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INSIGHT *and* OUTLOOK

a conservative student journal

Vol. V Number V

May, 1963

De Mortuis

JARED LOBDELL

Art and the Soap Peddlers

JAMES O'CONNELL

Notes Toward an Empirical Definition of Conservatism

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.



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"You cannot bring prosperity by discouraging thrift. You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong. You cannot help the wage earner by pulling down the wage payer. You cannot further the brotherhood of man by encouraging class hatred. You cannot help the poor by destroying the rich. You cannot establish sound security on borrowed money. You cannot keep out of trouble by spending more than you earn. You cannot build character and courage by taking away a man's initiative and independence. You cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves." —A. Lincoln

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Editorial Office 2545 University Avenue
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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Millard W. Johnson
MANAGING EDITOR James O'Connell
ASSOCIATE EDITOR James Blair
EXECUTIVE EDITOR Henry Hempe
FACULTY ADVISER Edmund Zawacki

CONTRIBUTORS

Richard S. Wheeler Roger Soles Timothy Wheeler
Theodore Cormaney Dick Fischer Jared Lobdell
Dan Milligan Tom Meyer George Pritchard

CAMPUS REPRESENTATIVES

BELOIT COLLEGE Alfred Regnery	INDIANA UNIVERSITY Bill Jenner
KNOX COLLEGE Kip Pencheff	UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO David Jarrett
MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY John Gower	ANTIOCH COLLEGE David Coldren
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO Sam Peltzman	STANFORD UNIVERSITY Rossman Smith, Jr.
LAKELAND COLLEGE Russell Johnson	WAYNE STATE UNIVERSITY Allan Howell
ST. NORBERT'S COLLEGE Patrick Piper	UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS Jerry Dickson
OSHKOSH STATE COLLEGE Douglas Couillard	UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY James Otto
NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY Robert Croll	TUFTS UNIVERSITY William Nowlin, Jr.

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W. F. B. Jr.: An Appreciation

"... no — no — no humanity . . ." Jack Paar once said of his just-departed guest, William F. Buckley Jr., on the old "Tonight" show.

On the tenuous basis that for the past year I have worked for Mr. Buckley (he would not admit this; he would say *with* him) at *National Review*, I have been asked to introduce him here, on the occasion of his first appearance in these pages. Next best to asserting that he should need no introduction, and that, in any event, such an assignment about such a man is impossible to fulfill with justice, perhaps I can share with you some small reflection of his generosity and sense of duty — his humanity, Jack Paar notwithstanding. It is this, precisely, that prods him to his tireless public defense of a complex of humane ideas, conservative ideas. I know he would far rather lead the private life he's entitled to, enjoying the company of his family or peerlessly piloting his beloved *Suzie Wong* dead last in the Bermuda Cup races. But ours is a dehumanizing century, which presses too closely on this man's sense of values; he cannot refuse its challenge.

And so, in the dozen years since he left Yale University, Mr. Buckley has ranged the arena making good his vow that Liberalism would not win by default. He has confronted, and knocked over the giants of public life. His polemical skills, ruefully conceded by the enemy, grace an effusion of words and reason: five books, unnumbered articles, lectures, interviews, debates, TV shows; he is the founder and editor of *National Review*, the country's leading journal of opinion. Open one of the half-dozen catchpenny paperback exposés of the Right on the newsstands to the inevitable chapter on "the intellectual Right" — it will be about William Buckley (to be sure, it will inevitably be a smudged caricature). In a sense, this placement is accurate, for he is the preëminent conservative intellectual serving on public duty, without whom, it is often speculated, there could have been and would be no articulate right wing today. In a very real way, the existence of INSIGHT AND OUTLOOK owes to his efforts.

That all is his public cheek. Where he is otherwise instantly responsive to a good brawl, around the offices of *National Review* he is endlessly incapable of saying a harsh word to anyone. He acknowledges no equality for his employees — he addresses them as superiors. And no one can make an error grand enough to earn his reproach; discipline has to be subdelegated to more efficient souls. Here humility, there humanity — both characteristic of the Christian ideals with which Mr. Buckley meets these troubled times.

INSIGHT AND OUTLOOK is honored to offer William Buckley's masterful essay in this issue.

— T. J. W.

Civilizing Our Liberties

The American pragmatic tradition does not readily account for our present national fascination with civil liberties. When we pursue our resolve to extend to all persons without exception their rights, we pursue an absolutist proposition, a matter of idealism, an undemocratic urge. It is, moreover, terribly difficult to find *practical* reasons for offering the equal protection of the law to those whose known intention is to destroy our heritage of liberty; to anti-social elements and to subversives; to our enemies.

But we are agreed, in a sense of tradition and idealism, that all minorities must be dealt with fairly. We do not therefore deny free speech to fascists or communists "whose methods we deplore," nor even to conservatives. Nor do we draw uncritical distinctions in favor of that minority whose ends are worthy, we think, but whose methods are abominable.

Sometimes.

But there is too often a double standard employed, curiously and especially by groups whose *raison d'être* is the protection of minority rights. We do not wish to associate our sympathies with communists, who are, among other things, imperialists and profiteers in genocide; but their rights command our anxious vigilance, because we interest ourselves in rights. The double standard arises when a civil libertarian group interests itself only in certain minorities to the exclusion of others. This is tendentiousness: for, if we thus ignore our concern with the universality of rights, we must be presumed sympathetic to the minority itself. A group so inclined discredits itself.

Consider the Anti-Defamation League, whose admirable purpose is to fight against anti-semitism. Last summer the ADL expended much of its energy labeling Dr. Fred Schwarz of the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade "anti-semitic." Why? Simply on the grounds that Dr. Schwarz laid undue stress on the Christian aspects of his organization; hence he must be anti-semitic. Left unspoken was the implication that Schwarz, obviously a hero to the Right, subscribed to a theory occasionally found on the crazy Right that communism is a Jewish conspiracy. Whatever one thinks of Dr. Schwarz, this is smear, pure and simple. He is not anti-semitic, nor is he philosophically a right-winger, nor does he stress unduly the Christian aspects of anti-communism. (In his anti-communist schools he does not deal with persons, but remains entirely in the area of communist theories and how to combat them.) Even if it could be maintained that an organization which purports to be Christian were, *prima facie*, anti-semitic, the ADL relinquished the position by its sympathy for Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference. The double standard was in effect, and the ADL was itself defamatory.

There is at the moment an intensive drive instigated by the communists to repeal the McCarran Act. As in all such movements, this one has received, let us say on the basis of separate but equal considerations, the widespread support of the liberal press. There is no doubt that liberal newspapers can, while consistently opposing communism, yet agree that the stipulation in the McCarran Act requiring communists to register as foreign agents

amounts to political persecution. They are not, as a rule, so solicitous toward "hate" groups, for example the Ku Klux Klan. Without recourse to wondering why it is so much better to be a communist than a cross-burning redneck of the KKK, it might be pointed out that the McCarran Act was modeled closely on an anti-KKK act of New York State — a fact of which the press seems to be in ignorance — and that both versions of the legislation have been given a clean bill of health by civil libertarian groups which have taken the time to study them.

Is there any organization supporting the freedom riders which also supported the activities of General Walker at Oxford? Or which protested when Walker was jailed without due process? Both Walker and the freedom riders have been charged with the same offenses: external agitation, calls for non-violent resistance, disturbing the peace, incitement to riot. The significant differences were that Walker was tried and found guilty instantly by the press, declared legally insane by a government psychiatrist who had never seen him, thrown into jail under preposterous bail, then held five days without bail: political persecution if ever there were a case. And throughout, the world wept, and will continue to weep for freedom riders.

When, earlier last year, it was disclosed that phrases such as "we are at war with communism throughout the world" and "communism is the implacable foe of freedom" — quite literally thousands of them — were being censored out of speeches to be delivered by top military brass, the State Department censors were defended on the grounds that control of the military is properly a civilian responsibility. Very well, and let us forever be struck dumb if our censorship of strong anti-communist sentiments from the speeches was designed to remove strong anti-communist sentiments from the speeches. But the judgment of Nuremberg tells another story: there the skins of a bunch of Axis generals were given to those who hungered and thirsted for them most vociferously — namely, the same liberals who defended State Department censorship — and precisely on the grounds that the military *are* personally responsible for their actions. Despite the fact that in the Axis powers the armed forces were under civilian control, and despite the humane intercession of Senator Taft, the generals were strung up for their crimes. It is almost as though the communists had never been guilty of genocidal atrocities.

In each of the examples above — and in the many there has not been room to chronicle — the question of substance was avoided (communism or freedom?) in favor of methodological concerns (shall we immunize subversives?), and in each of the examples the offending group has betrayed its own ostensible principles. In our society it is both safe and honorable to defend the rights of communists. But that defense certainly ceases to be honorable if it excludes objectionable minorities, because it is then correctly assumed that the defense includes only non-objectionable minorities — which is, to be sure, guilt by association. It remains a matter of conjecture whether, from the examples above and the others on the record, the double standard in civil liberties is the exclusive property of leftists for the benefit of leftists; and whether, if so, it describes the rule rather than the exception.

— Aetius

Every Day in Every Way

While speaking at the recent Wisconsin Student Association symposium on "Science and Modern Life," Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, a psychologist, said that, in his opinion, people are "getting better," i.e., are developing a more humanitarian outlook. He indicated that this is associated with the increase in "social legislation."

Since the days of Darwin, ideas on evolution seem to have oozed over into neighboring fields and it has become popular to think that everywhere, every day, and in every way, things are getting better and better. That is, as time goes by, humanity is getting more advanced, although there are a number of conflicting views of just what we are advancing toward.

But as we view the vagaries of human history, from the Spanish Inquisition, to the Reign of Terror of the French Revolution, to the Soviet extermination of the Kulaks, to the Nazi Germany pogrom, we fail to see the advancing goodness of man. One can make as plausible a case, we feel, for the thesis that people are as bad as ever and are finding better methods of proving it.

Is extensive "social legislation" an indication that people are more humanitarian, or does it mean that, as individuals, they have fallen short in their responsibilities toward their less fortunate brethren? Does extensive social legislation cultivate humanitarian attitudes in the population, or do people feel the needy are no longer *their* responsibility but the government's? After all, in terms of social legislation, Bismarck's Germany was 'way ahead' of the United States.

An Un-managed Newsmen

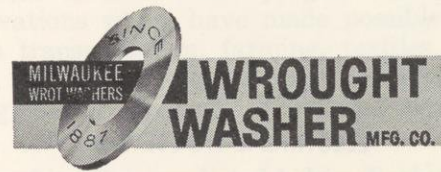
Pulitzer prize-winning political columnist Arthur Krock has turned the Kennedy administration over his knee and paddled the living daylight out of it for attempting to manage the news.

In an article in the March issue of Fortune Magazine, Krock accused the administration of attempting to balloon success and obscure error "in the aftermath of half-won showdowns — such as President Kennedy's with respect of the Soviet rearmament of Cuba." Krock accused the President of attempting to create the false impression last year that there would be a balanced budget forthcoming, and he maintained that anonymous administration officials were perverting the truth about America's worsening balance of payments and gold loss problem.

"In the narrow twilight zone between the direct and indirect methods," wrote Krock, "the Administration incessantly resorts to . . . ways to push its news product that work deplorably well Vulnerable and/or discreditable acts in foreign policy — such as forcing the

"The long range political consequences of Welfarism are plain enough; as we have seen, the State that is able to deal with its citizens as wards and dependents has gathered unto itself unlimited political and economic power and is thus able to rule as absolutely as any oriental despot."

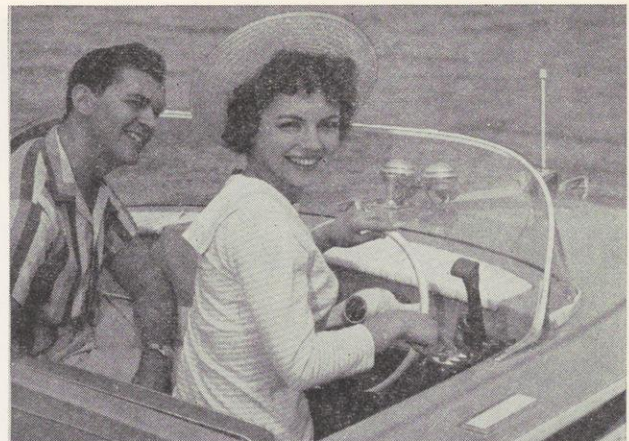
— Barry Goldwater



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Dutch to surrender West New Guinea to Indonesian blackmail, promoting U.N. Charter violation in the Congo, etc. — are explained on the purely assumptive ground that they were necessary to 'prevent a confrontation with Soviet Russia likely to result in a nuclear war.' Executive decisions sure to be unpopular are explained as in line with or compelled by policies adopted by the Eisenhower administration."

Krock concludes that "a news management policy not only exists, but in the form of direct and deliberate action, has been enforced more cynically and boldly than by any previous administration. . . ."

There are only two basic reasons why an administration would risk the wrath of a public which found out it had been hoodwinked and bamboozled by news management: either the administration has blundered so irretrievably that it feels impelled to cover up its mistakes, or the administration feels that it is right and the American people are wrong, and therefore it must prevaricate to maintain its popularity.

Honesty breeds so much respect, both from friends and opponents, that the observer is forced to speculate on what kind of blundering or arrogance would tempt the administration to abandon truthfulness. Where there are distortions or lies, there are things being covered up.

Ultimately, the only thing the Kennedy administration will harvest by managing the news is the undying suspicion and hostility of the American people. The administration has forfeited its right to be entirely believed.

Falling Expectations

What's happening to the vaunted "revolution of rising expectations" that Mr. Adlai Stevenson and his liberal cohorts have trumpeted about for so long?

In many areas of the underdeveloped world, it's falling apart at the seams. And hard upon its disintegration there is emerging a profound pessimism and disillusionment among those deluded liberals who presumed that a good dose of foreign aid would suffice to boost living standards across the globe.

Writing in the Swiss Review of World Affairs, the famed free market economist, Professor Wilhelm Roepke, reported the vast discouragement of two U.N. technicians who had recently visited the Congo:

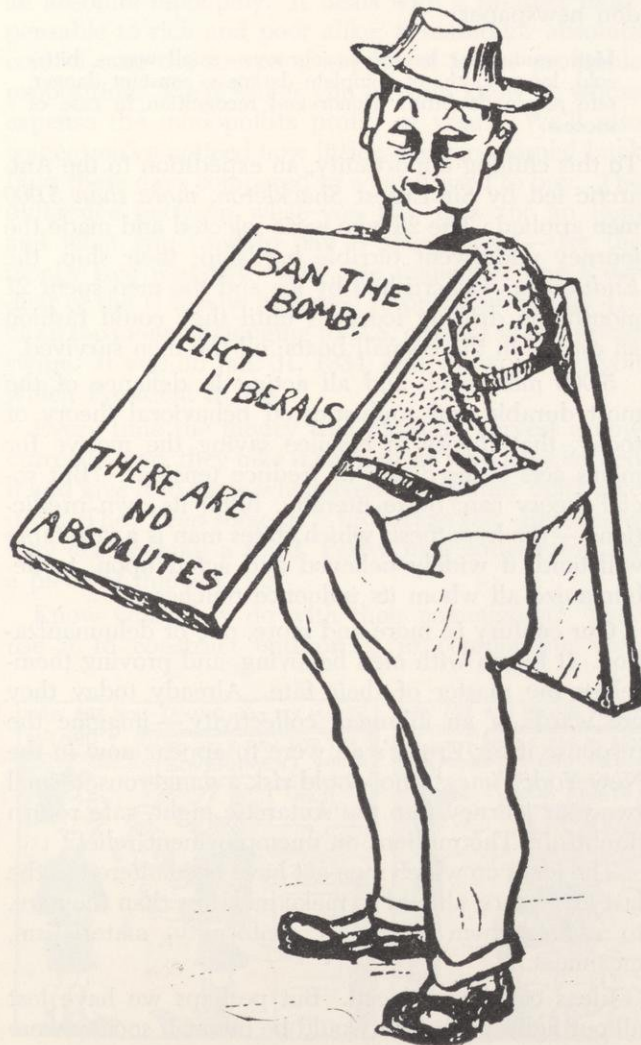
"The experts also were of one mind that the actual and deepest cause of the present development, which dangerously approaches anarchy, is not to be found in the lack of capital or other defects of a purely economic nature, as one glibly believed during the earlier phases of development thinking, but in entirely different things which belong to the political, intellectual and moral spheres, in a completely inadequate government and societal cohesion, in deficiencies of the most

elementary kind in respect to administration and financial structure, in the lack of what one can call the intellectual-moral infrastructure, which is incomparably more important than whatever the hardened development politicians understand by the term."

In other words, these U.N. experts finally discovered that civilization is of a whole cloth. It is pointless to send vast economic and technological aid to primitive societies which lack the moral stature — yes, moral stature — to render them fruitful.

Apparently the liberals are beginning to realize, at long last, that the great industrial expansion of Western Civilization did not begin until a grand moral and ethical consensus had been crystallized among the peoples of Europe. Now if the liberals will only continue with their meditations, they will realize that the technological flowering of the West has always rested squarely upon the Commandments which bid us not to steal, not to covet our neighbor's property, not to bear false witness, and above all, to love God and man. Certainly without these great guides to life, modern commerce and manufacture could scarcely exist.

"If what we heard about the Congo itself was gloomy enough," wrote Dr. Roepke, "the things that



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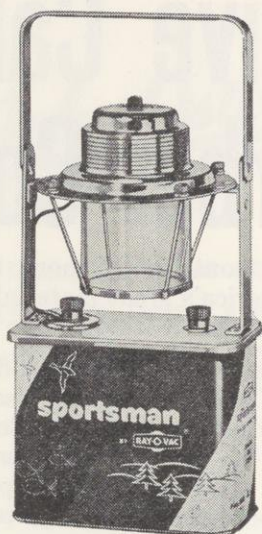
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were reported about Rwanda and Burundi, creations of the assembly-line of new African nations, were actually shocking. Here beautiful and fertile but apparently overpopulated highlands were snatched from endemic famine by the Belgians with great effort and undeniable success, but not without strong discipline. Agriculturally, the region was continually improved by the colonial masters and finally made capable of producing the world's best coffee. All this, however, literally collapsed overnight and this collapse has reached such deep moral levels that the peasants cannot even be persuaded by a relapse to the previous state of famine to work the soil sufficiently and prevent the disintegration of the agricultural system . . ."

What a searing indictment of those who rush backward peoples helter skelter toward early independence! It is high time our State Department did some serious contemplation of its foreign aid and colonial policies — before the U.S. wastes another \$100 billion.

The Long Night

In 1914, the following classified ad appeared in a London newspaper:

Men wanted for hazardous journey — small wages, bitter cold, long months of complete darkness, constant danger, safe return doubtful. Honor and recognition in case of success.

To this chilling opportunity, an expedition to the Antarctic led by Sir Ernest Shackleton, *more than 5,000* men applied. The 28 who were selected and made the journey underwent terrible hardship; their ship, the *Endurance*, was crushed by ice and the men spent 21 months on drifting ice floes until they could fashion an escape in three small boats; all the men survived.

5,000 men, each and all acting in defiance of the most durable and sophisticated behavioral theory of today, that theory in essence saying the motive for man's acts is his desire to "reduce tensions." But social theory can, quite literally, fulfill its own predictions — the hypothesis which states man is a vegetable will tend, if widely believed and acted upon, to dehumanize all whom its influence touches.

Our century is, more and more, one of dehumanization. It began with men believing, and proving themselves the master of their fate. Already today they are wards of an inhuman collectivity — imagine the response if Sir Ernest's ad were to appear now in the *New York Times*: who would risk a dangerous, dismal two-year journey into the Antarctic night, safe return doubtful? The millions on unemployment relief?

The ideas on which men act have been altered in the last fifty years, altered to make men less than they are, to reduce them to tedious conformity, materialism, meanness.

Ideas can be replaced. But perhaps we have lost all our fight, perhaps it would be better if society were

moulded into one of the variant collective forms, where rationally calculated "human resources" would perform their assigned functions on an endless, hopeless, treadmill. That is freedom of a sort, freedom from the human condition. INSIGHT AND OUTLOOK believes in and defends another freedom, the God-given freedom of the individual; the sort of freedom without which you are a vegetable.

Sharpen the Axe

Wouldn't it be nice to have a money tree. There are a number of them around, being plucked too, and the one which particularly interests us happens to be planted in Washington, D.C.

This is a wondrous money tree indeed. It grows all the money we use in this country. The advantages of this trick are impossible to overestimate.

This particular tree also is able to ungrow money. Trick #2, and again the advantages are impossible to overestimate.

The money tree in Washington, D.C. happens to be an absolute monopoly. It deals with a product indispensable to rich and poor alike; it maintains absolute control over the source of supply; it is one profitable proposition. We'll wager you already know at whose expense the monopolists profit: at yours. We'll also wager you've noticed how little your hard-earned buck buys these days compared to what it used to buy. The difference between what you pay now for an item and what you used to pay is sheer profit—for the money tree pluckers. Why, we remember one President of the U.S. who managed to pluck off exactly 41% of all the money belonging to U.S. citizens in one grand swipe. It was on Jan. 31, 1934, and we won't tell you which President it was.

Every time the money tree pluckers harvest a new currency crop, they take it from those who have earned it and give it to those who haven't: only they don't give it all. They keep some as a brokerage fee. Right now they are keeping a third. Pretty nice commission for a piece of thievery, no?

Know what they do with their commission? They use it to construct enterprises in competition with

yours, from a super-privileged position: free capital, no taxes . . . There's just no end to this monopoly business.

No end, that is, until we collectively cut down the money tree, burn it on the highest mountain for all to see, and go back to digging up our money in gold mines. As it stands there is no recourse: the man who earns his money loses it; the man who saves his money loses it; the smart one who borrows his money lives in terror of the inevitable deflationary period; only the money tree pluckers gain. It's time to sharpen the axe.

Flight From Britain

Advocates of an American Welfare State have often held England up as the example we should emulate in the development of "advanced" social legislation. It must be just a little embarrassing for these Anglophiles to read about the mass exodus of people that have been leaving England since the advent of the British Welfare State after World War II. The rush to get out of England was greatest during the reign of the Labor government, subsided somewhat during the Tory years, but now is picking up again and should reach several hundred thousand persons this year.

A recent Associated Press report on this situation reveals that the loss of skilled and trained persons is presenting a serious problem for the British. One British scientist in eight moves abroad *each year*. Of ten PhD candidates in nuclear physics at Cambridge, two are already moving to the U.S., five plan to come here in the Fall, and one next year. It is estimated that 600 doctors emigrate each year.

Most Britishers, when asked why they are leaving the protection of their welfare island, replied to the effect that the opportunities are greater for a better life abroad.

Builders of a Utopian state have long been plagued by the fact that people don't seem to want to stay and live in their planned Utopia—the stupid people just don't realize that they should be happy. But one group of Utopia-builders has found a solution to the exodus problem: Winston Churchill called it the Iron Curtain.



THE NEW CONSERVATIVE, UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

The Bander-log League

CY BUTT

When I dropped into Mr. Joseph Troia's Steak and Martini House this morning for my usual before-breakfast potion, I saw that my friend, Fremont Guilfoyle, had jumped the starting gun and already had enough stemmed glasses in front of him to start a checker game. Fifi, his secretary, was with him, and it was clear to all observers that her boycott of the Maidenform people was still in effect.

"Fremont," I said, "what is the rush? Don't you know that a gentleman never falls down before noon?"

"I seek surcease from sorrow," said Fremont, "and these waters of nepenthe are just what the doctor ordered. Everything is going wrong. It started yesterday morning when the first thing I did upon arising was to break a shoe lace. Then I slashed myself shaving, and when my upper plate slipped from my grasp when I was cleaning it, I knew precisely where it was going long before I heard the splash. It busted two incisors, too."

"Hard lines," said Mr. Troia, blinking his expressive black eyes.

"Hard lines, indeed," said Fremont. "And then to put the meringue on the pie, I got a call from The Boss directing that I get a new TV job for Peter Lawford and then go over to Africa and cool off a hassle in the Bandar-log league."

"I didn't know Lawford was on the air," said Mr. Troia.

"Goodness gracious, yes," said Fremont. "He's a shaver on the Gillette program but he gets nervous in front of the cameras and cuts himself, and that doesn't sell many blades. I had a spot for him doing bubble gum with Mickey Mantle, but he won't share the spotlight. He wants a solo as a cougher and sneezer on the Vapo-Rub show."

"That shouldn't be too hard," said Mr. Troia. "Now what's this Bandar-log business?"

"It's those underdeveloped nations," said Fremont. "I'm beginning to lose patience with some of them. I set up a stable government in Tumbaroo a couple of months ago and Monday the Prime Minister razored the Tulwar and now I have to do it all over again. Under their constitution a Tulwar has to have the opposed thumb, and guys like that in Tumbaroo are harder to find than you might think. And then there are those banquets that I'll have to attend."

"What's the matter with banquets?" said Mr. Troia

Fremont becomes privy
to a closely-guarded recipe

testily. Mr. Troia sells steaks and chops and delicious prime ribs in addition to martinis.

"The menu, chiefly," said Fremont. "The last one I attended was opened, as is the custom, by the Prime Minister beating on a barrel with the handle of a broom. Then they passed the piece de resistance around in a pail. If one doesn't eat heartily, they get offended and may even refuse to take the ten million a month The Boss sends them. Well, I dipped my gourd in and took enough to appear friendly. The taste of this meat was new to me and I asked a guy in leopard skin sitting next to me what it was. He said that it was elk and I figured that he meant antelope because elk don't live in Africa. But he knew what he was talking about; it was Elk all right."

"Are you sure?" asked Mr. Troia.

"Pretty sure," said Fremont. "In the bottom of my gourd I found a ring with 'B.P.O.E.' in letters of gold. And if that wasn't bad enough, I had to rub my belly and smack my lips like I couldn't wait until I got some



more. Prime ribs of Elk! Great God! I could eat nothing but gin for a week afterward. Which reminds me — give me some now, along with a drop or two of vermouth and an olive."

"Didn't I hear," said Mr. Troia, "that you were made an honorary Justice of Tumbaroo's Supreme Court?"

"That's right," said Fremont. "I had a couple of semesters in Law School and was thereby equipped to give a bit of aid to the Tulwar's nephew when he killed his father and mother in a fit of pique, and ate them. I sprang to his side and pointed out to the Court, in mitigation, that he later regretted the deed and in a belated gesture of affection carved the date of the event on the skulls of his dear parents and placed them in a position of honor upon the mantle. The judges were reduced to tears and released the defendant on the grounds that he was an orphan."

The Old Custom

JARED LOBDELL

Conservatism has been defined — by Lord Hailsham, was it not? — as that political philosophy which prefers fox-hunting to politics. I am not myself a devotee of the sport, but the point is at least worth a cursory glance, and is, so far as I am concerned, worth significantly more. Because, as Lord Hailsham went on to say, the man who puts politics first is not fit to be called a civilized being: because the aim of politics is the good life, and politics is only a means to the end; a particular gun (and perhaps not the best) with which to fire on a particular target: because it is necessary to render to Caesar only what is his, and not (if it can be helped) what is yours or mine: because of these things, it is proper that fox-hunting, or whatever the symbol by which we designate the good life, be held sacred where politics is not. Admittedly, in this case, the symbol is inadequate, at least to me. But the thing it represents, the *noumenon*, the form, the *summum bonum*, that is what counts.

I am, as it happens, a Republican, as my family has been since the days of John Brown. More than that, I hope, I am an American, and more than that, a man. Because I am involved in the human condition, because the bell tolls for me, because — whatever else happens — it is imperative that Marc Antony's canard be laid to rest, and the good live after, I have written an obituary. Mind you, I did not like the woman of whom I speak, not abstractly in any case, and not politically, although my only contact with her was pleasant enough. It is quite possible that she did grievous harm to America. I am convinced she was not the devil, though of course I will defend any man's right to say she was. But not that man's taste, and not, as it happens, his logic. Mrs. Roosevelt was a great lady, and more than that, in her life there is a lesson.

De Mortuis

She had labored long and nobly for freedom, as she understood it, and although I dispute her definition of what makes men free, I can only stand in awe of the labor she performed. To call her the First Lady of the World, as the New York *Times* called her, is to cheapen America, because she was (I like to think) peculiarly American in her concern for the underdog. That concern will be missed. Whatever harm she did, whether by lending her name to dubious causes, or by lending some of her prodigious energy, I am not now concerned with. It is to my way of thinking particularly unfortunate that she thought as she sometimes did, but it is an unquestionable maxim, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*—say nothing of the dead if not good. There is something good, I hope, in the lesson.

You will remember, in Shaw's play, that Major Barbara preached against the evils of poverty, but Andrew Undershaft (there is a church of St. Andrew Undershaft in London) gave money to cure them. Shaw's lesson was that redistribution of wealth will bring in the millennium, which is highly unlikely to say the least, but the lesson I would draw is quite simply, and less romantically, that preaching is not enough. And that is the lesson to be drawn from Mrs. Roosevelt. It may be all very well to inform the man who is hungry that fasting is good for the soul, and liberty is more precious than a full belly (both doctrines I find quite unexceptionable). It may be all very well to tell the sick man that what matters is not if he lives but whether he will lead a good life if he does. It is God's truth that the poor man is blessed, and his is the Kingdom of Heaven. However—the hungry man could suggest that he eat and you fast, the sick man might prefer your death to his (given a choice), and the poor man may try to bring

on the Kingdom right here and now with him as King and you as subject. The final answer is not always enough for the mean time. It is necessary in this world to care about one's neighbors — it may be necessary to care for them.

We should not have needed the lesson, but there it is. She was wrong, but she was also right. All men are brothers, and if the Liberals appear more brotherly than the conservatives, that is a fault of the latter. It should not be so. Or perhaps it should, perhaps what I should advocate is the doctrine Mrs. Roosevelt so clearly followed, the doctrine another less fearful age would have called *noblesse oblige*. The *noblesse* we have done away with, and we have put Hollywood in their place. Jackie Kennedy has replaced Mrs. Roosevelt. And what we have done with the idea of obligation should not happen to Fala, or to Checkers, or even to Senator Eastland.

It is curious perhaps that one so devoted to equality should have assumed a task that denies equality, but she was wiser than she knew, I suppose, and realized by her actions, if not by her words (not always by her actions either) that equality is only a protection because there is no equality. Though she devoted her last years to the United Nations, she must have known the organization existed only because nations were not united. She urged the protection of American Communism, I hope, because she realized that even if protected, it would die. The rejoicing I heard in some Conservative circles at her death was shameful, as shameful as the cry that went up on the Left when Senator McCarthy died, as shameful as the slander uttered against Whitaker Chambers, as shameful as the sorry record of Alger Hiss. Until it is time for history, it is not time to speak ill of the dead. There is enough else to speak ill of, and good to be spoken of her. And, of course, there is work to do.

The poor, and the burden, we have still with us.

Art and the Soap Peddlers

JAMES O'CONNELL

Ralph Eubank had joined the group around Dr. Pritchett, and was saying sullenly, "... no, you cannot expect people to understand the higher reaches of philosophy. Culture should be taken out of the hands of the dollar-chasers. We need a national subsidy for literature. It is disgraceful that artists are treated as peddlers and that art works have to be sold like soap."

"You mean, your complaint is that they *don't* sell like soap?" asked Francisco d'Anconia.

—*Atlas Shrugged*, Ayn Rand

The idea endures, and the critics never tire of reminding us, that capitalism ain't got no culture. It is the mean, materialistic capitalist attitude, they say, which poisons art. Art is non-competitive; the market will not support the artists and writers who are, nevertheless, obviously deserving of support. Instead we are assailed with an endless flow of mechanical novels, insipid films and tinny music, all in response to our society's endless pursuit of the dollar.

The remedy follows easily behind the observation: art must be subsidized, by society for the benefit of society. (There does not seem to have been any serious suggestion yet that this subsidy be extended to its most vigorous proponents, the critics — perhaps because the criticism of capitalism is always a profitable enterprise and needs none.)

The critics' ideas, which seem to be true enough on the surface — certainly we are assailed with pulp literature and clattery music — are seen to be nonsense on closer examination. Their advocates show themselves ignorant not only of the functioning of the market economy, but of the very role of the artist, the creative genius, in society. The creative genius unlike the mass of ordinary men does not act to achieve an end separate from the acting; he is rewarded by the acting itself. He differs from the entrepreneur,

Art flourishes best in a capitalistic system

who must satisfy the wishes of the consumer if he wishes to succeed, and who, therefore, must conform to the consumer's ideas and standards; the creative individual is guided only by his own developed standards and is alone responsible for his creation.

As an innovator, the creative individual will more likely than not despise the so-called traditional values and standards, or at least disregard them. Beethoven introduced a new dynamism into the then formalistic music of the European courts by rejecting the orthodox canons of music. But the creative individual must pay for his intransigence. Since he disregards the standards of the masses, he cannot hope for voluntary financial aid from them or attempt to sell them the products of his genius.

In the precapitalistic era, the writers, artists and philosophers were supported by patrons from the aristocracy. Only a few had an independent means of support—Spinoza, we recall, was a lens grinder by profession. It is a historical fact that this system of patronage, for the most part, granted full freedom of expression to those artists and writers it supported. The patrons generally did not attempt to impose their own ethics or politics on their protégés; indeed, in many cases they protected them from outraged clerics and other traditionalists.

Nevertheless, such patronage was usually precarious and sometimes dangerous. The whims of princes and aristocrats, backed up by unchallengeable power, frequently made life intolerable for the genius who dared to offend his patron (for instance, what if the protégé failed to complete his deathless symphony in time for the Grand Duke's ball?).

The rise of classical liberalism gave promise of finding a new base

of support for the creative individuals, in the middle classes. Unfortunately, creating is not conformity but dissent. The middle classes were uncomfortable around the dissenters and did little to support them, and so the creative individuals had to look elsewhere for a living. But this is not the fault of capitalism: it is a result of the timidity and conformity of the majority.

Nevertheless, and despite appearances, there has been no real diminution in the number of artistic and literary works whose candidacy as serious art might be entertained. The apparent decline in both the quantity and quality of creative work is only relative to a general increase in the mass-production and sale of books, music and painting.

The large publishing houses, the sheet music and record companies, the mass magazines and the movie and television studios do not impose their tastes on the public. As entrepreneurs, they must satisfy public taste insofar as they can measure it. This process does not stop nor even greatly affect the production of serious art and literary works. There are many media for quality work — small book houses, "art" cinema, literary magazines — which forego mass markets to cater to the tastes of a cultured minority. In addition to these, gifts from the wealthy have done much to preserve the good features of the patronage system while eliminating the intrinsic evils of the system under princely or aristocratic tutelage. Such gifts are the private concern of the giver, and are not collected from a group of subjects against their will.

Many people, including a few of the creative, do not understand this. They continue to argue for state subsidization of cultural institutions. Rise Stevens, the noted mezzo-soprano, declared in an article written for the *New York Herald Tribune*, "I feel the taxpayer has every right to demand that his own community be blessed with a new auditorium which houses its own

opera company, symphony orchestra, ballet troupe and theatre ensemble." There is no better practical test of Miss Stevens' sentiments than the controversy which has for some years rocked our own Madison, Wisconsin.

Madison, which is the seat of both the State Capitol and the University of Wisconsin, is supposed to be one of the most "culture-conscious" cities in the nation. Some time ago a new civic auditorium, very much like the sort Miss Stevens recommends, was proposed here. Its actual construction has been delayed and delayed while "town hall" democracy fought out the problems involved. In every case, from the choice of the architect to the very purpose of the auditorium, the views of the "uncultured majority" have prevailed.

The reason for this is obvious enough, but it seems to have escaped those who favor the statist solution. The statist assumes that the same tolerance, the same freedom of expression that existed in the precapitalist era, when the state was run by a cultured few who were eager to recognize genius, will continue when the state is run by men committed to the dictates of the many. But is folly to assume that the creative individual, with his anti-authoritarian, anti-traditionalist viewpoint, would be suitable to a board of men who are attempting to subsidize culture and please the uncultured majority at the same time. Thus, it is not surprising to find, in Madison, a situation where the designs of Frank Lloyd Wright, the state's best-known architect — and also the most intransigent — are rejected. Madison will not have a public auditorium of Wright's design, even though many of his private homes, office buildings and churches dot the state.

Miss Stevens, and others who share her views, might surmise that they would benefit from government subsidies to the arts. Their optimism would appear to be unfounded, when proper consideration is given to the state mechan-

isms. If the state is to supply a subsidy, it must maintain some measure of control to see that its funds are used as intended, that is, to support culture instead of plumbing or horseshoe-pitching. Thus the state must establish, for the arts, an agency of quality control whose nature will predictably be ponderous, highly orthodox and fatally efficient. It will know nothing of artistic temperament. It will be staffed with bureaucrats rather than artists, interlock with other bureaus, and worry about its appropriations. It will support art on a low-bid basis.

Assuming even that an established performer of Miss Stevens' caliber (and orthodoxy) could cut through some of the red tape to receive a dole, consider the woes of a struggling newcomer. The undeveloped talent who most needs financial assistance would be the one who would have to prove his abilities in order to get it — leaving all the doors closed. Some newcomers might, because of the anti-authoritarian attitude of their craft, be turned down by the bureaucrats and others might refuse to apply for the same reason, or because they feel that begging will corrupt their talent. Still others might take one look at the red tape and run. The "rise in culture" resulting from such a program would unquestionably resemble the vapid gush which emerged from the WPA-sponsored "artists' projects" in the thirties. Whether there could be any real "freedom of expression" under state subsidy is the conjecture of dreams, not facts.

Several available examples of statist cultural support might be considered briefly to see how it all works out in practice. What of the dissenting artist, the dissenting writer under the advanced statist-systems of the Soviet bloc? There, unless the individual conforms to the ruling elite's idea of what constitutes "socialist realism" or "proletarian" art or whatever the fad is, he will find himself denounced and shunned as a purveyor of "bour-

geois decadence". Thus, Shostakovich, rather than lose his position in the Soviet Union specialized in cranking out pot-bangers in the name of symphonies. Only a few weeks ago one of Mr. Khrushchev's memorable tantrums reaffirmed the unhappy lot of a dissenting Soviet artist. (It was followed by a *New Yorker* cartoon showing a couple of comrades in an art gallery, captioned, "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I'm supposed to like!") On the other hand, even when the state overseers of a medium for artistic expression try to close the field to an artist because of his political views, they are seldom successful.

(A related problem of Soviet bloc culture would be, how much of it arises in an economy not nearly affluent enough to support it, solely out of the political necessity of presenting a front — a sort of Potempkin Culture — to the civilized world?)

There was the case of the Hollywood blacklist of several individuals who refused to answer questions put to them by a Congressional investigating committee, which almost immediately proved to be a failure. The Hollywood producers, whatever they might feel about Communism, must use the best men available to them, if they are to achieve a marketable — profitable — product. If film production had been a government enterprise, it is extremely unlikely that the "Hollywood Ten" would have been reinstated.

Throughout all, then, we see that the necessary ingredient of culture is intellectual freedom, and that it is to be found only in a capitalist society. True enough that, under capitalism, the public is flooded with trivial and salacious material — but at the public's demand and through no fault of the system (if you object to it, don't buy it). It is also true that only under capitalism is there both surplus wealth for the support of genuine art and a guaranteed freedom of expression in which genuine art can develop.

Notes Toward an Empirical Definition of Conservatism

... Reluctantly and apologetically
given by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

I am asked most frequently by members of the lecture audience two questions, to neither of which have I ever given a satisfactory answer. The first is asked by those who share my feelings that the world is in crisis and the nation imperilled: "What can I do?" — I don't know, and haven't the stomach to contrive an aphoristic answer. The second question, asked alike by friendly and hostile listeners, is "What is conservatism?" Sometimes the questioner — guarding against the windy evasiveness one comes to expect from lecturers — will add, "preferably in one sentence." On which occasions I have replied: "I could not give you a definition of Christianity in one sentence, but that does not mean that Christianity is undefinable." Usually that disposes of the hopes of those who wish a neatly-packaged definition of conservatism which they can stow away in their mind, alongside (or replacing?) the definitions of astrology, necrophilia, xenophobia and philistinism. Those who are obstinate I punish by giving, with a straight face, Professor Richard Weaver's definition of conservatism, as "a paradigm of essences towards which the phenomenology of the world is in continuing approximation" — as noble an effort as any I have ever read. The point is, of course, that we are at that stage dangerously close to mere verbal gambiting. I have never failed, I am saying, to dissatisfy an audience that asks the meaning of conservatism.

Yet I feel I know if not what conservatism is, at least who a conservative is. I confess that I know

who is a conservative less surely than I know who is a Liberal. Blind-fold me, spin me about like a top, and I will walk up to the single Liberal in the room without zig or zag, and find him even if he is hiding behind the flower pot. I am tempted to try to develop an equally sure nose for the conservative, but am deterred by the knowledge that conservatives, under the stress of our times, have had to invite all kinds of people into their ranks, to help with the job at hand, and the natural courtesy of the conservative causes him to treat such people not as janissaries, but as equals; and so, empirically, it becomes difficult to see behind the khaki, to know surely whether that is a conservative over there doing what needs to be done, or a radical, or merely a noisemaker, or pyrotechnician, since our rag-tag army sometimes moves together in surprising uniformity, and there are exhilarating moments when everyone's eye is Right. I have, after all, sometimes wondered whether I am myself a true conservative. I feel I qualify spiritually, and philosophically; but temperamentally I am not of the breed, and so I need to ask myself, among so many other things, how much it matters how one is temperamentally? There are other confusions. Whittaker Chambers, for instance, distinguished sharply between a conservative and a "man of the Right." "You," he wrote me on resigning as an editor of *National Review*, "are a conservative, and I know no one with better title to the word. But I am not one, never was. I call myself, on those occasions when I cannot avoid answering the question, a man of the

Right." I reflected on that letter, needless to say, as would you if you were the editor of a journal from which Whittaker Chambers had just withdrawn, and remarked an interesting thing, that in the five-year history of the journal, Chambers was the only man to resign from its senior board of editors explicitly because he felt he could no longer move within its ideological compass; and yet he never wrote a piece for us (or in the last dozen years of his life, that I know of, for anyone else), that was out of harmony with the thrust of *National Review's* position.

Oh yes, people withdraw, and write and denounce you, and swear green grass will never grow over your grave, on account of this or that offensive article or editorial or book review; but these losses are merely a part of the human attrition of outspoken journalism. They prove nothing, in our case, that has anything to do with ideological fecklessness. What I am saying is that notwithstanding the difficulty in formulating The Conservative Position, and the high degree of skepticism from our critics before *National Review* was launched, *National Review's* position was, I believe, instantly intelligible, from the very first issue. *He would probably say that anyway* (the skeptic will charge) *it being in his and the journal's interest to say so.* But I make that statement on empirical grounds, as I propose to make others in this essay on the meaning of conservatism, which will reason a posteriori, from the facts to the theory — and which will be based exclusively on my own experiences

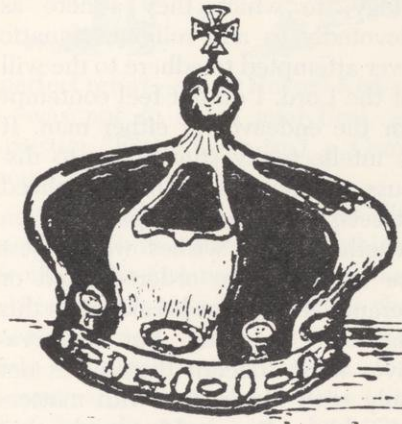
as editor of *National Review*. Since I shall not allude to it again, let me say so now unambiguously, that this essay is about the experiences of *National Review* and their bearing, by the processes of exclusion, on a workable definition of contemporary conservatism. I do not by any means suggest that *National Review* is the only functioning alembic of modern conservatism; merely that it is the only one whose experiences I can relate with any authority, and that its experiences may be interesting enough to be worth telling.

Roughly the same group of men, representing the same vested interests in certain ideas and attitudes, continue to be the major participants in *National Review*. The magazine found instantly, and expanded, an audience which seemed intuitively to grant and to understand the happy eclecticism of the magazine's guiding ideas; while the critics, whose delighted line at the beginning was one or another variant on the theme, "This country needs a conservative magazine, and having read *National Review*, we still say what this country needs is a conservative magazine," finally, except for the bitter-enders, gave up, and began to refer to *National Review* as, plain and simple, a "conservative journal." Others, who as I say refuse to give up, will continue to refer to it only after a ritualistic pejorative: "the McCarthyite-*National Review*," "the ultrarightist *National Review*," etc. But it being so that in language the governing law is usage, it is by now predictable that those who feel Peter Viereck or Clinton Rossiter or Walter Lippmann are the true architects of American conservatism are bound to enter the ranks of eccentricity, like the right wing gentlemen who, because they continue to insist on referring to themselves as "liberals," have difficulty communicating with the rest of the world, which for two generations now has understood liberalism to mean something else, beginning, roughly, from the time Santayana

observed that the only thing the modern liberal is concerned to liberate is man from his marriage contract.

I

Since this is to be an empirical probe, based, apologetically, on my personal experience as editor of *National Review*, I shall speak about people and ideas with which *National Review* has had trouble making common cause. In 1957, Whitaker Chambers reviewed *Atlas Shrugged*, the novel by Miss Ayn Rand wherein she explicates the philosophy of "Objectivism," which is what she has chosen to call her creed. Man of the right, or conservative, or whatever you wish to call him, Chambers did in fact read Miss Rand right out of the conservative movement. He did so by pointing out that her philosophy is in fact another kind of materialism, not the dialectical materialism of Marx, but the materialism of technocracy, of the relentless self-server, who lives for himself and for absolutely no one else, whose concern for others is explainable merely as



an intellectualized recognition of the relationship between helping others and helping oneself. Religion is the first enemy of the objectivist, and after religion, the state — respectively, "the mysticism of the mind" and "the mysticism of the muscle." "Randian Man," wrote Chambers, "like Marxian Man, is made the center of a godless world."

Her exclusion from the conservative community was, I am sure, in part the result of her dessicated

philosophy's conclusive incompatibility with the conservative's emphasis on transcendence, intellectual and moral; but also there is the incongruity of tone, that hard, schematic, implacable, unyielding dogmatism that is in itself intrinsically objectionable, whether it comes from the mouth of Ehrenburg, or Savonarola—or Ayn Rand. Chambers knew that specific ideologies come and go, but that rhetorical totalism is always in the air, searching for the lightning rod of the ideologue-on-the-make; and so he said things about Miss Rand's tone of voice which, I would hazard the guess, if they were true of anyone else's voice, would tend to make it *eo ipso* unacceptable for the conservative. "... the book's [*Atlas Shrugged's*] dictatorial tone ..." Chambers wrote, "is its most striking feature. Out of a lifetime of reading, I can recall no other book in which a tone of overriding arrogance was so implacably sustained. Its shrillness is without reprieve. Its dogmatism is without appeal ... resistance to the Message cannot be tolerated because disagreement can never be merely honest, prudent, or just humanly fallible. Dissent from revelation so final can only be willfully wicked. There are ways of dealing with such wickedness, and, in fact, right reason itself enjoins them. From almost any page of *Atlas Shrugged*, a voice can be heard, from painful necessity, commanding: 'To a gas chamber — go!' The same inflexibly self-righteous stance results, too, in odd extravagances of inflection and gesture ... At first we try to tell ourselves that these are just lapses, that this mind has, somehow, mislaid the discriminating knack that most of us pray will warn us in time of the difference between what is effective and firm, and what is wildly grotesque and excessive. Soon we suspect something worse. We suspect that this mind finds, precisely in extravagance, some exalting merit; feels a surging release of power and passion precisely in smashing up the house."*

As if according to a script, Miss Rand's followers jumped *National Review* and Chambers in language that crossed the i's and dotted the t's of Mr. Chambers' point. (It is not fair to hold the leader responsible for the excesses of the disciples, but this reaction from Miss Rand's followers — never repudiated by Miss Rand — suggested that her own intolerance is easily communicable to other Objectivists.) One correspondent, denouncing him, referred to "Mr. Chambers' 'break' with Communism"; a lady confessed that on reading his review she thought she had "mistakenly picked up the *Daily Worker*"; another accused him of "lies, smears, and cowardly misrepresentations"; still another saw in him the "mind-blanking, life-hating, unreasoning, less-than-human being which Miss Rand proves undeniably is the cause of the tragic situation the world now faces. . ."; and summing up, one objectivist wrote that "Chambers the Christian Communist is far more dangerous than Chambers the Russian spy."

What the experience proved, it seems to me, beyond the unacceptability of Miss Rand's ideas and rhetoric, is that no conservative cosmology whose every star and planet is given in a master book of coordinates, is very likely to sweep Ameri-



can conservatives off their feet. They are enough conservative, and anti-ideological, to resist totally closed systems, those systems that do not provide for deep and continuing mysteries. They may be pro-ideology, and un-conservative enough to resist such asseverations as that conservatism is merely "an attitude of mind." But I predict on the basis of a long association with American conservatives that there isn't anybody around scribbling into

his sacred book a series of all-fulfilling formulae which will serve the conservatives as an Apostles' creed. Miss Rand tried it, and *because* she tried it she compounded the failure of her ideas. She will have to go down as an Objectivist; my guess is she will go down as an entertaining novelist.

II

The conservative's distrust of the state, so richly earned by it, raises inevitably the question, how far can one go? This side, the answer is, of anarchism—that should be obvious enough. But one man's anarchism is another man's statism. *National Review*, while fully intending to save the nation, probably will never define to the majority's satisfaction what are the tolerable limits of the state's activity; and we never expected to do so. But we got into the problem, as so often is the case, not by going forward to meet it, but by backing up against it.

There exists a small breed of men whose passionate distrust for the state has developed into a theology of sorts, or at least into a demonology; to which they adhere as devotedly as any religious fanatic ever attempted to adhere to the will of the Lord. I do not feel contempt for the endeavor of either man. It is intellectually stimulating to discuss alternatives to municipalized streets, as it is to speculate on whether God's wishes would best be served if we ordered fried or scrambled eggs for breakfast on this particular morning. But conservatives must concern themselves not only with ideals, but with matters of public policy, and I mean by that something more than the commonplace that one must maneuver within the limits of conceivable action. We can read, and take pleasure in, the recluse's tortured deliberations on what will benefit his soul—Bernanos' *Diary of the Country Priest* was not only a masterpiece; it was also a best-seller. And we can read with more than mere amusement Dr. Murray Rothbard's suggestion that lighthouses be sold to private tenants who will chase down the

beam in speed boats and collect a dollar from the storm-tossed ship whose path it illuminates. Chesterton reminds us that many dogmas are liberating, because however much damage they do when abused, it cannot compare with the damage that might have been done had whole peoples not felt their inhibiting influence. If our society seriously wondered whether or not to denationalize the lighthouses, it would not wonder at all whether to nationalize the medical profession.

But Dr. Rothbard and his merry anarchists wish to *live* their fanatical anti-statism, and the result is a collision between the basic policies they urge, and those urged by conservatives who recognize that the state sometimes is, and is today as never before, the necessary instrument of our proximate deliverance. The defensive war in which we are engaged cannot be prosecuted by voluntary associations of soldiers and scientists and diplomats and strategists, and when this obtrusive fact enters into the reckonings of our statehaters, the majority, sighing, yield to reality; while the small minority, obsessed by their antagonism to the state, would refuse to give it even the powers necessary to safeguard the community. Dr. Rothbard and a few others have spoken harshly of *National Review's* complacency before the 20th century state in all matters that have to do with anti-Communism, reading their litanies about the necessity for refusing at any cost to countenance the growth of the state. Thus, for instance, Mr. Ronald Hamowy of the University of Chicago complained about *National Review* in 1961, ". . . the Conservative movement has been straying [far] under *National Review* guidance," "leading true believers [the words were not capitalized in the text] in freedom and individual liberty down a disastrous path . . . and that in so doing they are causing the Right increasingly to betray its own traditions and principles."**

And Mr. Henry Hazlitt, reviewing Dr. Rothbard's magnum

opus,^{***} *Man, Economy, and State* (Van Nostrand), enthusiastically for *National Review*, paused to comment, sadly, on the author's "extreme apriorism," citing, for instance, Dr. Rothbard's opinion that libel and slander ought not to be illegalized, and that even blackmail "would not be illegal in the free society. For blackmail is the receipt of money in exchange for the service of not publicizing certain information about the other person. No violence or threat of violence to person or property is involved." . . . when Rothbard wanders out of the strictly economic realm, in which his scholarship is so rich and his reasoning so rigorous, he is misled by his epistemological doctrine of 'extreme apriorism' into trying to substitute his own instant jurisprudence for the common law principles built up through generations of human experience."

"Extreme apriorism"—a generic bullseye. If *National Review's* experience is central to the growth of contemporary conservatism, extreme apriorists will find it difficult to work with conservatives except as occasional volunteers helping to storm specific objectives. They will not be a part of the standing army, rejecting as they do the burden of reality in the name of a virginal anti-statism. I repeat I do not deplore their influence intellectually; and tactically I worry not at all. The succubi of Communism are quite numerous enough, and eloquent enough, to be counted upon to put their ghastly presences forward in effective protest against the marriage of any but the most incurable solipsist to a set of abstractionist doctrines whose acceptance would mean the end of any human liberty. The virgins have wriggled themselves outside the mainstream of American conservatism. Mr. Hamowy, offering himself up grandly as a symbol of the undefiled conservative, has joined the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy.

III

We ran into the John Birch Society, or more precisely into Mr.

Robert Welch—we have always distinguished between the two. Mr. Welch's position is very well known. Scrubbed down, it is that one may reliably infer subjective motivation from objective result: *e.g.*, if the West loses as much ground as demonstrably it has lost during the past fifteen years to the enemy, it can only be because those who made policy for the West were the enemy's agents. The *ultima ratio* of this position was the public disclosure—any 300-page document sent to hundreds of people can only be called an act of public disclosure—that Dwight Eisenhower is a Communist. (To which the most



perfect retort—was it Russell Kirk's?—was not so much analytical, as artistic: "Eisenhower isn't a Communist—he is a golfer.")

In criticizing Mr. Welch we did not move into a hard philosophical front, as for instance we did in our criticisms of Miss Rand, or of the neo-anarchists. Rather we moved into an organizational axiom, the conservative equivalent of the leftists' "pas d'ennemi à gauche." The position has not, however, been rigorously explicated, or applied. Mr. Welch makes his own exclusions: for instance, Gerald L. K. Smith, who although it is a fact that he favors a number of reforms in domestic and foreign policy which coincide with those favored by Mr. Welch (and by *National Review*), is dismissed as a man with an *idée fixe*, namely, the role of the Perfidious Jew in modern society. Many right wingers (and many Liberals,

and all Communists) believe in a *deus ex machina*. Only introduce the single tax, and our problems will wither away, say the followers of Henry George . . . Only expose the Jew, and the international conspiracy will be broken, say others . . . Only abolish the income tax, and all will be well . . . Forget everything else, but restore the gold standard . . . Abolish compulsory taxation, and we shall all be free . . . They are called nostrum-peddlers by some; certainly they are obsessed. Because whatever virtue there is in what they call for, and some of their proposals strike me as highly desirable, others as mischievous, no one of them can begin to do the whole job, which continues to wait on the successful completion of the objectives of the Committee to Abolish Original Sin. Many such persons, because inadequate emphasis is not given to their pandemic insight, the linch-pin of social reconstruction, are dissatisfied with *National Review*. Others react more vehemently—our failure to highlight *their* solution has the effect of distracting from its unique relevance, and so works positively against the day when the great illumination will show us the only road forward. Accordingly, *National Review* is, in their eyes, worse than merely useless.

The defenders of Mr. Welch who are also severe critics of *National Review* are not by any means all of them addicts of the conspiracy school. They do belong, however inconsistently, to the school that says that we must all work together—as a general proposition, sound advice. Lenin distinguished between the sin of "sectarianism," from which suffer all those who refuse to cooperate with anyone who does not share their entire position, right down to the dependent clauses; and the sin of "opportunism," the weakness of those who are completely indiscriminate about their political associates.

The majority of those who broke with *National Review* as the result of our criticisms of Mr. Welch be-

lieve themselves to have done so in protest against *National Review's* sectarianism. In fact I believe their resentment was primarily personal: they were distressed by an attack on a man who had ingratiated himself with them, and toward whom their loyalty hardened in proportion as he was (so often unfairly) attacked. When an attack rose from their own ranks, their bitterness ran over; and now it is widely whispered that *National Review* has been "infiltrated."

The questions we faced at *National Review* were two. The first, to which the answer was always plainly no, was whether Mr. Welch's views on public affairs were sound. The editors knew from empirical experience that they were not. Enough of us had recently been to college, or were in continuing touch with academic circles, to know that the approaches to the internal security, and to foreign relations, that have been practiced by successive administrations after the second World War are endorsed by the overwhelming majority of the intellectuals of this country (and that therefore any assumption that only a Communist (or a fool, as Mr. Welch allowed) could oppose the House Committee on Un-American Activities or favor aid to Poland and Yugoslavia, must deductively mean that the nations' academies are staffed, primarily, by Communists (or fools). It is not merely common sense that rejects this assumption, but a familiarity with the intricate argumentation of almost the entire intellectual class (who, of course, are not fools, at least not in the

sense in which Mr. Welch uses the word).

The second question then arose, whether it was necessary explicitly to reject Mr. Welch's position as an unrealistic mode of thought; and that had to be answered by asking whether at the margin it contributed or not to the enlightenment of right wing thought. The answer was not as obvious as one might suppose. Ironically, the assumptions that reason will prevail and that logic and truth are self-evident—the constituent assumptions of those who believe that that syllogism is correct which says, A. We were all powerful after the world war, B. Russia is now as powerful as we are, therefore C. We willed the enemy's ascendancy (the essence of Mr. Welch's methodology)—argued in favor of leaving Mr. Welch alone. Thus might one reason, if one believed that the truth will triumph: if Mr. Welch merely succeeds in drawing people's attention, which otherwise would not be drawn, to public events; if he brings them to read about and think about public affairs—then those people, though introduced to public concern by Mr. Welch, will by the power of reason reject, upon examination, Mr. Welch's specific counsels; and graduate as informed members of the anti-Communist community.

But reason is *not* king (and many of those who have shrunk from Mr. Welch have done so less because on reflection they repudiate his analysis, than because public scandal of a kind has in fact attached to discipleship in a movement dominated by a man with a very special set of views which reality rejects). And so it seemed necessary to say what one hoped would be obvious: that the Welch view is wrong, that it is wrong irrespective of the many personal virtues of Mr. Welch, and wrong irrespective of how many people who were other-

wise politically lethargic, are now, thanks to Mr. Welch, politically animated.

In consequence, *National Review* was widely criticized for "throwing mud" at Mr. Welch (a curious way to refer to the act of throwing at Mr. Welch his own statements!); and some battle lines (and some necks) were broken. Whom did we actually alienate? A body of people? A body of thought? I tend to think not, for the reasons I have suggested. If we alienated those who genuinely believe in *pas d'ennemi à droite*, why do these same people a) applaud Mr. Welch's exclusion of Gerald L. K. Smith; and b) proceed to exclude us? It is no answer to the latter inconsistency that the penalty of turning against someone on your side excuses the turning away against the offender: and Mr. Welch, while failing to be consistent on point a) above, *was* consistent in respect of b): aside from a few aggrieved references to *National Review's* naivete, and to the Communists' need of conservative front men to implement the smear of the John Birch Society, he has not, as yet, anyway, excluded us from the anti-Communist community.

For this reason I tend to put down our encounter with Mr. Welch as having no philosophical significance in an empirical probe of the contemporary locus of American conservatism—except to the extent it can be said that *National Review* rejects as out of this world what goes by the name of the conspiracy view of history. Most of the followers of Mr. Welch who broke with *National Review* on account of our criticisms of him showed, by the inconsistency of their own position, to have acted primarily out of personal pique—to which, of course, they are entitled. But perhaps this brief analysis is relevant, if only because it explains why *National Review's* noisiest collision did *not* serve any great purpose in the construction of an empirical definition of conservatism.



IV

A few years ago Mr. Max Eastman, the author and poet, wrote sadly that he must withdraw from the masthead of *National Review*. "There are too many things in the magazine—and they go too deep—that directly attack or casually side-swipe my most earnest passions and convictions. It was an error in the first place to think that, because of political agreements, I could collaborate formally with a publication whose basic view of life and the universe I regard as primitive and superstitious. That cosmic, or chasmic, difference between us has always troubled me, as I've told you, but lately its political implications have been drawn in ways that I can't be tolerant of. Your own statement in the issue of October 11 [1958] that Father Halton labored 'for the recognition of God's right to His place in Heaven' invited me into a world where neither my mind nor my imagination could find rest. That much I could take, although with a shudder, but when you added that 'the struggle for the world is a struggle, essentially, by those who mean to unseat Him,' you voiced a political opinion that I think is totally and dangerously wrong . . ."

Can you be a conservative and believe in God? Obviously. Can you be a conservative and not believe in God? This is an empirical essay, and so the answer is as obviously, yes. Can you be a conservative and despise God, and feel contempt for those who believe in Him? I would say no. True, Max Eastman is the only man who has left the masthead of *National Review* in protest against its pro-religious sympathies, but it does not follow that this deed was eccentric; he, after all, was probably the only man on *National Review* with that old-time hostility to religion associated with evangelical atheism; with, e.g., the names of Theodore Dreiser, Upton Sinclair, Henry Mencken, and Clarence Darrow, old friends of Eastman. If one dismisses religion as intellectually contemptible, it becomes diffi-

cult to identify oneself wholly with a movement in which religion plays a vital role; and so the moment came when Max Eastman felt he had to go, even while finding it difficult to answer the concluding observation I made to him: "I continue to feel that you would be at a total loss what to criticize in the society the editors of *National Review*, would, had they the influence, establish in America."

Mr. Eastman's resignation brought up an interesting point, to which I also addressed myself in my reply to my old friend. "You require [I wrote] that I take your letter seriously, and having done so I must reproach myself, rather than you. For if it is true that you cannot collaborate formally with me, then it must be true that I ought not to have collaborated formally with you; for I should hate for you to think that the distance between atheism and Christianity is any greater than the distance between Christianity and atheism. And so if you are correct, that our coadjutorship was incongruous, I as editor of *National Review* should have been the first to spot it, and to act on it. All the more because my faith imposes upon me more rigorous standards of association than yours does."

I know now, four years after this exchange of letters, that my point here, the reciprocal of the proposition that a God-hater cannot associate fully with a Christian, is not in fact true—for reasons that are not easy to set down without running the risk of spiritual or philosophical condescension. But the risk must be taken, and I choose the Christian rather than the secular formulation because although the latter can very handily be made, see e.g. Eric Voegelin's "On Readiness to Rational Discussion,"**** it remains debatable in a way that the Christian formulation does not. The reason why Christian conservatives can associate with atheists is because we hold that above all faith is a gift, and that therefore there is no accounting for the bad fortune

that has beset those who do not believe, or the good fortune that befell those who do. The pro-religious conservative can therefore welcome the atheist as a full-fledged member of the conservative community even while feeling that at the very bottom the roots do not interlace, so that the sustenance that gives a special bloom to Christian conservatism fails to reach the purely secularist conservatism. Voegelin will argue on purely intellectual grounds, taking as his lesson the Socratic proposition that virtue can be taught, but only if virtue is defined as knowledge. Socrates defined knowledge, Voegelin reminds us, as transcendental cognition, as, in fact, requiring the ability to see far enough into the nature of things to recognize transcendence, a view he elaborated in *Protagoras*, *Politei*, and *Nomoi*.

The God-hater, as distinguished from the agnostic (who says merely that he doesn't know), or simply the habitual atheist (who knows there is no God, but doesn't much care about those who disagree), regards those who believe in or tolerate religion as afflicted with short-circuited vision. Their faith is the result of a combination of intellectual defectiveness and psychological immaturity, leading to the use of analysis, and rhetoric, which Max Eastman "can't be tolerant of."

The agnostic can shrug his shoulders about the whole thing, caring not whether, in his time, the conflict between the pro-religious and anti-religious elements within conservatism will be resolved—there are so many other things to do than think about God. "Are you anything?" a lady flightily addressed at her dinner table a scholarly gentleman and firebrand conservative who has always managed to nudge aside questions, or deflect conversational trends, that seemed to be moving into hard confrontations involving religion . . . He smiled. "Well, I guess I'm not *nothing*"—and the conversation went on pleasantly. Max Eastman is nothing; and he can no more resist the opportunity to incant his non-belief, than the

holy priest can resist the opportunity to proselyte: and so the tension.

Mr. Eastman, like many other programmatic conservatives, bases his defense of freedom primarily on pragmatic grounds. Mr. Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn once remarked that Friedrich Hayek's *Constitution of Liberty* seemed to be saying that if freedom were not pragmatically productive, there would be no reason for freedom. It appears to be the consensus of religious-minded conservatives that ordered freedom is desirable quite apart from its demonstrable usefulness as the basis for economic and political association. The research of the past ten years on Edmund Burke appears to have liberated him from the social pragmatists by whom he had been coopted. Not to stray too far from the rules of this discussion, I cite a poll a few years ago which showed that the great majority of the readers of *National Review* think of themselves formally as religious people, suggesting that conservatism, of the kind I write about, is planted in a religious view of man.

Though as I say only a single resignation has been addressed to *National Review* in protest against the magazine's friendliness to religion, there is much latent discord, particularly in the academic world, centering on the question not so much of whether God exists or doesn't (only a few continue to explore the question consciously, let alone conscientiously, and most of the latter are thought of as *infra dig*) but on the extent to which it is proper to show towards religion the intellectual disdain the God-haters believe it deserves. Russell Kirk was not allowed inside the faculty of a major university in which, *mirabile dictu*, conservatives (specifically: libertarians) had control of the social science department—because of his “religiosity.” The Mt. Pelerin Society, an organization of free market economists and laymen, has recently trembled over inscrutable personal issues, but somewhere there, in the interstices of the

strife, is a hardening of positions relating to religious differences, or differences over religion, which sometimes express themselves, loosely, in arguments between “traditionalist” and “libertarian” conservatism.

Though I say the antagonism is here and there seen to be hardening, I have grounds for optimism, based not merely on *National Review's* own amiable experiences with all but the most dedicated atheists, but on the conviction that the hideousness of a science-centered age has resulted in a stimulation of religious scholarship, and of all those other instincts, intellectual and spiritual, by which man is constantly confounding the most recent wave of neoterics who insist that man is merely a pandemoniac conjunction of ethereal gasses. The atheists have not got around to answering Huxley's self-critical confession, that neither he nor his followers had succeeded in showing how you can deduce Hamlet from the molecular structure of a mutton chop.

I repeat what is obvious to the reader, that these are merely notes, though not I hope altogether desultory, suggesting where are some of the confines of contemporary conservatism, the walls it runs up against, and bounces away from. The freeway remains large, large enough to accomodate very different players, with highly different prejudices and techniques: from Frank Meyer, with his metaphysics of freedom, to Russell Kirk with his traditionalist preoccupations, from Brent Bozell with his vision of the church-centered society to Gary Wills and his insuperable wall of separation; from Willmoore Kendall and Ernest van den Haag with their emphasis on the consensual society to Milton Friedman and the Open Society—the differences are now tonal, now substantive; but they do not appear to be choking each other off. The symbiosis may yet be a general consensus on the proper balance between freedom, order, and tradition.

* Several years later, in the *New Individualist Review*, a graduate student in philosophy, a disciple of Hayek, von Mises, and Friedman, analyzed the thought and rhetoric of Miss Rand, and came to similar conclusions. Miss Rand, he wrote, is “hate blinded,” “suffocating in her invective.” See Bruce Goldberg, “Ayn Rand's ‘For the New Intellectual,’” *NIR*, Nov. 1961, p. 29.

** *New Individualist Review*, Nov. 1961, p. 3. On behalf of the magazine I answered (in part): “The American conservative needs to proceed within the knowledge of history and anthropology and psychology; we must live in our time. We must indeed continue to cherish our resentments against such institutionalized impositions upon our prerogatives as social security. But we must not, if we are to pass for sane in this tormented world, equate as problems of equal urgency, the repeal of the social security law, and the containment of the Soviet threat. The problem of assigning priorities to the two objectives is not merely a problem of intellectual discrimination, but of moral balance.”

*** See “The Economics of Freedom” by Henry Hazlitt, which appeared in *National Review* September 25, 1962, page 231.

**** An essay in *Freedom and Serfdom, An Anthology of Western Thought* (Dordrecht, Holland: D. Reidel Co., 1961)

“If any part of our people want to be wards, if they want to have guardians over them, if they want to be taken care of, if they want to be children patronized by the Government, I am sorry, because it will sap the manhood of America. But I don't believe they do. I believe they want to stand on the firm foundations of law and right and take care of themselves.”

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In Defense of HCUA

Once in a great while, the give and take of polemical debate is abruptly halted by an epochal treatise which gives one side such an overwhelming advantage that further discussion is simply superfluous. Such a treatise compels the opposition either to drop its case entirely or develop a whole new set of arguments—and thus it becomes a watershed and authority to which both sides must refer thereafter if they wish to say anything knowledgeable about the subject in question.

Recently, the hot controversy revolving around the House Committee on Un-American Activities was suddenly transmuted into a dead issue by the publication of *The Committee and its Critics*. This book, which is the product of some of the finest minds in America, simply buries the critics of the committee six feet under the dirt of their own arguments. While the book will not halt the Communists' vendetta against the

THE COMMITTEE AND ITS CRITICS, by Wm. F. Buckley Jr., et al, Putnam, 1962. \$4.95.

committee, or change the minds of rigidly doctrinaire liberals, it *will* isolate these obsessed souls from the rest of society, and bare their unreasoned hatreds to the eyes of all temperate men.

One might well ask what kind of material it is that could settle with such finality a controversy which has raged for some two decades. And the answer is: facts. The book fairly bulges with documentary evidence of every conceivable sort. And from these teeming facts are marshalled arguments which defy opposition.

As Mr. William F. Buckley Jr. observes in his brilliant introductory essay, the great bulk of hostility toward the House Committee on Un-American Activities is grounded upon abysmal ignorance and misinformation. Even some who are generally friendly to the committee and its mission have neglected to gird their defense of it with the fundamental factual information.

Within the compass of a book review, one obviously could not tackle each of the delusions about HCUA which has gained popular circulation. But the briefest survey of some of the book's key chapters begins to reveal the stupendous scholarship which has been brought to bear on the controversy.

Certainly among the most notable chapters is James Burnham's magnificent study of the investigatory function of Congress. Mr. Burnham's researches explore not only the entire history of congressional in-

vestigation in this country, but they delve deep into the origin and expansion of the investigating powers of the British Parliament, dating clear back into the Seventeenth Century.

Another luminous chapter, written by Professor Willmoore Kendall, examines the unique character of subversion in this century. In particular, he interests himself in the techniques by which the Communists have refined and advanced the art of subversion to take maximum advantage of the free institutions of the West.

"First [he writes] comes the corruption of accepted ideas and the substitution for them of views consonant with Communist objectives (we may call this the stage of intellectual and spiritual infiltration, and say of it that it demands, of those who would prevent or forestall it, notably more, in the way of sophistication and resourcefulness, than either of the other stages). Second comes a stage during which the Communists seek to manipulate the policies of the target government in such a fashion as to favor Communist goals. Finally comes the stage of overt individual and collective action (espionage, sabotage, insurrection, etc.) under Communist guidance and direction."

A third brilliant chapter was written by C. Dickerman Williams about the committee's procedures, and how they stack up—in terms of civil liberties—against the methods used by the Canadians to uncover their subversives. It is not generally appreciated that HCUA is the only standing committee of the House which abides rigidly by a written code, and that HCUA's code is closely patterned upon recommendations made by the New York Bar Association. One can only conclude from the findings of Mr. Williams, who has been visiting Sterling lecturer on the law at Yale University, and was a director of the American Civil Liberties Union, that witnesses before the committee are excellently treated—possibly to the point of hampering the committee's investigative power.

The book is rounded out by other superb chapters of equal importance, dealing with such matters as the committee's history; a year's work by the committee; the San Francisco riots and how they relate to the larger campaign to demolish HCUA; the legislative accomplishments of HCUA, including those ideas which await action by Congress; and an exhaustive record of the committee's work.

It should be said of this book that he who fails to read it is not an educated man—at least in political

science and related fields. This fine work of scholarship, this splendid rampart in the fortress of liberty, this high and steady beacon in a darkening age—certainly demands the thoughtful attention of all good men.

—Richard S. Wheeler

This is a Republic?

"Every human law has just so much of the nature of law as it is derived from the law of nature. But if in any point it departs from the law of nature, it is no longer a law but a perversion of the law." The quote, from St. Thomas Aquinas, is one a friend has mastered and takes pleasure in reciting to me, in breathless

CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT TODAY IN SOVIET RUSSIA, by Robert LeFevre, Exposition Press, \$4.

haste, to justify his disdain for politics — a point, I can't seem to impress him, which needs no apology.

Aquinas' argument comes very naturally to mind in considering what is supposed to be a supreme human law, constitutionality. Presumably a constitu-

tion is a delimiting instrument to the end of preserving liberty: it defines what a state can do and excludes the state from all other areas. Certainly the American constitutional tradition places something like supreme faith in its fulfillment of that function. One wonders, however, with the realization that the Soviet Union has and adheres to a republican constitution, whether that faith is not horribly misplaced.

Apparently so, on the evidence of Mr. Robert LeFevre's new book, *Constitutional Government in Soviet Russia*. Mr. LeFevre's researches provide substantial reason to discard the hypothesis that constitutionality fails in the disregard for law by unscrupulous men. Rather, one theorizes, the failure is inherent because the state is incapable of restraining itself; hence where individual liberty relies solely on a constitution for preservation, it is forfeit.

Robert LeFevre's book — in fact, all his writing — deserves a great deal more credit than I would be able in this short space to supply. The object of his study is a fascinating one and his treatment of it is characteristically superlative. Is the Soviet Union truly building a classless society? Its constitution provides for several classes. Is it truly building a communist utopia? No analysis, no matter how close, will find utopia in the Soviet system. The world is in a mess and everyone knows it and these are, indeed, the portentous questions of the times. I welcome the depth of Mr. LeFevre's insight into them, and commend his book unreservedly.

—Scott W. Lake

Past the Season of Bearing

Max Eastman for many years was deeply involved in activist socialism and therefore speaks with an authority and experience of which few critics of socialism are capable. In the biographical sketch that prefaces his remarks on the failure of socialism, Mr. Eastman tells of his early fascination with the socialist dream and the hopes that he saw it embodying. Because the dream did not come true and the hopes were unfulfilled, he came in time to see the errors inherent in the system and the philosophy, and as he became more and more disillusioned with what he saw, he gradually estranged himself from the socialist experiment. Unlike many converts from socialism, Mr. Eastman

REFLECTIONS ON THE FAILURE OF SOCIALISM, by Max Eastman, Devin-Adair, New York. Universal Library paperback, 1962.

does not have a bitterness to salve; he frankly admits that he saw socialism through the dark glass of youthful idealism and wants others to know what it was that opened his eyes to the truth.

The tree of socialism has not borne the fruit of its



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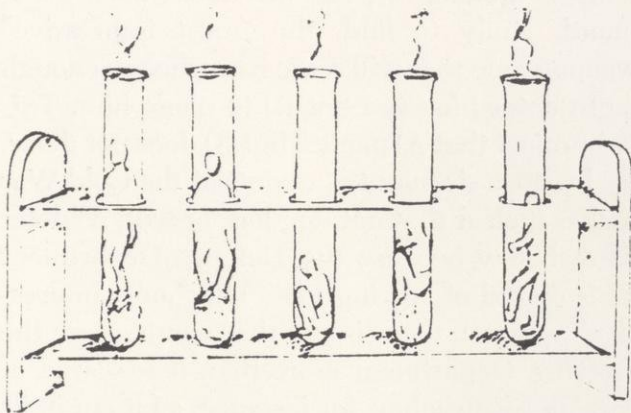
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promise and is now long past the season of bearing. Eastman traces the history of socialism from Robert Owen's "New Harmony" experiment on the banks of the Wabash to the hydra-headed socialism throughout the world today. He sees the failure of socialism partly as the result of the fact that it is based upon false ideas of both society and man. The Socialist believe that "... society can be made more free and equal, and incidentally more orderly and prosperous, by a state which takes charge of the economy, and runs it according to plan." Related to this is the misconception about the nature of man: "... Marxism rests on the romantic notion of Rousseau that nature endows men with the qualities necessary to free, equal, fraternal, family-like living together, and our sole problem is to fix up the external conditions."

These two misconceptions are a result of the idealism that ran rampant through much of the nineteenth century — an idealism that made men think they could create a heaven on earth and which also made them overlook the fact that any heaven they might be able



to create would have to be inhabited by men instead of angels. It is, according to Eastman, this ignorance of human nature that has caused socialism to fail, that has made it necessary for the Soviets to crush millions of men whose natures resisted the Socialist's concept of man and society.

Eastman takes to task those whom he terms "the delinquent liberals" — those who are delinquent in recognizing that socialism has fostered "the most absolute and bloody tyranny that history has ever known"; who have in fact chosen to close their eyes to the facts of history.

Eastman acknowledges that the real contribution of the Socialists was pointing out the role of economics in politics and culture, but he also recognizes the plethora of evils that has followed the application of their methods. Socialism has been essentially a "religion of immorality": all standards of right and decency have been ignored and even opposed, and this has brought the world not closer to the heaven on earth that the

Socialists have promised, but actually closer to the dark recesses of authoritarian history out of which the modern world emerged.

Those who are looking for something new or profound on the failure of socialism might be disappointed in Mr. Eastman's book. He says little that hasn't been said before by other competent critics of socialism. But it is valuable for its concise explanation of the failure and weaknesses of socialism in language that is understandable and pleasant to read, and for the personal insights of a disillusioned man.

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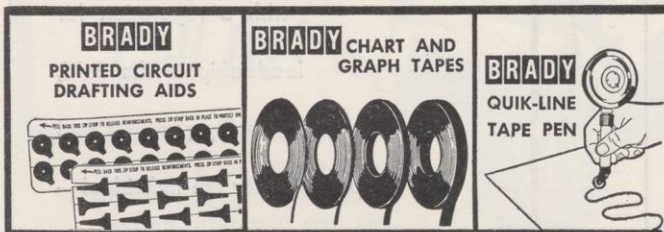
"THE DISCIPLES of the welfare state, while undoubtedly motivated by altruism, are advocating that the individual relinquish his responsibility to the state. They would have him barter individual liberty and limitless opportunity for the stagnation and boredom of a guaranteed life. They would trade cherished liberties for parasitic dependency on government doles."

From an Essay, "My True Security", written by Raymond L. Riccio when a student at Providence College in Rhode Island

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► The New Frontier's version of the biennial drive to nationalize schools (and schoolchildren), a sort of bribe-for-all with a typical disregard for the Constitution, is reaching full frenzy and has perhaps a better chance than its predecessors to impose a bad 1933 solution on the present problems of education. Here's one problem they'll never solve by lobbing cash: how to educate the bureaucrats to stop bureaucratizing education.

► Now the Defense Department, busy phasing out its manned bombers and most missile systems, is looking for, and has undertaken a six-month study to find, the "most impressive" weapon, one that will scare Khrushchev enough A) to deter him, but not B) to panic him. This is a project that A) panics, but B) does not deter, us, because six minutes' review of the Cold War makes it clear that nothing has, or will, A) deter Khrushchev because the Defense Department B) is scared of scaring him. The "most impressive" weapon, then, is one that would scare the Defense Department more than it is scared of scaring Khrushchev, for instance, a fat cut in its budget. Put us down for a Peace-preserving solution.

► Bertrand Russell picked a nit with his crony, Nikita Khrushchev, the other day. Killing Jews, he wrote, is anti-semitic, It is not, Khrushchev replied, and there the debate stands. Meanwhile, the executions continue.

► Radioactive fallout, as everybody knows, causes two-headed babies. Niue Island, south of Samoa, for reasons as yet undiscovered, has a level of radioactivity 100 times higher than normal, and is inhabited by 5,000 beamingly healthy Polynesians, any given one of whom is himself ten times more radioactive than thee, or Bertrand Russell. Facts, as everybody knows, reveal two-faced pacifists.