

fact that nearly 90 percent of the intelligence budget is controlled by the Defense Department.)

The other branch, the Clandestine Services Staff, would be responsible for conducting espionage, i.e., the clandestine collection of information. Espionage is a rather limited tool for gathering intelligence, if only because in tightly-controlled societies, such as the Soviet Union or the nations of Eastern Europe, infiltration is next to impossible. Most information secretly collected by the CIA comes from defectors, electronic bugging devices, and agents in the Third World. Though less reliable than information collected openly, it may provide the only clues as to what unfriendly governments or terrorist groups are planning or how they will react under certain circumstances. "Nobody has ever been able to photograph intentions," as former CIA Director James Schlesinger put it.

Cline does not provide for any permanent organization to conduct covert political and paramilitary actions. Small-scale, short-lived programs of economic and military aid could be undertaken, but only after a formal decision by the President on the recommendation of the Operations Advisory Group. Cline, understandably, assigns covert action a minor place in his scheme. Despite all the recent publicity, the number of such operations has been declining steadily since 1968. Further, as

Cline points out, existing laws make even small-scale covert projects highly impractical. The Hughes-Ryan Amendment, passed by Congress in 1974, prohibits covert operations, except for those the President finds "important to" the national security and reports "in a timely fashion" to the "appropriate" committees of Congress. (The cut-off of aid last year to the pro-Western factions in the Angolan Civil War is a good example of the Hughes-Ryan Amendment at work.) Even though the Senate has consolidated oversight responsibility in a single Intelligence Committee, so many members of Congress are still entitled to classified information that it is nearly impossible to keep covert actions covert. Press leaks and a full and public policy-debate are inevitable.

The best chance of combining effective oversight with secrecy lies in establishing a single Congressional committee with full and exclusive rights to information about covert action. Citing the political barriers to such a joint committee, Cline instead recommends two separate intelligence oversight committees: one in the Senate that would focus on foreign policy and intelligence, and another in the House that would deal mainly with budgetary problems. This proposal, which has wide support, is eminently sensible, as is Cline's suggestion that less sensitive intelligence reports be made available to all members of Congress.

Still, there is a risk in making all these changes. The exhaustive review of the intelligence community during the past few years by two Congressional committees, the Rockefeller and Murphy Commissions, and the press may have had a needed "cathartic effect," to use Senator Howard Baker's phrase. But it seems that nearly every institutional reform that could prevent future abuses has now been adopted. As Cline himself reminds us, the intelligence community must now "rebuild its prestige, spirit and competence." Reshuffling that community again would once more draw public attention to it and interrupt the period of quiet renewal it so sorely needs.

The most important foreign policy problem we face today is not the secret activity of federal agencies but the fact that, since the end of the Vietnam War, the United States has not had a coherent foreign policy. This uncertainty will inevitably end, but not until the current debate over the CIA—which is really a debate over the proper goals of American foreign policy—is settled. The Agency's critics appear intent on trimming its capabilities to a point suitable for a drastically reduced American role in world affairs. But those who see a prudent policy of containing Soviet power and supporting liberal democracy as the only viable course for the United States realize that a strong and trusted Central Intelligence Agency is essential. □

BOOK REVIEW

New Lives: Survivors of the Holocaust Living in America
Dorothy Rabinowitz / Knopf / \$8.95

Naomi Decter

New Lives is about East European Jews who lived through the holocaust and came to America after 1945. Dorothy Rabinowitz studied the available background material and included it in the book: She describes, for example, the liberation of some of the concentration camps—which armies liberated them, what steps they took against the administrators; she explains the processing of the survivors once they'd reached America—which agencies they dealt with, and what services the various agencies provided. Primarily, however, *New Lives* is the story of survival as told by the survivors themselves. Rabinowitz talked with 108 survivors, and it is through portraits of about 15 of the most representative—and, clearly, most striking—that Rabinowitz answers the question "What does it mean to have survived the most irrational and ghoulis persecution?"

Naomi Decter is a researcher at Newsweek magazine.

One of the most interesting of the portraits is Abe Flekier's. Flekier was thirteen when he was conscripted into a Nazi labor gang in Poland. He came to this country six years later, burdened by a rage that had been the cause of numerous fights—and at least a bit of legal trouble—in postwar Europe. His greatest fear was that he would never again be fit for normal society. He has, in fact, flourished here. He joined the army shortly after his arrival; despite his lack of education—and of English—he was given a position of responsibility. During the Korean war, he was looked upon as a sort of expert in the art of survival. Indeed, he acquitted himself well in the war and left the army with an excellent record—despite a propensity to react violently to any remark he considered anti-Semitic. He is now a furniture dealer in Kansas City where he lives with his Israeli wife and their two children. The need to fight is still with him, but it is rarely indulged. When it is indulged—in re-

sponse to some form of anti-Semitism—it seems far from a manifestation of anti-social tendencies.

Rebecca Spanner, on the other hand, was not at all disposed to do battle when she arrived here. She was sent, with her husband and daughter, to a small Texas town. She went with the firm conviction that as a dependent it was her duty to accept what was given and to adapt quickly to the demands of the new situation. She went so far as to assure one hostess that she had not eaten meat for ten years—when actually there had been plenty of meat in Europe after the war—because she thought that was what the woman wanted to hear. Rebecca's adaptability is not a function of fear but of a tough sort of pragmatism. And so, though she did, years later, disabuse her friend as to the conditions in Europe after the liberation, her belief that adaptability is the key to getting along in life still stands.

S. Gordon chose to adapt to the new life

by cutting himself off from the old. He wanted to forget the past—the wife and three children he lost to the gas chambers. He decided that if he were to remarry, it would be to a woman who did not suffer through the camps and who would not bear children. He did, in fact, marry a woman beyond childbearing age who had left Germany in 1937. He realizes now that it was a mistake; he regrets the sterility of his life. He consoles himself with activity in the Jewish community and with friends, but he looks on with pain as his friends raise their families.

Stella's commitment to life is unflagging—after two narrow escapes from death. She was sixteen when she was sent to Maidanek. There, she was saved from the gas chamber by her older sister, Rutka; Rutka traded identities with Stella when it became apparent that she was a candidate for gassing. Stella went in Rutka's place to a labor camp, from which she later escaped; Rutka died in Maidanek's gas chamber. Shortly after the war, Stella married a fellow survivor and came to America—where she was again faced with the prospect of death. Years after her arrival here, she found that she had cancer. Doctor after doctor refused to operate, on the grounds that it was hopeless. She did, however, in the end find one who would. After the operation, Stella lived making deals with herself: She would be satisfied to live just until her younger child started school, until her son became bar mitzvah. Over fifteen years later, she is still very much alive. She is, in fact, bursting with vitality; attractive, witty, brash, and cheerful.

These people and the others portrayed in *New Lives* differ from other purveyors of the survivors' sensibilities in one essential way: They do not see themselves as objects for intellectual or historical self-analysis. That is not to say that they are oblivious to the special nature of their experience. As Rabinowitz makes very clear, they recognize their uniqueness and realize that they have some fundamental understanding—of the holocaust, if of nothing else—lacking in those of us fortunate enough to have missed out on the horror. But they have not made the study of their past and its effects on them their life's work. Their thoughts on the subject are, therefore, entirely personal, uncomplicated by the intellectual's and historian's need to find some general application of individual experience.

Some general preoccupations do, however, emerge as the survivors describe their individual experiences. These are, presumably, the "insistently recurrent themes" Rabinowitz discovered among the survivors she met.

One of these themes is the relation between character and survival. All feel, it seems, that something other than sheer accident accounts for their surviving while their families and friends died around them; that they must have had or done something that others did not. Some have

The light dawns...

England's new Ambassador to the United States warns us of the dangers of social democracy in...

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.'s
The Future That Doesn't Work

As Tom Bethell recently wrote in *The Alternative: An American Spectator*, "There is now a good deal of intellectual resistance to the ideals of social democracy, to the fundamental tenet...that government must attend to every need of the citizenry....In a sense the author whose presence is perhaps most telling here [in Tyrrell's book] is Peter Jay, the newly-appointed Ambassador to the U.S. Jay is the son of a former Labour cabinet minister and the son-in-law of the present Prime Minister, James Callaghan. Fifteen years ago, at Oxford, Jay was a leading light of the trendy left, a Wykemist and a wit, president of the Oxford Union. Today, however, Jay has clearly seen another light. Here he is...warning us against the dangers of social democracy."

As Jay admonishes, "We in Britain are a confused and unhappy people....So too are our many friends in the United States who rightly see in the anguish of the United Kingdom the advanced stages of a disease...that is beginning to show its unmistakable symptoms in the United States."

What sort of disease evokes the concern of such a prominent representative of Britain's Labour government? According to Jay, Britain's affliction is simultaneous inflation and unemployment, caused by monopoly union bargaining power and the government's commitment to full employment.

Jay's essay is just one of the important and stimulating chapters in R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.'s new book, *The Future That Doesn't Work: Social Democracy's Failures in Britain*.

Concerned about the state of public policy and liberty in America, Tyrrell recently turned to England to learn what social democracy has wrought in a country whose language, culture, and political traditions are remarkably like our own. Tyrrell's findings are now available for the first time in a provocative collection of essays written by some of the finest students of British socialism on either side of the Atlantic.

In addition to Peter Jay's contribution,

The Future That Doesn't Work includes the following:

American Contributors

IRVING KRISTOL, co-editor of *The Public Interest*, on the intellectual death of socialism.

LESLIE LENKOWSKY, one of America's leading authorities on welfare, on the welfare state—does it contribute to Britain's low productivity?

HARRY SCHWARTZ, a member of the editorial board of the *New York Times*, on the suffering National Health Service.

JAMES Q. WILSON, professor of government at Harvard, on how once-peaceful Britain copes with its rising crime rate.

British Contributors

SAMUEL BRITTAN, economic commentator for the *Financial Times*, on the economic contradictions of social democracy.

PATRICK COSGRAVE, a contributor to *The Spectator* and the London *Daily Telegraph*, on the postwar failures of the Conservative Party.

COLIN WELCH, deputy editor of the London *Daily Telegraph*, on the slipshod house that Fabian intellectuals built.

PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE, associate editor of the London *Sunday Telegraph*, on the lockgrip power of British trade unions.

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definite ideas about what that was: For one it was his daring, for another adaptability, for yet another the need to be strong for others.

The survivors also have different understandings of the special obligations of survivorhood. But the underlying motive—common to all—is the duty to maintain some connection with their past; the determination to remember where they came from and whom they left behind, and the determination not to allow others to forget.

There is need for such determination. For the hard cold facts of the holocaust are in danger of being forgotten. One aspect of the danger is dwelt on in the chapter of *New Lives* entitled "Honor." Survivors are asked—by people claiming special understanding of human nature or the nature of the world—to explain, please, why they and their dead children acquiesced in the horror perpetrated against them; why, they are asked, did they *allow* themselves to be walled in, starved, tortured, killed by the Germans and their accomplices? That those who lived through the horror consent to consider such questions seriously—and with patience—testifies to the depth of their commitment to history. The implication of the questions is, clearly, that the Jews somehow provoked, and thus in a sense must have deserved, their vile treatment; that had they been different, they would not have been savaged so brutally. To implicate the victims in their own murder is to minimize the crime against the Jews; and that the survivors cannot

permit. And so, rather than giving way to inarticulate rage, they point out that in many cases the Jews did rise up violently—the fact that uprisings only hastened death is significant only to those of us who believe that it is better to be alive than dead, even when death brings honor. For the most part, however, the Jews could not and did not resist. The simplest, and thus most convincing, explanation is this quotation from an unnamed survivor, the epigraph to the honor chapter: "Authorities on the holocaust. Great thinkers. Historians. Let them put this in their books: that by the time we walked to the tragedy we were already emaciated and enslaved. Hungry. That it is human, not weak, not to want to believe that someone is out to murder you, and that on the way to the slaughterhouse he will also drain you of your possessions, of your strength, the gold from your teeth, and the hair from your head. Great intellectuals. Great writers. Jews!"

Those "authorities on the holocaust" are not, however, the only—or even the chief—threat to the truth. For there are people out there—those fashionably right-minded people who are, for the time being at least, our moral trend-setters—who deny the most basic truth of the holocaust. For them, it seems, certain facts are too trifling to be worthy of notice. That Jews were confined in the Warsaw ghetto as part of an official policy of extermination, while American blacks are free to move away from Harlem and are not, nor have ever been, threatened with mass extinction

—this is considered a fine distinction; for the upholders of moral standards, Harlem is as much a ghetto as was Warsaw. Equally fine, it seems to them, is the distinction made by some sticklers for detail between the fate of Europe's Jews and the condition of America's blacks; spiritually speaking, genocide is as much genocide when it allegedly deprives people of rights and "cultural heritage" as when it actually deprives them of life.

If anything can counter such fancy footwork, it is the calm and straightforward account provided by *New Lives* of what actually happened in Europe thirty years ago. What actually happened was that millions of people were systematically killed simply because they were Jews. If the experience had crippled the lucky few who survived, there would, probably—and sadly—be no need for constant vigilance against distortion: The world loves a loser. There must, indeed, be cripples among the survivors, but they do not speak for the majority. Rabinowitz' survivors are not in any way maimed; nor are they remarkably heroic. They did, after living through hell, go out and start over again—proof of a fundamental courage and spiritual strength. But they are, in the end, simply human, and—though Rabinowitz' decision to translate their words into fine and evocative language is something of an interference—their humanness gives the lie to those who see the holocaust as a sort of psychological laboratory as well as to those who use it as a political symbol. □

BOOK REVIEW

A Book of Common Prayer

Joan Didion / Simon and Schuster / \$8.85

Patricia S. Coyne

C.S. Lewis once compared religions to soup. Some, he said, are "thick" and some are "clear." The thick religions enjoy orgies and ecstasies and mysteries. The clear ones are philosophical, ethical, and universalizing. One is emotional, subjective; the other is detached and objective. Only Christianity, says Lewis, demands the combination. "It takes a convert from central Africa and tells him to obey an enlightened universalist ethic: it takes a twentieth-century academic prig like me and tells me to go fasting to a Mystery, to drink the blood of the Lord."

Lewis' distinction, with a different emphasis, might also be applied to literature, and especially to the novel. Some novels are exclusively thick, some are

clear, and some have managed to combine, as Lewis puts it, "both the child and the man, both the savage and the citizen, both the head and the belly."

But until now, women novelists have been notably unsuccessful at managing the combination. Their writing tends to be either thick like the Brontës' or clear like Jane Austen's. They can write subjectively while disregarding a universal or impersonal judgment upon what they are writing, or they can speak exclusively in an official, detached voice while disregarding any personal divergences from the impersonal.

Of all the good women novelists I have read, Joan Didion alone writes with a sensibility and vision that are both thick and clear, emotional and detached. In her newest novel, for instance, she ends a chapter with a dismissive description of a journal her heroine kept:

On those pages she had tried to rid herself of her dreams, and these dreams seemed to deal only with sexual surrender and infant death, commonplaces of the female obsessional life. We all have the same dreams.

This passage perhaps defines and identifies the thick, clear voice more than it employs it, but even so it transcends the range of a writer who writes in a single voice. Jane Austen could not, as Joan Didion does, identify with a "female obsessional life," for had she done so, she could not have dealt with it on an exclusively impersonal level. And Charlotte Brontë, whose material *was* the "female obsessional life," was therefore incapable of wryly dismissing it.

If Jane Austen dreamed of mutilation or death, she covered it nicely. If Charlotte Brontë struggled for a larger context within which she could weigh her dreams of mutilation and death, she too covered it

Patricia S. Coyne is Washington editor of *Private Practice*. She and her husband are presently writing a book on energy.