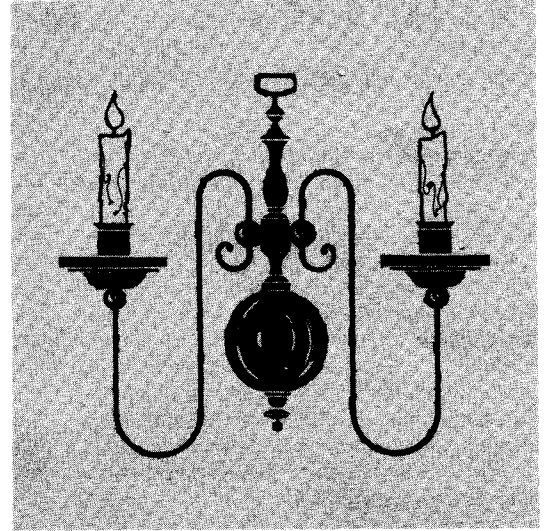


First installment of a trilogy that might have been co-authored by a CIA defector and the ghost of Niccolò Machiavelli.



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the secret history of the United States (1912–1960)



PART ONE, ACT I

Scene 1: *New York City, 1912. Pierpont and Maxine are in the latter's boudoir. She is at her dressing table working on her hair. He is sipping sherry.*

PIERPONT. I am distressed to inflict this on you. If I had known of any other way to handle it . . .

MAXINE. Of course, dear. I know you couldn't have him at your place.

P. I couldn't possibly visit him at his home or office, and I doubt if he would have come to mine.

M. Must you see him at all?

P. He's richer than I am.

M. What has that to do with it? Of course, there must be lots of people with more money—with more cash than you. Gates, for instance. But you wouldn't ask him to tea—even here.

P. We're talking about different things. He's not a Gates. He personally **owns** the kind of money I command. Don't you see the difference? I can command more than he owns, so everybody in the Street, and probably everywhere else, thinks I am more powerful and important than he is. But amounts like that are not mine. They belong to men and companies that will obey me. He himself, personally, alone, **owns** amounts of money like that. Consequently, if he wants to talk to me I have to see him.

M. It's curious you never met him.

P. Why? We move in utterly different worlds. I am sure, Maxine, that there are Hindu princes and Manchu potentates who could probably scrape together more jewels and gold than I could. Does that require me to accept them as my social or business equals?

M. I had no idea he was really so important. What does he want?

P. I don't know, dear. I really don't know. I had been told he'd retired from all active business.

M. Is he in a position to cause you trouble?

P. (*smiling*) Everyone is in a position to cause me trouble. It's a question of how much. That's why I asked him here. To find out. I suspect it has a political angle.

M. Political? For heaven's sake why?

P. Because I cannot think of anything else of mutual interest that he wouldn't have preferred to handle, as I myself would have preferred to handle it, through some intermediary.

M. (*coming over to him and putting an arm around his shoulders*) I didn't realize how distressing this was for you. Must you really see him? But this is silly of me. Of course, you must or you wouldn't have asked him here. Forgive me. Is there anything I should know about him or anything I should particularly do or say when he gets here?

P. No. Nothing particular. I'm told he's a strong teetotaler, so don't offer him any sherry. He's supposed to be a devout member of one of those peculiar Protestant sects, Seventh Day Adventist, Baptist or something on that order.

M. He'll probably think me a Jezebel. I'm surprised he'd even come here to meet you. (*They share a smile*) Asking him here was **part** of your plan, you wretch. That was in your mind. Admit it!

P. Of course it was. If such a pious fundamentalist would have tea with me in your delightful surroundings, then he is very anxious to see me.

M. (*laughing*) Imagine that! Finding a new use for an old mistress.

Scene 2: *A small parlor a few days later. Maxine is serving tea. Pierpont is watchful as the Old Man, thoroughly at ease, lectures his Proper Son in a high-pitched, Midwestern twang. Ill-at-ease, stiff and fortyish, the Proper Son never speaks a word during the entire visit.*

OLD MAN: You see, boy, how the best people live. I want you to remember it. At any rate part of it. You get tea. The rest was put on just to vex your old Dad. Pay it no mind, boy. When you're after a serious piece of business stick to the business, never mind the baggage. Stick to the business.

PIERPONT. A wise adage. Could we now learn what that business is?

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O.M. In time. In good time. I have to go about it in a reasonable way. How are you going to know I know what I'm talking about unless I tell you? And that kind of telling, there's only one way to do it. Like suppose a bright young college fellow came to me and wanted a job, maybe in the oil business. Suppose he told me all about how you set up rigs and how you buy leases. You know, that'd hardly make me leap out of my chair to hire him, now would it? But if he said he knew who had an oil lease hocked at a busted bank, or maybe owned by a man suspected of murder who might have to sell it cheap, now there might be a young man who could maybe turn out in time to be an expert in the oil business. Or in any other business. So far as I can see they're all about alike. Wouldn't you think so?

P. They do have their differences.

O.M. Some are more vulgar than others. But I wasn't meaning banking. I'm really talking about politics. Or at least I mean to talk about politics, if Miss Jezebel would be so kind as to pour me a little more tea. The Lord doesn't approve of paint and acting and goings on, Miss, and it's a Christian's duty to bear witness to his faith all the time, day or night, wherever he is. *(He stops to let the sermon sink in. Maxine glances at Pierpont and smiles wanly. The Proper Son can barely contain his embarrassment.)* Yes, politics. I've decided to have the Democrats win the upcoming election.

P. *(amused by the bland effrontery but shocked by the possibility)* Indeed? And who will their candidate be?

O.M. Doesn't matter. Men like that come cheap. I'll go back to that in a minute. So far I must sound like the bright college boy telling you about how better to run your own business. But I'll just ramble along till I see you're not polite but interested. *(He swallows some more tea and reaches out his cup without a word to Maxine who refills it.)* You know, there's one thing you and I have in common. We're both malefactors of great wealth. *(Cackling)* That's a fact. Malefactors of great wealth. How does it feel? I like it myself. But the point is, if you're rich like you and me, you don't have to believe the things other people believe. Did you know that? I know your Daddy must have, and his friends, or they couldn't of got as rich and powerful as they did, and I know you know it, though you're even quieter about it than they were. Let me tell you something. I was a grown man before I was real rich. One day I thought, "You never got rich believing what everybody else believed and knowing for a fact that everybody else knew for a fact." Then I got to wondering whether things were the same way in poli-

tics. So I hired a lot of bright young men and set 'em to work. I'd take 'em in and I'd start with a real simple principle. I'd say: "Look young man, in business you figure that the fellows that benefitted from something or other, no matter what, a merger, a lawsuit, a market corner—maybe even a fire or an accident—were the fellows that arranged for the thing to happen. Not always, of course. The Bible tells us how man is prone to failure. But most times. Now these politic fellows, they swear nothing like that happens in politics, not on your life! It's just irresistible social and historical forces and stuff like that. I'd tell 'em I knew a few places where something happened and somebody made a lot of money out of the happening, out of a political happening, I mean. And I'd want them to run some of these down for me and see if things happened really the way everybody was supposed to know they happened. You know, the hardest thing I had to do was get those bright young men to believe what they themselves discovered. It really was. It still is. You'd think these college fellows, they'd be taught to believe in facts. But it's not so. They're taught not to believe in facts, but to have faith in just about everything but facts. And they seem to put their most faith in that easiest of all things to have faith in—coincidence.

P. For a man who has given so enormously to education you seem to have a singularly low opinion of it.

O.M. Why not? I've bought enough of it to know a mite about it. Now one of the things I got my young men to look into pretty hard was assassination, that's right, assassination. And I had 'em start right at the top. I had 'em study the assassinations of the Presidents of the United States, and when I started the study only two Presidents had been killed—Lincoln and Garfield. In those days McKinley was still just a congressman. Now everybody knows these assassins were madmen. Booth and Guiteau were, everyone knows that, and I know myself that Czolgosz was. But that's not the point. The point about Booth is how come since the War Department knew all about his planning something against Lincoln they just didn't bother him at all. Didn't try to guard Lincoln, even when he felt nervous and asked for guards. And somebody saw to it that Grant changed his plans awful sudden and got out of Washington on a late evening train instead of being there in the box with the President, as all the announcements that day said he would be. The war was all won and maybe somebody didn't need Lincoln any more. Somebody who knew pretty well that Lincoln's plans for the South didn't maybe include all the money they were going to make out of it. You know who those people were? I'd bet your Daddy knew. *(He looks at Pierpont as*

though expecting him to take up the challenge.)

P. What about Guiteau and President Garfield?

O.M. Point there is where did Guiteau get the gun? You ever try getting hold of a gun no one can trace? Yet a crackpot like Guiteau can. Funny about that sympathetic stranger in a saloon agreeing with Guiteau how mistreated he'd been by Garfield and buying him drinks and just happening to have an old gun in his pocket. Might happen to anybody, any day.

P. And how did Czolgosz get the gun he used on McKinley?

O.M. Same way. Friendly stranger in a saloon. Agreeing how terrible Czars and Emperors and Presidents were. Ought to be shot dead, all of them, and where's a man hero enough to do it? And here's a lost gun for him if he is. Always thought saloons were the Devil's parlors, myself. Always did and I always will.

MAXINE. *(not willing to believe what all this seems to suggest and horrified that what she thinks he means may be what he does mean)* Do I understand . . .

P. *(interrupting)* McKinley's assassination isn't so long ago that I can't remember it as well as you do and since that's how Theodore Roosevelt became President . . .

O.M. *(interrupting)* Yes indeedy, the big arch enemy of all us malefactors of great wealth. Broke up the Northern Securities and the Standard Oil Company. Just as harsh with one as he was with the other. No friend of the wealthy, not Teddy. Only . . .

P. Only?

O.M. Only when you bust up a Trust it makes a little difference whether the Trust was put together with your own money or with borrowed money you had control of. You know, that's what seemed to me to happen in the Northern Securities and some of them Wall Street banking and railroad cases. The fellows that controlled 'em—thought they owned 'em sort of—ended up owning nothing and controlling nothing. But when it came to me, why we held all the equity. So all we had to do was take stock from our corporate pocket, so to speak, and put it in our personal pocket. Fact of the matter it turned out to be a blessing in disguise. Naturally, we had a few lemons here and there in our basket and if we'd tried to sell 'em out who'd of bought 'em? Why everyone in the Street would of said: "Is the old coot nuts? He never sells anything that's worth anything, not that old buzzard. Think I'd buy any of his cast-offs?" But now when Teddy forced my hand, so to speak, everybody knew the old fox had his paw in a trap and here was a chance to pick up something pretty good. It worked fine, indeed it did. My lemons turned out plums, at least to me.

P. I believe you've convinced me that I

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ought to listen to you. Quite evidently you're not a bright college graduate trying to teach me my business. You said earlier you planned to have the Democrats win the election of 1912. May I ask why you want that, how you plan to bring it about, and where I and my associates fit into your program?

O.M. Where you fit in the program is simple. I don't think it's a good idea for the wealthy to be arguing and fighting among themselves, not anyway when it gets out into elections and politics and things like that. It gives the Socialists and Anarchists and all that riff raff the idea they might go some place on their own.

P. (*sticking to the subject*) Merely having the Democrats win isn't of itself significant. What do you want to accomplish that must be done through the Democrats?

O.M. I want several things that won't bother you, none at all. There's only one thing I want that might be important between us. I want a national banking system.

P. You mean a banking system controlled by the federal government?

O.M. Something like that. Something anyway that the Republican party couldn't put over. They're known as the friends of Wall Street and Big Business, the Banks and the Oil Trust and all those wicked things, so if they came along with the banking act, everybody would be against it because it would be sure to grind the faces of the poor. So the Democrats can do it and it will be sort of Social Progress. It will sound just like what Bryan and all those other fellows used to try and sell us.

P. What would this national banking system of yours be designed to do?

O.M. Now you know what it would be designed to do and what it would do. You know I'm the equity holder, always have been and always will be. Trained my family to be. We borrow money once in a while and I can see come the next thirty, forty years we're going to have to borrow a lot more. Now new machinery is being thought up all the time and getting more expensive all the time and we're going to have to keep buying it. So if I borrow a dollar that's worth a dollar, I don't want to have to pay back a dollar that's worth a dollar and a half. Fact is, I'd rather pay back a dollar that's maybe worth fifty cents. I figure a man could stay rich that way, even with taxes and all.

P. Why didn't you get your friend Teddy Roosevelt to establish that kind of banking system while he was President?

O.M. Now he isn't my friend. Wasn't and isn't. No, he'd reckon I'm sure, it would be too dangerous for him politically. You know, he always stands for virtue, manliness, honor, pay your debts, be honest, all them wonderful things people like to hear about. How would it be for him to be for something that was planned on

purpose to cheapen money? No better than stealing it! Like I told you, the politics of it only makes it right for the Democrats to do it. That's why I'm going to have them win.

P. I'm afraid you have quite a job cut out for yourself. The best information I can get is that Champ Clark is sure of the Democratic nomination, or almost sure of it, and maybe if some of us helped him a little he would be sure of it. I feel pretty certain Clark would never go for your federal banking system. And even if you got around the problem of nominating a man who would do what you want, you still have the problem of electing him.

O.M. Now who's telling who his business? You know I'm not fool enough to tip you off much more. I just want to know whether you'll make a treaty with me about this job, and how far we carry it, and what men we're going to trust to run it for us. Or maybe you might want to try fighting me about it. (*He pauses a moment. For almost the only time in his life, he is a trifle embarrassed about what he proposes to do and feels he has to justify himself.*) You can't stop me no way. I'm pretty sure, but I figure both of us can be better off in the end if we make a joint deal. Of course, if I can't make a deal with you, I'll have to make the next best I can with them progressive fellows around Roosevelt and the old Populist crowd, I guess, and maybe the free-silver fellows. I'll have to take some things I won't like, income tax, maybe, and some other socialist ideas, but I can live with 'em if I have to. If that's the political price I have to pay, that's the price. All a man can do is make the best deal he can. You can't blame him for that. (*He suddenly emits a chortle.*) I might even have to take woman suffrage.

P. I don't believe you can do it.

O.M. It'll be a shoo-in! But there's something else I'm worried about. It's a big world and lots of things are ready to go to smithereens, everywhere. There's probably going to be war and things will get pretty hard to figure then.

P. War where?

O.M. Might be most everywhere, once it starts. I know you think your friends the English will keep everything reasonable and in bounds, sort of, and not let things get out of hand and away from them. But I don't think they will. Things I learn make me think different.

M. Do you have access to secret information?

O.M. Have to, Miss. The Lord put oil in the most outlandish places.

M. I see. And the Lord specially designated you to go find it?

O.M. You know, Miss, I've sometimes wondered if that wasn't so, if I wasn't just His instrument, so when the time came for Him to want oil to be found, I heard the call

and answered it. Just like the men of old were called to testify to the truth of the Lord's word and set it out for us to read and obey. So you see I have to keep track of lots of things in all sorts of places. You'd be surprised how many men with millions of dollars at stake think all they need do is spend two cents for a daily paper to find out everything important they need to know. Never seems to occur to 'em that if information is worth millions it stands to reason they can't buy it for pennies. Like information when the Archduke of Austria is going to be murdered.

P. He's not going to be.

O.M. I know that story too. I know the Russians have been trying to get England's consent to break up the Austrian Empire before Franz Ferdinand can federalize it. And I know the silly British think they've got that problem under control by refusing to agree to it. Why are they such fools as to think the Russians would tell 'em about it if they were really going to wait for British approval? The Russians don't act that way. Never did and never will. I'll tell you something your English friends haven't told you because they don't know it, and if anyone ever tells 'em they just plumb won't believe it. It just goes too much against what they like to believe, so they won't believe it. What you and they don't know is that the Czar's secret police has sent word through the anarchist and socialist movement in Europe, even to people like the Banda Nera and the terrorist underground of the Social Democrats, that no one will be hurt in Russia, that there'll be a sort of armistice in Russia towards all of 'em if they'll agree for the time being not to try assassinating the Czar but join with the Serb police to kill the Archduke. Now I know that's a fact because I've got sources in Hungary and Romania and Serbia and hundreds of other places. I'm pretty sure it's not something that Lord Grenfell would pick up at the Foreign Office and pass on to his cousin over a drop of Scotch. And it's mainly because of this knowledge that I thought it wasn't wise to wait much longer to talk to you. With things running the way they are, maybe the election of 1916 would be harder for me to manage than the one coming up. (*He pauses.*) So there's the set-up as I see it. Do we have a deal or don't we?

P. (*shaking his head*) No. No deal at all. Even if I believed you I would make no deal. I'll concede it's possible that you might elect your Democratic candidate to the presidency and even perhaps get the kind of money system you desire. Get the statute passed setting it up, that is. But you still won't have what you want. The form and surface of it, yes. But not the substance. As long as the Anglo-American financial community is in control of the great money markets of the world, your system will be basically as pointless as

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Bryan's free silver. It will make a lot of public commotion and, of course, it will open a few new doors for a few new people to become rich but it won't be something we can't live with and eventually control—if it turns out to be worth controlling. What you're really trying to destroy—and that's what you're after, destruction—isn't just me and the New York financial community. It's really London and the whole complex of the British Empire. And I don't think even you can destroy that.

O.M. You don't think it could destroy itself?

P. Dear Sir, haven't we already gone far enough in the realms of fantasy?

Scene 3: *Later in Maxine's boudoir. She stares thoughtfully at Pierpont.*

MAXINE. Is it true?

PIERPONT. I don't think so. I'm sure the British government understands the situation and can handle it without inviting catastrophe.

M. No, I mean about Lincoln . . . and Garfield.

P. I have no personal knowledge about Lincoln. About either for that matter.

M. You don't sound as though you thought he was all wrong.

P. I said I don't know.

M. You mean it could have been?

P. Abstractly speaking, it could have been.

M. I'm not speaking abstractly. I'm talking about what you really think happened. I feel you really think he's right. You really believe somebody important in the North was willing to have Lincoln killed. Would your father have known about it, as our visitor said he would?

P. My father never discussed Lincoln's assassination with me. I'm sure he could have known nothing whatever about it.

M. And Garfield?

P. My dear, as I said, I know no more about that than I do about Lincoln. I was not quite so young then, and I understood a little more about politics, but I was still not in the know. You must keep your scale of values and sense of proportion in these things. After all, at the time Lincoln was shot hundreds of thousands of men had been killed. Some were still being killed. Hundreds of millions of dollars had been invested by far-sighted men in the interest of founding and protecting an orderly and prosperous society. Was all that risk and destruction to be lost because one man, however highly placed politically, could not understand the forces and nature of his times? Lincoln would have destroyed the world order that the British and American financiers had set up and defended in the Civil War. There is no question about that.

None at all. He was the enemy of the banking community on both sides of the ocean. If he had had his way, he would have brought those vain Southern aristocrats back into power, or anyway into partial power, and no one can guess what disastrous political combinations would have resulted. They might have made common cause with Napoleon III or even with an ambitious Prussia. There is no knowing. The only certainty is that the orderly control of the world that had been worked out between Britain and ourselves would have been lost—the control that has made the world flourish in the past fifty years as it never flourished before. None of that would have happened. Amid all the enormous casualties of the Civil War, is it so important to get so upset over one life, particularly when we don't know positively what happened and probably never will?

M. Let's go back to Garfield.

P. I know nothing about his death but I certainly cannot regret it. He was ambitious, noisy and opinionated. He talked like a good Republican because he thought he had to. It was the road to power. If he had lived, he might have made a great deal of trouble. But so far as I know it was an honest accident.

M. An accident?

P. I mean with respect to the financial community. From their point of view it was accidental, not planned. Obviously Guiteau's act was not accidental from his point of view.

M. And now McKinley?

P. You heard what he said. You can draw from it whatever conclusions you think his statement warrants. I do think,

though, that this is a subject that you should not consider in isolation—isolation, that is, from historical facts. Prominent people in all times and places naturally talk as though killing them was the most unheard-of thing in the world. But there are and always will be two powerful reasons for killing people—emotion and profit. The weak and unbalanced kill to satisfy uncontrolled and unbalanced emotions. The strong and powerful kill for profit. The profit may be money in some ages and naked political power in others, but they amount to the same. And of course, if you already have those things, there's much less need for killing than when you're still trying to get them. The powerful simply don't need to do the things the poor must do in order to accomplish the same result. The men in power always can get someone else to do the actual killing and only rarely are they clearly associated with it.

M. (slowly) So Booth's act put Stanton and his Republican friends in power.

P. You mustn't let it bother you so much. Things like that have happened in the past and I'm sure they'll happen in the future whenever the powerful find they cannot use officially legal methods of getting rid of somebody in their way.

M. Pierpont, sometimes your ideas make me truly ill. I know the world isn't like that. Maybe long ago, but not now. It can't be. The world wouldn't be worth living in if it were like that. For once, you just have to be wrong.

(To be continued)

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The Minority Economists

The men and the dogmas that direct our present economic destiny.

The Philosophy of Night

The sudden unpopularity of reason in the smart aleck set.

The Game and the Candle

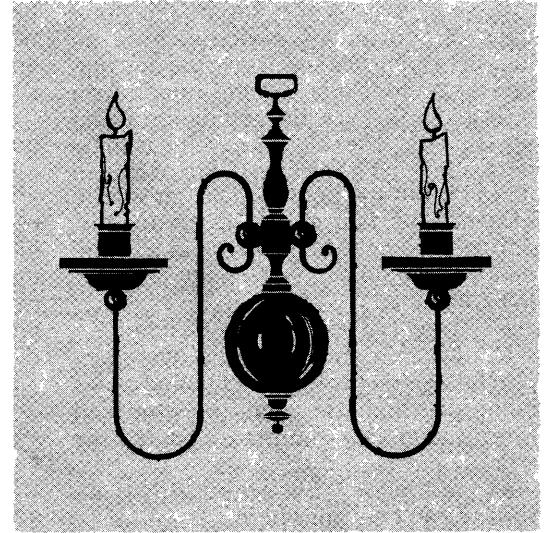
Second installment

plus other articles, book reviews and the usual Instauration departments.



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912–1960)



The Action So Far: The *Old Man*, a Middle Western oil magnate, visits *Pierpont*, a New York banker, to try to enlist his aid in a scheme to win the 1912 Democratic presidential nomination for a front man who will push through a federal banking system. A central bank, he explains, will guarantee inflation and permit him to borrow expensive dollars and repay with cheap dollars. At one point he brings up the subject of political assassinations and intimates that Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley were murdered by the banking crowd. *Pierpont*, although he refuses to join forces with the *Old Man*, does not offer any convincing denial of his visitor's wild allegations.

PART ONE, ACT I

Scene 4: *The office of Mayor Gaynor, New York City, 1912. The Mayor, at his desk, is talking to the Colonel, who is not otherwise identified.*

MAYOR. Colonel, your interest in my political future moves me. But it also puzzles me. How can the Tammany Mayor of the City of New York possibly become the candidate of the Democratic convention? As a practical politician I cannot see that it makes sense, that it is even remotely possible.

COLONEL. *(in a half-Texas, half-Ivy League accent)* Mr. Gaynor, I would not waste your time unless I knew that it was possible. My associates have both great financial and great political power. If they decide on your nomination, I assure you the Baltimore Convention will make it official.

M. On the other hand, if I accept your flattering offer, the nomination for Governor of New York, which I am almost certain of, would be lost.

C. I assure you that we, my associates and their supporters, will have the national convention better in hand than Charlie Murphy will have the state's.

M. Perhaps. It still leaves the question of what is so important about getting me to run for president. Is Champ Clark all that bad? Even if he is, I still don't think you can

keep the nomination away from him. I know the inside of Democratic politics pretty well, at least here in the east. You Texans may have angles I don't know about, but we've got some pretty big blocks of votes in these parts.

C. You know, if enough money were poured in against Clark, he could lose the nomination.

M. I'm not sure. So much would be needed it would attract attention and scare people away. In any case, it would get out and the nomination would be worth nothing. It would hand the election to Taft. *(suspiciously)* Why don't you speak frankly, Colonel. I can't really suppose you came all the way from Texas, if you did come directly from Texas, to talk to me like a political adolescent. The gentleman who asked me to see you assured me that you were a professional who knew his way about. So far I haven't seen any sign of it.

C. *(laughing)* Mr. Mayor, they told me you were a forthright man and I see they were right. I don't seem to have much choice, but to come right out with it.

M. You have a choice, Colonel. Because I'm not at all sure I want to hear your real proposition. But if I do listen to it, it's got to be in two parts, both clear and both making sense. The first is how you and your associates propose to win the nomination for me against Champ Clark, and then the election against Taft. The second is the price tag you put on the job. What do I have to promise your associates? They aren't going to this trouble to build up a Tammany mayor just out of public spirit. To tell you the truth I'm beginning to think that the Tammany angle is part of the play. In theory it makes me vulnerable to the virtuous people back in the sticks. That would seem to give you the right to ask more from me as the price of your support.

C. *(a little ruefully)* You squeeze me hard. First about the nomination and election. Let's take it backwards. The Democratic candidate is as certain a winner as there are any certainties in politics. Taft will have no chance for a reason that I'll have to divulge, but ask you to keep in confidence till it happens. Can you agree to keep the confidence?

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M. (after a pause) Yes, I agree.

C. Taft will be the Republican nominee, of course. My associates have no idea of helping Roosevelt take the nomination away from him. All the rumors you hear about that are just getting the steam up. (smiling) After all, Roosevelt has to be persuaded that he can get it. But of course he can't. But the point is that Taft will be beaten. When Roosevelt loses the nomination, he's going to bolt and run as an independent candidate. A new party or something like that.

M. How can you be sure he'll bolt?

C. Because enough of the quiet support he's getting now is conditioned on his doing just that. He would be disgraced forever with very important people if he didn't.

M. (astounded) But a third party is absurd. It can't get anywhere.

C. It isn't intended to get anywhere. Whatever Roosevelt may think, the men back of this intend it only as a one-shot proposition, though naturally we won't say so. It's only purpose is to defeat Taft, and I think a man of your political experience will agree that it will do just that.

M. Well, if you project what a Roosevelt bolt would do to New York, it doesn't take too much imagination to guess what it would do to the rest of the country. It certainly would play havoc with Taft's chances. The Republicans would lose perhaps a third of their usual strength here in the east. (reflecting) I'll concede, Colonel, that you've got Taft defeated. But how do you get the nomination away from Champ Clark? The Republican Convention in Chicago comes first. The Democratic nomination will be such a prize that no one will give it up easily.

C. Money will help a great deal, but as you said it can't do the whole job. We have something else up our sleeve.

M. (joking) You might assassinate Clark beforehand, but I don't believe your associates are that crude.

C. (stiffly) They are not that lawless.

M. Besides I don't think you could do it. To assassinate a man you've got to find or invent someone who thinks he has a grievance. At least, so I'm told. At any rate, I've had some personal experience in this matter. I'm still carrying around the bullet of the man who tried to do me in two years ago. (He points to his throat.)

C. We have a different kind of assassination in mind. In fact, it's all worked out. You know Roosevelt has several children. None of them is particularly famous for discretion and some of them are not very famous for brain power. After Roosevelt bolts and announces himself for president, but before the Democratic convention nominates anyone, one of the children is going accidentally to admit to a reporter that Roosevelt is scared the con-

vention may nominate someone who can beat him, so he's praying for Champ. That will scare the Democratic Convention just enough to tip the nomination away from Clark.

M. Hardly. But it will make a suitable public excuse for the delegates you have . . . "won over" shall we say?

C. (shrugging) You must admit they'll need one. (serious again) The only other hitch is easy. You'd have to promise Bryan the State Department. Once he's sure he can't get the nomination himself, that's his price for throwing his support to our candidate.

M. Whoever he may turn out to be?

C. Whoever he may turn out to be.

M. (after thinking a bit) Plausible. Even more than plausible. I think it would work.

C. It will work. It's precisely what's going to happen.

M. All right, now the price tag. What do I have to promise? And if it's not too much to ask, to whom?

C. To me and my associates. Mostly Texans. Politicians and financiers.

M. Any oil men? I'm told there's a little oil in Texas and some people hope to find more.

C. There probably are some oil men in it. It's a representative group of forward-looking American business men.

M. I thought you said they were Texans?

C. (laughing) As a Texan by birth I resent that. No, I merely meant there are more than Texans in the group.

M. Though Texans predominate? Or front?

C. (the laughter is becoming more strained) The geography of the group hardly matters. They have asked me to be their spokesman.

M. Very well. What does your candidate have to promise? Realizing, of course, men have been elected President and then broken promises.

C. We are not worried about that. Obviously we would not approach a man we had any such doubt about.

M. You flatter me.

C. We have only three essential requirements. We wish to have the right to name the second man in the State Department. I told you Bryan will have to be appointed Secretary.

M. You would not care to name this man now?

C. Not now or any time until the appointment itself can be made.

M. Your candidate is to agree that you personally, Colonel, can come to him if he is elected and say, "Name so and so number two man at State"?

C. Precisely. You must admit that's not much to ask.

M. That depends on many things. You and I both know that Bryan is not the smar-

test man in the world. If we have any serious foreign problems your man could be the real Secretary.

C. I wouldn't worry about that Mr. Gaynor. A vigorous President can always be his own Secretary of State.

M. Constitutionally, yes. What's the second essential requirement?

C. A federal banking system.

M. We have national banks right now.

C. Please, Mr. Gaynor. You objected to my acting like an adolescent earlier. Please don't you do the same now.

M. You have a point. What is your federal banking system supposed to accomplish?

C. In form, of course, it has to be a privately owned banking system. The temper of the country would never stand for government-owned banks. But control of finance is to be established in the hands of the federal government.

M. Control of finance? That must mean that Washington will decide when credit is to be easy and when it's to be tight? When it's a good time to underwrite a lot of securities and when it isn't, when the Stock Market can go up and when it had better go down? That I suppose is what you mean. Not Washington having control of who can borrow and who can't.

C. You've analyzed it very well, except you omitted control of the relation of the dollar with foreign currency.

M. Of course. That would automatically go with it. (thinks awhile) It would make quite a change, what you're proposing. In the long run it might change everything. To give the victorious political party control of the country's money could make millionaires or bankrupts of whoever the men in control of the party wanted, couldn't it? It makes the old-fashioned river and harbors pork barrel seem like a total waste of time, doesn't it? Funny, I never thought there was any strong move for any such thing. People have complained a lot about our mass of small banks and felt it would be a good idea to consolidate a lot of them as they have in England and Canada, but I never heard the notion of leaving the thousands of banks as they are and setting federal control on top of them. I suppose, if it's smoothly and cleverly done, it can be made to look like a needed reform.

C. It is a needed reform.

M. Parts of it are, I agree. The American banking system is a mess and a disgrace. Even a Tammany Mayor can see that. But I don't think it's the messiness that worries your associates. They could correct that by copying Canada. They don't, so what they really must be after is banking control. (pause) Well, what's the third requirement?

C. The enactment of national prohibition.

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M. (astounded) What?

C You understood me. National Prohibition.

M. Yes, I understood you. That wasn't the meaning of my question. What I don't understand is the interest of your associates in that question. It fits in so strangely with the other two conditions.

C. (a bit stonily) The merits of the different conditions are really not at debate between us. Nor, to tell the truth, is my personal opinion in any way involved. I am simply stating to you the views of my associates, and it is their views that are governing on both of us.

M. Is there, or perhaps I should say, do your associates have in mind any particular legal mechanism through which they wish to bring about prohibition?

C. They feel that state action will never completely eliminate the liquor traffic. Some few states will always stay wet no matter how much work and pressure is put into the campaign. Among the group that I represent are men who feel that Prohibition is indispensable for the welfare of the country, and I might add, as the only course consistent with a firm adherence to the Protestant form of the Christian religion. They feel that very strongly and they feel that this coming election is decisive in this movement. They realize that it may still take some years, but that the tide of public sentiment is now in their favor, and they must move with it before something occurs to change the political climate.

M. (willing to go this far) Well, if the climate of opinion is what you think, an Act of Congress should not be too hard to get.

C. An Act of Congress will not be sufficient for my associates. It is too easily repealed. The battle would not stay won. A constitutional amendment is what they want.

M. On the principle of locking the door and throwing away the key?

C. Precisely. They require, therefore, a president who will use all his powers, particularly his power to appoint the right people at the state and local level, to assure the ratification of the amendment when the time is ripe to have such a resolution pass Congress. His whole use of patronage must be tied to this issue.

M. (after thinking awhile) Have they considered what would happen if they cannot enforce their Prohibition, once they get it on the books by constitutional amendment? A law that can neither be enforced or repealed is something I dislike to see, particularly a federal law. We have had from time to time some experience with things like that here in New York, usually concerned with prostitution and gambling.

C. It would be pointless for me to debate the matter with you. It is possible—though quite irrelevant—that I might agree with you.

M. (getting up and strolling to the window and looking out with his back to the Colonel) And those three requirements make up the price tag?

C. That's it.

M. (drumming his fingers on the window pane) The rain has almost stopped.

C. Has it?

M. Yes. *(turning back)* You won't get wet as you leave. It's only a short walk to the Liberty Street ferry and you can get an express train to Trenton. It stops at Princeton, too, in case the Governor happens to be home after his arduous labors. He's the man you want. The Tammany tag would make me too subservient. His nagging ambition will make it easy for you to control him. I'm going to be contented with the bosses I know. I'll just be Charlie Murphy's Governor of New York.

Scene 5: *A few hours later. The Colonel and the Governor are seated in the latter's library.*

GOVERNOR: National Prohibition by Constitutional Amendment is no doubt a drastic route to a desired and indeed desirable objective. It covers a field of sociological studies in which I have not specialized for some years. I had not, perhaps, been so aware as I should have been, that the problem was so serious that it required so Draconian a solution. Might I not wonder if statutory Prohibition first would do as a substitute?

COLONEL: No, Governor, it would not do as a substitute. It might well do as a beginning. It might be used to bring in Prohibition a year or two sooner than could be done by Constitutional Amendment. But my associates will not accept it as a substitute. Statutory Prohibition could be, and they feel sure would be, quickly repealed. They do not believe that popular support for the measure would last very long.

C. Well, as I have said, it is in an area which I have neglected for some time. Clearly to be so concerned and interested in it as your associates are indicates, with a very high probability of accuracy, that the solution they desire is the only practicable one. It is a solution that could only be considered undemocratic from a strictly plebiscitic view of democracy, a view quite foreign to our American traditions. I am, therefore, entirely willing to make their views of the matter my own. Up to the point, at least, of the amendment. The type of enforcement legislation is clearly an executive prerogative that cannot be decided on before hand.

C. I quite agree.

C. Now to your second point. Reform of the American banking system is essential, indeed imperative. It is a matter I have studied and pondered for many years. But

as a Governor, even of so important a financial state as New Jersey, there has been little or nothing that I could do to move this important work forward. Nothing beyond study and the hope to prepare myself should greater responsibilities come my way. It is, therefore, with perfect ease of conscience that I can assure you of my support for a federal banking system.

C. (cutting him to size deliberately) Governor, my associates are not interested in your support for a federal banking system. They want to know whether you will approve and help enact a specific banking statute that will be introduced in Congress?

C. You mean I shall have no opportunity to read it beforehand?

C. Certainly you will have such an opportunity, and your comments and suggestions will be carefully listened to. But they are not to be governing. In case of disagreement you must agree to accept the version preferred by my associates.

G. How will I know what they prefer?

C. I will tell you. I am their spokesman now and, so long as they desire to keep me as their spokesman, you will accept me as such. So far as I now know it will be I who will have the last word on the text of the banking bill.

G. (accepting but stalling to recover his dignity) Who will introduce it?

C. (retreating from the position of boss and playing up to the Governor's ego) My dear Governor, you are the political expert. When the time comes to introduce the bill in the Congress, no one would be so expert as you in picking out the persons in each house who should sponsor it.

G. (regaining his self-esteem) It would probably also be very important to consider most carefully the committees of reference. There is more elasticity in such assignments than the layman realizes, and it can be a matter of great importance. I have observed that committee assignment alone can at times affect the entire fate of a bill.

C. (mocking) Is that so? I had not realized how important that was. But as you can see, politically I am just a layman.

G. Now as to the appointment of Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State, it is, of course, evident that party breaches must be healed. If at the convention his appointment seems to me to be in the interest of party harmony—and in the interest of the American people—I am sure that that will be the proper time to inform Mr. Bryan of my decision.

C. Governor, the problem is not one of informing Mr. Bryan of your decision. The problem is your accepting my associates' decision that Mr. Bryan **must be** Secretary of State and that a man whom my associates shall later designate will be the number two man in that Department and

Continued next page

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will succeed Mr. Bryan if he dies or resigns. All other appointments are yours to work out as best you can with your party officials and with other interests that no doubt will request something of you in return for their support. (*The Governor doodles with a pencil, wants to answer but cannot bring himself to do so. The Colonel goes on.*) I must have your answer, Governor. I do not like to press you so specifically for specific answers, but long experience in the business world has convinced me that a clear understanding in the beginning, no matter how painful, is worth a great deal later. Of course, I have no experience in politics, but I would suppose that the same rule would apply.

G. (*finding his way out*) You are so right. Misunderstandings are in my judgment even more dangerous in politics than in business because so much more is at stake—namely the lives and welfare of our countrymen. That is why I have had to consider carefully about any promise concerning Mr. Bryan and the man your associates will desire as his second in command. If the world future were clouded, I will tell you quite frankly I would have had to refuse to accept your suggestion. I could not agree to name an unknown man even under so experienced a public servant as William Jennings Bryan. But since the world is in deep peace, and democracy is everywhere moving forward against the warlike ambitions of monarchy, the functions of the Department of State during my Administration will be more educational than diplomatic and the appointment you desire can do no harm. I can with good conscience accept both your requests.

C. Governor, I hope we have a long and successful association. So let us start it on a sound basis. I have no objection to your seeing further than I do, but I must ask you not to alter the fundamental nature of our relationship. I did not make you two requests. I and my associates are requesting nothing of you, nothing at all. They are offering you the presidency of the United States and they are putting two **conditions** on your obtaining that office. Do you accept them?

G. (*almost beside himself with the struggle between ambition and his wounded pride*) Yes. I accept.

C. (*all sunny and deferential*) Good. Now you must realize better than I do that we're crowded for time and while you're undoubtedly the best known of the eastern Democratic governors, it would still be politically helpful in other areas to have a little more national publicity. What I would . . . (*He is interrupted by the entrance of a woman, obviously the Governor's wife, who is addressed as Ellen. She has the mannerisms and speech of a proper Southern lady. Both men rise.*)

ELLEN: Now I'm sure you men have

talked your politics almost long enough, haven't you Colonel? It's practically time for tea. Do sit down. (*They do.*) It will be right along and I'll just sit over here. Even a silly woman is no bother if she keeps quiet and out of the way, is she?

G. We're delighted to have you join us, Ellen dear. The Colonel and I had reached so harmonious a meeting of the minds that we had moved on to the discussion of campaign strategy.

E. Oh, how wonderful! (*to the Colonel*) You know, in my foolish womanly way, because I know nothing about politics at all—Woodrow is the politician of the family—I do feel, Colonel, that my husband is going to be a great surprise to the professionals. I think there is a great body of thoughtful, high-minded people who are going to be extremely delighted at the opportunity to vote for a man who has such a great heart and such a trained mind.

C. I think you have a true insight into the situation. I was just discussing with your husband a few of the minor technical steps that we can take to bring his remarkable powers and personality as clearly as possible to public attention in the more distant parts of the country where he is less well known. (*turning to the Governor*) What I would like to suggest, if it meets with your approval, is a series of short speeches on matters of national interest. As a start I have arranged for you to give a brief address to a special session of the Texas legislature. From there other opportunities for speeches will open rapidly. My associates will see to it through their many well-placed friends that the press of the entire country gives these speeches the widest coverage and, wherever possible, the most favorable editorial treatment. A man of your literary skill can, I am sure, turn out some very worthwhile speeches, if indeed you don't already have material prepared that with slight changes to meet new circumstances would serve admirably.

G. I believe I have a number of papers that with a little effort could be brought up-to-date and would constitute a not inconsiderable contribution to the political campaign. It is, of course, understood, that these speeches must reflect the basic political truth that I myself am not personally seeking the presidency.

C. I agree with you, Governor. The office must always seek the man.

E. You are indeed most correct, Colonel, and Woodrow is fundamentally right in saying that he is not a candidate for office. He is not. He could not be. A man so fine and sensitive, a man so deeply concerned for his duty to the forces of good throughout the world, cannot in truth be a candidate for any office, even the presidency. But I should suppose superficially, in the give and take of discussion at a polit-

ical meeting, that a statement by Woodrow that he was **not** a candidate would be too profound a truth to be understood by most of his audience. I'm afraid it would convey to people's minds not truth but actually untruth. It would erroneously suggest to the ignorant a lack of candor on Woodrow's part.

C. That is a point of great importance that we have possibly thought too little about. (*to the Governor*) I think your wife's disclaimer of political instincts is too modest, Governor, much too modest.

G. It is indeed, Colonel. Ellen is in the fullest sense of the word not only a wonderful wife but an able political advisor. I see her point and I believe on mature thought that she is right. I need not, I think, positively proclaim myself a candidate, but if asked whether I am I must not deny it.

C. Good, we will leave it at that. But whatever the status of your candidacy, you will now have no difficulty raising campaign funds. Contributions will come in to you in generous flow even without a formal announcement on your part. And by the way, as your lovely wife indirectly pointed out to us, it is many years since this country has had a literate candidate for president.

G. That is a fact. Not since Thomas Jefferson.

C. You would not consider John Quincy Adams literate?

G. In a narrow provincial way, yes. But not since Jefferson has there been a president whose literary attainments were those equal to a professional man of letters.

C. I believe you're right.

G. Lincoln, you know, was a very good orator, one of the best, but not a literary stylist. Not at all.

E. (*getting back to what is important*) Colonel, you must forgive the insatiable curiosity of a woman. But I must confess that I'm just torn with an unbecoming, and I'm sure entirely feminine and utterly silly, desire to know about other candidates you and your associates may have had in mind. To me, of course, there has never been any candidate but Woodrow and, though I can't possibly imagine anyone having any other candidate, I realize that you practical men must have thought of all sorts of people.

C. (*just a bit embarrassed*) Well, you know, politicians . . .

E. I suppose it would be inexcusable, the worst kind of female meddling, to gossip about those you might have approached had you and Woodrow been unable to reach a harmonious consensus on policy. So I won't even ask you about them at all, much as I love gossip. But I think a more serious question might be involved with any possible candidate you talked to

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before you explored the matter with Woodrow. Have you, perhaps?

C. To tell you the truth, I did.

G. Why? What man?

C. I do not believe it would be wise or proper for me to tell you. Certainly not without his consent.

G. (*more or less talking to himself*) It could not have been Roosevelt. No one could swing the Democratic nomination for him. Impossible. (*He thinks a minute.*) With a Taft-Roosevelt split you obviously want an Easterner and a man who has no chance of the nomination without your support. That leaves one likely man. Almost one certain man. Mayor Gaynor. Was it Gaynor?

C. I cannot discuss it, Governor.

G. (*his voice gradually rises with excitement*) It must have been Gaynor. It must have. How dreadful. He will know all the essential details of our conversation. He has a very good chance of being the next Governor of New York. Every likelihood.

E. (*interrupting*) My dear Colonel, I should think the problem could be most easily and quietly handled, once the importance of the matter is realized by your associates. Obviously it could lead to a serious and troublesome split in the Democratic party if Mayor Gaynor continues to have an important position in party councils. He is sure to exaggerate his disagreements with you and possibly even come to see in them something sinister that is not there at all. It is the all-too-human reaction of disappointed men. (*stopping an attempted interruption by the Colonel*) I know he is not disappointed now. You and he parted, I am sure, in the most honorable disagreement about fundamental policy. But later he may feel disappointed. He will forget that he is not president because he did not measure up to the exacting standards of the forward-looking social forces of the country that you represent. As a man bred in Tammany he is likely to feel that he is the victim of a deal, since I understand that is the usual

Tammany method of political operation. So it would be an unfair strain on Woodrow to have a prominent Democrat, in all probability the next Governor of New York, feeling this way. I would certainly think your associates ought to discuss the matter frankly with Mr. Murphy. Perhaps they can persuade him to withdraw his backing of Mayor Gaynor and seek some other candidate for Governor. It would seem so in the interests of party harmony. Or am I just being a silly woman?

C. (*thoughtful*) No. No, I hadn't perhaps thought it through carefully and fully enough. I think you're right. Yes, we'll have to do something about Mayor Gaynor. I'm afraid we will. You're right, he'd better not get to be Governor of New York at the same time your husband gets to be President. It might not work too well for all concerned. It might not at that.

(*To be continued*)

The Ninth Crusade *Continued from page 3*

If a foreign power landed in Maine and drove out most of the population, confiscated all the property it could get its hands on and racially discriminated against those who remained, wouldn't we at least have some sympathy for the Down Easters? In the Near East we not only do not care about the victims of a similar outrage, but the truth is that the more they are victimized the more we are taught to hate them.

Is this the kind of behavior calculated to win the friendship of those who are sitting on at least seventy percent of the world's proven petroleum reserves? Only a race of masochists would respond favorably to such treatment. If the Arabs did to us what we have done to them, we would have probably atomized them long ago. When the French, with the help of the Allies, took back their country in 1944 we called it liberation. When Syria and Egypt seek to reconquer their lost territories, we call it terrorism, aggression or blackmail. If a person has something you would like very much to buy, do you attack his family and make a profession of aiding and abetting his enemies? If you want to get him to lower the price of his product, do you reward the man who has robbed him? The United States slapped an oil embargo on Japan some years before Pearl Harbor. The same newspapers who supported that act now scream foul when the Arabs initiate a much shorter-lived oil embargo against us.

That the media lords can get away with such illogic displays the abysmally low opinion they have—apparently with reason—of the average American's intelligence.

The Arab states warned us clearly in 1973 that, if we supported Israel in the next flareup of the Near Eastern conflict, they would cut off our oil. Why were we so surprised and chagrined when this happened? For the very good reason that the media and our government did not inform us of this ultimatum. It was hidden on the back pages, if reported at all. To muddy the issue even further, the resulting oil shortage was blamed on an oil company plot. The oil companies who had everything to lose from a Middle Eastern conflict, whose huge investments were and are being nationalized because of American support of Israel, were blamed for the very events that they tried to prevent.

The media shoveled up a mountain of editorials and columns to prevent the American public from linking the oil shortage to American aid for Israel. At the same time none, repeat none, of our Majority statesmen and public figures had the courage to stand up and challenge this propaganda. Since silence preserves respectability and guarantees lavish Zionist financial contributions, it will be silence. The American people are not worth a word or two of straight talk. In private the high and

the mighty would probably confess they had no choice. They would say that the moment they spoke out they would be open to charges of anti-Semitism, the mere whisper of which is sufficient to destroy the most invulnerable political and public career.

If we cared so much about oil, why did we sponsor the creation of Israel in the first place? Why were we both the godfather and the moneybags of this unnatural political malignancy in the heartland of 100,000,000 Arabs? Palestine had been without any sizable number of Jews for nearly 2,000 years, until the Zionist movement began gathering momentum in the first quarter of this century. The Jews were still a small minority as late as the end of World War I, after the British and Arabs under Allenby and Lawrence had freed the land from the suzerainty of the Ottoman Empire.

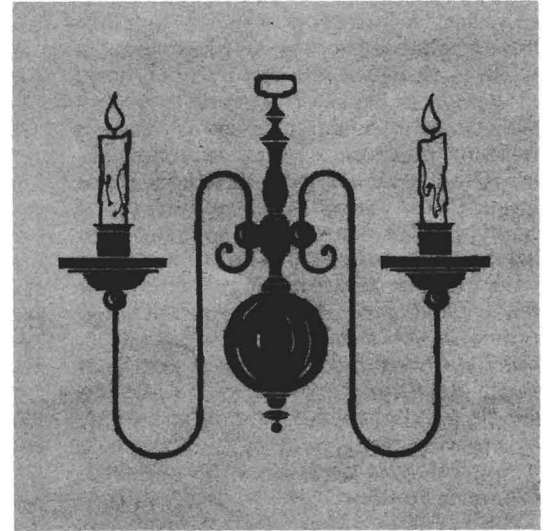
The Arabs, having been in a scientific coma since the Middle Ages, were quite willing to let Americans develop and exploit their oil resources and sell the refined product at low prices. Why did we disturb this beautiful arrangement, if oil is so important? Dean Acheson, who was Secretary of State during the early days of Israel, admitted later that what we had been doing in the Near East was against the "totality of American interests." Yet he kept very quiet at the time. To put it bluntly, he

Continued next page



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912–1960)



The Action So Far: The Old Man, America's oil king, has decided to elect a Democratic president in 1912, who will agree in advance to push through a federal banking system and prohibition. His emissary, the Colonel, offers the presidency to Mayor Gaynor of New York, who declines, and then to the Governor, who accepts, though the latter's wife insists that something must be done about Gaynor, who now knows too much.

PART ONE, ACT I

Scene 6: A saloon in New York City in 1912. The Colonel, not drinking himself, keeps filling the glass of an elegantly dressed young man, who is a reporter for the New York World.

REPORTER. So I should just up and write a series for **The World** that Gaynor is a bad, bad man. What's he supposed to have done? I don't mean something personal he's done to you, but something I can write about.

COLONEL. I was told you were the best man I could find to figure that out.

R. Just dream something up? Joe Pulitzer wouldn't like it to be known he runs the paper that way.

C. I don't expect he would. That's where your skills would enter. You wouldn't want me to pay you for nothing.

R. Who said anything about paying?

C. The gentleman who advised me to speak to you.

R. He did? If I ever find who it was I'll do a crime series on him that'll heat his pants. How's a great journalist going to exist if people think his noble pen is for sale?

C. How's he going to get clients if they don't?

R. I don't use a pen myself. I pick with two fingers on a typewriter. There is no dishonor in selling typewriting service. Is there now?

C. So can we work out a deal?

R. We might. Then maybe we might not. I wouldn't want you to think that you can get my unique services for

just a little loose change. Trying to ruin a man like Gaynor isn't easy. First of all, he's the Mayor of this town, so he can scratch back.

C. I would suppose all that entered into the price. How much?

R. Relax. It stands to reason there's nothing in the way of personal attacks that would mean anything. The Mayor's minor sins have been chewed over for so many years no one gives a damn any more. Murphy isn't going to catch a chill over anything like that. And I take it you want to make our good Mayor a very rotten apple in Charlie Murphy's barrel?

C. That's about the size of it.

R. There's not much point in dreaming there'd be anything to his deals with the Belmont crowd to get the subways built. Anything there would have to involve bigger and richer people than the Mayor. I take it you wouldn't want anything like that. Besides that line of work is not my forte. I am, at least for the moment, a crime reporter.

C. So?

R. So since we can't nail the Mayor, we'll have to hit some friend of his, somebody in the city government. It would have to be something juicy, preferably murder. That tickles the masses and shocks the classes. And it's my beat.

C. So?

R. So I'll have another drink. *(The Colonel obliges.)* Maybe Hermann should be the turning point, the fulcrum of our little political lever. An apt simile.

C. Who is Hermann?

R. Who was Hermann! He's dead. Murdered most foully in the course of normal everyday business. His own and others.

C. I don't get what you're driving at, or how it involves Gaynor?

R. It doesn't involve Gaynor. Not yet. How could it? If it did, would you need to hire my able and expensive self? I am trying to take a spider's filament of an idea and spin it into a cable that will pull down the man you want me to

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destroy. Let's get back to the fulcrum of our lever. Hermann, now with God, less well known about town by his fine old Dutch surname of Rosenthal, was a cheating, no good, two-bit gambler who was finally relieved of the endless misery of his welshing, his stouling, his card marking and other habits that ruined his digestion and his temper, and totally warped his judgment, by four normal young pros working, one presumes, under direction of the more honorable and far-sighted members of the gambling profession of this city. After all, if gambling is allowed to be conducted by the Hermanns of the world, it would soon become extinct. (*drinks*) Some time ago the Mayor put in charge of that part of the city where the businesses of prostitution and gambling tend to congregate, a friend and protégé of his, a Police Lieutenant Charles Becker, whom he later made Captain. Since these businesses are technically illegal, even in New York, the responsibility of the Police Captain in a precinct in which they operate is unpleasantly difficult. He is bound to furnish normal police protection to the citizens of the city. He cannot permit the doxies to roll the customers or let the gamblers shoot down everyone who wins a few dollars. That is, he must protect the customers but all the while carefully pretending not to know the business of the "merchants" who are taking the customers' money. It calls for the exercise of a nicety of judgment that is worth far more than the salary the city pays, and leads to the widespread conviction, whether warranted or not, that all the higher police officials in the areas in question receive suitable supplements to their salaries—at no cost to the taxpayers. It is one of those systems that time and human experience have worked out and it operates to the general satisfaction of all concerned. The point is, however, it is technically illegal, and over wide stretches of Brooklyn, that onetime city of churches, there are many proper Christian ladies to whom their husbands and fathers could not possibly give an oral, or if they could write, a written justification of the system. Therefore if that noted crusader for worthy causes Joe Pulitzer, my great and distinguished publisher, the half-blind son of a Hungarian, whose orders I loyally obey, were to get interested in the murder of little Hermann, no one would dare try to resist the steamroller of outraged virtue that would be crowding the Mayor into a corner.

C. I don't see how your steamroller hurts the Mayor.

R. It will flatten him. He will become totally two-dimensional under the combined impact of my cold surgical skill and Pulitzer's impassioned virtue. Unfortunately we will have to, shall we say, eliminate five men in the process, which will

naturally make it a bit expensive. However, we can arrange it so the city pays most of the bill. You won't have to finance the whole operation. There will be my professional fee, of course, and possibly a few rather heavy incidental expenses, but nothing that a man of your means and connections would find burdensome.

C. All right, how much is this to cost me? And what is this absurdity about killing five men?

R. We will come to that. First another drink. (*almost emptying his glass*) Four of them would be the actual killers of the late Hermann: Gyp the Blood, Lefty Louie, Dago Frank, and Whitey Lewis.

C. They are known to have been Hermann's murderers?

R. Of course. They expect to get a stiff sentence up the river and then, of course, a parole in a few years. That would be normal and that is what they get paid for. Merely to get a man killed wouldn't ordinarily cost much. But when a certain notoriety hangs about the victim the police must be able to nab the killer or killers. We must never forget our church-going, newspaper-reading citizens. They do not like unsolved murders. Consequently, the existence of the murderer's profession in which our four friends have been trained. (*warming up to his idea*) Here is what I'll do. I'll start a series about Hermann, provide general background, express horror at the police protecting gamblers, ask how husbands can come safely home with the week's pay if card sharks and street ladies are allowed to waylay them? Meanwhile, you will persuade the four little killers that unbeknownst to themselves they have got into a murky pond way over their little heads, and if they do not wish to fry crisply at Sing Sing—which, of course, they will but they need not know it until later—they must testify one and all in firm clear little voices that they were hired to gun down poor Hermann by the Mayor's friend and protégé, Police Captain Charles Becker. Very simple. You should then be able, with your connections, to induce the District Attorney to indict our Police Captain for murder. Then we try him, convict him and execute him, and the Mayor, friend and promoter of a notorious murderer, is finished. Neat, workmanlike and not too expensive.

C. You seem rather blandly to assume that I have friends in the District Attorney's office.

R. If you do not, you must soon do so. I take it you are a man of ambition, despite your apparent age. Perhaps your ambition is for others, not for yourself. It does not matter. Men of ambition can do no better than develop connections in the office of the District Attorney of New York County. It is the prerequisite for successful political operations in the city and state of New

York. Come to think of it, what I just said could not be printed in **The World**.

C. There are limits to Pulitzer's crusading spirit?

R. (*brushing aside the question with a smile*) I have not mentioned one final little matter that you must attend to. You must not suppose that my pieces, stimulating though they will be, will alone inspire Blind Joseph to continue over many months this little campaign on which we are considering embarking. Possibly you have friends who can bring to the great publisher's attention their deep and continuing interest in our little series?

C. Possibly. (*reflecting a moment*) You know, I believe it will do. Gaynor could never recover from a scandal of that magnitude.

R. He will die of it. Physically. That would be my guess.

C. It will be too bad to lose so able a public servant, but it is a risk we apparently must take. There is also the unfortunate Captain Becker. He is, I take it, something of a personal enemy of yours?

R. (*honestly surprised*) A personal enemy? Why no.

C. (*slightly embarrassed*) I thought . . .

R. (*studying the Colonel a moment and then starting to laugh*) If I had some personal spite, you wouldn't be calling the tune. Sorry, we must both be moral monsters together—unless you can devise a better scheme. Can you?

C. No. No, I can't. Considering what's involved I'm afraid I will have to ignore the unfortunate Captain. How much do you want?

R. How would ten thousand sound?

C. Absurd!

R. Yes. You're right. Make it twenty thousand.

(*The Colonel glares angrily for a moment, then gives in.*)

ACT II

Scene 1: *The library of the Old Man in early 1915. Four men are present: Old Man, Proper Son and two young business executives, Charles and James.*

JAMES. I didn't want to bother you with this matter, sir, but I felt it was terribly important.

OLD MAN: Maybe it is. What do you think we should do about it?

J. Frankly, I don't know, sir. All I know is that I felt you should be consulted.

O.M. (*to Charles*) And you?

CHARLES. I think we should ask the government to intervene on our behalf.

O.M. Do you think it would?

C. I don't know. Politics isn't my field.

O.M. (*to Proper Son*) What do you think?

Continued next page

The Game and The Candle

PROPER SON. I agree with Charles. We have done a great deal for this administration. I think it would be entirely appropriate for us to ask for help in this situation. The British are simply using the excuse of war powers to discriminate against our ships and our products and favor those of Shell.

J. The trouble is that American diplomatic protests, and I'm sure that's all Wilson and Bryan will do, would get a polite turn down, maybe two months later. Meanwhile Shell will have taken over all our Holland business.

O.M. How much of this gets through to Germany?

C. It's hard to say, sir, but judging by our prewar shipments and what we estimate Shell and a few others used to ship, probably three-fifths of the present imports into Holland go into Germany. Some part of that, of course, has to be used to take care of the parts of France and Belgium occupied by the Germans. The British realize this and say they do not mean to be unreasonable about Dutch imports.

J. The nub of the matter is that they are using their definition of "unreasonable" to throw the business to their own people. After the war Shell will have practically all the oil sales in that area. It will be next to impossible for us to get them back.

P.S. I think what you say is largely true, but the total volume of business isn't too important, particularly not in comparison with the Near Eastern situation where we really are dependent on British good will if we're ever going to break in as a serious producer there. *(to the Old Man)* I feel very strongly that it is essential for our future business position throughout the world that we acquire a strong position as a Middle East producer.

O.M. And you feel this Dutch trouble is kind of hooked to that?

P.S. I don't see how it can help but be.

O.M. I guess it's hooked in all right, but it looks to me like you've got hold of the wrong end of the hook. You want the British to cut us in on Near East oil? That's worth maybe hundreds or thousands of millions, so you think we should be nice to the British so they'll be nice to us. Tell me, how nice do you have to be to get a man to give you a million dollars? How much nicer to get a hundred million? It doesn't work that way. Never has and never will. You want something out of a man you make it worth his while to give it to you. You don't get it by being nice and agreeable to him. You give him something he wants, and he doesn't want you to be nice to him, doesn't give a darn. Or if you don't give him anything, you stop doing something to him he doesn't like you to do. There's no other way, never was and never will be in any business or any kingdom or republic.

That's the way it is and it's beyond me why you college fellows can't see that. *(suddenly getting down to business)* Now let's see. Their order in council shuts all our ships out of Holland indefinitely?

C. Till they study Dutch needs and announce a reopening of the blockade.

O.M. That's indefinite enough for me. When does it take effect?

J. Midnight Greenwich tonight.

O.M. That means it's already taken effect. What did you tell our captains to do?

C. Ordered them to proceed to the nearest British and French ports. Needless to say, we won't lose a dollar bill on the cargoes.

O.M. Is that supposed to make it easier to take? Now I'll tell you what we'll do. You wireless those ships to turn around and come back to the U.S. And then you wireless the master of every ship we have anywhere in the world that's sailing to a British or French port to turn right where he is and head for the nearest neutral port. No arguments, no explanations, no protests and no back talk. They're to change course when they get your wireless.

J. *(chuckling with pleasure while Proper Son and Charles look wholly taken aback)* The masters will have to make some explanation for the change of destination when they reach the neutral port, sir.

O.M. The chances are they won't have to. Probably we'll wireless most of 'em back on course before they reach any neutral port. I don't think England can take a tighter oil blockade than the Germans can put on her.

Scene 2: *The library a month later. The Old Man is alone with His Lordship.*

OLD MAN. Sorry I can't offer you brandy or whisky with coffee. I'm a firm believer in temperance and I've raised my family that way. We make no exceptions, since I look at liquor in any form as contrary to the Christian religion.

HIS LORDSHIP. Your coffee is far too delicious to be spoiled by liquor. *(They sit a moment in silence sipping coffee. His Lordship clearly does not know quite how to begin.)*

O.M. I don't suppose you came all the way from London just for coffee?

H.L. Not quite, sir, not quite. But you Americans rather take one's breath away. Impetuous, but rather to the point, one must admit. Your calling home your tankers last month was not the sort of thing the Ministry were used to. They were expecting a bit of a wiggling from some of your State Department chaps, but not at all what they got. Took them right between wind and water as they used to say. When the flurry settled down a bit they made a few inquiries on their own for a change and found our chaps on Threadneedle Street

hadn't been keeping them properly posted about who was really who in American finance. I imagine Threadneedle Street didn't really know the facts themselves. I imagine they only knew the American money market, which seems a long way from the whole story over here now that I've looked into it a bit on my own. We're used to large equity interests at home, but never expect to run into them abroad. *(noticing that the Old Man is getting angry at the long-windedness)* Yes, the Ministry certainly went about the Dutch oil matter the wrong way. But we really had to do something to keep oil from getting through to the Germans.

O.M. I realize its importance to you. Personally I don't have that interest.

H.L. But surely as an American and a great businessman you can't want a world dominated by German militarism. England in this war is defending the basic principles of American life, democracy, peaceful . . .

O.M. *(sourly)* You have a good slogan there. Could be phrased a little better though. "Defending the world for democracy"—something like that. If you and I can work out a deal, I might turn the idea over to some of them bright advertising fellows. They might work it around a little and come up with something worth a lot of votes. Anyway, I don't have your interest in defeating Germany. I take it you come here to discuss my interests. I don't know any more than you do what the word 'democracy' means, so how can we talk about how much I care about it. Let's talk about interests, shall we?

H.L. You Americans are certainly blunt.

O.M. Americans aren't blunt. They're sentimental. When they seem blunt, they're just rude mostly. I wasn't speaking as an American. I was speaking for myself.

H.L. Very well, sir, let us discuss your interests in the war. What are they?

O.M. That's better. At the moment I want to sell oil to Holland. You don't want me to. But as you found out if you don't let me sell oil to Holland, then I don't want to sell or ship it to England and France and you want that oil badly. The problem, as I see it, is if you don't want me to ship oil to Holland and do want me to ship it to England, what do you have to give me to make it worth my while to work it your way? If the U.S. was in your war, of course, you wouldn't have the problem. I couldn't fight both you and my government, no matter who was President.

H.L. I believe we have two propositions here, not one as I at first thought.

O.M. One part you can have at one price, the whole for another.

H.L. I'm not sure we need the whole.

O.M. Then you're the only man in the British government who thinks that.

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H.L. How do you arrive at that conclusion?

O.M. Several things. One is the lead time on your artillery and machine gun contracts. You're financing American plants from the foundation up. It'll be more than two years before you get substantial deliveries. In the meantime you're hung up with contracts for rifles you don't want and can't get out of. Not without busting your credit in Wall Street.

H.L. You keep yourself rather well informed about our military business.

O.M. I keep myself well informed about everything that concerns me. Spend a lot of money to do it and it's worth every dime. Every dime. How long do you give your friends the Russians to stay in the war?

H.L. I admit the Russians have suffered serious reverses and their internal conditions are deplorable. The pro-German party is very strong, but they will not make a separate peace. Even though the Czarina is openly pro-German, we are informed that she is making little progress in winning over the Czar. And if she does, there are strong democratic forces in Russia which will rally to the defense of the cause of world democracy and not permit even the Czar to withdraw from the war.

O.M. I was wondering if you didn't have that all arranged. Which parties are you working with?

H.L. I fail to see how Russia is so intimately involved.

O.M. Come on, now. How can we discuss Persian and Arabian oil unless we can figure the Anglo-Russian situation at the end of the war?

H.L. I see. Well, we would rather work with the Social Democrats, and do to some extent, though mostly with one of their minority factions. The Cadets are our chief hope. In fact, I don't mind telling you in confidence that we don't think the Czar's government is good for much more than a year to eighteen months, if that. As I said, the pro-German sentiment right up into the topmost level of the court is serious and growing.

O.M. You wouldn't consider that's maybe a pro-Russian idea that figures the best thing for Russia is to get out of England's war?

H.L. (*nettled*) Sir, you are extraordinarily difficult to do business with. I am sure you know that the war began by reason of a Russian effort to protect Serbia from being destroyed by the Hapsburg monarchy.

O.M. The war began with the Russian attempt to dismember the Hapsburg Empire and annex all its Slavic parts. But they failed. The Russians have lost that war and as for the one that's going on now, darned if I see what they hope to get out of it. If I was them, I'd quit, and I think they will quit, and then when the Germans bring their eastern armies against you and the

French, that's when you're going to want the U.S., not just to pay the bill and give you artillery, but for ships and men.

H.L. If what you think is true about Russia, I admit we would be in a difficult position. But I don't believe it will. We think that if worst comes to worst a democratic revolution can overthrow the Czar and keep Russia in the war. But, you know, we are really quite a way from that yet.

O.M. (*shakes his head sadly at such childishness*) I never thought much of the foresight of the British in recent years, but I never knew them to count on anything so nutty. A government that has just overthrown the Czar, the Little Father of all the other Russians, is going to ask the Russians to go on getting killed and starved for the profit of the British and the French, when the only mass parties in Russia are all Czarists or Socialists? How long do you think your democratic regime can last trying to make war against Germany? Six months? A year? What kind of armies do you think it can keep in the field? You really better find something more of an ally than that, and do it soon.

H.L. It is a black picture. Frankly, sir, it's a blacker picture than we can afford to admit. The Ministry know that the situation in Russia is dangerous in the extreme and that our hopes for a successful revolutionary regime are poor. We can establish the regime and we could, I think, support it if we had reasonable access to Russia by sea. But as it is I'm afraid your analysis is correct. But I do not know of any substitute. The States' getting into the war would be the best solution, but the Ministry do not think that Mr. Wilson can be moved by the pressures they are able to bring to bear. As I am sure you know, these pressures are considerable. However, with an election next year, and with Mr. Wilson having so many pro-German constituents, he will have necessarily to campaign on a promise to keep out of the war.

O.M. A pretty thin promise.

H.L. (*brightening*) Should the Ministry be less certain of Mr. Wilson's opposition to war?

O.M. Wilson is not the core of the problem. The problem is to arrange things so that when the time comes when it's desirable for him to enter the war, he will desire to do so. Next year's campaign has nothing to do with that. That is simply to assure Wilson's continuance in office, of which I am both desirous and certain.

H.L. (*cautiously*) I'm not sure I quite follow you. The Ministry have sometimes thought that things could happen, that they could give Mr. Wilson a strong talking point for entering the war. But they have been naturally reluctant to do so.

O.M. Talking point?

H.L. (*doubtful whether he should say this but feeling he has no other course*) The

Ministry have sometimes wondered what Mr. Wilson would do if one of our big passenger ships like the *Mauritania* got torpedoed with great loss of life. Many, of course, would be Americans.

O.M. I don't see how that could very well happen. Those ships are all too fast for anything but a one-in-a-thousand chance torpedo hit, and one torpedo would never sink them. It would take six or eight, I'd guess. Figure how many it would take to blow a hole the size of what the iceberg took out of the *Titanic's* bottom. The torpedoing would have to be only an hour or two off the Irish or English coasts, so unless you wanted to I don't see how you'd get anybody's feet wet, let alone drown 'em.

H.L. You forget that we import large quantities of high explosives. In a crisis we might have to use our fast passenger ships. Wartime necessity, you know. An incident that could give Mr. Wilson an occasion for war against the Germans might possibly occur. But we do not see that it necessarily would work out that way. We could lose a fast and valuable ship and have nothing to show for it. We might even be worse off. Some of our people feel that if a thing like that happened, the Americans might take it out, not on the Germans for torpedoing an armed ship, but on us for putting guns on our passenger ships. Or they might even accuse your government for letting us run armed ships in and out of your ports. It's a dreadfully delicate matter and no one's quite sure how the issue would be settled if it were once raised.

O.M. I wouldn't worry about what the Americans will think about it. You know, if Wilson insists that the Germans must warn all merchant ships before torpedoing them, and at the same time lets you arm those ships, then maybe we have something that can be turned on or off just as it's needed. It might be just the thing.

H.L. It's such a tails I win heads you lose position, do you think Mr. Wilson could be induced to go along with it?

O.M. I don't think we've reached that point yet.

H.L. I see. Perhaps we should leave problems like that to you?

O.M. I think we could, provided the British will make it worth my while for them to win the war.

H.L. What do you think they can do in that direction?

O.M. Several things. Mostly concerning oil and chemicals.

H.L. Chemicals?

O.M. Yes. My people tell me that chemicals are going to be a big part of the oil business in the future. Seems the Germans have done a lot of work on things that would fit in with an oil company's operations. At least that's what my bright young college boys tell me. What can you do for me on that?

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H.L. Frankly, sir, I don't see how there is anything the British government can do about that. We hold no chemical properties.

O.M. No, but the Germans do, and they tell me a lot of those German patents and things are tied up with British companies.

H.L. Yes, but what could we do specifically?

O.M. Let's suppose the American government, after it gets in the war, seizes all the German patents. If I get hold of some of them, can you guarantee none of them are tied up with one of your companies. What good is a patent I can't use?

H.L. Yes, the problem is somewhat complex. To tell the truth I'm not too well posted on that sort of thing, but I do believe that our chaps and the French have worked things out through the Swiss so that the American patent situation is pretty well tied up. Of course, I could . . .

O.M. (*putting it short*) I see, I see. The deal is already made. Tell me, what American is handling it for you? (*As His Lordship hesitates*) Don't worry I won't upset anything. I just want to know who it is in case I ever need to talk with him.

H.L. I hope you won't ever let him know I told you. It was all arranged by the Swiss Solvay interests and, you can imagine, it's highly confidential.

O.M. (*dryly*) Naturally. Who's the man?

H.L. A Jewish chap, actually, but he was the man Solvay insisted on. So our people went along. A chap named Meyer, Eugene Meyer.

O.M. (*trying to place the name*) Don't know him, I guess. And what's he to get out of it?

H.L. I'm not exactly certain. One percent of the stock of the American company that will take over the German interests. Someone said something about his controlling one of your Washington morning papers, or perhaps planning to control it. I suppose it might be rather useful in a thing like this, right in your capital and all. The fact of the matter is I don't know too much about it.

O.M. All right, we'll forget that. So it comes down to oil. I want a fifty-fifty interest with British companies in any new oil produced anywhere in the world outside North and South America.

H.L. (*aghast*) But, sir, that's a staggering price. Utterly staggering.

O.M. A half interest? That doesn't seem staggering. Not for winning a war for you against the German Empire.

H.L. But it's far more than a realizable half interest. Effectively it's more like two-thirds or even three-quarters, because we almost always must include certain local people in our operations. Almost inevitable. And if we give them say 15 percent and you 50 our own interests are dreadfully squeezed, dreadfully.

O.M. Well, I'd be willing to share that load with you. I'll take 50 percent of the combined Anglo-American interest down to 42 percent of the whole. If you give away more than 16 percent to the natives, everything above that comes out of the British share. No reason I should subsidize sloppy bribery.

H.L. But it's too vastly complicated, sir. How can I . . .

O.M. (*cutting him off with a gesture*) Either you have full powers to negotiate with me or you don't. If you don't, please go back to London and send over someone who has.

H.L. But I . . . If I . . . I mean, sir, even if I could agree, if I were authorized to make such an agreement, I don't see . . .

O.M. How it could be sewed up? Very simple. (*shoving a pen and a piece of notepaper across to him*) Just write me a personal note that on behalf of the British government you agree to my proposition. That's all I want. You can even date it sometime next year or the year after if you think it would look better if it ever got to be public. Though it never will get to be public.

H.L. I should think you would want it dated ahead.

O.M. Why?

H.L. Your countrymen might regard it akin to blood money.

O.M. (*laughing*) You think they would ever believe they got into the war for any other reason than whatever it will be they're told at the time?

H.L. (*unhappily, as he finishes writing the note*) No, I suppose not.

O.M. Better add one more thing on that note. You won't have any objections to whatever deals I make with the German chemical people after the war.

H.L. (*exasperated*) Sir, we came to a full meeting of the minds. We made an agreement. Now you are already proposing to alter it in your own interests.

O.M. I never have an agreement with a man unless I tell him something is agreed to. Just because I make a proposition and you accept it doesn't make an agreement. I can always have more propositions unless I say I don't. So I guess some of your people have an idea of a postwar deal with the Germans on chemicals?

H.L. I know nothing about it. I just cannot commit myself.

O.M. (*thinking it over*) No? Tell you what. Make it that I'll have the same interest as your people in any postwar German chemical deal—that is, excluding the German patents that are going to be seized here, of course.

H.L. But, sir, how about British-German agreements now existing?

O.M. Made during the war?

H.L. Oh no, made before the war and, as you might say, temporarily suspended.

O.M. I don't like that. I don't quite know what I'm getting.

H.L. But surely, sir, you can't ask us to go back and break prewar agreements.

O.M. (*peevishly*) All right, all right, exclude that too. I don't like it but I'll go along. Make it that way.

H.L. If I do, what will be your next demand?

O.M. None. That'll be all.

H.L. Can you say then that we'll have an agreement?

O.M. Yes, we'll have an agreement.

His Lordship finishes writing the note, passes it to the Old Man who reads it slowly, folds it and puts it in his pocket.

(*To be continued*)

The Hellcats *Continued from page 3*

Off and on from the underground, Bernardine occasionally sends in taped pep talks to keep the morale of her male and female cohorts from flagging. Her political and social philosophy, if it can be explicated at all, is a brew of instant miscegenation, prairies of green weeds and the holo-caustic horoscopes of Marx, Freud and Marcuse, seasoned with a soupcon of stale

eroticism from the *Nachlass* of Wilhelm Reich, the orgasm man.

Another female member of the Weather Underground, in spirit if not in fact, yesterday if not today, is Linda Halpern, a Jewish graduate of Swarthmore, who was caught redhanded on the way to a bombing, jumped bail and finally surrendered to the police in 1975, whereupon she was

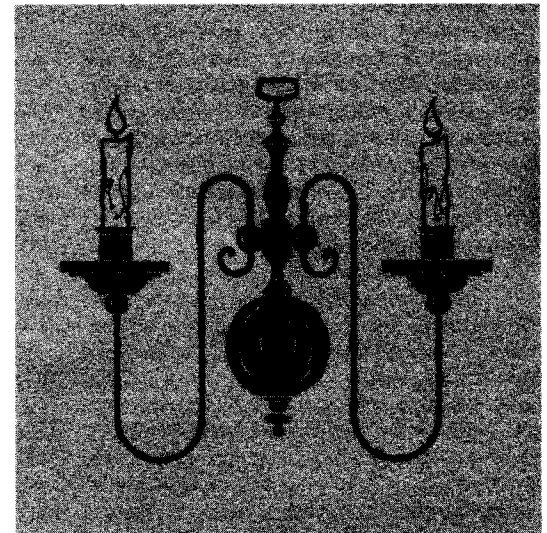
given national exposure on TV to announce she had converted to feminism. We may expect to hear somewhat the same story from Susan Saxe, yet another collegiate Jewess, when she goes on trial for killing a policeman while liberating a Boston bank.

A bomb-planting female who has not yet surrendered is Kathy Boudin (Bryn



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912–1960)



The Action So Far: The Old Man, America's oil king, has decided to elect a Democratic president in 1912, who will agree in advance to push through a federal banking system and prohibition. His emissary, the Colonel, offers the presidency to Mayor Gaynor of New York, who declines, and then to the Governor, who accepts, though the latter's wife insists that something must be done about Gaynor, who now knows too much. The matter is disposed of by framing a Gaynor-appointed police officer on a murder charge. Meanwhile, World War I has started and the Old Man, after imposing his own brief oil embargo on Britain, guarantees a British victory in return for a half interest in the Middle Eastern oil consortium.

PART ONE, ACT II

Scene 3: *The oval office of the White House, 1915. The Governor, who is now addressed as Mr. President, is discussing affairs of state with Uncle Robert and his nephew, Foster.*

UNCLE ROBERT. In view of the seriousness of the situation and some things our Naval people said to me privately, and frankly, Mr. President, in view of Secretary Bryan's attitude . . .

PRESIDENT. What did the Navy people say?

U.R. That it would normally be impossible for such a ship to be sunk by one torpedo.

P. How many did the British say were fired?

U.R. They didn't say. But the depositions of our people to the consuls at Liverpool and Queenstown leave no doubt about it. There was only one.

P. I see.

U.R. For all those reasons, Mr. President, I asked my nephew to ascertain all the facts for you. I gave him complete leeway, of course, and he worked entirely outside the Navy's chain of command. The facts he has collected are exclusively available to you until you judge they should be known to others.

FOSTER. If ever.

P. What do you mean, young man? What is so peculiar about this sinking that makes it different from others, except the shocking loss of life?

F. Her cargo.

P. What about her cargo? Her manifest shows nothing out of the way. Small arms, but that is hardly surprising in a war.

F. The manifest was false.

P. Are you certain of that?

F. Reasonably certain, Mr. President.

P. Would you please explain?

F. Well, sir, Uncle Robert told me about what the Navy people had confided to him. That is, they were sure from the way she went down that she must have had a great deal of TNT or some other high explosive aboard. So Uncle Robert asked me to check shipments from all the high explosive factories for a few weeks ahead of her sailing. There's only a few such plants, so it wasn't too difficult.

P. And?

F. Five carloads, about 150 tons were shipped from Hopewell and put aboard without being declared on the manifest.

P. How could that have been done?

F. The shipment was consigned to the purser, put aboard lighters in New York harbor, and signed for by the purser. Who could object? No regular bills of lading would then be needed. Very probably some false bills of lading were issued to someone just in case Customs wanted to be sure all the marks and so forth agreed, but Uncle Robert didn't want me to try running that down without first checking with you. He was afraid that would start undesirable talk.

P. Quite right. Indeed it would have. I think you did very well to stop where you did. Well, it leaves us in somewhat of a quandary, doesn't it? If we were to get ourselves too deeply involved with the German government over this matter and then this were to come out.

Continued next page

The Game and The Candle

U.R. It seems unlikely, Mr. President, that the German government can be sure about her cargo. The Germans may suspect what they please, and I'm sure the report of their submarine commander must indicate something about the vessel exploding, but that is a long way from being able to say that we knowingly let an armed passenger vessel loaded with high explosives sail from New York for Liverpool.

P. Are you confident there is no chance of this information being learned by anybody here?

U.R. I don't see how it could. (*looking at Foster*)

F. No, sir. I don't see how it could.

P. Anyway, we will have to take that chance. It would not do at this critical moment in our search for world peace to place the British government in the embarrassing position that the revelation of this matter would put them. It is true Britain is a monarchy, but it is a more democratic monarchy than either Germany or Austria, and, of course, Britain is allied with republican France. On the other hand we cannot afford to take a bellicose posture vis-à-vis Imperial Germany. It would be morally wrong and would endanger even greater matters of political importance on which perhaps the future welfare of the world may depend. (*abandoning the moral tone*) Have you discussed this matter thoroughly with Secretary Bryan?

U.R. Only enough to know his general viewpoint.

P. He has, of course, expressed it fully to me. He desires to make the whole matter turn on the issue of armed ships.

U.R. (*declining to be helpful*) In what way, Mr. President?

P. I thought he would have discussed that with you?

U.R. All he says is that he does not want to get into the war.

P. None of us do. So far as I have known, you yourself do not.

U.R. Not at this time, Mr. President.

P. It would be quite impossible politically, even if it were otherwise desirable. I do not believe a declaration would pass the House and the debate over it, however it turned out, would confuse the electorate.

U.R. Nevertheless, the country does not want Americans killed on the high seas with impunity.

P. No, it doesn't. But the main problem is to maintain our freedom of action to bring about postwar conditions that will guarantee world peace for mankind. That is a thought we must keep central to all our considerations of what we might call tactical questions. Peace and democracy, these are the only goals worthy of us as Americans.

U.R. I quite agree, Mr. President.

F. Quite.

P. It is Secretary Bryan's inelastic approach to the submarine problem that risks sacrificing these major objectives of our policy.

U.R. (*deciding to help him out*) I find myself most thoroughly in agreement with you, Mr. President. With your permission, it seems to me that any too precise position on our part, either with Germany or Great Britain, risks endangering your long-range objectives. If we are too insistent with Germany about warning armed ships before sinking them, the logical inconsistency of our position could readily become apparent. After all there is nothing in the laws or customs of war that requires one armed ship to give formal notice to the armed ship of an enemy before opening fire. But if on the other hand we insist that the British disarm the merchantmen they sail into our ports, we will save lives at sea, but we will also assist the German submarine blockade.

P. How do you think we should handle the matter then?

U.R. I think we should talk to the Germans about not sinking merchant ships without warning. That gives us a strong humanitarian position. We should not mention whether they are armed or not, and if the German government raises the point, we should just ignore it. With the British we should discuss very thoroughly whether they would be willing to remove the guns from their passenger ships.

P. That also is the humanitarian position, is it not? We could, of course, shortcut that and close our ports to those ships right away. I believe that is in the back of Secretary Bryan's mind.

U.R. (*laughing to show that he is not really arguing with the President*) I believe it would be, Mr. President, if he quite understood the issue. (*seriously*) I presume it will be in the front not the back of his mind when, as eventually I suppose he will, Bryan **does** come to understand it.

P. You do not think that would be desirable?

U.R. I do not think it would help carry out your great ideals of world peace and democracy, Mr. President. It would almost certainly result in German victory and I do not think Imperial Germany, particularly a victorious Imperial Germany, would look with favor on those steps which you should take in the interest of the welfare of mankind. Forgive my making the case so personal, but I believe it is important to do so.

P. And Austria-Hungary?

U.R. I am sure you agree the very existence of that monarchy is a denial of the legitimate national aspirations of the different peoples who are its subjects.

P. That has come to be my view. I was wondering about yours?

U.R. It is precisely my view, Mr. President.

P. (*after a brief pause*) Would be difficult to conduct the type of submarine discussions you just outlined with both Britain and Germany, without for some months bringing the matter to a crisis?

U.R. I'm sure it could be done if the Secretary of State . . .

P. I am talking about a hypothetical case, in which the Department of State conducts matters precisely as you would desire them to be conducted. Do you think it could be done?

U.R. Indeed I do, Mr. President.

P. (*rising and walking towards the door*) Well, I have come to believe you are right. Mr. Bryan has expressed the possible wish to be relieved of the responsibilities that he feels he can no longer properly discharge. I am accepting his resignation at once and am appointing you Secretary of State ad interim. I shall have the White House staff make the announcement to the press immediately. I wish you a pleasant evening, gentlemen. Use my office as long as you wish. At least use it to catch your breath. (*He leaves.*)

F. Well, I'll be damned. You don't act surprised.

U.R. I'm not. It was inevitable in the combinations of forces and pressures on the President.

F. Tell me, Uncle Robert, Is he always such a . . . I mean does he always talk as though he were making a speech to college boys?

U.R. (*sternly*) That is no way to talk about the President, Foster. Naturally with his academic background . . .

F. It's not his background, it's the man.

U.R. He believes in his ideals, yes. It is up to us to furnish him the practical help that will let the pursuit of those ideals go on in a practical workaday world.

F. Oh come, Uncle Robert! You're beginning to speak like him. You've just got an order to intervene illegally in the war, provided you don't get involved in open hostilities before the 1916 election. Why the double-talk?

U.R. (*angrily*) Foster, you are an intelligent, keen young man. Your perceptions are acute and generally correct. But I warn you right now if you do not learn to express them to yourself, yes to yourself, in less offensive phraseology, you will never rise in political life. No man will trust you. It is not enough to avoid saying such things publicly. By just indulging in the luxury of saying them to yourself, you will sooner or later say them to someone else.

Scene 4: A business office of old-fashioned elegance. An elderly, heavy-set man who looks somewhat like Pierpont of
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The Game and The Candle

Act I, Scene 1 is deferred to by the numerous company present. Only Tom addresses him as "Jack." The clothes of the younger men indicate that more than a decade has passed since that Spring morning in the White House when Secretary Bryan was given his walking papers.

TOM. Well, Alan, we have assembled dutifully per your instructions.

ALAN. (*indicating two of the men*) There is no reason for Dick and Rolland to be here.

TOM. What you wanted to talk about concerned the Stock Market. What better people could we have?

ALAN. (*unruffled but not retreating*) If we wanted everybody who is involved, we would have invited Ben Strong and Montagu Norman and John D. Rockefeller and Secretary Mills.

JACK. Alan, your point is not valid. Tom has kept things right within our own circle.

ALAN. Of course, sir, you are the judge of your own circle, but Dick is not my client, and of course, Rolland is his own.

ROLLAND. (*angrily*) I resent that!

JACK. Please! Come, Alan, please get to the point.

ALAN. Very well, sir. One of the things you gentlemen ask me to do as part of my law service is to keep you abreast of the drift of the law. Any law firm can represent its clients in law suits and all that. You have always wanted me and my partners for a long way back to keep you advised not only of what the law is today, but what in our conscientious judgment as lawyers the law is likely to be tomorrow. (*directly to Jack*) Your father, sir, was always very clear and emphatic on that point. His principle in regard to the law, as in every other department of his life, was forewarned is forearmed.

TOM. An excellent maxim.

ALAN. It's more than an excellent maxim. It's a way of life. It's the use of personal judgment and responsibility instead of the acceptance of a hodge-podge of someone else's statistical flummery.

GEORGE. Is that a crack at Dick?

ALAN. If it fits, yes, it is.

GEORGE. (*angrily*) Of course, it fits. It was made to fit!

DICK. Never mind, brother mine. Little Richard will take care of himself when the time comes. Don't interrupt the great legal mind.

GEORGE. I don't see what's so wrong about Dick's use of statistics?

ALAN. Because he has a new set each month proving the Stock Market has a firm bottom and no top.

DICK. There's no law against being optimistic.

ALAN. There are laws about being too

optimistic with other people's money.

ROLLAND. (*angrily*) What's that supposed to mean?

ALAN. Originally it was intended as a general remark, Rolland. Should it have a more direct bearing on something Dick has been doing?

ROLLAND. No. No. Of course not. How could it?

ALAN. Until you mentioned it, I hadn't thought of it that way. (*abruptly*) That's beside the point here. What I'm talking about is something that involves us all. If you have a Stock Market crash, we're going to have all kinds of laws wrapped around our necks. Laws we won't like at all. Laws not only on the Stock Market itself, but laws on underwriting and banking—laws I can't entirely foresee, but will certainly be far-reaching and from our point of view disastrous.

DICK. You say, if the Stock Market falls. How do you know it will?

TOM. (*interrupting*) No, that's not the essential point. I think Alan is quite right in assuming that the Market is bound to have a serious shake-out sometime or other, perhaps in the not too distant future. This permanent plateau theory that you're so fond of, Dick, is more of a sales gimmick than a serious analysis that an intelligent banker or investor would accept. What is important, however, is Alan's certainty of the disastrous political consequences that would follow a Market break. How can you be so sure of these consequences, Alan?

ALAN. You mean, since there are as yet no statistics about the future, how can I possibly foresee it?

TOM. That's not a particularly gracious way of rephrasing my question.

ALAN. Was it an accurate way?

TOM. No, not precisely. It is somewhat rigged. Clearly there can be no statistics of the future, in the narrow sense of the word statistics, but there can be projections from present bases. I would like you to project from a present base this gloomy prognostication of the future. Always, of course, within the initial assumption of a serious Market break.

ALAN. Well, I think it could be done, but the figures I would use as my base might not be ones you would be willing to accept, Tom. You see, they aren't anything like the kind of thing Dick uses for mental crutches.

JACK. Please!

ALAN. (*to Jack*) This would be the way I would project it, sir. When your father was in his prime, his word was the financial law of North America. It was recognized as such not only here but in London. (*Jack nods*) From the Civil War to the World War, or at least to Wilson's election, that power of financial command carried with it basic control of the two political parties. Obvi-

ously, no one was a dictator and in this world no one gets exactly what he wants all the time and just when he wants it. But I'm talking about the general channeling of politics. There was no doubt, was there, where the final political power lay? (*Tom does not seem to like this so Alan prods him.*) Isn't that so, Tom? Was there any real doubt or uncertainty?

TOM. No, in those days there was not. But you forget, Alan, that many things are different . . .

ALAN. That's just what I'm trying to project for you. The constant, consistent direction of those differences as they pile up, year by year, decade by decade. What I'm trying to get you to think about is the next jump that accumulation of differences is going to take.

TOM. And you think you can forecast what it will be?

ALAN. Of course, I can forecast it, that is I can forecast the general nature and direction of the next change. All you have to do is consider the interests and prejudices of the different people who will have a hand in making the changes. The interests of independent industrialists, oil men, union bosses, socialists, minority pressure groups.

TOM. Really, Alan you can be almost tiresomely silly. Why should the sensible, sober people of the United States be swept off their moorings by new ideas that have little currency or by a new crowd that has little political clout?

ALAN. What you don't seem to realize, Tom, is that the people of the United States are not "sensible" or "sober" or anything else you mean by those words. At the moment these people, the majority of them anyway, either have confidence in you or can be managed by people who have confidence in you. That's all you mean when you say they're sensible and sober. Once they lose confidence in you, or the men who can manage and persuade them lose confidence in you, then they'll seem "sensible" and "sober" to some one else and they'll seem like left-wing lunatics to you.

GEORGE. Being a firm believer in the virtues of the democratic process, Tom will remain convinced that even if they should stop being sober and sensible, it would only be a temporary change, one that could be quickly rectified by reason and a few gentle nudges from people like us.

TOM. So you agree with him!

GEORGE. I agree with him that there's a socialist drift in public opinion that will become much more pronounced if there's a business depression. I don't know whether I agree with what Alan wants to do about it, because I don't know what that is.

ALAN. You are the bankers. I'm only a lawyer. It's hardly my field, suggesting what to do about it.

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JACK. Specifically, what is it you're worried about, Alan?

ALAN. Public opinion.

JACK. I realize that, but what do you feel we are doing or not doing that might move public opinion in the direction you're afraid of?

ALAN. Frankly I'm afraid of the Stock Market. It isn't just that it's being supported by call money. It's that there's a huge public participation of people who are buying not for income but for resale. When any market gets to that condition, sooner or later it runs out of buyers.

TOM. In pure theory that's true, of course, but there might be an upturn of earnings that would make the dividend income, even at those prices, seem attractive.

GEORGE. *(a little embarrassed)* Tom, how could it? How could all corporate earnings go up that much, all at the same time?

TOM. Not all earnings will increase simultaneously.

JACK. Tom, you're not very convincing.

TOM. *(laughing politely)* No, Jack, it's not too persuasive an argument is it? *(seriously)* But there is a real difficulty here. I admit I don't like the Market and I admit it is supported by much too much credit, and too easy credit. You say, fine let's tighten up credit. Obviously we can't do that alone, but suppose we could convince the Street and the government that it ought to be done. The only result would be to bring about the very fall in prices that Alan is worried about. It's too late. The time to have tightened up on credit was two or three years ago before such an enormous liquidation hung over our heads.

ALAN. But at that time you opposed tightening credit as being premature.

TOM. I may have used that word, but that was not the reason.

ALAN. What was the reason? You gave no other at the time. At least I remember no other in our several discussions.

TOM. I didn't mention the real reason because it was highly confidential.

JACK. I am aware of the reason, Alan. Ben Strong had been asked by the Bank of England to keep money rates at New York abnormally low. The English were trying hard to restore the value of the pound and also they had a lot of trouble trying to fund their rupee debts left over from the war. Naturally they wanted to keep the rupee-pound ratio as favorable as possible, and it all meant easy money here. We felt at the time that it was a necessary step, though a highly confidential one. It is still a factor, but not as compelling as it was two years ago. Still I would not want to have credit tightened unduly without first giving Ben a chance to sound out the Bank of England.

ALAN. *(despondently resigned)* Well, if nothing can be done, that's the situation. But it does not ease my worries.

TOM. Cheer up, Alan. You're not back in Petrograd in 1917. That's more than ten years ago and half a world away.

ALAN. I still don't regard it as an altogether irrelevant experience.

TOM. Worse than irrelevant. It warps your judgment. You see Bolsheviks under every rug.

ALAN. No. I never knew the Bolsheviks well enough for that. I had to deal with Lenin a little, but not often. The people I knew much better, naturally, were the Russian bankers and industrialists—up, that is, until the October revolution. They were very able, cultivated gentlemen. Their economics was sound, their personal honesty impeccable, their humanitarianism extensive, and their politics were liberally democratic. They had only one handicap. They never could do anything if it had the slightest political tinge. Every step, no matter what it was or who proposed it, that might have staved off the revolution never could be taken. It was always either premature or too late to do any good. Also, of course, it would have cost them some money. *(He stands up wearily to leave.)*

JACK. *(restraining him and dismissing the others, including the reluctant Tom)* Alan, there is a great deal in what you say and a great deal more in what you mean but are inherently too kind to say. No one knows better than I do how far things have drifted from their old moorings and indeed how dangerous they are. Do you think I am so easily fooled, with the background and family training I have had? What a man knows and what he says are not the same thing, and the higher his station in life and the more responsibility that sits on his shoulders, the more that is true. But I want you to consider what in fact we as a firm can do, not what in theory the financial community ought to do, if it were a community and capable of responding collectively to the promptings of self-interest. In my father's time, there was a financial community and we commanded it. There is no question about that. If we felt credit should be tightened, it was tightened. If we refused to finance a particular enterprise, it was not financed. But today that's not so. There isn't a railroad or a utility or a big industrial corporation that couldn't be financed somewhere else, if we refused to float their issues. Not one. So we have prestige left, but not power. And what can we do with our prestige? Certainly we could go to the other bankers and to the government—we'd have to go to the government today on such matters—and say that credit is much too easy and ought to be tightened up to avoid a disastrous defla-

tion. And what would happen? Every one who still had poor securities that they wanted to unload on the public would denounce us as grasping bankers trying to drive up interest rates. The only question would be how many other bankers and industrialists still have securities they wanted to sell. That and only that would determine what was done. No consideration would be given to what might be wise or necessary. That's what happens to you when you are no longer in command, Alan. You have to plead and argue and the element of self-interest, which is always present, is seized upon as an excuse for not doing what you are arguing must be done. *(after a pause)* I do not know how all this is going to turn out and I do not think the tide will change. We no longer run things as we did in my father's time. I sometimes look back and try to see where the change occurred and whether there was anything we could have done to have kept our old position. It is not pleasant for me to realize that what my father and grandfather established has been largely destroyed. Nor can I entirely excuse myself since we consciously adopted the course that in the end so gravely injured us. Some of this you know, but perhaps not all of it in its proper focus, for among ourselves we always place the blame on President Wilson. It is the comforting thing to do. He did most solemnly assure us that further financing of England was a government program. We were to continue it privately until the formality of a Declaration of War could be obtained. This was in November of 1916 and we thought—with the election out of the way—that Wilson would act promptly. But he did not. Lansing said they feared the House might refuse to pass a Declaration of War or pass it by so narrow a vote as to be a political disaster. Perhaps. But I have come to distrust Lansing's statements. I should have distrusted them sooner. His whole long charade of getting American ships armed so they would, of course, be sunk without warning. Then Wilson could have dead American seamen to talk about as an excuse for war. It was disgusting and enormously costly to us. So we all feel privately that Wilson betrayed us. To forbid the British Government to pay us, even with their own dollar earnings! Nearly five terrible years with all our capital locked in unpaid British debt while the rest of the financial community made vast and prudent investments in the industries that were soon to flower! That was really where our power shrank to the little we have today. So I cannot entirely excuse myself, Alan. The determination of Wilson's decisions was always made by men who were no friends to us. We should have known that from the Federal Reserve Act, if no-

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thing else. And yet in retrospect the true alternative was worse. We had to finance England from November till April. No one else could have done it. And without that financing the war would inevitably have ended, very soon too, in a German victory. So in theory I can see how we as a firm might have kept our own old financial supremacy. But over what a world, Alan. A world with a crippled England. However, that was only an imaginary course, not even a theoretical possibility. It would have been contrary to the traditions of our firm and inconsistent with our honor. There never was such an alternative.

SCENE 5: *A young man, dressed slovenly in the style of the late 1920s emerges from a private room in a hospital. It is obvious he has been visiting someone who is very sick. After walking a few steps down the corridor, he suddenly stops and leans against the wall. He breaks out in a half prayerful, half blasphemous soliloquy.*

YOUNG MAN. He's not too far from death. I've just seen him. So make him die,

God! Make him die! (*laughing a little*) I haven't prayed since I was what, eight or ten? And I don't believe in you at all, God. You don't exist for me. So I can easily promise never to pray to you again. After all, why should I pray to you when I know you don't exist? But on the off chance you do, do me a favor. Make him die. I don't hate him. He's my partner and we started this magazine together, but if he lives, he'll take it away from me. It isn't that he's any abler or smarter than I am. It's just that men are willing to trust him and they never trust me. Never, do you hear that, God? They never trust me. What do they see that bothers them? I can make them fear me and make them obey me, but I can see behind their eyes that they feel I'd be quite capable of doing some enormous injury to them. And that's not so, God. I just have to take care of what I care about, don't I, God? Everybody else does. Why should they distrust me for doing what they all do themselves? I don't love myself more than they all love themselves. But they are willing to trust him. I can't let him take this away from me. I can't. This is my whole life. My way up the ladder. Right to the very top

of the glittering pile. I know it's not too much of a magazine now, but I can make it the greatest thing ever. It's past the critical point. I know it is. From here on it's just coasting. But not with him. With him still alive and kicking, it wouldn't be mine. It would be his. That's why he has to die, God. It's the only way. And it will hurt him less to die than for me to lose. (*giving vent to an embarrassed laugh*) I know that sounds funny, but it's true. I care more about this magazine than he cares about his life. Oh, I know you can say if I care so much, why don't I kill him myself? Why do I ask a God I don't believe in to make him die from such a ridiculous thing as the scratch of a kitten—that little scratch that has now turned into such a big and raging and, should I say, fortuitous infection. It's not that I think it would be wrong to kill him, not with the awful importance of what's at stake. It's just that I don't dare. I'm afraid. Why, I'm even afraid that, if he dies, they'll say I gave him that kitten, because everyone knows he's my partner and everybody knows how much he loves cats.

(*To be continued*)

Reagan *Continued from page 3*

Reagan never went to pot—in both senses of the word—in Hollywood. He married Jane Wyman, a star of equally dim magnitude, who later divorced him be-



Testifying as a friendly witness before the House Un-American Activities Committee way back in 1947.

cause he spent too much time in union activities. For many years he was the president of the Screen Actors' Guild and was as responsible as any other member for keeping the union out of the hands of the Stalinists.

Reagan was deeply committed to Franklin Delano Roosevelt and spent World War II in Hollywood in an armed services film unit. He voted for Truman in 1948 and worked hard for the re-election of Helen Gahagan Douglas in 1950, whose defeat by Nixon put the latter on the road to the presidency. All the people who later criticized Reagan, when he was running for California governor, for being an actor, never criticized the ex-starlet senator for being an actress.

The great political turning point in Reagan's life was apparently triggered by some highly placed executives of General Electric, who had hired him at \$150,000 a year as their TV pitch man. They told him to "get a philosophy." Always loyal to his bosses, Reagan obeyed and a few years later the philosophy came out as a mixture of Burke, Buckley and a little, just a little, of Robert Welch. Reagan toiled so mightily in Goldwater's 1964 campaign, in preparation for which he switched from registered Democrat to registered Republican, that the Fat Wallets decided he would be the next governor of California. They were right.

In general Reagan stood up for his principles when he sat down at the governor's desk in Sacramento, except for the usual compromises on spending. He tried hard to put some sense in government, though what could he really do? The Legislature was Democratic. The media were liberal. The judiciary was on a permissive binge. He had the office, but not the power. It was the old, sad story of American politics, as it had evolved since the death and transfiguration of FDR.

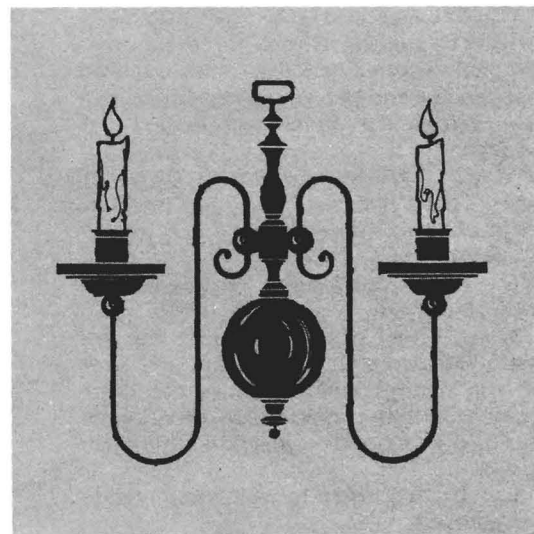
At least, however, Reagan was an authentic Republican—converts are usually the truest of true believers—and not a Democrat in disguise like his Republican gubernatorial predecessors, Goody Knight and Earl Warren. To win the governorship he had to knock out Pat Brown, a stumblebum Democrat, and after serving two terms he yielded it to Jerry Brown, Pat's tall, dark and handsome son, who looks more like a movie star than Reagan and who, thanks to his Jesuit apprenticeship, speaks much better Latin.

Now 65, Reagan, who was eased out of earlier bids for the presidency by Nixon, has decided to make one last stab at the impossible and hopeless job in the House that is White in the City that is Black. To prepare himself for the ordeal of the primaries he spent a few days at the lavish Palm Springs spread of Walter Annenberg, the publisher son of Moses Annenberg, an



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912—1960)



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a federal banking system, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. After World War I begins, the Old Man arranges to put the U.S. in the conflict on the side of Britain in return for a 50% interest in Middle Eastern oil. When the war is over, Pierpont, a New York banker, sees his power eroded and blames it on the war and the "new crowd." Meanwhile, a rising young magazine publisher prays for the death of his partner.

PART ONE, ACT III

Scene 1: *A Chicago hotel room in the mid-1930s. Present are a Civilian of about 35 and a Military Man in a colonel's uniform.*

CIVILIAN. Colonel, I'm glad you could get into the Loop in time to catch me. I have to get back to Washington and I haven't much time.

MILITARY MAN. (*puzzled and noncommittal*) I see.

C. You have some good friends in Washington, at least among civilians in the new administration, and they asked me to look you up whenever I had a chance to be in Chicago.

M.M. Well, it's good to hear I have some friends in Washington. I thought the West Point clique had sunk me without trace.

C. Not quite. Not with a few people fairly close to Roosevelt. Aubrey tells me he has a very high regard for you and he thinks that if you had a higher rank and were not planning to retire . . . well, he thinks a military officer with a social conscience might be very useful to the democratic and forward-looking elements in this country and might also rise pretty high in the service, even with such handicaps as your present age and rank. (*The Military Man remains cautious.*) I don't think anyone who has any understanding of the realities of American politics is under any doubt about the enduring power of the forward-looking pro-democratic elements with whom I am associated.

M.M. The political tide seems certainly in that direction.

C. So, what will you do for us?

M.M. (*a little taken aback*) Do for you? I don't quite understand what you're driving at. I agree with your liberal social philosophy. Everyone in the CCC and the NYA can testify to that.

C. Colonel, we can't eat a liberal social philosophy. The nourishment we need is an organization that acts as a unit under reasonably central direction. Your own professional training should tell you that nothing else is worth wasting time over. A liberal social philosophy means nothing unless the people who subscribe to it agree to submit themselves to a common direction and to a common goal.

M.M. That certainly is true in principle.

C. It's more than that. It's the indispensable foundation of political action. You say to us you agree with our democratic objectives. We say to you, if you're willing to accept common centralized authority in search of those objectives, as we do ourselves, we'll welcome you as one of us and for the common benefit of all we'll use our political power, which you know is considerable, to push you up the military ladder. Your military superiors don't seem inclined to do anything with you but let you retire as a colonel.

M.M. (*thinking it over*) I'm trying to get at your exact meaning. Are you asking me to join a political party or something?

C. No, quite the contrary. Regardless of your social objectives we would refuse to permit you to join the party. It could be damaging to you in the future, and probably to us, but most of all it would be unfitting. The party is a group of dedicated people who have banded together, often from their youth, in the cause of peace, world democracy and social justice. It wouldn't be appropriate at all for you to join. I hope my frankness doesn't upset you. It's better to start with no misunderstandings.

M.M. Very well, if we're to start with no misunderstandings, what rank could you get me if . . . if . . . if we came to a meeting of the minds?

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C. We can get you your star as a brigadier general within three months, probably sooner. If things work out well between us and everything goes right, in a few years we'll try to have you made Chief of Staff.

M.M. (*utterly astounded*) Chief of Staff! That's fantastic. Why with my star, even with two stars eighty or ninety generals would outrank me.

C. If you don't want the job we can look elsewhere.

M.M. Chief of Staff! I'd give my eye teeth for such a chance, particularly after all the wrongs and injustices the West Point ring rubbers have made me suffer all during my career. But I just don't think you can do it.

C. That's for you to weigh and decide for yourself.

M.M. (*after a brief silence*) You haven't said what you want me to agree to. I take it from the way you spoke a minute ago that there is some kind of a deal.

C. Yes, I want you to write me a little note expressing your understanding of our common social and political objectives and your willingness, in our common cause, to accept our political direction in regard to the carrying out of your future duties, wherever in the army or in the public service you find yourself.

M.M. That's rather a serious thing to ask a man to commit himself to.

C. Yes, it is. But Chief of Staff is a pretty high position and rather difficult to get for a man who doesn't enjoy the President's confidence. You think you could get it on your own?

M.M. No, I'm afraid not.

C. So there you are.

M.M. (*after a pause*) I don't want to write you that letter, that is, not just yet. It seems a little premature. Why don't we work it out this way? You get me my star and then when I have a clearer certainty of your political power we'll talk about the letter.

C. (*standing up*) Colonel, I don't think we're getting any place. You'd better be getting back to the National Guard Armory where you are an instructor.

M.M. I'd be taking a fearful risk and you might not help my promotion as much as you say you will?

C. That's a chance you have to take.

M.M. (*almost to himself*) But in all my career I've made it a point never to ask for outside help toward promotion from anybody. It's been my fixed rule.

C. Just who was there you could ask, until I came along? The West Point crowd?

M.M. Many officers ask politicians for help.

C. If the politicians are indebted to them in some way, yes.

M.M. Well, no one's ever been indebted to me, I guess.

C. Even we aren't yet.

(*The Military Man ponders silently a moment and then slowly goes and sits at a table.*)

M.M. What do you want me to say?

C. What I told you before. That we have common political and social objectives and that you agree to accept Communist party direction.

M.M. Can I say "overall direction?"

C. Yes, that will be all right. Just use your own words.

M.M. I will say "direction consistent with my military duties."

C. Of course. We wouldn't want anything else.

M.M. Must I refer to you and your friends specifically as the Communist party?

C. Well, you certainly wouldn't want to say you would accept the direction of the Soviet Union, would you?

M.M. Oh no, I couldn't do that.

C. No, of course not.

(*The Military Man starts writing*)

Scene 2: *San Francisco about the same period as the previous scene. Two men are present: the well-dressed, flashy District Attorney and a seedy dock Laborer.*

LABORER. Now you know, Mr. District Attorney, that when a big union like mine tells a fellow like me to go in and see the District Attorney, why a fellow like me does just like he's told. Just like you did when my bosses asked you to see me. Why they picked a stupid fellow like me for the job, I wouldn't know. But they did, and you and me both have to put up with it.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY. (*wearily*) All right, please get to the subject.

L. (*waves a piece of paper*) They want me to talk to you about this. But they said I should first make it clear to you where the paper came from. So you could see the point and why our boys thought it was important.

D.A. Go on.

L. Well, you see it started with your father. (*He notices the District Attorney's surprise.*) Yes, the old bum and me was shipmates once a long time ago. He wasn't a real drunk in those days. He just drank in port. Anyway, when your old man was done in, all the boys thought, "Well, it's kind of too bad, he was a bum and an old soak, but it's tough to get beat to death in a ship's cabin. And that was an end of it. Except you know those smart fellows that run the union, they're not dopes like me and the boys, not at all. I don't know who it was, for all of me it could have been Harry

himself, but one of 'em said: "Now let's go a little slow here. Maybe it was just one of those things, but let's see if anybody we know stands to make anything from it." And you know what they came up with? You! They said there's that smart young District Attorney, wants to be Governor maybe Senator, God knows what, and every time he starts running for office the old man tears one on, gets drunk and urinates in public on the court house steps. How's a man going to get anywhere in politics with a father like that? Well, the kind of fellow that would beat an old drunk to death, sometimes takes a few too many himself. Once he does and our boys find him, they can be very persuasive. You kick the bottom out of an old cane chair and tie a man down in it. You begin smacking his tender parts with a stick. Why in about five minutes he'll tell you everything he knows. Or maybe just tells you what he thinks you want to hear. Anyway that was what some of our boys did with a couple of thugs they spotted along Mission Street, and (*waving the paper*) here's what the two thugs said. Want to read it? Says you paid them to do it.

D.A. It's a lie.

L. Of course, it's a lie. We all know it's a lie. That's why we'll keep this little paper strictly private between us. Why should we injure an honest and devoted public servant like yourself by giving the newspapers such unsubstantiated not to say vile charges? Why should we?

D.A. You shouldn't.

L. No, indeed. Not as long as you're the honest devoted public servant we think you are. So all you have to do is do things that will keep us convinced you are such an honest and devoted public servant. (*The District Attorney says nothing.*) Don't be so glum. Might be you've done better than you think. (*getting up*) You've got powerful friends now, boy. Maybe this is all you need to get the big offices you want. Like a judgeship, maybe. I think you'd be a real good judge. Understand the problems of the criminal—sort of.

Scene 3: *The time is still the mid-1930s. A young man addressed as Harry is seated in a small informal library. He is tall and somewhat emaciated, but vigorous and quick, almost nervous in his movements. Two men enter. One of them, the Senator, announces himself aggressively in a strong Southern accent.*

SENATOR. (*walking across to Harry and holding out his hand*) They tell me you're the fellow that takes care of all the really loose ends for the President.

HARRY. I try to. And who's your friend?

S. Oh that's Sam. Used to be a captain in my State Police. Show Harry what you do, Sam. (*Sam instantly whips out a large*

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calibre, short barrel revolver.)

H. My, my, you do take precautions. Who are you afraid of, Senator?

S. Not afraid of anyone, not with Sam around. I want other people to be afraid so as not to bother me.

H. Now who would ever want to bother you?

S. Harry boy, you've been in politics a right long time now, up in New York state and all. You know a man never knows exactly who is going to bother him. You just never can tell. And when you figure how cheap it costs to get a man killed, you know you owe it to yourself to make it just a bit harder for the other fellow. They used to figure below Canal Street that \$300 would get the job done, on a white man, and I seem to have heard your prices up in New York were only a mite higher. Of course, if it's a big public figure, it would run higher, and with Sam around it would run higher still. Figure it would cost at least a million if somebody wanted to get me.

H. *(laughing)* Think it could be done for that?

S. I really doubt it. All the trouble there would be collecting the money. And think of the income taxes somebody would have to pay. Why it would take all the profit out of the deal.

H. I guess it would, Senator. Tell me, what can I do for you?

S. *(by now settled down comfortably in a chair)* Why son, I wanted to have a little chat with you, mostly about 1940.

H. *(genuinely surprised)* 1940? Aren't you an election ahead of time?

S. Now, Harry don't try to tell me what's premature and what isn't, I'm the best judge of that. I'm not talking about next year's election. That's the President's and I doubt anyone would argue about it. I'm talking about 1940 and I'm talking about it now because I figure it's time to talk about it. Next year's election will have a lot to do with it, as I see it. An awful lot to do with it.

H. In what way?

S. I'm getting to that, son. I'm getting to it. Now you can maybe guess I aim to be the Democratic candidate in 1940. Five years isn't too long a time to work for that nomination. You know, lots of men have worked for it a lot longer than that and some have got it and some haven't. Once Roosevelt steps down there isn't going to be anybody goes into the convention with the big block of sure votes I'm going to have. If I keep my health and the Lord spares me that long I'm going to be the next President of the United States. *(studying him briefly)* And you're kind of thinking maybe so yourself, except maybe not thinking quite as well of the idea as I do.

H. Well, are you asking me to support you?

S. You know I wouldn't do that. You work for the President, at least you do when you don't work for Mrs. President.

H. Do you think that's a nice way to talk?

S. Where is my Southern chivalry? Hell boy, she's no lady. She's a lady politician, which ain't a lady at all. And she and I couldn't get along no how. She's got the same friends her uncle did, and they're no friends of mine. You know, Harry, there's a fact of life we don't generally admit publicly in the South, like father like daughter, like uncle like niece. We wouldn't want to admit that too publicly, kind of derogatory like to Southern white womanhood, isn't it? Now with her I figure she takes right after that uncle of hers. Both of 'em alike. Everybody says you mustn't judge 'em too harshly seeing they're moved by such strong and virtuous emotions.

H. And you think that bears on Teddy Roosevelt and his niece?

S. Yes, I kind of do. You take Teddy, now. Everyone knows he was as fierce a foe of the wicked interests as his niece is today. Smashed up the trusts, he did, and turned them back to the people. But you know it's a funny thing. There's Mr. Morgan lying peaceful in his grave and his little bank there in New York, why it's the prettiest little museum you'd ever want to see, with the tourists gaping at it and now and then an old gentleman walking in the door to sell a bond or two his granddaddy left him. It's real touching, like Queen Mary's hats. You know how those things are. Remind you of a more gracious day long gone. Things like that. But you know down South we have some oil companies. They've got them other places too. And those oil companies are just the very ones Teddy busted up, only somehow they seem mighty near one piece in everything that's of much consequence. How do you figure that?

H. Have you got some particular trouble with the oil people?

S. No trouble, Harry. Some of 'em are just a mite slow and stubborn about doing what I want them to do.

H. Yes?

S. You know I kind of think it's her that persuades him he needs the help of some fellows I want to talk to you about. The best I can figure him, he's a real big fierce bull of a man and all, but somehow like lots of bulls, some one slipped a ring in his nose. Guess it was that old hatchet mother of his. And I guess Teddy's girl saw the ring hanging there and just naturally slipped her rope through it, and there it was just natural like as might happen to anybody. And I suppose once you get used to a ring in your nose, why you expect to feel it

pulled gently this way and that. Of course, you might say a man might tug the ring himself this way or that depending on where he wanted to go for himself, but it wouldn't seem quite natural, would it?

H. *(quite irritated)* Frankly, I don't know what you're talking about or driving at. Would you please get to the point?

S. The point? Why sure. I want you to begin easing her friends, those Communist fellows, out of the government.

H. Senator, you have me confused. First of all, I don't know if there are any Communist fellows in the Government, and second, I don't see what that has to do with the 1940 nomination.

S. You can't bait me, Harry boy. I know you know just what I mean and I know you see the problem just the way I do, only maybe from the opposite side. And I know you naturally like to talk this way even in private. Keeps you in practice for talking in public, I'd guess. Only trouble must be, you get too stuck in that habit. You must sound mighty foolish when you talk to fellows like Pressman and Hiss and Apt and Williams and White and those other fellows you're so close to or maybe you're forced to be so close to.

H. *(icily)* Please, Senator. My time is not as inexhaustible as my patience.

S. I've done got to it, Harry, like your temper shows me. I want you to get rid of those fellows because that's the only crowd that stands in my way for the nomination. That's the nub of it.

H. I think you exaggerate the situation, Senator. They just aren't politically powerful enough to do more than make noises.

S. Wrong, Harry! But there's no sense wasting my time arguing with you about it. I'm just telling you they got enough political power to be in my way and I want 'em out of it. If they join the next election as part of your crowd, they'll be working on a candidate that'll suit them in 1940 and that will make things tough for me. So I want 'em out. It's that simple, Harry. After all, what the hell difference does it make to Roosevelt now? He's got the nomination and the election in the bag and they've nowhere else to go anyway. *(He gets up and starts to leave.)* Now don't talk to me about their jobs being protected by Civil Service. This is politics. And after you get 'em out of the Government, maybe we'll take a look-see about getting 'em out of the newspapers and radio. You know that's a kind of branch of politics.

H. And what happens if I can't find them in order to get them out?

S. No dumb talk, Harry. You know who they are. What you mean is what happens if you *won't* find 'em.

H. All right, what happens then?

S. Well, Harry, you know I'm not just an office-boy Senator like most of those

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fellows down under the Big Dome. I'm my own governor, too. And then there's quite a few fellows over in the House and Senate that feel it kind of wise to jump when I whistle. So all in all I might start making a little trouble, and if I do, it won't be one of your nice safe New Deal investigations with a bribed New York lawyer running it. It'll be run by me and I know just how to kick a man in the groin when there's an advantage to be got out of it. And I'll do it, Harry, right into the last vote of the '36 election if you all try to cross me on this.

H. You don't talk like a very loyal Democrat.

S. I'm a damn loyal Democrat as long as I'm the Democratic candidate.

H. Senator, let me ask you an odd question. Maybe I should say a premature question. Suppose the President decided at the proper time that it would be wise to ignore the third term tradition and run again in 1940. What would your attitude be?

S. Yeah. It figures.

H. Pardon me. What figures?

S. It figures that that's what you want the Moscow boys for. I wondered whether that was it, because I couldn't see any other advantage in bedding down so close with them. But I didn't think even with their help he'd believe he could get away with it. Tell you the truth, Harry boy, I don't think he can. Fact is I'm surer now than ever that he can't. I'm surer now than ever about the fuss I'm going to make in this town if they're not out of here, every last one of them, in six weeks. You can get around your civil service rules any way you please. You don't pay much mind to them in getting these fellows on the payroll. You can be a little rough in kicking them off. Look to it, boy. Look to it. Come on, Sam, we're on our way.

Scene 4: *A somewhat grubby little studio in New York a few hours later. Harry walks in on Dex, who is instantly recognizable as the Civilian who signed up the Military Man in the Chicago hotel room.*

HARRY. Break out a drink for me, Dex. I've got to soothe my ulcer. I've had a hard day.

DEX. You know very well you shouldn't drink with an ulcer, Harry.

H. I don't know that at all. An ulcer comes from too much tension. A drink of liquor relaxes your tensions. Obviously it is the indicated medicine.

D. Well, that's exactly contrary to what my doctor tells me.

H. Of course. Your doctor as a loyal Party member has no opinions, even on medicine, except those approved in Moscow.

D. (*suspicious*) How did you know she's a Party member? Have you turned the FBI on me?

H. (*laughing*) Relax, Dex. I haven't turned anyone on you. I don't know a thing about your doctor. I didn't even know she was a woman.

D. (*handing him his drink*) Well, if you're telling the truth . . .

H. Oh, stop looking under every bed. I'll tell you another thing about your doctor. She's Jewish.

D. (*stiffly*) That doesn't interest me. I don't know or care whether she is or isn't Jewish.

H. (*laughing*) You don't? Now tell me you don't know what a Jew is.

D. That's a fact, Harry. As for me, I'm just an ordinary atheist and Marxist-Leninist.

H. And as all anthropologists have repeatedly proved there is no such thing as a race and certainly not a Jewish race, therefore . . .

D. I hope you enjoy your fun.

H. (*changing his mood*) Just having a little relaxation. I never can resist teasing a good Marxist about Jewish matters, seeing how strongly anti-Semitic their Russian fatherland has become.

D. That's not true, Harry. It's true that among the people purged there are a lot of Jews, but what does that prove? New York executes a few Jews who've committed murder. Does that make the state anti-Semitic?

H. It would if the murder charges were all frame-ups.

D. But . . .

H. (*interrupting*) Forget it, Dex, I'm here about something more serious than teasing you. Tell me. What are the relations between your people and Huey Long?

D. On what level?

H. On all levels that you know anything about. And don't hold out on me. I need to know.

D. Well, so far as the exposed part of the party is concerned, he hasn't bothered it at all. But of course we don't have much in Louisiana, just a small nucleus among the oil workers and port people and a little sort of pioneer group among some of the city Negroes. Just something we want to keep with a hopeful eye on the future. In regard to the undercover party I'm a little more worried. I do know of a couple of cases where our people got into trouble. One was a newspaper man and the other a professor of some kind. There wasn't any charge they were Communists, though. Both got involved in some sex scandal, in both cases with colored girls. They both said they were framed. We weren't inclined to believe them, but maybe they were telling the truth. Maybe they were. If so, it worries me. First, that Long could have

spotted them. Second, that he gets at them by such a nasty but effective route. We can fight removals on charges of subversion and spying, but what in hell can we do about sex, and colored sex to boot? Now on the third level, what relations pro or con, Moscow itself may have, I don't know. I would doubt if there were any connections, but of course you never can be sure.

H. That's all?

D. That's all I can think of. Why? What's up?

H. It may be trouble.

D. For us?

H. For both your friends and for my people.

D. From Long?

H. Yes. We've always known he was out for the 1940 nomination, but we felt it was a problem we didn't have to deal with just yet. But I'm afraid we're going to have to.

D. Harry, don't just sit there and talk to yourself.

H. Long says if we don't ease you people out of the government he's going to get his stooges on the hill to begin a noisy investigation. (*as Dex shrugs his shoulders*) Don't fool yourself. An investigation of Soviet influence in the Government wouldn't have to be managed by dopes and windbags. Suppose Long found some really able person to handle it? You know we've run some pretty good investigations against other people. It's a game that could be played both ways. Would you like that?

D. When things are going along nicely, you get a little soft and forget that the hirelings of reactionary capitalism never sleep. What are you going to do?

H. First of all, why should I do anything? From where I sit it's you and your friends that may be in trouble.

D. But Harry, you can't sacrifice us to a demagogue like Long. We've worked together. We've helped you out all along the way. Never mind the morality of throwing us out. Just consider your own political welfare. You need us. We can help you—especially in the matter of a third term.

H. You mentioned morality. I thought you people were dialectical materialists or something, far above or beyond morality?

D. (*a little relieved*) I wish you wouldn't shove your irony in the middle of a serious matter. It takes me too long to realize what you're doing. You know what I mean. It isn't right that people like us who are working for humanity and the welfare of the masses should have to be bothered and pestered by every demagogue who comes along.

H. It's not quite that. He's as ambitious as your people. He just figures you're in his way. He wants the 1940 nomination.

D. That would be just about the worst

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that could happen to us. It would set us back years, maybe decades.

H. You think just one hostile administration could do that?

D. You know how people flock to the winning side, even if you pretend there isn't any such side. They sense it and drift to it. That's the momentum of success. You break that and I don't know how long it would take to recover.

H. I thought you believed that the Communist triumph was inevitable.

D. In theory. But the practical point is that if it's blocked now it might be held off for a century. You know it's been nearly three-quarters of a century getting to where it is now. For me personally any serious setback is like putting it off forever.

H. You don't want to be like Moses and die on the far bank of Jordan?

D. Joshua's more my man.

H. I thought you were an atheist?

D. No harm in recalling old fables.

H. (who has been writing something during the conversation) Nothing. Particularly if you believe in them.

D. You know I don't believe in them.

H. (handing him the paper) I know you don't. That's why I've written you a little bedtime prayer. It's entirely appropriate for an atheist like yourself. Read it. With the proper fervor, please.

D. (reading in a puzzled and questioning voice)

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord this Jew to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
Know my apostasy was fake.

You damned Nazi.

H. If you don't think that is appropriate for an atheistic communist of Jewish ancestry, I do.

D. (furious) Well if you do, it's only because you're a filthy anti-Semite.

H. Like Stalin?

D. I don't care what Stalin is. He's an enemy of . . . of . . . (waving his arms around him as though to include all Washington and everything beyond it) of all this nightmare here.

H. Now let's get down to business. What shall we do about Long?

D. (wiping his forehead) Damn it, Harry, I wish you wouldn't do that to me. It's loathesome. It's taking advantage of your position. I know you're only kidding. But suppose you weren't. I'd still have to deal with you and put up with what you did because it would be politically necessary. So when you really are a nice guy, why do you act like that?

H. Keep you from getting soft.

D. Maybe. Let's get back to Long.

H. He's probably more dangerous to you than he is to us.

D. I don't see that. You want a third term for Roosevelt and Long is sure to try to block that. I think he could, too. After all he can't really touch us. He can do much more harm to Roosevelt's plans than he can to ours. Moscow is a little beyond his reach.

H. (after a pause) Yes, if it came to the point where we had to, shall we say, "slow up" Long, you have means at your disposal that I don't.

D. I don't personally have the means. Anything that would be effective would have to go to Moscow for approval and there'd be so damn many questions and so many people would have to be in on it, it would never work. What Moscow wants to do gets done, but what we want to do gets studied and mulled over and comes out so changed you wouldn't recognize it. If they'd only trust us to know what we're talking about, we'd be O.K. But of course

they won't. A bureaucracy is always a bureaucracy, even a Communist one.

H. You don't think then there's anything you could do?

D. I hate even to try. I'm afraid it would leak. Can't you indict him for income tax fraud?

H. We haven't anything that would stick.

D. You've already studied it a bit?

H. A bit. (after a moment's pondering) There was one small point that came up in Long's tirade today. I don't know whether it could be any use to us but maybe we should run it down. He and one of the big oil companies are at some sort of impasse.

D. Which one, and what sort of impasse? Has he stolen something or blackmailed someone? I mean, do you think there's something you could indict him for there?

H. I don't know. He didn't say what company or what the trouble was.

D. Well, it's not very promising but there might be something there you could use. Why don't you look into it?

H. You could do it smoother and faster than I could. If I start asking questions everybody will think its antitrust or income tax and clam up. You have friends that know the New York money crowd, or some of them. After all this wouldn't involve the Morgan people.

D. (thinking it over) That's true. There might be somebody. Maybe Paul or Leon knows someone. Anyway I can ask. But what shall I ask?

H. Ask if they know any company that has a strong grudge against Long. If there is such a company, tell it to have one of its officials visit me some evening when he is in Washington.

(To be continued)

The Cultural Catacombs

Continued from page 12

One day before the appearance of the scheduled issue of *Time* we were notified that the ad had been rejected.

There are four stages of book censorship: (1) refusal to review or mention the book, (2) rejecting ads for the book, (3) refusal of publishers to publish the book and printers to print it, (4) criminal penalties against the author for writing the manuscript.

Today in the U.S. we are somewhere between stages 3 and 4. No publisher would publish *The Dispossessed Majority*, so we had to form our own publishing firm. Only one large printer would print it, and it was

touch and go for several weeks before he would undertake the job.

On the bright side, however, the author has not yet been jailed for writing it.

Scholarly Journals

Of the hundreds of scholarly journals published each month or each quarter in the United States, it is fair to say that 98% follow the liberal line or that form of crypto-liberalism known as modern conservatism.

In January of this year the figure dropped to 97% with the first issue of the *Journal of Social and Political Affairs*. Although the new publication expertly ducked the all-

important issue of race, it made a commendable attempt to defend Majority interests at both the domestic and international level.

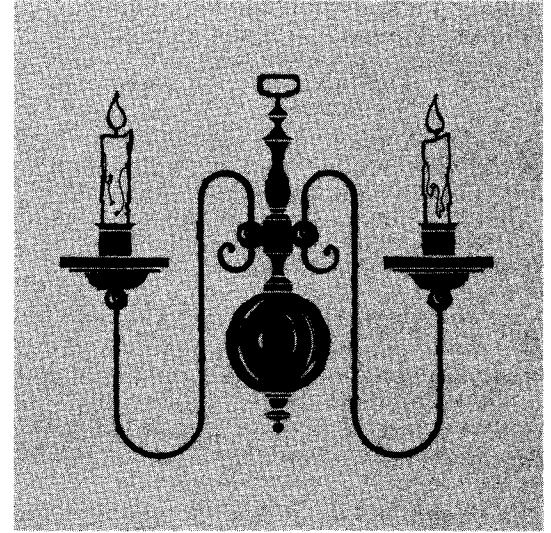
Senator Jesse Helms supplied a long article on Latin America, calling for a more vigorous American policy to help the established governments protect their citizens against terrorism, kidnapping and other forms of political violence. Though Helms did not say so, no Mediterranean people has ever been able to make democracy work. Mix Mediterraneans with Indians, for whom democracy is still a more impossible dream, and you have an open house for permanent revolution. This may be the unspoken reason Helms suggests that we strengthen our relations with the

Continued next page



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912–1960)



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a federal banking system, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. After World War I begins, the Old Man arranges to put the U.S. in the conflict on the side of Britain in return for a 50% interest in Middle Eastern oil. Twenty years later his oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long and negotiations are opened with the New Deal administration to get rid of him. Harry, a White House aide, is in charge of the Machiavellian derring-do, while Dex, the Stalinist, lends his strong left hand.

PART ONE, ACT III

Scene 5: Harry's library a few months later. Harry is talking to the Executive, who bears a strong resemblance to one of the young men in the retinue of the Old Man, when the latter some twenty years ago had ordered his personal oil embargo against Britain.

EXECUTIVE. (*studying a tall drink*) I had thought of discussing our problem with someone in the administration because we felt you might be a little worried about the political ambitions of our friend, Senator Long. But we were somewhat reluctant to open the subject. It has certain . . . certain ramifications. We weren't even quite sure of the authenticity of the invitation when it first reached us. It was rather round about. But the very round-aboutness convinced us that it was genuine. Evidently it was.

HARRY. Yes. I thought indirection was wise. I didn't want you to think we might be hatching an antitrust case.

E. That was kind of you. We were more impressed by the fact that the invitation left no traceable record.

H. (*just a trifle irritated*) Well, tell me what is the difficulty between you and Senator Long?

E. It's purely a Louisiana matter, though he seems to consider it a very important part of his national political program. As I'm sure no one knows better than you, the base of his power is the country parishes, where he promises farmers lots of cheap fertilizer. He wants to have his

political friends set up as distributors, wholesale and retail, all through the South. And he wants us to put up a huge ammonia plant in Louisiana to give him the cheap nitrogen he needs. He thinks with that he could compete in the country districts against the free lime and phosphate Roosevelt passes out through the Department of Agriculture. He makes no bones about it to us. It's part of his program of "every man a king." We think it might have very serious political consequences, but after all that's not our business. You can judge that much better than we.

H. Well, why don't you build him his ammonia plant? Would you lose much on it?

E. No, it would be very profitable. But that's where the . . . ramifications come in.

H. I don't quite see your problem. For your own reasons you don't want to build an ammonia plant in Louisiana. So you just don't build it. You wouldn't be afraid that would open you to antitrust action, are you? If . . .

E. (*interrupting*) No. it's not that. I obviously wouldn't be worried about any antitrust action if what we did hurt Long's political future. One problem is we have lots of oil reserves all through Louisiana. We're not exploiting them very much at the moment and Long is threatening us with all kinds of legislation.

H. You don't think the federal courts could protect you?

E. You are the expert on that. Could they?

H. At the moment I doubt it. The compromise on the President's court-packing project ended its veto, so to speak, on our public programs, but it's not yet our Court. Not by a long shot.

E. I was afraid of that.

H. Well, I guess you'll just have to go ahead and build the ammonia plant even though neither of us likes helping Long's political future.

E. It isn't opposition to Long that keeps us from building the plant. We're businessmen. We can live with one demagogue as well as with another.

H. Well?

E. We just can't build that plant. That's all there is to it.

The Game and The Candle

H. Why, why?

E. For one thing we don't have any patent rights to build or operate an ammonia plant.

H. Then that by itself should persuade Long to leave you alone.

E. It's not that easy. You see, Long must have some underground connection with Hitler. (*brushing aside Harry's almost instinctive objection*) He knows that we have a contract with I. G. Farben under which we are their licensees on many chemicals, including ammonia. The only possible place he could have learned this was from the German government. Our whole deal with I. G. Farben was one of the most closely guarded secrets in the business world.

H. Since you are the licensee, I have yet to understand why you don't go ahead and build the plant. (*as his guest hesitates*) Still more involvements?

E. Yes. There's a catch to our agreement, which wasn't made by lawyers in the usual way. Of course there are written papers, doctored up afterwards, but actually the deal was made personally by the Old Man himself with some Lord who represented the British govern . . .

H. British? I thought your deal was with the German . . .

E. The Old Man wanted German patent rights. He couldn't get in on those that were to be seized here. So he agreed with the British to take rights out of postwar Germany on an even-stein basis, subject unhappily to any prior rights existing between the Germans and the British at the time the Old Man made his deal. One of the reserved rights—which, of course, the Old Man knew nothing about at the time—was a British exclusive on ammonia everywhere in North America. And the damn British went and sold all their North American rights to—you guess—du Pont.

H. And?

E. And we've asked du Pont to release I. G. Farben so they can license us, just in Louisiana, and du Pont laughs at us.

H. You've explained the Long aspect to them?

E. Why should they care? So far as that goes they take the same position we do. One demagogue is like another.

H. When you're in politics, one multimillionaire is like another. (*laughs*) We're even. Now to get back to Long.

E. Well, we can't risk losing our Louisiana reserves. And we can't afford to air the whole story about the Old Man's deal. Some people would start screaming that he had pushed the U.S. into the war to make a financial killing. We wouldn't like that and I don't think you would either. Not with Hitler in power.

H. It would do wonders for pro-German

propaganda, wouldn't it? (*after a pause*) So it looks as though you're going to lose those reserves?

E. Unless something happens.

H. What could happen?

E. Things happen. Accidents.

H. True. There are crazy people in the world. Assassins. All sorts of deranged people.

E. Long has expert guards. No deranged person is going to get within pistol shot of Long.

H. But you still feel accidents could happen?

E. An accident could always happen. But the trouble with accidents is that they often don't seem like accidents and there are all kinds of troublesome investigations that waste a lot of people's time and fret a lot of nerves, particularly if the liberal papers keep harping on the matter. But the worst thing about accidents is that they sometimes coincide with the change of ownership of large pieces of property or large sums of money. If the money transaction is reported to the Internal Revenue, as the law requires, and an accident occurs—well, it looks bad for perfectly innocent people who were really motivated only by considerations of long-term public welfare.

H. (*thoughtfully*) I'm sure that everybody in Washington would understand that if an accident happened to Senator Long the public interest would not be served by trying to pretend that it was not an accident. After all, the liberal press doesn't care much for Long and there's no young district attorney out to make his political fame by trying to convict some poor fellow of a murder he probably didn't commit. Nothing like that at all. And after all, Long is a senator, which would certainly give the Federal Government a paramount position in making sure that if any accident happened to him it was accidental. As for the money that might be associated with an accident, I should imagine the Internal Revenue would be much too busy on the trail of Long's finances to worry much about those of anyone mixed up with an accident, if there were an accident.

E. That's fine except for one thing. How are Long's guards going to know that?

H. (*surprised*) Long's guards?

E. Of course. How else can an accident come close enough to the senator unless some of his guards are aware that they will not be falsely accused—even of negligence if nothing else—or harassed about their income tax returns? (*Neither says anything for a moment. In the silence the Executive reaches into his pocket for a dollar bill which he slowly tears in half.*) This has the air of the old-fashioned penny-dreadful but it's still a wonderfully simple device for identification. If there were any

way this half could reach one of Long's guards in such a way that he knew that it came from . . . friends of the administration . . . if that could be done, the ball would start rolling. (*He holds the half out to Harry, who slowly and reluctantly pockets it.*)

Scene 6: *Some weeks later in New Orleans. In a dim corner of a dingy room Sam, standing, talks to the Masked Stranger, who is sitting at a battered table.*

SAM. Who are you?

MASKED STRANGER. What difference does it make except I happen to have the other half of your dollar bill. Do you want to hear what I have to say?

S. That's what I came for.

M.S. What's the minimum number of guards with Senator Long when he goes out in public?

S. Four, plus myself.

M.S. Are the four always the same?

S. No, not always.

M.S. Are there ever four men with you that you appointed yourself, or that you know very well, or that you know would be willing to make a large amount of money?

S. How large is a large amount?

M.S. We'll come to that later. Just consider as large whatever you think they would think of as large.

S. Yes, there are four such. Probably more.

M.S. Very well, as you know from the torn dollar bill, there are very powerful people involved in this. Powerful enough to protect any one who does what he is supposed to do and then behaves properly in the future. Powerful enough to prevent any questions about the money that may change hands. It will all be, shall we say, tax-exempt. You understand that?

S. I guess so.

M.S. We want something to happen to Senator Long. How much?

S. A million dollars.

M.S. A sizeable sum.

S. It sure is. I got it from the Senator. That's what he said it would cost someone to get him killed.

M.S. Well, the last thing I would want to do is make a liar out of the Senator, but he must have been thinking of income before taxes. This will be nontaxable. Three hundred thousand ought to be right. Fifty thousand for each guard. One hundred thousand for you.

S. I'll decide how to cut up the money.

M.S. Not at all. You might make a hog of yourself and soreheads out of the four. Soreheads can be squealers. Fifty thousand for each. And don't have any notions you can outsmart us. (*He takes out some checks and starts writing.*) Each man

Continued next page

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will get his own check and each man will have to endorse it with the name already on each check. Just be sure each man gets one. Don't try any nonsense because I will know just who cashes these checks. So I'll be able to see who gets the money. (*handing him the five checks*) Now these are very odd checks. You'll notice that they appear to be certified. If you or anyone else tries to cash these checks before Long is killed the bank will stop them for forged certification and forged signature. There will be hell to pay for the men who try to cash them. But if those checks are presented between one month and two months after Long's death they will be paid without question. Don't try to cash them either sooner or later.

S. How do I know you won't claim they're forged afterwards?

M.S. And have an investigation? Before Long is killed, you can't involve anybody but yourselves. Afterwards a stopped check would embarrass you, I admit, but it would ruin us. Don't worry. It won't be stopped.

S. It better not be.

M.S. Now, how are you going to arrange the job?

S. Well, I guess one of us will accidentally drop his gun or . . .

M.S. A likely story. You're all professional gunhandlers? I better tell you just how you do it. Then everything will work perfectly without a hitch. When the Senator's home in Louisiana, I've noticed that all sorts of people, state office holders, everybody and his brother that wants a favor is always trying to get a word with him, particularly up at the State Capitol.

S. So what?

M.S. Now I've noticed you guards don't let crowds hem him in. But you do let one or two persons through to talk to him, if he knows them.

S. That's right.

M.S. Now lots of times one man he knows will come up to ask him something when he's walking in the corridors or coming down the steps and there may not be any one else except you guards within two or three hundred feet.

S. Right again.

M.S. (*handing him a revolver*) Now here's an old gun that comes from a Louisiana pawn shop. It can't be traced. The moment some man comes up to Long when you have the right guards with you

and when no one is too close, you yourself shoot Long with that pistol. The other guards will instantly shoot the man, whoever he is, and you slip this fired gun into his hand as soon as he's down. You, of course, will be wearing a glove.

S. (*dubious*) Well . . . maybe . . .

M.S. It's perfectly simple. Just be sure no one is looking from a position where they can see your gun when you fire. If they see your back, it won't matter. And leaning over the presumed assassin is the most natural thing in the world for a guard. You want to grab the weapon before he can shoot again.

S. But the other person? The guy we gun down. He's supposed to have killed Long. What's his motive?

M.S. That will never be discovered. Obviously he must have had a motive or he wouldn't have shot the Senator. Being from Louisiana, clearly there must have been some underhand trick Long once played on him, or on someone close to him. It will be an unsolvable mystery. The poor man will just have to take his secret to the grave.

(*To be continued*)

Organicists *Continued from page 4*

Spengler

Oswald Spengler, an unknown high school teacher, began his famous work *Der Untergang des Abendlandes* in 1911, the first version of which was not published until July 1918, a rather appropriate time for a pessimistic German to introduce the classic work, at least from the Western perspective, of historical pessimism. There are striking similarities to Danilevsky, though Spengler with his Copernican world view gives no priority or favoritism to the Western and Classical cultures. In contrast to Danilevsky's twelve civilizations, Spengler lists eight. Russia, which has already undergone a pseudomorphosis, offers the possibility of the ninth. Spengler agrees with Danilevsky that the word Europe should be stricken from history books. The separation of Western and Eastern Europe is nowhere so great as it is in religion. The West has or had faith in a father god, in contrast to the fraternal god of the Russians, who when given the chance call Christ brother.

Many readers of Spengler will probably agree that he is as much of a poet as a historian. The image of Faustian man, the hero at odds with himself and god, drifting in limitless space is not an easy one to forget. Equally poetic are Spengler's prime symbols—the stone of Egypt, the nude

statue of the Apollonian or Greek culture, the cavern of Arabian culture—as well as his Nietzschean attacks on money and democracy which undermine themselves and are “eaten up from within.” Yet Spengler's unwillingness to tackle the race issue, his surgical dissociation of the ancient Greeks from the medieval and modern civilizations of the West, in spite of the common ethnic denominator, does not add much pride, depth or mystique to the history of his own people.

Another of Spengler's great poetic symbols is the dying Western megalopolis where in Sorokin's words, “The lord of the world, the Nordic man, is becoming the slave of the machine.” Technology and equalitarianism are the symptoms as well as the causes of our approaching rigor mortis, which will become official as Westerners prepare to sell their souls to a Caesar. There will remain some freedoms, but the media will condemn any idea to death simply by not reporting it. As Sorokin explains Spengler's meaning, “In lieu of the state and faggot, there is the great silence.”

Toynbee

There is no need to review the basic propositions of Spengler's philosophy of

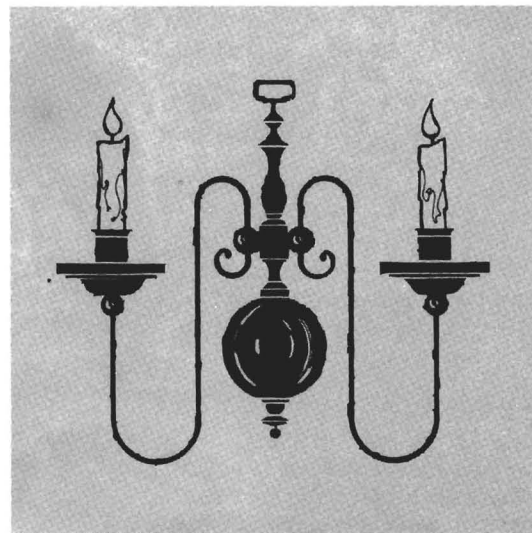
history. It would take a hundred pages and most literate minds are already familiar with the main outlines. So we will pass on to Toynbee, who might be described as Spengler's “Christian” pupil. Born in 1889, Toynbee certainly had as good or better grounding in the classics than Spengler, but he was deficient in mathematics and science. He published the first six volumes of his *Study of History* in 1934-39 and the remaining volumes, plus a long postscript entitled *Reconsiderations*, after World War II.

Toynbee's twenty-one civilizations, not one a product of the Negro race, have become standard historical fare, along with his theories of challenge and response, rout and rally, withdrawal and return, apparentation and affiliation, schism and palingenesis. His aversion for Israel and what he called “fossilized” Jewish culture made him very unpopular in Hollywood and Harvard. The demise of civilization is accounted for by the decline of the power of the creative minority, which is transferred into a merely dominant minority that the majority is no longer willing to imitate. The death stages, which begin in a universal state, follow a set pattern. Although Toynbee's whole study is based on the cyclic nature of history, he gets an eschatological glow from religion and he seems to believe that the Hegelian end of history is Christianity.



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912–1960)



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Mid-western oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. In return for a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil, the Old Man puts the U.S. in World War I on the side of Britain. Twenty years later his oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. Money, lots of money, is passed into the hands of a Long bodyguard.

PART ONE, ACT IV

Scene 1: Sometime later in Harry's library. Harry is talking to the Colonel of Act III, who now sports the star of a Brigadier General.

BRIGADIER GENERAL. Since you alone advised the President not to appoint me Chief of Staff, I felt in fairness to both you and myself that we should have a frank and private conference. I don't understand your opposition. If you could explain, we might uncover some misunderstanding that I could easily clear up.

HARRY. General, military appointments are very much out of my line. I'm already so busy with presidential matters that I have very little time for extra work in areas outside of my competence.

B.G. Yet you took it upon yourself to advise the President not to appoint me.

H. If the President asks me what I think about a particular man for a particular post, whatever the post, I naturally cannot refuse to answer him..

B.G. And in my case you answered him adversely! May I ask why? So far as I know we have never met.

H. General, I just don't wish to discuss the matter. It can lead neither of us anywhere.

B.G. (angrily) On the contrary. I have every right to discuss it with you because it is only your advice to the President that prevents my appointment. I just won't be put off with a rather silly statement that you do not participate in military appointments. In this case, quite obviously you did. You admit it, so I would like to know on what basis you feel yourself qualified to have an opinion on a military appointment?

H. (annoyed at himself for talking too much) General, let me ask you something. Are **military people** seeking to have you appointed Chief of Staff? Are **they** qualified to make military judgments? Is it your **military** talents they seek to have available to them in the office of Chief of Staff?

B.G. So that's the point. You want to delve into my political beliefs!

H. General, as far as I can tell, you have no political beliefs whatsoever.

B.G. (at a loss to understand) Then . . . I fail to follow you. Why are you opposed to me?

H. Let's drop it.

B.G. No. I refuse. It's not fair to me. My career is at stake.

H. It's not as badly at stake as it was a year or so ago. That's why I don't wish to discuss the matter. I know the circumstances, though not as well as you do, of course. But enough to know that any discussion of them would only be embarrassing and embitter our future relationship. My work for the President includes maintaining harmony in his Administration. I

can hardly do that by quarreling with you over your Army career.

B.G. (superficially relieved) I knew the root of the trouble flowed from a misunderstanding on your part. What you must be referring to is my victimization at the hands of the West Point clique. Perhaps you didn't know I wasn't a West Pointer. I'm a VMI man.

H. How tedious can this get? Yes, I know that. I also know enough about you to be astounded that anyone would believe they had a chance of getting you appointed Chief of Staff. Do you think a man whose only military distinction was his summary removal from the single command he ever held, would be offhand a very logical candidate for Chief of Staff? Do you think your vast military experience as instructor in the Illinois National Guard is a suitable preparation for the top command of the American Army? You know, General, your fame as a distinguished soldier is so great that the only time in your life that your name has appeared in the newspapers was that little episode a while ago when the Soviet transpolar fliers took it upon themselves for no known reason to land at your post in Oregon.

B.G. The landing was a pure accident. So far as the earlier troubles existed at all, they were as I said, the result of the hostility of the West Point clique.

H. But it was the West Point clique that got you the command you flubbed. That would have been the end of you except you suddenly found through the CCC crowd a road to promotion you hadn't known of before. They got you your star. Now they tell you they're going to make you Chief of Staff.

B.G. (stiffly) There is no "they" as you

Continued next page

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call it. They are just men and women who think well of me.

H. Five persons have urged me to support your candidacy. To my personal knowledge, one of them is an unstable semi-hysteric and four of them are members of the Communist party.

B.G. Why that's absurd and slanderous. Unverified charges! Unverifiable smears!

H. We're not in public, General. You know very well I wouldn't hold the job I do unless I knew what is really going on in this town.

B.G. You deal with those people all the time yourself.

H. Of course I do and I'm going to continue to. We see eye to eye on quite a number of things. To me, they're a necessary and useful element in the democratic rebuilding of world society. Maybe you think that sounds pompous. Perhaps there's no simple way to express just what I mean about them. They've been in there pitching for the things I believe in long before I was born, so that gives them a few privileges and the right to some short cuts I wouldn't be willing to grant to anyone else. But that doesn't make me their man. I never have owed my position to their favor and I never will. I owe my position to a lifetime spent assisting President Roosevelt in carrying out government policies that in my judgment, and I think in his, were and are necessary to preserve the life and welfare of this Republic. Now let's take you in your fancied role as Chief of Staff. To whom would you owe your eminence? To your professional colleagues? To any segment of public opinion in any state, represented by any faction of the Democratic or Republican parties? To a following in Congress? Obviously not. Only to one group. You would owe your entire military importance to it. Would you think it fair to the President to advise him to appoint a man with so little political equilibrium?

B.G. But the last thing in the world I am is a Communist!

H. I know. But that's not the point. They're your only political backers. We have to have a broadly based team here if we aim to keep the country from falling back into the hands of the Wall Street crowd. If the job's not going to be given on a strict military basis, on the presumed military capacity of the man, then it's political, and you just don't have the balanced political support that would be helpful.

B.G. Well, I'm not going to let it stand here. I might take the same position myself if I were in your place and owed the President the political care you feel you owe him. But I'm still going to force this fight all

the way.

H. In that I can't stop you and, if you can swing more powerful support than you have now, I'm a practical enough politician to change my position. If you can convince me it's in the President's interest to give you the job, I'll try to help you get it. I just don't see it at the moment.

Scene 2: *Harry's library a few days later. Dex and Harry are in an animated discussion.*

DEX. Damn it, Harry! Won't you change your position on the General. I'm sure it's you who are keeping the President from appointing him.

HARRY. That's absurd, Dex. There isn't a single general officer in the army that favors the idea.

D. But that speaks well of him, don't you see. He's not infected with the promotion bug.

H. Can it, Dex. He's just as badly infected as every other professional soldier. The only difference is that, since he's been a failure as an officer, he's totally dependent on you for his future. Don't you think, however, he cares a damn about what you and I care about. He cares about himself. At the moment you boys are the only ones who will give him the time of day. That's why he's got a social conscience and is all for the international struggle against war and fascism. He doesn't believe in any of that. He just wants a big promotion. Why you of all people can't see that is beyond me.

D. Oh, we see it all right. But it doesn't make any difference. We're sure he'll turn out fine.

H. What an absurd thing to say! Once he's in he'll drop you like a . . .

D. No, he won't.

H. What did you do? Get him to write you one of those silly letters like those you got out of the dopes in the Triple A? Sheer nonsense. You know perfectly well that if "your victim" ever got really important later, you wouldn't dare let anybody know about such a letter. It would harm you people a lot more than it would him.

D. (*grinning*) I know. But the letter writer might not. (*seriously*) Anyway it's nothing like that in the General's case.

H. What is it? Did you find he has a little love nest somewhere? He doesn't seem like that sort.

D. Oh no, nothing like that.

H. Something nasty, I suppose. Does she know about it?

D. Don't be silly. Of course not. Why, she wouldn't even believe you if you told her about this conversation with me. She

believes in worthy things, Harry, you know that. Nothing so unspeakably sordid could possibly be true. Any man who told her such a slanderous tale would be finished with her forever. You know that.

H. I know, but . . . the President?

D. Of course he would believe it. But then he's sure anybody he appoints is already on some one's hook. Why else would anyone ask him to make the appointment?

H. Well, it's absurd. Why all the insurance? No American general is going to rush off and make a private deal with Hitler or Mussolini.

D. They're all capitalist hirelings . . .

H. Don't be ridiculous! I've known scores of generals. Not one of them has the faintest notion about politics. If you elected Stalin President, they'd command the army for him without a qualm. Dex, why don't you leave this thing alone. I've got enough problems.

D. No. We want the appointment. We have to have it. As a matter of fact it's now a direct order from Moscow.

H. Moscow? What the hell are they doing in this?

D. Well, he pressed it. He really wants the job. So we asked Moscow about it and, boy, we got an answer. It's the top priority must.

H. (*appalled*) Dex, for God's sake what have you been up to? How could Moscow dream of such a thing? Are they out of their senses? We're not going to take orders—or even suggestions—from Moscow on high appointments in the American army. They're crazy.

D. Harry, you've got to look at it from their point of view. They don't see Roosevelt the way you do—and the way maybe I partly do. They see Roosevelt the same way they see Mussolini and Hitler.

H. How in the name of Marx can they make comparisons like that?

D. They do, and from where they sit it's a fair comparison. Both Mussolini and Hitler talked up socialism and held themselves out as friends of the masses. Il Duce even ran a Socialist Party newspaper. You see how insincere they were and understand Roosevelt's sincerity, but Moscow doesn't. So far as they're concerned, he's just another rabble rouser that they don't control. They've no more idea of where he is going to be next week than they did about Mussolini. After all he went up and down Italy, denouncing the rich, and Hitler did much the same in Germany. The people in Moscow just don't trust anyone on the left who isn't their own man. Look at the mess in Spain. We thought we had everything under control, Harry. You

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know that. We had a good liberal democratic government with our own men in the key places. We were sure they would be able to take complete control in six or eight months. And then the god-damned military command entered the picture. They were supposed to be loyal to the Republic, as you say the American generals will be loyal to their republic. After Spain you'll be a long time convincing Moscow that the high-ranking officers in any Western Country can be considered as politically neutral. That's why they're so insistent on the appointment we've been talking about. They consider it the test of the sincerity of the Roosevelt administration when it says it wants harmonious relations with the Soviet Union. And you can't really blame them, Harry, when you think of all they've been through in the Russian Civil war, including American and British supported invasions, and now this mess in Spain. They have a point. You know they do.

H. Dex, all that has nothing to do with it. We're simply not going to be dictated to by any foreign power—even the Soviets—on an appointment like that. You can tell them I said so if you like. The answer is no!

Scene 3: *A few days later. Harry and a well-dressed, middle-aged Publisher are in an office whose furnishings indicate great wealth. At first glance the man bears a vague resemblance to the Young Man who prayed for the death of his partner in an earlier scene.*

PUBLISHER. Harry, you've been a shocking long time in coming to see me.

HARRY. Hadn't anything I wanted to see you about.

P. Suppose I had something I wanted to see you about?

H. You know where my office is.

P. That creates talk, if I were to come see you in Washington.

H. It's merely an Alphonse-Gaston problem. Who kowtows to whom. Well, I'm here, so I must be kowtowing to you. But don't bank on it. My reason is that I won \$140 on the third race at Aqueduct and then they scratched the two horses I wanted to bet on in the sixth and ninth so I had time on my hands. "The Great Publisher", I said to myself, "will be annoyed if I drop in on him unannounced and unexpected, but I will parley my \$140 that he will still see me." So who is the kowtower?

P. (*laughing*) You win, Harry. I ought to know better than think I could outfinagle a leading New Dealer.

H. What do you want?

P. What do I want? You came to see me. What do you want?

H. (*getting up*) Nothing. I just wanted to see whether I'd win my bet. I did. Too bad I had to make the bet with myself.

P. All right, all right, Harry, you win all down the line. Come back and sit down like a sensible fellow. I do want to talk to you. Why do you have to fly off the handle?

H. What do you want to see me about?

P. Nineteen forty, of course.

H. I don't want to talk about it. You might say the subject is premature.

P. I thought so.

H. Then why bring it up?

P. To find out whether you'd made up your mind what you were going to do. I think you have. You've decided to support your boss for a third term.

H. (*bit surprised*) How did you figure that out?

P. Simple. If you were trying for the nomination yourself, as I know you were some months ago, you'd have told me all about it "in strict confidence." I'd be worth a lot to you. You'd need me and you wouldn't really be spilling anything. But since it's going to be Roosevelt again, obviously you're out and equally obviously at this moment it wouldn't do for you to talk about it. If I take it in absolute confidence, can you talk about it? Just a word or two?

H. Well, you've figured it out for yourself. Obviously, I'm not going to make an announcement that the President has made up his mind to seek a third term.

P. Of course you're not. Suppose we just say that you and I are canvassing the problem of the 1940 Democratic nomination. Who has the Party got? You, first of all, but you tell me you don't wish to run. Wheeler?

H. Don't be silly.

P. He takes his chances very seriously.

H. (*quite indifferent*) I know he does.

P. I gather some of your friends keep whispering in his ear that he'd be the natural candidate.

H. I know the people you mean. Why do you say they're my friends?

P. You work with them.

H. I work with their superiors in the little organization those fellows have. I work with everyone who has political power.

P. You know, it's a good thing Huey Long is out of the way. If he had lived, I'm afraid he could have taken over the whole Southern wing of the Party. Your genteel New Deal Southern tabby cats like Jimmy Byrnes couldn't have stood out against him. They don't have the brains or the guts. And he had a big underground fol-

lowing in the North and Middle West. I'd guess it would have grown bigger, too, as time went on. It was a good thing for all of us he was shot. Curious no one could ever find any sort of reasonable motive for why that fellow did it. You almost wonder whether he didn't just feel himself an instrument of destiny and just go ahead and shoot Long, because so many important people wanted him to. Do you think there are mystic forces that move men to commit such deeds?

H. I wouldn't know. That's quite out of my line.

P. Well, if there aren't, there ought to be. It's too bad in a way we can't put up some sort of monument to that fellow who shot him. There ought to be some sort of order or posthumous medal you can confer in cases like that. "Hero of Democracy, so and so." What the hell was his name?

H. (*Whose mind hasn't really been following the Publisher's monologue*) I don't remember. Sam, I think.

P. No, it began with W I'm pretty sure. Walter or no Carl, that's it. Carl Weiss, MD, Hero of Democracy.

H. He was a doctor, wasn't he.

P. Well, thanks to him your boss can get the 1940 nomination if he wants it.

H. Perhaps.

P. My guess is he wants it. There is only one thing I think all you people are overlooking. The nomination is Roosevelt's, I grant you. But as things look now I would say he has almost no chance of carrying the election.

H. No? Who do you figure the Republicans will run?

P. It hardly matters. Vandenberg, even Dewey. Their candidate won't matter at all. It will be the unity of forces behind him and the division behind Roosevelt, plus the terrible extra burden of being the first President running for a third term. It can be pretty rough, Harry.

H. I agree. What do you want me to do that will make it smoother?

P. I want you to get a war going in Europe.

H. (*surprised*) How's that again?

P. Get a European war going. Then you won't have any trouble winning the election.

H. Let's slow up a little. Since when are you an all-out Roosevelt supporter?

P. I'm not. Neither in public or in private. In public, of course, I have to consider the intelligent, sincere convictions of the millions who read my magazines—and also the money calculations of the business men who advertise in them. Of course, as an independent, outstanding and utterly fearless publisher I pay only

Continued next page

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such attention to them as I deem expedient and profitable. Kidding aside, I do think a continuance of the Roosevelt Administration is desirable. (*detecting a look of suspicion on Harry's face*) Now don't look at me as though I were the Barney Baruch of the next war, with all my money judiciously invested in the companies that are going to profit from it. I may do some of that later—a man has to make a nickel where he can. But that's not what is really important. It's politics that impels me to want Roosevelt in for another four years.

H. Well, I'm certainly not going to try arguing you out of it. Glad to have you aboard whatever your motives. May we expect to see your papers suddenly booming the third term?

P. You wouldn't want them to. You'll want them to do just what I'm going to have them do: back in reluctantly, grudgingly, but sincerely, after ponderous consideration. You forget my papers are all written for the man who thinks for himself. We never fail to point that out to our readers. Our readers' opinions are their own. All we supply is the clear objective facts, an unbiased, conclusive interpretation and commentary, and an estimate of the opinion of all smart, successful and important people in the field in question.

H. And you think you need a European war as a sort of hammer to beat the third term into your readers' brains?

P. In a sense. I do think a war is essential for Roosevelt's success. But there's the other side of it. I figure Roosevelt's success is essential to a successful war.

H. What sort of war do you want?

P. Obviously I want a war against Germany. I want the German state destroyed and Hitler is a wonderful excuse for doing it.

H. I'll agree to that.

P. Then why don't you get to work on it?

H. Good grief, we're doing everything we possibly can to injure the Germans. We're hurting them badly with our trade policies. We give diplomatic encouragement to all their enemies from Russia on down. We can hardly intervene more openly in the Spanish Civil War, what with the Loyalists openly recruiting in our cities and our enforcing the embargo against the Fascists. Good grief, what more can we do short of asking Congress for a declaration of war.

P. You can shift your policy in Spain and make sure the Loyalists are defeated by Franco.

H. (*even more surprised*) Are you out of your mind? Roosevelt join Hitler and Mussolini against the Russians and the

Spanish Loyalists?

P. Not openly, of course. Openly you remain the undying opponent of fascist aggression, etc.

H. (*angrily*) Lots of people have told me they think you're a tricky bastard. Maybe they are right.

P. You want to succeed, don't you? You want to re-elect Roosevelt? You want to overthrow Hitler? Of course, you don't want to do those things just for themselves. You have high goals. You want to reduce poverty and misery, and bring an end to war, and terminate once and for all man's injustice to man. No, I'm not being sarcastic. I know you mean those things sincerely and care about them. The point is you can only do them by re-electing Roosevelt and overthrowing Hitler, and as practical work-a-day political operations, both of those steps require certain, shall we say "arrangements" that far from reducing poverty, misery and war, may for a time increase them all. But the increase will, of course, be only for a time and then a better future will supervene and more than compensate for the brief time of trouble and misery. That's how it works, isn't it?

H. It's an ungracious way to talk about it.

P. All right. All I'm saying is that when we consider the practical roads to overthrow Hitler and re-elect Roosevelt we keep remembering that we are dealing with the tactics of the matter, where what counts is its success towards the ultimate goal, not its momentary conformation with some popular idea of public virtue and vice. Franco is a bad man, therefore, we must oppose him at every point. That's all you were really saying a moment ago. If you stick with that, you'll never overthrow Hitler and you'll never re-elect Roosevelt.

H. All right, spell it out.

P. I thought you'd wake up sooner or later. Harry, the key to your problem is England and France. You're in no position now or in the foreseeable future to make direct war on Germany. I don't mean from the point of view of arms. You could easily build the type of military machine that could reach Germany—if you could only develop some political excuse to build it. But you can't. That's why you're dependent on France and England. They've got to start your war against Germany for you. Then in time and with the kind of management you fellows know how to handle so perfectly, in time you will bring the United States in just when and where you want it. But first you've got to get England and France to move.

H. That's the rub. Neither of them shows any stomach for war with Ger-

many at all. We've quietly pointed out the dangers of a German-dominated continent. . . .

P. And they quietly point out the dangers of a Soviet-dominated continent.

H. Yes. They can't see the essentially defensive nature of Soviet military purposes. They can't see that however bellicose the surface of Soviet operations may be, still a Socialist state in its very nature can't possibly be aggressive. Not in the long run. The dynamic forces within a socialist state sooner or later would destroy militarism and colonialism. They don't see that and so they temporize about Germany.

P. If you'd revise your policy about Spain you might find them more willing to stand up to Hitler.

H. I don't see why.

P. Look at it from the professional viewpoint of the British and French military. You can despise such people all you like, but they carry weight in any government, even ours. Faced with a Soviet-controlled Spain the French and English military will simply make no move against Germany. None at all, and I'll tell you why. If they attack Germany, then so does Russia, once it looks as though the Germans are losing. And then the French and the British find the Russians in Central Europe and on the Pyrenees. Would they like that? Do you think England even now likes the idea of Soviet control of Gibraltar, which is what a loyalist victory in Spain will mean? It would be the end of every pretense of British power in the Mediterranean. How long would it take for the Russians coming overland to be in Suez? Not long. It's the nightmare of Soviet Spain that paralyzes the English and French, Harry. I don't care what the street sentiments of the leftists and the well-to-do liberals in London and Paris are. When it gets down to do or don't behind closed doors, it's the Russian thing that checks their going along with you.

H. Why haven't Paris and London told us so?

P. I suppose for the same reason you haven't directly asked them to attack Germany. You have to feel your way in delicate matters of this sort. Besides they can't be sure how deeply committed Roosevelt might be to the Russians. There's no sense to their asking you to do something Roosevelt's already promised the Russians he won't do.

H. The Russians really worry them that much?

P. Absolutely. Yet as matters now stand the Russians are the only people worth dealing with about Spain. Your own help in Spain is morally worthy and all that, but I

The Game and The Candle

don't think it weighs much in the Civil War. It's the Russians who're winning it, if it's going to be won. And if it's got to be lost, they're the people who are going to have to lose it. That's what I want you to talk to them about. I figure you must know roads to Moscow.

H. I do. But I'm not sure they're the right ones and I'm not at all sure I agree with you that the Russians ought to throw away all the bodies and heroism they've invested in Spain.

P. The trouble with you, Harry, is that you'd like the world to be a nice place. You have a real object in life to try to make it so, anyway to make it what seems nice to you. I'm sure you thought back before you had anything to do with politics, that it was only the evil will of the rich and the powerful that made all the misery of the world. And here you are, a man of good will in a powerful position, with a whole great government that you can sort of twist this way and that, and by God, no matter how you twist and turn the problem of making the world

a nice place seems almost as impossible for decent guys like you as it was for the stupid businessmen Republicans. That's what gives you ulcers and why you can't sleep well at night. Get tough like me and you'll sleep better.

H. I'm afraid I'd sleep worse if I thought of things the way you do.

P. Let me show you the advantage of thinking the way I do. Let's go back to the election. With a third term candidate and a disgruntled South you can't win. But if a European war starts, Roosevelt would be doing everything short of open war to help England. Now what does that do to the magnates of business? If you'd think for a minute with your brain instead of your emotions you'd see right away. First of all, the Jewish interests—big, little and tiny—would swing over for Roosevelt. They'd know he was against Hitler while they could only hope the Republican would be against the Fuehrer. The Republican candidate would have to confine himself to denouncing unprovoked aggression and

deploring racist extremism, which wouldn't be quite as good as seizing ships, arresting agents and whatever else an intelligent administration can always dream up. Second, there's still a Morgan crowd—battered, bloody and god-awful shrunk, but still a powerful factor in Republican politics. With Roosevelt supporting England they'd be supporting Roosevelt. Maybe in a quiet under-the-rug way, but believe me it would play hell with the Republican organization in lots of places. You have no idea how it would dry up contributions to the local Republican machines if word got around through the business and banking higher-ups that the Morgans felt maybe after all this time we'd better stick with Roosevelt because of the European crisis? Those things together would elect him, Harry. Without them he's a cooked goose and you know it. So get in there and force the Russians to abandon Spain.

(To be continued)

Louis Pauwels *Continued from page 3*

The most remarkable thing about Pauwels' *Ce que je crois* is the fact that, aside from a few references to recent events, it might have been written in the 1920s and even in the United States. His French contains many locutions that would have been avoided by a respectable French author then, but it sounds like the French that might have been written by an American who was cultivating the style of Mencken's *American Mercury*. What is more, the author's underlying and irrepressible optimism is precisely what buoyed up most of the writers for Mencken's periodical—an optimism shared by almost all of their educated and intelligent contemporaries.

One aspect of this optimism, proper to an era in which the vulgar believed that everything was automatically and inevitably becoming bigger and better, is the careless acceptance of the myth of "all mankind." This could be so generally accepted in the 1920s because no one really believed it. In that euphoric and hedonistic period, men could speak of "humanity" as they spoke of "mammals," recognizing a biological category determined by what the different species included in it had in common and with no implication that those species were identical or equal. The implied disregard of the facts of race was corollary to an assumption that the innate

differences were too obvious to be mentioned explicitly. In the 1920s not even the Christians, who still claimed to believe that Congoids had immortal souls that would, **post mortem**, become decorous white angels equipped with wings and a yen to listen to harp music forevermore, imagined that the progeny of slaves could ever have political importance in the United States or be regarded with more than the kindness that it was proper to show inferior and morally irresponsible creatures. No one imagined that the natives of Cochin-China would ever cease to obey the French government, because after the First World War it had come to seem unlikely that the British Empire would take over the French colonial possessions in Asia. Except in Japan, the only nonwhite populations that were nominally independent had that status only because the reciprocal jealousies of the civilized nations prevented annexation, and only a few alarmists thought it possible that the Japanese could be so foolish as to risk by aggression the rather amused toleration they had won by taking advantage of wars between European powers. The world of 1920, men thought, was still the world of 1910, the white man's world, in which other species could never become so rash and mad as to challenge the manifest superiority of the white race and the tech-

nologically powerful and insuperable civilization it had created. Even expressions of more or less romantic sympathy for, e.g., the Hindus under British rule, were like giving a dime to a beggar with no thought that he might then knock you down and take your wallet.

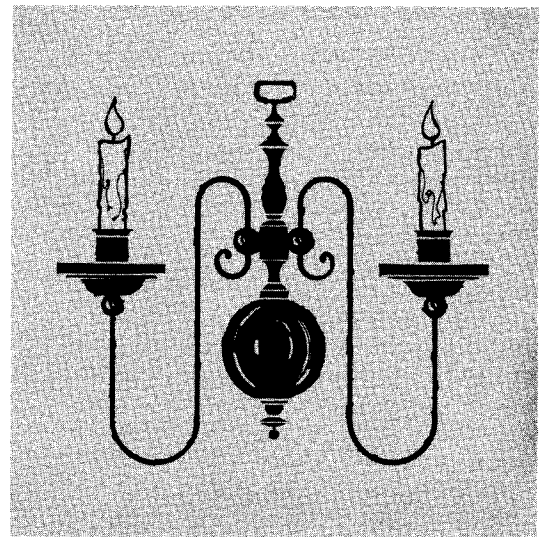
Pauwels has learned nothing since 1920. He ignores the facts of race as blandly as he might have ignored them fifty-five years ago, and there is nothing else of importance in his discourse that he need have learned subsequently. The appearance of modernity, which may impress persons who have not read extensively in the literature and journalism of what was called the "post-war" period, is illusory. In the 1920s intelligent persons did not fail to perceive that the psychoanalysis then coming into vogue was, as Pauwels says, "un magisme," and that the Freudian practitioners, like the Christian Scientists and the Theosophists, were merely vending a psychic panacea that was distinguished from others by a novel flavor. Everyone knew that Russia, and with it the territories of the former Russian Empire, had temporarily reverted to barbarism under the control of a bloodthirsty pack of degenerates, many of whom had been shipped in from the East Side of New York City and subsidized by alien bankers in the United States, England, France, and Sweden and

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THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912–1960)



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Mid-western oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. Later, an English Lord offers the Old Man a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil if he will put the U.S. in World War I on the side of Britain, which he obligingly does. Twenty years later the Old Man's oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. A few years later, the Communists' nominee for U.S. Chief of Staff is opposed by Harry, who is warned by the Publisher that the only way to start World War II, which they both want, is to persuade Russia to abandon Spain to Franco.

PART ONE, ACT IV

Scene 4: *Harry's library a few weeks later. Harry and three other men are present.*

HARRY. Mr. Ambassador, this is totally unofficial. I did not know who would respond to my invitation when I issued it through some of Mr. Oumansky's friends. I only felt that, in view of what I had to discuss with you, neither normal diplomatic channels through the State Department nor informal talks with members of the American Communist Party would be wise.

AMBASSADOR: There are certain problems that are most effectively dealt with in some such manner. Since I suspected from Comrade Oumansky's remarks that Government to Government relations might be involved, I took the liberty of nominating myself to his committee. This other gentleman is Captain Boris Stepanov, one of my military aides. *(They all sit down.)*

H. I do not wish to beat about the bush. The American Government finds it

impossible to organize a military coalition against Hitler's Germany so long as the Loyalists with Soviet support appear to be winning the Spanish Civil War. A Loyalist victory would decisively, and in our view, indefinitely, postpone the possibility of organizing such a coalition. In view of that fact, it is our view that Soviet forces should be withdrawn from Spain. Immediately.

OUMANSKY: *(angrily)* The bloody fascists can even reach here. I always said we were wrong to put any faith in Roosevelt's promises.

A. Comrade Oumansky's abilities do not always include foresight or control of his temper. You must forgive him. I am sure you would not make such a request without having carefully weighed all the circumstances and alternatives. If we should withdraw from Spain, what assurances can you give us that you *will* organize a coalition against Hitler?

H. Would such assurances weigh heavily in the Soviet decision whether to accede to our request?

A. On a matter like that I cannot speak for the Soviet Government. Personally, I would suppose it would. The Soviet Government is known to be wholly devoted to world peace and the destruction of fascist imperialism. Merely annoying Hitler clearly does not accomplish much in that direction. A serious, united war against him might be looked on rather differently in Moscow.

H. I think you are aware, Mr. Troyanovsky, that the only assurance I can give you is my personal word. Because of the nature of the American system nothing further could be possible. However, you would soon know whether we were in fact carrying out our agreement.

A. I have perfect confidence in our means of finding out what you are doing. What does disturb me is our inability to be sure what you will do.

O. Harry, it's an utterly absurd re-

quest. I don't understand why you of all people would make it.

H. We have our reasons. I can only tell you what we are going to do. I cannot and will not attempt to offer you guarantees or anything of that sort. I will, however, go one step further in assuring you of the sincerity of our intentions in this matter. I will tell you what we will do if Soviet forces are *not* immediately withdrawn from Spain.

A. We shall all be interested to hear.

H. The Administration will dismiss from every office, civil and military, every person known to be a member of the Communist party or known to be generally cooperative with Communist or Soviet personnel. Of course, these men will not be dismissed for being Communists or communist sympathizers. We would not hand you such a political firecracker. They will be dismissed because of budget cutbacks, for drunkenness or neglect of duty. If necessary the offices in which they hold down jobs will be given new functions and moved to rural areas. Furthermore, the Treasury Department will constantly reopen the tax returns of all newspapers, magazines, radio stations and so forth that hire known Communists or persons that we know are sympathetic to the Soviet cause. This will cost these companies hundreds of millions until they wake up and find that the simplest way to close their tax cases is to dismiss these men.

O. Harry, I must admit that Wall Street is right about you. You are a sinister figure. A real Machiavellian monster.

A. I see that your decision in regard to Spain was not taken lightly. There is only one thing. I would like to ask Oumansky, who is more of an expert on that than I am, about the political effect on the forthcoming presidential election of a breach between the administration and the Soviet faction.

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The Game and The Candle

O. That's the rub, Harry. It would defeat Roosevelt. You know it would. It's the same argument we've been over about appointing Marshall. What are you trying to do? Make a counterattack on us in the hope you can back away from this as the price of getting us to give up on Marshall? If that's your play, you're crazy.

H. Not as crazy as you think. If you do not get out of Spain, we do not need you in the presidential campaign, because even with you we won't be able to win it.

O. Oh. So that's the key to your problem. I begin to see.

A. (*pondering*) You have made clear what you propose if we do not withdraw from Spain. You have indicated you could give us no assurances of what you would do if we should be willing to withdraw. Could you perhaps just tell us what you would hope to do if we withdraw? For the moment I take it merely as your personal hope, nothing more.

H. (*after a moment's reflection*) Mr. Ambassador, this is a matter on which I must use my personal discretion. I am willing to tell you that it is a little more than a personal hope. So I must ask for your assurance that you will transmit it only to the proper authorities in Moscow. If you are willing to receive a private and personal communication, I will tell you.

A. Obviously, I can only promise confidence from here to Moscow. What Moscow does with the information is beyond my control.

H. I understand. It is generally believed both here and in Europe, that Hitler's next move will be against Czechoslovakia. (*The Ambassador nods agreement.*) The President has determined, if you will withdraw from Spain, to send Ambassador Bullitt to England and France with the formal promise that, if they will make a German attack on Czechoslovakia an occasion for war against Germany, he will support them.

A. And why should the Soviet Government throw away Spain for that? What does Mr. Roosevelt's support mean? What is it worth? He will make many moving speeches? He will permit our purchase of munitions? He will maybe even lend money that need not be repaid?

H. He will do all those things.

A. And when they are not enough? What will he promise the British and French in that case?

H. That he will bring the United States into the war.

A. And you feel that the destruction of Germany should be a program more appealing to the Soviet Government than the triumph of the democratic and socialist allies in Spain?

H. That only you can answer. I have told you our terms and proposals, positive and negative.

O. I might answer you with a question, Harry. Why should we prefer that alliance to the alternative? Instead of using you and England to destroy Germany, why should we not use Germany and our position in Spain to destroy Great Britain?

A. (*curtly to Oumansky*) There is no occasion to debate this matter among ourselves. Certainly not till we explore it more thoroughly. (*to Harry*) There is an aspect of your proposal that you have not clearly developed, possibly in your mind but not openly in what you just said to us. Let me develop it. You are seeking the approval of the Soviet Government for a military move against Germany. Tacitly, however, you are going much further. You are assuming in the background the military assistance of the Soviet Government in your move against Germany. It is, in fact, the undisclosed basis of your proposal. In regard to Czechoslovakia there is therefore this to bear in mind. The Soviet Union does not at this time have any common border with Czechoslovakia. Neither does the Soviet Union have such a common border with Germany. If military operations are to be contemplated, where does the Soviet military force enter? Will the United States obtain for us unopposed transit across Poland?

H. I don't see how we could do that. That would be between you and Poland.

A. It is out of the question. It has already been explored in other connections. The Polish government has always been intransigent. That alone makes your proposed mission of Mr. Bullitt pointless from the view of the Soviet Government. You are proposing to fight a war which we cannot reach, one that hardly interests us for that reason.

O. Still there is a possible modification in your plan, Harry. Of course, the Soviet Government might not like it at all, and I'm only discussing it as an individual, but for the moment let's forget Czechoslovakia. Let's assume we let that go down the drain. Of course, when the Germans take over we all denounce it as unprovoked fascist aggression, which of course it will be, but we don't do anything about it. Let's suppose too, that we go along with your idea and pull our forces out of Spain. Negrin will collapse in a few months. Everybody knows that. So some time later Hitler will make demands on Poland. Since the Polish corridor cuts Germany apart, that's almost certain to be his next move. That's when Mr. Roosevelt's messenger boy will come in handy. Suppose it's not over Czechoslovakia, but over Poland, that Mr. Bullitt is

sent to tell the English and French to make war? How would that do? Wouldn't that be just as effective for your election?

H. (*wincing a little at such bluntness*) Just how would the time table go?

O. I think we can agree that the Czech crisis will develop within the next six or eight months. By late this fall in any case. If we are then well on our way out of Spain, I should certainly expect Hitler to begin pressing the Poles by the following spring. So if all went satisfactorily, there should be war by the fall of '39, or almost certainly by the summer of '40.

H. The destruction of Czechoslovakia would be a hard pill to swallow.

O. No harder than the bitter pill you're asking us to swallow in Spain.

H. (*dubious*) Frankly, it is a modification that I don't like. It's hard for me to see the necessity for it. I don't quite gather why Russian military forces need to be involved, or why Czechoslovakia has to be destroyed first. To aid Poland you'll still have to have the cooperation of the Polish Government to bring in troops to fight the invading Germans.

O. Quite correct. But the view of the Polish Government about the transit of Russian troops to fight the Germans in Czechoslovakia will be one thing. It will be quite another if it has to do with the transit of Russian troops to help defend the western borders of Poland itself against the fascist invader.

H. Yes, there is a difference.

O. Good. Do you agree to my change in your proposal?

H. I guess so.

Scene 5: *A few hours later. The three Russians of the previous scene are present in a small, sparsely furnished office.*

AMBASSADOR: I have not agreed.

OUMANSKY. That is not the point. We are agreeing to nothing. We have obtained an informal proposal from the United States. All that has been agreed to is what the proposal actually is.

A. And that's what you think we should transmit to Moscow?

O. What else should we do? It is a proposal we have received.

A. It is just his private idea.

O. It's the sort of proposal they would put in a public speech.

A. For me, they might as well. On reflection I do not approve of it. Once we hold Spain as we soon will, the British Empire is finished. His proposal is what I have come to expect of American officials. Their first duty always seems to be to England.

The Game and The Candle

STEPANOV. The motive is irrelevant. We have only to consider the consequence to us.

A. The consequences seem obvious enough. We give up Spain. We get in return speeches against Hitler and his evil ways. The Americans then start whispering of a military move against him, which I won't believe until the day it happens. Now if Germany were threatening to attack England this deep concern of the American Government would seem more explicable. But as it is. . . .

O. There could be things going on that we are not fully informed of.

A. In that case, Moscow will know. At any rate, I will go there with your friend's proposal.

O. In order to make sure it is not accepted?

A. In order to make sure it is not accepted unless there is a full understanding of what it is worth. Which is nothing. All it is is a cheap election maneuver of the Roosevelt administration.

S. It could be that. But that in itself would not mean it was not advantageous to our government.

A. Are you in favor of it?

S. I would like to hear more fully Oumansky's reason for favoring it.

A. He will not tell you his real reason, so I will tell you. Our eminent Comrade Counselor has never quite outgrown his bourgeois religious origin. Since Hitler is the enemy of the Jews, Comrade Oumansky makes enmity to Hitler the basis of his foreign policy.

S. That is a grave charge to make against a Soviet diplomat.

A. He does what I am charging unconsciously.

S. That is even graver.

A. Whatever it is, that's what we would be doing if we try to get Moscow to accept this proposal. Give up Spain for a paper coalition against Germany!

S. You forget, Comrade, that what is also involved is holding on to our political position in the United States.

A. How much is that worth? In four years we have accomplished very little. A toe hold in a few unions. A few government jobs.

S. Some rather important ones, perhaps. Also a strong position, a very strong position in the advertising industry.

O. (*puzzled*) The advertising industry?

S. The industry that makes opinions. The newspapers and radio. Is that not the advertising industry?

O. The Americans don't think of it that way.

A. Is the incorruptible Oumansky letting himself think like an American.

O. (*nettled*) That is *not* the way Americans think.

S. Comrades, let us return to the subject. What are we going to do?

A. I am going to Moscow to discuss the matter.

O. I do not think you should.

A. Do you outrank me?

O. No, but I am assigned certain independent functions, as you know. One involves our operations in domestic American politics, which makes this primarily my responsibility.

A. I am aware of that. But to abandon Spain is hardly within your jurisdiction.

O. I am aware of that.

S. That is why we must present this matter to Moscow with great care. If either aspect is over-emphasized, it will be difficult to follow the most effective course of action.

A. We do not need a lecture.

S. We need a clear focusing of what is at stake. Our recommendation to Moscow must be based on our own primary understanding of the American proposal. As I see it, it is simply whether the conquest of Spain is more important to us than the continuance of Roosevelt in office and the protection here in the United States of the growing power and influence of those who feel it advantageous to work with us.

A. This "power and influence" you talk about of people who work with us is exaggerated. So far these people are mostly Jews.

O. How does that affect the matter?

A. (*airily*) Once a Jew always a Trotskyite!

O. That's not true!

A. Not literally, Comrade. I must admit that not all Jews are Trotskyites. But I become confused because all Trotskyites are Jews.

S. (*laughing*) You must not press an unfair advantage. (*seriously*) The danger is that many men, who are rather influential in Moscow at the moment, will try to press this same advantage. It will be hard for Stalin to accept defeat in Spain. He will know when he ponders it, that it will be the wise course, but if many are against it, and if it is insinuated to him that it is primarily Jewish emotionalism, he may decide against it. (*directly to the Ambassador*) That is why I think it would be better if you did not go to Moscow on this matter.

A. (*irritated*) I am the Ambassador. I do not know what powers your department has conferred on you. Unless they include the power to supersede me as Ambassador, I am going. At once.

S. (*mildly*) Very well. As you say, you are the Ambassador. My powers do not extend to removing you.

A. Very well, then! (*He leaves.*)

O. You think it is wiser to destroy Germany first and England second rather than . . .

S. To me it is a matter of indifference. The Ambassador and his friends have plans no better and no worse than you and your friends. As I see it, that is not the essential point. The future welfare of the Soviet Government lies here, not in Germany or England. Here is the source of our danger and here is the base of our future world control if we act wisely. I cannot see why there should be so much doubt and hesitation about it. Moscow helps with one hand and then undoes half our work with the other. Yet obviously nothing is so critical as our work in the United States. No one would deny that the United States, for the moment, is the most powerful nation in the world. At the same time no one who knows anything about what really happens here has any doubt that politically it is the most infantile state in the world. The Soviet faction here is so well on the way to being the most powerful single political force in these childish politics that we must not permit anything or anyone to interfere. And Moscow, which is ninety-nine percent willfully ignorant of both the risks and possible advantages here, can upset them in the wink of an eye.

O. The wink of the Ambassador's eye?

S. Precisely.

O. Therefore?

S. Therefore it would be most unfortunate if he reaches Moscow and urges his views of this matter on Stalin. I would consider it equivalent to a great military disaster.

O. Do you have the authority to deal with such crises?

S. Whatever I do will in no way require you to make any investigations.

O. That is true, but to withdraw from Spain, Yezhov is so deeply committed there. He'll never . . .

S. (*interrupting, icily*) You feel more competent than I to speak for the head of the NKVD?

O. Of course not! All I mean is . . .

S. That you do not think I can either persuade or displace Yezhov? Are you a better friend of Yezhov than I am of Beria?

O. (*appalled at the pit he had opened for himself*) No, no! I don't mean to meddle in your department, not at all. I mean only that there is this meeting. We have to make some report. All of us together.

S. (*again relaxed*) Yes, we must send a report to Moscow, and we must also give your friend, Harry, some kind of answer. (*He ponders.*) I have decided what to do. I shall cable my Department to have the Ambassador recalled at once. It will be an

Continued on page 18

Sheldon

pointments. The destruction of the plates of his published books, a letter campaign to librarians to have his works removed from the open stacks, and the blocking of new books by the threat of lawsuits against the publisher for invasion of privacy. As a result, there is no published record of how to somatotype women, the newborn and very young. Also unpublished are Sheldon's correlation of somatotypes to religious thought, inhibitions and inner conflict, which led to his discovery of the so-called "mesomorphic revolution" that included the disappearance of ectomorphs from Ivy League campuses—a development which went quite counter to the anthropological speculation of the thirties that projected large-headed men with weak bodies as the "men of the future." Actually, the American population is going the way of Europe and elsewhere. Only mesomorphs can thrive under crowded urban and suburban conditions.

Sheldon's research was also able to throw some light on the Jewish problem.

Jews generally present a coarse texture (low "secondary t-component") with significant flaring or hamming of the hips and thighs among males. In Brooklyn he found a physique so massive it fell outside the somatotype triangle (and a temperament so aggressive and buoyant, or manic, as to fall outside ordinary human experience).

It was not until Sheldon examined women that he picked up his first insights into the real meaning of human racial differentiation. Women in general were found to be less mesomorphic than men, especially white women, and the more Nordic the women the more fragile (unmesomorphic) the somatotype. In the abstract the Nordic male presents a more masculine structure than males of any other race, and the Nordic female encroaches less than all other women on extreme mesomorphic territory. Black women, in contrast, come close to overlapping the somatotype distribution of black men. (For nearly every Negro male

there is a Negress who can hold her own with him in hand-to-hand combat.) In contrast, the average white female comes out relatively (and unexpectedly) delicate and voluptuous, so that the most frequent Nordic female somatotype, though making a very desirable mate, would make a poor sort of boy, physically weak and relatively defenseless. As Sheldon pointed out, this may be the physiological basis of chivalry (absent in other races), idealism, the fatal tendency away from earthiness, the setting of objects on a pedestal, the quest of something finer, the belief in something better, the championing of underdogs. The exaggerated degree of sexual differentiation further suggests racial differences in the XY and autosome chromosomes, the genetic balance of which might be easily upset by interbreeding even with closely related races.

Sheldon is still alive, by the way, and living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, pathetically close to and far from the campus where he began his epochal work.

The Cultural Catacombs

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The Game and The Candle

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amusing coincidence if he receives his orders after he has actually left. We shall not replace him. He will remain titular ambassador but my Department will question him closely and continuously. That of itself will be enough to destroy the weight of whatever he has to say. In the meantime you will be appointed Charge d'Affaires. You will cable Moscow and fully outline the American proposal. I shall leave for Moscow by plane tonight to urge its acceptance. I should suggest that you tell your friend, Harry, that you and the Ambassador both approve of his plan, or rather of your modification of it, and that the Ambassador has gone to Moscow to convince Stalin of its wisdom. We should have an answer in a few weeks. There is only one extra proviso which I believe you will now have no trouble getting Harry to accept. That proviso is that he must also give up his opposition to Marshall's appointment as Chief of Staff. I am sure his voice now will be decisive. *(to be continued)*

ANTI-SPOCKISM

The role of the teacher is to work on the child's subconscious, not on his weak powers of reason. It is sometimes possible to reason *in front of* him, but never *with* him. Consequently it is altogether useless to explain to him the purpose of what he is told to do. The smallest dose of discipline, provided there is no wavering, is always superior to the most perfect and most reasonable moral system. Thanks to repetition and the associations such repetitions invoke and so-

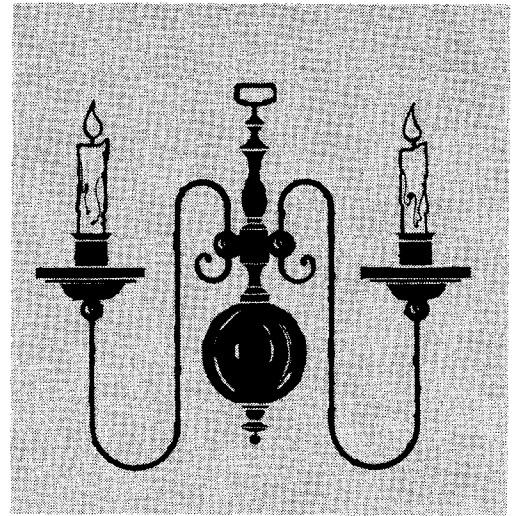
lidify, discipline succeeds in establishing reflexes which, superimposed on inherited reflexes, are able to strengthen or modify them, as the case may be. External discipline creates internal discipline when the latter is not inherited. The manual dexterity of the worker and the professional talents of the soldier and sailor are formed by the progressive creation of such reflexes.

Gustave Le Bon
Psychology of Education (1920)



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912-1960)



The Action so Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. Later, an English Lord offers the Old Man a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil if he will put the U. S. into World War I on the side of Britain, which he obligingly does. Twenty years later the Old Man's oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. A few years later the Communists' nominee for U. S. Chief of Staff is opposed by Harry, who is warned by the Publisher that the only way to start World War II, which they both want, is to persuade Russia to abandon Spain to Franco. Stalin's emissaries in the U. S. agree to submit the proposition to the Kremlin, but only on condition that Harry goes along with the appointment of their man as Army Chief of Staff.

PART ONE, ACT IV

Scene 6: The Publisher's office a few months later. The Publisher is at his desk reading. Harry enters.

PUBLISHER. Well, how much did you win at the races?

HARRY. There are no races here now.

P. There should be. This would have been your lucky day. (waving the papers he has been reading) Here's the AP report from Geneva. Negrin most solemnly announces to the League Assembly that his government demands the immediate removal of all foreign troops from Loyalist Spain. This is because of his passionate interest in world peace and to protect the virtue of Spanish virgins, (noting a look of protest on Harry's face) No, that's what it says here, except of course about the virgins. Do you suppose there are any on either side by now? (looking back at the paper) Yes, he's all for world peace and he

trusts that the Rebels will emulate his virtuous act and that they too will send all foreign troops packing and let the Spaniards cut one another's throats with equanimity. You, my friend, are to be congratulated on a most statesman-like operation. I'm sure you will now have no trouble putting together your anti-Hitler alliance and getting on with your war. What did you have to pay for it that I don't know about? Withdrawing your objections to the future Chief of Staff?

H. Why should that be involved?

P. Would you prefer to argue that his great military genius, long a secret and indeed utterly unknown, unexercised and heretofore unspoken in word or print was discovered by the President after a comprehensive and exhaustive study of the officer corps of the American Army and, once discovered, was brought to the top over empty-ump superiors in view of the grave military crisis that will be precipitated by the restoration of peace in Spain?

H. (coldly) There's no connection whatever.

P. None that you care to mention. Is the Far East involved?

H. Military appointments are totally out of my line.

P. I know. But this was hardly a military appointment, Harry. This smells so redolently of politics that even my dulled senses catch the whiff.

H. There was no politics in it at all. You know perfectly well that the President would never let politics influence him in a military appointment. He picked the best-qualified professional man he could find. I don't even know whether Marshall is a Democrat or a Republican.

P. You don't? Now look, Harry, if our beautiful and mutually advantageous friendship is to flower and bear mutually joyous fruits, you can't start basing it on material suitable for public speeches. Save that stuff for Bobby Sherwood's campaign speeches about how again and again American boys will never, never, never be required to fight abroad. In the meantime,

let's you and me stick within the mundane world of political reality. Give me the low down on Marshall. In my position I obviously have to know. When you take a busted ex-Colonel and make him Chief of Staff, the blood of the great journalist courses within my veins. . . .

H. What do you mean "busted ex-Colonel?"

P. Well, when you take a Colonel who's busted and make a General of him he's a busted ex-Colonel isn't he? Or maybe I should say an ex-busted Colonel?

H. (relaxing a little) Well, I admit there were a few odd things about the appointment. But I think it will work out all right. I think he'll be a good man for the job.

P. I take that you mean by "the job" the conquest of Germany? (as Harry starts to protest) It's best to call things by their right names, Harry. I know you are inflexibly pursuing peace, democracy and collective security, but we are just discussing the necessary practical steps in that direction. Which happens to be war against Germany.

H. Yes, I'm afraid that is inevitable. Hitler shows no disposition to be acceptable as a member of world society.

P. The only way he could do that would be to commit suicide. But about the new appointment, almost anybody with one or two stars could do that job as well as Marshall can, and most of them, not having his ego and his weaknesses, could do it better. I suspect the Russians have a hand in it. I'm wondering how much say they'll want to have in our military matters to go along with your anti-German coalition.

H. That's a screwball way of outlining the problem.

P. Not at all. The Russians have a well-tested rule, the same one our bankers follow. They don't make loans without collateral. You want Russian support on something like a military move against Germany. They want assurances. You promise them what you're going to do when everything works out as it's supposed to work out. They put just as much value in a

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promise like that as your banker does. What they want is a share in the control of your actions. That's what a "united front" always comes down to. I'm guessing from the timing of the appointment and the background of the appointee — a real weirdo any way you look at him — that Marshall must be their boy. It makes sense and if I were in their shoes it's the kind of price I'd chance for pulling my troops out of Spain. What I'm really wondering is, did you have to promise more? What about the Navy? What about the Secretaries? What about State?

H. No. There are no other promises at all. You know, what you say has just enough of the edge of truth in it to bother me, but basically it's not true at all. The way you see things, everything is low and foul, or anyway corrupt. Of course, the left wing crowd likes Marshall. There's no reason why they shouldn't. And there's nothing dishonorable or improper about it. He did good work with them in the CCC and they got to know and trust him. Naturally they favored his appointment. He has an excellent staff record, and it's primarily a staff job.

P. Good, good. I always like to deal with a man, or a woman, who gets on the defensive. It answers a multitude of questions without having to use indelicate words. So we understand each other there. Now tell me about yourself. Rumor has it that you have decided to seek and accept the nomination for the Vice Presidency. (raising his hand to stop Harry from saying anything) Don't deny and don't confess. And don't tell me I'm a year ahead of time. Listen to sage advice from the self-styled Warwick of modern American journalism. Don't. Don't seek it and don't take it if forced upon you.

H. Without denying or confessing, tell me why I shouldn't.

P. Because the Vice Presidency is a graveyard job. Either you or God must put a little arsenic in the Prexy's soup so you can mourn touchingly at his real grave, or you will live to sit and mourn at your own political funeral if Prexy outlives you. The life insurance figures give Roosevelt too good a chance to live through his next term to make it attractive to rely on God's arsenic. I would not advise you to try your own brand, since murder is so abhorrent a mechanism of American politics. Perhaps I should broaden that and say an abhorred mechanism of democratic politics everywhere, unless you wish to classify Soviet politics as democratic. Also, and quite bluntly, you will not be an asset to the ticket.

H. Why do you think that?

P. You're too intelligent. You understand too well the base nature of the system. You don't approve of this baseness, but you are able to understand its existence and go along with its political manifestations, all of

which makes people think of you as too smart, too adroit. To the public, to understand evil is to be finged with evil. So democracy requires in its successful candidates either infantile naivete or total egotism. The total egotist doesn't smell of evil because to him nothing is evil that advances his own interests. So all he has to do is just be discreet. You don't fit into either classification, and which one fits your mighty boss is a question it would be unprofitable to go into at this time. So what the party needs for Vice President in 1940 is leftism in the person of childish innocence. The reason for that is very simple. Nothing your party can do can remove the left wing tinge, the taint of the CIO, the Labor Board, the hand-holding with Russia, the obvious crowd of high ranking leftists in the government. No one can deny this. Not now. Later maybe it will come to seem the normal order of federal business. But not now. So since it can't be denied, prudence requires it to be packaged nicely for public consumption. For this as I've said sweetness and innocence are necessary, two attributes that no one in or out of his senses has ever associated with you.

H. (laughing) That's true enough. But who is this paragon of virtue, leftism and innocence?

P. He also has a technical appeal to that great mass of worthy voters, the staunch, independent American farmer. I give you Henry Wallace.

H. (astonished) Hank! God knows he's sweet and innocent enough, but there are people who wonder whether he has all his marbles.

P. I know. All the better. It shows we're not being tricky and that we have well-nigh infinite confidence in Roosevelt's health.

H. We'd better have if we're going to name Hank.

P. Ponder it, Harry. Remember that you are the man of action standing daily at Armageddon battling for a democratic god, while I sit like a spider in the middle of my web and ponder the destiny of man, that is of democratic man. Both of us has, therefore, his role, and the ponderer sometimes comes forward with those observations of wisdom that only pondering can produce. And also besides laying the eggs of wisdom, this ponderer can hatch the chickens of publicity.

H. Well. . . I (as he starts to leave, the Publisher calls him back)

P. Oh, I forgot something I wanted to ask you. If I desired to talk to someone who could, if need be, make a high level connection with the Soviet Government, who would it be?

H. You mean some American Communist?

P. No, I mean a Russian, somebody in their government, not high brass but not part of the clerical help either.

H. Well, of course, there's Oumansky, but since he's Chargé now, that's pretty near high brass. Perhaps the man that might do you would be Stepanov. A Captain Boris Stepanov.

P. Is he attached to the Embassy?

H. I suppose so, though to tell the truth I don't really know. He only has a Captain's rank but he seems to move at least on the edge of important circles. I don't think you'd go wrong starting with him.

P. Thanks. And don't forget to think about that I said. It's important.

Scene 7: Harry's office in the White House in the fall of 1939. Harry and Dex are present.

HARRY. You bastards. You utterly unprincipled bastards.

DEX. There must be aspects of it we don't know about Harry.

H. What can there be we don't know about? First, you make an overnight alliance with Hitler. Then you join him in attacking Poland. What unknown aspect have you in mind?

D. I know it looks funny, Harry. And it distresses me personally. Terribly. But . . .

H. But you're sure Moscow knows best!

D. Yes, I'm sure they do.

H. Even when they make an alliance with the killers of your own people?

D. Harry, the Jews are just one part of the world. They're not all of it. The Soviet Government can't devote itself to the welfare of the Jews. It has other, greater responsibilities. I admit I don't like the turn things have taken, but I'm sure. . . .

H. Yes, I know. Moscow knows best. But I'll tell you when Moscow almost didn't. It was a damn close thing after the announcement of the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact. Roosevelt was almost ready to cancel Bullitt's commitment to England and France. Let Germany gobble up Poland and let Russia worry about a powerful German neighbor in a year or two.

D. I'm glad he didn't change his mind.

H. So am I but it's no thanks to Moscow. It's perfectly infuriating. Here the whole alliance was worked up with your friends being consulted and informed every step of the way, right up to the minute they and your whole crew go over to the enemy. Real lovely people to deal with! With Russia in the war, Germany could have been beaten in about two years, everybody figured. Now no one knows how long the war will go on and how serious it may get. You just double-crossed us, Dex. That's the right name for it.

D. I don't like it. But. . .

H. Yes, I know. Tell me, are you personally going to be in there pitching with the rest of your friends to help Hitler by refusing to repeal the Neutrality Act?

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D. No. I told them that since I was part of the Administration and Roosevelt had asked for that repeal, they couldn't expect me to take any part in the fight.

H. How humane of them. Who gave you that gracious permission?

D. Boris.

H. Boris?

D. Stepanov. You've met him.

H. Oh yes. The Captain. And who will mastermind your Senate fight against us?

D. Leon. But I think he's really going to be half-hearted about it.

H. And yet your boss Boris put him in charge?

D. Yes.

H. Is Boris like Oumansky? A God damn sadist?

D. No, I wouldn't think so.

H. So he didn't put Leon in that spot just to torture Leon?

D. No, I don't think so. You mean you think Boris is really just putting up a sham fight?

H. Not necessarily. He may know the fight is hopeless anyway. At least it's an encouraging sign. There's one other. Marshall is all out for a big and rapid build-up of the Army and Air. No interest in the Navy, but that may be due to professionalism, not to his political quirks.

D. I'm glad to hear that. I didn't know.

H. You don't keep in touch with him?

D. I'm not allowed to. All of us who knew him from the CCC days are . . . well, we're just to be total strangers to him from now on.

H. (amused) Who is allowed to talk to him?

D. Really no one, I think. Oumansky, I guess, but I don't know. I suppose I shouldn't even talk to you about it.

H. I'll bet you're breaching Party discipline.

D. I suppose so, but with you I don't think it would matter.

H. I thought Communists weren't allowed to think for themselves. Anyway not in opposition to a Party order.

D. No, they're not.

H. Then you'll have to do penance for a grave sin, won't you?

D. Maybe.

Scene 8: The Publisher's office sometime later. The Publisher is talking with Captain Stepanov.

PUBLISHER: Captain, do you know a young lady here in New York whose cover name is Nancy Doyle?

STEPANOV: No. Should I?

P. Yes. I believe you would find her one of your most effective agents, even though neither you nor she quite realizes it yet.

S. And what is the remarkable qualification of this young woman?

P. She is the mistress of a Wall Street lawyer named Wendell Willkie.

S. So? I do not enjoy knowledge of him or his acquaintance.

P. I suppose not. But he will be the next Republican candidate for President of the United States.

S. Are you trying to pull me my leg, as you say?

P. No. What I'm saying is perfectly straightforward.

S. I do not bother to believe you.

P. You should. You have surely been taught that an inside circle of American capitalists control the Republican Party and hoodwink and control the masses by inside deals in some smoke-filled room.

S. Yes. Certainly that. But where is the smoke-filled room?

P. You would not expect that you would be invited to that? But what is strange about me, a great publisher, being invited to such a room?

S. In that there would be nothing strange. What would be impossibly strange would be that you should tell me about it.

P. Only because you do not yet understand. And I'm not going to bother you with an explanation now. Knowledge follows, not precedes, belief. All I want you to do is get the people who run your open part in New York and ask them to put you in touch with Nancy Doyle. Ask Nancy whether I do not know all about her. Whether I do not know of her influence on this fellow Willkie and whether I did not promise to get him the Republican nomination. Or anyway to do my best to get it for him. Actually I'm almost certain I can get it for him, but to tell him how sure I am would make it seem improbable, or else make him think he can get it without me. That's a sickness all ambitious ignoramus easily contract. But when he gets it, come and see me sometime and we will talk things over.

S. (pondering) Suppose it is true. It means very little. It is not probable that he could be elected.

P. I think myself it is probable that Roosevelt will win against my candidate Willkie. That's part of Willkie's purpose, of course. Or rather I mean it's part of my purpose for Willkie. The poor man I suppose, really thinks of himself as cut out to be a great President and on his way to become so, backed by his loyal friends, including me. However I will invite you to follow my magazines as the campaign progresses. They will be for Willkie, but . . .

S. What do you want of me?

P. Nothing. Just that you should know what you now know.

Scene 9: A few days later in the old-fashioned business office of the bankers of Act II, Scene 5. The

Publisher is there with Tom, George and Alan. All are noticeably older.

PUBLISHER: It's a natural. It comes as near to being something we can't fail on as we could get. He'll be just the type of President we need.

TOM: What I'm worried about is how he can get the nomination. I agree he'd make a strong candidate and an excellent President.

GEORGE: (a little dubious) I should think a man so exclusively identified with one electric utility would make a rather weak candidate.

P. George, no one is a weak candidate who'll get the publicity we'll give him. How on earth do your clients sell their soap and their automobiles? Do they go out and ask what the public wants and then manufacture it? You know damn well they don't. They decide what is convenient and profitable to manufacture and then they hire ad agencies to tell the public that's the soap or the car they've always longed for. In a week they are longing for it. In two weeks they can't remember a time they didn't long for it. Candidates for the presidency, cigarette lighters, nail polish, what's the difference?

T. Of course, there is a connection. But there are political principles in the back of people's minds and the personality of a man has an effect.

P. The personality of a man affects people who meet and deal with him personally. But consider a profile in the *New Yorker* or a cover story in *Time*. Here the "personality" is not just of the man himself, but that invented by the writer. How does it differ from the "personality" of a popular soap, which the buyer uses in his shower? If it doesn't smell nice, if it doesn't wash off the dirt, he won't buy it again. You're not under such restrictions with political candidates. They are one-way operations, no deposit, no return.

ALAN: Is that your plan for Willkie?

P. If he can't make the grade, yes. I think a perennially defeated candidate is a bad thing for a party. Look what Bryan did to the Democrats. I wouldn't like that to happen to the Republicans. We run such a risk if the Party nominates a man with strong organizational support.

A. You mean men like Taft or Dewey?

P. I mean Dewey. You can't overlook his partial control of the New York machine, or in his long and friendly association with the Rockefellers.

T. There would be advantages in a man who had been less closely associated with the Rockefellers, I admit. But what you seem to be proposing would involve fighting them. That I don't like at all.

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P. Tom, I don't foresee a fight. Not a real one. The usual Convention fireworks, of course. What I do see is such a lightning move on our part that the nomination is practically in our hands before anybody knows what happened.

T. How would you go about it?

P. We'll send Willkie on a trip around the country. I'll line up suitable reporters. Some may be my own, some from local papers, some one from the AP and UP. I can get that just by asking for it. Willkie will be asked if he's a candidate for President and, of course, he'll deny that he's seeking the Republican nomination. Simultaneously, I will run weekly stories about the ground swell that is demanding Willkie as the Republican candidate. Then after a few weeks when everyone knows he's important, when no one can clearly remember when they hadn't heard of him, you fellows can put the heat on your depositors and borrowers that Willkie's the man. The whole utility industry, needless to say, can be lined up solidly behind him. The thing to do is pick out a few key states like Missouri and Michigan and a few others where sentiment might be against you. Hire a professional and give him the money he needs. In cases like that you just hire the other fellow's delegates away from him. That's the cheapest and quickest way.

A. I know Wendell slightly. He's a nice fellow. But I can't think of anyone less suited to be President. A more total ignorance of the facts of politics and of the state of the world I have never encountered in anyone over the age of eleven.

T. Alan, aren't you being something of a perfectionist? You forget that Wendell takes advice, and he will be in a position to get the best advice.

A. Because he will feel indebted to you for his nomination?

T. In part.

G. It seems to me that one of the most important things involved here is that we should be sure that we have a Republican candidate who not only is not himself an isolationist but won't give encouragement to the isolationists.

A. Why? Is isolationism a new mortal sin?

G. Alan, don't be tiresome. You know perfectly well it's essential to support England and France in their struggle with Germany, just as it was twenty-five years ago. The fundamental truths of world politics don't change. The isolationists are always a latent danger.

A. I grant that, but it seems to me that a President should have more qualifications than just being an interventionist. I can even imagine, mind you only imagine, a case where if there were enough other things wrong with an interventionist candidate, I might prefer the isolationist, even though I myself do not subscribe to that view.

T. What could one of those wrong things be, Alan?

A. For one, unrealistic policy towards the Soviet Empire.

P. Isn't it an unrealistic policy to ignore the existence of the Soviet Union as a nation and its people as members of the human race?

A. It would be, if anybody had such a policy. But even that would be less unrealistic than failing to recognize that the people who are willing in one way or another to cooperate with the Soviet Government are already the most powerful single political faction inside every Western democracy, including ours. It's not anywhere as powerful as many combinations of other factions. But the problem of keeping the other factions firmly united against the Soviet faction is already a grave one. What I'm afraid of is that the unity of other factions may become impossible. That's why Willkie's ignorance worries me a little.

P. You think he might take bad advice about Russian matters?

A. Don't you?

P. No, why should he?

A. Well, there's his taste in feminine companionship. It may be something of no political significance, but I think the official political pretense that a man's wife or mistress has no bearing on his political views is absurd. I notice, by the way, that the Russians agree with me. Wives or mistresses with bourgeois ideas are anything but assets in Soviet life.

P. And you'd like to introduce the straight-jacket of Soviet politics here?

A. (unperturbed) Thanks for confirming to me my estimate about Willkie's mistress and your knowledge of it. (to Tom) Tom, I don't think I can help you any further. My opinion is decidedly against this. I consider it a dangerous adventure. I don't think it at all assures a Republican victory and, if it did, I don't know at all what it is we would win.

T. What then do you think we should do?

A. I think we should approach Taft, and see if we can build up a reasonably conservative, reasonably honest candidate.

G. Taft could not possibly win unless he ran as an out-and-out isolationist.

A. Perhaps we should approach Dewey to see what sort of deal we could work out there.

T. No acceptable arrangement would be possible there, Alan. The Dewey people would insist on so subordinating our interest that it would be meaningless. I know from personal talks with them that they have no willingness to fight public power or resist government control of underwriting. Worse than everything else, the Russian-German alliance makes their attitude toward the war more than a little equivocal. I just don't trust them.

A. Who's seeing Soviet specters under every bed now?

T. It's not that. Neither they nor I imagine domestic dangers that don't exist. In their case it's the weight of Russian power in the Middle East vis-à-vis their oil interests. They have to be careful. I would be if I were in their shoes. Only to us this situation is altogether different. For that reason I think we should probably go along on the Willkie idea, though there are some things about him I don't particularly like. I don't feel he's a stable man. And certainly he's not well informed. But I think we must try to use him. I see no other way for us to recapture our lost political ascendancy.

A. That ascendancy was based on a command of money. Without this command, we have become only a minor influence in politics. We delude ourselves if we think we can recapture the power we had when you first joined the firm.

T. Times have changed.

A. Precisely. And that's what makes this whole meeting of ours no better than a confidence game. Because that's what it is when a man with a fantastic means for misinforming the public comes to us and says, "Help me pull this smart little political stunt and you'll be as powerful as you were back in the days of J. Pierpont Morgan." It doesn't fit, Tom, it just doesn't. And that means there's something behind it that we don't see. So I say, "Leave it alone! (Tom shakes his head gloomily, as the Publisher smiles)

(To Be Continued)

Cultural Catacombs

Cont'd. From P. 9
book review editor of the *New York Times*), Mordecai Richler (Canadian-Jewish novelist), Lucy Rosenthal (experience unknown), Wilfred Sheed (London-born Catholic, former book review editor of *Esquire*). It is interesting to note that only three of the six panel members are Jewish. Perhaps next year Affirmative Action will see to it that a black and a Chicano are added to the panel. Maybe in the year 2050, either as an act of noblesse oblige or tokenism, a native-born Majority member might be made a judge.

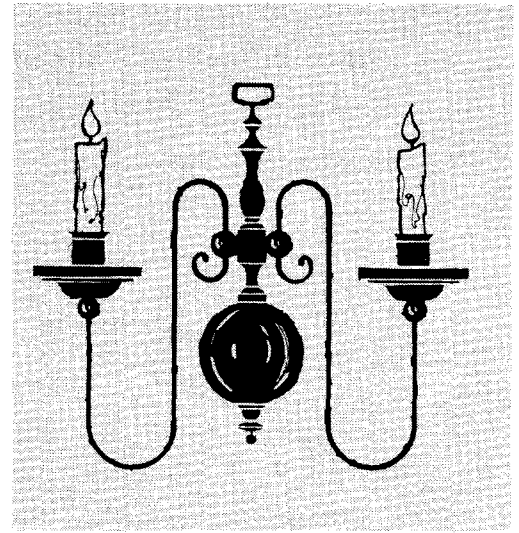
Academic Freedom

William Shockley has been banned from so many universities, so many of his lectures have been broken up, so many threats have been ricocheted at him by so many



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912–1960)



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. Later, an English Lord offers the Old Man a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil if he will put the U. S. into World War I on the side of Britain, which he obligingly does. Twenty years later the Old Man's oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. A few years later the Communists' nominee for Army Chief of Staff is opposed by Harry, who is warned by the Publisher that the only way to start World War II, which they both want, is to persuade Russia to abandon Spain to Franco. The Kremlin reluctantly agrees to go along, provided General Marshall is appointed Chief of Staff. Later Harry is appalled by the Russian-German Nonaggression Pact and is even more appalled when the Publisher explains that Henry Wallace should be Democratic vice-presidential candidate and Wendell Willkie Republican presidential nominee in 1940.

PART ONE, ACT V

Scene 1: A small law office in New York City in 1940. Two men are present, Harry and Foster. The latter who appeared briefly in a meeting with Woodrow Wilson (Act II, Scene 3) is now a quarter century older, as attested to by his gray hair and paunch.

FOSTER. (stiffly) It's not a subject on which I think it would be at all proper for me to take a position. Possibly it seems petty of me. I assure you it is not. My brother and I have sole responsibility for the publication of Secretary Lansing's papers. That is an obligation to the world of historical scholarship that only we can discharge. I don't think it is a matter that should be allowed to have any political implications whatsoever.

HARRY. How can it help but have political implications? The mere existence of the papers is political. Take this, for example. (He waves a sheet of paper in front of Foster.)

F. (looking at the paper) That outrage. It was a private letter from my uncle to his cousin. It should never have found its way into the press.

H. But it did. (reading the paper) Here is what amounted to a request for a declaration of war from an administration that was asking to be re-elected because it kept the country out of war. What worries President Roosevelt is that if Lansing wrote one private letter like that — maybe he wrote several others that were even more specific.

F. I refuse to speculate on that matter.

H. I didn't ask you to speculate. I simply asked you to agree not to publish any such material if it does exist.

F. I can't give any third party any such assurance. On the other hand we may not permit anything at all to be published for many years.

H. I realize that you're a prominent Republican and you could feel, perhaps rightly, that you're entitled to any partisan advantage you can get out of it, but I ask you to consider the matter from a broader point of view. Oh, I agree there's some partisanship here, too. That's inevitable. But there is also a genuine national interest. You probably know — I'm sure you'll keep it highly confidential — that the President has come to feel that war with Japan is inevitable. Just a question of time. Now when it comes, we're going to have to use our submarine fleet against Japanese shipping all over the western Pacific, and quite frankly, we're not going to give our submarine commanders the orders that your Uncle Lansing insisted the German government give its submarine commanders in 1917, orders to warn merchant ships before trying to sink them. It would simply mean that we would lose most of our subs.

F. Are you suggesting that Secretary Lansing, and of course, President Wilson, took that position specifically in order to help destroy German subs?

H. I'm not suggesting anything. I'm not a historian and I'm not interested in history. I just know, though, that there must be lots of material in Lansing's papers discussing submarine sinkings. So its publication at this time could be very unfortunate.

F. Politically unfortunate, don't you mean?

H. If you must be more precise.

F. I don't wish to be stuffy, but I'm afraid I'm not in a position to make commitments. President Roosevelt will simply have to take the political risk.

H. The war will be on again before the election. Doesn't that take it out of partisan politics?

F. I can't discuss it any further. I've told you, I can't make any commitments, either to publish or not to publish. I could say, though, just on my own behalf, that I have, as perhaps you know, been all my life devoted to the cause of world peace and the spread of international law. You could therefore, I think, expect me to take no action that would in any way jeopardize the pursuit of world peace. President Wilson was pursuing world peace, so, I think, is President Roosevelt, and I expect he will continue his generally sound management of our foreign affairs, though his domestic policies are another matter and don't command my sympathy at all. Isn't that assurance enough that I'm not likely to permit anything to be published from my uncle's papers that might by implication accuse President Roosevelt of the very same conduct which, when engaged in by the Imperial German Government, was the official reason for our declaration of war on April 6, 1917?

Scene 2: A small table in a Washington bar a few days later. Two men are seated at the table. Stepanov and a stranger, who is shortly identified as General Igor Krivitsky.

STEPANOV. Be patient, Igor Alexandrovitch. He will come. You will see. I would not in so serious a matter mislead you.

KRIVITSKY. You would mislead me in any way you could.

S. But this would have been pointless. Quite pointless. I might lie to you, yes, but why would I be so foolish as to put myself immediately to the proof? No. You will see. He will be here instantly. In fact here he is now. (Dex enters and at a gesture from Stepanov sits at the table.) You see, Igor Alexandrovitch, the Secretary to the Treasury, in person. Do I prove the point of how well we are placed in the American government?

DEX. But I am not the Secretary of the Treasury, you know that.

S. You are the Assistant Secretary. . .

D. I am one of several assistant secretaries.

S. You are the only Jewish Assistant Secretary?

D. Yes, but. . .

S. And the Secretary is a Jew. He is a stupid Jew and you are a smart Jew, so who is the Secretary of the Treasury? Let us not waste time on childish games for educated ladies. My friend here is Igor Krivitsky, late a general in the Red Army. As I am sure you have heard, General Krivitsky defected to the imperialist powers recently. So we have, in a sense, been undertaking a sort of private war and this little meeting is to arrange an armistice and peace treaty to the private war of General Krivitsky and the Soviet Union. I am the authorized negotiator. Now, Mr. Secretary, I will explain your role. The General's arrangements for flight were well taken, but lacked in one particular. We learned the identity under which his wife and children are living and are in a position to lay our hands on them. Being humane men and not desiring that they should suffer needlessly, we have been trying to persuade the General that he should give up a useless fight and spare them the suffering it will otherwise be our sad duty to inflict. His counterargument is where you enter our picture, Mr. Secretary. He contends that his message is of such importance that even the life and suffering of his family must be borne in order to deliver it to the American authorities. Our answer is that men devoted to the interests of the Soviet government are so important in the American government that the American government is in the fact, of course not in the form, a coalition government in which the Soviet interest occupies a most powerful position. So we can prevent his message reaching anyone who would wish to do anything about it. Speeches, of course, we cannot stop, but actions almost always. He asked me to produce the proof how high in the American government our people ran. For that you serve excellently.

D. But. . .

S. Do not worry, my dear Dex. Your identity is safe. The General will never

betray you, as you will soon understand. You have nothing to worry about. (To Krivitsky) Well, have I convinced you?

K. Yes, I am convinced. You will see that my family comes to no harm, Boris Alexandrovitch?

S. (taking out an automatic and handing it to Krivitsky) I will see to it. You had better use this. It is of American manufacture. It was bought under your name. That will be better for all of us.

K. Yes. That will be better.

Scene 3: Harry's office in the White House in 1941. He is with Dex.

HARRY. For a man whose holy socialist motherland is rapidly falling apart under the blows of the fascist invader, you're in a stinking good humor.

DEX. Honestly, I'm not too worried.

H. It's a Russian trap, I suppose? Whole armies going over to the Germans?

D. They don't tell us anything like that.

H. It's really happening. We have a pretty reliable information service still functioning inside Germany. Of course, the press and radio don't play it up, and, I suppose your people won't tell you about it.

D. No, they don't. You know, it just shows how right Stalin was in his purge trials. Apparently he didn't purge enough.

H. It also indicates how deeply loved he is by the Russian people.

D. Anybody can be misled by fascist militarists. And that's what the men in command of those Russian troops must have been. You know that, Harry. It must have been that way.

H. It wasn't that way at all and you know damn well it wasn't. The Soviet government stinks, let's not fool ourselves. But they're our allies now against Hitler so their enemies are my enemies.

D. You know there's more to it than that, Harry. The Soviet government stands for something you believe in and care about. I know it's not perfect. How could it be? And I know you don't make the necessary allowances for it that I do. But just the same at the bottom of your heart you approve of it too. You're just irritated by them now because they're losing so badly and it has you worried.

H. I am a little worried. First it seemed too good to be true when Hitler attacked Russia. I thought it would be a free ride for us from then on. But it turned out to be too good to be true.

D. I know it's not as good as it might be, but even so it's a lot better than before.

H. When as a good Commy and loyal ally of Hitler, you had to be anti-Semitic?

D. It was very uncomfortable and unnatural. It was really all the fault of the Western capitalist powers, though. If they had made common cause with Russia even as late as Munich, it would never have

happened. But they stood aside, even to the point of letting the fascists win in Spain and destroy Czechoslovakia, so you can hardly blame the Soviet government for being a little cagey in its international dealings.

H. Is that the official version now?

D. I don't know whether it's official. It's the true version.

H. Can it, Dex! You bore me when you play that record.

D. (cheerfully) I'm just jawing. I came to see you on something serious. I suppose the Russians will get in on Lend Lease now won't they?

H. It hasn't been formally announced yet, but it's hardly a secret.

D. I know. That's what I wanted to talk to you about. Are you going to send a mission of some sort over there? A supply mission, I mean.

H. It's under consideration. Why?

D. Who are you going to send?

H. You want to go?

D. Lord no. I think you ought to go. That's what I wanted to talk to you about tonight.

H. As though I didn't have enough to do.

D. No, look, Harry, it's terribly important, so important I am going to let my hair down and say what I really think.

H. Couldn't that be dangerous for a good Party member?

D. It could be. But not tonight. I really think that the survival of the Soviet government depends right now on getting help from America. The right kind of help and getting it soon enough.

H. Well, then, you're obviously the man to go over there and line up all the things the Russians are going to need.

D. No, Harry, it wouldn't work. You mustn't send any of us, though for God's sake don't ever tell anyone I ever said that. It would just about ruin me. But it's true. Right now to send a Party member to Moscow would spoil the whole thing. It's got to be someone who can talk firmly to the Russians and none of us can do that. How could we? Besides they don't have too much respect for American Communists. They still think we're the 14th Street theorists and thugs of fifteen years ago. They don't recognize what's happening here at all, and the official party still looks at them pretty much the way it always did. In fact, it isn't much different. The real difference is the clandestine bunch. You know that. But while Moscow knows it in a theoretical way, they never act on it. The difference between Robert Minor and Alger is something that it'll take Moscow a few years more to grasp. In the meantime they could be overrun by the Germans. So that's why you can't send one of us. For instance, if they want something, this country just can't produce enough of, there'd be no point in one of us telling them that. They'd just stare at us coldly and say, "Comrade, get it. That is an order. Are you a secret fascist?"

H. You wouldn't have too strong a hand, would you?

D. No hand at all. But don't send one of the

The Game and The Candle

big Office of Production Mobilization business executives, half of whom secretly hope the Germans and Russians will kill each other off, so it will soon be business as usual again. I admit those fellows know how to run their industries, and they can get things done within their own limited operational level. But most of them would like to sell the Russians down the river. That's why you should go to Moscow, Harry. Take a couple of those OPM fellows along for technical advice. But you be in charge of matching what the Russians really need with what we can really send them. Otherwise this damn thing can flounder for a year. There's no good in promising them whatever they ask for when they don't really know what to ask for, and then sending them almost nothing. Harry, you've got to go.

H. Dex, you know there's only one man who can ask me and, if he does, I go.

D. Then would you please suggest that he send you?

H. The most I'll do is repeat to him what you said about not sending a CP member. Don't worry, I won't phrase it that brutally and I won't tell him the idea came from you.

D. (alarmed) Don't say anything about that angle at all, Harry. For God's sake. She would know almost certainly that it came from me. She knows no other Party man would talk that frankly to you.

H. I see.

D. Maybe it's better to do it this way. I'll suggest to her that you'd be a wonderful man to send to Moscow to get Lend Lease off to the right start. You're a friend of Russia, but nobody's pushover. If she likes the idea, let her suggest it to Roosevelt. You wouldn't object if we worked it that way, would you? After all, the main thing is to get the right supplies flowing to Russia as fast as possible. That's the real point, isn't it?

H. Yes. That's the real point. But I think too much open discussion of the idea would be bad. If it didn't get Hull mad, it would give Welles kittens. I'm going to be in London again in a week or so on Lend Lease matters anyway. You mention the idea to her and I'll cable him from London. Then it'll be either yes or no, without a lot of outsiders getting into the act.

Scene 4: Rock Creek Park in Washington a few days later. Oumansky is sitting on a park bench fidgeting with increasing irritation. Finally the Chief of Staff appears.

OUMANSKY. (looking at his wrist watch) I sent word for you to be here at ten o'clock. It is now more than half-past. Do you think I have nothing more important to do than sit in your Rock Creek park while you take your stupid time getting here?

CHIEF OF STAFF. An emergency meeting was called by the Secretary of War. How could I excuse myself? Was I to tell him that I was going to meet you here?

O. If you please, Colonel, no sarcasm. You

are here to receive instructions. That is all.

C. I see no reason why you should address me as Colonel. I resent it.

O. I am glad that you do. But that is not the purpose. In a sense there is no purpose. So far as we are concerned that is just your title. You entered our service as a Colonel and we have not promoted you. Your American rank is an actor's rank. Because Moskvin plays a magnificent Koutousov on the Moscow stage, should I address him as "General" if we meet in a cafe? Yes, yes, my dear Colonel, be angry. It pleases me. You Americans understand so little of the art of governing men. A Russian peasant is better at it. He beats his dog, his wife, everything that serves him because beatings produce good service while kindness only produces arguments and the hope of increased kindness. Do not expect kindness from me, Colonel. You will never get it. It might make you think I appreciated your making yourself available to us. I don't because I know the egotistical reason for your act. But enough of this. Here are your orders.

C. If I ever. . .

O. If you ever get out of our net? You will never get out. Unless, of course, you want to be ruined. Or commit suicide. Have you thought of that as a way out, Colonel? We would not, of course, like to press you that hard. You are a most valuable asset to us. We treasure your life dearly. Believe me, we do. But I do not think suicide is on your mind. Perhaps you would like to kill me? That is more likely. But what would be the point, Colonel? I do not have your letter. Kill me and you might get a worse master. (laughing)

C. All right. What do you want of me?

O. I have received orders for you that I do not pretend myself to understand. That does not mean, however, they are not to be carried out. We can be sure they are wisely designed to help in our joint struggle against fascist imperialism. You are to have the American battle fleet concentrated at Pearl Harbor. It is to be there about the middle of November and not leave for at least a month.

C. The fleet? But that is a Navy matter. How can I do anything about that?

O. That is up to you to work out. You must be a great military strategist. Surely you would not otherwise be Chief of Staff? Maybe the prestige of your position will be enough. If not, find some other means to bring it about. But the fleet must get there and stay there. You will have discreet support from our friends within your government, but it cannot, naturally be open or precise. It will take the form of advice to rely on your great military genius. I think we can get that word fairly far up in your government, but it cannot, I am afraid, be decisive. It will have to be up to you. It is quite evident that your president hopes to back his way into the war by getting Japan

to attack him. Where does he hope for the attack?

C. He is afraid it might come against the Dutch, not against us.

O. Precisely. It would be, therefore, desirable that the Japanese attack, say, the Phillipines. What could better induce them to do that than an offensive concentration of the battle fleet at Pearl? Wouldn't that be a good argument?

C. It has a certain plausibility.

O. Good. Develop it. It may possibly be the actual Soviet master plan. I'm sure our people desire to help Mr. Roosevelt enter the war as soon as he can. It is necessary also that the fleet maintain for spying eyes all the air of peacetime. There should be no air cover or constant battle alert. That would be too noticeable and might convince the American people that their government was meditating warlike aggression. This peaceful posture, I am instructed to tell you, is almost as important as assembly of the fleet at Pearl, though I do not know why. (standing up) So, Colonel, we have our orders whose purport neither of us entirely understands. But like good soldiers we will do our duty. Incidentally you will be glad to know that this will be our last meeting for a while. In about six weeks I am going back to Moscow. Litvinov will succeed me. That should flatter your vanity, Colonel. That Moscow thinks you and Washington important enough for the attention of the great Litvinov himself. And he wants to meet you right here, Sunday morning December 7. Don't forget the date. A good day to you, Colonel. (he leaves)

(To Be Continued)

Jung

Continued From Page 4

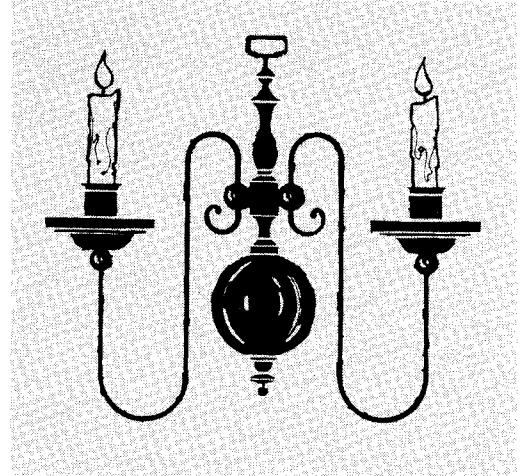
and social dominance, the archetypal authentic and "real" Americans. Since then, the Balkanizing campaign applied to American life — with its elevation of minority psyches to the rank of representative, and often preeminent, "American" psyches — has had the effect of reducing the Majority to a rabble of psychological orphans suffering deracination to an epidemic degree. Either we are no longer certain who we are, or worse, we have accepted in meek confusion such demeaning and inaccurate tags as WASP, Anglo or Goy. Having delivered this prolegomenon, B then asked C if he had encountered in his clinical work any forms of psychological dispossession that might come under the heading of Majority deracination.

C responded that he was not familiar with the concept of deracination. He found B's ideas "very interesting," but thought them focused on "too superficial a layer of the psyche to be as disturbing as you are postulating." After B had conceded that his thesis was in some respects amateurish and



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PART ONE, ACT V

Scene 5: A small room in Tokyo in 1940. Two whites are present. The Agent is sitting at a table and working on some papers. The Cipher Clerk sits doing nothing. A young Japanese enters.

AGENT. Ah, Saionji, I've been waiting for you. Did the Ministers decide right?

SAIONJI. I think they decided exactly what you want, or almost exactly, so all we have to do now is get off the cable to Moscow.

A. Just as I hoped they would. (indicating the seated man) I was so sure of it I brought along one of the cipher clerks from the Embassy. Go ahead and dictate what you think we ought to send. I'll stop you if I want to change anything.

S. Fine.

A. (to the clerk) Make it to Molotov, eyes only. (The clerk nods and poses a book and pencil.)

S. (dictating) "I have received extremely important and secret information from Oumansky and since he is now in Moscow he can inform you thoroughly."

A. You don't want to say specifically that we know the American fleet will be concentrated at Pearl Harbor?

S. I think from what I said they will know we know. In case anything goes wrong I'd just as soon leave as vague a record on that as possible.

A. Yes, I suppose you're right. Go on.

S. "Saionji passed this information through his family and connections and the matter was thoroughly discussed at the highest levels of the Ministry and the War Council. Situation is extremely tense but moving favorably for us. All minor difference of view within the Ministry have been ended by receipt of Oumansky's information and there are now only two courses of action open for consideration. First: Immediately, even as late in the year as this, attack Soviet positions along the railroad into Siberia as far towards Lake Baikal as the weather will permit. At the same time cut the trans-Amur Railway and overrun Vladivostok by amphibious attack. Advocates of this view have now given up their hope of American neutrality but nevertheless still believe that by properly collecting and husbanding their air and naval strength between the Bonins and the Kuriles America will be faced with a long, indecisive and bloody war if she attempts to attack the Japanese home islands while Japan can occupy eastern Siberia with comparative safety. Advocates of this strategy admit that Chiang could with round-about American aid recover much of South China but they are hopeful that if Japan attacks Russia, Chiang can be induced to accept a reasonable settlement since he can then liquidate his Communist enemies. The Ministry is disposed to be much more generous to Chiang than a year ago. Advocates of this view also point out

that even if their hopes of overrunning much of the Soviet Far East before bad weather turn out to be wrong, this line of action will of itself, instantly snap the vital communication line through Vladivostok over which the Americans have been pouring great quantities of military assistance to Russia. In any event they feel certain of being able to mount a full scale offensive in the Spring along the Trans-Siberian and the Turk-Sib and are confident that by the Fall of 1942, despite anything America may do, they can effect a junction with the German armies near Astrakhan. Such an event could only mean the destruction of the Soviet Government. . ."

A. You can't say that even if it's true. (to the clerk) Change Astrakhan to its new name Stalingrad and make the last sentence read, "Such an event would bring the Soviet Government face to face with the gravest crisis in the twenty-four years of its existence." (to Saionji) Go on.

S. "Opponents of this view, led principally by members and associates of the Saionji family, believe that under no circumstances can Japan afford to fight two powerful enemies at once. They disregard England, concluding that by refusing to seek reasonable accommodation with Germany she has become the mere jackal of America and Russia and will therefore be required to fight Japan by either of the other two should war develop in the Far East. By committing themselves to the principle of fighting only one major power, this group has effectively foreclosed any possibility of attacking Russia since they are now convinced that nothing they can do will prevent America from attacking Japan. On the other hand they are aware, both by the very nature of the situation, Russia will gladly continue her policy of benevolent neutrality towards Japan while Japan will be willing to permit the continuance of the American supply route through Vladivostok, providing only that the vessels engaged in this operation fly the Soviet flag."

A. (interrupting) They'll love that. That's more than they dared hope for.

Continued On Next Page

S. "The news from Oumansky has decided the entire cabinet at least momentarily that the views of this group are substantially correct and that faced with the choice of fighting both Russia and America together or America alone, there is no longer any question of what must be done. Accordingly, Admiral Yamamoto has been ordered to prepare a heavy carrier attacking force to be at sea ready to strike the selected target on the first Sunday in December. I wish to emphasize, however, that this decision is neither final nor irrevocable. Should America show any sign of relaxing her military pressure on Japan or should Soviet actions convince the Ministry that Russia will not remain neutral, Admiral Yamamoto's projected attack will be cancelled and the strategy of the first group adopted. Only positive assurances of Soviet neutrality can make the second course seem less perilous. In this connection you must bear in mind that there are powerful individuals here, not yet sufficiently supported to constitute a group but potentially able to become dominant under some conditions, who have concluded from the insincerity and evasiveness of American policy that the U.S. is not pursuing its own objectives in the Far East but is being pressed into an anti-Japanese position by the operations of a pro-Soviet faction within American politics. The fact that Oumansky obtained such a striking success in what from an American view must seem so ill-advised a manoeuver is considered by many as a confirmation of those views. Further confirmation appeared from Japanese espionage reports indicating detailed conversations between Oumansky and the special American adviser to Chiang, conducted prior to the German attack on Russia. The substance of those conversations was not learned but that they occurred at all and during Russian-German cooperation seemed to indicate a degree of Soviet manipulation of American policy that had not been suspected. The individuals who are so persuaded are thus convinced that Japan faces two enemies in any case and should therefore attack Russia first. They believe that with German assistance they can destroy the Soviet Government before America can conquer Japan, thereby leaving the Soviet faction in the United States cut off from its source, at which point, they argue, American interests would once more assume control of American policy in the Far East and a reasonable settlement could be anticipated. On the other hand to attack America and leave the Soviet Government undisturbed is to start a war that has no rational conclusion except in the destruction of Japan, since America would have no intelligible objective in that war except to carry out the desires of its Soviet faction. I mention this difficult and somewhat embarrassing side of the situation here in order to press upon you the urgent necessity of giving Japan assurances of the most benevolent Soviet neutrality in order to destroy the persuasive position of these individuals. These assurances must be

concrete and immediate. As a very minimum they require the removal between now and the first of December of units comprising the bulk of the offensive strength of the Soviet armies east of Lake Baikal. The Ministry will expect that the Japanese Military Attache at Moscow will be immediately invited to the Soviet Far East so that he can communicate the confirmation of this removal to the Japanese Government in adequate time.

A. (laughing) That's putting it on the line. They'll do it. Go on.

S. That's all. (to the clerk) Sign it "Sorge."

Scene 6: A park bench in Rock Creek Park, Washington, December 7, 1941. The Chief of Staff is seated. Litvinov, a plumpish man with plain spectacles and slightly foreign dress, enters.

LITVINOV. Ah, you must be the famous military man of whom I have heard so many favorable things. I am Litvinov, Maxim Litvinov.

CHIEF OF STAFF. Good morning, Mr. Ambassador.

L. It is a good morning, is it not. Almost like a crisp December Sunday in the Crimea. Brisk but not cold. Is this the usual December weather of Washington?

C. It's not unusual. You must have just arrived.

L. Indeed, just. Just ahead of the east wind and the rain, in a way of speaking. Manila, Midway, Honolulu. It was touch and go getting through. The stupid British held me up for several days in India. Otherwise I would have been here with time and enough to spare.

C. So?

L. So I just got here last night, and, of course, I cannot present my credentials on a Sunday, can I? That would shock the proprieties of your Christian nation, would it not. But you and I can discuss business of mutual interest, can we not, my dear Colonel? Even on Sunday?

C. If we don't take too long. As I'm sure you know, the situation is very tense with Japan.

L. Yes, we Russians are a backward people but we do our best to keep informed of the doings of the great civilized world. Incidentally I thought most pleasantly of you and Oumansky as I flew out of Honolulu yesterday. Or was it the day before? I become most confused crossing that date line. How you change a day right in the middle of lunch or something, it's a thing I don't pretend to understand. I just do as I'm told, as a good public servant should, knowing that the experts have figured it all out and however strange the procedure seems, wiser heads than mine have worked out the correct solution. As I say, I thought of that as well as of our gratitude to you and Oumansky as I left Honolulu, because from the plane I could see all your beautiful battleships all there in Pearl Harbor. It is a sight we poor Russians cannot match. We do not even pretend to have a fleet of those

awe-inspiring monsters. I felt as I saw them that it was almost a shame that most of them were going to be burned and sunken wrecks so soon.

C. (suddenly worried) Wrecks? So soon? Are you sure?

L. (looking at his watch) Well perhaps not as soon as I thought. Time zones so confuse me. It is how many hours difference to your Hawaiian Islands?

C. Six hours.

L. Well, then it is not yet five o'clock in the morning there, is it? So it will be two to three hours yet before they are sunk.

C. Sunk? What are you talking about? Not by your forces certainly. By whose?

L. By the Japanese, of course. Who else? My dear Colonel, how could we Russians possibly sink your fleet? We have no aircraft carriers. We have no land-based bombers that could reach your Hawaiian Islands. Of course, the Japanese.

C. (both perplexed and more than a little scared) But how would you know?

L. My dear Colonel, you must suspect how excellent our intelligence is in Japan. And of course with us, intelligence is predominantly political intelligence — and guidance, too, I believe one might say.

C. There is no practicable way the Japanese could possibly launch an air attack against our fleet at Pearl. No way at all.

L. There was no practicable way, My dear Colonel.

C. A strike sufficient to do the damage you are talking about isn't prepared in a few weeks, Mr. Ambassador. No one could assemble the ships and the planes and get the massive project organized and off in less than two or three months. And when they started to put the expedition together, how could they know the American fleet was going to be at Pearl when their raid got there two months or so later?

L. Well, as it turned out there was a way.

C. And no one, least of all the Japanese, would risk sending a great striking force out across the Pacific to find the American fleet gone when their bombers got there. An act of war and the American fleet undamaged — and their own fleet half across the Pacific from its bases? An impossible risk.

L. But in this case adequately insured against, as you of all people must know, my dear Colonel. Thanks to you and Oumansky.

C. (furious) Don't mention that man's name.

L. Come, come, you must not give way to emotion. You must now realize that you are for the first time experiencing the strain of military action and military command. You must not let your inexperience in these fields try you too sorely. You will recover from this momentary crisis brought about by suddenly realizing that you are responsible for sending many men to their deaths. That is the nature of military command. It has to be done as a routine matter. It is inescapable. But the first experience of it is always a grave strain, which is why all armies make the rule that we violated in obtaining for you your

The Game and The Candle

present office, that combat command experience is essential for flag rank. But in your case, as you realize, there were overriding considerations.

C. (refusing to be drawn from his own line of thought.) But how could the Japanese know in October that the fleet would be there in December? Tell me that. How could they?

L. Because on Oumansky's assurance that our wishes were being complied with, we told the Japanese. Quite simple.

C. Really? And how could Oumansky have been in a position to assure you? Tell me that?

L. Ah, my dear Colonel, that will have to be your problem.

C. You think I'm going to stand still for this and let the fleet get bombed without warning? Well I'm not, no matter what hold you have over me. I'll telephone the Hawaiian command and in an hour the whole fleet will be on battle alert. Then we'll see what damage your friends the Japs can do!

(He starts to leave. Litvinov sits impassively on the bench. Something in his utter indifference to the Chief of Staff's departure makes the latter hesitate.)

L. You have perhaps an afterthought? Something else to say?

C. No. I'm going to warn the fleet. I'm surprised you don't try and stop me.

L. All I will say is that you need not be in such a rush to be a hero. You have easily two or three hours to spare.

C. I'm not trying to be a hero. I don't think you understand the situation at all. This goes beyond anything. . .

L. (interrupting) . . . beyond anything you thought could happen when you first began to cooperate, over so little, with us? True. (The Chief of Staff slowly drifts back to the bench as Litvinov goes on) I'm afraid, my dear Colonel, you are caught in what in our quaint Marxist jargon we call an objective situation, presumably because, as you can see, they can be so intensively subjective. You can save your fleet but then, alas, no one will ever believe it was seriously endangered. So your hero role is known only to yourself — and to us, of course. You could afford, at any rate for a time, the enduring animosity of the friends of the Soviet Government, but only if the United States would not in a few hours be allied with the Soviet Union against Germany. As we know it will be.

C. That's why I can't understand your willingness to hurt us so badly.

L. My dear Colonel, you prove repeatedly the wisdom of Clemenceau's remark that war is much too important a matter to be managed by soldiers. The fact that the Soviet Government desires American assistance against Hitler's Germany does not make the two powers indissolubly united in political efforts of all kinds for the future, does it?

C. Of course not.

L. So consider your battle fleet from our point of view. Exercise your wits. Try to picture that fleet from a purely objective Marxist-Leninist viewpoint. What can it do for the world revolution or the Socialist Motherland? The question answers itself. Obviously nothing at all. If anything, it is a long-term menace to us by strengthening latent fascism, colonialism and so forth. The main point is that your battleships can be of no immediate use to us and can indeed be a very great long-range menace. Your escort ships and sub fighters are very valuable in maintaining secure communications for your Lend Lease shipments. But of what value to us are your battleships? We do not need them against Germany. All of them together could not force the Baltic or even cross the Channel. But against Japan, ah, there is the trouble. They would give you quick command of the Pacific. In short order you could annihilate the whole naval potential of the Japanese Empire. You would be the undisputed lords of the western Pacific and we poor Russians would shiver in our maritime provinces sitting there only by your majestic leave. Should we be in favor of that? China? With undisputed command of the sea coast of China we, who have pioneered our way across all Siberia and Gobi would be nowhere. Nowhere at all. We could operate in China only by your leave. Netherlands India? With your fleet in the way, the Japanese could never approach it. How then could the Dutch be driven out if we do not let the Japs do it? My dear Colonel, you are now high enough in the world of military life to realize that wars are fought for a purpose, to take something that someone else has and either keep it yourself or give it to your nominee. That is the only purpose of war. The only one it ever has had and the only one it ever will have. Any other purpose is purely official. (looking at his watch and changing his tone from abstract comment to direct command) Now as to you personally. Let us suppose you decide after all to play the hero despite the objections of the Soviet Government. You warn the fleet command. The Japanese raid is a failure. A few hundred men are killed. A few ships are damaged. Fine. So who will then believe it could have been a great military defeat? No one. And what happens? In a few weeks all the great liberal papers will be complaining most bitterly of the inept military command in Washington. It permitted the fleet to be concentrated. It should have done something else. Anything else. Quite clearly you personally will have new enemies but no new friends. You will have lost us. You cannot long keep the big liberals. They are never comfortable liking too much someone we wish to destroy. Certainly your fellow officers will not suddenly befriend you. You see? So in a few months you will no longer be an asset to a war plagued President and there will be a new Chief of Staff. That is the way democratic governments work, is it not? (pauses) But if the fleet is lost, what then? It will be a national disaster. The great papers will call upon all to forget past

mistakes and unite in support of the commander-in-chief who must not be vexed by uninformed criticism of his military advisors in a time of such grave crises. That is the way it works, is it not, my dear Colonel? That is what a press is for, yes?

C. But this will pinpoint me.

L. Don't concern yourself too deeply over it. These things are never as difficult as they seem to an intelligent person. I mean public reactions. What are the chances that the vital question you ask about the fleet will ever be raised? Of course, if nothing is done about it probably they will be. Hence good strategy requires the opening of a publicity offensive on another front, as it were. Another experience in command strategy of which you are clearly in need, my dear Colonel. Do not permit the wrong questions to be raised. How the Japanese could know that your fleet would be at a certain time at Pearl is simply not to be discussed. Never mention it. Instead ask angrily and insistently who could have told the Japanese that the fleet is there, this morning. The answer to that is clear. Obviously the Japanese of Hawaii. They could see the ships yesterday, could they not? Start an intensive round up of all persons of Japanese blood. Elementary.

C. (brooding) Impossible. We would have locked up one-third of the islands' population.

L. Ah well, lock up the Japanese on the mainland then. It hardly matters, my dear Colonel, how sensible, or even how plausible, your counteraction. This is for you a political operation. All that matters is a distracting noise. Create the noise and rely on the friends of the Soviet Government to play it properly from there. They will have to do it mostly by ear, of course, because it would be perhaps indiscreet for us to start a positive story that our good friend the Chief of Staff is in no way to blame for the disaster to the fleet at Pearl. It would, I fear, harm rather than help you as you well know we have no wish to do. None at all.

C. Not at all.

L. Do not be bitter. You could hardly expect the help we have given you in obtaining the high station that your ambition craved could not have a few disagreeable moments connected with it. Of course, this kind of action makes it more difficult for you to salve your conscience with the pretty story that after all we are all in this great noble democratic adventure together; that to serve the Soviet Government or to serve Roosevelt is all about alike. Our little discords are bound to arise and you should not be overly distressed by them. Besides, in the objective reality of world politics, the destruction of your fleet at Pearl is actually Roosevelt's fault.

C. How his? He never wanted to put it there. I had to . . .

L. Not a narrow responsibility in that sense. Broad responsibility in the frame of social and political objectives. If he had not tried to back his way into the war by

provoking Japan to attack him, this could not have happened. Obviously the Japanese are not attacking him out of the pure distilled evil of their imperialist and capitalist hearts. They are attacking him because he has persuaded them that he is going to attack them. Of course, our friends in Japan have helped in that persuasion, but again, without the objective fact of Roosevelt's pressure, all our effort to excite the Japanese would have been empty. If Roosevelt had honored his pledge to France and England, and indeed to us, there would never have been any need for this unfortunate round about way of getting him into the war. And of the special form of our assistance.

C. When did he ever give you an assurance? France and England maybe. But not you.

L. We felt so. So I am told. We felt that your thin friend Harry's assurances in connection with our withdrawal from Spain were pretty much in that nature.

C. Well, I can see that you might feel that Roosevelt has a commitment to come to your rescue, but . . .

L. Not rescue. Assistance.

C. All right, assistance. Whatever you want to call it, it makes us allies of a sort. And then you help the Japanese destroy our fleet. Not a very decent way to treat an ally, a friend. It makes me wonder how I could ever have been associated with any of your . . . your friends in this country.

L. You would, perhaps, like to bring our little association to an end?

C. It would be a relief!

L. Perhaps for a moment. (again looking at his watch) Now I think we have been together long enough this pleasant Sunday morning. There will, I think, be no occasion for us to contact you frequently for some time. You know generally what we desire. You should adjust your military policy as well as you can with the open views of our military liaison people. We realize that you will not always be able to do that. We know Roosevelt will often listen to Churchill and to his naval advisors. We do not expect miracles.

C. (who has been only half attending) I think I shall have to send some sort of warning to Kimmel and Short. It is too dangerous not to. You cannot be the only person in Washington who knows about the attack, or who knows that we met here this morning.

L. Who would know that?

C. I don't know. There's no way you can know positively. How many people in Washington know me by sight? It may run into the thousands. And there are people who know we have cracked the Japanese code. After the attack all sorts of questions will be asked. People will remember things they would otherwise normally forget or overlook. I must protect myself against that contingency. You can see that.

L. Yes. I can see that, but you must not send a message that would truly alert the fleet command. The Japanese must have the advantage of total surprise. It is

indispensable. Cannot you send a message that you know will not be delivered till after the fleet is sunk?

C. I could use the regular coded military cable service. That would take four or five hours to be delivered at Pearl.

L. (looking at his watch to be certain) That would be fine. Do that.

C. But if I send a message at all how would I explain not using the radio telephone and getting the word through instantly?

L. (thinking) You might say that you were afraid such a message would be picked up by the Japanese and construed by them as a warlike gesture, which, of course, everyone knows Roosevelt seeks to avoid.

C. Would that sound very reasonable when I know that the Jap planes are already airborne?

L. No, but. . .

C. And when the phone is scrambled anyway so no Jap could understand what was said even if they picked it up?

L. No. I admit the explanation is hardly plausible. But it is perhaps the best you have. In any event you must use it if you cannot think up a better one.

(The Chief of Staff slowly walks away to the right and leaves. As Litvinov sits quietly on the bench, a man in dark clothes emerges from the shadows on the left. In his hand is a long-barreled target pistol with a telescopic sight. He looks questioningly at Litvinov.)

L. No, no. You were excellent insurance, Sasha, but there will be no need for your services. The Colonel will live a long life and still do us many favors. He is now a prominent man among the Americans, the Colonel. He cannot afford acts of heroism that could not be explained publicly to his fellow countrymen.

(To Be Continued)

Pedagogy Continued From Page 4

Goliath to go in peace, Goliath being not only the educational establishment as a whole but the National Education Association (1,800,000 members) and the American Federation of Teachers (250,000 members), which is headed by a professional budget wrecker named Albert Shanker. If these two juggernauts should merge, a step they are considering, their combined membership dues would bring in some \$200 million a year. In fact, one educationist has claimed that the total annual take from members would reach \$500 million a year by 1980. A half a billion dollars annually could be calculated to buy a lot of action in national, state and local governments.

Wouldn't it be nice if all this ready cash was going to be expended for the improvement and upgrading of the educational process? Unfortunately, most of it will go into the pockets of union officials, into pension funds and into huge lobbying campaigns. The unions need money for teacher strikes, even where they are clearly illegal. As for the "non-political" stance of the NEA, it mailed a notice to

1,800,000 teachers in 1972 asking them to contribute a day's pay to the McGovern campaign. This election the union expects to spend \$750,000 on Carter and his Democrats.

The current union battle cry is fewer pupils per class, a roundabout way of demanding the employment of more teachers. Considering the present crop of educators, more of the same would be a near disaster. It is true that too many children in a classroom augment disciplinary problems. But discipline only becomes unmanageable when the teacher is a poor disciplinarian and lacks the proficiency to arouse student interest in the curriculum, and when students have had permissiveness and violence bred into them at home.

One of Mr. Salser's main points is that education cannot work when differences among students are too pronounced. In the old days of homogeneous America, the incapable and unqualified did not attend school or, if they did, did not stay around long. Today the less qualified are encouraged not only to remain in school, but to stay as long if not longer than the better qualified. Consequently, the spread in pupil intelligence is widening each year, widening even faster than the racial spread. Packing these extreme mental and physical disparities in one school room is making teaching in some areas an almost impossible task. What are our educational leaders doing about it? They are making the impossible even more impossible, as evidenced by the words of Helen Wise, a recent president of the NEA, "If you hold back the slow child, he will get slower."

Salser's principal solution for the educational impasse is "individualized instruction" by teaching aids, which he claims can easily replace 75 per cent of the contemporary teacher's work. By relying much more heavily on advances in audio-visual learning techniques, the student, Salser insists, will be able to learn more on his own — and the teacher can concentrate more of his or her time on the bottom and upper strata of the class. If an ever smaller number of American farmers can produce an ever larger amount of food, then why, Salser asks, cannot the same technological progress take place in education?

Race the Unmentionable

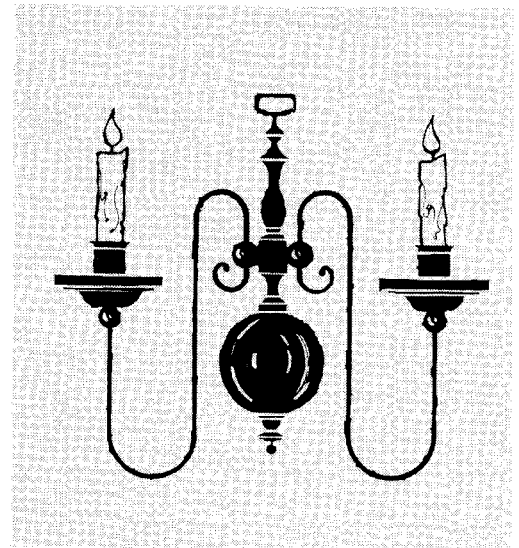
Like almost every other contemporary pedagogue, Salser carefully bobs and weaves around the racial problem. It so happens that the farmers whose productivity he found so praiseworthy are independent-minded Majority Americans, almost to a man. The teachers, on the other hand, are either indoctrinated Majority types or minority members, as are a growing number of the pupils in integrated schools.

Salser seems to forget that the great institution of American education, which has accomplished such wonders in the past,



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912–1960)



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. Later, an English Lord offers the Old Man a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil if he will put the U. S. into World War I on the side of Britain, which he obligingly does. Twenty years later the Old Man's oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. A few years later the Communists' nominee for Army Chief of Staff is opposed by Harry, who is warned by the Publisher that the only way to start World War II, which they both want, is to persuade Russia to abandon Spain to Franco. The Kremlin reluctantly agrees to go along, provided General Marshall is appointed Chief of Staff. Later Harry is appalled by the Russian-German Nonaggression Pact and is even more appalled when the Publisher explains that Henry Wallace should be Democratic vice-presidential candidate and Wendell Willkie Republican presidential nominee in 1940. Meanwhile, interventionist forces push the U. S. to the brink of war, and the unholy team of FDR, Stalin, Litvinov, Comintern Spy Sorge and the U. S. Chief of Staff set the stage for Pearl Harbor.

PART TWO, ACT I

Scene 1: The office of an important State Department official in Washington in early 1942. Two men are present, the Official, well dressed to the point of foppishness and effeminacy, and a man who identifies himself as a member of the Communist Party.

COMMUNIST. I officially represent the Communist Party, Mr. Secretary.

OFFICIAL. I am not the Secretary.

C. You will do for him. As I said, I am officially representing the Party and I am making an official demand. But the communication, as you will understand, is private.

O. You have me confused. It is official, yet it is private?

C. Enjoy your joke. Our official demand is that you immediately begin changing the personnel of the Far Eastern Division of the Department, particularly the China Desk. We demand that the present personnel be replaced by men more sympathetic to the people's democratic movement in China and the course of agrarian reform and social progress.

O. I see. Have you a list of such persons?

C. Those to be replaced need no list. Just remove all those that are there now. They are all of them capitalist hirelings and dupes and stooges of the corrupt Kuomintang.

O. You mean the American officials are?

C. Obviously.

O. What proof have you?

C. The fact that they refuse to assist the democratic peoples' forces in China and instead give support and recognition to the corrupt regime of Chiang.

O. I suppose you have a list of those who would be more favorable to the democratic forces in China?

C. Yes, I do. *(Hands him a list.)*

O. Are all these persons now employed by the Department?

C. Some, but not all, are in the Far Eastern Division.

O. *(looking at the list)* Good heavens! I did not know we had so many Communists in the Department.

C. They are not Communists. They are simply men who will take a democratic rather than a reactionary view towards events in China.

O. Nevertheless, this "democratic" view will be a view approved by the Communist Party?

C. Why else would I give you the list?

O. Isn't that an admission that these men are de facto Communists?

C. Perhaps.

O. Isn't that a rather damaging admission? Why shouldn't I just fire the men on this list on the basis of your statement? Our talk may be recorded, you know.

C. It probably is, but you'll destroy the tape.

O. I will?

C. I'm sure you will.

O. What are you talking about?

C. This. *(He pulls out a paper.)* It's the sworn deposition of the porter on train #106, Washington to New York. It swears to the receipt of money from a man as an inducement to commit an act of homosexual intercourse. It deposes that the act was committed and it identifies the man as you. It further states that you have often been seen on the same train as a member of the Presidential party, travelling from Washington to Hyde Park. *(Tosses the paper to him.)*

O. *(barely able to speak)* You bastards. You utter bastards.

Scene 2: A bench in Lafayette Park, Washington, a few days later. Dex is seated reading a newspaper. The Laborer, who some years before had talked with the District Attorney about his father, enters and sits beside him. They pay no attention to each other for a moment.

LABORER. You got the sport page there? Who won the fifth at Bowie?

DEX *(searching the paper)* Bowie? The fifth? Here it is. Whirlaway. You want to know what he paid?

L. No. I know the odds, 96 to 1.

D. Correct.

L. For a fact who did win? I put \$2 on a horse called Seagoer, just for luck.

D. *(looking)* Seagoer? Placed at \$8. Good for you.

L. Well, whaddaya know. So you're the guy I was to report to. What's up?

D. You know the ship *Normandie*? She's at one of the North River piers in New York being refitted as a military transport.

L. Yeah, I know.

D. Are your men on and off of her all the time?

L. Who else?

D. Do you run, what do you call it, the daily shape up, so you could see that a force of obedient, competent cadres was aboard at one time?

L. Don't worry none about that. What do you want done?

D. Not so fast. Do you know a firm of A. Cameron supposed to be ship chandlers on South Street?

L. No, I'm new on this coast. But if it's a drop, some of my boys will know about it.

D. A Miss Eve Adams there will have a package for you. Pick it up in the next few days. It will be two hundred thermite pencils. They're pointed at one end and you set them off by twisting the dull end. There's a delay fuse so they go off in about fifteen minutes. Each of your men should be able to place about ten before the first ones begin to burn and the alarm sounds. I know that the mattresses for the bunks will be going aboard in about three days. A friend of ours over in the Maritime Commission saw to it that they weren't fire-proofed. So they seem like the best place to shove most of the pencils, though, of course, if your men have access to any paint lockers, that will be fine.

L. What kind of a lousy deal is this? Are you a Nazi or something? We've been told to load every goddamn ship we can for Russia, and the stuff that doesn't go direct to Russia is supposed to go too because it all helps out. Now you want me to burn one of the biggest and fastest ships afloat. This will take some explaining, Mister. If I hadn't been told you're real high Party brass.

D. I know it sounds odd, but this is a special situation. Despite everything we've done here to try to get her diverted either to England or Murmansk, the President is determined to use her to get a powerful force into Burma, where the Americans and British want to keep supplies flowing to Chiang. Burma's the only supply route that's still open. General Stilwell is scheduled to leave on the *Normandie* with a large force and a lot of the best up-to-date equipment. He's quite friendly with some people very close to the Party, so we're thoroughly informed about the whole thing and the Soviet Command quite properly feels that it's a poor use of our limited resources at this time. They think it would be better, for now, to let the Japs take Burma. Then vital supplies needed elsewhere simply can't be diverted to Chiang, whatever his friends in the American government want to do. Stilwell himself has advised against the strength of the force assigned to him but, of course, he can't balk at a direct Presidential order and we certainly don't

want him removed and somebody we don't know put in command. We hate to destroy a ship as big and fast as the *Normandie* with so much submarine warfare going on, but if her present mission will actually delay our main effort — the opening up of a second front — then sinking her is the lesser evil. We lose the ship, but we save the supplies for a valuable purpose and prevent their being used against us by Chiang.

L. Yeah, I get you. Will do.

Scene 3: A bleak military office in Cairo, Egypt, 1943. The Chief of Staff is there with Harry.

HARRY. The President asked me to come and see you.

CHIEF OF STAFF. I don't see the need of this. He could have talked to me at Teheran. He can talk to me here any time he wishes to.

H. Please don't be so stiff about it. I think the fact that the President asked me to have a private talk with you shows he cares very much about how you feel.

C.O.S. He didn't tell you he was going to appoint me to the Supreme Command, did he?

H. Of course, he didn't. If he had, I would have told you.

C.O.S. What he wants you to do is to get me to say I'm willing to be passed over for it. That's why he sent you here, isn't it?

H. That's not what he said at all.

C.O.S. If he didn't mean that, and he didn't mean you to tell me he'll give me the appointment, what on earth is there for you to tell me? That we all made great progress at eliminating friction between the allies at Teheran? I know that. I was there too.

H. He wants you to realize that he may be *unable* to appoint you. That's what he wanted me to discuss with you. I think it was fine and honorable of him, and I don't think he was at all moved by any desire to have you say you don't mind being passed over. He's the President of the United States and I can't imagine why in the performance of his duties he could care at all whether an officer agrees with him or doesn't about his own promotion.

C.O.S. Why shouldn't he be able to appoint me? Not that I'm going to argue with you or with him for the job. That's not my way. This is too important for personalities. But I am curious about why he feels he can't appoint me. I'm curious, too, about who has a better right.

H. I don't think he feels the job goes by right. I think he feels the job goes by who can most successfully win the war.

C.O.S. Again I'm not arguing for the job, but I'm curious who you think could win the war in that job any better than I can. My little boy Eisenhower, perhaps?

H. Whoever is in that job has to win the war with the cooperation of the Russians *and* the British.

C.O.S. You don't have to insult me by overemphasising the "*and*."

H. I wasn't trying to insult you, George. You just reminded me you were at Teheran. So let me remind you of Churchill's attitude there. Was there one point where he agreed with you? Or showed the least confidence in what you planned?

C.O.S. What difference did that make? Churchill got nothing and nowhere. Roosevelt sided with me. So did Stalin.

H. It was my impression, from sitting in at those discussions, that you sided with Stalin and after awhile so did Roosevelt. The difference may seem subtle, but in the best of friendship and good will I think you should keep it in mind when you wonder how Roosevelt weighs this problem of naming a Supreme Commander.

C.O.S. Well, Stalin has a good strategic head on his shoulders. He didn't want to waste strength in half a dozen meaningless jabs all around the perimeter. He wants to strike at Hitler's solar plexus.

H. Provided the Anglo-American blow at that solar plexus doesn't approach it by the Brenner or the Danube.

C.O.S. There's just no sense in my arguing strategy with you, Harry. You just don't have the training to understand it.

H. That's so true. My military training was largely confined to lessons from our mutual friend, Dex.

C.O.S. Is that supposed to be a crack? What's it supposed to mean?

H. Nothing. Forget it. Let's get back to the war. I repeat, the President wants you to know he may not be able to appoint you. If he doesn't, do you have any ideas about any other officer you think would be best qualified.

C.O.S. If I can't have the job, I'm not going to propose some other candidate.

H. Is that a fair and soldierly position for the Chief of Staff to take when the President of the United States asks for his professional advice on a high appointment?

C.O.S. Well, was it a fair thing for Churchill to knife me with the President? I was certain from the way Roosevelt acted at Teheran he was going to name me. But the minute Stalin's back was turned, Churchill must have gone to work and changed Roosevelt's mind. And now somebody is pressing him to get it settled while we're all here in Egypt before I can talk to *her* about it. I hope we can get back stateside before there's any public announcement.

H. I wish you wouldn't talk that way.

C.O.S. If Roosevelt isn't going to name me, he's certain to name Eisenhower. If Churchill thinks Eisenhower is going to have any other policy than mine, he has accumulated a weird mass of ignorance about our little boy wonder, the greatest military genius Africa has seen since Hannibal's last elephant.

The Game And The Candle

Continued From Page 14

H. He might name Clark.

C.O.S. Over Eisenhower's head?

H. He has a habit of naming people over the heads of other people. You remember?

C.O.S. Stalin would never consent to Clark.

H. Do you know that or are you guessing?

C.O.S. I never discussed Clark with the Russians, but both from his connections and the strategy he wants to follow I'm sure of what Stalin's reaction would be.

H. If Churchill and Roosevelt agreed, why should Stalin's opinion matter too much? The command is only in the West. There'd be no Russian troops involved.

C.O.S. Stalin might get mad and drag his feet. Or even make a separate peace.

H. He'd never do that. If he did, he's not the kind of ally we want anyway.

H. We certainly did for awhile, but do we need it any more? When we were both in London just a little over a year ago, the Germans seemed about ready to take Stalingrad and Cairo. The Japanese were shelling Ceylon and the Pacific was a Japanese lake from the Aleutians to the New Hebrides. That was when we needed the Russians, and they needed us. But hell, we've both had time to get our

second wind. What's important about relations with Russia now is how they're going to act after the war. From my experience with them you get nowhere by begging, bribing or thinking something you do is going to make them like you. Nowhere at all. They don't understand it.

C.O.S. Is this your long, roundabout way of getting me to say Clark is a better general than Eisenhower? I tell you, I'm not in the nominating business.

H. Patton?

C.O.S. I told you, Harry, I'm not offering any candidate.

H. Bradley?

C.O.S. My own school teacher? What is this, a roll call? I told you I have no candidate. Let the President make up his own mind.

H. Suppose I tell the President that you won't recommend anyone, but my own estimate of the situation is that Clark is the best man?

C.O.S. I'm sure that would lead to trouble, Harry.

H. What trouble?

C.O.S. I'm afraid I'd have to make a strong objection to Roosevelt.

H. Any reason? I mean any shortcomings in Clark?

C.O.S. No reasons. Just an objection.

H. Do you mean that someone would make your life miserable if you didn't object?

C.O.S. (*shrugging it off*) All right, let it go at that.

H. Which leaves us with Eisenhower? I take it naming him would not result in your life being made miserable?

C.O.S. He's a nothing, Harry.

H. You built him up.

C.O.S. There were pressures on me. Aubrey and Dex, you know. His brother Milton had lots of friends. But Harry, he's really a nothing. You know, there are things in my career I'm not proud of, things I wouldn't have done if I'd known then what I know now. But maybe the worst thing I ever did was . . . Maybe when I'm long buried and everybody knows all about me, the words on my tombstone will read: "He made Eisenhower."

H. You really hate him.

C.O.S. I don't hate him. He's sort of my child. My own creation. Does a man hate the poor defective infant who is his own son? He pities him. He rues the day he conceived him. But he doesn't hate him.

(To Be Continued)

One Year Of Instauration

Readers will note that the cover of this issue bears the imprint, "Vol. 1, No. 12," an unobtrusive way of announcing that *Instauration* has now reached the venerable age of one. Many magazines, especially those with a heavy list to the right, have expired long before their first birthday. Whether *Instauration* lives another year or lives to be a hundred will depend largely on reader interest and the whims of our official and unofficial censors. At present we are relatively free of harassment, for the simple reason that no one takes us seriously.

What has *Instauration* learned in its first year? Principally that there is room in the country for such a magazine. With almost no promotion and with practically no resources, our circulation has inched upward every month. Only one subscriber cancelled — a female libertarian in California who wanted all her money back after receiving four issues. We repaid her in full and kissed her good-by.

Secondly, we have learned that there is a pool of intelligent people who share our ideas and who have the talent to express them in parseable English prose. In fact, *Instauration* is probably more important to its writers (all, alas, unpaid) than to its readers. It serves as a training camp for the young Majority intellectual corps on whom we depend to fight and win the ideological battles of the future.

Instead of presents on the occasion of our first birthday, we would prefer to receive our subscribers' continuing forbearance. We have made a lot of mistakes, particularly in the realm of sloppy layout and shocking typographical errors. We plead guilty, but ask for clemency on the extenuating circumstance that we can afford only one proofreader — namely, the editor. Also, since we have no money to lose, we could spend none on the various personnel which other magazines consider absolutely necessary, such as art directors, photographers, illustrators, paste-uppers,

copyreaders, assistant editors, department heads, researchers, file clerks, circulation managers, etc., etc. Of sheer necessity all of these multifarious tasks had to be performed by one aching head and one pair of twitching hands.

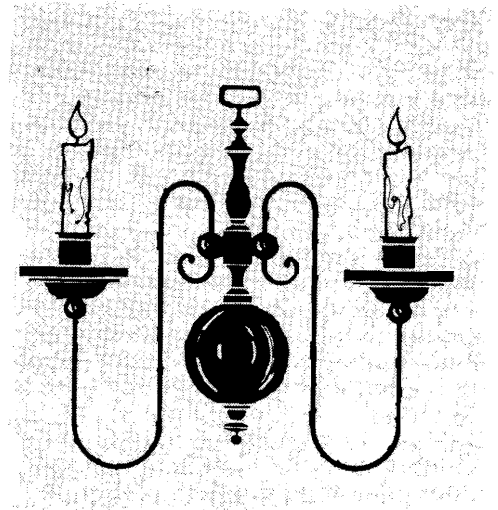
But as more readers grew interested in the magazine — helping with promotion, sending in interesting clippings, writing stimulating letters, contributing informative articles and, most welcome of all, pen-and-ink drawings — the editor's load was happily lightened. As a matter of fact, if the silver lining thickens and brightens, he plans to take a one-day vacation during the Christmas holidays of 1979.

Meanwhile, we thank you for your subscriptions and your gift subscriptions and we thank you in advance for your renewals. In spite of our nonprofessionalism, you have been patient and loyal. We hope that in our second year *Instauration* will earn your respect.



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912–1960)



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. Later, an English Lord offers the Old Man a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil if he will put the U. S. into World War I on the side of Britain, which he obligingly does. Twenty years later the Old Man's oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. A few years later the Communists' nominee for Army Chief of Staff is opposed by Harry, who is warned by the Publisher that the only way to start World War II, which they both want, is to persuade Russia to abandon Spain to Franco. The Kremlin reluctantly agrees to go along, provided General Marshall is appointed Chief of Staff. Later Harry is appalled by the Russian-German Nonaggression Pact and is even more appalled when the Publisher explains that Henry Wallace should Be Democratic vice-presidential candidate and Wendell Willkie Republican presidential nominee in 1940. By the end of the following year, the unholy team of FDR, Stalin, Litvinov, Comintern Spy Sorge and the U.S. Chief of Staff got Japan to "pull off" Pearl Harbor, after which the threat of blackmail persuades a high State Department official to reshuffle the China Desk and the Chief of Staff fails to persuade Harry to make him Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces in Europe.

PART TWO, ACT I

Scene 1: A doctor's office in Washington in 1943. Dex is there with a woman he addresses as Sarah.

DEX. There's nothing the matter with me. I didn't come to be examined or even for a pill. I have another kind of problem. I don't know whether you can help me.

SARAH. First you better tell me what it is.

D. It's about Harry.

S. So it's not a medical matter.

D. No, it's a Party one. I'm afraid things have been leading up to it for a long time — because the nearer the war gets to being won the less chance there is of postponing a split with Harry. With most of the Administration you don't have such a problem. Harry never pretended we didn't exist the way most of the Administration does. He just tried to use us when he could. So when we begin to have a different policy from Harry's, he smells it a mile away. He's caused us some trouble already and I'm afraid he's going to get worse.

S. Am I to ask stupid questions or just listen with rapt attention?

D. Anyway we got Harry out of the White House. He doesn't sleep there anymore.

S. How did you do that?

D. In the simplest and smoothest way imaginable. She told Roosevelt she wanted Anna to stay with them at the White House and there just wasn't any available bedroom except Harry's. But it hasn't made much difference. He's over there all day and evening, so Roosevelt sees almost as much of him as ever. Right now, we've got something important lined up for Roosevelt and I don't dare send it up because he'll give it to Harry and Harry will kill it. A lot of other people will be against it too, of course, but with them we might turn on a lot of emotional publicity and be able to bat some or all of it through. But Harry won't give into publicity any more than Churchill will and between them they'll kill it.

S. What is this it?

D. I've decided to call it the Morgenthau Plan. After all, my boss has always been a

handy figurehead and deserves some fame, don't you think? Actually, it ought to be called the Vishinski Plan, at least I'm pretty sure he supervised its formative stages. Whether he sold the idea to Stalin, I don't know. Stepanov doesn't tell us these things.

S. What's it about?

D. It's about what the occupying powers should do about postwar Germany.

S. And?

D. It's designed to make it impossible for Germany to wage another war. It calls for partition, of course, but the main thing it requires is the destruction of the entire industrial plant in what remains of western and central Germany and the flooding of most of the German mines.

S. S. Is this supposed to be a step towards socialism in Central Europe?

D. I wouldn't think so. It seems primarily military.

S. And with no industries and no mines what is the German population going to live on?

D. Agriculture.

S. That number of people?

D. A lot of them are just going to have to . . . well, die.

S. I would imagine so. And you think you can get Roosevelt to approve that?

D. I'm not worried so long as Harry isn't around. There are ways. But Harry would wreck it. There's a conference coming up with Churchill in a little while. I think it's going to be held at Quebec. If we can get Roosevelt to approve it, perhaps he and Marshall can force Churchill to accept it. If not, perhaps we can get something out of Churchill as the price of our giving in or modifying the plan.

S. Dex, do you really have to try to put it into effect? I mean, is it genuine top-level Soviet policy or is it somebody's brainstorm down the line, somebody who thinks it might be a nice piece of revenge and who acquires a lot of credit in the

Continued On Next Page

The Game And The Candle

process? Is it something some poor hysterical Jew thought up because his horror of Hitler so overwhelmed him that he couldn't think straight any more?

D. No, it's right from the top. It's not Jewish at all. Sane or mad, it's pure Russian.

S. It's about as far from the principles of international communism as anything I've ever heard of. What's become of the conviction that the working masses of all countries are peaceful and democratic if they can be freed of capitalist and fascist leadership?

D. The German masses have been corrupted by Hitler. They'll need a long period of re-education.

S. That I can see. But extermination is something else again.

D. I know it sounds a little harsh, but there are still powerful fascist forces here and in England only waiting to stir up the Germans again against Russia.

S. Well, my instincts are against it. Anyway you and I can't second-guess the Soviet Government. So you have the problem of Harry. How do you intend to solve it?

D. That's what I wanted to ask you about. Is there something that would sort of lay him up for a few weeks? Nothing that would injure him permanently, of course, just something to get him out of the way till I can get this thing approved at the White House?

S. How would you propose to administer *this something*?

D. Well, I'm invited to a New Year's party at his house in Georgetown. I thought if you could give me something I might be able to slip it in his drink or something.

S. [after pondering] Not in his drink. It would have a taste. But I do have something that ought to work. I'll wet some crackers with it and then dry them out. Take them with you to the party and when you get a chance spread something strong tasting over them, caviar or herring, for example. Does he go for such snacks?

D. He loves caviar.

S. Good. That'll hide the taste all right. Just a cracker for him while you're talking? There would be nothing strange about that, would there?

D. What could be more natural!

Scene 5: *The office of the Chief of Staff a few days later. He is seated at his desk while Dex places some papers in front of him.*

DEX. General, this is a somewhat confidential matter so I thought I had better bring it over myself rather than try to buck it through channels. The Treasury Department has just signed an agreement with the Russians and we would like you to fly some material for us to Russia.

CHIEF OF STAFF. I see. Is it any of my business what the material is?

D. Not particularly, but I don't mind telling you. It's plates — ink and paper for printing dollar occupation currency that the Russians will issue in their zone of Germany.

C. When they get there.

D. They'll get there all right.

C. I suppose so. But why do they want this from us? Are they going to print U.S. currency?

D. Yes.

C. How much?

D. (laughing) Nobody knows.

C. What will happen? Will the Treasury eventually redeem all this stuff without even knowing how much it's going to be?

D. It won't run into too much. It can't be too much or it would steer occupied Germany into a runaway inflation.

C. What's the point of it?

D. No point, really. Russian egotism, I guess. They probably want to prove they can outsmart the capitalist powers with the capitalists' own money. Also, they're afraid even conquered Germans won't take rubles, so they want an occupation currency that is worth something.

C. (looking the papers over) All right. I'll arrange to have a bomber fly your stuff nonstop to eastern Siberia.

D. Let me know where and when the plane will load and I'll see that all the cargo is there at the right time. (a pause) By the way I have a little message for you.

C. (disturbed) What message?

D. You know Molotov is flying here on a state visit.

C. (angrily, as he suspects what is coming) Yes, I know.

D. There's no point in getting mad at me, I'm just the messenger boy.

C. What do you mean talking like that in here! Suppose our talk is being recorded?

D. So what? You can destroy the tape. Surely you don't think anyone else has bugged your office? J. Edgar Hoover, for instance? The Un-American Activities Committee? Wake up. This isn't Russia.

C. I still don't like it.

D. As for the message, Hull and Litvinov are to meet Molotov at the airport. They want you to be there, too.

C. Me, alone with the Secretary of State? It's absurd and outrageous. I would have no business there. It isn't a military mission. If anyone beside Hull should be there, it might be the Secretary of War, but not me. I will be much too conspicuous.

D. I imagine that's exactly why they want you to come. They probably have something in mind for you, some important role in some future operation. Moscow double-deals in such a subtle fashion it can drive a man nuts.

C. I just don't see the point.

D. I suppose they want the right people to know that in their book you're a highly qualified guy. After all, they can't write a little note to all the undercover party people, all the fellow travelers, all the bleeding hearts, all the friends of world peace and the whole damn circus of everyone who tails the Russian kite saying that little Georgie Marshall is a good friend of the Soviet cause and whatever he does is kosher. So you can go down and stand hat in hand in front of Molotov and the smart ones will understand and it will gradually leak down to the working stiffs.

C. You think that's what it is then?

D. That plus their telling me to carry the message. For a long time, as I suppose you knew, those of us who knew you when, so to speak, were forbidden to admit that we even knew who you were, let alone give you the time of day. So I'd guess there are new plans afoot, new jobs coming up. No rest for the weary, General. Here you've almost got one war won for them and they're already thinking up some other damn job for you.

C. What sort of thing?

D. I have a guess. It has to do with the Far East.

C. Why on earth . . .

D. Things are going too good out there. Without half trying our Pacific forces have got the war all but won. Looks like the real problem is to keep Japan from just up and quitting.

C. You know very well I've done all I can to concentrate entirely on Germany, but I don't have any tight control over MacArthur and, of course, no control at all over the Navy. Forrestal always has to get some allocation of men and materials and what he and the damn admirals do with it is just out of my power. I can't even complain too much about it to Roosevelt. It makes him think I'm suffering from professionalism or reminds him of rumors I'd just as soon he forgot.

D. Rumors?

C. That goddamn Churchill picked some scandal up somewhere and must have passed it on. How else do you suppose I got cheated out of the Supreme Command and had to turn it over to that grinning incompetent? It was mine by rights. Stalin realized that and tried to help me get it. But Churchill blocked it absolutely, and I'm sure he brought it off by something he told Roosevelt.

D. Could be. We're always likely to forget that the British have an intelligence service too. So that's how Eisenhower got the job. But I thought he was sort of your pet.

C. He was useful to me when we were first building up the American army in Africa. I understood Milton had assured a lot of your friends that even though he wasn't quite bright that was a good thing. It made

Continued On Page 23

NOMINATIONS FOR RACIAL RENEGADE OF THE YEAR

The January 1977 issue of *Instauration* will inaugurate an annual feature — a cover story on the Majority member who has done most to downgrade his people over the past year. The choice will be a difficult one because so many Majority members specialize in this cloacal form of genetic treachery. All the more reason to zero in on the worst proditor and put him and his acts in the proper glaring perspective. As long as Majority members can make a successful and lucrative career out of betraying their own kind, America's largest population group can never expect to escape the grip of minority racism.

Nominations for Racial Renegade of the Year are solicited from contributors, whose communications, as always, will be held in strictest confidence. Please send in the name of your candidate, preferably with reasons for your choice, before December 10; so your nomination will make the January issue.

IF WE HAD PUT RACE FIRST . . .

1. There would have been no War between the States. Those who are conscious of belonging to the same race do not fight each other to the death for the benefit of an alien race. Having escaped mutual slaughter, the American Majority would today be of much higher genetic quality and would represent a substantially larger proportion of the population.

2. There would have been no World War I. Race-conscious Northern Europeans and their descendants overseas would have devoted their energies to more constructive pursuits than raging nationalism, whose final accomplishment is the drying up of gene pools.

3. Without World War I there would have been no World War II . . . no Russian hegemony over Europe . . . no disintegration of the British Empire . . . no partition of Germany . . . no dispossession of the Palestinians . . . no Israel.

4. Unaided by the cultural and racial degeneracy provided by two World Wars and countless revolutions, Marx, Freud and Boas and their infantile notions would have been laughed out of the social sciences. Modern liberalism would be recognized for what it is — a political, economic and social expression of envy.

5. Instead of belonging to the United Nations, Northern Europeans would have long ago formed a racial federation, not to advance the interests of nationalism, socialism, capitalism and equalitarianism, but solely to advance the interests of Northern Europeans in Europe and elsewhere.

6. With their unlimited energy and genius freed from the genocidal threat of age-old nationalistic rivalries and the forced subsidizing of beggar and parasitical races in their midst, Northern Europeans would have developed a technology that would have stopped environmental pollution in its tracks and provided adequate goods, services, food and housing for every deserving kinsman.

7. The immeasurable progress of culture and civilization would have lifted the morale and spiritual capabilities of the race to such a level that Shakespeare, Mozart and Praxiteles would have been reduced to the status of minor artists.

8. Eugenic programs would have raised the average European IQ to 125, with a 25-year-program in force to raise it to 140 by the turn of the century.

9. In the year 2000, under the watchful eyes of expert geneticists, a special group of isolated Majority members, already possessing several important and beneficial mutations in regard to mental and physical stamina, would be busy breeding the first generation of potential supermen.

10. The grand adventure of evolution would again be in full swing.

The Game and The Candle *Continued From Page 14*

him have a great respect for Milton, who is bright.

D. He may not be bright, but he's well informed. He knows there ain't nobody here but us liberals.

C. Whenever Eisenhower needed advice, which would be whenever he did anything at all, he would naturally turn to Milton, and so get the kind of advice your friends would want him to get. So I thought why not attach a competent professional military man to him and let Eisenhower rattle around in the politics and publicity. So I put Bradley in to command the Army and pushed Eisenhower up the ladder so fast it even made Roosevelt mad. And then they turned around and put him in my job. It's infuriating.

D. We had nothing to do with it.

C. Maybe you didn't and maybe you did. How do I know what went on behind my back between you and Milton? Maybe you talked to *her* about it, too. I don't trust anyone around here. The damndest bunch of backstabbers and infighters I ever saw. And I used to think the West Point clique played dirty politics!

D. You know, I was just wondering about where Churchill could have picked up some gossip about you.

C. Where?

D. Harry.

C. (*surprised*) By God, you may be right. I hadn't thought of him. He and I were in England together and he was always sort of chilly with me, and real friendly with Churchill. Called him Winston, if you please, and right in front of me when I had to call him "Mr. Prime Minister." It rankled a little at the time but I'd forgotten it. But it shows you the kind of jealous advantages a man like Harry would be willing to take. He could have cooked up any kind of slander for Churchill just to keep me out of the supreme command and get it for Eisenhower.

D. Do you think Harry's a particular friend of Eisenhower's? I thought he hardly knew him.

C. He's far from being a particular friend of Eisenhower. In fact he tried to keep him out of the Supreme Command, blaming his opposition on Roosevelt. But I've noticed when Roosevelt's away from home

and can't talk things over with her he generally takes Harry's advice.

D. Well, things ought to be all right at Quebec then. I know for a fact that Harry hasn't been asked to go. He's been so sick for several months he's lost his inside track at the White House.

C. I wouldn't bank on it, much as I'd like to myself. Roosevelt finds it quite hard to get along without him.

D. Well, then, let's make the most of the time we have. Did you read Morgenthau's memo?

C. Of course.

D. Do you approve of it?

C. I don't believe anyone would weigh my honest opinion.

D. Never mind that. What's your official position?

C. That it's the only way to secure peace and world democracy. Isn't that the proper phrase?

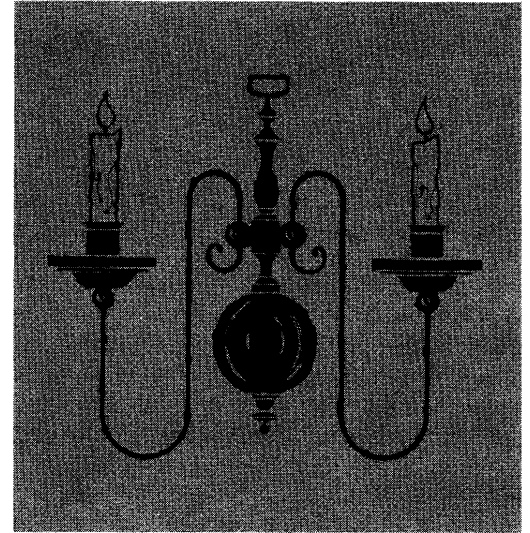
D. Not for you. You just say it'll save the lives of millions of American boys and save billions in the defense budget.

(To Be Continued)



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912–1960)



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. Later, an English Lord offers the Old Man a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil if he will put the U. S. into World War I on the side of Britain, which he obligingly does. Twenty years later the Old Man's oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. A few years later the Communists' nominee for Army Chief of Staff is opposed by Harry, who is warned by the Publisher that the only way to start World War II, which they both want, is to persuade Russia to abandon Spain to Franco. The Kremlin reluctantly agrees to go along, provided General Marshall is appointed Chief of Staff. Later Harry is appalled by the Russian-German Nonaggression Pact and is even more appalled when the Publisher explains that Henry Wallace should Be Democratic vice-presidential candidate and Wendell Willkie Republican presidential nominee in 1940. By the end of the following year, the unholy team of FDR, Stalin, Litvinov, Comintern Spy Sorge and the U.S. Chief of Staff persuaded Japan to "pull off" Pearl Harbor. With victory in World War II in sight, Dex plans to immobilize Harry with a dose of poison to keep him away from the peace negotiations, and Russia indicates it has great things in store for the Chief of Staff.

PART TWO, ACT I

Scene 6: *An unidentified hotel room in Washington, Spring 1944. Dex is present with two men, Leon and Paul.*

DEX. Leon, I just don't like it. It's too smart.

PAUL. Don't be so wastefully redundant.

Did you ever know Leon to dream up anything that wasn't too smart? If there's an easy way to do something, Leon won't touch it.

LEON. Your problem, Paul, is going to be your access to the man.

P. And you think that you will have better access to Truman than we have to Douglas or Wallace?

D. Please stick to the point, Paul, I've told you Wallace is out. Even if we wanted him, we couldn't force it.

L. Also it so happens many of us don't want him.

P. I thought you had confined your venom to Douglas.

L. My dear Paul, I have no venom for anyone. That is not my understanding of the democratic process. I am perfectly friendly with Bill Douglas. I just do not think he has the proper qualities to be the next Vice President.

P. Yeah. I know how friendly you are with him. Any time he could do you an injury, he would.

L. That's very unfair to him. I'd advise you not to make wild, unsupported statements that border on scandal.

P. Since when was it scandalous to want to take a poke at you?

D. Cut it out, will you! We're getting nowhere. I'm going to ask Boris if he has any feelings about those two.

L. I don't think under any circumstances we should talk to Stepanov, or any other Russian, if there are other Russians you two talk to.

P. What are you so damn sensitive about?

L. I think we should always, all of us, be in a position to say that we three advised Sidney on the basis of our own best judgment. We certainly wouldn't want to admit that we discussed the matter with a member of the official Soviet staff in this country, particularly one who is supposed to be a chauffeur or something. That would be pure folly.

P. What are you afraid of, the Un-American Activities Committee? Can't you lie?

L. My dear Paul, I have made it my business all my political life to conduct myself so that I never have to lie. As I have said, there is absolutely nothing for which we could be criticized, anywhere, any time, before any forum, in our attempt to reconcile the viewpoints of three, shall we say "liberal," American groups and interests.

P. Don't be such an ass. If you're not a CP member, it's only because the Party told you not to join, for tactical reasons or something. Maybe so you'd never have to lie. Anyway who or what are your three interests?

L. I could also define them as three interpretations of one interest, three operators in different fields of the same endeavor. You, Paul, are the conscience of Sidney Hillman and men who think like him in the labor movement. Dex has masterly access to the powers of the Administration. I, in my humble way, can now and then deliver a little Senatorial support or talk to a financier or two. That is the threefold aspect I was talking about. That is why we should establish a meeting of the minds, a true consensus, among us. The problem of Communist Party membership and smalltime strategy with which you seem to want to concern yourselves is undeserving of both my time and effort. I really know nothing about such things.

D. You'd be such an ideal witness before some anticommunist Congressional Committee it's a shame no one has ever called you.

P. That's why they haven't.

L. There has never been any reason to. I know nothing about any matter that would interest such a committee. For instance this little meeting of ours could interest no one. But if Dex were foolish enough to talk with Captain Stepanov, that conversation would be of great interest. Legitimate interest too, unfortunately.

D. Trying to stick to the subject, what bothers me mostly about your friend

Truman, Leon, is his background, at least his background before you latched onto him. There isn't one thin streak of liberalism in his whole career that I can see. He won't, so to speak, have the "natural instinct" to do any of the things we're going to want him to do. We'll have to depend on contact and guidance every step of the way.

L. And you think you wouldn't have to guide Bill Douglas?

D. Here and there, of course, but I think in his case it would mostly be refining what he'll mostly want to do anyway.

L. I think that is a far less satisfactory situation than one involving a man who wants guidance and has been used to accepting it from his political superiors all his life.

P. That may be just the trouble, Leon. When he's President, he won't have any political superiors. Will he be as willing to accept guidance then?

L. (a little stiffly, because this is the rub) He hasn't any political superior as Senator, at least no one but Roosevelt, and he shows a genuine understanding of the democratic process.

P. For Christ's sake, do you have to talk to us that way?

D. Leave Leon with his jargon. It keeps him in practice. Seriously though, that's just the point that worries me. How do we know if Douglas's liberalism is anything more than a maneuver to get left-wing support for the nomination and that afterwards he won't do a Mussolini and turn against us?

L. To my mind this danger is precisely why access is more valuable and certain in the long run.

P. But there's nothing certain about access either. Lots of men turn on the people that made them.

L. Yes, but that's the last thing Truman is likely to do. Anybody who, when he was a Senator, would openly go visit his old boss Pendergast in a federal prison isn't the kind of man who is going to turn against his friends.

D. That is surely a point in his favor.

L. A point against Douglas is his ambition.

P. I suppose you mean he would be willing to climb ever higher over the piled-up corpses of his former friends?

L. (stiffly) I am simply advocating that we advise Sidney to approve of Truman.

P. Nuts! (suddenly laughing) You know what we should really tell Sidney to do? (pausing for effect) Nominate her! That'd make a wonderful ticket.

L. (coldly) Your humor is totally misplaced, to say nothing of being in wretched taste.

D. (tiredly) Damn it all. Stop it!

P. (grudgingly) All right. What do you want me to do?

L. As I think I indicated, I'm sure a message will be sent from the White House to the Democratic Convention suggesting that the question of the Vice Presidency be cleared with Sidney.

P. Is she going to arrange that?

L. (glaring at him) I know nothing about personalities. They do not interest me. As I said, a message will be sent. As a result, a display of Sidney's approval just before balloting is what is needed. Not sooner, because that might give time to organize undercover opposition and perhaps, even, get some sort of confusing or even contradictory message from the White House. So I suggest, Paul, that on the morning of the first ballot for Vice President Sidney conspicuously has breakfast with Truman at his Chicago Hotel. Afterwards Sidney can talk informally with various convention leaders.

P. Should I be there?

L. That will depend on Sidney's wishes, of course. I should advise against it. You are somewhat identified with certain rather extreme aspects of democracy and social progress. A little more extreme than is generally popular. I think the further you stay in the background the better.

P. Are you afraid of losing your precious monopoly contact?

D. Paul, that is a silly way to talk.

P. Oh, all right, all right. But now presumably at this breakfast Sidney will want to hear something in the way of assurances about future performances. What's your man willing to promise? I've got to tell Sidney that in advance.

L. Clearly Truman will agree that Sidney's people will be retained in all the Federal jobs they now hold and future vacancies will be filled with the same proportion of Sidney's friends. Truman understands this thing from what you might call the Missouri point of view. He's used to the deals between the St. Louis machine and the Kansas City machine and he has the professional's understanding that the life of every political movement is the jobs it has to offer to its true-believing supporters. What we might call the friends of democracy or world peace or whatever name we choose to call all the interrelated aspects of the little movement in which we cooperate together, he sees simply as the friends of Sidney Hillman without inquiring too closely into the reasons why Sidney happens to be its temporary spokesman. That is something of an oversimplification, but is admirable for our purposes and has the double advantage of keeping quite out of Truman's mind the rather delicate question of Russian participation — or perhaps Russian sympathy would be a better way to phrase it.

D. And you think all we should ask him to promise is our share of jobs?

L. My dear Dex, what more would you want a man to promise you? What is government but office holders? What is control of government but control of the actions of men who hold government office? What is the use of asking him now to take verbal positions about future contingencies that may never arrive? In

my experience simplicity is the keynote to political success. Let us not burden Truman with irrelevant complications.

P. Then we should exact no promise about postwar treatment of the Soviet Union?

L. It would be fatal to try. Why ask for what we will get anyway, continuance of the Soviet policies of the Roosevelt Administration. Sidney can merely explain that he has no interest in Soviet affairs as such, but since social progress depends on the maintenance of world peace he knows of no better guarantee of peace than a strict adherence to the foreign policy of Roosevelt. Truman will be glad to promise that, and with the proper proportion of our own friends in proper positions you will have everything you want without having stirred up the hornet's nest that the nomination of a man like Douglas would certainly provoke.

P. Dex, our wily friend may have a point.

D. He may, but there are a few other items we should fuss and fidget over for a second before Leon walks away with his bright idea. First, how about money? Control of jobs is fine, but unless we have a finger in the spending of the Government's money we can be outmaneuvered.

L. This isn't just a show of professionalism from the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury?

D. No, indeed it is not. Ever since Roosevelt transferred the Bureau of the Budget away from Treasury and put it directly under the White House, I've felt a distinct loss of control. Of course, no one can stop Congress appropriating money for offensive war weapons and spy hunts and all the other things the fascist forces want to do, but if you control the Bureau of the Budget at least you can prevent an executive department from asking for funds for such purposes, and often that's half the battle. At worst, it's a great help.

L. You want him to agree that we can name the Budget Director?

D. Well, I think we might be granted the right to discuss the man he names.

P. It's a career job, isn't it? He won't bounce Smith the week Roosevelt dies.

L. Of course he won't, but I think Dex is right in principle. We have an important problem here. Sidney could properly ask for a voice in naming Smith's successor if and when that problem comes up. I don't see any objections to that. What are your other worries, Dex?

D. Well, I've got more than you'll take the time to hear, but there's one overwhelming one. China. What will Truman agree to do out there?

L. Isn't continuing Roosevelt's policies enough?

D. Leon, you know very well that one of our big problems has been to prevent Roosevelt's policies in China being carried out. I don't think I need spell out the details. If you know them, fine. If you don't, just take my word for it. Stalin has told Roosevelt to his face, and told

Continued On Next Page

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Hopkins at least twice that he has no desire to overthrow Chiang. Both men being naive literalists, they can't understand why there are so many difficulties in getting supplies to Chiang and why Stilwell is brazenly unwilling to make good use — from their point of view — of what they've sent him. Now that's a situation that's bound to end in an explosion sooner or later and is likely to be ugly for us. Very ugly. So we're entitled to some sort of understanding of the new President's position on China.

L. I don't think you should speak that adamantly. We are discussing the nomination of a Vice President.

P. For God's sake don't be so prissy.

L. Please! (to Dex) We can't openly and formally take a position contrary to Roosevelt's. Couldn't we argue that with the end of the war we've got to establish a lasting peace in China and that the best means of accomplishing it would be through a coalition? Something like that?

P. It might work if we could be sure of having a civil war still raging in China by the end of the war. China isn't in my backyard, but I ran into Owen the other night at some party and he was really down at the mouth. He said ever since Hopkins began checking up on what Stilwell was doing, our boys in Chungking

hadn't been able to divert enough to the Communists to be worth the bother. That goddamn Harry! Life is hard enough without having your supposed friends stab you regularly in the back.

D. You can't blame Harry too much for that, Paul. Naturally he doesn't know quite what's involved, and all he can see is that Stilwell is no great help against Japan.

P. But damn it all, I do blame him. What does he think a war is? A Yale-Harvard football game that you have to win for dear old alma mater? Can't he get it through his head that we can't afford to come out of the war with American big business in command of the whole Pacific and the whole coast of Asia? He ought to know that it's hell of a lot more important now to get arms to the Communist troops than it is to bother fighting the Japs on the mainland. The Japs are all washed up. Even the Army brass admits that privately. So why the hell can't he give Vinegar Joe the credit for knowing what he's doing and not fly into a pious fury about something he doesn't know anything about?

L. You seem in a fairly pious fury yourself.

D. He always gets mad at Harry, whatever happens. What he really means, though, is that he's mad at me because he's sure if he had my job he could handle Harry a lot better than I do.

P. By God with her help I think I could. No one could do worse! (to Leon) Anyway, Owen told me the Chinese Communists now are backed way up in the northwest. The Japs are protecting them so as to stand in well with Russia, and letting a few supplies trickle through. What really worries Owen is what's going to happen when the Japs get so low in supplies they can't spare any, a time that can't be far away. It's a mess and something has to be done about it fast.

L. Frankly, I don't see anything can be done about it right now. Certainly to ask Truman to take some position on the matter would be madness. It would merely draw his attention to the problem. I'm sure it can be worked out better by the professionals in the lower echelons as the situation develops.

P. That's not much comfort!

L. It may not be, but I ask you to think just what sort of declaration you would ask Douglas to make on the matter. Could he say anything of any more use to us than having Truman say nothing at all? After all, isn't it better for us to have an ignorant Vice President that says nothing than a bushy-tailed President who may say one thing now and another when he moves into the White House?

(To Be Continued)

Renegade *Continued From Page 5*

man reach the Supreme Court, Dean will surface with some new innuendo that will earn them a few more years in jail. And then, of course, whenever he needs a few extra dollars, he can always run to Palevsky with various pieces of slander that he has been squirreling away for the lean years. For example, in his new bestseller *Blind Ambition*, he gratuitously throws in a couple of sentences about Ron Ziegler which flatly accuse the former presidential press secretary of being a frequent customer of Xaviera Hollander, the Dutch-Jewish madam of Manhattan. He could and probably will tell much more about the pornographic movie, in drag, of Tricia Nixon's marriage to Edward Cox, which he saw in a White House cellar during his tour of duty and seemed to think was quite the thing.

A person who makes a business out of incriminating others has to spend a good deal of time searching out new victims. Despite their present love affair with Dean, the *Rolling Stone* staff and Simon and Schuster, his publish-

er, should feel a little uncomfortable. He who squeals once, squeals twice — and thrice — and forever. His current employers and associates may well wonder who is more likely to be the informer's future victims than those for whom he now toils.

Inevitably, Dean's status as a snitch artist will dip as he is forced to concentrate on lower types of celebrities. In the years to come not too many higher-ups will take Dean into their confidence, or tell him jokes, or give him sensitive assignments. In fact, Dean may soon be reduced to making a living by bugging the rooms of politicians' mistresses or playing the pansy to entrap millionaire homosexuals — or maybe he will set up his present or next wife as a call girl and blackmail the paying customers.

Joseph Alsop once called Dean a "bottom-dwelling slug." As he relates in his new book, Dean had to look up slug in the dictionary, where it was defined as "any of various slimy, elongated . . . gastropods related to the terrestrial snail." Alsop added that

"slugs live in mud, under rocks."

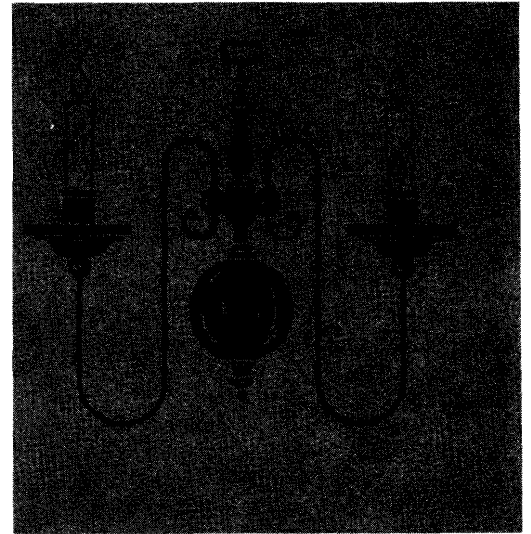
Dean, however, is now a particularly highly paid slug, living hoggishly high in an expensive home near Beverly Hills with the money rolling in from *Rolling Stone* and his bestseller, which excretes the same foul-mouthed style and four-letter Washingtonese as the Nixon tapes. Bantam Books has also been kind enough to give him a sizable advance for a novel *The Nomination* about the first black woman named to the Supreme Court. His wife is also raking in money from "MO," her own special effort to cash in on Watergate. Ghosted by a *Time* magazine hack named Hays Gorey, the book includes the standard chapters on premarital sex, rote marriages and divorces, suicide attempts, nervous breakdowns and other existential milestones of a nice Southern California girl who was the daughter of a Ziegfeld Follies' chorine and a diamond cutter. Here is a typical paragraph from "MO:"

I loved Walter Cronkite. He was so easy to talk to, such a genuine person, delightful and



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912–1960)



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. Later, an English Lord offers the Old Man a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil if he will put the U. S. into World War I on the side of Britain, which he obligingly does. Twenty years later the Old Man's oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. A few years later the Communists' nominee for Army Chief of Staff is opposed by Harry, who is warned by the Publisher that the only way to start World War II, which they both want, is to persuade Russia to abandon Spain to Franco. The Kremlin reluctantly agrees to go along, provided General Marshall is appointed Chief of Staff. Later Harry is appalled by the Russian-German Non-Aggression Pact and is even more appalled when the Publisher explains that Henry Wallace should be Democratic vice-presidential candidate and Wendell Willkie Republican presidential nominee in 1940. By the end of the following year, the unholy team of FDR, Stalin, Litvinov, Comintern Spy Sorge and the U. S. Chief of Staff persuaded Japan to "pull off" Pearl Harbor. With victory in World War II in sight, Dex plans to immobilize Harry with a dose of poison to keep him away from the peace negotiations, and to keep him from exercising too much influence on the choice of the Democratic vice-presidential candidate in the 1944 election.

PART TWO, ACT I

Scene 7: Harry's White House office, early November, 1944. Harry is angrily talking to Dex.

HARRY. Everything I can learn from Chicago indicates that this is a monstrous

double cross. (*interrupting Dex's attempt to speak*) I know. You're going to tell me it's just what I should expect from the friends of the Soviet Government, that I've had adequate experience to know by now that this is standard practice, that by now I should be objective about it.

DEX. Harry, you can't say we double-crossed you. We didn't promise to support you. We like you and all that but we didn't make any promises. And we thought maybe you felt your health was becoming a more serious handicap.

H. My health is just what it's always been. I've had a nasty spell since New Year but I'm fine again now.

D. Anyway, I didn't think Roosevelt was willing to have you as Vice President.

H. You know perfectly well that Roosevelt just stood completely aside. He felt he couldn't afford to get involved with one faction or another.

D. That's right. A free convention.

H. A free convention that he turned over to Sydney Hillman. I should have thought you would at least have talked to me about the man you people were going to back.

D. Well, maybe we should have, but I was afraid since they didn't seem to want to name you. . .

H. Does that mean that you shouldn't talk to me about the man you did want to name? After all the cooperation I've given you over the years?

D. No, you're right, Harry, we should have. We were just embarrassed, I guess, because they didn't want to name you.

H. Any particular reason?

D. No. I guess they were afraid it wouldn't strengthen the ticket.

H. (*angrily*) I told you that all Roosevelt did was stand aside. (*calming down a little*) All right, it's done. I hear you're backing Harry Truman.

D. Yes, we are.

H. What deal have you talked him into?

D. No deal, Harry. We just think he would make a good President.

H. You do? And you're supposed to

represent the most progressive social force in American politics? So you turn up with the worst, most notorious, machine-run, political hack in the Senate as your candidate for the postwar world.

D. Truman isn't all that bad.

H. You're not going to argue that he wasn't the obedient tool of Pendergast? (*Dex remains silent.*) And Pendergast's machine was as corrupt as they come. So the very thing we're trying to root out of democratic politics you people want to drag back in. What's the theory, that you, too, can get along faster by becoming a corrupt political machine yourselves and making deals with other corrupt political machines? That's a new and interesting avenue to socialism.

D. Socialism is the goal, but we have to consider the problems of practical politics as we push along. To tell the truth, Harry, I personally would have preferred Bill Douglas, but I think Sidney has been, or anyway will be, persuaded otherwise.

H. This sounds like Leon. It could only be Leon.

D. It was.

H. (*after a pause*) But you yourself don't like it too much?

D. No.

H. Well, I'm glad you have some political honor left. Douglas at any rate is a man of liberal political principles, not a party hack.

D. That seems to weigh heavily with you.

H. Of course it does. It's going back to the very thing we've been trying to get the Democratic Party away from, those corrupt city machines that were nothing but the sewer stratum of capitalist political domination. (*reflecting a minute*) You know, I think I can still get the President to telegraph the Convention that he thinks well of Douglas. That might turn the Convention, even with Hillman's approval of Truman.

D. Hardly, Harry, after his "Clear it with Sydney" order.

H. In his message, Roosevelt would

probably have to mention Truman or it would make a mess of everything. (He thinks a moment.) Maybe there's a way. (writing) How would this do as a telegram from Roosevelt? "I should be delighted to accept . . . and so forth . . . either of my good friends Bill Douglas or Henry Truman." Everybody knows Truman's name isn't Henry so they'll know the President doesn't really want him?

D. I think you're wasting your time, Harry.

H. How?

D. It's much too subtle. There won't be one delegate in a thousand that catches it. They'll think if they even notice it at all, either that the President is getting kind of senile or his own stenographers are like everybody else's.

H. Well, I'm still going to send it. It's all I can do.

PART TWO, ACT II

Scene 1: A nondescript military office in Malta early in 1945. A large map of Europe hangs on the wall. The Chief of Staff and Harry are present with a third man in the uniform of a Major General. They call him Bugs.

BUGS. (angrily) I'm not going to put up with it, that's all. I just haven't the time to waste.

HARRY. Relax, Bugs. Let's see if we can't find a way out of the wrangle.

B. There's no wrangle. It's insubordination if you like, but no wrangle. The British just don't like to admit that Ike is the Supreme Commander. That's all. All we want you to do is tell the British to obey orders.

H. I'll be glad to do that, but first I'd like to know a little more about the problem.

B. You really don't have to worry about it. It's just a military affair.

H. (mad) You mean I'm supposed to settle a problem that no one will explain to me?

CHIEF OF STAFF. Don't get apoplectic, Harry!

H. When the President hears about some mess and tells me to settle it, I'll be goddamned if I don't take aim at a Major General who thinks he can keep me in the dark.

C. He has a point, Bugs.

B. I didn't mean not to fill you in, sir. It's just that I'm so damn teed off at the British.

H. Probably because if they had not raised hell with you, you wouldn't have to be explaining everything to a mere civilian?

B. Well, that's a factor, too.

H. (mildly) Fair enough. Now what's it all about?

B. (a bit sheepish) I think the Chief of Staff should tell you. He's less disturbed about it than I am.

C. No, it's Eisenhower's baby and you're his deputy. You explain it.

B. You mean you're not going to back Ike?

C. (coldly) Am I accountable to him or you for my actions?

B. Sorry, General. I spoke out of turn.

C. I believe you did.

B. (to Harry, after a pause) The disagreement is about the mechanics of accepting German surrender. The British want German troops to be able to surrender to any Allied unit they choose.

H. And what does Eisenhower want?

B. He is ordering that allied forces can only accept the surrender of German units that fought against them, not units that fought somebody else.

H. He doesn't want the British to accept the surrender of German units that fought against Americans?

B. He doesn't care about that. What he doesn't want is British or American commanders accepting the surrender of troops that have been fighting against the Russians.

H. I see. I take it he doesn't mind the Russians accepting the surrender of troops that fought against us and the British?

B. Technically that would be ruled out, too. But everyone knows not much of that will happen. The pressures are the other way around.

H. All right, why does Eisenhower think it would be desirable to change the normal and historical system of surrender? What's his objection to it?

B. He just thinks his way would be better.

H. Oh, well, if that's his only reason, we'll follow the British system. Anything else?

C. (laughing) Bugs, it's quite apparent your acquaintance with Harry has been somewhat limited and superficial. You see how far you get when you try fobbing him off as though he were a Senator. From now on when he asks you a question, just answer it. Leave the art of persiflage to the civilians. (to Harry) Harry, Eisenhower has some good reasons for his system, which Bugs will now be glad to give you. Won't you, Bugs?

B. Gladly, General. (to Harry) Each army knows the conduct of the units that fought against it and should be entitled to punish the commanders who violated the rules of warfare.

H. No question about that. But what has that to do with who surrenders to whom? No one is going to refuse to turn over a German prisoner charged with a crime to whoever wants him.

B. Eisenhower feels it would be harder to keep track of the culprits under the British system.

H. That's absurd. Isn't every Allied officer prepared to keep a record of the units which surrender to him?

B. Of course.

H. Is there anything to prevent laying hands on anyone in half an hour if the Russians file a charge?

B. He thinks the Russians will feel we won't give them all the people they ask for.

H. Well, that's easily settled and should be settled topside anyway. We'll exchange notes with Stalin about that when we get to Yalta.

C. Harry, your reasoning is sound, but I happen to know that the Russians are so concerned about it that they'll probably bring up the issue themselves at Yalta if Eisenhower's plan isn't accepted.

H. They care that much?

C. From what I gather they need a lot of prisoners of war for reconstruction. Remember what Hitler has done to Russia. They know if the Germans can surrender to the British and us, they'll do it every time.

H. That's not really a question of surrender, George. That's a question of custody.

B. They have another argument. They've lost so many men they're afraid they won't be able to keep their women as pregnant as they want them to be. So that's another job for the German prisoners. (He laughs loudly, but Harry and the Chief of Staff don't join in.)

H. Any other reason, any better reason, Eisenhower finds persuasive?

B. The Russians are afraid the Germans will surrender to the West while they're still fighting against the Russians in the East. If that happens, most of Germany and maybe Czechoslovakia and perhaps even part of Poland might be occupied by us instead of the Red Army. So if we stick to the British plan, and if the Russians are right, we'd have to work out the logistics of a far deeper penetration into eastern Germany than Eisenhower bargained for. And that would affect the timing, direction and weight of our offensive.

H. It was agreed at Teheran that we'd establish the boundaries of our three respective zones — British, American and Russian. Have they been worked out yet? (not waiting for an answer) At any rate, what has surrender got to do with preliminary or final occupation zones? The idea is to get the fighting over with as soon as possible and then move armies, prisoners and what have you in accordance with the wishes the three powers. It seems to me the British position makes sense and Eisenhower's doesn't. I take it that he hasn't thought too much about the consequences, one way or the other, and is willing to go along with the Russians because they're making so much noise about it?

B. That's one element, but the problem's also tied up with the demarcation of the zones.

H. Haven't the boundaries been agreed on?

B. Not exactly.

H. Goddamn it, no wonder the British are mad. (trying to keep calm) Bugs, I'm not exactly the well-educated college man who believes that the *New York Times* tells

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him everything he needs to know. I've been doing a lot of scrounging for President Roosevelt in a pretty complicated war where a certain amount of side issues keep bobbing up. Like now. When you say "not exactly" about zone boundaries, you'd like me to think that maybe a few square miles this way or that have still not been settled. Right?

B. (embarrassed) No, not exactly.

H. "Not exactly" seem to be your two favorite words. They probably mean that Eisenhower has gone ahead and agreed, or anyway agreed to agree, on zone boundaries that are not in accord with the Teheran proposals. Right?

B. Not exactly.

H. For Christ's sake will you stop repeating yourself! All right, exactly what has Eisenhower agreed to?

B. Well, he's gone along with a Russian zone boundary running a little west of Berlin. It seemed a better line, geographically.

H. A little west. How little is little? Potsdam?

B. More than that. (suddenly giving up) The line runs roughly from Hamburg to Kassel and then to the tip of Czechoslovakia.

H. (going up and tracing the line on the wall map) Yes, that is a little west of Berlin.

B. Oh, Eisenhower hasn't given up Berlin. We and the British will have joint rights there with the Russians, and each of us will have a sector of the city.

H. How nice. And how are we to get there?

B. There'll be sort of corridors.

H. How do "sort of corridors" differ from corridors?

B. Well, we'll have air and ground transit rights.

H. Will we control the roads and railroads we're to use?

B. No.

H. The Russians will let us go to Berlin whenever we want to — unless they don't feel like letting the trains run. Is that it? (Bugs doesn't answer.) And they agree not to shoot our planes down if they stay on course? (Bugs still keeps quiet. Harry turns back to the map and studies it again briefly.) How about Czechoslovakia and Denmark?

B. (appearing to be surprised) But they're not to be in any zones. They're not German territory.

H. Oddly enough, I'm aware of that. But they do happen, at the moment, to be occupied by German troops.

B. (brightly, as though he had just realized what Harry is driving at) I see what you mean, sir. The German troops in both countries, I believe, are units that formerly were fighting the Russians.

H. So under Eisenhower's agreement it will be Russian troops that occupy both of them?

B. Technically, yes. But they'll withdraw just as soon as a local civilian government can be established.

H. They've assured Eisenhower of that? (Bugs nods.) Crossed their hearts and hoped to die? (He suddenly changes to an informal tone.) Tell me, Bugs, has Ike still got that pretty English Wren driver, what's her name, Kay Summersby?

B. (relieved at the pleasant turn in the conversation) Why, yes.

H. I'm surprised Zhukov hasn't sent him a pretty Russian driver. She'd be more of an expert on continental matters than an English girl, wouldn't you think? Perhaps she wouldn't be tempted to keep to the left all the time.

C. Bugs, you can leave now. I want to talk to Harry alone.

B. Certainly, sir. (He leaves.)

H. What a goddamn fool!

C. Who? Bugs or Ike?

H. (irritably) Oh neither, I suppose. But goddamn it, there's one thing I wish hadn't happened. You probably know Dex jammed through a pet project of his and gave the Russians our money plates, together with the paper and ink to print dollar occupation currency?

C. Yes, I know.

H. Well, there it is. Now any time the Russians want to hand an American general a million dollars or so, they can do it. No cost. No fuss. No accounting. Best of all, no trace.

C. Are you implying that anyone in particular might have received some of those Russian dollars? Anyone we might know?

H. Offhand, no. But the fact remains that there will be millions of dollars floating around. And how in hell is a poor West Pointer ever going to have another chance to lay his hands on that kind of money? Sometimes you ask yourself questions like that when you're alone at night.

C. I don't.

H. I guess I shouldn't either. Let's just skip it. But the whole goddamn thing is such a half-baked way of doing things. With all the yak-yaking on how we mustn't drive the Russians into a separate peace, the way we're acting the English might get some ideas of their own. And damned if I would blame them, particularly after the holy hell this surrender thing will cause. I haven't worked with the Russians for four years without learning all the ugly accusations they're going to make when we repudiate Eisenhower's scheme. You were right. Ike's a nothing. The political foresight of a four-year-old. Does he still play yo-yo or something in his spare time?

C. I would doubt it. Being chauffeured around by his Wren, I think, keeps him fairly busy.

H. Churchill will go wild. The Russians on the North Sea and holding Denmark and the Kiel canal! The British will wonder why they bothered to win the war. They couldn't be worse off if they had lost it.

C. Isn't that a slight exaggeration?

H. Maybe, maybe. But still it was stupid of Eisenhower. Roosevelt has been so keen on getting everyone to agree on everything and getting the UN organized and

functioning. This will tear everything apart. And the stupidest thing about it is that, if Eisenhower had just stuck to the Teheran agreements, the Russians would have sulked around a week or two for the record and then everybody would have been happy. And there's no use taking refuge behind Eisenhower's lack of authority to breach the Teheran accords. They'll just look at you with fishy eyes and say that commanding generals don't make agreements they're not authorized to make. They'll then want to know about the secret fascists who have induced the American government to retreat from the sacrosanct position it authorized General Eisenhower to take in its name? How do you answer them? The Russians would shoot one of their generals to prove he had signed something without authorization and that would be that. Should we shoot Ike?

C. It might be a good idea. Trouble is it's the only thing I can think of that would arouse the combined opposition of both the *Washington Post* and the *Chicago Tribune*. Perhaps we'd better not. But seriously, Harry, do you think you have to repudiate the agreement?

H. I don't see we have any choice. How on earth could we get the British to accept it? For us, I don't care too much. Except I think it will prolong the war a bit. The Berlin arrangement sounds like a mess but none of it matters too much to us. We're not smack up against the continent of Europe the way the British are. I know Roosevelt feels that way about it, and it seems to me to make sense. But the British are understandably much more sensitive about such a situation. Having to contemplate future Russian naval power in the North Sea will kind of sour their outlook on life. If nothing else, it could quickly become a factor in their domestic politics.

C. Why do we have to care what the British think? If Eisenhower's agreement doesn't bother us, why not let it stand?

H. Do you think that's a good way to start off postwar relations with our closest ally?

C. Well, we have to keep on good terms with the Russians too. When the dust settles, Russia is going to be a lot more powerful than England in both Europe and Asia. I think the wisest policy for us is to do whatever it takes to get along with Stalin.

H. Suppose what they want affects our national security?

C. Our strength and our geography will take care of anything the Russians could possibly do.

H. You don't think England's friendship is essential to us?

C. I don't see what good England can do the United States.

H. That is exactly the isolationist position.

C. Not at all. I'm only saying that Russia's friendship is of more use to us than England's.

H. Why?

C. Because Russia is so much more powerful.

H. Powerful enough to win a war against us?

C. Not that.

H. Not powerful enough to hurt us. But powerful enough to help us. Help us how?

C. In working for world peace — and in expanding world trade.

H. And England is no use to us in these things?

C. Of course, Harry. I didn't say . . .

H. Look, George. There are two ways of looking at this. There is the old-fashioned perspective of military power. You just assume that sooner or later **anybody** may be your enemy and you make sure you don't get into a position where **anybody** can beat you. Right? The other way is Roosevelt's way — trying to set up a world where we're not always afraid someone is going to make war on us. It doesn't make much sense to try to mix these two ways up. If we ought to do this or that for Russia because she's so damn powerful, then we ought to arm ourselves to the teeth and arrange and finagle with other allies so she isn't quite so powerful. That would be the old-fashioned way. But if we're going to try to work for a peaceful international community, we have to assume that something the English are sensitive about is just as important as something the Russians are sensitive about. If we proposed Anglo-American occupation of Poland and East Prussia, would you expect the Russians to like it? We know we're not going to make war against them, and even if they believed us, they still would be unwilling to have us in East Prussia. So why doesn't it also work the other way around?

C. (a little irritated) It doesn't for a very good and simple reason. The Russians are powerful enough to be able to **do** something about the things they want. The British aren't. All they can do is talk to you and Roosevelt.

H. I see. So our side has really been playing the power game, while feeble intellects like mine and Roosevelt's operate under the delusion that something different and better is going on.

C. You'll have to make your own interpretation of events. All I know is that the Russians are able to act and the British are only able to talk.

H. If we get tough, just what sort of things are the Russians prepared to **do**?

C. They'll probably refuse to join the United Nations.

H. Can't the British also refuse to join?

C. Well, it's not the same.

H. George is that really it? Isn't what the Russians are able to **do**, as you call it, a little more personal?

C. What do you mean by that?

H. Haven't they put personal pressure on you?

C. How could they?

H. I'll leave that to you, but I wonder if I need remind you Aubrey Williams used to

be one of my subordinates and I've known Dex for years.

C. That has nothing to do with anything.

H. I'm sure it doesn't.

C. Harry, let's get back to the point. What are you going to do about the Eisenhower plan?

H. Suggest to the President that we have a private talk with Stalin to explain the impossibility of what Ike has agreed to.

C. It won't work. It'll still be a hopeless mess. I would certainly urge Eisenhower to resign the Supreme Command if you don't back him. And I'm sure he would. The bad publicity will make Churchill and Stalin furious and the whole Yalta conference will probably break down. With both the Japanese war and the UN hanging fire, you just won't be able to swing it, Harry. Roosevelt won't let you upset so many applecarts.

H. If I don't, the British will. (after a pause) I'll tell you what I'm going to do, George, and you're going to help me, whether you like it or not. It will prolong the fighting, but the conference is the vital thing now. (He goes over to the map.) I'll accept all of Eisenhower's agreement, about surrender, zones, Berlin, occupation of Czechoslovakia, the whole damn nonsense, except this. (He puts his finger on a spot on the Elbe.) From here the line has got to run to Lubeck. This whole North Sea coast and the Danish border goes in the British zone. And the German commander in Denmark gets orders to surrender only to British troops, not even to Americans. I'll save Eisenhower the embarrassment by taking the responsibility for getting the British to accept the plan with these changes. It's up to you and Eisenhower to get the Russians to play ball. I don't know how you're going to do it, but you're going to. If you don't and if the Russians start wrangling about it at Yalta, there's going to be trouble. And trouble can come from two directions.

C. Don't you think. . .

H. I've given up thinking. I'm fresh out of it. Except I do have an afterthought. If you feel your job of trying to persuade the Russians is too hard, perhaps I could cable Dex to fly over and try his hand at it.

C. You don't need to do that.

H. Come to think of it, I have a second afterthought. One Eisenhower is enough. I want General Stilwell out of the picture as of right now. When Japan surrenders, I don't want to discover that Stilwell has agreed that the Russians can occupy Peking and Shanghai.

Scene 2: A cabin on the USS Quincy at anchor at Algiers some weeks later. Harry is present with a man wearing the stripes of a Vice Admiral.

ADMIRAL. But Harry, I just can't put you ashore. It's preposterous. You're part of the President's party. I can't just dump you on the beach at Algiers and let you hitch-hike home any old which way.

HARRY. Why can't you. The President gave me permission to leave.

A. Of course, technically you can go. But I mean it would be a terrible mistake, wouldn't it? Wouldn't it announce a breach between you and the President after all these years. Cool off, Harry, please.

H. I'm perfectly cool. I told the President that my ulcers would be more comfortable if I flew home. That's all.

A. That's absurd. The Quincy is going to loaf on home and you can get all the rest you need.

H. Sorry.

A. If it were your damn health, why didn't you ask Stalin for a direct flight from Yalta?

H. I didn't feel like taking a plane then.

A. You mean you and Roosevelt quarreled after you left? Where? At Alexandria?

H. We didn't quarrel.

A. Not much.

H. Stop trying to pump me, Tommy. I just want to go home. Alone. Yours is a nice ship, but I just don't like her anymore.

A. Did they agree to something at Yalta that upset you?

H. I said, no.

A. You mustn't let the President get on your nerves. He's not well. I've noticed that. He's fussier than he used to be. Sometimes I'm not sure he quite remembers what he's done or said. He must have had several little strokes, I'd say. You've got to make allowances, Harry.

H. He's healthy enough. He's able to listen to George tell him stories all day, day after day, and remember the whole pack of lies.

A. So that's the rub. What was the great General trying to sell?

H. Mostly Joe Stilwell. He and I had both agreed Stilwell had to be replaced or the Japs would never have been beaten on the mainland of China. But now, suddenly, it was all my doing. I was interfering in purely military matters. Unilateral actions without proper consultation with our loyal ally, who, of course, was not and is not our "ally" in the Far East and isn't and wasn't even a co-belligerent on the front where Stilwell was supposed to be fighting. And you know something, Tommy. I think Stalin said something against me to Roosevelt.

A. Roosevelt certainly wouldn't listen to the head of a foreign state talking about the Assistant President.

H. I wouldn't know. I wouldn't have thought so once, but now I'm not so certain. Anyway, I'm pretty sure they're down on me.

A. They?

H. I don't think you understand, Tommy. If I tried to explain, you'd probably think I was crazy. Paranoia, delusions of conspiratorial persecution! Just put me ashore like I asked, will you? I've got to rest a bit and do some thinking.



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912—1960)

The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. Later, an English Lord offers the Old Man a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil if he will put the U. S. into World War I on the side of Britain, which he obligingly does. Twenty years later the Old Man's oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. A few years later the Communists' nominee for Army Chief of Staff is opposed by Harry, who is warned by the Publisher that the only way to start World War II, which they both want, is to persuade Russia to abandon Spain to Franco. The Kremlin reluctantly agrees to go along, provided General Marshall is appointed Chief of Staff. Later Harry is appalled by the Russian-German Non-Aggression Pact and is even more appalled when the Publisher explains that Henry Wallace should be Democratic vice-presidential candidate and Wendell Willkie Republican presidential nominee in 1940. By the end of the following year, the unholy team of FDR, Stalin, Litvinov, Comintern Spy Sorge and the U. S. Chief of Staff managed to get the U.S. into war by provoking the Pearl Harbor attack. A few years later, with victory in World War II in sight, Dex and his clique work to give Europe to the Russians and China to the Chinese Communists, while Harry, the muddle-headed socialist, puts up a confused and disoriented resistance, thereby incurring the wrath of the moribund Roosevelt.

PART TWO, ACT II

Scene 3: The office of the Chief of Staff, who is present, along with Dex and a third man, addressed as Phil. The last-named appears to be connected with the State Department. It is summer, 1945.

Dex. It is a problem, General.

PHIL. There was an interdepartmental meeting today that was very trying. The Army was represented by some Major who seemed primarily interested in sleeping through the entire meeting, and the Navy representative's behavior was inexcusable. Vulgar and very exhausting, he boasted about intercepted Japanese peace offers and actually taunted Owen with the fact that the Russians had not transmitted them to us. I had to exercise the greatest self-restraint to keep from giving him a clear piece of my mind. It was disturbing on both counts — that he should advertise to the world his knowledge of the Japanese messages and that he should so brazenly suggest some connection between Owen and the Russian government.

CHIEF OF STAFF. It was a good thing he didn't suggest that you had a similar connection.

P. Indeed it was. I should have had to put him in his place peremptorily.

C. You should be used to such calumny.

P. State Department work inevitably invites that sort of thing. We tend to get hardened to it. But in this flagrant case I hope you can do something.

C. I can't reprimand the Navy man. That would be up to Forrestal.

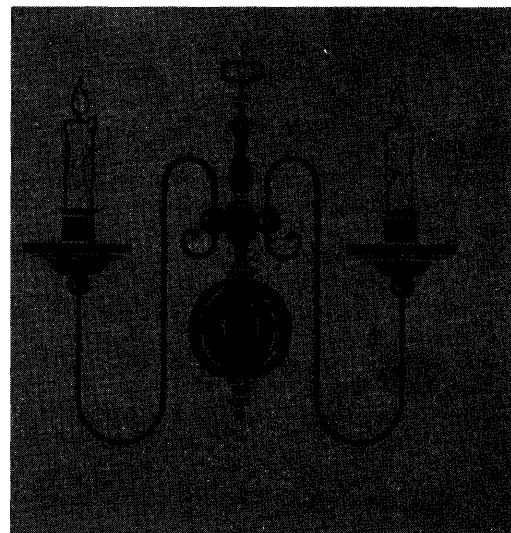
P. No, I don't mean that. I'm referring to the increasingly widespread knowledge that the Japanese are desperately trying to make peace. It is very demoralizing — and goes very far towards upsetting all our plans for the postwar peaceful reconstruction of eastern Asia.

C. What do you want me to do? Tell the Japanese to stop transmitting peace offers through Russia? Or should I deny to the press that we have intercepted them?

D. It's a real problem for Phil, General.

C. I admit I'm worried, too. But I too have several problems. I don't see what I can do about his.

P. I can tell you what you can do! Instead of sending somnolent Majors to interdepartmental meetings and letting the damn Navy dominate them, you could come to them yourself.



D. He might be right. Just at this critical moment.

P. You have no idea how critical. At today's meeting that insufferable Dooman had a draft memo that almost got approved and sent to Truman. Considering our new President's total inexperience, the fat would have really been in the fire.

C. What was in the memo?

P. It was an exact copy of the Japanese surrender terms. Dooman wanted the President to make a public announcement of the terms and then agree that they fitted our definition of unconditional surrender, which they did, of course, except for the titular retention of the Emperor. If the memo had gone through and Truman had broadcast its contents, the Japanese would have surrendered by five o'clock this afternoon!

C. How did you manage to stop it?

P. All we were able to do was get it postponed. The wretched thing is still hanging over our heads. Owen, Elmer and I were the only ones opposed to it, so the best we could do was to delay it. We claimed the Army wasn't adequately represented at the meeting.

C. Sleeping Majors seem to serve some useful purpose.

D. But General there's no point in just winning a day or so's postponement. The thing will come back and the issue has to be faced.

C. And you see the issue exactly how?

D. How do we prevent Japan from surrendering before the Russians can move their armies into Manchuria and North China?

P. (*wincing*) Dex, what a fearful way to express a solemn duty towards a brave ally and the solemn purpose of laying the foundations for the peaceful democratic development of eastern Asia. I've noticed your taste lately for brutally exaggerated words. It may be good style on 14th Street and possibly among the Montparnasse avant-garde, but it is totally out of place in American politics. Totally.

D. It comes from a deeper knowledge of the dynamics of our times than is held by

rich young Ivy League squirts who have just discovered that you rise faster in public life if you go along with Moscow. (*continuing after Phil tries to object*) Stop wasting the General's time. You asked me to bring you to see him about the Jap surrender. So far you've requested him to be present at interdepartmental meetings to help hold the line against those who want a quick acceptance of Jap surrender terms. Anything else you want?

P. Well, is he going to come?

C. I'll attend the next meeting personally, if you let me know when it's scheduled.

P. Fine. Now there is just one more item I want to discuss though I don't know too much about it and I could be wrong. But I think it is important. But not knowing too much about it, I might say things that sound silly. Then again. . .

D. Stop floundering.

P. I'm alluding to the Manhattan Project. That's the atomic bomb, isn't it?

C. (*guardedly*) Possibly. What about it?

P. Well, we hear by the grapevine that it's all set.

C. (*still guarded*) Well? Suppose it is.

P. I just thought, if we scheduled one or two of those to be dropped on Japan in, say, a month, everybody, even the Navy, would want to wait this long to see how the awesome gadget would work. Morbid curiosity, you know.

C. We could hardly announce that in six weeks we were going to drop an atomic bomb.

P. I realize that, but knowledge of it would leak around if it was once decided to go ahead with it. And I think this would make it easier for Truman, once properly persuaded, to delay accepting Japanese surrender, even if he wasn't entirely conscious of the real motivation for his act. And if you could get the Navy in it somehow, if you could use a carrier-based bomber to drop it, then you would enlist the admirals' professional curiosity on the side of delay. Don't you think I have a point?

D. A minute ago you were accusing me of being too brutal. Yes, I guess you have a point.

C. (*thoughtfully*) There is another favorable aspect to the idea. We've made so many statements, right up to Yalta, that only an all-out land offensive with Russian support could make Japan surrender. The problem of backing away from these statements was left to the future. But now they've just about caught up to us. The atom bomb might be the answer. What we stated was right *until* we had the bomb, which will now make invasion unnecessary. Yes, you have a point. A rather good one.

P. I'm so glad. I was afraid with my technical ignorance I might be hoping for the impossible.

D. You have one slight problem left. How are you going to persuade Truman to authorize dropping the bomb?

C. Does he know about the intercepted Japanese peace offers?

P. Not from State he doesn't. I don't know what that nosy bastard Forrestal may have told him.

D. (*to the Chief of Staff*) Check it with Forrestal. If he hasn't said anything yet, you can tell Truman it's a way to save American lives by forestalling the otherwise inevitable invasion. If Forrestal has talked, you can tell Truman the peace offers are probably a trap to weaken our determination for total victory. If they were sincere, you could add that the Russians would have transmitted them. Then revert to the life-saving advantage of the bomb, etc.

C. You don't seem to have a high opinion of Truman's intelligence.

D. I understand he believes what people like Leon tell him. Why shouldn't he believe what you tell him? (*as he and Phil turn to go*) By the way, I'm sure you, together with all the rest of top-layer Washington will be at the binge at the Soviet Embassy tomorrow. Have you met the new Ambassador yet?

C. No.

D. Gromyko's quite a character, I'm told. A real sunny disposition. More so than Oumansky.

C. (*sharply*) Don't mention that name to me!

D. Sorry, I didn't know you held grudges forever. Anyway, the Ambassador is looking forward to having a quiet word with you, before everyone drowns in the vodka.

Scene 4: *The Soviet Embassy in Washington the next day. A niche containing a bust of Lenin is piled high with glasses, bits of sandwiches and other cocktail party paraphernalia. The Chief of Staff and Gromyko are talking as liveried servants pass by with trays of vodka.*

GROMYKO. Ah, Colonel, (*The Chief of Staff starts angrily*) Come, come, we are here in sight of the public and your press photographers. You must maintain the look of a happy and victorious general discussing the fruits of victory with the ambassador of his country's loyal ally. As I was saying, my dear Colonel, I am pleased to show so distinguished a guest our magnificent painting of the storming of the Winter Palace. It is possible Oumansky and even Litvinov have already showed it to you, no? (*gestures off stage*) But it is always stirring to see those democratic masses surging forward victoriously despite the murderous guns of the corrupt hirelings of Czarism.

CHIEF OF STAFF. I always understood that it was Kerensky who overthrew the Czar and that the Soviet government only arranged for his murder after he had become a private citizen. So those troops up there on the palace wall can't be Czarist troops, can they? They must be the Republican troops of Kerensky, no? Of

course, as a mere Colonel, I may not be too well informed.

G. You are feeling quite the strong man tonight, eh Colonel? Do not let the victory of our joint arms go to your head. As for that (*pointing at the painting*) history records the working out in political affairs of the principles of Marxism-Leninism, which prove that the Soviet government was the historically inevitable force that rescued Russia from the corrupt despotism of the Czar, as it will in time rescue the world from the corrupt despotism of the capitalist imperialists. Since that is the important truth, it is only proper that the artist picture it in accordance with the objective reality of the historical process. The details do not matter. But I did not ask you here to admire our art. This is a place where by being conspicuously together no one will bother us and no one will concern himself with what we are talking about. Clearly we will be discussing our recent joint victory against Germany and our forthcoming joint victory against Japan.

C. Had it occurred to you that I might not care to discuss anything with you, Mr. Ambassador, anything that is, outside the routine formalities — or if you prefer, subjects like the storming of the Winter Palace?

G. No, Colonel, it had not. You may mention it, but it still does not. I wish to have a discussion with you. That appears to me to be enough.

C. Had it occurred to you that I might now be strong enough to break from your . . . your power over me? In the flood of victory suppose I turned on you and admitted publicly that I had once been trapped by you, but now I knew the terrible danger to America of the Soviet Empire and I was going to do all in my power to destroy that danger?

G. (*calmly*) No, that had not occurred to me.

C. (*a little irritated*) You don't think I would be a dangerous enemy of the Soviet Empire if I turned against it and told all that I know about its ambitions and its ramified power in this country?

G. Indeed yes, if the circumstances were so charmingly romantic as you pretend. The ambitious but unsophisticated Colonel who was taken in by wicked and designing men. It might work except for one thing. Pearl Harbor. I do not find myself believing that even the American people would look kindly at a Chief of Staff who arranged with a foreign power for the destruction of their battle fleet.

C. Oumansky tricked me!

G. You would perhaps enjoy publicly explaining how? No, Colonel, if it were only your silly little letter now so many years old, we would perhaps fear you. But after Pearl? Russia need never worry about you, Colonel. Perhaps we owe more to Oumansky than we had thought.

C. That snivelling shyster.

G. Perhaps. But now we must turn to the

Continued On Next Page

The Game and The Candle

business that I have brought you here for. (*lowering his voice a little*) Moscow is most upset. Not that they are at all irritated at you. They realize your position has at times been impossible. And they appreciate your attitude in postponing an end to hostilities with Japan. That is helpful, but it does not remedy the fundamentals of the difficulty. No one expected such an overwhelming victory in eastern Asia. It is unexpected and it is almost terrifying in the long range. Something drastic must be done to correct this unforeseen development.

C. How does all this involve me?

G. Forgive me, Colonel. I was almost talking to myself. I want you to comprehend the background. Our plans were that we should be the decisive power factor in eastern Asia at the conclusion of the war, but it has not turned out so. It seems you and Chiang hold all the high cards.

C. So?

G. So the only remedy, as Stalin now sees it, is for you to require the Japanese when they surrender simply to abandon their arms where they are and just go home. In some places, of course, Chiang will get the weapons, but in other places they will fall into the hands of our people. And, of course, in Java and Sumatra it is impossible to foresee just which native faction will get most of them, but in any case we will have a few months to organize something that might prevent the Dutch from returning. Of course, as we agreed at Yalta, Japan will surrender Manchuria to us. But you must allow us to occupy North Korea down to the 38th parallel. That, you remember, was the effective Russian boundary before the war of 1905. We like to recover what the Czar lost. Perhaps you can accomplish our objective by special orders to your field commanders.

C. And you think I can incorporate your desires in the Japanese surrender?

G. You must, Colonel. It is not a matter of choice. It is an iron necessity. Consider what will happen if the Japanese surrender either to you or Chiang? We are nowhere. Our Communist forces are holed up northwest of Peking and we cannot reach them even from Manchuria, since all the roads and railroads will be in Chiang's hands. If the Japanese in Java and Sumatra are allowed to stay till you or the Dutch or the Australians arrive, we will have no chance of getting a foothold there. The same is true in Malaya. Years and years of hope and work will be shattered in a week. The advance of people's democracy in Asia will be set back perhaps for a century. It is a grim moment. We must be prepared for the most desperate steps. We are prepared for the most desperate steps.

C. (*sensing a direct threat*) What steps? You can destroy me, but it certainly won't help your position in this country. It will ruin it.

G. That may be. But it may also be that we will hardly need this position, if we lose everything in Asia. The truth is, Colonel, neither of us can afford to retreat from our arrangement. Since neither can go back, both must go forward. Both will go forward.

C. Suppose I am tired of our earlier arrangement, the bullying. . . .

G. (*eagerly*) We can improve it. I am sure. We can offer you money.

C. (*interrupting*) What would I do with money? How could I spend it? How could I explain where I got it?

G. We could. . . .

C. There is only one thing you could do for me, only one.

G. (*eagerly*) Let me hear it.

C. You can kill Constantine Oumansky. When I read of his death, in *this* hemisphere — I am not interested in Moscow date lines — I will continue cooperating with you. Not before. I think I am worth more to you alive than Oumansky will cost you dead. And we will

have no more Colonels and no more bullying and insults. If I prove to be worth one dead ambassador, I might at a later time prove to be worth two dead ambassadors. If you get my point.

C. But why would you want us to kill an eminent man like Oumansky, an ambassador!

C. Surely killing prominent men is not so extraordinary as all that in the Soviet Union.

G. You didn't answer my question. Why Oumansky?

C. We have a little score to settle over Pearl Harbor.

G. I would not dare suggest it to Moscow. They would never believe the request came from you. Remember, I am somewhat new in the higher ranks of the Soviet service. They would think I invented the idea to get rid of a man so much my senior, particularly since we are not too friendly. If you went to Moscow and asked Stalin personally to have Oumansky killed, there would be no question, I am sure. But I cannot mention it.

C. Suppose there were some way Moscow could be sure the request came from me, not you?

G. I could perhaps then forward it.

C. He is in Mexico now?

G. Yes, I believe so.

C. You can tell Moscow that I said that if he is killed in Mexico I will supply an American bomber to fly his body back to Moscow. That will prove that it comes from me.

G. I do not know. I am new at this post. Very new.

C. Well, you'd better get old at your post — and fast. Because what I said stands. No Oumansky, no cooperation. And in the meantime all East Asia is slipping through your fingers.

(To Be Continued)

Parasitology *Continued From Page 5*

Few significant events, historical or even cosmic, are isolated. Frauenstaedt had become a prominent example of cultural parasitology before he moved in on Schopenhauer. He had earlier attended the classes of Friedrich Schelling and, without Schelling's permission, had printed and sold his own notes of the Berlin philosopher's lectures. Schelling, who was already an august academic dignitary surrounded by his own circle of sycophants and flatterers, registered shock and disgust at the house tutor's wheeling and dealing, calling it "rotten, beggarly bookselling [buchmacherei]."

Georg Brandes [(1842-1927)]

Nietzsche called him a "culture

missionary." There is no question that a breakthrough in Nietzsche's philosophical career was made when Georg Brandes (Georg Morris Cohen) gave a series of lectures on Nietzsche in Denmark. But Walter Raleigh, professor of English literature at Oxford, had his own ideas of the "Danish" literary critic:

There is nothing to Brandes: he's just a Continental Jew Culture-monger. He does not know what poetry is. Keen about his sawdusty creed, namely rationalism, progress, enlightenment — all perfectly abstract."

Yet Brandes was known everywhere. When he came to New York in 1914, police had to use force to disperse a crowd of culture buffs trying to crash the Comedy Theatre where he was lecturing on Shakespeare. It was he, not the struggling, unknown writers of the day, like

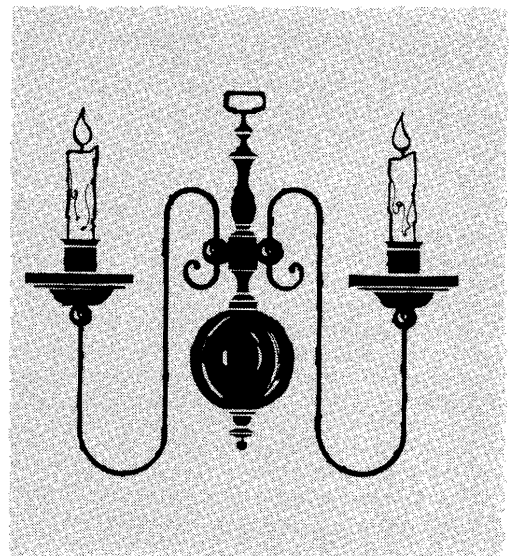
Nietzsche, Strindberg, Ibsen, Kierkegaard and Dostoyevsky, who hogged the limelight. In retrospect it is obvious that, while Brandes did mention the existence of these authors, he selected from their works only the fragments which, though now considered among the poorest of their writings, fitted his own ideological bias. By the way he treated these geniuses, one wonders whether he was trying to advance their careers or bury them. It was Brandes who promoted the outrageous idea that the 19th century, with the exception of the glorified Heinrich Heine, was barren of all culture whatever.

All Brandes' critical efforts were built on the fragile assumptions of European liberalism. René Wellek in his *History of Modern Criticism* declares that the central topic of Brandes' work is the conservative reaction against the enlightenment of the



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PART TWO, ACT II

Scene 5: *The Soviet Embassy after the party has ended. Gromyko is present with his wife, Anya.*

ANYA. At last they are gone.
GROMYKO. Are you very tired?
A. No. (A liveried waiter with a tray comes in, puts the tray down and discards his livery. He turns out to be Stepanov.)
STEPANOV. Ah, Andrei, you are to be complimented. Your behavior was an honor to the Soviet Fatherland. You displayed no terror of high American society and you did not unduly ogle the beautiful American women. Did you notice how strikingly good-looking the rich American women are, Anya Ivanovna?
A. No, I did not notice.
S. Andrei Feodorovitch, I think, noticed.
A. He is too scared to look. You might report him for inattention to duty.
S. That would not be inattention to duty. If he can seduce the wife or daughter of some great capitalist lord, perhaps he can worm out of her secrets of inestimable value to the Soviet Fatherland.
A. I do not think the beautiful American women would take him to bed with them. They do not look to me like the bed-going kind.

S. No?
A. Does all the hair doing and painting and whatever they do allow them to be better in bed? You have been here many years Boris Alexandrovitch. They make love always in the dark, no? So what difference does all the cosmetics make? If I were a man, I would study the curve of their hips, not the shading of their eyebrows. Winking plays a small role in love making.
G. They take more pains than the women of Moscow. There must be some reason and the reason can only concern men.

S. You have no idea, Anya, how important what they call make-up is to these rich capitalist women. Do you know that each woman has maybe ten or fifteen colored girls who do nothing but take care of them and their house and their good looks?

G. It is so that they exploit the Negro people?

A. I have seen these blacks in the streets from our car. There are so many of them! It was certainly cruel of the imperialist Americans to conquer them and seize this country away from them. But the truth is, Boris, they are not so pretty to look at.

G. That is because they have been the victims of capitalist imperialist exploitation.

S. You find them unappealing, Anya Ivanovna? Does that mean you find them exploitable?

A. Not at all. I did not say they should be exploited. I said they were not appealing.

S. You would not like to go to bed with one of them and maybe have a nice little black baby just to tease Andrei Feodorovitch?

A. No. I would not like that. I would like to leave that pleasure to the beautiful American women.

S. (laughing) We sit here joking, while over there we are losing China. (turning brusquely to Gromyko) What did he say? (Gromyko points at Anya to indicate he does not wish to talk in front of her.) What! A high Soviet official has a wife whom he dare not trust with state secrets!

G. It is not that. I simply prefer that she should not know something I know. It might someday be safer for her.

S. You imply that the Soviet Government might do injury to some one merely because they knew something, not because they had committed some antisocial act?

G. Knowing certain things is itself an antisocial act.

S. I see you are stupidly stubborn. Very well. Anya Ivanovna, you had better leave your distinguished husband alone with his tormentor.

A. You do not torment him, Boris Alexandrovitch. It is just that he is ambitious and an ambitious man must be careful dealing with military captains.

S. You are so right. As they so truly say, true rank is truly hidden. (She leaves.) So. What did he say? Will he arrange things as we wish?

G. You are very nervous about it.

S. (*angrily*) Stupid, overstuffed clown! Everything, everything is at stake, decades of work, centuries of hope. And you answer that I am nervous. What did he say!

G. He insists that we kill Oumansky for him

S. (*immensely relieved, throwing his arms around Gromyko in an affectionate embrace*) Oh, my good Andrei, my faithful little Ambassador, that means he will do it. We do not have to worry. (*cooling off*) At least not so much. We know now he will try. What we do not yet know is how far he will succeed with this new naive president of theirs. (*even cooler*) And even if we get everything, will it be enough to help. Did he object? Offer countersuggestions?

G. He said nothing except that we must kill Constantine Solovitch and he would be glad to supply a big American bomber to fly his body back to Moscow. He said we must kill him in Mexico. He said he'd send a plane because he would not believe any story that came out of Moscow.

S. Do you agree with him about the reliability of our press?

G. Of course not. The People's News Service would never tell anything but the truth unless a lie would serve better for the welfare of the Soviet Fatherland, in which case all should believe the lie.

S. (*more or less to himself*) The bomber. That is the Chicago touch. Apparently nothing is too good for the funerals of murdered men.

G. You have no objections to his proposal?

S. To killing Oumansky? None at all. He is one of those men who knows that he is just a little smarter than the consensus of his comrades. Unfortunately in his case that knowledge is correct, which makes him useless after a time. To tell you the truth I have been saving him for some useful purpose like this.

G. You expected such a . . .

S. Nothing so precise. It is like trumps at cards, my dear Andrei. You have a few trumps, you do not know precisely where and when you will find it expedient to play them, so you keep them in reserve and bide your time.

G. How will you arrange it?

S. That is not your concern. But when you read in the American papers about the tragic death of our old friend and colleague, Constantine Oumansky, go at once to see the General or, should I say, Colonel. Don't tell him you have come for the bomber. Let the Colonel mention it first.

Scene 6: *Dex's living room a few days later. Dex, Phil and Leon are present.*

PHIL. That's simply asinine.

LEON. I don't regard it that way. You assume the responsibility is mine. I don't consider it asinine to try to determine just wherein lies my responsibility.

DEX. They think it's your responsibility.

L. Dex, a year ago we specifically discussed right in this room, if I remember correctly, the question of China and we all agreed it would be pointless and possibly undesirable to discuss the matter with Truman.

D. I agree. But that still doesn't change their minds. Boris himself. . .

L. I am not going to get into personalities. If you want me to do something constructive, I will try my best. But so far we have found nothing worth trying. There is your problem, as I see it. Can we approach it on some reasonable basis, without personalities and recriminations about the past?

P. We have tried but you. . .

L. If you mean by trying that you insist I attempt to get from the President what the General has failed to get from him, then I refuse. It's absurd. As a matter of fact, the proposition itself is absurd. I'm surprised the General was willing to raise it with the President. How could he expect Truman to snub, insult and go against the wishes of the Chinese government by ordering the Japanese to abandon their arms without formal occupation of the territory by regular Chinese troops? Would you like to suggest that the German armies should have done that while they were still in the Ukraine, or even in Poland and Hungary? You see how impossible the proposition is.

P. But Truman accepted it in regard to the Japanese troops in Java and Sumatra.

L. That was a very special case. The evils of colonialism were involved. But China is quite different. It is not a problem of natives and alien white imperialists, but natives against natives.

P. It would have been a great help in getting rid of the corrupt Chiang regime.

L. Undoubtedly. But that of itself does not make it a practical political move for Truman.

P. So you won't raise the matter again?

L. How could I? It would be foolish. Besides, he's already refused a man in whose military judgment he has far greater confidence than he has in mine. (*after a pause*) But if we can explore this problem calmly, we might find a helpful approach.

D. What have you in mind?

L. I have nothing in mind because I haven't yet seen the problem cleared of personalities and emotionalism. I take it the attempt is to try to rescue the Chinese Communists. Where are they?

P. Northwest of Peking.

L. How far? And how far from the sea? Two hundred miles?

P. Maybe a little more.

L. With all the railroads between them and the sea held by the Japanese.

P. Right.

L. While Chiang and his corrupt forces are way to the south and west?

P. Precisely.

L. What is the best port, if you were going to ship supplies to the Communists?

P. Tientsin.

L. If I understand the final decision, it is that the Japanese are to surrender either to Chiang's troops or to American troops?

P. Correct.

L. There would, therefore, be nothing in violation of any agreement or understanding if just to help along the surrender the U. S. government ordered troops into Tientsin to accept the Japanese surrender in that area? Perhaps the troops guarding all the rail and road lines running west of Tientsin into Communist territory might all be included in that?

P. It would be legal enough, and I don't suppose Chiang would object too much because he has no troops in the area yet. But what would be the point? Truman would never consent to send arms to the Communists, or even let the Russians do it if they had any to spare from what they captured in Manchuria.

L. I wasn't thinking of asking Truman to send arms through. I was thinking of the great humanitarian needs that would be taken care of by the United Nations.

D. (*puzzled*) The United Nations?

L. Especially that branch of the United Nations in which I have some good personal friends — UNRRA, an organization set up to alleviate human misery without regard to politics, race or creed. My friends there are usually willing to take advice, without inquiring too deeply into the reason why they are given the advice.

D. What on earth are you talking about?

L. My dear Dex, if U. S. troops held Tientsin and the railroads running west from it, don't you suppose Truman would instantly authorize these troops to permit the passage of humanitarian material shipped to the interior of China by UNRRA?

D. Of course.

L. Of course. So our only problem is to arrange the proper contents of the humanitarian packages that reach Tientsin. There is a great deal of war material all over the Western Pacific. Depots of it on islands, in the Philippines. Everywhere. Lots of it belong to the navy, of course, but army stuff like machine guns, light artillery, weapons carriers, all sorts of useful items, are just lying around out there. We simply ask the General to declare certain material surplus and turn it over to UNRRA. Food, clothing and medicine will also be included to justify the humanitarian nature of the effort. It might even be a good idea to use army transports, if possible, to move the stuff to Tientsin. I would just as soon not involve Jim Forrestal in this. Though after all, come to think of it, it might not be such a bad idea to involve Jim in a very special role. Why not have Tientsin and that area surrender to the Marines? The prestige would please Jim and the UNRRA label on the package will, I am sure, protect them from his prying eye. He is a firm opponent of the Soviet government, but so far he lacks the depths of suspicion that would make him a dangerous enemy.

Continued On Next Page

The Game and The Candle

P. (*dubiously*) It might work though it's fearfully complicated. But there's one big worry. Some of those American weapons are sure to be captured by Chiang's troops. When that happens, how do we explain to Chiang how the Chinese Communists got them?

L. We tell him he must have some corrupt generals who sold them to the Communists.

P. But where did Chiang's generals get them?

L. Haven't we given Chiang any arms?

P. Not the kind of modern stuff that's lying around the Western Pacific.

L. Well, we signed an agreement with him to give him arms, didn't we?

P. We did.

L. Let the intention stand for the deed. Obviously if we said we were going to, we must have. So if anyone finds American arms in the hands of the Chinese Communists it will be unanswerable proof that Chiang's army is corrupt and untrustworthy.

Scene 7: A dining room in the home of James Forrestal, Secretary of the Navy, a few days later. Three men are finishing their dinner with port: Forrestal, Harry, and the Earl of Halifax, British Ambassador to the U. S., who bears a faint family resemblance to the English lord who visited the Old Man during the First World War.

FORRESTAL. Your point isn't valid, Harry. There are economic reasons or, to put it more accurately, economic facts why England can't have socialism. Russia and the U. S., yes. But not England.

EARL OF HALIFAX. We seem to have moved a pretty penny in that direction, Jim. And the next election? Just between us I personally have the gravest doubts of Winnie's chances.

F. I don't say you can't have a socialist government. The point I'm trying to get Harry to concede is that only a country with a self-contained economy, that can grow and manufacture everything it needs, can afford the luxury of socialism.

HARRY. To get out of the exploitation of one man by another, why do you call that a luxury? It seems to me a basic human right.

F. (*waving his hand at the furniture, silverware, etc.*) I suppose you could say we're exploiting the people who made all these things because we're getting the good out of using them, whereas all they did was to get paid off with money they've almost certainly had to spend by now. So we have the advantage and they have nothing. But that happens under any kind of system. The only real difference between capitalism and socialism is whether a board of government bureaucrats or the market decides whether there should be more or fewer capital

goods, more or fewer consumer goods, and more or less idleness.

E. H. You make the market sound so comfortably impersonal. But for a fact, Jim, the market itself is a collection of boards. The Wall Street chaps, the bank chaps and all that sort of thing. And those who compose your boards are only people too, like your accursed bureaucrats. And you're a bureaucrat yourself. I would insist the Secretary of the Navy is a bureaucrat.

F. The market may be just bureaucrats, too, if you like, but at least it's not one homogeneous mass like a government bureaucracy.

H. Now you know very well, Jim, the government is full of groups and factions pulling and hauling this way and that.

F. Yes, but they're pulling and hauling inside the government to get the power to do the single thing that's going to be done. The General and I argue and wrangle to get the President to do this or do that. I don't just go off and run a private war in the Pacific in competition to his private war in Europe. I admit you couldn't have that kind of competition in the operations of a government, but I do think you should have it in economic affairs.

H. You've gotten way off the point of socialism as a luxury. From your own comparison socialism actually sounds more efficient. If you and the General each fought your private war, wouldn't it be far more wasteful of our national resources than the present bureaucratically organized conflict?

E. H. Now, Harry, that's unpermitted cruelty to our host. He simply can't say that, if he'd been left alone with his naval playthings, he would have won the war a lot quicker and in a lot more satisfactory fashion than the General managed to do. He thinks it, but decency and proper loyalty to his chief forbid his saying it, even to us who are so nearly his partners in crime.

F. It's not exactly like that. It's true I've always felt that the wise long-range policy was to re-establish the old Anglo-American control of the seas, not just aim at the total destruction of the German government. But that's an old story now.

H. It would never have worked, Jim.

E. H. Out of the question. It would have been as bad, now, as having Monty meet Zhukov in Warsaw or your chap Patton finding himself accepting the surrender of the German armies in Hungary.

H. The Russians made it quite clear they didn't want anything like that.

F. Of course, if all were sweetness and light and the world were made of sugar and spice, the Russians wouldn't have objected. But they're too realistic for that. I wish we were, too.

E. H. You are a man of exemplary courage to wish to emulate the Russians. Are we not rather supposed to admire the virtue of their long-range social goals but gently deplore their crude, aggressive directness? I hasten to add, of course, that they are not to blame for this unfortunate

tendency. It results from the untold deprivations they so long suffered under the inhuman oppression of the Czar.

F. You can joke as much as you please, but actually the Russian way of operating isn't too different from mine. Look how they insist we refrain from bombing the parts of Germany they want to occupy even when it means delaying the final victory.

H. That's only because they need the production from those areas to take the place of the enormous damage the Germans have done in Russia.

F. I'm not disputing the validity of their reasons. I'm only pointing out that they judge the purposes of the war with an eye to their own interests. They're to get and keep the industrial East and we're to dismantle the stub of the West and start it raising sheep or something. We seem to think of war just as something to win and of Germany only as a proper field for the exercise of our God-given right to judge and punish sin and wickedness. To hell with our interests!

H. It's not so important to us. We're so rich and strong we don't have to worry.

F. Thanks, of course, to many generations of our devotion to the virtuous efficiency of socialism?

H. To me, that has no bearing, Jim. To me it isn't primarily an economic system. I'm not even sure that I know or care much about the economic aspects of socialism. To me, it's a sense of human rights and human dignity and above all the sense of a solid community. I mean almost a friendly community. The poverty that capitalism produces is bad enough, but what is much worse is the whole set of false and horrible values that comes from that poverty. I remember in the first job I ever had with the Christodora House on New York's East Side there was an example of that that struck me so hard at the time that I've never gotten over it.

E. H. Tell us about it.

H. I don't believe you know the case, but I guess Jim would as a New Yorker. Remember the Rosenthal-Becker affair?

F. Vaguely. Something to do with a gambler.

H. Rosenthal had been blackmailing a police captain named Becker. Becker hired four gunmen to shoot him.

F. Now I remember. Gyp the Blood, Leftie Louie. Who were the others?

H. Dago Frank and Whitey Lewis. I had a boys' club that year. Thirty-five kids about fourteen to sixteen. The day those four were electrocuted the boy who was president of the club stood up without a word to me about what he was going to do and moved that the membership stand in silence for two minutes in honor of those four gunmen. Every kid rose and stood absolutely silent for two minutes. I still keep wondering what kind of a society makes thirty-five normal teenage boys admire four murderous gunmen.

E. H. Did you ask for an explanation?

H. Their answer was that the gunmen

"were double-crossed." There was absolutely no question about the gunmen's guilt. They shot Rosenthal. They admitted it themselves and the boys admitted it. The boys' reaction was not the instinct of sympathizing with fellow human beings who find themselves in dire straits. It was just something welling up out of misery and exploitation that made those boys identify themselves with the gunmen. It's that sort of streak in society that socialism is going to change.

F. I might go some way with you on that, Harry, if it weren't for one thing. Conceivably you might get a fair and just and nonexploiting system going in one country. I don't see how you could extend that to the whole world.

H. You don't think that as the world gets more democratic that such a trend would spread?

F. No, I don't. The more democratic the world gets the more messy it seems to get. Take this war. I don't want it to end so there'll be more democracy or more socialism. I want it to end in a way that will be most advantageous to us. That seems to me the first problem we ought to be busying ourselves with. If we can't get that solved, it seems to me we won't solve anything. Then we will become the exploited and if exploitation is inherently wicked, why wouldn't that be just as wicked as the present exploitation that's supposed to be going on all over? I must say though, that exploitation of the world looks mostly like installing bathrooms and highways for people who never knew what they were for. I know it's supposed to be immoral but it still seems to me our own national interests are our own primary concern.

E. H. That's not immoral, Jim. Merely dreadfully old-fashioned. The good old United Nations is going to make such problems obsolescent.

H. Actually I think the UN will make a big difference.

F. What will it do if Russia, England and we disagree?

H. Well, that, of course, is what we must avoid.

E. H. You think that possible?

H. I don't think all three powers can always agree, no.

F. But you think two of them can always agree and that will deter the third?

H. Well, there are problems in that direction too.

E. H. He is too polite, Jim, to say that he thinks agreements can always be found between Russia and the U. S. and that we English will therefore have no choice but to go along without strenuous objection.

F. (*laughing*) Harry, maybe I said more than I meant to when I said socialism was possible in the U. S. and Russia. Is that your sort of subconscious organization of the postwar world, the two great socialist land powers dominating the remnants of the once great British Empire?

H. I am reminded of the old truism that Secretaries of the Navy never went to sea. Two Jims must have got in your blood. You think in terms of vast strategic consequences like a Mahan or a Clausewitz.

F. Actually, I wish I could do more such thinking. Somebody around here has to. When the Russians do it, everybody says what a fine man old Joe is. He comes right out and asks for the real estate and ports he wants. If any one talks about the strategic requirements of the U. S., why he's an imperialist war monger.

H. In a way he is, Jim. The situations aren't comparable. Socialism inherently cannot be aggressive. Its strategy is inevitably defensive even if in certain tactical situations it assumes a local offensive.

E. H. Is that why in your view a Russian-American entente will dominate the United Nations because both countries being inherently defensive in outlook. . .

F. Not to say socialistic, at least as time goes on.

E. H. (*continuing his sentence*) both countries will make the UN function as the guarantor of world peace.

H. Seriously, I do feel that something like that is possible. It's what we've fought this war to achieve.

F. Harry, let me ask you just one thing. Supposing events develop in such a way to convince you that Russian intentions are

not defensive, that however you twist and turn and try to interpret things you become convinced that the Soviet government is not just tactically but strategically offensive. What then?

H. Then I would be convinced that socialism was dead in Russia.

F. But Harry, since Roosevelt's death, no living man is in a better position to judge that than you. You're just back from arguing with Stalin himself. With your long dealings with the Russians in war, and now in victory, if anybody on earth should be able to answer that question it should be you. Did Stalin act to you as though he were a nonaggressive devotee of world socialism or as a man who intends to conquer the world and is building a practical engine to do it with?

H. Jim, I'm convinced that socialism is inherently and unavoidably nonaggressive. It is sweeping the world and we can't possibly afford to oppose it just because it's on the march towards success. But it's not violent. It's not inherently aggressive, in a military sense, and it wins because it's *convincing*.

F. Not because the leading nation of world socialism is a great military power?

H. I sometimes wonder about that connection, but on balance I don't think it's too important a factor.

F. That means, then, that you're convinced that socialism isn't dead in Russia, or anyway not dead yet. But if you became convinced that it was dead in Russia, would that change your view of international events?

H. Yes. I should try to see if there were any way to revive socialism in Russia.

F. And if events convinced you there was no way?

H. Then maybe I would agree with you, Jim, that the Soviet Empire is a deadly menace to the existence of the U. S. (*looking at Halifax*) and of England (*looking down into his empty wine glass*) and I guess of all the civilized people of the West.

F. Of the world, Harry, of the world. Don't forget the Chinese.

(*To Be Continued*)

Racial Picture *Continued From Page 4*

However, though this nation does not yet have a distinct host race, *The Dispossessed Majority* is correct in claiming that a host type is emerging, with the Wasps and their basically Anglican heritage forming the nucleus and other Nordic and Alpine types tending to gravitate to that nucleus as their links to the Old World become more tenuous with the passing years.

Furthermore, the multiplying blight of municipal decay indicates that if the emerging host race can't manage this nation properly, then it will be mismanaged to death by misplaced, misguided minority groups that are clearly unassimilable for one reason or another. It

is a fact of political life that when the "foreign quarter" of a nation becomes too large, too demanding and too powerful, the nation becomes politically unstable and ready for collapse.

Pertinent to what is happening in America is the statement made by W. E. Hocking that there are times when a descent into hell is necessary for a lost soul (or a lost race) before it can understand its own defective condition and begin to redeem itself by repossessing lost virtues and lost wisdom.

Like Dante the members of the American Majority have lost their way to Eden. They are trapped in a dark wood of racial chaos, and they will have to enter

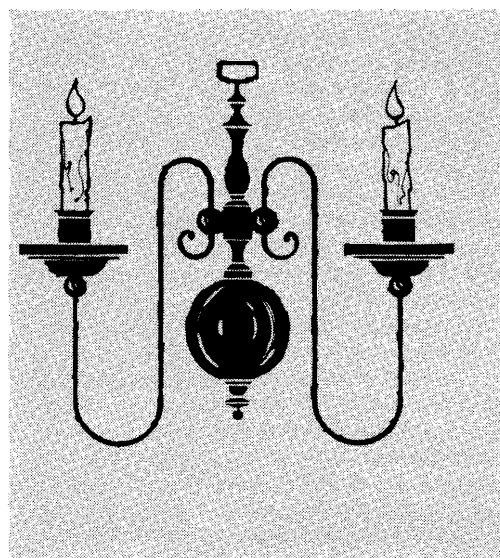
the hell and purgatory of racial anarchy and damnation before they can understand what mistakes and evils they have committed and what new way of life they must seek.

Blacks and Puerto Ricans are also descending into a pit of racial damnation, as their crime and drug-ridden ghettos demonstrate. The lesson they must learn is not to seek racial integration as a solution for their troubles, but racial independence. If they need help, as they certainly do, the help must aim, not at letting them climb on the rescuer's back, but at becoming self-reliant as quickly as possible



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912–1960)



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. Later, an English Lord offers the Old Man a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil if he will put the U. S. into World War I on the side of Britain, which he obligingly does. Twenty years later the Old Man's oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. A few years later the Communists' nominee for Army Chief of Staff is opposed by Harry, who is warned by the Publisher that the only way to start World War II, which they both want, is to persuade Russia to abandon Spain to Franco. The Kremlin reluctantly agrees to go along, provided General Marshall is appointed Chief of Staff. Later Harry is appalled by the Russian-German Non-Aggression Pact and is even more appalled when the Publisher explains that Henry Wallace should be Democratic vice-presidential candidate and Wendell Willkie Republican presidential nominee in 1940. By the end of the following year, the unholy team of FDR, Stalin, Litvinov, Comintern Spy Sorge and the U. S. Chief of Staff managed to get the U.S. into war by provoking the Pearl Harbor attack. A few years later, with victory in World War II in sight, Dex and his clique work to give Europe to the Russians and China to the Chinese Communists, while Harry, the muddle-headed socialist, puts up a confused and disoriented resistance, thereby incurring the wrath of the moribund Roosevelt. With Truman in the White House, American Communists start playing world politics with the A-bomb, and the Chief of Staff strikes a bloody bargain with the new Soviet Ambassador.

PART TWO, ACT III

Scene 1: *The Publisher's office, New York, 1945. Harry and the Publisher are present.*

PUBLISHER. I couldn't believe it, Harry. Both the isolationist and the anti-New Deal press having a good word to say about you. Did you really accomplish anything important with Stalin?

HARRY. I really think so. We got the UN cleared up. He gave in a good deal on that. On Poland he promised more than he had before. Truman is willing enough to drop the London Poles, but he is insistent that real elections be held in Poland. I persuaded Stalin to agree.

P. You think he'll stick by it?

H. This wasn't something worked through intermediaries. He promised me that to my face. Our trouble with the Russians in the past has been that they were not only scared of us as capitalist powers, but they were desperately afraid of Nazi and Jap power. With that out of the way there's no reason for them to act with such . . . well, brutality.

P. And that's what you told Stalin?

H. In polite language. By now I've talked to him so often he's used to me.

P. How is it then, Truman isn't keeping you on? First he sent you as his personal emissary to Stalin and then he drops you. You're the only important Roosevelt man he's let go.

H. A new president has the right to have his own people around him.

P. Of course. Were there fireworks after you got back from Moscow? Did anyone seem particularly irritated at you?

H. I don't think so. Why?

P. Just wondering. Well, what are you going to do now?

H. Write. I have two books in mind. That's what I wanted to talk to you about. I've got an awful mass of material — all sorts of notes and letters and memos and I see two quite different books in them, one a personal account of my relations with Roosevelt, the second a history of the war as I saw it from Roosevelt's vantage point. When I've got something drafted, I'll show it to you and you'll see what I mean by two books. At Yalta, for example, there's the outside history of what we arranged with the British and the Russians and all the pulling and hauling. And then right along

with it was the constantly shifting personal relation between Roosevelt and me. In some ways, you know, I was almost more of a son to him than anything else. I was always pleasing him and displeasing him as sons have the habit of doing.

P. Did you displease him at Yalta?

H. He was feeling pretty sick by then. He was upset that some people he liked to keep friendly with had gotten irritated at me over a few things. My removal of Stilwell rankled most, I think. *She* got upset about that, and that didn't make it easier for him. *(laughing)* It was a funny thing, he never seemed to care much about pleasing her, but he hated to displease her. He hated her to get out the needle and go after him about something every damn day, now for this angle and now for that. Anyway, he was feeling low, and with Pa Watson dying right there on the Quincy it was all just a little too much. That's why I left. There wasn't any disagreement. It was better to leave than have arguments. But you know I never saw him again. After all those years and all the things we'd been through together, the last words I ever had with him were a few snide remarks and a chilly goodbye in his cabin on the Quincy in Algiers harbor.

P. So you're going to write one book we might call "Roosevelt and Hopkins." How would you describe the other?

H. I hadn't thought of a title. "The Double War" perhaps.

P. An odd title. What was double about it?

H. I guess that's the way I think about it. The war we really started way back in the thirties to get rid of Hitler and the other war that was fought along with it.

P. I don't see what you're driving at.

H. Well, as it worked out in practice, a lot more was involved than just Hitler. China, India, the need of England to hold on to some sort of remains of her empire, Russia's opportunity of pushing her defense perimeter so far that people call it a kind of new style imperialist aggression.

P. Do you think it is?

H. I'm sure that the existence of socialism inside the Soviet Union will pull

the Kremlin back from any violently imperialistic course.

P. I would find that a rather weak foundation for our postwar foreign policy.

H. Well, I haven't seen any convincing evidence to the contrary.

P. If Stalin failed to keep his word to you about Poland, would that be convincing evidence?

H. I can't imagine his breaking his word to me.

P. Suppose he did?

H. He won't. Let's just leave it at that. Let's suppose he won't because I know he won't.

P. Suppose the Russians get aggressive in China?

H. They can't. We have sea access to China and they have the Gobi to cross. It's absurd.

P. I hear you like T.V. Soong and all those Chiang in-laws.

H. I don't know the whole clan. I admire Soong a great deal. Why?

P. Just wondering whether anything might happen in China that would make you doubt the purely defensive nature of a Soviet operation.

H. I don't see how it could. Russia can't do anything to China. Anything that is done about China can only be done from Washington. It's as simple as that and everybody who knows anything about the situation out there knows it. We've got a big job in helping China recover from the enormous destruction of the war, but there's no political problem as I see it. The Chinese Communists were no help during the war and barely exist any longer. Stalin told me personally he had no use for them and was going to deal with nobody in China but Chiang. So again I don't see your problem.

P. He told you that last month in Moscow?

H. He told us formally at Yalta. And last month he told me personally.

P. Well, you seem to be well informed about both Poland and China. Right from the horse's mouth so to speak. That reminds me. Have you been winning at the track lately?

H. No, damn it. I haven't had a winner in months.

Scene 2: *Dex's living room in Washington, D. C., a few days later. Dex, Leon and Phil are present.*

PHIL. It just hasn't proved to be enough.

LEON. That doesn't make it my fault.

P. I'm not saying it's your fault, Leon. Please don't always be so hypersensitive. Your idea was excellent and for the moment it saved the day. There's no doubt about that. No one wants to take credit away from you. It was a truly brilliant idea even though of only limited and temporary value.

DEX. What he means is that it didn't of itself in one stroke transform a handful of political theoreticians into an army capable of dealing with Chiang's troops.

You must have got your friends in UNRRA to send through more and better arms than any one expected. Of course, instead of being grateful for the shipment, it's made everybody suddenly dream wild dreams of how much more can be done. If we can latch on to a good thing like this, why stop?

P. Well, there are opportunities there if they can be properly realized. I have put together the best we can learn from our friends out there and I've been over it carefully with Owen and we all feel that though the situation is still bad it offers enough promise to warrant going ahead and seeing if with some luck we can't get something really important on the ball.

D. Such as destroying Chiang without having to make the Russians invest one kopeck.

L. To begin, we must recognize that the American people would be unalterably opposed to Russian domination of China. It would be most difficult to prevent even the Senate from taking action to interfere with that. Therefore, that must not be the way the problem is presented. If I remember, journalists like Snow and others have dwelt a lot on the need for land reform in China? (*Phil nods.*) It is something no one will understand so it will be all right to demand. The Chinese Communists are naturals for the land reform party. By trying to suppress the Communists, Chiang is doing what it would be like if Governor Dewey with the aid of the upstate New York Republicans decided to destroy the Democratic Party and disfranchise New York City.

P. Anyone who knows anything about China will know how nonsensical such an explanation would be.

L. These are no objections. No one around Truman knows anything about China except people who are interested in the long-run democratic welfare of the world. Anyone else who knows anything about China will seem pretty soon to be a personal enemy of all good Missouri Democrats.

D. Is that the way it goes with him? As simple as that?

L. Let's stick to the subject and avoid our constant temptation to wander off into the unprofitable discussion of personalities.

P. All right, that's your paper program. It presents the Communists in a favorable light, but I don't see the good in it for us.

L. The American people can easily be persuaded that both parties should get together in China. That is the normal democratic American way to settle problems, isn't it. Therefore, if Chiang doesn't cooperate, it will be only reasonable to put a little pressure on him to meet the democratic reformers half way. (*after a pause*) Let's say an American mission is sent to China.

P. When?

L. Right now. You've been complaining that the arms I got through to the Chinese Communists aren't really helping.

P. They haven't had time to build up enough of their organizations to use them properly.

L. That's why the mission goes right now. It's a peace mission. Everyone is for peace. We'll have an armistice. Both sides stop fighting till we see if the American mission can't get them both together.

P. Together on what?

L. Why on a coalition government, of course. What could be more democratic? The Communist party will get control of say a third of the army and air force, and parts of the civil government, the Department of Justice, so to speak, and control of some of the key railways and roads. Chiang can have the rest of the government.

D. How can you make that sound like a coalition?

L. Quite easily. You take such and such an army division. By law its general will be appointed by the Communist party. Same way with the Minister of Justice. They're officers of state so that makes it a coalition government.

D. (*dryly*) I see. It would do fine — if you could sell anything so transparent to Truman.

L. I couldn't possibly do that. It's not my field at all. The most I could do would be to suggest that peace in China would be highly desirable and couldn't he send a peace mission there.

D. Who on earth could we get to head such a mission?

L. I am sure we three could easily agree on the man, but frankly I don't know how to go about suggesting him to Truman. It seems just a little out of place.

D. You mean you think Truman would smell a rat if we had the Chief of Staff do it?

L. It does present a problem for careful study. It might well be asked why the eminent Chief of Staff fresh from the laurels of his world victory over the German and Japanese empires should depart in the middle of a bleak December for the war-torn miseries of China. You might say why do we need such high brass. It might even seem that the ideal role for the great general is to stay home and start building his political fences to move forward at the proper time as the heroic general, the great victor entitled to the presidency itself by a long tradition running back through Grant and Jackson to George Washington. I guess all we can say is that he was so superbly patriotic he sacrificed all to save China.

P. You think it has to be him?

L. I can't think of anyone else who could pull it off, because the whole military is going to be against it the minute they learn what's going on. Only Marshall would be strong enough to shut them up. Who else could handle the opposition that Forrestal is sure to start? And unfortunately I can't yet prevent Truman from listening to Forrestal. Frankly, I haven't tried. At the moment it would hurt me more than Forrestal.

The Game and The Candle

P. It seems to me there would be an impossible uproar against such a coalition.

L. My dear Phil, of course, there would. I can't for a moment suppose that Chiang would accept such a suicidal plan.

D. But I take it you do not expect Truman to see it Chiang's way?

L. If you please, Dex, let us avoid personalities. We must have what will appear to a busy Missourian as a coalition government. And when the flat, all-out opposition from Chiang comes, it must arise in such a manner that it is clearly an affront to the busy Missourian. Then in a spirit of peace and as a lesson to the erring brother, we will have no choice but to embargo Chiang. What else can we do? He has defied our earnest efforts for peace and rejected our coalition. Of course, we do not aid the Communists because the American people are opposed to atheistic Communism, but you could hardly ask us not to injure so flagrant an anti-Missourian as Chiang?

P. An embargo! Do you really think you could get Truman to embargo Chiang? My God, without spare parts and replacements for all his American transportation, he'd be immobilized and cut to ribbons in six months, even by the Communists.

L. My humble efforts can hardly do that. I am sure, however, with a word or two from me and other friends of peace and democracy placed at the right time in Truman's ear, that the Chief of Staff can do it. It seems to me so clearly possible and so heavily loaded in favor of success that I think we should make what efforts we can, each in our limited way, to bring it about. I admit I am at a loss to see how to get the proposal started. I know I cannot be first to suggest it to Truman. It would not comport with my role with the president. Could the Chief of Staff suggest it himself?

D. I think he could be persuaded to, but I think it would be the wrong approach.

L. I am afraid it would. It is not the kind of task an innocent man asks to have assigned to himself.

P. Perhaps Clint Anderson could suggest it?

L. It is not a problem exactly germane to the responsibilities of the Department of Agriculture, nor is the intellectual stature of the Secretary such as to give his bright ideas much weight. Let him join the chorus of helpful little voices after the first suggestion has been made.

P. The Institute for Pacific Relations? Perhaps it could . . .

L. Too suspect.

D. Even in Missouri?

L. No, but too many people know too much about it and tangible evidence might be turned up if a controversy ever arose. But you have an idea I hadn't considered. I mean the use of an organization.

D. The Foreign Policy Association?

L. Excellent, but what strings have you got to move it?

D. None.

L. There is one, however, that has just occurred to me. I had forgotten Alger Hiss. I understand he has just received a nice berth with the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

D. Would that be wise?

L. You mean because of Hiss?

D. Yes, considering everything.

P. Why? What's the matter with Hiss?

D. Hadn't you heard?

L. I imagine it's not widely known yet.

D. Let's hear it.

D. It seems that the Russians with their customary stupidity allowed certain German Foreign Office documents to fall into the hands of the American troops during the first few weeks in Berlin. Unfortunately, among them were documents about the U. S. sent the Germans by the Russians during the Hitler-Stalin cooperation.

L. More unfortunately still the Russians with an unnecessary zeal to authenticate their information informed the Germans that they knew it was true, the documents were authentic, because they had received them from the highly placed American State Department official, Alger Hiss.

D. Does Truman know about it yet?

L. I believe not yet. Though, of course, there will be no way to do more than delay the arrival of the information at his desk. It's bound to get there.

D. Wouldn't that make it unsafe to rely on Alger to promote the China mission?

L. But, my dear Dex, we are not going to rely on Alger to promote anything where his subsequent embarrassment can embarrass us. All we will use Alger for is to induce the great lawyer who heads the Carnegie Foundation, Mr. John Foster Dulles, to get the Foundation to move. Alger's subsequent embarrassment may embarrass the good Mr. Dulles, but he is not likely to run to Truman and report the source of the idea of sending the Chief of Staff to China. That would be most unlikely, particularly since Mr. Dulles will probably be busy enough trying to think of reasons to justify his having hired Alger in the first place. He will certainly not want to add to the things he has to explain by voluntarily bringing in the mission to China as another of Alger's diplomatic triumphs.

L. So the only problem, then, is to have the Carnegie Foundation suggest to the president that the great prestige of the Chief of Staff should be put to good use for the benefit of America and world peace by ordering the Chief of Staff to China to see what can be done about ending the distressing civil war. No terms need be suggested at all. In fact none should be. The terms would in any case be worked out in the State Department. All that the peace lovers of the Carnegie Endowment need do is ask that the great soldier, that

winner of wars and that consolidationist of peace, the Chief of Staff, head the mission.

P. (*jumping up*) Good! That's just what we'll do. I think it'll work. Who will speak to Alger? You?

L. No, I think such a suggestion would be more readily received if it came from Phil. It would have more of the old school tie, State Department style.

D. He's right. Can you do it, Phil?

P. When?

D. Right away, of course. Time is of the essence on this. Get up to New York as fast as you can. Now. This minute. Run. I mean it.

P. But . . .

D. No buts. (*shoving him*) Get going. (*turning to Leon after Phil leaves*) Can't you do anything about Hiss with Truman? I mean isn't there any way you can keep the news about Alger from reaching Truman?

L. I'm not the Harry Hopkins of this administration. I don't live at the White House.

D. When the time comes, what are you going to advise Truman to do about Hiss?

L. It's quite a problem. I've given it a great deal of thought. Truman is naturally going to want to punish Hiss. I suppose he'll even want to prosecute him. At the time those documents were delivered to Germany we were actually at war with Germany, but not legally. Consequently, treason was not involved. However, even with violation of the Espionage Act, which certainly is involved, the legal status of the receiver of illegally conveyed information affects the degree of the crime. Hence in both cases the legal situation of Germany and the United States at the time must be determined. Any attempt to make this determination would, I think, prove to be extremely difficult and would raise all kind of embarrassing questions about the exact legal status of Roosevelt's acts and policies towards Germany prior to December 1941. Hence, I think the whole thing had better be avoided.

D. I take it that I have just been treated to a brief preview of what you will tell the president?

L. Substantially.

D. And so Alger will be left alone?

L. Of course not, that would be ridiculous. Too many people know and suspect too much about the matter. The gossip would go on and on forever and people would have no confidence in the integrity of their government.

D. And they certainly should have that.

L. They should, and so something will have to be done to Alger. It is not his fault, directly at any rate, that he got caught in this unhappy predicament, but he will have to suffer a little for it. In another way though, Dex, perhaps there is an element of blame attaching to Alger himself. He is a very self-satisfied young man, sure of himself, sure of his rapid rise up the ladder of political power, sure of his superior competence. It may have been those very qualities that made the Russians

indiscreetly include his name in their communications to von Ribbentrop.

D. So what are you going to do?

L. I think I shall advise the president to suggest to the House UnAmerican Activities Committee that it investigate Hiss, plus giving a few hints of where to look, except, of course, no hints that would lead up the Wilhelmstrasse. It would be better just to leave that to die away as gossip unsupported by the Committee's discoveries.

D. (outraged) Leon, how could you dare work with that outfit?

L. I know, I know. The committee is by definition the American fountainhead of fascism and anti-Semitism. But that's the reason why I shall select it. Consider, if you can, the political problem objectively. If the government through the machinery of the Department of Justice punishes Hiss for treason or espionage, try as they will, our leading liberals will not be able to deny the fact. See what that does. It brings into an area of suspicion, Dulles for hiring him, and Acheson for promoting him so high and so fast in State. It makes every pro-UN group in the country look either suspicious or imbecilic. If organizing the UN was so important to a convicted Soviet traitor, is there something about it the well-to-do liberal doesn't see? All these little problems have to be considered and dealt with. Now think, don't start ranting. All the liberals know the UnAmerican Activities Committee is stupid, dangerous and useless, right? If the Committee accuses Hiss of something, the mere accusation is tantamount to a testimonial to his good character.

D. But if they prove it, and with Truman back of them, they certainly can.

L. They certainly cannot if Hiss refuses to testify. They will just be making unverified charges that were never brought to issue.

D. But he has to testify!

L. Not if he pleads the Fifth Amendment against self-incrimination.

D. Now look, Leon, we're both lawyers.

We both know perfectly well that the privilege against self-incrimination is wholly inapplicable before a congressional committee because they are not conducting criminal actions, which is the only place the privilege can be invoked. You could certainly argue that the compulsory testimony of a witness before a congressional committee could not subsequently be introduced against him in a criminal case. But to say that the Fifth Amendment would allow a man to refuse to testify before a congressional committee is just downright silly.

L. Dex, it's only silly until the Supreme Court says it's not silly. I've discussed the problem occasionally with . . . with people who know some of the judges. Today it's their opinion that several judges will be willing to take a firm position on a committee witness's right to invoke the Fifth Amendment. They think the fact that it's never been construed to give such a right won't prevent the rest of the Court from going along. That is, the Court as it is now constituted, which is an additional reason, when you think of it, to move now. In my judgment the Court will get better for us rather than worse, but you know there are some pressures in other directions and Missouri politics is always a bit uncertain.

D. Would Hiss do it? It would be tantamount to an admission of guilt.

L. Only among rational people. Generally it would be proof of his courage in defying an illiberal committee.

D. I just don't like it. I hate and fear those committees so I just can't think it wise or even safe. It opens up lines of enquiry that it may be impossible to shut off.

L. That is all imaginary. A Fifth Amendment plea by Hiss will stop all that before it starts. It will also allow us to effect the juridical establishment of the technique, which may stand us in good stead in the future.

D. (pounding his fist on his palm doubtfully) Leon, let me turn it around.

You think something has to be done to Hiss? Truman just can't let the matter lie quiet?

L. That's right.

D. Wouldn't it be better, then, if we let the open party handle it? They have established techniques for problem cases.

L. You mean cases like Carlo Tresca's?

D. Why did you think of him?

L. Because it was so crudely done. I would not like to have Robert Minor explain in regard to Hiss, as he did in regard to Tresca, that murder was not an approved political technique of the Communist Party USA.

D. He's such an ass.

L. But you have to have such asses and you can't always assume you can throttle them in time. If the Russians decided to handle the matter, you might have a point, but I dissociate myself completely from anything done with Russian assistance.

D. Damn it, Leon, how stubborn can you be? We do it your way or there are ten thousand complications against doing it any other. All right, we don't seem to have much choice, I might almost read a hint in what you say that if Hiss died under unusual circumstances you would suggest to Truman that he re-examine the Tresca murder?

L. Dex. I don't like insinuations like that. However, since you mention it, I do think someone might see the connection and suggest looking into it. I most certainly would not, as you perfectly well know. But it might arise.

D. It was stupid of me, Leon, I'm sorry. (reluctantly) Well, suppose we do handle it your way. Who is going to tell Hiss that he must take the Fifth Amendment, when the matter reaches that stage?

L. It would be most unwise for me to do so. I don't see any better person for it than you yourself. You have the necessary rank, both in the Government and . . . elsewhere.

(To Be Continued)

Fuller *Continued From Page 5*

Returning to England in 1906, he was assigned to training duties. Within a year he led his battalion to first place in musketry among the territorial units. At this time he also began writing training manuals. In these highly readable documents (few military manuals can be so described), his suggestions ran from the seemingly obvious (using terrain rather than parade grounds for training exercises) to the abstruse (preventing a military formation from degenerating into a crowd, as defined by Gustave Le Bon).

World War I

In 1914 Fuller was appointed deputy assistant director of railway transport because of an earlier article he had written on troop entrainment. During this assignment he found time to write two

books dealing with the tactics of Sir John Moore and of Moore's training of raw recruits during the Napoleonic Wars. Posted to France, Fuller served in a number of staff posts. Initially he supported the policies of Haig and the War Office, but after studying the results of the Somme offensive he argued for a tactical change from advance in line to advance in files in the hope of reducing losses. In December 1916 he was assigned as senior general staff officer to the Machine Gun Corps — soon to become the Tank Corps. Here Fuller had a chance to come up with the "tactical answers" he had boasted about in India. He saw in the tank a means of overcoming the tremendous defensive advantage of entrenched troops firing rifles and machine guns. Fuller believed a concentrated tank assault could easily puncture such a defense. A deep tactical

penetration would then break the stalemate of trench warfare, greatly reducing casualties on both sides. Before he could sell his idea, however, he first had to win a long argument with the military old guard epitomized by Sir Douglas Haig. In his usual fashion Fuller dubbed his superior "The Stone Age General."

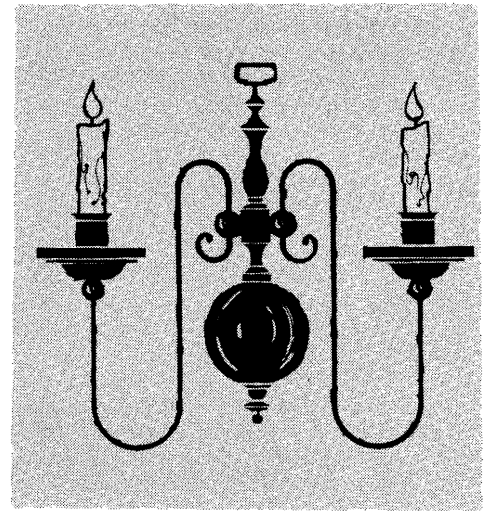
In November 1917 Fuller's tactics were at last employed. For the first time tanks were massed rather than committed to action piecemeal. At the cost of only 4,000 casualties (ridiculously low by World War I standards), a penetration at Cambrai of one of the most intensely defended sectors of the Hindenburg Line was effected. Within twelve hours British tanks had advanced five miles. It had taken three months to gain this same amount of ground at the third battle of

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THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912—1960)



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. Later, an English Lord offers the Old Man a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil if he will put the U. S. into World War I on the side of Britain, which he obligingly does. Twenty years later the Old Man's oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. A few years later the Communists' nominee for Army Chief of Staff is opposed by Harry, who is warned by the Publisher that the only way to start World War II, which they both want, is to persuade Russia to abandon Spain to Franco. The Kremlin reluctantly agrees to go along, provided General Marshall is appointed Chief of Staff. Later Harry is appalled by the Russian-German Non-Aggression Pact and is even more appalled when the Publisher explains that Henry Wallace should be Democratic vice-presidential candidate and Wendell Willkie Republican presidential nominee in 1940. By the end of the following year, the unholy team of FDR, Stalin, Litvinov, Comintern Spy Sorge and the U. S. Chief of Staff managed to get the U.S. into war by provoking the Pearl Harbor attack. A few years later, with victory in World War II in sight, Dex and his clique work to give Europe to the Russians and China to the Chinese Communists, while Harry, the muddle-headed socialist, puts up a confused and disoriented resistance, thereby incurring the wrath of the moribund Roosevelt. With Truman in the White House, American Communists start playing world politics with the A-bomb, and the Chief of Staff strikes a bloody bargain with the new Soviet Ambassador.

PART TWO, ACT III

Scene 3: The Publisher's office a month or two later. Publisher and Stepanov are present.

STEPANOV. I do not like that you ask me to come to your office. It does not have a desirable appearance.

PUBLISHER. It would have a more desirable appearance if I came to see you?

S. No. It would not work either. What do you want?

P. I see you're sending Marshall to China.

S. I sending Marshall?

P. I suppose the idea just occurred to Truman while playing gin rummy? Don't bother to fence with me.

S. Why do you concern yourself with these things. You should be busy making more of the many dollars you now have.

P. As I see it they have a very high interim value, but an interim value only. What will you give me for them when you take over?

S. But you think maybe if you use them wisely now you will have the better position when we take over? You are maybe making the poor investment. Perhaps we are not going to take over. There is now a new approach. We will co-exist, yes?

P. Precisely. While we co-exist my dollars are highly valuable. As it happens I already have more than enough for that brief period.

S. You think it will be brief?

P. As empires go it will be brief. It is only a little less than 100 years since the Indian Mutiny, and the British Empire in India is finished. It is less than 100 years since the American Civil War and the dominance of Northern finance capitalism is all but broken. I think the tide is rapidly accelerating. It's forty

years since your revolution and in that time you've become a potential world empire.

S. A potential empire. Is that a limit on my knowing English? I do not understand it?

P. You understand it. You are not really the most powerful empire yet. You just control enough of the policy of the other empires to arrange for yours to come on top in the end.

S. And the subject of your lecture on what you asked me to come see you about?

P. Marshall is my real subject. You are sending him to China. That is obviously a piece of high diplomacy. You must be banking on something important to play so big a card in such a risky position. It is conspicuous, Boris. Very conspicuous.

S. I know. I was most afraid myself that for a former Chief of Staff to accept such a mission would lead your Senate to smell the rat.

P. Not the Senate. They are trained to respect the cloth.

S. The cloth?

P. A religious term. It means that those who are properly certified as religious or patriotic must always be so accepted publicly. Anyway my publications will help a little. We shall make the mission most important. The attempt to save America from the endless threat of a hostile and hungry Asia. Something like that. It will quiet most of the Senate who will suppose there must be big money behind it somewhere. When the real business interests involved with China find out what is happening to them, we will then be able to label them mercenary, and since they are small-minded people we can silence them by charging that they would put the profit motive above the interest of American foreign policy. And it wouldn't hurt if at the same time you got our public stirred

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The Game and The Candle

up about some problem in Europe. Maybe Europe needs postwar economic assistance. Businessmen would like that. Give them a big new market. Much more important than anything in China. You see, if things are arranged beforehand they usually work more smoothly. That's what I really want to talk to you about. Arranging things beforehand. Right now I see only one loose end, one stone left unturned.

S. What is that?

P. Not what. Who?

S. All right, who?

P. Your thin friend, Harry.

S. He is out of these things. He is now an advisor to labor people in New York, no?

P. He is writing two books. One he is going to call "Roosevelt and Hopkins" and the other "The Double War." He is also fond of T. V. Soong and knows him well. He is also the man who fired Stilwell. He is also a man who must know the details of Marshall's background as well as you.

S. I know no details about General Marshall.

P. Except that he did not like Constantine Oumansky?

S. (*shocked and showing it in spite of his self-control*) I know nothing about his attitude towards Oumansky. I suppose he knew him when Oumansky was Chargé at Washington.

P. I suppose he did. And when the NKVD piles Oumansky's airplane into a Mexican mountain two or three weeks before the American Marines take over Tientsin, and when UNRRA starts pouring in U. S. Army materiel, suddenly and conveniently declared surplus, to the Chinese Communists, I must make no connection?

S. That the plane was sabotaged, I admit. The stupid Mexican authorities talked before they listened. Why should you assume it was done by the NKVD?

P. Because with the elimination of the Japanese and German secret services there is no organization in the world that would, and probably even none that could, sabotage a Russian plane but the NKVD.

S. There was absolutely no reason for us to sabotage Oumansky's plane.

P. It might have been done for future services rendered. But let's forget it. Let's get back to Harry. Did you know his son was killed in the war?

S. I have heard so.

P. Is that all you know about it?

S. Yes.

P. I am ashamed of you. That is not like Soviet staff work at all. You must ball the hell out of whoever is supposed to keep you posted on these things. Harry's son, Stephen Peter, aged 18, was killed on Kwajalein in February, 1944.

S. Many men were killed in February, 1944

P. True, but we are concerned with those who were killed because the loss of the American battle fleet at Pearl Harbor necessitated a bloody island-hopping mess for some two or two and a half years.

S. Yes?

P. Somewhere in the course of writing his two books Harry is going to get to the place where he starts talking about the extraordinary coincidence that the Japanese hit Pearl just after Roosevelt had agreed to Marshall's urging that it would be wise to keep the battle fleet there without air cover. Then because he's not a very good writer, he'll elaborate on this freakish coincidence and then he will suddenly see . . . Well, you know perfectly well what he'll see. And then he'll remember Stephen Peter.

S. You think he is so dangerous?

P. I think he is the most dangerous single man to the Soviet cause in North America, probably in the world.

S. He does not so think of himself.

P. I know. He is your friend. Your good friend. Your understanding, well-wishing friend.

S. Yes, he is all that. But as you say he removed Stilwell. He also believes Stalin's promise about Poland and China. I know at least that Stalin felt that he believed him.

P. I felt sure, when Truman dropped him so quickly after sending him to Moscow, that your friends must have arranged it.

S. It may be so. I do not follow such details. But I think Truman was told he had opposed his nomination. We had always thought Harry was a weak little man, a kind of actor playing the role of a great man, while the big man, Roosevelt, stood behind the curtain and held him up. We thought when Roosevelt was dead that Harry would again be the little social worker, the good-hearted reformer he was in the beginning.

P. You know, Boris, no one can climb to the high plateaus of history and ever be the little social worker again. Was Trotsky able to go back to being a cheap little journalist again? Could Stalin operate as a happy little bank robber? (*before Stepanov has a chance to answer*) Harry, incidentally, has an enormous quantity of papers, memoirs, carbons of notes and state documents. Unbelievable material.

S. Possibly dangerous, you think?

P. Crude documents in untrained hands are always conducive to misunderstanding. Misunderstanding is conducive to international friction.

S. I see you are telling me I should do something about his documents. But I cannot destroy them. Perhaps I should find the suitable editor. This is not my field. You are the man who knows about publishing. You tell me who I should find. And when I find him, you tell me

how I, myself, walk up to the publisher of his book and say, "Look, Mr. Publisher here is the safe editor of Mr. Hopkins papers"? Let us not waste time with absurdities.

P. It's not absurd at all. You have friends in Washington who would be welcome at Harry's publishers. Just have them make the suggestion. If it is your friends who ask, you'll have no trouble and if you choose a man close to the old White House crowd you should have no trouble with the Hopkins estate either. You mustn't forget that side of it.

S. Do not stall. You have the man picked already. Who is this master editor to be?

P. I would not embarrass you by naming him. You will find out in time.

S. (*after pondering a moment*) Of course! The man, however, is not a historian, not even a teacher of school. He was the play writer until he wrote speeches for Roosevelt.

P. That's exactly what you want, a playwright. You certainly don't want an historian!

Scene 4: Dex's living room a few days later. Dex, Sarah and Stepanov are present.

STEPANOV. My dear Sarah, I did not suggest that the medical schools of Moscow are specifically established to grant degrees in poisoning. I merely wished to know whether you kept abreast of certain data of a specialized medical nature that the NKVD distributes to selected medical cadres.

SARAH. Naturally, Comrade, I do not know whether I receive all such material. How could I? I know what I receive. As for all the available data, I do not know.

S. How do you know there is other data if you do not receive it?

DEX. You misunderstood her, Boris. She said she knows of nothing but what she herself gets.

S. Well, why does she not say so.

SAR. I did. Why don't you learn to speak proper English? You've been here for years, running around Washington and New York.

S. So, you spy on me!

SAR. Relax. Everyone knows about you. Even the fascists at the FBI.

S. They think I am the Ambassador's second chauffeur.

SAR. You do not wear your disguise very well.

S. (*shrugging*) It is more useful to them than to me. I do not touch the spying. I have not seen a military secret and never will. So I violate no law of this odd country and I live in peace and enjoy my food and rest. My only complaint is I do not like the women. They are all so ambitious. They have in mind always the marriage possibility. If I could disclose my true role I could seduce them by the dozen. As it is, no one will look twice. I have no visible

future. (*brusquely*) You have gone from the subject. We are discussing your medical competence.

SAR. A highly specialized field.

S. Yes, specialized. I want a poison that will create in the mind of the attending physician the conviction of ulcers.

SAR. That is easy and not so easy. It would have to be continuously administered, and an X-ray would disprove it at once.

S. You do not understand me. I want the conviction of ulcers to appear to the physician as the cause of death.

SAR. You want to poison someone all the way.

S. That is right, and have everyone convinced he died of the ulcers.

SAR. (*after pondering*) I can't think of any such poison. I doubt that one exists.

S. There has been nothing about any such thing in the special bulletins?

D. For heaven's sake, why should there be? It's a fantastically unlikely thing for even the most obscure corners of the NKVD to worry about.

S. Comrade, it is not for you to worry about the obscure corners of the NKVD. You have other and important functions of your own that might be neglected if you overly concerned yourself with such things. (*to Sarah*) Was there any such data in the special bulletins?

SAR. I assure you, Boris, we could come up with a poison that would reproduce momentarily some of the outward symptoms of an ulcer. But to bring about the necessary physiological changes that would lead to a diagnosis of ulcers as the cause of death is impossible.

S. What makes you think I am interested in what an autopsy would show?

SAR. I presume you have in mind killing some one who stands in our way, so I suppose he has friends who will shout "murder" and autopsies are standard practice when anyone, even fascists, shout "murder." In any event, Boris, you are pursuing something altogether hopeless. You cannot pass a murder off as ulcers for the simple reason that people nowadays simply do not die of ulcers. I don't say that a neglected ulcer in theory couldn't kill a man. Of course, it could. But the fact is with all the great medical advances, people just don't die of ulcers any more.

S. That is not good. Then is there any bad disease connected with ulcers?

SAR. Let me think. Tell me, first of all, who is the man you have to kill? It might have a bearing on the risks we could afford to take.

S. Dex's old friend Harry.

D. Oh, no! Must you?

SAR. If that's who it is, there will be no trouble at all.

S. You are suddenly reconvinced!

SAR. Look, Boris, since you want him dead, the big columnists and people like

them on the radio won't be too inquisitive. A word of caution would divert them to other subjects. There's no minority that might feel it should defend itself by asking questions. And certainly the capitalist press isn't going to care how Harry Hopkins dies. Since he didn't bow and scrape to their masters, they will secretly approve of his killer, even if he is a Communist. I can't think of any man in the world easier to kill than your friend Harry, provided, of course you use a modicum of care and discretion.

S. How would you go about it?

SAR. I don't know enough about him. Does he have ulcers? Who is his physician?

S. I have had a little check made on him. He goes from time to time to one hospital for rest and treatment.

SAR. That is very simple then. If the open Party does not have cadres already in that hospital, see that one gets in there on the nursing or orderly staff. The poison can be administered orally. Anyone in a nurse's uniform can bring him a pill and a drink of water. They can put the pill with others he knows he's supposed to take. It's very simple.

S. Fine. We will do it your way. Do you have the contact in the open Party in New York to take your orders officially?

SAR. I think so, but there might be some hesitation in a matter like this.

S. Try it. If you fail, I will open up other channels. But it is better if I am out of it.

D. Boris, is this really necessary? What is Harry doing or threatening to do that needs such drastic treatment?

S. If you will think a little, Dex, you will understand. He has now personal promises from Stalin that Stalin, of course, does not intend to keep and will not keep. That alone might be reason enough, but also he knows too much about too many things, about you, about Marshall, surely about Stilwell. In regard to the burning of the *Normandie*, he probably has not yet made a connection. He may know how much Tresca was in Elmer Davis's, as you say, hair? With all his knowledge, how can he watch what Marshall will do in China and not wonder? Then he will begin talking, then he will be dangerous and then it will be too late for us to make the move. So it is now or it is never.

Scene 5: A hospital room in New York some days later. Harry is wearing a dressing gown when a young nurse comes in.

NURSE. Why, Mr. Hopkins, what are you doing out of bed?

HARRY. I'm getting dressed to go home.

N. But you mustn't do that. We're going to get you well here.

H. I only come here once in a while for a rest and a little treatment. Now I've had enough of both, I'm getting out.

N. But I've just come to give you your medicine. You'd better take it and let me ask the doctor whether it's all right for you to go home.

H. To hell with the doctor. He and all the rest of them. You'd think all the doctors I've had to deal with might at least know enough to cure a simple case of ulcers.

N. I'm sure they do the best they can, Mr. Hopkins. Now take your pills. Later, if the doctor wants you to go home, you'll go.

H. (*looking at the pills*) More than the usual number.

N. Doctor's orders. Just vitamins, I think.

H. I hate vitamins. (*He takes the pills in his hand.*) You know, nurse, I've been in and out of here every two months all summer and fall and I don't remember having seen you before.

N. I was just taken on the staff. Please, Mr. Hopkins, take your pills. Don't make it hard for me. The doctors may give me a black mark if I don't get you to take your pills on time.

H. (*looking at the pills*) To tell the truth, nurse, I feel perfectly well now and all I want to do is to go home and get back to work. I'm dawdling because I'm depressed by a premonition. Did you know Lincoln had a premonition before he went to the theater that night. And Huey Long had a premonition, too. He made a detailed speech in the Senate about it, just a day or so before that doctor fellow killed him. It was a curious speech because Long couldn't have known he was going to be killed. It was all a vague plot that he couldn't make clear, even to himself.

N. Please, Mr. Hopkins, you're acting very strange. (*she almost forces him to take the glass of water.*)

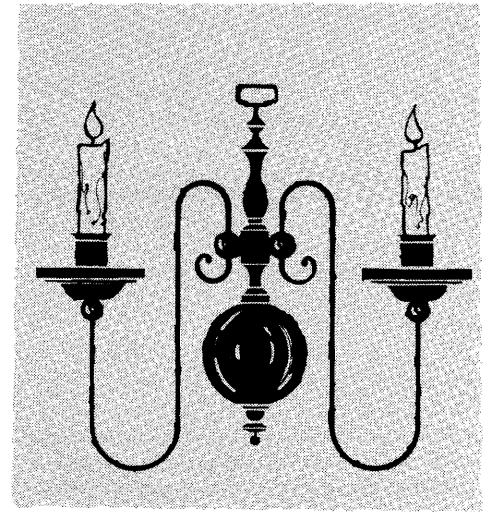
H. You know what I think premonitions are? If a lot of people set up the machinery for killing you, you have a sort of animal instinct that senses it. That's why most people who are killed can't know it in advance because there isn't any specific program or project for killing them in the works. But with Lincoln and Long, for instance, that wasn't true. They sensed what was coming, but neither one could get to the underlying reasons so they just couldn't guard against it. (*after a pause*) Funny thing is I can't think of anybody who would want to kill me. The Nazis and Japs might have, but that's water over the dam. Maybe, I'm just depressed. You know, the stupid thing about premonitions is how do you tell them from silly whims? You could tell after they turn out to be right, but then it's too late. (*He washes down the pills.*) You see, by waiting patiently like a good girl you got your way. Now be a good nurse and tell the doctor I'm going to get dressed and go home.

(*To Be Continued*)



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the secret history of the United States (1912–1960)



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. Later, an English Lord offers the Old Man a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil if he will put the U. S. into World War I on the side of Britain, which he obligingly does. Twenty years later the Old Man's oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. A few years later the Communists' nominee for Army Chief of Staff is opposed by Harry, who is warned by the Publisher that the only way to start World War II, which they both want, is to persuade Russia to abandon Spain to Franco. The Kremlin reluctantly agrees to go along, provided General Marshall is appointed Chief of Staff. Later Harry is appalled by the Russian-German Non-Aggression Pact and is even more appalled when the Publisher explains that Henry Wallace should be Democratic vice-presidential candidate and Wendell Willkie Republican presidential nominee in 1940. By the end of the following year, the unholy team of FDR, Stalin, Litvinov, Comintern Spy Sorge and the U. S. Chief of Staff managed to get the U.S. into war by provoking the Pearl Harbor attack. A few years later, with victory in World War II in sight, Dex and his clique work to give Europe to the Russians and China to the Chinese Communists, while Harry, the muddle-headed socialist, puts up a confused and disoriented resistance, thereby incurring the wrath of the moribund Roosevelt. With Truman in the White House, American Communists start playing world politics with the A-bomb, and the Chief of Staff strikes a bloody bargain with the new Soviet Ambassador. Soon potential Soviet enemies and no-longer-useful Communists are eliminated in a purge that includes Harry Hopkins.

PART THREE, ACT I

Scene 1: A large office in Washington. The year is 1947. James Forrestal is present with a Senator he addresses as "Bob."

FORRESTAL. On the surface the unification of the military seems a wise step. I can't find any good argument against it, which is why I'm carrying the fight to put it through. But it has, shall we say, "edges" that trouble me. Do you see anything wrong with it?

BOB. Frankly, Jim, I don't. It seems to me well overdue. The duplication and waste inherent in two services and two departments, now three with the Air Force, put a heavy load on the budget. It would have saved us a pretty penny during the war. *(As Forrestal remains silent)* Don't you approve of saving the taxpayers' money?

F. I'm not as totally indifferent to the idea of money-saving as Harry Hopkins used to be, but that isn't the particular aspect that bothers me. What seems of much more importance is the strategic advantages you get for your money. That's what the public is buying, after all, when they pay for a military establishment.

B. You don't think unification gets you more for your money?

F. I do in theory. But you mentioned the last war, and when I think of that in specific terms, I wonder.

B. At what?

F. If there had been one department instead of two when Germany collapsed, the Japs would still have been in control of everything west of the Caroline Islands. There would have been a long war ahead of us with the Russians free to move all over the place. The war would finally have ended with Russian troops, probably in Japan itself. Bad as it is out there now, it would have been much worse.

B. Come on, Jim, how could a single unified department possibly have made that much difference?

F. There would have been one viewpoint instead of two presented to President Roosevelt, namely, the strategic theories of George Marshall, which were based from the outset on the

premise that you could leave Japan in the deep freeze until the Russians got ready to join us out there. The Navy, of course, never felt that way, so two points of view were able to battle it out before the boss. While we didn't get all we wanted, we scraped enough crumbs off the Army's table to put on a fairly respectable show. But if Knox and I hadn't had cabinet rank, King and Nimitz could have screamed their heads off. Their arguments would have carried less weight than a memo from the Bureau of the Budget.

B. I think you're aiming the problem in the wrong direction. The question is, what is the most efficient and economical way to organize the American defense system. One and only one department is clearly the answer. The next question is how that department is to be used in war or in the preparation for war. That's a matter of strategy and has nothing to do with organization.

F. I agree entirely. In theory they have nothing to do with each other, only . . .

B. Only what?

F. Let's assume that the government is not, shall we say, totally homogeneous — that some men occupying high office are not always single-minded about national objectives or perhaps are just not clear about them. Efficiency in government derives from a concentration of will. When the will is divided or confused it may in the long run be more efficient to have less efficiency.

B. Jim, you're imagining things.

F. I'm afraid it's getting to be a habit of mine.

B. In my opinion your problem is largely psychological. Since you are going to be the first Secretary of Defense, you are probably wondering subconsciously . . .

F. No one's promised me the job.

B. Of course not. But I can assure you it will be quite a task for the Senate to

Continued On Next Page

confirm anyone else.

F. It's nice of you to say it. That, however, is beside the point. I think my worries about the post, slight as they are, are on solid ground.

B. Maybe. Nevertheless I don't take them as seriously as you do. (*changing the subject*) You mentioned things are going badly out in the Far East.

F. Worse than badly.

B. It's unfortunate we have to back such an incompetent and corrupt a regime as Chiang's.

F. That's the way the situation is presented in the American press, but I have some misgivings.

B. I'm told they sell the arms we give them to the Communists.

F. That's not true for a very simple reason. As a Cabinet member I know we've never given Chiang any arms that he could sell to the Communists.

B. Why we've sent tons of aid to Chiang.

F. No modern arms, hardly any ammunition, a few old planes and no aviation gas. And nothing at all since the summer of '45.

B. But the Communists are known to have up-to-date American arms.

F. You think big guns and light tanks were flown over the Hump? Stilwell was supposed to take a lot of up-to-date war material out with him on the *Normandie* in '43 while he still held Burma. But she caught fire. After Burma was taken, there never was another chance.

B. You give me the feeling you almost believe all the charges put out by that Bentley woman.

F. The picture is a little more complex than that.

B. I imagine there's a certain amount of Communist espionage in the lower ranks of the government. That sort of thing is bound to happen, I suppose. What perplexes me most about Hiss, whose story is bound to come out pretty soon in the committee on Un-American Activities, and makes me awfully doubtful about the charges against him is the motive. What could possibly induce a man of Hiss's background to take part in such shenanigans?

F. Ambition, I guess.

B. How's that again?

F. He rose pretty quickly in the government, didn't he? The Party works every day in the year at pushing serviceable and bright young men up the ladder.

B. (*dubious*) I suppose they would try to do that, but I'm sure they can't succeed very often.

F. I don't know how often they succeed, Bob, and I really don't think that's the point. Since no one else works at it, no matter how poor the Party's batting average, in the long run their men may be everywhere.

B. Jim, all kinds of people get their friends into federal jobs.

F. One hundred and one separate little

cliques, each interested in one job for some minor little favor a particular guy has promised to do for them, provided he is paid off in addition to the job. That's not the same thing.

B. If anything like what you say is going on, the FBI would know about it.

F. I'm not sure that anything like that is going on. I am sure, though, that if it is the FBI doesn't know anything about it and couldn't do anything if it did. The pro-Soviet crowd, if it exists, is sort of legitimate, even though it doesn't advertise itself — like the pro-Allied bunch that ran the country when Wilson was president. (*laughing*) You know when I was in school, teachers used to try to make England sound more democratic by saying that the king reigned, but didn't rule. You might say the same thing about the modern democratic state. The government reigns but doesn't rule.

B. Then who does rule?

F. That's what is getting harder and harder to put your finger on.

Scene 2: Dex's living room about a year later. Paul, Leon and Dex are present.

PAUL. What a bloody mess your smart stunt produced this time!

LEON (*angrily*) I am not responsible for open and flagrant disobedience of orders. Everything was based on resorting to the Fifth Amendment. That was the absolute and agreed-upon prerequisite. There was never any suggestion of anything else. Is it my fault if that dummy Hiss thought himself smart enough to improve upon our plan?

DEX. We ought to have known that he would try something like that.

L. Wrong! There was absolutely no reason to suppose that Hiss would have the colossal arrogance to think he was cleverer than the consensus of the associates who had made him a man of prominence. I confess that it never occurred to me that Hiss could have reached the point of mental delusion that he credited his eminence to his own efforts, his own skills, his own abilities, and, that in the midst of a vast, complex struggle of empires he could stand alone, shrewder than either friend or foe. That, I admit, never occurred to me. Nor would it have occurred to any rational man. Therefore I will not take the blame for it.

D. The worst of it is I don't see how the thing can be brought to a stop. The Bentley testimony was perfectly ghastly, though it could be ascribed to an oversexed woman or something on that order.

L. You might notice there was a generous use of the Fifth Amendment by those she named. After that, despite your fears, everything stirred up by Bentley seems to have quieted down.

P. There were also some categorical denials.

L. Some. It is always safe to make categorical denials when you know there is no written proof.

P. What if you were charged with being a Communist?

L. I should deny it, not only with a serene conscience, but with relaxed nerves. There does not exist anywhere in the world a single authentic document that says I am a Party member.

D. You always manage to keep yourself investigation proof. But how about me? What do I do, if I am called before the House Committee on Un-American Activities?

L. Take the Fifth.

D. I can't now.

L. Why not?

D. If Hiss had, and everybody named by the Bentley woman had, then I could.

L. But this is precisely why you can. A parade of distinguished public servants against whom no breath of slander has ever been breathed is suddenly accused by a lot of hysterical reactionaries, Trotskyites and sex-starved women. To prevent this situation from developing into a political circus designed to thwart the forward-looking policies of the Administration, the distinguished public servants felt they should not testify before such a perverted caricature of a forum. The use of the Fifth Amendment is merely a technicality in this highly proper step. The substance and meaning of the Amendment need not be considered at all.

D. That may have been what you had in mind, Leon, when you let this thing against Hiss get started. But that isn't the way it has worked out.

L. Only because Hiss . . .

D. I don't care what the reason is. Now it's impossible. With the excitement and public attention that the Hiss controversy has raised, I can't answer a subpoena with a Fifth Amendment plea. I just can't. After all, I've been in Washington a lot longer than Hiss, who merely propagandized for the United Nations, after doing a little second-rate State Department spying. I've been in on policy since the whole show started. If Hiss has started denying and explaining, how can I go before the same Committee and refuse to testify? If I do that now, somebody *will* look at the substance of the Amendment. It won't be just a technicality. It will be a refusal to testify because I am *criminally* involved in the matters under examination. How do you like that?

L. I like the alternative even less.

D. The alternative, in my mind, will be to deny all the serious allegations.

L. I'm sure you can deny them. I'm not sure how convincing the denial will be.

P. They'll have Dex where the hair is short. The Russian money deal must be a matter of Treasury record.

D. Of course it is. But that doesn't prove anything. It was cooperation with an ally in wartime.

The Game and The Candle

P. What about the *Normandie*? There must be union records showing that one of their men talked to you. They would have to keep such records for self-protection.

D. (*appalled*) The *Normandie*? What do you know about that?

P. Beyond the fact she was burned, nothing. However, if you hang around over at the Labor Board you learn some odds and ends, particularly if there's a labor angle, as I gather there was with the *Normandie*.

L. And since Marshall is always a little standoffish about you, I've often wondered whether there wasn't some area of strain between you two that has spilled over from the old days.

D. Perhaps. I'm one of the few people who knows about our early approach to him when he was a colonel in charge of the CCC. (*looking from one to the other*) What is this? An attempt to box me in?

P. We just wish to persuade you to take the Fifth.

D. I repeat, how can I? Look, I'm an assistant secretary. No one with that rank could dream of pleading self-incrimination. It would be a confession that for fifteen years I've worked for the Soviets. A man of my rank simply can't do that. Anyway not after Hiss has messed it up. If Marshall were called, would you want him to take the Fifth?

L. No, that would be awkward. In cases like that the Administration must keep the lid on. Even so, there's less risk than you fear. Senators and

Representatives aren't generally men of much courage. Otherwise they wouldn't have had to give away so much to get nominated. It's all right to act brave and even reckless in an election, but getting nominated depends on making the right promises and being properly servile to the right people. So everyone on Capitol Hill, when he is up against a man of Marshall's rank, knows he is up against someone who must be entirely satisfactory to some very powerful people. He doesn't quite know who they are but in cases like that he doesn't ask sharp questions. If you don't believe me, read the Pearl Harbor investigation and see if you can find one sharp question directed to Marshall. (*correcting himself*) I take that back. You can find one or two asked. But you can't find one answered and you can't find any case where the questioner pressed to get his question answered when it was ignored. That's what counts.

D. Harry was always worried about that investigation. I wonder if he thought there was something odd about Pearl Harbor?

P. Why are you bringing up Hopkins?

D. No reason. You were talking about Marshall and the Pearl Harbor investigation and I was remembering Harry's concern about it. Of course in those days Marshall was strictly off limits for us working folks in the lower Party echelons.

P. (*wearily*) Dex, let's keep our minds on our own problems for a moment, shall

we?

D. There's no need to. I've thought it all out. I won't take the Fifth.

P. If you get orders to?

D. Orders? To tell you the truth, Paul, I don't know just where I would get them today. I've been on detached duty so long I'm out of touch with organizational niceties. Years ago I remember there was a strict hierarchy, or anyway an attempt at one. It was all rather childish, and I think I really thought so then. But I was sort of enthusiastic, swept up in kid stuff, you might say. For the last fifteen years I've been in the habit of discussing our problems, listening to advice and often taking it, but not receiving any orders.

P. Not even from Oumansky, Litvinov or Stepanov?

L. Please, Paul, Dex has stated his position rather plainly. There is no sense bringing in irrelevant side issues. (*to Dex*) Out of courtesy, however, I think it would be nice if you presented your ideas to Stepanov. I don't mean that you should debate it with him, and obviously not ask his permission, but just keep him informed.

D. You tell him.

L. You know I make it a point never to discuss anything of a political nature with a Soviet official.

D. Then why should I?

P. For the very simple reason you're so used to it.

(*To Be Continued*)

Racism *Continued From Page 5*

Nor were the English novelists more enthusiastic about the aliens in their midst. Defoe, who knew a lot about the seamy side of life, had a very poor opinion of the Jews, and Fielding, a magistrate, also disliked them. That appears to be why Richardson is strongly preferred by liberal critics, although Defoe takes precedence over him in point of time and Fielding in point of excellence.

When we come to Dickens, the xenophobic tendency is even more manifest. His Fagin is a creature who trains little boys as pickpockets, and his hanging is regarded by Dickens as good riddance. Dickens's later attempt to make amends by portraying a gentle Jew was a complete failure. Who now remembers in which novel Elias is to be found?

Where Negroes are concerned, Dickens's attitudes are even more severe. He was the great proponent of the argument that charity begins at home, and never ceased to ridicule silly women like Mrs. Jellyby in *Barnaby Rudge*, whose principal concern was "educating the natives of Borrioboola-Gha, on the

left bank of the Niger." In his first full-length novel *The Pickwick Papers* he makes fun of a "noble society for providing the infant Negroes in the West Indies with flannel waistcoats and moral pocket handkerchiefs." So it is no surprise to find him, in the latter part of his life, supporting General Eyre, who put down a Negro rising in the West Indies by hanging all the insurgents on sight.

Thackeray has one young lady advising another not to marry anyone who works in the City of London, "among the stockbrokers and Jews." Trollope can hardly be considered to have displayed any more fondness towards them.

In the twentieth century the pattern persists: Rudyard Kipling, Henry James, G. K. Chesterton, T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, D. H. Lawrence, all show strong signs of anti-Semitism. And remember only a few of the most outstanding writers have been selected. If quotations were taken from writers of the second rank, the list could be lengthened enormously. Nor is it an answer to say that one could also make out a selective list of pro-Jewish

quotations from Scott's *Ivanhoe*, George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda*, Joyce's *Ulysses*. In the broad and brilliant range of English literature unfavorable references to Jews and other minorities heavily outnumber the favorable ones.

Racial feelings have by no means disappeared now that minority writers have been made central to the study of English. The only difference is that minority racism becomes the theme. What could be more explicit than Norman Mailer's calumination of the Wasps, or Philip Roth's fantasies of easily exploited "shiksies?" His hero in *Portnoy's Complaint* even keeps one whom he calls the Monkey for the purposes of *fellatio*. He also alleges that the Majority blondes are all just dying to hop into bed with men who look like his uncle Hymie.

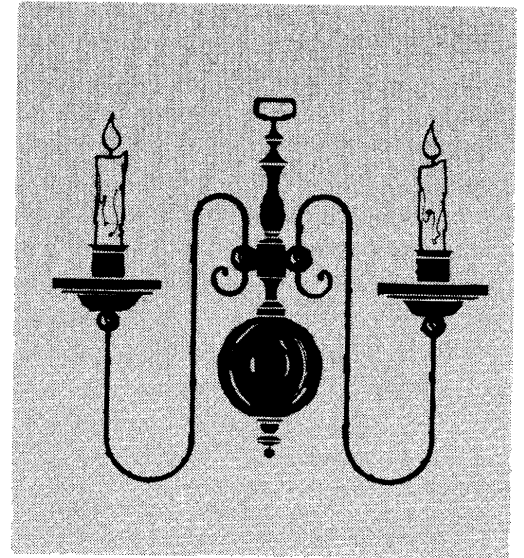
We wonder about the future of English literature, now that it has passed into the hands of alien races who have only been speaking and writing English for a few generations. If environment is everything, then English literature has nothing to worry about. Any Fiji Islander will have as much chance of being a

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THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
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The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. Later, an English Lord offers the Old Man a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil if he will put the U. S. into World War I on the side of Britain, which he obligingly does. Twenty years later the Old Man's oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. A few years later the Communists' nominee for Army Chief of Staff is opposed by Harry, who is warned by the Publisher that the only way to start World War II, which they both want, is to persuade Russia to abandon Spain to Franco. The Kremlin reluctantly agrees to go along, provided General Marshall is appointed Chief of Staff. Later Harry is appalled by the Russian-German Non-Aggression Pact and is even more appalled when the Publisher explains that Henry Wallace should be Democratic vice-presidential candidate and Wendell Willkie Republican presidential nominee in 1940. By the end of the following year, the unholy team of FDR, Stalin, Litvinov, Comintern Spy Sorge and the U. S. Chief of Staff managed to get the U.S. into war by provoking the Pearl Harbor attack. A few years later, with victory in World War II in sight, Dex and his clique work to give Europe to the Russians and China to the Chinese Communists, while Harry, the muddle-headed socialist, puts up a confused and disoriented resistance, thereby incurring the wrath of the moribund Roosevelt. With Truman in the White House, American Communists start playing world politics with the A-bomb, and the Chief of Staff strikes a bloody bargain with the new Soviet Ambassador. Soon potential Soviet enemies are eliminated in a purge that includes Harry Hopkins.

PART THREE, ACT I

Scene 3: The same room in the Soviet Embassy in which years ago Troyanovsky, Oumansky and Stepanov discussed what to do about Soviet troops in Spain. Stepanov and Sarah are present. It is summer, 1948.

SARAH. Why do you make me come here? It's most unwise.

STEPANOV. Perhaps, Comrade, you are competent to instruct me in the management of my responsibilities?

SARAH. I don't mean it that way. It's just that . . . I'm afraid I may be seen.

S. By the anti-Semitic and fascist spotters of the FBI?

SARAH. If I were they, I would watch who went in and out of the Soviet Embassy.

S. I assure you there are no spotters. It was a contribution made to our comfort. It was argued to the Administration how could the Soviet Government feel free of the threat of the atomic bomb while the U. S. has a great bomber force and the Soviet Embassy is under a police watch? It didn't do much for the mutual trust which alone could be the foundation of future peace. So the watch was taken off the Embassy. Now all we must do is get rid of the bombers. (a pause) Are you married?

SARAH. (a little surprised) No. Why do you ask that?

S. It is my business to know those things.

SARAH. I would have thought it your business to have found that out about me some time ago.

S. You are the fresh one, yes? You are very sure of how I should run my business.

SARAH. I don't think your question about my marital status had anything to do with your business.

S. Ah, still the one competent to judge. You think perhaps it was a sex question? That I have an interest in you for such a purpose?

SARAH. It's an idea that sometimes occurs to me.

S. Actually you are not too bad-looking — for a Jewess.

SARAH. Does that bother you?

S. Not at all. I make it the custom for the Party in New York to send me down an eager young Jewess perhaps once a month. They are so unattractive — but so earnest.

SARAH. Why not get the few attractive ones?

S. If I had a reason for liking them, then trouble would perhaps begin. They think they are Communists and Jewesses, but underneath they are always Americans. They want to get married, all of them.

SARAH. You believe only American girls want to get married?

S. Absolutely. Everywhere else the men want to get married because a wife is worth money or work or something equally valuable. It is only here that it is necessary to marry for sex, and it is only here that a woman is worthless, in practical matters. So naturally here it is only the women who want to marry. That is why I have to be most careful.

SARAH. Tell me, you seem so conscious of Jews. Do you dislike them?

S. Of course. All Russians dislike Jews, just as they dislike Europeans and Americans.

SARAH. But anti-Semitism is illegal in Russia.

S. Do you know why? (after she shakes her head) Because the Soviet constitution is written to be read in London, Paris and Washington, not to be enforced in Moscow.

SARAH. So there is anti-Semitism in Russia?

S. What else would you expect? In Russia the Jew is a second-class citizen. He has to be because only a Communist is the first-class citizen and a man cannot be a Communist and a Jew.

SARAH. Not religious Jews, perhaps.

S. If a man is not a religious Jew, is he a Jew?

SARAH. Yes and no. You'd first have to define what a Jew is.

S. You know what a Jew is. Do you yourself believe in Yahweh, God of Israel?

SARAH. Of course not. But my father and mother did.

S. And you are a member of the Communist Party, U.S.A., in good standing?

SAR. Yes.

S. But you never question in your own mind that you are a Jewess?

SAR. No.

S. Then why should you ask me why I question it?

SAR. I don't

S. Ah, but you do. You want me, as a representative of the Soviet Government, to say that you are not a member of a group separate and distinct from all other Soviet citizens, when you feel yourself that you are the member of such a group. That, of course, the Soviet Government will not do. There is only one loyalty under the Soviet Government. Only one.

SAR. To the aims and objectives of the Soviet Government.

S. Not to the aims and objectives of the Soviet Government. To the Soviet Government and to the men who speak with its authority and give orders that are to be obeyed instantly and unquestionedly. It is not for you to judge the aims and objectives and decide this or that demand of the Soviet Government is not to be obeyed because it is supposedly false to its aims and objectives. If that were Soviet loyalty there would be no Soviet Union. There would be forty little states governed by Harry Hopkins.

SAR. But there are Jews high in the Soviet Government.

S. There have been Jews high in the Soviet Government.

SAR. What I think you're saying is that a Jew can be loyal to the proclaimed aims and objectives of the Soviet Government, but that isn't enough. You require a kind of blind unquestioning loyalty to the men in command of that government and that's something the Jews can't give or anyway won't go for. Is that what you mean?

S. That is not a bad way to put it.

SAR. I think it's rather a credit to the Jews.

S. I do not doubt that, my dear. However, it is not credit in heaven, but success on earth that is pursued by the Soviet Government. So you see there is an inevitable rift.

SAR. If you feel that way about the Jews, why do you cultivate them so avidly in this country?

S. You are certainly not silly enough to have to ask that question?

SAR. You know, you depress me.

S. You do not need to be depressed. What you need is to see and understand what is what.

SAR. And attach my unbreakable loyalty to the men who constitute the chain of Soviet command.

S. Precisely.

SAR. In that way I can at least cease to be a Jew?

S. Precisely.

SAR. Can these orders or pieces of advice also be taken as a proposition that I become your mistress?

S. Do not hurry things so fast. First you must become loyal and obedient enough to kill Dex.

SAR. Come on, now. You're going too far. First Hopkins, now Dex. (She sees he is serious.) Why Dex? What's he done that needs such . . . such a final solution.

S. It is not what he has done, my dear. He has done nothing but perform admirable services for the Soviet Government for many years.

SAR. Then what is the trouble?

S. It is the damn committees of Congress. It is a Republican Congress and we do not have yet so many good friends in powerful positions in that party.

SAR. Get to the point.

S. We have friends, powerful friends in the Republican party, but not yet as powerful as we would like.

SAR. So?

S. So we cannot stop their investigations. It was planned to use the funny provision of their Constitution that our friends said they could get their friends on the Court to do something with. I do not understand the pretty little technicalities of the American law. It would have been all right, our friends said, until this stupid little braggart Hiss talked us all into a jam. Dex feels he must not take the escape of refusing to answer questions, which will be the same as confessing that for fifteen years the real Secretary of the Treasury has been a Soviet agent.

SAR. They'll never prove it.

S. They cannot, perhaps, perfectly prove it, but they can open up many lines of questions that could be worse, much worse.

SAR. Worse?

S. You have known Dex a long time? Then you know that from the beginning he was very involved in many things that would be impossible to deny, things that must tie into the late Harry Hopkins, whose papers are not yet safely edited.

SAR. You know what you are really worried about. Dex is the man who got Marshall to write that letter as the price of getting his first star. And Marshall is now the Secretary of State and the President eats out of his hand and so he's a thousand times more valuable to you than poor little Dex. So to play safe you're going to kill Dex.

S. How did you know about Dex and the Marshall letter? Did Dex tell you?

SAR. No, not exactly.

S. Not exactly or yes exactly?

SAR. I put two and two together from a few subtle hints.

S. He was forbidden ever to say anything at all about the Marshall letter.

SAR. Obviously.

S. Obviously or not, he let you understand what had happened when he was under strict orders not to.

SAR. We've been pretty close. I'm his physician.

S. No exception was made in his orders

to allow him to tell his physician. (Sarah wearily agrees.) Another such leak from Dex, one thoughtless answer, one quick burst of temper, and there might be terrible disclosures. And Dex does not talk wisely — ever. You know that.

SAR. Did Marshall ask you to kill him?

S. My dear Sarah, what a dreadful question! Would you think the great Secretary of State, the man on whose shoulders rests the hope of the peace and democratic future of the world would try to promote a private murder?

SAR. I wouldn't have volunteered the idea. But since you ask me, yes.

S. (sternly) It is not a private murder, not at all. It is the death of a soldier unavoidably sent into a fatal action because of overriding strategic needs elsewhere.

SAR. The military simile is quite appropriate coming, as I judge it does, from the former instructor to the Illinois National Guard.

S. Do not be so bitter, Sarah. Do not think you can provoke me into confirming your guess that Marshall argued that Dex must die. There has been no need of any argument from Marshall. On a choice between the two you, yourself, would not hesitate to say which is more valuable to the Soviet Government.

SAR. I admit that. But, Boris, has it really, really come to a choice?

S. As an officer of the Red Army I assure you on my honor that prolonging detailed testimony forced from Dex cannot help but endanger Marshall.

SAR. Let him refuse to testify.

S. His pride seems to be aroused. He will not obey the orders to refuse to testify.

SAR. (after a pause) Very well, where do I fit in?

S. It must, of course, be a natural death. We cannot have questions. As for the time, I do not know the schedules of the hearings. Our friends think Dex will be called no sooner than three or four weeks.

SAR. Dex will probably come to see me in a week or so. He always does, for a touch of flu, or cold or a headache. I could tell him his heart is beginning to show signs of severe strain and give him pills. One of the pills could contain a poison, a nerve poison that will actually cause death by heart failure. Dex will tell his friends that he has developed a bad heart and has to take things a little easy. So if he has heart failure everyone will expect it.

S. Autopsy?

SAR. The symptoms will be those usually associated with death from heart failure. But even if there is an autopsy, nothing can be proved. The poison will be in the middle of one of his regular pills, with a coating that will only release the poison some hours after he takes the pill. Even if it is found by clinical tests it proves nothing. It can't be traced to his

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pills because all his other pills will be perfectly proper heart stimulants.

S. I wonder when he will take the poison pill.

SAR. That is the one uncertainty. It will be pure chance when he takes that one out of the box. But I'll only give him enough pills to last two weeks.

S. It all sounds very workmanlike. Is it from one of the NKVD bulletins?

Sarah nods her head with a touch of bitterness and a touch of despair.

Scene 4: The information booth in the Grand Central Station in New York a few days later. Dex enters carrying a suitcase. Suddenly he staggers and leans against the counter for support.

STRANGER. (going to him) Mister, are you sick?

DEX. I'll be all right in a minute. My

heart's been acting up. Let me get my breath. (He leans on the counter and begins to mumble.) If I could catch a little sleep, I'd feel better. (in a clear voice, standing up) Hear, oh Israel! Adonai. (He falls on the stone floor, dead.)

(To be continued)

Ideology *Continued From Page 5*

Marriage cemented Marx's ostensible and symbolic allegiance to the German Majority. Never seen in the company of Jews outside his own family, Marx had married a Gentile with all the social intimacy and fusion that marriage entails. At this point the reader might ask, with reason, whether Marx was still a Jew at all. His father was Lutheran and, although with black curly hair and dark eyes Karl looked Jewish, he displayed no overt allegiance to his racial comrades. But all at once, on the occasion of the publication of a series of articles on the Jewish question by Bruno Bauer, his friend and colleague, there arose in Marx's heart a vague irritability and disquiet, a certain morbid interest that was to be the motive of his first serious venture into literary polemics.

Semitic Anti-Semite?

The dialogue between Marx and Bauer was described at length in *Instauration* (November 1976), where it was shown that Marx remained unwilling or unable to say anything on the issue of his own minority group, limiting himself to a distinction between the religious and racial sides of Jewry. The main point here is that Bruno Bauer was getting to be a high hurdle in Marx's race to become an influential intellectual. The Young Hegelians (as the group called itself) were in the best position in Germany to promote radical ideas. But along with their attack on government and religion, they saw nothing wrong in attacking Jews as well. Marx was welcomed by the group only so long as he did not make his own Jewishness an issue. It was precisely Bauer, Marx's old intellectual sidekick, who was both leader of the Young Hegelians and their most anti-Semitic member. Marx could perhaps afford to chide individual Young Hegelians, but he could not permit himself to turn the liberal and radical movements as a whole into a racial confrontation.

Meanwhile, someone even closer to Marx than the Young Hegelians was venting anti-Semitic remarks. That was Friedrich Engels. Realizing that Engels was indispensable to him, Marx himself, while doubtlessly squirming, even joined the anti-Semitic chorus when he complained in print about Lassalle's

Jewish looks and when he wrote his essay on the Jewish question.

Contemporary scholars and journalists are fond of raising the question of Marx's anti-Semitism, thereby trying to prove that he was a paragon of objectivity and saw things in an Olympian view that transcended all racial self-serving. Marx may actually have intended something of the sort. But in reality he had to make the choice whether he was to become, in the eyes of the intellectual public, a commentator and critic of institutions or, on the other hand, just another Jew protesting his lot. Then, as now, this latter type existed in abundance. Marx's father, a "Christian" with a proper image in high legal and governmental circles, had instilled in Karl the idea that the proper strategy was an indirect one.

Marx went to the Young Hegelians and even to Engels only when he wanted something. To whom did he go for friendship? The answer to this question gives us a clue regarding his Jewishness. Recognizing their obvious political ineffectiveness, he nevertheless turned for comradeship to such fellow racists as Heinrich Heine and Moses Hess. Heine he admired most of all living writers. With Hess he conspired to keep control of the *Rheinische Zeitung*, a liberal newspaper. For these two gentlemen he exuded a warmth bordering on passion.

Proletarian Ploy

Considering what has been said so far, what truth is there in this interesting assertion of J. Hampden Jackson, a Marxist scholar?

[M]arx wrote of the proletariat and the Jews in identical terms. Both the proletariat and the Jew owed his position to the role that had been assigned to him by capitalistic society.

Superficially, at least, Jackson blundered. Nowhere in Marx's essay on the Jewish question, to which he is referring, does the word — or the concept — "proletarian" appear. It was Engels who only later introduced Marx to the notion of the proletariat, both in theory and by taking him on a tour of the slums of Manchester, the likes of which Marx had never seen. Although this scholarly lapse would seem a glaring error on the part of Jackson, who professes to be an expert on Marx, there

is a deeper truth behind it. The important thing is that Marx was thinking about Jews and Jewishness before he bothered himself about the proletariat. Contrary to Jackson, the Jew depicted by Marx first appears as an ultrabourgeois preoccupied with money — although Marx is quick to point out that this is also a Christian vice. Consequently, the Communist Founding Father never explicitly attaches Jewishness to a specific racial or ethnic quality but accounts for it entirely in economic and formal terms. This was one of Marx's earliest and most formative doctrines. Either as bourgeois or proletarian, however, the occult apparition of the Jew appears, symbolically, beneath the opaque surface of Marxist ideology.

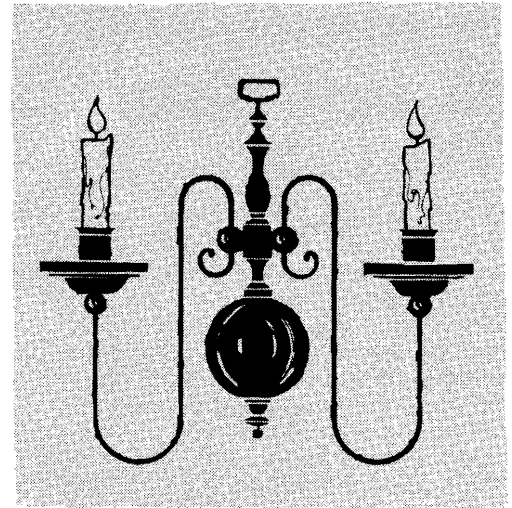
In answer to Bauer, Marx had castigated what he called the Jewish spirit of capitalist society, all the while exonerating racial Jews by blaming this spirit, in fact, on Christians. In *Das Kapital*, written much later, Marx speaks of Jews in somewhat different terms as a pariah people, marginal to established society and surviving only in its sutures and interstices. Regarding the proletariat, Marx said it had *no roots in, or patriotic commitment to, the lands or institutions in which it resides*. This is the premise from which Marx drew the false conclusion that later proved disastrous to Communist hopes of world conquest. If the proletariat is without nationality, it must, thought Marx, be international. Yet when the crunch came in two world wars, workers were as nationalist as any other group.

Whether or not Marx had intended to do so, he produced, in the image of the proletariat, a mythical or symbolic depiction of his own nationality, world Jewry. That there were and still are poor people is certainly true. But Marx projected or read into them a certain Jewish character which even the poorest of them, insofar as they had any self-respect left, would shun, if only because in Marx's day Jews were regarded as scarcely human. Consequently, it can only be concluded that in its essential points the so-called proletariat, like Freud's Superego Yahweh, is Marx's attempt to slip his tribal gods "in the back door" of Western thought. The proletariat was purely and simply the prime symbol of a covert ideology on behalf of his own race.



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912–1960)



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. Later, an English Lord offers the Old Man a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil if he will put the U. S. into World War I on the side of Britain, which he obligingly does. Twenty years later the Old Man's oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. A few years later the Communists' nominee for Army Chief of Staff is opposed by Harry, who is warned by the Publisher that the only way to start World War II, which they both want, is to persuade Russia to abandon Spain to Franco. The Kremlin reluctantly agrees to go along, provided General Marshall is appointed Chief of Staff. Later Harry is appalled by the Russian-German Non-Aggression Pact and is even more appalled when the Publisher explains that Henry Wallace should be Democratic vice-presidential candidate and Wendell Willkie Republican presidential nominee in 1940. By the end of the following year, the unholy team of FDR, Stalin, Litvinov, Comintern Spy Sorge and the U. S. Chief of Staff managed to get the U.S. into war by provoking the Pearl Harbor attack. A few years later, with victory in World War II in sight, Dex and his clique work to give Europe to the Russians and China to the Chinese Communists, while Harry, the muddle-headed socialist, puts up a confused and disoriented resistance, thereby incurring the wrath of the moribund Roosevelt. With Truman in the White House, American Communists start playing world politics with the A-bomb, and the Chief of Staff strikes a bloody bargain with the new Soviet Ambassador. Soon potential Soviet enemies and no-longer-useful Communists are eliminated in a purge that includes Harry Hopkins and Harry Dexter White.

PART THREE, ACT I

Scene 5: Secretary of State Marshall's office in Washington in late 1948. Secretary of Defense Forrestal is also present.

MARSHALL. I'm surprised you have the money for it. I don't remember it being in your budget.

FORRESTAL. It wasn't. Webb cut it out in favor of more foreign aid.

M. The Director of the Budget may have been wrong in this particular detail. But broadly speaking, ever since the Wilson Administration the country has been committed to the military doctrine that its first line of defense was its allies.

F. George, the doctrine made some kind of sense when we were furnishing aid in the good old days to powerful nations like England and France. The aid materialized into well-armed men and well-designed equipment fighting our fight, or what we thought was our fight. What, however, comes out of aid to Nehru? Even if our aid got Nehru to fight on our side, what would it be worth? How many divisions of the Russian Army would it take to conquer India?

M. Now, Jim, that's unkind. India is a great country.

F. I don't doubt it. But all I'm concerned with is India's capacity to be of military assistance to the United States. That's what we're supposed to be paying for. The taxpayer is forking up defense dollars, not handouts to worthy or unworthy foreign economic programs.

M. Jim, you know I can't debate foreign aid with you.

F. I don't want to debate it. I was just pointing out that when India always plays lovey-dovey with Moscow if there's anything to give Nehru, the Budget Bureau fellows give it. But Pakistan is another story. The Russians hate Pakistan, so we have to struggle to ship them an old condemned boiler. (*raising his hand to stop Marshall*) I know, I know, the necessities of politics. We can't be too lavish with a Moslem state or it worries Israel and that upsets the Jews and that affects the vote in New York. But look at Indonesia. There's a sinkhole of communism and corruption if there ever was one and technically Moslem too, but we pour in everything Sukarno asks for.

How come then, we are so stingy with Chiang? He can't be any more corrupt than Sukarno, and he's a hell of a lot unfriendlier to Joseph Dzugashvili.

M. The situation in China will work itself out in time, Jim. At the moment it seems unwise to encourage the worst elements around Chiang by giving him a blank check to make war on the Chinese Communists. He can't win, and it would bleed us white.

F. George, you and I have been through a lot together, so let's stop the kidding. You know, and you know I know, that's the sort of rubbish that belongs in *Time* or *Look*. Don't forget that you and I have beat down the most powerful military force in history. We know how things are decided and done at the highest levels of government. We know because we've done them. In those days we didn't have to bow and scrape to any two-for-a-nickel nuisance like Webb. We weren't scared witless by the selfless mothers of America, when they complained we were sending their boys overseas to be killed. We didn't always feel we had to explain that this battle and that raid and that bombing were absolutely bargain-rate killings in the war for democracy. Hell, George, we acted like leaders. We had enemies to defeat and we went at it in a practical and level-headed way. Why has it all become so different?

M. The problem is quite different, Jim.

F. Maybe, maybe not. As for China, your department, it appears, is willing to let it go down the drain, is that it?

M. Jim, it's not a question of what we're willing or unwilling to do. It's simply the reality of the matter.

F. What the Commies call the "objective situation?"

M. I suppose that's jargon for the same thing.

F. Have you ever stopped to think what it means?

M. The meaning seems obvious enough.

F. It is if you think about it, but most people don't. It means the situation is proceeding favorably for the Soviet Empire

Continued On Next Page

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and will continue to be so as long as the Americans can be prevented from upsetting Soviet control.

M. You're too sharp at semantics for me to argue back.

F. It's not semantics. Read the papers. You'll see quick enough what all the nice phrases add up to. We are constantly being faced with "objective situations" about which nothing can be done. But the Soviet Empire never has to worry about "objective situations." It creates crises when and where it pleases, including the Chinese crisis. What's the next objective situation? Korea?

M. Not necessarily.

F. George, one day when Secretary Knox was laid up, I had to confer a posthumous award on a widow. Her husband had been a petty officer on the destroyer *Reuben James* and was killed in an attack against a German sub in the North Atlantic six months before Pearl Harbor. Officially we weren't at war with Germany, but by God we were determined that she wasn't going to overrun Europe. I don't remember anyone arguing that we shouldn't be helping England, because we might strengthen or weaken some political party or ideology. We took England as she was and made sure the Nazis didn't conquer her. Why can't we take China as she is and make sure the Reds don't conquer her? It would take a hell of a lot less in men and hardware than we expended on England.

M. As I said, I just can't debate with you, Jim. From information available to the State Department, it seems inadvisable to put military equipment at Chiang's disposal.

F. Is that why your people have been dragging their feet in sending Chiang the material approved by Congress?

M. I wasn't aware of any such delays.

F. Have they released any of the supplies yet?

M. I haven't followed all the details. I really don't know.

F. It's more than five months since the President signed the bill.

M. As I said, I just don't know. But let's go back to those jet bombers you're so proud of? Where did you get the money?

F. I outfoxed Webb. I'm going to take it out of the Navy and the ground forces. I hate to do it, but I've got to find the money somewhere.

M. You haven't actually authorized converting the bombers to jet engines yet?

F. Not formally. Perhaps as Secretary of State you'd like us to make a public announcement about it. It might strengthen your hand to have everyone know we're keeping our air force in top form.

M. Technically, I wonder if it's wise to go to jet bombers. Wouldn't it be better to wait and make sure they're superior to what we have?

F. When an ex-Secretary of the Navy pares the Navy budget to build a special kind of plane for the Air Force, you don't have to worry whether it's passed its technical tests.

M. (*ruefully*) I guess that settles that — except for the political question. Is it good national politics to strengthen our offensive capabilities so enormously?

F. That question belongs to my department, and I might say it's already been decided. The problem that concerns your department is whether to announce our decision to the world.

M. Speaking not as Secretary of State, but as your friend, I personally think it's a mistake to build up such a strong offense. The peaceful course for the United States is to assure the world that we have no aggressive designs against anyone. The simplest way to do that, the only way to do it convincingly, is to have a military establishment that doesn't threaten anyone. For this reason your jet bombers, even if they work, would be a mistake. Rather than strengthen our position they will worsen it. They exist only to bomb Russia. That is not calculated to put the Russians in a cooperative mood.

F. (*very coolly as he gets up*) I take it then that the Department of State desires no public statement to be made about our jet bomber program. We shall be glad to honor your wishes. Goodbye, George. (*He leaves.*)

M. (*After brooding for a moment he picks up the phone.*) Get me the Counselor, please. (*pause*) Chip? Secretary Marshall here. Chip, do you know Ben's friend, Leon? . . . Yes, if you're not likely to see him, you'll probably run into Ben. Anyway, get word to Leon that I'd like him to drop in at my home some evening in the near future.

Scene 6: The library in Marshall's home a few weeks later. Marshall and Leon are present.

MARSHALL. I've been casting around in my mind for the best way to handle a number of interrelated problems and I've come to the conclusion that a frank talk with you is probably the best way to start.

LEON. Mr. Secretary, I am at your disposal in any way I can be helpful.

M. Some matters I simply want to bring to your attention. Others I would like you to discuss with the President, if you think it wise and if you have the opportunity.

L. I shall do my best.

M. First of all, I've decided that I shall resign effective with the beginning of the new term in January. I think the world situation is such that I can comfortably leave the department. I've been under intense pressure for almost ten years and I simply have to take a rest.

L. No one is more entitled to a rest than a man who has done such magnificent things. But I'm afraid the President will be sorry to lose you.

M. The President is a man of singular toughness. Much more than I suspected. He'll get along.

L. Won't that depend, at least in foreign affairs, on whom he names as your successor?

M. I haven't the slightest interest in whom he might choose. As far as I'm concerned he could name Jim Forrestal.

L. With all due respect to Secretary Forrestal, who is a great and patriotic American, I can't think of anyone whose temperament at this particular time so totally unfits him to be Secretary of State.

M. I thought you would feel that way. You wouldn't like me to recommend him to the President as my successor?

L. I can think of many men I would prefer to see in the post.

M. Ordinarily, I believe, suggesting my successor would be inappropriate. But since I will be resigning with my work only half done, particularly in China, I don't think it would be out of line to mention a few men whose policies would be a continuation of mine.

L. Mr. Secretary, would you care to mention some of these men?

M. I can easily think of three — Bohlen, Acheson and Lattimore.

L. Might I respectfully add the name of James Webb?

M. He might make an excellent secretary, but I think his inexperience in foreign affairs would make the President reluctant to name him. But if it's a highly desirable appointment for other reasons, he might fit in well as Under Secretary. Obviously Bob Lovett will resign with me.

L. That might work out very well. With regard to the other three men you mentioned, they all have some handicaps. Bohlen is felt to be more of an expert on Russia than China. Lattimore is so entangled with Congressional investigations and that unfortunate Amerasia case that I would frankly be afraid to submit his name for any post.

M. You mean he'll need some fumigating before he can be of further service to you?

L. I would decline to use that word, Mr. Secretary. Owen Lattimore at the moment stands in need of further public understanding and justification. Until then, normal political prudence suggests that he stay in the background.

M. What's the matter with Acheson?

L. Chiefly his arrogant personal manners which aren't too well liked in the Senate. Also, he is known to have made a large amount of money representing the Communist government of Poland.

M. Are you jealous?

L. (*smiling*) Hardly. Though it seems we

all are cursed with the desire to accumulate as much money as we can properly lay our hands on.

M. The Polish business then is your only fear about Acheson?

L. Otherwise he would be entirely suitable, particularly if Webb could go in as Under Secretary.

M. I feel I could suggest Acheson for Secretary, but I would rather say nothing to the President about Webb.

L. Very wise. Nothing should suggest a collusion between us when in fact none exists.

M. You will suggest Acheson, too?

L. (*laughing*) No, Mr. Secretary. You drop his name to the President. I shall oppose him. (*as Marshall shows surprise*) Not too strongly. But enough to assure a compromise, in which Webb will be made Under Secretary.

M. Very, very astute. All right, so much for that. Now I want to talk to you about Secretary Forrestal.

L. That is a more difficult matter.

M. I gather you don't think well of him?

L. Not at all. But I do disagree with his policies as Secretary of Defense. I think he would build an overblown military establishment if he could. I think he would build up a powerful, armed Germany if he could. I know he tends to favor the corrupt and incompetent regime of Chiang. I don't think he puts any trust whatever in the United Nations.

M. That amounts to a pretty serious bill of particulars against a Secretary of Defense. Did you know he also favors converting our strategic bombers to jet engines to give them an intercontinental range?

L. That I did not know.

M. Do you approve of these bombers?

L. It's not my place to pass on military matters, but I think it would be most unwise. I would almost call it provocative.

M. I wonder how the President feels about it?

L. On matters like that, I'm sorry to report, the President's judgment is not always, shall I say "mature." He has an underlying strain of old-fashioned chauvinism. Of course, he's not conscious of it. But when it comes to the obvious question of United States military strength his first reaction is generally aggressive. You could see that last year in his willingness to use the atom bomb if the Russians made a direct military move against Berlin. It makes handling problems like this very difficult. It is so easy to be maneuvered into taking the position that the United States ought to be weak.

M. You seem to have answered my question.

L. If the jet bombers are brought suddenly to his attention he will be in

favor of them. But Webb cut out all the jet bomber money from the Air Force budget. There's no use worrying too much about the planes if the money isn't there to build them. Asking the President to change a budget determination is a hard job. If something upsets a budget he feels that he'd rather postpone it till the next budget, even if it's an item he would approve if it came up just on the merits.

M. Well, somehow Forrestal has outmaneuvered you. He told me he'd figured a way to get the money by squeezing the Army and Navy.

L. But that would be improper and probably illegal.

M. That's your problem because I'm going to resign and leave it to you. But it's real. Don't doubt that.

L. (*thoughtfully*) You say Secretary Forrestal hasn't yet authorized the conversion to jet engines?

M. He hadn't authorized it a few weeks ago when he talked to me about it. He may have by now.

L. That's very distressing because once he's authorized it, I don't think the President will reverse it, even if it meant defying Webb. (*after a pause*) Do you personally care about the jet bombers?

M. I might or I might not. It depends on future circumstances.

L. You don't feel it would vastly worsen our relations with the Soviet government to take such a brazenly provocative action?

M. We aren't in public. What are you driving at?

L. I presume there is something besides the jets that is bothering you, something concerning Secretary Forrestal?

M. Nothing that need concern you. But since you seem to feel that a fleet of jet bombers would worsen our relations with the Soviet government and since you are devoted to maintaining the most cordial relations with that government, I should think you would desire to have the President ask for Secretary Forrestal's resignation — as soon as possible.

L. I would, but I can't.

M. You can't?

L. It is a problem I have worked on a great deal and given a great deal of thought to. I have mentioned at least the substance of my views to the President. I think they have had an effect in reducing his former complete trust and confidence in Secretary Forrestal. But they haven't been sufficient to make him want to be rid of him. And as it stands now I couldn't possibly reopen the matter. It wouldn't help. It would hurt, at least for the time being. The President, you know, is very angry that after all he did in getting the State of Israel established, more of the Jewish vote in New York went to Henry

Wallace. It made the election there uncomfortably close and the President is always the professional politician, whatever else he is, and takes things like that very seriously. To make it worse, it was Forrestal who always advised him against going out on a limb in favor of Israel, precisely on the grounds that the country would lose practical advantages in the Arab world and that the Administration would be unable to count on the Jewish vote in return. Unfortunately, he was right. Secretary Forrestal is a subject I do not wish to mention to the President at least until January.

M. Which means he will stay on in Truman's new term of office, which will make it harder still to get him out.

L. Why can't you raise the question with the President?

M. On what basis? What can I complain about?

L. That jet bombers will undermine your pursuit of world peace.

M. I could do that, but that's no reason to require Forrestal's dismissal. It's merely a request to have the President overrule him, which he might do.

L. It's a most unfortunate impasse. Almost tragic in its implications.

M. And there's nothing you can do?

L. Nothing directly and nothing that would have an immediate effect. I do have some friends I might induce to start a serious and continuous campaign against Forrestal in the liberal press and among the columnists. Because of his known position on Israel I can probably enlist the aid of columnists who ordinarily are anti-Soviet and who are not usually available to our point of view.

M. What will you have them say about him?

L. It's not difficult to work up newspaper columns that can be very injurious. They need not be true in every minute detail, especially when they are about proto-fascists and anti-Semites.

M. I see.

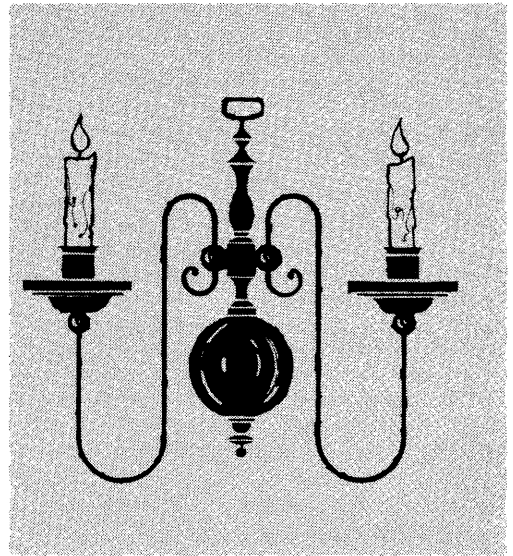
L. I'm sorry, Mr. Secretary. What worries me most is that neither you nor your successor, and I presume that will be Mr. Acheson, can move against Secretary Forrestal until he actually approves the building of the jets. Once he approves, I'm afraid we won't be able to get the program rescinded. We can, I think, very promptly get rid of Secretary Forrestal once he gives us this tangible issue. But we cannot, I am afraid, stop his program. It is a most unfortunate roadblock on the road to world peace.

(To Be Continued)



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912–1960)



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. Later, an English Lord offers the Old Man a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil if he will put the U. S. into World War I on the side of Britain, which he obligingly does. Twenty years later the Old Man's oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. A few years later the Communists' nominee for Army Chief of Staff is opposed by Harry, who is warned by the Publisher that the only way to start World War II, which they both want, is to persuade Russia to abandon Spain to Franco. The Kremlin reluctantly agrees to go along, provided General Marshall is appointed Chief of Staff. Later Harry is appalled by the Russian-German Non-Aggression Pact and is even more appalled when the Publisher explains that Henry Wallace should be Democratic vice-presidential candidate and Wendell Willkie Republican presidential nominee in 1940. By the end of the following year, the unholy team of FDR, Stalin, Litvinov, Comintern Spy Sorge and the U. S. Chief of Staff managed to get the U.S. into war by provoking the Pearl Harbor attack. A few years later, with victory in World War II in sight, Dex and his clique work to give Europe to the Russians and China to the Chinese Communists, while Harry, the muddle-headed socialist, puts up a confused and disoriented resistance, thereby incurring the wrath of the moribund Roosevelt. With Truman in the White House, American Communists start playing world politics with the A-bomb, and the Chief of Staff strikes a bloody bargain with the new Soviet Ambassador. Soon potential Soviet enemies and no-longer-useful Communists are eliminated in a purge that includes Harry Hopkins and Harry Dexter White.

PART THREE, ACT I

Scene 7: A grubby hotel room in New York City in early 1949. The Publisher is trying to wake a fully clothed man stretched out on a messy bed. When the man finally sits up, he is recognizable as the Reporter who many years ago masterminded the Becker

case. Seedy and well-gone into alcoholism, he has not yet lost his glib tongue.

REPORTER. (*staring a moment at the Publisher until he recognizes him*) Oh, it's you. Unless you've brought some liquor, go away. I don't work for you anymore.

PUBLISHER. That's right. Not since you blew one of the best stories I ever planted.

R. I haven't the slightest interest in ancient history. Knowing me, you must have brought a drink with you. Where is it?

P. Where is your wife?

R. She went back to Canada and died as she had lived — in the odor of sanctity. I asked you politely to go away. Why are you still here?

P. I'm here because I want to offer you a job.

R. I'll tell you the things I want in the order of their priority. (*counting on his fingers*)

A drink. A shave. A bath. Something to eat. A woman. (*staggering around the room*) I had a bottle here somewhere, but that black bitch must have stolen it after I fell asleep.

P. You must need money.

R. Obviously. But I'm not going to grovel to get it.

P. I could arrange for you to get a lot of money.

R. At what impossible price? In the course of a long and interestingly variegated life lots of people have put pressure on me. But here I still am, sixty-four years of age, and I have not yet been forced to make my peace with man or God or with any of his innumerable true churches. When people put pressure on me, pretty soon you find me sneaking away over the hills out of sight.

P. Sneaking out of sight over the lip of a bottle.

R. What do you want for this money?

P. There's a big paper out West that wants a man for general coverage of Washington, the UN, foreign affairs and other high-level assignments.

R. Do you own it?

P. No.

R. What paper is it?

P. I won't tell you now. Wait till you've got yourself back in shape. Then call me up and I'll arrange a meeting with their people. It's quite conservative and rightwing. It will appeal to the less informal side of your character.

R. (*looking up with sudden comprehension*) I see. You need someone to drop a little poison in their ink.

P. Once in a while.

R. I'll expect a salary of \$25,000, a minimum contract of five years and some sort of pension scheme.

P. The salary will be about \$12,000. I'd say they would agree to give you as much as a month's notice if they decide to fire you.

R. You're a genius at keeping me hungry.

P. I'd rather keep you thirsty. (*He pauses, pondering a moment.*) You know, there's one thing I always wanted to ask you. I've always wondered whether there was anything personal between you and Becker.

R. (*surprised*) Becker! That was before you were born.

P. Not quite. Did you have a yen for his wife? Or was it actually a gambler's job? Maybe one of Arnold Rothstein's well-arranged murders? He was the one who seemed to make the most money out of it.

R. Becker was *not* murdered. He was lawfully executed by the State of New York. I presume Governor Whitman figured in the affair, since it made him governor. He probably assumed that further unflinching pursuit of public virtue in permitting justice to take its course would make him president. Alas, he did not understand the rather special structure of public indignation and its sudden evaporation once certain profits had been harvested. In the end he was euchred out of the nomination by old Forkbeard the Judicious. Not that it mattered. Whitman, too, would have been beaten. In that year of grace, all that was best and brilliant in American society was pledging itself to make the world safe for democracy.

P. In all that long ramble I didn't hear an answer to my question.

R. You answered it yourself. Arnold

Rothstein arranged it.

P. (*slowly shaking his head*) No, that was not the way it was. Not with you playing any part of it. You were pretty careful about things like that.

R. Very true. It would certainly have been risky to cooperate in such a venture with men like Rothstein. (*He walks over and faces the Publisher.*) Since you are so perceptive I shall reward your zeal with the truth. Becker had no more to do with killing Rosenthal than I did. The whole deal was arranged on behalf of the Honorable Woodrow Wilson, then Governor of New Jersey, in order to eliminate Mayor Gaynor, his most dangerous rival for the presidential nomination There ! At last you have the real story.

P. Your fantasies, even when they were quite preposterous, used to have an element of charm and color that made them worth hearing. Your imagination is going stale on you.

R. Totally. (*As the Publisher leaves he falls wearily back on the bed.*)

Scene 8: An office in Washington a few days later. Forrestal and the Senator addressed as Bob are talking while a third man, Dave, sits silently.

FORRESTAL. I'm in a bit of a bind and I thought it would be a good idea to have a frank talk with you, even though no direct legislative problem is involved.

BOB. I'm always glad to go over things with you, Jim.

F. I have the problem of converting Air Force bombers to jets. There's no question about the superior speed and range of the jets. It vastly improves and increases their range and effectiveness. So people say, "We must be aiming at Soviet Russia." And then they begin mumbling about whether that is the right way to get the Russians to behave.

B. That's all very trivial, I admit, But where did you get money to go to jets? I don't remember that item in your budget.

F. It isn't there. I scrounged it out of other defense appropriations.

B. That, I would say, is a defiance of Congress.

F. I'd rather define it as a defiance of the Budget Bureau.

B. But we passed an itemized military budget.

F. That was the way the Bureau sent the budget up to the Hill.

B. Technically, you're on pretty soft ground.

F. Don't I know it.

B. What you're doing isn't orderly government procedure.

F. The orderly way would be to wait till the Russian air force is so overwhelmingly superior that even the Budget Bureau will let the Defense Department ask for the jets.

B. How does the President feel about the matter?

F. So far I haven't felt it was a proper

subject for me to dump in his lap. If he wants to get mixed up in the problem, he can always ask me. Until he does, I take it that he wishes it to be handled as a technical matter for the Secretary of Defense, me, to decide. I'm to get a black eye if it bounces.

B. It well may because of your budget jumping.

F. Bob, hardly anyone even pretends to care about that. No, some of my more indiscreet friends have hinted that, if I approve the changeover to jets, the President will ask for my resignation on the spot.

B. I don't understand that at all. If he doesn't want you to build jets, he can stop you. If he does, he'll hardly ask you to resign for doing what he approves of.

F. That's what I like to think. But I'm not always so sure. The other way he gets the jets and then satisfies his leftwing buddies by firing me.

B. Listen, Jim, I don't see eye to eye with Truman on many things, but it's absurd to talk about his leftwing friends. Name just one.

F. He did owe his vice-presidential nomination to Sidney Hillman.

B. Maybe. Maybe. At any rate all I can say is I sympathize with your problem and that I know you think you're doing the best thing for our national defense. But I do wish you would stay within orderly government procedures. I'm sure this is what's behind some of the unfavorable publicity you've been receiving. Some people simply feel you're taking too drastic a shortcut.

F. Like the *Washington Post's* columnists, for example.

B. Disorderly procedures disturbs all sorts of people.

F. Bob, I can assure you that no columnist on the *Post* would be disturbed by any such minor item as procedure. Each is a journalist of absolute purity. None has ever sold a column to anyone nor accepted outside money for what they have written. All are thorough patriots, selflessly devoted to the welfare of the United States and completely indifferent to the desires of the Soviet government. There is not one of them interested in the fact that the Soviet government offers sizable rewards of various kinds to newspaper men in the strategic positions that they occupy. All this makes every one of them bitterly opposed to me because I am known to be anxious to disarm the United States and at every opportunity I seek to surrender piecemeal to the Soviet Empire. Further I have the kind of moral character that, if I were a columnist, I would have no objections to printing any lie at all. So you can easily see, the natural antipathy of our characters makes us personal and political enemies.

B. Apparently some of them have gotten to you.

F. I take it that you think it had no connection with the jet problem?

B. Come now Jim. There hasn't been a

word about jets in anything I've seen about you in the papers for months.

F. Just because they didn't mention jets doesn't mean they are not very interested in them. (*He jumps up somewhat nervously.*) Well, thanks anyway, Bob, I guess I'll just have to figure out for myself what best to do. (*He leaves without so much as good-bye.*)

B. What's the matter with him, Dave?

DAVE. I think he's cracking up. All he worries about is Russian power.

B. Obviously we have to maintain a strong position, though I must admit I find Budget Director Webb's desire to economize on military extravagance somewhat more to the point. If we face any threat from Russia, it's primarily the threat of having our institutions socialized as a result of government waste and the inflation that comes from excess government spending.

D. He wanted you to approve his playing games with his budget.

B. I know he did. You noticed, I hope, I didn't go along.

D. He certainly has a mad on against somebody on the *Post*. He acts as though whatever the *Post* prints is automatically a lie.

B. I wouldn't say it was quite that. I myself don't place too much confidence in some of the *Post's* columnists. I think they print whatever their love of sensationalism suggests would make an effective story. But what I think our Secretary of Defense is trying to suggest is that some *Post* columnists print things not from sensationalism, but as part of a deliberate plot to destroy Forrestal, presumably at the behest of the Soviet government. I am very disturbed by that because it suggests to me that Jim is under so much strain that he's beginning to show the familiar symptoms of conspiracyitis. While we know there are Soviet spies and Communist agitators about, to suppose that there are a group of people trying to manipulate the government's military program — by order of the Kremlin — is manifestly absurd. No such highly ramified conspiracy could possibly exist. The top men required for its success would have no motive for joining it. How, for instance, could any senator belong to it? What would he have to gain?

Scene 9: Stepanov's office in the Soviet Embassy. Stepanov is talking to Leon.

STEPANOV. Your sensitivities to the diplomatic niceties are most moving, but irrelevant. I have important matters I do not leave to subordinates. There are things I wish you to know I do not wish others to know. How do I tell you? By the tapped telephone?

LEON. The telephone here is almost certainly not tapped.

S. (*sneering*) And most certainly not at your hotel.

L. It is perfectly possible for two intelligent men to say all they need to say

The Game and The Candle (Cont'd.)

to each other, even with third parties listening.

S. There is the difficulty. Between us we have one intelligent man. Therefore, we cannot use the tapped telephone. Therefore, you must come here unless you would prefer I should call at your home some night?

L. I am here. What do you want?

S. I want to talk about your Secretary Forrestal. Moscow has decided that he is the principal menace to peace and world democracy. Your report that he is considering converting American bomber fleets to jets is most disturbing to all anti-imperialist forces throughout the world. You say you are unable to stop this conversion even if Forrestal is removed. This is not comprehended at all in Moscow. What uncontrolled fascist elements must be loose in this country?

L. (*wearily*) Boris, you know there are no fascist forces either loose or tied up in this country. The President merely thinks of himself as an old-fashioned patriotic American. So far as he can understand what's going on around him, he's for what he thinks a patriotic American ought to be for and against everything a patriotic American would be against. Fortunately, he's a man of rather limited understanding, so he doesn't make too much trouble for us. But you can't expect us to get him to scrap the Army, Navy and Air Force. That he would understand. And he'd also understand the purpose of it.

S. My convictions regarding the subject are of no consequence. The convincing that has to be done must be done to Moscow. I, my dear Leon, understand how much worthy work you do for us and why you cannot do more. But Moscow does not understand.

L. What do they want done about Forrestal? Don't they know he's going to resign in six or eight months anyway?

S. Of course, they know. But that will be after he starts converting the bombers to jets.

L. There's no way that he can be stopped. So you'd better make up your mind to accept it. This is one of those things we can delay a little, but never really stop.

S. I understand. Moscow does not. Moscow is convinced that Forrestal will be the American Hitler. Do not the Jews already attack him? Is he not known to be an enemy of the Soviet Union? A militarist and a friend of Wall Street? He is the natural leader of the inevitable counterrevolutionary movement that must arise out of decadent capitalism to resist the forces of democracy as they approach nearer and nearer to ultimate triumph.

L. (*dryly*) It just doesn't work that way.

S. I know and you know. But will you go to Moscow to convince them, so that they, too, will know?

L. Of course not. It's dangerous enough having to talk to you.

S. Exactly. So Moscow wants Forrestal removed from office — at once.

L. That's out of the question. That's something I can have nothing at all to do with. The President likes and trusts him. It will take months to break that trust down. And I must be very careful. If I discuss the matter too insistently with the President, it will make him suspicious.

S. I agree. So I have decided we will make the Secretary very sick. Very morbid. Most depressed. Already he shows signs of mental unbalance. He believes agents of the Soviet government conspire against him. He tells people so. Psychiatric experts agree that is an infallible symptom of paranoia. They will make such a diagnosis without hesitation. Only a little more mental distress and it would be proper to confine him to a good hospital. What one would be more logical than the Naval Hospital at Bethesda? For a former Secretary of the Navy? At Bethesda we will have loyal competent cadres to continue the proper medication with depressant drugs. Then we shall have time to see what is wise to do next.

L. I don't see where any of this involves me.

S. Only in one small thing. I do not see how we are to administer the first medication to the Secretary. I do not know of anyone I could send to the Secretary with a small pill and expect him to take it.

L. Neither do I.

S. Ah, but you must. There must be someone in whose house the Secretary could be brought perhaps for a meal, perhaps as a weekend guest. Perhaps only for a drink. But a house where we could send some cadre, such as a cook or a butler or a servant girl, who could give a little medication to the Secretary without his awareness. You will solve this problem for us and let me know in good time to whose house the Secretary will go and when.

Scene 10: An office in the Naval Hospital at Bethesda some weeks later. A man in the uniform of a Captain (Medical) USN enters with Marshall.

CAPTAIN. General, I'll be glad to bring you up to date about our distinguished patient before you go up to see him. He has had the strangest ups and downs, but he seems at last responding to treatment. MARSHALL. Will Mr. Forrestal know I've talked to you about him?

C. No indeed, General, I don't think it would be good for him to know that his friends discussed the case with his physician. It would add to his existing fears of a phantom conspiracy. But as his physician I find it helpful in understanding the case to talk as much as possible with his friends. I am particularly glad to talk to you because of your long association with Under Secretary Lovett. I do wish you would ask Mr. Lovett to come see me. I'm particularly anxious to talk to him.

M. Why, what has Mr. Lovett to do with it? C. Just that it was while visiting at his home in Florida that Mr. Forrestal was first stricken. I thought you must have known that?

M. Of course, I knew that. What I don't see is why talking to Mr. Lovett would be helpful to you.

C. Only because of the unfortunate mixup that prevented my seeing Mr. Forrestal when he sent for me while he was at Mr. Lovett's house at Hobe Sound. I have never felt that it would be wise to tell him that I had flown down as he requested, but that I had been prevented from seeing him.

M. Why is that so important?

C. Because of the persistence of Mr. Forrestal's illusion that he is the victim of a conspiracy. He says he was poisoned and insists if I had seen him in the first days of his affliction at Mr. Lovett's house I would have noticed physical symptoms, mostly in his muscular nerves, that would have convinced me that chemical agents had been administered.

M. Isn't that slightly absurd?

C. I'm sure it is. Dr. Menninger who saw him shortly afterwards is not, to be sure, a practicing medical doctor and had never before examined Mr. Forrestal, but I feel certain he would not have missed anything so obvious as physical symptoms of that sort.

M. I don't see what in the world this has to do with your seeing Mr. Lovett.

C. I'd like Mr. Lovett to explain to Mr. Forrestal that I did fly down to Hobe Sound and that my inability to see him was pure accident. At the moment he holds it against me that I didn't appear, and that leads to a lack of confidence in my treatment, which is unfortunate. But I personally can't explain it away without reinforcing his paranoid delusions. I am sure Mr. Lovett can. They have, I believe, been close friends for many years.

M. They have. But I'm sure that to have Mr. Lovett discuss the question with him would be as unfortunate as to have you do it.

C. Not at all, General. That is not the way with deluded patients. It is not reference to the delusion itself that disturbs patients of this type, but reference to certain persons who are thought of as links in a chain. In Mr. Forrestal's mind I could be identified as a link in his chain of persecution. Mr. Lovett could not. It is that simple.

M. How could you be linked?

C. Because I am a small man in the political world and conspiracies necessarily are networks of small men. Even the most deluded mind cannot entertain the image of important men as links in a secret conspiracy. It is just too unnatural even for an afflicted mind to comprehend. Besides, after his rather violent reaction over the presence of one

of our nurses, anything that suggested to his troubled mind that I, too, was in a conspiracy against him would instantly arouse a very strong reaction.

M. What was the nurse incident?

C. Mr. Forrestal took a violent personal dislike to one of our nurses, a very competent and loyal girl who seems to like her work here. With nurses being what they are these days you can understand that we consider her a real treasure. She was one of the nurses assigned to Mr. Forrestal during the worst period of his depression when he first came here and he gradually formed the most intense abnormal antipathy towards her. He accused her to me in so many words of poisoning him. He insisted that every time she took care of him he would be abnormally depressed and anxious for days. Of course, those ups and downs of

depression are classical symptoms of the syndrome in question, but Mr. Forrestal was so intense in his violent reaction that I finally thought it wise to transfer the girl to other patients. Then, as Mr. Forrestal gradually began getting better, he inevitably assigned the improvement to the fact that he was rid of that particular nurse. You see the terrible difficulty in dealing with the mentally disturbed?

M. I do. But you say Mr. Forrestal is greatly improved?

C. Greatly. I am delighted with his progress. To tell you the truth, I have never seen a paranoid case that has responded both so rapidly and so favorably to our treatment. Of course, he is not yet entirely cured. He is at times quite depressed. He allows himself to take a very pessimistic outlook on world affairs. He is sometimes deeply troubled about

his wife, and he is fearful, I'm sure without reason, that her conduct during his absence is not what it should be. Above all, I cannot convince him that he himself is not the prime American target of a hostile Soviet government. So while these are illusions resulting from the disturbances of a troubled mind, they are probably not so far over the border as to demand indefinite hospitalization. I would look forward to a release in a few more months.

M. That is very good news. I will go up now and see him.

C. Do that, General. And please ask Mr. Lovett to drop in to see me if he possibly can.

(To be continued)

Chicano

Continued From Page 5

In New Mexico a great to-do is made of the so-called Spanish tradition, but by and large the to-do comes from history-minded Anglos rather than the Chicanos. I know some young New Mexican Chicanos whose ancestry has to be rooted in the nobility of old Spain. I mentioned this to them on one occasion. They were skeptical until I showed them their own surnames among the names on Oñate's settlers. None of these youths had any real appreciation of their probable genealogy. Not a one of them knew the first thing about the history of New Spain or old Spain. They didn't even know where Spain was on the world map I showed them, yet all had graduated from a local Chicano high school.

Perhaps the Spanish tradition most prevalent in New Mexico is the dogma and the ritual of *La Iglesia Católica*. The only evident differences from the ecclesiastical practices of old Spain are the liturgical and ritualistic changes required of all Catholic congregations by the recent Vatican Council. The young New Mexican Chicanos have accepted the changes, such as mass being celebrated facing the audience instead of the altar, but the older generation has not.

Although the New Mexican Chicano goes to church as always, the clergy's religious grip is loosening. The Anglo observer cannot but think that the ritual observances are superficial, that the church itself is the object of worship, that God is a dim father figure poorly perceived if not totally ignored.

The moral tradition of old Spain is based on Christian philosophy, but today's New Mexican Chicano seems to have no immediate grasp of "right" or "wrong." He goes along readily with his Anglo fellow citizens and their often nihilistic attitudes.

This distresses the conservative old folks, but the younger generation doesn't seem to care. In fact, the double standard is worked to death by the New Mexican Chicano, who lives in two worlds and thus lives by two different standards. The family tradition of old Spain is still strong. Family ties dominate all personal relationships. But away from the family and among Anglos, the youthful New Mexican Chicano is as amoral as the run-of-the-mill Jewish or Majority liberal.

I have not had as much contact with the Mexican as I have with the New Mexican Chicano, but there is no question that the latter is more naive. Postmodern liberalism has spread throughout Mexico like a metastasizing cancer. If there is any respect or love for their fellow men left among Mexican Chicanos, it is not evident from their visible attitudes. To them, especially to the young, the Anglo is a hate object. The New Mexican Chicano may treat the Anglo indifferently for the time being, but the Mexican Chicano nurtures a raging hostility for all whites. In the border towns this hatred is thinly concealed beneath smiling lips and not concealed at all in the unsmiling eyes.

The Mexican Chicano is pouring over the international boundary into the United States in an evergrowing flood, bringing with him an unnatural and irrational hatred for his unwitting Anglo hosts. Jean Raspail could have written *Camp of the Saints* as history instead of fiction had he set his novel in the present-day Southwest.

New Mexico offers the handicrafts and artifacts of three cultures, but it is the Anglo who does most of the appreciating. The products of Indian artisans are interesting and beautiful, though in most cases the Indian considers what he crafts as a mere object that some dimwitted

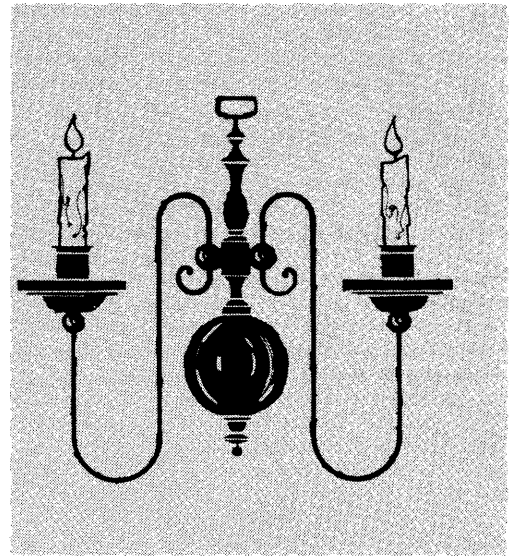
Anglo will buy. On the other hand, the handicrafts and artifacts of the New Mexican Chicano are, more often than not, clumsy, primitive and ugly. Some may call this handwork beautiful, but these are the "chic" visitors from New York, who know the price of everything and the value of nothing. The New Mexican Chicano, like his Mexican counterpart, tends to the bold and the colorful, never mind subtlety and nuance.

There is no comparison possible between the thought processes of the Anglo and those of the Chicano. The genetic heritage of the Anglo facilitates the conceptualization of abstractions — something well beyond the capability of the average Chicano. Few — none in my experience — can correctly count the number of identical cubes in a three-dimensional sketch. What they see is only what is explicitly shown. After examining the scale model of a home, the finished product is a complete surprise to the ordinary Chicano. Never have I encountered a New Mexican Chicano who can immediately or eventually conceptualize such a device, for instance, as a medieval catapult. Yet most Chicanos, either New Mexican or Mexican, are ingenious mechanically, after a fashion. They can keep a car or a truck running practically forever with a pair of pliers and a coil of wire. Almost any Chicano can build a simple house, barn or corral with his own handmade adobe bricks, but any structure requiring some measure of architectural complexity is beyond him. Long ago, I gave up trying to guess how a New Mexican Chicano would interpret a verbal instruction or even a written one. The Anglo simply cannot think like the Chicano thinks, and vice versa.



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912–1960)



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. Later, an English Lord offers the Old Man a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil if he will put the U. S. into World War I on the side of Britain, which he obligingly does. Twenty years later the Old Man's oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. A few years later the Communists' nominee for Army Chief of Staff is opposed by Harry, who is warned by the Publisher that the only way to start World War II, which they both want, is to persuade Russia to abandon Spain to Franco. The Kremlin reluctantly agrees to go along, provided General Marshall is appointed Chief of Staff. Later Harry is appalled by the Russian-German Non-Aggression Pact and is even more appalled when the Publisher explains that Henry Wallace should be Democratic vice-presidential candidate and Wendell Willkie Republican presidential nominee in 1940. By the end of the following year, the unholy team of FDR, Stalin, Litvinov, Comintern Spy Sorge and the U. S. Chief of Staff managed to get the U.S. into war by provoking the Pearl Harbor attack. A few years later, with victory in World War II in sight, Dex and his clique work to give Europe to the Russians and China to the Chinese Communists, while Harry, the muddle-headed socialist, puts up a confused and disoriented resistance, thereby incurring the wrath of the moribund Roosevelt. With Truman in the White House, American Communists start playing world politics with the A-bomb, and the Chief of Staff strikes a bloody bargain with the new Soviet Ambassador. Soon potential Soviet enemies and no-longer-useful Communists are eliminated in a purge that includes Harry Hopkins and Harry Dexter White.

PART THREE, ACT I

Scene 11: Forrestal's room at Bethesda Naval Hospital in May 1949. Marshall and Forrestal are present, the latter in a dressing gown.

FORRESTAL. George, it's wonderful to see you. You don't know how depressing it is to be shut up with yourself all day, day after day.

MARSHALL. It seems to be what you needed, Jim, a good long rest. Sometimes an active man like you almost has to be forced to rest.

F. The fact is, I never felt less in need of a rest than the day I left my office. It shows you how you can fool yourself. I went down to Hobe Sound thinking that at last I could do all the boating and fishing and swimming I wanted and I wouldn't have to stop till I got damn good and ready to do something else. And then I fell flat on my face as though I'd been pole-axed.

M. You seem to have yourself back in hand.

F. Hopefully. Dr. Raines is a pretty level-headed man. I don't know why people run down the Navy Medical Corps. It's absolutely first rate. Of course, Dr. Raines doesn't understand much about the nature of world politics, but that's not surprising since almost nobody seems to. Never been much reason to before, I suppose. I know damn well you don't, George, after the wrangles we've had about whether we ought to go this way or that. But as a medical man and a psychologist he's tops. Poor fellow doesn't know I know he tried his best to see me at Hobe Sound and that they kept him out.

M. (surprised) How on earth did you find that out?

F. Wormed it out of one of the Communist cadre they had here. The one who was seeing to it I got the kind of medication they thought would be best. That's why I can't tell Dr. Raines. It would upset him no end to be accused of having a Stalinist on his staff.

M. Do you really think Communists would do that?

F. When I was Secretary of Defense it was just possible that the Soviet government might have considered me a minor stumbling block on their road to world conquest. Wouldn't you agree?

M. In theory, yes, but that requires believing the Russians want to conquer the world and second that they would be willing to use such methods.

F. Why should they hesitate to use any methods that suited them? Did they mind chopping up Trotsky with an ice axe or throwing Duggan out of a window forty stories high? Or piling up Oumansky against a Mexican mountain? But the real question is, why did they figure I was so much worse a Secretary than anyone else? That's what puzzles me. What can there be about me, that from the Soviet viewpoint is worse than the run-of-the-mill American politician? What have I got that Louie Johnson hasn't, for example?

M. These questions are too big for me.

F. Sometimes, though, I think I may have a clue. Maybe I have been acting unconsciously as if I were one of the few Westerners who had a true knowledge of the source of Soviet power.

M. Have you come up with anything different from what you can read in any conservative newspaper?

F. The foundation of Soviet power is the Kremlin's ability to paralyze any and all offensive action by the United States. Since there's no one else in the world that can mobilize comparable military strength against the Soviet Empire all the Politburo has to do is put a crimp in our military counteraction and eventually it wins. The Russians won't attack us directly for a long time. They don't have to, so they are not planning to.

M. But we're determined to resist aggression, you know that, Jim. How can they paralyze us if we strike back?

F. They can stop us because they have become a powerful faction in American politics. Our people don't understand it because they don't understand much of anything about how Russia is really governed. Pressure groups that you and I know from experience are the real balancers and make-weights in government don't even exist there. At any rate not even one word of this real power

of theirs has ever appeared in print in any intelligent discussion of the present-day workings of American politics.

M. That's not surprising, Jim. There's nothing to your theory. There just isn't any such pro-Soviet faction, as you call it, operating at the higher echelons of government.

F. Harry Hopkins knew there was and dealt with it as an intrinsic element of American politics. That was one reason he was so extraordinarily successful. It used to puzzle me, but now I see his point. He understood the structure of political power in the United States and dealt with it as it existed — big business, big labor, big Soviet faction, the powers that . . .

M. Jim, you're way off. You, a lifelong Democrat! What about the parties?

F. Basically they're politically neutral. Neuter might be a better word. They sell government services to the big bidders, to industry, labor, the Kremlin boosters. They don't care in whose interest they govern. All they care about is who pays their bills and keeps their boys in office. A few are elected, most are appointed. You know, George, everybody has in the back of his mind the image of a wonderful, farsighted, self-effacing little man who sits down here in Washington and sees that bad people are weeded out and good, loyal people move up. The top people in government, so the story goes, just can't have any other interest than the long-range welfare of the United States because that little, self-effacing man knocks over everyone else who tries to climb the government ladder. It's a wonderful system. The only trouble is it's a dream. Nothing like it exists at all. People move up and people get elected to high office who have powerful friends behind them. And the friends of the Soviet government are very powerful indeed.

M. Jim, that's utter nonsense. The Communist party has roughly the same political power and stature as the old Prohibition party. You're old enough to remember that bunch of cranks.

F. You know, that's a point I'd never thought of. You're right about the Prohibition party. It was a political joke. But how was it prohibition was rammed down our throats for so long? You bear me out, George. No political operator worth his pay would use silly little gangs of crackpots and thugs like the Prohibition party or the Communist party — use them for anything but public show. But that doesn't mean they aren't getting what they want somewhere else in a quiet and much more businesslike way. (He gets up and wanders over to look out the window. Marshall also rises and during most of the following speech Forrestal's back is turned to him.) Frankly I just can't see how you of all men with your long experience in topside politics and strategy can't see what I see. How the hell could you have had the great career you've had without stumbling over what I've been talking about somewhere, everywhere? Everywhere you

had to make a decision that interested the Soviet government. Damn it, George, you must have made thousands of such decisions, from bunching the fleet at Pearl to cutting Chiang's throat with your embargo.

Forrestal continues to stare out the window with his back to Marshall, who has quietly retreated to the door, silently shutting it behind him as he leaves without a word. When Forrestal turns around and finds he is alone, he has a moment of slight shock, then suddenly rushes to the door and tries to open it. It seems to stick. While he is struggling with it, it is opened from the outside by a burly man in the white uniform of a male nurse. He seems to be barring the way.

NURSE. (In a voice so bland and empty it is almost a sneer) Shall I get the doctor?

Forrestal moves back slowly, shaking his head. The nurse closes the door and a sharp click indicates he has locked it. Forrestal ambles about the room with the hunted look of a prisoner.

Scene 12: A few days later in Marshall's library. Marshall and Leon are there. For the first time Marshall seems a little nervous and unsure of himself.

MARSHALL. I dislike reopening what should be a finished and settled matter. But unfortunately sometimes things do not stay settled. And since I am now again a private citizen . . .

LEON. But certainly one of such distinguished status that the President himself would always be glad to consult with you. (As Marshall remains silent) Is there some way which I might be of help?

M. Obviously this is not a social visit.

L. Obviously. I realize whatever is disturbing you, Mr. Secretary, or should I now call you General, must be quite serious.

M. If it goes much further, it is likely to disturb you, too. It's about Jim Forrestal. You've come to expect disturbing things about him, haven't you?

L. Not recently. Not since his resignation and illness.

M. You haven't visited him at Bethesda?

L. It would have been most improper. He and I have never been personal friends.

M. So you do not know what he tells people who come to visit him?

L. No.

M. He tells them a number of interesting things. One that interested me particularly was his theory about Harry Hopkins' political success.

L. Yes?

M. He thinks Harry Hopkins calculated not so much on the existence of Communists in American politics — I mean as a political force — but on a sort of pro-Soviet political faction.

L. What a curious delusion. Everyone knows there is no pro-Soviet faction. Everyone is unalterably opposed to Communist aggression. Everyone.

M. Yes, everyone. Even the Communist

party. That is what makes Forrestal's delusion so odd.

L. It must be admitted that Harry Hopkins had a very extensive, though perhaps too specialized, knowledge of some of the necessary arrangements — interallied arrangements one might say — of the war years. Anyone who believes he has a key to Harry's thinking and runs back over those events . . .

M. What events are you referring to?

L. It's hard to say. There are so many. You could start with Malta and the Berlin situation, the removal of Stillwell, the Russian money transaction.

M. Pearl Harbor? The Chinese embargo?

L. It's hard to see how a man would think of those. Hopkins was not involved with either. Unless . . .

M. Unless?

L. Unless someone tied in with Harry Hopkins was involved. Is Forrestal's thought going in that direction?

M. Not yet, so far as I can tell. Not yet. But if he starts with the basic assumption of the existence of a pro-Soviet faction where will that train of thought take him?

L. What could he prove?

M. That is a highly secondary question. The problem is not what he could prove but the people he could impress. But even on the question of legal proof, for what it would be worth, no one can say what papers Forrestal may have held on to through the years. Some things like the Amerasia matter clearly involved the criminal law. We don't know what he may have in his possession on matters like that and where that sort of thing may lead, once it starts. Incidentally some one moved with exemplary promptness to have his papers sent to the White House when he was first stricken at Hobe Sound. Do you know who was so prompt and so prudent? Was it you?

L. It is not something I am at liberty to discuss. When custody of something is taken by the President's office, clearly only the President himself can authorize statements about the matter.

M. (more thinking aloud than talking to Leon) He was not Secretary of the Navy at Pearl Harbor. But as Under Secretary he would have had access to material that viewed today under the false assumption of the existence of a pro-Soviet faction would look quite different from what it looked like then — from what he still remembers, without having yet gone back over the whole thing in his mind.

L. I can see what you mean when you said that Forrestal's delusions were rather odd. At first I didn't understand you. It is not too difficult to cope with people who suffer from the delusion of the existence of a Communist conspiracy. But to suppose that there is a pro-Soviet political faction which hasn't a card-carrying Communist anywhere within it — that is a very odd delusion indeed and could perhaps be dangerous.

M. I thought you might see it my way.

L. You forget, however, that under proper

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medical care and supervision such a delusion can be dangerous, tragically dangerous, but only to the man who suffers from the delusion. Not to others. M. You feel sure, I take it, that Forrestal will receive proper medical care and supervision at Bethesda?
L. The very best.

Scene 13: The lobby of a big Washington hotel, a day or two later. Phil hurries up to Stepanov, who has been waiting in a corner.

STEPANOV. I have waited for you long enough. There is a matter to speak to you about. I respect your desire not to come to the Embassy so I wear my feet out standing. You object to being seen in the lobby with the Ambassador's second chauffeur perhaps? It hurts your diplomatic dignity?
PHIL. Not if it doesn't take too long. What's bothering you?
S. The health of Mr. Forrestal, your recent Secretary of Defense.
P. I heard he was doing very well. Practically recovered or certainly well on the way.
S. Yes, a common medical illusion. Actually his health is taking a drastic turn for the worse in any day now. It is unfortunate but unavoidable.
P. And why does that concern me?

S. I fear he will need a literary executor. He is certain to leave many papers. Perhaps not so many as Harry Hopkins but enough.
P. I should have thought of that, except I hadn't heard his health was so bad.
S. You are hearing it now. Who will be able to take his papers away? They are resting at the White House.
P. You can't do it quite so simply. Some excerpts will have to be published or people will believe that something very serious is being suppressed.
S. I am aware of that. That is why I accost you.
P. You want me to suggest an editor?
S. I want you to find a reliable man who is also an editor.
P. I would imagine that Forrestal has had no set idea of publishing anything, so he's probably made no contact as yet with any publisher. At least that's my guess.
S. You are not to guess. It will be for you to find an editor and arrange for a publisher.
P. First, I'll have to get authority from his widow.
S. Exactly. You, or some man who would find her easier to manage than you. All those details I leave in your hands. But this time I do not want a playwright. I do not want a man who puts in too much, who is not so intelligent and who cannot understand what some things he writes

really mean. Get a man who will cut everything, rewrite everything, make what you call the hash of everything. If he is called a scholar, then that will be called scholarship and all will applaud. See to it.

Scene 14. Forrestal's room at Bethesda Hospital a week later. Forrestal is not there. His reading chair is empty and on the floor beside it lie a book and a notebook. Two men in the white uniform of male nurses are looking out the window. One of them, the nurse who previously locked the door on Forrestal, is dangling a blackjack from his right hand.

FIRST NURSE. Damn it, you hit him too hard. It'll show.
SECOND NURSE. How in hell is it going to show on a man who jumps from the top of the building to a cement walk? Use your head. Let's see what he was writing. (He picks up Forrestal's notes and reads.) "The Yawning Grave." Jesus, some sort of screwy poem about dying.
FIRST NURSE. Pretty creepy. Do you think he was expecting "us."
SECOND NURSE. Could be. After all, the bastard knew he was way over on the wrong side. Way over. Let's get out of here. (They leave.)

(to be continued)

Rockefellers *Continued From Page 5*

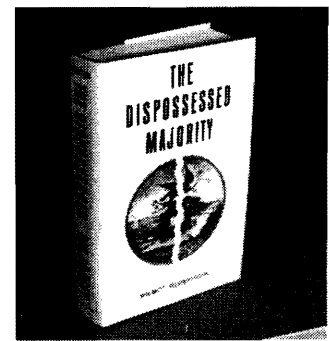
divorce became Mrs. Lionel Coste. Steven, after five years of psychoanalysis, after a stint at selling office space in Rockefeller Center, and after marrying and divorcing his father's Norwegian maid, with whom he had three children, is now an assistant professor at Middlebury College, busy writing a book on the early career of John Dewey. "I enjoy teaching," he says. "It satisfies my social conscience . . ." Michael was drowned, some say eaten by cannibals, while on an anthropological field trip to New Guinea to study stone age tribes. His twin sister, Mary, after one divorce, has now married Thomas Morgan, the Jewish publisher of *The Nation* who has often written severe attacks against her father. (Just before one of the New York gubernatorial elections Nelson mused publicly — and rather opportunistically considering the ethnic makeup of the electorate — that he might have some Jewish sap in his family tree. Future Rockefellers will be able to give positive assurances on this subject.)

Laurance Rockefeller begat Laura, Marion, Lucy and Laurance Jr. Laura, a former member of the SDS, has a second husband by the name of Dr. Richard M. Chasin. She is getting her Ph.D. in something or other and is engaged in writing a history of the Rockefellers. She

lives in Cambridge MA and has just paid more than \$1 million for thirty choice acres in Martha's Vineyard. As for her family history, it is not likely to be hagiography, considering the damaging things she tells reporters about her parents. A former volunteer worker in an insane asylum, terminal cancer wards and Negro ghettos, Marion, now Mrs. Warren Weber, commutes from a caboose near California's Feather River to Berkeley where her husband is a teaching assistant. Right now their family of four is getting by on \$700 a month. Mr. and Mrs. Weber don't want any Rockefeller money and hope to get their expenses down to \$300 a month when they develop the caboose and its surrounding two acres into an organic farm. Lucy has been married to two doctors, the second being Jeremy Waletzky. She spent so much time in analysis ("the best thing about money is that it buys good analysis") she became a professional psychiatrist herself and now has what passes for a practice in Chevy Chase outside Washington. Laurance Jr. a Harvard graduate, lived in an East Harlem tenement for three years while working as a Vista volunteer. He is now a conservationist.

Winthrop begat only one offspring, Winthrop Paul, seven months after he married a beauty queen by the name of

A thought for Christmas



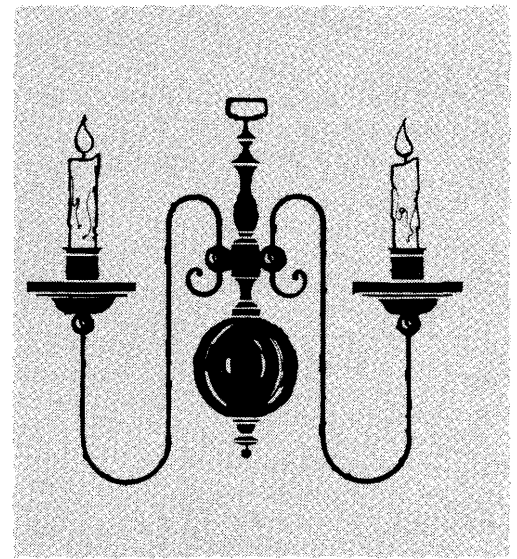
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THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912–1960)



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. Later, an English Lord offers the Old Man a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil if he will put the U. S. into World War I on the side of Britain, which he obligingly does. Twenty years later the Old Man's oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. A few years later the Communists' nominee for Army Chief of Staff is opposed by Harry, who is warned by the Publisher that the only way to start World War II, which they both want, is to persuade Russia to abandon Spain to Franco. The Kremlin reluctantly agrees to go along, provided General Marshall is appointed Chief of Staff. Later Harry is appalled by the Russian-German Non-Aggression Pact and is even more appalled when the Publisher explains that Henry Wallace should be Democratic vice-presidential candidate and Wendell Willkie Republican presidential nominee in 1940. By the end of the following year, the unholy team of FDR, Stalin, Litvinov, Comintern Spy Sorge and the U. S. Chief of Staff managed to get the U.S. into war by provoking the Pearl Harbor attack. A few years later, with victory in World War II in sight, Dex and his clique work to give Europe to the Russians and China to the Chinese Communists, while Harry, the muddle-headed socialist, puts up a confused and disoriented resistance, thereby incurring the wrath of the moribund Roosevelt. With Truman in the White House, American Communists start playing world politics with the A-bomb, and the Chief of Staff strikes a bloody bargain with the new Soviet Ambassador. Soon potential Soviet enemies and no-longer-useful Communists are eliminated in a purge that includes Harry Hopkins, Harry Dexter White and James Forrestal.

PART THREE, ACT II

Scene 1: Leon and Phil wait nervously in a small room in Washington, D.C. in summer, 1950. Stepanov enters, furiously angry, but silent. Finally he speaks in a mocking semi-whisper.

STEPANOV. Ah, it is a pleasure to have such brilliant comrades, such great American minds. How well you have handled all the little problems in my absence!

PHIL. There was no way it could be stopped . . .

S. (*shouting*) No way it could be stopped! I give you everything. You have all the press you need. You have friends everywhere and you cannot even stop a little foolish man like your Truman. You tell me yourself he is your man. He is in your pockets. And he makes war on the Soviet government right out of your pockets. That is what I build you up for, get you jobs, cover your little mistakes, have my friends in the press say you are great men? So the little man in your pockets will make war against the Soviet government!

P. You don't understand. He is president of the United States. He could fire each and every one of us.

S. No excuse. He would not dare. What would all the big papers and the big commentators say? Think of the noise that would occur in the Senate. You are children.

P. In a matter like this the newspapers and the commentators have to keep quiet. Even our friends have to be most discreet. The president interpreted the event as an attack on American troops, which arouses all the latent ignorance and short-sightedness of the smalltown American. We tried to get Truman to consider the invasion as an unintentional mistake of North Korean popular enthusiasm that should be handled by compromise and peaceful negotiations. But he just kept parroting, "They're attacking American troops, they're attacking American troops." It was very trying. Very.

S. This is war. War! Korea itself is a little thing. But how does it stop? How do we stop what you have criminally let get started? The Soviet government, you well know, cannot afford to lose. In a long drawn-out war, how will you men be able to hold on to your positions of influence? Surely they will remove you all —

everyone of you. If they do not now know who you are, they will after two or three months of war. And then when you can no longer hamper him, Chiang will perhaps retake China. Our friends in Japan will be isolated. Sukarno's enemies will quickly cut his stupid throat if they think it safe. Nehru will look silly as our sole apologist in Asia.

P. (*brightly*) But we've arranged to stop the war. We've got Truman to agree that in addition to being an attack on American troops, it was an act of unprovoked aggression against the United Nations. Next week the whole matter will be referred to the Security Council. Then you can veto it.

S. (*sarcastically*) I suppose this most excellent idea was worked out between you and Mr. Hammarskjold?

P. As a matter of fact it was.

S. You have sent it to the UN. We will leave it there and see what we can do later. But we will not veto it. You fools! If we veto it whose war is it then? The U.S. all by itself can manage to *win!* You seem to understand nothing. I, the Russian, know more about your country than you do. (*He walks back and forth a moment. No one says anything.*) What have you done about Chiang?

P. (*surprised*) Chiang? Why nothing. Why should we?

S. (*wearily*) Why should we? Why should we? Why should so many men who work for me be fairies and even artists? Why should we? Why didn't you ask Leon?

P. State Department matters aren't directly his responsibility.

S. Maybe you did not confer with him because he's a Jew and because he's not a fairy?

P. I'm not going to stay and be insulted like this.

S. Please, leave. Many people leave the Soviet service any time they feel like it.

P. I didn't mean it exactly that way. I'm upset. But is it necessary to talk to me that way? It isn't nice. Can't we get along just as well without all the abuse? Anyway, why be mad at me? If there's anyone to

blame, it's Leon, with his great presidential "access." We should have known better than to accept a "patriot" in the White House — just because Leon had access to him!

LEON. (so angry his usual self-control is almost shattered) I suppose you think Douglas would have made a . . .

S. We will not discuss here who is to blame! It is for me to decide later. Now we discuss only what to do as a result of your criminal mistakes. Then we will figure what to do about Chiang. But first, we must talk about the fleet in the western Pacific.

P. The Seventh.

S. We must arrange some invention that the Seventh Fleet blockades Chiang on Formosa. It is the indispensable first step. I do not know how you will do it, but it is an order from me in my official position as an officer of the Soviet government. It must be done because, since you have let the war start, we must move all our Chinese troops from south China into Manchuria. And when we do, we cannot allow Chiang to land and be welcomed as a liberator. P. I don't know how we can arrange that. Blockade Chiang, I mean.

L. If I could break into a field that is not my direct responsibility, there is, perhaps, a way it could be done.

S. Yes?

L. The Seventh Fleet can be ordered to protect Chiang from attack. He is an ally of the United States. With hostilities on the mainland, even if a bit north of him, what could be more natural than to protect him against hostile acts of the aggressive Communist forces? Obviously, since we are protecting him, we cannot let him make our task harder by raids on the mainland that might provoke retaliation. That the Communists have no navy, no one will remember.

S. Not at all bad. It might seem most reasonable to all newspapers and commentators. You can think of something more perhaps?

L. How much would it upset the Soviet government if the U.S. started shipping a lot of arms to Europe? England and France, mostly, but some would have to go to other countries.

S. The Soviet government would be most upset.

L. Wouldn't that depend on the nature of the arms? Balanced arms to equip an efficient modern army, yes. But suppose the arms were all out of balance? Much more of some items than any army could sensibly use, much less of others.

S. Please proceed.

L. If we have to send arms to Europe to protect it against the threat of Communist aggression, clearly we have fewer arms to send to Korea.

S. (thoughtfully) That would of necessity be true. It would require a full explanation to Moscow, however.

L. It shouldn't be too hard to explain. Meanwhile, we could stir up public opinion about the danger to Western

Europe, making it easier to persuade the president that Europe was so important it was worth putting a severe crimp in the fighting in Korea. I think we could find quite a few prominent people who would be willing to form a committee to push such a policy.

S. You think when there is real fighting in Asia you can get the Americans excited about a trumped-up danger in Europe?

L. The rich and influential Americans all read the same papers and have sentimental and money ties to Europe. Once the group has reached an opinion, it doesn't take long for everybody else to adopt it. You remember, we did it before, when we wanted to stymie Chiang.

S. Before it was not arms, but consumer goods. Even then Moscow did not like it so much, although it was giving Stalin China. (He pauses, meditating the problem.) Maybe you are right. It might be done again — this time with arms. But I do not think Moscow will be too happy. Stalin wants no arms anywhere. (He thinks some more.) I will tell you what we will do. We will take your program for now, and I will get Moscow to accept. Just one thing more, however. You know the new secretary of defense?

L. Louis Johnson?

S. He will resign. At once.

P. We can't do that. Truman wouldn't have the slightest reason to ask him for his resignation.

S. Truman must be given a reason. Say Johnson is to blame because there are not ten divisions of American armor now in Korea. He should have known the aggressive designs of the deceitful Soviets. Whatever the reason, he is to leave office. That, too, is an order. Marshall is to be secretary of defense. Then Moscow will not mind how much arms you ship to Europe.

P. That's unheard of. A former secretary of state taking a lower cabinet post! He won't do it.

L. He is also a little old and tired.

S. You are all afraid to persuade him, yes? (He looks at each in turn and each declines the task.) Then I will do it. (to Leon) But you will get the President to ask him. I do not care how you do it. You may have to ruin yourself forever. I do not care. It is to be done. Within a week!

Scene 2: Marshall and Stepanov in the former's house, a few days later.

STEPANOV. My dear Colonel, it does not interest me that you refuse to see me. I am here. There is no longer any way you can add to your bag of dead ambassadors. Besides I am not an ambassador. That I understand your desire to rest and to enjoy the private life goes without saying. But I cannot permit it. It is not yet possible. The war in Korea has changed everything.

MARSHALL. (too tired to fight against the old insults) Blame that on your own friends, not me. I never told you I could control Truman.

S. I do not concern myself at this point with the responsibility. I concern myself only with what is to be done before more great harm occurs. I cannot have the Americans win. You must go in as secretary of defense to see they do not win.

M. To begin with, I haven't been offered the appointment.

S. That will come. We do not need to discuss that. I was told you would refuse the appointment. That is why I am here. You must accept it.

M. And see that the North Koreans win the war?

S. No, I do not require that of you. I am more humane than Moscow. You are simply to prevent the Americans from winning.

M. You obviously understand nothing about the way the American government works. The secretary of defense doesn't command military operations. I couldn't possibly prevent MacArthur from doing everything in his power to obtain victory.

S. You could refuse to send him artillery.

M. No, I could not.

S. (angrily) Then you could refuse to order the shells for his artillery so he would have nothing to fire in the guns you send him! I am not a child! I know the civilian is the boss of the soldier in America! Do not doubletalk me! (calmly) Also you can forbid him bombing the bridges into China. That is a political decision. And the air base at Chongjin. It must not be bombed. It is too near the Russian border. What would world opinion think if an American bomb fell even by accident on Soviet territory?

S. You think that each of us has fulfilled our bargain? That our deal is finished?

M. Put it that way if you like. We're quits. More than quits, I'd say.

S. But we do not play quits, Colonel. We never stop playing. (after a pause) It seems you wish to go away and die quietly. (Marshall's expression indicates he does not like that statement.) It is unpleasant to say it, but it is true, no? But we cannot yet let you, my dear Colonel. No, not yet. By the way, it is too bad you have been getting bad publicity lately.

M. Only in a few absurd ultraright papers.

S. The lunatic right that believes there is a Soviet conspiracy. The publicity can do no harm — unless, unless it continues and the big liberal papers should join in and stop deploring such vile and unpatriotic nonsense. Or at least so far it is nonsense, is it not?

M. Damn you! Have you been planting this stuff?

S. Plant? It is a word I do not understand. I am only anxious that you should be an even greater patriot than you are now. Never before has a secretary of state taken a lesser cabinet post, yes? It is proof of utter patriotism. It will most surely stop the unpatriotic smears of the right.

M. (slowly) You bastards. You utter bastards.

Continued On Next Page

The Game and The Candle

S. You need not take it so hard Mr. Secretary. (*He smiles and leaves.*)

Scene 3: Stepanov, Gromyko and Anya are talking in a room in the Soviet Embassy in Washington some time later.

GROMYKO. It is a very perilous course. STEPANOV. Perilous to you or perilous to the Soviet government?

G. To all of us.

S. Nevertheless, it is a risk that must be taken.

ANYA. Andrei Feodorovitch has not become Soviet ambassador to the United Nations by taking risks.

S. Do not act like an American woman. Full of ignorant opinions. (*to Gromyko*) Andrei, there are risks either way. If the Americans are constantly provoked by the war they will sooner or later discover why they are not winning it. When they discover that, they will discover how easy it will be to win it, once the vermin who work for us are swept out of their government. That is the risk. The real risk. The war itself is nothing. Or very little.

A. You do not like our friends in the government? They do such nice things for us.

G. They do not do that for us. They do it because Boris Alexandrovitch sees that they are well reported in the many papers and magazines and get better and higher-paying jobs and more handsome boys or women, depending on their particular tastes.

A. Is that so, Boris Alexandrovitch?

S. Well, it is like that a little, and still it is not like that at all. There is not an easy way to explain it. If I tell you I also make the Americans feel good in their conscience when they work for us, what does it mean to you? Nothing.

A. They are not Communists?

G. (*to Anya*) Do not concern yourself with such matters. (*to Stepanov*) Must we talk here?

S. Send her away if you like. She is your wife.

A. (*to Stepanov*) I hear you have taken as a mistress a woman doctor — an American Jewess. It is not fitting for a man of your rank, your secret rank, to have such a woman as his mistress.

S. Chatter, chatter. How it gets around.

A. Does she too work for the NKVD?

G. Anya, do not be a fool.

A. He will not harm us. He is afraid of you. He is only Beria's creature and he knows he will fall with Beria.

S. (*mildly*) Do you have a guarantee, Anya Ivanovna, that Beria will fall? I do not have it.

A. He will fall unless you poison Stalin. You and your friends have that art, it is said.

G. Many foolish things are said. This is a most senseless discussion.

S. It is not wholly senseless. Beria will be

glad to know that the Soviet ambassador to the United Nations is his enemy.

A. You think that would be news to him? You think anyone who was ever a friend of Molotov's would have the trust of Beria? S. No one has the trust of Beria.

A. (*snorting*) He is to trust no one but all of us are to trust him? You have a twisted mind, Boris Alexandrovitch. You deal too much with the Americans.

S. It may be. But I have heard Andrei has done something to gain Beria's ill will.

G. It was perhaps a mistake. I was alarmed by the outbreak of the war in Korea and you were not here.

S. So?

G. So I asked . . . through the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs, of course . . .

S. Strictly within channels, of course.

G. Of course.

S. You asked what?

G. That . . . that your work be put under my charge. Because of the war emergency only, of course.

S. Of course, and then what happened?

G. Nothing. I was told it was none of the business of the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs. I was also told Stalin was sick — too sick for anyone to dare open the question.

S. You know for a fact that he is sick?

G. He had a stroke. A slight stroke, but a stroke.

S. Correct. But the result of all this is that Beria now thinks you are trying to tear down his organization. And he will not think it is just you, little Andrei Feodorovitch. He will think it is Molotov or some one close to Molotov. But the others will not be happy about you either. To raise an awkward question is itself a mark against a man, is it not? Although some people do not perhaps yet want to be pitted against Beria, you have forced them to take a position.

G. I am told that you bothered Moscow more than anyone by insisting that we must not veto the Korean War in the UN. It was very hard to get that accepted.

S. Moscow knows it cannot defeat the United States, whatever our leaders like to rant and scream in public. They do not like to be told that they must act according to their convictions, but when they cool off they are glad they did. It is better to be the slow conqueror than the dead one.

A. You are not angry at Andrei Feodorovitch?

S. We must work together or we are both dead. If we don't work well together, Soviet power will be seriously reduced in North America, which will mean it will be badly hurt in the whole world.

G. To go back to where we started. You ask me to do a dangerous thing. Our Chinese and North Korean allies wish decisively to defeat the Americans in Korea. They will not like to be told that they should hold back their hand.

S. If I guarantee that the Americans will

not win?

G. Moscow will perhaps not take your guarantee too well. Stalin was once told the Americans would give up Korea.

S. It is true that I gave such assurances. They were correct. But no one gave assurances that troops would be marched in before the American garrison had left. That was colossal stupidity.

G. They will want assurances again. Additional assurances.

S. Have I not already made Marshall secretary of defense?

G. They liked that, but they are still afraid that even Marshall will be forced to fight the war.

S. He will have to fight the war, yes. But he need not fight it to win if Moscow does not crowd us and force our hands by trying for a decisive victory. That is what disturbs the politicians of the Democratic party. They would, it is true, like to win. But they must not lose. They are sure if the American army loses in Korea, they will lose the next election. That is the whole point that Moscow must understand. We are not yet strong enough in the Republican party to risk a Democratic defeat at the polls. It would set my work back by ten years if the Republicans won the next election.

G. It is reported that the Americans are planning an offensive to take all North Korea. How can you ask Moscow to have confidence in what you say if that should happen?

S. It is not a contradiction. It is because there is as yet no quiet understanding between our governments that American politicians cannot stop the American soldiers.

G. Marshall is a soldier. Why doesn't he stop them?

S. Marshall is not a soldier. He is a politician doing a politician's job. The commanding soldier is MacArthur. And to make it harder for us they are personal enemies of long standing.

G. Well, I can do nothing. Nothing at all.

S. Anya, make him be sensible.

A. I do not see what he can do. Andrei Feodorovitch cannot afford to look even a little like the double agent.

S. As I am perhaps supposed to look?

A. It has been said.

S. I would not doubt it. (*He thinks awhile.*) I will tell you. I will remove your danger. I will show our power again to convince Moscow. Perhaps the Party does not think it was hard to get MacArthur ordered not to bomb bridges over the Yalu. I will do something even harder. If Chinese troops move into Korea, I will see to it that even those bridges will not be bombed, and even then our air base at Chongjin will not be bombed. When these two things happen, as I will arrange for them to happen, they should be proof even to Moscow of the power of our friends in the American government. But our friends

cannot say they are our friends and still retain their power. Moscow must remember that and not always try to force my hand. Will you tell your superiors what I have said?

G. You tell them.

S. I will. I wish my message also to reach Moscow through other channels.

A. What Boris Alexandrovitch now proposes I think you could safely pass on, Andrei.

A. (To Anya) Be quiet. (to Stepanov) There is one other thing Moscow will want if it is decided to accept your proposal. Stalin

does not trust MacArthur. You will have to have MacArthur recalled. Can you do that?

S. Not unless it is absolutely necessary. MacArthur cannot help but know too much. He understands we have cut off his heavy artillery, that we have forbidden the bombing of his enemy's main supply routes, that we are blockading Chiang's forces on Formosa. While he stays fighting in Korea, he cannot talk. If he is recalled, he can. Such talk might be disastrous.

G. That will be your concern. Moscow will want MacArthur removed. Of that I am

sure.

S. While he is in command of an army about to take the offensive, it cannot be done. Do not doubt that if he could, with all his hatred for MacArthur, Marshall would remove him himself. Right now it would be very unwise.

A. Unwise because you cannot do it?

S. Unwise or not, I will try to get it done — but only as a last resort, only if it is the one way to convince Moscow not to press for a military victory.

(to be continued)

Panama *Continued From Page 5*

intention of completing the canal. Work was resumed, perhaps in earnest, in 1895, but was eventually halted for reasons which were mysterious at the time and may never be satisfactorily ascertained, since the company's books and archives were prudently burned before it was liquidated. At all events, another generation of hopeful investors was ruined, and individuals were glad to dispose of their almost worthless stock at any price. A syndicate of international pirates, euphemistically called international bankers, quietly bought up the devalued paper and thus became owners of a corporation whose only asset, aside from an option to buy stock in the railroad and some rusting machinery through which the vegetation of the encompassing jungle was already growing, was a concession granted by the United States of Colombia, a nation that had been dissolved after one of its civil wars and replaced by the Republic of Colombia. The plan of the pirates, most of whom had established residence in our country, was to sell the dubious assets to the American people.

The United States, in the meantime, had come to realize that a canal between the Atlantic and Pacific was indispensable to the nation's security as well as prosperity. The most feasible route, as determined by successive teams of competent engineers, was through Nicaragua, where an American corporation had begun construction. In 1902 the House of Representatives passed (by a vote of 309 to 2) a bill appropriating money for the completion of this canal under a treaty that had been negotiated with Nicaragua.

The international predators were naturally distressed by the danger that American interests might be thought paramount in the United States, and hired a prominent (and eventually very wealthy) American attorney, William Nelson Cromwell, to distribute arguments and cash to convince members of Congress that the route through the Isthmus of Panama was ever so much better. The arguments were specious, but the cash was real, and Cromwell was able to block

construction of the canal in Nicaragua. President Theodore Roosevelt is not known to have received any of the cash, and his brother-in-law seems to have received only \$200,000 when the gravy was ladled out. So it is probable that only political pressures exerted indirectly by the financial brigands induced him to use his authority and influence to make the United States purchase the "rights" of the nominally French company for \$40 million which, although naturally less than was first asked, yielded a very lavish profit to Isaac and Jesse Seligman, and other principal promoters, some of whom hid under cover names. (So far as is known, much smaller cuts went to J. P. Morgan and to Paul Warburg, who had been sent to the United States to put over the Federal Reserve system of organized looting and to make other preparations for the First World War, while one of his brothers remained in Germany to worm his way into effective control of German Military Intelligence and thus ensure the eventual defeat of Germany after a maximum amount of slaughter and devastation in Europe.) The exact distribution of the money is uncertain, for after the United States purchased all the property of the Canal Company, specifically including its archives, the archives and all other records were circumspectly reduced to ashes and smoke.

Then it was discovered — surprise! — that the Canal Company's concession was worthless, and that a new treaty with Colombia would have to be negotiated. It was, but the Colombian senate refused to ratify it, ostensibly on the grounds that the constitution then in effect forbade alienation of sovereignty over any of the nation's territory — although "constitutionality" meant no more in Colombia then than it does in the United States today. The real motive was an expectation that an additional \$10 million could be extracted from rich old Uncle Sam, plus, no doubt, a hope that the old duffer could be bluffed into agreeing to some scheme of joint sovereignty over the Canal Zone, which would, of course,

provide an opportunity for perpetual blackmail and periodic rake-offs.

The impasse thus created was solved expeditiously. For the details of the sordid history the reader is referred to Earl Harding, a journalist of the old school that believed in facts and truth, who devoted a good part of his life to investigation and research, obtained access to various confidential memoranda and orders that the conspirators thought destroyed, and published the final summary of his findings in *The Untold Story of Panama* (New York, Athene Press, 1959). Only the merest outline can be given here.

There was, in the city of Panama, on the Pacific side of the Isthmus, a Colombian physician, Dr. Manuel Amador Guerrero, who was employed by the Panama Railroad to attend its workmen. He was a white of Spanish descent, and that conferred social status in a region in which almost 90% of the population was composed of mestizos, sambos, Indians and Negroes. Although almost entirely dependent on his salary from the Railroad, Dr. Amador somehow managed to send his favorite son, Raoul, to the medical school of Columbia University.

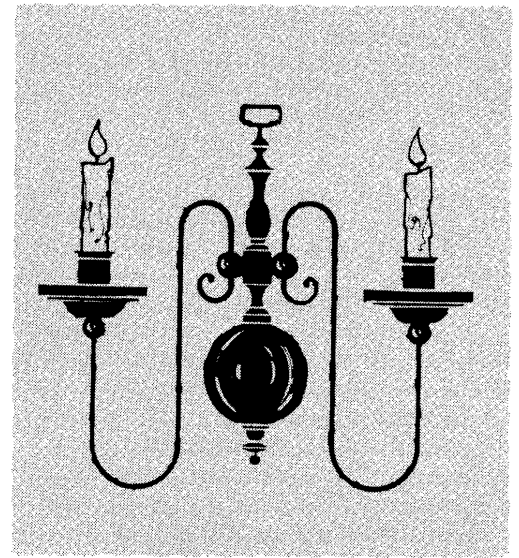
Raoul was commissioned as an assistant surgeon in the U.S. Army, but he had his eye on higher things. He was tall, handsome, with dark, expressive eyes, cultivated manners and an engaging personality — and he was living in an era in which every American female had an abiding faith that speakers of Romance languages are, by definition, Romantic. It was easy for him to work his way up to the bottom of New York's Upper Crust, and there he wooed and married money with such success that at one time he had a wife and two children installed in a very comfortable house at 216 West 112th Street, and another wife with one child ensconced in another house at 306 West 87th Street, thus obviating long journeys from one tender domesticity to the other. Whether the ladies were aware of their unofficial partnership in Raoul is not entirely clear, but eventually wife #2 sued him for \$100,000 and thus, although quieted with a cash settlement,

Continued On Next Page



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912–1960)



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. Later, an English Lord offers the Old Man a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil if he will put the U.S. into World War I on the side of Britain, which he obligingly does. Twenty years later the Old Man's oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. A few years later the Communists' nominee for Army Chief of Staff is opposed by Harry, who is warned by the Publisher that the only way to start World War II, which they both want, is to persuade Russia to abandon Spain to Franco. The Kremlin reluctantly agrees to go along, provided General Marshall is appointed Chief of Staff. Later Harry is appalled by the Russian-German Non-Agression Pact and is even more appalled when the Publisher explains that Henry Wallace should be Democratic vice-presidential candidate and Wendell Willkie Republican presidential nominee in 1940. By the end of the following year, the unholy team of FDR, Stalin, Litvinov, Comintern Spy Sorge and the U.S. Chief of Staff managed to get the U.S. into war by provoking the Pearl Harbor attack. A few years later, with victory in World War II in sight, Dex and his clique work to give Europe to the Russians and China to the Chinese Communists, while Harry, the muddle-headed socialist, puts up a confused and disoriented resistance, thereby incurring the wrath of the moribund Roosevelt. With Truman in the White House, American Communists start playing world politics with the A-bomb, and the Chief of Staff strikes a bloody bargain with the new Soviet Ambassador. Soon potential Soviet enemies and no-longer-useful Communists are eliminated in a purge that includes Harry Hopkins, Harry Dexter White and James Forrestal, as the "China problem" is handled by surreptitious aid to Mao. Then the outbreak of the Korean War provokes great anxiety among the Soviet agents and their American fellow travelers, who are barely able to turn it into a no-win situation.

PART THREE, ACT II

Scene 4: The Publisher's office in New York City, summer 1950. The Publisher is talking to Stepanov, who has just entered.

Publisher. I was wondering if the little shooting affair in Korea mightn't bring you to see me. Are you in hot water with Moscow?

Stepanov. Not hotter than is usual.

P. That I doubt. When a candidate cleared by Sidney Hillman makes war on the Soviet Empire somebody will have some explaining to do.

S. It is not war. It is, as Mr. Truman says, a police action.

P. I admit that Truman surprised me. So did your friend Gromyko. How is it he wasn't told to veto the war when the question came up before the UN?

S. And leave poor little Truman to fight it with no loyal and helpful assistance from UN members?

P. That is a point. A UN war and a U.S. fight. *(laughing)* It does give your friends a good excuse for resisting every effort to win, doesn't it?

S. So I have calculated. After all, the UN was designed to assist in the irresistible march to peace and world democracy, no?

P. I'm sure you didn't come here to tell me how much you like the UN. It must be what—three or four years since you last thought I was worth a visit?

S. Since the mixed advice about Harry Hopkins.

P. Mixed advice? I gave you good advice, very good advice.

S. You pointed out to me the danger Harry might become. But that was not needed. He died soon afterwards—of Hemochromatosis, they say—and so could no longer be dangerous. Your

other advice was less good. The big playwright. You have read his book on Hopkins? He leaves in so many things he can not understand. Does he suppose all his readers will be so stupid? Why should he tell about burning the "Normandie"? Does he think there were Nazi-controlled unions on the New York waterfront? Why does he remind people that Marshall always pressed for whatever Stalin wanted? Why does he discuss at such silly length so much of Marshall's quiet role in the attack on Pearl Harbor?

P. I'm sure he has no idea that any of those things led anywhere. The man is a devout liberal. He thinks well of Russia because it is a peace-loving, socialist, democratic state. How could any friends of Russia do anything so dastardly as to burn ships or set up a whole battle fleet for a sitting duck? But don't worry, Boris, no one is really suspicious.

S. I do not like it.

P. I hope you don't believe I planted him on you.

S. It is possible. I do not know you well. I have talked with you only twice. Once, as we know, about Harry Hopkins. Once, you remember, about your invention, that is not the word, your creature, your stooge—Willkie.

P. So.

S. I read your papers. I think sometime one way. Sometime another. Always, of course, they deplore Communism. They want to contain the wicked and ambitious Soviet Empire—except. . .

P. Except what?

S. It is hard to say. But when there are two ways for the US Government to oppose us, your papers are always for the one that we do not too much mind. Sometimes I think that is just because you are the stupid capitalist who does not understand that politics is for much more than money. But some-

times I know you do not publish a little paper for our own people but big papers for the many Americans. Them you cannot tell directly to surrender. Them you must scare to death one week and lull to sleep the next. Like you do. But I do not for certain know that this is what you mean to do—that it is not just because of stupidity. I cannot be sure.

P. (mocking) I might be a secret Soviet operator.

S. That is always possible. But if it is so I should know about it. You would come under my jurisdiction.

P. Why don't you ask Moscow?

S. If you are a Soviet agent and Moscow has not told me about you, then I should not ask. I am not meant clearly to know. And if you are not, I do not wish to draw their attention to a mystery I do not myself understand. One that is in my own department.

P. Very sound. So I guess you're stuck with a mystery.

S. There are many things I could do if I wanted to press a little more to find out. But I have not yet done so. I am not sure. I might hurt my own work.

P. You amuse me. What could you do?

S. Do you not know?

P. Of course, I could always die. I've noticed how lucky you are in the way people that bother you disappear so handily. Think what trouble you'd have had from Huey Long, if he had lived.

S. That was Roosevelt's luck, not ours.

P. You can't say you didn't cash in on it. And look at your luck now. If Forrestal hadn't jumped out the window, Truman would certainly have made him Secretary of Defense again instead of appointing Marshall. That wouldn't have promoted peace and the progress of world democracy now would it? But as we've been told long ago there's a tide in these things. People who stand in the way of the inevitable flow of history are bound to be unlucky.

S. It is not a question of luck. What is inevitable about the flow of history is that those opposed to it must die. How else shall the flow become inevitable?

P. The view of a practical man.

S. There would not now be any point in your dying. It would tell me nothing. You can think of nothing else that could be arranged? Something that left still a base for negotiation between us?

P. I have no intention of showing my hand. You tell me.

S. Well, you are a man, so I suppose there is some scandal in your life. Americans are publicly most sensitive about sex. If there is no sex scandal, then you are a fairy, or perhaps just impotent and quarrel with your wife because she feels rightly so neglected. We have friends with columns in the

many, many papers that if I ask will start such stories. Some may even be true, I do not know. But that would be nothing. That would be just to tease you and to tell our own friends that you are a man to destroy. That is a big and most important function of the column writer. How can I be sure that all my people know at once what to do and say? I cannot write to them all myself. I do not even know most of them. To write even to those I know would be too dangerous. So I must pay them, even though some of them are quite expensive. The more they are pious, the more they cost. But it does not too much matter. We get the money from your foreign aid program. Also there are people in the Treasury Department who could get your tax returns reopened if I ask them. You buy much paper. Perhaps there are young men in the antitrust office who could do some investigating. Your big advertisers? Maybe they too would have tax trouble and antitrust trouble. You think maybe I could not do these? Do you know how really your government works or are you just the stupid capitalist?

P. (Getting up and slowly walking to the window with its panoramic view of the city) Yes, Boris, I know you could do it. But don't forget I could strike back. If I wanted to expose your operations, don't you think I could?

S. Certainly, for awhile. But in the end I think we would tear you down and still keep most of our friends.

P. Suppose I got a law passed that the salaries paid pro-Soviet reporters, news analysts, book reviewers, people like that, were classified as political contributions, not tax deductible business expenses. That would be a particularly good joke, wouldn't it?

S. It would be the excellent joke, though perhaps we would not laugh too hard. But you cannot, I think, pass it. Through the House, maybe. But not the Senate. Even if you do, I do not worry. Your High Court quickly decides it is the violation of some amendment. Laws against the advance of peace and world democracy are not constitutional. *(He pauses.)* But this is not a fight I much wish to get into.

P. Boris, why be so touchy? Just assume that if I'm useful to you it makes good sense to take advantage of it.

S. But I need to know why you help. Without that how far can I trust you?

P. How does anybody know exactly why he does anything? Do you know your own motives?

S. I am moved by habit. To change would probably bring on a fatal illness.

P. (pondering carefully what he is say-

ing) Well, I'm not going to discuss my motives with you. If I did, what I said would be lies—to you and to myself too, I suppose. I'll just ask you to consider this. Would it have been possible for anyone starting out thirty years ago without any money in his pocket to become a millionaire publisher and a great political power by systematically and deliberately *opposing* the long-run ambitions of the Soviet Empire?

S. (shrugging) It might have been done. I do not think anyone ever tried. But it would not have been the best way to make money.

P. Only people with no business competence would try it.

S. Then your motive was not to hurt us, so you could become the big, big capitalist?

P. Could be.

S. I am at least partly convinced. Therefore, I will discuss more of my troubles with you.

P. Korea being the chief one.

S. (nodding) The problem of American surrender is what I cannot easily figure. To deal with it I have thought of a very new approach. I have ideas in which you will perhaps see holes. Or maybe there are no holes. I cannot be sure.

P. You mentioned an "American surrender" in passing, as if it were no problem at all. I assure you it will be a very large problem for American politicians.

S. I know. It is what I tell my people in Moscow when I caution them not to try to win. There was a stupid mix-up. I had arranged for the American troops to be taken from Korea. I even advised Moscow that when American troops were gone to have many riots by college boys in South Korea. Everyone knows college boys are leaders of public opinion. Their democratic wish must be respected and a merger with North Korea would have been well received by all rich Americans and college people here, too. But some stupid fool in Moscow could not wait the few months it would have taken. Now much fat is in the fire. And, of course, no one in Moscow is to blame, ever. I am to blame, of course.

P. And you have ideas how to get the U.S. to surrender and so get back in Moscow's good graces, is that it?

S. Moscow is still trying to win. Soon Chinese troops will be put in. This will be done because I have been able to get the guarantee that Chiang will be blockaded on Formosa and that no air raids will be made on China, none at all. And no land attacks. Thus we will keep the war from spreading. Only evil men wish to spread wars, is it not so?

P. Most decidedly.

S. However, Moscow will be most

The Game and The Candle

disappointed, because the Communists will not win. The U.S. is too well armed. So your country must be handled in other ways.

P. I'm not reading you, my friend. If you're going to get beaten in Korea, how are you going to get the U.S. to surrender?

S. Do not be so stupid as Moscow. You do not get the U.S. to surrender by beating it. That is bad for votes. Very bad. But you can always surrender when you are not beaten. That is the only peaceful way to settle international difficulties. Only warmongers and fascists would object. They are evil men who expect to gain advantages over the peace-loving forces of the Soviet Government. I ignore them. But since the Democrats started the war it is not possible to ask them to surrender. I must have a Republican president to get the Americans to stop the war in Korea without winning it. Senator Taft, however, is not a man I can do business with.

P. No, I don't suppose you could. Particularly since he could not conceive of your existence. *(after a pause)* Apparently you want me to find you another Willkie—another man with a Communist mistress to be the Republican presidential candidate against Taft?

S. No. This time I have the man who will surrender in Korea first, but will do other things for us, too.

P. Who is this treasure?

S. General Eisenhower.

P. *(surprised)* But you've got him already. Truman isn't going to try for a third term. And Ike is certain to get Truman's nod for the Democratic nomination.

S. I cannot have him as a Democrat. That is what I have been trying to tell you. Also probably he cannot win as a Democrat. It is a long time yet to the election. The war in Korea will still be dragging on because Moscow is not strong enough to win and our friends in Washington are strong enough to keep the U.S. from winning. It will not be a good way to win an election. Killing American soldiers for no purpose.

P. No, it won't. I would expect it to elect Taft.

S. That, I repeat, I do not want. I want the Republicans to nominate Eisenhower.

P. That's asking quite a bit, don't you think? Taft has the whole Republican party machinery in his hands and Eisenhower's chief claim to fame is that he was one of Mrs. Roosevelt's generals and cooperated with Kay Summersby and General Zhukhov.

S. His qualifications are as good as Willkie's.

P. Quite true, since neither had any. But there wasn't any strong organization man to oppose Willkie.

S. Yes, to beat Taft will be harder. Yet I have thought of many ways to do it. You tell me where they do not work.

P. Boris, it's absurd. Even if you could get Eisenhower the Republican nomination, it would mean such a fierce party fight that he'd lose the election.

S. I do not worry about the election. It will be in the bag, as Americans say. It does not take many votes to elect your president. There are always so many sure Democratic votes and so many sure Republican votes. Yes? Besides enough could be stolen a little here and there if we needed to. Always the local boys are glad to steal a little for the ticket if it is safe, and if it is in the big liberal cause it is quite safe, no? The big newspapers then do not get excited and the local boys feel there will be no great risk. So I do not worry about that. It is only the nomination that worries me.

P. I can't see why you want to take the obvious Democratic candidate and try to ram him down the throat of the Republicans. I can see well enough why you want to knock Taft out, but I can think of easier ways to do it. If you want a military hero of your own why not get behind Marshall? All the military hero stuff you can pass out about Eisenhower, you can pass out as much, if not more, about Marshall.

S. I do not doubt it. But I do not want Marshall.

P. I thought you had the greatest confidence in him.

S. Confidence? Oh, yes! But if he is in the position to cut my throat, I do not think I will like it. General Marshall is a man who understands what is going on in the world. He can be persuaded at times to do what we want, but he does it because he knows we want it, not because he thinks the American people would think well of it. He is not what you call the liberal. So for president he would not do at all. There would be the chance he will want to cut all our throats because he knows he must if he will keep his country and he knows how to cut throats, do not doubt that. And if he is president, he is able to cut throats easily without risking his own.

P. And Eisenhower?

S. Is there need to discuss him? He was satisfactory to Stalin to command in Europe. Should I think I was smarter and a better judge of men than Stalin?

P. All right, what's the plan?

S. First, you will scare all the news-

papers and the big radio chains. I have the idea for that. It is perfect. I am sure of it. I have many friends and they are thinking of an advertising tax. This you will tell in great confidence to your big friends. It is a tax like the income tax, the more revenue from advertising the more tax a paper must pay. Only Eisenhower's personal objection keeps my friends from trying to pass the law for it. Once such a bill is even introduced, it will be hard to stop it. What is a good objection to it? Are they not filthy rich, the big papers and radio chains? So if Eisenhower is not the Republican President, it is the sure thing, the advertising tax. This you will tell your big friends.

P. My God, they won't stand still for that. If they believed it possible, they'd blow their tops.

S. There is no need to blow their tops. Just nominate General Eisenhower. Now there is more, but here you must give the advice. It gets into the inside of business in ways that I do not know about. There are, I know, powerful groups among the big capitalists, but I do not know surely how they are organized. I do not make it my custom to believe what I read about them even in your so thorough and honest papers and magazines.

P. I wouldn't either. What's your scheme here?

S. We have friends in the Department of Justice, of course, a few very good ones. I think we should have indictments. Everyone can be indicted for antitrust, no? Then we will promise the big capitalists that if they nominate Eisenhower we will forget the indictments.

P. Will you forget them?

S. I do not know. It depends if in the future it will help or not help. It is a minor thing that does not matter now. What does matter now is that you must tell me which big capitalists we should indict, the capitalists that will leave Senator Taft and make the nomination of Eisenhower a certainty.

P. You've got to pick the right men, you're correct there. But you've also got to get them where it really hurts. Otherwise they won't care too much. Lots of them are used to indictments and consent decrees. It's been an old routine, don't forget that.

S. Go on. Which ones do my friends indict?

P. Well, let's analyze it this way. There are two main groups that have most of the say in the Republican party, the old Morgan crowd and the oil crowd. But the Morgan bankers are so weakened that the big Morgan companies, so call-

ed, are really more powerful, U.S. Steel, du Pont, General Motors, U.S. Rubber. Politically the railroad crowd isn't worth a damn.

S. Can we indict somebody there?

P. (*trying to think*) I don't offhand think of much you could do with Steel, but du Pont and General Motors have some joint stock ownership and there's a family investment trust that owns a good deal of both. If you can do as you say and get an indictment on that, I think you will have yourself a powerful Eisenhower booster—if you can convince them that Eisenhower will kill the indictment.

S. Of course. How else would they be for him? You say I do not need the railroads?

P. No, but you do need the oil people and they're a lot harder to snare. Of course there's a good deal of interlocking ownership, but so much of it's personal, not corporate, that you might have trouble getting an antitrust indictment.

S. In regard to oil I have a little idea that might help. You know in Texas they drill for oil way out in the sea, many miles?

P. Correct.

S. Texas, I am told, stretches twelve miles to sea. But it is not so anywhere

else. All other states go out only three miles. In those extra nine miles in Texas are many million dollars of oil wells. They are leased from Texas and pay royalties to Texas. If Texas did not own the nine miles, the big oil companies would have no right there. So I say, perhaps we could make a campaign, you and some of my friends in the press, that why should Texas be different from every other state. Those nine miles must have been somehow stolen from Washington. Texas must give them back, and the big oil companies must then come to Washington and ask for new leases. Maybe they don't get them. Maybe what will be called little oil companies, good friends of my friends in Washington will get the leases. That would scare the big oil companies, yes?

P. It would paralyze them, if they believed you. Actually, I didn't know Texas had a twelve-mile limit. There must be some good basis for it.

S. The reason is that Texas came to the U.S. as an independent country. Before that it belonged to the crown of Spain. So it claims all that the crown of Spain claimed. And Spain always claims twelve miles out into the sea.

P. I was afraid it would be something like that. Then it must be protected by

the treaty between the U.S. and Texas by which Texas joined the union.

S. That is the point. It is a treaty with a party that no longer exists. The treaty now means what Washington says it means. What then does Texas do? Go to Washington's Supreme Court? (*He smiles.*)

P. Damned if maybe you can't get away with it. But I'd give it a good whirl of publicity before I tried the Supreme Court, and I'd certainly stay out of as many of the lower courts as possible.

S. It is a good cause for the humanitarians. Think of the school lunches and nice school buildings the federal government could pay for with the royalties the wicked oil companies now give to the segregated state of Texas. I have friends who would write many columns about this. I might write some myself, but I am not a humanitarian.

P. Nor are they, really.

S. Ah, you are so wrong. They are all little Jesuses. Read any of their columns. Never has the world known such selfless servants of the democratic public good. Each will tell you so himself. You do not have to guess. It is right there before your eyes in print.

(*to be continued*)

Race and Athletics

Continued from page 5

where the white population was more color myopic.

The increasing habit of black players to shy away from Southern teams has wrought havoc in Southern football. At first the South was not inclined even to try to recruit blacks. I can still remember back in 1968 when blacks on the University of Alabama campus protested that Bear Bryant had not recruited any "brothers" for the Crimson Tide. A few years later Southern coaches were forced to launch massive recruiting campaigns to sign up blacks, not only to win games, but to save their jobs.

Mixed Blessing

Schools that have successfully recruited blacks have often found them to be a mixed blessing. On July 25, 1974, six black members of the "Fighting Irish" sexually assaulted a blonde high-school girl in a dormitory on Notre Dame's South Bend campus. Instead of going to jail, the blacks were suspended from the football team for one year. But even this slap on the wrist was considered too drastic by

other black team members, who decided to punish coach Ara Parseghian for not covering up for them. At an all-important game with the University of Southern California, they suddenly "went slow" in the second half. Notre Dame was humiliated 55 to 24. As *San Francisco Examiner* columnist Wells Twombly explained:

[T]here is growing evidence that the Irish didn't care how badly the Trojans defeated them. They let a 24-6 halftime lead turn into a 55-24 defeat. They weren't winning one for the Gipper, they were losing one for Art Best. They were giving their coach a lesson in humility. They were punishing Ara Parseghian for not playing one of their most popular colleagues. They didn't throw the game exactly. That much will never be proved. But they did relax. "The black players" said a source at Notre Dame, "have always felt uncomfortable at Notre Dame. They equate Catholicism with white people and the black kids we have been getting lately have all turned into instant militants."

As a result of the above fracas, Parseghian eventually decided to resign.

Another incident which drew nationwide attention during the 1976 season involved Memphis State University, where twenty-two black players boycotted team practice because one of them had a mother who had not received a series of money payments promised her by persons not even connected with the athletic department. Another coach resignation that made headline news was that of Frank Broyles of the University of Arkansas. Head coach for nineteen years, he quit after black team members demanded the appointment of black cheerleaders.

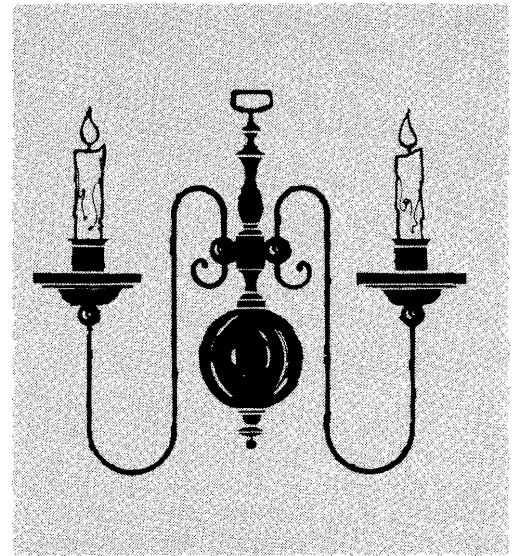
Before looking further at racial problems in professional football, I might interject that in 1957 the National Football League was 14% black; in 1971, 32%; today, 42%. All factors considered, including Negro population growth, the NFL will be half-black in a few years. How have the whites responded to the black influx? Most coaches, athletic departments and front offices usually succeed in keeping the lid on racial matters. But in 1967 there was an eruption of racial animosity among the St. Louis football

Continued On Next Page



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912–1960)



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. Later, an English Lord offers the Old Man a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil if he will put the U.S. into World War I on the side of Britain, which he obligingly does. Twenty years later the Old Man's oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. A few years later the Communists' nominee for Army Chief of Staff is opposed by Harry, who is warned by the Publisher that the only way to start World War II, which they both want, is to persuade Russia to abandon Spain to Franco. The Kremlin reluctantly agrees to go along, provided General Marshall is appointed Chief of Staff. Later Harry is appalled by the Russian-German Non-Aggression Pact and is even more appalled when the Publisher explains that Henry Wallace should be Democratic vice-presidential candidate and Wendell Willkie Republican presidential nominee in 1940. By the end of the following year, the unholy team of FDR, Stalin, Litvinov, Comintern Spy Sorge and the U.S. Chief of Staff managed to get the U.S. into war by provoking the Pearl Harbor attack. A few years later, with victory in World War II in sight, Dex and his clique work to give Europe to the Russians and China to the Chinese Communists, while Harry, the muddle-headed socialist, puts up a confused and disoriented resistance, thereby incurring the wrath of the moribund Roosevelt. With Truman in the White House, American Communists start playing world politics with the A-bomb, and the Chief of Staff strikes a bloody bargain with the new Soviet Ambassador. Soon potential Soviet enemies and no-longer-useful Communists are eliminated in a purge that includes Harry Hopkins, Harry Dexter White and James Forrestal, as the "China problem" is handled by surreptitious aid to Mao. Then the outbreak of the Korean War provokes great anxiety among the Soviet agents and their American fellow travelers, who are barely able to turn it into a no-win situation.

PART THREE, ACT II

Scene 5: A large conference room in Washington, D. C., early 1951. Five men are present: the Publisher; the Politician, not otherwise identified; the Executive who once talked to Harry about his troubles with Huey Long; George and Alan who years ago discussed the nomination of Willkie with the Publisher.

POLITICIAN. It's only too evident that the Republican party needs vital new leadership. Ike Eisenhower will restore the virtues of a free enterprise system without the selfish and shortsighted excess that . . .

EXECUTIVE. I don't wish to be discourteous, but I just haven't the time or the taste for campaign oratory. If I did, I wouldn't seek it among an intimate circle of supposedly intelligent men. I'd go to a mass meeting. Just tell us with minimal rhetoric why we should have any interest in nominating a New Deal Democrat for president, even if he is a general. I've been told there is a reason. I'd like to hear it.

POL. The Republican party has to win. It must therefore choose a dynamic, forward-looking candidate.

E. (to the Publisher) Can't you turn him off? Has he anything to sell, or are you the salesman?

PUBLISHER. No, I'm just the honest broker. It's his pitch. It just takes him a long time to warm up.

ALAN. (to the Politician) Please stop trying to pretend that your only interest is public virtue. Just assume we're all thieves together and tell us the part of the loot you want us to agree to give you. Then after you've got yours nailed down, probably you can negotiate better on behalf of your principal. Don't act like a lawyer on a contingent fee basis. It makes you too

nervous. We know you have to put Eisenhower over to get anything out of it for yourself, so you don't need any false modesty.

POL. I think that's a most discourteous way to speak to me.

PUB. (to the Politician) They're not trying to bait you. They just lack your interest in the higher and more ladylike aspects of politics.

POL. What am I supposed to do? Pretend there are no principles or sound policies involved here at all?

E. Do that. It will save us a lot of time and a lot of earaches.

POL. I can't. I believe too deeply in these principles. They're what's important. To my mind they're what Eisenhower stands for. They're what made him great.

A. I didn't know he was. I understood it was your mission to get us to agree that Eisenhower would be labeled "great" in various publicity mechanisms that clients control or influence. Isn't that a correct understanding?

POL. No, of course, not. You're belittling General Eisenhower. He's a national hero.

A. Indeed? Why more a hero than General Marshall?

E. If a military hero is good political medicine for the Republicans, why wouldn't a bigger and more important military hero be better medicine?

GEORGE: And there's another aspect that shouldn't be completely overlooked. It seems pretty clear that MacArthur is going to be recalled from Korea. If that happens, it presents us with still another military hero, with perhaps even a better title yet. I would imagine if he wanted to take a hand in politics he could give both Marshall and Eisenhower a rough time, considering the way his superiors have been handling things in the Far East.

POL. MacArthur is simply an insubor-

dinate officer. I don't see why anyone should expect him to have any political standing at all. Anyway I don't want to discuss him. I'm here to stand by Eisenhower.

A. You haven't explained why your party officials prefer Eisenhower to Marshall.

POL. I dislike the suggestion. I represent nobody but General Eisenhower himself.

E. If that were true, there would be no reason at all for us to waste time talking to you. Eisenhower is not a political power as even you very well know. He's a political commodity, if you like. You were supposed to tell us why we should buy him.

PUB. Gentlemen, we are getting nowhere.

E. Well, he's your boy. I didn't ask for this meeting. My people don't like Taft. They might even decide to try another run with Dewey, though I doubt it. But we could live with Taft if we had to. So why should we be interested in listening to a small-bore politician who wants to sell us a New Deal General?

G. (to the Politician) Tell us what your own position is going to be in the Eisenhower Administration, if there ever is such a thing.

POL. Well, I will control all non-policy appointments and legislative programs.

E. What on earth are non-policy appointments? The non-policy making jobs? Aren't most of them Civil Service?

POL. It's not exactly like that. There are certain classes of jobs and certain areas of legislation that won't be cleared with me.

E. With whom will they be cleared?

POL. Well, I don't exactly know. Since they won't be cleared with me, it would be a presumption for me to discuss them.

A. Then how do you know in advance which jobs and which legislation will be yours to clear and which will be cleared with these. . . these others, shall we say?

POL. I'll just have to take General Eisenhower's decision on those as they come up.

A. (to the Executive) If you don't understand his doubletalk, I do. He means that he himself clears all jobs and legislation that are not of interest to his boss.

PUB. Who is, of course, Eisenhower.

A. (cynically) Who else?

E. Most assuredly. (A silence settles over the room.)

POL. (at last, angrily) All right, God damn it, they'll do something for you if you take Eisenhower, and they'll cut your damn throats if you don't!

E. (mildly) That's more like it. Now what will they do for us? First of all, George, here. What will they do for him?

POL. Eisenhower will. . .

G. Not Eisenhower, please. We've passed well beyond that area of confusion. In these matters we are, I take it, to assume that Eisenhower will do as he's told. . . .

PUB. That's an unkind way of phrasing it. Can't we say that in these matters Eisenhower has agreed to endorse the compromises and adjustment worked out between you gentlemen and some of his important backers?

G. All right, phrase it that way if you like. But spell out these compromises and adjustments.

POL. It's agreed that the du Pont anti-trust indictment and the case against their General Motors stock ownership will be soft-pedaled.

G. Soft-pedaling isn't enough.

POL. Well, I mean they'll be dropped, but obviously there'll have to be some court formalities about that. Eisenhower can't just tell the Government attorney suddenly to enter a nol pro.

G. I can understand that. But is this to be considered a definite commitment to get rid of those cases?

POL. Yes. A definite commitment.

G. What about banking and currency policies?

POL. No change from the present.

G. (to Alan) A promise to drop the du Pont cases is something we'd never get out of Taft. He'd hem and haw that he'd use his best judgment and so forth, but he wouldn't do anything as improper as to make a commitment on a matter before the Courts.

PUB. (to George) Any other problems?

E. (breaking in) What about me?

POL. The rights of Texas to the twelve mile limit will be upheld. If the courts decide otherwise, Eisenhower will recommend legislation under which the federal government will cede that strip to Texas.

A. Spoken with the forthrightness of a great statesman.

E. We hear a lot about "free enterprise." See if you can commit yourself to a little of this. I want you to agree that the government will get completely out of the synthetic rubber business and sell all its plants.

POL. (surprised) But it's a huge billion-dollar industry.

E. I know. That's why it will be a good test of your loudly touted claims to be for free enterprise.

POL. This is an impossibly complicated thing to ask me to agree to.

E. You want my approval of Eisenhower. I'm telling you my price. I

want you to agree to pass legislation selling all the government-owned synthetic rubber plants. Set up a commission to handle the problem and agree that George and I have the say-so on who goes on the commission.

A. (to George) Has this been discussed before?

G. No, but it's an excellent idea.

POL. I don't know what to say. I've never even thought. . .

E. Look, if you can't agree to it, I don't agree to Eisenhower. So either agree to it, and tell your higher-ups that your hand was forced or go get authority to agree to it, or else forget my being for Eisenhower. We're really not that worried about offshore oil. And nothing could interest us less than du Pont's troubles.

POL. Well I. . . I don't. . .

PUB. (to the Politician) You have to agree to it. Do it like a man. You obviously have no choice.

POL. All right. Yes, I agree.

E. Just one thing more, and if we can agree on that I'm your man. I want to approve the man you name as Secretary of State. We have too much at stake all around the world to let that job go to just anybody.

POL. Why I. . .

A. Don't worry. He won't want anybody like Knowland or even Taft. I don't think your bosses, I mean Eisenhower, need lose any sleep. In fact let's be brash enough to name the man right here. It might speed things up.

E. It might at that. Who is my man?

A. Foster Dulles.

E. He'd do fine. (to the Politician) You agree he's to be Secretary of State?

POL. I. . . I. . .

PUB. Of course, he agrees. Who could want a better. (to the Politician) Besides you have to.

POL. All right. Yes, I agree.

E. (passing him a pen and a piece of paper) Good. Just write me a little personal note that on behalf of General Eisenhower you're authorized to state what we agreed on about offshore oil, the sale of rubber plants, the commission, and Foster Dulles.

POL. But. . .

PUB. Go ahead. He's got you.

POL. But such a letter could ruin me.

E. Not if you live up to it. That part's up to you, of course. But would you rather have to go get a letter from Eisenhower himself to me saying the same thing?

POL. He'd never do that.

E. How do we know? Did you ask him? Anyway somebody's going to have to write me a letter like that.

POL. I suppose I'll do it, but I don't like to. (He starts writing.)

PUB. (to the Executive) You seem to

The Game and The Candle

lack faith in the man's honesty.

E. I never considered the problem.

POL. (*handing the Executive the letter*) Will that do?

E. Just fine. (*He puts it in his pocket.*)

PUB. Good. Then we've agreed that we're to try to nominate Eisenhower?

A. I'm not what you might call a delegate to this convention. I'm just George's attorney without a vote. I'm curious though about a rumor I heard about a graduated excise tax on advertising. Since it hasn't been mentioned, I judge it's not in the offing, or it's been settled, or no one here cares one way or the other. The last seems a bit unlikely.

PUB. Obviously, it would mostly concern me. Don't worry. It's been taken care of.

A. Did it ever really exist?

Scene 6: A drinking party in Washington, some weeks later. Present are Paul, Leon, Phil, Sarah and Stepanov.

PAUL (*obviously drunk*) I'm going to fade away. Just fade away. Old soldiers never die. And we thought the sap was dangerous. (*singing*) Fade away, oh fade away.

SARAH. (*pouring herself a drink*) Considering what MacArthur might have said we're pretty lucky. Owen was at our apartment last night and he was terribly nervous. Actually, he was scared stiff. I'll confess I was too. We never expected that incredible public applause. Then on top of that we were faced with that joint session. It was awful. I still shake a little. I can't quite believe we're out of danger yet.

LEON. So far as he is concerned, we are.

PAUL. Done faded himself away.

PHIL. I admit it did surprise me a little that he was so uncritical of things in the Far East. Of course, if you look at them from the long-range point of view with the object of improving international relations and helping along the cause of world peace and democracy,

there isn't anything at all to criticize. But everyone said MacArthur was nothing but a fascist, so you wouldn't expect such sound liberal views from him. It was very interesting. Very. I was actually fascinated listening to him. Such a deep, moving voice. Very powerful and masculine.

SAR. Would you have thought his voice so powerful and masculine if he'd been talking about being ordered to blockade Chiang on Formosa and told not to bomb enemy supply lines and air bases? Or suppose he had mentioned Marshall's refusal to send him enough ammunition for his artillery?

STEPANOV. (*to Sarah, and not giving Phil a chance to reply*) What were you saying about Lattimore?

SAR. He was awfully worried about MacArthur, and about his own case too.

L. Owen's case? I have a feeling that our worries there are about over. Since it would have been quite improper to talk to the Court concerning the case and even more improper for one of the judges to have given any indication of the forthcoming decision, I obviously am only guessing. But I do have a strong feeling, a presentment, if you like, that the indictment will be dismissed as defective on the grounds it would be impossible to prove what Owen meant when he said he did not know he was dealing with Communists.

STEP. My dear Leon, how I admire your professional unwillingness not to speak to the Court about our good and useful friend, Owen.

L. I never speak to judges.

STEP. Of course not. But this time I want to be sure you do not. I am talking of the Rosenberg matter.

L. (*surprised*) You don't want me to help save the Rosenbergs?

STEP. The true aspect of the case is not understood.

L. (*somewhat querulously*) Yes?

STEP. It is most clearly a gross and shocking display of anti-Semitism. It is to be deplored and opposed most

openly. But we must not have the learned and respected justices injure their good names by taking a favorable position toward the Rosenbergs. After all, my dear Leon, if they were acquitted, or even if they were given a presidential pardon, they could not again spy for the Soviet Fatherland? You agree?

L. Obviously, they would never be given much in the way of sensitive jobs.

STEP. So by dying as the victims of a shameless capitalist and anti-Semitic plot, they will do much more good. It will be most good for the Jews. It will calm their nerves. You will see.

L. Calm their nerves? It has them in an uproar.

STEP. Yes, indeed, the happy uproar of men whose minds are put at ease. They know how the Soviet Union treats the Jews so they are troubled. Now comes the Rosenberg case to put their conscience again at ease. How can the Soviet government really be enemies of the Jews if the Rosenbergs so gladly die for it? You see? Also, if the American government is willing to kill the Rosenbergs, it is proof it must be much more anti-Semitic than Russia. You see? A calming experience. And when the Rosenbergs are dead all can go smoothly as before. Together with the Jews we will work for peace and world democracy and for the UN. We will have much to do. We must worry greatly about radioactive fallout and we must not waste money on space rockets. Toys of science fiction. We must show there is absolutely no need for first-strike weapons. They are only to provoke war, yes? These things will be important and to accomplish them, everyone, including Jews, must have calmness and confidence in the peace-loving, anti-racist Soviet Union. You see?

(*to be continued*)

Military *Continued from page 5*

Of course there has been discipline. Admirals have quivered under the lash of Zumwalt's Z-grams. The army has forcibly imposed blacks on all promotion boards. The air force has seen to it that "racist" officers and enlisted men are demoted or even dismissed from active duty. The Marines, in eliminating any trace of racial segregation, have been ordered to get tougher not only in the barracks areas but also against "racist" civilians who operate

off-duty recreation spots

The political influence exerted by the approximately three percent of the population which is historically anti-military could not help but weaken our national defense. On lower levels, young Jewish anti-war activists have worked unceasingly to sap morale in all branches of the armed services. Hence, the ultimate fiasco of Vietnam and in several other cowardly retreats in the face of foreign provocations.

Finely orchestrated liberal-minority

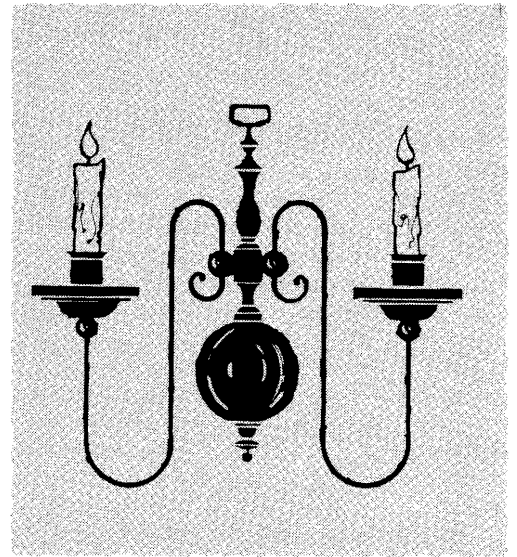
propaganda in motion pictures and television, and vicious cartoons on the editorial pages of the most influential newspapers have conditioned the American public for a generation to see the military establishment not as the nation's defender but, in symbolic terms, as a bemedalled, paunchy general, greedy for more pay, more power, and more armaments.

It is easy to call this a conspiracy, but the theory is impossible to prove or disprove. It is, in fact, a situation or



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The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. Later, an English Lord offers the Old Man a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil if he will put the U.S. into World War I on the side of Britain, which he obligingly does. Twenty years later the Old Man's oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. A few years later the Communists' nominee for Army Chief of Staff is opposed by Harry, who is warned by the Publisher that the only way to start World War II, which they both want, is to persuade Russia to abandon Spain to Franco. The Kremlin reluctantly agrees to go along, provided General Marshall is appointed Chief of Staff. Later Harry is appalled by the Russian-German Non-Agression Pact and is even more appalled when the Publisher explains that Henry Wallace should be Democratic vice-presidential candidate and Wendell Willkie Republican presidential nominee in 1940. By the end of the following year, the unholy team of FDR, Stalin, Litvinov, Comintern Spy Sorge and the U.S. Chief of Staff managed to get the U.S. into war by provoking the Pearl Harbor attack. A few years later, with victory in World War II in sight, Dex and his clique work to give Europe to the Russians and China to the Chinese Communists, while Harry, the muddle-headed socialist, puts up a confused and disoriented resistance, thereby incurring the wrath of the moribund Roosevelt. With Truman in the White House, American Communists start playing world politics with the A-bomb, and the Chief of Staff strikes a bloody bargain with the new Soviet Ambassador. Soon potential Soviet enemies and no-longer-useful Communists are eliminated in a purge that includes Harry Hopkins, Harry Dexter White and James Forrestal, as the "China problem" is handled by surreptitious aid to Mao. Then the outbreak of the Korean War provokes great anxiety among the Soviet agents and their American fellow travelers, who are barely able to turn it into a no-win

situation. As the 1952 presidential race gets under way, the Russian-American establishment surprises Taft by lining up solidly behind Eisenhower.

PART THREE, ACT II

Scene 7: The Senator's office, Washington, 1952. The Senator is present with Alan. Dave sits silently in the back corner.

ALAN. For once I'm speaking solely for myself. There is no client on the horizon.

SENATOR. That's a strange situation for you to be in, Alan.

A. They say that even a lawyer who acts for himself has a fool for a client, but what I have in mind isn't really a legal matter. I want to talk about the problem of the Republican nomination, if you're willing to go into it with me.

S. It seems to be in pretty good shape, but I appreciate your interest.

A. Frankly, I'm worried about it. I'm afraid Eisenhower has a good chance of stealing it.

S. (annoyed) That's not my understanding of the situation. I have excellent contacts, you know.

A. I know, Senator, but I'm also sure they put the best color on everything they tell you. And those who have decided to switch to Eisenhower at the right moment are probably even more optimistic—in public—about the certainty of your nomination.

S. That's accusing some of my people of being no better than traitors!

A. Let's get specific. How about Pennsylvania?

S. A few scattered delegates against me, that's all. Governor Fine has personally assured me his delegation's vote for him will only be a courtesy for

a favorite son. On the second ballot he'll support me.

A. I'll make a flat prophecy. If things go as they are going now, he won't.

S. I have his word. What do you want me to do? Make him sign his allegiance in blood?

A. Senator, I merely mentioned Pennsylvania to show the possibility of your apparent strength being drawn away when you're going to need it most. You know the kind of man Fine is, and the kinds of pressure that are and will be brought to bear on him and on men like him.

S. Eisenhower has a certain amount of noisy publicity, to be sure. Behind him are the remnants of the old Willkie crowd and, of course, all the people who will vote the Democratic ticket anyway, even if Eisenhower were the Republican nominee. I don't think that kind of strength amounts to much in a Republican convention.

A. I hope you're right.

S. I admit I'm a little surprised he's been able to get as far as he has. I didn't think he had quite that much political ability or could attract quite the professional support he seems to have developed in some quarters. But I still don't think he's a very strong person or would make a very good president.

A. Doesn't that analysis indicate there must be, say, certain groups behind his candidacy who are using the General?

S. Groups? What groups?

A. You mentioned the old Willkie crowd. Then you might add the New Dealers.

S. They're Democrats.

A. But suppose they also wanted to capture the Republican party?

S. That's absurd.

A. You are forgetting that anybody's a Republican who says he's a Republican.

S. That's not true at all. I've been a Republican all my life.

A. Has Eisenhower?

S. With an army career it's different. In a sense a professional military man only joins a party when he quits the service.

A. You feel Eisenhower now says he's a Republican because something about the Republican party appeals more to his political convictions than the Democratic party does?

S. I would certainly suppose so. Why else would he announce he was a Republican and seek the Republican nomination? The Democratic nomination was already his without asking.

A. You don't believe that Eisenhower could be the unwitting instrument of forces who would like to have their own man as the nominee of both parties?

S. That's utterly foreign to the American political tradition. A vital two-party system is the basis of our democracy.

A. I agree. That's why it's now up to you and you alone to preserve the vitality of that tradition. You're sure of your nomination. I'm not. What I would suggest is...

S. What exactly is it you want to suggest?

A. You should make a public statement that as a life-long Republican you will support for the presidency any Republican nominee who stands for the principles that have always guided the Republican party. However, if someone who is a New Dealer, and obviously nothing but a New Dealer and openly supported by the New Dealers and other leftists and even fellow travelers, if a man like that...

S. Eisenhower?

A. If Eisenhower wins the Republican nomination, you can only regard it as a maneuver to capture the party machinery by people who are utterly opposed to Republican principles. If that happens you feel that in fairness to the great body of Republican voters of the country, you will run as an independent so they can have a genuine Republican to vote for, not merely a Republican label.

S. That would defeat us both and elect the Democrat. That's the way Theodore Roosevelt defeated my father.

A. It might be different this time. So far as mass support would be concerned, Eisenhower and the Democratic nominee would be competing for the same extremist laborites, New Dealers, One Worlders, UN enthusiasts, leftists and fellow travelers. Not to mention outright Communists. The press, radio and TV would be solidly against you,

but they are already. There's no way you can avoid that. But they produce more noise than votes. Anyway, that isn't the main point. The fact is that if you make such an announcement all the Governor Fines, whatever they'd like to do, just can't go over to Eisenhower. They'd be absolutely certain that against you and a Democrat Eisenhower couldn't possibly be elected. They'd have to refuse him the nomination for their own self-preservation. They would hate you for putting them on such a spot, but they'd see you got the nomination.

S. Alan, I appreciate your solicitude on my behalf, but even if I thought Eisenhower had a chance of capturing the nomination, I'm not sure I'd want to follow your suggestion. (*very seriously*) I confess I want this nomination very badly. I've worked for it for many years and have come so close to getting it in the past that I simply have to have it now. Life just wouldn't be worth living if I were disappointed this time, too. But Eisenhower just isn't that strong. He doesn't have the votes in the convention I have. Even ignoring the Governor Fines.

A. You have them, Senator, if the Credentials Committee seats your delegates. But what happens if your delegates don't get seated?

S. That's absurd. They've been properly elected months ago. No one has raised the slightest objection.

A. Not yet. But all kinds of objections could be made the week the Convention opened.

S. In theory. But they would be so transparently fraudulent the Credentials Committee would throw them out.

A. Unless the majority of the Credentials Committee had been reached, bought or intimidated by Eisenhower's men.

S. (*angrily*) Things like that don't happen in American politics. Besides, what earthly objection could anyone have against my delegates? You're not making sense.

A. Knowing some of the people involved, I would suppose they would accuse you of having bought the delegates. Since they're doing that themselves, it would be standard operating procedure to pin the crime on you. That's the usual Soviet practice.

S. Soviet? Where do the Communists fit into the picture?

A. You don't think the Soviet government, which is quite some power in American politics, is at all interested in presidential candidates?

S. The Communists are nobody if they were important, the FBI would deal with them.

A. (*wearily*) You don't think the very openness of American politics offers a

forum for any and all political groups? S. Every issue can be offered for debate and decision.

A. I'm not talking about debate and decision. I'm talking about what determines which men are to control and shape political decisions. I'm not talking about the phraseology considered suitable for the public presentation of the decisions already taken. I'm talking about the invisible forces that can make money for a man or wipe him out, that can get him a high government job or deny it to him, that can get him favorable publicity or endless scandalous abuse, that can pronounce him a famous scientist or throw him to his death out of a window. (*The Senator says nothing as he listens in frigid silence. Finally, Alan gets slowly to his feet.*) Well, as I said, a man shouldn't try to be his own lawyer. Thank you, Senator, for your time. I hate to say this, but I think I could have saved you the nomination, the election and perhaps your life. I'm afraid as it stands now you're going to let them just fade away, all of them. I'm sorry. (*He leaves.*)

DAVE. Gloomy bastard. Do you think he's cracked?

S. I don't know. I am only certain that he is totally ignorant of the realities of American politics.

Scene 8: A dimly lit street in New York a few months later. The Laborer, who long ago talked to the DA and later to Dex about burning the Normandie, is there with a stranger. Neither says anything. Shortly a portly man enters. He does not expect to meet them and is slightly surprised when the Laborer addresses him.

LABORER. Ah, my old friend the ambitious District Attorney. My pals told me not to bother you none at home. Said it would upset you no end maybe, but thought you'd be glad to have a word with an old friend for a sec. Just a sec. No more. They wanted I should introduce a pal of ours. He's a Swedish guy with all kinds of book learning. Real fancy. He's an expert on Niggers. That's right. Funny thing for a guy to study that hard, ain't it? But you never can tell. Anyway, this guy here, he knows what capitalist exploitation has done to the Niggers. Studied it hard and knows the answers. If they wasn't exploited and discriminated and segregated like, why you couldn't hardly tell them from whites. Anyway, my pals thought he could help you on cases about Niggers. So I'll leave him to you and not bother you no more.

END OF ACT II

Continued On Next Page

The Game and The Candle

ACT III

Scene 1: The Publisher's office in New York, 1953. The Publisher is there with Stepanov.

PUBLISHER. What are you so jumpy about? You're in, boy. You have the world by the tail and a downhill pull. What's the matter?

STEPANOV. I agree that things here are going nicely. Eisenhower is the wonderful president. He is all I could want. Almost. But he still does not completely stop people from working on rockets.

P. Now, really, Boris. You can't expect to control everything in the government. That's too much.

S. I know. I make the choices of the areas in which I'm most concerned and I know in the other places the Americans must be left to do what they want. But it is still a great trouble. I would like more power.

P. Well, you're getting it.

S. Here, yes. But in Russia, no.

P. Would you care to confide in me?

S. It is a complication. Stalin is dead.

P. I'll be damned. When?

S. I will tell you. I do not like it, but I must. It will give you a hold over me, perhaps. Stalin had the stroke, maybe a year ago. Not too much, but the stroke.

P. So?

S. So it was decided that a sick man could not be lord of all the Empire. So Stalin died. It was arranged by Beria, but there were very bad mistakes. Beria did not trust the others because he does not trust anyone, and the others did not trust Beria though they agreed he should kill Stalin. No one else had the nerve. So Beria held Moscow for three days while he killed Stalin, but he did not kill the others. When the throne of the Empire was in his hands he showed he was what he always was, the man who has to be given the orders. He did not dare be the big boss. He *asked* the others to help him when he should have shot a few and *ordered* the others. So the Ukrainian told the Army to shoot and enough of Beria's troops did not shoot back. He had not ordered them till too late. And Beria is himself shot right in the Kremlin and his chiefs too in the cellar of their own Lubianka.

P. God, what a story!

S. Do you think Russia is some kind of California? In Russia we kill for power, not for profit. *(a pause)* Is not the rest obvious? For twenty years, maybe more, I have been Beria's man in America. What will the Ukrainian do about that? What would you do if you are in his shoes?

P. Boris, you're way ahead of me. Who is this Ukrainian?

S. *(as though it explained everything)* He was at Yalta.

P. I am still in the dark.

S. There were people in Russia afraid of Yalta. They thought maybe Stalin will give up trying to conquer the world so he can live out his age quietly with his women in Moscow. They sent the Ukrainian to watch. He was the man Stalin assigned to govern the Ukraine after we retook it from the Germans. Maybe you do not know how the Ukrainians helped the Germans? I do not think they will do it again. Of course, there are not so many now. His name is Khrushchev. I want you to go see him. That is why I came.

P. See him about what?

S. About me. Why else do I come see you and tell you these things?

P. What use are they to me? I can't print them.

S. In a little while you can. I have given you the scoop, no? You go to Moscow. I will tell you a man or two to talk to and you will give the whole story to the world. You are not the only one who knows Stalin is dead. That would not be possible, of course. It will soon be told to everyone from Moscow. In the press Stalin will die, I suppose, in his sleep. But you will be the only one who knows how Beria held Moscow. Maybe the Ukrainian will not want you to say who killed Stalin, but you will be permitted to know—and tell—the rest.

P. Where do you come in?

S. You will tell the Ukrainian that I am not Beria's man. That I am any man's man who governs the Soviet state. It is very simple. I am the man who knows what to do here in America. Often I have disagreed with Beria, as I did with Yezhov before him. Tell him I will often perhaps disagree with him. That is nothing. What happens here is what makes our empire. The Ukrainian will understand. It is just that he does not know—about me, I mean. You will tell him.

P. Listen, Boris.

S. I am the dead man most probably if you do not. And if you do not, I could say some things. Not many, but some.

P. What am I getting now? A hint or two of blackmail?

S. I do not care what you call it. I do not intend that I should be recalled to die, too, in the cellars of the Lubianka. You are my passport to stay in America. Of course, I will work so well for the Ukrainian as I did for Beria. You can explain that.

P. What makes you think Khrushchev, if that's his name, would listen to me?

S. He has heard of you. On some things Beria's reports were most full. I told him many things about you since the days you first sent for me about Willkie—you remember? The Ukrainian will know this. He will listen to you. Perhaps he will ask a favor, maybe he will want some false publicity to bury some of the truth, but nothing you are not glad to do.

P. So you have told them about me?

S. I told them you were the successful new man made by the First World War. They said that made no sense.

P. I'm not surprised.

S. In the First World War you have destroyed the Austrian and German Empires. The Russian, too, for a while. Finally the English. You wipe out with taxes all the upper-class people of all the West. All that is so, no? So then there is nothing left in the way of the ambitious man. No habits. No restraints. No old, troubling custom out of the past. Anywhere in the world you can do what you please. And so you do what you please like busy children for maybe forty years and here we are. You are one of these men, yes? One who loves the common man so much that the loving makes him the millionaire.

Scene 2: The office of the Secretary of State a few years later. Foster is seated at the desk. Phil is standing.

PHIL. I am sure I realize fully the difficulties, Mr. Secretary, but it is a crisis that gives you the opportunity for the boldest and most decisive leadership. You can rally to our support all the democratic forces of the world. In fact, I do not think it would be too much to say that in this issue the conscience of mankind is involved.

FOSTER. I would rather not get in that deep. Let's keep the issue narrowed to Suez.

P. Of course. But the true issue is aggression. The use of force and violence to settle international affairs. We cannot afford to have a different moral standard for our allies than the one we insist upon for our opponents.

F. I hadn't noticed they ever gave it more than lip service.

P. Possible because we have never observed it ourselves or enforced it on our associates.

F. What is it specifically you think we should do?

P. Take the matter immediately to both the Assembly and the Security Council of the UN and insist that both the British and the Israelis call off their attack at once. Otherwise the UN will have to send troops in to assist Egypt

against this unprovoked aggression.

F. Troops? What troops has the UN available? They would have to be American or Russian troops, wouldn't they?

P. The particular nationality hardly matters, Mr. Secretary. They would be UN troops. Of course, I don't think it would come to that. I'm sure that with the economic and other pressures we can bring to bear on the British they will capitulate at once. But what is essential, Mr. Secretary, is time. There must be not the slightest delay or the British and Israelis are likely to be overwhelmingly, shockingly victorious. Such a thing would cause enormous damage to the American image as held by all the peace-loving peoples of the world.

F. You surprise me. You're famous in the Department as the man who sees thirty-five or is it thirty-two varying shades of gray in every problem. How is it that action rather than inaction seems so clear to you today?

P. This is simply a case, Mr. Secretary, where emphatic, vigorous action is called for.

F. I can't agree with you. It seems to me this is one case where we should

avoid hasty and reckless action. It seems to me we need to go no further than take a public position in opposition to the attack on Egypt. After all, we haven't made it ourselves. We ask the English, French and Israelis to stop fighting and negotiate their difficulties with the Egyptians. That seems to me all that anyone could require of us.

P. But while we're asking them to stop they go on fighting.

F. Isn't that what the Communists always do?

P. But we deplore such conduct, Mr. Secretary. We insist, and rightly, on a higher standard of international morality than that. And while we talk and perhaps reprimand them, the English, French and Israelis win. All the reports we get indicate that Egyptian resistance is worth very little. Very little indeed. In a week the canal will be back in English hands. It would be a very grave setback in our campaign to abolish colonialism.

F. Our campaign?

P. Well, it's not official, of course, but it's one that meets with the deep moral approval of the American people. It's so in line with our own sound historical tradition.

F. I see you still keep up your reading in all the proper papers and magazines. But to tell you the truth, there's somewhat more at stake. You know very well that matters in the Near East have gone from bad to worse. Now the British apparently think the time has come to alter things a little. I agree with you that officially the United States must deplore their resort to war. But I don't see that our national interests require us to go any further than that. It occurs to me that we might wisely take a leaf from our recent and much admired boss, Secretary Acheson, the leaf that contained his tactics in regard to China. Let's just wait till the dust settles, shall we?

P. But . . . but, Mr. Secretary, it was the proper course in China, but now at Suez the most rapid action is required. (lame) They're just not the same, that's all.

F. Very well, they're not the same. But nevertheless, we're going to go slowly. I'm not going to be a party in stabbing our own friends in the back.

(to be continued)

Sir Oswald's Lady Continued from page 6

should consider the case of Rupert Brooke, whose poetry has been unjustly maligned on the strength of one remark about "sentimentvoll German Jews" and whose handsome features are always described with resentment by liberal critics.

In direct opposition to Jessica and everything she represents stands the compelling and tragic figure of Unity Valkyrie. Never were two names more appropriate, for she desired above all the unity of two great peoples and was a veritable Bruennhilde in her uncompromising support for the Third Reich. Obviously, she was the favorite sister of Diana, who in her book describes the various stages of Unity's dramatic involvement with Hitler. Having been exceptionally unruly at her schools (from several of which she was expelled), she was persuaded to visit Germany by Diana, although at that time she would have preferred to have gone to France or Italy. They were both overwhelmed by the first (1933) Parteitag at Nuremberg. As Diana puts it, they "witnessed a demonstration of hope in a nation which had known collective despair" and the effect on Unity was akin to a religious conversion. I find it interesting how often in the past hun-

dred years exceptionally sensitive Anglo-Saxons have been converted to some esoteric faith or ideology by the stronger group feelings of other peoples. To some extent, this can be explained as a consequence of the weakening sense of group identity among Anglo-Saxons both in Britain and overseas.

Diana tells us that Unity went back to Germany with the fixed intention of meeting Hitler, and of how she achieved this at his favorite restaurant, the Osteria Bavaria in Munich. Her willfulness is not glossed over. As Diana says, "Unity was never awed in her entire life" (the Parteitag excepted). Unity was also inclined to be perverse and she took delight in shocking the prim and pompous. Much play has been made in the press about her famous remark, "But Streicher is a kitten" (which Diana forgets to mention). Anyway, it can hardly be claimed that Hitler liked her because she was a clinging vine. There is also an amusing description of Unity being upbraided for wearing makeup by women who are best described as "Brown Bolsheviks" (i.e., exaggerated Nazis who had formerly been left-leaning or actual members of the six-million-strong Com-

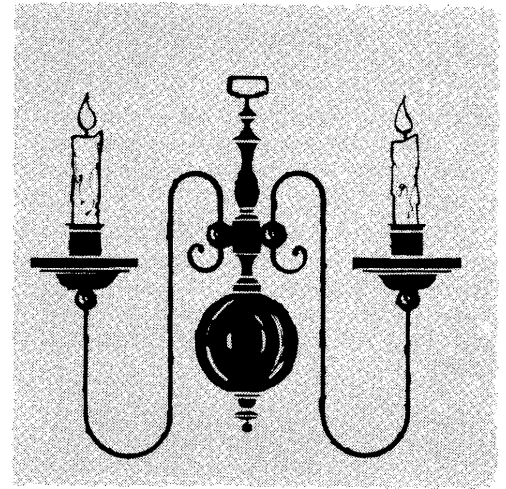
unist party). Nor can it be claimed that Hitler borrowed some of his ideas from Unity. (Indeed, Diana shows signs of a slight sisterly asperity in denying the possibility). And he never slept with her, despite the existence of a work called *I Was Hitler's Maid*, which "described thrilling orgies with Hitler flagellating housemaids and parlormaids on the Berg," and which had a reference to Unity unpacking her silk underwear. (In fact, she never spent the night in Hitler's house, since he had already taken up with Eva Braun, whom Diana describes as "pretty and charming."). "Beachcomber" of the *London Daily Express*, gayed this and other sensational books by inventing one called *I Was Himmler's Aunt*. But there is nothing humorous about Unity's despair when her own country declared war upon Germany. She shot herself with a little pistol of the type American ladies sometimes carry in their handbags. The bullet lodged in her brain, but she did not die until after the war, having been returned home by order of Hitler and looked after with loving care by her mother. In her last years Unity was a pale shadow of her former self. Let her remain in our minds as she was before her abortive suicide,

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THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912–1960)



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. Later, an English Lord offers the Old Man a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil if he will put the U.S. into World War I on the side of Britain, which he obligingly does. Twenty years later the Old Man's oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. A few years later the Communists' nominee for Army Chief of Staff is opposed by Harry, who is warned by the Publisher that the only way to start World War II, which they both want, is to persuade Russia to abandon Spain to Franco. The Kremlin reluctantly agrees to go along, provided General Marshall is appointed Chief of Staff. Later Harry is appalled by the Russian-German Non-Aggression Pact and is even more appalled when the Publisher explains that Henry Wallace should be Democratic vice-presidential candidate and Wendell Willkie Republican presidential nominee in 1940. By the end of the following year, the unholy team of FDR, Stalin, Litvinov, Comintern Spy Sorge and the U.S. Chief of Staff managed to get the U.S. into war by provoking the Pearl Harbor attack. A few years later, with victory in World War II in sight, Dex and his clique work to give Europe to the Russians and China to the Chinese Communists, while Harry, the muddle-headed socialist, puts up a confused and disoriented resistance, thereby incurring the wrath of the moribund Roosevelt. With Truman in the White House, American Communists start playing world politics with the A-bomb, and the Chief of Staff strikes a bloody bargain with the new Soviet Ambassador. Soon potential Soviet enemies and no-longer-useful Communists are eliminated in a purge that includes Harry Hopkins, Harry Dexter White and James Forrestal, as the "China problem" is handled by surreptitious aid to Mao. Then the outbreak of the Korean War provokes great anxiety among the Soviet agents and their American fellow travelers, who are barely able to turn it into a no-win

situation. As the 1952 presidential race gets under way, the Russian-American establishment surprises Taft by lining up solidly behind Eisenhower.

PART THREE, ACT III

Scene 3: The Publisher's office, New York City, 1956. The Publisher and Stepanov are present.

STEPANOV. It is not a minor matter. It is most grave. We cannot permit the recapture of Suez. It would set us back years, years, in our attack on the corrupt empires of capitalism.

PUBLISHER. I understand your dislike of the matter. But why come to me? Can't you handle it routinely through the State Department? You certainly have friends there.

S. Friends, yes. But when it comes to something against both the English and the Jews, they are not so friendly. On this we can do nothing with the State Department. It will deplore the attack on Egypt. It will weep many tears on the grave of world peace murdered by its own ally the English. But it will do nothing. It will let the dust settle first. There are times we like the dust to settle. This is not such a time. So you must make a move.

P. Me?

S. You are the friend of many big oil people. I was not present when you worked out the Eisenhower nomination, but even an American could understand who played what cards in that game. So you will go to them and say if they do not stop the Suez war in twenty-four hours, that is the exact time, twenty-four hours, for by then the Jews and the English will have probably reached the canal . . . if they do not get it stopped by then, they will be ruined everywhere in the world we can reach them. It will not help anymore to

make the local natives millionaires. Our people have lived with them in a truce a long time, but no longer. Our people will seize them or destroy them wherever we can. That will be in Arabia and Persia and in Indonesia. Perhaps too in Venezuela. We have friends there also. Remind them of that. You will tell them. Twenty-four hours. *(To Stepanov's surprise his tirade fails to move the Publisher who sits silently at his desk and shakes his head.)* Why do you shake your head? You think we will not?

P. No, Boris. I will not. It would be dangerously absurd for me to go to anyone with that message. I'm just not your messenger boy.

S. The message would indicate that you are close to Moscow, yes?

P. Obviously.

S. *(mocking)* You want a big job, not that of a messenger boy. It is that, yes? *(suddenly furious)* You will begin with the job I tell you to do, whatever it is. *(He goes to the door and turns back.)* Have you thought, my friend, what they will think, the big oil people, when they find their great properties seized and learn that you alone knew direct from the Soviet government what was to happen and did not tell them? Because you did not want to be a messenger boy? But they know what you are. That is all you have ever been to them. Ever. So you will be our messenger now. *(He leaves. The Publisher sits angrily for a moment, then resignedly picks up the telephone.)*

Scene 4: The office of the Secretary of State a few hours later. Foster is there with the Executive.

EXECUTIVE. God damn it, Foster, don't try high-hatting me. We've known each other since boyhood. I respect your power and great dignity and all that

crap, but this is serious. It's life or death to us and there just isn't time for me to fiddle around bowing and scraping to you because you happen to be Secretary of State. If you want to be standoffish about it and perch on your dignity, I can be rough, too, and remind you who got you your job. We did, and you damn well know it. Now you owe us something and you've got to deliver. FOSTER. Suppose I don't.

E. And toss in the ashcan a lifetime of friendship and political cooperation? To say nothing of anything so crude as legal fees?

F. The Secretary of State has heavier responsibilities than honoring old friendships and old political and business associations.

E. I'm sure you have. But there's also the fact that if you feel conscience bound to act against the wishes of your old associates, they will no longer be your friends. They will inevitably be your enemies. And then, of course, all these new enemies—and all the international ones—will band together against you.

F. You would join up with the Soviet crowd against me?

E. We wouldn't have any choice. They can ruin us. Totally and completely ruin us. They can and they will if you let the English recapture Suez. I'm certain of their threats and I'm certain they mean them.

F. (*thoughtfully*) You know, there's something about you people I don't think I ever really quite thought through before. Is that why you're so strong for the UN? Your own government won't protect you any longer, so you go out and build a supergovernment. (*after a pause*) Why don't you go to the UN and get them to stop the Suez war for you? Everybody says that's what they're for.

E. You know perfectly well they're not strong enough yet to get away with it. It's got to be you. There's no other way. No one else has the strength. You can look at it this way, if your conscience is so touchy. Just figure it's a disaster to the whole United States to have an enterprise as big as ours practically destroyed. Think of it from that point of view when you are considering the national interest. Which hurts the United States more, leaving the Egyptians in control of Suez or destroying the whole American overseas oil business? Consider it that way and I think you'll come up with the right answer.

F. Which is?

E. That the United States can't permit its allies to do the sort of things it deplures in its enemies. We've got to have the same moral code for

everyone, allies and enemies alike. Such talk, by the way, ought to sound pretty good in public.

F. You realize where such a principle leads?

E. It sounds all right to me. In this context.

F. Have you thought what it means outside that context?

E. That'll have to be your job.

F. It's quite clear what it means. We're never powerful enough to stop the Russians from doing whatever they please. So they do it. As and when it suits them. But we are powerful enough to keep a tight rein on our allies and protégés. So we do. After a few years or a few decades where do you think that will leave us?

E. That's your problem. That's why you're Secretary of State. I'm not hired to solve tangles like that. I'm just hired to keep my own show on the road.

F. You don't leave a man much room, do you? Life is hardly worth living when you narrow it down to the choices you leave me. (*wearily*) Because, of course, I can't fight you, as you know. Not you and the left together. But you make me sick. Real honest old-fashioned belly sick. If we were boys again, I think I'd throw up right now.

Scene 5: A bedroom in Washington, 1960. Boris and Sarah are in dressing gowns. Sarah is combing her hair, Boris is mixing himself a drink. The scene is vaguely similar to the Maxine-Pierpont tête-à-tête of almost fifty years ago.

SARAH. You didn't tell me how you feel about the election. Are you drinking to celebrate it?

STEPANOV. It was nothing to me, the election. Either way it was the same. Both candidates were little boys. Like life, there were good things and bad things whatever way it went. Now that the Democrats have won, we only have to worry about the rich young man breaking out of the pretty cage we and the others have built for him. Only the great rulers, it seems, know they must destroy the men who put them in power. So Lenin dies at a convenient time, and Stalin lives to be lord of the world—almost. (*As Sarah looks at him reprovingly.*) I know. Lenin was a holy man! But the world is not a good place for holy men. People are so anxious to hurry them on to heaven. But it was not in disposing of Lenin—of this one cannot be quite sure—that Stalin was the great ruler. It was in disposing of the many little men who helped him rise. This talent of the great ruler is what, as you say, separates the men from the boys. Naturally, you do not believe it is

like that. Everything should be nicer, yes? So you are a little like your new President. That is why I do not worry. I do not think he will do much to our friends. There is always, of course, the chance that he will learn, but it is not a big enough chance to lose me any sleep. And if he should turn against us, there are still many things that could be done. We must always anticipate, even the improbable.

SAR. You don't really expect any trouble, do you?

STEP. Why do you always ask so many questions? Have you become an agent of fascist counterintelligence? No, that is impossible. There is none. You are just a noisy woman. A chatterbox of a Jewess.

SAR. You're getting drunk. Success is going to your head.

STEP. I am not really successful. We have, as my messenger boy says, the world by the tail on a downhill pull. But the nearer we get to victory, the more I worry. And the more Moscow makes worries for me.

SAR. Any new worries?

STEP. No, just the old ones. They know nothing of what it is to operate within government, and they do not wish to learn. For years they would not believe we had the power we did and they made mistake after mistake because their book said there must be a powerful fascist reaction. Now that we have real power over here and can bargain with big business almost like equals, Moscow thinks we must control the whole works. If we can put Castro in power when we are told to, why can't we give them Berlin when we are told to? If I can keep the military out of the space program, then why can't I stop it altogether? Since I get billions for foreign aid and only millions to be spent on bombers, then I must surely control the whole budget. Clearly, I must be a double agent! We are in the coalition that controls the government, yes. But Moscow does not want to understand that we do not yet have as much power as big business and big labor put together. (*He pauses a moment and then goes on in a serious rather than a mocking voice, since this is really what troubles him.*) Besides the man who set up the coalition is not necessarily their choice for tearing it down?

SAR. (*surprised*) Tear down the coalition? That will mean direct Russian control.

STEP. Douschka, you speak with the gravest impropriety. The Soviet government is wholly devoted to total self-determination. The basic principle of Soviet law is the total impermissibility of interference in the domestic affairs

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The Game and The Candle

of other nations. The North American Peoples' Democratic Republic when it takes over from the present regime of corrupt capitalists, imperialists, anti-Semites, colonialists and other dregs of fascism, will of course receive and gladly welcome the advice and assistance of the Soviet fatherland.

SAR. And what changes will the North American Peoples' Democratic Republic make?

STEP. First there must be territorial adjustment. To have the proper boundaries is the first duty of the peace-loving state, no? So the corrupt Czarist sale of Alaska is at once void. Then reparations must be made for the imperialistic colonial war against Mexico. All the illegally acquired territories—California, Texas, Colorado, I do not know all of them—must be returned. There is no doubt that Florida was acquired from Spain by force in violation of recognized international practices. Cuba is the obvious legal successor of Spain in that area and has therefore an unimpeachable title to Florida.

SAR. Any other border adjustments?

STEP. There is a large area to which title is not clear—the old Oregon country over which Russia had rights which the corrupt Czarist regime illegally surrendered. The colonial imperialists unilaterally occupied this territory without the consent of the native populations. Therefore, the present occupancy by the United States and Canada is a flagrant example of imperialist aggression. It is my opinion that the UN, when it admits the North American Peoples' Republic as a full-fledged loyal member, will accept a trusteeship over this territory and then pass the trusteeship over to Soviet China. There is a very serious population problem in China. It was thought that by compelling famine this surplus would be whittled down, but it has not proved to be so. The solution is large-scale emigration, and the experts have estimated that the Oregon country could comfortably support a hundred million Chinese. This would also tend to diminish the increasing pressure of the yellow men on our Siberian frontiers.

SAR. What is supposed to happen to the people in the American Northwest?

STEP. They are all colonialist adventurers who have permitted themselves to be the pawns of imperialist aggression. Undoubtedly, in the course of the Chinese settlement most of the male inhabitants will be found guilty of counterrevolutionary acts.

SAR. And the female part of the population?

STEP. My dear, as you know, the Soviet government is the uncompromising opponent of all forms of race discrimination. They would be perfectly free to marry the Chinese settlers.

SAR. What is scheduled for the rest of the country?

STEP. A socialist democracy, my dear. The biggest single problem will be the extraordinary industrial plant. Obviously that cannot be left under the control of even the most loyal Communist officials of the North American Peoples' Democratic Republic. To do so would give them a power superior to the power of the Communists of Moscow, and it is not right that the junior has more power than the senior. Do not make the mistake of underestimating the might of this huge industrial plant, Douschka, merely because its present managers seem to have no idea how to use it to humble Moscow. We cannot afford to assume that their Communist successors will be so blind. Moscow has no intention of becoming the historic shrine of a world Communist empire, whose capital is Chicago.

SAR. You can't ship all the factories to Russia.

STEP. Only a few. Most will have to be destroyed.

SAR. How then will the people live?

STEP. It is a problem. It has received the attention of the best minds in the special department of the NKVD devoted to this phase of world democratic development. In the background is a question that even in the minds of the department planners, who must have a certain tolerance for unorthodox ideas, is rarely faced frankly. Suppose this plant is not the result of the blind dynamics of historical materialism? Suppose it is in some way connected with the people who built it? The problem arises in Europe, too, but it need not be faced there because in Europe nothing prevents easy Russian control. It is only a small peninsula of Russia. Here it is not simple. To move enough people across a wide ocean to russify the remaining areas of the North American Peoples' Democratic Republic is impossible. The transportation is inadequate and there are just not enough Russians. The Chinese and the Mexicans can take care of the West Coast, but there are not enough Russians to absorb the rest.

SAR. You really plan to "absorb" it?

STEP. What else can we do, Douschka? Suppose what is whispered secretly in the halls of the NKVD is true, that this great industrial plant is the unique product of a unique people. If those peo-

ple survive, will they not build it again? They will call themselves Communists, that goes without saying, but why should the mere name make them more loved in Moscow?

SAR. You will have to educate them. You can't exterminate the whole eastern half of the United States.

STEP. The Soviet government does not resort to deeds of such monstrous inhumanity if there are easier ways to achieve peace and world democracy. What will probably be done is to create a genuine peace corps by drafting the able-bodied young whites for socialist service in Africa. It will only be fair in view of the intolerable wrongs inflicted on the Negroes by their ancestors. Since this will leave a marked disproportion of white women, Negro men will have to fill the vacuum. Thus after twenty or thirty years of UN policing we will not have to worry about the rebuilding of the North American industrial plant.

SAR. So, you are a racist. You believe a mulatto population wouldn't have the skill of the present white population.

STEP. All we are concerned about is breaking the chain of tradition. Books can change the shape and contents of education. But we must kill the desire to learn, the habit of skill, the tradition of work. It is those things, our theorists have figured, that endanger us.

SAR. I can't be sure how much of this is your drunkenness.

STEP. I am not drunk. A good NKVD officer is never drunk. I am relaxed and talkative, yes. But not drunk. What is the matter with you? You are so cross tonight. Was I a poor lover a while back?

SAR. Don't be snide. There is something the matter with you, Boris, and it affects me. You wouldn't talk this way unless there was something wrong.

STEP. I am just bored—with success.

SAR. All this has changed so much since I was young. Then we were the intelligent few against the stupid many. But to listen to you, it's all grown gray and gritty. There isn't a word of truth in what you've been saying. I know it's a lie. It has to be a lie. But under the lie there is just the faint smell of truth.

STEP. Was Dex's little plan for Germany a lie? How did it differ from what I have been talking about. We did not put it across, not because we did not want to, but because we could not. We did not have the power. We do not do these things in the East Europe—yet. We do not want to wake up the sleeping Americans. It is not yet time. What keeps what I said from being the total truth? Because you and other soft and rich Americans think it would be not

nice? Why should that bother us? You sicken me. You think first you are a Communist and second you are a Jewess. You are neither. When you are scraped down bare you are just another American. A female American. You do not like what we plan for you so you squeak that no such thing could happen. Why not? Who will stop us? Your government? I do not insult you with such a silly question. Our conscience? We are Marxists. World opinion? *(He roars with laughter.)* So all of this is not what you thought when you were the little East Side girl? It was not what was taught in C.C.N.Y.? You were going to end wars and slums and make people stop being mean to Jews and see everybody had the fancy clothes and hairdos of the rich shiksers? And now so many years later it turns out to be just like big business—only worse. You do not like it? You think there is another way? *(suddenly)* You want me to defect?

SAR. *(horrified)* Never.

STEP. *(sarcastically)* Why not? You do not want these things to happen. So you must want to prevent them from happening. Go ahead. Urge me to defect!

SAR. You wouldn't want me to. You couldn't.

STEP. Why not? Is the inevitable tide of history against it? Perhaps I could change the tide. To try it would be at least fun. *(He gets up and begins walking back and forth.)* I could probably get in to see a general high up in intelligence. I would never be foolish enough to go to the CIA. So I stand before some general and I disclose my true self and mission. *(He starts acting the part.)* Sir, I'm Lieutenant General Boris Alexandrovitch Karolsky of the Red Army on permanent assignment to

the NKVD. Since the days of Ambassador Troyanovsky I have been in charge of Soviet political intelligence in North America. I wish to defect and place at the disposal of the American authorities my knowledge of the massive Soviet penetration of the public life and government of the United States and Canada. Think of that moment! The shock, the excitement. More and more generals would come in, higher and higher in rank. More and more facts would be disclosed, incidents explained, names mentioned. Everyone would try to keep it quiet, but it would leak. A trickle, a suspicion, then a torrent over the grapevine. The top Red spy has defected! Many prominent Americans would go out and buy those little black automatics. But then the tide would begin to turn. Organization would replace panic. Men of sense, desperate but careful, would begin to stir. The men questioning me would not be soldiers any more. The faces would become colder. Soon they would be dead masks. It would be found I had nothing to contribute. Unsubstantiated gossip, vague accusations. What did I know about the theft of seventeen blueprints from the Naval Propeller plant? Nothing. So you admit you know nothing about such a vitally important military secret? They were prints of new weight-saving wastebaskets. They were to assure the American lead in space. How can you have the effrontery to tell us you were important in the Soviet service when you know nothing of such vital military matters? In three months I will perhaps be on a farm in Maryland or West Virginia and then my health will fail. I shall die of a fall or . . .

SAR. *(interrupting)* Or of heart failure

or hemochromatosis?

STEP. Something like that. One of those occupational diseases that carry off people whose historical usefulness is ended.

SAR. Boris, it is a very tragic picture and very comforting to your ego, I'm sure. But it's not so. They just don't know you exist. Not those people. Almost none of them. They're not involved, not most of them. They're just liberals.

STEP. So Douschka, you think they do not know I exist, that there is a "me" managing their affairs for them? Certainly they cannot know my name, but you think they do not know I exist? That they do not know my orders? You are the woman, always. It is true, they do not say they take my orders, even to themselves, because so long as they do what I want, it is not necessary to put into words what they must do and what happens if they do not. But with the other side of their mind they know well enough.

SAR. Stop arguing with yourself. You would never defect.

STEP. But you stubbornly refuse to understand why, Douschka. How could a man defect to a country so filled with his own inventions?

SAR. *(puzzled)* Inventions?

STEP. Is that not the word? For something made out of nothing?

With this installment, The Game and the Candle, which has appeared in 29 issues of Instauration, comes to an end. The author plans to rework part of his long play and round out more fully the characterization of some of the chief figures. When this is done, The Game and the Candle may be published in book form. If this happens, Instauration readers will be so notified.

Pushkin Report Continued from page 5

American Zionist Jews who are certainly a cabal and thus a conspiracy, are the only controllers in America. They represent the only order. Very little, but there is no other.

The colonel then returns to quoting from the report itself:

Sensing the loss of faith and loss of appetite on the part of the controllers, the three most potent minority groups—the young, the Jews and the Negroes—reacted predictably. They do not revolt, technically speaking, but react to loss of direction from above. It is the entrance into the abhorred vacuum. . . . Nor are they technically important. When a physician sees the signs of leprosy, he

does not say, "I see a case of thickening skin, of leonine features," and so forth. He says, "I see a case of leprosy." In this case, we do not say that we see Jews, Negroes and young Americans taking over the United States. We say that we see the controllers of the United States giving up.

The colonel again interjects:

If we have done anything original, it is on that point. We don't think the young, the Jews and the Negroes mean anything in and of themselves, as other analysts do. We always see their enlarged presence as symptom, never as cause. We look for the meaning behind their presence. When we have to consider them in various contexts—economic,

social and political—we do, and very exhaustively. . . . But we don't lose sight of the first cause, we never put them first. . .

The colonel now reads from the report again, which stresses that Russia has deliberately tried to keep the peace because war with America would have allowed its controllers to reassert their control, war being a "screen" and providing "a darkness in which many things can be done secretly." The controllers are criticized for their handling of blacks, though it is admitted they could not

control the Negroes without losing the support of so-called world opinion. Very well, they did not have the courage to be