Professor Oliver could no doubt furnish a number of classical examples of that sort of thing. As unfinished students of the Professor, we would be satisfied merely to refer to the whole business as a *locus classicus.*

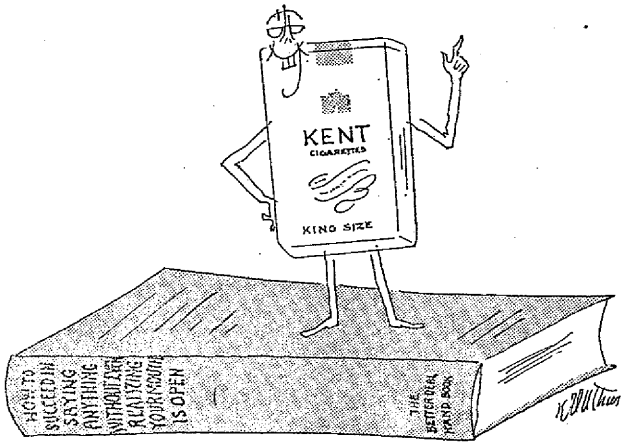
The Plot to Clear Lee Oswald

. . . is beginning to look much more like a plot, than any alleged plot to kill John Kennedy. The Communist Party is obviously (see "Warren's Secret" below) interested in clearing Oswald. But so is the non-Communist Left, and the more-or-less non-Communist Left, for fearfully intricate reasons that go to the root of the leftist psyche. No time here for etiological analysis. But the most recent symptoms are a rash of articles challenging the guilt of Oswald in: the *New Republic* ("The Seeds of Doubt" by Jack Minnis and Staughton Lind); the *Spectator* ("The Riddle of Dallas" by Mordecai Breinberg); *Commentary* ("The Oswald Affair" by Léo Sauvage); and, most notably, *L'Express* ("A Report on the Assassination" by Thomas Buchanan).

We say most notably, because *L'Express*'s Buchanan comes right out and says that Oswald didn't do it, and that Dallas policemen were certainly involved.

Buchanan, whose thesis is the talk of Europe, is introduced by *L'Express* as a "mathematician" and a "computer programmer," which is true enough.

But much more that is true, and much much more that is relevant about Buchanan was *not* published by *L'Express,* and may not for all we know be known to *L'Express.* We have, by doing a little digging, established that three persons, shown Buchanan's picture in *L'Express,* say they knew him as a member of the Party in 1948. At that time he was fired from the *Washington Star* after confessing his Party affiliation. In 1956, he claims to have given up the Party—more or less, one gathers from his statement, out of ennui. But he has not stopped looking for fascist plots, and selling them to gullible Liberals. The Warren Commission, when it is through with its examination, might consider the plot to clear Lee Oswald.



"To take it a step further: No Medical Evidence or Scientific Endorsement has Proved Any Other Brand of Weasel and Pork to be Superior to the Johnson-Rusk-McNamara Brand!"

Warren's Secret

We make it a point to ask those we meet who are concerned with the investigation by the Warren Commission into the death of President Kennedy: What can Mr. Warren have had in mind when he uttered those resonant words a month ago, that in our lifetime we shall not know some of the things the Commission has learned about the assassination? There is no common guess. Different people give widely different guesses. The Chief Justice has given no satisfactory explanation for his enigmatic and provocative statement. But what an effect it has had! In Europe, it serves as the cornerstone of the Faith in the religion that holds that the assassination was not simply the aberrational act of a lone killer, but rather a collective endeavor.

We have heard many versions of what Warren might have had in mind. Some are inherently preposterous (*e.g.,* "It was a plot of the Dallas Police Department, and America is trying to save face by burying the story"); some heavily technical ("The security arrangements were loused up. The Secret Service knew all about Oswald, but neglected to run him in, and we dare not confess to this terrible act of negligence"); some churlish ("Warren had in mind disgraceful behavior by members of the Presidential party in the motorcade . . .").

One answer from a former member of the Central Intelligence Agency strikes us as plausible enough to merit being passed along. Our friend, who has been intensively schooled in the practices of espionage and counterespionage, reasons as follows:

Oswald, as everybody knows, had spent many months in the Soviet Union, and not because he liked the landscape there, but because he had declared himself in essential sympathy with Communism. Granted, in due course he tired of life in Minsk; but he never renounced his philosophical fidelity to Communism, and it is clear from his behavior on his return to this country, where he took several opportunities to espouse the cause of Castro's Cuba, that his political allegiance had not changed. He did not, in other words, apparently leave Russia because of any conversion away from Communism.

That being the case, our friend said, the chances

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE UNITED NATIONS
by Gerhart Niemeyer

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER reviews
SUICIDE OF THE WEST

are overwhelming that before he left Russia the Soviet Union had recruited him as an agent.

It is important to understand just what this means. The recruitment of agents does not presuppose that one has in mind the execution of any particular act by that agent. It is often a purely routine matter. A secret service, spotting a man sympathetic to its government who is about to emigrate to the enemy country, will enter into a loose arrangement with him, redeemable at some future moment, when and if a suitable occasion should arise. The Soviet Union might very well have recruited Oswald as an agent—in the sense of arriving at an understanding with him that if the contingency should arise when he might be found to be especially useful, in some connection or other, the secret service would get in touch with him.

There are thousands such persons in America, who have come in from the Iron Curtain; and there are a number such who have left the United States to live in Russia, though to be sure far fewer, since the heavy traffic is in one direction.

Consider, now, the event of November 22, 1963. Kennedy shot dead, and Oswald apprehended. The Soviet secret police search their records and find that in fact Oswald had been recruited as a secret agent. Suppose, further, that the Soviet Government had knowledge that United States counterespionage forces had penetrated the arrangement, and knew that Oswald had been formally recruited; or that, if the U.S. Government did not already know about the contract, they might very well, in the heat of the investigation, find out about it imminently.

If we assume, as we most decidedly do, that the Soviet secret service did not give Oswald orders to kill the President, one can imagine the consternation in the Kremlin on the morrow of November 22. Suppose their routine arrangement with Oswald were to become public knowledge! Imagine the public uproar in the United States, and all those bristling atomic bombs! Might not Khrushchev have communicated immediately with the new President to say: We confess we had Oswald as a stringer, but so help us, we gave him no order to assassinate the President of the United States. Johnson, almost surely, would have responded gratefully (why should he desire to initiate his tenure with an apocalyptic confrontation with the Soviet Union as defendant in an act of magnicide?)—and nervously (how profoundly important to keep away from the inflammable imagination of the American people, details of the formal connection between Oswald and the Kremlin!).

That, the hypothesis is, is what Warren had in mind, when he spoke of the necessity that the American people wait a generation or so before they are told the background of the assassination. But Mr. Warren, of course, put his foot in his mouth. Because for all his authority, he does not have the power to say to the people about his own careless remark: Strike that from the record. The people heard it the first time, and in Europe, at any rate, they are running to the circus with it.

It occurs to us that Mr. Warren's remark that the people will not know in their lifetime the meaning of Kennedy's assassination, is consistent with Mr. Warren's position about the meaning of the United States Constitution. Certainly we shall not know during *his* lifetime what it means.

Notes and Asides

We have been beset by mail from the heart-stricken who, after reading the Letters Column in the last issue, assume that Editor Frank Meyer has gone over to the enemy. Take heart. Our Mr. Frank Meyer of Woodstock, New York, is not the Mr. Frank Meyers of Newark, N.J., not even no kin. No, that's not right: not even kin. For those who have no idea what we are talking about, having failed to read, or recall, the letter of Mr. Meyers in the last issue, we offer a special bargain: a copy of the said issue, with scatological marginalia by *our* Mr. Frank Meyer, for five dollars per copy. The supply is limited.

Most of our readers have received a letter, giving the embarrassing details of NATIONAL REVIEW's indigence, and many have generously responded. In that letter we promised to report, by April 1st, whether the prospects were good for our continuing publication. The time has come, and the answer is: we expect to survive. The phrase is cautious only out of necessity. Some of our readers are as dilatory as most of our writers, and make a mental resolve to contribute to the NATIONAL REVIEW Fund Appeal which they redeem in their own good time, and God bless them for the thought, and doubly for the deed. If we can count on as many post-April 1 contributions as we had last year, and the year before, and there is no reason we can think of why we cannot, then we can say: we are with you, thanks to you, for another year.

We take the opportunity to note the extraordinary