the

MAY 21, 1951 25 CENTS

FREEMAN

GHOSTS AT COMMENCEMENT
Lawrence R. Brown

THE B-36 CAN GET THROUGH
George E. Akerson

SOCIALISM IS HERE
Neil Carothers

THE "PARTY LINE" IN FILMS
Harry Feldman

MEN OF THE GREAT DAYS
An Editorial

Editors: **John Chamberlain · Henry Hazlitt · Suzanne La Follette**

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CONTENTS VOL. 1—NO. 17

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A WORD ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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the FREEMAN

NEW YORK, MONDAY, MAY 21, 1951

THE FORTNIGHT

The reply of administration and of its Congressional and journalistic spokesmen to the deeply impressive testimony of General MacArthur has ranged from efforts to show that the testimony was inconsistent to the most unscrupulous efforts at a personal smear. These spokesmen begin by accusing the supporters of the MacArthur recommendations of "emotionalism," and sagely say that the issues must be separated from the personality of the man. Then they devote the rest of their article or speech to bypassing the issues and attacking the man.

These tactics are in themselves an implicit confession that the policy of the Administration in Korea can not be defended on its own merits. A consistent case can be made out of either of two courses. One is to withdraw our land forces entirely from Korea while continuing to harass the North Korean and Chinese Communists by air and sea, and to give arms and other support to Chiang Kai-shek and the anti-Communist guerrillas on the Chinese mainland, announcing that we will keep this up until the Chinese and North Korean Communists at least pull out of South Korea and give dependable assurances that they will stay out. The other course is to untie the hands of our army in Korea, permit air reconnaissance and bombing over Manchuria and also use the proffered help of Nationalist China, the only member of the United Nations that has offered more than token aid. But to keep our forces in Korea with their hands tied, while snubbing the offer of the Chinese nationalists and insisting that Americans must do 90 per cent of the dying in Korea, makes no military sense at all.

Every defense of the administration policy in Korea becomes unintentionally an implied attack upon it. What Acheson and Truman are really saying is this: "If we used the help of the Chinese Nationalist forces, or bombed Manchurian bases and concentration points where it *really* hurt, then we would make the Chinese Communists and even the Russians really mad. And we can not afford to make them really angry, because then Russia would send its air power against our army in Korea, and use its submarine power against our supply lines, and we would inevitably be defeated in Korea and find ourselves in World War III. In other words, we can never really afford to seem even on the verge of victory in Korea, as we were just before the Chinese Communists got into the war, because then we would be confronted with still more intervention. As long as we keep everything indecisive the enemy may graciously let us stay. Therefore we no longer even like to hear the word 'victory' used. It's a nasty criticism of our policy."

This, as nearly as we can make out, is the Administration's defense of its present Korean policy. But the intervention which it fears was implicit the moment Mr. Truman made his fateful personal decision to order our army into Korea. Therefore the Administration's defense of its Korean policy inevitably implies, but can never afford directly to state, that Mr. Truman threw our land forces into an untenable position in Korea, a military trap, where they are at the mercy of the decision of the Chinese and Russian Communists, and that we can hope to save those forces only by conciliating and appeasing the very enemies we went in so boldly to defeat. Whatever may be said of the alternative offered by General MacArthur or by anybody else, this Administration policy is clearly beyond defense.

In his speech on why he dismissed General MacArthur, the President for the first time called the fighting in Korea war: "We will carry on the fight in Korea with vigor and determination in an effort to bring the war to a speedy and successful conclusion." And again: "I believe we must try to limit the war to Korea." The next day Senator Brewster interrupted a speech by Senator Cain on foreign policy to ask: "Firstly, the President in that speech clearly recognized that a state of war exists. Does the Senator from Washington know of any way by which this country can become involved in war without Congressional action?" Senator Cain replied: "I do not." Senator Brewster continued: "If we are at war, as the President says, does the Senator know with whom we are at war?" Senator Cain replied: "One of the reasons why I know nothing about what the government is doing is that I sit on the Armed Services Committee of the Senate, and the Administration has not taken that Committee into its confidence."

What irony in this colloquy! A war that Congress knows

nothing about and had nothing to do with, although the Constitution says that only Congress can declare war. In the Great Debate on foreign policy, closed only a few days before, it was suggested that this provision of the Constitution was "obsolete." The President could not declare war; but he could make war. Senator Brewster had a further point. The Constitution says that treason shall consist in making war against the country or adhering to its enemies. But if the country is not legally at war, because Congress has not declared war, who shall say what is treasonable? That question had just arisen in England. Whether or not its Communist *Daily Worker* could be indicted for treason would have to be determined by whether or not England was at war with Red China. A habit of contempt for the uses of Constitutional procedure is the beginning of the end of government by law. What follows is government by men.

Just what is one to make of the morality of an Administration that sneaked in a behind-the-wall eavesdropper on MacArthur at Wake Island after telling him through White House Secretary Charles Ross that no stenographers would be present? Can it be construed as accidental that the eavesdropping note-taker happened to be the secretary of Special Ambassador Philip Jessup? Just to refresh our readers' memories, it was Philip Jessup who, in 1946, signed a proposal that the United States stop making atom bombs and dump its purified plutonium and uranium-235 into the sea. The same Philip Jessup was once closely associated with Owen Lattimore and Frederick Vanderbilt Field in the fellow-traveler-infiltrated Institute of Pacific Relations; it was under Jessup's direction that the IPR started a smear campaign against Nationalist China in 1943. Queer, isn't it, how "accident" continues to spin out patterns of historical behavior that are as nicely proportioned and articulated as a lace doily, a Byzantine mosaic, or the fanlight over the door of an old colonial house in Sharon, Connecticut?

Our esteemed contemporary, *Human Events*, says that General Bradley's famous April 17 "non-political" Chicago speech on military strategy was "edited" before its delivery by Dean Acheson and his scribes in the State Department. On April 18 Acheson proceeded to quote from "Bradley" to bolster his own policy. In other words, as *Human Events* notes, the double-play went from Acheson to Bradley to Acheson. Now General Bradley warns Senate investigators that published testimony by General MacArthur might enable an enemy to crack this country's secret military codes. In the light of Bradley's penchant for being the pivot man in the Administration's double-plays, just how much weight should be attached to this particular warning? Are we or are we not justified in thinking the Administration may be using the sanctity of our military codes as a means of choking off an unwelcome investigation of its acts?

As it sets a ceiling on profits at 85 per cent of a three-year base period, 1946–9, the Economic Stabilization Board says that if the profits of an individual company fall below that 85 per cent, still it will not be permitted to raise prices, because, says Eric Johnston, "It's always true that some companies in an industry don't make money." Right. In a competitive industry always some companies are in the red. What about them? They sell their products at competitive prices and pay the same wages as the profit makers. So you come to the question. What is profit? Either the profit-making company offers a better product at the competitive price and attracts more customers, or its manufacturing costs are lower. In either case profit is the reward of greater efficiency. Certainly, wages are not paid out of profits. They are paid out of production. Nevertheless, the standard industry-wide wage is set by the profit makers. Anyone unable to pay that wage must go out of business. Therefore, what do you mean when you talk of a ceiling on profits? You must mean a ceiling on both efficiency and wages; only, if you are an economic stabilizer, you can not say it that way.

The apparent rift in the British Labor Party on the cost of the armament program means only that to save the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, of which England is the European keystone, we may have to go on subsidizing her Socialist regime. We might do it directly by further grants in aid or indirectly by taking over her share of European defense. If we do this for England we shall have to do it for others, too. Aneurin Bevan lets the angry black cat escape when he complains bitterly that American expenditures for armament alone will presently equal England's total national income, and yet for all that, American civilian consumption will continue on a very high level. Those Americans will have both guns and butter. How can England compete with that? Why should she have to give up free false teeth and free spectacles in order to make her contribution to the defense program, when the Americans could so easily do more?

Why, indeed? Since they ask us that question we may be permitted to ask one that is non-rhetorical. Why is Europe buying a million tons of coal a month in the United States? One thing the Europeans, the English especially, have plenty of, is coal; they have only to mine it. But it is cheaper to buy it in the United States and haul it 3000 miles across the ocean than to mine it for themselves. And since it may never be paid for, American coal in Europe is really very cheap. Yet we who mine the coal do without free false teeth and free spectacles. The question is not whether England shall let her standard of living fall in order to fulfill her military obligations under the North Atlantic Treaty. Is she willing to work harder? That is the question. She complains of the scarcity and cost of raw materials. There is no scarcity of coal and the cost of mining it is what she makes it.

Moscow's Pravda has just come out with the claim that people live much longer under communism than under capitalism. To support this contention, *Pravda* offers a 145-year-old Russian named Vassily Sergeivich Tishkin who still manages to do a day's work on a collective farm in the Stavropol region on the Black Sea. What *Pravda* fails to explain is how the handsome, white-bearded, patriarchial Comrade Tishkin managed to live 111 years of his long life under the backward capitalism of the Romanov Tsars.

MEN OF THE GREAT DAYS

REBECCA WEST once said that the explanation of Winston Churchill's character is that he is an Edwardian. He derives from that spacious pre-1914 day when men could act out of self-confidence, not out of fear and hesitation. When Churchill moves he is unparalyzed and unintimidated will in action. But his will is always directed by brains. He stands on his own feet, thinking things out in relation to principles and to facts as they are connected with principles.

It was hardly surprising, therefore, that Churchill was quick to dissociate himself from the British Labor government's attitude toward General Douglas MacArthur. Churchill has never had any particular feeling for China, or any part of Asia to the north and east of Singapore. But Winston Churchill knows a man when he sees one. He took occasion to pay tribute to MacArthur, the man, in a short speech before the Primrose League. The speech had a wry symbolism about it, for it was the heartfelt outpouring of a representative of the great days of England speaking to a representative of the great days of America. Churchill, the self-confident Edwardian, was joining hands with MacArthur, the self-confident Theodore-Rooseveltian. Together, these two mock our own petty day, when men tend everywhere to act not on principle but in a manner that betokens the desire to suck up to whatever ward boss (either political or intellectual) may be in control of the grafts and perquisites that stand in lieu of honest incentives to excellence.

In Edwardian and Theodore-Rooseveltian times, men who were men did not behave like limpets or like lemmings. They prepared themselves for the great stage of life by mastering their subjects in relation to principles that are enduring. Churchill never cared for office as office; he wanted office as a means to the end of making honest Churchillian principle prevail. He was never afraid to go *out of power*, which is the supreme test of the honorable statesman. Nor is MacArthur afraid to go out of power; he made his dismissal a certainty by due deliberation, preferring the life of honor to the life of meaningless power in an Asia that is fast being betrayed to the Communists.

Let us consider the way the man of Edwardian and Theodore-Rooseveltian times went at the business of mastering himself to the end of mastering the world. Let us consider it, specifically, by flipping the pages of a useful little picture-cum-text book called "General Douglas MacArthur," by Gene Schoor (published by Rudolph Field in New York), which comes to us with a foreword by Lieutenant General Robert C. Richardson, Jr., a valued *Freeman* contributor. The prose in this book is inferior to the pictures, for it errs in the direction of the staged hero-worshipping testimonial. But certain facts stand out from the pages to make it absolutely clear that society can live only in so far as it is capable of producing the man of honor, the Ortega y Gasset individualist hero, the non-mass man.

From the beginning Douglas MacArthur was shaped by America's more heroic traditions. He grew up on the frontier, the son of General Arthur MacArthur, who fought in the Civil War and then went west to battle the Indians in a series of border wars. The Spanish-American War took General Arthur MacArthur to the Philippines, where he won enduring fame by capturing the fierce Filipino rebel Aguinaldo. Young Douglas followed his father to the Philippines after his graduation from West Point. The tip-off to his character is that he used his experience in the Philippines in a certain very long-sighted way. He noted that Aguinaldo, his father's enemy, had used brilliant last-ditch strategy in withdrawing to the peninsula of Bataan. And he made a survey of the island of Leyte, to which he was to "return" so dramatically in 1945.

True enough, all army officers make use of their experiences. But the point with MacArthur is that he never confused either fact or principle with hand-me-down opinion. He had to know for himself. When airpower was a coming thing, he didn't react in the manner of an Old Artilleryman, or a Battleship Admiral, or a blind repeater of the maxim that the infantry is the Queen of Battles. He studied what airpower was all about for himself. Ditto for amphibious warfare, which was a closed book to most American generals when MacArthur began to look into the subject some twenty years or so before he ever came to match wits in the Pacific islands with the Japanese.

To find an Edwardian or Theodore-Rooseveltian type of man who is under seventy years of age is almost an impossibility. But the United States can boast of one such individual. He is General Al Wedemeyer. Like Churchill and MacArthur, Wedemeyer does not believe it is the business of a sincere man to let any "party line" confuse him in his sense of fact and his sense of principle. When Wedemeyer was sent to the Far East to make his reports on China and Korea, the public knew of him mainly as General George Marshall's white-haired boy. Marshall had respected Wedemeyer's brilliance and had been good to him. Wedemeyer would have loved to back Marshall up on China: every professional consideration, every impulse to ambition, should have impelled him to go along with his great benefactor.

But Wedemeyer knew about the way communism works. He knew that any attempt to create a coalition Kuomintang-Communist government in China would lead to the russification, the satellitization, of China. So he put down his honest understanding of both principle and fact in his report on China. He told the truth as he saw it about the impending Communist seizure of Korea. As a reward for his intellectual honesty Al Wedemeyer was banished from the center of military planning in Washington to a distant post in San Francisco. It has not feazed him; like Churchill and MacArthur, Wedemeyer is willing to go out of power when it comes to a choice between truckling and banishment. He knows that it is better to be on the side of the truth in the final reckoning. We will be hearing more of Wedemeyer in this country long after a disillusioned people have retired Dean

Acheson and Harry Truman and their obsequious military "thinkers" to an unearned rest.

The great individual of Edwardian and Theodore-Rooseveltian times did not need the support of flossy masthead organizations to buoy him up. He needed no Americans for Democratic Action, no Committee on the Present Danger, to tell him how to think or act. This is not to say that democratic action is reprehensible, or that there is no "present danger" at the moment. Speaking of the Committee on the Present Danger, it is absolutely right in thinking that communism is a terrible world menace. But how many of the eminent members of the Committee on the Present Danger, how many of its Conants or Pattersons or James Phinney Baxters, have ever looked at the map of the world as MacArthur looked at the island of Leyte or as Wedemeyer looked at the unguarded peninsula of Korea, with fresh eyes and a knowledge of geography and military principle? At a guess we would hazard: not one.

For example, we have Mr. Robert Sherwood, an estimable citizen, sounding off from England under the auspices of the Committee on the Present Danger to the effect that Europe must not be sacrificed to China. True enough. But nobody in his right mind has ever proposed such a sacrifice. Certainly Douglas MacArthur has not proposed it; all MacArthur has said is that Asia and Europe must be considered together. Mr. Sherwood speaks as a blind follower of the Washington "party line." He has not looked at the map of the world for himself.

What the map of the world would tell him is that Soviet Russia is a power that fronts on both Atlantic and Pacific horizons. Washington may suppose that World War III must and will be fought in Europe. But there is no compulsion on Stalin to fight it there. The truth is that Stalin's interior position enables him to determine the front wherever he wants it. He can choose to fight in Korea, in Burma, in Iran, in Turkey, in Germany — wherever, in brief, the West shows signs of being the slightest bit chicken-hearted. If the Administration insists on concentrating all its power in Europe, Stalin can go right ahead and take all of Asia. It is our bet that he will take Iran from within while Eisenhower is sitting in Paris. Once Stalin has closed out Asia, he will be able to move 700,000 crack Eastern Siberian troops to his western front. Then, indeed, the members of the Committee on the Present Danger will be faced with a real present danger. They will wish then they had Chinese and Filipinos and Japanese to fight for them.

It takes an Edwardian or a Theodore-Rooseveltian to get outside our modern addiction to cliché thinking and political "lines" set forth under impressive mastheads of stooge organizations. It takes an Edwardian or a Theodore-Rooseveltian to see that Russia's position makes it imperative to oppose communism on any front the Communists choose to select as the field of battle. The old-time Theodore-Rooseveltian knows that if it is to be a war on two fronts, the West can not help it. For it is not within the power of the West to choose the battlefield. It is, however, within the power of the West to stir up opposition to communism wherever it can find willing accomplices. Ergo, MacArthur's insistence that we help Chiang into action. MacArthur has, of course, looked at the map. Do Truman, Acheson and Marshall know that a map of anything besides northern France exists?

LABOR'S BID FOR POWER

PEOPLE like to believe that organized labor at heart is still the same as it was in the time of Samuel Gompers, who held it to an unclassconscious doctrine and said the ground of its struggle was economic, not political. With no clear idea of the change that has taken place, they continue to think this is a classless society in fact, and so discount the new philosophy of organized labor and underestimate the political shrewdness of its leaders.

Since Gompers, the labor movement has turned political, with visions of ultimate power. Its leaders have learned how to exploit emergency and war. In World War I, with Gompers still living, the economic position of labor was greatly improved. Now one hears that it ought not to have taken a war to do that; and so far as the improvement was owing to war, that criticism is valid. But in fact the improvement was much more owing to what the war did to increase the country's productive power.

In the emergency of the 1930s organized labor gained, first, complete immunity from the anti-trust laws; second, immunity from the police power in cases of violence growing out of labor disputes; and, third, the legal right to create and enjoy a monopoly of the labor supply, if it could organize it under laws which could be construed to make unionism compulsory. In World War II its political power was enormously increased. Given its point of view, why should it hesitate to exploit the emergency of Defense Mobilization? When it says, as it does, that others are doing it too, e.g., the farmers, who as a class also enjoy legal immunity from the anti-trust laws and whose subsidies out of the public purse are politically untouchable in the same emergency, there is enough truth in it to hurt. Only the more it is true the greater the fiction that we still live in a classless society.

What organized labor apparently won in its strike against the structure of Defense Mobilization was the difference between the first Wage Stabilization Board, which had only the power to determine a national wage policy, and the new Wage Stabilization Board with authority to act directly upon any kind of labor dispute. What it actually won was much more than that. It obliged the government to concede that labor disputes shall be subject to political decisions. In the last phase they go to the White House. But if labor disputes are more and more going to be referred to government, what becomes of collective bargaining between labor and management? Does organized labor see that political decisions will tend to destroy the principle of collective bargaining?

It does see that, of course; but on the other side is the experience that when it brings collective bargaining to an impasse and then appeals to government, it gets more than it could have got from management. That has been the rule. Nor is that all. Each time it wins by exerting pressure directly upon government, its political prestige rises. In this case, as you will see, having won the kind of Wage Stabilization Board it wanted, it will go on pressing for more room in the area of general policy making — for recognition of labor *as labor*.

Organized labor now is definitely, and perhaps incurably, politically minded, as in Great Britain. To acquire more power in government is its unquiet passion, and it has wedges to start in every crevice. It now predicts the collapse of Defense Mobilization because it is in the hands of executives from business and industry; its ideal would be Defense Mobilization entirely controlled by labor. At the core, its evangel is one of class welfare — labor first. In a recent speech entitled "Lunacy in Labor Relations," Donald R. Richberg quoted two illuminating statements from a labor brief that confronted him while he was arguing a case before the Supreme Court. The American Federation of Labor said:

> The worker becomes a member of an economic society when he takes employment . . . The union is the organization or government of this society formed by the exercise of the right of association . . . We can summarize the nature of union membership as a common condition of employment in an industrial society by again comparing it to membership in a political society. Both are compulsory upon individuals.

It is a short step from the idea of labor as a society apart, like a political society, membership compulsory, to the idea of labor as a society above — the un-American, undemocratic concept of a privileged elite.

THE RIGHT TO REMEMBER

ON ANOTHER page of this issue we publish a letter from Thomas Mann objecting to Eugene Tillinger's article, "Thomas Mann's Left Hand" (*Freeman*, March 26), together with Mr. Tillinger's reply. So far as the points at issue are concerned, these two letters speak for themselves, and we shall refrain from discussing them. We can not, however, ignore Dr. Mann's remark about Mr. Tillinger's "uncanny familiarity . . . with the writings of the Comintern of which he is not only an avid reader but a blindly trusting student." The gratuitous innuendo — in other words, the smear — embodied in this criticism of a writer for knowing his materials comes with poor grace from a man who is accusing its object of having smeared *him*. That is like the old Communist trick of discrediting one's enemy by calling him a Communist; it warrants reminding Dr. Mann that "evil communications corrupt good manners."

What interests us here is precisely Dr. Mann's past communications and his present attitude toward those who remember them. From the time he arrived in this country his political associations have been decidedly pro-Communist. Both the House Un-American Activities Committee (for whose abolition Dr. Mann has repeatedly agitated) and the Subcommittee on Immigration and Naturalization of the Senate Judiciary Committee have published lists of his pro-Communist affiliations and activities.

According to these sources Dr. Mann has sponsored such important Communist front organizations as the American Committee for the Protection of the Foreign Born, the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, the League of American Writers, the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions, and the Scientific and Cultural Conference for World Peace. He has defended Communist leaders and the Soviet agents Gerhart and Hanns Eisler; he has attacked the United States "police state"; praised the Soviet Government in the midst of the great blood purge (1938) and sponsored (and defended) the notorious Scientific and Cultural Conference for World Peace, March 25–27, 1949, which was branded as Communist by the State Department.

These official listings show that Thomas Mann, who first sought asylum in the United States and later became a citizen, has consistently given aid and comfort to the Communist conspiracy against his adopted country; and that on occasion he has not been above attacking the United States in terms unbecoming a man whose residence and citizenship here are a matter of privilege, and who, moreover, has been free since 1945 to return to his native land, whose eastern part is controlled by a Communist government for which he has openly shown his sympathy.

In 1949 Dr. Mann did visit his native Germany, where he received two Goethe prizes — one in Frankfurt (American zone) and another in Weimar (Soviet zone). It may have been the fact that the Communists lionized him as only a government can which has the power to force a show of popular enthusiasm, which inspired him to write a decidedly pro-Communist account of this trip in the *New York Times* Magazine.

This is not mere malicious speculation. After Mann's visit to the Soviet zone, the Swedish journalist, Paul Olberg, took him to task for having praised Goethe's humanitarianism before "the Russian officials in Weimar — before ruthless men who trample upon the human dignity of people who think differently from themselves." Dr. Mann's reply appeared in the *Swiss Volksrecht*, September 9, 1949. There you will find this:

> You speak of a great deal of political freedom and civil rights, which are granted the people in the Western zone of Germany. . . . The authoritarian people's state [*sic*] has its horrible aspects. *The benefit it brings is that stupidity and insolence at last have been forced to keep their mouths shut.* In the Eastern zone I did not see mud-slinging letters and insulting articles, as happened in the West. . . . Do I owe that only to the fear of Buchenwald — or to the education of the people, which, more successfully than that in the West, fosters respect for creative achievements like mine? As far back as 1945 lectures were given in Weimar about my books, . . . and prominent Communist literary historians and critics devoted important essays to my works . . . [our emphasis]

From those ill-tempered words two qualities stand out: an alarming moral obtuseness and a fantastic egotism. Here, morally unregenerate, speaks the same Thomas Mann who in 1915 declared: "The German Soul is opposed to the pacifist ideal of civilization, for is not peace the element of civil corruption?"; the Thomas Mann who could call the Cathedral of Rheims "a monument of Christian culture, a flower of fanaticism and superstition." Add to this spiritual brutality an egotism which can approve terror if it silences his critics, and you have, we think, the explanation of Dr. Mann's attitude towards those who dare to remember his pro-Communist record.

Dr. Mann, it appears, announced on February 12 to a world which wasn't hanging on his words quite as raptly as he seems to think it should have been, that he "would not henceforth participate in any group activities what-

ever." Having made this announcement, he seems to feel, like the former darling of the American fellow-travelers, Henry Agard Wallace, that a mere breaking of ties with pro-Communist groups should exempt him from all criticism of the aid and comfort he has given them in the past. But a record such as his is not to be erased so easily. Among the rights of a free people is the right to remember the harm a man has done who has allied himself with the enemies of its freedom, and to withhold forgiveness and confidence until he has publicly repudiated the alliance and repented the damage.

The absence of any such expression on Dr. Mann's part gives cause for legitimate doubt whether his announcement of February 12 was prompted by remorse or convenience. Is he sorry for having helped to poison the political thinking of two continents with such phrases as "Anti-Bolshevism is the fundamental folly of our time"? Or does he just find the cold war getting a little too hot along the innocent fronts?

That is the question. The Manns and Wallaces of this world have had enormous propaganda value for communism. If they want to change sides, let them give proofs of repentance and conversion. If they prefer no-man's land, they had better be ready to get hurt. Don't they know there's a war on?

WHY WAS VANDENBERG MISLED?

THE RECENT death of Senator Vandenberg brought bi-partisan eulogies in the press. It is too early to attempt a judgment of Senator Vandenberg's services to his country, particularly in the postwar years. He was regarded as the leader of the bi-partisan policy and the man who implemented Republican acceptance of Truman's foreign policies. It is believed that in many cases he influenced these policies before giving them his endorsement. Whether this influence was useful or otherwise, only history can tell.

In October 1945, together with two other persons, I took part in a discussion with Senator Vandenberg. The Senator arrived somewhat late for the meeting, and one of the other persons present said to him:

> Senator we have been discussing whether war with Russia is inevitable, or not. What do you think?

To which the Senator replied:

> I do not think war with Russia is inevitable. I feel certain that if we handle our relations with Russia with extreme firmness, war need not become inevitable. I say this based on my experience with the Russians at San Francisco. On the other hand, I have very little hope that we will handle our relations with Russia on this basis, and therefore I fear that in the end war will become inevitable.

With this clear view of the possibilities facing us, the Senator's constant support of the compromises arrived at by the Administration may seem a little difficult to explain.

In the fall of 1947, after the return of General Wedemeyer from his mission in China, there was considerable demand from various organizations and in the press that the suppressed Wedemeyer report be released. On November 24 Senator Vandenberg wrote me:

> It is my opinion that there is nothing to be gained for China by its publication — and I think I speak as a *proven* friend of China. I give you one example — confidentially. The report is replete with quotations of many prominent people (both Chinese and Americans) whose opinions were obtained under the seal of strict confidence. I doubt whether it is advisable to violate confidences of this character if we are to hope for any further "confidences" hereafter. I am advised on what I consider to be unimpeachable authority that this is the fact. I believe there are other reasons but I think the man who can *best* answer the question of whether the Wedemeyer report should be published is General Wedemeyer himself. I have suggested that this inquiry be made. If it is not made by others I shall make it myself. I want "open diplomacy" to the last possible degree; but I presume we must all admit that there are some things of this nature which could do more harm than good.

The following day I answered the Senator. One paragraph of my letter reads:

> Your consistent understanding of American interest in the Far East and equally consistent friendship for China are unquestioned in the minds of all of us interested in that great nation. Nevertheless, I would be less than frank if I did not say that some of your friends in our organization feel that a conspiratorial group in the State Department, and possibly in the Administrative office of the President, and possibly in the Bureau of the Budget, have objectives in the Far East that conflict with our proclaimed Open Door policy; and that this group take advantage of their opportunity to screen reports and information and recommendations to secure objectives differing from the publicly proclaimed American policy. While we do not have the intimate knowledge of the operation of our foreign policy which you do, we are, nevertheless, under the impression that the so-called bi-partisan foreign policy is being used as a shield to cover objectives which are hidden from the Republicans, like yourself, concerned with that policy.

To this Senator Vandenberg replied:

> Again speaking confidentially I have little doubt in my mind that certain State Department personnel has heretofore blocked what I would consider an appropriate China policy. But I think we are now making progress in the right direction.

On December 31 the Senator wrote me:

> My statement to you in my letter of November 24th regarding the Wedemeyer report was based upon a direct and specific statement to me by Secretary of State Marshall. This, however, is a confidential comment to you because I do not care to involve in any controversy on a point of this nature.

The contents of the Wedemeyer report bearing on China were made public on August 5, 1949; and Senator Vandenberg's death, I feel, relieves me from the obligation to observe his confidence. At the time the Wedemeyer report was released, it was stated that the reason for its original suppression was its proposal of a UN trusteeship for Manchuria. This, of course, is quite different from the reason given Senator Vandenberg by General Marshall in 1947. The report itself reveals that the reason stated by General Marshall — protection of the identity of persons who had given General Wedemeyer their opinions in confidence — was non-existent, since no such opinions appear in the Wedemeyer report.

If State Department personnel were working against the best interests of America, as Senator Vandenberg suspected, and if the Secretary of State at the time was misinforming Senator Vandenberg, there must have been reasons for both facts. These reasons await disclosure.

ALFRED KOHLBERG

GHOSTS AT COMMENCEMENT

By LAWRENCE R. BROWN

FUCHS, Gold, Hiss, May, Pontecorvo, Remington, Wadleigh — these distinguished products of the liberal education so bountifully offered in the Western world — will probably pass unmentioned in the annual Commencement exercises soon to close our academic year. This will be too bad. Even though it would be impolitic for any educational institution to grant them honorary degrees in recognition of their loyalty to the principles of "liberal" education, the standards of ordinary fairness suggest that they receive some token of the esteem in which the educational world should hold them.

The liberal and leftist press has displayed more loyalty to these unfortunate idealists trapped by vulgar politicians and uneducated policemen. Although it has hesitated to hail them as heroes, it has been quick to point out that treason is a natural and almost praiseworthy response from young men educated to an understanding of their higher responsibilities toward world peace and the welfare of the masses. But in the academic world only private approval has been expressed, and no learned institution has had the courage of, say, the *Washington Post*, and come out publicly in support of these logical products of liberal education.

The political role of the American educational system shows itself to perfection in "public opinion." What we mean by "public opinion" is the combination of the utterances of press and radio and the reactions of the large but still relatively restricted group of readers and listeners. By and large it is the opinion of those we call "educated" — in this generation almost all of them college graduates. And it is this group, from which our traitors have been drawn, which has been either unable to comprehend its own peril or has lost its nerve.

In contrast, the masses, whose name wags the tongue of every intellectual half-wit but whose existence is the object of contemptuous disdain from every leftist high and low, have shown more nerve and intelligence than their self-styled betters. If by the masses we mean people who have neither gone to college nor gained much personal wealth or position for themselves — and presumably that is about the only possible meaning of the word in America — these are the people, in the main, who have realized, even long ago, that the Soviet Empire intends to destroy us and that we shall have to fight for our lives. It is the great bulk of our college graduates, as writers and readers, who in bewildered anxiety cling to the basic political errors that have produced our disasters.

Shall this country and the society of which it is the last self-standing state go down to its grave because the people who have been taught something more than to read and write have also been taught to lose their sense of political reality and to suppress their instinct for self-preservation? That the trouble is something that has been taught is revealed by even the briefest reflection. Our basic conclusions on what actions are wise or unwise in foreign politics rest upon certain concepts about the nature of states and societies, the purposes of political action, and the value of arms or international enterprises like the UN. These concepts can not be derived from personal experience in a single lifetime. Political realities only manifest themselves in the flow of centuries, so that any notion concerning what they are can be derived only from study. And for most of us "study" means to be taught.

The image of American history as educated people hold it, and as two centuries of liberalism have established it, operates to prevent Americans from foreseeing a genuinely dangerous future or recognizing that treason in behalf of leftist ideals is not noble conduct. When we contemplate future perils, they have about them a quality of make-believe. First, how can something that has not yet happened be real? The notions consistently taught in our educational system about the politics and economics of the world are all at bottom statistical summations, and there are naturally no statistical summaries of the future.

Secondly, the illusion of the great peace, the mighty, armed truce of the nineteenth century during which the Western states were the only military powers, still forms the basic frame of our image of international politics. Russia in those years wore the mask of the West and her Europeanized bureaucracy at least thought of themselves as part of Western civilization. We know that Western states have, through error or the ambition of limited groups, brought on wars, with vast casualties and serious physical destruction. But Western states do not have as a deliberate purpose the utter annihilation of one another, the destruction not only of the apparatus of state, but of the structure of civilization itself. We have not been taught to envisage as reality the type of political motivation that led the Mongols to destroy the entire civilization of western Asia in the thirteenth century or the Spaniards to destroy the Aztec civilization in the sixteenth. We have been taught that "mankind" has progressed far beyond that.

Thus, though we now generally recognize Soviet enmity towards the West, we do not recognize this enmity for what it is: not just an ambition to *master*, such as Britain, France and Germany have at times displayed, but a desire, even a psychological necessity, to *destroy*. To our educated liberals this idea is absurd. It is equally absurd to the other group of the educated, our business-minded conservatives whose image of the world of reality is a superficial acquaintance with the economic-political juggling of a few decades of Western life. It seems an expensive way to make money. Think what fortunes the lords of the Soviet Empire could acquire if they stopped this nonsense and set out to develop the

mass-amusement industries which flourish in the West. Think how happy the Russian masses would be with their television sets and their sedans. And are we not taught that the pursuit of wealth and happiness is the driving power of politics?

What we have not been taught is that the driving power of the Soviet Empire is the pursuit not of profits, and only incidentally of wealth for its masters, but of destiny. There is no other word to express the combination of ecstatic ambition and shrewd, practical calculation that has marked all the great world conquests of history. Such ambitions seem insane to us in the middle of the twentieth century, the heirs of the advantages of a thousand years of Western civilization. But insane or rational, they are real. Moscow is the holy city of all who hate the West, and that is more important than all the hopes of idealism or the calculations of economics and practical advantage.

Although there has been extraordinarily little learned discussion of what the West is, yet the fact of its existence is generally apparent. It is Catholic and Protestant Europe and the descendants of these Europeans in the Americas. To this group have been added since the French Revolution the Western Jews and since the American Civil War, legally at least, the American Negroes. Towards this group of all the Westerners, the rest of the earth is in open hostility or at best indifference. Probably the great majority watch the rising power of the Soviet Empire, seek temporary advantages for themselves and above all wish to be found on the winning side. They are a group from which strength will gain assistance and weakness will raise up further enemies.

But this outer world, this *orbis terrarum*, as the Romans came to call the ring of non-Classical peoples about them, can not by itself either save or destroy us. It is only a tool to be used by one side or the other in the politics of Western and Soviet hostility. Within the West itself the disparity of real political power among the different states is enormous, but because we consider all souls equal before God, and hence all men equal before the law, so we feel we must rank all states as equal before the empty throne of "international law."

These are the facts, but they are not what is taught in our schools and colleges. It is on an utterly different set of presuppositions — and indeed on supposedly moral presuppositions — that the educated appraise the political struggles of our time, the conflicts of empires and of domestic ambitions alike.

We can not, therefore, properly assign all the blame for our present danger to Roosevelt because of his concessions to the Soviet Empire. These went much further than would have been required of a President who had undertaken to educate his country to the realities of international power. But the underlying situation was one in which the emotions of educated Americans were on the side of the betrayal of their country. The hard choices of world power do not accord with the moral values inculcated by the schools and colleges of America.

It is true that these concessions need not have been so disastrous as they were. The Western armies need not have halted where they did; Prague and Berlin could have been well to the west of our junction with the Russian armies. Strategic plants such as those for aviation gasoline, whose products manifestly could not begin to flow in time to assist in the German war, might well have been omitted from lend-lease. Mr. Acheson's remote-control administration of UNRRA might well have confined its gifts to humanitarian rather than military materials. Mr. Benjamin Cohen's legal exegesis to aid Russian entry against Japan could well have been dispensed with.

Yet had all these matters been handled with intelligence and loyalty to American interests, our situation today would be less difficult but still gravely dangerous. The destruction of Germany and Japan as military powers of itself created a Soviet Empire of immediate and deadly menace to the West. Whatever else may have been added, this basic pattern was not the work of traitors or self-seeking politicians. It was a war objective that seemed eminently desirable to educated Americans of the time.

It was an error based in the political and historical knowledge of educated Americans, an error upon which the whole structure of our ruin has been raised. We have not been taught to see the basic fact of political life, that power is a factual, not a moral, question; that it is always relative, and that virtuous and vicious are not concepts applicable to the appraisal of state power. The only valid question is whether it is ours or another's. Any alien power is potentially hostile, and when it is not a member of our millennial society it carries particular dangers. Not hope nor idealism nor what passes as moral evaluation, but only cold political calculation, can determine whose power is dangerous to us and whose — for the moment — helpful or indifferent.

We have done worse than fail to realize this basic condition of political life. We, a Western people at least nominally Christian, have been taught to accept the atheistic materialism of Marxian dialectic as the master

COMMENCEMENT

The past trapped in color stirs,
Breathes heavily from the high organ,
The ancient hoods rise like moths
fluttering the illuminatus
Down the creases of the gathering.

Do you know what he said?

He praised Galileo; praised thinking,
the dead
Who saw the universe a stubborn way
But do not trouble sober thought today.

It still does move, he said, learned,
reverend sirs.

These voices step up the pebble's sound
dropped long ago in the pool
Washed by the discolored wave, the sense
worn smooth;

They soothe fevers, reconcile untidy
motions,
School responses to war and peace, lead
devotions,
And the long-toothed pack ready, panting
for the first stone,

The certain sign that Professor Galileo
is indeed a heretic and alone.

EUGENE DAVIDSON

pattern of historical reality. Naturally we have buttered this with liberal and even pious phraseology, but its basic core remains unchanged.

We appraised — we still appraise — our interests, our allies, and our enemies on this pattern. We believe that states and human societies should be morally judged on the basis of their proclaimed adherence to egalitarianism, utilitarianism, and humanitarianism. These have ethical value to us, and we can not see that they are merely verbal formulae under which mass demagoguery is organized for the benefit of the organizers, and world conquests prepared in the name of peace.

Obsessed by these delusions, we disregarded the evidence and traditions of a thousand years of practical Western politics which would have shown us that for a society to survive, its states must wage wars only for limited objectives. With an arrogance that would have put the Hildebrandian Papacy to shame, we proceeded to destroy the political structure and much of the physical plant of Europe, utterly certain that the moral virtue of our objective was an adequate warrant for the use of any means. And this objective — to be attained under the atheistic blessings and through the cowardly intrigues of the United Nations — was to be nothing less than the establishment on earth of a travesty of the Heavenly Kingdom, where peace and equality are said to reign, where the weary rest, and the wicked cease from troubling. We admit, in the ethical emotions interlacing our concepts of egalitarianism, utilitarianism, and humanitarianism, the religious origin of these concepts, but we refuse to face frankly just what that origin is.

The ancient ecclesiastical origin of our educational system is still apparent. Our schools have long since given up teaching hope of heaven or fear of hell, but that is really as far as they have got from the Gothic schoolmen who founded them. They still proclaim the same ghostly values, but they no longer believe in the same realities. They profess a worldly interest — the good life is to be lived here on this earth; but they have no standard for evaluating the good life save the religious values whose purpose they now despise. What, indeed, is the basis for supposing that men should be equal, should be freed of individual risk and responsibility, should live in effortless ease and secure peace, save the image of these things which our ancestors foresaw in the heavenly kingdom of the blessed dead?

No sane discussion of the realities of modern world politics can afford to ignore this embarrassing paradox. As a society, we no longer believe in the transcendental values taught by Western Christianity, but as practical politicians we feel we must secularize these values and apply them to the government of earthly kingdoms. We have become incompetent and brash children in coping with the political affairs of this world, and seek justification for our stupidities in religious values in which — as religion — we no longer believe. Yet it is this religious coloration that makes these international ideals so dangerous. It gives to those who hold them a sense of self-righteousness. It justifies them, they feel, in standing by their "faith" in spite of all mundane evidence.

There is a worse aspect of the matter. Even those who do not accept these ideals as capable of practical realization often accept their supposed moral validity; and this gives these ideals and their advocates an immense advantage in political debate. Their opponents then become narrow pettifoggers struggling over details of application — which men of good will can easily settle at some international conference — or they are profoundly wicked men striking at the basis of accepted virtue. The advocates of the ideals may be considered a little short on worldly wisdom, perhaps as academic as Mr. Lattimore is said to be, but undoubtedly inspired by a righteous vision which the wicked world should approach as far as practical conditions will permit. We laugh at savages who consider the insane possessed by the gods and therefore to be given deference and consulted as oracles. Yet in our up-to-date and educated fashion we have our own variant of this odd idea.

So long as this travesty of ethical values is applied to the goals of international politics, we can never understand or fend off the danger facing us from the Soviet Empire. That Empire is not admitted to be the mortal enemy of Western society. At most it is guilty of "aggression," a crime of which our own forefathers were by no means innocent. Stalin is thus just a little old-fashioned, no worse than Governor Bradford and General Jackson, with their wars against the Indians, and probably morally superior to Clive and Hastings, a respectable compeer of Philip II or Louis XIV. It is felt that it would be immoral to cut the Soviet Empire down to size so that it could no longer threaten our existence.

I agree that a preventive war might be politically unwise — I lack the military information to judge whether we can continue to leave the initiative to the enemy. But it certainly would not be immoral. What is now sought, and all that is sought, is the ephemeral reestablishment of that immoral horror which we today call "peace," that idiot's vision which confines itself only to legalized war and ignores all the vast preparations for war, all the actual but "illegal" fighting, all the world-wide conspiracy to suborn, to terrorize, and to betray.

Human history shows us no parallel in scale, in skill, in unvarying determination, of the drive for world dominion by this reincarnation of the Empire of Genghis Khan. No one really fools himself about what kind of peace is possible with this Empire — no one but its hirelings or the deranged wreckage from our absurd educational system which, in its cultural teachings, does little more than inculcate self-justification for the sins of arrogance, sloth, and envy. What is taught is neither worldly wisdom nor religious values, but the misapplication of the second to destroy the ethical validity of the first. This, and nothing but this, is the higher morality of our current pursuit of utilitarianism and international peace. Is there no real morality in our world that we must chew nothing but this poisonous straw to the sole advantage of our enemies? Can we not brush aside the pseudo-morality that today wraps itself in the absurd concept for which its devotees use the word "peace" and sometimes even "democracy" or "progress"?

The rotting disease of Western society is the apparent lack of any ethical justification for any course that shows a chance of preserving this society. For well over a generation there has been a continuous cascade of books preaching — or worse, implicitly assuming — the profound ethical justification for leftism, socialism, com-

munism, Hinduism, Chinese land reformers, Javanese bandits and any and every brigand who is willing to cut a Westerner's throat. This is given all sorts of pretty names — liberalism, democracy in Asia, self-determination, world peace — but all of it amounts to the same ethical proposition: Western society is evil and it is God's work to destroy it.

Against this flood, few are willing to do more than apologize for the existence of their own society. Almost no one seems to be proud of belonging to it, and yet it is one of the greatest societies the earth has produced. Almost no one will postulate the continuance of that society as the ethical foundation of the public life of every Westerner.

To survive is the duty of the living. That is what ethics is at bottom, and it takes the form of accepting the risk of death when the more complex unity to which a living thing belongs is threatened and must be defended. Thus, even animals defend their mates and their young — ethically in behalf of their species — and men defend their tribes, their states, and at the last their civilizations. And it is this same ethic of survival that becomes the religious ethic to men who feel that true reality is not the organic and political life of which they are a part, but their image of God. What must then survive is this new higher reality, this greater "life" which has come to embrace the lesser. To be sure, we know that in time all things die — men, states, civilizations, concepts of God, and even species. But to each, while it lives, its ethic is still to survive.

We can well take moral pride in defending our state and our civilization. We have nothing to be ashamed of either before the men of other societies or before the sick souls of the West whose perverted religious values demand that we make a holocaust of our society on the altar of their Moloch — whom they call "international cooperation" or "world peace" or any other meaningless jargon which the style of the moment proclaims as an ethical ideal. We have one and only one ethical duty: survive. We can be quite simple about it. With a serene conscience we can disregard this whole idealism of rubbish and treason. We can mean to live.

THE B-36 CAN GET THROUGH

By GEORGE E. AKERSON

IF THE B-36 is a "tanker" and a "flying coffin" for its crew, as indicated by Major Hamilton A. Long in the *Freeman* of March 26, then I am way out on a limb. Because, if Russia gets tougher and I am called to active duty, I shall be assigned to the Strategic Air Command and a B-36 is what I shall fly.

But I am not going to order a headstone just yet. I think I have just as much of a chance of coming back as I did when I flew B-29s against Japan, or, as many of my flying-school classmates did when they took B-17s and B-24s over Germany. Maybe more.

Outside of forecasting fiery destruction for plane and crew, Mr. Long's basic charge was that Russian defenses are so strong that B-36s could not reach and bomb their targets.

Everyone has a stake in this B-36 question. The big bomber is either the keystone of our strategic defense or we are stripped naked. If it can not attack Russian targets with endurable losses, then the nation is in jeopardy until we can find a bomber that can, and Mr. Long says that no bomber could be effective anyway. Mr. Long says the Kremlin knows this. If it does — if it believes what he believes — then what in God's name is holding it back?

In this connection, Winston Churchill said recently: "I must not conceal from you the truth as I see it. It is certain that Europe would have been communized and London under bombardment some time ago but for the deterrent of the atomic bomb in the hands of the United States." No one could argue that Churchill did not also mean ability to deliver the bomb.

What keeps Russia from marching across Europe? The military experts say it can do so at any time, although the job becomes tougher every day. It is the fear of the bomb, and the fear of successful delivery of the bomb.

If we follow Mr. Long's thinking to the only logical end, then we are wrong in spending billions for defense against Russia, and Mr. Churchill is wrong and the Reds are only playing in Korea because the Russians really are peace-loving after all. Now that *is* the sure way to a coffin.

Mr. Long took great liberties with the facts and with the actual truth of World War II experience. His first liberty was a hasty assumption, necessary to his article, that Russian radar would "pick up" any B-36 before it reached the Russian coast.

For argument, I would grant the Russians the most effective radar system in the world. But no matter how effective, it is not impenetrable. It can be beaten. Radar sends out a traceable signal, just like any radio transmitter. These signals can be located and the frequency pinpointed. Then the frequency can be jammed by transmitting a strong signal on the same wave-length.

Over Tokyo, RCM (radar counter-measure) aircraft accompanied the B-29s. They searched out the Jap radar signals and jammed them. The electronic "brains" of the Jap radar-controlled searchlights went crazy and the lights waved aimlessly over the sky, no more effective than those at a Hollywood premiere. Even streams of tinfoil dropped out of an airplane will throw off the best radar, and it takes the most skilled operator to distinguish between the plane and the tinfoil.

The same General LeMay who used successful radar counter-measures in the Pacific heads the Strategic Air Command and the B-36s.

Mr. Long says the Russians will use airborne radar. This can be jammed too, but even if it could not I would doubt its effectiveness because there is the problem of keeping the radar planes in the air 24 hours a day in any

kind of weather. You can man a ground radar station around the clock. But I'd like to see any air force keep up a continuous and effective airborne radar screen.

Now, after the "timely detection" which Mr. Long assumes, comes a "trailing operation." What this is, I don't know. I guess Mr. Long means that the Russian radar patrol-planes would follow the B-36s, reporting their altitudes, speeds and positions.

But even if the B-36s were detected, how would the Russian patrol planes be on the spot to start to trail them? In an attack over the North Pole, which Mr. Long uses as his own example, the vast space and distance make this next to impossible. Using Mr. Long's own figures, it is 3000 miles from the point where the B-36s first hit the Arctic circle till they reach the Russian coast. It is 1500 miles from the Pole itself to the Russian coast: which means that a Russian patrol plane orbiting over the Pole must have a radius of action of at least 1500 miles. The Russian plane must take off from the Russian coast, fly 1500 miles to the Pole, and then fly back. And how long can it circle around the Pole? The only patrol plane the Russians have that could reach there in the first place would be the Soviet version of the B-29, which can not have a much longer range than our own B-29. A B-29 could fly 1500 miles to such a spot and back to its base, but it would not have enough fuel to patrol on the spot for more than a few hours.

Therefore, in order to patrol just that one spot around the Pole, the Russians would have to send out relays of reconnaissance planes, say one every three hours. That's eight planes a day, in all weather, 365 days of the year. And what about the hundreds of spots on either side of the Pole? Add it all up, and the Russians would need at least 1000 B-29 type aircraft to mount a "trailing operation."

Just suppose the Russian patrol plane was at the right spot at the right time. Whom would he follow if one B-36 was an advance guard well ahead of the others? We would be pretty dumb if we did not use decoys. No, Mr. Long, I don't think you could get even the dumbest of Kefauver's witnesses to write you a bet that a Russian patrol plane could successfully trail an attacking B-36.

The third phase of Russian air defense, as described by Mr. Long, is "getting into attack position."

We must assume that Russia has the best of interceptors. I will not contest Mr. Long's statement that Soviet fighters are capable of taking and maintaining the attack position. It would be foolish to believe otherwise; they are capable, just as many of our fighters, Navy and Air Force, are capable. But whether they actually can do so under combat conditions is another matter.

Mr. Long would have us believe that the B-36 has been pronounced effective only by those he calls the "Big Bomber Bombast Boys." He implies that even Air Force generals admit its vulnerability to fighters.

He ignores the most potent bit of testimony on the B-36. This was not in the 1949 hearings, and it did not get headlines. It was in the report of a weapons system evaluation group which studied the problem *after* the 1949 hearings for almost a year. The group included high-ranking officers of all services, plus some of the nation's top civilian scientists. Details of the report were not made public, but on April 23, 1950, the *New York Times* used the following official quote in reference to the report: "Nothing contained herein suggests the desirability of any change of plan with reference to the B-36."

Mr. Long does not make much of the advantage of weather beyond a statement that Russian radar planes can operate in any weather. Maybe they can fly in any weather, but I doubt seriously whether they could make effective interception. I remember bombing the Maruzen oil refinery in Japan in July of 1945 from *within the middle of a violent thunderstorm* (and at night). We achieved 90 per cent destruction on a small target. Any fighter who had followed a B-29 into that mess would have had his hands full saving his own airplane, let alone worrying about interception.

We aren't going to give the Russians the best of the weather or any other advantage. We *know* our tactical plan, based on our guesses of their weaknesses. They don't know our plan. That is always the relationship of attacker to defender. The advantage is with the attacker, so far as knowing the plan and the time and the place is concerned. This applies in reverse, too, and it is the reason why Russian bombers will always get through to some of our own targets, regardless of defense.

The ability to conduct a successful defense is in proportion to the area to be defended. The smaller the area the less chance the attacker has for deception. Germany had a relatively small area to defend, compared to the vastness of Russia. The Luftwaffe knew the bombers could come from only a few directions. Yet Goering told General Doolittle just after VE Day in 1945: "No matter how many fighters or how many guns I brought to bear on the Eighth Air Force, I was never able to turn it back from any mission."

The fourth and last strong point of Long's air defense is the assumption that the Soviet fighters will make effective attacks. Rockets will be the main weapon of the defending fighters, according to him.

It can not be denied that rockets have been and will be effective, particularly against large combat boxes of hundreds of bombers where fighters can stand off and lob missiles into the formations. But it must be remembered that rockets are a *one-shot* proposition — they can not be reloaded in the air. The fighter's first pass must be good.

B-36s will not fly in large groups at all. They may fly singly. One single aircraft is the ideal bombing platform anyway, as far as accuracy is concerned. Flying singly or in small groups, bombers are more capable of evasive action. The large formations over Germany could not take evasive action. They had to bore in at the mercy of fighters and flak since the turning of a large formation that stretched for miles was impossible.

Mr. Long says there will be other obstacles preventing B-36s from bombing the targets:

1. Underground installations. The Germans and Japanese had these too.

2. Lack of air photographs of Russian targets. We did not have photographs of Japanese targets, but we got them by reconnaissance flights. In addition, I shouldn't be surprised if we had inherited some good Russian pictures from the Luftwaffe.

3. Effective camouflage. Camouflage does not help when the attacker uses a radar bombsight.

Long accuses Air Force leaders of fraud in building what he calls a "colossal B-36 empire." This is nonsense, and I won't dignify his charge by discussing it further. The Air Force leaders are human, and they are not infallible. But if they have made a mistake in the B-36, then so have our top civilian scientists and the top leaders of the other services.

And if the B-36s are nothing but a bankrupting process for the nation's economy, as Mr. Long suggests, what would be the economic effect of scores of infantry divisions, in men, as well as money? Or does Mr. Long perhaps think that we should not defend ourselves at all?

The B-36 is not the complete weapon, nor is the Air Force the complete strategic force, capable of winning the war alone. Better airplanes will come along. We flew the B-17 and thought nothing could be better, and then came the B-29 and outstripped our fondest hopes. Whether it is the B-36 or the B-52 or something beyond them, it still will get to any Russian target, with tolerable losses. We have the tactics, the know-how and the men to do it.

The B-36s are a tremendous force for our protection, even if they never take off against Russia. For, as Long himself admits, their mere existence forces the Russians to concentrate on fighter defenses, radar and anti-aircraft defenses, all of which strains their economy. Every dollar spent on defense against the B-36 is a dollar not spent for weapons which could attack us. German leaders testified after the war that they could not attack our troop concentrations in England, or disrupt our invasion, because they had been forced to shift aircraft production into defensive channels and neglect offensive weapons.

Mr. Long doesn't worry me a bit. His phrases and his ideas and his quoting out of context sound too much like the anonymous document of the discredited Mr. Worth and the propaganda pamphlet, "The Strategic Bombing Myth," circulated some time ago by persons unknown. I'll take my chances in the B-36.

THE FRIENDLY PHILIPPINES

By RIZAL F. GATICA

GENERAL Douglas MacArthur in his historic report to the U. S. Congress, had the following words of praise for the Philippines:

> Of our former ward, the Philippines, we can look forward in confidence that the existing unrest will be corrected and a strong and healthy nation will grow in the longer aftermath of war's terrible destructiveness. We must be patient and understanding and never fail them, as in our hour of need they did not fail us.

The active intervention of Communist China in the Korean War has brought the future of the island republic into grave question. The pattern of ruthless aggression of Soviet Russia and its Chinese satellite now stands clearly exposed, foreboding an even darker picture for the people it would engulf than Hitler's fascism and the Japanese military imperialism of the last war. Will the Philippines, a ward of the United States, also fall within the orbit of Red China and Soviet Russia in their drive for world domination?

Already Tibet is gone, and may never again enjoy the autonomy which was hers for many decades. Unless the United States and the United Nations make a firm and strong stand in Korea, President Rhee's little country will soon be lost, too. Ho Chi-minh's Communist troops, trained in South China, are battering the French in Indo-China. And in spite of the British Government's recognition of Mao's Peiping regime, the Crown colony of Hong Kong will be next — then Thailand, British Malaya, Burma, India, Pakistan, Ceylon and Indonesia.

Trained in self-government for almost half a century under the United States, the Filipinos formed the first independent republic in the Orient established in accordance with the principles and practices of democracies throughout the world. As General MacArthur said:

> A Christian nation, the Philippines stand as a mighty bulwark of Christianity in the Far East, and its capacity for high moral leadership in Asia is unlimited.

Since 1907, when the first all-Filipino National Assembly under American occupation was inaugurated, the Filipino peoples have held popular and free elections. Their government is republican in form, closely adapted from that of the United States. It is no exaggeration to say that in the entire Orient no other country can approximate the representative and republican form of government in the Philippines, the outpost of American democracy in the Far East.

Following the grant of complete independence to the Filipinos on July 4, 1946, the United States and the Philippines, significantly, signed by mutual consent and without coercion on the part of the U. S. Government, a Military Assistance Pact which commits the United States to defend the island republic against aggression. America still has a stake in the Philippines; it must help maintain the political stability and territorial integrity of that country because the Philippines have become a laboratory to test whether democracy can work in Asia.

The Military Assistance Pact gives the United States the right to lease and maintain military and naval bases in the Philippines. These bases, now in active maintenance and operation, serve not only as a bastion of the Philippine Republic but signify as well the role of the Islands as an important link in the far-flung western Pacific defense line of the United States, extending from the Aleutians in the far north to Japan and Okinawa, and then to the Philippines. This line might well extend farther south to the friendly countries of Australia and New Zealand.

The withdrawal of the Seventh Fleet from Formosan waters will not at all affect the position of the Philippines, for the good reason that the fleet's home base is in Philippine waters, at Sangley Point, Cavite, at the entrance to Manila Bay. The United States also maintains a naval station at Subic Bay, Zambales Province, on western Luzon, off the China Sea. In Pampanga Province, about

60 miles north of Manila, is Clark Field, one of the largest bases of the U. S. Air Force in the Far East, which can base both B-29s and B-36s.

In spite of the Hukbalahaps, it would hardly be correct to compare the Philippines with the rest of Asia. Korea, Indo-China, British Malaya, Burma, Ceylon, India, and Indonesia were under foreign rule for centuries. The rise to power of the British, French and Dutch in these areas has aroused the people against their European colonizers. For years they have faced the problem of intermittent eruptions of extreme nationalism, aggravated by the lack of training in self-government. Their political positions and their geographical relations, unfortunately, render them more exposed to effective infiltration and pressure from Soviet Russia, and now from Communist China. The wavering attitude, or middle-of-the-road policy — or whatever you may call it — of India on the Korean War is a typical example of the existing fear of Communist China and Soviet Russia.

China, with its unruly millions, has never had a government which succeeded in uniting its people. The Chinese, moreover, never really had a democratic form of government, although their country appeared on the map, at one time or another, as the Republic of China. It was only after the World War II that one or two of these Asiatic countries came to know what a ballot was. All of Asia, including Indonesia, has never held any election as elections are known in the neighboring Philippines, or even as they are known in Japan. Without training in self-government, bogged down in ignorance of the principles and practices of democracy, the people of these countries have become defenseless victims of Communist propaganda with its high-sounding slogans of "independence," "self-determination" and "agrarian reform" dished out by Moscow and Peiping.

Conditions in the Philippines today, four years after the withdrawal of American sovereignty, are not good; but they are not so bad, either. The government has not completely suppressed the activities of the Hukbalahaps. After its attempts to win them over without bloodshed to the side of the law had failed, and after an amnesty had been flouted by the Huks, the government began using its army to enforce order. Hitherto the Philippine Constabulary, a purely peacetime army, had fought the Huks. However, the Huks do not engage government armed forces in open battles; they raid defenseless towns and villages.

The great masses of the population do not follow or believe in the Huk movement. While there is a Communist organization in the country, its membership is mostly in and around Manila, among labor unions usually led by lawyers who have never been laborers themselves, and who could not make a living by practicing their profession. Living in a world of fantasy all their own, they think that they can make this world a better place for the "working masses" if they turn it into an enslaved state with a communistic form of government. Last year, however, the Philippine Department of Labor cracked down on these labor unions and cancelled the registration of organizations suspected of subversive activities. Also, many members have withdrawn their support, finding that they had unwittingly become tools of these small-time would-be Maos and Stalins.

There are no more than 5000 Huks in five or six provinces on central Luzon, and not more than 2000 of these are fully armed, according to observers well acquainted with their activity in the provinces. Sometimes they give the appearance of a strong force when they raid a town, and when in the next few days the same group strikes in another town or province.

There have been persistent reports that the Huks receive Communist aid via submarines. But arms captured from them by government forces show no sign of having been made in Russia or China. The captured arms are of either Japanese or American make. Captured propaganda materials, sometimes bearing Red insignia, do not show that they were printed in China or Russia. It may be that the Huks are just utilizing for propaganda purposes the reports that help is coming from Communist China or Soviet Russia, to scare the people into joining their organization.

It seems impossible that these Huks, then, can ever overthrow the government. Their only hope would lie in the Chinese Communists' shipping arms and supplies to the Philippines — which is impossible in view of shipping difficulties — or in direct intervention of the Communists, as happened in Korea. This, of course, would invite open war with the United States, and the Chinese Communists would need more than their junks and sampans — certainly a much stronger navy and bigger forces than the Japanese used in their invasion of the Philippines in December 1941 — in the face of the strong opposition they would encounter from the Seventh Fleet and U. S. Air Force, not to mention the Philippine armed forces whose soldiers proved how well they can fight at Bataan, at Corregidor and on other Philippine battlefronts.

The Huk movement stemmed from the Socialists in Pampanga on central Luzon, who were led by the late Pedro Abad Santos, of a prominent family and one-time member of the former Philippine Legislature. He failed to win in any other election — for representative, senator or governor of his province — and became a badly disgruntled politician. An old man, very ill with tuberculosis, Santos decided to champion the cause of tenants in Pampanga and led a movement under the Socialist banner to seek reforms in the system of tenancy.

Luis Taruc, now the "Huk Supremo," was the secretary-general of the Socialist Party of Abad Santos. Like other farm leaders in the country, Taruc (known personally to the writer) was never a peasant or a laborer in all his life. Many of his present followers are not farmers or peasants, either. The activity of the Socialists, now the Huks, from the days of Santos to the postwar leadership of Taruc, has been characterized by burning of rice and sugar cane fields, murder, rape and robbery.

During the Japanese occupation these Socialists called themselves guerrillas. They named their organization Hukbalahap, short for the vernacular "*Hukbo Nang Bayan Laban Sa Hapon*" (Army of the People Against the Japanese). When the American forces of liberation entered Luzon, after landing in Leyte, these Huks represented themselves as Filipino guerrillas. Together with other guerrillas who had really fought the Japanese during the occupation, they were given arms by the United States Army without screening. After the war,

they refused to surrender their arms to the government, while other guerrilla units did so or were inducted into the regular armed forces of the country.

When the Filipino guerrillas were screened by the U. S. Army with a view to extending them recognition and giving them "back pay," the Huks under Taruc were refused recognition. It is interesting to note that only one Hukbalahap guerrilla unit was recognized by the U. S. Army; this was the Banal Regiment, and not one of its members has joined the Taruc Huks.

Reports were current in the country, after the war and during the early days of the Philippine Republic in 1946, that the Huks were able to buy more arms and supplies from former army officers and enlisted men who, discharged in Manila, took advantage of the law which gave them preference to buy army surpluses. Several former army men were reported to have engaged in gun-running in the Philippines, selling arms to the Huks and making shipments to the China Coast.

The Huks were free to run for any elective office in the Philippines until their organization was outlawed by the government in 1949. In the 1945 elections, after the reestablishment of the Commonwealth government upon the return of General MacArthur and the late President Sergio Osmeña to Manila, Taruc won a Congressional seat from his home province, and another Huk, Jesus Lava, won in Bulacan Province. The third Huk leader who gained a seat was Marcos Simpaco, in Tarlac (home province of the writer). These provinces are in central Luzon. Taruc and Lava were not allowed to take their seats because of the protests of their defeated opponents, who charged them with having terrorized the electorate. Later, these two Huk leaders went into hiding to continue their activity against the government. Simpaco retired after his term of office, but has not rejoined his former comrades.

A law passed in 1946 increased the farm tenants' share of the harvest from the previous 50 per cent to 70 per cent. Several big landed estates have been purchased by the government for resale to tenants actually occupying them; even before the war the government had started to buy landed estates. Obviously, the Philippine government, just starting to rebuild an economy which was completely shattered during the war by the Japanese occupation, could not immediately buy all landed estates without straining its financial resources. Such a purchase would involve a large outlay, particularly in the case of estates owned by the Roman Catholic Church which were acquired during Spanish rule.

The Philippines has wide tracts of agricultural land available for settlement through homestead and purchase. Any citizen can obtain a homestead of 24 hectares (approximately 60 acres) from the government at a nominal cost. Agricultural land up to 144 hectares can be purchased by anyone at a cost of not less than $10 per hectare. The agricultural land area of the country is 16 million hectares, and only five million are under cultivation today.

Is there any valid reason for the Huks' defying the government on the pretext that tenants or landless farmers want and should have farms of their own? With a population of a little under 20 million, the country can help all its farming population to own their farms and homes.

These are the factors which make conditions in the Philippines so vastly different from those in other countries of Asia and the East Indies. Training in self-government and in democracy, geographical position, the temper of the people and their attitude toward governmental construction and functions, as well as the special relationship of the Philippines with the United States which is always intertwined with American foreign policy in Asia — all this makes the difference.

The masses of the Filipino people can not be expected to be won over to the side of the Huks, any more than the American people can be expected to embrace the Soviet doctrine of government. Stalin's communistic philosophy of government, or even the communistic "agrarian reform" plan of Mao Tse-tung in China, as advocated by the Huks, simply does not appeal to the Filipinos. The record of the Huks is too well-known to them, and it is doubtful, indeed, whether they would permit themselves to be deprived easily of the freedom which they have long enjoyed.

The long training in self-government and in democracy which the United States gave the Filipinos works against the Communist-inspired Huks. In schools, where the medium of instruction is in English, in libraries, in newspapers and magazines, and in the government itself, the Filipinos for half a century have studied the history and government of the American people. They admire and are friendly to the United States, and democracy as they have known and enjoyed it all these years has become deeply rooted in their life.

SOCIALISM IS HERE

By NEIL CAROTHERS

IT IS a commonplace of history that nations do not realize what is happening to them until after it has happened. Thoughtful Americans have in recent years been deeply concerned over the trend toward socialism. The truth is that we already have socialism in America, not complete as yet but far advanced.

The free enterprise system rests on one foundation — the ownership of the instruments of production by individuals. Our instruments of production are owned, overwhelmingly, by the corporations, which produce 95 per cent of all manufactured goods. The legal ownership of a corporation, or of anything else, has no significance in itself. Ownership is meaningless except as it means the right of the owner to receive all the returns and benefits from the object owned. The value of a corporation to its owners derives solely from the cash dividends received, current and prospective. Profits earned are valueless if they are taken by the government. Profits earned are valueless if they are "plowed back" into the company as surplus, except as they will, possibly, result in larger cash dividends. The owner who keeps his stock never gets anything from it except dividends. If he sells the stock, what he gets for it depends entirely on its prospects of future dividends.

It is socialism when the government seizes the instruments of production, physically, as in England. And it is socialism when the government seizes the cash returns from the owners of the instruments. Reduce the legal

right to receive earned profits and you reduce ownership. Destroy the right to receive earned profits and you destroy all ownership.

The government now takes 47 per cent of the earnings of corporations. This apparently leaves 53 per cent for the owners. They do not get it. Corporations can no longer live by selling stock to investors. Savers will not risk their money in enterprises whose earnings are confiscated. In the past three years only 5 per cent of the new capital going into enterprise has come from the sale of shares. But corporations must have new capital to stay alive. To maintain and increase equipment they must plow back earnings, as "surplus." In recent years they have been plowing back about 60 per cent of the profits left after taxes.

This leaves about 21 per cent of earnings to go to the owners. But they do not keep this small fraction. As soon as they get the dividends the personal income tax collector calls, for dividends are taxed twice in America. They are the only form of personal income that is taxed twice. The amount of the personal income tax on dividends varies widely with the individual. Undoubtedly it averages as much as 40 per cent. It is probably higher. This leaves the corporation owner somewhat less than 13 per cent of his company's earnings.

Thus government destroys around 88 per cent of the value and therefore of the ownership of the instruments of production, under our so-called free enterprise system. This is 88 per cent socialism. It is a peculiarly unfair type of socialism. The government provides no capital, does no saving, bears no responsibility of management. The owners of enterprise do all the saving, provide all the capital, carry all the burdens of management.

If the corporation is successful the government takes nearly 90 per cent of the earnings. In bad years the owners get nothing. If disaster comes, they even lose their original investment. Farmers are taxed less than half the amount corporation owners pay, and the government uses the tax money taken from corporation owners, in part, to pay guaranteed profits to farmers. When corporations manage to survive and prosper despite competition and regulation and taxation they are pictured as conscienceless monopolies feeding off the people. Their executives are haled to Washington and harried by Simple Simons in the Senate because they have committed the crime of not going broke, in face of the fact that the government will be bankrupt if the corporations do not make profits.

On top of the heavy taxes explained above, there is now an additional excess profits tax. An excess profits tax is a bad tax, unfair, inflationary and destructive. But the labor unions demanded it, for a special reason. With a confiscatory excess profits tax, corporations make a choice. They may give their profits to the government or to the unions, and giving them to the unions avoids strikes.

The process is not quite complete. The CIO has said that it does not approve of surpluses. It says that surplus now plowed back into enterprise should go to taxes or to higher wages. When the unions achieve this objective private enterprise will be dead.

Any reader who is worried about a future socialism should stop worrying. It is already here.

THIS IS WHAT THEY SAID

Russia gives assistance in providing higher education to all deserving students. It can easily be said that we might borrow much from that nation and make certain changes in our educational system to give freer opportunities for advanced study.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, as reported by INS, August 4, 1944

The English people are saying, "The presence of an American in the Oxford boat made it sink. The British Navy is now under American command, and under American command Great Britain awaits the same fate that befell the Oxford boat." . . . Fortunately, however, every time the threatening clouds descend over the world, the voice of Stalin . . . inspires confidence.

DR. HEWLETT JOHNSON, Dean of Canterbury, recipient of the Stalin "peace prize," quoted from *Pravda* in the London *Times*, April 11, 1951

Many people talk of the danger of civil war in China at the end of this war, but I think that the danger of civil war in China is probably less than the danger of civil war in many countries in Europe. One reason is that we have in Asia a world statesman, a real genius in Chiang Kai-shek. What may be called the functional test of the historical importance of Chiang Kai-shek is the fact that throughout an already long political career, he has grown steadily greater and greater.

OWEN LATTIMORE, "America and Asia," 1943

Chiang's Government collapsed from inner rottenness, not from lack of foreign support.

OWEN LATTIMORE, *Baltimore Sun*, March 26, 1951

Damned White of Him

Tears came into the President's eyes.

"I had to choose between General MacArthur and the Constitution," he said. "I decided to save the Constitution."

DORIS FLEESON, *Kansas City Times*, April 12, 1951

The Strategy of Drift

It [the Administration] was drifting along in recent weeks, proud of the recent successes in fighting back to the thirty-eighth parallel, but not quite sure where it was going from there.

General MacArthur has not made it change its direction. Indeed, he has convinced most top officials in the Administration that their strategy was right, and that the decision to dismiss him was correct.

JAMES RESTON, *New York Times*, April 26, 1951

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

MODERN HERO-WORSHIP

By ANTHONY HARRIGAN

HERO-WORSHIP has played a negligible part in American life up to our time. To be sure, certain of the Presidents in the Great Tradition (Washington, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, etc.) have been the recipients of popular admiration on a great scale. Then, too, a lesser sort of adulation has been heaped upon motion-picture stars and athletes. But, generally speaking, the citizens of this Republic have not been disposed to the formation of hero-worship cults.

Yet since the return of the American expatriates of the twenties, our native skepticism has been on the wane. The phony and the fake have had an unprecedented opportunity. The popular success of the so-called "new" movements in art, literature and psychology is a chastening reminder of how slavish devotion to a handful of modern pseudo-prophets can harm a nation's thinking.

Thirty-five years ago the "modern movements" offered new horizons to the American scholar by providing an outlet for rebellion against the outmoded elements in our national life. But today these movements no longer represent any advance. They represent a stilted academic position — the fruit of an epoch which ended with the outbreak of war in 1939. The old "modernist" ideas have run their course. But largely because of the hero-worship of such men as Freud, Picasso and Pound, the majority of young people in our universities do not understand the altered situation.

It is dismaying that the younger generation does not initiate new movements and display a fresh genius. Perhaps its thralldom to a defunct epoch is rooted in the temper of the decade through which we have just passed, the forties. This generation, swept up in world convulsions, waged a desperate if ill-informed battle to hold on to what appeared to be civilized. Intelligent and literate members of the generation involved in the second World War have thought along these lines: "The world situation gets worse instead of better; one can not be too contemptuous of a conservatism which the heroes of our culture have condemned."

Consequently the reaction during the long period of stress was to abide by the counsel of the intellectuals who had themselves contributed to the unrest which resulted in war. In certain American circles the unquestioned climate of opinion had been Marxism. Therefore, the war generation inherited the destructive force created by the older generation's infatuation with leftist political theories and terroristic conceptions of art. Nowhere is this more obvious than in the liberal press. *Partisan Review*, which has been influential among New York intellectuals during the last decade, is typical of the magazines which promoted the peculiar hero-worship that besets us today. In the main, the culture heroes of this magazine are those of the entire tribe of hero-worshippers.

These idols are a strangely unheroic lot to have had so much hero-worship lavished upon them. Proust, Kafka, Victor Serge, Picasso, Freud, Joyce — not one possesses the heroic virtues. They range from the mentally sick to the exponent of chaos in language and behavior. Yet to allude knowingly to these figures, to keep their writings in the most prominent place on one's bookshelf, to cite their works as modern scripture, is to be in step, fashionable, *avant garde*. To the numerous hero-worshippers among the younger generation, this unholy company is more infallible than a Roman pontiff speaking *ex cathedra*. So a new conformity is demanded, more rigid and unbending than any known during the Victorian Age.

These modern heroes are being enshrined, preserved by institutions devoted to the respective cults, and protected by the commercial value of a defunct experimentalism which has been glorified by successful press agentry. First, art. Most potent of the forces engaged in glorifying its new heroes is New York's Museum of Modern Art. Here the weird, distorted and freakish work of uninspired experimenters is passed off as the equal of the great art of the ages. Well-heeled, wrapped in a slick and shiny architectural package, and given prestige by the aura of big names in the new-rich society of Manhattan, the apostles of disorder have their wares displayed.

The experimental writing of the twenties is similarly enshrined. On one hand, by literary magazines publishing imitations of the modern "old masters." On the other hand, imitative work and hero-worshipping articles are sandwiched in between brassiere ads in the fashion magazines. Apparently this pleases rather than disturbs the hero-worshippers, who like the idea of a Proustian-style story surrounded by models in sable capes.

What has happened, obviously, is that the discredited culture of the nineteenth century has been replaced by modern pseudo-culture. Truly, this generation, brought up under obscurantist literary men and the witch doctors of psychoanalysis, is a grim one. It is also a dangerous generation. For hero-worship is the breeding-ground of political tyranny. Artistic freedom has an intimate connection with civil liberties. When university-trained men and women accept a nightmarish art and literature, nightmarish political conditions are apt to follow closely. Conversely, when art and literature are restored to classic order and lucidity, the possibilities of order and freedom in the political realm are signally advanced.

The skeptical, inquiring spirit is needed as never before in our history. The shallowness of the "modern movements" must be exposed. Hero-worship is incompatible with democratic ways; incompatible with understanding or profiting from great art; incompatible with rational thought. Not a snobbish build-up of the easy and the superficially daring, but a reverent search for abiding truths is the task facing American intellectuals.

BLUE JAY

The blue jay is a bully and a thief;
Just look at his low brow — I'm not surprised.
I put out crumbs for juncos, but you'd think
I'd rung a bell or struck a gong for him:
He's sidling down, zigzagging from the sky,
Looking around as solemn as an owl
At every roost along the way — and then
He's here and uttering his hoarse cry,
One claw on booty like a buccaneer,
And looking like a buccaneer's tattoo.
Vexed and aloof the little juncos stand,
And watch him feast through windows made of air.

CHARLES NORMAN

SENATOR McCARTHY'S MODEL?

By WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

I SUPPOSE a fairly exhaustive dictionary of invective could be published by listing alphabetically the words and phrases that, over the past year, have been leveled at Senator Joseph McCarthy. His detractors have gone at it with relish; in its report the Democratic majority of the Tydings Committee used language that has been classified as "the most intemperate in American legislative history." And yet McCarthy continues to address large crowds, and his importance in the November elections has been freely acknowledged.

It seems to me that judgment of McCarthy and McCarthyism must be made in the context of some propositions that, while they seem inescapably to bear on the issue, are nevertheless disregarded by most commentators. First, the American public is divided roughly into two groups, on the basis of intelligence, learning, shrewdness and curiosity. Without assigning inflexible precision to these designations, we might roughly classify these groups as the "university" crowd, and the "non-university" crowd. It follows, of course, that the latter group is the larger numerically, and hence, in a democracy, ultimately the more efficacious.

We go on to assert that the politician must, assuming universal franchise, address himself primarily to one group or to the other. While some language appeals to both, it is clear that the universal idiom of emotion-charged rhetoric — calls for brotherhood, patriotism, dedication, and so forth — serve a limited purpose. By and large, especially in the discussion of issues, the politician must select language and an approach that will appeal to one or the other of the groups we have recognized. This, like our other propositions, is non-controversial. For generations, it has been regarded as axiomatic by the politician who would reach and influence the large body of voters.

Where does this lead us in consideration of Joseph McCarthy? We begin by asking ourselves what it is he wanted to accomplish in the spring of 1950. Most clearly, his *aim* was to investigate the personnel of the State Department, certain members in particular. The Senator might have been motivated by a genuine fear of treacherous influences in this most sensitive Executive Department. Or, it is true, he might have been impelled by a desire to embarrass the Administration, and to bring favorable publicity to himself, accompanied, of course, by the enhancement of his own political fortunes.

Let us leave in abeyance the matter of motive. It is not relevant to our argument. At least we can agree that he desired a thorough airing of the loyalty qualifications of many members of the Department of State. On this point, both his detractors and his champions must agree, and we therefore remain on a non-controversial plane.

Now, how did McCarthy go about his business? Aware of the propositions that we have cited, he determined that he was going to appeal to the "non-university" crowd to force, by public pressure, compliance with his demand for an investigation. He did not present his brief with the protocol that would bind, for example, the graduate student, whose facts must be incontrovertibly established, whose generalizations must always be cautious. No, McCarthy didn't proclaim that "in the interests of national security it would behoove the members of Congress to review carefully the criteria used by the Loyalty Review Board in qualifying members for service in the State Department." He was aware that should he approach the problem in this way his only audience would be the clerks of the *Congressional Record*. McCarthy wasn't appealing to the "university" crowd. He said instead that there were *fifty-seven Communists in the State Department*. The next day, everyone in the United States who reads a newspaper knew who Joe McCarthy was and what it was he was after.

These were tactics that left many temperate and rational observers sickened. Later McCarthy was to add fuel to their disgust by unapologetically ambling from the figure 57 to 205, and then to 81. It was a matter of hours before he had brought down upon himself the furious wrath of that most formidable of all modern men, the American Liberal.

Why, we must ask ourselves, did McCarthy act the way he did? To answer this question, even in the light of the propositions we have offered as non-controversial, we must examine the influences that have affected him.

We might start when McCarthy was a boy of fourteen. Without implying that he was consciously aware of what was going on in Washington during that year, he must some time, perhaps in the next few decades as his interest in politics increased, have read about the Teapot Dome affair — that momentous scandal that led to the resignations of two members of the Republican Cabinet, Harry Daugherty and Albert Fall. He might, too, have been aware of the fact that the instigator of the investigations that led to the exposure of the scandal, ex-Senator Burton K. Wheeler, admitted later that he had had "little or no evidence" to go on when he made his charges. "Once I got started, the evidence began to roll in."

And then, during a very significant period in Joe McCarthy's life, between the ages of twenty-three and thirty-five, the most important American political figure of our time ruled supreme in the White House. As a young man with political aspirations, Joe McCarthy must have studied the technique of Franklin Roosevelt — his unequivocal appeals to the "non-university" crowd, his categorization of all his enemies as "economic royalists," "greedy and selfish interests"; and Joe McCarthy, as a sensitive young man, must have taken heed of what it is that makes for a successful politician.

And two years after he had been elected to serve as a Senator from Wisconsin, McCarthy witnessed the great-

est political upset in the history of this country. Against the predictions of almost all the political sages, with only token support from the "influential" members of his own party, against the active opposition of the vast majority of the nation's newspapers, the Man from Missouri toppled the heavy, slick favorite from New York, to win for himself and his party undisputed victory.

How natural it would seem that Senator McCarthy should study carefully the campaign of Mr. Truman in 1948. How natural that, as a man who has chosen politics for a career, he should try to delve into the causes of this great upset. He must have read carefully Mr. Truman's speeches in the fall of that year, and learned from them.

Said Mr. Truman of Republicans in the week of September 26-October 2: "They don't want unity. They want . . . the kind of unity that benefits the National Association of Manufacturers, the private power lobbies, the real estate lobbies and selfish interests."

McCarthy and most people knew this simply was not the case in regard to every Republican or even to the majority of Republicans. The GOP polled twenty-one and a half million votes, and there simply aren't this many people that want to benefit the National Association of Manufacturers, the private power lobbies, and the real estate lobbies and selfish interests. And yet Mr. Truman won the election.

On October 19, to the International Ladies Garment Workers, Mr. Truman said, "The Republicans plan a real hatchet job . . . the Taft-Hartley Law is only the beginning of the attacks they plan."

Again this simply was not true. There are, certainly, Republicans who would back more restrictive measures against labor. But they never controlled the party. They no more represented the Republican Party of 1948 than Claude Pepper represented the Democratic Party of 1948. In fact, the leadership of the GOP in 1949 attempted to revise the National Labor Relations Act of 1947 to ameliorate some of the provisions that time had proved unnecessarily harsh.

On October 30, in a final blast, Mr. Truman stated that "Powerful forces, like those that created European Fascists, are working through the Republican Party" to "undermine" American democracy.

Mr. Truman's trick was very obvious to many people; certainly, by and large, to the discriminating members of the "university" crowd. He intended to convey that a vote for the Republicans was a vote for American fascism. Even the blindest partisan of the Democratic Party, in a reasonable mood, would have to admit that Mr. Truman's remark was a calculatedly hysterical appeal to prejudice. And yet, again, Truman won.

And so, when McCarthy decided he wanted to bring about an investigation, with Truman-like gusto he said there were 57 Communist Party members currently employed in the State Department. When he wanted to examine the influence of Owen Lattimore on the State Department's Far Eastern policy, he accused the professor of being the "top American espionage agent." As Truman wanted to be President, so McCarthy wanted to shake down the State Department. What is more natural than that McCarthy should look to the most successful politician of our time for the methods he should employ to get what he wanted?

The objection is immediately raised that "group" condemnation is one thing, individual indictment another, and more serious, thing: that McCarthy has done real damage to a number of specific people, not so Truman. This does not bear analysis. For one thing, of the three men whom McCarthy particularly singled out for attack, one received a promotion in the State Department after the charges were made; another has published a best-selling *apologia*, and as the darling of all American "liberals" has become a sought-after lecturer; and the third remains Secretary of State.

Besides, does not this argument rely on the reasoning behind that curious anomaly that "you kill one man and you are a murderer, you slay a million and you are a hero"? Did Truman not do damage with his exaggerations and his falsehoods? I should say that it dazzles the mind to attempt to calculate the damage he did. No one can estimate the amount of harm that has been sustained by honest and devoted businessmen whom he likened, to the public, to "greedy wolves." What about Wall Streeters who must be known, by now, to so many as American Fascists? Individual damage aside, how much harm has our economy sustained from the distrust of business that must have been engendered in the minds of so many millions? Who can estimate the economic and social damage that has been thus wrought?

It is not our concern here to measure, quantitatively, the damage that Senator McCarthy has done against the damage that President Truman has done, except to show, for the purposes of our forthcoming conclusions, that there are no qualitative differences between the techniques and consequences of Truman in 1948, and the techniques and consequences of McCarthy in 1950. Nor is it worth more than a casual comment, in this discussion, to wonder why the same members of the "university" crowd who, in the fall of 1948, jumped on their couches for joy as they listened to Truman over the radio, and shouted, "Give it to them, Harry! That's telling them!" in the spring and summer of 1950 excoriated McCarthy for using "slave labor law" tactics himself.

One immediately asks why, assuming Senator McCarthy used techniques identical with Mr. Truman's, did the President succeed where, it is alleged, McCarthy failed? We must remember that the question of McCarthy's success or failure remains in dispute, most especially so since November's astounding verdict in Maryland. Whereas only history can finally evaluate McCarthy's influence, it is certainly true that he did not succeed last spring in effecting the investigations he sought. The reasons seem clear, and they do not detract in any way from the validity of our argument.

In 1948, Truman stood to win or lose according to the judgment of the "non-university" crowd. In 1950, McCarthy stood to win or lose (in the short run) according to the judgment of members of the "university" crowd, our Congressmen. McCarthy hoped the electorate could force the hand of a predictably insensate party in power; but, again for the short run, he failed. Why? In 1950, the White House was not at stake. To acknowledge McCarthy's charges meant political suicide for the Democratic Party during the fall elections. Korea was a major distraction. But even then, a highly touted "investigation" took place, and some measure of McCarthy's influence is reflected by the unanimity of Democratic

clamor against him, and, again, by the fact that during the campaign he was the most sought-after and, it turns out, one of the most influential Republican electioneers.

In addition, we must remember that two opposed candidates, both mindful of the propositions, and both exploiting them fully, can not *both* win. Ultimately, it is the one with the most appeal to the "non-university" crowd who will vanquish. With respect to McCarthy, we can conclude that, a) a great many Americans must instinctively prefer to believe that the State Department is hygienic, and hence that any one making charges to the contrary is incorrect, b) there is no final indication of the number of persons who sympathize with McCarthy and by whom we could gauge his success with the "non-university" crowd, and c), and most important, McCarthy has earned *greater* political support by using the tactics he did than he would otherwise have received.

It is, therefore, increasingly clear from our propositions and from the texture of the political campaigning of the past few years, that if we want to help to forge national policy, we must not allow our predispositions for clean and objective political techniques to influence too heavily our judgments of candidates and their aims. It is true that our political history is studded with periodic "cross of gold" rhetoric; an industrious scholar could undoubtedly give us a fair sampling of exaggerations used by political opponents in the campaign of 1848. Nevertheless, it seems fair to generalize that we are entering into a new age of politics. The propositions have become much more apparent, and the "university" crowd is appealing almost exclusively to the "non-university" crowd for support of one or the other side of controversial policies.

Within the narrow confines of the state of Connecticut, for example, we saw during the fall a dramatization of what we're talking about. There, four Yale graduates and one Harvard graduate, mindful of our propositions, unequivocally appealed to the "non-university" crowd. One candidate's wife danced the tarentella to attract the electorate; another candidate flitted about in a helicopter, giving rides to children; a third painted his automobile *almost* every color of the rainbow, calling attention in neon letters to the fact that "there's no red on *my* bandwagon"; a fourth distributed comic books ennobling himself and depicting his opponent as a slavish tool of cigar-wielding bankers; a fifth sang barbershop quartets over television with members of the Yale Whiffenpoofs.

One of these candidates, censured by his young son after a debate before a Yale (and hence, we assume, a "university" crowd) audience, for his uncommonly superficial rhetoric, was brought to earth by the Senatorial candidate who replied: "I wasn't talking to this group, son, I was talking to the radio audience."

What is the recourse of those who bemoan the depths to which politicking has sunk? How console those who are not a whit interested in the harmonizing ability of one candidate, who don't care how good a dancer is the wife of another, who don't see *why* McCarthy had to call Lattimore an "espionage agent," who weep at Truman's glib characterization of every Republican as an incipient fascist? Are we to legislate against this sort of approach to the electorate? This, it seems to me, is patently impossible. Are we to hope that increased education will in the future anachronize such techniques? But what about the fact that, as education has become more universal, there has been an attendant upswing in appeals to the "non-university" crowd? And even assuming that education will eventually ennoble political morality, how shall we cope with the present?

Again, if we want to be useful political agents, our approach must become more realistic. We must learn from the indisputable propositions we have posited and from the practical lessons of the successful politicians that we must search out today only the general aims we find congenial and the men who seek to realize them. We must then support those men whose general orientations and goals we find compatible.

In other words, if we want to strengthen the Fair Deal movement in America, we are forced to support Truman regardless of his abysmally dishonest statements about his opponents, and his patently glib generalizations about the merits of his own goals. It can not deter us that Truman's predominant motive might be his own re-election rather than the welfare of his country. If we want a full-dress investigation of the personnel of the State Department, we must support Senator McCarthy, despite some of his crass inconsistencies. Again, it should not decisively disturb us that the Senator may actually be not one whit concerned about the purity of the State Department, but rather for his own political fortunes. And so on: if we want Mr. X to be the next governor of Connecticut we can not take umbrage at the undignified exhibition of his wife's ankles. . . .

It is so clear that other attitudes, any digression away from goals and toward a consideration of undignified or ignoble political techniques, can spell only political impotence. We can, of course, afford to indulge ourselves in an intellectual and moral crusade to "clean up politics." This end may be advanced by earnest efforts to convince the electorate that comic books are improper media for presenting basic issues; it may be furthered by an effort to persuade millions upon millions of persons to cold-shoulder a Presidential candidate dishonest enough to anathematize all members of the opposition as fascists. All this has been tried, of course, and has proved unsuccessful to date. We should continue to try, but in the meanwhile we can not afford, let me repeat, to refuse to utilize the lessons that Mr. Truman *et al* have proved so efficacious. The situation is such that we can not allow McCarthy's distasteful techniques either to obscure the desirability of McCarthy's goals, or to cause us to eschew his assistance in achieving these goals.

We are willingly and wholeheartedly committed to democracy, after all, and those that have been recently successful in our democracy have taught us the way. Whereas Truman may have earned the deep contempt of the objective and principled members of the "university" crowd, he nevertheless sits at the helm of our government. He and his spiritual predecessors have taught us how to succeed. McCarthy has learned the lesson. He has applied the techniques of the Political Master to his own problem, and his personal mail is 20–1 in favor of his actions. Given the nature of the times, as the Democrat of 1948 supported Truman because he wanted welfarism, so in 1951 we must support McCarthy if we want to probe the loyalty of State Department employees. We have no alternative. The issue at stake is not McCarthy's manners. It is treason in the State Department.

THE "PARTY LINE" IN FILMS

By HARRY FELDMAN

ALTHOUGH Hollywood has often been accused of being infested with Communists, such charges have always been extremely difficult to prove. Direct evidence has been lacking, and the House Committee on Un-American Activities, therefore, has been obliged to resort to forms of testimony deemed inadmissible in a court of law. Thus, in 1947 the Committee examined numerous witnesses, including movie stars, writers and directors, who were willing to testify that in their *opinion* Hollywood was simply crawling with Communists; but a statement of opinion can not be regarded as a proof of fact. The result was that Mr. Eric Johnston, President of the Motion Picture Association of America, was able to dismiss the entire investigation and to restore Hollywood's somewhat shattered prestige by summarily declaring: "Undoubtedly there are Communists in Hollywood but their propaganda has not reached the screen."

When the Committee on Un-American Activities announced its intention of reinvestigating the movie industry early in 1951, Hollywood promptly reverted to this defensive technique. Spokesmen for the industry asserted that Hollywood would "dissociate itself" from any individual luckless enough to be unmasked as a Communist or a sympathizer. Hollywood would not regard the exposure of such individuals as an attack upon the industry itself, since the content of films was not directly involved.

This is, of course, the crux of the matter. In investigating the movie industry it is necessary to demonstrate a specific instance of Communist influence upon the content of the screen, just as in probing the conduct of a political organization one must prove a specific act of bribery or other form of corruption. This is the burden of proof which a Congressional committee investigating Hollywood must sustain if its activities are to yield results more tangible than the discomfiture of a few relatively unimportant individuals.

Can such a burden be upheld? I think it can. For I have seen a number of films issued during the last twenty years which clearly betray a communistic influence. Foremost among these is "Blockade" (1938), which should be classified as communistic not because of its sympathy for General Franco's opponents but because of its derivation from a German film called "The Love of Jeanne Ney," directed by G. W. Pabst in 1928.

Pabst's film is set in Russia during the Civil War. The hero is openly depicted as a Bolshevik. The complication is that he loves Jeanne Ney, daughter of an *agent provocateur* employed by reactionary forces. Circumstances oblige him to kill the father to prevent him from damaging the revolutionary cause. Jeanne then turns against her lover, but passion gradually overcomes resentment, and she surrenders to the embrace of her father's slayer. "Blockade" presents this plot with the scene shifted to Spain during the Civil War. Henry Fonda, you may recall, appears as a soldier in the Republican Army. He loves the daughter of an *agent provocateur* in the pay of reactionary forces. He, too, is obliged to kill the father for the same reason and with the same results. The daughter turns against him, but in the end she forgives him and sinks into his arms.

In "The General Died at Dawn" (1936) the same plot is used, but the scene is changed to the revolutionary struggle in China. Here it is Gary Cooper who loves the daughter of an *agent provocateur* . . . you know the rest. Elements of this plot also appear in "Foreign Correspondent" (1940), but here the father, portrayed by Herbert Marshall, is a Nazi agent in London during World War II, and the hero, who loves his daughter, does not cause his death until the very end.

Now, all these films are imitations of "The Love of Jeanne Ney," which in turn is derived from a novel of the same title, written by the notorious Soviet propagandist, Ilya Ehrenbourg. Thus, three significant Hollywood productions can be traced directly to a Soviet source; and the contention of Mr. Eric Johnston that "their [i.e., Communist] propaganda has not reached the screen" is, therefore, untenable.

Not only has Communist propaganda reached the screen, but it has done so regularly, and this can be demonstrated by analysis of the content of American pictures. I have seen a number of films recently which reflect the Communist line so clearly that I was startled. Among these are "The Halls of Montezuma," "Two Flags West," and "Deported."

"The Halls of Montezuma" was presented as a tribute to the United States Marines. Actually it is an attack upon them. Almost every marine in it is depicted as an eccentric or a psychological misfit. The hero is a neurotic officer who resorts to opium. Another marine wants to shoot all the Japanese prisoners, partly because of race-prejudice (a flashback shows his sister's wedding to a Japanese, which he can not forgive). He is killed by one of his own comrades. The needed relief from these sordid characters is provided not by the normal, decent American youths who certainly outnumber the eccentrics and neurotics, but by the Japanese prisoners, who are shown as steady, devoted to their cause and firm in refusing to betray it by talking — their officer even to the point of hara-kiri.

Such a one-sided portrayal of American military personnel seems to follow the pattern set by recent Soviet films and plays which feature an anti-American stereotype as a central figure. In this connection it may be remarked that the director of the film, Lewis Milestone, showed far more sympathy with the German soldiers in his "All Quiet on the Western Front" and with the Soviet soldiers in his "North Star" than with the American marines in this alleged glorification of their heroic branch of our fighting forces.

"Two Flags West" contains an equally gratuitous insult to American military men. Here an officer in charge

of a Union outpost in the Southwest during the Civil War is depicted as an extreme martinet, rude and offensive, a ruthless disciplinarian, who reminds one of the villainous commander of the desert fortress in "Beau Geste." He nurses an adulterous passion for his widowed sister-in-law. He is also a racial bigot, vile and treacherous, who senselessly executes the son of an Indian chief, thus provoking an attack which he lacks the strength to resist. Such a portrait of an American officer is in accord with the anti-American caricature to be found in such Soviet works as "Michurin," "The Mad Haberdasher," "Meeting on the Elbe," and the forthcoming "The Truth About American Diplomats."

"Deported" contains unsavory implications about American policy. It shows how American relief operations in starving Italy are tied up with the activities of racketeers. This strangely echoes the Communist thesis. A Soviet propagandist could easily cite it as evidence that the Marshall Plan is tainted with racketeering.

What I regard as most objectionable about these films is not the element of Communist propaganda which they seem to contain (I doubt that the American public will be seduced into disloyalty by a few movies) but the dishonesty with which they have been presented. If an artist wishes to create a film about psychological misfits in the United States Marines, let him do so: such a theme is valid if handled with discretion, insight, and tact; but let him not present it as a "tribute" to the United States Marines. It is the surreptitious manner in which the anti-American connotations have been injected that leads me to suspect a Communist influence upon their production.

I also can not help decrying the silence that has been maintained regarding the sources of "Blockade," "The General Died at Dawn," and "Foreign Correspondent." Surely it is significant that nobody connected with these works has ever hinted that they were derived from Pabst's film and Ehrenbourg's novel. Why this silence? Why has Pabst himself, supposedly a German refugee unable to obtain employment as a director in Hollywood, and now licensed to create films in either the American or the British zone in Germany, remained silent? Why has the actor, Vladimir Sokoloff, who appeared both in "The Love of Jeanne Ney" and "Blockade," and who must, therefore, know the facts concerning the relationship between these two films and their common descent from Ehrenbourg, remained silent? Why did Clifford Odets write the script for "Blockade" and allow John Howard Lawson to take the credit when they both failed to acknowledge their debt to Ilya Ehrenbourg? The suppression of the facts concerning the derivation of these films is evidence of disingenuousness — or worse.

Under these circumstances Hollywood has little right to "dissociate itself" from any individual unmasked as a Communist by the Committee on Un-American Activities. It is a principle of law that an employer is responsible for the acts of his employees if these are within the scope of their employment; and if the Hollywood companies engage personnel who regard Ilya Ehrenbourg as a proper source for American films and who inject anti-American connotations into American productions, then they can hardly expect to escape responsibility by a spurious plea of dissociation.

RUSSIAN CHESS

By BEN RAY REDMAN

NOT LONG AGO I heard surprise expressed at the fact that the Russians are so addicted to chess, when it is a game that conspicuously features Kings, Queens, Bishops, and Knights — odd figures, indeed, to enjoy popularity in the Communist paradise. This surprise may well be shared by many Americans; but not by those who have kept abreast of the ancient and glorious game as it is being played in the USSR and all the satellite countries. I shall confine myself to the Russian variety.

First of all, it must be understood that every chess match in Russia is a symbolic struggle between that nation and its supposed enemies. So the white pieces always represent the forces of the Soviet Union, while the black pieces represent the forces of its foes. For example, the White Pawns are invariably known as Heroic Workers of the People's Democracy, while the Black Pawns are just as invariably Slaves of Western Capitalistic Imperialism. But, when we rise above the Pawn level, things begin to get a bit more complicated. I shall explain matters as simply as possible.

In traditional chess the most powerful pieces are, of course, the Queens — feminine figures. But the pieces that we call Queens are in Russia considered masculine, and are called Leaders. The White Leader, naturally, is always named Stalin. But the name of the Black Leader varies. For some years the Black Leader was called Trotsky; later he was Hitler; now he is Harry S. Truman. In the same way, the labels attached to the other leading black pieces change with shifts in the political and international situation. And, interestingly enough, so do the names of the leading white pieces.

The piece that we call the White King is in Russia the Commissar (or Minister) for Foreign Affairs; but the actual name of the piece does not remain the same. It was once Litvinov — but that cognomen would no longer be recognized in a Russian chess club. The pieces that we call White Bishops and Knights are, in Russia, named after members of the Politburo, and were once also named after famous old Bolsheviks. But the latter practice has been discontinued since the great purges. During one Moscow tournament, held while these purges were in progress, it was often necessary to change the name of a White Bishop or Knight in the middle of a match. Our Castles are known to the Russians as Generals or Marshals; and in this case, too, the names come and go. I can remember, for instance, when Timoshenko was a mighty piece on the Soviet chessboard; and I can also remember when he was swept abruptly from the board.

There is a lot more to Russian chess than these brief notes would indicate, but they may serve to convey some idea of the language of the game as it is being played behind the Iron Curtain. And if anyone protests that the sudden shifts in nomenclature must prove bewildering, let him reflect that they are hardly calculated to bewilder the disciplined pawns of the great White Leader.

[Mr. Redman has failed to mention the fact that, at the conclusion of every game in which Black is the winner, Black is officially declared to be White, and White to be Black.

THE EDITORS]

THOMAS MANN'S AFFILIATIONS

Dr. Mann Objects

In his article, "Thomas Mann's Left Hand" (the *Freeman*, March 26), Mr. Eugene Tillinger succeeds in proving two things only: 1) His total lack of interest in and utter ignorance of public affairs in this country (or, if he prefers, his utter dishonesty in claiming such ignorance); and 2) his uncanny familiarity, instead, with the writings of the Comintern of which he is not only an avid reader but also a blindly trusting student.

As for 1), Mr. Tillinger assaults me as a backer of the American Peace Crusade, six weeks after the UP announced my withdrawal from that organization. "With amazing consistency," he also says, "he [Thomas Mann] continues to back every Stalinist organization that carries the word 'peace' in it." This sentence, too, appears in the *Freeman* of March 26 (though it may have been printed as "early" as on March 12) in spite of the fact that on February 12 I publicly stated that I would not henceforth participate in any group activities whatsoever. There follows a reference by your contributor to "a series of lectures" which, he alleges, I delivered last summer "in his [my] native German . . ." — behind America's back, as it were. Mr. Tillinger does not know, then, that this address (there was only one) was initially given in English to thousands of Americans jamming the University of Chicago's huge Rockefeller Chapel. Nor is he aware of the fact that it was the Centennial issue of *Harper's Magazine* (October 1950) where I chose cowardly to hide my lecture in print.

As for 2), your witch-hunter's religious faith in his "witches" prompts him in effect to accuse me of having lied on two recent occasions:

a) I publicly denied having signed the so-called Stockholm Peace Declaration, whereas according to Mr. Tillinger — according to the Communists, that is — I did sign that document. His main "evidence" consists of a photostat of the declaration's text (French version) apparently bearing my signature. Originally published by French Communists, this picture is a primitive forgery, as I am able to prove conclusively — though not within the framework of a 600 word rebuttal. Suffice it to state that Mr. Tillinger accepts as fact a childish piece of French Communist propaganda against the solemn word of an American citizen such as myself — a liberal, in truth, of some repute who never in the 75 years of his life has been publicly accused, let alone convicted, of lying.

b) I publicly denied maintaining any relation with the Communist-sponsored Second World Peace Congress, and by doing so "gave the impression" that I had "finally seen the light." "Unfortunately for Mann, however," cries out the bewitched hunter, "there is documentary evidence to the contrary." And again he proceeds to serve his readers a chunk of Communist propaganda. I had refused, in a private letter to Mr. Joliot-Curie, either to attend the Congress or in any way to collaborate with that group. My firm refusal was preceded by a few sentences of formal cordiality, assuring the great French scientist of my "respectful sympathy." His unauthorized attempt to make the most of my refusal by providing *L'Humanité* with the "friendly" part of my private letter may be inexcusable. But what I find despicable is the performance of one who will trust so blindly where he hates so fiercely and who will do so in an effort to smear a man whose integrity at least has never as yet been questioned.

Pacific Palisades, California THOMAS MANN

Mr. Tillinger Replies

Unable to refute my facts or answer my questions, Dr. Mann calls me names and evades my main points. He makes much of the fact that he had resigned from the "American Peace Crusade" before the article appeared. That magazines schedule their articles weeks ahead is apparently unknown to him. He says he stated publicly on February 12 that he "would not henceforth participate in any group activities whatsoever." But does he deny having backed Communist-inspired "peace" organizations? According to official government documents, he has been affiliated with from 11 to 20 Communist fronts. Has he officially resigned from these Stalinist groups or publicly expressed regret that he ever sponsored them?

In my article I wrote: "In a series of lectures delivered last summer . . . in Zurich, Stockholm and other European cities, *as well as in New York City*, Thomas Mann proclaimed 'humanistic communism' as his answer to the world's ills." Why does he read into my words the implication that he spoke "behind America's back"?

Dr. Mann says he "publicly denied having signed the so-called Stockholm peace declaration." In his interview with Claude Morgan in *Les Lettres Françaises* (May 18, 1950), he was quoted as saying: "I signed the Stockholm Appeal because I support every movement whose goal is to further peace." The Communist press gave this interview a tremendous build-up. At the same time the Communists reproduced the photostat of the Appeal, with Mann's signature, not only in Europe but also in the New York *Daily Worker*.

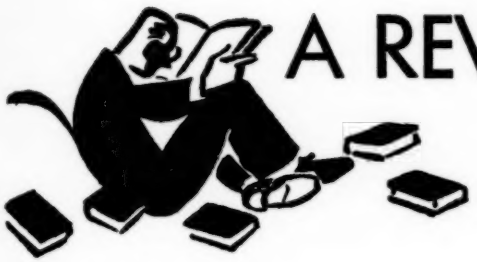
Five and a half months later, on October 31, 1950, Mann denied to the AP having signed the Appeal, but did not refer to his allegedly forged signature. In *Aufbau*, April 13, 1951, he conceded that the photostat had been known to him for some time, but said he had not thought it interesting enough to look into. He must have known that his silence gave the Communists an opportunity to use his signature for a propaganda campaign throughout Europe. Would he, I wonder, have ignored a similar misuse of his name by Dr. Joseph Goebbels?

Dr. Mann states that in his letter to Joliot-Curie (whose authenticity he does not deny) his refusal to participate in the second (Communist) World Peace Congress was preceded by a formal expression of "respectful sympathy." He appears to forget that he also expressed his sympathy and respect for Joliot-Curie's co-workers of the "Partisans of Peace," whose activities were branded by the State Department as "the most concentrated and far-flung propaganda effort of the international Communist movement in the postwar period."

In conclusion I may quote from an editorial published on October 12, 1949 by the *Neue Zeitung* (Munich), official organ of the U. S. High Commission in Germany:

> . . . Thomas Mann presents us with the spectacle of a man who can no longer see reality, who abandons the truth, because he has become the prisoner of his ego. We agree with Thomas Mann: he is not a fellow-traveler, he already belongs in a more dangerous category.

New York City EUGENE TILLINGER



A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The other day a friend of mine, president of a small Vermont college, chose to twit me about the policies of the *Freeman*. "You say you are for freedom, for libertarian economics," he said, "but the articles you print seem to be in favor of freedom for the big fellows. Why don't you do something for small business?"

The answer is that the *Freeman* fights the battle for small business every fortnight. It does it by opposing the growth of the Welfare State. If my friend doesn't believe there is any necessary connection between the decline of small business and the growth of State Welfarism (or, for that matter, between the shrinkage of college endowment funds and the steep increase in progressive taxation), I would counsel him to read Jules Abels's "The Welfare State: A Mortgage on America's Future" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $3). For here, in almost mathematical demonstration, is the proof that State Welfarism wins its illusory victories by transforming an expanding economy into an expending economy. It dries up the sources of growth, stealing from the future for the sake of the present. And at some point in its hectic development it even begins to eat up the capital plant that exists already; under Welfare State taxation and inflation, businessmen find it increasingly difficult to set aside proper reserves for depreciation.

Mr. Abels takes it as axiomatic that the only way to raise the standard of living in a nation is to increase the capital invested per wage earner employed. It follows from this that true welfare (as opposed to tax-supported State welfare) is a function of the investment process. But the Welfare State, as it increases the scope of its politically motivated charities, leaves less and less money for investment. Prior to the Korean War the American labor force was growing at a rate of between 600,000 and a million a year. Since it takes $10,000 of investment capital to make a job for a new worker, this means that the American economy needs at least six billions in new risk capital every twelve months. But this is only part of the story, for industry has constantly to replace obsolescent machinery, and the depreciation allowances of the past can not come anywhere near paying the bills for renewal of equipment in the highly inflated present. Again, if the productivity of industry goes up by two per cent each year, this means that presently employed workers inevitably tend to become victims of technological unemployment. To re-employ these "released" workers means more new jobs at $10,000 investment per worker.

With these facts in mind it is easy to grasp the relevance of Mr. Abels's slogan: "Expand or die!" But who is to do the expanding? Can new enterprisers, the small businessmen who are the hallowed heroes of American tradition, get the capital to create new jobs? As long as Welfare State taxation methods persist, the answer is "No."

Mr. Abels explains it all in a sprightly chapter called "The Man Who Made the Better Widget." He introduces us to Mr. Hugo Jones, a bright fellow who has invented and patented a better widget than those produced by Super-Widget and Mighty-Widget. Jones needs $50,000 capital to launch the Jones Widget. He goes to his local bank, but since he has no security to offer, the bank turns him down. He then turns to Cousin Ernest, who is an official in an investment banking firm. But investment firms don't take issues for small items that can not count on hitting the popular imagination. So Jones has no choice left other than to scout around among individuals. His good friend Brown, who is living in retirement on a large savings fund, won't take a chance on the widget; he insists on sticking to blue chip stocks that bring both high earnings and liquidity. Friend Bell, who boasts an income of $50,000 a year, is no better than Brown. Says Bell to Jones: "If I put up $25,000, half your capital, I ought to get $2,500. But let's see what happens after Mr. Whiskers takes his cut. First, you pay a 25 per cent corporation tax on the $5,000 profit. That drops my share down to $1,875. Then I have to pay a personal income tax in the 75 per cent bracket. That leaves me only $468. So I haven't got a return of ten per cent; I've got a return of 1.9 per cent. Furthermore, this is assuming that you distribute all your profit in dividends. But, of course, with a new company you'd have to retain most of it for working capital and expansion, and I wouldn't get even the 1.9 per cent. You'll have to agree that the Jones Widget looks to me like mighty small pickings."

A pertinacious fellow, Jones goes on to solicit aid from his friend Howard. But Howard doesn't want to risk a capital loss of $25,000 when the government limits capital loss deductions to $1,000 a year for five years. As for Kline, another one of Jones's moneyed friends, he prefers to put his capital into tax-free municipal bonds which he buys on margin.

Jones finally gets the money to start his widget business when his Aunt Letitia dies, leaving him $50,000 after taxes. But the Welfare State isn't through with him. It taxes his company profits, it taxes his personal income, it raises his labor costs, it inflates the price of his raw materials, and it taxes his "inventory profits" at a time when he needs those very profits merely to renew his inventory. In the end Jones is forced to sell out to his big competitor, Super-Widget. As Mr. Abels says, "mergeritis" is the big disease of the Welfare State. And the result of "mergeritis" is, of course, to encourage Monopoly.

My Vermont college president friend is a bright fellow and ought to be able to see that the whole drift of the Fair Deal is to choke American industry at its growing points. He ought also to be able to see that American education is going to have more and more difficulty in raising endowment money as Welfare State taxation grows. The result of Fair Deal policies is to compel both business and education to turn to government for funds. But government has no substance apart from what it can get from its citizens, either by taxing them or by stealing from them through inflating the currency.

Mr. Abels ends his book on the Welfare State by reminding us sarcastically of the fate of Rome in the time of Diocletian, when there were "more recipients of government largesse than there were taxpayers." As Mr. Abels says, "The orgy of [Roman] spending consumed the capital of the commonwealth. All business fell under the control of monopolies owned directly or indirectly by the Emperor and milked dry of their profits so that opportunities for expansion were stifled. Poverty keeping step with increasingly reckless government spending marked the decline of the greatest empire of all time."

Unless people like my Vermont college president friend can see what is being done to us under the shibboleths of "liberalism," the day of our own Diocletian is not far distant. Can books like Mr. Abels's "The Welfare State" reverse the swift-running current? I would like to believe it, but my fingers are crossed. The Word seems a feeble weapon these days.

THE SAFETY OF EUROPE

Defence of the West, by B. H. Liddell Hart. *New York: Morrow. $4.00*

Great Britain is, after the United States, the leading member of the North Atlantic Alliance. Its best and most widely known military critic and writer is Captain Liddell Hart. His latest book, "Defence of the West," covers the North Atlantic Allies, and expounds British views. It comes just at the time when the war in Korea, and developments therefrom, aptly illustrate some very practical problems which he describes.

There will be no argument over the assertion that in case of war in Europe, Russian armies could overwhelm the puny Occupation Forces in West Germany. Also, that despite reinforcements en route and promised, this condition is likely to continue at least through 1951.

Sending additional divisions into West Germany where they would be close to the Russian frontier violates an elementary principle of strategy. This was expressed by Napoleon (his Maxim 24) thus:

> It should never be forgotten that cantonments should be established at the point most distant and best protected from the enemy, especially if the enemy may appear unexpectedly. The entire army should assemble before the enemy can attack.

In World War II the Allies followed this principle. They concentrated their troops in England, which was a safe and distant point, until they were superior in strength to the opposing Germans. Not until then were they launched into Normandy.

West Germany is as close to the present greatly superior Russian forces as it is possible to be during peace. There is no obstacle against a Russian advance across the open plains of Germany. According to Liddell Hart, this acknowledged disadvantage is to be annulled by the combined British-American Air Forces concentrated in the British Isles. In a quoted debate in the House of Lords, the opinion was expressed that not even two million Russians could advance through Germany without being stopped by the Royal Air Force backed by the American Air Force.

Liddell Hart is undoubtedly in error here. For in Korea the strong American Air Force, unopposed in the air, was unable to stop the troops of a fourth class satellite. How could it stop a vastly greater number of Russians in Germany where there certainly would be strong Russian air opposition?

Germans have had considerable experience with both Allied and Russian Air Forces. They have no confidence in the ability of the combined British-American Air Forces alone, or with the aid of minor ground forces, to stop a Russian invasion. They are not willing to rearm unless the North Atlantic Allies first provide a sufficient force at some safe and distant point which can then be moved into Germany and cover their frontier. In that case they would rearm.

American use of the atom bomb, or its contemplated use, is of extraordinary concern to the European. Liddell Hart explains why this is so, and why France and Great Britain strongly object to the use of the bomb except for the protection of Europe. Europe does not believe that it would be practicable for Russia to drop bombs on American cities. But if the United States should use the bomb anywhere in the world, Russia would retaliate by doing the same in western Europe, which she can bomb. Against such an attack western Europe has no defense.

This explains why, when President Truman on November 30, 1950, mentioned the atom bomb in connection with the war in Korea, Prime Minister Attlee within hours decided to fly to Washington. Europe does want the United States to stock-pile atom bombs, but demands that they be never employed except with European consent. We signed the North Atlantic Alliance, thus undoubtedly binding ourselves to defend western Europe should it be attacked. The Europeans represent that the United States has no right to undertake adventures in distant places outside of the North Atlantic area. We should concentrate our available forces and atom bombs in western Europe. The implied threat is that if we don't do it, they will depart from the Alliance.

Regardless of what may be thought about abandoning American interests, friends and promises in the Orient, as these lines are written Washington appears to have accepted the European demand. To obtain troops for western Europe we are leaving Korea and our old friend Chiang Kai-shek to their fate.

Other interesting problems are discussed by Liddell Hart. The greatest value of his book to the American reader is its explanation of the British point of view. This has not always been, and is not now, the same as ours. The tendency in this country has been to assume that nothing can be better than American plans and methods. Such a narrow idea has led us into trouble. It has resulted in the United States being confronted by international

complications and wars which had not been previously investigated and planned.

"Defence of the West" is well and entertainingly written. There is no dull section in it. It is non-technical; contains no statistical tables, charts or maps; does have an index. It is recommended reading for students of international affairs.

CONRAD H. LANZA

UP BY ITS SPATS

The Lusty Texans of Dallas, by John William Rogers. *New York: Dutton. $4.50*

The City of Dallas, with a bit more glitter than other places in Texas, considers itself a sort of diamond in the rough. To the west sprawl the cattlelands, where men are supposed to be far enough on the rough-hewn side to saucer and blow their coffee; to the east and the south and in the general direction of the four winds are the oil fields where the roughnecks, the roustabouts and the toolpushers labor and sweat and enjoy a society and language all their own. And scattered about are the cotton patches, the truck-stop cafés and the somnolent little towns.

Austin, the capital, has the politics; San Antonio has the Alamo and some hot Spanish blood, and Houston, the unlimbering giant on the Gulf Coast, has Jesse Jones, Glenn McCarthy and social and cultural ambitions not yet realized, although it has commenced having book fairs and writers' conferences.

But Dallas has a lifted eyebrow. It is a fashion center, and it has as many musicals, bearded lecturers and big-time shows as New York or Boston. It is one of the best retail book markets in the land, and its financial district reminds one of Wall Street and the rows of somber trust institutions in Philadelphia.

The rest of the Lone Star State considers itself more Texan than Dallas, but Big D fancies itself more dyed-in-the-silk Texan than any other place in the once independent republic.

Mr. Rogers has caught the spirit and the proud heartbeat of the city in his book, and, with deft skill, he has woven in a broad piece of the Texas fabric. The book contains more about Dallas than the average reader wants to know; it pictures so much of the minutiae of life that one is apt to finish the story with an inner feeling that he has been in Dallas on a particularly heavy washday. Mr. Rogers, journalist, bookman, playwright, is a Dallas native, and perhaps it is a bit remarkable that he still lives there and holds his job on the *Times Herald* after writing so frankly about the bigwigs and the littlewigs of his town.

Like "The Proper Bostonians," "Memphis Down In Dixie" and some of the others in the Society In America Series, the book is a thorough and entertaining story. Mr. Rogers's humor — and there is exceptionally effective use of anecdotes — is more on the pianissimo side than that found in the average Texas book. Maybe one should say the humor is on the "Dallas" side.

Despite its cultural cut-ups, Dallas looks with affectionate eyes on its hard-muscled past. On the east shore of the Trinity River between Commerce and Main streets stands a little log cabin, and it receives the most loving care. It was the first structure in Dallas, the hand-made home of John Neely Bryan, who was the town's initial resident back in 1841. Starting with the erection of this crude cabin, Mr. Rogers tells the whole story of Dallas, its hardships, its good fortune, its driving spirit. Although the chapter arrangement is something on the order of a topical outline, the story is not boring; it goes smoothly from past to present and back again to pick up the narrative thread; the book has a strong story sense. The job of organization and writing is a superb one.

Dallas people, from society matron and banker to desperado, walk and talk through the story as living beings. The author hasn't soft-pedaled any part of his city's many phases of life. In the early days, Dallas had such notable citizens as Sam Bass, the Hoosier lad who just loved robbing trains, and Belle Starr, a bandit woman of cold villainy. In later years, Clyde Barrow, his gun-moll, Bonnie Parker, and their thug friend, Raymond Hamilton, grew up in Dallas and terrorized the Southwest for years. They are in the book, along with the theater mogul, the symphony conductor, the director of the State Fair, the *Morning News* and a girl who has done a remarkable job with a book store.

"The Lusty Texans of Dallas" is not a typically Texan book — not by any means, pardner. It is a Dallas book. You see very few big hats and high-heeled boots; you do not get even a whiff of saddle leather; you hear no six-gun shots. But you do get a good and interesting picture of a city that has pulled itself up by its spats and calls a fiddle a violin.

LEWIS NORDYKE

THE ZANY CLERGYMAN

Nones, by W. H. Auden. *New York: Random. $2.50*

Christopher Isherwood, in his semi-autobiographical "Lions and Shadows," tells us that Auden's favorite college caper was the impersonation of a lunatic clergyman. And Auden himself, in this new volume of poems, in which the time is no longer noon but three o'clock in the afternoon and getting on towards evening (nones are the prayers said at the ninth hour, or three o'clock), writes of two English cyclists who stopped pedaling and went for a stroll, and the younger,

> To amuse his friend gave an imitation
> Of a clergyman with cleft palate.

Auden's considerable gifts, of a purity greater than others of his "circle," are chiefly satirical. His ability to invoke with wry laconicisms his exaggerated case histories and his consequent admonitions to "show an affirming flame" are brought off with a deft, slant mockery of heroic tone that formed a new contemporary style. When the actually cruel imitation of the crazy clergyman (a frustrated saint who can never get up to the rarefied air but shakes and rattles as if with palsy) is suborned for purposes of art, the rhythmic violence becomes the secret of the poetic "form." When unsuccessful, Auden becomes the clergyman with a straight face and mocks himself with a didactic and hortatory tract.

In this new book which seems made up of occasional pieces, afterthoughts of a style thoroughly worked through, the tendency is towards stricter control, ruthless revision and almost total exclusion of the old magical evocation of the unexpected but exact phrase. Despite

the old amazing brilliant facility, there is a feeling of desultory improvisation and casting about for a new style. With middle age coming on, perhaps the zany clergyman will be wrapped and tenderly tucked in the trunk with other party masks and disguises.

NEIL WEISS

MR. LUCE'S COSMORAMA

Life's Picture History of World War II. *New York: Simon and Schuster. $10.00*

About a hundred years ago, in 1849, to be exact, an ingenious Yankee named Henry Lewin uncoiled the largest picture ever made. It was 3975 feet long, wound on huge wooden rollers, and while his assistants cranked this contraption vigorously, so that what the customers saw was an endless belt of art moving across the stage at the rate of 20 feet a minute, Henry Lewin stood with a pointer in his hand and lectured about life on the Mississippi, or the U. S. at peace. The show took about three-and-a-half hours and left no doubt in anybody's mind that this is a big country. Smaller operators than Lewin (fellows with 1000 or 1500-foot pictures) had to content themselves with livelier subjects, such as the exodus of the Jews, the biblical bombing of Sodom and Gomorrah, the burning of Moscow — violent canvases which could be cranked more slowly and yet produce the effect of a big experience.

"*Life's* Picture History of World War II" is still bigger than any of those old cosmoramas, although you can buy it in a store and lug it home. The pictures are actually cramped to fit the book. One must examine the pages that have been blown up to the size of photomurals and have been hanging in the waiting room of Time and Life Building at Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, to get an idea of the proper scale for the presentation of most of these photographs. The vast burnings, the bombings, the exodus are here, seen impressively from great distances outlined by fire at the base and smoke billowing to heaven; there is plenty of heaven in *Life's* view of the war because there must be room for airplanes, flak-bursts and finally the atom bomb. The book ends with a two-page spread of the atomic explosion at Bikini in 1946 which is completely up in the air, just clouds and not a single human being.

One can understand how Henry Lewin's successor (described as a "task force" of eight, with thirteen assistants) arrived at this conclusion by studying the first picture, a photograph that is as full of people as the last one is empty. It is a view of a Nazi military rally taken from the rear; the soldiers, in full war kit, stand in dense formation facing three gigantic swastika banners so high that the tops have been cropped off, yet they dominate the scene. Presumably Hitler is there too, screaming into a microphone, but all we can see beside those banners are thousands of packs and pot helmets. It is a picture of a faceless horde. The text by John Dos Passos on the opposite page merely says:

> From Germany we heard Hitler's shrill hysterical voice as he put the methods the Fascists and Communists had invented for molding and moving masses of men to work to gear the military aptitudes of the German people into one of the bloodiest tyrannies that ever afflicted mankind.

True enough, but that's not what the picture editors had in mind, and they saw more deeply: this is a photograph of the underside of the apocalyptic explosion that finishes the book. What they seem to be saying, dumbly, is that *if you begin with men without faces you end in a world without men.*

There's the unspoken theme of Henry Luce's military cosmorama. The rest of it is technique, wonderful stuff, a thousand pictures at a penny apiece; a triumph of photographic reporting, group journalism, collective editorship and book production, interleaved with about 75,000 words of informative writing. The writing is deliberately laid out on three levels: captions, part-page text and full-page text; and the intention of all those words is to combine the "authority of history" with the "vividness of the camera." That intention is successfully accomplished, but the editors were compelled also to hire squads of artists to paint big battle pictures in which the visual facts are arranged just as deliberately. We used to laugh at the historical paintings of the nineteenth century, and, indeed, most of them are now stored in the cellars of museums; but here is the same thing all over again.

The paintings suddenly appear after the fall of Poland, Holland, Belgium and France. When we arrive at Dunquerque, the culminating point of the early part of the book, three vast canvases are unveiled in color: first a view of the beach, then of the harbor swarming with boats of all sizes, and finally there is a panorama of the outer Channel. No camera eye, apparently, could record the setting of Winston Churchill's words on that occasion, as they are given in the text:

> We shall go on to the end . . . we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender.

But the camera comes into its own once more in reporting the Battle of Britain, of Yugoslavia, of Greece, of Crete and finally the gruelling stalemate of the siege of Malta where, supplemented by text and caption, it states the plain facts of war. The holocaust of London is reduced to a human scale and made comprehensible by the faces of the people who lived through it, and there is one photograph of the rescue of a woman from the basement of her collapsed home after 18 hours of digging (page 43) which tells more of the story than the text.

Indeed, the text falls down very badly at this point because of a certain timidity of the editors, perhaps, when venturing to generalize for millions of readers. "Of all the fallacies of World War II," they say, "the most widely held was this: people would give up if their relatives were killed and their homes destroyed. It turned out that most people (on both sides of the fight) . . . could take it." Well, why not? The organization of a community is built into the spot of earth on which it lives; shelter, communications, transport are laid out in stone and steel and concrete; the social order of a city has an actual skeleton to which its people are fastened as muscle to bone, and unless all this is leveled to the flatness of a bare field the citizens will hang on, helping each other as much as they can. An army, on the other hand, functions in the open country, moves over it in fact, and has to improvise communications as it marches along. Its supply lines as well as its chain of command

are exposed, and when these threads are out it dissolves into a lump of dislocated mass, a mob in uniform. Ignorance of the difference between a community and an army leads the editors to comment (page 90) on a photograph captioned *After a Panic a Tunnel Shelter Yielded 4000 Trampled Bodies* that "Chunkging could take it." Of course, but where else had Chungking to go? And in still other places the humble reality of the war eludes *Life's* editors; they are so busy beating the big drum of history.

The next burst of historical painting opens with the Nazi invasion of Russia, then there are a half dozen scenes of tremendous carnage in the Pacific of which one (the Japanese aircraft carrier "Shoho" burning in her own oil) is as lurid as anything ever displayed in Madame Tussaud's waxworks museum; then there is a series on the war in the Pacific jungles, followed by two groups on the war in the air over Europe. The land fighting in Europe is then pictured in three groups of paintings: the Normandy invasion, the breakthrough which preceded the invasion of Germany, and the Nazi retreat from Russia. Among these paintings, which touch up the high points of the narrative, the photographs are set down by the hundred. They are beyond praise, and in a manner of speaking beyond evaluation too: this is the war. It shook the sky as well as the earth, it cost innumerable lives, and it adds up to what?

Life's answer, as we have said, is a double-page color spread of an atom bomb explosion which shows not a single human being.

ASHER BRYNES

THE TRUE NIETZSCHE

Nietzsche, by Walter A. Kaufmann. *Princeton: Princeton University Press. $6.00*

Friedrich Nietzsche, the Bacchic philosopher of energy and dark sayings, has been more garbled than any other great modern thinker. It has been common to revile him as the proto-Nazi, an anti-Semite and a statist. In a period of mounting anti-Semitism, in which a dying world must find some helpless minority people as the usual ritual bull to dismember, it is very important to understand Nietzsche. Was this seer, who had such a deep influence upon romantic natures like Georg Brandes, Thomas Mann and Emma Goldman, a muscle-and-war Wotan or Thor, playing, long after his death, the Jew-baiting satyr in a *Walpurgisnacht* that has by no means ended? The answer is "no." Nietzsche's works must be taken out of villainous hands, and Mr. Kaufmann, the author of this book, has performed a considerable service in this respect alone. His "Nietzsche" should relieve many troubled admirers of "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

Nietzsche's brief, but torn, life can be divided into three parts. At twenty-four years of age he was a brilliant philology professor at the University of Basel. But with no mind to be a college philosopher, he wrote a heterodoxical book on aesthetics, "The Birth of Tragedy" (1872). He had the greatest reverence for Greek learning and already considered himself a Socratic nature. After ten years as a lecturer, he resigned because of ill health. He left the university for the same reasons that he relinquished his enthusiastic friendship with Richard Wagner — soul-sickness. Nietzsche, who had said that his own youth would have been unendurable without Wagner's music, had such an aversion for the composer in the role of the Teutonic thinker that he could no longer go to his home. Whenever Richard or Cosima Wagner sent him an invitation, he got migraine headaches and even vomited. This anti-Wagner phase was the beginning of the second part of the life of this Alpine mountain sage who wanted to be twenty thousand leagues above humanity, Junker mankind in particular.

But the most significant portion of Nietzsche's life is the third, that of his madness, for it was at this time that he became famous, and oh, what infamy there is in fame, especially Nietzsche's! Up till the time of his insanity, he had been basely neglected; so little heed was paid to the first three sections of "Zarathustra" that he considered it futile to write or to print the last part. Then a terrible irony occurred. Nietzsche became known through his sister, Frau Forster, who had married in 1885 Dr. Bernard Forster, organizer of an anti-Semitic colony in Paraguay called Germania Nueva!

This marriage agitated Nietzsche a good deal and gave him those queasy feelings that often tell people much more than their minds do. Dr. Forster had already been involved in some unsavory street-car incidents in which Jews were roughly handled. Forster was one of those typical, unlearned Herr Doktors with which Germany and our own land are so unhappily glutted. Despite all the babble about German culture, Nietzsche had written that after the death of Goethe there were no more than three gifted writers in the country, Schopenhauer, Heine and Lessing, to whom he added a fourth, Nietzsche. Lessing, a beautiful nature and the author of one of the most noble books of criticism, "The Laocoon," had said more or less the same things about German poetry and civilization. It must be remembered that Lessing's friendship for Moses Mendelssohn, the Jewish philosopher, was considered an act of social courage; and that Heinrich Heine had found the German professional and writing classes so hostile that he lived almost all of his life as an exile in Paris. What Hitler later regarded as Jewish corrosive wit, the Heinesque doubt, was just as abhorrent to the average academic in Heine's time. Dante, one of the greatest of the world's believers, had written: "I love to doubt as well as to know."

We see, then, how sterile were the educated classes in Germany, and also how pessimistic; for otherwise how could so negligible a population of Jews as there were in Germany be regarded as a menace to the nation? The German fear of a few hundred thousand Jews was the expression of a gross professional mind incapable of intellectual appetite or vision.

In 1870 anti-Semitism was officially organized in Germany, so that the period was ripe for the Wagnerian propaganda which Dr. Forster was peddling. This educated poltroon did not even have a first-hand knowledge of Wagner's fustian intellectual goods or of the composer's militant vegetarianism, which Hitler later adopted to show the German people how to be content on a Third Reich vegetable plate. Then there was Wagner's dreamy idealism of the anti-vivisectionist that had a remarkable appeal for the Forsters as well as for the sinewy Siegfried anti-Semite. (Both Wagner and Hitler were themselves very small and droll Siegfrieds.)

Germania Nueva in Paraguay soon collapsed. The

colonists accused the Forsters of swindling them, and Forster took his own life. The widow returned to Germany to take care of her stricken brother. Mr. Kaufmann writes: "The tragedy was played out . . . and a satyr play followed."

Nietzsche had watched from a distance Wagner's efforts to establish Bayreuth as the Holy City of anti-Semites; this attempt to elevate Bayreuth Nietzsche called "cultural philistinism." He had criticized Kant because he "clung to the university, submitted to governments"; he had condemned Hegel for writing, "The State is the actuality of the ethical ideal"; and he had the sharpest contempt for the serving-maid in Luther, who had said: "If they take from us body, goods, honor, child, and wife: let it go — the Reich yet remains to us!" He denounced race politics, another word for Jew-baiting, calling himself a "good European," an "anti-anti-Semite," and he showed the plainest abomination for what he called the "extirpation of the German spirit in favor of the German Reich." In a letter to Overbeck he said ". . . there is a special anti-Semitic interpretation of ["Zarathustra"] which makes me laugh very much." Nothing helped; the anti-Jewish *Parteigenossen* presented him to the public as a Teuton *Politiker*.

It had been a great sacrifice for Nietzsche to relinquish Wagner's friendship. In "Zarathustra" he wrote: "What does he know of love who did not have to despise just what he loved!" He had loved Wagner and had a secret, Dionysiac passion for Cosima Wagner, the illegitimate daughter of Franz Liszt. He was a very lonely genius and not particularly lucky with women. There was a Fraulein Lou Salome, a disciple of his thinking; he hoped she would become his wife. She later wrote a book about him instead, marrying another author of much less artistic worth than Nietzsche.

The migraine headaches worsened despite the invigorating Alpine walks. This sick man was an apostle of health, and a mountain-mind climbing is characteristic of all his remarkable books. By 1889 the poor mind was broken to pieces; Nietzsche was living in that grubby factory city, Turin, in hilly Piedmont, when he had his first fit of madness. Cesare Lombroso, author of "Genius and Insanity," was living in Turin at the time of Nietzsche's collapse. Nietzsche saw a rough coachman flogging a horse, and he fell, his arms flung around the horse's neck! He was taken to the clinic at Jena and then removed to the asylum for the insane.

Mr. Kaufmann writes that Frau Forster had gained exclusive right to all of her helpless brother's works; and here the comedy and the de luxe fraud begin. What intellect had Frau Forster for her noble task? Mr. Kaufmann tells us that she asked Rudolf Steiner, a Goethe scholar, "for lessons in her brother's doctrine." She published almost every year his "collected works," suppressing anti-teutonic maxims or epigrams; finally she patched together thousands of random and disparate jottings and scribblings and issued them under the misleading title of "The Will to Power."

Charlatans had always gathered around Nietzsche, causing people to ask whether he was not himself a quacksalver as well as homosexual. There was Doctor Schuler who promised to cure the insane Nietzsche through a Corybantic male dance; Schuler had looked up ancient texts to find the suitable armor the youths should wear in the cultic dance which was to heal the great, hurt mind.

The madness made many query Nietzsche's worth. But the sages that have had the profoundest influence upon our age have been deformed or crazy or tubercular; paradoxically, their work has had enormous intellectual force and sanity. Kierkegaard was crippled; Holderlin, the German mystic poet, was mad; Schiller was consumptive, and our own Randolph Bourne was a miserable little hunchback.

What does Nietzsche teach? There are more parables crannied in that eagle's eyrie than can be put down in this essay. In an age of desperado inertia, weak in character, he shows us that in great willing is art and morality. What is important is to ascend the moral mountains, and though we roll down each time from the summit like the Sisyphean rock, it is our will to return that is Vision. Or to speak after the manner of Zarathustra, let us say, "It is my striving that is my Temptation!"

We have made language so common that we have ceased to be symbolic readers. Unless we examine the total mind of the poet as his text we shall misinterpret Blake or Shakespeare just as foolishly as Nietzsche has been distorted. Any one giving the following line out of Blake's "Marriage of Heaven and Hell" a political rather than a symbolic meaning is just churlish and supine: "One law for the lion and the ox is Oppression." In Blake the lion means intellectual health, and not a ravening beast as it does in Dante.

Much credit should be given to Mr. Kaufmann for this book, for it seems that our task today is to save our seers from the disgrace the mediocre heart would heap upon them. Nietzsche paid very dearly for the ideas that he has bequeathed to us. It may be that the solitude he required for his apothegms drove him mad; perhaps he went insane, as Socrates took the hemlock, to perpetuate his ideas. Miserable irony, for now the world rejects Nietzsche because he was mad! No matter, he was a monarch of the spirit, and if we ourselves are creative, moral and symbolic readers, we can find in every book that Nietzsche wrote the hard, mountain stuff for our wills. The great Goethe said, "Who overcomes himself, his freedom finds."

EDWARD DAHLBERG

SANDBURG'S PEOPLE

Complete Poems, by Carl Sandburg. *New York: Harcourt, Brace. $6.00*

Reading Sandburg's collected poetry is like reading a contemporary cultural history of the United States, with sectional overtones and stresses, with period-pieces marking off points of literary, social and "folk" mannerisms. For in Sandburg we have a complete repository of our folkways; the rich and poor gestures, in a language as ironical and meaningful as American speech can be, when it is allowed full force of expression.

Sandburg came to Chicago and saw the reality of the "Hog Butcher for the World." Like Whitman, almost fifty years earlier, Sandburg rewrote the language of poetry, and hitched it to a rhetoric that is as American as the Mid-West. He has been called a folk-singer and the folk-poet, but that is an over-simplification. It is

difficult to talk of "folk" in the United States, for it is largely a borrowed word, denoting a peasantry. Sandburg's people are mostly modern workers, butchers and packers, trainmen and steel-workers, the Americans of the modern city. His imagery is elementary and contemporary; his theme is the workings of a democracy — the raw blastings of civilization shooting up from the prairies when millions of immigrants came West to settle and build cities. He is the voice, the echo, the dream, the nightmare, the life and death of all this — and he has sung it sentimentally, wildly, angrily, in all its human and inhuman sides.

Sandburg's composite picture is a true one, when a poem is related to truth and not through imagined relationships. It is an amazing experience to reread the early sections, to feel the hot chill, the iron core, the immense language bursting out and holding you.

The tradition of Sandburg is the tradition of Edgar Lee Masters, of a Mencken gone to poetry, a literary line that undertook to examine, in form and inner approach, America growing — coming out from under the English and European stresses and strains we inherited from the nineteenth century. Masters, with psychological incisiveness, saw a pattern of taboos and hypocrisy; he broke certain familial seams to get at the sociological nightmare hidden under the wraps of fear, and "Spoon River" became an earlier Mid-West Kinsey Report, in poetry, of our mores. Sandburg, however, with his Chicago poems, infused the new *Poetry*, a magazine born in Chicago. He gave poetry newness and toughness, qualities certainly lacking today, with so many poets gone queer and effeminate, bastardizing the image, the "emotion," the art itself.

With the sensitiveness of a true poet, Sandburg in his preface quotes the famous Japanese artist, Hokusai, on the process of continuing to perfect one's art. But directly after Hokusai he speaks of Babe Ruth and baseball, with Sandburgian humility. It is the lack of fuss and pretense that endears Sandburg to us, his nonliterariness, whether he is writing about ball-players, criminals or beggarmen. Here he has given us 800 poems, written over a period of 40 years of being natively American, a kind of Yankee in the Mid-West, full of wit and humor. These poems go to the core in compact charges of intense meaning and fullness of tone.

The Communist litterateurs, the propagandists of flim-flam, attempted to capture, via their artificial troubadours, the lingo of Sandburg, while they were people's-fronting. The songs about "democracy" which they turned out, the bogus pageants they created about America, their unsingable "songs" of jabs-in-the-arm protest, were all derived, badly, from Sandburg. You can borrow an artist's tools, his words, but all you have is a second-rate performance, a fabrication of the original. Especially did they take from "The People, Yes." They learned the alphabet of American cities and repeated the names, trying, by dialectical-dallying of place-names, to substitute Moscow for Chicago. Sandburg had been a troubadour, a man who sang songs and played a guitar; but now it is almost impossible to go to Washington Square Park without hearing the distorted echo of fellow-travelers twanging their musicological dialectics, as "folkiness" in song.

Opposed to the clique, political or otherwise, Sandburg wrote of ordinary life. He made it stick in rich cadences and rollicking tones. His poetry had a subject in politics — but it was poetry first, total, on the inside, and not party-tags for propaganda. He paid a fine tribute to Stephen Vincent Benet by saying, "He knew the distinction between pure art and propaganda in the written or spoken word."

At 22, Sandburg went to West Point and was a classmate of MacArthur for a brief two weeks. Failing in arithmetic and grammar, he became a poet instead of a soldier — by his own desired reverses. But he has been a soldier of a special subject — *democracy*, his permanent poem, written with endless newness and variations. He began it in his first book as the keen seeker and sayer, seeing the seamy sides of Chicago; as the poet who saw hell — and not on little cat's feet in a fog, but in the lyric of contemporary images, of life and death in shops and mills. Now he has added up the total picture. The smoke has cleared, the steel has turned us into a huge nation, the sunburnt West is no longer a geological slab, but cities, too, and America has said and done everything in Sandburg's book. His definition of poetry was no abracadabra: "Poetry is an art practiced with the terribly plastic material of human language," and he has used this definition for forty years and seven massive books about people, all people, every occupation — the *lumpen* and the underdog, the whore and the elite. He had a view and a vision; and when his poetry failed, it failed because he was overcome, like Whitman, with the words of a great song. He broke it up, slam-bang, always the artist, in torrents, ribald, riotous and sad. He still writes about liberty:

> Freedom is a habit
> and a coat worn
> some born to wear it
> some never to know it.

He still writes of Longfellow, or his favorite, Lincoln:

> Be sad, be cool, be kind,
> remembering those now dreamdust
> hallowed in the ruts and gullies,
> solemn bones under the smooth blue sea,
> faces warblown in a falling rain.

He is biblical and yet on the stage of the twentieth century, a man of strident cadences, the enemy of artifice, sophistication for its own sake, literary cultism, but aware of atomic fission and breaking it down to fit a poem:

> "Introducing," said the spieler, winking at a shill, "introducing Miss Nuclear Fission, a wild gal in her time and she's gonna be wilder yet, and you notice I don't dare touch her she's that wild."
>
> "Introducing," said the spieler with a cock-eye at a shill, "introducing Mr. Chain Reaction, her pal and dancing partner, a hairy brute, ten billion gorillas in one and when he tickles you, what gives? Nothin — only you die laughin."

This book is a testament to a man who labored and brought forth America as it is. It is a work of art, by a craftsman who did not gild, who wrought steel into our language so that it fused and became us in our image. His faults are small, mostly of exuberance — but his life has been fruitful, creative, compassionate, non-chauvinist — American.

HARRY ROSKOLENKO

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