more democratic and humane and successful, than the Soviet segment. But apparently the immense differentials are still not great enough to immunize us against Communist subversion. At what remote point, precisely, the condition of immunity will be reached is not clear.

And how long must we devote ourselves to the assorted tasks, each of them gigantic, which add up to our "only hope" of inducing the Communists to wait? "The next twenty or thirty years — crucial years for containment" is one answer; "for a generation to come" is another. These, however, are the most optimistic variants. A less comforting answer is given on page 203:

> The holding of the frontiers of freedom — which is the essence of defense policy under containment — may last as long as Britain's "Eastern Question" lasted. It may even have to endure as a permanent feature of our civilization — as the Roman frontier endured through hundreds of years.

Why Share With Barbarians?

Such, incredible as it may sound out of its mellifluous context, are the "hope" and "inspiration" which appear to have evoked almost unanimous critical enthusiasm in press galleries where a muddled Acheson-style "liberalism" prevails. Almost unlimited sacrifices and effort and armanent for a generation, perhaps for centuries, which *if* successful will gain us — what? The Kremlin's blessed consent to negotiate a settlement for conserving the *status quo* of a world half-free, half-slave. Communist consent to being appeased and re-appeased, forever. The privilege of sharing this earth forever with a barbarian clique, without lifting a finger to help the enslaved millions or to retrieve any of the ground already lost to aggression.

Surely the Politburo, from its own viewpoint, could scarcely prescribe a more satisfactory program for the West. It would guarantee Soviet military initiative, siphon off maximum Western effort and economic vitality, without constituting a decisive menace to the Soviet system.

"This — the policy of containment — may make formidable calls upon Western resources and Western patience," Miss Ward agrees, "but in so far as it is given to us to see the future, it offers a chance and a hope of peace." Pessimism and futility have not been more abjectly attested in all the long debate on world affairs since the start of the cold war.

Fortunately the fault is with the author's mental astigmatism and moral apathy. The picture is not as hopeless as she assumes. We do not need to renounce all the leverages represented by tensions in the Soviet area; by the piled-up discontents and despairs of the captive peoples; by Titoist rumblings and guerrilla warfare and the mighty flood of fugitives from Stalinism; by the economic stupidities and moral depravities inherent in that congeries of police states. Having conceded that her "policy for the West" does not remove the continual possibility of a showdown war, Miss Ward is in no position to renounce all other policies on the cry that they might provoke war. That risk must be faced in a perspective of endless Koreas and police actions no less than in a policy for weakening the Soviets in concert with its tortured populations.

Miss Ward describes communism as "one of the most tremendous fakes ever perpetrated on bewildered humanity," resting on doctrine "profoundly and terrifyingly reactionary." Instead of basing her analysis on this central truth, however, she counsels concentration in a guilt-conscious spirit on the "cracks and fissures" in the free world. We must throw away all the advantages of our existing superiority, she declares in effect, in a quixotic search for some super-superiority. Then, after a long, long while, we may be rewarded by the boon of co-existence with communism. Then we may be in a position to consign 800 million fellow-men to eternal damnation by formal agreement with their despots.

"The weakness of the phrase 'containment' is its negative and defensive ring," Miss Ward concedes. But she does not even try to show that the negative and defensive qualities are only in "the ring," not in the reality. The Romans lived in a much larger world, when their marches could be watched for centuries. Despite that they were finally overwhelmed by the barbarians. That ancient containment invoked by the book, let it be remembered, ended disastrously. Western containment, in a world shrunken to a neighborhood and in a time when events move with the speed of jet-planes and radar, will crumble in disaster not in centuries but, at most, in decades. The current barbarians can not and must not be contained — they must be eliminated.

THE SYMPTOMATIC KEYNES

The Life of John Maynard Keynes, by R. F. Harrod. *New York: Harcourt, Brace. $7.50*

As is customary with biographies, Professor Harrod's volume provides an abundance of information about insignificant happenings and uninteresting people who crossed the path of his subject. The whole of page 171, for instance, is devoted to the description of a lady who happened to be the niece of an authentic duke. We are told how she dressed, how and where she lived, what her eccentricities were and many other things. Perhaps the lady was really a very eminent woman, perhaps no less remarkable than Mathilde Wesendonck. But she missed her Richard Wagner, and her only claim to fame is that on July 2, 1914, she entertained the Prime Minister and John Maynard Keynes at a small dinner party.

Not only the social side of eating and drinking is amply dealt with, but also the business side. Keynes founded a theater in Cambridge and paid attention to the detail of its management. "Nothing was too trivial for him," says Professor Harrod.

> By a happy and successful idea, a restaurant was attached to the theater, and I recall receiving a letter from him asking me to write a testimonial for a chef. . . . He was anxious to encourage expenditure upon wine in the restaurant rather than upon cocktails and spirits. . . . He gave an instruction that, instead of the usual addition of 50 per cent to the cost price, only 2s. 6d. should be added in the case of champagne, with the consequence that profits on that item actually rose!

Such small-talk would do for the many things Lord Keynes was and did besides being Keynes. He belonged to many groups and circles, to the University of Cambridge, to the Bloomsbury Bohemia of the last years preceding World War I, to the active friends of the theater and the ballet. He was a "society" man and a collector. He wrote a noteworthy Treatise on Probability. He played a role in the Liberal Party. He spent a good many of his years as an official, as a government economist. As such he cooperated in the drafting of many ordinances and international conventions, the vast paper work that accompanies the decline of Western civilization, freedom and prosperity. None of these activities elevated him above the rank of the hosts registered in Who's Who and daily mentioned in the newspapers. But other questions remain: Was Keynes not perhaps more? Was he not a man who shaped the ideas and policies of his age? Was he not an historical character? Such are the problems a biography of Lord Keynes ought to deal with.

There are people who believe that the two books of Keynes that became best sellers — "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" (1920), and "The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money" (1936) — decisively influenced the course of British policies and of world affairs. It is said that the first of these books inaugurated the anti-French and pro-German tendencies of Great Britain's "appeasement" policy which virtually encouraged the rise of Nazism, permitted Hitler to defy the essential clauses of the Treaty of Versailles and finally resulted in the outbreak of the Second World War. It is furthermore asserted that the second book generated the "Keynesian revolution" of economic policies. The abandonment of the gold standard and the adoption of outright inflationary or "expansionist" fiscal methods, the New Deal and the Fair Deal, the full-employment policy, the intensification of anti-importation measures and many other kindred ventures are ascribed to the "unorthodox" ideas propagated by Keynes. If these assertions are correct, Keynes appears as the most influential personality of our age, whether the effects of these policies are to be considered as beneficial or disastrous.

Because of limitations of space we must set aside the first of these two questions and concentrate upon the second. Keynes was definitely not the inaugurator of a new economic policy. The governments did not have to wait for his advice in order to learn that inflation is a handy means to fill the empty vaults of the treasury. The Keynesian policies were practised by governments and powerful political parties long before they were advocated by Keynes. Keynes's writings were enthusiastically received by people who found in them an apparently scientific justification for what they had already done for a long time in defying the teachings of economics.

For nothing was more contemptible in the eyes of the post-Victorian English than the ideas of laissez faire that had multiplied England's population and secured to the average Englishman the highest standard of living in Europe. Lords and commoners, divines and atheists, manufacturers and union members, Fabians and Colonel Blimps — all agreed in rejecting the "dismal science." They hated the theory according to which there was but one means toward the general improvement of peoples' material well-being, viz., to increase the per head quota of capital invested. They longed for short cuts to an earthly paradise: a protective tariff, a cheap money policy, the closed shop, doles and social security. They did not want to be told by the economists that it is the policy of the unions that creates unemployment as a lasting mass phenomenon and that the periodical recurrence of crises is the inevitable outcome of the easy money policy. They knew better: all evils were caused by capitalism.

To such people the Keynesian slogans appealed strongly. Here they found what they were looking for. If demand lags, create "effective" demand by expanding credit! If there is unemployment, print more money! If you want to increase "the real national dividend of useful goods and service," then "dig holes in the ground paid for out of savings!" And, first of all, do not save, spend!

The triumph of Lord Keynes's last book, the "General Theory," was instantaneous. Although reasonable economists refuted his doctrines, it has become the gospel of the self-styled progressives all over the world. Today many universities simply teach Keynesianism. It is really paradoxical. Nobody can any longer fail to realize that what is needed most is more saving and capital accumulation and that the inflationary and expansionist policies are on the verge of complete breakdown. But the students are still taught the dangers of saving and the blessings of expansionism.

Lord Keynes had, as his biographer points out, "a very rare combination of gifts; his endowment in any one of them would by itself have made him a notable person." But politics and history are not concerned with the virtues Professor Harrod registers in his detailed catalogue. They ask: did he enrich mankind's treasure of ideas and did he influence the course of events? The answer to both questions is in the negative. The ideas he professed were untenable and, even so, not original. The books he wrote supported firmly established policies which would have gone on without this support. He was highly renowned, famous and popular in an age of decay and disintegration, but his writings were not the cause of these disasters; they were only symptoms.

LUDWIG VON MISES

THE STORIED KING

Life On the King Ranch, by Frank Goodwyn. *New York: Crowell. $5.00*

The storied King Ranch on the Gulf Coast of Texas has been a land of mystery for ninety-nine years. Stretching over nearly a million acres of flat, rich range, brush and sifting sands, it is so vast that as big a thing as a shining automobile can be lost on it for years.

Once a man drove a new car out on the ranch and got it stuck hopelessly in the sand. He walked to the nearest town and returned with a wrecker, and then he and half a dozen cowboys couldn't find the car; it wasn't seen again until a dozen years later when a man on a brush-ripping bulldozer bumped into it.

In the almost tropical climate, the brush grows about as rapidly as Jack's beanstalk. One day a cowboy saw a wrecked fighter plane, which had been missing a few years, resting among the upper branches of large mesquite trees. The plane was badly smashed, but the limbs of the trees were not scarred. Investigation revealed that the plane had crashed in a clearing and that the mesquite had grown up and lifted the airplane ten feet off the ground.

Despite publication of Mr. Goodwyn's interesting book, the King will continue to be a mystery empire,