

By
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The Pathos of **WINSTON CHURCHILL**

A BRILLIANT article on Sir Anthony Eden in a recent issue of *Life* included a few discreet sentences — almost whispered asides — on his great friend, Sir Winston Churchill, which seemed to me tragic in their implications. I felt that the author, Emmet John Hughes, was constrained in that passage by a sense of delicacy: that he said no more than he absolutely had to on a matter that could not be entirely ignored.

“There is a touch of saddening drama in the relations of the two men,” he wrote. The sadness flowed from the fact that “now all the years are weighing upon ‘the old boy,’ as Eden always refers to Churchill.

The keen mind wanders in a clouded world of colossal fears, hungry hopes, towering memories.”

The Churchill who slept soundly even through the bombing of London “now tosses in restless slumber. . . . Not age alone but fear, fear in the grand dimensions of Churchillian vision, are at work here. . . . In his agonized mind’s eye he sees an England in ashes, a hail of atomic bombs falling, neatly as a curtain, into the Irish Sea, leaving the westerly wind to carry their spray of death across the island.”

Mr. Hughes does not say explicitly that Eden, with whom he talked at length, feels himself handicapped

by having to conduct diplomacy in that oppressive aura of doom. But the implication seems clear enough. For he quotes Eden's words from another time, when another Prime Minister was similarly terrified by a creeping menace — then Brown, not Red.

"Hatred of war is good," Eden said in 1938, when the mad Hitler was on his rampage. "But fear of war is not so good. For fear of war paralyzes the will and no policy that is based upon fear . . . can be a policy that this country should follow."

Events very quickly proved him right. His own fame for calm realism, and even more so Churchill's, derived in fact from their refusal to succumb to the panic in which Neville Chamberlain operated at the time. They were as deeply opposed to war, as clear-eyed in visualizing its horrors, as anyone in England. But they understood that in dealing with an ambitious dictator, a loss of nerve is an invitation to attack.

AGAIN it is not simply hatred of war but a shuddering dread of it which is at the helm in England. The spectacle is chilling: the man who, beyond anyone else in our time, came to symbolize limitless courage in the face of supreme danger, tossing in a "clouded world" of the mind; somehow equating the deepening twilight of his own life with an approaching night for his nation and mankind.

One wonders whether Eden nowadays, in the intimacy of their ripe friendship, dares warn his chief that want of confidence is no better a guide to policy at present than it proved in the Munich period. Perhaps he is muted by sympathy, as in a sickroom.

But if he does speak, the Foreign Minister need only cite Sir Winston's own words in the years when another British Government was running scared. "The belief that security can be obtained by throwing a small state to the wolves is a fatal delusion," Churchill declared during the Czechoslovak crisis. In a hundred eloquent variations on the theme, he pleaded that only strength and resolute adherence to principle could curb the Nazis and stave off war.

But confidence seems to have oozed from Churchill's agonized heart since the Soviet Union developed its atom bomb. I write this in sorrow. No one these days can listen to the grand old man, as he begs for a meeting with Stalin, now Malenkov, without a pang of fellow-feeling. It is so clear that he is trying to warm his spirit in the heatless glow of a phosphorescent hope.

The sorrowful sight, however, should not be smothered in silence. The stakes are too great. The pathos of Churchill can be the tragedy of the human race.

For Churchill speaks not only with the voice of the United Kingdom but with the resonance of his

glorious reputation. The influence of a Bevan or an Attlee or a Mendès-France can be countered on the plane of argument, but not that of a Churchill. His mood infects the free world. For millions it is the clinching fact that tips the scales of judgment as between determined resistance to the Kremlin and shabby capitulation.

Even President Eisenhower, who two and a half years ago spoke ringingly of liberation from the Communist yoke, seems to have succumbed to the sorry make-believe of "peaceful coexistence," a *modus vivendi*, live-and-let-live bargain with the Kremlin. Can there be any doubt that the Churchillian despair, outsize like everything about that man, has played a big role in this transformation of the President?

THE state of affairs is profoundly tragic for at least three reasons:

The first is that what mankind, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, desperately needs today is the old Churchill. The one who saw so clearly that Hitler's shouted proffers of peaceful coexistence at a price, in Munich and after, were a fraud and a trap. The one who in Fulton, Missouri, and later in Boston alerted the American people to the threat of the Soviet drive for world dominion. That robust old Churchill is needed today to help dispel the fogs of fear that distort men's vision and the miasmas of self-doubt that choke their souls.

The second is that no other leader cast in his magnificent mold has yet arisen to fill the vacuum left by the abdication of the old Churchill. We have no one of his moral stature and moral eloquence to arouse the race from its torpor, to stir it to revulsion against total evil, to inspire faith and valor and a sense of destiny.

The third reason, edged with irony, is that the Churchillian despair is not warranted by the realities of the world picture. What makes them seem hopeless is our excess baggage of fear — and they will *become* hopeless unless we throw it off soon. Soviet Russia has been made strong by our fumbles and failures. Yet it is not nearly as strong as it appears through the mists of Western jitters, which magnify its powers and blur its inherent weaknesses.

The most fateful of those weaknesses is the hatred of the Soviet-dominated peoples for their rulers. Sir Alvary Cascoigne, British Ambassador to Moscow from 1951 to 1953, said last November 17th that in free elections in Soviet satellite countries no more than 10 per cent of the people would favor the present regimes; and that 90 per cent of the Russian people themselves were opposed to Communism. His predecessor, Sir David Kelly, has expressed views of the same general character.

The Kremlin cannot count implicitly upon the allegiance of the satellite states or the loyalty of its

own subjects. It remembers vividly what the non-Soviet world has chosen to forget: that in 1941-42 the Communist regime was close to being toppled over by the Russian peoples and was saved largely by the political insanity of the Hitler crowd.

The Kremlin is keenly conscious, too, of the events of June, 1953 — not only the spontaneous flareup of rebellion in East Germany and other areas but, more important, the flareup of mutiny among Red troops which refused to shoot at the rebellious German workers. Even in the nuclear age, a nation will not deliberately plunge into the final conflict while deeply in doubt of the support of its own subjects and subject nations.

NOT SINCE the propaganda campaign for a "second front" in the early war years have the thousand voices of international Communism been so loud on a single theme as they are today on "peaceful coexistence." Why?

Primarily because the Red hierarchs need time — time to digest their gigantic grabs; to consolidate a regime shaken to its core by the death of Stalin and the execution of Beria; to erase the substantial margin of superiority in weapons and over-all technology still held by the West; time, above all, to deal with discontented populations, restive puppet states, economic crises and other internal problems.

A less fear-ridden leadership in the free world would recognize this as a supreme opportunity to press its advantage and seize the initiative in world affairs. It would move to exploit the tensions within the Soviet orbit in order to keep the Red dictators off balance. It would revive in free men the self-confidence rooted in moral principle. These are the things that need to be done in order to insure against a bombing war.

Instead, our statesmen see only another opportunity for political appeasement and moral surrender, masked as a *modus vivendi*: the current equivalent of Chamberlain's "peace in our time." This despite the fact that all of them, and Churchill in particular, know that any understanding to "call off the Cold War," however it may be contrived, would be in itself a Red Cold-War measure. It would enable Moscow to destroy what remains of vigilance in the non-Soviet world while deploying its global forces for the next big push.

"'Peaceful coexistence,'" the London *Economist* of October 30, wrote, "is in origin a Communist phrase. . . . It has a sinister place in the glossary of Soviet double-talk. . . ."

"To the Russians, 'peaceful coexistence' is simply a temporary phase in which the free world is to be peacefully whittled away instead of aggressively beaten down. It is, as *Pravda* has lately been at pains to emphasize, incompatible with West-

ern 'positions of strength.' It is a stage on the road to Communist victory. It involves the West's acceptance of so many requirements of Russian and Chinese policy that it has no meaning in the Western sense at all. . . .

"'Coexistence' means in fact a gradual submission to the Communist will and to the 'new forces in history.'"

The "specters" which Churchill sees in his "nightmares" — ominous words used by Mr. Hughes in the article already cited — arise from the curious assumption that the Kremlin, unless placated and reassured, will launch a Third World War in a pique of temper.

SUPPOSE for a moment that this were true. How would an agreement to coexist prevent such suicidal behavior? Hitler crashed through solemn written commitments to desist from further force when he took Czechoslovakia, then Poland. Soviet Russia, when it invaded Finland, Poland and the Baltic states, tore up a stack of non-aggression pacts of its own manufacture.

What, come to think of it, does Moscow expect from the coexistence deal for which its propaganda minions are clamoring? If all it wants is to maintain the *status quo*, it surely needs no such deal; obviously the West is not going to do anything rash. Therefore it must have in view some kind of payoff — such as the exclusion of West Germany from

NATO, the withdrawal of U.S. naval strength from Formosa, the abandonment of Western efforts (meager but already annoying) to engage in political and psychological warfare.

If the Kremlin were merely concerned to avoid nuclear war, it would have no need for reassurance from our side. It is using the threat of such a war as a species of blackmail. It seeks once more to be reassured by appeasements — a deal calculated to soften us up for the kill. It aims to exchange the shadow of a live-and-let-live bargain for the substance of Western concessions.

Could what remains of Indo-China sleep more peacefully because Malenkov will contract (as Stalin did so often) not to use force in foreign affairs?

In truth the Soviet leaders are as determined to avoid a final conflict as we are. "I don't think you could drag the Soviet Union into a shooting war," General Mark Clark said recently, "— the Russians are doing too well at the Cold War they've been waging." In this judgment I would concur completely. A "real" war would endanger what they most value: the safety of their own hides and power. For the mystical Hitler, driven by apocalyptic furies, a 50-50 chance of victory was enough, but not for the hard-headed men in the Kremlin. These will stake their regime only if convinced that victory is a close-to-100 per cent certainty.

Not war in the traditional sense

but revolutionary offensive — the complex of pressures, including limited shooting wars that do not involve a world showdown, which has come to be called Cold War — is the standard Communist strategy. Indeed, the pretense of a truce when it fits their purposes is part and parcel of that strategy.

AT THE heart of the Churchillian dream of a settlement, now seconded by President Eisenhower, is the hope that the Communists will abandon the multitudinous mischief in which they are engaged all over the world. But “political” activity, meaning the Cold War, is precisely what Moscow *excludes* from the area of possible agreement for “peaceful coexistence.”

Communist activities in their own countries were “perfectly legitimate,” Molotov explained to a visiting group of British M.P.’s. Nikita Khrushchev was even more candid. Coexistence arrangements, he told British guests, would not of course apply to the “political” phase. Yet that is the very essence of the Western concept of a *modus vivendi*. Stripped of fear-induced hysterics, the Moscow proposal amounts to this: In return for a promise not to precipitate a hot war, the Communists are to be guaranteed more scope and an unimpeded right of way to push their Cold War!

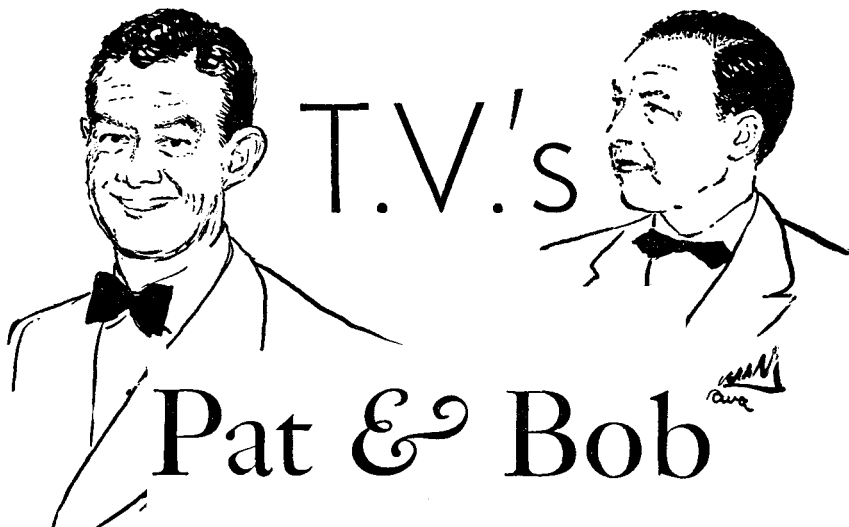
The Churchill of more robust

days would have seen through the gambit. He would have poured the lava of his scorn upon any free-world leaders who took it seriously.

The one certainty is that world Communism will continue to chip away at the vitality of the non-Soviet nations and peoples by propaganda, economic sabotage, civil chaos, guerrilla campaigns, tactics of confusion. No deals or bargains, however worded to soothe aching fears in clouded private worlds, can alter this. It is the very marrow of Communist conduct. Short of committing suicide, the Kremlin cannot “call off” its revolutionary offensive geared to global hegemony. It would cease to be Communist and therefore cease to be a problem to the world if it tried to dismantle its world apparatus of power or withdraw its tentacles from other countries and continents.

Like it or not, we must meet the real, immediate and mortal threat of Cold War. We must hearten and invigorate internal resistance in the Soviet sphere, forging an alliance with oppressed countries and captive populations, including the peoples in the U.S.S.R. proper. Of course this involves risks; but the risks of appeasement, however disguised in formulas of a meaningless coexistence, are infinitely greater.

His failure to see this as clearly as he did only a few years ago is the pathos of Winston Churchill.



By Irene Corbally Kuhn

THE technicolor marvel of transcontinental television will soon be a daily commonplace. Every day, visitors from all over the United States tour a limestone and granite granary of genius in New York's Rockefeller Center where magic is made. It's the familiar magic of radio, the newer magic of television, and the newest wonder, that technical miracle, color TV. Thousands see the magic, but few see the magicians, including the chief Merlins, two young men who are the most-talked-about-team in the business today.

Sylvester L. Weaver, Jr., called "Pat" for no special reason anyone can discover, was elected to the National Broadcasting Company's No.

1 job in December, 1953. At 45, he is one of the youngest corporation presidents in the country. But any man who can lick the two great ulcer-producing terrors of the television industry — dragging operational losses and the unusually high cost to advertisers — and do it in less than four years, is entitled to sit easy in the big chair and pick up the fat salary check.

Weaver's team-mate and second in command is nine years his junior, 36-year-old Robert W. Sarnoff, whose administrative abilities match the creative powers of the far-ranging Weaver mind. Pat Weaver dreams up the unorthodox and imaginative projects and programs; Bob