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The Liberal Establishment Faces The Blacks The Young The New Left

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By WALTER GOODMAN

STEPPING into the limousine that would carry him to Princeton, N. J., where he was to join fourscore other scholars, journalists and men of public affairs in a discussion of "The United States: Its Problems, Impact and Image in the World," a political scientist from abroad had a heavy sense that he was being taken to a funeral. As the limousine embarked upon the New Jersey Turnpike, his gloomy musings developed apace. The host of the meeting at Princeton, after all, was the International Association for Cultural Freedom (I. A. C. F.), offspring of the Congress for Cultural Freedom, done in a couple of years ago by the revelation that it was being supported by the Central Intelligence Agency. The visitor understood, of course, that the ceremonies at Princeton were designed not as rites for the departed rascal, but as an innocent heir's debut into the intellectual world. Obviously—but, such perhaps is the influence of the New Jersey Turnpike, his thoughts kept turning more to decay than to redemption.

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Nothing that would happen in the ensuing four days and nights, early this month, would do much to brighten the visitor's outlook. He and many of his confreres would depart Princeton shaken by the uncertainty they found among the American liberals there assembled, the lack of direction in men to whom democrats around the world had in other years looked for support, encouragement, even a sort of leadership. It was readily understandable—the Presidential campaign and its culmination were enough to sap the richest spirit—but the weariness that permeated the meeting was set off, in a peculiarly troubling way, by the presence of several men in their 20's, a quarter-century below the average age of the company. If they were at all representative of the politically conscious element of the present college generation, then the bearers of the international liberal banner could only conclude

Fathered in the early years of the cold war by members of the anti-Stalinist left, the Congress for Cultural Freedom attracted such disillusioned ex-Communists as Ignazio Silone, Arthur Koestler and Sidney Hook. In an attempt to rally intellectuals against Soviet ambitions in Europe, the congress sponsored magazines like Encounter, held seminars, and circulated petitions protesting the repression of writers and scholars under assorted dictatorships. After 20 years of such work, when its debt to the C.I.A. was exposed some men who shared the values of the congress, while having known nothing of the C.I.A. involvement, felt that there was something there worth saving. In the fashion of U. S. intellectuals, John Kenneth Galbraith, the late Robert Oppenheimer and others turned to the Ford Foundation, and were received cordially by its president, McGeorge Bundy. From Bundy-Ford, the renovated International Association for Cultural Freedom obtained $1.1-million and a president—Shepherd Stone, who had been director of the Ford Foundation's International Affairs Program for more than a decade. The I.A.C.F. now has affiliates in 10 countries and publishes 18 magazines, on the order of The China Quarterly, a must for China-watchers, and Survey, highly regarded for its coverage of Eastern Europe.

Mr. Stone, who has the look of a U. S. ambassador in an out-of-the-way country, is not unaware of the cloud that shadows his organization. "Since the beginning of 1967," he emphasizes and emphasizes again, "the association has been totally supported by the Ford Foundation. Not a penny has come from any Government source."

THE nature of the Princeton seminar, which cost around $80,000 and exhausted the I.A.C.F. treasury for 1968, was defined as much by persons missing as by those who appeared. The conjecture over drinks was that Melvin Lasky, co-editor of Encounter (now owned by a British publisher), had not been invited because he still bore the C.I.A. taint, and that Sidney Hook was not present because of his reputation for unregenerate anti-Communism. More than one wit inevitably suggested that the real subject of the meeting was: "The I.A.C.F.—Its Image in the World."

Also absent from Princeton University's agreeable Whig Hall, in which the day-long discussions took place, were more leftish or "radical" or merely anti-American elements of America's intellectual spectrum. The sole Cuban to be invited replied that he be goddamned if he'd associate himself with such an association. Evidently sharing his sentiments to some degree were the Nixon and Brezhnev Administrations, neither of which, though solicited, sent along delegates. (Henry A. Kissinger, invited before he was named Presidential Assistant for National Security Affairs, did drop by for dinner, and gave his inadvertent imitation of Peter Sellers doing Dr. Strangelove. He promised that the doors of the White House would henceforward be open to all his old friends. "Aha!" chortled a European journalist. "He's bribing them with jobs.")

The Americans who came to Princeton tended to be of the Kennedy-McCarthy-Kennedy stripe—that is, the famous liberal Establishment—such as Galbraith and Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Carl Kaysen, director of Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study and an aide to Bundy during the days of Camelot. (Bundy himself couldn't make it.) Kaysen served as co-chairman, along with Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, natty author of "The American Challenge."

As the French poet Pierre Emmanuel would lament on the final day, this meeting under the auspices of Cultural Freedom was mainly a gathering of social scientists, and very weak on the arts. Of the two prominent American writers invited, Saul Bellow did not show up, and Lillian Hellman, though attending the meetings loyally, found little to contribute beyond an occasional wisecrack or innocent error. Upon seeing

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a black man before [illegible] evening and recalling that Charles ("Black Power") Hamilton was scheduled to be a panelist the next day, she greeted him as Mr. Hamilton. He turned out to be Harold ("The Negro Intellectual") Cruse, who responded amiably that he had always imagined Lillian Hellman to be a tall lady.

THE gathering boasted stars from several lands, but the show-stealers were a set of young men who had been invited as specimens of American studentdom. There was an officer of the National Student Association, a chap from The Harvard Crimson, and a prominent worker in the McCarthy campaign. All were self-possessed, articulate, spirited and individually likable; they wore their sideburns long, of course, but they had on neckties and coats and were clearly a different cut of student from the raggedy S.D.S.-er who paraded outside on the opening day of the conference with a sign proposing that a rude act be performed on "RACISM, IMPERIALISM, GENOCIDE, CORPORATION CAPITALISM, POLICY PLANNERS, ETC." (At the suggestion of a college official, the verb was crossed out and replaced by "DOWN WITH," which must have had a bad effect on morale, for the picket did not return after the first day.)

The young guests evidenced a set of attitudes toward this nation and its problems that has become a bane of American liberalism. The meeting had scarcely gotten under way before Sam Brown, a 25-year-old veteran of the McCarthy effort, made it clear what he thought of liberals. The gathering, he told the delegates, who responded with avuncular smiles, was a stereotype of everything he had ever believed about the breed—"Oh, we'll listen to a black and to a radical and then we'll go out and do something about it." Brown, who will be teaching at the Kennedy Institute at Harvard for the coming year, considers himself a link between the more radical student element and the Establishment. "Some of the kids mistrust me because I attend an affair like this. But I don't consider liberals a monolithic bloc, and I share some liberal values. Like free speech." He wished Tom Hayden had been invited.

The first encounter (it did not quite attain the status of a confrontation) between students and elders came on opening day, in the form of a reaction to the reactions evoked by the presentations of Harold Cruse and Roy Innis, he[illegible] CORE. Cruse [illegible] Charles Hamilton, delivered a dissertation on black power that was clogged with phrases like "a sorry pass" and "approaching a crossroads." Although he saw black power as an expression of middle-class yearnings, an attempt by black people to get a "share in the American pie," he contended that their yearnings were rooted not in a "class" problem, but a "group" problem, arising out of American racism. The apparent contradiction puzzled several of the Europeans, and Cruse did little to clear up matters for them. ("Thank you, Mr. Hamilton," said Carl Kaysen when he was finished.)

Whereas Cruse described himself as a "cultural pluralist," the engaging Innis came on as an unabashed black nationalist. He outlined his plan for a separate black state, made up of communities here and there around the country "like islands immersed in land." Something on the order of Indonesia, he proposed—a notion that stupefied the Indonesians present. Examples of the economic and political progress made by Negroes in recent years did not impress Innis, nor did suggestions that the country faced other problems in addition to race. "We recognize only two main factors in America," he declared—that is, black and white—and he called on his people to follow the example of the Jews in the land of the Pharaohs, who also sought liberation from a foreign oppressor.

In that liberal manner which tickled Sam Brown, the audience proceeded to scrutinize these statements and pressed the speakers for further elucidation, which was scarcely forthcoming. Asked by a German professor what precisely he meant by labeling America a "new colonial power," Cruse explained: "It *has* to be in that role." With the exception of John B. Oakes, editor of The New York Times editorial page, who called black power "racism under another name" and who set down the Innis project as "impractical," "unrealistic," "immoral" and "self-indulgent," the criticisms were gentle, considering the quality and substance of the presentations. Several of the delegates wondered whether Innis was not just putting on Whitey, but nobody said so in public. Arthur Schlesinger agreed that Innis's [illegible] com-mend it, but he welcomed the idea in the thought that it would in some way forward the goal of integration.

Cruse and Innis took the criticisms calmly enough, but the young whites were offended in their behalf. To Brown, who hastened up to introduce himself to Innis and express his solidarity, it seemed that white people had no business trying to get definitions of black power. In America's schools these days, he reported, conversation begins with an acknowledgment of white racism, then proceeds, apparently via a kind of group therapy, to a determination of how whites must change in order to accommodate themselves to black desires. Robert Powell, chairman of the National Student Association, concurred in this. The root problem, he declared most emphatically, was white racism, a white problem, and whether one liked it or not, a cooperative society was no longer possible. Powell announced, in a pleasant North Carolina delivery, that he was angry at the response to the black speakers and he expressed his appreciation to Roy Innis for even sitting through the discussion; in the circles where he travels, black students no longer attend meetings where they may encounter disagreement.

These lively contributions were applauded, prompting one middle-aged delegate from abroad to remark: "Tomorrow one of the kids will get up and tell us we're a bunch of damn fools, and we will all clap and Arthur Schlesinger will explain that, whereas the view may not be fundamentally sound, still it does have progressive potentialities."

THE early interjections by the youth contingent, bold efforts to foreclose discussion, were characteristic of their participation in the seminar. Understandable though it was that the students should not have been eager to take on in substantive debate men who had distinguished themselves in the study of American society and international relations, their preference for theatrical display had deeper roots than mere prudence. It went to the essence of the current political [illegible] toward

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the liberal affliction of discussing and analyzing and interminably weighing alternatives, they showed disdain, or at best condescension. They complained repeatedly of a lack of passion at Princeton —not enough people there in fatigues and berets, observed Brown—and when they rose it was less to advance the course of argument, than to exhibit themselves to the dispassionate middle-aged as avatars of righteous indignation. They were constantly bearing witness.

The seminar's leading exponent of this political form was Martin Peretz, an assistant professor of sociology at Harvard, who helped to stage the unforgettable New Politics meeting in Chicago in 1967. Stocky, full-bearded and looking a decade older than his 29 years, Peretz is an elder statesman of the New Left; he saw himself at Princeton as a gadfly who had been "invited to misbehave." Although he huddled with the students between sessions and took care to identify with them in his remarks, he did not share their view that black men must be above criticism, and he took Cruse to task for neglecting the class issue in his talk on black power. The "class issue" was to Peretz all that white racism was to the students; his formal contribution to the seminar, delivered in shirtsleeves and open collar, was a paper on corporate power in America, which brought yawns of nostalgia in all parts of the room —"He's the *New* Left, you say?"

"Who owns America?" asked Peretz, and replied that rich people do. As a help in explaining the U. S. intervention in the Dominican Republic, he drew attention to several State Department policy makers who are connected with sugar interests.

The French sociologist Michel Crozier suggested that Peretz was fighting the battle of 1948, whereas Yale historian Vann Woodward placed him back in the nineteen-thirties. To Columbia University sociologist Daniel Bell, whom he opposed in a sort-of debate, Peretz was like a virgin shouting to the world his discovery of sin in the form of the profit motive. A Latin American called Peretz a "fake radical," and Europeans old enough to remember some Socialist battles were even harder on him in their private conversations. After he suggested that the unfortunate tastes generally exhibited by the common folk were induced by commercial pressures, a Parisian muttered, "That man does not ride the subways."

Like his younger friends, Peretz's strong suit was the large gesture, and he found an opportunity to do his thing at dinner one evening after a talk by Eugen Loebl, former director of the Czechoslovak State Bank, who fled his country during last summer's Soviet occupation. A defendant in the Slansky trials of 1949, Loebl spent 11 years in prison, and the presence of the small, benign-looking old man who still considered himself a good Communist and strained in his talk to search out some congruence between his terrible experience and the ideology that sustained him was most moving. Even the two men from Tass said they were moved.

Earlier in the day, Loebl had been the cause of a flurry between Servan-Schreiber and Andreas Papandreou, when the Frenchman asked the Czech whether, as a Communist, he would now prefer to live in the United States or the U.S.S.R. Unaware that Loebl had agreed beforehand to the putting of the question (he has chosen the United States), the testy Papandreou protested that it was inappropriate. Now, at dinner, the incident was repeated in a different form when a British M.P. from Birmingham, rather blunt of manner, reminded Loebl that he had been an accomplice in the destruction of democracy in his country in 1948 and asked: "What went wrong?" The question, though gracelessly posed, was not devoid of interest to persons who still valued the names of Benes and Masaryk, and the mild Loebl showed no embarrassment about discussing 1948, at least in theoretical terms.

Nevertheless, up rose Martin Peretz, aflash with colorful haberdashery, and proclaimed his outrage that the M.P., a citizen of a nation which bore a share of responsibility for the plight of Biafra, or any American, burdened with Vietnam and McCarthyism, would dare to pose such a question. It was a high point of Peretz's series of exhibitions at Princeton and did nothing to improve his standing among those for whom the events of 1948 still held political meaning.

By calling up that unhappy year, this incident reminded some at Princeton of the original impetus for the formation of the Congress for Cultural Freedom. They recalled that "progressives" of the time worked up "explanations" for the Soviet takeover and then for the Slansky trials, and charged anti-Communist protesters on the left with the dreadful sin of red-baiting. Much as Peretz now threw up Biafra to the blunt M.P., so The Nation then, out of quite different impulses, took the Czechoslovak putsch as an occasion to remind its readers that England had a shameful history in India. If, a few oldtimers mused, the young guests at Princeton had had some feeling for 1948, they might have been more tolerant of the liberals of 1968.

The young men's apparent obliviousness of much of contemporary history, except in the revisionist form that caters to their predispositions, caused a number of visitors to Princeton to shake their heads and remind themselves that this country had faced exceedingly difficult problems before and managed remarkably well. The foreigners, taken aback by the rote anti-Americanism that emanated from the young Americans, patiently pointed out that for democratically inclined persons of a certain age throughout the world, the United States will always be remembered as a savior in the worst of times. "They have no idea what our youth was like," broke out a French Jew with sudden, bitter intensity. "We lost everything, and they take everything for granted."

It was the presence of the young that prompted several of the visitors to make another elementary point—that in their countries, the material benefits which sophisticated Americans are able simultaneously to enjoy and despise remain shining objectives.

Others remarked that they found far less conformity and far more dissent here than in their own lands. "If we didn't know the rest of the world," observed the old Communist Loebl after listening to a spate of criticism, "we might conclude that this is the worst country in the world."

THE disagreements that developed at the meeting—between the French, like Servan-Schreiber, who are pressing for the "smallest possible presence" of America on the Continent, and the Germans, who are not elated at the prospect of losing their military shield, did not stir the students; nor did the expressed fears of Asian delegates of what a hasty American departure might mean in their part of the world. As one participant noted, half the room seemed exasperated by America and the other half was clinging to her.

Conflicting national interests, the imponderables of security in threatened areas, the complex interrelationships of allies and of enemies—these matters left the students cold. Having marched against the war in Vietnam with re-

Henry A. Kissinger

markable results and to their enduring credit, they seem to have fallen into the belief that all international difficulties are susceptible to marches and

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slogans. They showed themselves tempted by the old conceit that they do indeed live in the worst of countries in the worst of times, and that salvation resides exclusively in the unsullied young: not in their knowledge or in their reason, but in their passion and courage and readiness to put themselves on the line.

Their reiterated suspicion of reason when it is not adorned with emotion's trappings came out most clearly in their reaction to Daniel Bell. Bell has become identified in recent years with the theme that solutions to the world's problems lie "beyond ideology," and are to be found instead in an advanced type of social engineering suitable to a technetronic age. (*Technetronic:* a neologism, coined by Columbia's Zbigniew Brzezinski, that attempts to suggest a union of "technology" and "electronics," and one which few participants at Princeton were able to pronounce at first go.) According to Bell, we now live in a "communal society," where an impact on any one place has an effect on every other place. We have achieved notable progress—millions of people, black and white, moving up out of poverty and reaching out for more political power—and what we need now, in Bell's view, is a "codification of theoretical knowledge" to meet problems that have in fact been created largely by past successes.

In his presentation, Bell explained that he was trying to get away from the "simplisms of yesterday" — a crack at Peretz's exposure of corporate villainy—and complicate the power picture in America. He stressed the ever-growing importance of theoretical knowledge for industry and government, which has made the university a "super-heated cockpit," and he focused on newly developing conflicts unrecognized in the Marxist doctrines he himself once shared — between scientists and the military, between various educational élites and the masses, between technocrats and bureaucrats. Whereas yesterday's conflicts involved opposing economic forces, tomorrow's, he promised, would be between various technological élites and would be on the order of:

Now, Bell is not a man to tear a passion to tatters. He is businesslike; he talks very fast and very much to the point; he seems always on the verge of dashing off to catch a plane. Though it was Peretz who consciously took on the role of generational spokesman, it was Bell who seemed tuned in to the swiftest currents of the society. For his pains, he was charged by the earnest man from The Harvard Crimson with scanting the "human dimension." Bell's no-nonsense delivery, as much as his content, invites this kind of reaction, and his cool faith in technology affronts the cherished New Left tenet of "participation."

A number of Europeans, holding a good old humanistic position, and uneasy about the possibility of manipulation by technocrats, joined the students' front against Bell's ostensible indifference to the priorities of flesh and blood. "Who will be happy in your society?" asked Jan Kott, the celebrated Polish Shakespeare scholar who now teaches at Yale. For an hour, the old liberals and young militants made common cause against the notion (a caricature of Bell's position) that human beings should have their needs and their solutions worked out for them by some machine or other in the control of soulless experts.

The American activists may also have found Bell unsatisfactory because the future he posits would discourage confrontations of the sort that have become meat and drink to the New Left. For similar reasons, they could not warm to Brzezinski, who pronounced the ideological criteria for foreign aid "immoral" and called for the rationalization of international problems, even though he gave an appreciative nod to the "human values" sought by the students.

As Anthony Hartley, the British editor of Interplay magazine, observed, the New Left's efforts seem mainly directed at annoying society, not governing it, and the technical approaches to problem-solving elaborated by Bell and Brzezinski would doubtless take some of the steam out of dramatic conflict. There's not much satisfaction in yelling obscenities at a computer.

THE most direct clash of the generations was occasioned by the appearance at a dinner meeting of George F. Kennan. Gray suit, silk tie, elegant gold chain across his vest, dignified bearing—Kennan personified a life style for which the young could muster little sympathy or understanding. He reciprocated completely. Kennan had the audience's high personal regard—an Australian saw in him "great moral passion"—but few at Princeton were willing to accompany him into his pessimistic depths, or to accept his bleak view of the college generation. Looking out upon an America which he could barely recognize, he saw the young as ignorant, arrogant and "floundering around in drugs, pornography and political hysteria." Peretz rebutted by giving credit to the students for daring to go South in the cause of civil rights and for awakening the nation to Vietnam, and concluded therefrom that "cool reasonableness is, at a minimum, not preferable to a political hysteria." (To a British editor, it seemed that both the "conservative liberal" Kennan and the "conservative radical" Peretz were rushing into illiberalities—"Because we fear Big Brother tomorrow, let's have him right now.")

Now there was passion on both sides—glowing steadily in Kennan, flaring from Peretz—and the split was total. Sam Brown reproached Kennan with evocations of Vietnam and police brutality; his interjection tended to have a callow, demagogic quality, not because he is either callow or naturally a demagogue, but because he had a very limited number of things to say and wished to say them emphatically. When Kennan and others predicted that continuing student demonstrations would unloose harsh repression from the right ("George Wallace is going to bring more armed men into the arena than Tom Hayden," warned Schlesinger), the students could recognize that it was not only the threat of repression that troubled the older men but the thing being repressed. Most of the [illegible] participants at Princeton were committed to the values of the university, and the threat to these values today, as Kennan pictured it, comes not from autocratic administrations or from fascist cops, but from the student mob.

FOR all the quantity of intelligence that had been gathered together, no one left Princeton much impressed with the intellectual level of the meeting ("I could have stayed home and read a magazine," said a European on the third day), and for the young it can only have confirmed their conviction that liberalism—if not altogether bankrupt, as Sam Brown would have it—is not now in flush circumstances.

A symptom of its malaise, achingly visible at Princeton, is that it has lost, at least for a time, the allegiance of many bright, decent young people like Sam Brown—who properly called Galbraith to order for his comfortable expression of "faith" that our problems would somehow or other be solved. What the young Americans could see at this seminar—and middle-aged foreigners saw it, too—was a disposition among liberals to congratulate themselves upon the past and to look forward, rather distantly, to the future.

As for the present, today, they seemed at loose ends. It was with almost a sense of relief that, over cocktails at the Princeton Inn, the Americans offered mocking toasts to the Nixon Administration. Yet even at this unsatisfactory affair, the guests could discern something more than what Peretz called "this group of intellectuals flailing around for purpose." Nothing so muscular as black power or student power, but something. The faltering effort at rational discussion that alternately amused and exasperated the young still, after all, had meaning for men who had come together as conscious, if dispirited, bearers of the liberal tradition—"We'll listen to a black and to a radical and then we'll go out and do something about it." ■

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3 DEC 1968

90 Intellectuals Confer On Problems of U.S.

By Richard M. Cohen
Washington Post Staff Writer

PRINCETON, N.J., Dec. 1—More than 90 foreign and American intellectuals—including some who graced the Johnson and Kennedy Administration—gathered here today to discuss the problems confronting the Nixon Administration.

Sponsored by the International Association for Cultural Freedom, the five-day, closed seminar will wrestle with the topic, "The United States, Its Problems, Impact and Image in the World."

The presence here of Harvard Prof. Henry Kissinger is bound to give the gathering a definite political flavor. Kissinger, a professor of government, has been mentioned as a likely Nixon appointee as a White House adviser on foreign policy or defense.

"I invited him as a Harvard professor only," said IACS president Shepard Stone. Kissinger, however, is regarded as Nixon's liaison with the seminar.

Seminar Co-Chairmen

If so, Kissinger will be able to mine the experiences of John Kenneth Galbraith, former U.S. Ambassador to India during the Kennedy Administration; McGeorge Bundy, former special assistant for national security to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson and now president of the Ford Foundation, and Arthur Schlesinger Jr., another former White House aide to President Kennedy.

But as the seminar got underway, many of the participants were wondering out loud if the still-unformed Nixon Administration was paying more that polite attention.

Foreign participants, many of whom held President Kennedy in high esteem because of his use of intellectuals in his administration, pointed out that, besides Kissinger, most of the other American guests could clearly be identified as either Kennedy or Johnson Democrats, or both.

A German participant, scanning the crowd, recalled a similar seminar in November [illegible] several scientists and intellectuals who later became Kennedy aides.

"Where are the Galbraiths of the Nixon Administration?" he asked. "Certainly not here."

The seminar began tonight with introductory remarks by Carl Kaysen, director of the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton, and J. J. Servan-Schreiber, a French editor and author of "The American Challenge." Both men are serving as co-chairmen of the seminar, which had no connection either with Princeton University or the Institute for Advanced Studies.

Other participants include George W. Ball, former Under Secretary of State and U.N. Ambassador; Saul Bellow, novelist; Charles Hamilton, professor of political science at Roosevelt University and co-author with Stokely Carmichael of "Black Power"; Lillian Hellman, playwright; Richard Hofstadter, the historian, and Roy Innis, national director of the Congress of Racial Equality.

Closed Sessions

Also, George Kennan, former Ambassador to Moscow; Charles McC. Mathias, Senator-elect from Maryland; Willie Morris, editor of Harper's Magazine, and Joseph Kraft, syndicated columnist.

In addition, intellectuals from Europe — including some from the Communist bloc nations — Africa, Asia, Latin America and Australia will participate. There was doubt, however, that the two Soviet observers invited will attend, according to Stone. Nevertheless, intellectuals from Czechoslovakia will participate along with Andreas Papandreou of Greece.

After tonight's opening session the participants will hold closed sessions until Thursday evening's final meeting. The seminar, like the IACS itself, is funded by the Ford Foundation. It helps subsidize foreign journals and is currently active in trying to find academic or journalistic positions [illegible]

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