

UNITED NATIONS
"ON TRIAL"
IN
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Rita, in "THIEVES' PARADISE": — *"Every American boy killed in Korea was murdered by the U. N."*

By MYRON C. FAGAN

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"UNITED NATIONS" ON TRIAL

At 8:30 P.M., on the night of May 20, 1956, the curtain of the Shubert Theatre in Washington, D.C., rose on what might well be called the actual American premiere of "Thieves' Paradise", the play I wrote in 1946 to warn the American people that the "United Nations" had been created for the sole purpose of destroying the sovereignty of the United States — and to transform the U.S. into an impotent unit of a Communist One-World Government.

The reason I say that that opening performance in Washington was the *actual* premiere of this play is that while it had previously been produced in Los Angeles in 1947-48, and again in 1952, this was the first time it had been performed as it was originally written — with every revelation of the frightening plot against the American people intact.

Those who have read my book, "RED TREASON in HOLLYWOOD", will recall that when I produced the play in Los Angeles several of the actors, *encouraged and abetted by their Union, "Actors' Equity Association"*, rebelled and refused to put foot on stage unless I deleted virtually all the lines that revealed the plot of the UN to destroy the U.S. This time I combed the profession for actors whom I *knew* to be loyal to their country — *among them several who had worked for me in the past . . .* this time none of the actors rebelled — and their Union did not dare, *as it did in 1948*, to inspire rebellion. Thus, for the first time, "Thieves' Paradise" was played as it was originally written.

I had just one supreme objective in presenting "Thieves' Paradise" in Washington: I wanted to put the "United Nations" *on trial* before the Congress of the United States!

For years, in reply to demands from alerted American patriots for withdrawal from the UN, the vast majority of the members of both Houses of Congress contended that they could not take such action because they had no proof that the UN was a plot to destroy the U.S. . . . that they had no proof that the UN was set up to be a sanctuary for Red spies and saboteurs and American traitors . . . that they had no proof of a secret agreement between Alger Hiss and Molotov whereby a Moscow Red was *always* to be the head of the military department of the UN — and they pointed to the *false* statements by Henry Cabot Lodge and Eleanor that the UN has never had a military department, or a military staff . . . and many of them pooh-poohed when told that Moscow's delegation to the

UN is nothing more nor less than an MVD (Secret Police) outpost in the United States.

Well, "Thieves' Paradise" contains that proof — proof that is based on "top secret" documents issued by our own State Department; by the Department of Defense, by the UN! It establishes beyond the shadow of a doubt that all of the above charges are factual . . . *it establishes beyond the shadow of a doubt that all of the American boys who were killed in Korea were murdered by the UN!*

When I first broached the proposition of producing the play in Washington to my colleagues in CEG, I submitted two reasons for it:

1) The reviews of the play would have to mention the charges against the UN. True, the "Washington Post" is notoriously known as the Washington replica of the "Daily Worker", and it was a foregone conclusion that its critic would — *as he did* — ridicule the charges and do his utmost to "kill" the play — *but I knew that he could not avoid calling attention to the charges*. Equally true, the other two newspapers in Washington are only slightly less pink — and *their* critics would do similar "hatchet" jobs; but, they, too, could not avoid mentioning the charges. Thus, the UN would be forced to do one of two things: sue me for libel *and place itself on trial in a civil court, with all the attendant front page publicity* — or, by remaining silent, acknowledge the truth of the charges.

2) Proclaiming those charges from the stage of a theatre in the very city in which they are functioning would put every member of both Houses "on notice" . . . *especially if the UN would fail to take legal action to disprove those charges!* A mere denial in the press is not sufficient. If those charges are false I am guilty of criminal libel and should be put behind bars. If those charges are true the UN is guilty of a heinous plot against the American people and it should be hurled out of the United States! And every member of both Houses of Congress should promptly move to have the whole matter placed on trial on the floors of both Houses . . . *that is the least they can do to protect the American people* — whose votes placed them in office.

Thirdly: There are many millions of otherwise loyal Americans with whom the UN is nothing less than a Holy of Holies — who scoff at and revile those who so much as intimate that the UN is less than Divine. Well, those charges hurled from the stage of a

theatre in Washington, right in the faces of Ike and Miltie and Dulles and all the other protectors of the UN, should at least shake their faith in that monstrosity. *Especially if the UN should fail to take legal action to disprove those charges!*

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OBJECTIVE ACHIEVED!

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My CEG colleagues heartily approved my objective, but most of them refused to believe it could be achieved. They doubted that I could find actors courageous enough to appear in the play — *and, believe me, it did require great courage*, they doubted that I would be able to get a theatre in Washington — of which there are only two suitable for stage productions, and they were *most positive* that the newspapers would give the play a complete “blackout” — that the critics would not review it. My reply was that I would find the actors — that I would get a theatre — and that the critics would not dare to ignore me or the play. I said that they would undoubtedly tear the play and me to shreds — but they would review . . . *and I was right in all respects.*

Many of my colleagues were also positive that very few Senators and Representatives would come to see the play. My reply to that was: if only fifty of them would attend the opening night, on the following morning the entire story would be known to every member of both Houses . . . *and I was correct on that count, too.*

Now, there were no distinguished actors in my cast — not even the friendliest of *Stars* would dare to appear in this kind of a play. There had been no advance publicity fan-fare, such as my name should normally have caused — after all, this was my 43rd play, many of them resounding Broadway hits which had been acclaimed with fervor by the Washington critics. But these same critics virtually ignored the advance announcements about “Thieves’ Paradise” . . . because they knew what this play would tell the American people.

Nevertheless, a great audience assembled for this opening night— great in numbers and great in distinction. There were many Cabinet members and *more than 60 Senators and Representatives* in the house; among them Senators Mundt, Martin of Pennsylvania, Arthur V. Watkins of Utah, Representatives Dewey Short of Missouri, Frank Ikard of Texas, Dawson of Utah — in fact, the cream of Washington’s notables. All came early. Some went directly to their seats; others clustered in groups in the lobby of the theatre.

There was tense excitement, mixed with considerable apprehension. Whispered comments and nervously shrill tones betrayed the general expectancy . . . several Congressmen told me that from the day the play had been announced Capitol Hill had been rife with rumors that it would not be allowed to open. Individuals, directly and indirectly connected with the UN, had pulled all possible wires to get the State Department, then various government agencies, to prevent the play from opening — with no success. Attempts to get an injunction met with similar non-success.

The attempts to get a court order to prevent the opening performance holds a significant note: the injunction seekers were told that their only recourse under our laws was to wait for the first performance, then, if the play contains libel and or slander, they could promptly enter suit and, very likely, obtain an injunction against further performances. The injunction seekers retorted that such an action would be too late — the very first performance would put the charges in the play on record . . . and a libel suit would only emphasize the charges and thus create public opinion against the UN.

They finally gave up all hope of preventing the play from opening — and decided to depend upon their control of the press, radio and TV to at least minimize the damage it would do. Several of the actors had been scheduled for interviews on radio broadcasts, and I had been scheduled to be interviewed on TV on the day after the opening — on the *Friday before* the opening all those interviews were cancelled. And on that same day it became known on the Hill — *and throughout Washington* — that the critics of the three papers had been instructed, "*from the top*", to unanimously "slaughter" the play. On the theory that if all the reviews were in accord they would surely accomplish the "slaughter" job — and the charges in the play would quickly be forgotten.

All of it was amazingly reminiscent of the time I first produced "Thieves' Paradise" in Los Angeles — and "Red Rainbow" in New York. At 8: 25 the curtain warning buzzed in the lobby. The startled seat holders rushed to their seats. The lights in the auditorium began to dim . . . a golden red glow appeared in the footlights . . . the audience hushed into breathless silence . . . then a great sigh broke it as the curtain went up. For two long minutes everybody sat tense with nervous anticipation — there had been threats of stench bombs and other forms of violence. Then the play swept into its stride — and the audience forgot the threats.

THE CRITICS OBEY THEIR ORDERS

As previously stated, the critics had been ordered to "slaughter" the play with their reviews: all three were to be in accord that "Thieves' Paradise" is an atrociously bad play — and that Myron C. Fagan is a vile and vicious character assassin. Unfortunately for the three Washington critics (?) they were *too* much in accord. All three employed the same slogans, the same vilifications, the same form of attack — and even identical verbiage. One doesn't even have to read between the lines to see that all three reviews had been written *on order*. That is so obvious that it is quite conceivable that one individual might have written all of them . . . I will let the reviews speak for themselves.

However, before I submit the reviews I wish to stress two features that establish beyond all doubt that it was a *planned* and *deliberate* "slaughter" job:

1) Richard Coe, the Washington Post critic, is an old friend and admirer of Carleton Young, a member of the "Thieves' Paradise" cast. On Young's arrival in Washington Coe telephoned him and they arranged to meet in Young's room at the Raleigh Hotel after the critic had turned in his review. At exactly twelve minutes after eleven o'clock on the opening night Coe was observed to enter a taxicab in front of the theatre, bound for his desk at the "Post". The "Post" is exactly 14 blocks from the Shubert Theatre. The fastest of taxi drivers could not cover that distance in less than 12 to 15 minutes. Add to that the time consumed in paying the driver and the ride in the elevator. But I will give Coe the benefit of the doubt and say that he was at his desk by 11:25 — *thirteen minutes* after he left the theatre. At 10 minutes to 12 Miss Louise Murray, a member of CEG, called Mr. Young's room. Young informed her that Coe had arrived "*a few minutes ago*," had given him a galley proof of his review (Young later gave it to Miss Murray), and that they were about to go out for "*a drink and a bite*." Now, the distance between the "Post" and the Raleigh Hotel is eleven blocks. Assuming that he had not been delayed by traffic, Coe *could* have made that distance in 10 minutes. Thus, Coe wrote (?) his review, put it on the press and pulled a galley proof between 11:25 and 11:40 — *a total of 15 minutes!* . . . Furthermore, the bulldog edition of the "Post", which hits the streets *before* midnight, contained the review! . . . What kind of a trick of legerdemain did critic (?) Coe employ to accomplish all that in *fifteen minutes?* . . . And bear in mind, I did not charge up against him the time he lost getting from

his taxicab to Young's room — or the "few minutes" he had been there before Miss Murray's call.

The answer is obvious — Coe wrote that review *before* he saw the play. The time element convicts him. And the reviews in the "Star" and the "Daily News" were so startlingly similar, the same finger points at the critics of those two newspapers!

2) The second feature is equally revealing. According to my previously indicated informants on Capitol Hill, all three of the Washington critics were set to write "slaughter" reviews; the Wire Services (AP, UP and INS) were to refuse to cover the opening — *on the ground that their critics covered only Broadway openings*. Therefore, with nobody to contradict them, Coe and his colleagues felt perfectly safe, and wielded their hatchets with the savagery of Apaches on the warpath. But, alack and alas for them, the Chicago Tribune had very quietly decided to cover the opening.

In their reviews, the Washington critics piteously wailed that all the foreign names in the play confused them — conveniently forgetting that Zhukov, Molotov, Sobelov, among other such names, have been front page for many years; they bitterly complained that the play itself was crudely constructed and so ineptly written that they simply could not follow the story . . . *bear in mind that this is my 43rd play, not my first*. To prove their point, they garbled and distorted enough of the dialogue to make their confusion quite plausible; for example: at one point the play tells that Winston Churchill, alarmed by Eisenhower's apparent intention to let Zhukov take all of Germany, warned Ike that he had ordered Montgomery to attack the Russians if they marched one mile deeper into German territory — the critic of the "Star" blithely stated that Churchill had ordered Montgomery to attack General Patton's army.

Oh, yes, they had quite a field day with their reviews on Monday — but on Tuesday the Chicago Tribune review arrived in Washington. *And, oh, what a difference!* The Tribune critic was not at all confused by the names — he did not find the play crudely constructed or ineptly written — and he had no difficulty whatsoever in following the story.

And now let's look at the reviews — but, first, in order to remove all doubt from the minds of *all* skeptics that this job of assassination was deliberate and blueprinted well in advance, I will identify the "Masterminds" behind it.

Our November 1954 News-Bulletin was entitled "FREEDOM OF THE PRESS — TO PROMOTE TREASON?" In that issue I exposed how the "Anti-Defamation League", commonly known as the

ADL, with its absolute control of the advertising appropriations of Department Stores and various other industries, dictates the editorial policies of our Press, Radio, TV and *all* public communications systems. I established, *with documentary evidence*, that the ADL is the mastermind behind the plot to destroy the sovereignty of the United States and to enslave the American people in a Communist One World Government. One of the Executive Vice Presidents of the ADL is Eugene Meyer, owner of the Washington Post and Times Herald. In that "News-Bulletin" I established that Meyer, through the ADL, is the absolute dictator of the editorial policies of the Washington "Star" and the "Daily News". Meyer is also the not so invisible man behind the throne in the "Associated Press".

However, the ADL's "*Destroy Myron C. Fagan*" edict was issued long before that 1954 expose. As a matter of *recorded* fact, I incurred the hatred of that treason gang in 1946 — when I first began my fight against Communism — a full year before I even knew of the existence of this treason gang. It broke out openly immediately after I NAMED the Hollywood Reds in my curtain speech on the opening night of this very same play at the El Patio Theatre in Hollywood.

Therefore, when I decided to re-open "Thieves' Paradise" in Washington, I knew that I was stepping right into the enemy's camp. Weeks before the actual opening night, I knew that there was a hastily gathered conclave of the ADL's top brass in Eugene Meyer's sanctum sanctorum to make plans for an ambush that was not only to destroy the play, but was to wipe Myron C. Fagan out of the fight against the Great Conspiracy . . . and orders were issued to the three dramatic critics to "kill" the play with reviews that would ridicule and revile it — and which would at the same time brand Fagan as a dangerous, *ignorant* radical, crackpot and liar.

I knew all that, but I also knew that even if I never got beyond the opening night I would have achieved my objective, to-wit: the charges that the "United Nations" is a mortal enemy of the United States and is a plot to destroy our sovereignty and our Freedoms would be a matter of record — and our Congress would no longer have any excuses for refusing to take the necessary action to withdraw the U.S. from the U.N. and expel the U. N. from the U.S.

It was a calculated risk — just as General MacArthur's Inchon Invasion was a calculated risk. It was a risk well taken — it has provided the American people with the only kind of "ammunition" that can enable them to force action by the men their votes send to Congress.

THE REVIEWS

THE WASHINGTON DAILY NEWS, MONDAY, MAY 21, 1956

WAKE UP AMERICA!

IT'S 1952 ALREADY!

By TOM DONNELLY

"THIEVES' PARADISE" (at the Shubert) isn't one of your trumpet-tarcs or vulgar sex dramas. It is intellectual, political, historical, and metaphysical. Playwright Myron C. Fagan, who is identified in the program as the man who served as public relations director in 1946 for the election campaign of Charles Evans Hughes, has boldly flung upon the stage a tense study of political intrigue in the Balkans.

The play begins in a Bulgarian cellar, where a female leader of the underground is explaining to an American spy that she happens to have in her possession films and tape recordings which will prove that certain high U. S. officials sold their country down the Yalta river. The time is 1952.

IT'S A PLOT

According to this lady, the master plan is that the high U. S. officials will help the Russians to use the United Nations as a Trojan horse. Treaties will be passed, one after the other, and the effect of these will be to subvert the U. S. Constitution until it is no more than a few shreds and patches. One deadly morning all of us Americans will awaken to find ourselves murdered in our beds. Politically murdered, that is.

I won't lie to you. Politics has never been my long suit. Mr. Fagan delves so daringly into so many complicated issues that I wasn't always able to follow him. The people in that Bulgarian cellar speak knowingly of Hiss, Roosevelt, Eisenhower, Stalin, and Genocide. Sometimes they explain themselves, as in a little lecture on Genocide. But most of the big names are dropped rather casually and a lot of Mr. Fagan's deeper intentions bounced right off me.

There were moments when I thought 'Thieves' Paradise' must have been intended as a plea for the Bricker amendment. But there were others when it seemed to be a condemnation of Vodka. 'Vodka killed Generalissimo Roosevelt,' one of the conspirators says. Come to think of it, 'Thieves' Paradise' may be a tract designed to promote vodka drinking. I have an impression that Mr. Fagan does not admire the late founder of the New Deal.

"But then he doesn't seem to admire Mr. Eisenhower particularly either.

"I'm positive Mr. Fagan does not approve of the UN. 'All the American boys who were killed in Korea were really murdered by the UN,' someone explains.

"What is Mr. Fagan's attitude on the upper classes? It's hard to tell. He has one of his actors observe that there are 'traitorous multi-millionaires in America.'

"Perhaps you wonder what the 'Thieves' Paradise' is. Well, it's a night club in Bulgaria where all the Reds go to swill champagne. This night club is never shown on the stage. The hero is said to dance there, but we never see him in action. Did I tell you that the hero has a split personality? He is an American spy, and he is also referred to as the 'Bulgarian Nijinski' The Bulgarian Nijinski, I assume from hints secreted in the text, does gypsy dances and dagger dances with a female partner. On his toes, perhaps.

"It's a pity that we never do get to the 'Thieves' Paradise.' Because, frankly, Mr. Fagan's second and third acts place rather a strain on the frivolous seeker after entertainment. They are stuffed with dialog approximately on this order:

"'Jan! Have you told Mischa that he must meet Yuspevoff at the meeting place to find out if Yasnavitchsky has contacted Pepkoff to get the papers from Zapffish which he got from Strogoff if all went well this morning at Szechdiddle's hideout?'

Things do pick up a bit towards the end, when one of the heroines produces an ice pick from her bosom and another trots out a butcher knife and various nasty parties are disposed of.

"But here it is 1956 and the United Nations is still going full blast. Will America never wake up?"

• • • •

"THE EVENING STAR, Washington, D. C.

Monday, May 21, 1956

"PLAY DARES TO ASK
HOW STUPID ARE WE

"By JAY CARMODY

"About midway through the paralyzing dullness of 'Thieves' Paradise' at the Shubert, one character asks another:

"'How stupid can these Americans get?'

"Well, Myron C. Fagan's nightmarish fable should produce one answer by tonight's performance. If anyone turns up, it will be either through innocence, intoxication or the kind of crass ignorance about which Mr. Fagan apparently has worried himself into incoherence.

"Whatever the explanation, Mr. Fagan has not written a play. 'Thieves' Paradise' probably is meant to be that. It is divided into intervals resembling acts, it is performed by members of Actors Equity, and it is presented in a theater. These three somewhat familiar elements nevertheless add up to as stupefying an exhibit as has donned the mask of drama in seasons.

"It seems the sheerest of nonsense for a drama critic to be setting down that 'Thieves' Paradise' apparently is a dramatization of the Bricker amendment. Drama critics, of course, know about such things, but in their zaniest nightmares would never expect to encounter them. This, too, on a Sunday night in May when there are so many more traditional and attractive madneses in the air Canada keeps sending us.

• • • •

"As author of 'Thieves' Paradise,' Mr. Fagan is not only a hard man to follow, but also lacks the knack of suggesting he would be worth it.

"This is not altogether his politics. His dramaturgy is more the concern of the drama critic and this is so perilously deficient that his work almost becomes a parody of the Fagan intention.

"What Mr. Fagan is worried about, the big thing, is that the United Nations is a plot to snare us into the International Communist fold. This, if we kept even remotely close to his frenzied disclosures in 'Thieves' Paradise' began at Yalta.

"He names names, right out in a prologue, and they should be startling enough to incite us to the quickest and most desperate defense of our liberties. One is not surprised at the names of Stalin, Molotov and Hiss. But Eisenhower and Churchill, these should give you pause even as they are likely to give the play an air of mad incredulity.

"Gen. Eisenhower, of course, is not accused as one of the Yalta masterminds. A mere tool of these he was, but it was his denial of supplies to Gen. Patton that let the Russians take the Balkans. Churchill was more culpable, at least as our numbed mind followed the prologue. It was he who gave the order for Gen. Montgomery's

army to turn on Patton's if the latter attempted to go ahead, silly chap, without the supplies Gen. Eisenhower refused

"Well, Patton did nothing of the kind, and here is 'Thieves' Paradise' to tell us the story since.

• • • •

"This is set, rather cagily perhaps in the fall of 1952, in a country that is not identified in the program. Since however, the people keep referring to themselves as Bulgarians, this must be Bulgaria

"All hell, politically speaking, is breaking loose there. At its center are some tape recordings and film which, Mr. Fagan warns, contains the real truth about Yalta. These are the proof of the wickedness of the United Nations project which is to rob us of freedom through treaties which supercede the guarantees of the Constitution

"If you are still there, the woman character who is explaining how this works is interrupted at one point by a male companion who asks, 'What's genocide?' After she has explained this and how a genocide pact could reduce us to slavery, the questioner observes enthusiastically, 'She's absolutely right.'

"For a chap who didn't know what genocide was a minute before, his total understanding of conspiracy is blinding

• • • •

"It would imperil one's sanity to venture into the labyrinth of the play's duel over those films and recordings which purport to prove that those secret Yalta sessions were not so secret

"It can be reported, however, that the actors behave with the hesitation of high school students who have taken over world government for a day. Under the author's direction, they have not yet learned how to avoid choking on the political phrases he has put into their mouths. Moreover, in the maze of Russian and Balkan names they must bandy about, they are not sure of one another's identity at times.

"This has a way of intensifying the confusion of 'Thieves' Paradise,' which does not need another wisp of haze to make it the murkiest offering of its year.

"For the record, so Equity will know where they were last night, the performers include Frederic Tozere, Zolya Talma, Carleton Young, Kay Kendall, Maida Reade and Ethel Britton.

"No intelligence is offered as to where 'Thieves' Paradise' is going from here. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee might be its ambition."

Critic Carmody really fell all over himself to obey orders! He fell all over himself so hard in his effort to convince his readers that the play confused and bewildered him, that he became hysterically incoherent, quoted completely out of context, and, in efforts to distort the dialogue, resorted to outright falsehood. I refer to the following choice passage in his "critique":

"Gen. Eisenhower, of course, is not accused as one of the Yalta masterminds. A mere tool of these he was, but it was his denial of supplies to Gen. Patton that let the Russians take the Balkans. Churchill was more culpable, at least as our numbed mind followed the prologue. It was he who gave the order for Gen. Montgomery's army to turn on Patton's if the latter attempted to go ahead, silly chap, without the supplies Gen. Eisenhower refused.

"Well, Patton did nothing of the kind, and here is 'Thieves' Paradise' to tell us the story since."

Actually, the play states that Churchill warned Eisenhower to stop Zhukov's further march into Germany or he would order Montgomery to attack the Russians.

However, inasmuch as this particular "gentleman of the press" voluntarily admits that he was functioning with a "numbed mind" the crudeness of his hatchet work is quite understandable. What amazes me is that the masterminds behind this assassination job picked such crude hatchet men . . . the Chicago Tribune critic reveals just how crude they were — and how vicious! But now let's go on to the "critique" of Critic Coe of the "Post."

"THE WASHINGTON POST and TIMES HERALD"

Monday, May 21, 1956

"'THIEVES PARADISE' NO DUBLIN HIT, EITHER

By Richard L. Coe

"'Thieves' Paradise' begins on a note of such innocence that one must regret that Myron C. Fagan's ineptness as both author and director fails to keep the Shubert's newcomer spinning. Even on its own level, however, I regret to say it's awful.

"The innocence began, so far as this reviewer is concerned, with the publicity boast that 'Thieves' Paradise' was a 'resounding success in Dublin, where it ran for two years.'

"This so impressed me that I air-mailed? Editor Frank J. Geary of the Irish Independent for further facts. He replies: 'So far as I can ascertain no play has ever run for two years in Dublin. All our resident professional companies are repertory while other theaters confine themselves to very short runs of a couple of weeks. One play by Fagan was produced here about seven years ago by amateur

groups, but it is unlikely its run was of any extended duration.'

"So much, then, for the jaunty boast of the play's producer, the author's son, Bruce Fagan!

"The Vodka Plot

"At first 'Thieves' Paradise,' for all its false claims, seems to glitter with beguiling possibilities. Among the ideas of Playwright Fagan, who has a long anti-Communist record, are such favorites as the notion that the millionaires of America are in a great conspiracy working for Moscow. I always thought this was party line doctrine, but Mr. Fagan has others that I don't suppose are.

"The increasing passion for vodka, he declares, is a Red plot to communize the world. He gives us glimpses of how valuable both rye and American dollars are to the Commies and he has some innocent notions on how matter really went in the Balkans, Berlin and Korea.

"But his real villain is the United Nations, which turns out to be a Russian scheme for subtly communizing the United States.

"However, being a longtime playwright, Fagan knows that you've got to have action and zip in a melodrama, so we reluctantly turn from these notions one finds mostly in the smaller circulation magazines and gives us a plot so complex, so devious, so filled with names like Oskritch, Ouch, Molotov, Malenkov, Savoroff that I must confess I couldn't quite follow everything.

"The action centers on film and soundstrips purporting to show how, at Yalta, America's leaders connived in the great plot to communize the world via the U.N. How a grateful, nationalized American goes through endless conversations to get these to the American people forms what activity there is. The direction is in good stock company style of the early 1920s.

"In the cast of nine, perhaps Carleton Young's role of the naturalized American is the easiest to cling to. His task is, at least, clear, mainly to get the records and to ask "What happened then?" "Who said that?" "Where was Molotov?" "What did Hiss say" and, his best line, I think, "We can't stop to figure it all out now."

"Zolya Talma has her fingernails pulled out, Maida Reade turns her bosom into an armoire for ice picks and Frederic Tozere, an exceptionally deep-dyed villain, acts bitterly bored. I got the same way myself.

"But I was kinda relieved about Dublin's dramatic reputation when I got back to my desk and found Editor Geary's letter in the

nick of time."

And now I will take you back about four weeks before those "reviews" were written — and give you the backgrounds of the individuals whom the "masterminds" picked to do their hatchet job.

On April 22 I received a long distance telephone call from an old friend of mine in Washington. For many years this man has been covering Capitol Hill for one of the Wire Services and knows Washington inside out. He urged me to come to Washington at my earliest opportunity for information that I would find vastly important. I arrived there four days later.

Inasmuch as this man is still employed by a Wire Service I will not place his job in jeopardy and, for identification purpose, refer to him as Mr. X.

It was this Mr. X who first informed me of the planned campaign to "kill" the play and vilify me — and of the techniques to be employed. He also gave me the backgrounds of the three critics who were to do the hatchet work.

"*You can dismiss Tom Donnelly*" (Daily News Critic), said Mr. X. "*Oh, of course, he'll obey orders, in order to hold his job, but his heart won't be in it. He won't be too personal and he won't be malicious or vicious.*"

"*Ordinarily, you could dismiss Jay Carmody, too*", continued Mr. X, referring to the "Star" critic, "*but he is cracked on the UN, and still thinks both FDR and Ike are tin gods. But even if he does go poisonous he is so clumsy he'll go overboard. The boy you have to look out for is Coe.*"

"*Eugene Meyer's boy?*" Mr. X. nodded. "*Don't worry, I'll give him no openings.*"

"*You won't have to*", retorted my friend; "*Dickie-boy boasts that he is a thaumaturgist —*"

"*A what?*" I demanded — *thaumaturgist isn't exactly a common word.*

"*A thaumaturgist — which, according to Webster,*" explained Mr. X, "*means a worker of miracles. Dickie will make his own openings.*"

At ten minutes before midnight on May 20, when I learned that Coe had written his review — set it on type — and pulled a galley proof, *all in less than 15 minutes*, I knew what kind of a thaumaturgist he is.

However, on the day I was discussing the matter with my friend I was very naive. Having been a journalist myself, with a high regard for the ethics of journalism, I couldn't believe that *any* journalist would stoop to that kind of "miracle." I said something to that effect. My friend smiled.

"Do you remember all those 'security risks' the State Department fired when Joe McCarthy turned the spotlight on them?" he asked.

"Do you know why they were considered 'security risks'?"

"Of course," I replied, "their secret 'sex' life made them vulnerable to blackmail."

"Right" said Mr. X, "now let me tell you why those kind of 'security risks' are particularly dangerous. The normal individual who is vulnerable to blackmail because of a skeleton in his closet resents and hates the blackmailer. But it is the reverse with these abnormal characters. Instead of resenting the blackmailer, they build up a poisonous hatred for those they have to betray. And they take a fiendish delight in inflicting every kind of torture on the victim. Such abnormal characters are by nature as treacherous and as vicious as snakes — honor, decency, truth are just words in the dictionary to them. That's exactly how much 'ethics' you can expect from Coe."

I was stunned: "You mean — Coe is 'that-way'?"

My friend shrugged: "You have an actor in your cast who used to be palsy with him years ago — ask him."

A few days later I spoke to the actor named by Mr. X. He was obviously embarrassed, he shrugged, grinned wryly — and then pleaded: "Gee, Myron, don't put me on a spot. That was fifteen years ago." Obviously, that "friendship" was based on the actor's desire for favorable publicity. "Besides," the actor added, "he's married now, so he must be all right."

That naivete really amused me. "A lot of those security risks the State Department fired were married," I informed him. And that brings us down to Coe's review.

A COBRA STRIKES WITHOUT WARNING

I need hardly say that I did not expect "critic" Coe to throw bouquets at "Thieves' Paradise." But I was amazed when I found that he devoted more than half of his review (?) to "establish" that

the play was not a Dublin Hit. Yet, on second thought, I should not have been surprised.

After the "Enemy" found it impossible to prevent the opening of "Thieves' Paradise" their only way to blunt its effect on the American people was by quickly killing it at the box-office via vicious "reviews", and by discrediting the man who wrote it—the theory being that if I could *successfully* be charged with one falsehood it would become an easy matter to *at least* cast doubt on *all* of the play's charges against the UN—against Roosevelt—against Eisenhower—against *all* who participated in the Yalta betrayals. The "Dublin charge" offered the best chance of success. Dublin is some 3,000 miles away from Washington. It would take some time to get the necessary evidence to disprove the charge—too late to undo the damage . . . *if, indeed, any of the Washington papers would print my evidence!* Coe definitely refused to publish a statement I offered!

Now, just to completely unmask the noxious scheme, I will take that charge apart and reveal "critic" Coe for the despicable smear artist that he is.

I, personally, have never "*boasted*" of the long run of the play in Dublin. When and if I mention it, it is just in casual comment. Significantly, Coe did not charge that "*boast*" to *me*—he charged it to "*producer Bruce Fagan.*" Later, when pinned down, he admitted that he did not get it directly from Bruce Fagan, but from the press agent, who had *purportedly* assured him (Coe) that Bruce Fagan had *personally* given him the "*boast*" about the two year run in Dublin—together with other wild statements which Coe used in his column later in the week. When he was told that he, or Goldsmith (the press agent), or both, had deliberately lied, because Bruce Fagan had not been East of California for at least four years, and that Goldsmith had never met, seen, or spoken with him, Coe was badly shaken—he stammered and stuttered—and finally fell back on "*a written statement signed by Goldsmith*" . . . but he refused to produce the statement.

Meanwhile, Goldsmith had disappeared. I could not locate him until the following Monday—in New York. When I questioned him, he, too, stuttered and stammered, but finally denied Coe's claim of "*a written and signed statement.*" The whole thing indicated collusion—to give Coe the basis for a charge that I was guilty of a falsehood, even though he could make the charge only by innuendo.

Now that that point is settled, we can go on to the next: I have been in the theater since 1907. Never in all my years since then have I known a dramatic editor to check on the veracity of a press agent's advance notices. He either accepts them at face value—or

he rejects them. And I have yet to know of any press agent being "scolded" by a dramatic editor for concocting a tall story to get his play, or his Star, publicized—"tall stories" is one of the prerogatives of the press agent profession. On top of all that, it wouldn't matter to a critic if a play ran two years or two months or two weeks in Dublin, or London, or Paris, or even New York—he reviews it as *he* sees it, not as the critics in other cities saw it.

However, at this point, *I hasten to add*, that my press agent's story about the success of "Thieves' Paradise" in Ireland was far from a tall one—Rev. Denis Fahey, head of the Holy Ghost Missionary College in Dublin, who was my representative in Dublin, collected "Thieves' Paradise" royalties for me for a matter of *more than two years!*

There is another significant feature in "critic" Coe's charge: he based his charge on a letter he purportedly received from one Geary, dramatic critic of the "Irish Independent." At this point it may be pertinent to note that the "Irish Independent" is known throughout all Ireland as the "Irish Daily Worker" — and that critic Geary is as far Left as brother Coe. That may have considerable bearing on Geary's "co-operation." Anyway, in his purported letter to Coe (which Coe refused to produce), Geary stated that he has never known of *any* play to run two years in Dublin. That is an outright falsehood, because "Playboy Of The Western World" ran there for more than *four* years, and any number of plays by Lady Gregory, Synge and O'Casey ran there for three and four years. Geary went on to say that in Dublin they have no producers per se. All plays there are produced by Repertory Companies—more or less in the manner that Films are released to theatres in this country; that is, first run, second run, third run, etc., etc. Now, it is quite true that no play may have run consecutively at any one theatre for two years, but it could have had a *continuous run* for two years at the various Repertory theatres.

There is still another passage in Geary's letter—if *he wrote it*—which brands him as a deliberate liar: he reviewed "Thieves' Paradise" under his own by-line, and for several months after that he carried on a running controversy about the play with the critics of other Dublin papers because they had given it favorable reviews. Yet, in his letter to Coe, he stated that "*some years ago there was some play by Fagan in Dublin,*" but he couldn't remember the title, or how long it ran. All that he *could* remember was that it did not run two years. Now, *every* newspaper has a "morgue" (a file) in which they preserve at least one copy of every issue they publish. Thus, *in only a matter of minutes*, Editor Geary could find complete information in his own paper's files as to the title of the play,

when it was produced, and how long it played in Dublin. Coe knows that—*any journalist knows it*—but the vast majority of newspaper readers do not know it, so “critic” Coe felt quite safe in using Geary’s *deliberately* vague statement to vilify me and the play. But he—and Carmody and Donnelly, and the “Masterminds” behind the plot to sabotage “Thieves’ Paradise” and its objective, failed to reckon with the *unexpected* review by the Chicago Tribune.

“PLAY PICTURES U. N. AS REDS’ TROJAN HORSE”

“ALGER HISS CITED AS PLOTTER

“BY LAURENCE BURD

(Chicago Tribune Press Service)

“Washington, May 20—A spy and counter-spy drama in which the United Nations is pictured as Moscow’s ‘Trojan Horse’ in this country opened tonight in the capital’s Shubert theater.

“The play, ‘Thieves’ Paradise,’ by Myron C. Fagan, is a cloak and dagger tale of the bloody struggle by an anti-Communist underground unit in Bulgaria against the dread secret police.

“It is an unusual dish, however, for Washington theater goers who are unaccustomed to hearing the U. N. and the sellout to Russia at Yalta denounced from the stage.

“About ‘American Traitors’

“In the play, an anti-Communist Bulgarian farm widow, Marya Mazek, whose husband has been slain by Red secret police, seek to smuggle to America thru the anti-Red underground a set of previously undisclosed microfilms and voice recordings of ‘secret meetings’ at the 1945 Yalta conference.

“This material, filched from the Russians by underground agents, is described on the stage as a picture and voice record of ‘American Traitors’ plotting with Russia’s Stalin and Molotov to ‘plant’ the U. N. in the United States. According to this version, the true story of the birth of the world body has been concealed from the public for a decade.

“Stalin is represented as having wanted the U. N. headquarters located in America so the Russians could set up spy nets operating under the diplomatic immunity from arrest accorded to U. N. personnel.

“Real Life Disclosures

“The play’s opening for a two week run in Washington follows recent real life disclosures of Russian abuse of the U. N. immunity privilege. Two members of the Russian U. N. delegation were expelled from the United States last month for pressuring five Russian seamen, who sought American asylum, to return to Russia.

Congress also has stepped up its investigations into spying by Russian and other iron curtain diplomats under the cloak of immunity.

"In portraying the 'secret' Yalta record, the play cites Alger Hiss, convicted spy-perjurer who was an American adviser to the late President Roosevelt at Yalta, as one of the pro-Russian plotters. Hiss is represented by Marya as being instructed by Stalin to help him get the U. N. headquarters established within the United States.

"The U. N. also is portrayed as endangering American sovereignty by proposing to member nations treaties that would give the world organization power to arrest and try American citizens, without the protection of constitutional guarantees.

"Courier Bound for U. S.

"Widow Marya is tortured and killed by the Red police, who are on the trail of the microfilms, which she is sure will alert American and other free peoples to the sinister Russian strategy for world rule.

"However, the anti-Red underground avenges her death by killing some of its cruelest Red oppressors, and as the final curtain falls the precious microfilms are in the hands of a courier bound for America.

"Author Fagan has written more than 40 plays in the last quarter century. He also wrote the film versions of "Holiday" and "The Magnificent Obsession."

"Marya is portrayed by Zolya Talma, who has appeared on Broadway in 'Diamond Lil' and the musical version of 'Rain.' Others with leading roles include Frederic Tozere, Carleton Young, Maida Reade, and Ethel Britton."

The critic who wrote the above review found no difficulty in following the story—he found no confusion—it did not bewilder him . . . in short, the Enemy did not "reach" him !!!

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