

flicted on us, and he overestimates the importance of Africa and the Africans. Much of what he has to say on that subject is propaganda reflecting the views of the recent black nationalist movement.

Mr. Farmer writes with clarity, but not always with adherence to reality. He does not measure up to the Negro intellectual leaders of yesteryear represented in Mr. Brotz' anthology, nor is it at all strange in the circumstances that he does not.

Reviewed by GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

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### *The Uncured Toothache*

**Suite 3505**, by F. Clifton White with William J. Gill, *New Rochelle, N. Y.:* Arlington House, 1967. 450 pp. \$6.95.

**Hysteria 1964**, by Lincoln Lokos, *New Rochelle, N. Y.:* Arlington House, 1967. 208 pp. \$4.00.

WHEN THIS reviewer opened the White-Gill book, he recalled that it had been two years before, almost to the day, that he tackled the first of the Goldwater post-mortems, the one by Richard H. Rovere. Mr. Rovere called his survey *The Goldwater Capers*, and the mildly jocular title set his tone throughout. The book, he explained in a preface, "was a souvenir of a toothache"—a toothache remembered in tranquility, that is, over and done with, a brief agony transmuted by time into retrospective amusement. That 27 million people had voted for a reluctant candidate, the beneficiary—or victim—of perhaps the only genuine draft in American political history, launched three years before by a group of relative unknowns at the fringe of Republican politics—all this seemed of little moment to Mr. Rovere as the New

Frontier merged into the broader contours of the Great Society.

Now, two years later, in the wake of Republican gains in Congress, with a Governor Reagan in California and a conservative splinter holding the third place on the New York State ballot long foreclosed by the liberal splinter, the Roveres' teeth may once more be on edge. If they need a more knowledgeable etiology of the first ache in 1964, the White-Gill book is the place to start.

The principal author is an ex-professor of political science at Cornell University who dabbled first in Young Republican politics, ran unsuccessfully for a Republican nomination to Congress in New York State, and by the early sixties had a thriving practice in public relations and political consultation. The story begins in the spring and summer of 1961, just after the Bay of Pigs failure with the State Department working on a "rapprochement" with Communist forces in Laos, and with dismay and disorder mounting on the home front. On September 7, 1961, White, William Rusher—publisher of William F. Buckley's *National Review*—and Representative John Ashbrook of Ohio, held an all-day meeting of commiseration and what-to-do in New York City. It was the beginning of the draft movement that was to culminate at San Francisco in 1964. White offers an infinity of detail which makes the book a working text in the practicalities of presidential politics in the electronic age. His index carries some 700 political names. Theodore H. White has been over the same ground, though as a reporter rather than an insider of insiders, and Stephen Shadegg, part of the way inside, has told much of the story earlier, as White indicates by frequent and approbatory citations.

White's account gathers momentum with a meeting later in 1961 in Chicago. Twenty-six men had been invited to talk politics and twenty-two showed up. The other four were at all subsequent meetings of what was first called merely the Clif White

group. The first budget was \$65,000 and not all of that was raised. A two-room office suite with second-hand furniture was taken and the book is named from its number—Suite 3505 Chanin Building.

A single paragraph will suggest the tone of the work and the intricacy of the operation.

I set December 30, 1962, as the target date for having a man in each state who would supervise the election of delegates [for the 1964 convention]. By early 1963 we planned to have a citizens' organization set up to pave the way for a formal unveiling of our candidate before the presidential primary campaigns began in January, 1964. In each state I wanted an outstanding chairman for this citizens' group, plus a state finance chairman and a women's leader. By mid-1963 I hoped to have a contact or leader in every county and congressional district. . . .

Pretty much all of this White achieved, but there were other and more vital matters that came much harder. The candidate's consent, for instance. Much of the earlier organization was dogged by fear of a Goldwater repudiation. In White's first meeting with the Senator the candidacy was not even mentioned. In subsequent meetings Goldwater shied away from the whole idea, sometimes with a touch of impatience. Six months after the Clif White group had emerged from semi-underground as the Draft Goldwater Committee, White had not even seen his man. When Goldwater did call him for a conference, the Senator was still undecided. The decision finally taken, Goldwater lagged in the critical choice of a running-mate.

Meanwhile the original Draft Goldwater people began to feel strong centrifugal pressures. Denison Kitchel came in from Phoenix along with other Arizonans green to big-time national politics. Rusher's friends Buckley and Brent Bozell got the brush-off when they arrived to offer advice and counsel. The Senator—all this is White's story, note, but it is largely cor-

roborated by Shadegg—withdrew more and more into an inner circle of advisers and speech-writers, with White demoted to associate status in running the campaign machinery, including the later direction of the floor forces at the convention. The book climaxes in his consternation at the acceptance address, in the composition of which he had had no part, which he had not even read, and which caught him all the more unprepared for the line about extremism in defense of liberty, which, unexceptionable standing alone, was, in context, an invitation to the non-Goldwater Republicans to convert—or else.

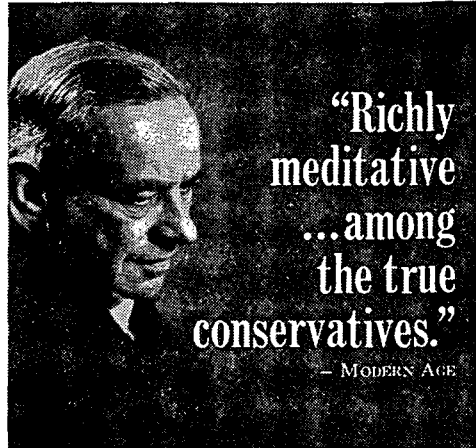
Mr. White and his collaborator dispense a competent if undecorative prose, and the tone throughout is attractive. The story is not always a happy one, but there are no recriminations and only the gentlest expressions of dismay as one prize after another within the Goldwater gift eluded the small company which had put the whole show together in the first place. If magnanimity is one of the qualities that separates the true conservative from the fake—a sense of sorrow more than anger for ideological error in the opposition camp and at intramural disappointment—then White is a conservative, and never more so than in the hopeful epilogue in which he projects the future. For him 1964 was a debacle but not an irreparable disaster. He would disagree with Rovere at many points, but at none more than in Rovere's feeling that the toothache of 1964 had probably gone away for good.

Further comparison of the White and Rovere books, indeed, magnifies the meaning of both. They are another episode in the divergent interpretation of events which increasingly marks our politics. Where White sensed rising dismay at foreign policy and disquiet on domestic matters, Rovere saw catharsis and resolution in the Johnson landslide. True, the President had responded to provocation in the Gulf of Tonkin, but Rovere was inclined to think this hardly more than a ploy to anticipate any growls from Goldwater.

"The crisis was a brief one," he wrote; "there appears to be little chance that it will cause the President to order further changes in the conduct of foreign policy on South Vietnam." When Goldwater spoke of crime in the streets, Rovere, abruptly a strict constructionist, reminded the Senator that crime was a local responsibility with which the Federal executive could not be charged.

Yet within a few months of the Tonkin Gulf incident the President's policy had changed indeed, and continued to change with steady applause from Goldwater. Only a few months ago Mr. Johnson was echoing Goldwater's concern about street disorder and asking Congress for special legislation. The truth of the matter is that here, as so often in recent history, the Rovers appear to suffer from an imperfect apperception of reality. A clue to the puzzle may appear in a distinction that a news writer made the other day between the two sides in a debate on new treaties with the Soviets. The opponents, he said, were naive, the sophisticates in favor. Twenty years before, the late Justice Jackson was making somewhat the same differentiation when he said, "Communism allures our ultrasophisticated intelligentsia more than our hard-headed working people." The term "allure" may be a little strong, but whereas on Hitler the *naïfs* and the sophisticates were as one, the contrary is often true at the other end of the political spectrum, and at both ends the *naïfs* turn out right.

There is of course peril in simplicism on foreign or domestic policy, but perhaps as much or more in complicating the obvious. Professor C. D. Broad once spoke of "that numerous class of theories which are so preposterously silly that only very learned men could have thought of them." Certainly, the groundswell of which White's book is a graphic if partial history points away from theories that have long since proved preposterously silly and on critical issues ranges the saving *naïfs* against the supersophisticates. Since there



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are more *naïfs* than sophisticates on balance, more squares, if one will, than slickers, it may be that Mr. Rovere's dental trouble will prove recurrent and even progressive.

*Hysteria 1964* is in substance an anthology of liberal and "moderate" commentary on the Republican extremists of three years ago. If I had to choose my own favorite it would be this, attributed to Maxwell Geismar: "[Goldwater] is a Doctor Strangelove incarnate, he is possessed, paranoid, utterly evil, and close to suicidal. . . . I believe he is close to being an out-and-out monster. . . ."

Reviewed by C. P. IVES