

mitted by past history and present conviction to an uncritical faith in business wisdom and to the service of a single interest cannot easily be reorganized to serve the multi-interest needs of a multi-interest country. Yet a driving Presidential leadership can do something. If T.R. could not make his reconstruction of the party stick, at least he was able through his mastery of the resources of politics and his genius for personal leadership to overcome the single-interest drift for the seven years of his own Administration.

Many fine and decent Republicans of the Lincoln-Roosevelt school

counted on a new birth of Republican leadership in 1952. But the inescapable question two years later is whether any Republican President who will not fight as hard as T.R., work as hard as T.R., politic as effectively as T.R., watch business pretensions as coolly as T.R. and care as much about social reform and conservation as T.R. can make any dent at all on the vast body of plutocratic inertia which is the present expression of the tradition of the Cotton Whigs.

So far as present evidence is concerned, the Eisenhower approach is not likely to do the trick. «»

This apparently need not mean, in Panikkar's thinking, that India itself must go Communist. He hedges characteristically on this issue, presenting the Russian Revolution to Indians as the herald of a brave new world for all Asia, while insisting at several points that India's greater religious and cultural cohesion gives it greater powers of resistance to Communist ideas than were inherent in the more secular, rationalist structure of Chinese thought and society. But he is careful to leave this an open question. For Panikkar, power is the thing; its form is a matter of detail.

These views emerge only by implication in this book. They were much more bluntly set forth in a book Panikkar wrote in 1943, called *The Future of Southeast Asia*. At that time Panikkar saw his dream of Indian power being realized through the same kind of interim accommodation to a new external combination of powers. But at that time it was going to be the revised power system of the West, with India joining the United States, a revitalized British Empire, a "regenerated" China (which he still saw then as a Nationalist China), France, and Australia in a rearrangement of power interests and defensive combinations. This system was designed, fascinatingly enough, to set up a bulwark against Russia's "southward march," which Panikkar predicted would be resumed after the end of the war. He particularly saw the need of a partnership between India and China for this purpose.

Panikkar Sniffs the Wind

Since 1943 the victory of the Chinese Communists has shifted the Asian balance of power. Panikkar has shifted with it. He now sees the future in terms of a rearrangement of power relationships among India, China, and the Soviet Union, instead of between India, China, and the West. Thus Panikkar, who could write eleven years ago of the "miserery," "violence," "civil war," and "destruction" wrought by "impatient idealists" along the Communist path, has become transformed into a diplomat and publicist who sees only the good, the true, and the beautiful in the Communist transformation of China. Thus Panikkar in his present writing does a complete job of plas-

Communist Power And Indian Policy

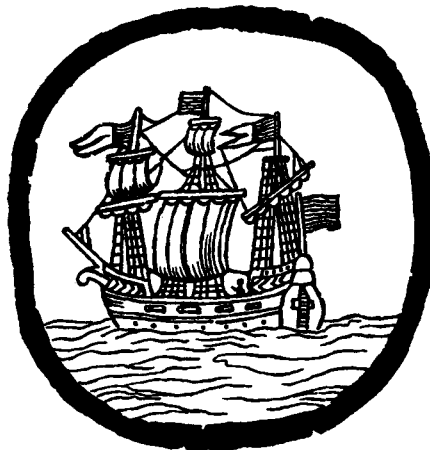
HAROLD ISAACS

ASIA AND WESTERN DOMINANCE: A SURVEY OF THE VASCO DA GAMA EPOCH OF ASIAN HISTORY, 1498-1945, by K. M. Panikkar. John Day. \$7.50.

BETWEEN 1948 and 1953 the public and private reports of K. M. Panikkar, India's Ambassador to China, had much to do with shaping Indian attitudes toward Chinese Communism. Panikkar helped in every way he could to persuade Indians that the Peking Communist régime was democratic in form and fact, its domestic aims worthy and beneficial, its external acts wholly peaceful in content or purpose. Panikkar was later India's Ambassador in Cairo, and there are some who connect him with the neutralist sounds now coming out of that capital. While thus busily engaged, Panikkar has also found time to produce a book of history in which he attempts to reinterpret the whole 450-year period of Europe's impact on Asia from Vasco da Gama's first landing in India in 1498 down to the end of Europe's power in our own day. In his book Panikkar continues his politics by other means.

The job of evaluating this book would be much simpler if Panikkar were a routine Communist politician and this book the work of a routine

Communist hack. But Panikkar is something much more complicated; he is a shrewd, cynical, facile, and ambitious Indian politician who appears to have decided that India's future as a great power in Asia lies



in an accommodation to the Soviet power system—if not, indeed, in becoming a part of it. He appears to think that Russia and China are riding the crest of the wave of the future, and that India must in some way ride with them if it is to fulfill a role as the power center of a vast belt of southern Asia stretching from the Red Sea to the outermost islands of Indonesia.

tic surgery on the historic face of Russia, changing it from an aggressive, expansionist power into a power that is not only benevolent now toward Asians but always has been down through the centuries.

For some savor of the extraordinary degree of intellectual and moral opportunism involved here, it is worth noting that Panikkar in the past was *not* a supporter of Communism; he was not even a supporter of the Congress freedom movement under Gandhi and Nehru. Of Nehru's own generation and like Nehru a product of a British education, Panikkar chose to adapt himself to British rule rather than to oppose it. His major career before India's independence was in the role of courtier to Indian princes, whom he served as official, minister, and spokesman. And so while the Congress path to freedom lay through British jails, Panikkar's led him through the marble palaces of the maharajahs.

It is obvious that we have here a man of considerable intelligence and ability with a strong affinity for established power, a high capacity for calculating personal and political choices with minimum hindrance from moral scruples, and an interest in manipulating the elements of power—or in this case the facts of history—to his chosen ends. If events prove him "right," Panikkar will be a major figure in tomorrow's India.

Historical Grab Bag

Panikkar's foray into history in the interests of these calculations is no work of independent scholarship. Panikkar makes no pretense whatever of opening up any new sources of Asian historical materials or of introducing facts hitherto unknown or ignored by western historians. On the contrary, his careless, irregular, and scanty bibliographical notes show that he simply has drawn at will from established western works, and mostly from a few books in the English language at that. Aside from a bit of terminological trickery such as his use of the term "Vasca da Gama epoch," he has nothing to add to the record, and often does a rather poor and sometimes incoherent job of resummarizing it.

On the other hand, as an interpreter of some facets of this history,

he often writes with perception and sometimes with brilliance. Of course Panikkar reviews the long history of the foolishness and rapacity of the western white man in Asia. In his considered estimate of the underlying European contribution in forcing Asia out of its old molds, and especially his evaluation of the British impact on India, he is broad and even generous to a degree that few simple-minded nationalists and no single-minded Communists could accept. But where he passes to matters impinging upon his geopolitical conceptions and interests, he can adopt, apparently without a tremor, the system of calculated selection, omission, and falsification that is best exemplified in our time by what we know as Stalinist historiography.

He squeezes his history to the last possible drop to help establish the sense of Indian-Chinese affinity that is a prime item in present-day Communist propaganda in India, even stopping to deny in a footnote that a large Chinese fleet which sailed into the Indian Ocean some six centuries ago committed any aggressive acts against India.

PANIKKAR's most sedulous efforts here are reserved for a repainting, or complete whitewashing, of the historic role of Czarist Russia in relation to China during the European epoch. Panikkar has had to ignore blandly or deliberately misuse a vast mountain of historic documentation to try to establish that Russia was always a benevolent and understanding friend of China in contrast to the malevolent powers of the West, and that it joined for a short while in the attempted dismemberment of China at the end of the last century only because the Czar was under the baleful influence of Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany. In this extraordinary performance, Panikkar goes further than any but the most recent of Stalinist historians. He does so, of course, to exorcise the demon of Russian expansionism, the same "southward march" toward the Indian Ocean of which Panikkar himself was writing eleven years ago. There is in his treatment of eminent bygone Russians a tone of flattery almost worthy of a Byzantine courtier, a tone that Panikkar presumably found effective with his princes

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and that he thinks will work on the barbarians in the Kremlin today.

He attempts to remove another historic shadow in the matter of Chinese expansionism toward the southern seas. In this connection it is of interest to note that the British writer Guy Wint, to whom Panikkar pays a special prefatorial tribute as guide and mentor, writes very plainly in his book *The British in Asia* of the need to realize that a strong China in modern times must be expected to resume its own southward march. "Should China," Wint wrote in 1947, "overcome its internal divisions it will have both resources and ambitions which may make it a difficult neighbor for the countries of South Asia."

Panikkar, who quotes extensively from Wint on other subjects, is very careful not to quote him on this one. But it is obvious that he cannot be free of this preoccupation. Indeed, the truest thing to say about the particular kind of Indian political mentality represented by Panikkar is that it finds itself in the anteroom of the totalitarians not because of stupidity or malevolence, but because of fear.

BOOK NOTES

PICTURES FROM AN INSTITUTION, by Randall Jarrell, *Knopf*. \$3.50.

MR. JARRELL is widely and deservedly known as a poet and a critic. In this book, his first novel, his talents in both capacities are brilliantly demonstrated. Half satire, half parody of life in a progressive women's college, the book describes not so much the institution as the people in it; these people do not grow, they hardly move, but like figures in a painting they do exist, indubitably and with sharper-than-life precision.

The author lavishes his most devastating imagery on the professional boy president of the college and on Gertrude Johnson, a visiting lady novelist of formidable penetration and malice. It was foolish of the president to say that Gertrude's bark was worse than her bite: "Gertrude's bark *was* her bite; and many a bite has lain awake all night longing to be Gertrude's bark." The trouble with Gertrude, who could be "witty

without even lying," was that "she did not know—or rather, did not believe—what it was like to be a human being." As for the president, "He was a labyrinth in which no one could manage to remain for even a minute, because there were in it no wrong turnings."

The interplay of wit, sensibility, and perception ranges from clever and too-clever gibes to tight, neatly turned epigrams. Thus, of a hatchet-faced Yankee: "Mr. Daudier had been pushed up and down New England several times, head-first, by a glacier; this face was what was left. (Or, from another point of view, New England was what was left.)"

Or again, "To Americans, English manners are far more frightening than none at all." Or again, "I decided that Europeans and Americans are like men and women: they understand each other worse, and it matters less, than either of them suppose."

In the show windows of art galleries, one often finds mounted over an old Dutch still life or interior a magnifying glass trained on a particularly crowded bit of canvas. Seen thus, the perfection of detail seems endlessly fascinating. But presently one feels the need of movement, air, and openness. Reading Mr. Jarrell's book is rather like that. In the end it becomes, for all the extraordinary entertainment it provides, something to escape from.

GENERAL DEAN'S STORY, as told to William L. Worden by Major General William F. Dean. *Viking*. \$5.

"SOME people who had escaped from Taejon that day [July 20, 1950] reported that they last had seen me firing a pistol at a tank. Well, they did, but I'm not proud of it. As that last tank passed I banged away at it with a .45; but even then I wasn't silly enough to think I could *do* anything with a pistol. It was plain rage and frustration—just Dean losing his temper."

General Dean's 24th Infantry Division was the first to land in Korea from Japan in a desperate attempt to slow down the massive Communist armored onslaught from the north. Surrounded in Taejon after three weeks of fight-and-fall-back, Dean

and his forward Headquarters men tried to shoot their way out. They ran into a roadblock, abandoned their jeeps, and were scattered in the dark. After more than a month of lonely wandering toward the U.N. lines, the General was betrayed, physically overpowered, and captured. As a prisoner of the North Koreans from August 24, 1950, until September 4, 1953, Dean was interrogated, systematically frozen nearly to death, threatened with torture, starved to a skinny caricature, and moved from one squalid hut to another as the fighting swayed north and south.

The great enemy was time. Dean fought boredom by setting new records in fly swatting (522 kills in a day; 25,475 in the year 1952), calculating squares and square roots, and just thinking. One of the things he thought about was his military governorship of South Korea from October, 1947, to August, 1948, and how he could have done that job better. A few of his conclusions ought to be pasted inside the brass hat of every officer in command of U.S. armed forces overseas:

"... first . . . to emphasize to our own people the terrific harm done by thoughtlessness. . . . Again and again I was told that this man or that one had come north because he had decided he never could get along with people who called him a 'gook,' or worse, among themselves; because he resented American attentions to Korean women; or because he hated to see foreigners riding in his country in big automobiles while he and his family had to walk.

"When I was governor a Korean newspaper, in a friendly news story, once called me 'the general who walks,' because of my habit of walking to the office—for exercise, not political effect . . . At the time I thought the title was amusing, but before I left Korea in 1953 I realized that walking had been one of the best things I did in that job and much more effective than some of my carefully planned activities. If I were governor again I would certainly walk more—and so would a lot of other people in the American part of the government. And use of the term 'gook,' or its many equivalents, by Americans, would be an offense for military punishment."