

temporary of a controversial subject which is so punctiliously careful to give the reader a faithful picture, with no features smudged, and no warts added or deleted.

*Powell and the 1970 Election* is concerned with the question "Who won the election? Was it Heath or Powell?" The answer may appear to be simple: it was Heath, of course. Did not Heath battle manfully against the opinion polls' confident forecasts of defeat, and by sturdy insistence on the true issues ultimately bring the electorate round to his side? Perhaps he did. Yet one may have doubts. For all the time there was Powell in the wings, attracting votes to Heath from those who hoped that in victory the Conservative Party would see that it was Powell that the country needed. *Powell and the 1970 Election* shows conclusively that there were many such voters. What we shall never know is how many, and how decisive, if at all, they may have been. Decisive or not, their views will make an impress on policy which will not be erased. It is possible that Powell will be excluded from office to the end of his time in politics. What will not be excluded from the determinants of policy will be the influence of his mind.

Reviewed by ARTHUR A. SHENFIELD

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### *An Artless Conscience*

**The Conscience of a Majority**, by Barry Goldwater, *Englewood Cliffs, N. J.:* Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1970. 248 pp. \$7.95.

"CRIME-IN-THE-STREETS" was for the Democratic campaign orators in 1964 a code phrase for race bigotry and those who raised the crime issue were race bigots. In the off-year election of 1970 every candidate in both parties announced *ab initio* his

zeal against street crime, and a major reason for the relatively modest dimension of Republican victory was this general Democratic cooptation of what had been a major Republican theme. The amiable and even artless leader for whom only twenty-seven million Americans voted on the crime and other issues in 1964 offers in the twelve chapters of his latest book a short history of the 1964 campaigning and its subsequences, up to and including the present outlook for his kind of conservatism, as he sees it. Like its author the book is amiable, and its artlessness shows both in the writing—much like a letter-to-the-editor of a small-city newspaper from a public-spirited but not literary merchant—and in the editing which e.g. permitted the Cuban missile crisis to happen in 1961.

Mr. Goldwater explains what many had suspected at the time—that he never did hanker feverishly to be President. He got into local politics in Phoenix almost by accident, and simply never stopped going up. Displaying the true conservative's driving sense of loyalty, he became as a Senator one of the prodigious Republican party workers on the banquet and rally routes. His travels gradually persuaded him that large numbers of persons in both parties were irked, even dismayed, at political trends, and so many began to see him as an agent of their views that he began to see himself in the same way. He felt his presidential boom was just about air-borne when President Kennedy was assassinated at Dallas. That horror recessed partisan politics for months, and when Lyndon B. Johnson was nominated by the Democrats, Goldwater despaired of bringing his adversary to a really fruitful discussion of substantive issues. Sure enough, the campaign careened off almost at once into a roil of accusations, picturesque even by American standards and summarized by one analyst as follows: Goldwater was another Adolf Hitler. He was fomenting a racial holocaust. He was advocating a nuclear policy that would savage half the world. He was trying to destroy the social

security system. He was a lunatic, so certified by a thousand psychiatrists who did their clinical examinations by watching TV. He was wrecking the Republican Party — this charge came in most plangent tones from persons who had never voted Republican in their lives. He was trying to subvert trade-unionism. He was paving the way for totalitarian government.

In a kind of paroxysm of moderation Mr. Goldwater confesses that “my experience in 1964 did not prejudice me in a non-critical direction” toward the media through which these accusations reached the electorate. In considering Mr. Agnew’s more recent animadversions against the media, the Senator concludes that the Vice-President “didn’t go nearly far enough.” Goldwater stresses, as did Agnew in his own travail, that many good newsmen reported objectively; but both could brighten a rainy afternoon some time by sorting out the people who called Goldwater a lunatic and fascist in 1964 and hammered Agnew for talking about “effete snobs” in 1970. Neither in 1964 or 1970 were such zealots a majority, and the less said about conscience in either case, no doubt, the better. Certainly 1964 set Republican themes that were to prevail later on.

Moving from where we have been to where we are going, Mr. Goldwater is a less reassuring guide. He has faith in the rising generation, as who has not, if the earnest if critical young are separated in their tens of millions from the nihilists who hope to destroy what Czech youths, for instance, have just died pursuing. As always, he takes Leninist and Maoist materialism at its own value, deducing that only *matériel*, well manned, will command communist respect in diplomatic intercourse. He has the true compassion for the unfortunate which offers only what is deliverable and spares the general community their rage at large promises unfulfilled. As a nature buff and conservationist decades before ecology made its way out of the technical dictionaries, Goldwater warns against mere earth-day faddism, but goes surprisingly far in

the other direction when he finds it “possible to credit the most exaggerated claims of the most hysterical alarmists.” (His editors may have left an “im” off that “possible,” but the immediate context doesn’t suggest so.) He is more persuasive and equally rigorous when he asks how many Americans are willing to cut back living standards as rising demand scrabbles after failing supply. “Suppose it becomes necessary to sacrifice speed and maneuverability and the economy of gasoline-burning cars in the search for cleaner air?” Yes, and suppose gasoline itself goes the way of the Middle East reserves which the Shah of Persia was warning not long ago might be drained in another twenty or thirty years?

At his least persuasive, and clearly least conservative, Mr. Goldwater leads us toward the end of the book into a kind of boyish futurism in which the other planets are colonized by fugitives from an overcrowded earth, where, however, hypersonic transports—hyper is faster than super—deliver people to Paris one hour out of New York. Technology, Mr. Goldwater confides, will solve the earth, air and sound pollution that such craft would doubtless exacerbate, just as the Senator looks to technology for a “fascinating modular concept of prefabricated [housing] parts for a whole city to be housed in one huge building,” and no doubt to be named Ye Olde Anthille Manor by the Department of Human Procurement, Warehousing and Distribution.

The Senator’s book was published before President Nixon’s recent proposals with their seeming resemblances to long-touted Democratic remedies for divers social ills. Is Mr. Nixon bowing to the other party as it bowed to his on crime? It will be instructive to see how the Goldwater kind of conservatism reacts to what may still be the conservatism—the subtler conservatism—of the President. One guide for the Goldwaters is the history of our kind of political arrangements. They began, after all, in a purely political—not economic, not juridical, not cultural—rebellion against the centralized bureaucracy of mercantilist

Britain. In essence the idea was to strike away the king's curbs on self-reliance. The zeal for self-reliance is now less evident among many of us, just as it was scarcely comprehended in the remoter years before 1776. Peoples get governments which reflect their assumptions, and so Mr. Nixon may be heading back to a take-care government—just possibly more efficient because less sentimental than the Democratic versions—because so many people want to be taken care of.

The perils on that way are manifest, but one thing to keep in mind is that some of the deeper roots of historic conservatism are pre-1776. Very old is the disposition to

discover the order which inheres in things rather than to impose an order upon them; to strengthen and perpetuate that order rather than to dispose things anew according to some formula which may be nothing more than a fashion; to legislate along the grain of human nature rather than against it; to pursue limited objectives with a watchful eye; to amend here, to prune there, in short to preserve the method of nature in the conduct of the state . . .

It could be argued indeed that the original United States Constitution flourished on those ideas, and ebbs with them. Would interest in them revive with a return to government modes like those in which they began? After all, the earliest of those modes were not sclerotically concentrated but broadly decentralized. Long before George III the king and his barons made a kind of federalism. Say one thing for Mr. Nixon: if he is drifting backward, whether willy or nilly, he does have sharp regard—as do his new Justices—for the advantages of diffusion. The point for Mr. Goldwater is that the actual drift of events may be toward a future more like the past than like the technological hypersonic extrapolation of the present which he has in his mind's amiable and artless eye.

Reviewed by C. P. IVES