

CAN GOLDWATER WIN IN 64?



THE RACE ISSUE, "HAPPY," HIS PERSONAL CHARM MAKE HIM THE GOP'S SURPRISE FRONT-RUNNER.

By Stewart Alsop

Let us try to imagine a politician with no chance whatever of becoming President of the United States.

First, let us suppose that our man is a junior senator from a small state with a mere five electoral votes, and that he is half-Jewish. No such politician has ever been nominated for the Presidency, much less elected.

Then, just to make sure that our man hasn't a prayer, let us suppose that he has consistently taken positions nicely calculated to alienate *all* the major voting blocs in the country—labor, the aged, the teachers, the Negroes, the subsidized farmers, all the beneficiaries of the welfare state, the liberal-minded independent voters, and finally, just to make doubly sure, the inhabitants of the entire East Coast.

It is not easy to come upon a description of a less likely presidential candidate. Yet the above description precisely

fits the current front-runner for the Republican presidential nomination—Sen. Barry Goldwater of Arizona.

The fact that Goldwater is the front-runner is thus, on the face of it, an almost incredible fact. Talking to Goldwater, it is easy to sense that he himself is amazed, and a bit appalled, by what he calls "this President thing." Yet however incredible, the fact is a fact—Barry Goldwater now is unquestionably the man to beat for the Republican nomination. Moreover, among the political professionals there is beginning to be a feeling that Goldwater just might make it all the way to the White House, in 1968 if not in 1964. The Goldwater phenomenon is plainly a most peculiar phenomenon, which needs explaining.

Part of the explanation lies, of course, with the charming "Happy" Rockefeller. Before his marriage, New York's Gov. Nelson Rockefeller had the nomination just about

An unstuffed shirt, Barry is crazy about jet planes, Indians and mechanical doodads. The idea of waking up as President,



he says, "Frankly scares the hell out of me."

sewed up. Another part of the explanation lies with Goldwater himself. "Barry's a damned hard man to dislike," says a liberal senator, "though some of us have tried pretty hard."

Likability is not surprising in a politician—it is a necessary tool of the trade. But it is surprising to find an extremely conservative politician extremely likable—to find, instead of a purse-mouthed ancient in a high collar, a pleasant man with boyish enthusiasms for jet planes, ham radios, Indian tribes and corny jokes about himself.

Because of a bad back—he shares President Kennedy's lady doctor—Goldwater walks like an old man, head bent forward, steps short and stiff. Otherwise he is, at 54, in a remarkable state of preservation. With his bronzed and rugged face, he is visibly what the Latins call *my macho*—very much a man—and this is doubtless one secret of the Goldwater charm.

A more important secret is the fact that Goldwater's shirt is astonishingly unstuffed. During a long plane ride from Washington to Arizona, and again at intervals between Goldwater-piloted flights in an elderly plane to remote Arizonian outposts, this reporter interviewed Goldwater at length. Here are a few Goldwaterisms, culled from my notebook, which suggest why Goldwater is a "damned hard man to dislike":

On the possibility that he might actually wake up to be President one day: "Frankly, it scares the hell out of me."

On his own intelligence quotient: "You know, I haven't got a really first-class brain."

On his leaving college in freshman year to become a salesman in the family store: "Worst mistake I ever made. But then I guess a peddler doesn't need a higher education."

On the possibility that he might emulate Lyndon Johnson, and safeguard his Senate seat by running both for the Senate and the presidency in 1964: "No, I can't do that after what I said about Lyndon in 1960—they'd run me out of the country. But if I hadn't opened my big mouth so loud, I might do it."

On how he achieves his vast literary output—he has produced three best-selling books and innumerable magazine articles, and he signs a thrice-a-week column that goes to about 175 papers: "Oh, hell, I've got ghosts all over the place. I pick up a lot of Fletcher Knebel's stuff too. I sent him an item about Bobby Kennedy's pool, and he sent me two bucks. I sent it right back—I wrote him if we began paying each other off, I'd owe him \$2,000 right off the bat."

On a draft he had written for a humorous speech: "I took it back to the apartment and read it to my wife Peggy and a couple of her girl friends. I thought they'd be rolling on the floor, but they never cracked a smile. So I said, what the hell's the matter and Peggy said, look, this is a sophisticated audience, they're not a lot of lame-brains like you, they don't spend their time looking at TV Westerns. You can't give them that corn."

Goldwater says this sort of thing with a small, lopsided smile, which is as disarming as his unpretentiousness. Moreover, however superficial or reactionary many of his political views may seem to the liberal-minded, nobody can accuse



At Draft-Goldwater-for-President HQ in Washington, volunteer worker Carolyn Birely displays materials to be used in campaign for nomination—and perhaps for election.

Goldwater of pussyfooting—except, perhaps, on one vital subject. Before interviewing him, this reporter made a selection of his more extreme political sentiments. Having interviewed other politicians who heard the beating of distant presidential drums, the reporter waited confidently for the hedge and the weasel. They never came. Here are a few more jottings from the notebook:

REPORTER: "You have been quoted as saying that you oppose the progressive income tax, that everyone should pay the same rate."

GOLDWATER: "Yes. Yes, I still believe that."

REPORTER: "But do you really think it's fair that a man with five million a year should pay the same rate as a man with five thousand?"

GOLDWATER: "Yes. Yes, I do."

(Goldwater explains that the poor man would benefit from the rich man's investments, while in his mind's ear the reporter hears liberal orators make mincemeat of candidate Goldwater as "the rich man's candidate" in 1964.)

GOLDWATER (*volunteering*): "You know, I think we ought to sell TVA."

REPORTER (*scribbling busily*): "You really do?"

GOLDWATER: "Yes. Yes, I do."

(Oops, thinks the reporter, there goes the whole Tennessee Valley.)

REPORTER: "You were quoted some time ago as favoring the 'prompt and final termination of all farm subsidies.' Do you still believe that?"

GOLDWATER: "Yes, I believe that. Might take

three years, might take five. But it's not right to force an inefficient farmer to stay on the farm when he'd be much better off in industry."

(Oops again, there go the farm states.)

Goldwater's other views, on subjects ranging from Medicare and Walter Reuther to Castro and the welfare state—he's against them all—are similarly simple and refreshingly forthright. And aside from private charm, Goldwater also has public charisma—star quality, call it what you will. Although he is no great shakes as an orator, this quality has helped to make him, after the President, the most sought-after public speaker in the United States.

Goldwater's star quality obviously has a lot to do with the Goldwater phenomenon. To understand more about the phenomenon, it is necessary to visit Goldwater on his native heath.

Flying into Phoenix, his hometown, Goldwater looked down affectionately on the arid, sunlit land below. "If you'd dropped a five-dollar bill down there before the war," he said, "it would be worth a couple of hundred now." After a short colloquy with his younger brother Bob at the airport ("Straighten your tie, Barry, it's all crooked"—the potential President obediently straightened his tie), Goldwater drove eagerly to his house, which he obviously adores.

Like just about everything else in Arizona, the house is new—it was built in 1957, on a small dusty hill outside of Phoenix. Aside from books,

"Pooping about" home state in his private airplane, Goldwater salutes Legionnaire guard at San Manuel.

The Negro vote, the
 "effete" East appear lost. So why not
 hunt where the ducks are?

Pat aimed at a non-voter makes contact with a voter as
 Goldwater shows charm on home-state stumping tour.



there is nothing old in the house, nothing to suggest that the Goldwaters have been in Arizona for a hundred years. Barry Goldwater's grandfather, Big Mike Goldwater—born Michel Goldwasser in Poznan, Poland—founded the family fortune when he moved to Arizona in 1860 and set up shop as a storekeeper. The Goldwaters have been storekeepers ever since, and prosperous ones—grandson Barry's house is certainly worth more than \$100,000.

Goldwater's house is built in a desert—the land round about hasn't enough green stuff on it to support a jackrabbit in reasonable comfort. For those not born to it, the desert takes some getting used to. Goldwater's wife Peggy, whom he married in 1934 after snatching her away from another suitor, former Michigan Gov. G. Mennen Williams, came from Indiana. At first, Goldwater recalls, Peggy hated Arizona. "I found her crying and I asked her what was the matter, and she said it was because she missed the leaves changing in the fall."

Nowadays Peggy Goldwater, a chic grandmother, loves Arizona with the passion of the converted, and she spends far more time in the Arizona house than in their Washington apartment. Only one of the four Goldwater children lives in the house, but the others come back often. Yet to a remarkable extent, the house is Barry Goldwater's house, and his alone. It tells a lot about the man, as houses often do.

For one thing, the house suggests that Goldwater has never quite grown up—a not unusual characteristic in a successful politician. "You must remember," wrote the British ambassador about Theodore Roosevelt, "that the President is about six." Goldwater is about 12. His house might have been built by a dexterous 12-year-old boy suffering from an overdose of *Popular Mechanics*, which is in fact one of Goldwater's favorite publications.

The place is alive with electronic gadgets, which are constantly getting out of order—the flagpole with the electronic eye, which raises Old Glory at sunup and lowers it at sundown, had not been working for several weeks, Goldwater admitted with annoyance. He was also having trouble with the motion-picture screen which lowers automatically from the living-room ceiling, but his other gadgets, like the ham-radio sets, the wind-speed indicator, the garage door with the electronic eye, the intercom system and the bedside push-button console were working fine.

The fact that he has never quite grown up is another secret of the Goldwater charm. Goldwater's favorite gadget is an airplane—any airplane—and "pooping about" Arizona with him in an airplane is fun. ("Pooping about" is a favorite Goldwater expression—when a friend suggested that it was about time he put together a national campaign organization, he replied, "I seem to have done all right so far pooping about on my own.") The pooping can be a bit hair-raising. "Gee, that was a boo-boo," he said, after landing on a cow pasture at an Indian reservation. "Know what I did? I feathered the props before landing." But, as with other men who have forgotten to grow up, Goldwater is fun to be with.

Goldwater's house tells other things about Goldwater the man, and about Goldwater the political phenomenon as well. The desert on which Goldwater's house is built is a uniquely American desert. It is an overpopulated desert—anywhere else in the world it would be nomad country, camel country. When Goldwater built



Sunshine, speech and a box lunch for a gathering

his house, only six years ago, the desert was what most deserts are—empty. In those days, Goldwater says, "you could shoot a thirty-thirty in any direction and never hit a thing."

Now, all around Goldwater's house, there are \$50,000 and \$100,000 houses crowded together on a few arid acres which often cost more than the houses. Goldwater remarked happily that a single hillside lot he owned would sell for around \$30,000. Before the war this desert land went begging for a few dollars an acre.

"I can remember when Phoenix was a little town of 10,000 or so," Goldwater says. "I can remember when Phoenix got its first paved street, its first telephone. I wish my kids could have the experience of growing up with a town like this."

Growing up with a town like Phoenix is a rewarding experience, financially as well as spiritually. Phoenix is pushing 500,000, and its population has quintupled since 1950. In the post-war period any reasonably shrewd Arizonian with a bit of capital has seen his net worth multiplied by ten, or a hundred. The Federal Government has had a lot to do with the amazing Arizona boom. Federally supported reclamation projects going back to Teddy Roosevelt's day have made the state habitable for human beings as well as jackrabbits. And defense spending, of



of Republican faithful at Oracle, Ariz. Out where the skies are not cloudy all day, says Goldwater, "we're not harassed by the fear of what might happen."

which Arizona enjoys a lot more than its per capita share, is at the heart of the current Arizona boom. But to the beneficiaries of the boom, as to Goldwater, the Federal Government, with its nasty interfering habits, is The Enemy.

One key to the Goldwater phenomenon, in short, is money—new money, boom money. Wherever there is a lot of new money in the United States—in the West and Southwest, in Texas, in the newly industrialized South—there is fanatical Goldwater support. In such areas, for the first time, an actual majority of the voters belong to what Prof. J. Kenneth Galbraith—one of Goldwater's pet hates—has dubbed "the affluent society." The newly affluent provide Goldwater with the broad base of his support.

Another key to the Goldwater phenomenon is what sociologists have called the "revolt of the South and West." That revolt is now complete. The era when the South and West were semi-colonial dependencies of New York-dominated capital is over, but in these areas "the East" is still regarded with a mixture of suspicion, dislike and envy. Goldwater perfectly expresses this attitude—to an extent hardly recognized in the East, he is the anti-Eastern candidate. He once remarked—perhaps only half jokingly—that the East Coast ought to be "sliced off and set adrift."

On the second day of whistle-stopping-by-

airplane, Goldwater and his attendant reporter came to the little town of Oracle, high on a naked mountain, and at a dude ranch there Goldwater addressed a Republican gathering. The assembly—the floppy-hatted ladies especially—had the country-club look of gatherings of Republican faithful anywhere. But to Goldwater they were a different breed from the "effete Easterners"; and perhaps he was right.

Who's afraid of Khrushchev?

"I wish the President would take a tour," he said, "and get out where the people of this country live, out where people live without the constant fear of what would happen if we got Khrushchev mad. What's happened to us? Why must the United States fear a little island like Cuba that's not as big as some counties in Arizona? We grovel, we back off, we seem to be afraid. I've never known Americans to be afraid of anything. Out here in the West and Midwest we're not constantly harassed by the fear of what might happen. Sure there are risks, but we've always taken risks."

There was a big burst of applause. And indeed, on that sunny mountain it did seem rather silly to worry about Nikita Khrushchev and his bombs. Perhaps if Goldwater had lived his life

in a place of mists and rains and vagrant weather, his thinking might lack some of the simple absolutes which are its chief hallmark. But there are plenty of people who like to think in similar absolutes. Goldwater's trumpet call for "total victory over Communism" may sound like shallow and dangerous semantics in the "effete East." But out where the skies are not cloudy all day, it strikes a responsive chord. Goldwater's remarkable talent for the unsubtle and the unqualified is a third key to the Goldwater phenomenon.

The fourth key to the Goldwater phenomenon is the ugly racial crisis which now confronts the United States. If there were no racial crisis, it is most unlikely that Goldwater would be a serious presidential contender. For the Goldwater candidacy is squarely based on the assumption that he could carry the South and, in so doing, defeat John F. Kennedy. And Goldwater's views on the racial issue in turn underlie that assumption.

The Goldwaterites argue with passion that *only* Barry Goldwater could defeat Kennedy. Their reasoning is simple.

The industrial East is lost anyway, sure to support Kennedy. So is the northern Negro vote, overwhelmingly Democratic. Therefore, in Goldwater's words, the Republicans should "stop trying to outbid the Democrats for the Negro vote." Again in his words, the Republicans should "go

ALSOP ON GOLDWATER'S CHANCES FOR THE NOMINATION

Sen. Barry Goldwater's nomination at the Republican convention is probable, as long as his election is considered impossible. But if it begins to seem that he might actually win in November, his nomination will be a lot less probable and may even be impossible.

To understand the sense behind this paradox, consider the words of Walter Lippmann: "If they wanted to make American politics logical and clear . . . I think it would be just as well . . . to let Kennedy and Goldwater, who is supposed to be a true Republican, fight it out and see what the country wants."

Until recently this Lippmann theory has been widely shared within that amorphous but powerful body, the Eastern Establishment—on the rather complacent assumption that John F. Kennedy would murder Barry Goldwater at the polls. In this event, the notion that the Republican Party is the minority party because it is not conservative enough would be exposed as a myth. And the Eastern Establishment, the moderate-internationalist, old-money wing of the party, would be left to pick up the pieces.

But lately the Establishment, which twice vetoed the nomination of Sen. Robert A. Taft, has been having second thoughts: Is the assumption that Kennedy would murder Goldwater necessarily valid? A Goldwater victory would require a peculiar combination of circumstances—say a sudden economic downturn combined with Communist triumphs in Latin America or elsewhere. But there would have to be an X factor as well. The X factor might be the racial issue, now the dominant issue all over the United States.

It is not only in the South that President Kennedy's forthright stand on civil rights is unpopular. In this situation it is not inconceivable that such Negro extremists as the Black Muslims might make Goldwater President. "A few race riots in the North," remarked an old pro on Capitol Hill, "and Barry might make it."

The mere idea that "Barry might make it" is enough to give the Establishment the galloping colleywobbles. Even if Goldwater polled no more than 45 percent of the votes, this, by his own formula, would be enough to give the right-wing-nationalist-new-money-anti-Eastern wing control of the Republican Party.

Lately Goldwater has been at pains to dissociate himself from such figures of the radical right as Robert Welch, head of the John Birch Society. But certain of his own positions are radical in the exact sense of that word. His view that the "jackassian" decisions of the Supreme Court are "not necessarily the law of the land" is genuinely radical in that it clearly implies a constitutional upheaval.

Goldwater, if elected, would have to back away from his candid prescription for "total victory over Communism" or accept a grave risk of nuclear war. The men who have hitherto had the last word at Republican conventions want no such risks. Nor do they want a bitter partisan conflict on the racial issue.

This is why, if it begins to seem that Goldwater might not be sunk without trace by Kennedy, the Establishment will marshal all its power to block his nomination. In the past that would have been enough—given the other factors against him—to stop Goldwater cold. But there is no visible candidate to fit the miracle-man role of Willkie in 1940 and Eisenhower in 1952. Goldwater's supporters are fanatical and well heeled. It is already clear that next year's convention may be far more than a meaningless exercise to select a sacrificial lamb.

hunting where the ducks are." The ducks are in the electoral votes of the West, the Middle West and the South.

A presidential candidate needs 268 electoral votes to win. Give Goldwater the Old Confederacy (103 electoral votes), Texas (24), California (40), and every other state Nixon carried in 1960 (151), and Goldwater coasts home with 318 electoral votes. He could lose California, or another big state carried by Nixon in 1960, and still win. So runs the Goldwater argument. The South, obviously, is the *sine qua non* of the argument. But if numerous polls are accurate, Goldwater really *is* popular in the South.

Goldwater is popular in part because, in the South as in the West, the industrial boom has made his brand of conservatism popular. But the basic reason is that, in the South, Goldwater is regarded as a sort of honorary Southerner where the racial issue is concerned.

In some ways it is ironical that Goldwater should be the hero of southern conservatives and segregationists. He made his first political reputation as a member of the Phoenix city council, when he fought for the integration of the city's high schools, before he went to the Senate in 1952.

He was at the time a member of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. He claims that his views have not changed at all—he only left the N.A.A.C.P., he says, when "they began calling me an s.o.b."—and he is still a member of the antisegregationist Urban League. He states flatly that the Federal Government has a constitutional obligation to prevent discrimination on interstate bus, rail and air lines, and to ensure that qualified Negroes have the right to vote.

All this would hardly seem to make him the hero of southern racists. Moreover, Goldwater himself does not talk like a racist, and never has. On the plane to Phoenix he pointed to a picture on the front page of a newspaper on the reporter's lap. The picture showed a Negro on the floor of a Mississippi restaurant. A white man was kicking the Negro while white spectators grinned at the revolting spectacle.

"That sort of thing's going to make a change in the South," he said. "Kicking a man who's down, and those guys smiling. White or black, it makes no difference. Decent people won't take that."

The indignation in his tone sounded real. "I made a speech up at Andover school," he said a little later, "and a boy asked me a very perceptive question—would I be patient if I was a Negro in, say, Alabama? Hell, no, I wouldn't be patient; I'd be damned impatient. That's the only honest answer."

How is it, then, that despite this "honest answer," this part-Jewish member of the Urban League is a hero to the southern racists? Part of the answer is a matter of attitude, which derives, oddly enough, from Goldwater's own racial heritage. "You can't force people to associate together," he says. "I know as being part Jewish—there are no more racially inclined people than the Jews. My second cousin ran away to marry a Gentile, and the family practically ostracized him."

But the heart of the answer lies in Goldwater's interpretation of the Constitution, which differs markedly from that of the Supreme Court, whose decisions Goldwater has described as "jackassian." Asked whether, and how, he would enforce the Supreme Court's ruling on school integration if he became President, Goldwater's answers turned fuzzy for the first time. "I don't necessarily buy the idea that what the Supreme

Court says is the law of the land. . . . The school question is a problem for the states.

"If the Federal Government moves in to enforce integration, it also moves in to control the schools. . . . I don't think there's any legal way to solve this thing. It's a question of man himself, his own worst enemy."

Since the Administration's civil-rights bill was presented, Goldwater has talked of giving the Attorney General the right to intervene in school cases, on "proof of grievance." But he opposes the heart of the bill, which would prevent discrimination in public accommodations. And as a practical matter, if "there is no legal way to solve this thing," that means leaving the "thing" in the hands of such impeccable States' Righters as Governors Ross Barnett of Mississippi and George Wallace of Alabama. This is enough to suggest why, although Goldwater himself is no racist, he is acceptable to southern racists.

It is also enough to suggest why the nomination of Goldwater, and the adoption of the "southern strategy" by the Republican Party, would force a radically new political alignment. It would bring the Republican and Democratic candidates into direct conflict on the race issue, at the moment of the greatest race crisis since the Civil War.

Goldwater's leading rival, Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, has blasted the "Southern strategy" as a recipe for disaster. Many northern and border-state Republicans agree with him. "My God," says a respected Republican senator, "we'd be the *apartheid* party." But even in the East some professionals in high party posts are coming around to the view that a Goldwater candidacy would be a political plus. "With Barry at the head of the ticket," says one pro, "I'd guarantee a whole passel of new Republican seats in the House, and some in the Senate too." Some are even beginning to believe that Goldwater—and only Goldwater—just might defeat Kennedy.

Trade black votes for white?

There is an unspoken, or rarely spoken, reason for this view. It is the growing belief that white votes for Goldwater might at this time of racial crisis vastly outnumber black votes for Kennedy, in the North as well as in the South.

Whites, after all, outnumber Negroes at the polls by a ratio of more than ten to one. This is still another reason why Goldwater, who seems at first glance so wildly unlikely in the role of presidential candidate, is nevertheless the Republican front-runner.

One senses that Goldwater himself, who likes "pooping about" the country making headlines, seems somewhat dismayed by the Goldwater phenomenon, and half hopes that the Goldwater boom will fade away. "A senator can say things a President can't," he reflects, and then he tries to laugh off "this President thing" with small jokes. But Goldwater has passed the point of no return, and in his heart he knows it. As a friend says, "Barry has reached the point where he can't not be a candidate."

And so this pleasant, uncomplicated, unpretentious, very likable man confronts the Republican Party with a historic choice. Should the Republican Party, which freed the slaves, now abandon claim to Negro support and go all out instead for the electoral votes of the Old Confederacy? The political shape of the future may depend on the answer.

THE END

As girl piper plays familiar tune, a solemn Goldwater sets the pace and Legionnaires fall into step behind.

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

