

blandly states that Laurence Duggan, a member of the Soviet *apparat* in the State Department, “jumped or fell” from a 16th-story window in New York—clearly a defenestration (much like Jan Masaryk’s in Prague) to prevent him from corroborating the testimony of Whittaker Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley.

The Haunted Wood is subtitled *Soviet Espionage in America—The Stalin Era*. However, it merely scratches the surface of what was already known, while failing to add anything substantive to our knowledge of the subject. Nowhere is there any mention of, say, Arthur Alexandrovitch Adams, a ranking Soviet espionage agent, who entered the United States on the very day in the early 1930’s that Maxim Litvinov, in acknowledging U.S. diplomatic recognition of the U.S.S.R., promised President Roosevelt that Soviet espionage and subversion would cease. Adams set up major Soviet espionage rings in the United States, among them the *apparat* from which grew the atomic spy ring of which J. Robert Oppenheimer was a part.

There is little in the Weinstein *opus* about these germinal activities. And of the first blockbusting case—the defection of GRU Lt. Igor Gouzenko with documents which shook the complacency of Canada, Britain, and the United States, leading to meetings between Prime Minister Mackenzie King and President Truman—there is nothing at all, other than the simple statement that Lt. Gouzenko defected. Gouzenko’s assertion to me (as the first newsmen to interview him) that there were *nine* Soviet spy rings operating in the United States seems to have escaped Professor Weinstein and his collaborator, who are also not interested in Gouzenko’s later disclosure that Lester Pearson—Canadian foreign secretary and later prime minister—was one of the Soviet Union’s own.

The Haunted Wood ignores entirely the notorious *Amerasia* case, involving the theft of some 1,700 secret documents from every sensitive government agency with the exception of the FBI, which led to an even more notorious whitewash by President Truman’s attorney general, Tom Clark. (“Journalistic zeal,” the Justice Department told the court.) Of Owen Lattimore, there is not a word, nor of the brigade of Soviet agents who hung out at the Institute of Pacific Relations. Though he has Flora Lewis’s *Red Pawn* in his bibliography, Professor Weinstein

finds it unnecessary to describe Noel Field’s role in the Office of Strategic Services (or his role as Judas Goat in Stalin’s postwar “liquidations” in Hungary), though he is fully aware of Field’s activities as an espionage agent in Washington. In the case of the OSS, of course, we are given little clue to the Soviets’ thorough penetration of it, though Weinstein does scatter a few names about. Yet the most sensitive of sections, the Central European desk of the OSS, was staffed almost totally by Herbert Marcuse and the Comintern’s International Institute of Social Research (the “Frankfurt School”) which worked through Noel Field—and, after the war, through U.S. occupation authorities—in an effort to deliver postwar Germany to the Soviet Union. And there is nothing of how field operations were conducted by Major Milton Wolff and his fellow veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, their hands still bloody from Stalin’s purges during the Spanish Civil War. These are but a few of Professor Weinstein’s sins of omission. He must be credited, however, for devoting over 29 pages to the comedic case of Boris Morros, a minor Hollywood producer, who played no significant role in the major espionage and infiltration operations while thoroughly conning the Soviet secret services into setting him up in business and separating them from some minor amounts of cash.

As the author of *Perjury*, Allen Weinstein should have had the last authoritative word on Alger Hiss, in particular on his activities in the 1940’s and 1950’s. Yet we are not told of his delivery to a leftist columnist of the secret British order of battle in the Greek postwar hostilities, thereby forcing British forces to withdraw and compelling President Truman to substitute American troops. Or of how the Hiss report to the United Nations—describing Panama as a “colony”—almost blew us out of the water in Latin America and contributed to our subsequent loss of the Panama Canal.

The Haunted Wood does enhance accounts of well-known cases with material drawn from Soviet secret archives. And for those who had their heads buried in the sand during the Cold War, or relied on the liberal press, there is some new information. For others, better grounded in the great game of foxes (as Ladislav Farrago called it), Weinstein’s book can provide little more than added affirmation that the Soviets, aided and abetted

by Americans in and out of government, spied with impunity while the nation slept. While the full story is slowly emerging, through the Venona intercepts as well as the partial opening of Soviet KGB archives, much of it remains to be told—which is why even so thin an account as *The Haunted Wood* is of value.

Ralph de Toledano is the author, most recently, of Notes From the Underground: The Whittaker Chambers-Ralph de Toledano Correspondence: 1949-1960.

It Takes Smarm

by J.O. Tate

**Dear Socks, Dear Buddy:
Kids’ Letters to the First Pets**
by Hillary Rodham Clinton
New York: Simon & Schuster;
203 pp., \$20.00



Anyone entertaining an unpleasant thought about the Clinton White House is almost certainly a victim of the “vast right-wing conspiracy” which Mrs. Clinton (formerly Ms. Rodham-Clinton) has blamed for her husband’s travails. For many years, the Clintons have used the word “children” as an odd euphemism for “government,” Joycelyn Elders and Marian Wright Edelman being but the best known of their associates in this regard. In any case, Mrs. Clinton, woman of letters, is back, following up her compelling *It Takes a Village* with the present remarkable volume, which will set to rest any unwarranted suspicions or hostilities, and by the surest of methods. *Dear Socks, Dear Buddy* should allay whatever fears or apprehensions the public may have entertained about the sinister mentality of the First Family.

In the first place, no reader need be concerned that any profits from *Dear Socks, Dear Buddy* will be diverted to the many legal defense funds of the President, the First Lady, or their allies. The proceeds will go directly to the National Park Foundation, because Mrs. Clinton is devoted to the integrity of the nation, to historic preservation, and to the main-

tenance of national memory. In short, she thinks like a matriarch. She is selflessly devoted to the transgenerational sense of our country and voices only the noblest of patriotic sentiments. Though Mrs. Clinton presents herself as a First Lady through and through, some may be as disappointed as I was that she did not choose to reveal her secret method for making a 10,000 percent profit on an investment in one year. (No doubt she will answer that, and many other questions, in her *next* book.) We just have to remember that *this* book was devoted to kids' letters to the First Pets. Let's try to stay focused, shall we?

Secondly, *Dear Socks, Dear Buddy* is definitely the best book about kids' letters to Socks and Buddy that I have ever seen. I don't mean that all the letters are here—it's just a vibrant sampling of a vast outpouring. But before I dispense some enticing quotes, I think it would be nice to stop and think about how many letters there were, and how nice it was of Mrs. Clinton to let the veterans at the U.S. Soldiers' and Airmen's Home in Washington handle all the mail and answer the letters, and how nice again to let us know how nice she was. There aren't any nasty letters here, thank goodness, of the "How come you SOB's don't go back where you came from? Signed, Dave" variety, or of the "Why they so many Lisbeans in yo cabinette?" stripe, or of the "Socks and Buddy ain't the only animals in the White House" ilk. The letters from our nation's selected children are sweet, humorous, and kindhearted. The texts could only be properly appreciated by the unredeemed Ebenezer Scrooge, but on the whole it's nice to know that this is a book that anyone can read without getting all upset, and you don't even have to read much because there are so many pictures of Bill and Hillary in intimate family snapshots, in color.

Mrs. Clinton does *not* say, either because she could not do so without inviting horse laughs or because she just did not want to, that there is much here to invite a sense of pride in the nation's parents and teachers. The triviality of thought and the illiteracy of much of the expression in the letters does not bode well for the future of the nation that Mrs. Clinton cares so much about. She does say, "What touches me most about the letters is how much the children give of themselves." I wish she had been able to say, "Our children have mastered the elements of orthography, grammar, and

rhetoric. Besides that, they are serious youngsters, properly concerned with our culture and civilization." The evidence is otherwise. Perhaps Mrs. Clinton simply thinks that "giving of themselves" means "revealing their lack." Or maybe what she is thinking is that in ten years these "children" will be "voters."

These young students seem not to take school very seriously, and I don't know why they should. Aimee Buchanan writes, "The stuff I like in school is math, lunch, music, gym and trips. We went to a show and it was fun. We ate lunch before we went and we went on a bus. We watch TV in school."

Looking for any irony or discursive reflection among the letters is unrewarding, but Anna Campbell makes a stab at providing some: "Does the president drink a lot of coffee? He might want to switch to decafe!"

"Ha! Ha!"

Gregory Kohl's closing question to Socks brings a welcome gothic element: "have you ever seen the Gohst of lincoln?"

The most tragic letter is from Willy DeCamp, addressed to Socks. "Is it nice living at the Whitehouse? I used to have a Dog but we had to sell it because it scratched a little boy on a tricycle then the police officer."

Emily Forden asks Buddy an astute question: "Do you help the president make new laws and government decisions?" And Jillian McGaffigan, referring to cat/dog conflict, uses the suggestive word "JELLUS," which should have

been stricken from this volume for reasons needless to relate.

So here is my third point (I've been counting). There is little spark in these letters. The subtextual interest in *Dear Socks, Dear Buddy* is in Mrs. Clinton and her projection of an idyllic home life in the White House, which is somehow related to a vision of the nation that is at once kitschy-koo nice-ums and imperial. She cannot write many words (if, in fact, she writes any at all) without references to her own virtue or to the government which she seems to have confused with those powers formerly attributed to the Deity, citing it as the authority on education, literacy, writing, and pet care. (Mrs. Clinton recommends neutering without exception for all pets, which I thought a bit much until I remembered how that policy jibes with others concerning "reproductive services.")

I don't doubt for a second that *Dear Socks, Dear Buddy* is a provocative look at hot-button issues, written with bold frankness by a woman who once scorned baking cookies and standing by her man. Made over on a recent cover of *Vogue*, Hillary Rodham Clinton knows how to manipulate the American public. What *Dear Socks, Dear Buddy* tells me—in its nuanced, piquant, poignant, starry-eyed, heartfelt, and cornfed way—is that the non-author of this non-book is running for office.

J.O. Tate is a professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island.

Kind Words on a Thursday

by Constance Rowell Mastores

It seems that thoroughly modern verse,
at odds with rhyme and reason,
has been exceedingly short with us—
or long for that very reason.