NATIONAL REVIEW

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Letter from Japan

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Conservatives and the Common Market

JAMES BURNHAM

Tradition is Growth

HUGH KENNER

Articles and Reviews by . . . . . M. K. DZIEWANOWSKI
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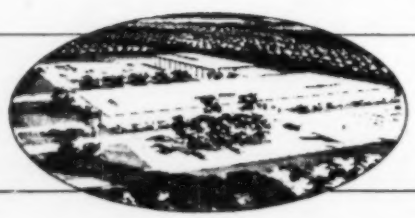

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS
L. Brent Bozell, James Burnham, Willmoore Kendall
Frank S. Meyer, William F. Rickenbacker
MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden

ASSOCIATES
Frank Chodorov, Morrie Ryskind
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: David Franke

CONTRIBUTORS
C. D. Batchelor, Colm Brogan, John Chamberlain, John Abbot Clark, Peter Crumpet, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Joan Didion, Medford Evans, M. Stanton Evans, J. D. Futch, Henry Hazlitt, Aloise B. Heath, Will Herberg, Hugh Kenner, James Jackson Kilpatrick, John D. Kreuttner, Suzanne La Follette, Sir Arnold Lunn, J. B. Matthews, Jonathan Mitchell, Thomas Molnar, Gerhart Niemeyer, Maureen B. O'Reilly, E. Merrill Root, Ralph de Toledano, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS
London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

CIRCULATION MANAGER: Charles J. McHugh
ADVERTISING MANAGER: Michael M. Mooney

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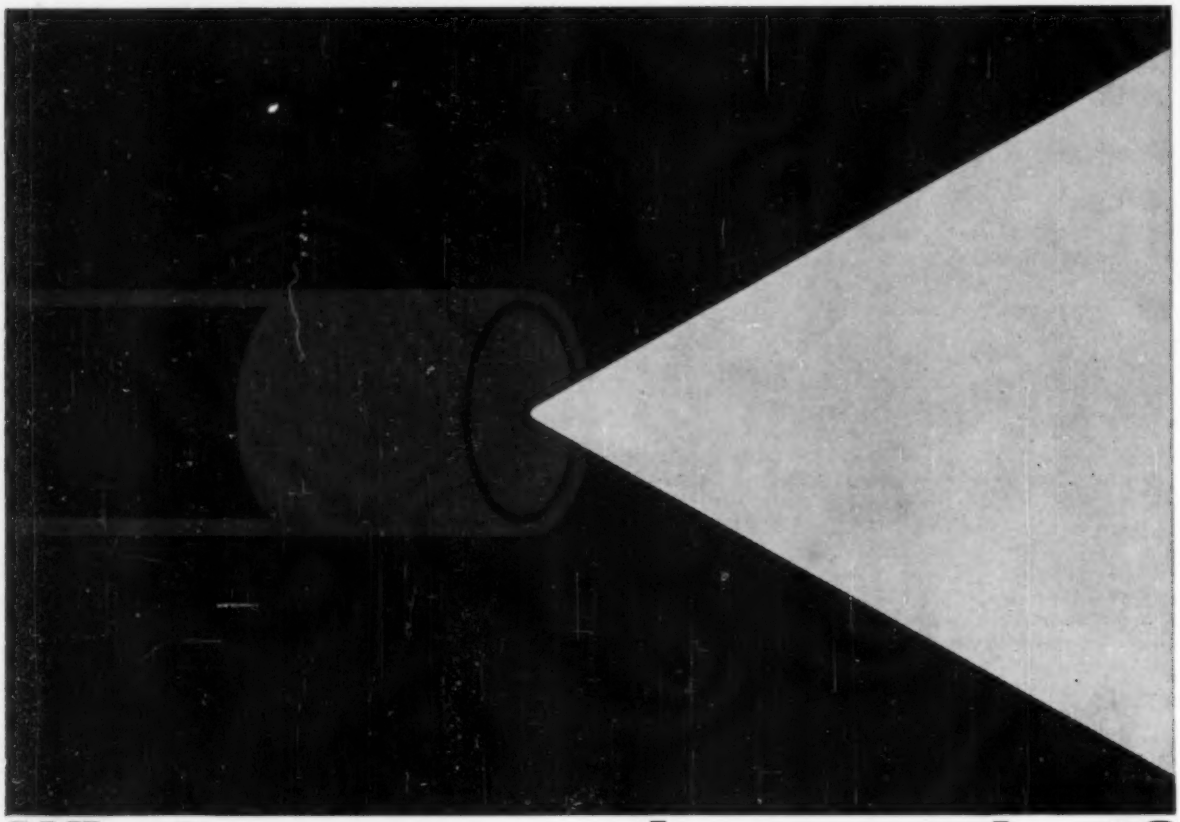
In This Issue . . .

➔ **James Burnham** returns to the vision of an Atlantic Common Market, reviewing the history of "free trade vs. protectionism" in our past, and commenting on the prescriptive suspicions of many conservatives towards the whole notion. . . . **Nathaniel Weyl,** author of *Red Star Over Cuba* (whose principal thesis—that Fidel Castro has been a Communist since about 1956—was last week confirmed by Fidel Castro), went to Rome to participate in Madame Suzanne Labin's world anti-Communist Congress, and tells us what went on, and what must go on before a world anti-Comintern can take effective shape. . . . From the other end of the world, **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** writes an anguished letter from Japan, where he apparently had trouble making himself understood (one would think he'd have felt very much at home!). He is, by the way, en route back from Formosa, which he will write about in the next issue. . . . Another traveler is Professor **M. K. Dziewanowski,** of the department of history and government at Boston College, who was born in Russia and went back there recently, and to other countries in Eastern Europe, and tells, engrossingly, what he saw. Communism-in-Poland is very different from Communism-in-Russia, notwithstanding that the two nations are as one in international affairs. . . . **Medford Evans,** author, teacher, and ideologue-at-large, has addressed a few questions to General Edwin Walker, which we transcribe herewith. Meanwhile, of course, the campaign against General Walker reaches a fever pitch. How much easier it would have been for him if he had, say, defected to the enemy!

➔ Professor **Hugh Kenner** writes in defense of some modern poetry, examining some of the arguments of those who complain of the cult of unintelligibility. He too is opposed to unintelligibility—but his point, made with brilliance and authority, is that certain things that appear unintelligible in fact are not: that serious modern poets are dealing in fresh modes, and that as conservatives we especially have an obligation to recognize that fact for, indeed, Tradition is Growth. . . . **M. Stanton Evans,** the first printing of whose *Revolt on the Campus* is sold out, skillfully analyzes the recent issue of *Harper's* devoted to student life, and considers the solemn Liberal line that students have transfered their attention from thought to action. . . . **Theodore Sturgeon,** the master of sf, analyzes three new books, one of which sounds especially fascinating. . . . **Garry Wills** (who is back in Washington reading Greek poetry, after proving his mettle on the field of the Fourth Estate) compares Ronald Knox's *Enthusiasms* with William James' *Varieties of Religious Experience.* Knox wins. . . . **J. G. Dunne,** of *Time,* tells what Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker* means to him—which is a very great deal.

➔ In the next issue, Messrs. **Forrest Davis** and **Alex Hillman** will write about their great friend, also a great friend of the Republic, Styles Bridges, RIP. ➔



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The WEEK

● Famous American slogans as reworked by columnist Richard Starnes for a period when "any one who utters the words 'total victory' is automatically certifiable as a right-wing crazy."

—We have met the enemy and they are human beings just like us!

—Fifty-four forty, or an appropriate compromise!

—Don't give up the ship without negotiations!

—Forget the Alamo!

—Give me liberty, or give me a suitable modus vivendi!

—I shall return, maybe!

● Secretary of the Interior Stewart ("Ticket-Agent") Udall, snooping around for land to grab, plopped down in a helicopter on the ranch of Carl Bellinger near Westmoreland, Kansas. Bellinger said he was trespassing and told him to get off his land. "It's too bad," said Udall later, "that when a member of the President's Cabinet tries to take a walk on a hill he is told to get off, but the National Park will remedy that." Since taking office, Mr. Udall has been thrown out of a few places for being dressed like a bum. He has now been thrown out of another place for acting like one. Maybe he'll eventually be thrown out, period.

● Communist legal maneuvers had kept the Internal Security Act of 1960 mewed up in the courts for eleven years when, last June, the Supreme Court finally decided (5 to 4) that it is constitutional. After that decision the Justice Department set November 20 as the date on which the Party must register in accordance with that law (penalty: $10,000 for each day of non-compliance) and November 30 for the Party officers ($10,000 and five years in jail for each day of non-compliance). On November 20 the Party refused to register and retired into unaccustomed silence. It stripped all but three of its functionaries of their titles (for reasons of thrift, presumably) and refused to identify the remaining three officers, doubtless because it wanted time to select just the right trio for a century in the pokey. And so, once more, to court: with the Party pleading its right to free speech, its independence from the Soviet Union, its protection against self-incrimination, its protection against double jeopardy (related to previous convictions under the Smith Act of 1940), its protection against cruel and unusual punishment, its dissimilarity to lobbies and pension funds (which are also, under different statutes, required to register). President Kennedy having found there is no Internal Menace (save us Radical Rightists), his brother the Attorney General now faces a delicate political problem in living up to his recent pledge to throw everything in the book at the Communist Party.

● The conservative upsurge made itself felt last week at a meeting of the Republican Assembly in California. The Assembly, a semi-official GOP group with 14,000 members, including many on a policy-making level in the Party, was auditioning the four candidates for the Republican gubernatorial nomination. (Its endorsement will be made public in March.) There's room in the GOP even for extremists, Dick Nixon told them, and we are all agreed on the basic principles of individual initiative and states' rights. All did not go well for Nixon, however, for Joseph Shell, a conservative state Assemblyman who is opposing Nixon in the primary, seemed to make the greatest gains among the 300 delegates to the meeting. And when Liberal Republican Senator Thomas H. Kuchel couldn't make the meeting to speak, the Assembly found a suitable replacement: Howard Jarvis, Los Angeles businessman, and Kuchel's conservative opponent in the primary.

● A Labor Department statistical survey shows a continuing decline in union membership in the United States since 1956, the peak year of union enrollment: 17,049,000 workers were union members in 1960, a decline of over 440,000 since 1956. Only a fourth of the nation's total labor force, and about a third of the employees in non-farm establishments, belong to unions, and the percentage of union members in each of these categories has been declining. In 1956, 24.8 per cent of the total (farm and non-farm) labor force was unionized; in 1960, it dropped down to 23.3 per cent. In 1956, 33.8 per cent of the total non-farm work force was unionized; by 1960, it had dropped to 32.1 per cent. In 1960, moreover, ten unions accounted for almost half the total union membership.

● "The United States is missing the boat in Southeast Asia by overstressing government-to-government aid," says Father James W. Burke, OMI, a leading missionary in the Philippines for over twenty years. "There is so much good will and generosity in this country," he remarked in a recent tour of the U.S., "but too often we don't bother to check on what happens to our money. A great deal of it goes into the pockets of corrupt politicians." The private and religious aid programs—of all faiths—are much more effective in reaching the people, he reported, and are more accepted because they do not attempt, as do too many government programs, to reshape everyone

in the image of the United States. "The Filipino," says Father Burke, "finds the American very *simpático*, but he is determined to develop his own culture."

● Talk about the inevitability of Communist China's admission to the United Nations, certain UN bureaucrats went it one better the other day. They sent out a Students' Map of the United Nations showing mainland China as a member nation a full month before the UN General Assembly debate on admission got underway.

● The Student Council of Long Island University asked *NR*'s Publisher, William A. Rusher, to address the student body at a noon meeting, December 5. At the door of the assembly room he, like everyone who entered, was offered leaflet "No. 1" of *The LIU Democrat*, published by "The LIU Young Democrats Club Hour Every Tues. Rm. 503." It consisted of a single editorial, declaring: "The real internal threat to the security of the U.S. does not come from the political left, but rather from the extreme right. . . . Through institutions such as the House Un-American Activities Committee, the 'super-patriots' are trying to force upon us the classic characteristics of fear, repression, and conformity. These are the three basic ingredients of all totalitarian regimes. The members of the 'lunatic right' have instilled a fear in the American people that is comparable only to that of a policed society. . . . Can these nine thousand [Communist] 'supermen' overthrow our Government? *No*, they cannot, but the *Birch Society can*, and the Minutemen can. . . . We can meet this real threat only by making the fullest possible use of our rights while we still have them." It's good to see that the young people these days are showing none of those tendencies to exaggeration and extremism that the President criticized at Seattle. And, of course, reassuring that they have finally seen that the threat is internal.

● Two definitions from the Winston Simplified Dictionary, College Edition, a generation ago: *"Democratic Party.* One of the great political groups in the United States whose fundamental policies have been the strict interpretation of the parts of the Constitution defining Federal rights and the rights reserved to the states, and defense of the rights of the people as against encroachment of centralized power either of government or wealth, and which stood for states rights, decentralization of government, local liberty of action, low tariff, etc. *Republican Party.* One of the two major political parties of the present, which was established in 1854 to oppose the extension of slavery, and has advocated, as its principal policies, a liberal interpretation of the Constitution, concentration of power in a strong central government and a high protective tariff."

● The American Academy of Dermatology and Syphilology has dropped the last two words of its title. Perhaps the members think skinicism is only sin deep.

We're on Their Side

1. It is fashionable to say that Katanga is as much a part of the Congo, the whole of which is entitled to self-rule, as Florida is a part of the United States, or some such thing. The *New York Times* is especially fond of that image, in one or another form, but its editors said it once too often last week: "It is of no use to argue," its editorial intoned, "that the former Belgian colony is an artificial structure and not a nation. It is as much a nation as early medieval Britain, Italy, Germany, or France was."

That was too much for medievalist Professor Brian Tierney of Princeton, who hauled off and let the *Times* have it: "This comparison is ludicrous [he wrote in] . . . The transformation [during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries] of primitive kingships into national monarchies supported by representative assemblies involved a unique fusion of deep-rooted constitutional ideas derived from Roman, Teutonic and ecclesiastical sources. The achievement of such a synthesis would have been impossible without the existence of a whole class of highly sophisticated jurists. Moreover, the general level of medieval civilization was such that European society could create from its own indigenous resources not only brilliant works of architecture, art and literature, but also great universities that produced an adequate stream of well-educated officials for the administrative services of the growing states. The geographical boundaries of the states whose emergence was made possible by these preconditions were determined in the main by pre-existing entities of language and culture."

And the professor summed up to the class: "None of these conditions exists in the Congo. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that it will follow a similar path of development. To base a serious policy judgment on a misleading comparison between the medieval origins of our own civilization and the squalid savagery of the Congo can only lead to confusion."

2. If you lived in Katanga, whose side would you be on, Tshombe's or the United Nations'? So would we . . . for just about every relevant reason. The United Nations wishes to require Katanga to subject itself to the authority of a central government which has proved first its incapacity to govern, second its inability to protect Congolese interests from Communist inroads. The alternative is Tshombe, by no means the Renaissance Man, but a believer in or-

derly government, in a continuing alliance with the West, and in the freedom of commerce, which has meant for the Katangese a standard of living higher by far than that of their non-fellow countrymen to the north and west.

Swedes, Irish and Indians, among others, are evidently prepared to permit their soldiers to die to end separatism in the Congo. Let the day never come when an American doughboy is conscripted for such a duty: on that day—we say it flatly—the United Nations would come to an abrupt end, the end to which it is in any case headed as a result of its strategic imbecility. On the one hand, in the battle in Elisabethville that erupted last week, is the massive bureaucracy of the United Nations, harnessed to do the work of African nativists, revolutionists and Communists. The perfect expression of that bureaucracy has been Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien, the impeccable bureaucrat-historian-aristocrat-roué, busily tending to the administration of the West's death-wish. On the other hand a rough-hewn Negro, who sees reality more clearly than the President of the United States. On the same day that O'Brien quit, uttering petulant and effete recriminations on the failure of the British and French to back him up, Tshombe too made a statement to his countrymen: "We don't all have rifles and automatic weapons, but we have our poisoned arrows and spears and pangas and axes and our hearts beating fiercely in our chests to keep Katanga free."

We hope they lick the daylights out of the forces of the so-called United Nations.

Berlin: Score at the Half

NATIONAL REVIEW feels this way and that way about the President's debate with *Izvestia's* editor (and Khrushchev's son-in-law) Aleksei Adzhubei. It was a bold gambit on Mr. Kennedy's part, and we can use more boldness in our Presidents. It is a relief to have a President who can discuss complicated problems in literate prose. Russian minds must have been knocked at least momentarily out of standard dialectical orbit by some of the President's comments, and that is also to the good.

At the same time, we blush that our President (yes, he is ours, too) would permit himself to be condescendingly lectured to in public by a Bolshevik hack. We regret that, overly polite and diplomatic, he failed to take his chance to say more about, for example, Soviet imperialism and the absurdity of omitting Khrushchev's name from Stalin's Round Table. And we are disturbed by some of the concessions and retreats seemingly implied by Mr. Kennedy's words.

These last concerned, directly or indirectly, Berlin. In fact, this entire Kennedy-Adzhubei encounter looks, in retrospect as if it were intended to be the first session of a bilateral U.S.-Soviet negotiation on Berlin.

The President made no claim to "four-power rights" in East Berlin. He offered to accept "international control" in place of four-power control of the corridors between West Germany and Berlin. In two separate sentences he renounced German reunification and implied de facto acceptance of an independent East Germany. ("We recognize that today the Soviet Union does not intend to permit German reunification, and that as long as the Soviet Union has that policy Germany will not be reunified." "I recognize that there are going to be two Germanys as long as the Soviet Union believes that that is in her interest.") He implied willingness to recognize the Oder-Neisse boundary, and hinted at a non-aggression treaty between NATO and the Warsaw Pact nations (which would in turn imply acceptance of the status quo in eastern Europe). He indicated readiness to reduce the Allied garrison in West Berlin. He declared himself "extremely reluctant to see West Germany acquire a nuclear capacity of its own." (Why, one wonders, should a U.S. President be "reluctant" to see the military power of one of his allies increased? He might think it impossible or unwise at the moment, but why "reluctant"?). He did not assert any West German right, but only an Allied (U.S.-British-French) right to "free access" to Berlin.

Every one of these points—eight in all—represents the abandonment of a claim or position maintained by the West prior to August 13, the day the Wall appeared. Nowhere in his negotiations with Adzhubei did the President make any new demand on Moscow that would advance the Western interest. He fell back on the barest minimum: that West Berlin must remain "free" (*i.e.*, not directly ruled by the East German government) and that Allied personnel shall have access to West Berlin.

Is this really the best that the West can do on the Berlin problem? Let us be thankful that de Gaulle, apparently realizing the capitulatory mood of London and Washington, continues to block formal four-power negotiations. If Mr. Kennedy was "standing firm" on Berlin, we shudder to think what he will concede when he wobbles.

Actually, there is a simple, obvious symbol by which the whole world knows just how things stand on Berlin. The Wall. When the Wall went up, that meant that Khrushchev was winning the Berlin game. And so long as it stands, it's his match. We'll know that the score has shifted in our favor when, and only when, the Wall (whether from political or physical blows) crumbles.

Extremism is Thicker Than Water

President Kennedy's attacks on "right-wing extremists" suggest that a major theme in Democratic strategy for 1962 will be to anathematize the Republican Party as Birchite. Meanwhile Senator Barry Goldwater (on "Meet the Press") has announced that his strategy, as Chairman of the Senate GOP Campaign Committee, will be to pin the ADA (Americans for Democratic Action) label on the Democratic Party.

President Kennedy has looked very hard, but so far has only two Republicans he can identify as John Birch Society members. Both are California congressmen (John Rousselot and Edgar Hiestand) who have been gerrymandered out of their congressional districts by California's Democratic legislature. On the other hand, the ADA—the Left's John Birch Society—has people all over the place in Washington. It is far more dangerous, says Goldwater, to have "extremists" operating within the Federal Government than without.

The ADA has gone on record as supporting diplomatic recognition of the Communist Chinese government, and its admission to the UN, at the same time that it supports exclusion of Spain from the UN.

The ADA has supported the Brannan farm plan, compulsory health insurance, federal price, rent and wage controls, repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act, compulsory union membership, granting to the President the power to "modify rates of taxes and expenditures to meet changing conditions," and abolition of the seniority rule in the appointment of congressional committee chairmen.

Mr. Robert T. Hartmann, Washington correspondent for the *Los Angeles Times*, has spotted the following ADA members in the Administration:

Mrs. Jim G. Akin, congressional liaison officer for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare; John A. Baker, director of agricultural credit services; Frederic C. Belen, Assistant Postmaster General; Jonathan B. Bingham, U.S. representative on the UN Trusteeship Council; Chester Bowles, special assistant for international affairs; Wilbur J. Cohen, congressional liaison officer for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare; Jack T. Conway, deputy housing and home finance administrator; Philip H. Coombs, Assistant Secretary of State; and Archibald Cox, Solicitor General.

Also George Docking, director of the Export-Import Bank; Charles Donahue, Labor Department solicitor; Philip Elman, Federal Trade Commissioner; Thomas K. Finletter, Ambassador to NATO; Henry H. Fowler, Under Secretary of the Treasury; Orville L. Freeman, Secretary of Agriculture; J. Kenneth Galbraith, Ambassador to India; and Arthur J. Goldberg, Secretary of Labor.

Also Robert G. Lewis, deputy administrator of price supports; James Loeb Jr., Ambassador to Peru; Mrs. Katie Louchheim, assistant to the Under Secretary of State; Frank W. McCulloch, chairman of the National Labor Relations Board; Howard Morgan, Federal Power Commissioner; and Charles Murphy, Under Secretary of Agriculture.

Also Esther Peterson, Assistant Secretary of Labor; Abraham Ribicoff, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare; Arthur Schlesinger Jr., special adviser on economics to the President; Ted Sorensen, White House press secretary; Adlai Stevenson, UN Ambassador; Charles S. Stoddard, director of the Interior Department's review staff; William Taylor, special assistant to the director of the Civil Rights Commission; George L. P. Weaver, Assistant Secretary of Labor; Robert C. Weaver, Housing and Home Finance Administrator; G. Mennen Williams, Assistant Secretary of State; Harrison L. Wooford, special assistant to the President on civil rights; and Sidney H. Woolner, commissioner of the Community Facilities Administration.

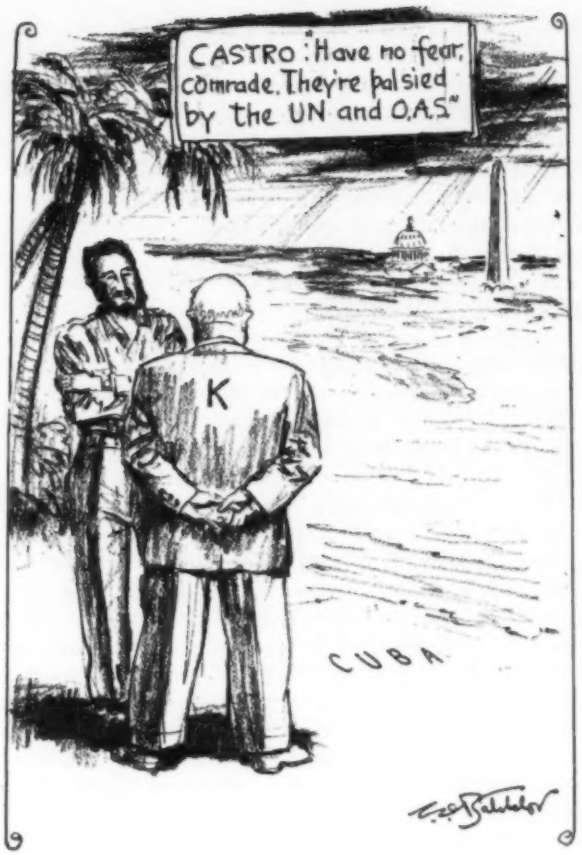
Communist Si

HAVANA, *Dec. 2 UPI—Premier Castro explained in his speech today that he had hidden his belief in Communism from the Cuban people and from his American friends for years "because otherwise we might have alienated the bourgeoisie and other forces which we knew we would eventually have to fight. . . ." Referring to his policy of keeping secret his belief in Marxism during the early days of the revolution, he said: "If it were known then that the men who led the guerrilla fighting [in Sierra Maestre] had radical ideas, well, all those who are making war against us now would have started it right then." He said that the "first thing for revolutionaries to do, right after winning out, is to smash the machinery of the old regime, as I learned by reading Lenin's book,* State and Revolution."

The account of the Associated Press is slightly different, though not contradictory. It reports Castro as saying he became a Marxist along about 1956, and a Marxist-Leninist when he came to power.

But whichever version is the more correct, here is evidence, of a rather striking sort, of the failure in the American intelligence service, which appears to have been so bowled over by Mr. Herbert Matthews' rhapsodic account of the democratic idealism of Fidel Castro back in 1957, as to have suspended any further inquiry into the political nature of the man we, repeat we, brought to power in Cuba.

On the day after Castro spoke, the *New York Times* editorialized on his address. The *Times* did



not take the occasion to express its contrition for its part, albeit innocent, in advancing Castro's hoodwinkery (the *Times* is not very good at criticizing itself: it acts as though self-criticism were in its case ontologically inconceivable). Instead it droned on and on saying the usual things, the most striking of which was its expression of surprise at the audacity of Castro. "That he should have made such a speech on the eve of the OAS meeting shows a deliberate defiance of the hemispheric organization. It indicates that he feels strongly enough to turn Cuba into an openly Communist state and to keep her that way despite United States policies and Latin-American opposition to international communism."

Surprising? No, gentlemen, not in the least surprising. Castro's speech indicates that he feels it is absolutely safe to defy the OAS and the United States *because* of our policies, not despite them. For our present policy ("Strictly speaking, a Communist Cuba is not intolerable for the U.S., but tolerable."—J.W. Fulbright) and Latin-American opposition to international Communism are, strictly speaking, a laughing matter. Kennedy has the nerve to send the fleet to the Dominican Republic. But he didn't have the nerve to send the fleet to the Bay of Pigs. The OAS censured Trujillo and imposed a boycott on him. Against Castro, they passed a resolution of displeasure about as frightening as the annual resolution of Mayor Wagner against city graft. Castro is not afraid of the schoolgirlish anti-Communism that awes the *Times*. That is why his most recent impudence should hardly surprise anyone, except maybe those who live according to the *Times*.

Fallout Shelters—The Word

On November 29 the President announced at his news conference that the Federal Government would cooperate with state governments in building community fallout shelters, but that the construction of shelters on residential plots would not be undertaken by Washington, although a federal booklet of information and instruction would, eventually, be distributed. The next day, Mr. Steuart Pittman, the Pentagon's Civil Defense Chief, told his news conference that citizens with back yards and basements should build shelters, which, assuming a little elbow grease on the part of the man of the house, shouldn't cost more than $150.

So we shall have a shelter program, and it is time we understood what a shelter is and what it is not.

A fallout shelter is not a blast shelter. If you're within a few miles of the point where a nuclear bomb explodes, your chance of surviving is almost nil in any shelter.

A shelter program is not a Maginot Line. It is not the external symbol of an internal failure of the will to resist, nor is it a monument raised to our blind effort to ignore reality. The reality here is the possibility of nuclear explosions in this country; a program to protect the population does not ignore that reality.

A shelter program is not a purely defensive effort, for the existence of shelters at home will facilitate the will to stand firm abroad. The better our protection against nuclear blasts, the less effect Khrushchev will produce by threatening nuclear war. And if it comes to that, the President will find it easier to touch the red button if he knows that the destructive consequences of a nuclear exchange have been, in our country, greatly reduced by the shelter program.

Finally, let us understand that a shelter program must be total in order to be wholly effective. Protect Chicago and forget Baltimore, and your hands are tied when someone threatens a bomb on Baltimore. Indeed, the logic of nuclear warfare selects middling-size cities as the first targets. Tokyo succumbed because Hiroshima and Nagasaki had been hit. Khrushchev wants New York, Chicago, San Francisco in one piece, and would gladly blow up a few minor

cities to get them. The protection of the whole, then, depends on the protection of the least of its parts. The shelter program, if followed to its logical terminus, will become the most enormous public work in history. That is why the Federal Government cannot build private shelters. We must do it ourselves, after hours.

These are harsh considerations, but they are nonetheless true for being harsh. And, to the extent that a shelter program enhances our ability to resist the threats of our enemy and to apply our full power in our defense if need be, it actually increases the probability of a world ultimately at peace. *NR*, as much as anyone, looks forward to the day when we can, in liberty, beat swords into ploughshares and convert shelters into wine cellars.

Missing Link in Dominica

Two years ago the Dominican Republic, a small nation occupying the eastern half of the island where Columbus first made his landfall, was orderly, prosperous, and ruled by a coarse and blood-stained brute. "General Trujillo," Edwin Lieuwen wrote that year in *Arms and Politics in Latin America*, "when he assumed power in 1930, ushered in a period of political stability and economic progress unparalleled in the history of the republic. . . . New highways have been built, harbors modernized, power plants constructed, agriculture diversified, industrialization promoted, schools built, illiteracy reduced, hospitals erected, and disease attacked. The reverse of the coin, however, reveals the most brutal and stifling dictatorship in all of Latin America. It is completely personalistic; it has no ideological base. It rests on military force. Incarceration, assassination, or exile is the reward for active opposition."

Today the Dominican Republic is a shambles. Mobs and soldiers roar through its streets, pillaging, smashing and shooting. Its economy is crumbling, its currency—for a generation one of the strongest in the world—sliding downward in exchange markets. Its government dissolves toward anarchy.

Now such is often enough the postlude of the dictatorial drama. Quite possibly the evolution of purely internal Dominican forces was ineluctably bringing this catastrophic denouement. But this we shall never know, because the internal forces were not permitted to work out their own destiny. An external vector, stronger by far than anything within, was applied; and its effect was to guarantee an outcome in chaos.

Beginning in mid-1959, shortly after Venezuelan President Rómulo Betancourt broke off relations with Generalisimo Trujillo, U.S. power has been directed toward the objective of ridding Dominica both of *all* members of the Trujillo family and of the entire structure of the authoritarian regime. Turn by turn the squeeze has been tightened: official statements of disapproval, as starter; mild and then severe economic sanctions, culminating last January in a virtual boycott; political sanctions ending in diplomatic break; military sanctions reaching the verge of direct occupation last month, when U.S. ships and planes took openly threatening station just off the Dominican coast to force the evacuation of the last of the Trujillos (*el Jefe* himself having left via an assassin's bullet on May 30).

The Trujillo regime was politically (and morally) bad, but there are many bad regimes in the world, and this one threatened neither our own security nor the peace of the world. Under the old Trujillo, in fact, the Dominican Republic (which actually applied for admission to the United States in 1870) had been consistently pro-U.S. and anti-Communist in its international military, political and economic policy. It was the very first nation to grant us (in 1951) a long-range missile testing ground.

What, then, have been the motives for our anti-Trujillo policy, pursued so ruthlessly under both Eisenhower and Kennedy? The answer is in part abstract and ideological: prevailing U.S. policy is opposed to dictatorships—*actively* opposed if they are right-wing—"anywhere in the world." But U.S. policy is also, at present, closely oriented on neutralist and "underdeveloped" opinion. In the case of the Trujillo regime, Washington has allowed itself to be guided by Latin America's "non-Communist Left," in particular by Rómulo Betancourt and Muñoz Marín. It is Betancourt above all who has been the irreconcilable enemy of the Trujillos. U.S. Caribbean policy has been largely Betancourt's policy.

So the Trujillo regime had to be smashed. With U.S. help, the wrecking job is nearly finished. And then? With the old structure out of the way, what new building goes in its place? And who is to build it? Ay, here's the rub. For the U.S. does not have anything to put in its place, nor any construction workers to do the job even if we did. That is, we have no specific program for the Dominican Republic —nothing but vague notions about "reform" and "free elections"; and no "apparatus," no "Party," that could operate there to carry out the program, if we had one. Nor are there locally any genuine republican or democratic parties, or any other political institution, that could quickly fill the hole left by the collapsing Trujillo regime. How could they have developed? Where could they have come from? Trujillo ruled for *thirty years*—and, for that matter, Dominica

never was a genuine representative republic of our kind.

Our intervention in the Dominican Republic, like our intervention in several other parts of the world, has been truly *revolutionary*. But it has also been *nihilistic*: nihilistic, because its effect is to help smash the old without having the new for replacement. The intervention of Communism is also revolutionary, often in just the same sense and direction as ours, so that there frequently exists a revolutionary U.S.-Soviet united front against this or that regime: Batista's, Trujillo's, Tshombe's, France's in Algeria. . . . But the Communist intervention is *not*, like ours, nihilistic: because the Communists *do* have something to put in place of the old. They have both a program *and* an apparatus, a Party, to translate the program into reality.

If we were prudent, our lack of program and apparatus would dictate a tempering of our revolutionary ardor. We would seek to bring the desired change—and the Trujillo regime ought indeed to have been changed—more gradually, building up as we tear down; putting more reliance on existing institutions of order—Church, army, even some of the unlucky "propertied classes." The amazing fact about the Dominican Republic is that the regime did *not* collapse last spring, when the Generalisimo was assassinated. Order was maintained. There were many proofs over the months that Balaguer and his associates, including members of the Trujillo clan, were prepared to move, and did move, in directions we believed proper. But this time we were not ready to let the dust settle.

So now, under the guns of our battleships and the howls of the mobs, the Dominican social order is collapsing. Waiting in the sidelines are the pseudo-parties of exiles and "the people." For the moment, the National Civic Union, which appeared from nowhere and represents nothing serious, is in the forefront, and may nominally constitute the first government of "the new order." Close behind it is the 18th of June movement—ominously named so, in the Cuban style, by the mixed band of Castro-Cubans and Dominican exiles who landed on that date in 1959 in a premature attempt at armed conquest.

Back of the 18th of June Party, back of it and within it, of course, are the Castroites themselves, native and imported: that is to say, as perhaps even the *New York Times* will now agree, since Castro himself told us so last week, the Communists.

Well, no use crying over split milk, eh? Now we are hearing more and more about that reactionary regime in South Vietnam. Maybe President Ngo Dinh Diem is anti-Communist and all that, but according to the papers these days he and his family and cronies are running a pretty vicious, corrupt, right-wing, anti-democratic show. . . .

For the Record

Fidel Castro, it is reliably reported, slipped into Mexico recently for a series of conferences with former president and Communist-sympathizer, Gen. Lázaro Cárdenas. (Cárdenas, you'll recall, was prevented by Mexican government from flying to Castro's assistance during April invasion.) . . . The Puerto Rican delegation to Latin American Students Conference in Brazil was, according to other student delegates, Communist-dominated. . . . Dominican officials rushed troops to northern section of island last week to offset rumored Castro invasion. Dominican intelligence says 2,000 guerrillas are in training in Sierra Maestre.

Biggest sensation in forthcoming Senate investigation into muzzling of military should be testimony by some U.S. military observers abroad that State Department censored their reports. . . . Rep. Adam Clayton Powell Jr., head of House Education and Labor Committee, not so anxious to push for Pres. Kennedy's federal-aid-to-education bill next year; he'll concentrate on FEPC-type legislation instead. . . . Among 571 fellowship programs approved under National Defense Education Act are some for animal husbandry, others for anthropology. . . . Leftist-oriented National Students Association had two setbacks in N.Y.C. last week: Fordham voted against joining NSA; NYU withdrew after nine months' membership. . . . A group of Princeton and Rutgers professors preparing definitive blast against House Committee on Un-American Activities. . . . Add to list of campus conservative magazines, Liberator, publication of Tulane Conservative Club in New Orleans.

Many anti-Communist U.S. Protestants gravely disturbed over invitation to Russian Orthodox Church to join World Council of Churches. . . . Russian press, fearful of Austrian association with Common Market, now stresses that "patriotic sources" within Austria are opposing such a move. . . . Polish doctors being recruited to serve three-year tours in East Berlin to fill gap left by those who fled West. (Private individuals and groups from many countries supporting a "Light Up The Wall" project—to place lighted Christmas trees on Berlin Wall.)

From Washington Straight

CATO

On Thanksgiving night, CBS presented an hour-long interview with General Eisenhower, skillfully conducted by newscaster Walter Cronkite. The show, part of a series "Eisenhower on the Presidency," included a blast by Ike against "extremists" and "super-patriots." It followed by less than a week President Kennedy's denunciations of the radical Right at the Hollywood Palladium and was picked up—and played up—far and wide.

The story behind the curiously-timed Eisenhower slam at the belligerently anti-Communist Right is this. Some months ago, CBS sent Cronkite to Gettysburg to tape several days of conversations with the former President. The resulting interview was intended for use as a rare historical document in which an ex-President would discuss his concept of the Presidency based on his experience in office.

But the Thanksgiving show was not part of that tape. Early in November, Cronkite journeyed back to Gettysburg for more footage. He got Eisenhower to discuss matters of continuing news interest: the General talked about the Quemoy-Matsu incidents; discussed his stand on Red China's admission to the United Nations; gave his reasons for failing to intervene in the Hungarian revolt. He also made brief and passing reference to super-patriots.

But this was what CBS chose to play up. And when CBS raised the baton, the rest of the orchestra was tuned and ready to go. The show ended at 11:00 P.M. Moments later the *Washington Post's* WTOP, a CBS network station, opened its 11:00 o'clock news broadcast with a report on "Eisenhower's attack on the right wing." The early edition of the *Post,* put to bed hours before the broadcast, carried an eight column headline: "Ike Denounces 'Super-Patriots.'" And the pack was off.

Conclusion being drawn on Capitol Hill: the Establishment is running scared. It can no longer shrug off the conservative movement. It's growing too fast; getting too aggressive. So bring out the Big Berthas.

There's tremendous curiosity on the Hill about who will be arriving in Washington in January to take the interim position as United States Senator from New Hampshire, which became vacant on the death of Senator Styles Bridges. The powerful *Manchester Union Leader,* Bill Loeb's paper, has come out for Dolores Bridges, the Senator's widow, and that's not unimportant in New Hampshire. It's certainly not unimportant to New Hampshire Governor Wesley Powell, who'll have to make the appointment. But Powell may not, this time, go along. If he appoints Mrs. Bridges she may very well decide to run for the job on her own in the '62 special election—just as Mrs. Maurine Neuberger did in Oregon — against him. Also complicating the situation is the prospect that Robert C. Hill, our capable former Ambassador to Mexico and one of the nation's most effective anti-Communists, may toss his hat into the ring. If it turns into a three-cornered battle, it will have one unusual feature. No matter who wins, the new Senator from New Hampshire, if he's a Republican, will be a conservative.

Democratic National Chairman John Bailey could have some tall explaining to do when Congress reconvenes in January re the appointment and continued employment of Paul Corbin as patronage dispenser at the National Committee. The *Milwaukee Journal* published a series of articles some little time back charging Corbin with a rather checkered background including associations with top Communists. At the time, Corbin offered to take a lie-detector test. It was administered not by a qualified expert but by Bailey himself, who cleared him and retained him at the post from which Corbin handles the appointment of a number of government officials.

But the Bailey clearance didn't wash with some members of Congress. Two congressmen at least have begun quietly digging into Corbin's past. The House Committee on Un-American Activities has held hearings on the subject. Several interesting pieces of information have been unearthed. The whole matter should explode into headlines sometime after Congress reconvenes in January.

Corbin, whose real name is Corbinski, claims to have come from Canada. He listed his birthplace as Winnipeg in an immigration questionnaire, but the Canadian Mounties have found no record of his birth there. The word is that he came to the attention of Bobby Kennedy during the Wisconsin primary. Corbin was involved in an anonymous mailing of virulently anti-Catholic literature to Catholics from a mail drop across the line in Minnesota, with such success that many of them, with a sort of negative Pavlovian reflex, voted for Kennedy. The same tactic was used just prior to the election in heavily Catholic upper New York State. One Irish Catholic Republican county leader even told a Nixon campaign official at the time: "I've gotten three pieces of anti-Catholic literature myself in the last two days. If I didn't know where it was coming from I'd probably get mad enough to vote for Kennedy myself."

One State Department faction is still working to have all U.S. foreign aid channelled through the United Nations. Behind the drive is Assistant Secretary of State Harlan Cleveland —a Stevenson man—who, as Dean of the Maxwell Graduate School at Syracuse University, some time ago signed a report urging that the United States let the UN handle its giveaways and international loans. Cleveland's taken on a hard job. Sentiment on the Hill—after watching the UN's operation in the Congo for the past eighteen months—is against any extension of the UN's powers and responsibilities.

The Third World War

Conservatives and the Common Market

JAMES BURNHAM

In the North and Midwest (but not the South), the American conservative tradition has been "protectionist." The reasons have been primarily economic. In practice Northern conservatism has been associated with business enterprise, and American business (though not finance) has on the whole been protectionist. In early days, business wanted protection for "infant industries" against the factories of Europe. Later, American business wanted special privileges within the expanding North American common market: that is, the continental United States.

Burnham

The protectionism (economic isolationism) of Midwestern conservatives has often had a geographic, ethnic, or political rather than economic origin. Actually it makes no economic sense for a Midwestern grain farmer—producing commodities of which this country has always been a major exporter—to favor "high protective tariffs." But economic logic has given way to an isolationist sentiment usual in a geographic "heartland." This has been reinforced by ethnic ties (to Germanic ancestors, for example) and political expediency (such as dictated the Northeast-Midwest coalition against the South).

In former days, the Southern landowners, the carriers of Southern conservatism, followed the agricultural logic to its "free trade" conclusion. It is only recently, with the local growth of textile and other industries, that protectionist sentiment has made much headway in the South. Since their coming of age, on the other hand, the great banking and investment interests based in New York, Boston and Philadelphia—"internationalist" by the nature of finance-capital—have tended toward free trade.

It is therefore historically natural that the report of Congress' Joint Economic Committee recommending U.S. "partnership" with the European Common Market should have been prepared by a staff nominally headed by Christian Herter and William Clayton—well-known spokesmen for "Wall Street." And it was not unexpected that a leading spokesman for the heartland should reply, at least initially, as Barry Goldwater did in the geographically appropriate city of Minneapolis, with a protectionist-isolationist reflex.

It would be lamentable if the Common Market debate develops along the lines marked by these two points of departure. The old framework of the free trade-protectionism conflict has in reality dissolved. We now have *our* continent-wide Common Market. The new frame is provided by the world struggle with the Soviet Empire, the rise of Europe's Common Market, and the emergence of the underdeveloped, contested nations.

Facts of Life

I would guess that Senator Goldwater had not read the Clayton-Herter report when he spoke at Minneapolis. He will find its realism and firmness a refreshing surprise. Logically, Senator Goldwater's own position requires him to support the goal of U.S. partnership with Euromart—the Atlantic Common Market, in short. This is an essential part of a "hard" line on the world conflict, which is unthinkable without a strengthening of Western ties against the Communist assault. It is no less essential to the defense of free enterprise. Western Europe is the largest and soundest foreign market for our goods, and the only genuine market for our agricultural surplus, which elsewhere is merely dumped or given away. The inevitable domestic result of an economic wall between our market and Europe's would be lessened prosperity along with increased restrictions and controls.

Much of American business realizes instinctively that we must join with Europe in a common Common Market. Already thousands of U. S. firms have established branches, subsidiaries, or some sort of Euro-American joint enterprise in Europe. This raises serious problems of employment, prices, etc., but the answer is surely not what the President suggested at his last press conference: to penalize the export of capital. The fruitful answer is to complete the clearing of the economic channels, not to stop them up.

The coming dispute over the Common Market will bring curious realignments. The last stand opposition will be, of course, the Communists, who perfectly understand and fear the anti-Soviet potential of the Atlantic Community. As the dispute develops, many of our leftists will realize that the vast Atlantic Common Market means, as Europe has already proved, a damper on socialism and a resurgence of free enterprise. It will be strange and tragic if American conservatives find themselves opposing the Atlantic Common Market in a united front with the Communist Party, the *Nation*, and the monopolist trade unions!

Will East Meet West?

My hope is that American conservatives will seize the initiative. They should not bog down in banal arguments over "reciprocal trade agreements" and "Presidential powers." They should put the goal boldly forward: *the Atlantic Common Market.*

At a small dinner the other night, the president of a large New York bank was a fellow guest. He remarked: "I am a right-wing conservative, as anti-Communist and conservative as you please, but I can't go and I won't go for isolationism." A question made clear that he meant "economic isolationism" or "protectionism." I have thought a good deal about his declaration. He seemed to be hinting at the terms for a coalition between the conservatism of the heartland and the differently rooted, but no less real and very powerful, conservatism of the Eastern seaboard.

Special Report

Anti-Communists Meet in Rome

NATHANIEL WEYL

The Second International Conference on Soviet Political Warfare, led and dominated by the eloquent Mme. Suzanne Labin, took place in Rome during November 18-22 and was attended by 254 delegates from 54 nations.

Addressing one of the last sessions of the Conference, Senator Thomas J. Dodd urged that the United States join the European Common Market. An audience which was thoroughly disgusted at the extent to which Washington has sought to ally America with Afro-Asia, as against European civilization, applauded this proposal. It came at an appropriate time in view of indignation at the murder of Italian aviators by Congolese savages.

The delegates were dismayed at the disintegration of the posture of the West since the first Conference a year ago in Paris. The most frequent questions asked American representatives were: Can the Free World survive another three years of Kennedy policies? and, Will the anti-Communist movement in the United States be strong enough to oust the appeasement set from power in 1964? Sharp criticisms of *harakiri* leadership in the White House were invariably applauded, but the Conference delegates emphasized their solidarity with NATO and the United States as a nation dedicated to freedom. As U.S. delegate Colonel Donovan P. Yeuell Jr., put it:

"My own people are sick and tired of the Free World running scared, of the nervous obsession to concede and compromise away our honest self-interests and yours in the disgusting travesty of confusion and indecision that has marked more years than one likes to recall. . . . I can assure you that sooner or later the United States will awaken to action. Hopefully, without awaiting some unbearable catastrophe that forces her, and your countries, into extremes."

And, commenting on the policy of giving American aid to every country which asks for it, Mme. Labin said: "The West is losing ground because its economic aid is economic; the Kremlin is gaining ground because its economic aid is political."

The Conference was organized and presumably financed by Italian socialist organizations. However, the key delegations outside of Latin Europe consisted of conservatives. The basic problem before the Conference was to determine the limits, methods and procedures of continuing cooperation among these groups in an international organization dedicated to the destruction of Communism. In this key area, little constructive was achieved for a variety of reasons:

1. The Conference was not well organized, and depended too heavily on orations. No working groups or panels were set up; there was no resolutions committee; and time and opportunity for debate were lacking.

2. Mme. Labin believes and declared that "the most important weapon of this new and implacable war is *propaganda*. . . ." The American, Australian, British, German and Latin American delegates disagreed with this view. They consider that propaganda is a means to organization and organization a means to propaganda, that there is a dialectical relation between them, that words without action are sterile and action without words is mere blind, spasmodic force. It is insufficient to tour the capitals of the globe annually, holding world conferences largely for the purpose of inspiring and invigorating the political leaders of the non-Communist parties. Admirable as this purpose may be, it alone could not meet the needs of delegates who had traveled thousands of miles at considerable personal sacrifice because their countries are beleaguered by Communist assault.

3. On the third day of the Conference, Mme. Labin proposed her "Maximum Plan" to an exhausted audience. This included a World Headquarters of Political War, a World League of Freedom, various other entities and 20,000 missionaries of freedom at a cost of a billion dollars a year. When after the conference had closed its session, a small group met with Suzanne Labin to discuss more practical organizational measures, it reached no decisions.

Nevertheless, the Conference has been illuminating and valuable in several respects. Some of the political reports were keen analyses of aspects of Soviet penetration throughout the world. The Conference showed the possibility of cooperation between socialists and conservatives on some of the immediate tasks of combating Communist subversion. (This possibility, of course, presupposes that extremely doctrinaire right-wingers and certain types of social "democrats" be extruded. In some cases, they conveniently eliminate themselves. Thus, a relic of the Spanish POUM, who writes for the Soviet-dominated *Siempre*, expressed his indignation at attending a conference with "fascists," that is to say, people who believe in free enterprise.)

International Group Needed

Finally, the need and possibility for an international body became evident and the personal contacts were made which can make it a reality. This could be built upon such groups as the Inter-American Confederation for the Defense of the Continent, the Asian Anti-Communist League, the International Committee for Social Information and Action (Western Europe) and perhaps the Institute of American Strategy.

What is needed is essentially a Committee of Correspondence to exchange information about Communist plans, activities and agents and about methods of struggle against the enemy; to inform national correspondents; to provide channels of secret international communication and to advise, but not dictate, when international cooperation for a single purpose becomes necessary. The group could be given responsibilities and facilities if and as it proved able to do its work swiftly and efficiently. Whether the Labin group will be able to take up this challenge or whether it must become an American or British responsibility ought to be decided in the very near future.

Citizen Edwin A. Walker: An Interview

with MEDFORD EVANS

Q. General Walker, what are your plans in the immediate future?

A. I intend to fulfill certain speaking engagements, and to be available to assist patriotic Americans in their stand for America—first, last and always. I join patriots in service and can exercise the full prerogatives of a civilian.

Q. What are your plans with respect to the forthcoming Senate investigation into the muzzling of the military?

A. I recognize fully the responsibilities of the Special Preparedness Subcommittee, and its obligations to the country and to national security. It is my understanding that the Subcommittee has full authority to summon anyone to testify before it and I stand ready to assist it in any way possible.

Fulbright Memorandum

Q. What, in your opinion, is the significance of the Fulbright Memorandum?

A. If it were complied with as written it would not only deny to the military the right to know about its enemy; it would also deny to the American civilian public their right to know what the enemy is doing. It indicates that Senator Fulbright (and the Memorandum's other authors) feel it is up to them to assume full responsibility for government of the people—excluding the people themselves from participation.

Q. What effect have the Fulbright Memorandum and civilian censorship of the military in general had on our armed forces?

A. As I have indicated, the Memorandum is detrimental to military functions. However, censorship of the military preceded the Fulbright Memorandum by many years. Censorship can be exercised through the use of a blue pencil; it can also be exercised when troops are forbidden to take the necessary action to meet battle requirements, as in Korea. The denial of support to military operations is indisputably a form of censorship and naturally results in a failure to attain victory.

Q. It has been said that you will be a spokesman for the John Birch Society. Is that true?

A. No. I am a spokesman only for Edwin A. Walker. I do not pretend to represent any organization; I speak only for myself, and no one else.

Q. What is your reaction to criticisms made of you by columnists such as Drew Pearson?

A. I'm like the Dutchman when the donkey kicked him. I consider the source. In this case, I agree with President Franklin Roosevelt who

said of Pearson, as early as 1943: "The man is a chronic liar." And with President Truman, who remarked five years later: "I thought I wouldn't have to add another liar's star to that fellow's crown, but I will have to do it. This is just a lie out of the whole cloth."

'Overseas Weekly'

Q. General Walker, what about the Overseas Weekly, *whose blast at your Pro-Blue program set in motion the events leading to your resignation?*

A. The *Overseas Weekly* has managed to censor commands and commanders for years. Its policy states and includes that its program is to secure justice for the soldiers. This casts an aspersion on the Armed Services from top to bottom. This "Oversexed Weekly," as the troops call it, has been referred to by the Secretary of Defense as "repulsive," and by the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs as serving a purpose in Europe. (Evidently this means a "repulsive" purpose.)

Q. Why is Overseas Weekly *still tolerated?*

A. A good question. The Army established its position with respect to the *Overseas Weekly* by having it removed from the newsstands in 1952. Again, it established its position by representing me in a lawsuit filed by the publication last summer concerning my statement that it was "immoral and unscrupulous, destructive and corrupt."

Cuban Invasion

Q. What was the effect of the Cuban invasion on the military?

A. The mishandled Cuban invasion was another example of the censorship of military operation in that the invaders were forbidden use of the weapons necessary to accomplish their mission. This left a Communist Cuba 3,000 miles and more in the rear of our military bases and outposts across the ocean which has had a tremendously depressing effect upon morale. Our failures in our own hemisphere, and the complete abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine, have greatly jeopardized our international position.

Q. Turning to the positive side, what of the support you have received from the American people since your return?

A. I received thousands of letters

in Germany, and they are continuing to pile up. I am humble and inspired by such patriotism. I think there is every reason for courage and none for complacency.

Q. General Walker, have you any political plans or aspirations, now or in the future?

A. To answer that question would be dealing in classified information!

The Senate Investigation

Q. Well then, General, we take it that for the immediate future your concern will be with the Senate investigation?

A. My concern is for the country and for the investigation.

Q. As a military man, how important do you consider this Senate investigation?

A. As an ex-military officer, now in the status of a civilian and citizen, I sympathize with the tremendous responsibility to America, not only of this Committee but of the entire Congress, in the grave world situation. The importance is reflected in the title of the Committee—in the word "Preparedness"—and in the title of a booklet, *Censorship and Survival* [Bookmailer, N.Y.C.] which gives the Pro-Blue program and indicates the issues raised by censorship. I think it may be the most important challenge to investigation in the last hundred years—and for the next hundred years.

Q. General Walker, besides Drew Pearson, critics who perhaps should be taken more seriously have condemned what they call "extremism" as a manifestation of fear. What is your reaction to such criticism?

A. Criticism is welcome because it shows where people stand. I am concerned about falsity and misuse of words. For example, the use of the word "fear" in conjunction with "extreme" and "super" is mistaken. The word should be "courage." We can forever be grateful for the "extremism" of the Berliners. They did not withdraw to their homes and pull down the shades, but have continuously massed on the streets in defiance. Certainly this extremism cannot be classified as fear, but only as courage—an example to us all.

The Death of a Soviet Writer

EUGENE LYONS

Vsevelod Kravchenko, 46 years old and a writer from Moscow, jumped to his death from a fourth floor window of a hotel in Caen, France, on September first. This is what he wrote, alone in his hotel room, a few minutes before he plunged to his death:

I have never done anything against my country. I am ending my life to avoid unjust accusations and useless suffering. I am accused by my personal "friends" for certain words which may be interpreted in a hostile manner. It is my naiveté and stupidity, but not at all what they want to reproach me for. I would like my dear children to pardon me—Ola, Sergei, Igor, Alexis—and my wife Dusya, her particularly, whom I have perhaps hurt without understanding it; and that my dear parents will pardon me.

I ask the pardon of my companions on the tour. May they forgive me the disagreeable actions caused by my death. But that is nothing in the face of History. Weak people love life, but life does not love weak people. They are not paid reciprocally, as it says in the song.

At the end I will say to you one thing: I have served my country honorably with the forces of my talent and energies and never, anywhere, have I betrayed her interest. It is the truth and I countersign it with my blood. I beg my country to believe me and not to avenge itself upon my family and dear ones who are not responsible for anything. That is all.

Neither Kravchenko's tourmates nor the Soviet consular officials who came quickly to the scene would add any information or explanation. We are left to wonder about those fateful "certain words" he had uttered. Were they in criticism of things Soviet or in approval of things of the West or both? We gather only that he had talked indiscreetly, then was shaken to his depths by fear—fear that his words would be reported to the authorities back home, opening him to "unjust accusations and useless suffering." Evidently death seemed to him preferable to the ordeal of a Soviet inquisition.

Surely the thought of defecting in France must have crossed his mind. Why did he brush it aside? Again we can only wonder. Could it be that in his demoralized condition the dread of his country's police, the sense of the vastness and ubiquity of Soviet power, were so overwhelming that an attempt to evade its vengeance seemed futile?

Or perhaps a deep concern for the fate of those he loved was the decisive factor when he chose death. In a country where punishment for political sins is so often visited upon the relatives and friends of the sinner, he could hope to spare them by taking his own life. But it could have been no more than a hope and a gamble, since he felt it necessary to flatter the omnipotent state and to plead with it not to avenge itself upon his four children, his wife, his parents. Obviously he was far from certain that even his death would save them from reprisals.

We watch and contend with the depredations of Communism on the world stage. We are horrified by its inhumanity toward entire populations, as in Hungary yesterday and in East Germany today. But precisely because the scale is so large, it is too easy to forget the individual victim.

The suicide of Vsevelod Kravchenko tells a terrifying story of the degradation of man under Communism. He was too frightened and anguished to reach out for the freedom so close at hand. He decided to pay with his life for a few verbal indiscretions that might be "interpreted in a hostile manner" by a faceless, vengeful state. Hundreds of millions of human beings are living today under such psychological terror.

Eastern Europe Revisited

A native Russian returns after forty years to find that socialist realism is grim in Poland, grimmer in Yugoslavia, but grimmest of all in the USSR

M. K. DZIEWANOWSKI

The country I remembered was the Russia of the Civil War seen through a child's eyes. Now I was coming back to the Russia of the Sputniks, Luniks, and seven-year plans. The change between the exuberant and extravagant atmosphere of New York and the rather austere aura of Leningrad and Moscow almost defies description. There I left the fun-loving, affluent society where conspicuous consumption and waste are almost a virtue, a symbol of status and success; here was the Puritanical, Spartan society worshipping work, frugality and discipline. There, a fat, dripping prosperity, here an austerity severe, rigid and bare. There, one spends two billion dollars a year on wrappings alone; here, one saves newspapers to wrap food. Seeing these two worlds within a few days is like making an interplanetary journey; let's say, Pluto to Spartacus.

And, indeed, one cannot help being impressed by the veritable construction camp that is the Soviet Union today. Everywhere one sees new plants, factories, apartment houses, roads, airports, and canals being built or expanded. The Soviet people work with the grim determination of ants and bees. Cranes are perhaps the best symbol of the Russia of today. But the fact is that the Soviet economy has been focused at one objective: capital goods. This is visible at every step, starting from the dress of the average citizen to the tremendous contrast between industrial establishments and service shops. Next door to a modern steel foundry is a miserable food store, a restaurant, or a barber shop. Despite the statistical figures showing a fantastic rate of growth, the Soviet Union seems to be so far behind the West in all things that matter to the individual—housing, clothing, food, leisure—that it is impossible to imagine how the gap could be bridged in the foreseeable future. Industrial output cannot be used as the sole, or even the main, measure of economic performance. Other things count too, especially services. And these, besides housing, are the weak spot of Russia.

The Sullen Crowd

One is struck by the drab, dreary and depressing look of the Soviet crowd, its serious preoccupation with its daily chores and pursuits. If one looks closer, one sees the sad, silent expression of people's faces, faces which have so deeply impressed many travelers for the last four hundred years: Herberstein, Custine and Ségur. Count Louis-Philippe Ségur, serving with the French Embassy in St. Petersburg during the reign of Catherine II, noted in his diary that the people of Russia "preserve this gloomy air, this physiognomy without expression, the immobile apathy, the sad and constant character of servitude, the silent stagnation. . . ."

One may think that such an expression is merely an outward projection of the mythical "Slavic soul," but a visit to Yugoslavia and Poland is enough to dispel the misconception. In comparison with the Soviet silent, sullen "lonely crowd," the open, outspoken Poles or the vivacious, smiling, gesticulating Yugoslavs seem like a carefree, happy breed from another planet.

A visit to these three countries, points up certain parallels. Here are not only three stages of Communist experiments, three mutated types of the same doctrine, but also three attitudes toward life. In Russia, and even in Yugoslavia, the rule of the Communist Party seems well established. It is obviously much more firm in Russia, but it is also an accepted fact in Yugoslavia. Not so in Poland. During my five week visit to Poland, I saw few red flags, and not a single red star or hammer and sickle publicly displayed. Only in the headquarters of the ruling United Polish Workers' Party, did I see a picture of Gomulka, whereas Yugoslavia was plastered with pictures of Tito. Khrushchev's pictures were not overly numerous, but still they were there.

Gomulka's personal modesty is mainly responsible for this unique phenomenon. On the other hand, one must bear in mind the remarkable resistance of the Poles to the excesses of the "personality cult" in the past, and the persistence of their revulsion against it. Even at the peak of the cult, Poland never erected a single monument to Stalin. Numerous competitions were arranged, it is true, and numerous prizes awarded; but each time a project was submitted to Boleslaw Bierut, the Party boss, he would say: "This is quite a good project. But our Great Leader deserves a much better monument! We must build something that would be really worthy of our Liberator." And still another competition would be arranged.

As far as the pressure of the totalitarian regime is concerned, the three countries are miles apart. In Poland, one does not feel the totalitarian character of the regime in everyday life. The Polish militiaman lacks the self-confidence of his Soviet and Yugoslav counterpart, and also his ubiquitousness. To a casual observer, Poland is more of an authoritarian than a totalitarian country. In Russia, on the other hand, the regime is omnipresent, not only through the stiff, stern, blue- and red-clad militiamen, but also through innumerable watchdogs: doorkeepers at the entrance to every house; bosomy women key-keepers in the corridor of every hotel who carefully mark down at what time the keys are de-

posited or taken back; the internal passports, and a host of other minute arrangements that allow the regime to follow the life of the Soviet citizen at each step.

In Poland, one can still travel and talk freely. The lack of confidence of the Polish Communists is reflected through their striking reserve about their Party affiliations. Polish Party members are almost apologetic about their status. "Yes, yes, as a matter of fact I belong to the Party, but, mind you, I was never a Stalinist"; or "But, please, remember that I am a revisionist"—such are typical Polish answers to a standard question of a curious foreign visitor. According to a current saying, popular these days among the satellite Party leaders, most Polish Communists are "radishes" (red outside but white inside), and not "beetroots" (red throughout).

One of the most vivid memories of my visit is of a chat with a small dark-haired boy about twelve years old, who was selling newspapers in front of the Bristol Hotel in Warsaw. I asked him what he was doing with a long knife he held. He answered, "I have wanted to kill a Communist — but, unfortunately, there are none around. . . !" He meant, of course, the real Communists, the Party members by conviction rather than by convenience. And yet the official membership of the United Polish Workers' Party amounts to well over a million.

Poland's Cabarets

What is exceptional, and beyond one's expectation is the persistent thriving of satire and of satirical theaters in Poland. They are as good as before the war, if not better. And they were first-class then. Most of the satirical cabarets I visited burst with vitality, individuality and wit. Many of them have a slight bohemian touch reminiscent of the Left Bank of Paris or Greenwich Village in New York, but most of their patrons are mature, average citizens eager to breathe the unique atmosphere of these places and applaud the anti-government satire upon which the cabarets flourish. The students, as a rule, are more daring than the professional actors. In the student taverns of Gdansk (Danzig) called "Bim Bom," recently one heard jokes

like this: A man dressed in a crude Soviet garb sits in a café and reads aloud in Russian from an issue of *Pravda:* "Now, we have liberalism in the Soviet Union. If a man is not a liberal, we put him in prison." This usually provokes an uneasy giggling in the audience. Then the Master of Ceremonies, the *conférencier,* steps in and asks: "Why don't you laugh? Don't you know that you *can* laugh? . . . As a matter of fact now you *have* to laugh. . . ."

Another cabaret, "Szpak" ("Starling"), produced surprisingly outspoken jokes. Two men discuss the shortcomings of everyday life in Poland. Finally, one of them says life under Communism is not worth living and decides to commit suicide. "What is the best way of committing suicide?", he asks. "Don't you know?" replies the other fellow. "It is very simple. You just jump into the abyss separating the Party from the rest of the nation."

Polish censorship tolerates the satirical shows reluctantly as the least harmful safety valve for the pent-up discontent and the growing disappointment with the repression that has been mounting since 1957. On the other hand, Gomulka's position is very difficult; he knows that every word printed in Poland is carefully scrutinized by Moscow's agents. The Soviet cultural attaché's office in Warsaw has expanded considerably since October, 1956, because of the Soviet insistence on analyzing practically everything that manages to pass the censorship in Poland.

There is no doubt that since the October revolution cultural liberty has been very much limited. Yet Poland, as compared with the Soviet Union, and even with Yugoslavia, is still a relatively free country. In every major Polish city Western books are on sale, as are five or six English or French newspapers and magazines, chiefly the *Manchester Guardian, Le Monde,* occasionally the *Times* of London and the *New York Herald Tribune* (Paris edition), or even such publications as *Vogue* magazine; on the other hand, no foreign papers or magazines except Communist ones are available in Russia, and few in Yugoslavia. Since 1956, largely owing to the cultural exchange, Poland has been spiritually reintegrated with the West.

In Yugoslavia, freedom is considerably more limited than in Poland: freedom of conversation exists but the people are cautious. The difference between Poland and Yugoslavia, as the popular saying goes, is that in the latter one can say anything against Russia but nothing against Tito, while in Poland one may talk freely against Gomulka and the Party but not against the Soviet Union. On the other hand, the difference between Poland and Russia is that in Russia nobody can speak freely except Khrushchev, while in Poland everybody can express his true opinions—except Gomulka.

In Russia, freedom of conversation hardly exists. This was strikingly

demonstrated during a talk with a taxi driver. While driving me to the Leningrad airport, he pointed to a number of new buildings which were named after Kirov (one of Stalin's victims). "Who was this Kirov?" I asked him. After he had explained, I pressed further: "Who do you think killed Kirov?" There was a moment of silence and then, "Nobody really knows who killed him. And I think it is better not to discuss the subject . . ."

Thus, over five years after Khrushchev's speech at the Twentieth Party Congress, after the entire de-Stalinization campaign, a taxi driver, alone with a foreigner, still does not dare to speak his mind.

Soviet Jokes

During my visit to Russia, I heard only two fairly good jokes: both of them were told by teenagers. One was about Socialist realism.

Once upon a time a powerful Ruler, who had no right eye and no right arm, ordered his portrait painted. One painter painted the Ruler's picture as he was: without an arm and an eye. He was hanged for "bourgeois formalism." Another artist made a portrait with both arms and both eyes. He was executed for "bourgeois idealism." A third painter painted the Ruler side-view, with only the good arm and the good eye showing. He was given the State Prize for Socialist realism. Another joke was about Bulganin. "Bulganin is like a rocket: he launched Khrushchev into orbit and burned himself out in the process."

Having been invited by six Polish universities to give lectures on American-European relations, I had the opportunity of talking to at least a hundred Polish professors; all of them, Communist or not, talked freely, whether in the company of their colleagues or alone. This was not so in Yugoslavia. A professor of history at the University of Belgrade (and a former Yugoslav ambassador in one of the European capitals), replied when I asked for an interview: "I would be glad to talk to you, but, you see, there is a young man here who would also be interested in the matters which we are going to discuss. Do you mind if he is present during our conversation?" The former diplomat (who, by the way, speaks better English than I do) insisted on talking in Serbo-Croatian. The "interested young man" served as an interpreter. He spoke poor English.

Before going to Russia, I attended the International Congress of Historical Sciences in Stockholm. There I met a dozen participating Russian scholars. Most of them were polite but evasive. By chance I ran into several of these men later in Leningrad. We talked for a while, but again our chats were brief and inconsequential. Only one of them was critical of the Soviet regime, but

even he admitted that it would be futile to oppose it since it was all-powerful. On the other hand, among the students at Leningrad University I found some hostility toward the Communist Party. Many of them were fairly sophisticated, had read some Western books and would have liked to see more of them in the Soviet Union.

But the popularity enjoyed by things Western—scholarship, as well as music and literature—is nowhere greater than in Poland. While in Warsaw I saw a performance of *A Streetcar Named Desire*. And was stunned, when the curtain went up, to find the action taking place, not in a drab New Orleans tenement, but in an impeccable, glittering, modern apartment. Of course, in this setting, the play made no sense at all.

After the performance I remarked to the assistant director and some of the actors that the play does and should take place in a slum if it is to be comprehensible. This provoked an outburst of angry protest (one of the actresses insisted on seeing my membership card in the Communist Party of the United States). When, and not without considerable persuasion, I managed to convince the director that even the affluent society has its share of slums, the producer of the play said frankly: "We simply cannot afford to present a Polish-American family [Blanche du Bois' sister, you will recall, is Mrs. Stanley Kowalsky] living in squalor. We cannot afford it. . . . It would be considered as a continuation of the anti-American propaganda of the Stalinist period. We would ruin the play completely."

No Shine

Although, generally speaking, the attitude in Russia toward foreigners is cool but correct, I had one rather unpleasant experience which stuck deeply in my mind. Before going to the Moscow Art Theater to see *The Cherry Orchard*, I wanted to have my shoes shined. I stopped at the parlor and patiently waited in a queue of some five or six men, mostly in military uniform: among Red Army men a shoeshine is distinctly more popular than a shave. When my turn came, the bootblack looked suspiciously at my shoes, then at me, and asked: "Where are you from? Are you from America?" When my reply was affirmative, he said: "I am not going to clean the shoes of an American imperialist. . . . Get out of here!" As I left the booth, he spat on me. The crowd neither actively approved or disapproved; it was silent, but sullen and rather hostile. I went away slowly, immersed in my thoughts.

A trip to the Soviet Union is a most useful, and, in some ways, a fascinating experience, a must for every student of world affairs. But it can hardly be considered a pleasure trip! Food and hotels are indifferent, the atmosphere is bleak, and the scarcity of human contacts is hard to bear. There is something in the suggestion of the embittered Polish writer who allegedly submitted his idea for prizes to be awarded for improving labor discipline in his factory: "The first prize—one week in the Soviet Union; the second—two weeks in the Soviet Union; the third —one month in the Soviet Union."

Letter from Japan

Incommunicado

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

We are about to leave Japan, as ignorant about what is going on here as we were when we arrived three days ago. But that is no excuse for not writing about Japan, as any opinionated publicist will tell you, carbon copy to Internal Revenue. It happened that all five of our contacts here were, for one reason or another, *hors de combat*, so that we were left attempting to communicate with two guides, the most amiable of men, but whose combined knowledge of English was insufficient to cope with a question concerning the whereabouts of the "convenient place" (genteel Japanese for lavatory) (genteel English for toilet)—let alone cope with questions concerning the shogunate of Premier Ikeda. My single conversation while in Japan with a non-Japanese was conducted over the telephone, with the Spanish Ambassador, to whom I relayed the greetings of his son in New York. I managed to extravasate into a wholly non-political exchange of pleasantries the question: "How does it go with the government in Japan?" It goes well, he said; it is a very stable government. If the Spanish Ambassador says a government is stable, I say the view is worth passing along. . . .

Otherwise, it was mostly shrines. Goodness, but the Buddha is a be-shrined man. In Kyoto alone, which was the capital of Japan for a thousand years, up until eighty or ninety years ago (by the way, everything in Japan happened "80 or 90 years ago." Especially fires and industry. Upon introducing almost any building, the guide will say: "The original burned down 80 or 90 years ago, but has been rebuilt. . . .")—in Kyoto, there are 200-300 shrines, great and small, mostly a little decrepit, but every one of them with the characteristically upturned ends, the gentle, almost imperceptible upward lilt in the railings and the eaves which transmute an essentially stodgy structure into a fitting monument to a people whose lives are fastidiously symmetrical, but who are softened by just a touch of blitheness.

If my guide is correct (or if I understood him correctly), religion in Japan is a depressed area. Especially since the war's end, he said, there has been a loss of interest in religion (and, one notes, a corresponding national passion for getting and spending). How many of his classmates at Kyoto University are practicing Buddhists? "About ten." "Only ten per cent?" I expressed surprise. "No—ten peoples, in totality," he said. What about Christianity? Roughly ten per cent of Japan is Christian, at least formally Christian. Is Christianity growing? I asked. Not really. Lots of people go to Christian schools. But, he said, they go there primarily "to train their conversations." (Our guide had not gone to a Christian school.) What percentage of his classmates are Communists? About twenty per cent. Were they upset by Russia's detonation of the big bomb? Yes, very upset, and they do not upset easily, he said: for instance, they were not much upset when the "right-wing student" (in Japan, "right wing" is the ultra-montanist monarchist, the high nationalist, the ferocious religionist) "put a knife in the chief of the socialists" a year ago. Would he say the influence of the Communists among the young was increasing or diminishing? Diminishing, he said—because the standard of living is rising. I let the implied correlation go by. That morning, a commentator had summarized the foreign policy section of a report filed the day before by Mr. Saburo Eda, the Secretary-General of the Central Committee of the powerful Socialist Party: "The language used in Eda's report prompts one to ask whether a Japanese socialist would feel any qualms in joining the 22nd Congress of the Communist Party, USSR, and applauding Nikita Khrushchev enthusiastically."

Do you mind if I ask *you* a question, the law student smiled cagily? Is it true that in America no one is allowed "to talk about Communism?" "No," I said, "that is not true. That is largely Communist propaganda. But it is true that in America no one is allowed to say that anything is Communist propaganda." He did not understand me, but then neither would many Americans have understood.

The strain of intercommunication was taking its toll. It requires a dozen exchanges to effect the transmission of a single piece of intelligence with an "English-speaking" guide. Sample, as we looked at the imposing gate outside the Imperial Palace in Kyoto, through which no mortal man may pass, only the Emperor himself—the palace where the emperors, who lived there a thousand years until 80 or 90 years ago, still go to be crowned:

"Does the Emperor travel a great deal?" "Yes, he lived here for one thousand years." "No, does he now travel very much?" "He lives now in Tokyo." "Yes, I know—but [slipping inevitably into pidgin English] does he go all over Japan very much now?" "He is here when he is coronated many years ago." "But [reducing the scope of the inquiry] does - he - come - now - here - still - now - often?" "Yes, when he is coronated. And [pointing to one of the great buildings in the imperial compound] that is where he goes when he wishes to mediterate."

So it goes. It is hard on the visitor. It is not merely this guide. Yesterday it was the Tokyo guide, and my question, deriving from the shock of having been billed 75 cents (U.S.) for a glass of orange juice that morning, was "From where do you import your oranges?" "From Tokyo Bay," he said. *Don't pursue it*, my wife nudged me ferociously. As ever, I yielded—more, I relapsed into a sullen silence, forever abandoning the conversa-

(Continued on p. 430)

Poetry and Such

Tradition is Growth

HUGH KENNER

I hear from occasional readers (who want to be sure I am well informed) that Tradition is being flouted, not to say undermined, by certain conspirators who wander about the country promoting a Cult of Unintelligibility. Key journals even, such as NATIONAL REVIEW, are alleged to have been infiltrated. I hoped for a while to be shown some really unintelligible piece of writing, which would be a remarkable feat of uncreation, but I am getting less sanguine. Perhaps my informants are imperfectly diligent, but what they have turned up so far, allowance made for normal ellipses and discontinuities, seems to be well within the pale of meaning.

Kenner

For "tradition" is exceedingly tough and resourceful: its votaries underrate it, equating it, perhaps, with what they recall feeling respectful towards during school days. It embraces, also, a shorter range, and a smaller number of instances, than we are accustomed to think. We have had a continuous literary tradition in the West only since Homer: that is, during a period which, compared with the antiquity of the Lascaux cave-paintings, is as the wink of an eye. And we have had a reflective tradition, a tradition grown aware of itself, only during the reign of a learning based on printed books, a mere four centuries or so.

As for tranquil meditations on trees and clouds, to which my correspondents are apt to defer, they have been with us only about as long as landscape painting itself, that is, not quite two centuries. Far from being the self-evident primal stuff of poetry, they belong merely to a phase in the evolution of the Christian religion, when religious knowledge was being disentangled at last from sentiments based on the immemorial processes of nature, and it seemed important to many spirits to accord these sentiments an independent and largely commemorative articulation.

The nature-poetry of the early nineteenth century, in fact, is an excellent example of the kind of short-range literary mutation which goodwill may later mistake for an essential part of Tradition. Wordsworth's Nature is not the nature we know, something you can understand and control as well as contemplate. Wordsworth's Nature broods sullenly with transcendental admonitions—

> *The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,*
> *The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul*
> *Of all my moral being.*

But the deepest intuitions of Christianity, long before Darwin raised such a fuss about what the rocks and the birds really have to tell us, had already begun to abandon the analogies of nature-religion.

This necessary move Wordsworth chose to interpret as the dereliction of the churches; and consequently throughout a long career we find him diligently confronting a universe already essentially Newton's, in which things are "rolled round in earth's diurnal course," and attempting with infinite patience, earnestness and skill to work the religiosity back in. And "I wandered lonely as a cloud" found its way into a thousand schoolbooks; and as late as 1961 "trees" is rhymed with "breeze" and "rain" with "pain" in seven thousand manuscripts, a number of which have come my way, accompanied by brief notes concerning Tradition.

If Civilization is Memory, Tradition is Growth. The growth which Wordsworth made possible took little account of his preoccupation with the sounding torrent, but made much of an important technical discovery, the discovery that syntax can be a kind of ritual as well as a kind of machine.

The uncoiling Wordsworthian sentence does not display the relationship of tidy boxes of meaning, as Milton's does, partly because it is not directly modeled, like Milton's, on the ordonnances of Latin grammar. Rather the Wordsworthian sentence goes through the motions of linking what in fact it merely associates:

> *. . . A presence that disturbs me with the joy*
> *Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime*
> *Of something far more deeply interfused . . .*

—this is not a stating but a constellating, and its methods persist to articulate the meditations of Prufrock. If Wordsworth is part of a living tradition, it is in this way. And to wish such a discovery unmade, is like wishing that Galileo had never discovered the law of the pendulum, because that led to Newton and the old universe was cozier.

And to protest that the life of art does not move through technical discoveries is to ignore the immensely intricate scaffolding of artifice in which even the most trivial art is located. The neighborhood movie shows us scenes drained of color from a vantage point miles off, then instantaneously brings us twenty inches from the heroine's brow, on which shimmering memories are superposed while, a good morning's drive from any orchestra, music swells from invisible trumpets. It occurs to no one to be confused; we all learned the cinematic code long ago. In the same way, wrote W. B. Yeats, "the common and its befitting language is the research of a lifetime and when found may lack popular recognition."

And in every age "the common and its befitting language" demand wider and wider resources. It did not occur to Homer that there could be any need to narrate simultaneous actions; when he moves for a while to track B he simply leaves a gap in track A. Had any bard confronted Homer's public with any of the devices by which Vergil, not to mention the detective story, takes count of simultaneities, he would have been howled down as an innovator of desperately corrupt sophistications.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Practical Reform

When, a few weeks ago, hierarchs of the California Teachers Association and other evangels of Deweyism muttered angrily about the reforming Senate Bill 57, the state senator who was the author of this reforming piece of legislation declared publicly that his act is only the beginning: the restoration of learning is going a great deal further in California. One reason the senator in question pushed through his bill—which requires all teachers to have at least a minor in some "subject-matter" field, and stipulates that even superintendents and principals must be nominal masters of some intellectual discipline—was that his son in public school, he found, was being taught history by an athletic coach—and taught wretchedly.

Kirk

In most states, legislation probably will be necessary before we really can improve the public schools. Meanwhile, however, there is much the private citizen can do to help general reform—and, indeed, legislative action without local and private action would be insufficient.

So it is heartening to read several new books that tell us precisely what reforms are needed, and how to go about them. One of these is *87 Ways to Help Your Child in School*, by Mr. William H. Armstrong of Kent School (Barron's Educational Series, $1.95). This lively and specific manual of 214 pages tells one how to go about helping children at home in reading, writing, arithmetic, using the tools of learning, and generally giving them motives for developing their minds.

By such methods, the author converted "an insecure, thumb-sucking, erratic-behaviored fifth grader, who through complete indifference to learning was making it impossible for his teacher to teach him or the other members of the class," into an alert and reflective boy. In every state of the Union, reform by the parents can improve the teachers, as well as the children; and we need to set to work right now. As Mr. Armstrong writes, "It has been estimated that with objective tests, classroom discussions, functional English, and social studies, it is possible for a boy or a girl to go from the first grade through high school without having written more than four thousand words in sentence or composition form." And Mr. Armstrong appends a valuable "Young Readers' List" of good books, from the first to the eighth-grade level.

An equally important study has just been published by the Council for Basic Education (725 Fifteenth Street, NW, Washington DC). This is *Tomorrow's Illiterates: The State of Reading Instruction Today*, with chapters contributed by several experienced teachers, reading therapists, psychologists, lecturers in education, and humane scholars. Again, this book (edited by Professor Charles Child Walcutt) is eminently practical, and worth much more than its price of $3.95. The several chapters take up "The Reading Problem in America," "The Nature of Reading Skill," "Readiness in Theory and Practice," "The Whole-Word and Word-Guessing Fallacy," "Reading, a Therapeutic Tool," and "Phonic Systems—Proved and Available."

One of the contributors, Miss Helen R. Lowe of the William Street Workshop (a clinic for retrieving educational casualties), suggests how low our standards of "literacy" have fallen by describing the case of Mr. Arthur Young, who had a New York State high-school diploma, and a senior report-card with Honors in English. But when he came to the Workshop, Young "could not read, even at a primer level. He could not drive a car, because he could not pass the test for a driver's license; he could not read the street signs or traffic directions. He was unable to order from the menu at a restaurant. He could not read letters from his family and he could not write to them. . . . He had been cheated and swindled in various ways as a consequence of his inability to read."

Even if a child is taught to read, or teaches himself, what reading matter does he get in our schools nowadays? You can find the answer in a rather startling, carefully documented book by Dr. Arther S. Trace Jr., of the Department of English at John Carroll University; *What Ivan Knows that Johnny Doesn't—a Comparison of Soviet and American School Programs* (Random House, $3.95). After studying for years the courses and textbooks in Soviet high schools, Professor Trace finds that not merely in science and technology, but just as conspicuously in the teaching of reading, literature, foreign languages, history, and geography, the Russians offer far more for the mind than do the American schools nowadays. As he points out, there has been a catastrophic decline in the intellectual level of anthologies and textbooks in the United States since the day of the McGuffey Readers; and he illustrates this by comparing, subject for subject, grade for grade, the contents of the textbooks used in Russia and in our country.

In a typical sixth-grade literature textbook for Russian schools, for instance, there is an opening serious section on folklore; then several fables of Krylov, with intelligent commentary; then a section on Pushkin; another on Lermontov; another on Gogol; and, finally, Turgenev. The American equivalent of such a textbook has the following section: "Brain Teasers"; "Game"; "How-to-Make-It Article"; "Information Articles"; "Jokes and Tricks"; "Plays"; "Poems." With the exception of a poem by Sara Teasdale, another short poem by Robert Frost, and an autobiographical piece by John Muir, *every selection in the American textbook* (an intellectual sham entitled *Bright Peaks*, published by Houghton Miffiin) is by *a fourth-rate or fifth-rate writer.*

How long, O Lord, how long!

Mandate from the Self-Deceived

RICHARD WHALEN

Although the evil done by Dag Hammarskjold conspicuously survives him in the Congo and elsewhere, it would be unfair to describe the late UN Secretary General as a deliberate evildoer, and naive to depict the undermined West as cunningly duped. On the contrary, Hammarskjold earned his eulogies by tirelessly serving the West's statesmen as custodian of their prized illusions.

Joseph P. Lash's adoring biography is valuable precisely because of its ultra-Liberal slant. Where another might artfully fuzz up Hammarskjold's role, the *New York Post's* UN correspondent makes explicit the terms of the Swede's mandate from the self-deceived. Hammarskjold was expected to banish the annoying Cold War, and to maintain the appearance of peace at any price. By whatever means he liked, he was to preserve the appealing concepts of coexistence, neutralism, disarmament and the rest against a contrary reality. In short, his function was to keep open the desperately-sought way out.

Such a role suited Hammarskjold's inclination and self-interest, and he did his best to deliver. Writing of his arrival in 1953, Lash recalls "a time when powerful forces in both camps regarded coexistence as a form of appeasement." The newcomer "soon ran afoul of the U.S. intransigents," particularly because of his satisfaction with the outcome in Korea, which he called "a war which ends without victory for any party." Against those who sought victory, Hammarskjold argued: "Look anywhere in the world today. Is there any solution in sight except peacefully negotiated settlements?"

Dag Hammarskjold: Custodian of the Brush-Fire Peace, by Joseph P. Lash. **Doubleday, $4.50**

Thus opening the escape hatch, Hammarskjold established himself as the beneficiary of the West's diminishing will to shape the world. The crucial point about his subsequent accumulation of power and authority is that he rarely seized it; it was thrust upon him, until great substance was given to what had been an empty office. Power fell into his hands because others would not wield it; authority, in staggering measure, was conferred upon him by men who thought "non-commitment" the perfect allegiance.

The transfer of power and authority began when Peiping, in 1954, suddenly tried and sentenced as "spies" eleven American airmen shot down during the Korean War. With the private connivance of Washington, Hammarskjold dealt with Red China's blackmailers. He was happy to get the State Department off other hooks. When congressional investigators were on the track of American Communists in the Secretariat, Hammarskjold and Henry Cabot Lodge worked out an agreeable formula. The UN simply "tried" (and, naturally, acquitted) the suspects. Remarked Hammarskjold to intimates: "The system provided Cabot with a highly dignified reply to those who were trying to discredit the Organization."

In all fairness to the Secretary General, it must be noted that *his* loyalty was correctly owed to the Organization; anything he did to insure his acceptability to all members, and to maintain a manipulable consensus, was proper. What must concern Americans, however, is that "Cabot" and his colleagues conceived *their* role to be that of Organization men, too. Lash writes at some length of the education of Cabot Lodge:

"When Lodge had started out at the UN he tended to consider that what was good for the U.S. was good for the UN. By the time he left, he was a strong preacher in Washington of the line that 'what was good for the UN was good for the U.S.' His speeches often concluded with a quotation that he had picked up from Hammarskjold on the relationship of national to international interests."

The pair became "good friends," Lash tells us, around the time of Suez —a time, perhaps coincidentally, when Washington incredibly saw its interest in joining with the Kremlin to condemn our chief allies. In any event, Lash continues, Lodge thereafter "was extremely helpful in selling the UN point of view, which meant the Hammarskjold point of view, in the higher echelons of the government. The U.S. Mission in New York would often warn the State Department in Washington that a policy line 'doesn't make sense up here.'" Now, this surrender of U.S. policy-making to the Secretary General was quite uncoerced. Lash helpfully spells out the procedure: ". . . Hammar-

skjold offered a convenient way by which to duck out of responsibilities. When the U.S. wanted to disengage, giving it to Dag was an expedient way of doing so while giving the world the impression of energy and dynamism." What mattered was the image, the front; the abdication was unimportant.

Nor was it any different in the case of Hungary, where the responsibility to be evaded was clear and momentous. While Dag and Cabot ganged up on the British and the French over Suez, the faithful servant was given the chore of disposing of Hungary. Hammarskjold did so, offering this explanation to an interviewer later: "If you disregard all other aspects and look at the time sequence, I think it is perfectly clear . . . that Suez had a time priority on the thinking and on the policy-making of the main body of the UN . . . [On November 4] I had in my hand a request for a report [on the Suez expeditionary force] within 48 hours. I do not think that the General Assembly or any member of the General Assembly could have asked me to do that and at the same time to check what was going on in Budapest. They could not have done it."

Of course not. While the massacre occurred in Budapest, the members of the UN, including the U.S., were content to have the top bureaucrat consider the matters in his in-box on a strict basis of priority.

By the time the Congo came along, the U.S. had become accustomed to behaving as though it were an "uncommitted" nation and fell in automatically with Hammarskjold's policy. Whatever the outcome there may be, the heaviest blame does not rest on the dead. To the end, Dag simply did the evil he was asked to do.

The Passing Scene

Revolution, Inside-Out

M. STANTON EVANS

PERHAPS THE most puzzling phenomenon of our puzzling age is the spectacle of American Liberalism, an entrenched and listless orthodoxy, pluming itself as "dissent." Critics of American society are unanimous, to the point of tedium, in proclaiming us a nation bereft of verve and spirit. And the drab conformity they discern, by the tests of ideological congruity and regnant power, is Liberalism itself. Liberal doctrine pervades our grade schools and our colleges, churches and civic clubs, the mass media and the counsels of government. The "lonely crowd" and the "organization man" are the progeny of Liberal teaching.

But while the Liberal rules the land, he is loath to abandon his cherished role as the Outsider. Never mind that he has thickened around the hams, and dozed off in a rocking chair by the White House chimney. In his imagination, he will forever play the rakehell of his antic youth, forever the heretic and breaker of idols.

This effort to eat one's philosophical cake and have it too is nowhere more apparent than in the Liberal's current, faintly desperate, search for youthful rebellion. Alarmed by reports of student conservatism, he has bestirred himself from his nook in Washington, and sallied forth in quest of revolution on the campus. The problem he faces is rather simply stated: in an age when Liberalism is the reigning conformity, how can there be a Liberal revolution?—a dilemma roughly equivalent to scaring up a Papist insurrection in the Vatican.

In the October issue of *Harper's*, several Liberals attempted this dubious enterprise, with varying degrees of success. As his contribution to a wandering survey of "The College Scene," Mr. David Boroff touches on the subject briefly, toward the end of a lyrical tribute to Swarthmore College. Citing a picket line at Woolworth's as proof that Swarthmore students "care," Mr. Boroff never leaves the surface of the problem, and so never encounters the philosophical murk which lies beneath. Three other contributors, however, take the plunge, braving the dilemma to which their preconceptions lead them. Each tries to negotiate the patent contradiction of Liberal revolt against a Liberal regime, and each comes, by his own route, to the same conclusion: to perform this wonder, American students must be devoid of ideas. Examining the current growth of undergraduate leftists, Philip Rieff concludes that "they have no political theory or program, either Marxist or non-Marxist." Mr. Chase comes to the same conclusion, as does Charlotte DeVree, whose encomium to the "freedom riders" is

repeatedly marred by footnotes concerning their ideological vacuity. "Rebellion," Mrs. DeVree observes, "comes to them not so much from books but from looking around."

To convert this flight from ideas into The Youth Movement of the sixties, the Liberals must first dispose of some formidable competition. They must ignore—or, failing that, disparage—the rapidly expanding activities of the young conservatives. In his survey of campus magazines, Mr. Chase has a try at this, managing to omit the bulk of the work being done by campus conservatives (twelve printed—as opposed to mimeographed—magazines at my last count), while devoting most of his article to two Liberal journals called *Studies on the Left* and *New University Thought*. These magazines are published, curiously enough, at the universities of Wisconsin and Chicago, the very schools where the most impressive conservative journals are put out. Of these conservative publications (*Insight and Out-*

look at Wisconsin, *New Individualist Review* at Chicago) he makes no mention whatever.

Even with the young conservatives stuffed into the closet, however, the essential problem remains: how to transform an intellectual vacuum into a serious ideological force? The answer is amazingly simple. Since the young Liberals are by definition rebels, it follows that campus rebellion has nothing to do with ideas. The young insurrectionist, in the Liberal view, no longer challenges the intellectual content of the prevailing conformity. His job is simply to put new energy into it—to affirm it existentially; to be an "activist" rather than a theorist.

Thus Mr. Chase quotes one student editor as saying: "In the 1930's students were Communists or democratic Socialists; we are activists." Mr. Rieff observes of the young radicals: "Words, they consider, sink a subject; action enlivens it." And Mrs. DeVree says of a Negro student leader: "The central experience for him is the thrill of action with others his age." The action, of course, consists of such projects as rioting against the House Un-American Activities Committee, marching against nuclear tests and staging sit-in demonstrations—all of it aimed at goals which every good Liberal, of every vintage, desiderates. (The important difference is that the students, rather than drafting resolutions and administering bureaucracies, are engaging in riots and going to jail.) Thus do we enter an era when not only conformists, but dissenters, hew to the line of received opinion.

Mr. Chase holds out the feeble hope that something will occur to make this action-*sans*-thought intellectually respectable. "If the campus radicals can evolve an adequate ideology," he suggests, "they will become, as they grow older, a strong force in American society." That eventuality, on the showing of this symposium, seems highly doubtful. "An adequate ideology," after all, requires ideas; and when these students stop "acting" long enough to meditate upon the subject, they will find the causes they espouse at one with the conformity they claim to detest. They are, far from being rebels, perfect avatars of the Establishment. In their thirst for "activism," they have swallowed whole the program of their Liberal elders, and are now trying to force the same potion down the throats of some lingering dissenters. In an age of "accommodation" with the Communists, they seek to destroy the last vestiges of principled anti-Communism. In an age of neurotic terror over atomic war, they are the most hysterical agitators for disarmament. In an age of grinding egalitarianism, they are the most militant warriors for racial integration.

Where pockets of resistance exist, these youngsters do endure some personal hardships, mostly of their own contriving. But even then they know the ultimate power of the Establishment will always rescue them—as indeed it always does (witness the lionization of the students who rioted against HUAC in San Francisco). They are simply kicking an adversary who is down, and celebrating themselves as heroes for their trouble.

In the end, no amount of ingenuity can disguise the fact that Liberalism, as a viable brand of politics, is in its final hour. True rebellion must proceed, not from the obscure frenzies of "activism," but from the sustained clarity of ideation. In this time of Liberal orthodoxy, the authentic force of revolution reposes not in a more excited leftism but in conservatism, the vital traditions of the West reborn.

Science Fiction

Men, Monsters, Moondust

THEODORE STURGEON

Stranger in a Strange Land, by Robert Heinlein. Putnam, $4.50

Mind Partner (and eight other novelets from Galaxy), ed. H. L. Gold. Doubleday, $3.95

A Fall of Moondust, by Arthur C. Clarke. Harcourt, $3.95

If you don't mind making a nuisance of yourself; if you enjoy a fight and don't mind starting one; and especially if you are of that irritating turn of mind which demands to know of other minds whether they have chewed their beliefs or swallowed them whole, then go around asking conservatives, "Precisely what is it that you are trying to conserve?" (This of course has its antithesis, which runs rather more clumsily, "Precisely what is it that you are trying to liberalize or is it liberate?") You will naturally get a considerable spectrum of answers, possibly a revelation, and perhaps a punch in the mouth. Ask such a question of Robert Heinlein's *Stranger in a Strange Land*, and the chances are that you will collect all of these.

Conceding at the outset that a book, especially a novel, is best criticized exclusively on what is found between its boards, it is yet germane to call up a fact or two about the Annapolis man, the engineer, the founder (in April 1958, in violent reaction to the first full-page SANE ad) of the Patrick Henry League, who wrote this and a great number of other extraordinary books. His recent *Starship Soldier* had some of the cognoscenti screaming "Fascist!", dealing as it did with the glorious absolutism of the military mind. In Scribner's catalog of books for young people, you'll find a dozen or so-called juveniles by Heinlein, crisp, clean, inventive and of a much higher over-all quality than great masses of that amorphous material laughingly called adult, or mainstream fiction. Captivating, delightful and instructive, these books contain rather less objectionable material than the Rev. Bowdler would have been able to find had he been equipped with an electron microscope. *Stranger in a Strange Land*, however is not for kiddies.

This ability to compartment his narratives makes legitimate a con-

jecture as to whether or not Mr. Heinlein compartments his conservatism. Using science fiction's ability to stand off in time and space for objective views of contemporary culture —and using it as effectively as any sf writer, including Orwell and Shute, has ever done—Heinlein here takes a caustic look at, and at times a bastinado to, seldom-examined areas of marriage, sex, politics, psychology, science and religion. Yet the reader who can control his outrage sufficiently to read it all the way through will be left wondering whether he has not after all been given a glimpse of love, of worship, of honor and devotion more basic and more pure than anything Earth has seen since the days of Apostolic Christianity.

The situational basis for this fable is that our first Mars colonial expedition has been wiped out, its sole survivor an infant boy. The child is raised by Martians (an ancient and in its fullest sense unearthly race) and, as a grown man, is brought back to Earth. He is, through some ingeniously thought-out applications of space law, incalculably wealthy; the narrative derives from the interaction of man and mankind — and women—with this stranger.

A puzzling inclusion—one might say intrusion—toward the end of the book is an occasional short chapter written in the style, and with the irreverent devoutness, of the old iconoclast Charles Erskine Scott Wood. Predictably, however, other aspects of this unsettling, swift-paced, excellent and infuriating book will bother other readers more.

H. L. Gold, editor of *Galaxy* magazine, has, in *Mind Partner*, culled nine novelets for us out of what appears to be a lean crop. Two stories, however—*Snuffles*, by R. A. Lafferty, and *The Lady Who Sailed the Soul*, by Cordwainer Smith, are beautifully written and worth the admission price. One is about an oversized teddy-bear kind of monster which genuinely seems to have created the planet on which it lives; the other is a rending love-story, told with conviction and skill.

A CRITIC in the field of sf recently drew a neat distinction between science-*fiction* and *science*-fiction. *A Fall of Moondust* is in the latter division—a novel with its emphasis ever so much more on the scientific conflict than on the interpersonal one. Certain other writers—quite a few, actually—could have handled the human tensions in this book infinitely better than Clarke has; though it must be said that they aren't too bad; it's just that they aren't excellent. However, nobody could have handled the science part of the book better than this past president of the British Interplanetary Society, who has to his credit an impressive number, not only of science-fiction and oceanographic books, but of scientific papers on space-technological questions.

The novel is set in the near future, when the Moon has been settled and the tourist trade is brisk. One of the features of a moon tour is a ride on a great lake of dust, the Sea of Thirst. The vehicle is part bus, part ski-boat; it literally floats on the surface of this fine dust. A moon-quake causes the craft to slip under the surface—and there it lies, the "sea" unsullied and their position unknown, with 22 persons aboard.

Clarke lets us in on the rescue operations, with a detailed immediacy which, in retrospect, makes one remember the events as an experience rather than a story. It is quite safe to say that when the moon is settled, there will be machines like this and the lunar phenomena will be almost exactly as Clarke has reasoned them. His engineering is virtually flawless. The way he brings into play the vast network of communications and equipment, all dedicated to saving this tiny bottle of humanity, is as exciting as it always is when man moves mountains to save a man. Clarke's ingenuity has the derelict located from an astronomical telescope-satellite many thousands of miles away. The trials and failures to reach the vessel and to place a pipeline aboard her are genuinely thrilling. And the little details—what it is like to discuss operations, for example, via a conference call when one of the conferees is so far away that his voice has a two-second delay on the radio; and what happens when, in a space suit, you fall overboard into this stuff; these make for most engrossing reading.

It is interesting to note that the Heinlein and the Clarke books, as well as the two best stories from the Gold collection, are all "bridge" sf—that kind of sf which is eminently readable by anyone, whether or not he is addicted to the field. They were not chosen for this reason; they just happen to be the best around at this writing. It does, however, bear out the premise that good science fiction is—good fiction.

In Coming Issues

Ernest van den Haag on *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, by Jane Jacobs

Richard Weaver on *The Liberties of Wit*, by Robert E. Lane

Edgar Ansel Mowrer on *The Cold War and Its Origins*, by D. F. Fleming

Michael J. Bernstein on *Check-Off*, by Jameson C. Campaigne

Donald W. Treadgold on *May Man Prevail*, by Erich Fromm

Henry Hazlitt on *Freedom and the Law*, by Bruno Leoni

Francis Russell on *Rebel in Paradise*, by Richard Drinnon

Joan Didion and Robert O. Bowen on current fiction

A Slip in Definitions

GARRY WILLS

Of all the modern classics, one of the most interesting is William James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*. Here is a selection of anecdotes from religious history—the funny fervors, the holy hallucinations, the ethereal antics of saints and cranks and eccentrics. There is no difficulty in finding such material; nor, for James, any problem in sorting the material. The actions of saints and religious crackpots are much the same; so are their motives. Love of God merely damages the brain in varying degrees. Some are totally incapacitated by religion; others, like Ignatius of Loyola, are only mad north-northwest, and know a hawk from a handsaw most of the time.

Enthusiasm: A Chapter in the History of Religion, by Ronald A. Knox. Galaxy (Oxford), $2.95

Behind James' study is the premise, assumed or ever-so-gently suggested, that the whole thing is in the mind, that the saints act like every other victim of hallucination because there is nothing *there* for them to see or serve. The fascinating thing about this method of study is the unexplored areas it opens up. An enterprising young sociologist, for example, would have only to collect the oddities and anguishes of lovers, the ridiculous sonnets and suicides, the madness that comes over otherwise sane people when the love-fantasy afflicts them; and—presto!—you have proved that there is no such thing as a woman. All lovers act like madmen; therefore there is no real object of their affections.

One drawback of this method is that it makes the whole human record of religion pitiable, not tragic. We are taken on a tour of the loony house of history; amused, shocked, saddened. But the makings of tragedy are not here, where eccentricity fades imperceptibly into idiocy. The sad secret of the *Varieties of Religious Experience* is that there is no variety in this horribly polite wax museum of pious specimens. There is no heartbreak of a goal half-attained, then lost; of a real prize sought in the wrong place. And there is no ironic suspicion that the idiots may, while we pitied them, have borne off the prize.

Tragedy and irony and the hint of a divine comedy are all present in a very different and immeasurably superior study of religious experience, now reissued in paperback—Ronald Knox's *Enthusiasm*. The young Knox fancied himself in the role of *malleus hereticorum;* but in *Enthusiasm*, planned as his major blow at heresy, the hammer, it seems, was shattered with the force of its own blow. The book was to have traced the fission of Christianity into sects during the seventeenth century. But Knox lived too long with his foes; the chronological limits, the logical refutations, the neat compartments were dimmed in his mind as he grew in understanding of man's basic spiritual maladies. When he published the result of his thirty years' long intimacy with the enthusiasts, he called the book a hotchpotch. His official biographer agrees with him, treating the book as a history whose lines have "run." But the real, and partly unintended, result is a masterly case study of religious experience.

The dangers of religion are real for Knox because the object of religion is real. Men perish because they must try to cross the chasm between them and God; and the enthusiast strikes out unaided by any bridgebuilder, any *pontifex*. Carefully Knox puts together the symptoms of enthusiasm—an impatience with the human condition, an itch to keep God's accounts on earth, a defect in spiritual vision that makes everything appear in angelic whites or diabolic blacks, a demand that God make his will known directly, and a confidence that the best vehicle for this revelation is the enthusiast's own psychological machinery. But Knox has gone beneath the Johnsonian snort at enthusiasm, and seen that Johnson's scorn was a form of mental self-preservation; the mind must walk a dangerous path on its way to God, full of pitfalls. All the resources of nature and of grace are needed to keep man on the right side of that line that separates sanctity from insanity. And those who are safe from religious lunacy may have to confess that it is because they are far too safe from religion.

Ronald Knox: ". . . sees, like James, the many secret links between the fanatic and the saint; but he also sees the distinction: the boast of the enthusiast is the temptation of the saint."

Knox sees, like James, the many secret links between the fanatic and the saint; but he also sees the distinction: the boast of the enthusiast is the temptation of the saint. James could not distinguish the man living with God from the man living with his own obsession because, like most moderns, he does not understand the Christian horror of heresy. In the mild and emasculated vocabulary of today, "heresy" is a self-conscious boast of individuality, and heresy-hunting is just another of those things that made the Dark Ages dark. A novelist has even written a recent tale in praise of the Albigensians—apparently under the impression that they were forerunners of the freedom riders. But the tragedy of heresy is that it diverts and dissipates man's noblest drives—as the Albigensians preached a mystical hatred of matter and marriage.

The enthusiast is impatient of theological niceties, contemptuous of reason and authority, responsive only to those notions that seem to him nudges from the Holy Ghost. So men with the makings of greatness froth out their lives in flagellation, going naked "for a sign" or rolling on the floor as a form of prayer. The cold definitions these men scorn might have saved them. As Knox puts it, speak-

ing of the poor fellow who went mad on the mystic's longing for *identification* with God: "If James Nayler had been grounded in a catechism which had the phrase 'hypostatic union' in it, those brows need never have carried the stigma of blasphemy." Only theological "hairsplitting" has saved the sanity of Christendom.

In Chesterton's words, "if some small mistake were made in doctrine, huge blunders might be made in human happiness. A sentence phrased wrong about the nature of symbolism would have broken all the best statues in Europe. A slip in the definitions might stop all the dances; might wither all the Christmas trees or break all the Easter eggs. Doctrines had to be defined within strict limits, even in order that men might enjoy general liberties." The loss of liberty through that which should free man, through religion, is the most pathetic of human misadventures; and its history has never been better told than in *Enthusiasm*.

Theater

Hauntingly Simple Denial

J. G. DUNNE

I FIRST SAW Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker* a year ago in London, loved it, and didn't have a clue as to what it was all about. When I saw it again in Manhattan recently (at the Lyceum), my regard for it remained undiminished. On second viewing, however, I am inclined to take at face value Pinter's contention that

his play has no cosmic meaning. This, I know, leaves me in the minority (and open to the charge that I still don't know what the play means). But to interpret *The Caretaker*, as some viewers have, as an allegory of the cold war or as a symbolic retelling of the life of Christ seems to me only a fatuous exercise in intellect-flexing. Indeed, the power of *The Caretaker* comes from its disturbing and hauntingly simple denial of Donne's line, "no man is an island."

Pinter's plot is so spare as to be bony. Catalyst of the action is Davies, a selfish, stinking, stubborn, scabrous, scrofulous refugee from the gutter who finds asylum in the dingy East London tenement flat of two strange brothers. The elder brother, Aston, is a vague Samaritan whose mind has been clouded by the electric shock treatments he received as an inmate in a mental hospital; his worldly younger brother, Mick, who only occasionally shares the flat, is a glitteringly glib, covertly homosexual tradesman. Rescuing Davies from a savage beating, Aston, in a moment of distracted compassion, offers him a job as caretaker of the shabby household.

Anything but grateful, the wily derelict aspires to be lord of the manor. Whining and weaseling, Davies caroms brother off against brother like a poolroom hustler. He scorns the charity offered to him, bullies and torments the vacant Aston, whimperingly submits to the ragging of Mick as he tries to worm his way into the young brother's confidence. Infected with bigotry and hate, he oozes venom at the "blacks" next door, seethes at "foreigners" and all his betters in general. Finally repelled, the brothers send him packing.

Fleshing out this scrawny plot are three remarkable performances. Robert Shaw's Aston is ponderously touching, a benumbed statue of uncomprehending goodness, who achieves a moment of real feeling when he gropingly describes his stay in a lunatic asylum. As Mick, Alex Davion (the part was originally played by Alan Bates, who has left the cast to make a movie), drills out his lines with machine-gun intensity as he perforates the old tramp's slum-bred bravado. But good as they are, these performances pale before that of Donald Pleasence as Davies. Shadowboxing across the stage, he flails away at petty wrongs and imagined slights. He picks his nose and sniffs the air as if he cannot stand his own stench, gathers his tattered rags around him when he sits down as if they were a tailcoat. He begs money from Aston, then suspiciously hides it under his pillow. With his grimy rags and his lank, matted hair, he is brilliantly and memorably repellent. (Pleasence is no Hollywood bum with makeup by Perc Westmore. A friend of mine reports that she was assigned to shepherd him through a photographic sitting for her magazine. Arriving late at the photographer's, she found Pleasence, dressed in his stage clothes, vehemently arguing in the lobby of the building with an elevator man, who was threatening to call the cops if the old panhandler didn't vamoose.)

THE REAL STAR of the evening, however, is Playwright Pinter. A master of vernacular, he writes not only pungent and furiously funny dialogue, but also is acutely sensitive to the non-sequiturs and to the repetitive patterns of the spoken word. Within a flow of conversation, he will suddenly drop, apropos of nothing, a little island of speech that is both a gem of a vignette and a subtle stroke of characterization; Davies, for example, as if suddenly aware of his own filth, interrupts one tirade to brag proudly that he once had a mate who ran a public toilet who always slipped him a piece of soap.

Pinter uses language not to open a door through which his characters can reach one another, but to close and bar it to keep them apart. His people communicate, but they do not comprehend; they refuse to become involved in each other's lives. Each of the three pieces of human jetsam thrown together on the litter-strewn stage is engaged in a lone, desperate search for his own identity. Aston hopes to find purpose by building a shed in the yard, Mick by redecorating the flat into a horror of "teal blue and oatmeal tweed," Davies by picking up the "papers" he lost years before, which will clearly establish who he is. But frustrated by suspicion and lack of courage, they never find the climate right to begin the search in earnest. And they never will; needing one another, they will always fail one another.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

REGINA VS. PALMERSTON, by Brian Connell (Doubleday, $5.95). Selections from the unbelievably voluminous correspondence between Victoria and the crusty viscount who served as her Foreign Minister and Prime Minister during many of the years from her accession in 1837 to his death in 1865. Those were the days before typewriters, let alone ghosts, and these two imperious personalities spent literally hours every day inditing lengthy longhand memoranda to each other in the arch third-person form prescribed by contemporary protocol: "The Queen sends Lord Palmerston a letter from Dr. Kuper to the Duchess of Kent; perhaps Lord Palmerston could do something for the young man."—"Viscount Palmerston presents his humble duty to your Majesty and begs to submit that there would be much difficulty in complying with Mr. Kuper's wishes. . ." How much of this you can take depends upon the depth of your interest in British politics, statecraft and constitutional development during the nineteenth century. Beyond that, however, this redoutable pair affords an inviting contrast to their modern successors. With a Victoria at Windsor, and a Palmerston at Number Ten, one suspects that K & B would never have been invited to tea—and would not have enjoyed it nearly so much, if they had been. W. A. RUSHER

J. BRACKEN LEE: THE TAXPAYER'S CHAMPION, by George B. Russell (Robert Speller & Sons, $4.95). A very much authorized biography, preparatory to the volatile Utah conservative's campaign for the U.S. Senate next year. The book covers everything from Lee's refusal to pay his federal income tax in 1956 ("It's a violation of the Constitution because that doesn't give Congress the right to tax me or any American for the support of foreign governments") to a graph of the former Utah Governor's family tree. The only question the books fails to answer is why Salt Lake City Mayor Lee plans to oppose conservative Republican Bennett in 1962, rather than wait to run against Liberal Democrat Moss in 1964. A. E. GOLLAN

To the Editor

Subsequent to Sentiment

I was very glad to read your article on Speaker Rayburn. After all this sentimental slush that has been heaped on him from President Kennedy to Rep. Howard Smith, I wondered when someone would get up and say what he really was. I'm happy NATIONAL REVIEW did it.

Lakeville, Conn. VICTOR H. ASHE

Salinger's Philosophy

I agree with Joan Didion's criticism [November 18] of J. D. Salinger's "vague metaphysical hints" and her praise of his style. To stigmatize *Franny and Zooey* today as "finally spurious," however, appears to be more the task of a censor than a critic. Criticism is made of Salinger's "predilection for giving instructions for living." After a second reading, I find no such directions, but rather an intense desire to communicate a way of looking at life. The foundation of Salinger's philosophy is experience that, granted, is narrow, but certainly cannot be considered illegitimate or superficial. Finally, I wish the critic would explain why she thinks the author's exertion of a "power over his readers which is in some ways extra-literary" is necessarily nefarious as she implies. Surely much, if not all, great fiction has transcended the literary bounds which she claims Salinger has violated.

Cambridge, Mass. G. PETER GROTE

NR's Sixth

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR SIXTH BIRTHDAY GLAD YOU WERE BORN WITH A FULL SET OF TEETH AND AN APPETITE FOR RAW MEAT HENCE THE INCREASE IN CIRCULATION.

Northampton, Mass. C. B. ROBINSON

Wrong Prescription?

I appreciate Willmoore Kendall's thoughtful review of my *Decline of American Pluralism* [November 18] though I am puzzled why he took issue with my prescription by insisting that mine is the cure that kills.

It is true that I favor greater centralization of state power—but this only to hold off the homogenization of American life by uninhibited and massively centralized labor and business giants. Of course I fear unrestrained state power. Hence my concern in having us clarify the restraints. I have always felt that this is a concern which conservatives are committed to share, for their objective (which is mine) is to preserve individuality against *any* interests likely to subvert it—even interests we still are pleased to think of as private.

HENRY S. KARIEL
Professor of Political Science
Bennington, Vt. Bennington College

To Query

Q.:—"Is war or Communism the main enemy?" ["Principles and Heresies," November 4].

A.:—Neither. Miseducation is the main and *only* enemy.

Miseducation breeds racial, national, class, religious, sex and other prejudices and hates and the resulting wars, revolutions, nationalizations, expropriations, discriminations, persecutions, executions, etc.

State that "Peoples must be granted the right to refuse to be miseducated"—and you will be in serious trouble with both Hitler and Stalin. But ask "Is war or Communism the enemy?" and Hitler will enthusiastically answer: —"Communism, of course!"

Rotterdam, Holland S. D. ABRAMOFF

Ayn Rand: Which Category?

I should like to express opposition to Russell Kirk's [November 18] reference to Ayn Rand as an "undemocratic exotic" who "ought to be abolished in [her] native land." Miss Rand was born in Europe and probably is already abolished there. However, if you refer to the U.S., I do not see how you justify either part of your statement.

In *Atlas Shrugged* she writes "The only proper functions of a government are: the police, to protect you from criminals; the army, to protect you from foreign invaders; and the courts, to protect your property and contracts from breach and fraud by others, to settle disputes by rational rules, according to objective law." Personally, she says "I came to

America because this was the country based on my moral premises. . . ." Politically, I should say this places Miss Rand in the "Conservative" category as the word is used by *NR*, and shows her to be hardly "undemocratic" unless in the manner of the John Birch Society, i.e., "This is a republic etc. . . ."

The "exotic" label I cannot deny—but though she may lean more toward anarchy than even *NR*, as well as be an atheist, I can't see how you can justify abolition of the holders of such views within the limits of 19th century Liberalism on the First and Eighth Amendment to our Constitution.

Ellington, Conn. ROBERT W. HAYDEN

MacLeish's Allegory

It was jarring to see Ralph de Toledano attribute "The Fall of the City" to T. S. Eliot [November 18]. This memorable verse play was written by Archibald MacLeish and was first performed on radio in 1937. However, your contributor's mistake motivated me to read the work again and for this I thank him.

The play should receive much more attention than it does today and is an allegory which can be interpreted at a number of levels. First, and I would assume foremost in the author's mind when he wrote it, are the parallels to developments in Europe in the late 1930's. Then, the West's paralysis of the will led it to the point where the "City" would have fallen had not a determination to resist been aroused at the last moment. Second, there are parallels to the West's conduct of international affairs since World War II. Finally there are exhibited in this play individuals of a type not altogether unknown today:

"The city is doomed!
There's no holding it!
Let the conqueror have it! It's his!
The age is his! It's his century!"

Although we cannot accept the dismal conclusion of the allegory as a certain forecast of the future of our civilization, the similarities between "the West" and "the City" should give us pause.

Concord, Mass. GEORGE E. O'ROURKE

Reign Ended

In the review of election returns [November 18] it is stated: ". . . the upstate New York cities, led by Buffalo (after twelve Democratic years),

swung back to the Republican column."

You may have missed the fact that Democrats took a majority of seats on the Rochester City Council as a result of the Nov. 7 vote. On Jan. 2, a quarter century of Republican control of City Hall will end. While this went against our editorial recommendation it is nonetheless a fact. President Kennedy can even claim a little credit; while he did not campaign here, some Democratic campaign posters made him look like a candidate for Council.

CALVIN MAYNE
Associate Editor
Rochester, N.Y. *Rochester Times-Union*

Thanksgiving Night

(A sequel to Victor Gold's "Football Is A Lonely Battle")

"Coach, do you have any comments after losing every game this year? I mean, I know you didn't expect to do too well when you took over this year but . . ."

"Let me ask you something, kid. We lost all nine games, right?"

"Right."

"We didn't make any touchdowns, right?"

"Right."

"We didn't even make a first down, right?"

"I guess so."

"Well, take a look at the people who are responsible for me being here. They're supposed to be pretty intelligent, aren't they?"

"I suppose so, but. . . "

"You're damned right they are and because of them I can *guarantee* that we will definitely have a better record next year."

"How can you be sure?"

"We're only playing eight games."

Fairport, N.Y. WILLIAM J. YOUNG III

Whopping Victory

Re "While As for November " [November 18]: The article's topic sentence, "Few of the contests or outcomes were of national or lasting significance," is the thesis for the accounting. Many, particularly here in New York, would disagree. The elections, in my opinion, are to be regarded as a whopping victory for conservatism. In New Jersey, Case worked for "Mitchell for Governor" as though it were his own election. In New York, Javits and Rockefeller

campaigned similarly for "Lefkowitz for Mayor." Occasionally, Ike would add his support here and there. These men, of course, represent the Liberal leadership in the Republican Party, and are in fact attempting to steer it to the Left. It would appear significant that their collective efforts were soundly beaten, even in the area of the country where Liberalism has been and is now running rampant. Again, as in the case of Nixon in 1960, Republicans and conservatives should note that endeavors to project the Liberal Face to the voting public invariably end up in defeat. Quite naturally, the public accepts the genuine article over the imitation, and votes for the Party with a long tradition of Liberalism. In short, it is high time Republicans realized that they can never compete with Democrats via the irrational, materialistic route of situational ethics loosely called Liberalism.

Mentioned elsewhere in the magazine was the Goode showing made in San Antonio, Texas, despite the "give-away" approach of Democrat Gonzales, supported in this traditionally Democratic area by the Vice President and other well-known figures on ethnic considerations. Still, 43.8 per cent of the vote; isn't *that* significant?

Because the Republican Party has failed and will fail as a result of changing to the Left is no real reason to assert that it will succeed if it returns to the Right. Results such as that of San Antonio and many others we have seen lately would, however, seem to indicate that success will come with a return to principles. Not only is that important to Republicans, the most logical bearer of the Conservative banner, but to us Conservatives who feel that the Right way is the only way, and the sooner the better.

Mineola, N.Y. GRIFFITH R. MORRIS

Choucroute and . . .

Aloise Heath's piece on the French language [December 2] is as funny as Mark Twain ever was on German. But I'm still trying to figure out what a "serious" is.

New York City SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

A "serious" is the equivalent of a double "demi" (or full liter) of beer, recommended only when greatly assoiffé. —ED.

Windup

No more double features in Moscow. I always suspected those two cadavers under glass were phony—Stalin is probably being returned to Madame Tussaud's, where he'll be given a coating of burnt cork to pose as Patrice Lumumba.

Or maybe they'll slip him into the cultural exchange program, and Joe will wind up at Hyde Park.

Hollywood, Fla. CHARLES B. MCDONALD

Specimen of a Beat

Re Ralph de Toledano's review "The Poetry of the Beats" [November 18]: For a long time now R's been telling us that there just hasn't *been* any jazz since Billie & Bessie & Louie. Now we find out there hasn't been any poetry either—or next to none—since Ezri & Eli & e. e. To illustrate his point he would lock 5 beats in a room. They mightn't be able to write a sonnet but for sure, says R, the results would be a "combination of nausea & the stirrings of the urinogenital tract." Ah, and to prove it—let 4 go back to the zoo and dissect the one remaining. Good thing he "selected" the right specimen, otherwise the whole "review" would fall apart. You're right, Ralph; Ferl's a clod (most of the time, *sed contra* read *Coney Island* #15 & "Christ climbed down"), but your procedure is *bad*.

The impression left by R's review is that this is a review of beat poetry, but it doesn't appear R has read very deeply into his subject—then what business has he reviewing or purporting to pass judgment on the whole species, anaemic as it may be? Ferl's the *only* beat mentioned.

Washington, D.C. PERRY JEDER

Time Was . . .

Re Edward Welch's letter [November 18]: I doubt whether Mr. Bozell meant to imply that justice is unimportant. But strangely enough, the "Liberal" Catholics who scream most loudly about social justice all seem to be quite unconcerned about Com-

munism—and there is certainly nothing that extinguishes social justice so surely and completely as does Communism. . . .

Belloc's ideas are admirable; but we must remember that he was writing at a time when monopoly capitalism was more of a menace than it is today, and when Communism was far less of a threat. If Belloc were alive today, I do not believe you would find him among the anti-anti-Communists!

Houston, Tex. EDITH MYERS

LETTER FROM JAPAN

(Continued from p. 416)

tional initiative. "In Osaka," he said, as we drove through what is surely the most endless of all the cities in the world, "the people here are famous for sticking to money." "What on earth can he mean?" I whispered to my wife. "He means, ass, that in Osaka they are notoriously stingy." I settled down, using my wife as the interpreter's interpreter and we drove on to Nara, where the emperors lived one thousand and eighty or ninety years ago, and we left the car to walk through the famous, tranquil park, with the pastel pine trees, and the thousand stone columns, waist high, where gifts are offered, or were offered—most of them are empty now—for the propitiation of the gods who let them down during the great recent war. Throughout the park tame deer wandered, nuzzling up to the tourists for food. Why did the deer have no horns, I asked Mr. Maezakawa. "They are taken away," he explained, "because sometimes the deer stick the children." I need not have asked the question at all because just then we came upon a large official sign, thoughtfully explaining everything in Japanese and English. The sign read: "Deer are now in puberty season. Be aware. Bucks sometimes hurt people with their horn."

The day we left, the government of Japan announced its decision not to accept the kind offer of Mr. Sargent Shriver to endow Japan with 100 Peace Corpsmen as English teachers. To accept them, the foreign office disclosed, would be for Japan to appear as an underdeveloped nation, which she most definitely is not, and has not been for 80 or 90 years.

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Granted, the holiday season has been shamefully commercialized. Yet the custom of giving gifts is in keeping with the *true* spirit of Christmas. There is no more appropriate time to remember friends and loved ones.

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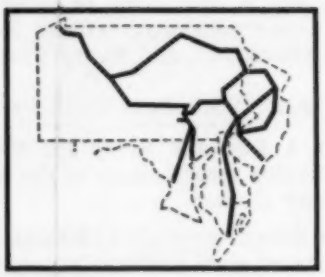

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