good. No administration interference is likely to bring about a deadlock and a strike. Labor and management, left to their own bargaining devices, can do a lot better than a politician's big stick.

The Religion of Immoralism

By MAX EASTMAN

The notion of Karl Marx as a noble brooder over man's hopes is dispelled in this account of his invention and philosophic justification of the ruthless methods of modern Communism.

With Stalin gone it has become necessary to find a new focus for our hostility to the unscrupulous and inhuman behavior of the Communists. I wish it might be focused on the real cause of the trouble: Marxism. Much force of argument is wasted among Western intellectuals through a wish to exempt Marx from responsibility for this return to barbarism. Realpolitik in the evil sense was certainly not born with Marx. But the peculiar thing we are up against, the casting aside of moral standards by people specializing in the quest of ideal human relations, was born with Marx. He is the fountain source of the mores as well as the economics of the Russian Bolsheviks, and is the godfather of the delinquent liberals in all lands.

The notion of Marx as a benign and noble brooder over man's hopes and sorrows, who would be "horrified" at the tricks and duplicities of present-day Communists, is as false as it is widespread. Marx had a bad character. His best eulogists can hardly think up a virtue to ascribe to him—except, indeed, tenacity and moral courage. If he ever performed a generous act, it is not to be found in the record. He was a totally undisciplined, vain, slovenly, and egotistical spoiled child. He was ready at the drop of a hat with spiteful hate. He could be devious, disloyal, snobbish, anti-democratic, anti-Semitic, anti-Negro. He was by habit a sponge, an intriguer, a tyrannical bigot who would rather wreck his party than see it succeed under another leader. All these traits are clear in the records of his life, and above all in his private correspondence with his *alter ego* and inexhaustible sugar-daddy, Friedrich Engels. There are bits in this correspondence so revolting to a person of democratic sensibility that they had to be suppressed to keep the myth of the great-hearted Karl Marx, champion of the downtrodden and of human brotherhood, alive at all. To give one example: Ferdinand Lassalle, who was eclipsing Marx as leader of a genuine working class movement in Germany, they discovered to be not only a Jew whom they called "Baron Izzy," "oi-oi, the great Lassalle," "the little Jew," "the little kike," "Jew Braun," "Izzy the bounder," etc., but also "a Jewish nigger." "It is perfectly obvious," Marx wrote, "from the shape of his head and the way his hair grows that he is descended from the Negroes who joined Moses on the journey out of Egypt, unless perhaps his mother or his grandmother had rela-

tions with a nigger." Only the Russian Bolsheviks, who went in for the religion of immoralism with a barbaric candor impossible to an urbane European, had the hardihood to publish these letters unexpurgated.

I use the word religion in a precise sense. Although he dismissed God as a hoax and the heavenly paradise as a decoy, Marx was not by nature skeptical or experimental. His habits of thought demanded a belief both in paradise and in a power that would surely lead us to it. He located his paradise on earth, calling it by such beatific names as the "Kingdom of Freedom," the "Society of the Free and Equal," the "Classless Society," etc. Everything would be blissful and harmonious there to a degree surpassing even the dreams of the utopian socialists. Not only would all "causes of contest" disappear, all caste and class divisions, but all divisions between city and country, between brain and manual worker. Men would not even be divided into different professions as they are at this low stage of the climb toward paradise.

"Socialism will abolish both architecture and barrow-pushing as professions," Engels assured the believers, "and the man who has given half an hour to architecture will also push the cart a little until his work as an architect is again in demand. It would be a pretty sort of socialism which perpetuated the business of barrow-pushing."

Marx's Mystical Materialism

It would seem that only a benign deity could guarantee such a future to mankind, and only by teaching a higher morality could He lead them to it. But Marx hated deity, and regarded high moral aspirations as an obstacle. The power on which he rested his faith in the coming paradise was the harsh, fierce, bloody evolution of a "material," and yet mysteriously "upward-going," world. And he convinced himself that, in order to get in step with such a world, we must set aside moral principles and go in for fratricidal war. Although buried under a mountain of economic rationalizations pretending to be science, that mystical and antimoral faith is the one wholly original contribution of Karl Marx to man's heritage of ideas.

It is common among those who condemn the lowering of moral standards by Marxists to blame their "materialism" for it, but that is a crass mis-

take. Throughout history, from Democritus to Santayana, men who believed genuinely that the substance of the world is matter have been among the noblest teachers of morality. Marx's materialism was not genuine. It was the disguise of a mystical faith. The world he called "material" was mental enough to be forever ascending "from the lower to the higher" with a determinism that is hardly distinguishable from determination. Engels, who did the work and took the risk of actually expounding this naive philosophy—for Marx played it safe as well as lazy by only jotting down a few "notes"—even tells us that "the celestial bodies like the formation of the organisms . . . arise and perish and the courses that they run . . . take on eternally more magnificent dimensions." Remembering that on this particular planet human society is also rising through successive stages to the "more magnificent" goal of the socialist society, you see what a godlike kind of "matter" it was that Marx believed in. It differed from Hegel's Divine Spirit only in agreeing with Marx about what is sublime, and in mapping out a course of procedure toward it that gave free exercise to Marx's rebellious and contumacious disposition. The universe of dialectic materialism—to put it briefly—is a pantheistic God masquerading as matter, and permitting Himself under that disguise forms of conduct that no God honestly named and identified could get away with in a civilized world.

"No Ideal to Realize"

Whittaker Chambers is very profoundly wrong when he says in his book, *Witness*, that the issue between Soviet Communism and the free world is between religion and irreligion, or between belief in man and belief in God. The Communists believe in man not as an independent power, but as a constituent part of the superhumanly ordained movement of the universe. That dialectic movement is their God, and it is that God who exempts them from the laws of morality. The difference between Christianity and Communism is between a religion which teaches personal salvation through sympathy and loving-kindness and a religion which teaches social salvation through bringing the morals of war into the peacetime relations of men.

Marx was so sure that the world was going to be redeemed by its own dialectic evolution that he would not permit his disciples to invoke the guidance of moral ideals. He really meant it when he said the workers have "no ideal to realize," they have only to participate in the contemporary struggle. He expelled people from his Communist Party for mentioning programmatically such things as "love," "justice," "humanity," even "morality" itself. "Soulful ravings," "sloppy sentimentality," he called such expressions, and purged the astonished authors as though they had committed the most dastardly crimes.

Later in life, when Marx founded the First International, he felt compelled for the sake of a big membership to soft-pedal his highbrow insight into the purposes of the universe. He wrote privately to Engels: "I was obliged to insert in the preamble two phrases about 'duty and right,' ditto 'truth, morality, and justice.'" But these lamentable phrases—he reassured his friend—"are placed in such a way that they can do no harm."

Front-Organization Technique

This mystic faith in evolution set Marx's mind free, and, alas, his natural disposition, to replace the honest campaign of public persuasion by which other gospels have been propagated, with schemes for deceiving the public and tricking his way into positions of power. It was Marx, not Lenin, who invented the technique of the "front organization," the device of pretending to be a democrat in order to destroy democracy, the ruthless purging of dissident party members, the employment of false personal slander in this task.

It was Marx and Engels who adopted "scorn and contempt" as the major key in which to attack the opponents of socialism, introducing a literature of vituperation that has few parallels in history. Even the political masterstroke of giving the land to the peasants "initially" in order to take it away from them when the power is secure came from the same source. The introduction of such unprincipled behavior into a movement toward the highest ends of man was entirely the work of Marx and Engels. Lenin added nothing to it but skill, and Stalin nothing but total instinctive indifference to the ends.

So strong a force was set going after his death to sanctify Marx, and *benevolize* him, so to speak, that these practices were largely forgotten among Western socialists. His religion of immoralism was smoothed over. But in Lenin's mind this religion found a perfect home, for Lenin had grown up under the influence of the terrorist wing of the Russian revolutionary movement. Lenin was an ardent admirer of Nechayev, a rabid zealot of the 1870's who drew up a famous document called "Catechism of a Revolutionist."

The revolutionist is a doomed man. . . . He has severed every link with the social order and with the entire civilized world. . . . He hates and despises the social morality of his time. . . . Everything which promotes the success of the revolution is moral, everything which hinders it is immoral.

Nechayev was denounced even by his sufficiently violent colleague, the anarchist Bakunin, as a dangerous fanatic, who "when it is necessary to render some service to what he calls 'the cause' . . . stops at nothing—deceit, robbery, even murder." But Lenin startled his early friends by defending this madman and honoring his memory. Thus before he became a Marxist, Lenin had arrived by an emo-

tional road at that rejection of moral standards which Marx deduced from a pretended science of history. The confluence of these two streams of thought is one of the greatest disasters that ever befell mankind.

Lenin was even more credulous and more specific than Marx and Engels in describing the beauties of life in the paradise toward which this dialectic world is traveling. In his socialism every "barrow-pusher" and every kitchen maid was to take part in the function of government. He was also more specific in describing the kinds of vile conduct which must be employed to help it along. "We must be ready to employ trickery, deceit, law-breaking, withholding and concealing truth," he exclaimed. "We can and must write in a language which sows among the masses hate, revulsion, scorn, and the like, toward those who disagree with us."

Acting upon such principles, Lenin made use of slanderous lies and character-assassinations; he encouraged bank robberies and armed hold-ups as a means of replenishing the funds for the millennium. His disciples have carried the faith forward, not stopping at any crime, from bodily assassination to state-planned famine and wholesale military massacre. A chief organizer of those bank robberies and holdups was the Georgian Djugashvili, who took the party name of Stalin. The Marx-Leninist belief that such crimes are methods of progress toward a millennium was instilled in this youth from the day of his revolt against Christian theology. He had no other education, touched no other conception of the world. He was once described by Archbishop Curley as "the greatest murderer of men in history," and the record when it is calmly written may bear this out. But he took no step beyond the logical implications of a devout belief in brutal and dishonorable conduct. He merely followed through on the doctrine invented by Karl Marx, that in order to enter the "Kingdom of Freedom," we must set aside moral standards. We must place "duty and right . . . truth, morality, and justice," where "they can do no harm." Or, in Lenin's words (spoken to an all-Russian Congress of Youth): "For us morality is subordinated completely to the interests of the class struggle of the proletariat."

Crime on Principle

We have not entered, alas, the Kingdom of Freedom, and the Classless Society has failed to appear; everything under the Communists moves in the opposite direction. But this religion of immorality flourishes. The notion of an earthly paradise in which men shall dwell together in millennial brotherhood is used to justify crimes and depravities surpassing anything the modern world has seen. And this is true not only in Russia, but wherever the power of the Communist conspiracy extends. In countries beyond the reach of Moscow

the taint is carried by Communist parties to their fringe of accomplices, dupes, and fellow-travelers; even the once-honest liberals are not immune to it. More and more throughout the world those dedicated to an extreme social ideal, instead of being trained in virtue, are trained to condone crimes against the elementary principles of social conduct. Such a disaster never happened to humanity before. No such religion ever existed. That is why our statesmen have been bewildered and outwitted by it. Even after thirty years of being assiduously swindled by the Kremlin, they find it hard to believe that any human animal can be, on principle and with devout and selfless fervor, a liar, a murderer, and a cheat.

They will doubtless be looking for some recrudescence of the old simple decencies in Malenkov and his associates. But they will look in vain. These men have been brought up in the same school. They are fanatics of the same antimoral and antiscientific religion. Only the disproof and dislodgment of Marxism will ever cure the world of its present desperate sickness.

Portraits of Karl Marx

Never have I met a man of such offensive, insupportable arrogance. No opinion which differed essentially from his own was accorded the honor of even a halfway respectful consideration. Everyone who disagreed with him was treated with scarcely veiled contempt. He answered all arguments which displeased him with a biting scorn for the pitiable ignorance of those who advanced them or with a libelous questioning of their motives. I still remember the cutting, scornful tone with which he uttered—I might almost say "spat"—the word "bourgeois"; and he denounced as "bourgeois"—that is to say, as an unmistakable example of the lowest moral and spiritual stagnation—everyone who dared to oppose his opinions.

CARL SCHURZ, *Lebenserinnerungen*, p. 143

The Germans, those craftsmen Bornstedt, Marx, and Engels—especially Marx—are plotting their usual mischief here. Vanity, malice, squabbles, theoretical intolerance and practical cowardice, endless theorizing about life, activity, and simplicity, and in practice a total absence of life, activity, simplicity. The single word *bourgeois* has become an epithet which they repeat *ad nauseam*, though they themselves are ingrained bourgeois from head to foot. In a word, lies and stupidity, stupidity and lies. In such company you cannot breathe freely.

MICHAEL BAKUNIN, quoted by E. H. Carr in *Michael Bakunin*, p. 146

The Case against Nationalization

By DIOGENES

With the nationalization of such basic industries as coal, power, transport, Britain faces not only rising costs to consumer and industry, declining quality and service, but danger of pricing manufactures out of foreign markets.

The project of nationalizing more industries remains part of the official program of the Labor Party and we may take it for granted that it will continue to do so. For the idea of the public ownership of the means of production, distribution, and exchange is the Labor Party's distinctive contribution to political thought and it cannot abandon it without losing, so to speak, its trademark.

The case for nationalization has been put with wearisome reiteration for some fifty years now. The case against it has gone very largely by default, so much so that it has come to be an accepted thing in the minds of millions of people that private enterprise is not only economically inferior to public enterprise but morally inferior to it as well. Thus it is a necessary thing and not a work of supererogation to draw some lessons from the experience we have had of nationalization.

One thing which almost universally escapes notice is that the balance sheets of the nationalized industries do not reveal the whole picture. Nationalization involves what I might call "national overheads" which do not figure in the budgets or the balance sheets of the nationalized services. Thus, when you have nationalized coal, gas, and electricity, you get, in addition to the national coal, gas, and electricity boards, which are supposed to run these industries, a ministry of fuel and power as well. When you have nationalized railways and road services, you have, in addition to the boards in control of them, a ministry of transport. And in these days we have gone one stage further. We have, in Lord Leathers, a super-minister to co-ordinate the ministries which co-ordinate the boards. For proper accountancy the cost of these ministries and their staffs should be added to the operating costs of the nationalized industries. As it is, the taxpayer has to bear the cost.

But nationalization can lead to the "cooking of the books." Thus the railways run at a loss, a heavy loss. That is bad for the advocates of nationalization. And so there has arisen within the Labor Party a school of thought which argues that the state should relieve the railways of part of their operating costs. The argument is: railways had to buy the land over which the railway lines run, whereas anybody can use the roads without charge.

This ignores the license charges paid in respect of motor vehicles; but that is not the point. The

point is that nationalization sets in motion a tendency to get away from a true economic basis in the running of an industry, for political reasons. We may see this illustrated in the transport system of New York City which is running at a heavy loss. The loss would be a good deal higher if the cost of pensions of the staff were borne on transport funds, as it should be, and not on the funds of the City Welfare department, as it is.

I observe that a number of conservative members of Parliament are pressing Lord Leathers on the subject of the fantastic height to which the price of coal has risen since nationalization. This illustrates another lesson to be learned from our experience. It is that, after nationalization, no question in the industry concerned can be treated on its own merits. Every industrial question becomes, in effect, a political question.

Settlement at All Costs

No government is willing to face the possibility of a national strike in a nationalized industry. That would involve not merely industrial crisis, but political crisis, too. So there arises the tendency to get a settlement at all costs—and it is always at the expense of the consumer and of industry generally. Either the deficit caused by settlement is met by government subsidy or by heavy increases in price to the domestic and industrial consumer.

It so happens that the industries which have been nationalized in Britain are precisely those which provide commodities or services which enter into the cost of every single manufactured article we produce. The cost of coal, power, and transport immediately and directly affect the cost of manufacture. Thus the present fantastically high price of coal not only threatens to price us out of the overseas market in coal itself, but to price our manufactured goods out of the overseas market.

This is already a factor of great importance. It will become of still greater importance when the competition of the revived German and Japanese industrial systems reaches its full force. Incidentally, these continual increases in the cost of coal, power, and transport make nonsense of any government attempt to halt the inflation which is so grave a feature of our times. Whatever the political complexion of the government, while these

increases go on the price level will inevitably rise.

If prices rise as the result of nationalization, quality declines. It is inevitable that this should be so, for the one factor which tells in favor of good quality (that is, the freedom of the customer to change his source of supply if he is not satisfied) is removed from the equation. In my childhood, coal sold at the door at sixteen and eighteen shillings a ton. That compares with something over £6 a ton today. The point here, however, is that the coal which used to be bought at sixteen or eighteen shillings a ton was all coal. It did not contain an admixture of stone and dirt of perhaps 10 per cent of the whole, as it now does. A coal merchant in my childhood who sold what is sold today as coal would have been out of business in a week. With the nationalized monopoly of coal, however, the customer has no remedy. He cannot change his source of supply. Until that liberty is restored quality will continue to be sacrificed to quantity.

Bureaucracy in the Making

Next in the list of liabilities comes the decline in local responsibility and power of decision. In a nationalized industry, anything done anywhere may establish a precedent which has to be applied everywhere. So there arises a reluctance to give decisions at the circumference and a tendency to refer matters for decision to higher authority and the district authority to the national board.

All this makes for delay. It also makes for local irritation among the workers, to whom the absence of decision is sometimes—indeed often—more irritating than the wrong decision. On the railways the station-master used to be a person of authority. Today his authority has been sadly undermined. It would be perhaps an exaggeration to say that no one is in charge of our railway stations—but certainly not much of an exaggeration.

Next comes a notable decline in labor standards of discipline. Under private enterprise it is axiomatic that the number of persons employed should be regulated by the amount and kind of work to be done. Any local manager who maintained staffs in excess of requirements would be soon called to account. But in the nationalized industries redundancy is maintained. Recently, it will be recalled, the meter-readers of the electricity board in London threatened to strike when it was proposed to reduce the number of such readers, after an investigation which showed that many of them were working in the mornings and taking every afternoon off.

The preoccupation of the local manager in a private enterprise concern is to maintain the economic efficiency of his unit. The preoccupation of the local manager of a nationalized concern is to avoid trouble. The difference is vital. It can make all the difference between a reasonable profit and a heavy loss—and it does.

In Mexico this difficulty of maintaining ordinary standards of discipline on the nationalized railways led to a decision to hand the railways over to the unions to run. This, however, resulted in the breakdown of *all* discipline and the state was forced to take the railways back again.

Finally nationalization leads to an inordinate growth in the proportion of nonproductive workers employed. The office workers, the bureaucracy, increase and multiply. They are likely to do this in all big institutions, whether state-owned or privately owned. In privately owned industries, however, there is the check of the profit and loss account, which leads to periodic pruning of the nonproductive elements. In the nationalized industries this check is removed. A state monopoly can always raise prices or get a state subsidy to cover its deficiencies.

Ultimately nationalization degenerates into a kind of crude Syndicalism, with the workers in each industry fighting for their own hands, regardless of the effect on other industries, and on the national economy as a whole, of what they do.

But all these considerations will not result in a change in the Labor Party's attitude. For to that party nationalization is not merely an economic doctrine, it is a quasi-religious superstition. Moreover, it is not easy to dispel such superstitions by rational argument. The only safe thing is to see that never again is the Labor Party in such a position that it can resume the march toward the complete nationalization of industry.

Never Again

I long for a ship that, light as a dancer,
Curtseys and reels to the wind's refrain.
The ocean is calling but I shall answer
That summons never again.

No more shall I watch blithe topsails flower,
Petal by petal, against the sky,
Or hear a ship's bell sound the hour,
And the wheeling sea birds cry.

I shall look no more on the great whales spouting,
On flying-fish changed into sudden birds
As they wing from the waves while the sailors are
shouting
Pungent and salty words.

Though ever my eyes are turning seaward,
I who rejoiced in a bitter blast
Now seek a sheltered place to leeward
Until all storms be past.

I must make my peace with the pine and willow,
With jonquil and jessamine soothe my pain,
For I shall ride down the slope of the billow
Never, never again.

MARY SINTON LEITCH

What Should We Do About ILO?

This world labor organization seeks supranational authority and the force of international treaties for its Conventions in order to spread socialism among its member countries.

By **W. L. McGRATH**

Early in June, in Geneva, Switzerland, some six hundred delegates from at least sixty-five nations will meet in the "Palace" originally designed for the League of Nations, for the month-long Annual Conference of the International Labor Organization, now an arm of the United Nations. In theory, the purpose of the Conference is to see what can be done internationally to improve the lot of the working man. In fact, however, its objective will be to see how it can further promote the cause of socialism throughout the world.

I doubt whether 1 per cent of the people of the United States has ever even heard of the ILO. Yet it has been in operation for thirty-five years. It started back in the days of Samuel Gompers, and has a permanent office and staff in Geneva.

In its earlier years it devoted itself to matters dealing directly with labor and did excellent, constructive work. It was concerned with such problems as employment of women in coal mines, minimum age of employment of children in factories, workmen's compensation, and the conditions under which employees earn their living.

But then socialism began to come into the ascendancy in Europe and make its competitive bid, along with Communism, for world acceptance. The ILO offered a propaganda and promotion platform, and the socialists—including those from our own country—took over.

In theory, ILO representation is tripartite. Each country has four voting delegates—two representing government, one representing labor, and one representing employers. But government and labor delegates have ganged up on employers and formed a solid socialist bloc which out-votes employers.

The technique is familiar. Truman used it. Durkin tried it recently with his "Advisory Committee," but it didn't work because the employers walked out. The trick is to provide a setup in which the minority interest is licked from the beginning, and then announce the majority verdict as one in which the minority group presumably concurs.

Employer delegates to the ILO vote consistently against the socialistic proposals which the ILO puts forward. They participate in the discussions, they have their voice, and the world is told that the ILO as a whole voted thus and so. It is a neat device whereby opponents of socialism, in spite of indignant protests, can be made to appear as participating in pro-socialist votes.

And what is the result of this voting?

The ILO is primarily interested in passing Conventions which, when ratified by member countries, will have the force of international treaties among them. In the United States an ILO Convention can be ratified by a two-thirds vote of the members of the Senate present at the time of the voting without reference to the House of Representatives. According to some interpretations of our Constitution in the courts, such treaties become the supreme law of the land and take precedence over all existing laws, including other provisions of the Constitution itself.

Now it so happens that many of these Conventions passed by the ILO are drafts of socialistic measures. And it is the deliberate intention of the ILO through the device of treaty ratification to get them on the statute books of the largest possible number of countries. This attempt is already showing some success.

The U. S. Was "Hooked"

The United States originally joined the ILO on the basis that any finding of that body would serve merely as a recommendation in our country. But in 1948, by a joint resolution of the House and the Senate, the United States approved a revised ILO constitution which put our country on the same basis as other countries with respect to ILO Convention ratification.

Frances Perkins was an eloquent proponent of this step. And as soon as we were "hooked," the United States Government delegates to the ILO joined the U. S. Labor delegate in supporting practically every socialist international law proposed by the ILO. The only U. S. opposition came from the United States employers.

As a member of the United States Employer Delegation to the ILO, I have attended its annual conference in Geneva for the past four years. I have had adequate opportunity therefore to acquire what I might call an intuitive feeling of underlying intents and purposes.

Here is what has happened in the ILO, as I see it. For some years the "more power for government" boys had been itching to switch the ILO from an international labor organization to an international government organization. They pulled it off at the ILO Convention in Philadelphia in

1944. At that meeting the socialist bloc put through a "declaration" which states:

Poverty everywhere constitutes a danger to prosperity everywhere.

All human beings have the right to pursue both their material well-being and their spiritual development in conditions of freedom and dignity, of economic security and equal opportunity.

The attainment of the conditions in which this shall be possible must constitute the central aim of national and international policy.

It is a responsibility of the International Labor Organization to examine and consider all international, economic, and financial policies and measures in the light of this fundamental objective.

By a legerdemain which I will never understand, this Philadelphia Declaration was then declared by the ILO to be incorporated in its Constitution.

This move, engineered by the proponents of socialism, empowered the ILO, in its opinion, to consider not merely subjects related to labor, but subjects related to "poverty as a danger to prosperity" and "all international, economic, and financial policies and measures."

Paradise for World Planners

By simply terming any subject "international," the ILO arrogates unto itself the presumed authority to write an international law upon that subject, which it then proposes to put into effect throughout the whole world by the device of treaty ratification.

In its September 22, 1952, issue the FREEMAN published an account ("Motherhood Goes International" by Don Knowlton) of the Social Security and Maternity Protection Conventions passed by the ILO at last June's session, which would set up as international laws the biggest government giveaway program ever devised by mankind, including socialized medicine, and which would bankrupt any free economy that tried to put them in operation.

The real intent of the ILO can best be judged by taking a close look at the record and figuring out what they are trying to put over for "the long haul." Remember, the state socialists are very patient; and they have a persistence which the proponents of the free competitive system would do well to emulate.

I got my idea of what the ILO majority bloc was up to back in 1950. Until that time, I confess I did not quite realize what was going on. But then they passed what they called a "Resolution on Action against Unemployment."

That certainly was an innocent-sounding title. Presumably, everybody should be in favor of anything which would reduce unemployment. But let me quote just a little of this Resolution.

In seeking to maintain, by domestic measures, a level of aggregate demand appropriate to the maintenance of full employment, Governments should pay particular attention to—

- (a) The importance of achieving at the same time such basic social objectives as continuous economic growth, steady advance in standards of living and social progress, the promotion of which requires in particular efficient and flexible production, an equitable distribution of incomes, and a balance of investment, consumption and leisure adapted to the requirements of the particular community;
- (b) The need for prompt compensatory action to offset fluctuations as they occur—either *measures directed at* particular sectors of the economy, such as measures to maintain agricultural incomes, stockpiling, public works and measures to stimulate activity in particular industries, or measures designed to increase demand generally, such as lower taxes, consumer subsidies and liberalization of credit facilities. [*Italics mine*]

This is typical of the socialist gobbledegook that we ran into at the ILO. Just what does it mean?

Note the phrase "measures directed at." What that means is "laws giving government control over." This Resolution is no less than a blueprint for government regimentation.

It was slipped through the ILO as a Resolution. Some day it will no doubt get through as a Convention, on the ground that it was already passed as a Resolution. Then when it is ratified by a member country as an international treaty, it will become the law of that country. Its government will proceed to set up bureaus to interpret its wording and, as they say, "implement" it.

The fact is that the ILO is a paradise for world planners who are playing at being God.

Stay with It, But . . .

What should we do about the ILO?

My answer is, stay with it! It provides an opportunity, if we so use it, to explain the free competitive system to the people of the rest of the world. But if the United States is to stay in the ILO, three things, in my opinion, are necessary:

1. The U. S. Government delegates to the ILO should not both be yes-men of organized labor, as they have been in the past. If one U. S. Government voting delegate is a Department of Labor man, the other should be a Department of Commerce man.
2. As it now stands, the ILO can pass a Convention by a two-thirds vote. In order to give employers the voice they are supposed to have in the ILO, its constitution should be changed to provide that passage of a Convention would require not only a two-thirds over-all vote but at least a majority of each of the three participating groups—namely, Government, Labor, and Employers.
3. The United States must adopt the constitutional amendment proposed by Senator Bricker which would prevent the ratification of a Convention the terms of which are contrary to our Constitution and would guarantee that no treaty should subject our domestic affairs to international laws.

Coronation Capers

By HOWARD WYCE *With firecrackers and flagwaving, cheering crowds in London and dancing on remote village greens, the British will crown their new Queen much as they did in the days of Elizabeth I.*

LONDON

The sun's shining—at least off and on—after the worst English winter for centuries. The clubs, hotels, and solemn office blocks along Piccadilly, soot-black last year, gleam now a pure, rejoicing white. Window boxes splash color everywhere, and in the most unexpected places—high up on the fronts of dingy tenements, outside the offices above suburban railway stations, even on the austere newspaper buildings in Fleet Street, London's publishers' row. Perhaps it's to make up for the park greenery that is now hidden behind vast wooden Coronation grandstands. Along the main London streets, from Tower Hill to Kensington Gore, resounds a babel of foreign voices. (It took me ten minutes the other day to understand a nice young couple asking their way to Hyde Park Corner—I found out they came from Texas.) Staid commercial streets flaunt scandalously frivolous bunting and gilt at every street light. And we British, notorious for our determined gloom on most occasions of festivity, are grinning, actually *grinning* all over our startled faces as if we had each won a fortune on the football-betting pools!

What *has* come over us? We've had Coronations before, and very happy and impressive events they were, too. For us such times always bring a mixture of half-awed pride in our past and a do-your-worst challenge to our future. But this time we are doing more than crowning a new monarch. This time we are doing it with a special dart of hope, a jauntiness that must come from a sense of shrugging our shoulders at the big black devils that snarl so threateningly at us from all sides. Now, at last, we've shed the apologetic, self-reproachful, self-belittling mood of the after-war years, and reached a defiant, gay self-assertion. We're no longer prosaic, rather dour, rather exasperated Englishmen: we're Elizabethans.

Elizabethans! For us there's a special magic in the title. It turns us from clerks and shopkeepers and factory workers and businessmen into adventurers, buccaneers, poets; Sir Walter Raleighs and Sir Francis Drakes, ready to swirl a gallant cloak at the feet of a fair queen or throw a cocky defiance at her enemies; Will Shakespeares and Kit Marlowes filled with a hunger for fine sounds and rich images. Walk, any of these fine evenings, down Regent Street, Oxford Street, Whitehall, and every few yards you'll meet a little group—a family

group, often, with staring children being kept up later than English parents consider healthy, except for "just this once"—critically and proudly examining the decorations, enjoying this painted shield, rejecting that ill-placed banner; gazing with a quiet, slightly dazed pleasure at the illuminated flower beds and pavilions in Battersea Pleasure Gardens; wandering with a usually disappointed intentness round the Royal Academy summer exhibition, seeking a beauty all too rarely to be found in modern art; queueing cheerfully for hours outside the gallery doors at Covent Garden Opera House or one of the great concert halls, for music which a generation ago they would never have dreamed of listening to.

A Need for Beauty

Everyone has suddenly awakened to a need for beauty he didn't know he possessed before. Being an Englishman, he won't call it beauty, or any such high-sounding name. He'll say instead: "That's nice," or "Not bad." But "beautiful" is what he means. And beauty, magically translated into everyday terms, is what this Coronation of Queen Elizabeth the Second is giving all of us.

It comes, first, in the person of the Queen herself. Young, graceful, with the most astonishing rose-petal complexion I have ever seen, and managing effortlessly always to mix majesty with modesty, she and her rather dashing Consort embody all the new hopes and old pride of this nation. It is remarkable that, though we have been inundated, without missing a day, by newspaper, magazine, and newsreel pictures of the Queen and the Royal Family, every fresh photograph or screen appearance is still studied with a warm, respectful interest. We never get tired of looking at her; and so many people are expected to pack the Coronation route on June 2 to watch that piece of living history, the Queen's procession, pass that the roads are to be blocked off at dawn, and only those already in their places or those with passes are to be allowed through.

But the Coronation itself is only the focus-point of one vast splash of beauty and gaiety that began in May and will go on through July. Pleasure has come upon us as suddenly as the summer sunshine; and, like the sun, we all share it, from duke to trash man, from toddler to old-timer.

For Mayfair, the "season" has already worked up a glitter more exciting than any seen since before the war. I live in the region of the big Belgravia squares, full of slightly moth-eaten mansions to which the old rich and those who have married into money still cling, with a fierce sense of their dwindling status. Today, the moths have been banished from these stately and usually gloomy houses; most nights of the week one sees the red carpet spread grandly through the narrow porticoes; the Edwardian chandeliers in the tiled halls are ablaze, and the rows of debutantes, still very fresh and schoolgirly at seventeen and eighteen, hurry up the steps in their pink and blue dresses to sit on the stairs inside and drink champagne and flirt with inarticulate young Guards officers. The London *Times* social column is full of such announcements as "Dances: The Countess of Blank and Mrs. So-and-so for Lady Julia Blank and the Misses Milly and Molly So-and-so, at Blank House, Eaton Square . . ." and, in the Court circular: "Her Majesty the Queen held a presentation party at Buckingham Palace. . . ."

In the Towns and Villages

Nice for the dukes! And the trash men? Well, in the barrack-like blocks of flats, called by their inmates The Buildings, where lives the female whirlwind that comes in to do our cleaning, Coronation Day—and Night—is going to be remembered quite a long time. Sixpence (seven cents) from each tenant has provided a fund big enough so that each child on The Day will be presented with a Coronation mug and plate, fruit and candies, and an open-air tea guaranteed to put them off their food for the remainder of the week. In the evening a tenants' band will provide music for dancing. It is not a good band, I know, for I have often to listen to its not-distant-enough rehearsals, but then neither are the dancers up to professional standards. As for color, there will be no window in the entire block of several hundred flats without its Union Jack and its bit of bunting.

There won't, in fact, be many streets in London where some such celebration isn't going on. There will be no neighborhood club or suburban hall without its grand Coronation ball, its fireworks night, its exhibition of local arts and crafts, its children's outing.

But perhaps even more important than what happens in London is what the Coronation means to the countryside. We still have villages here, real agricultural villages where everyone knows everyone. The gentleman farmer drinks at the same inn as his farm workers, their wives meet weekly in the Women's Institute, and disputes within the village Coronation committee will no doubt set up feuds which will persist into the next generation. Such villages are, in a sense, the true England. Love of the land is buried deep in most English-

men, no matter how many ancestors lie between him and the countryside. The biggest pride of many a hardened city-dweller is his little plot of garden in the back yard; and every fine Sunday sees a stream of walkers, cyclists, and motorists making for the open country, to seek out a favorite piece of green earth, a particular village "pub." It's there, far from the irrelevant, frantic noises of the city, that you can really find out what Englishmen feel and think. And it's there that this Coronation, with its celebrations big and small, and its time-honored summer events—the Henley Regatta, the Wimbledon Tennis Tournament, the Epsom Derby, and so on—takes on an added glow, a deeper significance.

Conscious Remembrance

The villages are celebrating the Coronation as they have celebrated every such national event for centuries—with dancing on the village green; pageants of history where the vicar's wife and the spinster schoolmistress struggle fiercely for the role of Queen Bess, or nearly come to blows over the admissibility—or otherwise—of Lady Godiva; tea-parties such as the children have seldom seen; firecrackers that frighten the cows; crown-engraved Coronation mugs that will rest on cottage mantelpieces side by side with the mug grandma had for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. . . . These people will be celebrating the future, and they will be doing it in the ways of the past.

That is the essence of this Coronation; I hope it will be so of all others, and that no other comes in my lifetime. We are an old nation, and the past is with us everywhere, every day, in buildings, places, customs, words, homes, work. We are still obeying laws enacted in some instances eight hundred years ago. The past has made us, and it is impossible to rebel against it completely, even if we wanted to. (Our Labor politicians can be as doggedly and gently proud of our traditions as the most blue-blooded of Tories.) We have so much history that we take it for granted. It is only on occasions like this that we consciously remember it.

So, instinctively, we greet the new era with centuries-old gestures and emotions. We build jet planes and invent atomic processes—and fit these newborn infants into a pattern of life that has been basically the same for as long as we can remember. We cheer for a young Queen we hope will be with us to the end of a wonderful century; and we crown her with words and ceremonies used by our remote ancestors. That these same words and ceremonies crowned the first Elizabeth—who was able to dismiss Ministers and chop off people's heads with impunity—is to the ordinary Englishman just as it should be. He dislikes change, and in the Coronation he can perhaps ignore, at least temporarily, some of the unwelcome changes recent years have forced upon him.

Indoctrination in Korea

By MARTIN BERKELEY

What is the truth about the four returned prisoners of war who have been kept from news interviews? Here is the strange story of one of them, Paul F. Schnur, Jr.

On May Day, 1953, a plane from Korea dipped low over Travis Air Base. Within the plane were twenty-two American repatriated POW's on their way to Valley Forge Army Hospital at Phoenixville, Pennsylvania. The plane came to a stop. A single soldier disembarked. On his breast was a Bronze Star that had been pinned there the previous Wednesday for valor in action. The soldier's name is Pfc. Paul F. Schnur, Jr. He is a hero.

The plane refueled and took off. Twenty-one American soldiers winged eastward for reindoc-trination courses in the fundamentals of democ-racy, for, according to the Pentagon: "It is our position they are victims of Communist propa-ganda."

Pfc. Paul F. Schnur, Jr., was hurried to Letter-man Army Hospital forty miles away where his anxious, overjoyed parents greeted him. That same day a one-inch ad appeared in the Communist *Daily People's World* reading: "Warm Greetings to the People's World and All Staunch Fighters for Peace!" It was signed, "Paul and Ida Schnur."

The Communist press is strangely agitated over the fate of four men who have been protected from news correspondents. They are particularly dis-tressed over Paul F. Schnur, Jr., of San Francisco, who, a prisoner since December 1, 1950, has served the Kremlin well.

Almost exactly a year after his capture by the enemy, a letter arrived from young Schnur to his parents. He spoke well of his captors. He wrote that he and his fellow prisoners were going to have a fine Christmas holiday. The "Chinese volun-teers" were giving them presents and "apples, nuts and candy . . . fried chicken," etc. "I know," he scrawled, "there will be many people in the States who will not be eating as well as we." Paul's parents rushed to the newspapers with the letter, and it was reprinted widely. The Communist press made much of it.

On March 4, 1952, Pfc. Paul F. Schnur, Jr., RA19291229 penned another letter to his parents. It bore the heading: "An Open Letter to the American Public," and was signed by young Paul and ninety-one other American and British POW's. Among the signators was a certain Richard O. Morrison RQ17255458. The Communist *Daily Peo-ple's World* is concerned over the fate of a repa-triated soldier, Cpl. Richard Morrison of Burling-ton, Iowa. Jack Foisie, correspondent for the *San*

Francisco Chronicle, reports that Army officers ordered newsmen not to ask Morrison whether the Reds tried to convert him to Communism. Foisie wrote: "We weren't told why."

On May 28, 1952, not quite a month after re-ceiving it, Mrs. Schnur read the letter to a "Peace Festival" of the American Peace Crusade in New York City. The A.P.C. is a child of the American Peace Mobilization which has been labeled "sub-versive" by the Attorney General of the United States. The chairman of the meeting was Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, the well-known author and staunch party-liner. Dr. DuBois has been cited some fifty times for Red-front activity.

Oddly Timed Letter

In March, 1952, when young Schnur wrote the letter, the United Nations was engaged in a de-sperate effort to formulate a cease-fire agreement with the Reds. We all know how the Communists dragged out the proceedings. We all know how the Communist propaganda *apparat* worked overtime to belittle our efforts to effect an armistice.

A hush fell over the audience as Mrs. Schnur started to read the letter from her son in Korea.

"We, the undersigned, American and British prisoners of war, who have seen the suffering, bloodshed, and destruction of war, wish to make known our desire for an early settlement and an end to the Korean conflict.

"Recently we heard both sides in the fighting had downed arms only to resume hostilities again on the orders of the President who gave as his reason the safety of the prisoners of war being held by the enemy.

"How, may we ask, does the continuation of slaughter at the front ensure our safety? On the contrary, we do not feel safe at all. Air battles are being fought above our camp and we are filled with fear every time the alert is sounded and the planes come over. On several occasions, different camps have been subjected to strafing and bombing by our planes, causing casualties not only among the American and British prisoners of war but to the civilian population as well. Surely this fact alone disproves the assumption that continuance of hos-tilities ensures our safety.

"We would like to inquire also as to what is to be accomplished by continued fighting after agree-

ment has already been made on the cease-fire line? Must killing and destruction go on merely for the sake of killing and destruction?

"We ask you as American citizens loyal to American traditions to do all in your power to secure issuance of a final cease-fire order that will enable all of us to return to our homes where we are entitled to pursue happiness and live out our lives as useful citizens. Further, we appeal to all peace organizations, churches, Quaker organizations, trade unions, and all others who want an end to the war to band together now and raise a unified and mighty voice that will be heard.

"We earnestly desire that it be known that we want no more killing and destruction in Korea and no future wars for ourselves or the future generations."

Appeal for Russia's Peace

Take note that these ninety-two POW's were bitter only against the West. It was the free world that had bombed their camps, killing prisoners and civilians with ruthless impartiality. Not a word about the refusal by the Communists to give us the location list of six of these camps or to mark them so that such bombings could be avoided.

The Reds come in for no share of the responsibility for the failure to reach a settlement—only the President of the United States!

No indignation against their captors or the treatment they had received, although the brutality and atrocities were known even then—only the filthy slur that capitalism is killing and destroying for the sake of death and destruction!

No plea to the Kremlin for an armistice—only an appeal to American churches and trade unions for peace.

Russia's peace.

Then Mrs. Schnur put her son's party-line letter aside and went into her pitch. "I came to New York to see the U. N. delegates, the press, anyone who will help me," she cried. "But some were like the man at one big press agency who said at first 'No, they could not do anything because it was too controversial.' And then he told me: 'We must win in Korea. Yes,' he said, 'even if it means a full-scale world war.'"

This letter and Mrs. Schnur's frenetic address before a comradely "Peace Festival" was no accident. The Schnurs have been involved in Red activity for more than twenty years.

In 1943 the San Francisco Workers' School changed its name to the Tom Mooney Labor School. Paul F. Schnur, Sr., was a director.

By 1944 Paul F. Schnur, Sr., had advanced in importance—he was now the secretary of the Communist school. Among the faculty were to be found members of a Communist front organization designed for sabotage and espionage, the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists, Technicians.

In May, 1944, a call was issued for the "First California State Convention of American Youth for Democracy" to be held at the North Star Auditorium, 1631 West Adams Boulevard, Los Angeles. Paul Schnur was among those who sponsored the call to entice our youth into the A.Y.D.—the new face of the just dissolved Young Communist League.

In 1946 Paul F. Schnur, Sr., ran for the Assembly in the Twentieth California District with the backing of the Communist-inspired National Citizens' Political Action Committee and the blessing of Harry Bridges.

On December 9, 1946, William P. M. Brandhove, who in testimony under oath declared he had joined the Communist Party in February of 1945 for the purpose of exposing its membership and machinations, identified Paul Schnur as a Communist Party member.

By 1947 the Tom Mooney Labor School had changed names again. The poison was the same, only the label was different. This time the comrades called it the California Labor School and Paul F. Schnur, Sr., was listed as secretary and further described as a member of the San Francisco CIO Council.

On January 11, 1947, Paul F. Schnur, Sr., sponsored the Communist-organized California Legislative Conference.

Mrs. Schnur denies firmly any affiliation with the Communist Party. But she has spoken for Communist-led groups. She also manages a twenty-two story apartment building in San Francisco, and her husband is the manager of five other apartment houses in that city. Interestingly enough, all these buildings are owned or controlled by Vincent Hallinan, attorney for the Communist, Harry Bridges. Hallinan, it may be recalled, was the 1952 Presidential candidate of the Communist-controlled Progressive Party.

Schnur Case Not Isolated

Is the case of Paul F. Schnur, Jr., an isolated one? Did the other twenty-one POW's who have been flown to Valley Forge Army Hospital receive indoctrination at the hands of Red Chinese commissars, through the persuasive arguments of Paul F. Schnur, Jr., or were some of them already indoctrinated when they entered the army?

In 1950 Dr. Sheppard Carl Thierman was removed as an interne from the Kings County (Brooklyn) Hospital by the New York City Commissioner of Hospitals because of his Communist activities. Subsequently, Mrs. Mary Stalcup Markward, former FBI undercover operative in the Communist Party, testified that Dr. Thierman was a member of the party and produced in court his application for membership marked "accepted." He was, nevertheless, commissioned in the Medical Corps—even though he refused *in writing* to an-

swer whether or not he had ever been a Communist on the grounds of "constitutional privilege."

Lt. Thierman was shipped, of all places, to Koje Island, scene of the Red POW uprisings. *What part, we may well ask, did Lt. Thierman play in the riots that cost the lives of American boys?* It is a matter of public record that Lt. Thierman was on Koje in direct contact with Communist POW's before and after the revolt—a revolt that was as much a part of the Kremlin's master-plan as the imbecile charges of germ warfare. And, since the mail of troops in Korea is not censored, men like Lt. Thierman are in a position to report back to the Communist Party all the vital material they can gather on military operations, installations, personnel, plans, procedures, and morale.

In 1951 Louis J. Shub, an Army Reserve lieutenant, and Gunther Wertheimer, an ensign in the Naval Reserve, refused to state under oath whether or not they were or ever had been members of the Communist Party on the grounds of possible self-incrimination. Irate Americans demanded that their commissions be canceled, but the Defense Department stated blandly that the invocation of the Fifth Amendment was not sufficient to warrant such action—and these men received their commissions!

Were the POW's Selected?

The situation is not confined to American troops. Early reports touch on the arrival of twenty-two repatriated Britishers at Lynham, England. Although classified by the Reds as "sick and wounded," most of the men, according to the AP, looked "bronzed, healthy, and well fed. Six of the twenty-two were stretcher cases. One said he broke his leg playing soccer."

Trooper Edward O'Donnell of the Eighth Hus-sars denied ever having heard of ill treatment or forced marches among United Nations prisoners. Trooper Surrige told a reporter: "We got lectures from the Chinese with a slight bit of propaganda, but personally I believe the war is being fought for profit." Then he added: "It has nothing to do with Britain at all. I was never a lover of the Americans."

A question comes quickly to mind, and it is raised with the greatest respect: *Were the repatriated American and British POW's selected by the Reds for propaganda and infiltration?*

It is too soon to know—but we will not have long to wait, for these men will be judged not by their actions on the field of battle but by what they do now they are at home. Will they tour the country pushing the sale of war bonds and urging the donation of desperately needed blood? Will they demand more aid for their buddies still fighting in the hills and valleys of Korea? Or will they, like the Paul F. Schnurs, work with fake peace organizations for a fake peace—a peace of appeasement?

It is too soon to know—but the world is watching.

THIS IS WHAT THEY SAID

The organization [the United Nations] has achieved notable successes in resolving international disputes. Among these have been the . . . repulsion of the North Korean invasion of 1950-52.

The New Dictionary of American History, by Michael Martin and Leonard Gelber, Philosophical Library, p. 632.

Number One on the list [current best-sellers in the United States] is Ernest Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*, a story about an old man in progressive stages of degeneracy. Next on the list is Whittaker Chambers' *Witness*, a book based on the author's criminal experience as an FBI agent.

Official United States Health Department statistics reveal that some nine million Americans are presently in asylums. Books such as these contributed greatly to this state of affairs.

Express Wieczorny (Warsaw), February 9, as quoted in *News from Behind the Iron Curtain*, April 1953

We need a new type of society whose basic concern will be the welfare of the people as a whole. We must transform the community so as to give it a new social vision. The economic security aimed at in a welfare state cannot be attained without a surrender of some democratic liberties.

SARVEPALLI RADHAKRISHNAN, *The Philosophy of Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan*, edited by Paul Arthur Schilpp, New York 1952

Guided Missiles—Far and Near

There can be, of course, no permanent and magic defense in this nuclear age. No doubt the time will come when the Soviets will have guided missiles of intercontinental range—huge things which can travel half around the world to doom a great city in one terrible moment. This will be the time of the true push-button war, when all the scientific advances we have described will provide no defense. But the more the scientists examine the technical problems involved in intercontinental missile development, the more distant the era of push-button war becomes in their minds. They argue, logically, that the United States should prepare to defend itself against real and present dangers rather than against a distant threat still far below the technical horizon.

DR. RALPH E. LAPP and STEWART ALSOP,
The Saturday Evening Post, March 21, 1953

Our guided-missile program has already reached a point where before too long a military rocket probably can be dropped at any spot on earth from any other.

BRUCE BLIVEN, *The Saturday Evening Post*,
February 28, 1953

Will Italy Vote Left?

By **KLAUS DOHRN**

Because of dividing trends in the anti-Communist bloc and the re-emergence of Rightist groups, a pro-West victory in the coming Italian elections is in question.

On June 7 Italy will go to the polls for her first national elections since 1948. There is a temptation to anticipate them in a mood of comparison. The elections of 1948 were an overwhelming victory in the cold war for America and the West. Can this victory be repeated in 1953?

It is unlikely. First of all, the events and circumstances of the 1948 elections cannot be duplicated. In 1948 there was genuine solidarity of purpose between the Allies and Italy. There was an upsurge of real brotherly feeling on both sides of the Atlantic, based on American understanding and Italian gratitude. Furthermore there was the important question of Trieste, on which anti-Communism and the national interests of Italy united.

In 1948 Italy was a defeated nation, surprised and relieved by the warm and friendly interest the great victorious country on the other side of the Atlantic was taking in what was to Italians an internal contest. This interest seemed clear proof that Italy would be welcomed back into the community of nations, in spite of the temporary opposition of the Soviet Union in that juridically imperfect body—the United Nations. It was all the more heartening and welcome because it meant that America had recognized her wartime error of treating the Communists as a democratic force, that she would no longer tolerate the policy of re-education and “democratization” which had preserved the resentments of ex-neo-fascists without depriving them of the possibility of a comeback. Above all, it meant she would not insist on a humiliating and short-sighted peace treaty that would render Italy utterly defenseless and deprive her of even her pre-Mussolini colonies.

The dubious situation of the immediate postwar period was changed miraculously by the spontaneous, enlightened, and active interest America manifested in the 1948 elections, which were really to decide Italy's future. Was fascism to be replaced by an equally totalitarian dictatorship, sponsored and directed by a foreign power to boot, or were truly democratic principles to prevail? American help and interest took various forms, all impressive and convincing, from material aid to a flow of personal letters and admonitions from the other side of the ocean. This help emanated not only from the government and government-directed propaganda, but from American people of all parties, classes, and denominations. It showed not only

generosity but also farsightedness. Thanks to this effort and to continued American aid, and thanks also to the fact that the elections firmly installed leaders of integrity and vision, the battle was won. With amazing speed Italy became again a respected member of the Western community and even joined NATO as an equal partner.

Today Italy is an equal among equals. Any such interest in its internal problems as America showed in 1948 would not now be the welcome friendship of a generous victor, but the meddling and interfering of a more powerful partner exacting control for protection against the common enemy. To feel like a protectorate in 1948 was reassuring; to be made to feel like one today would be proof of the enemy's propaganda about “American imperialism.”

The Honeymoon Is Over

Furthermore, there were several disappointments following the honeymoon of the 1948 elections. They concerned the most sensitive point of Italian pride and nationalism—Trieste. In 1948 only one power opposed the return of this Italian city to Italy: Soviet Russia, supporting the claim of her then satellite, Yugoslavia. The Western powers advocated and promised the return of Trieste to Italy.

Today that promise is still unredeemed. Yugoslavia is no longer the satellite of Russia, but the friend and ally of the West. Tito has been solemnly received by the Queen of England, and has entered into alliances with allies of Italy. Yet he has shown no readiness to give in on the question of Trieste, although in defending his country against Russia he needs Italian friendship as much as Italy needs his, and as the Western powers need an understanding between both of them.

In 1948 there was in Italy only one major anti-Communist party, Alcide de Gasperi's Christian Democratic Party. Anti-Communists had either to vote for that one party or, if it was too “clerical” to suit them, for one of its minor associates—the Liberal, Republican, or dissident socialist groups. De Gasperi was unquestionably the choice of the Catholics both in Italy and the United States, but non-Catholics felt entirely justified in supporting such an obviously “liberal” candidate. He had the backing, too, of such leaders as Count Sforza, the Minister of Defense, Randolfo Pacciardi, a staunch Republican, Benedetto Croce, the father of modern

Italian idealist philosophy, and the socialist leaders Giuseppe Saragat, Giuseppe Romita, and Ignazio Silone, who opposed the Communists and their socialist stooge, Pietro Nenni.

The presence of men like Sforza and Pacciardi in his government made it possible for De Gasperi to disprove any propaganda that his regime was a clerical one and subservient to the Vatican. It also helped him counterbalance the influence of the shortsighted industrialist and big land-owning interests of his own party who opposed the badly needed social and agrarian reforms that in the long run alone could defeat Communism in Italy.

Also, since there was no large anti-Communist socialist party in Italy, it was unnecessary for De Gasperi to "water down" the economic policy of free enterprise which had shown such good results in the postwar rehabilitation of the country. He could accept the support of those minor parties to the Left of his own without having to pay the price of economic socialization.

Re-emergence of the Right

The situation is not the same today. Continued support by the West of these parties on the Left gives them an importance out of all proportion to the number of votes they command. Meantime a new and powerful Right has emerged. The reasons are obvious. A regime in power as long as De Gasperi's is bound to wear out. The disappointment on the question of Trieste encouraged nationalistic resentment. Apart from this, the re-emergence of the Right is a European, not merely an Italian, phenomenon. In every European country there is a potential vote that might go to the extreme Right. Statesmanship on the part of the West should have foreseen this trend, and, if it could not have forestalled or counteracted it, nevertheless have provided ways and means to divert it and use it constructively. In Italy particularly a considerable part of this vote could have been channeled into a broad anti-Communist front. Don Luigi Sturzo, the elder statesman of the Christian Democratic Party and a man certainly free of any pro-fascist or even pro-Rightist leanings, tried it last year before the communal elections. He failed because of opposition within his own party and the government coalition. The Leftist anti-Communist groups refused to consider the admission of the monarchists into the coalition which would have assured an anti-Communist majority. This bloc, besides, would have profited by the proviso of the new Italian electoral law granting a premium to every party or combination of parties receiving more than 50 per cent of the votes. To surrender to the Leftist groups on this point was certainly a heavy price for their political support, since, in terms of votes they offer nothing to compensate for the loss.

It is difficult to ascertain to what extent American backing, or the assumption of American back-

ing and preferences, stiffened the neck of these Leftist anti-Communist groups.

More than a united anti-Communist front has thus been lost. The very chance has now been lost of getting the collaboration of a reasonable part of the potential Right in a strong, undoubtedly democratic government. This would have given rise to new and responsible leadership for the participating group, and helped split up the Rightist bloc. Re-emergence of a Rightist vote in Italy, as elsewhere in Europe, was perhaps unavoidable, but formation of a unified Rightist bloc was certainly unnecessary.

It has become common on this side of the ocean to refer to the parties Right of the government coalition as "monarchist and neo-fascist"—as though the terms belonged together. Actually, owing to the events that led to the downfall of Mussolini, there was, and still is, a bitter enmity between the supporters of the House of Savoy and "neo-fascism." Furthermore, not even the latter has any real unity. Historically, at least two major currents of neo-fascism are possible in Italy: the one fed by nationalist feelings and a "reactionary" terminology, especially in economic matters; the other made up of those who followed Mussolini when he retreated into northern Italy near the end of the war and established there his republican, anticlerical, and heavily socialist regime. Today the former tends to be more pro-Western, or anti-Soviet, and the latter more pro-Soviet or anti-Western, with a corresponding position toward Italy's participation in NATO. A common resentment, however, and the feeling of being excluded and ignored has driven all these factions together to the point where they will enter the coming elections as something like a "Rightist" bloc.

Communist-Fascist Alliance?

The widespread feeling of frustration after the splendid victory over Communism in 1948 has been favorable to this "Rightist" bloc. Not so much, of course, in the big cities, where the efficient and able police system organized by Mario Scelba, De Gasperi's Minister of the Interior, guarantees freedom and order even against Communist city councils, but rather in the smaller rural and industrial communities, which still suffer from Communist terror. Necessary agrarian reforms have been neglected; wages are deplorably low, due largely to short-sighted pressure groups within the majority party. In the coming elections those who will benefit in votes from this state of affairs will be not only the extreme Left, but also the Right, especially those neo-fascist groups that lean heavily on Mussolini's latter day revolutionary vocabulary.

Before the municipal elections last year, ex-King Umberto urged his followers to vote anti-Communist rather than pro-monarchist. This statesman-like attitude is unfortunately not shared by all his

followers. Neo-fascist leaders are even more likely to fall into the pro-Soviet trap. In Italy, as elsewhere in Europe and South America, a Communist-fascist alliance is an even greater danger than downright Communist propaganda.

The greatest danger facing Italy, however, is that this dissident bloc will attract not only the drifting, more or less anti-Communist, Rightist vote which in 1948 went to the Christian Democrats, but even a solid section of that party's own Right wing. Among this group the fact that Communist terror survives in Italy in spite of the 1948 victory weighs heavily. A decisive factor in that victory was undoubtedly the energetic and well-organized influence exercised by the Italian clergy and hierarchy on inspiration from the Vatican. De Gasperi's party is certainly not "clerical" or "priest-ridden" or "Vatican-controlled," as its enemies contend. Its success in any election does, however, hinge on what is called the "parochial vote." Many supporters of De Gasperi, both at home and abroad, take it for granted that, thanks to "orders from the Vatican," he can always rely on this vote, whereas to assure re-election, the government must cater to all other supporting groups, particularly those "left of center." Herein looms perhaps the gravest crisis of all.

Uncertainty of "Parochial Vote"

Within the Christian Democratic Party a situation exists similar to that within the government coalition, with the influence of the left-of-center groups out of all proportion to their vote-getting power. Conventions of the party held last year resulted after much hesitation in a reaffirmation of the control over the party machinery by its Left wing, primarily anti-fascist and without doubt the intellectually superior group. This group gives unqualified support to the Premier, but the decisive vote-getting factors are the Catholic Action groups and their civic committees. It was a Pyrrhic victory not to have them adequately represented in the party leadership, because it also lessens the ties that bind the "parochial vote" to the Christian Democratic Party.

The action taken in 1948 by the church, the strongest of those ties, cannot be repeated in 1953. It is one thing to tell the church-going public not to vote Communist, if there are, as there were not in 1948, several ways of doing so. The Vatican may regret any weakening of De Gasperi's position for internal as well as external considerations, but it cannot directly interfere with a possible "drift to the Right" of the "parochial vote." Recent pronouncements of the Pope to members of the Catholic Action's civic committees and of various sections of the Italian hierarchy have been carefully worded so as not to give the impression that the church was meddling in the election campaign beyond urging the nation to vote anti-Communist.

The "parochial vote" has a strong leader in the person of Professor Luigi Gedda, an able organizer. Many of those in this voting group are not altogether satisfied with the present political leadership of the party they are voting for. In addition, some of them entertain romantic ideas of a "corporate state" which cannot justly be described as neo-fascist, but which are certainly not democratic in the Western sense. This potential crisis would be accentuated if De Gasperi were forced for tactical reasons to give the Left within his own party and his government coalition a position of influence disproportionate to that given the party's real vote-getting factors.

No Broad Anti-Communist Bloc

All this may lead to the emergence of three almost equally strong separate blocs in the forthcoming elections: Right, Center, Left.

The unfortunate thing is that so far no similar dividing trends and fissures have become visible in the Leftist block formed by the Nenni-Socialists and the Communists. All attempts at splitting considerable sections of the electorate away from either party have so far failed. They were only crises within the intellectual leadership. Even the Vatican's excommunication decree, which has undoubtedly affected even some Communist leaders, has so far failed to make a dent in the vote.

The chance for a broad anti-Communist bloc in the June 7 elections has been missed. It will prove difficult to form a coalition government with an unmanageable Rightist bloc whose demands will undoubtedly be greater after further electoral gains, and difficult to grant without disappointing the anti-Communist Left and driving them yet farther Left.

There still are other possible "formative emotions" in the background on which strange coalition attempts may be founded: *anti-clericalism*, which unites the Leftist groups within the government coalition with the Leftist opposition, and *anti-fascism*, which only last year resulted in a rather anachronistic law, adopted by a heavy majority comprising both the government parties and their socialist and Communist enemies, making it a crime to commend anything the late Mussolini and his regime ever did. Both these emotions are possible vehicles for a clever popular front propaganda at which the Communist leader Togliatti, and Pietro Nenni, the only non-Communist leader honored at Stalin's funeral, are past masters.

The events since Stalin's death, the Moscow peace offensive, would certainly facilitate such moves. It will take much clever maneuvering by Italy's able Premier and much intelligent and tactful support by his friends abroad to maintain a stable government, founded on a solid and workable majority and firmly dedicated to the task of remaining an active partner in the Western camp.

John T. Flynn and the *Times*

By GARET GARRETT

Instead of the usual silent treatment, the reviewer of The Lattimore Story gives the book two columns which distort its content, ignore its scholarship.

And lastly, for better or worse, the *New York Times Book Review* is stupid. It proves against itself John T. Flynn's indictment—without knowing it does it. Mr. Flynn has said again and again that its book reviewers, among others, either ignore anti-Communist writings or sabotage them by ridicule and misrepresentation. Now the *Times* assigns a member of its editorial board, John B. Oakes, to do a review of Flynn's latest book entitled *The Lattimore Story*. He is given two columns of space in the Sunday Book Review; therefore nobody can say the book was ignored. Then by omissions, blottings, subtle paraphrase, and polite sneering he leaches the meaning out of the book for anyone who has not read it.

The disability of Mr. Flynn, he begins, is that he entertains the "conspiratorial theory of history." But Mr. Flynn is not presenting a theory of history. He is writing about a definite conspiracy and isolates it in a frame of documentary evidence.

The reviewer says:

Mr. Flynn has taken the 1951-52 hearings of Senator McCarran's Subcommittee on Internal Security as the principal source material for his latest work, in which he argues that China's loss to the West was due in considerable part to the sinister influence of the Institute of Pacific Relations in general and of Owen Lattimore . . . in particular . . . Mr. Flynn argues that the IPR did have within its operating staff . . . a number of persons who were either Communists or pro-Communists.

The fact is that Mr. Flynn does not argue. He stands on the record. He is reporting in 112 pages of readable text a record which few people have read because the testimony alone runs to fourteen volumes and more than 5,000 pages.

The reviewer refers to "Senator McCarran's Subcommittee on Internal Security." Would you know what that was? It was a subcommittee of the Judiciary Committee of the United States Senate, composed of five senators, three Democrats, and two Republicans. The report of this committee has been printed as a Senate document. Its unanimous conclusions are these:

Owen Lattimore was, from some time beginning in the 1930's, a conscious articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy.

The Institute of Pacific Relations has been considered by the American Communist Party and by Soviet officials as an instrument of Communist policy, propaganda, and military intelligence.

The Institute of Pacific Relations disseminated and sought to popularize false information, including information originating from Soviet and Communist sources.

Members of the small core of officials and staff members who controlled the Institute of Pacific Relations were either Communists or pro-Communists.

... The Institute of Pacific Relations was a vehicle used by the Communists to orient American Far Eastern policies toward Communist objectives.

Owen Lattimore and John Carter Vincent were influential in bringing about a change in United States policy in 1945 favorable to the Chinese Communists.

During the period 1945-49 persons associated with the Institute of Pacific Relations were instrumental in keeping United States policy on a course favorable to Communist objectives in China.

The Institute of Pacific Relations possessed close organic relations with the State Department. . . .

The net effect of Institute of Pacific Relations activities on United States public opinion has been such as to serve international Communist interests and to affect adversely the interests of the United States.

Owen Lattimore testified falsely before the subcommittee with reference to at least five separate matters that were relevant to the inquiry and substantial in import.

Incompetent or Dishonorable?

Had the *Times* reviewer ever read this Senate document? Did he know of its existence? If the answer is "No," then he was not competent to write about Flynn's book; if the answer is "Yes," then the suppression of it was dishonorable. And yet he could write: "Even if the IPR had been as profoundly pro-Communist as Mr. Flynn charges, he fails to show that the organization had any controlling influence over our Far Eastern policy."

You are to suppose that that is Mr. Flynn's charge. It is not. It is the charge of a subcommittee of the Judiciary Committee of the United States Senate, after a year of public hearings and after having examined more than 20,000 documents.

If the reviewer had said the subcommittee of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate was unanimously wrong, the reader of the review would be on guard. He would ask: "How can a book reviewer know that?" But when the reviewer says that John T. Flynn is wrong, the reader of the review may say: "Oh, yes. That's that Flynn again," and forget it.

WORTH HEARING AGAIN

Then in a disarming manner the reviewer assumes a specious open-mindedness, saying: "There can hardly be any doubt that the Communists attempted to infiltrate the Institute of Pacific Relations, as they attempted to infiltrate every other opinion-forming organization."

It is not a question whether or not the Communists *attempted* to infiltrate the organization. The question is: Did they, and to what extent?

The reviewer goes on: "It is also notably true that American policy in the Far East was not a success. But Mr. Flynn makes little of the fact that scholars and writers connected with the IPR included ardent anti-Communists and pro-Chinese Nationalists."

That is false. Mr. Flynn made a great deal of that other writing, and analyzed it, and he did that for the reason that such contrary contributions were a part of the screen work.

With the same disarming air the reviewer says: "The IPR may or may not have been grossly misused by Communist elements, but . . ." The *but* is a statement ascribed to one of its inactive sponsors, Gerard Swope, who said: "If the day ever comes when it will not be possible for a private nonpartisan society like the American Institute of Pacific Relations to seek and publish facts without fear of political reprisal, and to present to the public differing opinions on controversial issues, something essential to the American way of life will have been lost."

"Amerasia" Scandal Ignored

That beautiful façade—nonpartisan research and freedom of speech.

Not a word about the amazing *Amerasia* scandal, which the State Department and the Department of Justice smothered so far as they could. The story of the *Amerasia* case is related elsewhere in this issue (see p. 619), and I shall not repeat it here.

Did the *Times* reviewer ever hear of that? Or would he think spiring secret documents out of the State Department came in the line of nonpartisan research? And did this happen before or after the undated eulogy of the Institute of Pacific Relations by Gerard Swope?

The reviewer says Mr. Flynn's "interpretation of history will convince few who are not already convinced that the State Department took its orders from one particular faction in the I.P.R."

Note the trickery of words. Mr. Flynn's book is not an interpretation of history. Nor does he say that the State Department "took its orders" from anyone in the I.P.R. Nothing so crude as that.

And since Mr. Flynn's book is about Owen Lattimore, and since the *Times* reviewer, therefore, is reviewing a book about Owen Lattimore, wouldn't you think he might have mentioned the fact that Owen Lattimore now is scheduled to stand trial for perjury—like Alger Hiss?

Liberalism—True and False

It is a false liberalism that expresses itself by Federal operation of business in competition with the citizen. It is the road not to more liberty but to less liberty. True liberalism is found not in striving to spread bureaucracy, but in striving to set bounds to it. True liberalism seeks all legitimate freedom, in the confident belief that without freedom, all other blessings are vain. Liberalism is a force truly of the spirit coming from a realization that economic freedom cannot be sacrificed if political freedom is to be preserved.

From an address by HERBERT HOOVER, Case Institute of Technology, Cleveland, Ohio, April 11, 1953

Freedom of the Press

An editor and a senator had it out before a Congressional committee, the other day. . . . Now it happens that this newspaper does not agree with either the senator or the editor all of the time, or even perhaps most of the time. . . . But we disagree with the editor very much when he says that the fact that he was called before the committee "has raised grave questions of freedom of the press."

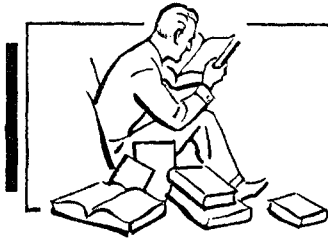
The editor has the right, and the power, to attack and to try to destroy the senator through his newspaper columns. And the senator has the right to investigate Communists, former young Communists, and books which are in the Information Service Library overseas.

A Senate committee has a right to question editors just as it has a right to question doctors or lawyers or laymen or generals or admirals or other senators. Sometimes the questioning goes far afield, but when it does so it usually reflects more on the committee than on the witness. Sometimes the answers of witnesses go far afield, too. But none of this has anything to do with freedom of the press.

Freedom of the press is a Constitutional right giving to anyone the authority to set up a newspaper plant and to print what he wants to print. It is the same freedom as freedom of speech except that it has to do with the printed word rather than the spoken word. . . .

Freedom of the press gives that editor the right to leave the committee room and to say later in print just what he thinks about the senator. His weapon in this vendetta with the senator is quite as strong as the senator's subpoena power to question him. That weapon is in fact the very freedom of the press he implies the senator has attacked in the conduct of the hearings and it is quite likely that the editor will use it. When he does so he will destroy his own argument about press freedom.

The Wall Street Journal, May 13, 1953



Dante and the Moderns

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

It is a standing Italian joke that Dante's commentators have always been more numerous than his readers. Perhaps what that really means is that no generation since Dante's own has ever been able quite to take him or quite to leave him alone.

Ever since the Enlightenment he has seemed, on the one hand, the complete embodiment of that "medievalism" which is darkness rather than light. Despite his restiveness he was an orthodox Catholic. He described a Hell of eternal punishment in which he found convenient, uncomfortable niches for all his personal enemies. What more does one need to say? Except perhaps that he also became the great exponent of Platonic love while solacing himself with an un-Platonic mistress on the side.

On the other hand, the *Divine Comedy* simply will not down. During the exuberant American twenties one debunking book was entitled *Dante, and Other Waning Classics*. But Dante didn't wane. On the contrary, he was soon to become, as now he is, one of the five or six obligatory enthusiasms of a "new critic." Indeed one might classify the various successive schools of recent criticism on the basis of their treatment of Dante. To the exponents of "cultural history" he was a perfect example of the "historically interesting," a complete "document" for the study of a dead culture. To the Pateresque aesthete in search of exquisite experiences, derisively called by Wyndham Lewis the "time-trotter," he was a wonderful specimen of a moment come to perfection. Croce could attempt to separate the "poetry," which was still valid, from the "philosophy," which wasn't; anthology-makers could salvage the Francesca and perhaps the Ugolino episodes while leaving the rest on the junk pile. Academic Dante scholars could annotate the allusions, untangle the allegories, and leave the critical evaluation up to us. But some part of Dante's literary work always continued to arouse some kind of interest.

In favor of the "new critics" the least that can be said is that they attempt to understand, not some aspect, but some whole. To those who have accepted or are about to accept a version of Christianity not too different from Dante's own, the task is relatively easy. They have merely to say that Dante was righter than we and to expound him in his own terms. To seem to take him whole and yet re-

ject his theology is obviously harder. To which group the author of this new study of the *Purgatorio* (*Dante's Drama of the Mind*, by Francis Fergusson, 232 pp., Princeton University Press, \$4.00) belongs he never says, but in any event he does not require that we should be orthodox. Leaning heavily on the notes of the "Temple" edition to explain allusions and allegories, his usual method is that of "explication"; his chief thesis is simply that the *Divine Comedy* does have something to say to the modern reader, not merely because of its "poetry" in the narrowest sense, but also because its author is intelligibly presenting inner experiences which are, or have recently become, important to us.

Dante did not believe that he was telling the literal truth. He did not believe that his readers were destined to a Hell, a Purgatory, or a Paradise corresponding to his descriptions. He did believe "beyond our capacity for belief in the truth his fiction was devised to show." But if we begin to read him for the sake of that "poetry" which is readily accessible to us—especially, Mr. Fergusson believes, to those familiar with the contemporary lyric—we will presently begin to realize that his approach to our experiences and problems is at least as comprehensible as, say, the allegorical and symbolical approach of Thomas Mann in *The Magic Mountain*.

What are these experiences? According to Mr. Fergusson they are, in the most general possible terms, the miseries which men suffer when they are victims of those evil passions which Dante called Sin; the way in which the punishments which the passions themselves inflict sometimes turn us against them; the aid which reason and philosophy can give in our attempt to master them; and, finally, that something which Dante called "the Love of God" which can assure a fulfillment of ourselves philosophy alone cannot bestow.

Dante's allegory is meaningful (as Bunyan's is not) for the simple reason that it embodies psychological truths which Bunyan's wooden abstractions do not. When Dante's Pilgrim, climbing the hill of Purgatory, passes from a certain childish delight in the phenomenal world to an awareness of moral implications, he is poignantly describing the experience of our own adolescence. When, for exam-

ple, the victims of Envy scourge themselves with whips whose thongs, so Virgil explains, are Love: "One may appreciate the psychological accuracy of Virgil's formula by considering some little repentance of our own—one is driven by offending self-love to rehearse the painful scene in memory; to relieve the fatuous impulse, not as it looked when it was obeyed, but as it looks in a later and truer perspective. Only after suffering and seeing enough is one free to dismiss the matter and turn to pleasanter thoughts." Thus even the modern sinner makes his Purgatory, and by it he is purified.

But why, if the experiences are real to us, should we not explore them in our own terms rather than in Dante's? Because, so Mr. Fergusson clearly implies without saying it in such simple words, we haven't any. Because our "world view," with its exclusive stress upon "ideologies," "economic determinants," "emotional complexes," etc., has no way of dealing with intimate experience, which we insist upon discussing only in terms denying its significance. We have explained it away but it is still there. We may believe that guilt and innocence, even right and wrong, are no more than moonshine. But we do not have our conscious life in a universe where they are. Outwardly, that means a world in which there is no answer to the Communist doctrine of the all-justifying end. Inwardly, it means man divided against himself and with no names for the realities by which he tries to live. Those realities have never been described except in terms of metaphor. Why not use Dante's metaphors at least until we find a better? Perhaps understanding him will make it easier to find.

For the most part Mr. Fergusson keeps pretty close to his immediate subject, but passing references to the Great Books, progressive education, etc., would make it clear, if it were not already abundantly so, that he thinks of the case for Dante as a part of the large case for what is sometimes called by those who do not like it the New Orthodoxy. The arguments on both sides are familiar enough. On the one: we have no tradition, no culture, and we must find one or die. On the other: the new orthodoxy simply leads back to the old; there is no half-way house between modernism and medievalism. But possibly, on the other hand, there is. Even Bernard Shaw, in moments when he had doubts about the brand of common sense which he usually expounded, more than once accused us moderns of what he called "throwing out the baby with the bath," or forgetting when we reject the terms of the old philosophers, old prophets, and old classics that the terms did refer to something real, however imperfectly named and imperfectly understood. The case which Mr. Fergusson makes for Dante might—though he would doubtless object—be reduced to something as simple as this: Dante reminds us that the baby was there.

One thing is certain. To an extent which would once have seemed impossible to those of us who had our own youth in the age of Wells and Shaw and Mencken, a succeeding generation has found itself drawn in the direction of the new orthodoxy. An amazing number of ideals, concepts, and classics refused to remain "debunked." And it is not yet certain whether this new generation represents a vanguard or a mere lagging battalion.

Not very many years ago when it was first beginning to attract attention, a distinguished American professor of Italian culture and exponent of Pareto, the late Arthur Livingston, dismissed the whole phenomenon by describing it as no more than "nostalgia for a lower form of civilization." Perhaps he was right. But since the remark was made a great many have come to wonder just how high the civilization toward which we seem to be moving really is.

In any event Mr. Fergusson's book affords not only a good introduction to the *Purgatorio* but also to the premises and methods of the group to which he belongs. His "explications" are more interesting and less pedantic than many. His attitude is agreeably free from that maddening condescension which Eliot made fashionable and which has repelled many who might otherwise have listened with more sympathy to what he had to say. Even the reader who remains unconvinced is likely to say: "I see what you mean."

Our Japanese Friends

Five Gentlemen of Japan, by Frank Gibney. New York: Farrar, Straus and Young. \$4.00

This is the best book about Japan since the end of the war. The author combines two sets of qualifications that seldom go together: a serious student's knowledge not only of Japanese history and institutions but of the extremely difficult Japanese language, and the journalist's gift of searching observation and vivid description. The result is an extremely well balanced portrait of the Japanese national character, and of Japanese history, before, during, and since the war.

Mr. Gibney approaches the Japanese with sympathetic understanding which does not degenerate into sentimentality. As a naval intelligence officer in the late war, he pays a tribute to the stoical, sometimes suicidal courage with which the Japanese fought against inevitable defeat; to the soldiers who died, sometimes almost literally to the last man, in the caves and foxholes of one Pacific island after another, to the young *Kamikaze* pilots who dashed themselves and their planes to destruction against American warships. One cannot help wishing that these qualities had been displayed on other battlefields, against a different enemy.

Like most foreigners who have known the Japanese at home—as with other peoples, their worst sides often came out in lands where they came as alien conquerors—Mr. Gibney finds the ordinary Japanese likable as human beings. He builds his book around five individual Japanese—the Emperor Hirohito and four of the Emperor's subjects: a retired admiral, a university graduate who became a newspaperman, a farmer, and a steel worker. He lightens and humanizes the story of Japan at war and under American occupation by describing the personal experiences and reactions of these Japanese.

The end of the war found Kisei, the steel worker, in the jungles of Burma; Yamazaki, the student and future newspaperman, serving as a junior naval officer; Admiral Shimizu administering an arsenal and resisting the despairing army proposal to issue bamboo spears for a last ditch stand against invasion; Sanada, the farmer, hoping vainly for the return of a favorite son who had perished. The first effect of the Emperor's order to surrender was stunning; but the four characters of Mr. Gibney's story, like the majority of their countrymen, made a quick adjustment to the new situation, in which such national traits as the practice of hard work and stoical endurance of hardship and suffering helped.

Although the Japanese, in the author's words, were "brave almost beyond belief" in their stubborn resistance during the war, they proved docile and co-operative in the comparatively few cases where they surrendered or were captured. This was because they had been given no instruction in "security" in the event of being captured; it was assumed that no Japanese soldier would ever surrender.

The occupation also passed off in an atmosphere of remarkable friendliness. The best proof of the failure of the Communist effort to make the Japanese hostile to America was their behavior at the time of the Korean war. There were long lines of Japanese voluntarily offering to donate blood for the troops in Korea. At one time, when the war was not going well, Japan was practically denuded of occupation troops; the forces left in the country could not have mustered a regiment. But there was no disturbance, no attempt at sabotage.

This does not mean that the occupation record was perfect, and Mr. Gibney gives a balanced picture of successes and mistakes. Perhaps the worst single mistake was the writing of a pacifist clause in the constitution for Japan, which now, as the author says, has become "a rallying point for Japanese neutralists, Communists, anti-Americans, and all who for political reasons or from a genuine horror of war refused to face the fact of Russia's aggressions and Japan's alignment with the West."

In Japan, as in Germany, there was also an attempt to transplant American ideology and recreations, such as square dancing, which did not

fit in with Japanese traditions and tastes. Now that Japan is independent in its internal administration, some of the less successful missionary attempts of the occupation will probably be dropped. However, the author believes that the Japanese, the most literate of Asiatic peoples, have absorbed some working ideas of self-government, and that the land reform, although it bore down harshly in individual cases, has been a force for stability in the country districts.

Mr. Gibney emphasizes what he calls the "web" pattern of Japanese society, the multiple obligations to family and community in which the Japanese is caught up. There is thoughtful discussion of Japanese unwillingness to rearm rapidly, of the country's internal economic and foreign trade problems, of the methods of Japanese Communism and its failure to win popular support. Very little is overlooked in this book, which is an admirable introduction, for Americans, to a people and country with which we are now closely bound, politically and economically.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Legend Into Man

The Women in Gandhi's Life, by Eleanor Morton.
304 pp. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co. \$4.00

The youngest of three sons, sickly and ugly, Mohandas Gandhi was left by his father, the dewan or premier of a small princely state, almost exclusively to the care of his unlettered, forceful mother, Putilabi. He was betrothed at the age of seven, but up to the time of his marriage at fifteen he had never made a friend, and always played alone. He was tremendously pleased with the splendor of his wedding procession; he barely noticed the beautiful little bride.

Yet he quickly showed that he wished her to acknowledge him as lord and master. He ordered her never to leave their apartment; she disobeyed. He had fears of the dark, of serpents, of ghosts and thieves; Kasturbai, who was candid and unafraid, ridiculed his fears. They quarreled continually. But Gandhi's desire for her was so great that he even left his dying father to go to her. They continued to quarrel until Gandhi took a vow of celibacy, which later he was to enforce on all those who lived in the various communal settlements or ashrams he set up.

As a boy Mohandas was sent to study in England. He listened to Parliamentary debates, conceived a profound admiration for English law, and met Annie Besant; bought a tail coat, and took lessons in violin, French, dancing, and elocution. He returned to India resolved to introduce various English customs into his household—more nourishing food, calisthenics, and so forth. Kasturbai was not asked if she wished to violate religious custom;

she was commanded to do so by her husband.

Gandhi could get no law practice in India, and reluctantly accepted a case in South Africa. This was the turning point in his life. The tail coat and silk hat availed him nothing against the racial prejudice there. His stubborn efforts to travel first class on the railway made him internationally famous, even before he reached Pretoria and revealed his genius for publicizing an issue by dramatic action. His fame opened the way for him into Olive Schreiner's circle of reformers. He built up a large practice and eventually brought Kasturbai and their three sons to Africa. Wishing Kasturbai to make a proper impression as an Indian gentleman's wife, he ordered her to wear a British gown, corsets, high lace collar, high-laced shoes, and towering curls. Kasturbai wept, but was forced to obey. However, the English clothes were not becoming, so Gandhi changed his orders—she must dress like a Parsi lady.

Before Kasturbai had been in Africa long, Mohandas read Tolstoi, and Ruskin's *Unto This Last*, and decided to dedicate his life to their ideals. Kasturbai was now ordered to entertain people of all castes in her home, among them even an Untouchable.

In Africa he founded Phoenix and Tolstoi farms, the first of the many communal colonies he was to sponsor. As the cost of maintaining them was great, and he had given up his practice, he forced his little sons and Kasturbai to spend their days in hard labor. He had decided that the boys didn't need an education, and refused all their pleadings to go to school. His eldest, Harilal, never forgave him.

Back in India he set up his first ashram, a communal colony of mud huts whose inmates obeyed him in everything. They rose for prayers at 3:30 as in monastic orders. The women cut off their hair lest it lead to carnal desire, served Gandhi on their knees, and called him Mahatma. Kasturbai was ordered to teach the Untouchable village women cleanliness. This was a task she could understand. She entered on it energetically and became in time the most completely devoted of his followers, though she often disagreed with him.

Kasturbai is only one of the many extraordinary women who devoted their lives to Gandhi or to his work, and whose very different portraits are given by Mrs. Morton with the same sympathetic comprehension: Olive Schreiner, whose circle awakened Gandhi to social injustice; his African secretaries, Millie Polak and Sonya Schlesin; Madeleine Slade, the English aristocrat who gave up fortune, friends, and home; the great Indian Poet, Sarojini Naidu; the young Indian doctor, Sushila Nayyar, who at Gandhi's request wrote a biography of Kasturbai; Vijaya Nehru, now Madame Pandit; the Princess Amrit Kaur, daughter of the Christian Maharajah of Karputhala; and many others.

A Quaker, and an admirer of Gandhi, Mrs. Mor-

ton nevertheless presents the facts of his life with refreshing objectivity. But history records the final irony: the leading exponent of the belief that pacifism would disarm violence, was himself shot by a Hindu nationalist.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Soviet Strategy

A Century of Conflict, by Stefan T. Possony. 439 pp. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. \$7.50

This book is an analysis of the methods employed by the Communists to establish and consolidate their regime in Russia, and to expand it to other parts of the globe.

History was viewed by Marx as a battle of conflicting classes. Bolshevism and Soviet doctrine has gone farther, and holds that only by wars and revolutions are human affairs advanced. The Bolsheviks must therefore make it their business to become skilled operators and technicians in the politics of power and violence.

We see the development of this doctrine of violence and the resulting methods of conflict management through the writings of the early Marxists; then as applied by the Bolsheviks to the seizure of power and the establishment of dictatorship during the early years of the Russian revolution. We review the civil war in Russia, the formation of the Comintern, the Popular Front tactics, the Spanish Civil War, the purges, and the additions to the original doctrine made by the leaders of the Chinese Communist Party. The next round, still a distant gleam in the Soviet eye, is the elimination of America, the last serious obstacle to the establishment of Communist world rule. According to a statement of the official magazine *Bolshevik* of January, 1950, "the era of the downfall of capitalism has begun."

A final chapter draws the inferences. Soviet political and military thinking are one indissoluble whole; all human activity is harnessed to war—in the broad Soviet sense of the term—offensively as well as defensively. "The Communists," in the author's words, "are the first . . . to expand military techniques to the full range of their applicability." The over-all objective of Soviet strategy is to bring about the cataclysmic downfall of capitalism predicted by Marx.

The author claims that Communist conflict management has stood the test of victory as well as of defeat and catastrophe. This statement indicates, in this reviewer's mind, that he has failed to deal with the problem of the Soviet state. Concentration camps are rational institutions only in irrational societies. The basic irrationality of Soviet thinking and operation is at no point laid bare in this book, and at no point discovered below the web of operational manipulation it describes in such great de-

tail. The author's observations on the Nazi-Soviet pact illustrate this. Soviet thinking regarded Germany's war as a revolutionary war which in the end was bound to further the cause of Communist expansion. This proposition is the only rational explanation, according to the author, of Communist behavior in 1939 and 1940. He fails to point out that if that was rational, it was the rationality of the insane.

JULIAN GUMPERZ

Unresolved Dilemma

I Joined the Russians, by Heinrich von Einsiedel.
306 pp. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$4.00

The publishers of *I Joined the Russians* announce on the jacket that in this book "the grandson of Bismarck shot down over Stalingrad tells of his conversion to Communism and his disillusion." This seems to me misleading. I don't believe Von Einsiedel was ever "converted" to Communism. Conversion implies conviction, and when I closed his book I found myself wondering whether he was capable of being converted to *anything*.

All in all, it's a pity he felt it necessary to clutter his pages with high-flown burblings about his split consciousness and ideological dilemmas. Because, apart from such apostolic posturing, the tale he has to tell is revealing and gripping. It's an inside story of Russia, a first-hand account of shootings, beatings, mass imprisonments, and the slow deterioration produced by semistarvation and human degradation. As a privileged person (after all, he was a Bismarck and of considerable propaganda value), Von Einsiedel was allowed to travel in Russia, and he gives us a terrifying picture of the top-to-bottom corruption in the Communist world, that regime of the penitentiary where the innocent are behind bars with thugs as their jailers. Von Einsiedel's book can be read with interest and profit by all, but especially by those who think liberation is a dangerous pipe dream. The millions behind the Iron Curtain would appear to be crying for liberation—though not, I think, by Heinrich von Einsiedel.

In his thirty-one years Von Einsiedel seems to have flitted from one ideological bush to the next like a yellow-striped bee seeking honey. Instead he finds only a bitter liquid, and emerges from each new flower with distaste, brushing the pollen from his elegant legs. He was born to what he calls "old-fashioned respectable conservatism," a legacy of the Kaiser's imperial Germany. This he quickly discarded in order to join the Hitler Youth, which presumably he found more modern, or at least à la mode. This led him to become an officer in the *Luftwaffe*, and in the disaster of Stalingrad he was captured by the Russians. Three days in their company were sufficient to convince him that Hitlerism was a delusion, and he was soon writing

letters and propaganda for the Communists.

Sent to Moscow, he became one of the triumvirate of the Free Germany Committee, which was designed to take over a liberated Germany. When these plans failed to materialize, he got himself transferred to the Russian sector of Berlin as a leader of the East German Social Unity (Communist) party. Soon this, too, began to pall, and he felt an urge to join something else. Perhaps the Americans would do? But when he entered the U. S. sector—with the blessing of the Russians—he found the treatment he received "far from correct." So back he wavered to the Eastern sector and a job on the *Tagliche Rundschau*, the Communist-sponsored newspaper in Berlin. He didn't stay long, though, and is now back in the Western sector, fresh out of ideologies.

The outlook disturbs him. What can he turn to? He gives American capitalism a nod, but finds little hope in that direction. "Is Americanism a future worth striving for?" he asks. "Haven't pursuit of the dollar, the conveyor belt, skyscrapers, the jazz mania, done more to demoralize the world into a mass creature than could a collectivist party dictatorship inspired by a socialist ideal?" That remark is enough to show that he has no judgment, no sense of the relative importance of things. What a contrast to his blunt ancestor! *He* worked with the materials at hand, and what he accomplished is written in history. Nevertheless, Von Einsiedel's report of facts, to which he had unique access, is both interesting and valuable.

JOHN VERNON TABERNER

Clash of Cultures

Blanket Boy, by Peter Lanham and A. S. Mopeli-Paulus, chieftain of Basutoland. 309 pp. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$3.50

This is a powerful novel of South African life written with intimate knowledge of its people, penetrating wisdom of the forces governing the actions of primitive and civilized men alike, told with understanding, compassion, and consummate skill. That it is the collaboration of a white man and a black man living in that tortured subcontinent may be an augury of the ultimate solution of its involved social problems. It is the first such collaboration.

This story of Monare, who leaves his home in the Protectorate of Basutoland to work in the gold mines of Johannesburg and is caught between the clashing cultures of the white men and the black, not only reveals a mastery of the storyteller's art but an ethnological and social study as well. This vast panorama of South Africa today is salted with apt sayings and pithy Basuto proverbs, and is told so skillfully in the native idiom that the reader actually lives their lives and feels as they do.

When Monare reaches the City of Gold clad in his native blanket and in search of his fortune, he finds his kind in a veritable prison, without the safety and security most prisons afford. Despised and outcast, hated and feared, harried by onerous rules and regulations, saddled with innumerable exactions and burdened with various passes authorizing their limited freedom, they are the butt of sadistic and prejudiced "poor white" police and petty officials, to say nothing of the criminal element of their own complexion. With neither wholesome recreation, guidance, or women, they are the prey of prostitutes, homosexuals, and drug peddlers.

A clever man, Monare finds a precarious living as a maker and seller of "sharp" pants for mine boys, and he prospers after a fashion. But this is no easy business, being a free Negro in the City of Gold, not "belonging" to any employer. "No sooner did an African start in business on his own, than trouble started to seek him out." Soon Monare is in jail. With the help of friends he manages to extricate himself, but not before brutal police beat him severely.

Back he goes with his gains to his Basutoland village and his faithful wife and son to become, by virtue of his "wealth," a person of importance and the right-hand man of his chief. Then Africa's past reaches out from the grave of history. On the chief's order he goes out with a band to select a victim from a certain clan for ritual murder. To refuse is unthinkable. Even if one is a Christian, like Monare and half the others in the protectorate, one dare not defy the dread power of the witch doctors. One may have to kill one's best friend, even as Monare was reluctantly forced to kill his beloved Koto, else one's disobedience may bring tragedy to one's family.

Harried by his guilty conscience, Monare flees back to Johannesburg, fearful of the police, skulking, often changing location, sinking into the degeneration of drunkenness, dagga smoking, and homosexuality. Finally his son, Libe, who has come to work in the City of Gold, finds him at what seems to be the last moment, and helps him escape to the City of Sugar, Durban. After dramatic adventures he reaches the safety, freedom, and happiness of Lourenço Marques, in Mozambique, as a Moslem. He dreams of bringing his family there.

But this is not to be. Reading that his son is trapped in a mine disaster, he rushes back to the City of Gold and performs prodigies of valor, only to be nabbed by the police in his hour of triumph. Returned to Basutoland to face trial, he is convicted and hanged.

This novel has tremendous impact, is filled with exciting incidents, thrilling adventures, and heart-clutching escapes; and although the technician might question some of the coincidences, the story has an over-all plausibility which adds much to its force and conviction.

Caught in the complex of racial prejudices, nationalistic antagonisms, religious bigotry, rising industrialism, and disintegrating tribalism that bedevils South Africa today, Monare cries out:

Why will not the white man try to understand the black man? We Africans desire but the same things they do—a house to live in with the loved ones, water, light, freedom to move at will across the fair face of the land; ground to till or work to do. The right to think and say aloud without fear that which we think.

The hundreds of millions of Monares will eventually have to be answered.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

From Murder to Revolution

'Tis Folly to Be Wise, by Lion Feuchtwanger.
Translated by Frances Fawcett. 367 pp. New York: Julian Messner, Inc. \$3.95

I have long had a hunch that Mr. Feuchtwanger isn't a novelist but a magician. For thirty-odd years he has conjured up in his novels such diverse historical figures as the Jew Süß, Goya, Josephus, and Beaumarchais, and each in turn has come unforgettably alive. It isn't his prose which does it. Much of it is pedestrian and graceless; one would be hard put to find any of those jewel-like passages which illumine one's thoughts and emotions. He doesn't go in for subtleties of style and technique. He spins his yarns with careless robustness. But what wonderful yarns they are!

Feuchtwanger—and this seems to be one key to his magic—is a veritable genius in picking his heroes. Each of them is a complex and contradictory figure all by himself, gaining ascendancy over his world by sheer force of personality, intellectual power, or talent. Each of them is part genius and part mountebank. Each displays that blend of grandeur and meanness, of wisdom and absurdity, of good and evil, which mankind loves in its heroes because it reflects the imperfection of the truly human character. Mr. Feuchtwanger loves his heroes too. He loves them tolerantly, shrewdly, without illusions, and with a good deal of irony and amusement.

But what constitutes perhaps the main ingredient of Feuchtwanger's magic is his consummate knowledge of his story world. Unlike many popular historical novelists who confine their research strictly to some reading-around-their-hero, Feuchtwanger knows everything, not just about his hero, but the entire period in which that hero lived. Immensely erudite, the owner of a marvelous library, he knows what makes people of a given era tick; what they thought, read, believed in; how they ate, danced, made love, built their houses, and did business. And here the magic comes in: he is so saturated with his story world that he com-

municates it—one doesn't quite know how—in all its rich, vivid color. Whether his tale is set in Imperial Rome, or in the Spain of the late eighteenth century, or in a little South German court of the seventeenth century, it's always a perfectly authentic world populated by perfectly authentic people.

His new novel, *'Tis Folly to Be Wise*, is a case in point. It is the story of old Jean-Jacques Rousseau's stay in Ermenonville, the country seat of one of his aristocratic admirers; his murder by his wife's lover, a stud groom; and the fortunes of the survivors of this drama in the French Revolution, which was made in Jean-Jacques' name.

Rousseau is one of these equivocal heroes after Feuchtwanger's heart. Here was a poor philosopher who created myths which changed the world—the myth that man is good; the myth that he can achieve his destiny according to the flesh; the myth of progress. The aristocracy, whose declared enemy he was, fell madly in love with him. The young idolized him as the greatest intellectual discoverer of the age. Few thinkers ever achieved such fame in their lifetime. But this genius, whose message seemed all made of certitude and joy, was actually a pathetic and rather repellent creature. He was afflicted with a painful malady; he was a shameless egotist; his life was studded with acts which defied the most rudimentary rules of human decency; he was a little mad.

Rousseau is an old man when the story begins. Feeling mistreated and persecuted by everyone, he has finally accepted the invitation of the Marquis de Girardin, one of the grands seigneurs who had made himself Rousseau's disciple. He moves to Ermenonville with his young wife Thérèse and Madame Levasseur, his redoubtable mother-in-law. Thérèse is a slut, but quite delightful in her illiterate, casual way. Fernand de Girardin, the young son of the Marquis and also a fervent admirer of Rousseau, finds her so, and so does Nicolas the stud groom. A hardboiled scoundrel, Nicolas dreams of establishing a Tattersall in Paris. He knows that there is a good deal of money in Rousseau's manuscripts and that these manuscripts will one day fall to the philosopher's widow. With a view to getting hold of both Thérèse and the money, he murders Jean-Jacques.

The sordid deed is hushed up. Rousseau is buried in Ermenonville in the Marquis' tender care, Fernand goes to America to fight for freedom, Nicolas gets his Tattersall, and he doesn't even have to marry Thérèse. And then, a few years later, Rousseau's posthumous story sets in, the story of his myths materializing in the French Revolution.

At first it looks as though the Revolution really augurs the rule of the philosophers. Jean-Jacques' pictures are everywhere and his words are on everyone's lips. But soon, so the Marquis de Girardin finds, the Jacobins rather deviate from Jean-Jacques' ideas. While Rousseau had expressly de-

clared that nothing in the existing order should be altered without necessity, these savages turn everything upside down. Rousseau's dream of government by the people becomes the mob rule he abhorred. Man, the Marquis realizes, instead of being naturally good, is naturally barbarian.

His son, Fernand, on the other hand, accepts the Revolution and even the Terror. *De profundis*, though quite unjustly imprisoned, he rationalizes that the Revolution fighting for its life cannot afford to be delicate. In these times of stress the rights of the individual must yield to the rights of the community. True, the events are petty, senseless, and horrible, but something great, he trusts, will emerge from them.

Whether and to what extent Fernand de Girardin's qualified "Yes" to Jacobinism is Feuchtwanger's message, is difficult to say. As always, Mr. Feuchtwanger is more intent on his tale than on his message. With the result that even one who, like this reader, believes that Europe cannot be saved from Communism except by an absolute repudiation of Jacobinism and the Rousseau myths which sired it, can wholeheartedly enjoy his tale.

R. G. WALDECK

Sublime Talk

Zorba, the Greek, by Nikos Kazantzakis. Translated by Carl Wildman. 311 pp. New York: Simon and Schuster. \$3.50

The Greeks have an unchallenged reputation as the greatest and sublimest talkers in all history. If Mr. Kazantzakis has given us a correct portrayal of their present prowess in this domain, that reputation is not likely to be challenged for a long time to come. His book is offered as a novel, but it is so only superficially, as though merely to provide an excuse for a volume of conversation. The plot is the contest between the life of the mind and the life of action. The protagonists are the unnamed "I" of the story—a meditative young scholar who seeks escape from the race of book-worms in a mining venture on the island of Crete, and his lean and craggy, furrowed and fabulous foreman, Zorba, the original primitive man. They sleep and eat and drink and work and play together. But most of all they talk! Zorba endeavors with words, with the music of his beloved *santuri*, with wild dancing that is also a kind of language, and with words again to woo his boss away from his metaphysical preoccupations. "If only I was as young as you!" he cries. "I'd throw myself headlong into everything! Headlong into work, wine, love—everything, and I'd fear neither God nor devil!" The outcome of his effort provides the suspense, the arguing between the two the excitement of this masterfully conceived and exquisitely written narrative.

F. N.

Solid Success

There are gay goings-on at the Winter Garden these nights. Swift-paced and noisy as New York itself is the musical *Wonderful Town*. And not the least exuberant and extroverted feature of the play is its star, Rosalind Russell. Back from Hollywood, Miss Russell is lending her long windmilly legs and arms, her coarse scratchy voice, and her inimitable sense of comedy to interpreting the hilarious role of Ruth in a musicalized version of that old standby: *My Sister Eileen*.

As those who have seen any of the former versions of this beloved chestnut—and who could help doing so?—know, this is the story of two girls from Ohio who come to New York to seek their fortunes. Eileen, the shapely blonde, has notions of singing her way to fame, but her irresistible attractions lead her into a variety of tight situations. No matter what her vicissitudes, however, she can always depend on any male who happens to be around to come to her rescue. The high point is when she gets clapped into jail. But the experience doesn't bother her; in fact she has a wonderful time. Within half an hour of incarceration she seems to have the entire police force running her errands, relaying telephone calls, and putting out the welcome mat for her favored visitors.

The ugly duckling (a bit hard to believe) is the older sister, played by the aforementioned Miss Russell. She, or her director, fortunately showed enough restraint not to start her out in horn-rimmed spectacles. Instead, the writers have presented her with a series of acid, rapid-fire repartee guaranteed to scare off any Prince Charming, and summed up in a song "One Hundred Ways to Lose a Man," which Miss Russell delivers in a series of deep-throated bellows.

Wonderful Town arrived at the Winter Garden Theater just at the moment when New York critics had given out with the portentous judgment—aneant the failure of *Maggie*—that a good play ought not to be transmogrified into a musical. (*Maggie*, for the record, was the late disaster in which a few nostalgic writers attempted to recapture the charm of Sir James M. Barrie's *What Every Woman Knows*.) A backward glance should have warned them against any such dictum. Almost every musical surviving on Broadway is derived from a play, and/or a book, and/or a motion picture. *The King and I* was a best seller—and a fairly popular motion picture with Rex Harrison. *South Pacific* dramatizes a series of short stories. *Wish You Were Here* is a re-do from a play redone from a series of sketches that appeared in the *New Yorker*. And so it goes, through the list.

The transmogrification seems to have carried

over to almost everyone in the galaxy of talent at the Winter Garden. Miss Russell herself has changed careers several times. She first appeared in the *Garrick Gayeties*, a musical morsel staged by the Theatre Guild in the twenties. After which she migrated to Hollywood, where she made a name for herself in such serious performances as *Craig's Wife*, *Sister Kenny*, and—of all things—the gloom-filled *Mourning Becomes Electra*. Now she is back in New York—as a comedienne-de-luxe. She says she loves it. But who can tell? The movies may yet lure her back to do *Lady Macbeth*.

The music is by that talented young oldster, Leonard Bernstein, another "split personality," who, as all the world knows, has formerly been more at home writing and conducting symphonies for long-haired orchestras, ballet for the Metropolitan Opera, and spending his summers teaching at Tanglewood, the Mecca of "serious" music. Here he makes his schizophrenic switch from Brahms to bebop. George Gaynes, a Finnish-Dutch gentleman with a far carrying eye and a smooth presence, who plays the part of Eileen's special beau, comes to the cast from grand opera; Edith Adams, the Eileen of the show, was Miss New York Television and Miss U. S. Television, and the story goes that she almost refused the offer to appear before a live audience because the television customers liked her face so well—a sentiment we heartily share. The lyrics are by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, an exhaustingly enthusiastic pair who have lent their talents to another hit about New York, *On the Town*, and who started their career in a radio group which included the athletic Judy Holliday. Perhaps in the whole business the only two lads who have been relentlessly consistent are the authors, Joe Fields and Eddie Chodorov. This team not only wrote the original play—from the book by Ruth McKenney—but also had a hand in the movie, and now they come up again with a musical which promises to be an equally solid success.

The Winter Garden Theater is one of the largest in town, but it isn't big enough to hold all the people anxious to exchange dollars for tickets. Behind the last row there is a wide concourse, which is nightly filled with standees. These standees get their impressions both orally and visually filtered through glass, but this seems to be no handicap to a generation accustomed to getting much of its entertainment on television.

Judging by past history and present performance, familiarity breeds cash customers. With this in mind, ambitious composers should run to the New York Society Library, where old plays are a-sleeping, or to the Public Library, where yesterday's scripts are a-moldering. Or simply take down off the shelf Burns Mantle's *Best Plays of 1923-24*, and get to work. Then after a little application, they too may be able to join that happy procession, led by Rodgers and Hammerstein, from the box office to the bank.

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