

Frank Chodorov: Editor

By M. STANTON EVANS

FRANK CHODOROV exerted an influence of a multiple nature on my life, and probably had more to do with the conscious shaping of my political philosophy than any other person. He was a great teacher and friend, a constant example of integrity and craftsmanship.

By an odd coincidence, Frank was the author of the first libertarian book I ever read and the first editor for whom I worked in a professional capacity. As an undergraduate at Yale, I obtained and read a copy of *One Is a Crowd*; its flashing insights and luminous style were in contrast to the academic jargon with which I was familiar. The book opened up more intellectual perspectives to me than did the whole of the Yale curriculum.

Following graduation, I went to work as Frank's assistant at *The Freeman*, where he not only befriended me in countless ways but did me the favor of pruning my resistant prose. I also had the chance of serving as his philosophical junior in The Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, then co-headquartered with *The Freeman* in Irvington, New York, under the leadership of Vic Milione. The cross-currents of thought stimulated by Frank's blunt challenges to every sort of orthodoxy added up to a continuing post-graduate seminar in individualism, cut all too short by Frank's advancing illness.

Throughout the next ten years, until shortly before his death, I had the pleasure of meeting and conversing with Frank on a wide variety of topics in Washington and elsewhere, and continued to read and benefit from his wonderful writings. An intellectual encounter with him, in person or on the printed page, was always a rewarding experience.

It was my good fortune that, early in life, I came under Frank Chodorov's shrewd but gentle guidance. I hope to be under it still for a long time to come.

Frank Chodorov: Prophet

By DEVIN A. GARRITY

MY FIRST encounter with Frank Chodorov—and meeting him was always an encounter; there was nothing casual about Frank—was at the Henry George School in the '30's. Someone had suggested that the way out of depressions was to be found in a book called *Progress and Poverty*, by Henry George, who had run for Mayor in New York, and who was a prophet without honor whom the existing establishment had dismissed without a hearing. At that time, the Depression seemed to be permanent. Doctor Townsend was offering \$30 every Thursday in California, and the Georgists in New York were at long last being listened to. People were grasping at straws.

I enrolled for a course in fundamental economics at the Henry George School, and met its Director: tough, Jewish, the opposite of handsome, highly articulate, and safely anchored behind a pipe that needed cleaning; the first impression was unforgettable and lasting. Here was a man who breathed controversy, who was obviously fearless at a time when fear was commonplace.

...Well, Roosevelt got his war, and the Depression ended, and Frank lost his job at the school in a much publicized controversy involving the charge of anti-Semitism against one of the most saintly men I have ever

met. As a supreme individualist, Frank was opposed to organized pressure groups, and was not afraid to speak his mind. Some of these groups were and are more sensitive than others. And Frank was out.

I next ran into him as the publisher of a one-man journal called *analysis*. This contained so much fine writing, coupled with common sense, that I approached him with the suggestion that his wisdom— for that's what it was—ought to be preserved in book form for others to read. The result was Frank's first book, *One Is a Crowd*, one of four that I have had the privilege of publishing. His classic study of *The Income Tax*, which he considered to be the key to our economical problems, has had the widest impact of these four; all of them show an original mind at work.

Getting to know Frank Chodorov in that unique relationship of publisher to author was an experience. In most such cases, the role of the publisher is apt to be a fatherly one. Many authors are helpless—and not only in matters of business. Not so with Frank, who reversed roles, and proceeded to treat me like a son, admonishing me from time to time as Dutch Uncles are supposed to do. I have never met a finer confidant or advisor. Totally to the point, brutally frank, kind and loving, Frank had a way of making one want to try harder. There was nothing I would not have asked his advice about.

When his lovely wife died, Frank's spark lost its brightness. They were a team, one utterly reliant upon the other. He concentrated on his writing, and turned out two books. In reviewing *The Rise and Fall of Society*, the *Herald Tribune* reviewer remarked that "the author either belongs to the 18th Century or is indeed a prophet." To which one can only add, Amen. Unfortunately, prophets never seem to belong to their own age, and Frank's own summary of himself and his place in society was expressed when he wrote his autobiography and called it *Out of Step*.

This Memorial Issue of

FRAGMENTS

*and the Issue Following
are Dedicated to the
Life, Writings,
and Philosophy*

of

FRANK CHODOROV

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