

JUNIOR'S MISSES

By Ralph de Toledano

FOR a man so young, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. has exerted a remarkable influence on the body politic. As ideologue-in-chief of the Stevenson presidential campaign, he was in large part responsible for its Fabian tone and its mocking treatment of the Communist issue. His column for the anti-anti-Communist New York *Post*, modestly headed "History of the Week," reaches hundreds of thousands of readers. As activist and phrasemaker for Americans for Democratic Action, the junior Schlesinger has done much to improve each shining prejudice of this curious and tiresome organization. His presence on forums and at other occasions where the elite meet to bleat is ubiquitous. (He also teaches at Harvard.)

At best and at worst, Schlesinger personifies the liberal conscience which, having descended to ideological adventurism, struggles periodically to justify its hog-wallow of sordid means and muddled ends. In polemic mood, he figuratively

echoes the humorist Walt Kelly's ironic paraphrase, "I may not understand what you say, but I will fight to your death for my right to deny it." It is a sad commentary on the liberal disintegration that these misunderstandings are more frequently willful than not.

No one will fight to deny, however, that this professional young man has a very loud horn. If the notes are sometimes cracked or shrill, if he garbles the score, at least he is on the bandstand of history. (That he can also give a clear and sensitive reading makes his other performances of startling significance.) As a confessed "historian," Schlesinger has learned from Stalin, Goebbels, and Charley Michelson that in the eternal counterpoint of myth and fact, the booming drum carries farther than the reedy oboe. And having pondered the philosophy of LS/MFT, he knows that slogans, repeated frequently and firmly, have more effect than volumes of reasoned argument.

ARMED with these lessons, Schlesinger has become a shrewd practitioner of what George Orwell called "doublethink" — an advanced form of plural and convoluted logic which eventually deceives the deceiver. In true liberal style, Schlesinger lards his utterances with pious assurances of his scrupulous impartiality and veracity. When he squirts bile at anti-Communists — Schlesinger referred to Vice-President Nixon as a "junior G-man" — it is always in the name of anti-Communism. When he plumps for government regimentation, it is always in the name of freedom. When he censures conservatives for the exercise of free speech, it is always in advocacy of the First Amendment. When he falsely accuses, it is always in the name of truth.

In a 1951 column, to cite an instance, Schlesinger took up a favorite gambit of the non-Communist left — the smear of those who testify against the Communist conspiracy. Louis Budenz, he wrote, "obligingly put the finger on practically everyone in sight, identifying as a Communist, for example, a man like John Carter Vincent about whose political affiliations a year ago he had professed ignorance." This charge of perjury had been manufactured out of the whole cloth by Joseph Alsop, a columnist of musk and passion to whose writings Schlesinger is much devoted.

Forgetting his strictures against "character assassination," Schlesinger

er felt no qualms in repeating the libel. The record, which was available to him, showed that Budenz, whose veracity has been frequently upheld by Federal juries, never "professed ignorance" of Vincent's political affiliations. On the contrary, he had clearly stated, during the hearings in question, that he "would prefer not to comment" on Vincent at the time for reasons involving the FBI. Under oath before the Senate Internal Security subcommittee, Alsop was to withdraw the perjury accusation. But Schlesinger remained quiet.

THIS is not an isolated example of Schlesinger's historical method. Less than a month earlier, he had launched a somewhat broader smear, based on a cavalier revision of history, against former President Herbert Hoover. No honorable person had up to that time — or has since then — cast aspersions on Mr. Hoover's integrity. Nevertheless, in a letter to the *New York Times*, the junior Schlesinger charged Mr. Hoover with having condoned government corruption — the Teapot Dome Scandal specifically — during the early 1920's. Mr. Hoover was singled out at this late date because he had upbraided the Truman administration for having clung passionately to the demonstrable guilty or soiled in its higher echelons.

"Far from objecting to official corruption then," Schlesinger wrote,

"Mr. Hoover sat in entire complacency as Secretary of Commerce, while his colleague, the Secretary of the Interior, sought to loot the Government . . . Not only did Mr. Hoover fail to make any public objection to Secretary of the Interior Fall, or to Attorney General Harry Daugherty . . . but . . . eight days after Fall's hasty resignation . . . Hoover wrote him" a warm letter of commendation. These, Schlesinger said calmly, were the "indisputable facts."

These "indisputable facts," as Admiral Lewis Strauss, now chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, pointed out in an answering letter to the *Times*, were strictly of the junior historian's invention. Fall's "hasty" resignation had been publicly announced two months before it became effective. At the time, there was no suspicion that he was involved in any scandal. As a matter of fact, the *New York Times* editorially regretted Fall's departure from the Federal service. Not until months after Fall's resignation were the charges made and the investigation begun which led to the Teapot Dome fraud disclosures. It was, moreover, Mr. Hoover's Attorney General who sent Fall to prison — a fact which Schlesinger failed to pull out of his deep freezer.

SCHLESINGER's motivation in leaping to the defense of Professor Dirk Struik — and in the process suppressing the key facts — is some-

what more obscure. At the time that Struik was *indicted for sedition*, Schlesinger painted a picture of a persecuted teacher and added: "It is hard to see that *his opinions* constitute a danger to anybody. I have never heard of anyone *being influenced* by Struik; my nine-year-old boy could lick him in an argument." [Emphasis added.] Nowhere in his scoldings did Schlesinger point out that Struik was not only a professor of mathematics at M.I.T., but a member of a Communist underground cell of considerable influence in Massachusetts, and an instructor at the Samuel Adams School in Boston — a school which teaches the violent overthrow of the American Government and recruits students for the more advanced Communist academies of subversion.

To what purpose this defense of a Communist by a man who is so careless of the reputations of anti-Communists? To what end this systematic falsification of history by one presumably dedicated to its disciplines? The answer does not lie in any stated or implied charge that the junior Schlesinger is a Communist, a fellow traveler, or a Russia Firster — for he is clearly none of these. When it has suited him, he has effectively opposed both domestic and international Communists. Nor does the answer lie in the implication that he is stupid or misinformed. He was educated at the best schools — Phillips Exeter, Harvard (from which he was graduated

summa cum laude), and Cambridge. It would not be entirely fair to blame it on his associates in ADA, which today is being daintily cuddled by the Communist Party. It might be said that he would not love them half so much, loved he not Arthur more — but this kind of opportunism is only a surface phase of the junior Schlesinger's make-up.

II

Arthur Meier Schlesinger, Jr. is a product of his future. The shifts and turns, the given and withdrawn loyalties, the anti-Communism and the anti-anti-Communism, the strange alliances — all these make sense only when seen in this context. Along with the somewhat soiled figures of the Stevenson brain trust, he is riding a wave of the future which, until the Democratic defeat of 1952, was also a gravy train.

Only someone coasting on this greasy billow could have made such contradictory shifts in position as Schlesinger has fallen into: Truman was "hopeless" in 1946, but the saviour of America in 1949; Eisenhower was liberalism's last best hope before the 1948 convention, but the pawn of black reaction after the convention of 1952; there was "no reason why we can't coexist peacefully with Russia" in 1946, but he blandly favored a get-tough policy in 1948. In 1946, he made the flat statement that George Kennan's "containment" policy "is not a policy of threatening Soviet in-

terests in what has become the settled sphere of Soviet power"; and in 1953, the equally flat statement that the same policy means "the liberation of the areas of Soviet conquest by peaceful methods."

There is only one constant, with its corollary, to be found in the writings and utterances of the junior Schlesinger: belief in, and support for, the "non-Communist left" — which means the socialist, forcible welfare-state left. He was lavish in his praise of Secretary of State James F. Byrnes (whom he detests today as Governor of South Carolina) for throwing U.S. support to the non-Communist left in Europe — a policy which is now costing us dear. And he was equally lavish to Secretary of State George C. Marshall for giving "new positions of authority" to such men as "Charles E. Bohlen [now our ambassador in Moscow] a brilliant student of Russia and a *persuasive champion of the non-Communist left thesis*, who had been discovered years before by Harry Hopkins." [Emphasis added.]

Although he denies it today (he admitted it when it was more fashionable), the junior Schlesinger is a non-doctrinaire socialist. Like other socialists, he believes in the equality of all men except those with an income larger than his own. He spouts hoary anti-capitalist bromides about the Eisenhower administration and the Republicans, referring to the "billion-dollar cabinet" and "plutocrats, profiteers,

and pirates" — rather strange language from an "historian" who was hardly bothered by the tax looting of the U.S. Treasury under Truman. Schlesinger obscures his socialism under a cloud of semantic irrelevancies and a style so fuzzy that it requires block and tackle to dredge up his thoughts. When his socialist espousals are quoted at him, Schlesinger has an answer: "I chose to write as if 'democratic socialism' and the 'mixed economy' were the same."

ON THE face of it, this is sheer intellectual dishonesty — and doubly so since "democratic socialism" and the "mixed economy" are one. For the "mixed economy" starts as a marriage of socialism and capitalism. But like the female praying mantis, socialism devours its mate, as the British and the French are learning. Schlesinger's disclaimer is therefore a flash of unconscious candor — the same kind of candor he demonstrated when, discussing the difficulties of writing current history, he remarked of his *Age of Jackson*, "All the witnesses are dead. There's no one to pop up and say, 'You were wrong — I was there.' " No one, for example, like Admiral Strauss.

The socialism of the junior Schlesinger is most apparent in his theory of the hobbled individual. Schlesinger writes: "The value of the individual . . . can become abstract and sterile; arrogant forms of in-

dividualism sometimes discredit the basic faith in the value of the individual. It is only so far as that insight [into the value of the individual] can achieve a full social dimension, so far as individualism derives freely from the community, that democracy will be immune to the virus of totalitarianism." Divorced from his obscurities of style Schlesinger is simply saying that the individual may be allowed freedom only so long as he does not exercise it significantly. For if individual freedom derives from the community, it exists as a form of charity which can be withdrawn by the community at will.

This is the crux of the socialist philosophy which showers love on the undifferentiated and collective mass, but which is jealously suspicious of individual free will — like Promethean fire, a gift of God and not the tentative grant of society. This is the anti-libertarian tie which binds Schlesinger to the New Dealers, the homeless Marxists, and those pathetic ex-Communists who can not accept the rigors of Soviet dialectics but who still cling to the deeper heresies of historical materialism. Like them, Schlesinger despises the Communists because they are traitors, troublemakers, and competitors. But because he shares with the Communists their basic concepts of God and freedom, he ends up by tacitly defending what he hates. That the hatred is genuine merely serves to emphasize the ambivalence.

Writing for the socialist *New Leader* in 1952, Schlesinger declared that he "explicitly rejected the theory of socialism in the last pages of *The Age of Jackson* (1945)." Only by constricting socialism to the Maximalist doctrines of the early 1900's does this statement even approximate the facts. For in 1947, in an essay on "The Future of Socialism," written for the *Partisan Review*, he was supporting a theory of "democratic socialism" and prophesying that "there seems no inherent obstacle to the gradual advance of socialism in the United States through a series of New Deals."

In 1949, socialism had lost some of its luster among the intellectuals. Schlesinger had not yet found a new name for the sweet-smelling rose, but he was still advocating the "liberal socialist" doctrine that the state "expend its main strength . . . in determining the broad levels and conditions of economic activity" — in short, a left-oriented corporativism. And having described the New Deal in 1947 as a "process of backing into socialism," he affirms in 1952 that he is, in fact, a New Dealer.

BUT it is not necessary to rely on sentences and paragraphs which, Schlesinger will plead, are taken out of context. There is the body of his work, starting with *The Age of Jackson*, the book which catapulted him into fame. Widely acclaimed as a great piece of historical writing —

it had footnotes — chosen by the pro-Communist Book Find Club, and winning him a Pulitzer Prize, it was on a literate level the kind of historical manipulation which made a best seller of Howard Fast — and made Communist heroes of Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln. Though *The Age of Jackson* amazed the unlearned, such sober publications as New York University's *Journal of Economic History* found much of it "sheer romance" which failed "to make proper use of the work of scholars" and suppressed the established evidence when it ran counter to Schlesinger's thesis.

Jackson's battle with the Central Bank of the United States properly took up an important part of Schlesinger's book. But Schlesinger dealt with it in much the same manner as the *Posts*, both Washington and New York, deal with the McCarthy issue. "The landscapes at the Hermitage and Kinderhook smile in a fashion not noticeable where Whigs and Federalists live," the *Journal* remarked. "The Jacksonian leaders have a 'pervading insight,' their wrath is 'magnificent,' one or another of them is 'handsome,' 'grave,' 'masterly,' 'erudite,' 'thoughtful,' 'quiet,' 'intelligent,' 'brilliant,' etc., etc., and the old hero himself is touchingly fond of children. The opposition is a very sorry outfit. They are Bank 'lackeys,' they 'roar' and 'snarl,' they deal in 'hullabaloo,' they are 'phony,' they have 'fantasies,' they work 'back-

stairs,' their best minds are 'opaque,' and one gets the impression that Mr. Schlesinger never thinks of them as loving little children at all . . . He makes the Bank a dim sort of moneyed monstrosity" and misrepresents its function.

It is not very surprising that even after Schlesinger had begun to attack the Communists, the *New Masses* referred to *The Age of Jackson* as a book which "represents a statement of devotion to liberalism in politics," depicting "with the embroidery of formal scholarship a phase of the national struggle against the power of the bankers."

FOR all of its shortcomings — and its obeisance to liberal-leftist stereotypes — *The Age of Jackson* remains Schlesinger's most solid achievement. About a year later it was followed by his bill of divorcement from the "progressive" wing of the non-Communist left — an article on the Communist Party for *Life* magazine. It took some courage, in the Year of Our Lord 1946, for someone in Schlesinger's intellectual and academic milieu to anatomize the Communist Party. There was, moreover, the matter of his family background: the senior Schlesinger is and was a prodigious joiner of Communist fronts; his brother-in-law, Professor John K. Fairbank, was a member in top standing of the pro-Chinese Communist lobby and a close associate of Owen Lattimore.

Based in large part on the research

of a New York *World-Telegram* reporter, the *Life* article was strong enough on such facts as it used. (By sheer coincidence, it failed to examine those Communist fronts which had won the senior Schlesinger's allegiance.) But in weighing the significance of these facts, Schlesinger slipped into a never-never land. He placed the Communist Party, which he had just described as an international conspiracy, in the same category as the Moral Rearmament movement and the Holy Rollers. He found "even freedom-loving Americans" looking "wistfully to Russia" because of the "faults and injustices" of the free enterprise system. And he cautioned against "witch hunts and Un-American Committees."

Though Communist espionage could not be "shrugged off," Schlesinger proceeded to brush it off by urging that it be left to the FBI to handle. By his own later admission, Schlesinger knew how the FBI was stymied in the Hiss case. It was no secret that in at least two important espionage cases (one involving the theft of atomic secrets), the FBI had been prevented by the State Department from making arrests. And as he later conceded, he knew at the time the *Life* article was written that Michael Greenberg, then working in the White House as an assistant to Presidential Aide Lauchlin Currie, was a Communist.

In *The Vital Center*, a book which quickly became the ADA's *Mein*

Kampf, this sharp-sighted myopia continued. Schlesinger continued to berate the Communists for their betrayal of the great revolution, but he was willing to grant them, in 1949, the validity of the "class struggle," one of their basic tenets. "Class conflict is essential if freedom is to be preserved," he wrote. More important in a propaganda context were casual avowals that the Communist regime in Hungary "has done much for the common man" and "based itself on the trade union movement." That anything vaguely analogous to a trade union movement exists in the Communist world is, of course, nonsense. Or he can say, in the face of the Soviet Union's consistent record of genocide and anti-Semitism, that "the USSR stands plausibly . . . for racial equality. The shocking racial cruelties in the United States . . . compare unfavorably with the Soviet nationalities policy."

LATTERLY, Schlesinger has been devoting his efforts to his "History of the Week" column, his share of the loot when Mrs. Dorothy Schiff threw out her fellow-traveling editor-husband, T. O. Thackrey, and made James A. Wechsler his editorial successor on the *New York Post*. It is hard to tell who nourishes on whom, Wechsler or Schlesinger, but the relationship is clearly nutritional.

In his discussions of the foreign field, Schlesinger will sometimes fill

his column with good sense. But for the most part, it is a dreary and all-too-often distorted series of lucubrations on current events—the allegations which are almost but not quite true, the amalgams which link conservatives with crackpots, the defense of the indefensible, the gratuitous smear, the running attack against the ex- and anti-Communist, and the constant deprecation of the Communist threat to the United States.

Examples come easily to hand:

ITEM, Owen Lattimore "was certainly for many years a notorious and unabashed fellow traveler," but "it hardly justifies perjury proceedings founded on trivial lapses of memory" even though under oath he proclaimed himself a constant anti-Communist. And Senator McCarran, whose subcommittee stated that Lattimore was "a conscious articulate instrument of the Communist conspiracy"—a more pointed way of saying what Schlesinger mumbled—is a dirty name for attacking the pro-Chinese Communist lobbyist.

ITEM. "[John Foster] Dulles, it is true, is sanctimonious, slippery, evasive, vain, and intellectually unscrupulous" because, among other reasons, he "called for the admission of Red China into the United Nations in 1950." There is no mention of the fact that Schlesinger and the ADA did precisely the same thing at precisely the same time.

ITEM. "The exposure of Com-

munist infiltration into the United Nations staff continues. In a sense, *little could be more futile* than to insert agents into organizations which already have a full Soviet and satellite participation." There was "no excuse" for allowing "this drift of pro-Soviet American citizens" into the UN, Schlesinger adds—as though no excuse had been made by his heroes in the State Department for something which was not a "drift" but a systematic penetration plotted with the aid of Alger Hiss—but "after all [the little-bit-pregnant theory] *a very small number of Americans working in the UN are implicated* in these disclosures." The whole thing is merely one of "various unpleasantnesses of the past fortnight." [Emphasis added.]

ITEM. "Unless the President-elect [Eisenhower] . . . makes it amply clear that he stands with Truman and Acheson [on Korean policy] the process of unraveling will accelerate." In other words, Schlesinger warns, the President must double-cross those who voted for him in order to get rid of the Truman-Acheson policy which placed Korea outside the defense perimeter of the U.S. and invited the Communist attack.

Schlesinger blithely told his readers that the Yalta agreement had no secret clauses, with the exception of Russia's pledge to enter the Far Eastern conflict after the defeat of Germany. He carried his myth-

making penchant into the American scene on a 1951 Town Meeting of the Air when he asserted: "Mr. Truman, it is sometimes forgotten, initiated the drive against the internal Communist threat. The loyalty program was set up way back in 1947 and Hiss and Coplon were indicted by the Department of Justice long before 1950. The loyalty program was set up, in point of fact, after strong pressure from the 80th Congress which Truman so passionately hated. And Truman fought the prosecution of Alger Hiss tooth and nail, calling the case a "red herring" repeatedly.

On the same program, Schlesinger said, in defense of the Yalta agreements, "Stalin must have had a hard time explaining to the Colonel McCormicks of the Soviet Union when he got back what had happened at Yalta." This assumption, couched in humorous language, that an opposition in Russia could give the dictator "a hard time," drew laughter. But a psychiatrist could have an interesting time with it.

III

This, then, is the picture of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. This is the "Pundit in Knee Pants," as a wit acidly remarked—the tabloid Walter Lippmann, the crypto-socialist who steers the ADA toboggan as it hurtles leftward.

"There he stands right in the middle, Between Hank Wallace and Frank Biddle,"

wrote Morrie Ryskind. The placement is generous. For the vital center is anatomically no center at all, but lodged somewhere in the region of the kidneys. Politically and economically, it can be located between the clenched-fist collectivist state and the WPA of Harry Hopkins. Schlesinger himself placed it most accurately. "In a more fundamental sense," he asked rhetorically, "does not the center itself represent one extreme."

No one will argue this point. The extreme of the "vital center" has placed all the world—with the exception of the ADA, the ritualistic liberals, and the "progressives"—in a political and intellectual ghetto. Those who will not worship the vital center's extremities are thrust into the ghetto, wearing a yellow badge marked "forces of corruption"—Schlesinger's own phrase for those to the right of his center. It represents a new liberalism which brooks no opposition on pain of smear, calumny, and social ostracism.

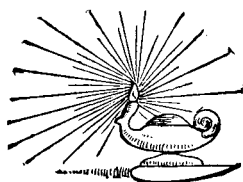
And the result?

It has made of a potential first class citizen a force for political confusion. It has debased the intellectual currency and plunged the best minds of the country into a fruitless and undignified squabble. It has given aid and comfort to the Communists and their concealed allies.

The Soviet Union brandishes a hydrogen bomb; the Far East sinks into a Red tide; the Western world retreats steadily; victory turns into defeat. But Schlesinger and the "vital center," in a mass *trahison des clercs*, scream against those who fight the Communists with no reservations; they raise the false issue of "McCarthyism"; they see an anti-Communist under every bed; and they pontificate, as Schlesinger has, that "Communist ideas or influence present about the same danger as the snowball did to the fires of hell." Schlesinger strikes at the Communists with the flat of his sword; the cutting edge is reserved for the anti-Communists and for those who proclaim, without equivocation, a belief in the individual's sacred right to freedom.

"I did wish to see these people get what they deserved," Thomas Jefferson once wrote of some minor conspirators, "and under the maxim of the law itself . . . that in an encampment expecting daily attack from a powerful enemy self-preservation is paramount to law, I expected that instead of invoking the law to cover traitors, all good citizens would have concurred in securing them."

These words, ironically, were once cited by Schlesinger. The devil, it is true, can quote Scriptures—but we do not expect him to take them to heart.



URANIUM'S NEW HORATIO ALGER

By J. P. McEvoy

WHEN Hollywood gets around to making that colossal 3-D saga of the rugged uranium prospector — “The Great U-Don’t It” — the very last man they will cast for the romantic lead is 33-year-old “Hot Rock” Charlie Steen, the new Horatio Alger of uranium. Slight, balding, wearing thick glasses, Steen looks more like “Mr. Peepers” of TV than like the never-say-die “rock hound” who, single-handed, has ferreted out the richest uranium deposit on this continent.

Only months ago, Steen and his wife and four children were freezing and starving on the wild Colorado Plateau. Under his feet, over his head and all around him, in the desolate canyons and mesas, other prospectors were finding uranium — but not Charlie. Stubbornly he kept on borrowing and burrowing. “I spent ninety per cent of my time raising money and the other ten per cent prospecting — mostly where experts said I was wasting my time.”

Finally, his wife down with pneumonia, his credit for groceries exhausted, and obliged to walk twenty-five miles to town because he had no gasoline, it looked as though Steen was licked. Then he struck “hot rock” — stuff that drove his borrowed Geiger counter crazy.

Today, Atomic Energy Commission experts estimate he has anywhere from ten to 300 million dollars’ worth of ore-bearing uranium and vanadium in his 12 claims (600 x 1500 feet each) near Moab, Utah — 40 air miles west of Grand Junction, Colorado, as Steen careens in his new plane these days over the jagged 13,000-foot La Sal Mountains.

I met Steen all dressed up in store clothes with gold compasses for cuff links. (“I don’t need ’em now — I know where I’m going!”) He was sitting in Sheldon Wimpfen’s office in Grand Junction — headquarters of all AEC uranium buying west of the Mississippi — nonchalantly dis-