



## The Establishment Game: Nicholas Murray Butler Rides Again

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*"The Settling of a Nation may be made up of an Establishment, a Limited Toleration, and a Discreet Connivence."*

—J. Corbet, Disc. Relig. Eng. (1667)

WHEN President-elect John F. Kennedy (B.S. Harvard, '40) chose Dean Rusk (A.B. Davidson College, '31) as Secretary of State in 1960, one perceptive Englishman expressed astonishment at another instance of American violation of elementary Establishment rules. In England, he said, it was unimaginable that a chief of government would appoint as his Foreign Secretary a man he never had set eyes upon before. Yet in America, though they had never met, the improbable duumvirate was formed between the son of a Cherokee County, Georgia, postman and the son of a Boston Irish financier-politician. A big country can range widely for its talent; and though it seemed to some disgruntled outsiders during Kennedy's thousand days that the White House dining room was an annex of the Harvard Faculty Club, that appearance was deceptive. How many, for instance, were aware that two such diverse New Frontiersmen as Robert S. McNamara and John Kenneth Galbraith were both students at the University of California, a West Coast disestablishmentarian

factory that is more simply known as Berkeley?

The word "Establishment" itself is novel and unnatural in an American context. In England, its homeland, the term originally had strong hagiocratic connotations (hagiocracy: a form of government run by men deemed holy) and was associated with the hierarchy of the Church of England. But from the time of the Populists, at least, traditional American protest language has depended upon quite secular epithets. When Charles Lindbergh, Sr., protested against the Eastern malefactors of great wealth whom he accused of secretly leading the nation into war against Germany in 1917, he spoke of an Inner Circle and "invisible organizers." More recently, the late C. Wright Mills coined a brassier amalgam: "The Power Elite." Senator McCarthy used less refined expressions in denouncing the members of the conspiracy he claimed existed. "Establishment" emigrated to these shores from England only in the last decade as the indentured servant of William F. Buckley, Jr., for employment in the *National Review's* various post-McCarthy sallies against liberals and the administrations that hire them. Just last year, in his book *The Liberal Establishment*, one of Buckley's colleagues, M. Stanton Evans, paint-

ed a lurid picture of a powerful amalgam of CBS, Senator William Fulbright, and Hubert Humphrey. The Johnson administration, he noted, was filled "up to the scuppers" with Americans for Democratic Action. But the *ad hominem* opportunities afforded by "Establishment" have not been lost on spokesmen of the New Left. To these gentlemen (but hardly to the Messrs. Buckley and Stanton) its ranks are filled with hard-line "cold warriors," exhausted labor leaders, and dehumanized brain trusters.

### The Unholy Communion

Though attention has recently focused upon Washington as the putative center of a new Hawk Establishment, not all would agree that there has been a break with a past in which foreign policy was more elegantly conducted. Professor Galbraith of Harvard (no longer of Washington), still regarded by Buckley conservatives as a member in good standing of a liberal Establishment, has revived interest in a New York group, allegedly an ancient dynasty of movers and shakers whom he regards as being of more significance than the Washington Experts, the Military-Industrial Complex, the liberals, or even the Harvard men. In a speech to a deeply divided Americans for Democratic

Action convention on April 22 that was fraught with severe criticism of the administration's foreign policy, Galbraith pointed out once more what Buckley and McCarthy had also suggested long ago: America has a "permanent foreign policy establishment" controlled by a "New York foreign policy syndicate." This group,



from whose clutches he would like to rescue President Johnson, has, according to Galbraith, successfully survived the vicissitudes of many changing administrations in Washington and has managed to impose its orthodoxies on the conduct of American foreign policy.

In Galbraith's view, "the Dulles, McCloy, Lovett communion . . . has . . . provided the grace notes for American foreign policy for twenty years." However, its influence is traceable much further back into the dim recesses of time. Liberals, he argued, should "stand equally opposed to the divine right of wealth and the divine right in the field of foreign policy of Sullivan and Cromwell; Milbank, Tweed, Hope, Hadley & McCloy; Lucius Clay, Henry Stimson, Nicholas Murray Butler, and the more impeccably traditional members of the permanent foreign policy establishment." Mr. Acheson, he says, is a "latter day associate" of this group, and Mr. Rusk "I am sure . . . would wish to be associated"—a sly poke at a presumptive *arriviste*. What is principally wrong with the syndicate, he argues, is (shades of Senator McCarthy!) its "uniquely perceptive and aroused view of, as it always has called it, the international communist conspiracy."

Demonological attacks upon the makers of American foreign policy apparently come in cycles, like seven-year locusts. Sixteen years ago, Senator McCarthy in his Wheeling, West Virginia, speech launched

another onslaught, this one in the name of Populism, against the same types of New Yorkers, then linked with such dimly remembered Manhattanites as Alger Hiss, Frederick Vanderbilt Field, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Philip Jessup, Earl Browder, and Nelson Rockefeller. "It is not the less fortunate or members of minority groups who have been selling this nation out, but rather those who have had all the benefits the wealthiest nation on earth has to offer. . . . The bright young men who are born with silver spoons in their mouths are the ones who have been worse [*sic*]." A shabby case was prepared by some right-wingers to show that certain law firms, the Council on Foreign Relations, the Carnegie Endowment, and other notable Manhattan institutions were actually centers, not of rabid anti-Communism, as Galbraith now claims, but of the international Communist conspiracy itself. (Needless to say, this complex, exotic legend is still retailed by the John Birch Society.)

### Revising the Record

Unlike Professor Galbraith, McCarthy was shrewd enough to omit Nicholas Murray Butler from his scrawled list of supposed demons. This may have been due to the fact that he knew that Butler (once a confidant of Theodore Roosevelt) had disappeared from the scene of effective politics considerably before the Bolshevik Revolution became a matter of general interest to American voters. Indeed, Professor Lindsay Rogers of Columbia, familiar with the correspondence of the university's former president, does not think very much of Butler's influence on foreign policy even before the Bolshevik Revolution. During the administration of Theodore Roosevelt, his extensive correspondence with the President contains no reference whatsoever to matters of foreign policy. Even assuming that Butler signaled his orders by means other than ordinary postal services, it might be proper for a scholar like Professor Galbraith to explore the problem thoroughly before conferring such posthumous flattery upon a man who would have been all too pleased to receive it.

But what of the others accused by

the late Senator and Professor Galbraith of wielding an overwhelming if quite different influence? How much control have the gentlemen-lawyers of Wall Street actually exerted on their deputies in high places? (A senior partner of Sullivan & Cromwell, when asked during the Eisenhower era what he thought about the activities of a member of his firm who was serving as Secretary of State, is said to have replied, "We view him with growing apprehension.") Their roles, and the role of such institutions as the Council on Foreign Relations, the Woodrow Wilson Foundation (started with the help of Franklin D. Roosevelt), and the Carnegie Endowment as catalysts of the U.N. Charter, the Marshall Plan, U.N. economic-aid programs, the devising of constitutional government in West Germany, the containment policy, arms control, and disarmament will perhaps be fully understood only by future diplomatic historians and historians of ideas, but what is already known about them does not seem to affect Professor Galbraith's view that the syndicate never espoused a liberal cause.

Probably—and at best this is based on inferential evidence—it could be said that some of Professor Galbraith's wealthy New York syndicate members (give or take a state or two: Acheson has oscillated between Connecticut and Washington) in their times had rather hard, non-ideological views on the nature of



the world they were "called" to deal with. From all that can be seen, Acheson, when he served as Secretary of State, was a bit patronizing to those Americans who saw the cold war as a struggle with an "international Communist conspiracy." "The part of wisdom," Acheson once told a group of college students, "is to be prepared for what

may happen, rather than to base our course upon faith in what should happen. . . . Here you can be wrong only once."

In Acheson's view, rightly or wrongly, Communism was not the heart of the issue. As he remarked in 1950, "To say that the main motive of American foreign policy was to halt the spread of communism was putting the cart before the horse. The United States was interested in stopping communism chiefly because it had become a subtle instrument of Soviet imperialism." This view put Acheson and other members of the Truman administration at odds with intensely ideological opponents of the limited American policies they had devised to cope with Soviet expansion. Those who perceived the crisis of the cold war in crusading terms, among them the Communists, the fellow travelers, and the isolationists to the right of Senator Robert Taft, were opposed on principle to the thrust of Acheson's policy.

To say this is in no way to disregard some peculiar arch-Episcopal limitations on the perspective of men like Acheson; neither the Third World nor the United Nations ever excited much enthusiasm in such statesmen. (Once when Acheson was asked by an innocent whether he would have preferred being U.S. ambassador at the United Nations to being Secretary of State, he tartly replied that if he had only the first of these options, "like Seneca I would have retired to my bath and opened my veins." His views of the emerging nations were also skeptical; Acheson and others like him were convinced Atlanticists and remain so.) Such attitudes did not endear Acheson to some liberals, yet the positive and immensely constructive liberal elements in his program cannot now be ignored, or, in the interests of revisionist history, be rewritten into something they were not.

**G**ALBRAITH offers a simple explanation of why the New York syndicate members, men "who have never raised their hands on behalf of any liberal policy in their life," are such rabid anti-Communists. Their preoccupation with the Red peril is a function of their pocket-

book. "Communists," he says, "are casual about property rights . . . freedom [to the syndicate] means freedom to make money." But whatever else could be said of the men Galbraith mentioned, it is clear that Stimson, Acheson, Lovett, and McCloy saw that the issues involved in the cold war transcended the American system of private enterprise. In the great debates about the cold war, in which they once played an important role, the role of defending the property system fell to the followers of Senator Taft and to such conservatives as Charlie Wilson of the Eisenhower administration, among whom a pathological concern for private enterprise and fiscal integrity was linked with opposition to the very policies these "syndicate" members consistently advocated. As Taft and his successors often pointed out, policies aimed at an active American role in Europe to check Soviet expansion not only cost money (taxes)



but also threatened the nation with continuous centralization of power over the nation's economic resources. One might well see—as did C. Wright Mills—something in the conservative line of argument that liberals, too, might be concerned with. But it is a far cry from "property rights."

#### Acts of Faith

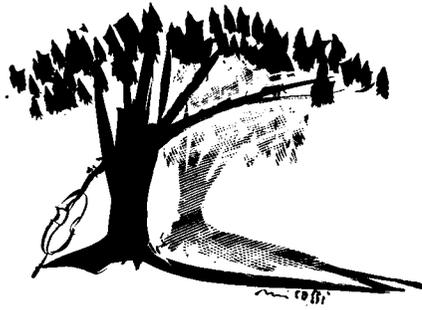
Aside from the validity of Professor Galbraith's argument about the cabalistic solidarity of his group, it is clear that the men he mentions, whatever their present or past influence may have been, did share certain judgments that set them apart from many other Americans, including some liberals. Most of them were convinced of the centrality of Europe, and Europe's fate, to the survival of America. It was the European, not the Asian, war of 1939-1945 that they deemed of prime importance. It was European re-

covery, not the containment of Communism in China or aid to non-western nations, that occupied their attention in the late 1940's. Their "internationalism" was principally concerned with America's "responsible" involvement in a Europe-centered system of world politics. They shared neither the chauvinistic nationalism of General Douglas MacArthur about America's "mission" in the Pacific and Asia nor the well-meaning Asia First aspirations of Chester Bowles and other liberals, which sought to shift American resources to developmental enterprises in the Third World. Like Stimson, many of those whom Galbraith enumerates preferred to see the cold war at its height not as an immense ideological confrontation but as a classic confrontation of power between national aggregates.

It may be that the concerns that brought these men to prominence are now irrelevant as central concerns of policy, at a time when seemingly it is America's relationship with non-European nations that requires careful reassessment. (There is a patronizing tone in some of Acheson's recent remarks about Europe and de Gaulle—he sounds somewhat like the doctor who cannot reconcile himself to the recovery of his patient—but this is another matter.)

In much of the current re-examination of the world and of American policy in it, politicians and political writers are now tempted to rewrite history in order to shape the future. There is nothing novel in this. Charles A. Beard, who frequently indulged himself in the habit, referred to it as "Written History as an Act of Faith." The object of historical analysis, he said, was to "influence the present and the future, in a direction that the historian considers socially desirable." (G. M. Trevelyan, on the other hand, said that the object of history was "to know and understand the past on all its sides.") Unfortunately, one way to gain an audience for a new idea is to stumble on an Establishment in a foggy night of national distress. It is a comfortable mode of catharsis. If They are so bad, and so responsible for it all, we Outsiders must be pretty good after all.

## AT HOME & ABROAD



# The Raid on Castalia

MARYA MANNES

I WAS ASLEEP when the police came to Castalia. At least, I had gone to bed before eleven and was aware only at a dim level of consciousness of a great deal of noise and movement around the sixty-two-room house where Dr. Timothy Leary lived. The noise was quite different from the sounds I heard from his room above when I first fell asleep: music with a regular cadence, and the occasional shuffling of feet. I assumed that this noise was merely late party-making by the twenty-four other people spending the night there, and I remember thinking it must be very late and wishing they could be more considerate.

At some point I was conscious that the woman who shared my room had gone to the door to find out what was going on. She came back shortly and said, "The police are raiding us. They want to search us."

I got out of bed and started to put on my raincoat over my improvised nightwear of shorts and a sweater, but she said, "No, they want us to strip." A policewoman with a pleasant face who wore a red suit and carried a shoulder bag came in and we stood there naked while she looked at the inside of our arms and thighs for needle marks.

"I'm just a middle-aged square," I told her. She smiled and said, "So am I, dear," apologized for bothering us, and went out of the room. We learned later that while all the men's belongings were ransacked, only the women were stripped.

We slung on pants and tops and

went out on the landing where most of the others were sitting or standing while state troopers and plainclothesmen passed back and forth, searching the maze of rooms for whatever they could find. Occasionally they would return with a paper box, a plant, or a package and take them downstairs. Once someone asked what was in a box, and the trooper said "Goodies!"

Leary was among us, in the jeans and light blue shirt he had worn all day, his bare feet dirty from



hours spent chopping down thickets and small trees in a fir grove back of the house.

"I was told they'd be around some time," he said, "and I've cleared everything out of the house. Anyway, if I were hiding anything, it would be in a place they couldn't find."

His sixteen-year-old son Jack sat on the landing near him with a sullen look on his handsome face. Sometimes he strummed a guitar or banjo. He was joined from time to time by a young man who improvised with him on his own guitar.

**D**URING the four hours on the landing of the main stairwell, guarded above and below by plainclothesmen and other troopers, seated or coming and going, we talked and drank cheap red wine from a gallon Leary brought up

from the pantry or tea brought by others. We talked and waited and speculated and sometimes joked, but nobody thought it was funny.

It was nearly four in the morning before the police searched my room. In their haste to get through the sliding door they pushed me against a painting on the wall back of me. It fell with a resounding crash and knocked over the wine jug, which somehow on its downward hurtle nicked the upper lip of a young woman standing near me. Blood started to pour from under her nose, while dark wine stains spread on the green mat at our feet. She was taken to the bathroom and mopped up, and returned holding a wad of Kleenex to her mouth.

People were then taken downstairs one at a time for questioning. This intelligent and gentle young woman, who looked much younger than her twenty-eight years, was asked, among other things, "Have you had sexual intercourse here?" She said no, she hadn't, and told us later that she wondered what that had to do with anything anyway. Searching through her effects, they took her Vitamin A tablets, her Bufferin, and her prescription diarrhea pills.

The police took down our names and addresses, but asked of me only whether I was the one "that knocked down that picture." I said yes, it had fallen down when I was shoved against the wall. Why this should be the only clue of identity of interest to the law mystified me.

At about four-thirty we were all summoned downstairs and told to wait outside the living room. There Leary, mustering a smile, addressed us: "I have an announcement to make. We are in the hands of the Chinese and the Russians. But we have our own agents working too!" There was scattered and rather forced laughter.

Then we were told to congregate in the living room, where we sat on the mattresses and faced about twelve of the agents of the law at the far end of the room. One of them said, "Those of you whose names I will call off can leave the room."

A young girl who had seemed terrified all through the raid turned to me and whispered, "Then we're not criminals, are we? Does that mean