

THE
Freeman

APRIL 20, 1953

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Russians Are People

Eugene Lyons

Decline of the Rule of Law

F. A. Hayek

The Battle Against Print

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Red China's Secret Weapon

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Santayana: Alien in the World

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THE Freeman

A Fortnightly
For
Individualists

Editor HENRY HAZLITT
Managing Editor FLORENCE NORTON

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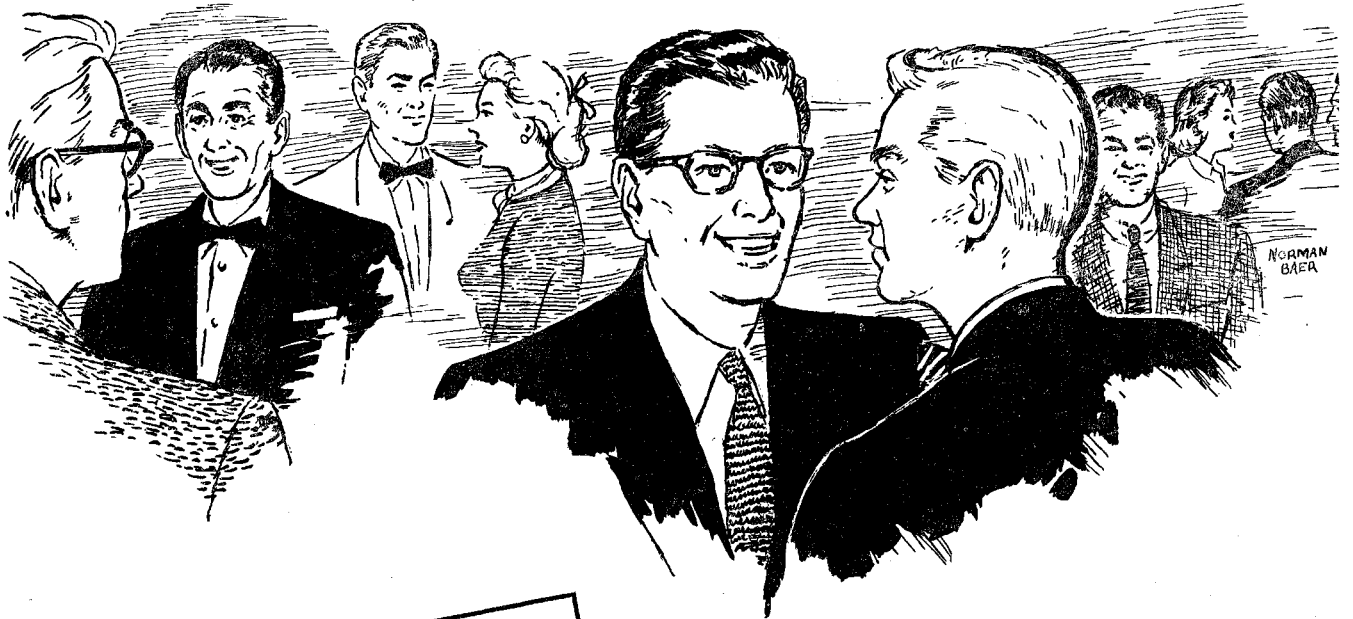
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THE Freeman

MONDAY, APRIL 20, 1953

The Fortnight

The Bohlen affair, we assume, is now closed. Few of the principals came out of it unscathed, but perhaps some lessons have been learned for the future. The Bohlen appointment, as we pointed out in our previous issue, was a mistake. It symbolized, in direct contradiction of the Republican platform and Mr. Eisenhower's own State of the Union message to Congress, an endorsement of the Truman-Acheson appeasement policy and of the secret and immoral agreement with Stalin made at Yalta. The Constitution provides that the President "shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint ambassadors." If Mr. Eisenhower had taken the "advice" injunction with sufficient seriousness to consult at least the Republican members of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate before the nomination, the Bohlen choice would probably never have emerged. When it was made, however, the thirteen senators who voted against it were thoroughly justified in doing so on the ground of what it signified in foreign policy.

But Senator McCarthy, not content to rest his opposition on this sufficient ground, challenged the veracity of Secretary Dulles and made his inept proposal to apply a lie detector test to Mr. Bohlen. This was resented by other senators, and doubtless helped to increase the vote for Bohlen's confirmation. Then McCarthy, swinging wilder, set up his own State Department. He announced that he had "negotiated" agreements with the Greek owners of 242 merchant vessels to halt all trade with Iron Curtain ports. His committee, he boasted, "accomplished what Dulles and the State Department didn't accomplish." And he added: "I didn't want any interference by anyone."

Secretary Dulles and President Eisenhower handled this one rather well. They reproved Senator McCarthy in private, but not in public. The Secretary invited the senator to lunch. The statement following the lunch, while ostensibly "thanking" the senator "for the information tendered," added that in future information "would be promptly

communicated to the proper authorities." More significantly, the statement pointed out "the dangers that would result if Congressional committees entered into the field of foreign relations which is in the exclusive jurisdiction of the Chief Executive."

We hope that Senator McCarthy will profit from this lesson. His recent actions have made things more difficult for his defenders and easier for his detractors. McCarthy has been a sort of one-eyed bull in the political china shop. Usually he has dived at the right targets. He has done more than any other man in government to focus attention on the issue of Communists and fellow-travelers in the State Department, in the United Nations, and in other positions of power and influence where they threaten our national security. The task of pointing these out and getting rid of them is by no means finished. It calls for eternal vigilance. While the issue and the evidence ought to have been considered on their own merits, public discussion of them has unfortunately revolved largely around the personality of Senator McCarthy. But precisely because this is so, a grave responsibility rests on the senator to keep strictly within his own jurisdiction, to be scrupulously fair and courteous to witnesses, and not to let his charges get ahead of his evidence. It would be tragic if the country became diverted from the problem of Communists in government because of any personal shortcoming of a junior senator from Wisconsin.

We congratulate Secretary of Commerce Weeks for his courage and sense in opposing the move in Congress to give the President power to invoke a ninety-day freeze on prices, wages, and rents in an "emergency." Mr. Eisenhower had not asked for such powers, but has indicated that he would "accept" them. Notwithstanding the insistence of Senator Capehart, Bernard Baruch, and others, the powers should not be granted. An over-all freeze of prices and wages at the outbreak of a war is about the worst economic step that could be taken. It overlooks the very function of prices and wage-rates, which is to direct production as quickly as possible into the lines where it is most urgent. An

over-all price-and-wage freeze would simply delay or prevent this imperative adjustment. It makes about as much sense as strapping everyone in his seat when the theater catches fire in order to avoid disorder.

If Congress wishes to give the President emergency economic powers to be used on the outbreak of a war, then it can give him powers to establish priorities, allocations, and rationing—without price controls. Such powers could conceivably be needed. But what is still not understood by people with a mania for controls is that not only is it not necessary to impose price-and-wage ceilings along with priorities and allocations, but that price-and-wage ceilings merely create or increase the need for priorities and allocations. It is free prices that normally perform the function of allocating production and rationing consumption; and for the overwhelming majority of products they can perform this function in total war. And if special priority and allocation powers are granted to the President in advance, he should be authorized to invoke them only on the outbreak of actual war, and not in some unspecified “emergency” which the President himself has the power to declare. Either we believe in executive omnipotence or we don’t. Mr. Eisenhower should not have powers that neither Mr. Roosevelt nor Mr. Truman should have had.

No sooner does Congress decide to abolish the Reconstruction Finance Corporation than it plans to set up a “substitute” that would be just as bad. Chairman Thye of the Senate Small Business Committee wants to establish a Small Business Administration authorized to make loans to little companies. It’s about time that some congressmen learned that what was wrong with the RFC is not that it made loans to big companies as well as small, but that it put the government in the banking business. Government loans will inevitably be dictated by political considerations. The commercial banks can be trusted to lend to small businesses of sound credit.

Communists and fellow-travelers continue to appropriate words hitherto regarded as uniquely belonging in the vocabulary of traditional liberalism. Recent evidence of this was provided in testimony before a Congressional Committee investigating the Voice of America. The news chief of the Latin American section, Virgil H. Fulling, testified concerning the editing of a script he had prepared for the Voice. It concerned an anti-Communist demonstration in Red Guatemala the day after the inauguration of President Eisenhower. Higher-ups edited the script so that “anti-Communists” were referred to as “democratic organizations.” This, explained the witness, nullified the value of the broadcast, since Communists have taken over the words “democracy” and “democratic” to describe

their own aims and as titles of their own organizations. This incident once more confirms the insight of George Orwell in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. To “War is Peace” and “Freedom is Slavery” we must add “Democracy is Communism” and “Communism is Democracy.” Perhaps this inversion and debasement of words will lead even the Voice to use a more specific vocabulary in its broadcasts.

Western Europe, still haggling over details of joint defense against the Soviet threat, can learn a lesson from Greece, Turkey, and Yugoslavia. These three nations have signed a five-year treaty of “friendship and collaboration.” West Europe’s defense is being delayed by constant flare-ups of French-German antagonism. Well, the three countries in the eastern Mediterranean are not exactly bosom friends from way back. The Turks ruled the Greeks for four hundred years, and there was much hard feeling over the ousting of Greeks from Turkey after World War One. More recently, the Yugoslavs were Stalin’s base in support of the Greek Communists, who waged civil war from 1946 to 1949. Since Tito became a Titoist, things have been different. Anyway, all three recognize that they have a common enemy. They know that if they don’t hang together, they will be swallowed separately.

Recent news that the government of Burma has decided to stop receiving American aid this summer will presumably cause distress to Mr. Stringfellow Barr and other “one-worlders” who think the true way to stop Communism is to let the United Nations give away America’s substance to “underprivileged” peoples with no strings attached. But the Burmese gesture, apparently intended to emphasize neutrality in the cold war and disapproval of Washington’s policies, may well be an occasion for relief and satisfaction among most Americans who noticed it. It is much as if a recipient of unemployment relief, his feelings hurt by inquiry into his circumstances, had tried to make taxpayers feel angry by turning in his relief checks and going to work. One only hopes that Burma’s example will be followed by other neutrals and fence-sitters. Too many of them like to take our handouts and abuse our policies.

Asked on vacation at Coconut Island, Hawaii, if he had started work on his memoirs, Mr. Truman replied, according to the Associated Press: “I haven’t done a thing except eat, sleep and loaf, and for once I’m going to do as I damn well please.” We are mighty glad to hear it, even though our boys in Korea, sent there by Mr. Truman’s personal overnight decision for a little police action nearly three years ago, can’t share the privilege. Casualties so far: 132,000. But Mr. Truman, at least, can now eat, sleep and loaf, and do as he damn well pleases.

The Kremlin Dovecote

It is not surprising that one of the first acts of the Malenkov administration has been to set the Kremlin dovecote to cooing and fluttering. When a deified dictator dies, a large vacuum is created. A time of calm in foreign relations is needed while the heirs of Stalin settle the legacy and try to consolidate their grip on the Soviet Union and on the much larger Soviet empire. Moreover, the peace offensive is a favorite gambit in Kremlin diplomatic chess. It is a "heads I win, tails you lose" move.

For the Soviet rulers can talk peace one day, and resort to war the next (or on the same day, for that matter) without fear that any voice will be heard reproaching them with inconsistency. Hitler was transformed overnight from a fascist beast into an honored head of a friendly nation without causing a visible raising of an eyelash among the Soviet populace. In a free country, on the other hand, precious months and even years are often lost while public opinion is being debamboozled and convinced that a disastrous mistake has been made and should be rectified.

Three recent incidents show how painfully slow the process of reorientation has been in the United States after policies which have proved bankrupt.

The Republican Party won an overwhelming victory on a platform which called for the repudiation of the Yalta Agreement. But the resolution on this subject which was recommended to Congress turned out to be an indirect endorsement of the American negotiators at Yalta. All the blame for the failure of this cynical Big Three attempt to divide up the world at the expense of smaller and weaker nations was unhistorically and illogically placed on the Soviet Government.

The best candidate the Administration could find for the post of Ambassador to the Soviet Union was a man who had been present at Yalta not merely as an interpreter but as at least a junior policy-maker, a man who publicly defended the substance of the Yalta procedure while his name was under consideration by the Senate.

And a nonsensical, mischievous book (*Germany Plots with the Kremlin*, by T. H. Tetens), written by an unknown author who seemed to have gone into a Rip Van Winkle sleep at the time when the Morgenthau Plan was considered the last word in political and economic statesmanship, has won praise in supposedly responsible newspapers. This book goes to such heights of absurdity as representing the Adenauer government in Germany (probably the most principled and consistent anti-Communist regime in Europe) as plotting with the Kremlin, and is calculated to lead to the conclusion that the Yalta-Potsdam method of dealing with Germany was right after all.

Debamboozling is no problem at all to the Communist leaders. They have only to say that white is black one day, and black is white the next, and every organ of opinion published from Stettin to Canton and from the White Sea to the Black Sea will applaud the infallible wisdom of each pronouncement. The softest words need not and, we may be sure, will not mean the slightest relaxation in the Soviet military speed-up.

In the free countries rumors of peace are likely to slow down preparations for war, to relax bonds of unity.

All too often in Europe, and sometimes in America, the psychology of a familiar Russian peasant story begins to show itself when the Kremlin Trojan dove begins to fly. According to this story, a peasant who lives in an overcrowded hut goes to the village wise man for advice. The wise man tells him to take a goat into his crowded quarters. Coming back to complain that conditions are still worse, he is instructed to take in a pig. Then the sage advises the peasant to take out first the pig, then the goat. By this time, so the story ends, there has been such improvement by the removal of the two animals that the peasant is completely happy, and quite oblivious of the fact that he is precisely where he started.

The Soviet Government tries to make psychological capital out of reversing a few of its own more truculent practices, practices so outrageous that in former times they might have led to war, or at least to breach of diplomatic relations.

So it is counted a great virtue when General Chuikov, Soviet commandant in Berlin, expresses regret for the death of seven British fliers who perished in an unprovoked Soviet attack on an unarmed British training plane. It is noteworthy that no consideration was given to offering an apology for the attack or to paying an indemnity for the plane. Or Molotov, after a lapse of almost three years, decides that it might be a nice thing to release a number of British diplomats and other noncombatants who fell into the hands of the North Koreans when Seoul was taken in the first days of the war. Or the Chinese Communists display a belated interest in such an act of elementary humanity as the exchange of sick and wounded prisoners.

Western peoples should beware of falling into the "pig and goat" frame of mind that is no better than accepting as normal the practice of blackmail. It should be made very clear that Malenkov will have to do much more than call off a few of the more flagrant cases of international breach of peace and disorderly conduct before his professions of peaceful intent can be taken seriously.

It should also be remembered that Malenkov is in the position of a man with a tremendous pile of blue chips in front of him in a poker game. During the Second World War and during the cold war the national frontiers of the Soviet Union have been considerably expanded by annexation of foreign territory, and the Soviet empire has grown to monstrous proportions, with the addition of China and the East European satellite states. The Soviet Government may want a truce to digest what it has absorbed.

There have been several peace offensives in the past, not one of which led to any positive results. It is almost two years since the Soviet delegate Malik touched off the truce negotiations in Korea. Shortly afterwards the same Malik told some guileless British Quaker visitors to Moscow that there was no Soviet desire to "export revolution." But almost on the same day *Pravda* was describing the Soviet Union as "the base of the world revolutionary movement."

The Soviet Government in 1950 put forward an urgent proposal for a four-power conference on Germany. But all that came out of this was a time-wasting session of deputy foreign ministers in Paris, which proved unable, because of Soviet obstruction, even to agree on an agenda for the conference. The Soviet Government put out new proposals on Germany in the spring of 1952; but these fizzled out after an inconclusive exchange of notes because the Soviet Government showed a marked lack of interest in giving assurances about freedom of voting in the Soviet Zone. The wisest quotation for anyone concerned with Soviet peace offensive tactics to bear in mind is the following, from Lord Palmerston:

It has always been the policy and practice of the Russian Government to expand its frontiers as rapidly as the apathy or timidity of neighboring states would permit, but usually to halt and frequently to recoil when confronted by determined opposition; then to await the next favorable opportunity to spring upon its intended victim.

Toynbee's Little Lamb

One of the most dangerous temptations of the historian is to set out to prove a preconceived thesis. Almost invariably the facts of history are ignored or misrepresented or twisted in order to make the thesis seem to come true.

Arnold Toynbee's reflections on *Russia and the West*, published in the March *Harper's*, offer an excellent illustration of this danger. The famous author of *A Study of History* is out to prove that the West is in the process of being hoist with its own petard. Western nations, in his view, forced on the East a modern technology and a mastery of modern weapons which have returned to plague and harass them.

Now there is some justification for this thesis as regards Japan, and, perhaps, China. But it makes little sense when it is applied to Russia, a country with a record of aggressive expansion second to none between the sixteenth and twentieth centuries.

Simple proof of this expansion is supplied by a look at the map of the Muscovite state ruled over by Ivan the Terrible (1533-1584), and a comparison of this with maps of the Russian Empire of 1914, or of the present Soviet Union, to which should be added its fringe of vassal satellite states—Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Albania, East Germany. To imagine that this enormous accession of territory was gained by a state which waged only defensive wars and was under constant attack by an aggressive West is to place a heavy strain on credulity.

Toynbee tries to make his thesis look plausible by concentrating his attention on the three occasions when Russia was attacked by a Western power (by Poland in the "Troubled Times" of the early seventeenth century, by Napoleon in 1812, and by Hitler in 1941) and blandly ignoring the far more numerous and successful Russian wars of aggression. These stretch in a long chain from Ivan the Terrible's invasion of the Baltic provinces to Stalin's seizure in 1939 and 1940 of that same territory, inhabited not by Russians, but by Letts, Lithuanians, and Estonians, and of Eastern Poland and parts of Finland.

How Ivan's war started is described as follows in Bernard Pares' *A History of Russia*:

John [Ivan] . . . decided to move first. At the outset he was successful. Marching with a large army into Livonia he speedily won Narva, Neuhaus, Dorpat and other places.

Ivan the Terrible was balked of his Baltic conquests. But Peter the Great returned to the assault successfully in the Great Northern War, which began in 1700. Peter allied himself with the Saxon King of Poland and with Denmark in a scheme to partition Sweden, taking as his share the Baltic seacoast. With an anticipatory Stalin touch, he signed a solemn peace treaty with Charles XII of Sweden on the eve of launching an attack. As the *Cambridge Modern History* puts it: "The temptation to secure the Baltic seaboard . . . was too strong for his easy morality."

The record of Russian aggression includes many wars against Turkey (in which it was always the Turkish, never the Russian frontier that receded), the three partitions of Poland, carried through largely by Russian military force, a long series of expeditions by ruthless conquest against the free mountain tribes of the Caucasus and the Mohammedan states of Central Asia. In the Seven Years War it was Russian troops which entered Berlin, not Prussian troops that invaded Russia.

On any candid view of nineteenth-century history, after the defeat of Napoleon, it was Russia

that disturbed the peace by its aspiration for Constantinople and its continual intrigues in the Balkans and the Near East, not any Western power that threatened to take away Russian territory. And Professor Toynbee does not make a weak case any stronger by the quite unhistorical statement:

These [Russia's western neighbors] took advantage of Russia's prostration in order to lop off and annex to Western Christendom the western fringes of the Russian world in White Russia and in the western half of the Ukraine.

There was no central Russian state which had any claim to the allegiance of these territories. Their gravitation to Poland and Lithuania was altogether natural. The fact that the old Russian Empire and the Soviet Union today contained and contain more non-Russian than Russian inhabitants speaks for itself.

Professor Toynbee can not conceal the wolf's fangs and ears under the lamb's fleece of dreamy words with which he tries to represent Russia as a victim of Western aggression, when it was actually a very consistent and successful aggressor on its own behalf.

Economy from Within

President Eisenhower, in his State of the Union message, said that the new Administration is looking into "the appropriations and expenditures of all departments in an effort to find significant items that may be decreased or canceled without damage to our essential requirements." Since then, the Washington bureaucratic empires—which have more lives than the proverbial cat—have been spreading the word that it is naive and irresponsible to try to trim the huge budget. The struggle is on; the bureaucrats are well entrenched on the banks of the Potomac; they mean to fight it out with the weapons they wield so well.

No saving measures, imposed from above, can take the place of a willingness to trim expenses from within government offices. Luckily, we now have an example of what can be done, as long as there is the will and ability to give the taxpayer his money's worth. That example is the General Services Administration. It was set up in 1949, following a suggestion of the Hoover Commission on government reorganization. The GSA has since functioned as a housekeeping department, keeping an eye on government supplies and property.

Until the Hoover Commission's plan was adopted, government offices did a lot of separate buying, building, and maintenance. The GSA now says that, last year, it could account for "specific, identifiable savings amounting to much more than \$100,000,000." It calls this "a substantial achievement of the recommendations of the Hoover Commission." The total sum saved may not impress big bureaucratic

spenders. But, to paraphrase old Benjamin Franklin, take care of the hundred millions, and the billions will take care of themselves.

The GSA simply did what every well-run business does. It cut down on waste, saw to it that the government wasn't getting cheated, carefully supervised the handling of material, and generally acted as if money were earned rather than printed. For instance, the McNeil Island Penitentiary needed a new tugboat, which might run to about \$100,000 if bought new. But GSA's regional office in Seattle heard of a tug that had become surplus at the Corps of Engineers and managed to wangle it for the penitentiary.

The General Service Administration figures that it saved about \$47,000,000 just buying things in large quantities. It also made it a practice to cut down on having supplies declared surplus. Instead, it transferred materials from one government agency to another, thus saving more than \$36,100,000. Just using building space more economically accounted for a \$7,000,000 saving. The agency also cut waste by reducing the government's 158 varieties of office furniture to seventy-eight.

We are recommending this fine art of penny-pinching, particularly to the bureaucrats in uniform. Armed service budgets are not above and beyond such petty things as saving money. It costs \$10,600,000,000 just to run the Defense Department. With a distinguished soldier as the nation's top executive, we may hope that our bureaucrats in uniform get down from their fiscal cloudland.

Canada Lowers Taxes

Those lucky Canadians will pay lower income taxes, starting this July. Personal income taxes are being cut by 11 per cent, and there are cuts in corporation taxes and other fields.

How do they do it? Americans are quite naturally curious about Canada's good luck. Our own budget director, Joseph M. Dodge, doesn't expect a balanced budget for the 1953-54 fiscal year—much less a cut in taxes. The House Ways and Means Committee, on the other hand, states that tax relief "must be the first order of business for this Congress."

The Republican Administration is stuck with a lot of expenses it inherited from the Democrats. The Truman years meant inflation and budget deficits; the government was constantly spending more than it was taking in. The Canadians, meanwhile, not only balanced their budget, but even managed to reduce the debt. They now save \$63,000,000 in debt interest each year.

On this performance alone, a parallel between Canada's Liberal Party and the Democrats in the United States does not hold. The Canadian Liberals

have been in office for seventeen years, with the Conservative Party on the outside looking in. But the Liberals did not let government expenditure get out of hand. The Canadian Bank of Commerce said in its Commercial Letter last year: "Apart from the war years and periods of rapidly rising defense expenditures such as the present, the importance of Federal outlays has diminished over the long term, as the central government increasingly assumes a residual or balancing function, undertaking only such projects as come within its particular field or are in the national interest."

Canada's economic boom, which certainly played its part in keeping the budget in check, was helped by such measures of tax concessions to encourage prospecting for oil, base metals, and other strategic materials. As a result, Canada has enjoyed real prosperity in the oil industry, and in iron ore and nickel mining.

There's going to be an election in Canada this year. The Liberals would like to stay in office for another four years. They have timed the tax cuts well—right smack into an election year. But seven years of so-called "orthodox" economy were necessary to make this spectacular move possible; lower taxes in Canada are a lot more than an electioneer stunt.

Revolt of the Simple

From time to time minor incidents are reported that bring to light the fact that simple people do not fully acquiesce in the transfer of powers to the all-embracing state. A native of the Kentucky hills who had moved North was recently hailed into court on the charge of possessing and operating an illegal still. His defense was that he had a "sovereign right to make whisky."

In view of his background he may have felt that this ancient prerogative belonged among his natural rights. A little learning, however, might have confused him into believing that it was also a constitutional right. Had not the amendment prohibiting the manufacture of intoxicating liquors been repealed when that great experiment became an acknowledged failure? Or, more basically, his defense might have rested on those clauses in the Bill of Rights which specify that unenumerated and undelegated powers are "retained by the people." If, however, his legal education had been completed, he would have known on the highest authority that "the power to tax is the power to destroy." Then he might have understood, even though he failed to comply with the doctrine, that any inherent or legal right to produce or create is always conditioned by the power of the state to tax.

This reminds us of another episode that happened during the prolonged period when agencies in Washington sought information on all subjects

by questionnaire. Some official discovered that there had never been an adequate census of hand-laundries. Forthwith a questionnaire was mailed out asking information on the number of employees, capital investment, and gross business, classified by male and female garments. One of these forms was delivered to a Chinese laundryman who had some difficulty in deciphering it. After delaying his response for as long as seemed prudent he finally returned it unanswered—but protected himself by enclosing a five-dollar bill. In his experience there had never been a government inquiry, local or federal, which could not be answered by a contribution of about that size. Or perhaps, in his wisdom, he appraised his economic privacy as well worth paying for.

Are these simple people merely naive in their ideas concerning the proper sphere of government? Or have the rest of us, indoctrinated in the view that the shift of power to government is inevitable, accepted that concentration with too much docility?

Senator among Cannibals

As newspaper and press association executives gather in New York for their annual stocktaking, to discuss serious matters of censorship, newsprint allotment, and long-range policies in the ballrooms and suites of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, our thoughts go out, fondly, to an anonymous reporter of the United Press who recently queried senators on the fate of a fellow-legislator in far-away French West Africa. Dispatches from the scene suggested that the senator, Victor Biaka-Boda by name, may have been eaten by his constituents.

The UP man reported from Washington that, although Africa is outside the jurisdiction of the United States Senate, there was some talk of investigating the incident. Senator Homer Ferguson, Republican from Michigan, suggested the matter might come under the Corrupt Practices Act.

Senator James E. Murray of the cattle-raising state of Montana, noted that Senator Biaka-Boda was described as "frail, small, and exceptionally thin—by no means a tempting morsel." "If beef cattle prices keep dropping," said Senator Murray, "there'll be a lot of Americans eating their senators, too."

Senate Democratic leader Lyndon B. Johnson of Texas said he thought the African senator had set an example in the highest tradition of statesmanship. "It's really amazing what a senator will do for his constituents," Senator Johnson commented.

The UP reporter cited one senator, who asked not to be identified, as saying there was nothing unusual in the French West Africa case. United States senators, he said, have been giving their constituents indigestion for years.

Red China's Secret Weapon

By VICTOR LASKY

Chinese Reds and Soviet masters, biggest racketeers in international opium smuggling, are operating a business with unlimited potential to finance the war in Korea and undermine U.N. troops in the Far East.

Mrs. Ollie Hayes, a relief clerk in the post office at Penryn, California, was sorting out the day's mail not so long ago when she came across a suspicious-looking package. It was—or it appeared to be—a collection of magazines mailed from Hong Kong. The package was addressed to one Tommy Gee, care of General Delivery. Mrs. Hayes had never heard of anyone by that name, and the magazines themselves were an odd assortment—old issues of American magazines, apparently picked at random. Why should anyone in Hong Kong be mailing these to America, where they could be obtained easily enough from second-hand dealers? Acting on a growing suspicion, Mrs. Hayes mentioned the matter to the postal authorities, who decided to take a close look.

Upon examination, they found the pages had been cut out of the magazines and a small cardboard box substituted. The box contained 656 grains of heroin—about \$100,000 worth, according to underworld prices. The federal narcotics agents were immediately alerted. When “Tommy Gee” showed up for his package, he was arrested; his name, of course, turned out to be a phony. The narcotics agents soon determined that the heroin had come from an old, familiar source—an international Communist ring, centered in Peking, capital of Red China, and headed by a mysterious character named Po Yi-po, alias Heku Itsu Pa.

This particular heroin shipment was only one of hundreds pouring out of Red China in recent years, heavy seizures of the stuff being made in New York and San Francisco. A favorite means of shipping narcotics is to smuggle the stuff aboard United States planes and ships carrying troops to avoid rigid customs inspection. In 1951, for instance, more than \$100,000 worth of dope was discovered aboard the U. S. S. *Missouri* when the battleship reached the States from Yokohama. And when Honolulu narcotics agents caught a woman disembarking with a load of heroin in her brassiere, that, observed Narcotics Commissioner Harry Anslinger, was “a new type of Communist front.”

Our narcotics men now have a good idea of what the Chinese Reds are up to. When the Reds seized China, they also seized the world's largest facilities for producing opium, from which heroin and morphine are made. The Chinese Nationalists had made frantic, but not very successful efforts to cut down

opium trade. The Reds, however, seized on opium as a major source of income for their vast war machine. How successful they've been can be seen from official United States reports—for instance, testimony before the Kefauver Committee and the official report to the President of the Narcotics Division of the Treasury Department—that “the Korean war has been financed solely from the sale of illicit narcotics.”

Soviet Influence Seen

United States intelligence now believes that the Peking drugs operation directed by the Red Central Financial and Economic Committee, headed by Po Yi-po, is actually under direct Soviet supervision. Po Yi-po is becoming an increasingly powerful figure in the Red regime. He writes lengthy articles for the Cominform newspaper on “the great achievements of the People's Republic of China.” He recently declared blandly in one of them that “in the last three years, we have liquidated more than two million bandits. Bandits are nonexistent in China now, and the social order has become stable as never before.”

The stablest industry in Red China is drug production, whose every operation Po Yi-po's committee directs—from the planting of the opium poppy to the manufacture of heroin in the East, mainly in Tientsin. Under his supervision, the planting has become big business, with production corps and distribution control offices established in each province. Communist army veterans, poor farmers, and tenants, are organized into the production corps. Wearing black uniforms, they work from the seeding season, which starts around the beginning of September (Pai Lu, or “White Dew,” in the Chinese farmers' almanac) until the harvest season early in April (Chang Ming, or “pure brightness”). In some parts of the country, according to Chinese Nationalist intelligence, the Reds have systematically assigned a quota of 5,000 acres per county to the production of opium, which the distribution control office then ships to the coast, where it is processed into heroin—sometimes morphine—or sold to licensed smugglers. In Shanghai and Nanking today, seven ounces of opium are worth an ounce of gold.

Operating out of Nanking, Po Yi-po has upwards

of 4,000 trained Communist pushers working to get narcotics abroad, where the stuff can be converted into cash and ultimately into war materials. The Japanese Reds work closely with him. Japan, in fact, has often been one of the first stops for the heroin in its trip westward; and the Japanese Welfare Ministry now knows that the country's Red leaders, who went underground several years ago, are financing their activities through their "take" from opium smuggling. The Japanese estimate that the Chinese Reds pour a full ton of pure heroin into Japan every year, which not only helps to build up Red China's skimpy dollar reserve, but—more alarming—helps to undermine United Nations troops.

Drug Addiction Among U. S. Troops

How many American boys in Korea have become drug addicts can not now be determined. When Francis Cardinal Spellman recently returned from the Far East, he reported that "a frightfully high number" of United States troops had become drug addicts. The Catholic prelate said he had learned of the problem from army physicians, adding that "the toll narcotics are taking on our boys is frightfully high percentagewise." During World War One, he pointed out, such cases were nonexistent. Shortly after Cardinal Spellman reported these alarming facts, United States authorities at Seoul announced that from twelve to fifteen United States soldiers, marines, and airmen were being court-martialed each month in Korea on narcotics charges. Most of the offenders, it was disclosed, had picked up the habit in Korea, where narcotics are cheap and easy to buy.

Our troops face a similar situation in Japan. According to radio correspondent John Rich, more than forty United States military men are tried each month on dope charges. What makes the situation even more alarming is the fact that unlike the sugared, adulterated heroin pushed in the American market, the Far East product—wholesaled by Red agents—packs a dizzying wallop that jolts the user into addiction almost from the start.

According to Japanese narcotics agents, who work closely with American authorities, most of the dope of Red origin is pushed in the vicinity of American army camps and air bases by prostitutes, cab drivers, and occasionally a GI out to make a fast buck. The Japanese agents are doing a good job trying to smash the Chinese dope rings, but they themselves estimate their seizures at no more than 2 per cent of the narcotics smuggled in from behind the bamboo curtain. Nevertheless, in the past five years, arrests of Japanese for dealing in narcotics of Chinese origin have increased from virtually none to about 2,000. Some of these arrests have been highly revealing. The local Red chief in Kyushu, for instance, was apprehended by Japanese police. Under police questioning, he traced the Red

ring right back to North Korea, and ultimately to China. His report on North Korean smuggling was confirmed and later led to the arrest of a Japanese Red named Akiro Ito, who was picked up on a smuggling ship and who later escaped.

Akiro Ito's case dramatizes who is behind the drug racket. This Japanese Red deserted the army to join the Chinese Reds in Manchuria at the end of the war, and then was trained to serve as a courier for the Japanese Communists. Later he received Communist political training in China, and still later he was in charge of posting Red handbills and raising funds in Rashin, North Korea. In September, 1950, he smuggled a Communist leader back from Japan to China, along with textiles, dynamite, and lenses, in exchange for drugs he had brought to Japan. It was during this operation that Akiro Ito was caught—but he escaped in time to complete his mission. He is now back in Rashin, near the Soviet border. His current position is almost as high as Po Yi-po's in the drug racket.

500 Tons of Opium Sold

The first official hint of the Chinese Red plans to turn their narcotics into money came in 1950, when they tried to exchange large quantities of opium for American cotton, but were told by this country to forget it. Next they approached the British firm of Imperial Chemicals, Ltd., in Hong Kong, with a really fabulous offer. They were, said the Reds, prepared to sell a good 500 tons of opium and to guarantee the buyer safe and speedy delivery. The British turned down the offer and notified the United Nations of the facts.

Five hundred tons of opium is enough to supply the entire world's demand for drugs for medical and research purposes for fifteen months! Until the Reds made the offer, no one had suspected that they—or anyone else—had opium in such huge quantities, ready to be shipped at a moment's notice. Army Counter-Intelligence and the United States Narcotics Commission (which has its own agents in the Far East) were alerted to the possibility that the Reds would try to smuggle the stuff, worth about \$10,000,000 in the open market, priceless in the underworld market. It was too big a source of income for the Reds to overlook.

How much of the 500 tons was smuggled into the free world will probably never be known. But the U. N. Permanent Central Opium Board, which is responsible under international treaties for policed world trade in narcotics, recently disclosed that this huge opium stock was callously sold to peddlers in Hong Kong and spread throughout the world. Some of it has even been traced to the streets of Los Angeles and New York.

The fact that in 1951 only 22.8 tons out of an estimated 500 tons of raw opium dumped on the illegal market were seized by international law enforcement authorities illustrates the inadequacy of

the existing narcotics control system set up by world powers. To what extent the Chinese Reds have profited from such vicious deals may never be known, but it is certain that they are operating a business with unlimited potential.

The United States has formally accused China before the United Nations of smuggling dope for profit. Testifying before the U. N. Commission on Narcotic Drugs, Commissioner Anslinger cited graphic and harrowing details of a well-organized, efficient Communist drug ring operating on an international basis out of Red China. He told of the arrests of Red smugglers on a world-wide basis—even down to the address on Luck Street in Tientsin, heroin distribution center. He described the Japanese smuggling operation, and the systematic, concerted Red campaign to undermine the morale of United Nations troops in the Far East.

"There can no longer be any doubt about it," a high U. N. narcotics official told the writer. "The biggest narcotics gang in the world is not run by Lucky Luciano or by the Mafia or by any of those outfits Americans hear so much about in the newspapers. The really big racketeers in the drug field are the Chinese Communists—and their Russian masters."

Caprice Française

The French have a passion for changing street names; it's the Gallic way of paying homage to the illustrious dead. It's cheaper than a monument, and anyway most French cities are so crammed with statues and obelisks there's no room for more.

Recently, however, at St. Cyr, the French paid homage to a very peculiar person. St. Cyr is the West Point of France. Not perhaps the most likely spot to find the late Marshal Stalin canonized, and, but for an item tucked away in the pages of *La Prensa*, the New York Spanish-language daily, we might never have known about it. By a curious oversight—or was it?—this little scoop could not be found elsewhere. Here it is in translation: "St. Cyr, France, March 23. Since yesterday the principal square of St. Cyr, fronting the famous military academy which was destroyed by bombardments during the war, bears the name of Marshal Stalin. . . . The ceremony at which Stalin's name was given to the square was attended by representatives of the Soviet Embassy, the town council of St. Cyr (which is Communist), and several hundred persons of the same persuasion."

This seems to be right in line with the tributes offered by other "united nations" on the death of Saint Stalin. We might well ask how the families of French officers who graduated from St. Cyr and have died fighting the Communists in Indo-China feel about this latest piece of homage.

JVT

THIS IS WHAT THEY SAID

We know or believe that Russia's interests, so far as we can anticipate them, do not afford an opportunity for a major difference with us in foreign affairs.

HENRY HOPKINS

Quoted in *Roosevelt and Hopkins, An Intimate History* by Robert E. Sherwood

They [headhunters] are virile people. They sometimes go astray. They sometimes quarrel and cut each other's heads off, which are deplorable occurrences that should be stopped. But even so it strikes me as perhaps a little better than the more evil practices that prevail in cities. I would prefer any day to be a nomad in the hills than be a member of the Stock Exchange and be made to sit there and listen to those frightfully ugly noises.

JAWARHALAL NEHRU

Quoted in the *New York Times*, June 8, 1952

Socialization, or the collective ownership and operation of all natural resources, as part of a planned economy, is the only solution for the breakdown of the coal industry in this country.

MARY VAN KLEECK

Director of Department of Industrial Studies
Russell Sage Foundation, February 19, 1934

In my opinion, the Russian people, the Soviet government, and the Soviet leaders are moved, basically, by altruistic concepts. It is their purpose to promote the brotherhood of man and to improve the lot of the common people. They wish to create a society in which men may live as equals, governed by ethical ideals. They are devoted to peace.

JOSEPH E. DAVIES

Mission to Moscow, 1941

The Communists in America today . . . present about the same amount of internal danger to America's political institutions as the cult of nudists does to the clothing industry.

THURMAN ARNOLD

Chief Counsel for Owen Lattimore

Quoted in the *Baltimore Sun*, July 31, 1950

At Long Last

U. N.'s WAR IN KOREA ENTERS ITS LAST PHASE.

Headline, *New York Times*,
October 15, 1950

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

THE EDITORS

Decline of the Rule of Law 1.

By F. A. HAYEK

We must once again redefine the ancient concept that freedom implies equality before the law and not arbitrary power for those who administer it.

Political wisdom, dearly bought by the bitter experience of generations, is often lost through the gradual change in the meaning of the words which express its maxims. Though the phrases themselves may continue to receive lip service, they are slowly denuded of their original significance until they are dropped as empty and commonplace. Finally, an ideal for which people have passionately fought in the past falls into oblivion because it lacks a generally understood name. If the history of political concepts is in general of interest only to the specialist, in such situations there is often no other way of discovering what is happening in our time than to go back to the source in order to recover the original meaning of the debased verbal coin which we still use. Today this is certainly true of the conception of the Rule of Law which stood for the Englishman's ideal of liberty, but which seems now to have lost both its meaning and its appeal.

There can be little doubt about the source from which the Englishmen of the late Tudor and early Stuart period derived their new political ideal for which their sons fought in the seventeenth century; it was the rediscovery of the political philosophy of ancient Greece and Rome which, as Thomas Hobbes complained, inspired the new enthusiasm for liberty. Yet if we ask precisely what were the features in the teaching of the ancients which had that great appeal, the answer of modern scholarship is none too clear. We need not take seriously the fashionable allegation that personal freedom did not exist in ancient Athens: whatever may have been true of the degenerate democracy against which Plato reacted, it certainly was not true of those Athenians whom, at the moment of supreme danger during the Sicilian expedition, their general reminded above all that they were fighting for a country in which they had "unfettered discretion to live as they pleased." But wherein did this freedom of the "freest of the free countries," as Nicias called it on the same occasion, appear to consist—both to the Greeks themselves and to the Elizabethans whose imagination it fired?

I suggest the answer lies in part in a Greek word which the Elizabethans borrowed from the Greeks but which has since gone into disuse; its history, both in ancient Greece and later, provides a curious lesson. *Isonomia*, which appears in 1598 in John Florio's *World of Wordes* as an Italian word meaning "equalitie of lawes to all manner of persons,"

two years later, in its Englished form "isonomy," is already freely used by Philemon Holland in his translation of Livy to render the description of a state of equal laws for all and of responsibility of the magistrates. It continued to be used frequently throughout the seventeenth century, and "equality before the law," "government of law," and "rule of law," all seem to be later renderings of the concept earlier described by the Greek term.

Equal Laws for All

The history of the word in ancient Greek is itself instructive. It was a very old term which had preceded *demokratia* as the name of a political ideal. To Herodotus it was "the most beautiful of all names" for a political order. The demand for equal laws for all which it expressed was originally aimed against tyranny, but later came to be accepted as a general principle from which the demand for democracy was derived. After democracy had been achieved, the term continued to be used as a justification and later, as one scholar suggests, perhaps as a disguise of the true character of democracy: because democratic government soon proceeded to destroy that very equality before the law from which it derived its justification. The Greeks fully understood that the two concepts, although related, did not mean the same thing. Thucydides speaks without hesitation of an "isonomic oligarchy," and later we find *isonomia* used by Plato quite deliberately in contrast to, rather than in vindication of, democracy.

In the light of this development the celebrated passages in Aristotle's *Politics* in which he discusses the different kinds of democracy, even though he no longer uses the term *isonomia*, read like a defense of this old ideal. Readers will probably remember how he stresses that "it is more proper that law should govern than any one of the citizens," that the persons holding supreme power "should be appointed only guardians and servants of the law," and particularly how he condemns the kind of government under which "the people govern and not the law." Such a government, according to him, can not be regarded as a free state: "for when the government is not in the laws, then there is no free state, for the law ought to be supreme over all things"; he even contends that "any such establishment which centers all power in the votes

of the people can not, properly speaking, be called a democracy, for their decrees can not be general in their extent." Together with the equally famous passage in the *Rhetorics*, in which he argues that "it is of great moment that well-drawn laws should themselves define all the points they can and leave as few as may be for the decision of the judges," this provides a fairly coherent doctrine of government by law.

How much all this meant to the Athenians is shown by the account given by Demosthenes of a law introduced by an Athenian under which "it should not be lawful to propose a law affecting any one individual, unless the same applied to all Athenians," because he was of the opinion that, "as every citizen has an equal share in civil rights, so everybody should have an equal share in the laws." Although, like Aristotle, Demosthenes no longer uses the term *isonomia*, the statement is little more than a paraphrase of the old concept.

Seventeenth-Century Rediscovery

A characteristic dispute between Hobbes and Harrington, from which, I believe, the modern use of the "government by laws and not by men" derives, indicates how alive these views of the ancient philosophers were to the political thinkers of the seventeenth century. Hobbes had described it as "just another error of Aristotle's politics that in a well-ordered commonwealth not men should govern but the law." Harrington countered that the "art whereby a civil society is instituted and preserved upon the foundation of common right or interest" is "to follow Aristotle and Livy . . . the empire of laws, not of men."

To the seventeenth-century Englishmen, it seems, the Latin authors, particularly Livy, Cicero, and Tacitus, became increasingly the more important sources of political philosophy. But, even if they did not go to Holland's translation of Livy where they would have found the word, it was still the Greek ideal of *isonomia* which they met at all the crucial points. Cicero's *Omnes legum servi sumus ut liberi esse possimus* [we are all servants of the laws in order that we may be free] (repeated later, almost word for word, by Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Kant) is perhaps the most concise expression of the ideal of freedom under the law. During the classical period of the Roman Law, it was once more understood that there was no real conflict between freedom and the law, their generality, certainty, and the restrictions they placed on the discretion of the authority, which was the essential condition of freedom. This condition lasted until the strict law (*ius strictum*) was progressively abandoned in the interest of a new social policy. As a distinguished student of Roman Law, F. Pringsheim, has described this process which started under the Emperor Constantine:

The absolute empire proclaimed together with the principle of equity the authority of the imperial will unfettered by the barrier of law. Justinian with his learned professors brought this process to its conclusion.

Struggle for Economic Freedom

When it comes to show what the Englishmen of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries made of the classical tradition they had rediscovered, any brief account must inevitably consist mainly of quotations. But many of the most telling and instructive expressions of the central doctrine as it developed are less well known than they deserve. Nor is it generally remembered today that the decisive struggle between King and Parliament which led to the recognition and elaboration of the Rule of Law was fought mainly over the kind of economic issues which are again the center of controversy today. To the nineteenth-century historians the measures of James I and Charles I which produced the conflict seemed antiquated abuses without topical interest. Today, some of these disputes have an extraordinarily familiar ring. (In 1628 Charles I refrained from nationalizing coal only when it was pointed out to him that it might cause a rebellion!)

Throughout the period it was the demand for equal laws for all citizens by which Parliament opposed the King's efforts to regulate economic life. Men then seem to have understood better than they do today that the control of production always means the creation of privilege, of giving permission to Peter to do what Paul is not allowed to do. The first great statement of the principle of the Rule of Law, of certain and equal laws for all and of the limitation of administrative discretion, is contained in the Petition of Grievances of 1610; it was caused by new regulations for building in London and the prohibition of the making of starch from wheat which the King had made. On this occasion the House of Commons pleaded:

Among many other points of happiness and freedom which Your Majesty's subjects of this kingdom have enjoyed under your royal progenitors, Kings and Queens of this realm, there is none which they have accounted more dear and precious than this, to be guided and governed by the certain rule of law, which giveth both to the head and the members that which of right belongeth to them, and not by any uncertain and arbitrary form of government. . . . Out of this root hath grown the indisputable right of the people of this kingdom, not to be subject to any punishment that shall extend their lives, lands, bodies, or goods, other than such as are ordained by the common law of this land, or the statutes made by their common consent in Parliament.

The further development of what contemporary Socialist lawyers have contemptuously dismissed as the Whig doctrine of the Rule of Law was closely connected with the fight against government-con-

ferred monopoly and particularly with the discussion around the Statute of Monopolies of 1624. It was mainly in this connection that that great source of Whig doctrine, Sir Edward Coke, developed his interpretation of Magna Carta which led him to declare (in his second *Institutes*):

If a grant be made to any man, to have the sole making of cards or the sole dealing with any other trade, that grant is against the liberty and freedom of the subject . . . and consequently against this great charter.

We have already noticed the characteristic positions taken on the critical point of executive discretion by Hobbes and Harrington respectively. We are not interested here in tracing the further steps in the development of the doctrine and shall pass over even its classical exposition by John Locke, except for the rarely noticed modern justification which he gives it. Its aim is to him what contemporary writers have called the "taming of power":

Laws made and rules set . . . to limit the power and moderate the dominion of every part and member of society.

The form in which the doctrine became the common property of all Englishmen was determined, however, as is probably always true in such cases, more by the historians who presented the achievements of the revolution to later generations than by the writings of the political theorists. Thus, if we want to know what the tradition in question meant to the Englishman of the late eighteenth or early nineteenth century, we can hardly do better than turn to David Hume's *History of England* which indeed is to a large extent an interpretation of political progress from "government of will" to "government of law." There is particularly one passage, referring to the abolition of the Star Chamber in 1641, which shows what he regarded as the chief significance of the constitutional developments of the seventeenth century:

No government, at that time, appeared in the world, nor is perhaps found in the records of any history, which subsisted without a mixture of some arbitrary authority, committed to some magistrate; and it might reasonably, beforehand, appear doubtful whether human society could ever arrive at that state of perfection, as to support itself with no other control, than the general and rigid maxims of law and equity. But the Parliament justly thought that the King was too eminent a magistrate to be trusted with discretionary power, which he might so easily turn to the destruction of liberty. And in the event it has been found that, though some inconveniencies arise from the maxim of adhering strictly to law, yet the advantages so much overbalance them, as should render the English forever grateful to the memory of their ancestors who, after repeated contests, at last established that noble principle.

Later, of course, this Whig doctrine found its classic expression in many familiar passages of Edmund Burke. But if we want a more precise statement of its content we have to turn to some of his lesser contemporaries. A characteristic statement

which has been attributed to Sir Philip Francis (but which probably occurs in the Junius letters) is the following:

The government of England is a government of law. We betray ourselves, we contradict the spirit of our laws, and we shake the whole system of English jurisprudence, whenever we entrust a discretionary power over the life, liberty, or fortune of the subject to any man, or set of men, whatsoever, on the presumption that it will not be abused.

The fullest account of the rationale of the whole doctrine which I know occurs, however, in the chapter "Of the Administration of Justice" in Archdeacon Paley's *Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy*:

The first maxim of a free state is, that the laws be made by one set of men, and administered by another; in other words, that the legislative and the judicial character be kept separate. When these offices are united in the same person or assembly, particular laws are made for particular cases, springing oftentimes from partial motives, and directed to private ends: whilst they are kept separate, general laws are made by one body of men, without foreseeing whom they will affect; and, when made, must be applied by the other, let them affect whom they will. . . .

Parliament knows not the individuals upon whom its acts will operate: it has no case or parties before it: no private designs to serve: consequently, its resolutions will be suggested by the consideration of universal effects and tendencies, which always produce impartial and commonly advantageous regulations.

Here, I suggest, we have nearly all the elements which together produce the complex doctrine which the nineteenth century took for granted under the name of the Rule of Law. The main point is that, in the use of its coercive powers, the discretion of the authorities should be so strictly bound by laws laid down beforehand that the individual can foresee with fair certainty how these powers will be used in particular instances; and that the laws themselves are truly general and create no privileges for class or person because they are made in view of their long-run effects and therefore in necessary ignorance of who will be the particular individuals who will be benefited or harmed by them. That the law should be an instrument to be used by the individuals for their ends and not an instrument used upon the people by the legislators is the ultimate meaning of the Rule of Law.

Since this Rule of Law is a rule for the legislator, a rule about what the law ought to be, it can, of course, never be a rule of the positive law of any land. The legislator can never effectively limit his own powers. The rule is rather a meta-legal principle which can operate only through its action on public opinion. So long as it is generally believed in, it will keep legislation within the bounds of the Rule of Law. Once it ceases to be accepted or understood by public opinion, soon the law itself will be in conflict with the Rule of Law.

(This is the first of two articles.)

America: Fact and Fable

By C. V. WEDGWOOD

A British writer expresses some old and familiar ideas with refreshing, new perspective, reminding Europeans to approach with humility "the most hopeful political creation of the last two centuries."

LONDON

Six months ago I knew nothing about America except what I had learned from current American fiction, modified by impressions gathered from half a dozen American friends. Before I crossed the Atlantic I improved matters a little, or confused them still further, by a breathless course in American history and literature. (The dates of all the Presidents turned out to be a useless piece of mental baggage soon consigned to the Lost Property Office of oblivion.)

Six months ago—it seems a lifetime. The golden American autumn, the fierce American winter, the hospitality and generosity of Americans, the zeal, the energy, the beauty of America, the gigantic rivers, the interminable forests, the animation of huge cities, and the solitude of enormous distances pour upon the eyes and the mind and the heart as many sensations, impressions, and emotions in a few weeks as would serve for a number of normal slow-moving years.

The immediate impact having faded, certain historic perspectives become clearer; ideas—sometimes quite old and obvious ideas—assume a new importance. I have nothing very original to say about America, but the oldest and best-known truths are sometimes overlooked. The things which "go without saying" need saying again from time to time, lest they should go altogether. So, possibly, of America: the simplest facts are also the strangest.

America from its beginnings has been a land of hope and legend and fable. Hardly had the new-discovered continent appeared on the far western horizon than it became the object of European men's wildest ambitions, hopes, and fantasies. The Promised Land, the Land of Liberty, the Land of Opportunity, God's Own Country—it has been all this and more in the imagination of adventurous, or oppressed, or starving, or homeless, or merely discontented Europeans for the past three centuries. Here they would found Ideal Commonwealths or republics pleasing to God where men would no longer covet one another's wives and swearing would be unknown; here they would find limitless wealth, golden opportunities, success, liberty, or, more humbly, enough to eat and some work to do.

The reality did not always belie the dream,

strange as the dreams sometimes were. There were inevitably many individual failures and some general disasters. The rich promise of the undeveloped continent was not made to the faint-hearted and not made without conditions of appalling risk from a hostile indigenous population and an unfamiliar climate, from the ferocious malignity of untamed nature and the reckless competition of fellow adventurers.

Political Paradox

Yet the immense achievement went forward, and as the continent was subdued the nation grew. Paradoxically, Europeans who had failed to create a United States of Europe were able instead to create the United States of America. Modern Americans might argue that this was because the pick of the Europeans—the hardy, the resolute, and the practical—crossed the Atlantic. Europeans, some of them, anyway, might respond that at the critical moment of American history the political guidance of the nation, as a nation, has been in the hands of men of Anglo-Saxon or Dutch stock, who have something of a gift for politics even in their own countries.

The question is not one to be settled in a sentence even if it can be settled at all. But the existence and the greatness of the American nation is a certainty and should be as just a cause for pride to Europeans as it is to Americans. It is, after all, the unique and joint achievement of the European peoples, as if, uprooted from their ancient soil, impregnated with the quarrels of centuries, they had found it possible to come together in co-operation and to do in the New World what they could not do in the Old: live together in peace.

The old memories survive, of course. Irish Americans were not particularly pleased when President Eisenhower during the election campaign spoke with approbation of Oliver Cromwell, and European racial antagonisms and distinctions are reflected in the grouping and stratification of American society. There are other divisions native to Americans and, as every intelligent American will tell the inquiring newcomer, America is not one country but four—the North, the South, the West, and the Middle West. It is only ninety years since the Civil War—which in terms of soldiers'

lives was one of the bloodiest, if not the bloodiest, war in modern history. Once across the frontier of Virginia you refer to it carefully as the War between the States and remember that Lee's birthday and not Lincoln's is kept as a public holiday. George Washington's birthday is, however, nation-wide. So incidentally is Lincoln's sad, knobby, noble face on five-dollar bills, and I never heard anyone in the South take exception to this. If the Americans can not truly be described as one large, happy family, what nation can? We all have our regional and sectional disputes. A nation and, in all that counts, a united nation, they most certainly are; the ideals and beliefs which hold them together being far stronger than the forces which divide them.

National Dynamism

It is probably the greatest compliment that we can pay to the American nation, that we constantly overlook the fundamental distinction between their nationhood and ours. European nations came into being through various confusions of race, language, politics, and geography. We are allotted to them by accidents of geography and birth. The confusions and accidents are by now old and historic and have created, over the centuries, traditions and loyalties into which we are born, in which we live and for which many of us are willing to die. But being English, or French, or Italian is not usually a matter of choice. The great majority of Englishmen, glad as they may be to be Englishmen, did not deliberately decide to be so; it was done for them, and for their ancestors time out of mind. But a surprisingly large number of Americans abandoned the country of their birth and chose to be Americans; an even larger number are the sons and daughters of parents who made this choice; and the great majority of white Americans are descended from ancestors who at some point in the last hundred and seventy years—a mere seven generations—deliberately decided to become citizens of the United States.

This creates a national dynamism which is different from that which animates our older and more fortuitously created nations. The American nation is, as it were, held together by the deliberate, passionate, and constructive will to be American; the citizen is not a passive vessel receiving the ancient pride and traditions of his land; he is himself an active agent in creating it. The pride of European nations often rests, not unjustly, on past achievements; the pride of the American nation is fixed on the future, because Americans have many different pasts but everyone can join in the future. This is one source of American strength and optimism and confidence.

This gathering together of peoples from many countries, peoples who have abandoned their past and are seeking the future, has its special virtues, but also has its special dangers. It remains some-

thing of a miracle that the vast experiment in nation-building has succeeded and continues to succeed so well. For every element of racial discord is there—the lyrical unreliable Celts, the laborious censorious Germans, the temperamental Slavs, the rational Scandinavians, the sluttish and the fastidious, the indolent and the hard-working, the romantic and the practical, the flighty and the pedestrian. Not by any means do they all rapidly intermarry and produce a mixed and balanced American type. The mixing happens slowly; the new and fairly new citizens are proud to be Americans, but they are also proud to be Irish Americans or Italian Americans; national peculiarities, languages, and traditions continue, but subordinated to a supranational ethic which is also at the same time a national one.

Faith in the future and faith in America—the land of their choice which holds the future—is a powerful force in creating the nation. But it is not the only force and it can not by itself explain what has happened and is still happening. The huge and carelessly renewed problem is solved continuously by a mixture of experience, statesmanship, instinct, and an ever strengthening tradition. American education, widely misunderstood and misrepresented in this country, plays its vital part.

But the achievement, however it has been brought about, is something which Europeans would do well to approach with respect, even with humility. It is a mistake to take for granted and therefore to overlook what is perhaps the most remarkable and the most hopeful political creation of the past two centuries.

Oklahoma Hayride

Down the moon-drenched,
Down the dust-drenched,
Down the dreaming country roads
Clap the horses,
Heavy footed,
Clap the horses with their loads.

Past the thickets,
Hazy thickets,
Where the wild blackberries twine,
Where the spreading
Bois d'Arc branches
Make a moon-dust drenched design

Ride the young folks
In the wagons
High with hay, new mown and sweet,
Singing till the
Stars in heaven
Dance on silver slipped feet.

K. WHARTON STURGES

Russians Are People

By EUGENE LYONS

To jolt us from any lingering complacency, a warning that the Russian people are political guinea pigs in the Communist laboratory of political experimentation.

In the years of his moral collapse, Maxim Gorki was implored once by friends to intercede with the Kremlin, where his influence was great, for those Soviet writers rotting in GPU dungeons or awaiting execution. Not only did the aging novelist refuse, but he used the occasion to express publicly his sympathy for the prison wardens and executioners. "People whose historical duty it is to kill some beings in order to save others," he explained, "are *martyrs*, and my conscience will never permit me to condemn them."

The champion of the denizens of the Lower Depths in the role of champion of the secret police and torture artists! Gorki could now see life only from the angle of those in power. The fact that he was in due course himself finished off by the monsters he was defending merely adds irony to the pathos of his surrender. In his own person Gorki supplied a sample and a symbol of the hideous thing that was happening to men's minds and hearts everywhere in relation to the Soviet state. For millions of the "progressive," the high-minded, and well-meaning in all countries, had chosen like Gorki to side with the Kremlin terrorists against their victims.

This phenomenon—still with us, though on a diminishing scale—bears examining today, in the context of a world held at bay by the same terrorists. A perverse, illogical sympathy for the Red marauders, whether in their Soviet homeland or Korea or in fifth-column formations in this country, can still be found among otherwise normal men and women in the as-yet free segment of the world. For Gorki there was at least the alibi that he was the Kremlin's captive, physically and morally. But how explain the surrender of those who are the captives only of their own confusions?

For a long time I have been observing the attitudes of foreigners toward the Soviet Union. These can be summed up, it seems to me, in the form of a law of behavior: *The greater the tolerance for the Soviet regime, the greater the contempt for the Soviet peoples.* In the extreme case of the out-and-out Communist, both the tolerance and the contempt are absolute: no amount of suffering and humiliation heaped on the subjects, not even millions of deaths through man-made famine, can dent his allegiance to the rulers. The fellow-traveler may permit himself twinges of fellow-feeling for the victims in the exact measure that his pro-Soviet fervor falls short of total submission.

Allowing for nuances, "friendship" for Soviet Russia in the Kremlin sense always turns out, on analysis, to be insulting to the Soviet population. By definition that friendship must cover approval of the most ruthless and inhuman treatment of the masses, who are assigned the function of guinea pigs in a vast Marxist laboratory. It is obviously impossible to be "friendly" to a brutal dictatorship and to the raw stuff of its "great experiments"—to the vivisectionists and the condemned animals—at the same time. To live with their conscience, the Kremlin's foreign admirers must therefore convince themselves that the Russian people are scarcely more than animals: a lot of savages who neither know nor care about liberty anyhow, and very likely enjoy being stepped on, cut up, terrorized, and engineered to specifications.

Russian "Friends"

The contempt for the Soviet people shows up in the familiar statement that Bolshevism, though self-evidently unacceptable to those of finer grain such as Americans or Britons, is nicely suited to the coarse-grained Russians. It is implicit in the ease with which official "friends" justify the liquidation of any number of Russians, in their defense of the Communist variety of slave labor even while expressing their horror for other varieties elsewhere.

But often enough the contempt is quite overt. "Without an ironbound dictatorship," an American writer explained in the twenties, "Russia could not survive, for it is the only thing the Russian people understand." He disdained to inquire, naturally, why the Bolsheviks had to be a thousand times more "ironbound" than the Romanoffs.

For an exhibit of the most candid derogation of the Soviet peoples there are, of course, the writings of the long-time Moscow correspondent of the *New York Times*, Walter Duranty. This notorious "friend" didn't even try to veil his low opinion of the despicable rabble among whom he lived and prospered.

He had no patience, he wrote in an autobiography, with colleagues who indulge in "moral judgments" on the Politburo's conduct, who "prate of ruthless methods and the iron age and lament the brutality which drove through to its goal regardless of sacrifices and suffering." He didn't specify *whose* suffering, *whose* sacrifices. After all, he went on, the

Stalinist methods "were most fitted to the Russian character and folkways in that they established Asiatic absolutism." In the cozy community of certified "friends" such sneering at the Russian people passes for political realism and rates as a compliment to the Red autocrats.

Foreign Apologists

Another foreign apologist for Soviet terror, Vincent Sheean, has attested his scorn for the victims in convoluted, pseudoscientific terms. In *This House Against This House* he wrestled bravely with the classic dilemma of the fellow-traveling conscience: how to reconcile Communism with ordinary human freedoms and decencies. And he came up sweating with a wordy racial theory flattering to his own kind at the expense of the Russian species. He summed up by saying: "The fact is, of course, that the Russians have no historical experience of freedom, no genuine understanding of it, or desire for it, and have, on the whole, regarded it as the easiest of all the sacrifices . . . to the better world of which they dream."

We may note in passing the agile use of a simple pronoun to bridge over logical gaps. The last sentence suggests that "the Russians" are making sacrifices, easy or otherwise, to forward the better world of which *they* dream. But *they* refers to the dreamers, to the Kremlin bosses, not to the people upon whom the sacrifices are being imposed by main force.

In any event, Mr. Sheean carved a universal law out of the numbness of his Western mind overawed by the beauty of the Communist scheme. No doubt he fancied he was breaking philosophical ground, when in fact he was simply repeating the age-old alibi of the free for the continued torments of the unfree. His racial-historical formula served slave-owners in ancient Greece and in the pre-Civil War United States before it was picked up by the Kremlin's attorneys. The curious fact is that the Sheeans see through the alibi easily enough when it is made the excuse for withholding freedom from Indonesians, Hindus, Patagonians, or Mississippi Negroes.

The very fact that certain human rights and traditions, which we of the luckier peoples "easily recognize as freedom," had to be *abolished*, as Sheean specified, at the outset of the Communist experiment concedes that Russians did possess them in some measure. The admission wrecks his premise that "the Russians have no historical experience of freedom."

The blunt fact is that all the nonsense about a Russian relish for Asiatic absolutism is rationalization. Most of those who squeeze out complex excuses for Soviet despotism at the same time clamor for freedom for other peoples and races, some of which have had even less experience with it than the Russians. Glorification of the Soviet masters

makes disparagement of their slaves inescapable, and the rest is a matter of wording. A cynical Duranty makes no bones about it; he has the courage of his political commitment. A sentimental Sheean is driven to contrive theories to intellectualize his sense of guilt for siding with the dictators against the masses.

The cream of the cruel jest is that those who hold such insulting views on the Russians consider themselves honestly, even with a touch of self-righteous pride, "friends of Russia." Which in turn, by current definition, makes them liberals and progressives, as distinguished from reactionaries and crypto-fascists who dare suppose that Russians, Ukrainians, Georgians, not only desire and deserve freedom but would recognize the thing and could take it without ill effects.

Hands-Off Dictum

In another dimension, scorn of the Russian peoples takes its stance on the principle of nonintervention in the affairs of other countries. Again, true to pattern, it is a principle reserved for the special comfort and convenience of the Kremlin. Those who defend the Kremlin's divine right to do what it pleases with "its own" subjects were not so sure about Hitler's right to do what he pleased with his own Germans and Jews; they used to be particularly resolute in disputing Chiang Kai-shek's right to do what he pleased with Chinese citizens; and they are not convinced today of Franco's corresponding right in Spain.

"Certainly neither Mr. Churchill nor anyone else would question the right of the Russians to have the government they have," the late Edwin L. James said in the *New York Times* on December 12, 1948. Thus a strong-arm seizure of power nailed down by unlimited terror is neatly turned into a sacred popular right!

Earlier the same year the hands-off dictum was embodied in a speech by the very prototype of the postwar liberal, Justice William O. Douglas, who said:

"It is, of course, the right of the Russian people to have such form of government as they choose. We, the democrats, will be the first to defend that right. When confined within their borders, their totalitarian regime is their concern, not ours."

The assertion that a totalitarian setup is "the choice" of its subjects is amazing enough. More shocking, the statement in the name of democracy renounces "concern" for unspeakable evil, provided it is confined within a particular set of frontiers. It washes its hands of the Russians and their sorrows, their human dignity, their aspirations, as outside our human competence.

This smug neutrality toward an ugly despotism is especially curious in the light of Justice Douglas' speeches and writings on the Middle East in the last few years. In that area, it appears, the neu-

tralist has gone passionately partisan on the side of the masses against their exploiters, who somehow do not rate Moscow's privilege of maltreating its own with our democratic sanction. He has urged forthright and vigorous American interference for the people against the rulers, and frontiers be hanged.

Suppose an accredited liberal, some years earlier, had proclaimed that the Nazis had the right to unmolested frightfulness in their own country; more, that we *as democrats* would be the first to defend that right. He would have been promptly called to order, rather than applauded, by his fellow-liberals and, failing to recant, would have been properly consigned to the limbo of lost souls. But the rules of moral logic are suspended when the Bolshevik sadists are involved.

Douglas and his kind seem unaware that in Tsarist times liberals abroad as a matter of course showed deep "concern" for the victims of the autocracy, and did not hesitate to intervene sharply for the revolutionaries and against the regime. They did not let Russia's sovereignty curb their indignations and found ways to make the Tsar's opponents conscious of allies beyond their borders.

Policy of Containment

The tragic fact is that the peoples of the Soviet Union for thirty-five years now have been denied the sympathy and understanding of the outer world. In recent years, indeed, that denial has been formalized in a policy of so-called containment that aimed in effect to make permanent the abandonment of all the populations in Stalin's realm to his tender mercies—a policy that offered democratic acquiescence to horror, and no questions asked, in return for relief from further Communist encroachments. Liberal opinion in the non-Soviet world, so sensitive to the fate of freedom in Italy or Germany, in Greece or Spain, has been complacent about its fate in the Red empire. Worse, its moral weight has been consistently on the side of the Soviet dictators. Political injustice and human wretchedness have been the objects of liberal-democratic solicitude, except when they proliferated in the USSR.

The opponents of the Romanoff dynasty could count upon fellow feeling and at times practical help from free men everywhere. The oppressed and disinherited can count today on encouragement, at least, in their struggles against oppression. But that solace has been firmly withheld from the Kremlin's domestic enemies and victims. It is as if the Russian peoples had been expelled from membership in the human race.

In 1909 the great libertarian Prince Peter Kropotkin, in London, wrote a pamphlet about political terror in his native land. Political prisoners and exiles, he showed, numbered in the tens of thousands, executions in the bad years ran to dozens.

It was a pallid enough picture when matched against the Soviet terror of later years. But it whipped up storms of protest. A special Parliamentary committee was assigned to look into the Russian's shocking charges. Tsar Nicholas II was then touring Europe, but in view of the anger churned up by the pamphlet he decided to cancel his scheduled visit to his royal cousins in England.

Political Prisoners

Today political prisoners in Russia are counted by the million and executions by the thousand. The grisly facts have been documented beyond anything in the Romanoff period. Thousands of former slave prisoners in our midst are begging for the chance to "tell the West." But democratic opinion remains largely inert, bored. The self-annointed liberals have no wish to interfere with the Soviet's sovereign prerogative of manufacturing corpses in their own grim way. Members of the Kremlin murder-Bund, when in the free world, are under no pressures to revise their itineraries as the last Tsar did. On the contrary, they know that banquets and Carnegie Hall meetings in their honor await them.

Toward the end of the last century an American journalist named George Kennan (great-uncle of the Kennan who was recently kicked out of Moscow) exposed political persecution in his two-volume *Siberia and the Exile System*. Instantly he was hailed as a great liberal and, of course, a valorous friend of Russia. But in recent years journalists reporting the facts about an infinitely more odious terror in the same country have been promptly labeled "anti-Russian" and lambasted as reactionaries to boot.

The point is that in the time of the elder Kennan and Kropotkin the Russian peoples rated as human beings. It did not occur to normal-minded foreigners to discount their sufferings as an investment for the future, justified in terms of political necessity. No one seriously argued that Russians, unlike Indonesians or Hindus or Mexicans, didn't know or care about freedom anyhow. The feelings of mankind had not yet been corrupted by Communist propaganda and totalitarian liberal obfuscation; its capacity for simple compassion had not yet been anesthetized by lying slogans.

When the contempt for the Russians as people, whether expressed or implicit, has been erased, what remains of the free world will be better able to meet the challenge of Communism. The road will then have been cleared for an approach to the people, as distinct from their rulers. Ways and means will then be found for conveying to the long-suffering population in the Red realm a belated understanding of their plight, a belated sympathy for their inchoate yearnings for liberation from bondage. The preconditions will have been established for a fighting alliance with the Soviet peoples against their overlords.

An American Machine

By MICHAEL ZOSCHENKO

This story was first published in Moscow in 1935. Denounced in the 1946 purge, the author was expelled from the Union of Soviet Writers; since then his friends abroad do not know what has become of him.

After all, they really are smart, these Americans. They've made so many amazing discoveries, they've invented so many great things. Steam, Gillette razors, rotation of the earth around its axis—all this was discovered and thought up by the Americans, with a little help from the British.

And now, just look at this! How fortunate is mankind! The Americans have presented the world with a new marvelous machine—a dictaphone.

Perhaps it was invented quite a while ago, but it has only just arrived here. And wasn't it a solemn and red-letter day when it arrived!

A great mass of people had gathered to see it. The much and universally esteemed Konstantin Ivanovich Dereviashkin removed the hood from the machine and reverently wiped it off with a rag. And then we could see with our own eyes that it was the invention of a supreme genius. Truly—an incalculable quantity of little bolts, nuts, cylinders, screws, and other fancy gimmicks simply hit us in the face. We found it hard to believe that such an exquisite fragile mechanism could really work.

America, America—what a great country!

When everybody had examined the machine, the much and universally esteemed comrade Dereviashkin, after giving a word of praise to the Americans, made a few introductory remarks about the usefulness of great inventions. And then came the moment for practical demonstration.

"Does anyone of those present," asked Konstantin Ivanovich, "wish to say a few words into this product of American genius?"

A tall and very thin comrade, Vassilli Tykin, stepped forward.

"Permit me," said he, "I'd like to try it."

Permission being granted, he approached the machine, quite evidently in a state of some excitement. He tried hard to think of something to say, but could not think of anything and finally gave up. Waving his hand dejectedly at the machine, he retreated with an apology for his lack of education.

Then another fellow stepped up. Without wasting much time he shouted into the receiver.

"Hey, you silly ass!"

Right after that Konstantin Ivanovich, lifting the hood, took out the cylinder and placed it wherever it should be placed—and what do you think? It transmitted to all those present, exactly and in complete detail, the above quoted remark.

Then Vassilli Tykin came forward again, and suggested that some of those present should do a little real Russian swearing into the little machine.

The much and universally esteemed Konstantin Ivanovich Dereviashkin at first categorically forbade profanity in the machine's presence, and even stamped his foot at the suggestion. But then after some hesitation, he got intrigued by the idea, and directed someone to fetch from the house next door a certain sailor from the Black Sea Fleet, a notorious expert in obscene blasphemy and general vituperation.

The sailor appeared in two seconds.

"In what direction should I swear?" he asked.

We pointed out the receiving cylinder to him, and he opened up. And how! Even the much and universally esteemed Dereviashkin could only spread his hands in astonishment, as if to say: That's something, brother! That's something surpassing America for you!

Later on, when we had at last succeeded in dragging the sailor from the dictaphone, we set the cylinder again in its place. And will you believe it?—the little apparatus reproduced accurately and without any deviation all the remarkable things that he had said.

Then we all crowded around again, cursing and blaspheming every known way, and in every tongue and dialect. And after that we began trying various noises: clapping hands, tap dancing, clicking tongues, clicking heels—and still the little machine gave back every sound without fail.

It was then we began to realize, honestly and truly, what a great work of genius this little American invention was.

Sad to say, though, the splendid little machine proved too fragile and delicate for the more violent sounds we make in Russia. When Konstantin Ivanovich in order to record for posterity, so to speak, the sound of a pistol shot, fired his revolver, not right into the mouth of the thing, of course, but a little to one side, the wonderful little machine gave up—it couldn't speak—it went to pieces.

In the light of that, the laurels of the American inventors, so far as Russia is concerned, rather faded out. Their fame declined sharply. There can be no doubt, however, of their great merit in the eyes of humanity as a whole.

Translated by ELIENA KRYLENKO

The Battle Against Print

By FLORA RHETA SCHREIBER

TV, radio, films, picture magazines, comic books are challenging the printed word. What effect is this communications revolution having upon our educational and cultural foundations?

A cultural revolution is taking place in our time, a revolution in communication so fundamental that print which for almost five hundred years was the chief means of communication is no longer so. Today a battle rages for men's minds, and print has powerful rivals—motion picture, radio, television, and still pictures.

These newer media, born of technology, communicate not through the printed word but through the spoken word or the picture. Radio relies solely on the spoken word. Movies and television are dependent on the picture in motion, reinforced by the spoken word. And in the photographic book which has become more and more popular since 1946, in the picture magazine, and in the filmstrip (still pictures presented in sequence for educational purposes), the printed word is reduced to captions.

This new order has subtly changed the status of the word itself. The battle cry against the word is the repeated invocation in classrooms, in advertising agency offices, and elsewhere, of an old Chinese adage: one picture is worth 10,000 words.

The very word "literary" has become a term of opprobrium connected with the stale, the effete, the not "hep." The antiliterary mood has permeated print itself. Not long ago Mickey Spillane, the high priest of Spilanity, which has much in common with inanity, appeared on a television program "Author Meets the Critic" and delivered judgment against Shakespeare. "Shakespeare is junk," he said. The critic of the occasion, Edith Lou Walton, was apparently so taken aback she could only weakly counter with: "The written word is important to me."

The spirit of print against print—or at least print against print which is devoted to literature—has invaded even the quality magazines. Not only are there fewer quality magazines than there were ten years ago, but those that exist devote less space to literature per se and more space to articles on politics, current affairs, and so forth. The magazine that used to be *The Saturday Review of Literature* is now simply *Saturday Review*. And it has redefined its mission in a new cultural environment to include departments like "SR Goes to the Movies" and "TV and Radio."

Whatever can be absorbed at a glance, on the run, by a mind that is preoccupied, seems to be regarded as superior to anything that demands

thought or sensitive awareness. Nobody has thought of publishing a magazine called "Slow." Ours is a quickie culture.

And so I was not too surprised when I heard a cocktail party pundit pontificating: "Reading is obsolete. Print is on its way out." Nor too surprised to discover that teenagers at the *New York Times* Book Fair, when asked what author they would most like to meet at next year's book fair, replied: "Walt Disney." Walt Disney, it must be remembered, is an "author" who works not with words but with pictures. Nor to hear Andrew Heiskell, the publisher of *Time* and *Life* say unequivocally: "The fact is, there are too many people who need to be educated and informed too rapidly for words to do the job."

Can Books Meet the Challenge?

The American Book Publishers Council, aware of what is taking place, sums up the situation this way: "The traditional book may no longer be an effective tool. The reflective grubbing of the scholar may be replaced by the electronic push-button library. The instructional film, the digest, may give the busy citizen as much as he needs to know without recourse to leisurely reading."

Then, after doing a little reflective grubbing—although to do so is out-of-date—the Book Publishers Council went on to say: "This represents a challenge that the book will have to meet, particularly since the book may be the one medium left through which modern man can escape from the pressure of contemporary living, the one medium which will still offer detachment. It may be the best medium for providing the perspective-giving function for modern man."

A. Whitney Griswold, the president of Yale, in similar spirit warns that we are allowing the "eye's mind" to take the place of the "mind's eye."

The busy citizen, however, is indifferent to all these warnings. He is neither seeking recourse to leisurely reading, nor is he concerned with the "perspective-giving function for modern man." And the mind's eye seems to him quite as quaint as the still, small voice and other Victorian rubbish.

Our busy citizen, though by day a man of action, in his leisure moments becomes a man of inaction—the passive recipient of a capsule culture.

Muted in his perceptions, he is also muted in his life. He is abashed by self-committing words like "love" or "courage." He seeks refuge from them by cheapening them in trivial songs that dilute experience.

The Bureau of the Census says that our busy citizen *can* read, that in fact the percentage of the total population ten years of age and over who can not read and write in any language decreased from 10.7 per cent in 1900 to 2.9 per cent in 1940. The Census Bureau was so convinced of our national literacy that by 1940 it officially dropped the question of literacy from its interrogations.

But this official literacy does not mean that we are a nation of booklovers. Quite the contrary; 150,697,361 Americans spend twelve times as much time per day reading newspapers, magazines, listening to the radio, and going to the movies as they spend in reading books.

Of the adult population 60 to 70 per cent goes through at least one magazine more or less regularly; 45 to 50 per cent sees one movie once every two weeks or oftener; about 90 to 95 per cent listens to the radio fifteen minutes a day or more; and television in its turn, since it entered the scene in 1946, has challenged magazines, movies, radio.

TV's Effects on Book Reading

Television has also challenged books. In a recent reader survey, McGraw-Hill reports that "there is a somewhat serious effect on book reading." NBC reports that on a typical summer evening sixty-three out of every 100 TV owners were watching television, twenty-seven were reading newspapers, thirteen listening to the radio, six reading magazines, and only four reading books.

Our national indifference to books is so overpowering a dispassion that, according to an international survey of England, Norway, Canada, Australia, Sweden, and the United States, conducted by George Gallup, director of the Institute of Public Opinion, we have the lowest proportion of book readers of any major democracy.

In England 55 per cent of the adult population reads books even though only 13 per cent of the British population has gone beyond grade school. But in the United States where over 53 per cent of the population has gone beyond grade school, books are read by probably not more than one-fourth of the nation. Despite the official claims of literacy, only half the adult population has sufficient reading skill to read and understand books for adults. And even where there is the skill to read, the fact that the average person spends only a tiny per cent of his total budget on books seems to indicate that even where there is the skill, there is not the will.

If you have read one book—only one—in the past year, you are above average.

If, in the past year, you have read as many as five books, you are ahead of about 75 per cent of

the population. Should you belong to the 10 per cent of the population that reads more than five books a year, you can be considered a habitual reader—a real egghead, perhaps too far from Babbitry to be quite respectable.

Three-fourths of the nation is reached through a quickie culture which must provide a swift pickup for tired senses, immediate gratification for flagging spirits. This culture is a peculiarly twentieth-century phenomenon, as indigenous as the airplane.

Like the airplane this culture is here to stay. Like the airplane, too, this culture is actually the mark of progress. It is the mark of progress because it has exposed to information, opinion, and entertainment people who in the day when print was the chief means of communication would not have been reached by any kind of communication.

Print Versus the Spoken Word

Today radio, television, and movies provide everybody with the persuasiveness of live personality talking to live personality. Through the spoken word these media can soothe or sway. They can compel immediate action or reaction. They can achieve their effects through incantation and hypnosis and can therefore strongly influence public attitudes and opinions. And to the eloquent persuasiveness of the spoken word, television and movies add the pragmatic persuasiveness of the picture.

Even digests, the arch example of swiftness, have their beneficial uses. The busy citizen, I suspect, is better off for being exposed to ideas, information, and opinions in predigested form than he would be if this material never crossed his path at all. A little knowledge if misused can be a dangerous thing, but no knowledge at all is death.

Pictures are useful, too. A road map, for instance, is obviously a short cut and of greater utility than is a verbal description of how to go places. Pictures are the most effective kind of identification. Witness the fact that passports require photographs, not verbal descriptions, and the police and the FBI use pictures to identify the hunted.

But pictures have their limits and most people refuse to recognize these limits. Pictures can only present the external. They do not get at inner experience or at profound thought. Though there is blatant argument that seeing is believing, this is actually a very narrow concept. For if we are to believe only what we see on the surface, we are barring essential human experience which takes place beneath the surface and defies picturization.

We live by the slogan "seeing is believing" and that is why we do not see. We are blinded by pictures. Seduced by the glamor of sounds, we have grown deaf to their sense. And so our quickie culture has made us swift in a race that seems to be going nowhere in particular. Passively and uncritically, the busy citizen accepts what he sees in tele-

vision, movies, and in picture magazines and what he hears on the radio.

The reasons why these media lead to a passive experience are important.

In the first place, the very nature of the media almost precludes full concentration and profound thought, for many people listen to radio and watch television while they are doing other things and so only half-listen or half-see. The result may be a muddled opinion.

And it is an opinion which can not be verified, since in radio, television, and movies each line is a headline that is heard or seen briefly and then passes swiftly into limbo. Once a program or a movie is over, it is irretrievable. You can not refer to it again in the way that you can reread a book, referring back to page 140, for example, in the light of what is said on page 906. The result may be an opinion taken on authority, without personal evaluation.

If an idea absorbs you, you can not stop for it, mull over it, play with it. If you do, you lose what follows, for the program is conducted not at your tempo, but at the tempo of a director, an actor, a speaker. You can not pause for self-identification to make intimate connections with ideas and to savor subtleties.

The second reason for the uncritical acceptance of ideas presented by radio, television, and movies is that audiences are generally more interested in personalities than in ideas, and tend to accept ideas not for themselves but because they are spoken by a personality the audience admires. The producers of most radio and television programs concerned with ideas must scurry about to get glamor guests to take the curse of intellectuality off their programs. It was during this kind of scramble that for some time the unliterary but pulchritudinous Faye Emerson functioned as moderator of "Author Meets the Critic."

The Summing-Up in Education

What is happening to the general public is reflected also in education.

Each year teachers on undergraduate, graduate, and adult education levels find more students whose vocabularies are so limited, whose sentence structure is so faulty, that often they do not make sense of simple prose.

Only this past week a college professor assembled these choice bits of misuse in a freshman speech class: buy it off the farmers; they started pretty good; refresh your background; the clouds are debatable as to what they are.

And in an adult group, the instructor found that the meaning of the following words was not known to the students: confronting, permanence, unalterable, obsolete, interceptor, tangential, vagaries, definitive, circumstance, grievance, extraordinary, beneficent, protagonist, millennium, complacent,

esthetic, prerequisite, tutorial. Not even "totalitarianism" had become familiar—"totalitarianism" which has been mentioned in the newspaper and in radio and television virtually every day for the past twenty years.

Students leave high school and college with poor reading skill, so poor that, when they get jobs, their employers find it necessary to do something about correcting the deficiency.

Why this lack?

Audio-Visual Teaching Aids

It is fashionable to blame the audio-visual aids program, a growing movement in the schools, for the situation. But this is more fashionable than accurate. The program on a wide scale has not been in existence long enough to prove anything.

Audio-visual aids, in fact, used not to supplant the book but to reinforce it, often bring vividness to subject matter. And these aids are of great utilitarian value. Their use during World War Two was extensive, and it soon became apparent that they could train men in one-third the customary time. They have proven useful in industry, too. General Electric, for instance, successfully uses comics to give technical training to employees. And the industrial film has proven so effective in this respect that it has attracted more and more top sponsors—General Motors, General Electric, American Telephone and Telegraph, Goodyear, Philco, Western Electric, Bell, Swift and Company, Metropolitan Life, Ford, Lever Brothers, Westinghouse, and Chesterfield.

But when "Dagwood Splits the Atom," a comic strip, is used to teach atomic energy to masses of people, when textbooks in mathematics seem to require pictures of pets, banks, musical instruments, and the like to make them more palatable, when school children meet Shakespeare or Swift, not in the original but through "Classics Illustrated," a series of picture books, we are witnessing a confusion of cultural values.

Just possibly some nonliterary child, stumbling by accident into reading *Hamlet*, will develop a taste for good reading. But just possibly, too, a potentially literary child who first meets *Hamlet* in pictures may be sickened out of sensitivity by the shallow picturization unless he is given counteracting guidance.

This child is a youthful victim of our national dedication to making the nation's culture just another adventure in housekeeping, through which we endow the immediately petty with the halo of the vastly urgent and pass over the urgent as of no immediate importance. This happens almost every minute of the day as families surrender all cultural interest—the poetry of living—to the how-to-do-it-how-to-fix-it dailiness of experience. And what is the result when Mr. and Mrs., suddenly aware of the sterility of their lives, go out to look

for "culture" in an adult education course? Do they take a course concerned with ideas? Not at all. They sign up in droves for courses in how-to-make-it, in how-to-fix-it.

But to return to the minority—the one-fourth of the nation that does read books.

Trade book sales in 1952 were very good. They were better, in fact, than in any year since 1946 when television entered the scene. Sales, from January through November, 1952, topped by 13 per cent 1951 sales for that period and topped by 21 per cent 1950 sales for the same period.

Why does this minority continue to read? To read a book requires concentration and even to get it requires effort. About two-thirds of the books people read reach them through commercial channels—35 to 40 per cent are bought directly. Eighteen to 25 per cent are borrowed from friends or neighbors, who either bought them or received them as gifts. Seven to 9 per cent of books are borrowed from commercial rental libraries. The remaining one-third of the books read are borrowed from public libraries.

Books and the Other Arts

The answer as to why readers read is simple. Books have value that can not be replaced by any other medium of communication. The true word-lover—and I don't mean the book collector—finds greater satisfaction in poetry, drama, fiction, and the essay than in any other artistic expression. He is psychologically different from the person who responds more strongly to pictures or to music. But the word leads him onward into fertile fields of various meanings and he becomes catholic in his tastes. He will probably transfer the excitement he finds in words to the other arts as well.

But the other arts will only occasionally give him the full pleasure he finds in literature. For literature can do more than the other arts can—more in the sense that it combines more disparate aspects of human experience into a convincing whole; in the sense also that it fuses different levels of meaning; in the sense also that it communicates emotional, moral, sociological, historical, intellectual, or esthetic means with equal felicity.

For example, *U. S. Camera*, a photographic "essay," and Tolstoy's *Sebastopol* try to do similar things—to report the degradation, the horror, and the heroism of men at war. The photographic "essay" conveys a sense of immediacy and of actuality. The photographer thinks that, through proper angling and selection, he can project himself as an artist and can comment on life and society. To a certain extent he can do this, but he is limited by his medium. For he can select only from what is visible. He can not select, as the writer can, from what is conceptual and inward-looking.

The literary form has this advantage not only over photography but over the other arts—that the

laws of language, unlike the laws of photography, painting, or music, are directly related to and vitalize the intellectual theme the author expresses.

Books and the word are also basic to the very functioning of society. How basic becomes clear when you try to imagine a society whose doctors, lawyers, teachers, scientists would be trained exclusively by photographs or comic strips. Even if a cartoon like "Dagwood Splits the Atom" became a force in interpreting atomic energy to masses of people, there would be no knowledge of atomic energy to interpret were it not for books. Atoms can be split and atomic energy released only because scientists, experimenting and theorizing, have built on earlier experiments and theories, the knowledge of which was transmitted by the printed word.

At the Institute for Education by Radio and TV at Columbus, Ohio, I asked Edward Stasheff, who was then the producer of "The Living Blackboard," a pioneer educational television program on New York's WPIX, what school subjects presented by his program defied visualization. Ed didn't like the word "defied," but he admitted, without demurring, that the two subjects that were stubborn to picturization were English literature and philosophy.

In other words, English literature and philosophy have values that are inherently abstract and intellectual—values that defy picturization and can best be represented by the printed word. These specific values are also better represented by the printed word than by the spoken word because print, and not the spoken word, provides the possibility of verification and reflection.

Print and the New Media

Print is challenged by radio, television, movies, and still pictures as newcomers to communications, but the challenge is on the level of popular entertainment, information, and opinion, not on the level of basic thought, which is the foundation on which society must build its cultural superstructure.

Although three-quarters of the nation does not read books, books influence the life of the most illiterate person. Never having looked between book-covers, this illiterate person has derived no personal stimulation or pleasure from books. But books have helped to make expert those who heal his body, who defend him in court, who mold his opinions, and who shape the political destinies of the nation and the world in which he finds himself.

So, too, the very ideas that the new media present owe their existence to print. Without print, radio, television, and movies would become mere transmission belts with nothing to transmit.

In short, although print has lost its pre-eminence as the chief means of communication, it is no mere vestigial organ of a dying culture. Despite its rivals for men's minds, print's role is so basic that, without it, men would have no minds for which communications could contend.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

An Alien in the World

By MAX EASTMAN

Now Santayana is dead, and the third and last volume of his inimitable autobiography (*My Host the World*, 149 pp., Charles Scribner's Sons, \$3.00) must go forth as an orphan. It had to be withheld until his death, he told me, for fear of a libel suit by a superannuated but still possibly surviving girl friend of Lord John Russell. Lord Russell, Santayana's close and most incongruous friend, was Bertrand Russell's athletic elder brother, and actually outdid "Bertie" in the matter of ludicrous tussles with the problem of getting married, and staying married, or not staying married, to some sort of a woman. His story, as Santayana tells it, is funny and fantastic enough to have made that libel suit an international scream if it had ever occurred. The fact that Russell had once been tried before the House of Lords for bigamy, and that Santayana had given testimony for him at considerable risk to his own reputation and livelihood—a pleasant thing to learn about this philosopher whose detachment from all human ties has been so well advertised—would have embellished the news stories of the libel suit. Also the fact that in spite of this detached and learned testimony Russell was convicted and sent up for three months—a long jail sentence for a British lord.

A great deal too much has been made of Santayana's "detachment," and especially of his final "retirement from the world" in the Convent of the Blue Nuns at Rome. He happened to fall sick in Rome and be taken to a hospital, or "hospice," as he preferred to call it, run by these good-natured Irish women in the neighborhood of the Colosseum. He was comfortable there, well fed, well taken care of without undue fussing by the Mother Superior, had a good view from the window, and was within walking distance of all his favorite haunts, and so he decided it would be a good place to live in until he died. But you had only to ring the bell of the convent, speak his name to a nun, and she would point the way down a corridor to his room. The door would be standing open—at least it was on all but one of the five or six visits I paid him—and he would probably be conversing with another visitor. He would welcome your addition to the company with the most gracious affability, no matter whether you had any good excuse for showing up or not. In short, he had a lively and delighted

interest in people, and could talk with them, and talk about them, with ingenious charm, unrestrained laughter, and great worldly penetration.

In my opinion, too—and it is borne out by this new volume of his memoirs—Santayana's prose style is at its best when he is talking of persons and places, with intellection somewhat incidental, and not when he is discoursing exclusively about ideas. I have my explanation of this, but first I want to give an example of his far-from-detached manner of seeing into people. He is talking about his residence in King's College, Cambridge, in 1896, and his acquaintance with such men as Lytton Strachey, Lord Acton, Lowes Dickinson, and others, and he says (I condense somewhat):

Of all my friends, of all persons belonging at all to my world, Bertrand Russell was the most distinguished. He had birth, genius, learning, indefatigable zeal and energy, brilliant intelligence, and absolute honesty and courage. His love of justice was as keen as his sense of humor. He was at home in mathematics, in natural science, and in history. He knew well all the more important languages and was well informed about everything going on in the world of politics and literature. He ought to have been a leader, a man of universal reputation and influence. Yet on the whole, relative to his capacities, he was a failure. He petered out.

According to some people he was the ugliest man they had ever seen. But I didn't find him ugly, because his mask, though grotesque, was expressive and engaging. You saw that he was a kind monster, that if he spit fire, it was a *feu-de-joie*. I, at least, was never afraid of him.

Santayana thinks there were two ways in which "Bertie" might have proven "how great a man it was in him to be." One was to undertake an *instauratio magna* of scientific philosophy, emulating men like Bacon, Hobbes, Spinoza, or Auguste Comte, an achievement for which he was phenomenally equipped. The other was to carry out his grandmother's plan to make him Prime Minister, "get early a safe seat in the House of Commons, moderate his zeal so far as not to denounce bishops, generals, admirals, or even Tory ministers, unless he had proofs of their obliquity, and generally to identify himself (as he could well do emotionally) with the official interests of his country." Pursuing this course, he could have prevented the collapse of the liberal party by transforming it into a labor party true to democratic, antimilitary, anti-

imperialistic, anticlerical principles, and "when his party won an election, he would have been able to exert the power of government for the heroic purpose of diminishing that power."

The thing that mars Santayana's prose when he is writing philosophy, it seems to me, is that he wants to be very downright and "disillusioned," a man of hard common sense—a "materialist" as he calls himself. On the other hand, he wants to escape from or forget this material world, and dwell among myths and ideal entities as do those who believe that the ultimate reality is spirit. For this purpose he employs a mixture of prose logic and poetic metaphor—both miraculously within his command—which leaves the reader always edified but very often not quite clear. The edification must carry him along when clear meaning fails.

This opinion finds some corroboration in the three little volumes of his autobiography. (They have been boxed together by the publisher with the title *Persons and Places*, and sell for \$8.50.) Santayana's parents were both what we today call radicals—they were against religion, monarchy, luxury, fashion, etc., but their son found "those fancy things fascinating, and a great relief to hear about, in contrast to the dullness of home life." He could not refute their opinions, but he had too much "firmness of disposition" to alter or deny his tastes and inclinations. Especially he was obdurate in the matter of religion. So obdurate that he managed to become a devout, and even a "worshipping" Catholic, without believing that the myths or dogmas of his church were true, or any of its prayers and rituals efficacious. Similarly in philosophy his promenades in the "Realm of Spirit," the "Realm of Essence," seem rather hollow and flimsy, as though it didn't matter much what their relations to reality might be so long as they were beautiful.

We learn from an earlier volume in this trilogy that in boyhood it seemed "axiomatic" to Santayana that "the real was rotten and only the imaginary at all interesting." It became his firm opinion that existence itself is "profoundly ugly and wrong." And recalling this opinion in old age, he adds that, with a slight allowance for youthful exaggeration, "it is still what I think." The relevance of this recoil against real physical experience to the dominant traits of his philosophy seems obvious enough.

I find it also relevant, and indeed a factor of prime importance in explaining the recoil, that his real experience never included an amorous passion toward a woman. I pointed this out some time ago in two essays in the *American Mercury*, and my last letter from him was about those essays. I had sent them to him with some trepidation, as I was not absolutely sure he had intended the reader to

understand as much as I had in reading his memoirs. His answer reassured me, and to explain how, I must recall something that I said in the essay called "Sex and Santayana." I spoke of his early attachment to a boy named Edward Bayley with whom he used to walk to school in Boston, and I quoted his rapturous tribute to the memory of their friendship. "Even today, the thought of that youthful comradeship . . . warms the cockles of my heart like a glass of old port. There is a sort of indifference to time, as there is a sort of silence, which goes with veritable sympathy. . . . Never was trust more instinctive, more complete, or more silent. It has lasted in silence, at least on my side, for sixty years."

After quoting this, I remarked: "Had Bayley been, by permission of destiny, a girl, or had Santayana been what at moments he came so near to being—Plato!—only one change would have occurred in this passage. Instead of sympathy, the key word would have been, as it should be, love."

His answer, which was very friendly, contained meticulous corrections of an error or two I had made about dates, etc., but it ended with the statement: "I liked what you said about the boy Bayley, and when you have finished your criticism of my philosophy, I will tell you why I did not use the word 'love.'"

I never finished my criticism of his philosophy, and I will never know now why he did not use the word "love." But I feel strongly supported in my opinion that this peculiarity of his passional nature is a main reason for his regarding this world as his Host, and himself as an alien guest in this "busy and animated establishment."

Lions and Lizards

I Drank the Zambesi, by Arthur Loveridge. 287 pp. New York: Harper and Bros. \$4.00

Collectors are a strange species who stop at little to satisfy their avid desire to pick up more and more trophies and extend their knowledge. Mr. Loveridge, a naturalist, went many thousands of miles with his wife and sister-in-law to enrich the world's wisdom about toads, lizards, frogs, snails, and various warmer-blooded animals for the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard University, of which he is curator.

We follow them from the moment of their arrival at the Portuguese port of Bira to Avendia and on to the stifling train where Mr. Loveridge lost not a second, but went right to work dissecting the few specimens he had collected the first day. Staying as little as possible in the towns, they slowly work their way through Nyasaland, living in tents and rest houses, his sister-in-law Billy being the chauffeur.

I was much impressed with the way Mrs. Loveridge and her sister went about gathering frogs and snails. My admiration knew no bounds when Mrs. Loveridge captured a cobra and brought it in. Mr. Loveridge is most fortunate in finding a wife and a sister-in-law like that. I speak with feeling on the subject, as my husband and I live in the heart of the Ituri Forest, and we have a small zoo which includes a number of the animals Mr. Loveridge mentions. While I am devoted to Okapis, don't mind monkeys stealing my lipsticks, or finding baby wild pigs in my arm chair, I am violently anticobra. I find that I also resent having animals dissected in my parlor, though I have no objections if one does it some place where I don't have to welcome it personally.

I have a great love for the out-of-doors and have enjoyed the company of many naturalists, who have opened my eyes to the wonders of the equatorial jungle. I am especially grateful to Dr. Alfred Emerson for introducing me to the fascinating ways of the termites, though there have been times since when I have been displeased with them for eating our books or digesting my freshly painted canvases (hoping always that these were not the same species he named after me). On the whole, I am inclined to agree with the Africans when they say in Mr. Loveridge's book: "What strange things the white man thinks of!"

His zest and excitement come through to your heart when he finds a new lizard, elephant-nosed shrew, or galago. He checks off his finds the way you would a laundry list. When he got home, the list contained forty-six new species of animals. His stories include adventures not only with animals but with the people who work for him, the people who come and sell him animals, the various white men he visits, and how he buys his ethnographic collection. One of the hair-raising stories I remember best was when he thought his boys wanted him to kill some guinea fowl and because of a slight linguistic difficulty, he turned around and discovered a lion.

At another place the natives called him Bwana Cut-Throat and advised his boys to leave him. The situation got so tense that he had to send for the District Commissioner.

Halfway through the safari, his wife and his sister-in-law had to leave, and I was very sorry, but glad he continued through the hot shadeless trip and reached the Zambesi in time for a drink.

It seemed too bad that his only reference to the dance was about how the drum and noise kept him awake. I found myself getting very angry a few times when he used minor annoying incidents, such as porters keeping him waiting three and four hours in the hot sun, in order to whip up a theory that because Africans lack a sense of time they are unfit for self-rule. They may or may not be fit, but before accepting a sweeping statement condemning a whole race on a subject as serious as

that, I want a well-built-up case. I like the Africans myself. In fact, some of my best friends are pygmies. And I often think the reason we get so angry about their indifference to time is that we have lost the precious art of sitting still doing nothing.

I did, however, enjoy the book and was sorry to put it down. Should the Loveridges ever come to the Congo, I hope we may have the pleasure of their company, and I will give them a house a little away from mine to work in.

ANNE EISNER PUTNAM

Wizard of Ottawa

The Incredible Canadian, by Bruce Hutchison.
454 pp. New York: Longmans, Green and Co.
\$5.00

Mackenzie King was a hoax, a splendid hoax who led his country from relative obscurity to front-rank world power, a hoax so successful that in the end he managed to fool himself. How he succeeded in foisting his astonishing deception on the public, achieving almost unparalleled personal power, and imposing his will on his party, the Canadian people, and the British Commonwealth of Nations is related by Bruce Hutchison in *The Incredible Canadian*, a book which kept me awake most of one night.

The late William Lyon Mackenzie King was Prime Minister of Canada for twenty-two years, thus remaining in office longer than any other prime minister in the history of the English-speaking world. He was a miracle-worker. His life story is the account of a man who specialized in amazing feats of political legerdemain. He began by gathering up the miserable rump of the discredited Liberal party and sweeping it to victory, bringing it to such entrenched power that even today it is practically unassailable. Faced with scandals in his administration which would have demolished most men, he turned the tables on his enemies in a matter of days and emerged as the righteous and indignant protector of the Canadian people's rights. And under the klieg lights of modern publicity he contrived to lead a secret and forbidden life which included superstitious juggling with lucky numbers and clandestine meetings with spiritualistic mediums.

Even before I met him, Mackenzie King was the bane of my existence. "The Prime Minister wants to know . . ." was a phrase that hung over my head like Damocles' sword. It was during World War Two. About once a month, so it seemed, he would sit brooding into the night in his dim holy-of-holies in the East Block of the Parliament Building at Ottawa, dreaming up some devilish piece of political business. Next morning the results of his deliberation would burst upon us, throwing us into a tailspin and keeping us for the ensuing week in a

state of breathless disruption. So that when finally one day I was ushered into the august presence, I stood there speechless—but not with awe, as I had expected. Rather my reaction was one of ill-concealed astonishment. Was this bumbling, pudgy man, who sat touching his fingertips like an earnest Sunday-school teacher about to lead us in prayer—was this actually the Prime Minister? Was this the fearsome wizard, the virtual dictator of Parliament Hill, whose bidding high government officials sped like frightened schoolboys to perform? Could this be the man at whose penciled instructions army officers (in which category I belonged) hustled with flustered faces along passages and through tunnels, not daring to entrust so portentous a task to any less important person? What in the world had we been so afraid of? Here was no ogre, but a pleasant, if slightly spinsterish, elderly gentleman. One knew instinctively that he liked to pat stray dogs and that he revered the memory of his aged mother.

Many men far more perspicacious than I have misjudged Mackenzie King—always to their regret, often to their sorrow. Bruce Hutchison's book is spattered with the political corpses of those who underestimated King's brilliant and devious mind. His span included the Depression and a world war, but he rode them both out, emerging more powerful than ever. His unbroken record makes Franklin D. Roosevelt a puny late-starter, Winston Churchill a flamboyant flash-in-the-pan. In the beginning King seemed to have pitifully little in his favor. One of the most dreary speakers that ever sought to fire the imagination of a hostile electorate, a man accused in World War One of running away to the United States to avoid military service, he turned every handicap into an advantage. More surprising still, he, the most uncommon of its citizens, thrust himself upon his unsuspecting country as the epitome of the common man, and he was able to conceal his little private joke to the day of his death.

Early in life King seems to have decided that a man's friends are his worst enemies, and that the road to success lies in dispensing with them altogether. There was but one contrary episode, and that was in his youth. His romantic friendship with Henry Albert Harper came to a sudden and bitter end with the young man's death by drowning, and King celebrated this in a grief-stricken little book entitled *The Secret of Heroism*. With the closing of that romance, however, the future Prime Minister foreswore the love of his fellow men. He never married, and as the years went by he became more and more of a recluse in his private life. The social affairs of Ottawa he finally eschewed completely. Instead, he preferred to wander alone over the meadows and hills of his country estate at Kingsmere in the Gatineau Mountains, where bit by bit he assembled a weird collection of stones and arches picked up from the rubble of demolished

buildings in the Canadian capital. These he tricked out at Kingsmere to look like the ruins of a bogus Scottish abbey, and there they are today, willed to the nation. There could be no more fitting monument to this extraordinary man.

King knew no loyalty except to his own ambition. To be numbered among his "friends," ministers, or advisers was perhaps more dangerous than to be openly acknowledged as an enemy. One after another, to save his own skin, King ruthlessly threw these men to the wolves. When General McNaughton (the then national hero who commanded the Canadian Army overseas) had to be got rid of, King did nothing so stupid as to remove him. Instead, he got Defense Minister Ralston to do it, thereby appearing to have had his hand unwillingly forced. Ralston's service, however, did not instill any feeling of gratitude in the master's calculating breast. On the contrary. Later, when the nation learned to its horror that its army was in imminent danger of collapse for lack of reinforcements—caused by the fact that King had steadfastly refused for political reasons to introduce compulsory military service—it was Ralston's head that fell. King summarily dismissed him, and with almost gleeful spite brought back McNaughton as his new Minister of Defense.

Such a man is not likely to be trusted, let alone beloved. Though King must have known where his duplicity would lead him, there seem to have been moments when he balked at the penalty. His isolation drove him to sudden and desperately quixotic gestures, such as writing weepily sentimental notes to unknown orphans, or picking up strangers off the street and inviting them to dine with him on Maine lobster at Laurier House. His solitariness was so awful that he dared not admit it, even to himself. When E. K. Brown, a former "friend," wrote in a magazine article on Mackenzie King that the latter had no friends, the Prime Minister flew into a fit of uncontrolled rage. And to protect himself from the nightmare of the truth he clutched at pathetic straws, treasuring meaningless trifles as though they were personal tributes. After his death, box upon box of old Christmas cards, many from complete strangers, were discovered locked up in an attic. King couldn't bear to part with these trite little messages, his sole and pitiful substitutes for human affection.

The roster of those deceived by Mackenzie King in his lifetime is imposing, yet I feel there is one posthumous addition to the list of the hoaxed. To some extent at least, Mackenzie King has managed from beyond the grave to hoax his biographer. Hutchison suggests that King's phenomenal success in politics was due to a combination of amazing luck and God-given intuition. I am inclined to think differently. This explanation dismisses too lightly King's outstanding characteristic: his astonishing capacity for painstaking inquiry and his meticu-

lous habit of dredging up facts. It was this quality which caused those who surrounded him in Ottawa to suffer from falling hair and incipient stomach ulcers. As a result of it, almost no situation arose which he wasn't qualified by foreknowledge to deal with. On one occasion King's opponents triumphantly pulled out of the hat damning evidence of corruption in his Customs Department. King's ministers sat aghast. They knew nothing about it; they thought he was trapped. But they were wrong. King, though not personally involved, knew all about it, and was able to tell his enemies things *they* didn't know. An investigation was already under way, he retorted, and with pious indignation he reproached them for making public secret information that would warn the culprits before they were brought to justice. This was neither luck nor intuition; it was a matter of being in possession of the facts, and there is possibly no man in political history who had so many facts filed away in his meticulous brain as Mackenzie King. They were the only interest he really had. They were a fund which enabled him to recognize at once the right thing to do, at the right moment, to take advantage of that "tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Not the least paradox in this fascinating tale is that King, who started out an almost penniless youth and died a near-millionaire, who grasped greedily after power and honors, actually believed himself the most disinterested of men. His only real concern, he thought, was with the life to come, and in order to find out about it he took the most frightful risks. A succession of dubious female mediums were whisked across the Atlantic and hustled with utmost secrecy into Laurier House, so that the Prime Minister could commune with the spirits of those who had passed over. To his Catholic and Presbyterian supporters alike such goings-on would have smacked of the devil. Had news of his peculiar weakness leaked out he would have been finished. He fooled them to the end.

In his own mind, however, King's enjoyment of practices forbidden by the church in no way interfered with the most orthodox beliefs. Though he practiced none of the Christian virtues and dabbled in more than one pagan superstition, he continued to think of himself as a devout Christian; he appeared confident that his rewards in the next world would be even greater than in this. Though he never actually said it, his utterances would lead one to believe that he expected to find a seat reserved for him on the right hand of St. Peter in paradise.

Only such a man could have left the will he did, a will that was to perpetuate the hoax among men, while he himself was basking in eternal bliss. And for a man who grew so rich and so powerful in public service, his valediction was titanic. "It has always seemed to me," he wrote, "that the highest joy in life is to be found in some form of public service; that instead of the State being indebted

to one who gives of his time and means to the country's affairs and to the betterment of human conditions, the obligation is the other way round; where the opportunity of public service is given, one can not be too grateful to the source whence it comes."

This was probably the only funny thing that Mackenzie King ever wrote, though by the time he wrote it the hoax had succeeded so long that the humor was certainly unconscious.

JOHN VERNON TABERNER

Life Confinement

Solitary Confinement, by Christopher Burney.
181 pp. New York: Coward-McCann. \$2.75

Mr. Burney served in World War Two with the British Commandos and was captured by the Germans; this is his account of his eighteen months of solitary confinement in Fresnes Prison, near Paris.

One is at a loss how best to assess this essay, for an essay it is, even though it is relatively long, and is divided into chapters. Should one judge it on the basis of the tale told? But the recitation of the travail, that of being alone for 358 days, within the four walls of a cubicle measuring five feet by ten, can be juxtaposed to nothing within one's own experience. It can only be sensed by an exercise of empathy that can hardly be called imagination. By that criterion the tale is competently told. The reader can not but try to share in the unhappy oppression of the dragging hours, the corroding hunger, the distressing cold.

Again, should one judge this work as an exercise of literary skills? On that score it ranks high. The work is studded with numerous bright passages, earnest in thought and felicitous in formulation. "Hunger was a monster of many heads and arms, thinking evilly against my thoughts and striking wickedly at all my weaknesses." "Death is a word which presents no real target to the mind's eye." "There is a sense of shame following an unanswerable blow which has nothing of fear in it, but which is more demoralizing than any pain." But, however otherwise one might judge it, in the end it can only be considered as an exhibition of the qualities of the author's personality. And here we come upon an embarrassment. Undoubtedly the author has many admirable traits and qualities. But he is not lovable. It is difficult to identify oneself with him, not only in his solitary confinement, but even now, when as a freedman, he tells his tale. As the tale unfolds, one becomes increasingly persuaded that Christopher Burney was in solitary confinement long before he entered Fresnes Prison. For stone walls do not a prison make, nor do the open roads make freedom. His was cell number 239. The inmates of the cells adjoining, numbers 238 and 240,

two flanking humans, could perhaps have eased his solitude. But no, 238 was "a back without identity." And when 240 attempted to involve him in the tapping game "in order to lure me into conversation and, perhaps, commiseration," he found "no patience for this pastime, which was tedious and unreliable and eased none of the real burdens of confinement." Clearly he was not at ease with his fellowmen. When he was let out for exercise in the yard, and some spoke to him, he found their voices strange and delightful in their way, but had no wish to join them. "I wanted to enjoy the newly discovered things about me and would have preferred to be alone to absorb the sky and grass and air, so that I felt a faint resentment at the noise and a fear that one of my neighbors would waste some of my precious minutes by talking to me. . . ." Reading this, one's sympathies are rather with the neighbors!

In fairness to the author it should be noted that he wrote of his experiences as visioned and sensed at the time of their occurrence. All afterthoughts he diligently whittled away. The picture he gives is of himself then, not now. The jacket tells us that Burney is married and has two children.

IAGO GALDSTON, M. D.

A Thinking Rebel

Such, Such Were the Joys, by George Orwell.
230 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$3.50

This is a mixed bag of papers written between 1939 and 1950, the most valuable of which—the beginning of an autobiography—gives the book its title and recounts Orwell's experiences at the snobbish private school where he prepared for Eton. It is valuable because it shows us the background of Orwell's social, economic, and political thinking—tells us, in short, a good deal about what made him tick. It may be that he would have turned Left, as so many of his generation did, even if he had not suffered social humiliation at the school which he calls Crossgates; but the many mortifications that he did suffer there must have given him a powerful push in the direction that he took.

Crossgates was trading up. It was hungry for pupils with titles and wealth, and for pupils who could bring it glory by winning scholarships at the great public schools. Orwell was taken in at reduced rates because he promised to shine in the second category. He was taken in, but he was never allowed to forget that he was mingling with his betters on sufferance, that he was poor and weak among boys who were rich and powerful. His schoolmates came back from vacation talking of grouse moors and gillies, yachts and automobiles and butlers; while the headmaster told Orwell, untruthfully, that his parents were too poor to buy him even a cricket bat of his own. The other boys

had cakes when their birthdays came round; Orwell never had a cake. The pains that his sensitive nature suffered were unforgettable, the seeds of resentment that were planted in his wounds were to know a long and hardy growth. The values of Crossgates were values he could not accept, but the child was acquainted with no others; the orthodoxy of Crossgates was abhorrent to him, but he had no comparative standards by which to condemn it. Years later he would see the school as a microcosm of the great world, and would write with a bitterness that did not balk at exaggeration: "There never was, I suppose, in the history of the world a time when the sheer vulgar fatness of wealth, without any kind of aristocratic elegance to redeem it, was so obtrusive as in those years before 1914."

Turning from the autobiographical fragment to the other papers that compose this volume, we can piece together a clear picture of Orwell's relation to the Left, to which he was dedicated by experience, by his rationalization of experience, and by sentiment. During the 1930's he found himself a member of a generation of Englishmen in which "intellectual" and "Communist" were practically interchangeable terms. This generation sneered cynically at everything British, while wallowing in a warm bath of sentimentality toward the U.S.S.R.; giggling at sight of the Union Jack, it swelled with transferred patriotic emotions at the thought of Moscow. But Orwell could accept the orthodoxy of the Left no more than he had been able to accept the orthodoxy of Crossgates. He would risk his life fighting for the Loyalists in the Spanish Civil War, but he could not close his eyes to the fact that Soviet political soldiers sabotaged and betrayed the Loyalist cause. His passion for objective truth made blind partisanship impossible. He was on the side of the masses, but he was an individualist who never felt the need of becoming part of a greater whole, who could find no joy, as so many did, in marching in step or in wearing a shirt of the same color as those of all his fellows. He was an intellectual in the true sense of the word, who swore that the control of his pen should remain in his own hands; for he believed that political discipline and literary integrity are incompatible. He was a political writer, intent on making an art of his business, but he was determined to write "as an individual, an outsider, at the most an unwelcome guerrilla on the flank of a regular army."

There are no simple solutions for a man like George Orwell. He must continually judge every situation, every value, every political movement and maneuver, in its unique context of circumstances. He can never slip into easy infidelity to himself, never throw off the heavy burden of freedom. He can never be comfortable; far less can he be complacent. But out of his discomfort come books like *Burmese Days*, *Animal Farm*, and *1984*.

BEN RAY REDMAN

THE THEATER

We Have Been Here Before

There may still be a chance that *Sixteen Blocks on the Camino Real*, the latest and largest Tennessee Williams play, be whipped and rallied into major box-office business, but at the moment the prospects for this look neither safe nor too promising, and it is very possible that an ironic waste of time, talents, faith, and money is about to be effected at the National Theater.

As a matter of fact, a catalogue of ironies has attended this show from its first out-of-town rumor. If Mr. Williams had not published a long and absolutely misleading article in the *Sunday Times* just before his opening, his intrepid producers, Cheryl Crawford and Edith Reiner, would not now be in danger of losing their shirts, or their nylons, or what you will. And if Miss Crawford and Miss Reiner had not been so intrepid, there is no question that the play would now be at the start of a long, profitable off-Broadway run.

I'm afraid the crux of the trouble is Mr. Williams. He has allowed himself to be promoted as a "poetical" man, to whom genius and money just happen, and whose history and progress are a surprise even to himself. This is a dream-scheme and bound to boomerang; dream-schemes do. But it's when he deliberately tries to pull a lot of verbal wool between the eyes of his public and the facts of his plays that he comes off as his own best saboteur. He knows perfectly well what he has done with *Camino Real*: he has committed a surrealist play. And he knows perfectly well that the precise pattern for this play is Federico Garcia Lorca's *If Five Years Pass: A Legend of Our Time*. It happens that Mr. Williams and I were both reviewing this startling and wonderful "stage-poem" on the same night eight years ago at the Provincetown Playhouse, although this is an insignificant memorandum. What is important is that Lorca's experimental work has always, and quite honorably, I think, provided the spring for Mr. Williams' own. And since the Spanish poet is unquestionably one of the most provocative and useful lyric-dramatists of our time, it is difficult to understand why Mr. Williams should not be willing to pay homage where it is due.

It remains to be said that I do think the surrealist attack can amount to authentic and vital theater. It is true this attack does not depend upon a logical sequence of acted events on the stage, but rather upon an "association" and "accumulation" of ideas, symbols, and notions. People coming to see a "surrealist" play must be prepared to pay a conscious attention to the spectacle without the familiar clues of sustained characters, conflict, or suspense.

As the curtain rises, we are confronted with a scene to which there are many entrances and (unlike Sartre's plan of hell) one exit. The scene is announced as a plaza on a "Camino Real," a "royal road" in any Spanish-speaking state. The plaza is divided. Certain music and dialogue designate the portion to our right as a hotel for the rich and wicked; further music and dialogue appoint the portion on our left to the poor and lost. An immediate gun and two uniforms establish a police state. Another uniform, G. I. this time, defines a "Kilroy." Somewhat later in the reel, flowers and a blood-stained handkerchief will define a "Camille"; a letter and a portmanteau, a "Casanova"; a man with a limp will be "Byron"; an airplane named the "Fugitivo" will embark before our eyes; an incessant amount of Freudian business will support some incessant and, I think, not historic "gypsies"; and finally, a tall, tattered man will spend one minute explaining why he is "Don Quixote" and will bring down the last curtain.

From the first, it is apparent that not one of these figures knows why he is here—all are as if prisoners in a dream. And since the one exit from the place offers only a Bunyanesque landscape—a slough, not to mention a desert and a mountain of Despond, a dark of pitch—it is likely that all will remain prisoners forever. In the end, three of the figures will severally make their way out, while the rest will remain to repeat over and over again their small legends of sentimental love, sex, violence, torture, and death.

I suppose Mr. Williams' theme to be that for the innocent or the romantic in our ghoulish world, there is no chance for escape—there is only the chance for conscious action. And if the working out of this theme adds up to nightmare, it is authentic nightmare. It's twice too long, and the author's dreary emphasis on adolescent sex is frankly boring. But there is compassion at work here, too.

Nothing could be more astute and various than Hurd Hatfield's handling of the dual role of Byron and Quixote, while the virtuosity and interplay of Jo Van Fleet's Camille and Joseph Anthony's Casanova are wonderful to watch. And while the star's, Eli Wallach's, part of Kilroy ought to overshadow all the rest of the doings, Mr. Wallach again proves himself to be a good actor inside a play: he is progressively as small, big, loud, quiet, agonized, or triumphant as the role demands.

I do think there is an audience for the work, even an audience which would travel to Broadway to see it. After all, from the assorted varieties of *Helzapoppin* (T. S. Eliot's among them), to the shenanigans of Cocteau and Gertrude Stein, arrangements in anarchy have been seen on the big street before. And paid for. But it is time Mr. Williams admitted to having a conscious mind and a conscious purpose.

KAPPO PHELAN

The New "Met"

"Opera," Verdi once remarked in a moment of exasperation, "is a combination of music and agony." Some of us, sitting through the death scene of Mimi or the hour-long prancing of an amorous, overweight Siegfried, have tended to agree with the great Giuseppe.

But, as the Metropolitan Opera Company finishes its sixty-eighth season, we come to the happy conclusion that, here in New York at least, much of the agony has been taken out of the art of Wagner and Puccini, much added enjoyment substituted.

The present season is conceded to have been one of the most brilliant ever enjoyed by the Met. Not brilliant, perhaps, in the sense that opera is understood by readers of the tabloids. On opening night, for example, we failed to witness the spectacle of a "society" lady putting her feet on the table or attempting to drink champagne from her evening slipper. This season's first-night crowd behaved with remarkable decorum; the glitter seemed to have moved from the smoky foyer to the stage.

When the Metropolitan was first established in New York almost seven decades ago, its main task was to convince backers and the public that grand opera could compete with baseball and the Ziegfeld Follies as a form of entertainment. It did this by offering superb music, directed by such men as Toscanini, Busch, Walter, and Beecham, and sung by such stars as Caruso, Ponselle, Gigli, and Galli-Curci. It attracted the rich and became fashionable. The parterre boxes, filled with ladies in glittering jewels and furs, became the diamond horseshoe.

From being a success, the Met soon became a tradition. And that was where the danger lay, for the tradition developed a rigid type of presentation that placed more emphasis on style than on performance; meanwhile the audience often paid more attention to the boxes than to the stage.

This situation changed with the appointment of Rudolf Bing. Bing is a thin, shy man, a Viennese by birth, who directed the Berlin Civic Opera before the advent of Hitler. Later, he managed the Glyndebourne Opera Company in England, and it was he who was responsible for the Edinburgh Musical Festivals. Bing and his staff sharply disagree with Verdi's dictum that opera is a combination of music and agony. During his three years at the Met, Bing has tried to make opera a combination of music and enjoyment.

First, he decided to revamp the staging. Strange as it may seem, there had been no attempt to modernize or improve the *mise en scène* or the costuming of the Met's mainstays. "Put it up if it will stay up," had been the slogan of the stagehands. "Put it on if it will stay on," had been the motto

of the costume department. Now, at Bing's orders, costumes and scenery were redesigned by Rolf Gerard, Charles Elsin, and others. Lohengrin's cliff was made to look like a cliff rather than like a papier-mâché mountain. Carmen's dress was given a Marilyn Monroe décolleté.

Bing then took a further step. Risking accusations of heresy, he went to Broadway for stage managers. For *Don Carlos* and *Aida* he secured the services of Margaret Webster, a producer well known for her streamlining of Shakespeare. Alfred Lunt was given the delightful task of restaging *Così Fan Tutte*. Dino Yannopoulos did wonders for *Carmen* by having the soldiers lounge about in attitudes of flirtation, or sit around drinking, instead of remaining in the usual rigid military formation. The box office was swamped and the Met had to put out the "Standing Room Only" sign.

One day, the impresario announced that he intended to produce Strauss's frothy and melodious *Fledermaus*. "It's not even an opera," his assistants protested. "And it has dialogue in German. No one will understand." Bing agreed. "Why not translate it?" he asked in his quiet way. So Hollywood publicist Howard Dietz was called in, and with Garson Kanin worked out an English *Fledermaus*. It was a sell-out.

Bing wanted to engage Kirsten Flagstad to sing at his new Met. But the lady announced that she would never sing Wagner again. "How about Gluck's *Alceste*?" asked Bing. "Don't mind if I do," replied Madame Flagstad. But then a difficulty developed. *Alceste* was written in French and in Italian; Flagstad sang only in German and English. It was an operatic *impasse*. "Why don't you knock off a translation?" Bing suggested to John Gutman, his assistant. Gutman, a former music critic for *Melos*, knows opera inside out and also has a working knowledge of twelve languages. Over the weekend, he translated *Alceste*. Madame Flagstad sang it, and the audience loved it.

The English version of *Boris*, also done by John Gutman, is a highlight of the present season. Formerly, this Russian opera was given in English-speaking countries in an inferior Italian version. In its new English translation, with Moussorgsky's music shorn of the Rimsky-Korsakoff embellishments, and staged by Yannopoulos, *Boris* proved to be a smash hit.

Now the Met is taking to the road, and will make stops in Cleveland, Washington, Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis, Dallas, Houston, Oklahoma City, Des Moines, Minneapolis, Bloomington, Lafayette, and Rochester. In those cities, many Americans will be able to enjoy for the first time an understandable performance of *La Bohème* or *Boris Godunov*. In its way, this will be a modest tribute from Rudolf Bing, John Gutman, Dino Yannopoulos, and the others to the country of their adoption, and to the institution which they serve.

SERGE FLIEGERS

This excerpt is from "To Communism — Via Majority Vote," an address given by Admiral Moreell to the Annual Meeting of the American Petroleum Institute in Chicago. Copies of the full text are available upon request to Public Relations Department, Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation, Pittsburgh 30, Pa.



ADMIRAL BEN MOREELL

COMMUNISM IS AN IDEA

Communism is not an army, nor even a dictatorship. Communism is an idea. It is a belief that individual freedom, as a way of life, will not work; a belief that certain ordinary mortals, like you and me, who, mostly by fortuitous circumstance, happen to occupy the seats of government for a short time, are far more capable of running your life than you are. It is a fear that if we, the people, are left free to manage our own affairs, most of us will go hungry and be cold. It is a repudiation of the free market, where willing buyers and willing sellers voluntarily arrive at a figure agreeable to both.

It is a false thesis that employers and employes belong to different classes and are natural enemies. It is a process whereby some people use the power of government to make other people conform to their views and desires. It is a coerced debasement of the intelligence and integrity and dignity of the individual human being, who must bow in deference to the views of political masters.

* * * * *

We cannot imprison or shoot an idea. We can only study it and try to understand it. If the ideas we sponsor—knowingly or unknowingly—are communist ideas, democracy will be of little help. It is just as much a communist idea if the majority imposes it upon a minority in a democracy as it is if done in a dictatorship.

Now I know that those who disagree with me will say that this is a democracy and that we can vote

for anything we please; that, in fact, we can vote to turn all industry and all income over to the Government, if we so desire.

That is true; but consider this: it is also true that we could vote, by constitutional amendment, to re-establish slavery in America. Would that make slavery "right" or "democratic"? We could democratically vote to have a state religion and to force everyone to conform to the majority decision; but that would make a mockery of democracy and the right to vote. We can democratically vote to print enough money to give every person a million dollars; but would such exercise of our voting franchise help anyone except those who wish to destroy America?

All these measures, and others of a similar nature, could be enacted legally and democratically under the concept of majority rule. But would any person be so foolish as to say that they *should* be enacted? Will any thinking person say that a law is "right" merely because a majority voted for it?

We must always remember that our Constitution was designed to protect the freedom of the smallest possible minority—one person—against the demands of the greatest possible majority—all other persons combined.

That single idea of inalienable rights of the individual person is—or, at least, was—the fundamental spirit of the American tradition of government. And if we lose that concept of government, by force or by our own votes, the American dream of liberty will be ended. *And we will not be any the less communist merely because the majority favors it.*

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Ben Moreell".

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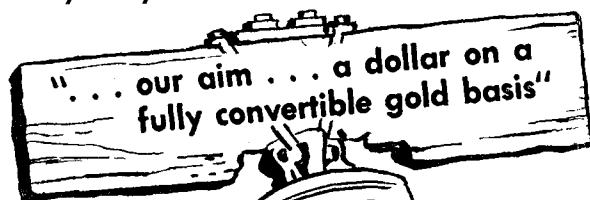
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