

THE
Freeman

APRIL 6, 1953

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Substitute for Foreign Aid

F. A. Hayek

What's Wrong with the "Voice"?

Julian Maxwell

Between Two Languages

Hans Natonek

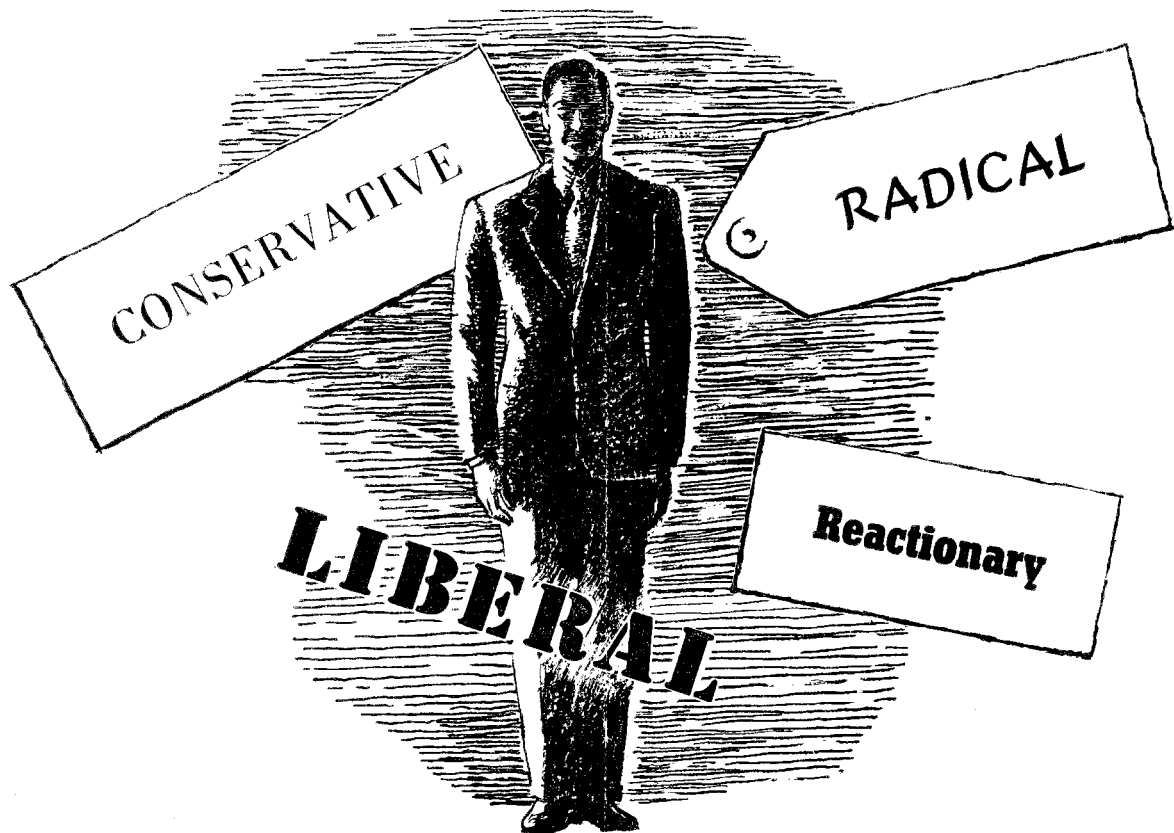
Breakthrough on the Color Front

Lee Nichols

Stalin's Testament

An Editorial

What do You call yourself?



In this age of labels, a man is often pressed for an answer to the question as to what he calls himself. For ourselves, we can answer no more exactly than we did in our first issue.

The *Freeman* will be at once radical, liberal, conservative, and reactionary. It will be radical because it will go to the root of questions. It will be liberal because it will stand for the maximum of individual liberty, for tolerance of all honest diversity of opinion, and for faith in the efficacy of solving our internal problems by discussion and reason rather than suppression and force. It will be conservative because it believes in conserving the great constructive achievements of the past. And it will be reactionary if that means reacting against ignorant and reckless efforts to destroy precisely what is most precious in our great economic, political, and cultural heritage in the name of alleged "progress."

That was our "label" on October 2, 1950. It remains so today.

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THE Freeman

A Fortnightly
For
Individualists

Editor HENRY HAZLITT
Managing Editor FLORENCE NORTON

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

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

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

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



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

Our Contributors

F. A. HAYEK, born in Vienna, had a distinguished career as an economist in Europe before coming to the University of Chicago as Professor of Social and Moral Science in 1950. His best-selling book, *The Road to Serfdom*, brought him national acclaim. His most recent publication is *John Stuart Mill and Harriet Taylor*. He is a frequent contributor to the *Freeman*.

LEE NICHOLS, an Associated Press correspondent attached to the Washington office, is currently at work on a book about race relations in the armed forces.

FRED DE ARMOND has written and lectured extensively, principally in the field of business. His books include *Executive Thinking and Action* and *The Laundry Industry*.

HANS NATONEK, a native of Germany who came to America in the thirties, is the author of *In Search of Myself* (Putnam's). He is at present residing in Tucson, Arizona.

WILLIAM MAC LEOD RAINE, former newspaperman in Seattle and Denver, is, together with Zane Grey, America's most popular writer of stories about the Wild West. He is now living in retirement in Denver, Colorado.

RUTH PICKERING (in private life, Mrs. Amos Pinchot) is a member of the publicity department of the National Y.W.C.A.

ROBERT CANTWELL, journalist and critic, is author of *The Land of Plenty* and *Nathaniel Hawthorne: The American Years*.

In Forthcoming Issues

A critique by the well-known economist, Wilhelm Roepke, of the coal and steel agreement between West Germany and France, and how it is related to the larger problem of European integration, has just reached us from Geneva and will appear in an early issue. Peter Schmid, former correspondent for the Zurich weekly, *Die Weltwoche*, has sent us a "Letter from Chile" in which he describes the influence of the important woman's movement on the political life of the country, with intimate sidelights on its leader, Maria de la Cruz. And from Mexico has come the first in a series of articles on Perón and Peronism by Eudocio Ravines, author of *The Yenan Way*.

FROM OUR READERS

Swiftian Diagnosis

Peter Kavanagh's diagnosis of "The American Disease" in the March 9 issue of the *Freeman* is excellent. Readers are anticipating more from his Swiftian pen.
Washington, D. C.

LOIS E. A. BYRNS

Battle on the Home Front

Thank you for the data given in your editorial, "Italy's Taxes and Ours" [issue of March 9]. To me they mean: Italy is favoring capitalism by favoring private capital, with the result that Italy will eventually be collecting MORE taxes. The United States is killing capitalism by drying up the sources of private capital, with the result that the United States will eventually be collecting LESS taxes.

So: our battle is on the home front, to make our economy more capitalistic. (With a gentle warning to Italy, et al., that, because we have been killing the goose that lays golden eggs, there may be no more eggs.) Or have I incorrectly learned after faithful, long study of Henry Hazlitt?

Denver, Colo.

LAWRENCE T. BROWN

Straddling the Fence?

Your editorial about the revived plan to elevate the F.S.A. to cabinet rank is a bit weak in proclaiming moral principles. You wonder about the predicaments of the Departments of Agriculture and Labor to arrive at the conclusion that what is needed is recognition of the extent to which public policy has fallen into private hands, despite the sage words of von Mises on that subject. To put it mildly, you have either missed the boat, or you are straddling a fence. Why not proclaim the truth: The "private hands" you mention are Socialist hands (or minds). With this verity as a foundation, is there any doubt on the course to pursue? To me it means one thing—eliminate the Socialist "trimming" and all departments dwindle to efficient sizes.

Health and welfare are not government responsibilities. That incentive despoiling fallacy is strictly from the Marxian plan of world economic disruption.
Washington, Ind.

A. G. BLAZEY, M.D.

Sister Kenny Again

This is an attempt to correct the misstatements which you made in a recent issue of the *Freeman* concerning Sister Elizabeth Kenny.

Sister Kenny added very little to the treatment and absolutely nothing to the understanding of poliomyelitis. . . . The Kenny treatment is a good way to assure maximum recovery and to avoid the side effects that can come from poor circulation and immobilization. However, long before Sister Kenny appeared on the scene, most doctors were not using prolonged immobilization. The tragedy of this situation is that Sister Kenny extended by theory and without proof views concerning the cause and pathology of poliomyelitis which do not conform with demonstrable proof. She also made extravagant claims for the efficacy for her form of physiotherapy. . . . The most that can be said for her treatment is that it overcame

the adverse effects of a previous form of management of the paralytic disease, but I know of no physicians who do not willingly and enthusiastically accept her suggestions when they are indicated in the aftercare of paralyzed muscles.

Los Angeles, Calif.

WALTER C. BOOTH, M.D.

Cinerama

Your article [on Cinerama] contains some very interesting and thoughtful ideas. In this period of considerable confusion in the motion picture area, I think it wise that we all throw our thoughts around. I trust your magazine readers have found your piece as stimulating as I did.

New York, N. Y.

BOSLEY CROWTHER

Congratulations on your very thorough article, "Cinerama—A Third Dimension."

Chicago, Ill.

WILLIAM SPANIER

A New Word for "Capitalism"

Some time ago some magazine asked suggestions for a word that could be substituted for "capitalism." The matter slipped my mind until reading the splendid article, "Let's Defend Capitalism," in the February 23 issue of the *Freeman*. It popped into my mind that the title of the article would best express Americanism if it read, "Let's Defend Productionism." . . . America's greatness is founded upon the productionism of her good earth in eternal partnership with the productionism of her free people. To produce is the basic principle of every phase and form of life. Life in whatever form it exists must produce, again produce and again produce, or die and become extinct. The will to produce and the freedom to exercise that will is the highest attribute of life and is the symbolism of productionism, which, in turn, is the highest exemplification of the Republicanism of our own free America.

I would be writing you after reading each issue of my *Freeman* and then would not express its great good, the factual information and the inspiration to body and mind to keep active and attuned to the things that make every American a better American.

Monrovia, Calif.

HERBERT E. HESS

Let me comment upon your editorial article in the February 23rd issue, "Let's Defend Capitalism." While I of course agree entirely with everything that you say in this article and feel very strongly about it, I think that the defense of the system or the way which you will define will have to be based upon some other word than "Capitalism."

If two or three generations of people even in this country have been brought up to a different understanding of the word "capitalism" than you and I have, it will be seemingly a thankless task to persuade them to a different point of view. In other words, we may need a new name or a new word for the subject as we have understood it.

New Canaan, Conn.

CHARLES H. WELLING

Because of the unusually large response we have had to the editorial "Let's Defend Capitalism," we have prepared a special pocket-size reprint, copies of which are now available at the following rates: single copy, 10¢; 50 copies, \$4.00; 100 copies, \$7.00; 1000 copies, \$60.00.

THE EDITORS

THE Freeman

MONDAY, APRIL 6, 1953

The Fortnight

Wholly apart from whatever evidence or lack of it there may be for the accusations that several senators have made against Charles E. Bohlen, President Eisenhower's action in naming him as our new ambassador to Moscow was a mistake. It was a mistake because of what the appointment will symbolize at home and abroad. Bohlen was intimately associated with the Acheson-Truman foreign policy. He was President Roosevelt's personal interpreter at the Yalta Conference. He still defends Yalta. He can not see the immorality of Roosevelt's participation in secret agreements that bargained away the territory and liberty of other peoples. He seems indifferent to the contemptuous disregard of our prescribed constitutional treaty processes that Yalta involved. His appointment, therefore, will be interpreted as an endorsement of Yalta by the Eisenhower Administration. This is precisely the opposite of the repudiation advocated by the Republican platform and by Mr. Eisenhower himself in his State of the Union speech. The Bohlen appointment will be interpreted, therefore, as a sign of vacillation on the President's part, and as a continuation of the policy of appeasing Russian Communism.

Governor Dewey has shown great political courage in insisting that New York City transfer its subways to a new transit authority, which would be required to operate them without a deficit. But in our judgment the problem will never be properly settled until the city returns the subways to private ownership and management. We Americans are supposed to be against socialism; but most of us have been more against the name than the fact. For years the TVA was sacrosanct. It was considered blasphemous not only to criticize it, but even to point out that it was socialistic. Yet the very definition of socialism is public ownership and management of the means of production. Municipal socialism has been more popular here than federal socialism; but it has also been considered scurrilous to call it by that name. The New York subways provide a classic example of what happens under socialism. In spite of a ten-cent fare, they are losing

\$50,000,000 a year. They are parasitic, in other words, on private business. And instead of any effort to cure the deficit, New York City officials support the theory that subway rides should be paid for not by the riders but by the non-riders.

Elsewhere in this issue we publish an article on what is wrong with the Voice of America. There are now reports that the present Voice will be discontinued at the end of June. The request in the Truman budget for \$48,500,000 for the Voice for the fiscal year starting July 1 has been withdrawn. But before Washington creates a new Voice, as it apparently plans to do, it ought to take a new look at the theory on which it wishes to operate. We doubt that the Voice has had any effect, remotely comparable with the sums spent on it, on opinion behind the Iron Curtain. And its effect on our allies or wished-for allies abroad has often been the opposite of that originally planned. It has now been learned that Chester Bowles, our retiring ambassador to India, urged the Voice to "refrain from undue emphasis on anti-Communist propaganda." Mr. Bowles's idea of an "effective" Voice, apparently, is one that refrains from doing the very thing it was created to do.

There is, in fact, a basic dilemma about the Voice which we have not yet had the clarity and courage to face frankly. This is that any effective propaganda against Communism must involve a defense and an explanation of the positive merits of its opposite—free enterprise. But there are very few government officials who understand the merits of free enterprise and how to explain them. Even if there were, and if they got jobs on the new Voice, it is doubtful that they would be given the freedom to explain these merits even to American listeners. Too many other officials, and too many congressmen, are controlists and statisticians. Would the Voice of America be allowed to explain, for example, what is wrong with farm price supports from the standpoint of the philosophy of economic freedom?

And such heresy would not be permitted on the Voice's foreign broadcasts even for a moment. Most

of our allies have socialistic governments, who have already let us know that they do not take kindly to defenses of capitalism, and will certainly not tolerate criticisms of socialism. And when the Voice gets to "neutralist" governments like that of Nehru in India, we are given to understand by our own ambassadors there that we must soft-pedal even anti-Communist propaganda.

March 17 this year marked something more than the feast day of Saint Patrick. On that day price controls, which had gone into effect January 26, 1951, were completely abolished. There was no sudden uprush of prices. There were no anguished cries, even from the extreme Left, that inflation had been unloosed. On the contrary, key prices have been falling all during the weeks that the OPS has been removing price controls. The anguished cries now have all been in favor of government price supports. The pressure groups are demanding still more government buying, in spite of the official estimate that the Secretary of Agriculture's decision to continue support of dairy products at 90 per cent of "parity" may cost the government about \$100,000,000 in the year starting April 1. There is no satisfying the controlists. In their eyes the free market can never do the right thing. Prices are either too high or too low. They are either too high for consumers or too low for producers—or both at the same time.

Note on freedom of speech: The play reviewer of the Hartford (Conn.) *Courant* was barred from seeing Clifford Odets's "The Country Girl," even though he had a ticket purchased by the newspaper. An attorney for the theater explained that the reviewer was barred "in the interests of good theatre. He has been unsympathetic and without understanding in his approach toward new plays and tryouts."

A distinguished foreign visitor who deserves more than a perfunctory welcome is Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, of the German Federal Republic. With amazing vitality and determination, this elderly statesman has been fighting a very difficult two-front struggle for a goal which is a common interest of Americans and Europeans: close military, political, economic, cultural, and spiritual association of the civilized nations of western Europe. Adenauer has had to fight on the one hand against apathy and lethargy among his countrymen, on the other against hangovers of early occupation psychology which have delayed the acceptance of West Germany into full partnership in the European and international community. Of all Europe's postwar leaders, Adenauer has been the most clear-sighted as to the reality of the imperialist and Communist threat. Should he fail, Germany, Europe, and the United States would all be the losers. He deserves not only a warm welcome, but consistent American diplomatic support.

Britain recognizes the Chinese Communists as a government. It views American efforts to press the Peiping Reds, such as releasing the Chinese Government on Formosa for raids on the mainland, with condescending alarm. Recognition has brought the United Kingdom nothing but the contempt of the Chinese Communists. This was once again illustrated when the Countess of Limerick, vice chairman of the British Red Cross, tried to make the Peiping crowd accept relief packages for British and other Allied prisoners of war. Lady Limerick said in Seoul: "We've asked them. We've even begged them. But they just ignore us. When we bring up the subject, they pretend they don't understand English. Of course, they understand." Continuing to recognize a regime of international law-breakers, the British Government has placed itself in the position of an eager suitor and spineless suppliant. "We've even begged them" puts it with devastating accuracy.

All is not dull and gloomy in the funeral ceremonies of Red dictators. There are flashes of irrepressible unconscious humor, as when Lavrenti Beria, chief of the political police, announced that the government recognized as a "holy duty" the maintenance of "Soviet civil liberties." There is the occasional misprint, by accident or design, as when an East German Communist newspaper hailed Stalin as "the great fighter for the preserving and consolidation of *war* in the world." There was a similar case of telling the truth by misprint once in an English-language newspaper, the *Moscow Daily News*, which published a headline about "Appalling Conditions of Forced Labor in Siberia." The next day there was a shamefaced correction to the effect that Liberia had been meant. Finally, there is the whispered contraband "anecdote" that passes around amid all the official mourning. One such anecdote at the time of Lenin's death represented burglars as ransacking an apartment and leaving behind a note: "Lenin is dead, but we are carrying on his work."

It is a genuine score for internationalism that an Italian pitcher with the impressive name of Giulio Cesare Glorioso (Julius Caesar The Glorious) is to receive a tryout with the Cleveland Indians, of the American League. For baseball is the most nationalist of American sports. The annual "World's Series" can be considered a harmless bit of American chauvinism, as no foreign competitors ever appear. Baseball is popular in Canada, Mexico and some other Latin American countries. But the only overseas country where the sport has won many followers is Japan. Maybe the appearance of Julius Caesar the Glorious on the American baseball horizon marks the beginning of a new era. American fans will watch with interest to see whether he can report "veni, vidi, vici" after his tryout in the big leagues.

Stalin's Testament

Political testaments are sometimes of dubious authenticity. The alleged will of Peter the Great, outlining a future design of Russian expansion and conquest, is questionable. So is the so-called Tanaka Memorial, which was supposed to be a blueprint for Japan's forward movement in Asia.

But there is an indisputable foreign affairs program of Joseph Stalin, drawn up more than thirty years ago, which was faithfully executed by the Soviet dictator during his lifetime and which seems likely to be a testament for his political heirs. Stalin published in the Communist Party organ, *Pravda*, of August 23, 1921, the following directions for Soviet foreign policy:

The tasks of the Party in foreign policy are: (1) to utilize every contradiction and conflict among the surrounding capitalist groups and governments for the purpose of disintegrating imperialism; (2) to spare no pains or means to render assistance to the proletarian revolutions in the West; (3) to take all necessary measures to strengthen the national revolutionary movement in the East; (4) to strengthen the Red Army.

This statement in 1921, when the Soviet government was still struggling with the destruction, chaos, and famine that were the results of years of revolution and civil war, is an uncannily accurate preview of the foreign policy to which the industrialized, militarized Soviet Union of today is committed. These four promises are among the very few which Stalin has kept. They constitute a legacy which his successors are not likely to disregard.

No statesman in history has been shrewder and more unscrupulous in exploiting the "contradictions and conflicts" among his opponents and his prospective victims. In the far-off days of the late war a legend about Stalin gained currency in Washington and London. The Soviet dictator was given a rating of 100 per cent in keeping his word. "Uncle Joe" was a plain, blunt man, a hard bargainer, a little rough and crotchety; but his word, once given, was as good as his bond.

This legend was based on pitiful ignorance of Stalin's personality and record. The ousting and ultimate liquidation of his six principal associates at the time of Lenin's death was not the work of a plain blunt man. It was a masterpiece of intrigue. Had Machiavelli lived four centuries later, he might have taken Stalin, not Cesare Borgia as the model for his "prince."

Two characteristic bits of Stalin's diplomatic handiwork were his pact with Hitler, in August, 1939, and his entrance into war with a completely defeated Japan six years later, in August, 1945. In each case the wily dictator set the stage for big territorial gains at minimum expenditure of blood and treasure.

In the first case Stalin played off Hitler, on one side, against Chamberlain and Daladier, on the other, until he obtained the most favorable possible bid from the Nazi dictator. Sure of being able to annex some 25,000,000 new subjects—Poles, Ukrainians, Latvians, Lithuanians, Estonians, and Finns—Stalin complacently sat back with the pleasing prospect of watching Great Britain and France, Germany and Italy tear each other to pieces and seeing the Soviet Union become, by default, the one strong power in Europe.

It is true that the swift collapse of France upset Stalin's calculation and forced him, in the end, to fight hard for his life against the German attack. But as a piece of cynical opportunism his performance on the eve of the war could scarcely have been improved. This may also be said of his ability, during the war, to play on the differences between Roosevelt and Churchill, tickling Roosevelt's vanity and exciting Churchill's jealousy until the two Western leaders were prepared to confirm all the spoils of his earlier deal with Hitler.

There is nothing in Stalin's record to support the legend of the man whose word could always be relied on. The Soviet government took the first opportunity to break the treaties of non-aggression and neutrality which it had concluded with Poland, Finland, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania.

The Soviet government partitioned Poland with Nazi Germany in September, 1939 (seeing to it that Germany did all the hard fighting) and Prime Minister Molotov announced that the Polish state had ceased to exist. After Hitler's invasion of the Soviet Union, Stalin concluded an alliance with the Polish government-in-exile. But, with breathtaking cynicism, he used the discovery of one of his own major war crimes, the massacre of some 15,000 Polish officer prisoners in the Katyn Forest and elsewhere, and the Polish demand for an International Red Cross investigation, as an excuse for breaking off relations with the Polish government and creating a puppet government of his own.

The ignoring of the Yalta pledge of "free unfettered elections" in Poland, and of the Potsdam pledges that Germany would be treated as an economic unit and that democratic parties would be encouraged, are on the historical record. A close study of this record would unquestionably show that Stalin broke far more international engagements than he kept. But the four promises of 1921 have been kept—all too faithfully. One of Stalin's last important public declarations was a blueprint for stirring up dissension between the United States, on one side, and Great Britain, France, Germany, and Japan, on the other.

The first injunction—to utilize every contradic-

tion and conflict in the non-Communist world—has been observed on every possible opportunity. “Assistance to the proletarian revolutions in the West” has been rendered by virtually sovietizing the countries which are within the grasp of the Red Army and keeping up active fifth columns in those which are not, notably in France and Italy. The “national revolutionary movement in the East” has not been forgotten, as Red China, the wars in Korea and Indo-China, and guerrilla movements in Malaya, Burma, and the Philippines testify. And “the strengthening of the Red Army” has advanced to a point where its shadow lies heavily over the entire world, not excluding North America.

When a dictator does precisely what he said he would do, and over a period of thirty years, it is a fair assumption that he is following a carefully thought out plan of action. In this one case Stalin may be considered to have been a man of his word. He set a course which the Soviet government, whoever may be leading it, is likely to follow as long as one can foresee.

Kowtowing to Malenkov

All a Soviet dictator has to do is use the word “peaceful,” and the wishful thinkers fall all over themselves with delight. Stalin’s successor Georgi Malenkov got up before his phony parliament, the Supreme Soviet, talked to the hand-picked “representatives of the people” before him—and the world hung on his lips.

Since then, foreign offices have been buzzing with speculation of what Malenkov’s supposedly conciliatory words may mean. In a speech about reorganizing the Soviet regime, he spoke two sentences.

At the present time there is no controversial outstanding problem which could not be solved in a peaceful way, on the basis of mutual agreement among the countries concerned. This refers to relations with all states, including our relations with the United States.

The censor-gagged American correspondents in Moscow chose to pretend that diplomats in the Soviet capital were mightily impressed with Malenkov’s supposedly sweet words. If so, they all deserve to be recalled and sacked for incompetence. Harrison E. Salisbury of the *New York Times* led the pack, saying first that “Western observers” considered it the “strongest statement on the question of peace between Russia and the United States that has been made in recent times by the chief of the Soviet state.” Then, for good measure, he added: “The Premier’s statement caused a major stir among Moscow diplomats. A number of diplomats characterized the statement as an open invitation to the United States to enter into diplomatic negotiations to solve the conflicts between the two countries.”

Of course, Malenkov offered no “open invitation.” He was merely trying to lull the world into giving him time to consolidate his Kremlin position, carry out purges at home and in the Communist parties abroad, and generally entrench himself.

What the man really believes can be read in his five-hour speech at last November’s Nineteenth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party. He said that, since the war, “a new center of reaction and aggression has taken shape in the capitalist world,” and “its embodiment is the United States, from which now emanates the chief menace to the peace, freedom, and national independence of the peoples.”

This hate-mongering is the policy behind the shooting-down of our planes, the killing of our boys in Korea, the blood-letting of our nation’s wealth for armament, the Soviet refusal to leave Austria, the continued occupation of East Germany, and the terrorist control over eastern Europe. Vishinsky and Gromyko, at the United Nations, have made it clear that Malenkov’s Moscow does not want an end of the war in Korea.

The indignity of anticipatory sighs among so-called statesmen merely illustrates a new low point of world morality.

N.L.R.B. Usurpation

Experience of the past twenty years—the period of the rise and dominance of big government in the United States—discloses how influential a part administrative agencies and administrative law have played in this development. This was the period of the proliferation of boards and agencies, arms of the executive branch of the government, charged with interpreting and enforcing a bewildering succession of laws and executive orders, in time of peace as well as war.

Most of these agencies, permanent and temporary, ran amok and substituted their judgment and beliefs for the views and intent of Congress. The clear and simple language of a statute proved in practice a woefully inadequate safeguard against the wilfulness of men who were bent on using their authority to remake the country in their own image. Reports and recommendations of expert committees and even changes in the law which were designed to curb the power of administrative bodies hardly affected their behavior.

Agencies like the National Labor Relations Board consequently continue to make rulings which, by any sensible standard, are capricious, arbitrary, and destructive of the rights of American citizens. Such a ruling is a recent decision by the N.L.R.B. in a dispute between the A.F.L. Brick and Clay Workers Union and the United Clay Mines Corporation of Gleason, Tennessee. The issue in this case was whether or not the company was bargaining in good faith. The majority of the board—

Messrs. Houston, Styles and Peterson—held that it was not.

The reason for this finding is that, in the majority's opinion, the employer had made too few concessions or, in other words, had driven too hard a bargain with the union. The decision says that the employer "must have known that the union could never sign a contract in which [he] granted the employees nothing of importance, while taking from them their sole recourse in a dispute, the right to strike." And again: "On this record, we are convinced, and find, that the [employer] was never motivated by a sincere desire to reach agreement with the union."

Looking at the same record, the minority members of the board—Messrs. Herzog and Murdock—found just the opposite. It was not the employer, they say, "but the union which first proposed the blanket no-strike clause." The company's reluctance to grant benefits was "in large measure the result of its adverse economic fortunes at that time. During the summer of 1949, the company sales were down 40 per cent and it was operating at a loss. A wage decrease was contemplated. . . . The layoff of ten employees . . . out of a working force of about forty-six was believed necessary." The firm's conduct in regard to these economy measures, they continue, "gives direct evidence of its good faith. In spite of its business slump the [company] decided to forego the wage decrease" in order not to embarrass the union. When, also, the union objected to the inclusion on the layoff list of some of its most active members, the employer revised the list "to meet the union's complaint." The minority was convinced, it said, that the employer "desired to make some contract with the union and that he had bargained toward that end."

The significance of this decision is not the divergence of views between the minority and majority members of the board, striking as their opposing views are. It lies in what an administrative agency, like the N.L.R.B., undertakes to regulate and decide. In this case (and there have been and will be many cases of the same kind), the board is really determining what concessions an employer, or for that matter a union, ought to make during the process of bargaining. It ought to be clear that this is none of the board's business, and there is nothing in the law that makes it such.

But these boards, in their determination to assert themselves, reach out for still greater authority. What they would really like to do is to write the agreements themselves, and thus achieve the compulsory arbitration to which they profess to be unalterably opposed. All of this comes with peculiar ill grace from officials and agencies which are criticizing the Taft-Hartley Act for bringing too much government into labor relations, when, in fact, the effective impetus to widening government intervention comes from the principles and practices of the boards themselves.

The Lattimore Line

A campaign is under way, especially in academic circles, to build up Owen Lattimore as the guiltless martyred scholar, rudely routed out of his ivory tower by vindictive, publicity-hunting politicians, acting at the behest of that mysterious dragon, the so-called China Lobby. Mr. Lattimore himself has done his best to contribute to this build-up.

In his *Ordeal by Slander*, which indulges in quite a little slandering of persons with whom the author disagrees, the author suggests that he has "always written as a social scientist and not as a propagandist or polemicist." More than that, Lattimore tries to pass himself off as an anti-Communist who assumes that "American policy must aim at limiting the spread of Communism."

But before one accepts this stereotype and enters Lattimore as a candidate for canonization, a look at his consistent political line, as revealed in his own writings, seems advisable. Here is Lattimore, writing to his colleague in the Institute of Pacific Relations, Edward Carter, on July 10, 1938:

"I think that you are pretty cagey in turning over so much of the China section of the inquiry to Asiaticus, Han Seng, and Chi . . . [Asiaticus was the pseudonym of a German Communist named Hans Mueller: Han Seng and Chi were Chinese of strong Communist sympathies.] They will bring out the absolutely essential radical aspects, but can be depended on to do it with the right touch. . . . For China my hunch is that it will pay to keep behind the official Chinese Communist position, far enough not to be covered by the same label, but enough ahead of the active Chinese liberals to be noticeable."

Is this the language of objective scholarship? Or of propaganda designed to create an impression favorable to the Communist movement in China? Lattimore's "anti-Communist" record is surely one of the strangest imaginable. As editor of *Pacific Affairs* he kept out contributions distasteful to the Soviet organization which was loosely affiliated with the international Institute of Pacific Affairs, expressed belief in the validity of the purge trials, and reviewed enthusiastically a book by such a Communist sympathizer as Anna Louise Strong.

Lattimore went with Vice President Wallace, John Carter Vincent, and John Hazard to Magadan and the Kolyma gold fields—one of the most notorious slave labor centers—in 1944. He published an article in the *National Geographic Magazine*, 1944, in which he does not hint that anyone was in Kolyma against his will, describes Dalstroi, the slave labor organization, as "a combination Hudson's Bay Company and TVA," and credits one Kikishov, the Simon Legree of the place, with "sensitive interest in art and music and a deep sense of civic responsibility."

The spirit of his book, *Solution in Asia*, pub-

lished by Little, Brown and Company in 1945, is indicated by this brief excerpt from the publisher's notice: "He shows that all the Asiatic peoples are more interested in actual democratic practices, *such as the ones they can see in action across the Russian border*, than they are in the fine theories of the Anglo-Saxon imperialists, which come coupled with ruthless imperialism." (Italics supplied.)

In this book Lattimore called for the deposition of the Japanese Emperor. Later he served as an influential member of the Pauley mission to Japan, which produced a kind of Morgenthau Plan for de-industrializing Japan, which was fortunately not put into practice. If there were two things which would have promoted Communism in Japan after the war, these were surely the elimination of the Emperor and the destruction of Japan's ability to earn its national livelihood.

Finally, Lattimore has repeatedly and consistently opposed American aid to the forces in East Asia which are fighting Communism, to the Chinese Nationalists, the South Koreans, and the anti-Communist Vietnamese.

It would be improper to prejudge an issue that is now before the court: whether Lattimore committed perjury in his testimony before the Senate Internal Security Committee. But on his own published record Lattimore in the dual pose of objective scholar and anti-Communist is a myth for the very, very gullible.

Hawaii and the Senate

The vote of 274 to 138 in the House in favor of Hawaiian statehood does not necessarily mean that a forty-ninth star will shortly spangle the blue field in Old Glory. For the Senate is still an extremely formidable stumbling block.

Nearly six years ago, on June 30, 1947, the House of Representatives first voted to make Hawaii a state, approving the Farrington Bill by a division of 197 to 133. But in the Senate of the Eightieth Congress the bill never even got out of Committee.

In the Eighty-first Congress, on March 7, 1950, the House again approved Hawaiian statehood, by the overwhelming majority of 262 to 110. But again the measure died without reaching the Senate floor. In the Eighty-second Congress, when prospects for success seemed to the Hawaiians as bright as they do today, the Senate a year ago for the third time proved recalcitrant.

The obvious reason for this pronounced difference in attitude is that Hawaiian statehood would affect the upper much more than the lower Chamber. While Hawaii as a state would send two Representatives as well as two Senators to Congress, this delegation would comprise over 2 per cent of the Senate, as compared with less than half of 1

per cent of the House. So it is logical that the Senate should give the statehood proposal closer and more exacting scrutiny.

There is, however, more than an arithmetical basis to the stiff opposition that Hawaiian statehood will meet in the Senate of the Eighty-third Congress, as of preceding Congresses. In No. 63 of the Federalist Papers, authorship of which is attributed both to Madison and to Hamilton, the Senate is analyzed as an institution that "will blend stability with liberty." And many individual Senators still feel a deep sense of personal responsibility for maintaining the original character of our Federal Republic.

Only about one fifth of the population of Hawaii is of white ancestry. It is very unlikely that this small minority would remain politically dominant if the Pacific archipelago is integrated with the continental states. Senators and Congressmen of Japanese, Polynesian, Filipino, or Chinese origin are to be expected and, if our praise of democracy is sincere, should be desired. Such representation, however, would tend to encourage racial voting in the present forty-eight states.

Like all subjects that stir the emotions rather than the intelligence this aspect of the case for Hawaiian statehood is soft-pedaled. But it explains why the Southern Democrats, almost to a man, will oppose the measure if and when it reaches the Senate floor. Some of the favorable votes cast in the House, moreover, will be so only because of the expectation that the Senate will block the bill this year, as it has done three times before. Nor will Democratic opposition be lessened because the first Hawaiian Senators and Congressmen would, to a certainty, wear the Republican label and strengthen that party in the 1954 elections.

President Eisenhower and the Republican platform are alike emphatically in favor of Hawaiian statehood. So also was President Truman and the last Democratic platform, though this would have given the same advantages to Alaska, which would be expected to return an offsetting Democratic Congressional delegation.

The southern Senators, however, are under no obligation to the Administration. It is, if anything, the other way round. And the issue of Hawaiian statehood assumes additional import because of the indication that on it the South will break with Eisenhower, using the same Fabian tactics against him that proved so exasperating, on so-called "civil rights," to Truman.

As the clash develops, many will say the southern attitude is obscurantist. But the case is not that simple. It is statehood and not home rule for Hawaii that Senators Byrd and Russell will oppose. If the project were to give Hawaii quasi-independence—akin to the Commonwealth status already granted Puerto Rico—the South would be for it. The opposition is only to the proposal for making the Federal Union more racially heterogeneous.

What's Wrong with the "Voice"?

By JULIAN MAXWELL

This intimate and revealing report shows how blunderers and departmental despots as well as subversives sabotage our foreign propaganda.

The inquiry into the Voice of America has become a matter of major concern to the American people; the Senate Investigating Subcommittee under Senator Joseph R. McCarthy has uncovered strange and even lurid tales of the goings-on behind its high walls both in New York and in Washington. Actually the problem is far more complex than appears in the headlines, and a little thoughtful study at this point won't impede either the subcommittee or the headline writers.

Though the Voice speaks to an audience of three hundred million people around the globe, though its every murmur reflects and interprets our way of life and our battle against Communism, most Americans never hear it. Obviously the main job of the Voice is to direct its broadcasts not to Americans but to our allies and to peoples behind the Iron Curtain. But when interested Americans have tried to find out what the Voice is doing and saying, they have been blocked. Many officials have been strangely reluctant to expose scripts to public scrutiny, and some very curious scripts have got by. Early in 1951 a script for France was banned by the State Department from re-broadcast over a national television network on the ground it might offend American ears. A standing directive still remains forbidding the reading of any broadcast material into the Congressional Record.

Perhaps the problem facing the new Administration at the Voice can best be defined as a sort of "ostrichism" among personnel. The average employee has his head so buried in rules, regulations, and red tape that he rarely knows what is going on outside his own section. This "head-in-the-sand" attitude prevails clear up to the department heads in Washington.

It is no news that officials at the top of the Voice are in very remote touch with its ground level functions. Dr. Wilson Compton, the former administrator, was hardly ever seen around the New York offices. Another top executive, in the New York broadcasting section, is always in his office, but his presence doesn't seem to help his knowledge of current affairs very much. One day recently, he and several department chiefs held a long policy session on the "line" to take in connection with the expected removal of Gerhardt Eisler as Propaganda Chief of East Germany. After the session ended, our executive turned to an assistant at the door and

asked: "By the way, who is this Eisler fellow, anyway?"

Ostrichism runs rampant in relations between the Central Service chiefs—the Ideological Advisory, the Drama and News Features, the Operations Intelligence units, and the chiefs of the forty-six language desks. At a recent Senate hearing when Reid Harris, Assistant Administrator at the Voice, presented a number of scripts to prove that the department was against anti-Semitism, the fact (which Harris may not have known) was that only two of the language desks had bothered to use the scripts over the air. And this was not an unusual case. The general policy of the French desk for years has been to use no scripts from the central services; other desks have followed similar policies. The attitude has been: "What does the State Department know about psychological warfare?" Over the past six years the desk chiefs may well have had something there! Our foreign policy during that period would have won few awards for clarity and singleness of purpose.

Little Kingdoms

With no proper or unified direction from the top, each desk becomes a little kingdom, with its own "national" customs and beliefs, its own codes of ethics and its own private interpretation of foreign policy. The chief becomes, in effect, a petty despot. When he is a competent and reasonable individual, it is a "benevolent" despotism, and liaison and scripts are good. When he is incompetent or irresponsible, the psychological program in his section soon deteriorates into a system of propaganda dominated by personal idiosyncrasy. And if this deterioration occurs on enough desks, America's message to the world becomes nothing but a modern tower of Babel.

Perhaps the most notorious "kingdom" at the Voice is the French desk. Ruled over generally by incompetent, cynical men who cared little for America, it has become a symbol of the corruption and destructiveness that can invade an operation when left to itself. The chiefs of the desk have come from all walks of life. One was the former head of a moving company in Paris, another was an Italian vaudeville actor, and a third a former orchestra conductor for the Ballet Russe. None had journal-

istic experience or any basic training in the techniques of psychological warfare.

These men, without any interference from above, gathered around them a corps of employees of similar stamp: French nationals indifferent to America who admitted they were working only "for the money"; pro-Communist holdovers from the wartime Office of War Information; and former American expatriates who found *Weltschmerz* on the left bank and rushed to get jobs at the Voice when their novels didn't publish. Together they loafed and slothed their way through broadcast scripts, many of which would make the average American's hair stand on end. There was the time in September, 1952, when a voice commentator went on the air with a script about women who work in Wall Street. It was apparently a harmless bit of journalistic fluff. However, the lead sentence described the famed financier's row as a *galère*, or slave ship, freely translated by the standard French dictionary as "a hell on earth." Other broadcast scripts have dealt with such unlikely topics as the weakness of American women from dieting, the "alarming" Negro problem in the United States, the "barbaric" Texans, and the debaucheries of "millionaire playboys" who live on New York's Fifth Avenue.

Naturally, these are extreme examples, and I have no desire here to single out the French desk as the *cause célèbre*. The same attitudes and script failures exist on numerous other desks. Efforts to bring the situation to the attention of the higher-ups themselves get nowhere, as is evidenced by the reply one official made recently when he was asked if it were possible to check all the broadcast material for policy errors. "Of course," he said brightly, "but who wants to read 350,000 words a day?"

Hiring System

Another source of serious trouble at the Voice is its hiring system. I know at least one individual who was completely defeated by the rigmarole before he even got into the operation. He was a young writer of promise who wanted to contribute his talents to making the world safe from Communism. He applied for a job at the Voice and filled out an application form, probably the longest application form in existence, and was told he would be called for an interview. When the call finally came and he arrived for the interview, he was informed his application had been lost. Would he fill out another one? One week later, he arrived for his second interview and was told that his second application had also been lost. The interview was postponed indefinitely. He called up several times during the next three months and each time was told they were "looking for" his application. At last, four months after his original application had been filled out, an official told him exuberantly:

"We know which building it's in!" (The Voice occupies five buildings in New York.) But it was too late. Our hero never called again.

There seems to be no real check on competence and job qualifications. Because of this, most sections of the Voice are badly overstaffed with inefficient people. The desk chiefs have "beefed up" their operations to such an extent that the practice has become a standing joke. A \$9,000-a-year man complained bitterly whenever he had to put in more than one working day per week. It meant losing time from the successful textile business he was running on the side. Then there is the classic story of the Indonesian sailor who jumped ship and, because Indonesians are hard to find in New York, was put to work at the Voice. The first day he was on the job he was asked to translate a script telling how General Motors turned out three million vehicles a year. He didn't understand the meaning of the word "vehicle," and he asked his superior to define it more clearly. He was told it was practically anything on wheels—a truck, a railroad car, or even a bicycle. Shortly before broadcast time, it was discovered the sailor had translated the script to read: "General Motors produces three million bicycles a year!"

The Price of Errors

The serious side of these stories is that waste and inefficiency in Government agencies literally take money out of the taxpayers' pockets. However, in the Voice of America there is an even more deadly effect from these practices. When a translator makes an error, or when an official makes a mistake in judgment in the setting up of a million-dollar radio station, it strikes a direct blow at the United States in the cold war. If the broadcasts don't get through, if the picture of this nation abroad is distorted, then the future not only of every one of us but also of countless millions behind the Iron Curtain is jeopardized.

Fortunately not all the people at the Voice live in the shadow of the ostrich. There are at the Voice professional men and women completely dedicated to the ideals of the nation and thoroughly schooled in the intricacies of psychological warfare. One of them is Bertram Wolfe, author of *Three Who Made a Revolution* (the story of Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin) and an expert on Russian political history. Wolfe always advocated a tough, aggressive policy toward the Kremlin and because of this he says: "I never expected to be hired by the Voice." However, by January, 1951, the Red handwriting was on the wall (even in the State Department) and Wolfe, much to his surprise, was called in. He planned a campaign to condemn Russia for the murder of fifteen thousand Poles in the Katyn Forest—it was almost a year before Congress got around to investigating it—and began gathering material for an all-out effort to tell the

world about Soviet slave labor camps. At first, he met opposition. But gradually his views began to win through. Today, in the publicity releases of the Voice, his Katyn broadcasting offensive is listed as one of the outstanding campaigns against Communism.

Alexander Barmine, Chief of the Russian desk, is another professional. He learned about Russia from the inside as a Red Army General and an acquaintance of Stalin. For years he fought for permission to broadcast little-known details about Stalin's poor health. However, the State Department in Washington continually turned thumbs down on the idea. At one point he became so disturbed at the muddleheaded visionaries who sent him his orders that he charged "sabotage" was at work. Actually, many other conscientious employees at the Voice have felt like making this charge, though they weren't as outspoken as Barmine. Things had an uncanny way of going wrong just when it was most important that they should have gone right. The broadcasts in Hebrew to Israel were canceled, for example, just when the Soviets began their anti-Semitic campaign behind the Iron Curtain.

Subversive Elements

In themselves these incidents are piddling. Taken separately they can, by bureaucratic gobbledegook, easily be explained away. But taken together, they assume the proportions of a gigantic plot. Whether there is a real Communist conspiracy at the Voice we are not in a position to say. That subversive elements exist, however, there is no doubt. The infiltration began under the old Office of War Information during World War Two. Communists and fellow-travelers joined the information sections in droves so they could tell the world about the "heroic" Soviet army and the "great" Stalin. Many of them were weeded out after the war, but some of these Soviet sympathizers still hold key jobs at the Voice. Working insidiously they encourage cynicism and waste, and sometimes have a deciding influence on policy decisions. Their influence, increased by the ostrichism and indifference at the Voice, operates as a sort of occupational uremia, restricting circulation and allowing gangrenous elements to fester and grow.

Whether the new Administration can cure the disease remains an open question. A recent special Citizens' Advisory Committee which investigated the Voice has recommended that the only cure is to kill the patient, to abolish the department and set up an entirely new Bureau of Psychological Warfare whose chief would hold cabinet rank. But the problem does not so much lie in the agency as in the people who work there. Clearly, a general reorganization is called for. "What we need at the Voice," a former employee said recently, "is not poets, or diplomats, but men with common sense."

President Eisenhower, with his appointment of

C. D. Jackson as Adviser on Psychological Warfare, clearly has taken a step in the right direction. Jackson, a former vice-president of *Time*, headed psychological warfare for Eisenhower in Europe during World War Two and has had lifelong experience in business and diplomatic dealings abroad. However, whether he can bring his experience to bear on the problem is another question. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles has found his housecleaning vows considerably harder to keep than he first imagined when he began taking pot shots at the "lispings" of the Voice back in 1949.

There is the definite danger that once the heat is off, the ostrich will bury its head once more. Senator McCarthy has posed a challenge to the new Administration. He can continue to flash his spotlight on the Voice, but only the Administration can take positive corrective action. With the death of Stalin, the world will have its greatest opportunity to strike at the ideological heart of Communism. It is up to the Administration to seize this opportunity and turn the Voice of America into a trumpet to bring down the walls of the Kremlin.

WORTH HEARING AGAIN

And the Delegates Cheered

This morning we have heard the representative of the Soviet Union attack the United States Army and speak of alleged crimes and acts of terror committed by the United States Army. I would like to say to him that the United States Army, which you have sought to smear here today, is the same United States Army that stood beside the Russian Army to defeat Nazism in World War Two.

The men in the United States Army in Korea today are the sons and the younger brothers, and in some cases they are the same men who made up the United States Army in World War Two. The United States Army was good enough for you in 1942, 1943, 1944, and 1945. It has not changed. It should be good enough for you now. . . .

At the Political Committee meeting last week, the Soviet representative said to me, "You are going to lose Asia anyway." That astounding remark made me realize how far apart his view of humanity is from mine. The United States is not trying to get Asia. We have never thought of Asia as some sort of object inhabited by slaves which was to be won or lost by outsiders. We believe that the people of Asia, like the American people and like all other people, have the right to live their own lives and to develop themselves in their own way.

HENRY CABOT LODGE, JR., to the United Nations General Assembly, March 11, 1953

Substitute for Foreign Aid

By F. A. HAYEK

Government aid furthers state economic control in Europe and should be replaced by private capital investment backed by limited Government guarantee.

For the time being financing for rearmament has in a large measure taken the place of other forms of capital movement to Europe. But this provides only a partial and temporary solution to the problem with which in recent years this country has tried to cope through large-scale governmental loans and grants. These may have been the most appropriate ways of dealing with the acute transition and restocking problem immediately after the war. But nothing illustrates better the ineffectiveness of intergovernmental lending as a remedy for Europe's long-term problems than the fact that shortage of capital today is still almost as serious an obstacle to the revival of private business in most parts of Europe as it was five or six years ago.

There can be little doubt that, were it not for the political uncertainties, ample opportunities would exist in Europe for profitable investment of American capital. Nor can it be questioned that it would be to the economic and political interest of both sides that this should occur. But it seems also certain that it will not, unless conditions change drastically. Some persons may regret this, but conclude that there is nothing this country can or ought to do about it. If there are real opportunities, they will argue, let the European countries create conditions attractive to American capital. And if only economic issues were at stake, I should be inclined to agree.

But there is a reason, other than the returns to be expected, why it seems desirable that otherwise lucrative investments should take place; their success would go far to reduce those very dangers which now act to deter potential investors. There is, in addition to private interest, a genuine public interest in successful investments of this kind—a public interest that should in some measure offset the political risk the private investor undeniably runs.

At the moment there appears to exist some quite unwarranted confidence that this country has forsworn for good the mistakes of the recent past. I do not believe that the pernicious effects of the past practices of intergovernmental lending can be exaggerated. Indeed, I doubt whether it is yet fully appreciated how harmful they were; and I shall in a moment have more to say about them. Yet there seems to me a real danger that, if they are abandoned without deliberate provision for some alter-

native, before long alarm over the deterioration of economic conditions in Europe will stampede this country into the very mistakes it meant to abandon. If the recovery of the European economies is to continue at a rate that will prevent social upheaval, capital must continue to flow there at a political risk which the private investor can not be expected to shoulder.

Political Decision vs. Economic Efficiency

This, however, is by no means an argument for the United States Government to step in as the provider of such capital funds. The case against this seems overwhelming. The burden it imposes on the American taxpayer, severe as it is, is only a small part of the argument. It is now generally recognized that funds that are distributed on political grounds can not be distributed with economic efficiency. Nothing is less possible for a government providing funds for other governments than to discriminate effectively on the grounds of economic efficiency. To all intents and purposes it is politically impossible to differentiate between countries according to whether they follow a wise or a foolish economic policy. So long as the distribution of funds rests on a political decision, they must be spread more or less evenly and indiscriminately, and they are as likely to further the continuation of harmful policies as the adoption of good ones.

In the past, the need to attract foreign capital automatically had the effect of keeping the economic policy of the borrowing country on relatively sound lines. This check disappears almost entirely when the lending is done between governments. There is small chance that funds which have to be distributed according to political considerations will go where they will be most effectively used.

Even this, however, is not the most decisive objection to this form of capital export. Its most harmful effect is that it invariably produces in the borrowing countries tendencies to develop in the very opposite direction of that which it is in the interest of the United States to further. There can be no doubt that, because of American financial assistance, governments of many countries now control economic activity to a much greater extent than would otherwise have been the case. Because of the form in which the United States has chosen

to provide capital for these countries, their governments, in turn, have become the main dispensers of capital.

When a government thus becomes the main source of investible funds, it inevitably speeds up the process of government domination of business. It is an irony, of which the American public has hardly yet become aware, that in many countries to which American capital has gone, it has been used largely to extend state control at the expense of private enterprise. There is more than a germ of truth in the gibes that the United States has been financing the socialization of Europe. Socialist parties have successfully insisted that nationalized industries get the lion's share of American funds!

This is more or less inevitable with the methods which have been employed. It could hardly be expected that capital thus expended would be invested mainly in sound business propositions. Yet, let me repeat, I don't think anyone who has watched the recovery of the European economies can seriously doubt that plenty of opportunities for profitable investment exist. There is also no lack of able and trustworthy private borrowers. Nor can it be seriously questioned that the individual American financier would be a better judge than any governmental agency of the prospects of any individual enterprise. The great deterrent, which at the moment precludes any prospect of a rapid revival of private lending, is not lack of economic prospects but political risk.

I am speaking not so much about the risk of war as about the ever-present fear that earnings may be blocked, or there may be discriminatory taxation or expropriation. If the American capitalist had to worry only about the ability, honesty, and opportunities of his prospective borrowers or partners, there would be no lack of outlets for the advantageous placing of funds in Europe. But he certainly can not be expected to run the risk of political developments which he can not foresee and against which he is helpless.

Guarantee for American Investments

There seems to me here a strong case for a division of functions between American business and government. Let the American Government, while withdrawing entirely from direct lending, at the same time assume, for a limited transition period, the role of guarantor of private loans to private foreign borrowers against political risks, and especially against the risk of the non-transferability of the proceeds of such investments. The economic risk of the particular investment—of the borrower's paying interest, or dividends, and repaying the capital in his own country—would still remain entirely with the private investor. The United States Government would merely guarantee that any money thus paid to his credit in the borrowing country would become available in free dollars.

Such a guarantee should of course be given only on loans and other investments made while the borrower's country abided by the understanding on which the arrangement should be based. The appropriate foundation would be an agreement between the United States and the country concerned, in which the latter undertook to refrain from imposing any obstacles to the transfer of returns from such investments, from levying discriminatory taxation, and from acts of expropriation or confiscation affecting such investment. The country concerned would, in addition, agree to assume full responsibility for any debts on which, through its failure to live up to its obligations, the guarantee of the United States Government became effective. Standard terms for such treaties, to apply uniformly to all countries willing to enter into them, would probably best be laid down by Congress.

The country concerned would thus know that the United States guarantee against political risk for American investments within its territory would apply only to investments made while it abided by its obligations; and that the flow of capital would come to an abrupt stop as soon as a country, by violating the terms of the agreement, forced the United States Government to discontinue the granting of further guarantees.

Available Alternatives

So far as I can see, there appears to be no case for extending such a guarantee beyond transactions between private American lenders and private European borrowers. I do not suggest, for example, that private loans to foreign governments or government-owned agencies should be included. Nor does there seem to be any reason, so far as loans are concerned, to include currencies other than U.S. dollars. There are, of course, special problems where investments that are not straight loans are concerned. In these cases the only safeguard the investor can ask would seem to be that the country in which he invests should be bound to maintain a free market in its currency. This should, therefore, be one of the terms of the agreement on which the guarantee would be based.

Before the reader dismisses this suggestion as just another proposal for government interference, I should like to ask him seriously to consider the available alternatives. There is every possible difference between the effects of this kind of arrangement and of the political lending to which we have become accustomed. I believe I object as much as anybody to any direction by government agencies of economic activity. And I should certainly prefer a world where this kind of thing could be avoided altogether. But, unfortunately, this country is vitally concerned in areas where it has no control over economic policies. The scheme proposed here is intended to bring about exactly what, in normal times, competition for American funds would

gradually and slowly establish—conditions under which foreign investment by Americans is guided entirely by the productivity of such investment. But we can not wait now for the operation of the slow process which in the end might create such a situation. The interval might be fatal.

No Less Alarmed

Thoughtful people in Europe have been no less alarmed about the corrupting effect of past American policies than American observers have been. But they are justly afraid to express their apprehensions, lest the stream of American capital dry up entirely. I have no doubt, however, that responsible Europeans would welcome a scheme under which future American investment were determined, not by political priorities, but by considerations of where the capital would bring the highest return. This means, practically, where it would make the largest contribution to the national product.

Under this plan workers should be no less interested than management in making their particular industries attractive for foreign investors. At the same time, the fact that foreign capital would be available only for paying propositions would go far to eliminate the demoralizing effects which the quasi-charitable dispensing of capital has had in the receiving countries. In the last resort, the borrower feels less dependent on the provider of funds when he knows that the investment is a sound business proposition and that he pays for the services he receives, than when the whole transaction has the character of a political subsidy.

There is no need to have illusions about the amounts of private capital such a guarantee would set into motion, to expect from it highly beneficial effects. One of its principal advantages would be that less capital would go much farther. That the amount available would be more widely, and at the same time probably more unevenly spread would also be desirable. What most of the countries concerned need is neither ambitious schemes for large-scale developments, nor indiscriminate subsidies to all their industries. They need moderate amounts of capital for those particular firms that promise gradual and progressive expansion.

There is a problem in the fact that most of the really desirable investments would be rather small by American standards. For this reason I could scarcely conceive of anything more beneficial to the capital-importing countries than to be required, as part of the arrangement, to allow American financial institutions to operate unhindered within their territory. However, the misrepresentation that would surely ensue from such a requirement makes it probably undesirable to try to impose it.

What is the cost, or risk, which such a scheme would involve for the United States Government and the American taxpayer? In purely financial terms it would, at the worst, be much less than that

of any scheme of intergovernmental lending. Both the amounts involved and the likelihood of the default of the debtors would probably be much smaller. But this reduction in the possible financial losses would be only a small part of the actual saving. It is impossible to estimate the direct damage done by the methods employed in the past, and the waste inevitably involved in them.

I will not contend that this scheme is free from all the defects inherent in government interference with economic affairs. But it is free from its worst feature. Government control usually means that the use of resources comes to be determined entirely by political considerations. But under the scheme here proposed, the political benefit would be largely a consequence of its economic soundness.

Instances occur from time to time when for non-economic reasons the government must provide the means for some end which national policy requires. It is a mistake, however, to argue that wherever part of the cost of a necessary activity must be borne by the government, the activity itself had best be undertaken by the government. The contrary is often the case. The present seems to be an instance where much could be gained in efficiency by a clear division of functions between government and business. We do not have to choose between the government's continuing as large-scale lender, and the prospect of the recovery of private lending, in the course of time, as foreign governments gradually mend their ways sufficiently to attract private funds. Here is a development that would be economically sound. On political grounds the government would like to see it take place. Therefore the political risk is one that it is not inappropriate for a government to assume.

There may be better arrangements than the one sketched here. But it seems certain that the problem is one which calls for immediate examination and on which a clear policy ought soon to be formulated.

To a Grey Squirrel

Chatter in the tree tops,
Leap along the ground
Dig among the dead leaves
Till an acorn's found.

Scamper up the tree trunk
Bushy tail held high,
Turn and scan the country
With a beady eye.

Greetings, brother squirrel,
Here's to heart's desire,
Yours among the oak trees,
Mine beside the fire.

K. WHARTON STURGES

Democracy in the Schoolroom

By FRED DE ARMOND

"Progressive" education in America threatens us with a generation of ignoramuses whose minds would be an easy mark for the sinister political creed now being preached in both textbooks and classroom.

Progressive education is not a new idea. Jean Jacques Rousseau experimented with it in the eighteenth century, but his startling succession of illegitimate children proved too much of a handicap to get his notions accepted; in the nineteenth century a Swiss preacher, Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi, declared: "We ought to read nothing; we ought to discover everything," and he set up an experimental school to carry out this theory; and an Italian woman doctor named Maria Montessori developed a system of education in Rome which is now widely known as the Montessori Method. In each case the object was the same; to give the child freedom and the opportunity to learn "spontaneously." It was a reaction against the hickory-stick, learning-by-rote system that made schooling an ordeal.

How far it has come since then may be judged from the experience of a parent in California who recently visited her small son's school. She found about forty children in the classroom howling and shouting and rushing about like bedemoned elves. "We're having a spelling contest," the teacher informed her. "It's a relay race: each team carries the letters." Another worried parent visited the teacher because her daughter after four years at school couldn't seem to do the simplest form of addition. "There's nothing wrong," she was assured. "Just wait until the child feels the need." But the bland assurance did not still the mother's misgivings.

The progressive education movement in America began with the philosopher John Dewey. Dewey and his followers believed that education should be tied more closely to the business of living, and that the schoolroom should be as nearly as possible society in miniature. They held that the natural impulses of children could be given more rein; a child develops best, they claimed, if he tastes a great deal of victory and very little of defeat.

From this beginning there grew up at Teachers College, Columbia University, a small group called the "Frontier Thinkers," men dedicated to the Dewey doctrine. Conspicuous names in the group were William Heard Kilpatrick, George S. Counts, Goodwin Watson, Jesse Newlon, Harold Rugg, and George W. Hartmann. They were fervent disciples of reform, and their influence was profound.

The reforms they advocated proved heady ideas

for inexperienced or inept teachers, and in the hands of school administrators they could all too easily be carried to unwise and perverted extremes. That, in fact, is just what happened. It was John Dewey's misfortune that the teaching profession followed his innovations not wisely but too well.

Diet of Lollypops

The Deweyites preached that education should be made a pleasant diversion for the students instead of an onerous task, and in time an incredulous lay public learned from its pedagogues of the emotional value of such things as spitball throwing. Children were placed on an intellectual diet of lollypops. As one dissident teacher put it: "There has been a too enthusiastic irrigation of a dry curriculum. Some of us have become little more than professional baby-sitters."

Emphasis away from the essential skills—the three R's—allowed young minds to grow up in a wilderness of weeds. Old-fashioned teachers had insisted on the value of discipline, both mental and moral. When discipline as an educational cornerstone was abandoned, the drill feature was taken out of education. But it turned out that without drilling the average student did not learn to read, write, spell, or figure with facility. Contrary to the promise of the reformers, these accomplishments did not come spontaneously and easily. Maria Montessori had said that at four years of age a child would effortlessly learn to read, at five he should be dabbling in algebra, and at six extracting cube roots. It just didn't work out that way. In fact, if this failure is not corrected, the three R's may have to be given a place in college curricula. Without these basic tools of learning, higher education is stymied.

On the moral side the results have been equally unfortunate. The old-fashioned school was a sort of replica of life, with the teacher personifying the kind of law and authority which eventually all citizens must recognize. With the coming of what the innovators called "democracy" to the schoolroom, the pupils grew up with an entirely false impression of life. After years of doing as he pleased a young man went to find a job or was drafted into the armed forces, and for the first time ran head-on into discipline and authority. It was a shock.

Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, where the "new" movement originated, reacted strongly against it. It was difficult for him to understand how any such "preposterous doctrine" ever received a hearing, he declared. "The plan of action, or rather non-action, would in its extreme form first of all deprive the child of his intellectual, social, and spiritual inheritance, and put him back in the Garden of Eden to begin all over again the life of civilized man. He must be asked to do nothing which he does not like to do. He must be taught nothing he does not choose to learn. He must not be subject to discipline in good manners and sound morals."

Dr. Robert Hutchins, when he was President of the University of Chicago, likewise attacked the tenets of progressive education—in particular, its "democratic" tendency to serve the same mental menu to those of high, low, and medium capacity. The revolt grew to such proportions that Mrs. Isabelle Buckley in Los Angeles attracted nation-wide attention with her "no nonsense" private school, where she went back to fundamentals and required her pupils to work as well as play.

Power Politics in Education

But there was an even more dangerous aspect to the "progressive" movement. Along with their revolutionary methods of teaching, the Frontier Thinkers coupled strongly socialist or collectivist ideas. At a meeting held at Teachers College, Columbia University, in 1933, with Harold Rugg as chairman, power politics was first injected into education. The profit system was asserted to be an excrescence on the body politic, as John Dewey had long believed it to be. At that meeting the Progressive Education Association was made a conscious instrument for attacking the existing system with the object of introducing a new social order in the United States.

Plans for a new curriculum and a new policy of indoctrination in the classroom were evolved. Social studies were to be the propaganda vehicle, the medium for the new short cut to implant "social consciousness" in pupils. Instead of the disciplines of biology, physics, and chemistry, a mongrel subject called "general science" took its place on the curriculum. Civil government, economics, and history also fell before the onslaught. Nor were these men mealy-mouthed about the means they proposed to use. "I believe we can work with the Communists and at other times with the socialists," Dr. Newlon suggested. Dr. Rugg proceeded with a series of textbooks and teachers' manuals, which through widespread distribution in school systems subtly sought to discredit the traditional free-market economy in this country. The group penetrated the previously conservative National Education Association, which later announced officially that "dying laissez-faire must be completely destroyed." So ef-

ficiently did P.E.A. go about its self-appointed reform task that the British radical Socialist Harold Laski congratulated the organization on its educational program for a socialist America. "It could be implemented in a society only where socialism was the accepted way of life," he said, "for it is a direct criticism of the ideas that have shaped capitalistic America."

Leveled by Ignorance

How far this political indoctrination has been successful we do not yet know, but we do have means of discovering what the effects of progressive education have been with regard to education itself. The Gallup Poll reports that nearly forty per cent of adult Americans do not know what a tariff is; one in four has not the faintest idea of the meaning of inflation; the term "filibuster" is Greek to half the nation's voters; to two-thirds of them, "jurisdictional strike" is meaningless; only four out of ten know what the Electoral College is. Even more surprising, in view of the modern vogue of travel, is the ignorance of college students about the geography of their country. Less than half of the students examined by a *New York Times* reporter in a recent survey had even an approximate idea of the population of the United States. Only seventeen per cent could name the states through which one would pass in traveling by the most direct route from Minneapolis to Seattle.

The final indictment of education today is that it has produced a generation that is uncritical of easy panaceas and a ready prey to the demagogue. There appears to be no correlation between the extent of a citizen's education and his resistance to popular fallacies. It is as easy to sell a "bill of goods" to the college man as to the half-literate laborer in the cotton rows. John Dewey thought he had found a short cut to a system that would train students to think. It has not worked. Says Canon Bernard Iddings Bell: "The products of our schools, for the most part, are incompetent to think and act intelligently, honestly, and bravely in this difficult era." Surely no more sweeping indictment of progressive education could be uttered.

On Watching a Calendar Burn

How suitable your small white leaves should curl
leaving a seared rim underneath the flame
that licks the surface of the days gone by.
These are the impotent hours, wasted days,
the creeping weeks and months that make a year.
From the last pyre they wave
their fluttering fanfare of futility,
leaving a mourning band beneath the flame.

CANDACE T. STEVENSON

Breakthrough on the Color Front

By LEE NICHOLS

Racial integration is going ahead fast in the U. S. Armed Services; as white men and Negroes fight and live together they learn tolerance and a mutual respect which is carried over into civilian life.

A recently-captured Russian propaganda film purports to show a Negro soldier being kicked out of a GI club for daring to enter and ask for a beer. Distributed among darker races of the world, it is part of a growing Soviet campaign to prove the United States hates non-whites.

But recently, as I was having a drink at a GI club at Camp Lejeune in North Carolina, a Negro marine sergeant walked in, checked his cap, and ordered a whisky. Sipping it, he struck up a casual conversation with me and another white man. Nobody turned a hair. Later, as we played billiards, a white GI waiter asked the sergeant in a southern drawl, "May I get you something, sir?"

I asked the Negro how he was getting along in the Marine Corps, which, ten years ago, bristled at the very thought of a colored leatherneck.

"Fine," he replied. "There's no segregation here. We work and eat together, and sleep in the same barracks. I've learned to like a lot of white people, and I've been given no reason to think they don't approve of me."

The incident spotlights a silent, but successful, revolution that has taken place in the armed forces. It is a revolution that will help crumble racial walls in the United States, and could tip the scales for victory in another war.

At the start of World War Two, Negroes were "second-class soldiers." They could join the Navy, but only as stewards. They couldn't get into the Marines, or fly in the Army Air Corps. The Army had four all-Negro regiments which, though combat-trained, had many of their men used as orderlies and grooms.

Today the picture is totally different. Colonel Benjamin O. Davis, Jr., a Negro officer, is responsible for fighter-plane tactics for the entire Air Force. He commands white subordinates at the Pentagon and lunches with white officers daily.

Sergeant Cornelius H. Charlton, twenty-one-year-old Negro from New York City, was fighting with his army platoon in Korea. When his white lieutenant fell, Charlton took over. He led an attack on a steep hill, personally wiping out two enemy positions with rifle and grenades before dying of his own wounds. He was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor—one of two army Negroes to get this top honor in the Korean War to date. No Negro won it in World Wars One or Two.

The military has played its cards close to its chest, and the public is still mostly unaware of the about-face on colored troops. Here are the facts:

The Air Force has no remaining all-Negro units. Negro airmen are battling MIG's in Korea, instructing jet pilots in Arizona, servicing inter-continental bombers in England. At Ellington Air Force Base, in Texas, a football game was scheduled with a nearby town. Town officials asked that Negroes on the air force team be barred. Instead, Colonel Benjamin T. Starkey, base commander, canceled the game. He reported: "All members of the team concurred wholeheartedly."

The Army has moved more cautiously. But it has erased the color line wherever United States troops are serving in the Far East, is swiftly following suit in Germany and other overseas areas, and is steadily moving toward the same goal at home. Racial "integration" is complete at all ten training bases, some in the deep South, at all officer and technical schools, and to varying degrees in the three regular combat divisions stationed in the United States.

Side by Side

I visited the Fort Jackson infantry training center at Columbia, South Carolina. In its sprawling barracks, I watched white boys from Mississippi cleaning their rifles next to Negroes from Louisiana. I saw them swimming together in the same pool, sitting side by side in the post movie.

At Fort Bragg, North Carolina, I stood beside Major General Charles D. W. Canham, boss of the Eighty-second Airborne Division, watching Negro and white paratroopers filing aboard a transport plane.

"These colored boys are really sharp," he shouted above the plane's roar. "They keep the white boys on their toes, and they're not afraid to jump."

Colonel Robert Luckey, chief of staff at Camp Lejeune, told me: "Negroes make good marines. If a marine's a rifleman he goes to a rifle company, regardless of color; a radarman goes to a radar outfit. Children of our colored marines go to the base school with white kids. There's no difference."

The Navy lays claim to trail-blazing this road by putting whites and Negroes together on ships in 1944. A Virginia-born engineer, who was aboard

a navy tanker in those days, recalled the first colored fireman assigned to his department. "We told him he must have come to the wrong place," he said. "It seemed pretty strange, but we got along. We slept in the same compartment."

About 50 per cent of the navy's Negroes are still in the racially-distinct stewards' branch, but the die is cast. Today Negro bluejackets are doing practically every job handled by white sailors. They eat and bunk together, drink beer with white shipmates at navy canteens ashore.

No More Second-class Soldiers

Negro soldiers and sailors date back to the Revolutionary War, when slaves and freedmen fought the British side by side with white patriots. When the Civil War came, however, a color line was drawn that lasted through World War Two. Though Negro battalions chalked up heroic achievements, they were most remembered for their failures. One regiment went to pieces under attack in World War One, causing commanders to say scornfully: "The Negro is too emotional to fight a war." "I saw them run," an officer told me of colored soldiers in World War Two. Poorly-trained officers and bad morale, due to discrimination, helped create the failures. Today, military planners are convinced that Negroes kept apart as second-class soldiers make second-class fighters.

Late in World War Two, James Forrestal, then Secretary of the Navy, decided to try an experiment. In private life, he had been a contributor to racial-improvement groups and knew that Negroes were rapidly gaining in education and skills. Their manpower was sorely needed, so Forrestal insisted that the Navy try mixing Negroes in crews of transports and other auxiliary ships. "They're good sailors," said a white ship captain.

On February 27, 1946, Forrestal ordered the entire Navy opened to Negroes—all jobs, all ships, all bases. It was only a matter of time before the whole military began picking it up. The military's about-face was executed through stern necessity—plus the fact that, when tried, it worked.

W. Stuart Symington, first Secretary of the independent Air Force, took the next step. The old Army Air Corps had finally let Negroes fly in World War Two, but trained by themselves and kept in all-Negro squadrons. After the war, there were so many Negro pilots, navigators, and other specialists, the Air Force didn't know what to do with them. But white air units were woefully short of skilled men.

Symington talked with Forrestal. "Shove 'em all together," was his conclusion. The all-Negro wing at Lockbourne Field, Ohio, was broken up, its airmen sprinkled among bases worldwide.

President Truman pushed the movement along. On July 26, 1948, he issued an executive order providing for "equality of treatment and opportunity

for all persons in the armed services without regard to race, color, religion, or national origin." He also set up a civilian committee, headed by Georgia-born Judge Charles Fahy, to see it was carried out.

The Fahy Committee found that all-Negro army outfits could not, of themselves, absorb the potential skills of colored soldiers. This tended to keep Negroes out of the service's specialist schools. The Army agreed this was unfair. In January, 1950, Secretary Gordon Gray authorized the use of Negroes in any outfit where their skills were needed. This opened the technical schools to them.

But it was the Korean War that gave the change real impetus. It was wasteful to build up two sets of training camps when the need was for speed. And at the front, white units were being decimated, while behind the lines all-Negro outfits—which were thought not to measure up in combat—were over strength.

"Let me mix them in," pleaded General Matthew Ridgway. "Go ahead," said the Pentagon. Soon Negro soldiers were bivouacking with whites at Kumhwa, fighting shoulder-to-shoulder at Capitol Hill and Sniper Ridge.

"He Saved My Life"

Private Donald Young of Roanoke, Virginia, twenty-four, white, crouched in his bunker atop Capitol Hill one night as the North Koreans were attacking. A grenade thudded into the bunker. He tried to kick it out but it exploded under his foot. "Medic!" he screamed, but no one came. Painfully he crawled to the next bunker. There in the darkness, himself under fire, his squad leader, a Negro sergeant, tied a tourniquet on the mangled leg, untwisting it at intervals to restore circulation. Two hours passed. The attack was beaten off. Young was flown back to the United States, his leg off below the knee.

I talked with Young at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C., where he was waiting to be fitted with an artificial foot. I asked if he expected to see his sergeant again.

"He can come to my home any time he wants to," Young replied. "Wouldn't that upset his Southern neighbors?" I asked. "Maybe so," he said. "But he saved my life. He's as good a man as I am."

Late in 1951, the Army sent teams of social scientists to Korea, and bases in the United States, to check the effects of racial mixing. They brought back three thick volumes of some of the most important racial findings ever made—evidence that men of different races can get along in time of stress.

Among white officers quizzed in Korea, nine out of ten rated integrated units equal to, or better than all-white units in morale, teamwork, and aggressiveness in battle. Here are some typical questions asked of the officers:

"In hand-to-hand combat can you depend on the

Negro soldier in an integrated unit to hold his ground better than, not as well as, or about the same as the white soldier? (Check one)." Two-thirds checked "about the same."

"In an integrated unit do the Negro soldiers maintain their weapons in good condition better than, less well, or about as well as white soldiers in combat? (Check one)." Nine out of ten checked "about as well."

GIs in rifle squads then were asked to rate each of their squadmates, Negro and white, in terms of morale, aggressiveness, and judgment. The army teams reported that 1563 white soldiers had scored Negro members "substantially the same" in both good and bad qualities as whites. In fact, the Negroes were credited with slightly fewer cases of poor morale.

The nearer to mixed units the person questioned, the more positive was his reply. The remark of a white division officer assigned to a Negro battalion under a colored colonel is typical: "I am from Baltimore and filled with all kinds of race prejudices from the time I was old enough to listen. Imagine how I felt. But the colonel turned out to be one of the finest gentlemen I have ever known. I would serve under him any time. Because of him and other colored officers, I changed my feelings about colored troops."

The Goal is Set

Despite success with racial mixing in training and combat, the services are not trying to force changes in social patterns. Where there is a possibility of conflict the motto is: "Take it easy." In the early days of air force integration, colored airmen at a certain Texas base were "flying" when white pilots brought their girls to the pool; the white boys were elsewhere when the colored girls showed up. There was no official order, but a true gentleman's agreement among men sensible of Southern fears. Today this is no longer necessary.

The services have a strict rule of no interference with laws and habits of neighboring communities, but every effort is made to smooth relationships. City fathers at Great Falls, Montana, where few Negroes live, worried about Negroes coming to the adjoining air base. The base commander sagely formed them into choral groups, kept them busy practicing after hours. When Christmas came, he arranged for them to sing carols at leading churches—thus letting the townsfolk meet them in church instead of around saloons. There have been no serious complaints from Great Falls.

Top officers predicted in advance that racial mixing would lead to riots and bloodshed. The reality was the reverse. Military men agree there has been reduced racial tension due to abolition of competing racial groups. The Provost Marshal, or head cop, at Camp Lejeune told me: "We've had no trouble of any kind."

Racial integration is not complete yet. It may be years before the Army is able to abolish its last all-Negro unit. The Navy still has relatively few Negro officers, in addition to its racially-distinct stewards' branch. The Air Force gets minor complaints about discrimination from time to time. But top officials agree that the road is fixed and the goal unchangeable.

What are the implications for the future?

Right now, integration means a swelling reservoir of manpower to fight for America in any emergency—men whose brain and brawn were largely wasted in the past. In the long run, it will have a still unmeasurable effect on this country's race pattern. Signposts are visible. A Southerner, who helped "integrate" the Army, moved to the presidency of a Southern university; soon Negroes were admitted there for the first time. Negroes are learning new skills that fit them for better jobs. A storm disrupted delicate equipment at a General Electric plant not long ago. A Negro engineer fixed it. Asked by the plant manager how he could do this, when other company engineers were stumped, he replied: "I did it in the Navy."

Finally, the integration program will raise America in the esteem of much of the rest of the world, which long has chided us for preaching democracy while keeping our Negroes behind a wall of caste. Facts will answer Russia's deadly race propaganda.

President Eisenhower has promised to end all segregation in the Armed Forces. Even without his help, the trend will continue. For it is the Negroes themselves who have made good, proving they had it in them all the time. It is all summed up in Private Young's description of his colored squad leader, who saved his life in battle: "He's as good a man as I am."

There can be no turning back when men end segregation in their hearts.

He's a Gentleman

"Don't shoot him—he's a gentleman!" This shout from a fellow prisoner-of-war saved the life of a young soldier who was escaping on a supply train. It happened more than a half-century ago during the Boer War. In no subsequent war is it likely that a similar cry would have caused a sentry to hesitate; probably it would have made him trigger-happy. A few weeks ago the escaped soldier—Winston Churchill—asked the man who had saved his life to drop in at No. 10 Downing Street "for a drink and a chat about old times." Except for that shout and its effect upon the sentry, Mr. Churchill's long public career would have ended before it began. The nineteenth century concept of the gentleman, notwithstanding the derision heaped upon it, had its compensations and its virtues.

Between Two Languages

By HANS NATONEK

An author exiled from his native land describes the dilemma and the pitfalls besetting a writer who abandons his own tongue to write "American."

Many European writers, chiefly Germans who have been exiled for two decades, now have found themselves faced with an unprecedented plight. As the years wore on, these writers, most of whom settled in America, started struggling with the dilemma: should they keep on writing in their native tongue, or risk the plunge into a new medium?

Most of the older writers—like Thomas Mann—declared their unshakable adherence to their *Muttersprache*. You can not abandon your mother tongue, they argued; it is the only possession you have saved from the downfall of your world. A writer's language is his style; it reflects his personality developed through a lifetime. You can change your citizenship, but you can not drop your native authorship. The late Heinrich Mann regarded his native tongue as a "dead language" and determined to cling to it to the last. It is the pride and privilege of a man of letters to accept a desperate situation verging on silence.

On the other hand, many Continental writers of the younger generation refused to indulge in an impractical and emotional loyalty to what Schopenhauer reverently called "*Frau Muttersprache*." Divorced from their homeland to which they would not return in the foreseeable future, they took the decisive step; they succeeded in crossing the linguistic dividing line regarded as insuperable, and found sanctuary in the vast foster-home of the English language. From Joseph Wechsberg to Arthur Koestler, they were able to cast off the old garment, and proved remarkably at ease in their new dress.

There are other instances which show that the risky surgery of language-transplantation can be performed without detriment to a writer's style: Joseph Conrad forsook his Polish mother tongue and impressed his personality upon the new medium of the English language; and in another phase of great migration, almost all the refugee authors of the Bolshevik Revolution acquired the language of the country of their exile.

Yet the problem persists in all its acuteness, and seesaws in the balance. Those émigré authors who believe that they are inseparably tied to their tongue might rightly point out that Heinrich Heine, who lived in exile in Paris for the greater part of his life, would not be Heine if he had shifted from German to French.

Such reasoning is not entirely applicable to the

present situation, however. Heine's time and refuge—Paris of the nineteenth century—were conducive to writing for a European milieu rather than a strictly national one. As a matter of fact, Heine wrote as a European, transforming the ponderous Wagnerian diction into the lucidity and levity of the French style. The situation is wholly different for Continental writers living in Manhattan or Hollywood, who have lost contact with an unreachably remote, dismally divided Europe.

As their exile continued far beyond the end of the war, the dilemma of many refugee writers came to a crucial point; they felt they must return, for their native tongue languished in a vacuum, and their intellectual battery was running dry. In Paris and London, "European" was still being spoken in various forms, the most prevalent of which was the language of despair of the Sartre school. For the Moscow-directed set the return home was easier; no matter whether their language was German, Polish, Hungarian, or Czech, behind the Iron Curtain only *one* idiom, ordered by the Cominform, was spoken and allowed. Well, home again, and good riddance!

Complex Problems

These complex problems troubled me, too: should I stay or return, cling to my German tongue or venture upon a new medium of expression, and, by doing so, sink my roots deeper into the country which had given me a haven? The decision was hard and worked out only by degrees in the course of time.

As the years of exile dragged on, I felt ever more strongly that a writer without a country is a writer without a language and vice versa. She (yes, language to a writer is a beloved woman, mother, and mistress all in one) began to fade, as though she could not survive a chasm of thousands of miles and bridge a gulf of indefinite time. I terribly missed her living presence, the invigorating stream that flows between the nation and the individual, a stream in which language daily renews itself. The meaningful legend of the giant Antheus tells that he lost his strength when he lost touch with the soil on which he stood. The simile fits the predicament of a writer's language removed from its nourishing ground.

Subconsciously perhaps I was actuated by the

psychic, traumatic shock of the Nazi years, which contributed to my reluctance to go on writing in German. In vain I told myself that the language of Goethe, Heine, Nietzsche, to which I owed my intellectual being, was innocent. I could not help feeling that the precious instrument which I had loved so much and used so freely was defiled by the barbarism into which Germany had sunk in her era of infamy.

It was nothing but a nostalgic sense of farewell to my native tongue that stimulated me and kept me going when, in my first American year, I was writing my last German book (*In Search of Myself*, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York). Already then I anticipated that "to learn a new language *in media vitae*, to learn it intimately as a writer must know it, is an almost superhuman undertaking. . . . Yet, one day, perhaps, I will stammer a book in English."

In Limbo

But in the following years I was in limbo, between two languages, loath to write in German and unable to write in English.

To write in English—an ambitious plan, perhaps, emboldened by an élan which is happily ignorant of the perils and pitfalls ahead. For, indeed, to change horses—the winged horse of your creative language—in the midstream of life is an extremely hazardous operation. I was dissuaded by many, encouraged by few.

Little did I have, indeed, to justify my high-flown aspiration. All I brought to this country was a ridiculous smattering of an impractical school-English. As a boy I had a quaint old English tutor, a derailed Oxford bachelor of arts who was too bored to bother much about such trivialities as grammar and idiomatic speech. Instead of providing his pupil with a workaday everyday English, he handled his lessons like a kind of reading club, enjoying his favorites: Shakespeare, Pope, Addison, and other classics. We learned magnificent sentences by heart—little help for those who wanted only to make themselves understood on their eventual vacation trip to London.

When I sailed into New York harbor, some twenty-five years later, the faraway lessons of that odd fellow rose eerily from deep layers of my subconscious mind; I was tempted to use those rare, pompous phrases I had once memorized. There were puzzled faces when, on occasion, I slyly slipped into some small talk just a few "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," unaware that I was "cleaving the general ear with horrid speech."

On the other hand, when for the first time I entered an American drugstore to buy some shaving soap, I flunked wretchedly. The clerk stared at me blankly. My pronunciation must have made my words sound somewhat like "saving shop." "If you mean a savings bank," said the clerk, "there's one

just around the corner." Though I had not the least use for a savings bank, as things were, I said: "Thank you very much," and cleared out to save my unshaved face.

Stumbling Blocks and Blunders

My road to the new language, a pilgrim's slow progress, was strewn with stumbling blocks and blunders. I did not know where to begin; I might have sat down on the bench of a grammar school or as well have gone to Harvard. I felt like a tiny ant crawling about the mighty oak tree of the English language; I nibbled at its ancient roots and pawed around the deciduous leaves of slang. I garnered words with the avidity of a squirrel storing up more nuts than it can ever eat. "No more words!" a friend advised. "Your best chance of building up a style of your own is your pristine approach to a new language."

But when it came to actual writing I felt myself in the situation of a man setting out on an uncharted ocean in a puny raft. I wanted to avail myself of all the sources and elements of the English language, from the stately eighteenth century prose to the jim-jam, whimwhamsy gibberish of the latest shirt-sleeve Americanese. Anything, be it archaic or slangy, was good enough to serve the urgency of self-expression. I spurned rules and standards; I mixed colloquial puns with the English of the King James Bible. Language to me was not a functional ready-to-wear thing that changes and becomes obsolete like yesterday's garment. My approach to the new medium was anarchic, self-willed—a kind of rape of the new mistress. I was so desperate that I made fun of the language, and *she* retaliated by making a fool of me.

My scrapbooks were full of what I called the "language-is-funny-department." Once I suggested to a publisher the plan of a book entitled "The Cockatrice with the Billycock" (whatever this meant) because the title struck me as relevant to the absurdities and perplexities of my struggling language. My agent threw up his hands in dismay, and the editor shook his head in bewilderment.

Those were childish beginnings; in fact I played with the language as a child plays with a new toy, taking it to pieces so as to know everything about it. But I did not aim at the humor of writing the "cute" broken English with which so many newcomers tickled the funny bone of readers.

I had to remember that in my late native tongue I had been too literate, too ornate and overarticulate. Now I had to re-learn that all a solid sentence needs is a subject, a verb, and a clear object.

Sometimes I felt as if I were playing my simple sonatinas on a piano without strings, and then, when the instrument did secure strings, they were often out of tune and dreadfully entangled to boot.

Everything a writer is and dreams of being is related to his native language, which has nourished

him with the values of the past. Thus the American dream, the European dream, the Jewish dream, are deeply woven into the writing pattern of authors of different traditions. As for myself, I was writing and dreaming "European"—a sunken dream—and Jewish, a reawakened dream; both dreams clothed themselves in the guise and garb of the newly acquired American medium. In this involved process my first language permeated, colored, and clashed with the second. Words were in confusion and collision because worlds were in the same condition of turmoil. I sensed that I had to make a stylistic virtue of necessity, transforming shortcomings and handicaps into a tour de force.

A Spiritual Adventure

Change of language is a spiritual adventure that stimulates and tries a writer's being. As his mother tongue wilts little by little, he experiences the wonder of a new world slowly coming to life. The transition is a mutually conditioned process, painful as departure and blissful as arrival.

A writer can hardly move on a double-track of media; losing the one he gains the other. It's an exclusive choice like great love. But his native tongue is lost only in the sense that the seed must vanish to unfold in a new flower. The underlying law is Goethe's *Stirb und Werde* ("Die and Be"). The birth of a language may, indeed, mean a sort of rejuvenation, the rebirth of a man.

I have often been asked: "Do you think, dream, and pray in English?" If this be the final test I am not yet quite sure. I was pleased, though, to discover lately that, talking with myself, the sentences spontaneously took shape in English. I regard this as a good omen. I hope I'll soon graduate to dreams and prayer. To speak simply as a child, to pray, and to dream—these things make a writer in any language.

"Known Him for Years"

A couple of weeks back, Earl Wilson, the gossip columnist, wrote that Drew Berkowitz was back in town. Most readers passed over the item without a second thought, but the name caused a chuckle in certain circles—and understandably.

Mr. Berkowitz was born in 1945. Or, rather, he was invented that year. He was the brainchild of a pair of laughseekers: George Frazier, the magazine writer, and Al Horwitz, the movie publicist. It seems that Paramount Pictures was screening applicants for the job of public relations chief, and the Hollywood-Broadway set was buzzing with rumors as to who would land the lucrative position. Frazier and Horwitz decided the suspense was just too much, and it was time someone got the job. So they invented Drew Berkowitz, and "hired" him.

A few well-placed phone calls set the wheels in motion, and before the day was out Berkowitz was a well-known character. Frazier bumped into an MGM executive that evening, mentioned Berkowitz, and was told: "Yeah, I heard."

"Who is he?" innocently asked Frazier.

"Oh, he's been around on the Coast for years," the executive replied.

"Do you know him?" Frazier asked.

"Known him for years," was the reply. "I'll tell you something else," he added. "Drew won't hold that job for three months—drinks too much."

Frazier and Horwitz saw to it that Berkowitz was listed in *Variety's* "LA to NY" column, which names celebrities who are bound for New York from Los Angeles. They worded it around that he was stopping at the St. Regis. The hotel management never did figure out what to do with the numerous invitations to cocktail parties and the phone messages for the guest who never arrived.

The gossip columnists heard about the fabulous Mr. Berkowitz, and a number of items appeared in print regarding his activities while in Manhattan. He had a date with Lana Turner. He bought an expensive trinket for one of the season's more glamorous debutantes. He was cited as a big spender. *He* slapped Toots Shor on the back. Frazier and Horwitz took Earl Wilson into their confidence, and he added to the flame of gossip. And so, despite the fact that Berkowitz never materialized, his name has continued to pop up in conversation and in the columns through the years.

Berkowitz is not the only fictitious man-about-town whose name appears in the gossip columns. There have been a dozen or more in recent years whose reputations have outstripped the wildest dreams of their prankster-inventors. Henry Cullip never existed, either, but mention his name to some of the shrewdest men in town and they'll acknowledge that they knew him. Cullip was a wealthy Kentuckian who made millions in Chile. In zinc. He came to New York a couple of times a year, was seen in the smarter dinner clubs with leading female members of café society, tossed \$100 bills around with abandon, then hurried back to South America to recuperate from his sprees and attend to his mining interests—said the columnists.

Cullip was invented by a press agent. This was no prank, but a business necessity. The publicist numbered among his clients a Madison Avenue hotel, a night club and several restaurants. Naturally, Cullip was a guest at *his* hostelry and frequently dropped into *his* nightclub and *his* dining places. But Henry Cullip became a nuisance. Other press agents began to tell the columnists that Cullip was a patron at other restaurants and late spots, and his inventor decided Henry had to disappear.

So, unlike Drew Berkowitz, who looks like living to a ripe old age, Henry Cullip died. He was "killed" in a mining disaster. In Chile. Zinc, you know.

TIM TAYLOR

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

An Extrovert Poet

It was a little unfair to Carl Sandburg's autobiography to put on such a whale of a publicity campaign for it. The book is very good, very characteristic, in some places beautiful and moving, but the publicity campaign was Homeric. It seemed as though the whole nation rose up spontaneously to carry wreaths and drag bouquets of bay and laurel, drink toasts and spout orations to its best-loved poet on his seventy-fifth birthday. It was like a tidal wave rising suddenly and mysteriously out of a quiet sea. That his seventy-fifth birthday happened by no mysterious chance to coincide with the publication date of *Always the Young Strangers* (Harcourt, Brace and Company, \$5.00), and that this tidal wave was generated, not by a submarine volcano trying to ease itself of pent-up flames, but by a publisher trying to sell a book, didn't matter much. That is the way things are done in America. After all, if Carl hadn't been a well-loved and widely admired poet, the tidal wave would have been a flop. Statesmen would not have hastened to his banquet, radio and television would not have broadcast him, magazines and newspapers would not have quoted his modest remarks and played up his photographs. It wasn't phony, it was just very American.

Carl pays a moving tribute to his father at the end of this book, and concludes it: "Only by comparison with strutting fools and sinister schemers in high places, victims of nameless thirsts that will never be quenched, strumpets of fame and fortune, can I look at the days and deeds of August Sandburg and say he was a somebody rather than a nobody even though . . . his name never got once into a newspaper till he died." It's a nice thing to say about one's father, or any man, but it sounds kind of funny when Carl has just succeeded in getting his own name into newspapers on such a grand scale. Nor do the preceding clauses chime with his fervent efforts during the recent presidential contest to keep the Truman gang of schemers and strumpets of fortune in their high places.

However, this is not a political argument—at least it did not set out to be! I meant merely to show that if you look for deep, humble, and meditative self-knowledge in this autobiography, you will be disappointed. It carries the author through

By MAX EASTMAN

his childhood and youth in the town of Galesburg, Illinois, and through nineteen different occupations—bottle-washer, office boy, painter's apprentice, soldier, hobo, icehouse worker, and the like—up to his twenty-first year when he got a job in the Fire Department and decided, between fires, to go to college. But it contains no unique or penetrating reflection about any of these jobs or experiences.

What it does contain, and that pervadingly, is a great stream of kindly love, an inexhaustible neighborly warm interest in—and hence phenomenal memory about—pretty nearly everybody, it seems, who lived in that town. I am sure no autobiography ever before contained so many heroes unrelated except by the magnetism of his own outgoing good will to the author. It is really the history and demography of a Midwestern settlement, a sort of *Middletown* with love instead of sociology setting up the card catalogue. Hardly more than 200 of the 445 pages of this book are Carl Sandburg's life story. A whole chapter, which I thought the best in the book, is devoted to the lives and characters of certain "Pioneers and Old Timers," who settled Galesburg and put it on the map. Another chapter, which I found tiresome, is a mere catalogue of boyish quips and proverbs, rhymed clichés, repartees, wisecracks, and nonsensical remarks like "What's your name? Puddin Tame, ask me again and I'll tell you the same." (Galesburg has it "Puttin Tain," but I give you my Elmira version.)

A different precious thing this book contains is the occasional lurking glow or daggerlike glint of a phrase of poetry—the same that makes such rich ore of Carl Sandburg's free verse.

"The taste of watermelon was there in a thirst on his tongue."

"I learned a word for what my feet kept singing, 'chilblains.'"

"Tillie was slim and in a waltz light as a white feather in a blue wind."

"The barn, the corncribs, the fields, would miss him. The winds would miss him, the winds he listened to in the corn leaves, the rusty brown curls of cornsilk and tassels, the wind that rustled soft in his red beard on zero mornings when the snow lay white on the yellow ears in the bushel basket at the corncrib. It could be that in the

grave his hands might dream of Illinois corn and the seasons he had spent with it from plowing and sowing till falltime and the harvest wagons."

Another value not unrelated to this is the unliterarious tone and texture of Sandburg's prose. It has a quality like offhand talk, a trait he shares with Ernest Hemingway—although now that I've said that, I remember one day in Paris, when his *In Our Time* was first published, describing the style to Ernest himself as "straight talk," and he said: "I like that." Anyway, whether straight or offhand or both, there is a similarity here. You might almost in some passages call Sandburg Hemingway with a heart.

I don't mean to suggest any influence or imitation on either side. It is just something that America had to produce in order that the words of her prophet, Walt Whitman, should be fulfilled—words of revolt against European feudal polish, against refined, high-toned culture, against everything, in fact, that was ever put between the covers of a book.

"This is no book. Who touches this touches a man."

I have gone along with this revolution right from the start. In fact, I was trying to arrange for a Russian translation of *In Our Time* when the above conversation with Hemingway occurred. I also published some of Carl Sandburg's most obstreperous poems in the old *Masses* and *Liberator* long before his first book appeared. But when it goes to the point of consecrating bad grammar, and especially violations of the logic of grammar, I find myself peering around to see if the counter-revolution isn't setting in. With Ring Lardner this way of writing was play; it was the play of a humorous genius; and it was sustained. But when a serious writer, who confesses to a college education, drops in a slug once in every twenty-five pages or so, which reads like this: "I went back to bed and slept good"; or "I still had throat pains and was weak, for two days eating little on account of it hurt to swallow"; or "He lifted his two hands away up over his head like it showed on the back cover," I can't see the sense in it. It doesn't realize Whitman's ambition that the book should be a man—not permanently anyway. In the first place, the man, Carl Sandburg, unless my memory fails me, doesn't talk that way. And in the second place, what will be there in the future, supposing the book lives? Either the language will take over these ungrammatisms and make them "correct," in which case nothing will be there, after all, but literature. Or else the language won't take them over, in which case they will soon go out of fashion, and nothing will be there but bad grammar.

So much serious talk about a trivial thing! . . . Yet maybe it isn't so trivial either. Maybe this

rather sophomoric trick of putting bad grammar in a good book symbolizes or concentrates upon itself a vaguer feeling of dissatisfaction that Carl Sandburg leaves with us. He has a rare and startling way of talking, a highly and heavily individual gift of language. And he expresses emotional thoughts about all kinds of things. But the thoughts are not rare and individual. The task of thinking suggested by this extraordinary gift of expression has not been maturely carried through.

Carl Sandburg has got his name associated, as monumental biographer, with that of Abraham Lincoln, but he has not made his voice clear in the great struggle of freedom against tyranny that is being fought out in our time.

Transcendent Frustration

The Second Sex, by Simone de Beauvoir. Translated and edited by H. M. Parshley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$10.00

Mlle. de Beauvoir has written a "monumental" book about women. She has examined them crossways through the ages against the economic and social structure of all history; and she has examined them up-and-down through their biological and psychological nature and as they appear in literature. Her perspective is that of existentialist ethics, she says, and it appears that existentialist ethics give rise to two concepts, transcendence and immanence, and to the word "liberty." "Exploits" or "projects" serve as the mode of transcendence and achieve "liberty through a continual reaching out toward other liberties." When transcendence falls back into immanence, "there is a degradation of existence into the *'en-soi'*—the brutish life of subjection to given conditions—and of liberty into constraint and contingency." See what I mean—"monumental"? But let's keep going.

Poor woman aspires to full membership in the human race, being naturally free and autonomous like all human creatures, but lives and has lived in a "world where men compel her to assume the status of the Other."

She is a product elaborated by civilization, and Mlle. de Beauvoir elaborates this elaboration. There is everything, but everything, about women in this book, including the kitchen stove. Yes, because "the cook's effort is evidently transcended toward the future."

There are brief moments of transcendence throughout history too. The hetairas were brilliant exceptions to woman in Greece, "free to make disposal of themselves and of their fortunes, intelligent, cultivated, artistic, they were treated as persons" and "by virtue of the fact that they escaped from the family and lived on the fringes of society, they escaped also from man." So they seemed to him "fellow beings, almost equals."

Under Roman law woman "could inherit, she had

equal rights with the father in regard to the children, she could testify." Through her dowry, she escaped conjugal oppression; she could divorce and remarry at will. But she had "no concrete employment of her powers," so she "was free—but for nothing."

In the Middle Ages, in France, the unmarried or widowed woman had all the rights of man as proprietor of a fief. "She even played a military role . . . there were female soldiers before Joan of Arc, and if the Maid caused astonishment, she did not scandalize."

In the eighteenth century woman's freedom continued to increase. "In politics the names of Mme. de Pompadour and Mme. du Barry indicate woman's power; they really controlled the State," and women of the working classes managed business. (This is France, too.)

By the middle of the nineteenth century women were beginning to go great guns throughout the Western world in obtaining abstract rights.

At this point, however, Mlle. de Beauvoir dives under. "Abstract rights have never sufficed to assure to woman a definite hold on the world." So here we go into deep analysis, into examining what-in-men's-eyes-she-seems-to-be, myths, myths-and-reality, history, woman's life today, in childhood, as young girl, sexual initiation, Lesbianism, social life, prostitution, married life, old age—and woman as mother.

As mother, Mlle. de Beauvoir thinks women are a wash-out. "Maternity is usually a strange mixture of narcissism, altruism, idle daydreaming, sincerity, bad faith, devotion, and cynicism." The danger threatening the helpless infant is that the mother "is almost always a discontented woman: sexually frigid, socially inferior to man," and she has no definite grasp on the world or on the future.

Now Mlle. de Beauvoir says that she is not defining the fortunes of women in terms of happiness but in terms of liberty, and that is her right. So let us see what she means by liberty. In her chapter on the "independent woman" of today ("the free woman is just being born"), she repeats that the "mere" combination of the right to vote and a job is not emancipation. "Working today is not liberty. Only in a socialist world would women by the one attain the other."

Then she says: "A world where men and women would be equal is easy to visualize, for that precisely is what the Soviet Revolution *promised*." The italics are hers. And this is the promise that she looks forward to: "women raised and trained exactly like men were to work under the same conditions and for the same wages. Erotic liberty was to be recognized by custom, but the sexual act was not to be considered a 'service' to be paid for; woman was to be *obliged* [again the italics are hers, and surely it would be Papa State that would insist] to provide herself with other ways of earning a living; marriage was to be based on a free agree-

ment that the spouses could break at will; maternity was to be voluntary, which meant that contraception and abortion were to be authorized [she didn't underline 'authorized'] and that, on the other hand, all mothers and their children were to have exactly the same rights; pregnancy leaves were to be paid for by the State, which would assume charge of the children, signifying not that they would be *taken away* from their parents, but that they would not be *abandoned* to them." Again the italics are hers.

Thus through 732 pages of frustration, of immanence, with here and there a dash of transcendence, we get around to "liberty," and we see it betrayed in the name of the State.

Mlle. de Beauvoir's study of women was published in France in 1949. In 1948 she spent four months in the United States on a lecture tour and published a book soon thereafter in England called *America Day by Day*. From this book it would seem that both men and women in the United States are equally far from "liberty," though this country, she concedes, "appears as a realm still in transcendence." The trouble is that "in America the individual is nothing. He is the object of an abstract cult [of individualism, I think she means]; convince him of his individual value and you arrest in him the awakening of the collective spirit; compelled to fall back on himself, all concrete power is taken away from him." We just don't care about ideas in the United States, she adds. So we're passive—no collective spirit—no "liberty." Hi-ya, brother Americans.

On the whole, *The Second Sex* is a long, sad story. It is too sad. It is too long. The book is one vast plain of level comment. There are so few hills and valleys; there is so little compassion for woman's struggles and failures. There is neither bitterness nor tears nor pity—for women or men. And men through the ages must have thought of themselves, whatever their projects or exploits, as the second sex, too. Perhaps existentialist ethics forbids feeling. Anyway, her trip through all the world's experience is, like her four months' trip through America by bus—sight-seeing and snap judgment. One can agree with much that she wishes women to achieve, but in the United States voluntary effort had already cleared the air before this book was written, and her insistence seems old-fashioned when it doesn't rankle and bore.

Yet to undertake the trip was adventurous; Mlle. de Beauvoir's curiosity is lively, her collection of facts arranged with scholarship, and her impressions written with clarity.

And she is fortunate in her translator. Dr. Parshley is professor of zoology and long a teacher at Smith College. He is able to correct Mlle. de Beauvoir on her statistics here and there, to remind her of differences in the chromosomes, and to agree with her in her descriptions of the lot of the female and her hopes.

RUTH PICKERING

Literary Unction

Willa Cather: A Critical Biography, by E. K. Brown. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.00

Willa Cather Living, by Edith Lewis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.00

The late Edward Brown opened his biography of Willa Cather with a quotation from one of her early stories that dealt with an English lord: "I mean to touch only on such facts of his personal life as have to do directly with his work." According to Brown's interpretation of Willa Cather's work, she was semistarved by the thinness of tradition and the cultural backwardness of Red Cloud, Nebraska, found a partial solution through her interest in the European expatriates who were farmers in the region (and who were thus carriers of an older civilization), and at last, in *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, triumphantly realized her potentialities by basing her art on the culture, at once old and rich and native, of the "Spanish" Southwest.

Edith Lewis's *Willa Cather Living* is an unpretending memoir, begun originally as a note on Willa Cather, with whom she lived for forty years, prepared for Brown's guidance in writing his biography. It provides no inside glimpses of the novelist's life or habits of thought, having rather the value of a recapitulation of the record by someone with an intimate knowledge of the subject. It begins in Lincoln, Nebraska, in 1903, when Miss Lewis, then a college student, was invited to meet the thirty-year-old Willa Cather, whose writings she admired. The meeting was arranged by an unconventional Lincoln heiress, Sarah Harris, who published a newspaper:

When the maid showed me into the parlor, Willa Cather and Sarah Harris were having a spirited discussion about something—I have no idea what—and after I was introduced they paid no attention to me, but continued their conversation. . . .

There are many touching incidents in Miss Lewis's account of her life with Willa Cather, reports of trips West together—"We would take the Burlington which left Chicago at five in the afternoon and ride all the next day across Nebraska and Colorado"—and poignant descriptions of trivial adventures, like being out all night when they got lost searching for cliff dwellings in the Southwest. It is touching because of the many well-written descriptions of small hotels in remote places, details on the hotel-keepers and their families, sight-seeing in Europe, and reports of wonderful secluded summer places in New Hampshire and Canada, described down to the last tree on the unpeopled hillside. All of it adds up to a picture of lonely spinsterhood living the official cultural and artistic life of the period, all the more affecting because in the view of Miss Lewis, and of Brown as well, it approached the ideal in its immeasurable superiority to the dull stagnation of Red Cloud.

Brown did not make much use of Miss Lewis's long memoir. It is far better than his biography, and in fact a case could be made that it is better than much of Willa Cather's writing. Its great defect is its impersonality: one wonders why anyone who knew the author so well should have been content to work over the sort of material found in newspaper clippings. Picking and choosing in accordance with his theory, Brown also ignored the wealth of material on Red Cloud found in *The World of Willa Cather*, by Mildred Bennett, published in 1951. Or, if that book appeared too late for him to make use of it, he showed an unawareness of the colorful and sometimes mysterious individuals that Mrs. Bennett found among Willa Cather's neighbors. By some freak of geography and history, Red Cloud was filled with remittance men, Scottish lords raising sheep, music teachers who had been friends of the Queen of Italy, musicians who had played with Ole Bull, veterans who had been friends of Grant in Galena, ambitious prostitutes who married the promising young men of the town, an old friend of Washington Irving, and a primitive blind Negro pianist named Boone who played electrifying music in the Holland House. Mrs. Bennett, the wife of a Red Cloud physician, recorded these individuals and their careers without comment. Brown does not mention them. It is essential to his theory that Red Cloud should be dull, and Willa Cather should be a rebel who "threw herself impetuously against the way of the majority and sought out the exceptions, the dreamers, the nonconformists, the questioners."

Sometimes his theory leads him to absurdities. He writes at some length of the shock to Willa Cather of her father's death, without mentioning that her father was then eighty years old. He tells of a Catholic priest from the Southwest, returned to Spain and invited to choose any painting from a nobleman's collection, who instinctively chose an El Greco—a Middlewestern preacher, he says, would have chosen a daub. In fairness to Brown it should be emphasized that he did not live to complete his book. The work was completed by his friend (and fellow-Canadian) Leon Edel, the authority on Henry James and former literary editor of the vehemently leftist *New York Compass*. Edel describes Brown's qualifications for his task by recollecting their studies at the Sorbonne, in the period before Brown became a professor at the University of Chicago:

We lunched almost daily during those Parisian days in a little *crêmerie* on the Boulevard Saint-Michel, where E.K. was particularly fond of their *omelette du confiture*, and on that pleasant *terrasse* we talked much of Flaubert and James, of Joyce and Proust, of form, of architecture, of what Miss Cather came to describe as the novel *démeublé* . . .

As a result, Brown's book comes about as close as possible to being the orthodox contemporary version of an American literary career. The dull

small town, the college where "the dreary churchiness and bustling women's clubs could not suppress the bold imagination of an occasional professor," journalism that drained the author's talent, are all in it. Like Mizener's book on F. Scott Fitzgerald, Berryman's on Stephen Crane, and most of the volumes in the recent *Men of Letters* series, *Willa Cather: A Critical Biography* is suffused with a kind of literary piety, as stereotyped in its own way as the portraits of captains of industry that Samuel Crowther used to write for the *Saturday Evening Post*. In the 'twenties, when *Ariel* and *Moon Calf* were best sellers, the artist was presented as wholly blameless, and the environment that blocked him as altogether without redeeming features. These new biographies are more sophisticated, but their basic pattern is the same, and is no more accurate.

It does not fit the facts, either with regard to the history of the towns or the characters of the writers. Willa Cather was a rebel in Red Cloud; she had her hair cut like a boy's, dressed in boy's clothes, played masculine parts in amateur theatricals, and in picnics with her brothers on the Republican River seems virtually to have been a boy, though in her boyish high spirits there was little of the Tom Sawyer or Huckleberry Finn. But Mrs. Bennett's book on Red Cloud makes it plain that these were minor deviations among the many to be found there. If Willa Cather was a sensitive spirit at war with her environment, one of the most striking indications of it was her desire to become a doctor, which led her to dissect cats, and even somehow got her to assist at an embalming. (At this point, it must be admitted, even Brown becomes mildly ironic.) The insensitivity or the lack of culture in a community which failed to recognize these artistic yearnings in a growing child is not the real problem.

Consequently there is an unctuous air in these new literary biographies, and they narrow the whole drama of imaginative writing to an intellectual sob-story. They are not exactly self-pitying, though there is a good deal of sentimentality in them; and if they are only occasionally really hypocritical, they are pervaded throughout by a lofty and long-suffering air, as the artist moves at last to his miserable end—forgotten in Hollywood, like Fitzgerald, or like Willa Cather growing old in her Park Avenue apartment. It should be added that in all of them quotations from the novels are worked into the narratives. Passages that seemed entirely commonplace when we first read them in the *Saturday Evening Post*, or in the best seller of that particular year, are now discovered to be freighted with extraordinary significance. In fact, whole stories and novels that seemed commonplace when first read are found to possess philosophic depths and artistic merit that one would not have thought to attribute to Turgeniev. The reader hardly knows whether to be abashed at having failed to perceive

such merits, or to return to his first impression, and conclude that they really were commonplace.

ROBERT CANTWELL

Let's Take the Initiative

Containment or Liberation? by James Burnham.
New York: John Day Company. \$3.50

Considering how much noise and emotion has been churned up around containment and liberation—the competing concepts of Western policy toward the Soviets—remarkably little has appeared about them in book form. There is, of course, George Kennan's *American Diplomacy, 1900-1950*, embodying his two famous articles on Soviet-American relations. Then there is Barbara Ward's *Policy for the West*, a longer and stronger defense of the same thesis.

The contribution by James Burnham is therefore highly welcome to balance the score. The question-mark in his *Containment or Liberation?* is in the title, not in the book. Its mood is not interrogative. Burnham has written a powerful, and in this reviewer's opinion irrefutable indictment of containment in theory and in practice, and a brilliant exposition of its alternative. His best points, limpid reasoning and a restrained style, are on display in this volume even more impressively than in his two preceding books in the same subject area, *The Struggle for the World* (1947) and *The Coming Defeat of Communism* (1950).

The book comes at a useful juncture in our foreign affairs, at a time when the failure of containment is being widely recognized, and an approach, at least, to a policy of liberation is being made by the new Administration. In his address on the State of the Union, President Eisenhower made two revealing declarations close to the heart of the issues examined in Burnham's book.

The first was that "we shall never acquiesce in the enslavement of any people in order to purchase fancied gain for ourselves." This amounts to a repudiation of the central hope of containment, which is to buy security for what remains of the free world by abandoning the peoples in Stalin's realm to their fate. Probably Eisenhower had in mind only the populations enslaved since the end of the war. But his statement, if carried to its logical limits, would cover also enslavements imposed by the Kremlin before the war, ever since its seizure of power in 1917.

The second declaration was to the effect that we propose to *win* the cold war, as the best means of preventing a shooting war. This again rejects the essence of the policy of containment, the goal of which is not to win but to establish a permanent stalemate: to build up "situations of strength" to enable us to negotiate an enduring division of the globe into Soviet and free sections.

Because the Administration has gone that far

in its thinking, it needs help in extricating itself from the swamps of the rejected containment policy. Burnham offers that help in generous measure and in convincing form. He examines the assumptions of containment and exposes them as self-delusions. But even within the confines of its own assumptions, he shows, containment has been a dismal flop. It has failed to contain. It has not created positions of strength. Being wholly negative and defensive, offering no horizons of hope or of dynamic action, it has nourished a debilitating neutralism in Europe.

A good half of the book is devoted to geopolitical considerations as they impinge on policies vis-à-vis Soviet Russia. The Communists hold the Heartland of Eurasia. Our common-sense purpose should be to frustrate the consolidation of its immense potential of power, to keep it off balance, to cut across Stalin's communications and make our own power effective in the Heartland. The mischief of containment, however, is precisely that it rules out any such intrusion in the Soviet sphere, and therefore guarantees the enemy unmolested opportunity to fortify himself to the utmost.

Because it is defensive, moreover, and concerned only with the periphery of the enemy area, containment has nurtured fallacious military plans at our end. Its effect has been to siphon off our limited resources for surface warfare—for a showdown between opposing armies. Unfortunately we are hopelessly outmatched in such a contest by reason of the vast Communist superiority in numbers.

A strategy for victory today can not be based on a miscellany of forces and weapons. It must be focused and selective. "The great strategist," says Burnham, "searches for the key to the situation." And today that key, so far as the American "island" is concerned, is invincible air power to assure command of the air ocean, even as Britain in the pre-aviation era maintained invincible naval force to guarantee command of the seas. "The policy of containment leads to military plans which place their primary emphasis on land armies. . . . But defeat is absolutely certain if the result depends on the sizes of two land armies." To suppose that we can generate adequate surface force *and* supreme airpower simultaneously is to ignore self-evident limitations on our total manpower, industrial potential and natural resources.

The chapter on "Land, Sea, Air," indeed, is itself worth the price of admission. Basically Burnham follows the thesis of which Major Alexander P. de Seversky is the foremost exponent, at points almost in his words, though curiously he fails to give Seversky the slightest credit. The Seversky view is entirely pertinent to the containment-versus-liberation argument. Only when we stop thinking in terms of defending an endless number of scattered areas all over the globe as containment requires, only when we choose to concentrate on deterrent offensive power capable of being ap-

plied directly against Stalin's Heartland, will America's natural advantages of technology and temperament have full play.

In the final section the book tackles the positive values and possibilities of a bold and consistent policy of liberation. The immediate need is to break with the futile and self-bleeding philosophy of containment, which is "virtually a permanent offer to be diverted at the will of the opponent." Directly or through its external apparatus the Kremlin has only to stir up trouble in any part of the world it selects to divert our energies and resources to that spot.

Having made a resolute commitment to ultimate liberation of mankind, including the one-third in the Soviet domain, from the Red nightmare, we must convey that decision to the whole world, unequivocally. Both the United States and its potential allies, including tens of millions of the Kremlin's subjects in its own countries, will then have been freed for dynamic, humanly inspiring action—not to perpetuate the Communist evil but to eradicate it.

"A policy of liberation," Burnham writes, "would apply in all major spheres: military, economic, psychological, diplomatic, political. It would not be easy or cheap, nor could it promise immediate and magical results. It would not require that Western Europe and the Far East should henceforth be left out of account, or even that the bulk of anti-Soviet effort, quantitatively considered, should be directly applied to actions affecting Eastern Europe.

"What the policy of liberation first and essentially means is a particular focus or perspective. Granted always the axiomatic priority of the home front, it means the view that the *key to the situation* is what happens and what can be made to happen in Eastern Europe, Europe from the Iron Curtain to the Urals."

He cites, by way of examples rather than as definitive proposals, many types of action open to us in "making things happen" behind the Iron Curtain. If we have not seen such things clearly, it is because of the defeatism, the over-estimate of Soviet monolithic strength, of which containment policy is an expression and which is in turn reinforced by that policy. For instance, "who has decreed that the Army now commanded by Marshal Rokossovski must inevitably fight for the Kremlin? It will, if American policy forces it to do so. . . . Even the Russians should not be written off. Many of them are at heart more Russian patriots and human beings than Communist robots."

Another significant point made by this book: Containment policy has taken for granted that Soviet Russia is a state like any other standard state, with fixed frontiers to be kept from expanding. The policy crumbles as we ask how we can "contain" something as amorphous, as borderless, as world Communism.

"It is true (Burnham says) that in one perspective the Soviet Union can be understood as a nation in the traditional sense, with a national government that sits in the Kremlin. This is how Kennan and his colleagues understand it. . . . In another perspective, which has remained up to now outside the range of Kennan and his colleagues, the Soviet Union is not a nation, state or government in any conventional meaning, but the main base of an unprecedented enterprise which fuses the characteristics of a secular religion, a new kind of army, and a world conspiracy."

In other words, while the Kremlin's lines of power cut deep into our world, we have chosen to stop our lines of power at the Iron Curtains. Since a nation's foreign policy is of necessity related to that of its opponent, Burnham might with profit have explored this condition further. He might have pointed out that in Moscow there never has been and there never can be any soul-searching as to the relative values of containment and liberation. Had the Kremlin been content merely to "contain" the non-Soviet world, it could have settled on that basis any time, with the certainty that we would not only receive the news in joy but would eagerly pay for it with trade, loans and good will.

But the Soviet policy toward us has always been one of "liberation." The Communists are dedicated to liberating us from the shackles of capitalism, the yoke of religion, the burdens of freedom. Only an equivalent dedication on our part towards them can hope to meet that challenge.

EUGENE LYONS

Lest We Forget

The Buffalo Wallow, by Charles Tenney Jackson.
Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$3.00

To those of us old enough to remember the America That Was, this book is a delight. To younger readers it will open a door to the past. The author says that the idea of going back to boyhood days comes to any man when he gets along in years. Since I am an octogenarian I know that to be true. Like Chick, who tells the story in this book, I too lived in the early eighties on the Western fringe of settlement. Just beyond us was the region our geographies called the Great American Desert, then vanishing into yesterday's seven thousand years. My brothers and I saw it go. We watched hundreds of covered wagons on their Western trek which were destined to wipe out that desert. "Movers" we called these poverty-stricken migrants; the driver was usually lank and bearded, his wife bedraggled and poke-bonneted. Who could have guessed that this man and woman—multiplied by a million others—were to change the face of the West and create a dozen new states?

It is of such people that Mr. Jackson writes. His

book ought to be widely read, not only because the story he tells is interesting and exciting but because in it he recaptures so much of the quality of that simple America which has gone forever. As you read you can feel its freedom, its sense of space, as well as its hopefulness and self-reliance.

My father brought his family of boys to the Southwest from England in 1881. Our locale was several hundred miles from Mr. Jackson's Nebraska prairie country, but pioneering on the frontier in all districts had the same essential characteristics, though with variations. We lived in a log house with a wide gallery running through it. Chick lived in a "soddy." We raised cotton as well as corn. But all of us made our own soap by leaching wood ashes. We hunted and fished and rode horseback to gather and brand our stock.

The one great difference between our life and Chick's was that we were exposed to books and schooling, whereas Chick was not. In my father's library were the works of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and the great poets. In Chick's home there was only one book, the Bible, and it was kept locked up in a trunk lest the boys get it dirty. Chick was a child of nature, and his education was confined to observation of the small section around the ranch. But what he knew was intimately his. He had never seen a hill or a river, and he did not believe the world was round, but he had observed closely the habits of animals and the annual rebirth of life in the natural world to which he was so near.

The pioneer aspects of our environment forced us to a more individual life than a boy now knows. Chick and his cousin made their own games. A buffalo wallow could become for them a castle of enchantment.

"What we had is lost forever," Mr. Jackson writes. "Television, radio, talking pictures, comics, daily papers, all advisin' us what to do. We live in the Age of Advice. How to act, how to eat, how to look—oil on your hair and shiny white teeth—all as advertised. Editors, columnists, commentators—everybody telling everybody else what to do. Dammit! . . . We had freedom of a sort that a boy today couldn't find anywhere."

We are in danger of losing the valuable continuity of history that a nation needs. This generation is not so much scornful of pioneer days as ignorant and indifferent. We drift away from our heritage of freedom and self-reliance with no regret. I am not arguing that Chick's world was a better one. What I am trying to say is that we have divorced ourselves too completely from our past. We derive from it. Yet if it has any lessons to teach us we do not want to know what they are.

Mr. Jackson tells his story with humor and charm and understanding. I know of no more enjoyable way to come to some comprehension of our pioneer days than to read *The Buffalo Wallow*.

WILLIAM MAC LEOD RAINE

Great-Grandpa's Novel

The White Rose of Memphis, by Col. William C. Falkner. New York: Coley Taylor and the Bond Wheelwright Company. \$5.00

The immediate success of this best-selling novel by William Faulkner's great-grandfather was partly owing to its thinly disguised autobiographical character. At the time of its publication in 1880 Colonel Falkner, the hero of William Faulkner's *Sartoris*, was a prominent citizen. He had raised and led a regiment in the Civil War; he owned and operated a twelve hundred acre plantation, a dozen small farms, a grist mill, a cotton mill, and a law office; and he ran a railroad which he had built. He had founded Stonewall College and erected churches and schoolhouses. But thirty years before he had been the defendant in a murder trial. Acquitted on the plea of self-defense, he was attacked by the dead man's brother and in the resulting street fight killed an assailant. He was tried again, and again acquitted. In his novel two falsely accused people struggle to disentangle the web in which they are entrapped.

But the Colonel was not content to compose a mere murder mystery. He planned a novel of major scope. The *White Rose* was a steamer making its maiden trip from Memphis to New Orleans. In saloons symbolically decorated with murals depicting scenes from *Mazeppa*, *The Siege of Troy*, and *Gulliver's Travels*, it entertained the passengers with a masquerade ball, whose participants represented the Queen of Scots, Ivanhoe, Henry of Navarre, Don Quixote, Ingomar, Napoleon and so forth. The masquers remained in costume throughout the trip. They chose the Queen of Scots to preside over their Decameron-like entertainments and she commanded Ingomar to spin a yarn.

He tells a story of three orphaned children who set out to walk to Memphis two hundred miles away. (Colonel Falkner himself, on the death of his father, walked from Tennessee to Mississippi to make his home with an uncle and, arriving at dusk, found his relative in jail accused of murder.) The brief tale of the children's wanderings is a Paul-and-Virginia idyll sharpened by the real dangers of a primitive countryside, snakes, scalliwags, and bullies. As they grow older and the complications of life in the turbulent Reconstruction South gather around them, the novel takes on a Dickensian flavor; the true course of their several loves is villainously thwarted by as many plots and subplots as Dickens himself could invent. Ingomar's tale is interrupted at suitable intervals by the Queen and a *Love's Labour's Lost* sort of badi-nage ensues between the masquers who, however, gradually realize that a violent denouement of the story may take place on the boat.

In his interesting foreword Robert Cantwell suggests that Colonel Falkner intended, through the

symbolical masquerade, to contrast the chivalrous notions derived from Scott with the harsh realities of actual life. I think he did more. His leading characters started out with ideals drawn from poetry and religion. Though they encountered cruelty and deceit and were entrapped in a morass of false accusations, they kept their ideals high. As William Faulkner in his Nobel speech affirmed the values of individual probity in our troubled world, so his great-grandfather affirmed them in the Reconstruction Era. His great design is executed with passion, gusto, sympathetic comprehension of character, and an exuberant love of dialect equal to Mark Twain's, but with little of the art that lifts a book into literature. The novel shows its period in an unexpected light. Its heroine is a modern Portia, and it attacks the obfuscations of the law, greed, and poverty with tremendous fervor.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Perceptive and Exciting

I and My True Love, by Helen MacInnes. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50

For suspense and dramatic excitement Helen MacInnes' new novel is not likely to have any substantial competitors this season. The plot starts unwinding ominously straight off in the very first paragraph and never lets up until the last brief concluding sentence. In between you don't know how anything is going to turn out, you breathlessly keep wanting to know, and you are only entirely sure when you have reached those final six words. The story concerns Sylvia Pleydell, the beautiful wife of a high government official (State Department implied), and her love for Jan Brovic, a Czech diplomat, whom she knew during the war, tried to forget when he returned to his native land, and who suddenly reappears in postwar Washington. The trouble is that he comes back as the representative of a Communist government. She does see him again, of course, and is soon caught up in a secret far more dangerous than she could have anticipated—that he connived his return in order to make a break for freedom and is meantime awaiting only the escape of his family through the Iron Curtain. On that depends the future of their happiness, their love. But there are undreamed-of obstacles and complications: a trade agreement between the United States and Czechoslovakia, the jealousy of a sinister husband, spying friends whose interest runs deeper than gossip. The setting itself becomes part of the plot, the Washington of diplomats and career officers and civil servants—of liberals and mushheads and fools. Miss MacInnes has handled the latter with particular acuteness, and pointed up their twisted thinking and fuzzy characters with devastating skill. To combine such political perception with so superb a gift for storytelling is rare indeed.

F. N.

THE THEATER

Quartet of Revivals

The outlook of the theater appeared mighty gloomy until a month or so ago. Then along came four revivals which wiped the glum look off the faces of managers and theatergoers alike. It was a pleasing sight to see a New York audience remaining seated to applaud wildly until the house lights came on; this happened the night I attended *On Borrowed Time* at the Forty-Eighth Street Theater. Two weeks later, at an afternoon performance of *Porgy and Bess* (Ziegfeld Theater), I heard the ringing cries of "Bravo!" in a packed house. Such high-spirited demonstrations have been absent for too long from most of the Broadway theaters.

The present version of George Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* is the fifth to reach New York since it was first produced in 1935. It is the best to date, and is nearer to Gershwin's original conception of the piece as an opera. For its sheer tunefulness, and its turbulent, evocative rhythms, the Gershwin score is a joy to listen to. The voices rendering the familiar lyrics and inspired score are excellent. In fact, it is very difficult to choose which of the singers or songs one likes best—Helen Colbert's moving rendition of "Summertime," Leontyne Price and Leslie Scott in their spirited duet "Bess, You Is My Woman Now," or Helen Thigpen's touching arioso "My Man's Gone Now." In the lead roles Miss Price and Mr. Scott acted as convincingly as they sang. A word of praise should also go to Cab Calloway's Sportin' Life and to Wolfgang Roth's effective backdrop for the tragic story of Porgy. His setting of Catfish Row manages to convey the warmth, as well as the squalor in the lives of Porgy's neighbors as they live from day-break to sunset on the raw edge of their emotions.

But I have a question to ask of the Blevins Davis-Robert Breen production. Couldn't it be lusty without being so lavish? There are times, for instance, when the first act seems overdirected; it is cluttered and noisy. Too many faces peer out from too many windows, and too many people are rushing around in the street below. This, along with the stresses laid on the explosive nature of the dwellers of Catfish Row, both in the music as well as in the action on stage, can eventually leave a spectator exhausted.

On Borrowed Time by Paul Osborn is another stage offering that originally brightened our theater-going back in the thirties. It remains, today, a genial, homespun, but unsentimental little comedy which laughs at death while making unobtrusive wry comments on the living. Gramps, as played by Victor Moore, who keeps Mr. Brink (Death) up in a tree while he figures out a way to look after his

young grandson, Pud, is more lovable than the late Dudley Digges in the original interpretation of the role. Victor Moore's lighter touch seems better suited to sustain the central wistful mood of the play. One feels that he is only making believe that he is an ornery blasphemous old man, and I prefer this to Digges' former choleric portraiture. Mr. Moore is ably assisted by Beulah Bondi as Granny, Leo G. Carroll (who has the lugubrious task of sitting out most of the performance in the tree), and a fine cast of supporting actors.

In 1950 the only modern works by foreign authors being played in any of Moscow's twenty-five theaters were *The Little Foxes* and *Another Part of the Forest*. But long before Lillian Hellman started providing "dire pictures of the behavior of rich, corrupt American families" for Soviet audiences, *The Children's Hour* had firmly established her in this country as a serious dramatist. It was a chilling theater piece eighteen years ago, and, viewed now at the Coronet Theater, it still has a sickly fascination. Miss Hellman's expository directing, however, has taken some of the conflict out of her drama. In the original presentation the two head mistresses were the victims of a slanderous lie spread by a pupil in their girls' school; it was clear to the audience that they were innocent. But in the new version Martha Dobie, as portrayed by Patricia Neal, is a psychotic young woman who, from the moment the curtain rises, suggests in her walk, her gestures, that she has abnormal tendencies; she belongs on the moors; she should not be running a school for girls, and we are not sure that she is altogether innocent. Kim Hunter plays her role equally unsubtly. This confusion of the main issue deadens the impact of the whispering campaign, and to some extent at least destroys our sympathy. Iris Mann, as the monstrous child, gives a strikingly nasty performance.

It is a far cry from Miss Hellman's clinical melodrama to Mr. Shaw's enchanting conversation piece, *Misalliance* (Barrymore Theater), one of his obscurer works, and among the currently popular revivals on Broadway. It pokes the usual fun at the British institutions of marriage, family, politics. Shaw takes a wealthy middle-aged underwear manufacturer and his family, and shows what riotous complications can develop when the daughter wishes to marry into the aristocracy. Most of the company, which includes Roddy MacDowell, Tamara Geva, and Dorothy Sands, were wise to follow Barry Jones' expert model of Mr. Tarleton and read Shaw's bantering lines with tongue in cheek.

The only sour note to be interposed concerning this sudden upward swing is that none of these plays is new. However, we must not complain too much, so long as the theater continues to offer entertainment of as high a level as the present batch of revivals.

RICHARD MC LAUGHLIN

MUSIC

When the Greeks first developed their *kithara*, precursor of our guitar, they meant it to produce "music that will please the ears of a god." Since then, the *kithara* has become obsolete and our present-day guitar is mainly used to please the ears of a cowboy or the jazzed-up tastes of Eddie Condon's customers in Greenwich Village. It was refreshing to discover that this relatively simple instrument is also capable of reproducing the delicate and sophisticated music of Johann Sebastian Bach or Domenico Scarlatti. It is doing this so well, in fact, that it is fast competing with the piano and the harpsichord as a favorite of *salons musicaux* and concert halls from Brussels to Buenos Aires.

The man responsible for the classical coming of age of the guitar is a Spaniard named Andrés Segovia, now on a concert tour of this country. Together with the popular misconceptions about the guitar, we shared the idea that a Spanish gui-



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tarist is a lean, fiery-eyed fellow who tosses his head and shouts "Olé." When we first saw Mr. Segovia on the stage of New York's Town Hall, we were therefore surprised to discover him to be a portly, bespectacled gentleman, who looked more like a benevolent owl than a Spanish serenader and somewhat self-consciously held a medium-sized guitar in his right hand.

It was this same guitar that started Segovia on his unique road to fame. He spotted it one day in Granada in the dusty shop of a luthier named Manuel Ramirez, and became fascinated by the delicate, sensitive sounds he could evoke from it. Immediately, he gave up his piano studies and a year later—aged fourteen—Segovia astonished the *aficionados* of classical music by giving a guitar concert in Madrid's august Ateneo, featuring the music of Bach, Scarlatti, Haydn, Paganini.

Segovia uses music which the old masters composed for the lute, or transcribes scores of Bach and Scarlatti. But the increasing importance of the guitar has been realized by contemporary composers, and such men as Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Haug, and Albeniz have written special pieces for this instrument. And the Brazilian, Heitor Villa-Lobos, is doing a concerto for guitar and orchestra which will have its première at the Queen's coronation. The public, too, seems to go for the classical guitar. Segovia's four records for Decca-Gold Label (Numbers 8022, 9633, 9638 and 9647) have made him one of the five top recording artists of that series.

SERGE FLIEGERS

RADIO

If the Western and science fiction are the fables of male adventure and derring-do, radio soap opera is the fable of American women. And there is no writing or drama in the world today that tries so hard *not* to be literature.

Sophisticated listeners derisively total up the miseries of the heroines of soap—those eternally unhappy women—just as, with a laugh, light-minded playgoers keep score on the corpses in Shakespeare. It may be a little late at this rounding of an era in radio to point out that the ma-

terials of the soap—jealousy, adultery, ambition, crime, accident, sickness, children, in-laws—are the very staple from which sounder things are wrought and great plays written.

Actually and surprisingly, the soap is substantially the most realistic body of writing in any of the mass media today. It is centered in the realism of the family, and grounded in the actuality of daily living. Over the years it has shown as keen a response to all the lesser social upheavals of the day as Hollywood or the news magazines. It has incorporated all the periodic public causes, the problem of adoption of children, juvenile delinquency, the dislocations of war.

What makes a sane man tear his hair therefore in listening to the soap is not the troubles, but the long and dreary discourse they become. It is the essence of telling a tale to make a point, bring it to some head, and keep moving. It is the essence of the soap to do the opposite. For tradition has it that nothing really new is to happen in a soap opera over a period of three days, the reasoning being that a woman, working in the house, catches only half of each program and listens only one third of each week.

The heroine, Mrs. Brown, for instance, is trying to break up the marriage of her son John to Janice, because Janice is trying to get John to adopt a son, since she can not have one of her own. There is a genuinely dramatic theme. But here is the way it works in soap: Mrs. Brown talks to son John, Janice hears of it and talks to Mrs. Brown, John talks to Dr. Carter, Dr. Carter talks to Janice, Mrs. Brown meets Dr. Carter at a party and talks to him, Uncle Bill hears about it at the party and talks to Janice, Janice goes back again to Mrs. Brown, Uncle Bill tells the problem to Aunt Ellen, who goes to Mrs. Brown. No one has said anything new, but each has said it in character.

The only way for a man to listen is in the way women are assumed to: only one half of each program and only a third of each week, and keep moving fast about the house, making the thing as haphazard as possible. Shave, drive nails into the furniture, fix the vacuum cleaner, go out and seed the lawn. And *then* the soap will seem a tale that *moves*.

ALEXANDER MARSHACK

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