

**THE**  
*Freeman*

MARCH 23, 1953

25¢

**After Stalin, What?**

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William Henry Chamberlin

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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.

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

## Our Contributors

EDWARD HUNTER has had extensive experience in observing Communist methods both in Europe and the Far East. His recent book, *Brain-Washing in Red China*, has been widely quoted and has already become an important source book on methods of Communist indoctrination. Incidentally, it introduced the word "brainwashing" into the English language.

JOHN T. FLYNN, noted journalist and author of numerous books on economic and political topics, has been writing for magazines since 1923. For nine years a member of the Board of Higher Education of the City of New York, he has been adviser to a number of Senate committees.

ANTROBUS is the pseudonym of an eminent economist of wide international experience.

LAWRENCE FERTIG, whose syndicated column on economic affairs appears weekly in the *New York World Telegram and Sun*, is well known to radio and television audiences. A resident of New York City, he heads a firm of business consultants under his name.

HAL LEHRMAN, foreign correspondent and lecturer, knew Yugoslavia before the rise of Tito and was there during the momentous days of 1945-46; he visited that country again late in 1951. Mr. Lehrman is the author of *Russia's Europe and Israel: The Beginning and Tomorrow*.

## Among Ourselves

Because of the special importance of Stalin's death, we have turned over the major portion of our editorial section in this issue to the views of four men equipped by personal experience to judge what the results for Soviet Russia and Communism are likely to be. Alexander Kerensky was Premier and Minister President of Russia following the democratic Revolution of February, 1917, and remained in office until the Bolshevik seizure of power in October. Max Eastman, in 1926, published "Lenin's Testament," a suppressed letter in which Lenin warned his party against Stalin's excessive power; he was rewarded by being personally denounced by Stalin in an international broadcast as a "gangster of the pen." William Henry Chamberlin lived in Moscow for twelve years, until 1934, as correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*. His scholarly and authoritative history of the Russian Revolution, and successive books about what followed, have become indispensable to students, historians, and writers. James Burnham examined Stalin's aims and purposes in two books, *The Struggle for the World* and *The Coming Defeat of Communism*. His recent survey of our foreign policy, particularly in relation to Soviet Russia, was published February twenty-sixth under the title *Containment or Liberation?*

## FROM OUR READERS

### Cards, Horses and Diplomacy

Your contributor, Lord Vansittart, has reminded us of something we should never forget: that diplomatists of the old school to which Lord Vansittart belongs regarded diplomacy as a card game. He says that negotiations with the Chinese Communist government have been "rendered impossible by playing a trump card too soon without taking a trick." Or diplomacy was regarded as a horse race: "If the Russians think that they have bought a winner by playing the Arabs against the Jews, they have a nag which will win them no races." Such are the flippant thoughts from which Lord Vansittart proceeds to advise us regarding relations with Iran and Egypt.

These are an old man's dreamings and, fortunately, very few are bemused with the idea that the English people should risk being engaged in another war in disputes that, as news to hand since he wrote shows, may be settled by conciliation. Quite evidently, his idea of "virile diplomacy" is of that kind which led to World War One, costing one million English lives, and which in turn led to World War Two, costing, I understand, a further four hundred thousand English lives.

Berkeley, Calif.

CHARLES B. COLLINS

### Unions as Legislative Bodies

In Professor Wolman's article on "Changing the Labor Law" he says: "Labor unions are private organizations. No one has the authority to endow them with the powers of government." However, the Supreme Court has held that labor unions, when acting as bargaining agents, are far from being "private organizations" and Congress has endowed them, when so acting, with "powers comparable to those possessed by a legislative body."

Chicago, Ill.

THOMAS H. SLUSSER

### A Barrier to Foreign Trade

The "Buy-American" Act was passed twenty years ago, in the depths of the depression, as make-work legislation. Since that time it has cost the American taxpayer several billion dollars in government expenditures. Perhaps more important than this is the barrier it presents today to a sound foreign trade program and the effort to substitute "trade for aid."

I have introduced H. R. 613 for the purpose of repealing this law, and the bill is now pending before the House Public Works Committee. Any assistance you can provide in calling attention to the harmful effects of the Buy-American Act will be greatly appreciated.

Washington, D. C.

FRANK E. SMITH, M.C.

### Sister Kenny Impresses

You recently published a letter from Lawrence T. Brown, M.D., criticizing the *Freeman* for comment mildly favorable to the late Sister Kenny. Dr. Brown's letter is sharply critical of Sister Kenny's method for treating acute polio. He charges specifically that "her theory was completely incorrect and, by scientific means, has repeatedly been proved to be incorrect."

In the January 10 issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association, three Minneapolis doctors report on a study conducted over a five-year period of 391 patients who were treated by the Kenny method. Of these patients 45.1 per cent made an absolute and complete recovery from acute polio. Another 24 per cent made a recovery termed by the three doctors "essentially normal." Another 22.5 per cent were described as "moderately weak" following treatment but "not handicapped severely," and only 8.3 per cent remained severely handicapped. Bearing in mind that only acute cases were checked in this study, this record impresses my lay mind as rather good. I wonder if any other method of treatment can offer proof of equal effectiveness.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

VICTOR L. KLEE

### A Jolt to One-Worlders

I am so stirred with the clarity and importance of two articles in the February 23rd issue that I do beg that there will be reprints of "Roofs Without Houses" and "Balance Sheet of the Cold War." They are clear in the way they explain, eloquently too, much that is going on to people who are alarmed, confused, but who don't worry enough or constructively enough. "Roofs Without Houses" should jolt all these One Worlders more than anything I have seen—and I've seen much.

Indianapolis, Ind.

T. V. P. KRULL

### Respectable Literature

Although I am not a regular subscriber to the *Freeman*, I do buy two or three copies of each issue from my nearby newsstand. This newsstand proprietor sells many Communist publications and I buy your magazine from him so that he will continue to carry some respectable literature, and I can send my neighbors there to buy it. I find the *Freeman* a most interesting magazine and a very educational one.

Los Angeles, Calif.

FRANCES CLARK

### Abolish the FSA

I am afraid your editorial, "The Public Comes First" (the *Freeman*, March 9), was guilty of some of the "sticky logic" that Thaddeus Ashby complained of in your book columns not long ago. Evidently, your only argument for the retention of the "social security" system is: "The functions of the Security Agency are now part of the permanent activities of the Federal Government." As consistent libertarians, it is difficult to see how you could repeat the welfare-statist defense of this fraud. . . .

The free man's (as opposed to the *Freeman's*) answer to the question raised in your editorial is: Abolish the Federal Security Administration altogether!

New York City

RALPH RAICO

### Malarkey

Having been an avid reader and supporter of the *Freeman*, I am surprised that you would print the "American Disease" article. Apparently Mr. Kavanagh is basing his convictions of "all Americans," in the second line, on the conglomeration in New York City and surrounding locale. What I want to know is, how many average Americans does Mr. Kavanagh claim to really know? Such malarkey!

Binghamton, N. Y.

JANET W. GRAHAM

# THE Freeman

MONDAY, MARCH 23, 1953

## *After Stalin, What?*

The death of Stalin opens up, at the very least, a wider range of possibilities than existed while he lived. It is conceivable, of course, that the situation after his death may be even worse than that before it. It is conceivable that Malenkov or those around him may decide that the best way to consolidate their power at home is to launch an immediate foreign war—as a way of insuring greater “unity and vigilance,” and as a better excuse for exterminating rivals.

But while anything is possible, and while it is not given to any of us to foretell the future with assurance, the probabilities now favor a healthier, a more peaceful, and a freer world. It is improbable, for instance, that Malenkov will turn out to have as great a genius for evil as Stalin. It is probable that it will take him months and even years, as it took Stalin, to purge the potential aspirants for his job. Revolutions within the Kremlin walls can still not be ruled out. Disaffection of at least some leaders in the satellite countries, or in outlying districts of Russia itself, is more than likely. In brief, it is a time for revival of hope.

Yet rational hope is of most value as a prelude to rational action. And the future will depend far more on what *we* do than on what happens just now in Moscow. We must first of all break the hypnotic state, “the posture of paralyzed tension,” that we got ourselves into in our relations with Stalin and the whole Communist world. Instead of continuing to wait fearsomely for “what the Kremlin is going to do next,” and then making some belated, half-hearted, and ill-considered answer, we must adopt our own positive policy toward the Communist threat, and seize the initiative in the cold war.

Much is being written today about Stalin’s tremendous cunning. Yet great as his evil abilities undoubtedly were, when we look back at the record we are forced to conclude that it was less Stalin’s duplicity than the blindness and confusion of our own leaders that helped to build the Communist power and menace to its present proportions.

Consider what we did. For seventeen years we had refused to recognize the Communist despotism in Russia. During those years we got along better with it than we ever have since. But in 1934 we decided that wisdom had been folly, and we recognized the Stalinist government on the false economic argument that it would benefit our trade and on the false political argument that diplomatic relations imply nothing more than recognition that a government is actually in power.

The promised volume of trade never materialized. Stalin, however, used his recognition to intensify his propaganda here and to send spies in our midst with diplomatic immunity. And events have proved that official recognition does in fact imply moral support. When the arch-criminal Stalin died at last, the heads of the governments of the free world felt forced to express their sympathy and regret. Is there any wonder that the man in the street is morally confused by all this, and that our own policy is confused by it?

Official recognition, of course, is merely a symptom of the basic confusions in our policy. In the war against Germany we had opportunity after opportunity to insist, in return for our tremendous help to Stalin, on minimum political conditions and guarantees in return. But we failed to insist on a single worthwhile political condition for our help. On the contrary, at every point our representatives allowed themselves to be out-traded and out-maneuvered. They accepted conditions where they should have imposed them.

But most of our mistakes of policy have been the consequence of confusion of basic ideology. We have paid lip-service to free enterprise and representative government at home, but have thrown our support to socialist expropriation and dictatorship abroad.

There is no reason, however, why Eisenhower should be bound by the errors of his predecessors in the last twenty years. The death of Stalin has brought to our new President an opportunity, such as has seldom come to any man in history, to restore freedom, peace, and honor in the world.

## Alexander Kerensky:

My optimism about the results of Stalin's death does not rest on the hope of quarrels among his successors. There are three reasons why no such quarrels can be expected, at least in the near future. One is that Stalin has spent the better part of his time for the last two years planning a form of organization, and picking the men for key positions in it, which would prevent such quarrels so far as that is humanly possible. My information is that he was for some time prior to his death living mostly on the Black Sea, letting the men who were to succeed him meet the daily problems of government—intervening when necessary, but chiefly watching them and drawing his conclusions. There is no doubt that his arteriosclerosis was sufficiently advanced for him to know his early death was imminent. It was sudden news to us, but not to his physicians. And he was a man of caution, a man who laid plans. He would not let anything, even death, catch him unprepared, if he could help it. So we may be sure that this ten-horse team which has replaced the old Politburo was picked and put in harness by Stalin himself. It is nothing like the incongruous troika—Stalin, Kamenev, and Zinoviev—that came into power when Lenin died.

Another reason why these men will pull together is that they all know they can not afford to quarrel. They are holding down a volcano in Russia. The dispatches you read in the newspapers that people were weeping in the churches were all nonsense. Nobody who went to church was weeping over the death of Stalin. A good many of those who did weep were actuated more by fear for their own future than sorrow for the loss of Stalin. About twenty million Russians, I should say, sincerely mourn the death of the tyrant. Some six million of the eight million party members, the privileged bureaucrats and specialists, the indoctrinated youths of the Komsomol. Perhaps fifteen million would be nearer to it. That leaves a population about the size of that of the United States to be held down. And then there is the mounting anger and abhorrence of the Soviet regime throughout the western world. No, they can't afford to quarrel.

Moreover, all those who were strong and brainy enough to hold their own in a struggle for state power have been purged. That has been Stalin's system. That is how he survived. I can't see a single man on the Russian horizon, let alone two of them, sufficiently strong to put up a colossal fight for power such as might give us hope of a breakdown or a change.

I rest my hope not on quarrels but on stupidities. For these Stalin's purges have prepared the ground. And even if he had let slip a few strong and able men, they couldn't replace Stalin. I never shared the disposition of some of my colleagues to minimize his rare gifts. He was like Lenin in combining

fanatical adherence to the goal as he conceived it—the so-called “classless” society—with complete realism and amorality as to the means of reaching it. He was more stubborn than Lenin, more rather than less fanatical. Especially in his last years, the years of his illness, Lenin became more mellow, more human, as I learned from Dr. Bakunin, who tended him. Stalin was also more narrow-minded than Lenin, and hence a more dangerous fanatic. Lenin was at least capable of realizing that if certain economic conditions failed to develop, it might be necessary to go back to the path of genuine political democracy. Moreover, Stalin conceived the whole Communist movement in purely military terms. Class war meant to him armed warfare, and armed warfare meant absolute discipline and obedience, shooting traitors and deserters, even those who broke ranks.

Such traits of character are rarely combined with the ability to maneuver which Stalin possessed, to trick the enemy, to inspire trust and good will, as he did with his Popular Front tactic and his genial lies to Churchill and Roosevelt at Yalta and Teheran. For all these reasons Stalin is irreplaceable. That is why my optimism is based on the inevitable stupidities of his successors, not on the near prospect of any quarrels among them.

## Max Eastman:

Two facts seem to me relevant if you want to make guesses or bets about the political consequences of Stalin's death. First, the chance that anyone in Russia can fill Stalin's place is so small as to be negligible. Stalin had as rare a combination of qualities as any of the great or terrible men who have left long shadows in history. George Papandreou, the Greek statesman, summarized those qualities for me in a phrase I'll never forget. He called Stalin “a genius of patience, continuity, cruelty, and fraud.” Stalin loved intrigue; he loved to fool people. To make everybody think he was doing one thing when he was doing the exact opposite was a delight to him, an art which he cultivated. He hoodwinked all the big shots in the Politburo after Lenin died, and he hoodwinked all the big shots in the western world at Yalta, Teheran, and Potsdam. The whole western world was played for a sucker by this master of deceit, murder, the long look, the steady look, and the intricate mechanics of power. Don't bet on the notion that such a genius is likely to be replaced any time soon.

On the other hand, don't forget that the machine he built is still there. If the little gang of ten whom he left in charge continue to agree on the chauffeur, the machine will keep running for a long time. It's a contest between their *knowledge* of the necessity of turning over the power and

the "charisma" to a new leader, and the *impulse* of the strongest among them to hang onto it, or a bit of it, for themselves. However, even if knowledge wins out, and the machine holds together, it will never run as it did with the master mechanic at the wheel. Since the day of Stalin's death the conspiracy against freedom is far less formidable both in Russia and throughout the West than it was before. A supernormal obstacle is removed from the path to a civilized world.

These facts provide no basis for answering the question, what will happen in Russia as a result of Stalin's death. That answer may be a long time coming. But why should we sit and wait for it? Why indeed do we ask such a question? Have we fallen so hopelessly into the habit of surrendering the initiative to Stalin that we have to go right on surrendering it to his corpse? After Stalin, what are *we* going to do? is the question we should ask. And the above facts enable us to answer that if we have the force and penetration.

First, step up the hot war in Korea with the simple and natural intention of winning it. Nothing could be more timely than General Van Fleet's report, published on the very morning of the news about Stalin, that there is no way to hold Asia for freedom except to win the war in Korea.

Second, we should step up the cold war in Europe and throughout the world. The international Communist movement is for the time being, notwithstanding Malenkov, headless. It takes time to build up a world leader greater than Aristotle, Shakespeare, Galileo, Julius Caesar, and Jesus Christ. And meanwhile, the dismay and confusion will be vast, for nobody in the entire Communist movement has the habit of thinking with his own brains.

Representative Kirsten of Wisconsin set us an example by introducing in the House, on the day of Stalin's death, a resolution designed to persuade the new administration to implement an amendment which he sponsored to the Mutual Security Act that became a law two years ago. The amendment provides for the formation of escapees from Iron Curtain countries into national military units and cadres of anti-Communist troops to be attached to NATO. Reviewing the flights, surrenders, and desertions of Russian and satellite soldiers in the last ten years, Mr. Kirsten expressed a doubt whether the Communists would "trust any of their pilots alone in the air, or divisions in the field, if we made a serious effort to help them surrender without endangering their lives."

That is one upstanding answer to the question: After Stalin, what? The question must be answered by the American nation. No one else has the power. And if we answer clearly and fearlessly for ourselves alone, the other free nations will follow along.

## James Burnham:

During the days just before and after Stalin's death, I found myself wondering whether Marxism may not be right in its contention that Western civilization is incurably sick. The leaders and spokesmen of the West, official and unofficial, gaped passively, as if in a stunned coma. The "experts" dribbled idle nonsense about the "succession." (Was it to delude themselves, or the rest of us, with the fancy that it would make the slightest difference whether Molotov or Beria or Krushchev or Malenkov or Ivan Ivanovitch were initially assigned this or that or the other nominal post?) Meanwhile Stalin, in dying as so often in life, had control of the massive press and radio system of that bourgeois world for which he had so utter a contempt.

Healthy men, even very ill men who still have the will to live, respond actively to the challenges from their environment. They do not merely mumble: "The fire is spreading. Will it catch next in this room or that?" or "The tiger comes near. Will he first eat you or you or me?" They *do* something: put out the fire, shoot or fight the tiger. But with Stalin dying the experts and the leaders said only: "Will it be X or Y or Z? Will they quarrel or agree? Will they be still worse than Stalin or maybe just a little gentler? Will they want war right away or not until a few years off?"

With Stalin dead, what words then came! From the Secretary of the United Nations, under whose presumed leadership brave men are grappling in the snows of Korea with hordes ordered to the attack by Stalin, came requiem praise for the "great statesman." From the Chairman of the United Nations Assembly, there was tribute to the "leader" of the crusade against Nazi aggression. And in all the western capitals, "official condolences," flags at half mast, diplomats in black gloves carrying cards of polite remembrance.

Is there no leader of the western world with wisdom, intelligence, courage—and common sense—enough to declare: "Let mankind rejoice that the bloodiest butcher in history has gone to his dishonored grave!"

As to what will happen, we can be sure of the two key facts. First, the basic Soviet strategy and the supreme Soviet objective will not be changed by a millimeter. Second, the death of Stalin opens a major vulnerability within the Soviet system which will not be healed for at least many months. In this weakness lies our opportunity, an opportunity which will not recur.

It is of little significance that one man, Malenkov, has been named as seemingly "heir." There is no objective, historically grounded principle that legitimizes his rule. And therefore he can only secure it by violence and wile. This means that now and for many months, no man in the upper Soviet hierarchy can be sure of anything. If he makes the least slip,

he sees ahead the cellars of the Lubianka. When our statesmen guess wrong, the worst they have to fear is retirement on an \$8,100 pension, but for the Soviet bureaucrat it is a bullet in the neck. This means, must mean, that the bulk of the energy and attention of the Soviet leadership must now be diverted to the domestic front.

It follows that for these same months—which our positive action could indefinitely extend—we can move with considerable freedom, and an excellent prospect of success. Our opponent is off-balance, and that surely is the time to strike him the repeated blows that will keep him so. Why don't we free the anti-Communist prisoners in Korea tomorrow? Make clear the welcome that we will give a freed Albania? Speed the formation of exile military units? Help Chiang Kai-shek advance his schedule? Bring Moscow up on formal charges of genocide and aggression? Make the captive peoples know that Stalin's death can be the preface to their freedom? Tell the Soviet subjects that we are with them, and against all their Bolshevik tyrants whether they are called Stalin or Malenkov or Jones?

These things and many more can now be done. But will they be?

## *William Henry Chamberlin:*

The passing of Joseph Stalin subjects the Soviet regime to the severest test, short of a great war, which a totalitarian tyranny can face. This is the problem of the succession. There is no element of legitimacy in a revolutionary dictatorship, no sanction of law or of free choice by the people.

The original revolutionary leader achieves predominance by force of personality and keeps himself in power with the aid of the guillotine, the firing squad, or some other method of intimidation. His death poses an issue that can only be settled by a contest of intrigue and force among the men around him. There is no hereditary principle to operate as a stabilizing force, and a free election, even among members of the ruling party, is quite incompatible with the nature of the regime.

This problem of succession has arisen only once in the three principal dictatorships of our time, because Hitler and Mussolini both perished amid the collapse of their regimes. There was no spectacular coup d'état after the death of Lenin, following incapacitation for several months by a paralytic stroke, in January, 1924. Nominally the supreme direction of the party rested in the hands of the Politburo, then composed of seven members: Stalin, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Rykov, Bukharin, Trotsky, and Tomsky. Stalin only felt safely entrenched in power when he had killed every one of these associates. Zinoviev and Kamenev, Rykov and Bukharin were put to death after the purge trials

in the thirties, Tomsky committed suicide, Trotsky was murdered by a Soviet agent in Mexico. Stalin was nothing if not thorough in the methods he employed.

This precedent shows the grim, life-and-death stakes for which Stalin's chief lieutenants, the men who are in the line of succession, must be prepared to play. The penalty of failure may well be not retirement to private life, but swift execution.

Stalin is believed to have been much concerned, in recent years, with the preparation of an orderly transition of power, and the result we have before us looks neat and conclusive. But there is no real power or authority in the dead hand of a dictator. Lenin, shortly before his final physical breakdown, prepared a famous political testament, in which he berated Stalin for "roughness" and "lack of loyalty," and called for his removal from his powerful office as Secretary-General of the Party. This testament had no effect.

It is not at all certain that Stalin's carefully devised scheme of control under the guidance of Malenkov will mean much more. Little is known of Malenkov; it is doubtful whether any non-Communist foreigner has ever talked with him. On his record he seems to be a junior edition of Stalin himself, a man who has risen to power and influence by adroit manipulation of the levers of party organization and who built up a record as a vigorous, capable administrator during the war.

Malenkov's principal rivals are V. M. Molotov, who has held the offices of Prime Minister and Foreign Minister and with whom a temporary adjustment has been made, and Lavrenti Beria. The latter, like Stalin, is a Georgian, is in charge of the powerful political police, with its private army and its vast system of slave labor camps, and has been reported to be chief of the Soviet atomic energy program.

The first impulse of this triumvirate has clearly been to present a united front to the Soviet peoples and to the world. There could conceivably be a division of power, with Malenkov running the party, Molotov the political administration, and Beria retaining his present functions. But triumvirates, from Caesar-Pompey-Crassus via Robespierre-Marat-Danton to Stalin-Zinoviev-Kamenev, have seldom shared absolute power amicably very long.

Stalin contrived to arrange his rise to absolute power without shootings, except of those whom he regarded as his rivals. The candidates for the Stalinite succession may not be so successful in avoiding an open struggle for power, which might bring in the Red Army and secret police and uncover all sorts of hidden fissions in the outward monolithic solidity of the Kremlin Wall.

For the present, and until the question of individual mastery is decided, there is likely to be a freeze, or moratorium, on big decisions of foreign policy.



# U.N. War, U.S. Fight

When the Indian compromise scheme for war prisoner repatriation was under consideration last December Lester Pearson, President of the United Nations Assembly, intimated that the U.N. would have to take some strong action if the scheme was rejected. The Indian resolution was turned down, first by Vishinsky, to the accompaniment of his customary scornful vituperation, then by the obedient Chinese Communists.

And Mr. Pearson, in a recent U.N. radio talk, showed what his conception of strong action is. "It might well be," he said, "that the Assembly will decide that they have taken a very important step last winter in the Indian resolution and that, insofar as Korea is concerned, no further step is required."

In short, the U.N. members will settle back comfortably and carry on what is theoretically a U. N. war in Korea by doing nothing and fighting cheerfully to the last American. Judging from past performance, the only emotional disturbance to be expected in London, Paris, New Delhi, and many other U.N. capitals will be if and when the United States, which has been contributing about 95 per cent of the non-Korean manpower and a similar proportion of the casualties, makes some effort to break an intolerable deadlock and win the victory for which, as General McArthur pointed out, there is no substitute.

Korea has been as discouraging a performance for the United Nations as Manchuria and Abyssinia were for the League of Nations. It will not be surprising if future historians will find that American illusions about the possibilities of the United Nations as an instrument of collective security began to disappear under the hard impact of the international action, or rather inaction, in the face of the Korean challenge.

This challenge could scarcely have been more clear-cut or flagrant. A satellite army which had been trained by Soviet instructors and fitted out with Soviet tanks and artillery, marched across the 38th Parallel on June 25, 1950. By the accident of the Soviet boycott of the Security Council it was possible to obtain a unanimous vote condemning the aggression and calling on the member states for action.

There was also, as is sometimes forgotten, an affirmative vote in the United Nations for crossing the 38th Parallel, when the landing at Inchon changed the aspect of the war and made it feasible to strike for the goal of a united free Korea. But the open entrance of Communist China into the war in late November and the initial reverses suffered by the U.N. army inspired among the U.N. members a mood of panic and defeatism which was

most unlikely to produce peace on any acceptable basis.

Some of the nations which, like India, failed to put a man or a gun on the front, were most vociferous in their backseat driving, in their pressure for appeasement. The Indians seemed to believe, and to have convinced some Americans who should have known better, that they possessed some special key to the favor of Mao Tse-tung's regime. Actually all the Indian peace initiatives, including the most recent proposal on war prisoner repatriation, have ended in inglorious failure.

By this time one would have imagined that it would be clear to the least perceptive mind that words without the backing of force inspire nothing but contempt in a totalitarian regime. The war in Korea will end, it may safely be predicted, not when some noncombatant thinks up a slick verbal formula, but when the course of hostilities takes a turn calculated to hurt the Chinese Communists and their Russian sponsors more than it hurts the powers which are fighting the spread of aggressive Communism.

What is even more discouraging than the failure of the U.N. members to give more than token military support in Korea is the persistent attempt to block and frustrate American proposals to get out of what President Eisenhower, in one of his happiest phrases, called "the posture of paralyzed tension." It was a tooth-pulling operation, months after the large-scale Chinese intervention, to obtain the passing of a U.N. resolution calling attention to the obvious fact that Red China was an aggressor.

Such steps as the bombing of power plants which were a valuable military asset to the enemy, the removal of restrictions on the offensive activity of the Chinese Nationalists, proposals for a tighter control of seaborne traffic to China, have evoked only headshaking and wild talk about the danger of unloosing a third world war. Some two years ago, when the United Nations was showing its most craven funk in the face of the Chinese aggression, it was a British publication, the *Economist*, which had the wit and the grace to publish the most effective satire on the situation.

This is still so fresh and so applicable to the present state of affairs that partial quotation seems appropriate. The *Economist* comment deals with an imaginary situation, with the Russians overrunning the British zone in Germany, the British bearing the brunt of the fighting and the U.N. performing a masterly hangback operation:

"Since the withdrawal of the U.N. forces from Bonn, opinion in the Assembly has been veering in

favor of the American view that it is necessary to abandon Germany altogether in order to restore peace in Europe. The British delegate, Sir Gladwyn Jebb, has, indeed, continued to press for the condemnation of Russia as an aggressor, arguing that the whole purpose of the United Nations would be stultified if the Assembly refused to stigmatize the Russian invasion of West Germany as an aggression. The American delegate, Mr. Warren Austin, however, is urging caution. . . .

"The British army having suffered 50,000 casualties in the fighting in Germany, British public opinion is in a somewhat excitable mood and the government is being sharply criticized by the opposition for the ineffectiveness of its European policy. The Prime Minister has pointed out that the RAF can not be used for bombing beyond the boundary of the British Zone without a decision of the United Nations, but he has promised to do all he can to get the United Nations to declare Russia an aggressor, even though it is generally recognized that no sanctions are likely to be imposed."

As American casualties have passed the 130,000 mark in a war that could go on indefinitely as a

fruitless stalemate, it would seem to be time for a frank reckoning both with other U.N. powers, which have nothing to offer but a Micawberlike hope that something will turn up, and also with the section of American opinion which makes "internationalism" identical with the proposition that other nations are always right. It has been ridiculous, for instance to neglect the military potentialities of the Chinese Nationalists simply out of deference to such passive neutrals as India, Indonesia, and Burma.

If other U.N. powers will not render adequate support, materially or morally, in Korea, the United States has no recourse except to take whatever military and political steps seem best suited to bring the fighting to a speedy and victorious end. Perhaps the soundest lesson from the whole unhappy Korean experience is that American security depends first on its own strength, second on bona fide alliances, based on mutual interest and mutual risk. The United Nations may be a useful forum, or arena. It has little if any value as an instrument for opposing aggression. Perhaps it is well to learn this sooner rather than later.

## *Confusing the Yalta Issue*

In its platform and in campaign speeches the Republican Party went on record squarely for repudiating the Yalta Agreement. This seemed also to be the plain implication of President Eisenhower's announcement, in his State of the Union message, of his intention to ask Congress for a resolution making clear that "this government recognizes no kind of commitments contained in secret understandings of the past with foreign governments which permit this kind of enslavement."

But in this case the mountain seems to have labored and produced a very innocuous mouse. The resolution, as finally framed by the Administration and sponsored by Secretary Dulles, falls far short of what the American people had been led to expect. It is just as well that Congress has put it on the shelf, for unless it is amended, it could be interpreted as an endorsement of agreements which are deservedly a stench in the nostrils of the great majority of Americans.

For the implication of the resolution is that the original Yalta Agreement is not open to criticism, that all the subsequent difficulties have arisen from Soviet "perverted interpretations." This is bad logic, bad morals and bad history.

It is of course true that the Soviet Government displayed complete contempt for the Yalta paper assurances of "free unfettered elections" in Poland and the creation of democratic institutions in the "liberated" countries of Eastern Europe. But this does not relieve Roosevelt and Churchill of grave

responsibility for assenting to such features of the Yalta Agreement as the Soviet annexation of almost half of Poland's prewar territory and about one-third of Poland's prewar population, the cession of large undefined areas of German territory to Poland (emphatically a case when two wrongs did not add up to a right) and the use of German slave labor for "reparations."

Equally obnoxious were the procedures of settling vital interests of Poland and China without consulting any Polish or Chinese representative and the agreement (surely another instance of enslavement) to return Soviet citizens found in western areas of occupation.

The only resolution about Yalta and Potsdam which would be calculated to raise morale in America and abroad is a lock, stock, and barrel repudiation of both pacts, an act which would certainly be justified because they have been nullified over and over again by Soviet nonobservance. It would be appalling if the resolution, passed in its original form, would supply a propaganda argument to New Deal whitewashers of the Roosevelt Administration.

Republican members of Congress should, as a minimum, insist that the resolution be amended to specify that no approval of the morality or the wisdom of the Yalta decisions is implied. Without such a provision the resolution, which is of little positive value in any case, would do more harm than good.

# Government by the Insane

By EDWARD HUNTER

*Communist leaders are suffering from a form of actual insanity. Only by recognizing this fact and studying the methods of their madness can we learn how to cope with them and their adherents.*

**R**OWS OF Communists, the hard core of the North Korean prisoners, stood with their arms locked, swaying from side to side. They whipped their minds with music borrowed from the jungle and the church. "Their eyes were glazed, they were so wrought up, so hypnotized by their own singing," said the American officer who saw it. Prisoners in other compounds on Pongam island joined in. The horde, drunk although no man had tasted liquor, was on the verge of smashing through the fencing that confined it. The small force of guards, once reached, would have been trampled upon and torn to pieces. Orders to cease this mad self-infuriation were ignored. The guards, mainly Koreans themselves, fired. The wounded were lifted up by their comrades, and the riot continued until nearly 200 had been shot, two thirds of them fatally.

Then, within the hour, in the same drunken stupor, they picked up their dead and wounded, and carried them away. Like the drunk, too, they afterwards tore savagely into those who had not wanted to join, or who had not entered into the spirit of this crazed spree. Several horribly mutilated bodies were handed out.

There have always been riots and demonstrations that get out of hand, but this wasn't like any of those. There was something crazily streamlined about it, singularly modern and yet primitive as the first man. There had been no spontaneity; these new tribal chiefs were moved by an inflexible party discipline. The effect on the uninformed is morale-shattering.

There was that young American soldier I met in Tokyo, who had been shot close to his heart in Korea, whose life had been saved by the miracle of our wartime surgery. His battalion had been attacked by what the Shintoist Japanese call a banzai charge and the Communist Chinese a human wave. "Children rose up in front of me," this youth explained. "Some couldn't have been more than twelve or fourteen. You hesitated using your bayonet on kids; somehow you couldn't. By the time you found you *had* to, you were dead—or like me, had your chest slashed open." He, too, described the glazed eyes of the charging horde, eyes that seemed to pop out of their heads. The only explanation he could figure out was that these Chinese had been drugged. "We found a pot of heroin in one captured tent," he said.

The pot of dope was probably for the medics. The mental condition he spoke of had been induced by the mélange of fake evangelism and quack psychiatry that passes for education under Communism—the regular, official indoctrination, better described as brainwashing.

## Fixations and Obsessions

Who are these people? We know the posts they fill, but we live in such a different environment that we can't grasp the meaning of their performance. Our customary reaction has been bewilderment. Yet there are persons among us who do not find such phenomena, the glazed and popping eyes, the fixations and obsessions, extraordinary. They come across it in their daily work. They are our psychiatrists and alienists. Psychiatrists see it in their studios, alienists in their insane asylums. What is extraordinary is not this mental condition, but the deliberate induction and exploitation of it for political purposes. A recent, much publicized case in American society can perhaps help us a little to comprehend this situation—the case, namely of Bayard Peakes, who dominated headlines for a few days not long ago. This man was no Communist or Nazi; he was a student type, a frustrated, would-be scientist who walked into an office at Columbia University and emptied his pistol into a girl whom he had never seen before. Peakes had written a book entitled, "How to Live Forever," in which he tried to show how electronics could extend life to 500 years. He could never get it published, which proved to him that American scientists were reactionary. This was what drove him to murder. Only in this way could he arouse enough interest to bring his message to the people. Peakes did not know but there are ways and places nowadays for the unstable and the mentally unbalanced to satisfy their urgings and inflate their egos. Peakes went about it in the old-fashioned way, and that is why he is now incarcerated in an asylum for the insane. With very little variation in type and history, he would fit into the upside-down society of Ho Chi-minh's Viet Min People's Democratic Republic, or Mao Tse-tung's New Democracy, or in Soviet Russia itself. His peculiar talents would be perfectly normal in such an environment.

Persons like Peakes—and Hitler—may have sane, even superior faculties in some field, yet suffer from a delusion in others. They are possessed by an all-consuming grievance. They are positive that they are being unfairly persecuted, and that they have the right to punish the guilty. Their escape is into fanaticism.

Fanatics used to roam temple grounds, and were rarely a danger. The word fanatic, originally fanaticus, meant someone possessed by a demoniac, religious fervor. When such people became violent, short shrift was made of them, in the callous manner of their time. They were stuffed into cages, dropped into dungeons, or decapitated. Whenever possible they were tolerated, because they were supposed to be the mediums through which divinity spoke, providing omens that merely required deciphering. Such were the oracles of Delphi. Medical men in those early days did not have sufficient experience to distinguish between the man who was mad, and the deep, spiritual thinker. Scholars did not know enough about natural phenomena to separate superstition from fact. It is a field in which we are tragically deficient even today.

### Religious Overtones

The same insane attitudes, recognized as such in olden days, have reappeared in modern politics, in what we call ideologies. We realize by now that the new political ideologies have religious overtones, but we still shy away from the consequences of recognizing that they have become actually a religion. Only recently I heard an American missionary, who for years has followed the party line, refer to Communism wholly in theological terms, calling it Marxist Christianity, presenting this as a new, reformed religion, like the Buddhism that was the outgrowth of Hinduism, or the Christian faith that was derived from Judaism. Yet he failed to comprehend the connection between this and what Robert T. Bryan, Shanghai-born American, caught a brief inkling of when he concluded his recent series of *Saturday Evening Post* articles about his arrest and brainwashing with the observation: "The insane asylum has broken open and madmen are in the streets."

In *Mein Kampf* Hitler told how he strove to give Nazi fanaticism "the form of faith," so as to make it, like faith, "able to move mountains." The Reds do the same. Again and again, at some Communist gathering, I have been struck by the recourse to the Protestant order of service; even the music is identical, with only the words changed.

Hitler boasted that he and his party members were fanatics. Yet though we regarded him as evil, we considered him nonetheless sane. But on the final afternoon of his life, when sharing a dismal, subterranean bunker with his strange love, Eva Braun, the Fuehrer could no longer have doubted the imminent, total collapse of his Nazi state. If at

that moment Hitler could have placed his hands on a super-hydrogen bomb whose chain reaction would have destroyed the world, he would have used it. He would have done so knowing that once shattered, nothing could ever collect the pieces out of space and put them together again. For he would have sincerely felt that there was no point in living in a world without Nazism, that he must spare the earth this agony. The veins of his fervid brain would nearly have burst with the Wagnerian pride of achieving such a sacrificial ending to what otherwise he would visualize only as infinite disorder and futility.

This was insanity, of course, a delusion of the most pronounced sort. Hitler was a crazy man.

Hitler is dead, though some minds have not been cleared of Hitlerism. But Stalin has left a host of little Stalinists, all thoroughly impregnated with the conviction that Communism is mankind's inevitable destiny. A world without Communism would seem a complete refutation of all the "laws" of nature that they call dialectical materialism.

The "logic" in which Communist mysticism is wrapped makes it appear superficially a new form of science, as practical as the multiplication table. This keeps the true nature of the Red gospel hidden from the uninitiate. What is exhibited to the world is a logical and reasonable person, who appears as a good citizen and kindly friend. Yet insane asylums are full of madmen who are perfectly calm, self-possessed, and even impressive in their appearance. Sadists, rapists, are often thus. A common trait, too, of those suffering from hallucinations, is the logic of what they say or do; they are completely reasonable, once you accept the basic premise, the line, with which they are obsessed, for they live in a dream world—they *are* Napoleon, or Joan of Arc, as the case may be.

### Dostoevskian Ecstasy

We would be tempting fate, indeed, if we were to take for granted that Stalin's highly fanaticized successors would not be drawn to the same insane extremes as Hitler if confronted with the same prospect of inevitable, total defeat. Already Communism has been swept to the same mad anti-Semitism as Nazism. Shattering a large section of the earth, or the entire planet, could very well appear to such obsessed minds as a Dostoevskian ecstasy worth a whole eternity of struggle.

This is a madness that can clinically develop out of the obsessions and the fixations of Mao Tse-tung and Li Li-san and Liu Shao-chi, our own William Z. Foster, and the other Red extremists. It is why Mao and his cohorts, although Chinese, never gave a second thought to the interests of China or the Chinese people when they threw their armies across the Korean frontier, against the troops of the United Nations, on orders from the Kremlin.

In the past there have been many madmen in the

seats of the mighty. Tsarist Russia had its Ivan the Terrible; Japan's recent Emperor Taisho was insane. Madmen among sovereigns were easily detectable. The damage they wrought was usually circumscribed by national borders and the loose controls exercised in early historic periods. Precise arrangements exist in protocol for regents tactfully to assume power in such contingencies.

The mental cases that concern us now are different, for they lack the disjointed actions by which we have come to identify the crazy. If a man chews glass or runs amok with a carving knife, any fool can see that he is mad. If he insists he is the Messiah come to earth, even a simpleton knows it's a case of derangement.

The truly dangerous madmen of the mid-twentieth century, who have managed to fool us and gain unprecedented power, are not such simple cases. Their excesses are not the spasmodic, unpredictable cruelties imposed on those within easy reach. With the same curious adherence to a strained legality that characterizes totalitarian regimes, these madmen go through all the motions of sanity. They put whole populations under subtle and sinister pressures to make them act with the same madness as themselves.

This is a conception so grotesque that we just can't bring ourselves to believe it. Even when the facts stare us in the face, we close our minds, because normal, decent people refuse to admit such extremes of abnormality. We don't want to admit, too, that whole peoples, including some of our greatest scholars, have been so easily hoodwinked.

### A Streak of Madness

We refer to the fascist and Communist ideologies, but not to the democratic ideology, thus inferring that there is a difference. The difference is that a streak of insanity is attached to every ideology. Any "true believer" in Communism or fascism has this streak of madness in him. Ezra Pound, whose obtuse, polyglot poetry received universal plaudits, has been properly committed to a Washington mental institution. His capacity as a poet was not in question, any more than Van Gogh's genius as an artist was disproven when he went into an asylum.

Where, then, can we draw the line between the fanatic and the madman? What is obvious is that our present distinctions include many of the latter in the category of the former. We know that man is an ambivalent animal. He can have a blind spot in one part of his mind. This explains such unhappy cases as that of France's Joliet-Curie; it explains Einstein's consistent blundering in politics; it certainly explains Chaplin.

Between those persons who totally lack social responsibility, such as hermits, crooks, and madmen, and those who have been mentally deranged by an excessive sense of their responsibility, like the cranks and political assassins, there is a wide range

of political interest, starting with the man who is selfish about his social responsibilities, who "doesn't give a damn," ranging to the person who takes his politics with intense seriousness, a zealot or a fanatic according to the degree of intensity, the sense of mission, he brings into politics.

We have no difficulty in understanding the enthusiast and even the zealot. Only when we enter the field of the fanatics do we cross the border into unexplored territory. Fanatics refuse to be budged from their concentration on some panacea or pet hate, and the point on the horizon where they focus their attention is their whole world. They can not be deterred by flattery or bribery, but willingly use both, judging morality by whether it advances or retards their political objective.

### Dividing Line

Where we have erred is in our understanding of when fanaticism ends and insanity begins. We have regarded too many of the insane as mere fanatics. The dividing line between fanaticism and insanity should be shifted. A large proportion of those whom we have been considering fanatics are actually insane in a clinical sense. They are madmen, suffering from delusion or fixation, with its resultant persecution complex. We have been too tolerant. The hard core of Communists, those who have been screened through all the artifices and betrayals of their party, until no feelings remain but a desperate clinging to the party, is a new phenomenon in our society, the occupational hazard of our overtense twentieth century; it is an ideological madness.

This fact is too gigantic for most of us to accept, which is why the free nations have been trying so pathetically to negotiate with these officials and leaders as if they were sane people, who respond to normal reactions and think normally. All we achieve by such make-believe is to go round and round in circles. If we insist on the pretense, we should at least proceed as one does in humoring a dangerous madman. Otherwise we have only ourselves to blame for the consequences.

Crazy people have been able to maneuver themselves into positions of extraordinary power without their madness being recognized, because we have not yet dared, in the subtle reaches of ideology, to distinguish between the mere fanatic and the actual madman. We call both fanatics, and we regard the fanatic as sane.

The appalling fact is that many millions of sane people have marched to the polls in our so-called practical age, and voted madmen into office and kept them there. On such naïveté have the Hitlers and the Stalins built their empires, and innumerable men not very different from Peakes have usurped influential jobs. Under them, insanity has become an adjunct of national policy. Madmen hold the most important posts wherever the dictatorship

principle has developed into the materialistic mysticism of totalitarian philosophy. Such totalitarianism presupposes an infallible authority, which can not be held responsible to man or God. This is sheer irresponsibility, the distinguishing mark of the mad. Normal procedures are futile in dealing with such a system.

The gullibility of the average man is responsible for the comparative ease with which these people have seized power. Until our average citizen is put on his guard, the world will continue sliding, as if fatalistically, down the Domsday path. The prestige that Communism wields in the Soviet bloc by virtue of its power and unrestricted propagandism confuses the normal, sane individual into looking around him and wondering whether he isn't out of tune with the times. He is made to feel abnormal. Under this pressure, numbers of people voluntarily exchange their sanity for insanity. For those who hesitate, there are the brainwashing establishments where the insane treat the sane. More and more madmen—clinically mad—have constantly to be created, and a whole technique has been evolved to do just this.

### Psychiatric Research Necessary

Because of the existence of Communist parties outside the Red belt, there are more insane people walking the streets today in any free country than are lodged in all its insane asylums. There is no greater problem facing us today than to keep these demented people out of public life, to differentiate between the passionate enthusiast and the mentally unbalanced fanatic. Our psychologists and psychiatrists have no greater responsibility than to investigate this entire field of political fanaticism and ideological madness. Above all, their findings should not be restricted to medical or professional journals. This subject must be clarified for the public.

Society nowadays has to choose not only between persons of varied qualifications for key jobs, but has to detect those suffering from delusions, to put the insane where they can not harm others. Honest liberals and true intellectuals, because of their prestige, have a particular responsibility to help guard the plain people of the world, as well as themselves, against the embryo Hitlers, Stalins, and Maos who are infiltrating positions of importance in many lands.

We can take a cue here from the experience of the Northwestern University professors who tried to coax logic into Peakes' head. One of them expressed the common experience of all who try to argue with such people when he said, "Peakes simply drove us mad; he was a crackpot." Peakes "couldn't be pinned down," said those who dealt with him. "You can't do business with Hitler," became a maxim in the Free World. You can't deal with the Communist leaders, either—only submit to the excesses caused by their mental unbalance.

Any moment, some crazy political leader may start playing with the dangerous new toys we have enabled the totalitarian world to get hold of by stealth and deceit. We are confronted with an armed insanity; only by recognizing this, and adjusting our policy accordingly, will we have the chance to save our country, the captive nations, and the world.

The world paid a stupendous price for failure to detect Hitler's insanity. We are now paying a stupendous price for other failures; the eventual cost may be annihilation.

*Reprints of this article are available at the following rates: single copies 10¢; 100 copies \$5.00; 1000 copies \$40.00; 10,000 copies \$250.00.*

## A Chinese Folk Song— Communist Version

How nice to sing a folk song. On June the 19th we went up to the battlefield and lay in ambush at the 36th milestone. For a total of seven hours. And there came up a military truck.

There came up a military truck. The comrade in command then gave the order. Then we aimed at the front part of the truck.

The driver fell off immediately.

The driver fell off immediately, and the truck of a sudden came to a stop. Comrades were all so anxious, and with a single blow, we killed six and wounded four of the enemy.

We killed six and wounded four of the enemy. Of the four wounded two were serious. And then the order for hand-to-hand fighting was given. We immediately rushed to the car. And it was there that we captured a light machine gun.

There that we captured a light machine gun. With three useful carbines. At the same time with one Sten gun. And two of the rifles. Making a total of nine big and small guns.

Making a total of nine big and small guns. With more than 200 rounds of ammunition. Suddenly there came another truck. On hearing the sound of gunfire they turned away and tried to escape.

They turned away and tried to escape. The comrades pursued from behind, with Stens and carbines took away their dog lives. And we dragged out the corpses from the car.

And we dragged out the corpses from the car. The commander gave the order to burn the car. For the whole half an hour the skies were red. The masses nearby laughed for joy. For at least they were being liberated for half an hour.

For at least they were being liberated for half an hour. The commander then ordered the retreat. We were safe all the way. Finally we arrived back at camp. And this is the end of my song.

*Quoted in Brain-Washing in Red China,*  
by EDWARD HUNTER

# No Rich, No Risk-Bearing

By ANTROBUS

*Taxation has killed private investment in Britain and the country has been living off its capital; American aid may delay the day of reckoning, but new venture capital is the only real solution.*

ONE OF THE most intriguing whodunit stories in economic literature, entitled *Corpse in the Capital Market*, appeared in a recent issue of the *Economist*. The story grimly recites the events leading up to the tragedy, describes the blunt instruments used, and specifies the motive for the murder. The victim was the old-fashioned private investor whose ghost now haunts the London capital market.

The blunt instruments, though entirely legal, were also deadly. They consisted of the high rates of surtax, the higher costs of living, and the still higher costs of dying. Viewed functionally, the investor had little financial justification for living except to postpone the capital cost of dying. Never before, apart from violent revolution or dispossession by force, has any other class of equal economic status undergone so rapid and complete a liquidation as have the British private investors. No matter how legitimate the process of his disestablishment, or for what high purposes the proceeds of his estate may have been used, the old-fashioned private investor, as a source of additional British capital, is as dead as a kulak. Patriotic devotion and personal defeatism led him to accept his liquidation so meekly that his obituary notices have not attracted the attention they deserve. It is to be hoped there are no reasons of state, here or abroad, that require the causes of his demise to remain a mystery.

The central role in the story, as has been intimated, was played by the tax collector. This official, by one fiscal device or another, first impaired the health of the investor, then took advantage of his weakened condition to sequester a large part of his property, and finally charged him an exorbitant price to attest the legitimacy of his death. Whatever fortune had survived earlier taxation came under the hammer of death duties. To meet these duties his executors sold private industrial securities, and the tax authorities drained the proceeds into the public treasury to meet current government expenditures. When even this process proved too slow, great segments of private property were nationalized; and in exchange for capital originally risked in enterprise, the investor was forced by law to accept an unproductive and restricted government security.

The logic of this situation, implicit from the be-

ginning, then approached its final term. The overtaxed investor withered and died—and risk capital necessary for a developing economy vanished. The welfare state had been built on the belief that the rich, out of income or capital, could be made to pay for its operation and maintenance; but when that proved impossible the overloaded structure fell under the weight of its own fiscal burdens. Thus a once prosperous capitalism and a languishing welfare state can now be buried together; and X will mark the spot of their common grave in a capital market that has lost all vitality.

## Hazardous Estimates

The statistics of the account, as presented in the *Economist*, are based on admittedly hazardous estimates. But the broad outlines of the story do not depend upon detailed precision. They include estimates of current personal savings, their distribution between various income classes, and the extent to which new financing has been forced to depend upon corporate investors, chiefly insurance companies, and upon government agencies, such as national insurance funds. These, however, are hardly the sources from which to expect a flow of risk capital. Equally inappropriate are the funds of small investors in low income groups, many of whom are women and whose investments consist primarily of national savings certificates and house property. As pointed out in the *Economist* article, "No serious analyst can really believe that a restless search for profitable if risky investment outlets is the dominant spirit of this impoverished army of old ladies and maiden aunts."

Those British readers who have retained illusions may be shocked by one of the subtitles in the article: "No Rich, No Risk-Bearing." Great Britain, once the largest source of venture capital for enterprises all over the world, now has only sixty people in the entire country whose disposable income after paying surtaxes exceeds £6,000 (\$16,800). Consequently, under present tax law, new fortunes large enough to be entitled to bear venturesome risks can not be built up; and existing fortunes belong chiefly to an age group now approaching the auction block of death duties.

Conditions unfavorable to capital accumulation prevailed in Britain for a generation prior to the

imposition of heavy taxes at the outbreak of the Second World War. They were then aggravated and perpetuated by the welfare state. Under that political philosophy taxes ceased to be collected for revenue only; they became a means for the redistribution of income. Capital accumulated by earlier generations provided the base for nationalization and for welfare expenditures far beyond current income. As this capital was exhausted personal consumption was restricted, although public expenditures continued. Unwilling to consider alternatives, and failing to understand the causes of its self-induced poverty, the community began to take moral pride in its equalitarian principles and bravely adopted the slogan of "equal shares" and programs of austerity, mitigated by foreign assistance. Viewed in perspective the steps are clear: make good, do good, make do.

### A Few Questions

Though these remarks are occasioned by the article in the *Economist* and based upon the facts presented there, the moral drawn is entirely our own. They may seem to be unkind to our British allies, and to show a lack of appreciation for their great expenditure of blood and treasure to hold back the enemy in two wars before this country was ready to bear its share of the burden. To the extent, however, that Britain's present economic plight was brought upon it by a postwar political experiment, we in this country are at least entitled to ask questions, particularly at a time when both countries are searching for the causes and cures of the precarious balance between us. While in general the *Economist* article avoids political aspects of the problem, it does point out that any attempt to restore the London capital market by providing tax relief for those whose incomes are in excess of £2,000 (\$5,600) is foredoomed to failure. No government, it says, is likely to propose such a solution; nor would it long maintain its majority if it did.

If this be true, and we accept the judgment of the *Economist* in the matter, what then is the enduring solution? Is the United States Treasury expected not only to assist in overcoming the "dollar gap" but also to fill the void in the sterling capital market? To what extent are these problems interrelated? Will the dollar drain continue as long as Great Britain remains unattractive to private investors and for as long as that country continues to live off capital instead of putting it to work?

Surely these are not unfair questions between partners deeply committed to a common enterprise and willing to speak frankly to each other about their common predicament. They are, in fact, the very questions thoughtful men in London were asking as far back as the time of the British loan and the Marshall aid. For these men doubted even then that an enduring deliverance could come from

abroad. They believed that the sickness called for a major operation at home.

Although it has diagnosed the sickness, the *Economist* does not undertake to probe into these underlying questions. It does, however, promise in subsequent articles to explore the possibilities of stimulating a mass sentiment intended to induce those receiving middle-sized incomes to bring their personal savings, if any, to the market for investment in venturesome undertakings. It concludes with an expression of belief that, "If one-tenth of the ingenuity that is devoted to spotting winners on the weekly football pool coupons was devoted to trying to find the most profitable fields of investment in British industry, the economic dynamism that created the wealthy Britain of the nineteenth century could be reborn in time to save the welfare Britain of the twentieth."

Perhaps. In a country, however, where liquid funds are so abundant as to create the illusion that capital is plentiful, where inflation has already wiped out more than half the internal and external value of all earlier savings, where neither the political nor the economic environment offers much inducement to new savings and investment, it would appear from this distance that something more far-reaching than a sales campaign directed at small savers would be required to resurrect the corpse of the private investor.

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## The Not So Mysterious East

The mysterious East, bathed with the intoxicating aroma of the lotus flower, is at it again. The Burma Journalists Association resolved a while back to suppress all news of United States' economic aid to Burma for one month. What had the hapless Americans done, that their efforts to dispose of U. S. taxpayers' money should be thus punished? Had they violated a dark Buddhist taboo? Had they, unthinkingly, picked an astrologically unacceptable date for handing over a parcel of technical aid? Nothing as easy as that. The real reason the Burmese journalists were biting the hand that aids their guerrilla-ridden country, is this: the U. S. Economic Co-operation Administration didn't give them the money to build a Press Institute. They resented, as their somber resolution put it, "the cavalier manner in which the Burma Journalists Association has been treated in regard to the project." It seems that the ECA told the Burmese journalists that it can't deal with them directly; it must go through the Burma government. We wonder where the Burmese Journalists Association got its ideas of journalistic ethics or, for that matter, its notions of what American aid to underdeveloped countries is all about.

JOHN EDWARDS



# The Trouble with Our Weapons

By PHILIP O'KEEFE

*American weapons will continue to prove inferior as long as research on basic design remains a military prerogative; it should be placed in the more competent hands of industrial engineers.*

SEVERAL ARTICLES in popular magazines have attacked the quality of American military weapons. While Hanson Baldwin and the Alsop brothers may occasionally overstress their case, it is obvious that there has been a surprising lack of design ingenuity, and at times even common sense, in American weapons. The most puzzling thing about this national shortcoming in weapons is the sharp contrast it presents to the practicality of American civilian hard goods. The Alsops solve the dilemma by deciding that the fault is a lack of co-ordination in the government branches—more committees and more patriotism are the answer.

The real difficulty will not be solved by a new Washington agency, however. The cancer in American weapons is the unnecessary monopoly that government agencies already have in their design. Our weapons are designed in jealous seclusion from the experienced development engineers of private industry, and the same philosophy of government omniscience and self-conscious secrecy that has broken down our diplomacy and economics in the last twenty years is strangling military technology. Poorly designed American weapons are consistently outdone by the equipment of nations with a fraction of our industrial experience and technical heritage. The shortcomings are glossed over, however, with mumbled insinuations that niggardly Congressional appropriations and overwhelming enemy numbers are behind all our troubles. The Pentagon is perennially confident that new weapons, "just going into production," will be our salvation.

American tanks are an outstanding example of expensive, impractical design. In World War Two U. S. Sherman tanks, out-gunned by every real medium tank in Europe, folded under the shells of the German Panthers. Engine for engine, gear for gear, the Sherman was superior to the Panther in almost every detail; when the parts were put together, however, the Sherman was outclassed. The Panther was a soundly conceived weapon, a relatively cheap, durable, effective machine. Emphasis was logically placed on the most important element in the tank—the combat armor and armament. The Americans, on the other hand, wasted expensive labor and materials on a poor basic design that was an easy target in combat, unable to meet its German adversary on anything even approaching equal terms.

The balance between American and Russian tanks at the moment is just as disheartening, if somewhat better concealed from the nontechnical observer. The General Patton medium tank, delivered to our combat troops less than a year ago, embodied corrections for some of the design inadequacies of the Sherman. Fingertip steering and a variety of crew-comfort gadgets were also thrown in—at a healthy increase in cost and complexity. In the Korean War, the Patton has had a respectable record against the Russian T-34, a ten-year-old tank, with an engine copied from the Germans, and a clutch, transmission, steering gear, and suspension system patterned on the 1930 designs of the American civilian tank pioneer Walter Christie.

## Surpassed by Russian Ingenuity

Originality in Russian weapons is concentrated in the over-all design; adequate components are merely copied from foreigners who have spent the time and trouble to invent and develop them. In their contempt for the willingness of the Russians to copy small mechanisms, many American engineers overlook the cleverness of the fundamental design work, and fail to appreciate the ruthless ingenuity with which the Russian weapons are proportioned to meet the practical realities of combat. The Department of Defense has been misleading as to the real worth of the T-34. Undersecretary Archibold Alexander noted that the first tanks used in Korea by the Americans were Chaffee light tanks. "When our mediums (Pattons) got into action they proved well able to take care of the Communists (T-34)." This is approximately true; it is not, however, the whole truth. In the first place, the T-34 would cost about \$30,000 to build in the United States. This is less than one-fourth the price tag on the Patton. One Patton is clearly not the equal of four T-34's, and the inescapable conclusion is that our most recent tank, as a dollars-and-cents engineering design, is inferior to a ten-year-old Russian model. Secondly, the striking-power-per-ton advantage is also heavily in the Russians' favor. A true comparison would pair the 50-ton Patton, with its 90mm. gun, against the Soviet 57-ton Joseph Stalin III, armed with a 122mm. weapon. The T-34 tank, with an 85mm. gun, is really the Russian equivalent of our light Chaf-

fee. Mr. Alexander's unfair comparison is made to sound plausible only by the lucky chance that the Communists have not as yet seen fit to commit heavy tanks in Korea. Lastly, before the hot war in the Far East, the army was garrulously confident that the heavy tank was obsolete. The Pentagon had no worries about the Joseph Stalin III. A few months' action against the Russians' second team, however, brought the announcement that a real American heavy, the 55-ton 120mm. gun T-43, "capable of handling the best the Russians have," would soon go into production.

The inferiority of American tanks is a tremendous contrast to the excellence of our civilian goods on the world markets. In peacetime, American manufactured products stand out from foreign competition on three points: they are practical, based on extensive studies of what the consumer actually needs; new scientific discoveries and technical advances are commercialized quickly; and prices are cut without sacrificing quality.

### **Alice-in-Wonderland Contradictions**

It is a mistake, however, to think that this Alice-in-Wonderland contradiction is strictly between American civilian goods and American military equipment. The real line of contrast between first- and third-rate design cuts squarely through our war supplies, separating the actual weapons from the superbly engineered auxiliary equipment. American medical equipment, radios, and noncombat vehicles outperform, outlast, and in the long run cost less than those of any other country, while the combat weapons that we give our troops to do the actual fighting, though precisely and efficiently manufactured, are invariably expensive, behind-the-times, and difficult to maintain.

This enfeeblement of the engineering imagination is evident when, and only when, the product has been designed by a military agency. Any article which is designed by private industry from its own research, according to its own specifications, is an efficient piece of equipment, doing the job it was designed for, plus a little more, and costing the taxpayer no more than is necessary. Anything designed inside the Defense Department according to the opinions of Army, Navy, or Air Force officers, and built by private industry strictly to military specifications, is poorly conceived, expensive, and unnecessarily complicated. These are generalizations, but the surprising thing is that the overwhelming percentage of the time they hold absolutely true. The obvious defense, and probably the only one that could be made for our present system of weapons design, is that both civilian industry and the military agencies are given responsibility for the type of war goods that is most familiar to each; the military men evolve weapons, and private industrial engineers turn out civilian-type auxiliary equipment.

The superficiality of this reasoning can be appreciated by considering a more fundamental question. Is the designing of a tank actually closer to the chosen profession of a career soldier or of an automotive engineer? Past performances certainly show that American civilian inventors can master the principles of military weapons requirements without spending their lives in the regular Army or Navy. Whenever access to military problems has been given to private individuals, American inventors have outdone all foreign competitors. Small arms is a good example of this American superiority. The military applications of small arms are obvious; the requirements for a good military rifle, pistol, or machine gun are no secret. As a result, the best inventions in this field have been almost exclusively American. Machine-gun mechanisms are practically an American monopoly; Gatling, Hiram Maxim and Hotchkiss were all Americans. In 1914, the German Army was equipped with Maxim machine guns and carried Mauser rifles, co-invented by another American. The Luger pistol? It, too, was designed by an American.

By way of contrast, in aircraft armament, the one aspect of aircraft development left entirely to the military, the United States has been traditionally weak. American manufacturers, profiting from European experiences, tried unsuccessfully before Pearl Harbor to convince the Air Corps and the Navy that eight or ten heavy-caliber machine guns were necessary on a modern fighter. American war casualties were required to complete the process of persuasion. A similar argument is now being presented to the military to increase the caliber of aircraft guns.

### **Cruder than Civil War Rifles**

In 1942 and 1943 the Boeing B-17, a durable, air-worthy bomber, was sent on daylight missions over the continent of Europe, protected by waist guns with sights actually cruder than those used on Civil War infantry rifles. Unbelievable as it seems, the Air Corps had never developed an even approximately correct system of gun pointing for the B-17 gunners, to allow them to lead attacking fighters by the correct amount to get hits. Although the B-17 was to be used in daylight raids without fighter escort, almost no intelligent work had been done on the armament system by which this expensive airplane was to defend itself. The one aspect of the plane that was left up to military development was so badly botched as almost to negate the efforts of the airframe designers of private industry.

American design leadership is also lacking in field artillery equipment. Private individuals and companies have never been encouraged to make investigations in artillery design. Experiments with large ordnance items are expensive, of course, and in the United States almost no work has been done

on the subject outside the military arsenals and proving grounds. The poor results achieved were a foregone conclusion. Our basic field piece at the present time is based on a German weapon. The American 90mm. gun developed since the war is no better than the German 88mm. all-purpose gun used against the British in the desert. In super-range projectiles and rockets, the Germans were considerably ahead of us throughout World War Two.

This is not meant to deprecate the abilities of the men in military service. On the contrary, a reappraisal of the true function of the professional soldier and an appreciation of his real capabilities is overdue. A career officer is prepared by tradition, temperament, and training to lead men. A military leader is a battle leader. A successful machine designer, on the other hand, must to some extent be an introvert. The two professions are completely opposed, and success in one would almost invariably mean failure in the other.

### **Procurement System Inadequate**

Our inadequacy in weapons design can be understood when the ground rules of the present military procurement system are examined. A definite chain of procedures is followed in evolving any new weapon. In the case of a tank, for example, officers of the Army Field Force study army needs as they show up in combat and formulate requirements for the new tank which, in their opinion, will satisfy these needs; an Army Ordnance group then takes over to design the tank and to specify performance standards for each machine component; finally engineers from private industry are called in to advise on production and to suggest minor design changes that will facilitate manufacture. These civilians have absolutely no say in evaluating the combat mission of the tank. Now, although the field officer may be familiar with the problem met in combat, his judgment as to the weapon required to meet this problem is open to question. A Regular Army tank officer is obviously well qualified to decide and report on the combat effectiveness of an American or enemy tank. However, once the superiority of an enemy vehicle is recognized, the judgment of this same Regular Army officer is not infallible in deciding how a new American tank should be designed in order to overcome the superiority.

While this system of field survey (or "customer research," as the Pentagon likes to call it) is of questionable efficiency, step number 2 in the Ordnance procurement process does not make sense at all. There is no justification for putting exclusive control of the design of important weapons into the hands of career officers. Private industry has exactly the kind of practical research organization that is needed for the job. Leapfrog product evolution and constant study of competitive articles

are taken for granted by successful American manufacturers. While routine basic research on fundamental scientific principles has been done successfully by government agencies, the development of practical articles has invariably been most successful in the relatively decentralized and competitive atmosphere of private industry. Lack of military experience is no bar to an engineer in attempting weapons design. A good engineer or industrial designer is a specialist himself, and his talents can be applied in almost any field. Raymond Loewy and Henry Dreyfuss have worked on railroad cars and razor blade dispensers with outstanding success. The fees paid these men by hardheaded industrialists is proof of their ability to make valuable improvements in these and numerous other products.

Though this system of weapon procurement has proved so inadequate for the United States, European nations have been comparatively successful with it. In Nazi Germany, for instance, the military was fully responsible for weapons design. But there are two reasons for this. First, the Germans were only relatively more successful than we were. Even German military men did not match the ingenuity of the German civilian product designers; the aircraft design mistakes of the Luftwaffe, for example, probably saved England in 1940. Secondly, the European cartel system, together with government control or outright ownership of industries, made transition to a war footing a relatively small adjustment. Years of experience allow European engineers to make the best of a bad system. On the other hand, when war comes to the United States we throw over an admittedly more efficient peacetime product design system to take on a European type, military controlled setup which is totally unfamiliar to our economy, in addition to being naturally inefficient.

### **A Workable Solution**

The solution to our trouble does not lie in any new administrative agency or co-ordinating committee. These pills were tried in the Second World War. The only way in which any long-run improvement in the quality of American combat weapons can be brought about is by a change in the thinking of the Department of Defense. The engineers of private industry should be at least equal partners with the military in designing weapons. Civilian experts should be consulted from the beginning, not brought in like stepchildren when the most important design work has already been settled and done.

This can be accomplished by cost-plus research contracts awarded to specific companies, by design competitions and through various other procedures. The essential ingredient, however, is the co-operation and intelligent collaboration of the Department of Defense.

# Have We the Brains to be Free?

By JOHN T. FLYNN

*With cries of "Witch hunt!" self-styled liberals seek to prevent us from exposing the conspiracy against freedom; the publisher of the New York Times seems out of place in this confused company.*

**M**R. ARTHUR HAYS SULZBERGER, publisher of the *New York Times*, has been moved to write in his Sunday *Times Magazine* (February 15, 1953) a melancholy chant over the dying figure of the Free Mind. He asks: "Are we free to speak our minds as we were twenty years ago?" We are not. Back of these bleak suspicions he perceives the menacing figure of Russia. And we are fools, he agrees, if we credit her with ought but evil and her sympathizers with anything but "fifth column purposes." All this is a preface to an avowal of his hatred of totalitarianism of the Right as well as of the Left. He seems to see in the Right in America something as evil as Stalin's leftist brand. And he tells us "we can not have a good public opinion unless there is freedom of expression—in our schools, in our government, in our assemblies, in our press, in all our walks and ways of life."

As an example of what he means he assures us that he "would not knowingly employ a Communist on the news or editorial staff of the *New York Times*." However, "on the other hand," he quickly notes, "I would not institute a witch hunt to determine if one such existed and thereby throw questioning and fear into an organization which can perform its function" only in an atmosphere "of calm and honest reflection." Even if he found one Communist or two, and enjoyed the power of subpoena, he would rather endure the Reds than muddle the calm atmosphere of the *Times's* editorial rooms. This, he follows up with a swift look at the schools, radio, television, and includes the press generally where, he fears, "authors are required to pass loyalty tests."

Now let us see how much evidence Mr. Sulzberger has for his fears. Who are *we* who have lost our freedom? Obviously he refers to the American people. Certainly there is a powerful force here which, for twenty years, has been seeking to alter the fundamental pattern of our special system of political organization. Our conviction has been that the villain in the abridgment of freedom throughout history has been government itself—unlimited government—and that government had never been fully tamed to serve as the protector of the people's rights without becoming itself the oppressor until the American Republic was established. In that republic the apparatus of government was not abolished but distributed among a number of small republics while in the federal republic itself the

powers were radically limited and distributed among the Congress, the Executive, the Judiciary, and the people. There is now a formidable threat to our liberties. It is the drive to reassemble all the immense powers of government in an all-powerful central State which may become, with few limitations, not only our political ruler, but our employer, our landlord, our banker, and our Master Mind charged with planning the lives of the people.

We have seen the melancholy fate of Great Britain where the State, in the name of welfare and security, has assembled under its authority a terrifying arsenal of controls by means of which it can conscript without limit the nation's income, can tell the farmer what and how to plant and the laborer where he may work. Does Mr. Sulzberger see in this experience nothing to arouse his fears at home? Well, I am prepared to prove that a corps of authors, critics, and journalists dedicated to duplicating in America the doleful experience of England have found their mightiest engine of promotion in the pages of the *Times Sunday Magazine* and Book Review. There socialism is peddled across the disarming counter of the conservative *Times*.

## Academic Revolutionists

Clearly Mr. Sulzberger's current apprehensions for our freedom are stirred by the growing insistence that the public schools shall not be a free ground for the revolutionists to promote their war on our minds. Our academic revolutionists began to storm this bulwark twenty years ago. I wonder if Mr. Sulzberger is familiar with that enterprise, launched by a group of influential educators, to use the schools as an instrument of socialist entrapment. The American Historical Association, based in the Library of Congress, sponsored the operation, and the Carnegie Endowment provided a war chest of \$300,000. An elaborate and pretentious study was made and ended with an official report in 1934 signed by these eminent educators announcing that our schools were not then preparing our youth for the "new age of collectivism" and that there was a clear call to the teachers to "seize power" in the classrooms to prepare our youth to live in the coming socialist world.

Has Mr. Sulzberger ever heard of this impudent challenge? Does he approve of it? This was not a demand for "free expression." This was a bold

drive of eminent educational storm troopers to "seize power" and to take over the classrooms. This was a clear strategic plan for a social revolution to be financed by our states and cities which would be expected to pay the teachers, provide the classrooms, and pay the bills. And I am sure that in their fondest dreams they never supposed that if some citizen aroused by this usurpation objected, he would be denounced by the *New York Times*. Does Mr. Sulzberger really believe that to discover this conspiracy and to expose and denounce it is nothing more than a witch hunt?

This whole subject can be sadly mixed up in the Communist theme. Communists in American schools, libraries, and journals do their deadliest work promoting socialist ideas and squeezing in a plug for Soviet socialism when they can. Mr. Sulzberger says he would not knowingly employ a Communist. Why not? Doesn't he believe in freedom of expression? Or does he hold, by any chance, that neither Communists nor socialists nor anyone else have a right to use his columns without his consent? Suppose he were a school official. Would he feel justified in hiring a few Communists to teach subversion to the kiddies just to exhibit his broadness of view? If he would not hire them knowingly on the *Times*, upon what principle would he defend hiring them in the public schools? After all, he owns the *Times* and can hire anyone he wishes. But the schools belong neither to the teachers nor the school boards. They belong to the community. And a teacher who attempts openly or covertly to "seize power" in a schoolroom to indoctrinate the pupils in his pet ideology—whether socialism, Communism, atheism, fascism, or any other *ism* abhorrent to the great mass of the citizens who own the schools—is guilty of a crime against the integrity of his profession.

### "Witch Hunt"?

Mr. Sulzberger declares that even if he found a Communist or two in his editorial rooms, he would not institute a "witch hunt" to convict him lest he destroy the atmosphere necessary for producing the *Times*. Now suppose he suspected an employee in his counting room of embezzling funds. Would he not be wise to make an inquiry? Would this be a "witch hunt"? Any man qualified to run a newspaper in New York, of all places, should be sufficiently steeped in the techniques of subversion to recognize its propaganda when he sees it. Suppose he found an editor slanting his news or editorials in favor of Adolf Hitler—would he think an inquiry followed by discharge would be a witch hunt? I must say I have not detected any Hitlerian or fascist propaganda insinuated into the *Times*. Mr. Sulzberger seems to have been vigilant enough on that ugly front. As a matter of fact, the test is not difficult for any intelligent editor in New York familiar with the techniques of either Communist, socialist, or fascist propaganda. No writer or editor

has a moral or civil right to work on Mr. Sulzberger's newspaper. I am sure Mr. Sulzberger knows that and does not hesitate to separate from his payroll any editorial employee who offends against his religious, racial, or other deeply held social philosophy.

The title of his article—"Have We the Courage to be Free?"—is a dramatic sentence. But what does it mean? Does it mean that having the courage to be free we must not call attention to revolutionary operators who are trying to take away our freedom? If the Reds moved into the streets behind the barricades, I am sure Mr. Sulzberger would favor calling out the militia. But our Western Red does not fight that way. He fights well-disguised behind the mastheads of papers like the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*, behind the façade of the Institute of Pacific Relations financed by the Rockefeller and Carnegie foundations, and in the classrooms of our schools. And if I find him there, Mr. Sulzberger insists, I must not call attention to him because I must "have the courage to be free"—and the folly to be enslaved.

### A Sorry Disservice

Let me express briefly what seems to me a rational faith. I believe in every citizen's right to freedom of speech, including the Communist and the fascist. He has the right to own and operate a printing press, to publish books, magazines, and to found schools to teach socialism, Communism, or fascism. Any newspaper editor has a right to open his columns to these gentry, and any private college has a right to employ them. I think, however, that any school board has a right to refuse the use of its classrooms to them, as has any editor the columns of his paper. And any school that excludes them is within its rights, and when it refuses to exclude them, it is justly entitled to the denunciation of the citizens who oppose these evil doctrines. And I suggest that Mr. Sulzberger is rendering a very sorry disservice to the cause of freedom when he denounces those who love freedom for warring upon the enemies of freedom.

When Mr. Sulzberger comes down to cases he reveals that he has given this matter little investigation. He is disturbed because a book on American government was dropped by many school boards. He rushes here into a situation about which he has not troubled himself to get the facts. He thinks the much discussed Magruder book on government is for university use. It is written for high schools and was once the most widely used in its field. He is impressed by the fact that it was written thirty-five years ago—before the Red issue became important. He does not know it was picked up subsequently and radically altered to promote left-wing ideas. He complains that the *Educational Reviewer* criticized it and a radio commentator poll-parroted the criticism, and on this flimsy evi-

dence the book was dropped in many places. And he asks: "Did any of these critics read the book?" Why should he assume that no one read the book? But he is perfectly willing to defend it while admitting that he had never read the book himself. Actually, the book has been elaborately studied and reviewed by Frank Hughes of the *Chicago Tribune*. Hughes is as painstaking and honest a journalist as I have ever known. He not only read the book, but I have a copy of a thirty-page, single-spaced analysis of every part of the book made by him. I have read the book more than once and checked on succeeding editions from 1933 on.

Here is another sample of his ill-considered judgments. He cites the case of an American corporal who wrote a letter to the Phoenix, Arizona, school board condemning another book of five hundred pages and admitting he had not read it. Mr. Sulzberger then mourns that the board removed the book "on the evidence of one poison pen anonymous letter." He merely dismisses the fact that the complaint was sponsored by the local American Legion post, and he does not bother to discover whether the board examined the book or not. He has clearly wandered into a field he is not equipped to discuss.

### Pro-Red Book Reviews

Mr. Sulzberger insists he would not knowingly hire a Communist, but he has slipped up on this more than once. Does a man have to wear a sign on his forehead reading "I am a Communist" before this newspaper publisher will reject him? Why should he hire any man who, refusing to admit his Red convictions, nevertheless promotes them in the *Times* and thus gives them a respectability they could never attain in the *Daily Worker*? Despite his declaration, the *Times* has engaged a good many book critics who have applied to their judgment of current books obvious Communist tests.

There is little space here for a full analysis of some twenty-nine books dealing with China during the critical years from 1943 to 1949, reviewed in the *Times* Book Review. Some twenty-two pro-Red books received glowing approval at the hands of the *Times's* critics, while out of a total of seven anti-Chinese-Communist books, one was given very lukewarm treatment, five were severely mauled, and one completely ignored by the same critics. Books by Agnes Smedley, Mark Gayn, Harrison Forman, Philip Jaffe, Guenther Stein, Israel Epstein, Anna Louise Strong, John K. Fairbank, two by Owen Lattimore, and two by Lawrence K. Rosinger—ten writers, all notorious pro-Chinese-Communist defenders—received the highest recommendation to *Times's* readers. In addition to these, there were books by Edgar Snow, George Hogg, Foster Rhea Dulles, Theodore White and Annalee Jacoby, Jack Belden supporting the Chinese Red armies, and one by old Joe Stilwell carrying a shocking attack on

Chiang Kai-shek—seventeen writers in all, misleading the American people into believing that the Chinese Reds were not Communists but agrarian reformers and urging their recognition while viciously attacking the government of Chiang Kai-shek.

All this was peculiarly unfortunate because the *New York Times* is, in other respects, a great newspaper which provides a magnificent coverage of the news of the whole world. Through what form of confusion it blundered into this grave disservice to its readers and to America I do not pretend to know. This sorry record makes Mr. Sulzberger's question, "Have we the courage to be free?" singularly inept. Have we the brains to recognize tyranny and treason when we see it? He might write another piece on that theme. Perhaps he may be moved to examine his staff and to make a more critical inquiry in search of the influence which produced this phenomenon in literary criticism.

## WORTH HEARING AGAIN

### Unheeded Warning

Does a regime, does a Government which proclaims and practises an expansive and militant Communism fulfill the necessary conditions of admission [to the League of Nations]? . . .

In every sphere—religious, moral, social, political, economic—this form of Communism is the most radical negation of the ideas by which we breathe and have our being. . . . Soviet Communism combats the ideal of religion and all that is spiritual in every form. . . . Freedom of conscience is but a mere semblance. . . . Communism dissolves the family; it suppresses individual initiative; it abolishes private property; it organizes labor in forms which it is difficult to distinguish from forced labor. . . .

But these characteristics of Communism . . . still do not give a true picture of Russian Communism. There must be added another essential and distinctive trait which still more completely puts it into opposition with the most fundamental and most universally recognized principles prevailing in relations between States. Russian Communism seeks to strike root everywhere. Its ambition is world revolution. Its nature, its aspirations, its inner urge, all make for foreign propaganda. Its vital law is expansion beyond political frontiers. For Communism to abandon these aims would be to deny itself; but by pursuing them, it becomes our common enemy, because it threatens us all. It would be easy for me to base each of these statements on authoritative texts drawn from official Bolshevik literature, but I would spare you superfluous quotations. We are faced with uncontroverted and uncontrovertible truths.

M. MOTTA (Switzerland), September 17, 1934, on the entry of the U.S.S.R. into the League of Nations.

# Portrait of England

## 2. Poets with Poker Faces

By HOWARD WYCE

*In a second instalment from London the author shows how the shabby harassments of present-day life are reflected in literature and the arts.*

IF YOU PICK UP a serious British review—there are some still living, among a pile of highbrow corpses—you will be struck by the apparent multitude of talents crowded in this small island. Last year our publishers produced 18,000 new books or new editions, a new record. Most of these books were at least competently written, often cleverly, and sometimes brilliantly. Of this lot I must have read upwards of a thousand myself, and seen other people's reviews of many more. Yet, offhand, I can not think of one that I simply must read again.

The art galleries glitter regularly with new shows, many favorably received. You go to these shows, stare at the pictures, are puzzled, pleased, saddened, or infuriated—and when you get home, and think about what you've seen, there's hardly a picture you can vividly recall to mind. Yet I can close my eyes today and conjure up in fair detail at least a dozen of the miraculous Leonardo drawings that were on show months ago at the Royal Academy.

Our music seems to have the same shooting-star effect. Every London night brings its quota of two or three major concerts, its operas and ballets. Yet, again, you can count on the fingers of one hand the musical occasions provided in the last year or two by modern British composers when you came away with that sense of having been remade, which great art produces.

All the arts clearly reflect that impatient and wavering search which is the symptom of our disease of faithlessness. All our artists are in retreat, harking back to history, to childhood, to a formalized religion that is only remembered, not felt. In this, artists show a greater cowardice than ordinary men and women, who have by no means given up the ghost; and it is this betrayal by their *elites*, not their own obdurate philistinism, that has made the general public desert its artists and turn for relief and hope to the mass-entertainers.

That is why the most successful of our novelists, for example, have a large streak of the mass-entertainer in even their serious moments. Graham Greene, for instance, manages to produce a readable thriller for the lowbrow while bitterly exposing the nerves of the *elite* to his peculiar brand of moral damnation. Evelyn Waugh, that arrogant iconoclast who has given birth to a whole school of more or less deplorable imitators, extracts a painful laugh from the reader even while he strikes at

him with a fastidiously gloved hand. R. S. Hutchin-son (a direct descendant of Galsworthy), whose novels stun by sheer solid weight, drags the reader through his endless paper journey by magnetic story-telling of quite the old-fashioned sort. And, of course, there is our sardonic old clubman, Somerset Maugham, pouring out masterly anecdotes in a moral vacuum, working with such cunning craft that the reader reaches the end with a sigh before he realizes that it is a sigh of disappointment.

It is significant that Maugham's is the greatest single influence discernible in the work of our younger writers today: significant because he is, above all, spiritually noncommittal even if not cynical. To the young novelist, wandering in our darkened streets in search of his subjects, Maugham says: "Don't be afraid of those big black crowds all round you. You need not, after all, be engulfed by them in order to make them your own. Simply approach to within arm's length, stick a witty label on them, bearing your own distinctive mark, and walk on." This is what many English writers are doing; and they find that, having walked on, nobody is following them. There are few who dare approach the warm, sweaty center of the crowd, and those who do so work in isolation. Once thus contaminated by the herd, their literary associates cut them dead and walk on the other side of the literary street.

### The Other Side of the Street

That other side of the street is still well-inhabited. There are still quite a number of clever young men peering out from behind those spotless little lace curtains at the slum opposite. They pop up every now and then where you would expect to find them in the review pages of the odd remaining highbrow weeklies and monthlies, in an occasional delicate little essay or *conte* in the Sunday papers, on the BBC's Third Program in a flute-voiced series called "New Voices." There are some good men among them, and a great many good talents. But, so far, not from one of them have I heard an important and memorable statement; not in one have I felt the steady pounding of healthy blood in the veins. The English writer suffers from pernicious anemia; and his only cure—a shot in the arm of firmness, of committal to a faith—requires too sharp a needle for his thin skin to dare.

To cover his failure as a creative writer, the English author very often turns to criticism. I doubt whether there was ever before so little creative work produced in England, or so much discussion of techniques and forms. The old *New Writing* and *Horizon*, for instance, killed themselves (though their friends cry "Murder") by an overdose of this excessively educated, indirect, allusive, dazzlingly polished criticism. The public, with an obstinacy that has driven many a *littérateur* hysterical, has refused to pay the slightest attention to what Mr. X thinks of Miss Y's appreciation of that early Byzantine work by Z. But the booksy boys, as the unregenerate Wyndham Lewis still calls them, plod grimly on with their critical essays, and the noble art of English fiction withers for lack of nourishment.

### Down Among the Paleo-zoe

As for the poets—well, I am honestly incapable of understanding the greater part of what is claimed as poetry. I understand its words, usually, I notice its sprung rhythms or use of assonance or half-rhymes or slipshod symbolism; but I can not for the life of me see any beauty or strength except in a very little of it. Take, for example, this quotation from a recent poem by David Jones, a much better painter than versifier:

As, down among the paleo-zoe  
 he brights his ichthyic sign  
 so brights he the middle-zone  
 where the uterine forms  
 are some beginnings of his creature . . .

All very evolutionary and even perhaps holy; but—poetry? This sort of thing has been hailed by Kathleen Raine (herself a poet whose occasional achievement of beauty I can recognize) as "a work of art of permanent value." *Well!*

It would be grossly unfair to suggest that all English poets are as bad or good (take your choice) as David Jones. There are individual voices (like Kathleen Raine herself) often worth listening to—but for the voice, not for what they say. There are the slightly older poets still with us, like Louis MacNeice, Stephen Spender (now taken up more with autobiography), and of course T. S. Eliot (I suppose we may now fairly claim him as English, though for my part you can take him back if you just leave us his first ten years' work). And one very considerable voice in British poetry today is that of Dylan Thomas, a voice of real Celtic passion and lyrical beauty. Thomas has managed in the recent past to produce poetry which might even be great; and I would suggest that this is not only because of his superlative talents, but also because he has always had the Welshman's sturdy love of God in his fellowmen and in the whole of Nature. Much of his work seems to me to satisfy the criterion for another art, that of music, laid down by J. S. Bach: "The aim and final reason of all music is

the glory of God and the recreation of the mind."

Applying Bach's criterion to music itself, in England today, you would find sadly few of our composers to make the grade. There is one musician alive here who undoubtedly would, a man who at eighty still stands head and shoulders above all the rest: Vaughan Williams. His "Pilgrim's Progress," produced last year, made one critic claim that Williams had "turned the Covent Garden Theater into a place of worship." As one might wryly expect, a lot of people were shocked and confused by the calm grandeur, the religious certainty, of this work. Such a deep and living faith is not what we are accustomed to from our contemporary composers; and it is hardly ever what we get. In most of our music, as in our literature and the visual arts, there is an all-pervasive and deadening preoccupation with techniques rather than with content.

There is a large number of very clever composers, some greater and some lesser, but all—technically—of considerable talents. They give us interest, mild pleasure, an intellectual game of working out what they are getting at, an eagerly-snatched rare moment of lyrical beauty immediately quelled by some forbidding complication; they give us these, and more, but no sustained joy in just listening. The predominant impression one gets from the work of these composers is that of hesitant experiment; you can never tell, from one bar to the next, what trick effect is likely to be tried.

### A World of "Isms"

In the visual arts, such experimentalism runs riot in a world of "isms." The easiest way out of the artist's struggle is always to experiment with techniques, to substitute the excitement of deciphering a code message for that of seeking a new revelation. Most modern English painters seem always in a ferment of artificial and extremely articulate excitement. They are always making speeches and writing letters explaining just what they mean by their pictures. Can you imagine Rembrandt writing to someone: "The essence of my theory is that color is space and space is color, and these must be right as well as the two-dimensional pattern"? . . . He couldn't spare the time from his painting. The artist who did spare the time, Ivon Hitchens, certainly paints beautifully; he is, I think, one of the best of our contemporaries. But, looking with pleasure at one of his typical reclining nudes, all firm, lusty curves and swirls, glowing with red and gold and warm browns, one is yet too aware of uneasiness, of some trace of hesitation and doubtfulness on the artist's part, a feeling that at such-and-such a point he has said to himself: "Well—er—yes, I'll do it like this." One never feels, in the work of David Jones, John Piper, Robert Macbride, Mary Kessel, Lucien Freud, Francis Bacon, Michael Ayrton, John Min-



ton, Graham Sutherland, and all the rest, that their pictures *could not be otherwise*; that the paintings have been forced out of them by the artist's compulsion; that they have been seized and obsessed by the need to paint their subjects. Perhaps because the disciplines modern artists accept are looser, easier, than those of the old masters, one always feels that they have not cared enough. There are a few notable exceptions, particularly among the group loosely lumped together as "expressionists."

But while expressionism, in various forms, is still the main mode of English painting, more and more artists are turning to abstract art (very much, I should think, as a man who can no longer bear the face of the world turns to drink or drugs). Victor Pasmore, having established himself as a naturalistic painter, is now turning out drab geometric patterns made up of all sorts of odd materials (I remember one such which had as a main feature the sports page of a daily newspaper). Ben Nicholson, who draws his abstract shapes with a very thin, careful line, and colors them with pale washes resembling vomit spilled on a grey pavement, has for long been the master of the school. The mistress is Barbara Hepworth, who lately has concentrated on bending bits of wire and copper rods into "mobiles." In view of all this, it is not surprising that the pictures the public likes best move on screens.

### Lovely Lumps of Wood

In sculpture, there is the same helter-skelter rush from reality, only more so. Henry Moore has been, in the past decade, the dominant influence in British sculpture, with his remarkable grasp of natural forms and intuitive adaptation of them to fit his working materials. Moore has produced—and still produces—a weird and, to me, profoundly irritating beauty; irritating because one always feels that if only he had the strength or the simplicity to accept traditional disciplines, the force of his work would be overwhelming. As it is, his sculpture, like the best of our modern painting, is something I enjoy only from the outside; I am never swept into the artist's emotions, as the great ones sweep me in.

But even Henry Moore's lovely lumps of wood, which do at least achieve a feeling of growth and rhythm, are too uncomfortably close to reality for some of our young sculptors. They, too, are breaking away into abstractions. They have a new school of "linear," two-dimensional sculpture, headed by Butler and Paolozzi, and whenever one of these people is exhibiting and I want a good vulgar belly-laugh, I like to go along and watch the eager art-students being reverent in front of jagged bits of tin and what-not.

Obsession with technique, coupled with a complete loss of creative inspiration: that is the view

I get of the arts here today. It is a view which is regularly howled down, naturally, in the Chelsea pubs I drink at. And I fear there is one local at which I shall be cold-shouldered from now on. The other night there, after listening fidgettily to a group of the "linear" people chattering about their art, I said that my favorite artist-story was the old one about Turner (an artist whose merit even these iconoclasts do not dispute). The great man was dragged unwillingly one day to a group of art critics who spent two hours theorizing about painting. From time to time an anxious head would turn in the painter's direction, an inviting pause would follow. Turner remained moodily silent. At last he rose to his feet, and everyone waited delightedly for the *mot*, the definitive statement. "Rum thing, art," said Turner, and walked to the door. . . .

### Theater Renaissance

In the theater that rum thing called art is not, thank heavens, very much talked of, with the odd result that there is a rather healthier artistic movement going on here than in other fields. It is perhaps an exaggeration to call it either artistic or a movement; entertainment remains, quite rightly, the chief aim of our playwrights and players; and there is too much diversity for one to find a clear thread running through it all. But at least there are signs, very small beginnings, of what might turn out to be an English renaissance of the theater. We are seeing the belated end, at last, of the drawing-room-on-the-stage, the "Pass-the-cigarettes" and "Will-you-have-two-lumps?" school.

Solidly workmanlike dramatists like Terence Rattigan know how to bring a character alive without leaving him a trivial bore. Incisive wits like Peter Ustinov have little time for the refined accents and girlish giggles which have passed too often in former days as comedy. "The Love of Four Colonels" is still one of the most poetically witty plays London has seen for a long time, with some remarkable theatrical fireworks displayed by Ustinov the actor as well as Ustinov the author. Anouilh's "Little Hut," still running after a record-length season, rivals it. Rattigan's more serious "The Deep Blue Sea" stars Peggy Ashcroft, an actress who is always a delight to see. A lyrical production of "Romeo and Juliet" (the Juliet done by young Claire Bloom, fresh from acclaim in Chaplin's "Limelight") has finally taken the nasty taste away from the Old Vic, where internal squabbles have been disfiguring its work for the last year or two. Flora Robson and two frighteningly clever children have lately been chilling spines with an adaptation—not a good one—of Henry James's "Turn of the Screw" (unaccountably renamed "The Innocents"). Dames Edith Evans and Sybil Thorne-dike glitter at one another in "Waters of the Moon." The Lunts hold our respectful admiration in a Coward play we are restlessly aware is not

half good enough for them. And Emile Littler has at last managed to produce, in "Love From Judy," an English musical as good as anything coming from the United States. (That gigantic bore, "South Pacific," is still for some reason packing them in at Drury Lane.)

Taken by and large, our theaters seem to be providing at least a few brief candles to light our general darkness; perhaps they do so because they *can't* absolutely retreat, like the other arts, from the present and its preoccupations. Apart from escapist comedy (which, I ought to say, predominates, with thrillers, over the straight drama), the theater relies for its existence on keeping a warm current of sympathetic feeling flowing from one side of the footlights to the other.

But the selection of shows in our theaters reveals the wistfulness of the English today—a wistfulness for color, ease, and pleasure; for jolly reassurance; for a renewal of our poetic delight in humanity.

We have always been, in that sense, poets. The small, significant accidents of life have always made us pleased and tender. Perhaps it is because these little accidents help us to reaffirm, re-perceive, our old faith in the worthwhileness of human life.

### Poets at Heart

I was on top of a bus the other day going down Piccadilly; and suddenly a little family party of cockneys sitting opposite—husband, wife and Cousin Ethel—leaped to their feet, craned at the window, and pointed excitedly. A fire engine? I wondered. A murder? (In England it would never do to spring up and nosily join the starers.) "There it is!" the woman cried triumphantly, "That's Where Mother Fell Off The Bus!" The man argued: "Course it's not, it's down there by that pillar box, I remember seeing that pillar box when she done it."

For the rest of the journey they sat brooding, with little sighs and smiles and spurts of new reminiscence, over the delightful world which could thus shoot drama into their laps in the middle of a peaceful, dull bus ride.

That sense of personal drama quietly relished made the war tolerable and even often enjoyable. Everyone had his bomb story; everyone really did make a story out of it, full of loving detail, high tension, comic relief. By the magic of the Englishman's submerged poetry, nightmare was turned instantly into art.

In the darkness that ushers in 1953, we still manage, a lot of the time, to see some poetry in our living. But the shabby harassments of a life robbed of faith are beginning to obscure, or at least to disguise, that poetry. We smile less often than we did; we are grudging about admitting enjoyment. I think the English remain, at heart, poets. But we are now poets with poker faces.

## THIS IS WHAT THEY SAID

### Perfect Testing Ground

Korea, which is small, and very much in the spotlight, is the perfect testing ground for brave new techniques and brave new intentions. There, the U.N. can go to work and prove that freedom and civil liberties and modern science have a direct relationship to private health, individual well-being, public education, and soil fertility. It should not stop until the roofs no longer leak, and the sick children are well children. And if these things come to pass, and a more relaxed time comes to the world, it may well turn out that Secretary of State Dean Acheson is the ablest man we have had in the Department.

The *New Yorker Magazine* (Notes and Comment), Oct. 21, 1950

### Eureka!

I've discovered something! Just ordinary people, like doormen, cab drivers, and porters, are awfully nice.

MARGARET TRUMAN, *New York Journal American*, Feb. 15, 1953

### UNESCO from the Housetops

If UNESCO is attacked on the grounds that it is helping to prepare the world's people for world government, then it is an error to burst forth with apologetic statements and denials. Let us face it; the job of UNESCO is to help create and promote the elements of world citizenship. When faced with such a "charge," let us by all means affirm it from the housetops.

The *Saturday Review*, July 19, 1952

### Only . . .

The only other decisions reached at Yalta and not made public in the Crimea Conference communiqué related to initial membership in the International Organization when it meets, and to territorial trusteeship.

EDWARD R. STETTINIUS, JR., April 3, 1945

### Honest-to-God Humanitarian

. . . it is my opinion that the only man in China to whom these poor people can look is Mao Tse-tung, so-called Communist leader, who is not a Communist at all. He is the only man I met whom I believe has the honest-to-God welfare of these poor people at heart.

REP. ALBERT J. ENGEL of Michigan, December 8, 1945

# BOOKS AND THE ARTS

## A Professional Politician

BY MAX EASTMAN

The most exciting book I have read during this whole season is Benjamin P. Thomas's one-volume life of Abraham Lincoln (Alfred A. Knopf, \$5.75). I don't know why I found it so exciting. Perhaps because of my ignorance, or my knowledge so well forgotten, of the details of the story. Perhaps because the 18,000 manuscripts in the Robert Todd Lincoln collection, unsealed in 1947, have brought the story nearer to the man. Perhaps only because of my love for Abraham Lincoln—to me he is the most lovable of all the great men in history. And perhaps again it is because of the timeliness of this compact yet very complete portrait of the man who defended democratic ideals with such firm and realistic understanding. In defending them, both with arms and with logic, he developed and clarified them. In his life they are engraved in great letters that no man to the end of time can misread.

As I dwelt with this wonderful book, I kept asking myself just what are the qualities that make Lincoln stand so high among the representatives of our species. For after all, though the permutations and combinations are as good as infinite, the number of definable human traits is not too large to run over. Magnanimous kindness, I think, would occupy a primary place if such a list were compiled. Lincoln's literary gifts ran away with him, once in his youth, a thing that no writer can fail to understand, and he found pleasure in a piece of rather cruel satire. But so far as the record goes—and it has been combed over and inspected with a microscope—he never did a mean thing. He never cherished a grudge. He was sufficiently humble to remember his own shortcomings when others offended him, and yet not so humble that he had to buck himself up by despising those others. It is a pre-Freudian way of saying, I suppose, that he was not cursed with an inferiority complex. Pride and humility kept a perfect balance in his breast. A saying in the Bible that I would like to revise is: "Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us." It should read: "Help us to forgive those who sin against us as generously as we forgive ourselves." And that is what Lincoln was large enough to do. "A man has no time to spend half his life in quarrels," he said.

It is a trait of mind, and not only of temper, and

leads me to the quality that I think I would place next in an inventory of Lincoln's greatness; logic. It has not been talked about, or even perceived, by most of his eulogists, for both he and they lived in a time when American culture was dominated by the Hebraic and Christian part of our tradition. Our heritage from the Greeks, which is a good half of what determines our judgments, so far as history has a hand in this, was slow to be recognized in America. The whole country was filled with the noise of preaching and Sunday School teaching. But Lincoln's native and unerring sense of the logical relations among ideas, his absolute though unadvertised loyalty to "reason, cold, calculating, unimpassioned reason," placed him in the Greek as much as the Christian tradition. On the platform he was more like Pericles than like Luther or Savonarola. He was a debater, never a spell-binder. And he could be, when he set himself the task, as in preparing the Cooper Union address, a meticulous and irrefutable research expert. The march of scholarly logic in that speech has hardly an equal in American political oratory.

Everything, of course, can be overdone. Kindness can be weak if it is not balanced by practical judgment and strength of purpose. Much has been rightly made of Lincoln's acts of mercy as commander-in-chief of the Northern armies. "It would frighten the boys too terribly to kill them," he would say. But he had no hesitation in confirming the death sentence of a "flagrant" deserter when he felt that the defense of the republic demanded it.

Lincoln's humorous genius, which has rarely been excelled in depth and spontaneity, was a very inherent part of his gift of cool judgment. A sense of humor is close kin to a sense of proportion. Lincoln never went off the deep end; he rarely went off the handle. It is only at a certain distance from tragic or vexatious things that one can laugh at them, and a strong instinct for laughter lifts one into that distance on the instant. His gift for getting above things with an appropriate and funny anecdote was as startling, it seems to me, as the wit of Sydney Smith or Oscar Wilde. It was not wit, but poetic humor—that flair for laughable metaphor, in which America for some reason excels all other nations. Perhaps it is because we

have no serious mythology that we have made up for it in slang and folklore, and in literature too, with so rich an exercise of playful imagination.

Lincoln was like folklore itself in his power to originate humor. The manner in which the appropriate image or reminiscence would pop into his head at exactly the right moment seems to me as phenomenal as anything in the history of genius. Mr. Thomas tells how, when standing at the White House window one day, Lincoln saw his three legislative tormentors, Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, and Thaddeus Stevens, coming up the driveway. He was reminded—he said to his companion—of a boy in school who was trying to read out loud from the Old Testament the passage about the fiery furnace. When he came to the names Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, he got his tongue all tangled up and began to cry. The teacher helped him through, and he went on reading. But pretty soon he began to sob and sniffle again. The teacher said, "What's the matter, Tommy—you're doing very well." The boy answered through his tears: "Here come those three fellers again!"

I see I am not going to finish this inventory in the space allotted to me, but there are three other things about Lincoln that I want to mention. He was not a man upon whom you could pin any label. A whole book has been written arguing that he was a liberal, an essay arguing that he was a conservative. Living again vividly and concretely, as he does in Mr. Thomas's biography, you see him with his poised mind and his strange loping long-legged gait—you see him stride right through all these confining lanes of classification. The ropes would not hold him; the labels dropped off as fast as they were pinned on. He had high, clear, and extreme ideals, both humane and libertarian, but he had also a firm grasp upon matters of fact. He sensed the limits of what could be done, human nature and its historic predicament being what they are. He knew intuitively what the wisest philosophers, going back to Aristotle, have failed to teach many of our modern highbrows, that the reign of laws as against the reign of persons is the base and beginning of all progress in liberty. He knew that this social habit might easily be destroyed in the name of liberty by a demagogue, or even by a sincere but irresponsible reformer. He hated slavery, and wanted to see it abolished, but not at a sacrifice of the principle and habit of conformity to constitutional law. That is an attitude which many in high place these recent years have called conservative, and even reactionary. On the other hand, he took, when the peril of the country made it justifiable according to his oath of office, an action which has endeared him to congenial "radicals" throughout the world.

"I shall be glad to have any suggestions as to details," he said in effect, when presenting a first draft of the Emancipation Proclamation to his

cabinet, "but I do not wish advice on the main point, I have made up my mind on that." Members of the cabinet sat stupefied at the boldness of this wild radical.

Lincoln differed from many both on the radical and the conservative side in having nothing of the intellectual Smart Aleck about him, no note in any word he ever spoke of bigotry or cant. He had an inquiring and a growing mind. And he had no disposition to let it grow in an intellectual hothouse—protected, I mean, from exposure to the raw weather of public life. It is easy for a writer, sitting comfortably at his desk with a foam cushion to ease him even of his own weight, to discourse scornfully about the failure of those wrestling with practical problems to solve them in the light of detached *a priori* rationality as exemplified in his own lucidly smooth-flowing prose. People who pipe down wisecracks and neatly annihilating formulations from a pedestal are most often worse than superfluous, they are a positive nuisance to those confronting a complex human problem in its practical terms.

I learn from Mr. Thomas—and I hope it is clear that this whole essay is a tribute of praise to his book—that Lincoln differed from other men who have become national heroes in having been a professional politician. His law practice was in a manner almost incidental. His well-nigh unflagging ambition was to get elected to office, and to do well in office when elected. There were no party conventions when he started out on this career. A man merely announced in the newspaper, or through a circular to the public, that he was going to run for office, and why. There is a modest and naive candor in Lincoln's announcement, at twenty-three, that he would be a candidate for the Illinois legislature: "Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say for one that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem."

Undoubtedly that humble ambition played a part in raising him so high.

Most extraordinary in a politician was his power, in which he equalled the great poets, of profound feeling. Still more extraordinary was his ability to express such feeling, and therewith the ideals of a nation, in language that is unexcelled in the world's literature. How unique a war leader he was with his tragically beautiful face—for I don't know what people mean when they call him ugly—suffering every bereavement, receiving every wound! How different from our recent blithe captain, who enjoyed it all so immensely, and so gallantly threw away hundreds of thousands of lives, and a chance to remake Germany and all Europe, in the cause of the boyish bravado of "unconditional surrender"!

## The Actonian Revival

**Lord Acton: A Study in Conscience and Politics**, by Gertrude Himmelfarb. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. \$3.75

**Acton's Political Philosophy: An Analysis**, by G. E. Fasnacht. New York: Viking Press. \$4.00

With a sure instinct where the strength of his opponents rested, the late Professor Harold Laski once wrote that "a case of unanswerable power could be made out for the view that de Tocqueville and Lord Acton were the essential liberals of the nineteenth century." That this is at least partially true is now increasingly recognized. The Whig tradition which they represented, the British element in the incongruous mixture which European "Liberalism" then constituted, is gradually being separated from the elements of French intellectualist democracy which had overlaid many of its most valuable features. As the totalitarian propensities of that French tradition come to be more and more clearly seen (see particularly J. L. Talmon's important study on *The Origins of Totalitarian Democracy*, 1952), it becomes increasingly important to recover the sources of the great tradition which Lord Acton had in mind when he wrote that "Burke at his best is England at its best." It seems that after more than a hundred years the basic truth is at last recognized which that great American, Francis Lieber, so brilliantly expressed in his essay on "Anglican and Gallican Liberty" (1849).

It is as the last great representative of the English Whig tradition and its most important development in the American Revolution that Lord Acton is of such importance today. He himself was perfectly aware of this intellectual ancestry, and most of his characteristic maxims could easily be traced to seventeenth and eighteenth century sources (compare, e.g., Milton's fear that "long continuance of power may corrupt the sincerest of men"). Although Acton himself never achieved a systematic exposition of his views, the corpus of his historical essays and lectures is probably still the most complete summation of that true "Liberalism" which sharply differed from the radicalism that led to socialism, and which to me still appears as the finest set of values which Western civilization has produced. It is incalculable how much misery at least the European continent would have been spared, if that tradition had prevailed instead of the intellectualist version of "Liberalism," which by its fierce and intolerant attitude to religion divided Europe hopelessly into two camps.

The widespread revival of interest in the writings of Lord Acton—and de Tocqueville—is thus a welcome and promising sign. Within the last few years we have had, apart from numerous articles on him in learned journals, Bishop Mathews' study

on Acton's youth, a valuable essay on him by Professor Herbert Butterfield, and Miss Himmelfarb's earlier collection of some of Acton's essays published in 1948 under the title *Freedom and Power*. An edition of Acton's complete works has been announced, and simultaneously with the two volumes under review, a most welcome edition of his *Essays on Church and State* has been brought out by Mr. Douglas Woodruff.

The two books listed at the head of this note are nevertheless the first satisfactory accounts of Acton's ideas as a whole. Moreover, they are complementary rather than competing with each other. Miss Himmelfarb's is a very skillful account of the evolution of Acton's ideas, while Mr. Fasnacht surveys them systematically topic by topic. Both authors have drawn heavily on the great volume of Acton manuscripts preserved in the library of Cambridge University, and as a result a great deal of new light is thrown on many of Acton's ideas which he had expressed only aphoristically in his occasional publications. Although I have myself for a long time been a student and admirer of Acton, I have gratefully to admit that many of the apparent contradictions in his writings have resolved themselves for me only as a result of Miss Himmelfarb's sympathetic description of the slow growth and gradual change of his views. She also reconstructs from the accessible documents an intelligible account of the most crucial episode in Acton's life, his reaction to the declaration of papal infallibility by the Vatican Council in 1870, which the suppression of his relevant letters of that period had so far concealed. The book is certainly the best introduction to Acton's thought, even though the author probably exaggerates the extent to which Acton in later life had abandoned the Whig position of the early Burke; it is perhaps also for this reason that she is unduly puzzled by the fact that Acton, who had nothing but praise for the American Revolution, remained highly critical of the French Revolution.

Prepared by Miss Himmelfarb's introduction the reader will turn with advantage to Mr. Fasnacht's less readable but no less careful and scholarly presentation of Acton's mature thought. It is a straightforward exposition, largely in Acton's own words. Though Mr. Fasnacht is fully aware of the development of Acton's ideas, his aim is mainly to show that they form a coherent system and to provide as much material as possible from which the gaps in the fragmentary statements left by Acton himself can be filled. It makes a fascinating book to study. We get many of the more suggestive notes from the hundreds of card boxes in which Acton had accumulated the material for his *History of Liberty*, the "greatest book that has never been written." There is material there, not only for many Ph.D. theses, but also for some good books which I hope will some day appear. And the

thoughtful reader will find ample stimulus to exercise his own intelligence on some of the toughest problems of political philosophy.

F. A. HAYEK

## New Truth for a New Dealer

**Big Business**, by David E. Lilienthal. New York: Harper & Bros. \$2.75

In the early days of the New Deal, left-wing academic circles fashioned a new stick with which to beat the dog of that era—American business. They coined a nasty-sounding new word and created a new concept which, they said, described the evil of Big Business. The word was OLI-GOPOLY, and they defined it as the domination of the market by a few big companies. It must be noted that the word was cleverly contrived to have a resemblance to MON-OPOLY, which the American public thoroughly disliked, and which was accepted by them as an evil practice against their interests. Since monopoly itself was a dead issue, having been mostly eliminated by government prosecutions under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, there was need, in the minds of New Deal theoreticians, for a new idea like oligopoly with which to attack what they called “the growth of Big Business concentration.”

Every college classroom and public lecture hall soon rang with denunciations of oligopoly and Big Business. Naturally enough, this propaganda soon began to seep through to the New Deal governmental agencies. In no time at all, the bright young government lawyers, who had sat at the feet of the college professors, carried the attack on oligopoly into the courts with crusading zeal. Their arguments fell upon fertile ground, for the Supreme Court itself had become dominantly New Deal in its composition. And so the Douglasses, the Blacks, and the Frankfurters gravely nodded their heads and agreed with the government lawyers. The argument was a simple one; monopoly was no longer the only evil—it was Big Business. Bigness of and by itself became a crime. The reader may have the naive idea that a big company must act in restraint of trade in order to be guilty under the law, but of course that is an old-fashioned concept. The company may be benign and law-abiding, but is, nevertheless, guilty because it has the *capacity* for an evil act in the future, and therefore it must be prosecuted.

And so it came about that in this country—which is dependent upon vast aggregations of machines and men for the efficient production necessary to maintain the standard of living we enjoy and to produce the arms which can defend a free world—the very instrument of our prosperity and our self-preservation is attacked as an evil *per se*. This curious anomaly was pointed out by a hand-

ful of stalwarts on the Right in articles appearing in technical journals and a few magazines. But it remained, strangely enough, for a former leader of the New Deal, David E. Lilienthal, of T.V.A. fame, to vigorously defend Big Business in popular fashion. His book—*Big Business: A New Era*—makes you rub your eyes as you read it. Is it indeed a former leader of the New Deal who says, “America has been stimulated and quickened by Big Business. As a consequence, competition has taken on a renewed vitality and diversity, a new dimension and a new content”? He insists, without qualification, that we are better off because of Big Business. “I do not mean solely in the material or economic sense,” he says, but “better off also in the non-material sense, better able to develop the values and life that seems to us important . . . better able to develop the kind of country we deeply desire this land of ours to be.” He points out in detail how Big Business improves our standard of living, protects our national security, increases competition, preserves and develops our natural resources and, in sum, serves the interests of a dynamic, democratic people.

Mr. Lilienthal’s ideas about the relationship of Big Business to the public interest have, by coincidence, been strongly supported by several recent reports from the academic world. First of all, there is the scholarly study of Dr. M. A. Adelman of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His analysis, published in the *Harvard Review of Economics*, proves that there has been no increase in big business concentration over the past fifty years and, in fact, there may have been a decline. Small and medium-sized companies have waxed great during the very period when big business, according to the prevailing theory, was supposed to be gobbling up everything in sight. Dr. Adelman’s report would indicate that there was no factual basis to the theory that oligopoly was growing by leaps and bounds and threatened the welfare of the people.

Also a report just published by The Brookings Institute sheds new light on the activities of Big Business and confirms Mr. Lilienthal’s stand. Dr. A. D. Kaplan, who took five years to prepare this document, found that “the top is a slippery place.” Big companies must fight for their position just as the small ones do. Only 36 companies of those which constituted the leading 100 at the top in 1900 remained in that category when a count was taken forty years later. And the interesting fact is that many of the big companies, such as U. S. Steel, garnered a much smaller percentage of the sales of their industry than they did four decades earlier. Even giant organizations must meet the challenge of new conditions and changing public demand if they want to stay at the top. The net result of all recent investigations seems to prove that the consumer is boss in this country, despite all talk about oligopoly. That seems to be the main point of Mr. Lilienthal’s book, and it is certainly a sound one.

But what are we to do if the Douglasses and the Blacks continue to try to destroy big business by a twisted reasoning about the Sherman Anti-Trust Law? Mr. Lilienthal's solution is a simple one. He is not in favor of detailed amendments to the Sherman and Clayton Acts, "but rather a broad declaration of public policy that the *prime* concern of the Congress is not with competition *per se*, nor with competitors, but with productivity and the promotion of an ethical and economic distribution of this productivity." The new statute, he says, should provide that all existing laws and interpretations that do not further this basic economic policy are set aside or repealed. That may sound like a good solution, but suppose the government lawyers or the eminent jurists twist the meaning of this statute to mean that the A&P stores should not cut their prices to the public—because in the long run such a policy really harms the productivity of small producers? They can just as well accept this kind of nonsense as they have accepted the current interpretation. Mr. Lilienthal's idea can hardly be considered a basic solution to the present problem, although it does contribute an interesting point of view to the active discussion on big business which is now taking place.

As a footnote to Mr. Lilienthal's book, it must be noted that he has not entirely liberated himself from his old misconceptions. Note in the quotation above that he is not satisfied with an economic distribution of productivity in a free market, but he wants the government to impose an "ethical" one also. He does not trust the free market which is made by free people, nor does he seem to realize that one man's ethics may be another man's expropriation. There are a few other evidences of Mr. Lilienthal's old prejudices in his new book, but in the main it must be said he has performed a fine service in bravely repudiating "liberal" ideas about American business and in writing a forthright, interesting, and able defense of an institution which is essential for our strength and our growth.

LAWRENCE FERTIG

## How Different Is Tito?

**Tito**, by Vladimir Dedijer. New York: Simon and Schuster. \$5.00

The rich, rare meat in this authorized "biography" of Yugoslavia's Tito is some big chunks of revelation about Stalin, the Russians, and other non-Yugoslav Reds. Since Politburos, unfortunately, do not fall out often, these disclosures based on past intimacies make a unique document. We see Stalin wolfishly encouraging the Yugoslavs to "swallow" Albania, ordering them to abandon the Greek civil war as lost, admitting he mistakenly instructed the unheeding Chinese similarly to halt their own civil war, refusing to believe that Holland is part

of Benelux ("When I say 'no' it means NO"), roaring at a petrified secretary, being petted and nuzzled by Molotov, Malenkov and Co., doodling in a notebook while bulldozing satellite emissaries, dismissing Togliatti as a "professor," Pieck as a "Grandpa," La Passionaria as "unable to pull herself together," Thorez as less than a "dog." Such glimpses are worth the price of admission.

Comrade Dedijer's survey of Soviet iniquity and folly is also fascinating, though a good piece of it echoes previous Partisan blasts. The Red Army made its "liberation" of Yugoslavia doubly memorable by raping its beloved ally's womenfolk. The Russians enticed or bludgeoned Yugoslavs into spying on themselves, tried to infiltrate every agency, imported hordes of Soviet "advisers" at Yugoslav expense, demanded (and partially received) ruinous economic concessions, insisted on a virtual veto over foreign policy. In sum, Moscow invited Belgrade to give all and be blessed, and when Tito—to his eternal credit—demurred, he was excommunicated. To get him overthrown as well, the Kremlin performed antics of opulent stupidity, such as stuffing copies of the Cominform expulsion resolution (already freely published in Yugoslavia) into balloons for dumping on Tito's territory, floating more copies down the Danube, and telling the Yugoslavs that the resistance movement did almost nothing to kick out the Germans.

Discounting the bias, Dedijer's story is still substantially true. The Russians behaved the same way or worse in other satellite countries, as those of us know who were there. But by the same token, Dedijer's claims of unrelieved Yugoslav Red virtue are a flight of fine fancy. We know this because some of us have been there too.

The author asserts that Tito was nauseated by Stalin's "betrayal" of the Revolution as early as the Great Purges. He remained loyal throughout World War Two and beyond, it is further alleged, primarily because the USSR, despite its shattering of the dream, was still the only "socialist" bastion. If this constant trauma over Moscovite double-dealing really obtained, then Tito's fanatic adherence by word and deed during the same period was so massive a duplicity that nothing he can say now is worth believing. (And nothing we could possibly have been scheming in 1946 held a candle to the glare of Soviet malevolence against Yugoslavia, yet the planes Tito shot down were American.) Characteristically, he blames the Soviets most for subordinating the Partisan cause during the war to Moscow's own "imperialist" ambitions. In point of fact, as Dedijer's own evidence proves, Tito was grabbing Yugoslavia more openly for Communism than even Stalin could abide. It was necessary, after all, to pretend that Moscow's sole desire was the union of all democratic forces against fascism. "What do you need the red stars for?" Stalin asked. "You are frightening the British. The form isn't important."

According to Dedijer, Tito is no Titoist but a true Marxist; Stalin was the "revisionist." The superior excellence of Partisan-style "socialism"—Dedijer abjures the nasty word "Communism" for the Western readers he wants to beguile—is difficult to detect at close hand. This official version of the rise of Yugoslav "democracy" rewrites the record as blandly as any Kremlin historiographer. There is no intimation of the Party's numerical feebleness at the outset, of the broken pledges to the anti-Nazi, non-Communist parties, of the phoney elections, of the ministrations of OZNA-UDB police, of the systematic accretion of power without genuine referendum or even debate.

Dedijer implies that Tito began to turn away from local imitation of Stalinist models before Stalin expelled him, but produces no supporting evidence, because none exists. We are obliged to the author, at least, for a clear though involuntary flash of light on Belgrade's present publicity campaign of internal "reforms." "A multi-party system," he writes, "means several programs, and here . . . there is only one program. . . Those opposed to this program can not be permitted to impede its materialization. . ." By extension, this is authoritative commentary on the entire reformist hoax which the Partisans are now trying to put over on the West. As Stalin told Tito, "the form isn't important." The *content* of the "reforms" leaves the absolute power of the Communists totally unaffected.

In addition to being Tito's American-contact man and U.N. troubleshooter, Dedijer is a previously-published author, an "expert" on the United States, a ranking Partisan propagandist, and the head man at *Borba*, Yugoslavia's top newspaper. He might therefore be expected to know how to write, particularly for an American audience. And the Marshal is an eminently "writable" subject. Dedijer himself anticipates the criticism that "I have written this biography with bias, passion, hatred or love"—and he manfully refuses to deny that "I love my country and I love Tito." The objects of these affections, however, are not served by the slipshod craftsmanship which characterizes his book.

Only the closing quarter of the book, which dissects Soviet villainies, has verve and readability. Half of the rest is not about Tito at all but about the Communist "struggle"—in a self-vindicating, cluttered narrative. Here the best of the occasional good passages are borrowed from colleagues: notably Alexander Rankovic's story of his own rescue from a Gestapo hospital and Sreten Zujevic's sly account of a Tito—Mihailovich parley. As for the biographical sections, random remarks by Tito and meaningless anecdotes about him—without merit or even point—are religiously inserted on the apparent hero-worshipping theory that nothing the great man says or does is trivial. On the other hand, the drama and intrinsic interest in many

phases of Tito's youth and later development are obscured by choppy, skeletal treatment. One can only describe as pure corn the contrivance whereby Tito, below various chapter headings, sits down during the shot and shell of war and delivers himself of organized, chronological reminiscences in his own "words." The late Louis Adamic, an equally fervent zealot, produced a vastly better biography last year in *The Eagle and the Roots* because he had talked to persons who knew Tito, collected data from all over—in short, done some research. Even the memoirs published by *Life*—thanks to competent editing—sound better than Dedijer's rendering of the same "words."

These strictures are perhaps a bit irrelevant, since Dedijer evidently set out to write a tract rather than a book, the justification of a messianic movement rather than the flesh-and-blood biography of a formidable but not quite saintly man. Still, even a tract is more persuasive if it shows some mercy for the reader by sprinklings of wit, humor, art, moderation, and humility. The absence of such graces is in itself a reflection of that remorseless, implacable clique of saviors whose dull dominion over the Yugoslav peoples Dedijer labors to glorify.

HAL LEHRMAN

## Neglected President

**Benjamin Harrison: Hoosier Warrior, 1833-1865,**  
by Harry J. Sievers, S.J. Chicago: Henry Regnery Company. \$5.00

The first half of a two-volume biography of Benjamin Harrison is chronologically welcome, coming sixty years after the tenth American general to become President of the United States is being succeeded by the eleventh—Dwight D. Eisenhower. Although the similarity ends there, Eisenhower being a career soldier and Harrison a volunteer in the Civil War, both are as one in hating war and its dire results. The Brooklyn-born author became interested in the Harrison life while enrolled in the History Department of Georgetown University and the biography was commissioned by the Arthur Jordan Foundation. About one of the least profiled White House occupants, Father Sievers found a rewarding cache of newspaper sources and many unpublished manuscripts. The letters to his wife Carrie are a chronicle of the war within his perimeter. The illustrations are excellent and the documentation most detailed.

In contrast to General Douglas MacArthur's famous closing sentence that old soldiers never die but just fade away, President Harrison, visiting Mount McGregor, where General U. S. Grant died, remarked that "great lives . . . do not go out. They go on." Both are right—but they must be indeed great lives, and not all of our presidents belong in that slot.

A. R. PINCI



## The Word's the Thing

An old fable is a measuring rod. It is a parable against which to put the acts of man.

There is an old tale of the ant who grew tired of the day's toil and drudgery, hauling grain after grain of sand to the mouth of the shaft. One day, struck by perversity, or a sense of beauty, or individualism, he revolted. He began to haul none but grains of sand of a reddish hue. To everyone who passed him in the tunnels, he said: "Red is the only color." The ants laughed, and let him work. At the end of day, though, the little mound had a reddish cast. And all the ants returning home saw that it was different. There was no blundering among the many ant hills, their hill was different from the others. "Red," the word was passed through the tunnels, "is the only color." The next day it turned even redder. Ants of other nests saw it and thought: "Why red? Red is a fool color." A nearby nest expressed its individualism and picked grains that seemed yellow. Another had mounds of grey. Another of blue. The world was startled that summer by the earth's blossoming in this strange fad of the tinted ant hills.

But the process destroyed itself. An ant in the nest carrying red grains thought: "See how much beauty individualism and originality have wrought. I will add blue to the red." And he hauled only grains of a bluish hue. A young ant, seeing him, said: "Everybody's got an idea. I'll haul yellow." Soon each was hauling his own color. In one week the mounds were again the dull mixed color of average earth. The same happened in other nests. All looked exactly as they had before, except that now each ant was independently and vociferously carrying *only* what he liked. And the world, which had in early summer put out all sorts of ideas on the new intelligence of ants, saw the reversion and could not understand what had happened.

The modern history of the theater has been, in similar fashion, a frantic search for the "true theater." There have been cults of realism, symbolism, constructivism; pageantry, no sets, simple sets, sets by architects, sets by painters, modern dress for Shakespeare. The list is endless. Everyone was flaunting a style, to waken what he considered a sleeping public. The strange thing was that the theater was, and has been, and is, *all* these styles. For whatever the style, it is sight, sound, spectacle, controversy, and a display of talent that give it validity.

Yet in the last two years we have had a trend, a return to what appears to be the bare, seeming essence: the theater of the word. No sets, no color, no movement, no make-up, no costumes, and, most

startling of all, no play. The courage of it made gossip, the attempt made it a spectacle, the success made theater.

The current trend toward theater readings was initiated a few years back by Mr. Charles Laughton, who booked one-man, grab-bag readings of the Bible, Shakespeare, Thomas Wolfe. Laughton is mime, showman, and actor, and in the best sense a "ham" who strives for large, rich, and varied effects. He was a success. It was theater. But the final sum or final effect was not essentially, as in a play, the author's. It was Laughton's.

Last year there came another, and slightly elaborated version of readings, with Emlyn Williams as Charles Dickens. But it was no longer a mere reading, for Williams was not only actor and virtuoso: he was Charles Dickens, down to beard, dress, and manner, recreating a time and phase in the life of Dickens. That time, actually, before the mass media, when dramatic readings were popular. The words, the attitudes, the scenes were Dickens', and the final effect here, as in a play, was the author's. The performance stood or fell on the quality and character of Dickens—not, as in Laughton's readings, on the quality of Laughton. It was an oddity, a spectacle, and a success.

Then there came a third elaboration of readings. The First Drama Quartet of 1952 cast its "readers" as four separate characters who read, or acted, Shaw's *Don Juan In Hell*. Four persons in formal evening clothes stood before four microphones. And it was primarily talk, a magnificent disquisition and dialectic, a twentieth century Book of Job. And like Job it was an argument between a man, his spirit, and his friends on the meaning of life. But where Job suffered his pain with an incandescence of passion and inspired poetry, Shaw's hero suffers the more civilized, sophisticated ailment of boredom, and rises to paradox and wit. It was Job though, nevertheless. Each character exemplifying a view of life, an attitude, and a manner, *The Man of Intellect*, *The Average Woman of Morality*, *The Statue of The Accepted Hero*, and *the Devil (instead of God) as the adversary*. And this talk, too, was theater.

We come now to a fourth stage in the current "theater of words," the present reading of Stephen Vincent Benét's epic, *John Brown's Body*, with Tyrone Power, Judith Anderson, and Raymond Massey, again adapted and directed by Mr. Laughton.

Here that original, simple reading of one man has, in four steps, grown to a full production. And it must suffer critical appraisal now, not only of the words and effort of its actors, but of the complex of its style and accretions. For it is no longer a simple reading, the attempt being made to reintroduce the fluid movement of a play by the addition of staging, lighting, properties, and "business." So subtle is this return to the full theater that at

first it goes unseen. There are three actors and three microphones, establishing a simple tripartite expectation, as in the Shaw reading, but, actually, the actors wander restlessly from mike to mike, destroying, symbolically, the need for mikes at all. The mikes become, as they would in a play, a de-traction and a hindrance.

Again, as in a play, the actors are in depth and in a set. There is a balustrade behind the microphones, and behind this the actors "disappear" from the action, though not from sight; they sit on it in a partial withdrawal, they stand behind it emoting from a distance. In one scene Mr. Power, in formal evening dress, throws himself on the ground behind the balustrade to fight out a powerful battle scene of the Civil War.

There is a lack of clarity in all this. It is a law of art and the stage that an action and a symbol must illuminate. In the Chinese theater, for instance, an actor indicates in pantomime that there is a wall behind him, and stepping over the line he is out of the action. But here, at the Century Theater, having established the balustrade, Laughton has made its use and meaning both multiple and unclear. We begin to expect of the simple balustrade a series of surprise uses; instead of being a clarification and an aid to imaginative visualization, it becomes a grotesque and self-assertive trick box.

But the prime addition to the reading has been the chorus. And here too an unclarity pervades. To the old Greek play the chorus was also an aid to a theater of words, to long, dramatic, set speeches. But it served a clear function. It was the conscience and expectation of the audience made literate and oral; it was a philosophic comment on the action as it unfolded. It helped and it enriched. At the Century the chorus is merely period music and background sound effects; the sound of wind, the tramp of soldiers, the clatter of the coming post-war mechanization. As performed it adds nothing to the meaning of the lines or the prime imagery of the poetry. It induces a certain sentimentality by conjuring up the old music, but it doesn't deepen the feeling. It lends pathos, but not passion.

The poem itself is an epic of peculiar intensity, giving grandeur to the simple, the commonplace (in either southern manor or northern farm), but bringing high dramatic moments of the deep war down, with effort, to the conversational. And so Benét evokes a rich mood, and the chorus sometimes helps, but dramatically the poem fails to rise to its big crises. Indeed the poem walks, at times, in editorial prose.

Yet despite a flabby use of chorus, the uncertain use of balustrade, too great movement of the actors, the stage being what it is, *John Brown's Body* is exciting theater. Some will think it is precisely *because* of the chorus, and because of the balustrade, and because of the over-movement, or because of the strong Benét poetry. I'd say it was

because, being a unique use of all these elements, it is experiment and spectacle and showpiece.

And, moreover, because the performance of Tyrone Power, and to a lesser degree, of Judith Anderson, are things to behold, things with a meaning and validity and surprise of their own.

Of particular interest, however, in the acting of this diffuse piece is that the actors jump characters and narrative pace through the evening, like jockeys switching horses in mid-race. Miss Anderson, for instance, takes the feminine parts, both adolescent and aged, and the narrative portions in which they appear. Mr. Power takes the role of a southern and a northern boy, and other assorted characters of the war. Mr. Massey acts the role of main narrator and of plantation "darky" in dialect, as well as Abe Lincoln in the tragic and folksy Massey manner. This, to say the least, adds unclarity again to a piece that seeks to be a consistent whole.

Take Miss Anderson, an actress of intensity, who needs, properly, a part to bite into. Most of the evening she wheels around a quiet, family baby carriage of second-rate poetry. Yet she does a fine reading of a girl in her first yearning and love and pangs of giving birth. But try as she will, it is a reading that portrays the power of Miss Anderson and does not give us the eye image of adolescence and youth. Her powerful moment of birth is done with the strong hands of maturity, the heavy body of age. So Mr. Laughton, to compensate, puts on stage early in the performance the fitting image of a young girl dancing behind the microphones as Miss Anderson reads the part.

So, as in the fable, there is a return, again, as far as the world can see, to the beginning. The dramatic reading has "grown" back into the body of our theater. It is now a complete stage presentation, whose success is dependent not solely on the talent of a great actor, but on the complex effect of author, actors, and the staging combined.

ALEXANDER MARSHACK

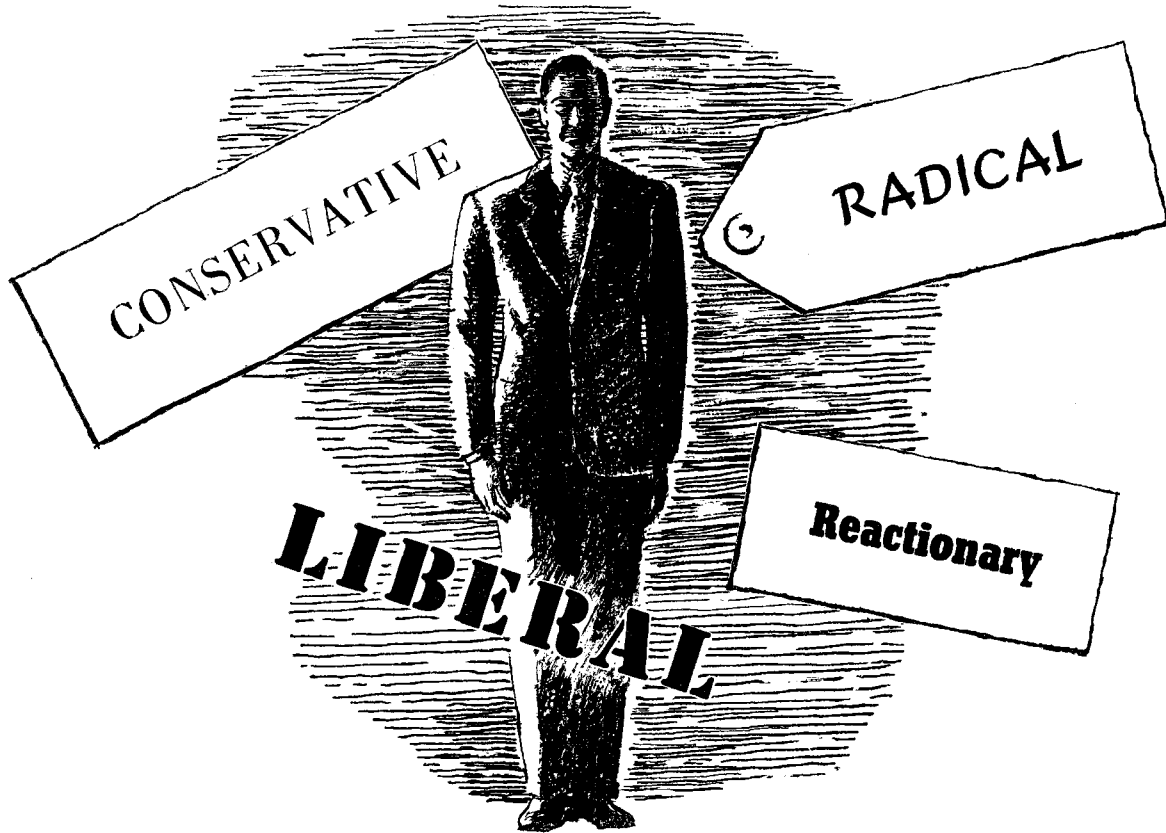
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## Invitation from Rome

This morning soft new blossoms burst like spray  
From all the corner stands of sun-bright Rome,  
Scattering flecks of fragrant, pink-tinged foam  
Upon the purple violets that lay  
In clustered rest beside the upright, gay,  
Gold-yellow daffodils. A graceful dome  
Of curving pale mimosa gave a home  
To earth-moist bulbs in brick-red pots of clay.  
O here, my dearest, is that magic spring  
Your wakened love once let me briefly see  
And then withdrew, lest I, a mortal thing,  
Might bruise its buds with joy too rashly free.  
Since I am older now, with chastened wing,  
Will you come share this gentle time with me?

ISABEL WHITTEMORE

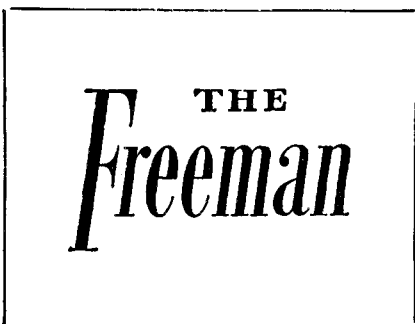
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*In this age of labels, a man is often pressed for an answer to the question as to what he calls himself. For ourselves, we can answer no more exactly than we did in our first issue.*

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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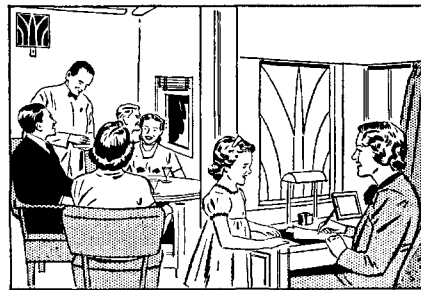
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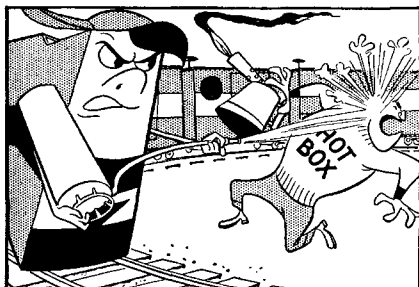
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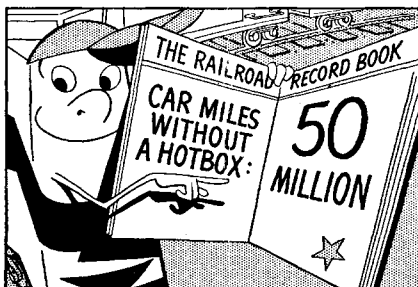
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They helped bring the streamliner age to America's railroads. Now the railroads are looking to them to streamline freight service, too. By eliminating the "hot box" problem—the result of overheated axles—Timken roller bearings will end the No. 1 cause of freight train delays.

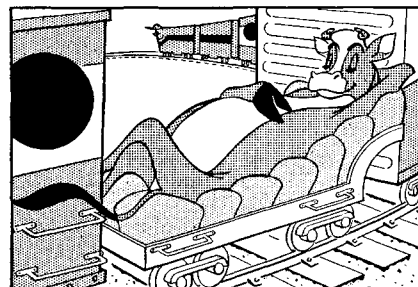
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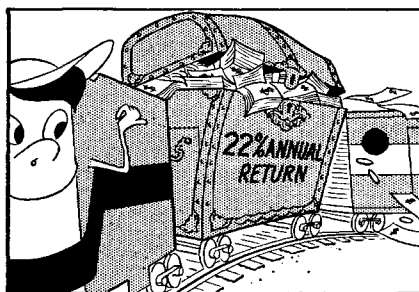
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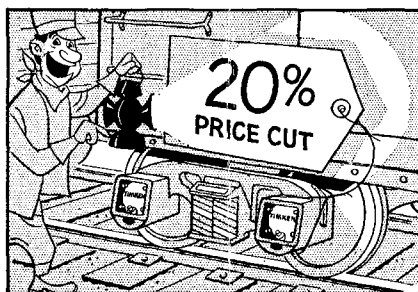
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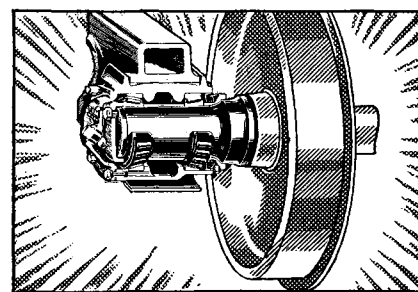
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