

there), patriotism (it's a sham), and right and wrong (there are only shades of gray — except the war, that is immoral).

This, I think, is why we see the alleged irreversible shift from conservatism to a perverse form of liberalism among college students. Faced with what admittedly is the sophistication, breadth and depth of reading experience that professors have *vis-a-vis* students, a student would have to be superhuman to overcome the feeling that the ritualistic liberal professors are correct, not only in the way they think, but in the conclusions they have reached.

I for one cannot blame any student for reaching such a conclusion. The dogmatic assertions that pass for argument among the average families come to seem to the mind of a college student vulgar, irrational and shameful when placed next to the admirable exercises in logic, demonstration and irony that are the marks of the best liberal professors.

What is wrong, of course, is not that the student has learned ways to challenge the beliefs of his parents. What is wrong is that he has not learned ways to challenge the beliefs of those professors who challenge the beliefs of his parents: no one on campus has ever said to him: "Yes, it is true your parents don't think in the sophisticated ways the professors do. But it does not therefore logically follow that the views held by your parents are undesirable and the views held by the professors desirable. What matters is whether or not such views are true — and it is the conservative position that the traditional views are, for the most part not only true, but demonstrably so. Take the idea of God, for example — you can believe in God the way Uncle Louis does or the way Bill Buckley does; it's the same God. But Buckley believes in Him after a rigorous analysis and thorough meditation. Thus, you might go on to stage three."

Stage Three: Again, the student is active; he begins by questioning the conclusions of the professors; he questions the methods and the documentation and, ultimately questions the competence of even the most articulate men in areas of conduct and belief — all of this using the professors' very own tools.

The student has progressed from dogmatically-held prejudices, unexamined and half-understood, if at all, through the cynical but almost always convincing skepticism or leftist dogmatism of the professors to, finally, an intellectually based, rationally held position that is in line with the basic beliefs of the working class parents — and of Western civilization at its height.

Viewed in this fashion, what passes for a liberal education in most colleges today should bring a blush to the cheek of even the most unabashed liberal or leftist professor.

Their argument has always been that they must present "the other side of the argument" (the origin of the idea that an argument has only two sides is a fascinating historical puzzle) because,

after all, the students have received "the only side" from parents and church and school. It is — say the professors — only their intellectual duty to help shake these kids up, to have them "question" the values they bring to school.

But what about the "values" the students received from the professors? Who will help shake up these kids about those ideas? Is it the professor's belief that his values can be challenged only by methods and viewpoints of the working-class parent? If that were the case, the values held by the working class would, of course, be intellectually doomed. But that isn't the case at all; in all of the major areas of thought, there is a responsible, scholarly, well-documented, rational, humane, intellectual position diametrically opposed

to that of the relativists, liberal dogmatists and leftists and quite in the line with the conclusion — if not the methods of argument — of the parents, church, school — in short, of civilization.

Yet where, oh where can a student hear this view on campus? He is constantly told that the battle is only between what he came to school with and what he is getting now. No one will tell him that there is another battle: that of questioning the stuff he is getting now without reverting to the kind of argumentation his parents "taught" him.

Perhaps young conservatives might enlist the aid of enlightened liberal classmates to demand that professors who hold dogmatically liberal, radical or leftist opinions present a reading list and guest lecturers to even things out. □

Of Mice and Men

The Greatness of Senator Birch Bayh

William G. Fredericks

So powerful is mankind's yearning to believe a lie that he will cling to it even though it is not particularly useful. This has even held true of the lower forms of man. I expect Heidelberg man thrived on rumors about the buxom lady from the cave down the mountain, and the rumors were palpable poppycock. Certainly today's media man positively cherishes whole heaps of spurious truths.

But media man does not only hold to his lies because of mankind's inherent appetite for falsity. Media man also accepts lies because he is too lazy to discover exactly what the truth is. Take for instance the whopper that Senator Bayh just dropped out of the contest for the White House because of his wife's uncertain health. This is simply not the truth. It is part of the truth, but it is not the whole truth, and a portion of the truth still does not convey the truth. Some Washington reporters know why Mr. Bayh lost his avidity for the scaffold on 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, but they also know how people relish a good, solid lie. Still most reporters have no idea what has taken place in Mr. Bayh's office, and they are too busy pressing their pants in the Washington saloons to find out. So it is because of the mantle of tommyrot that has covered Mr. Bayh's disingenuous withdrawal that we are publishing a report received last month from William G. Fredericks on the truth about this great man's exit — just ascribe it all to our noble desire to "shake up the system."

RET

Quickly now, before it sinks beneath the foam, consider the Bayh-for-President caper.

Senator Birch is spending enormous sums of other people's money in order to tell the Nation that he would rather like Birch to become Chief Executive and the leader of the free world.

If being frantic is being serious (and more Democratic politicians think it is), then Bayh is serious. Three Democratic functionaries cannot meet for lunch without Bayh jetting in to administer his hail-fellow-well-met-brand of courtship.

His most remarkable characteristic is his hands. They are the busiest hands in the Western world. He is a shoulder-squeezer and knee-prodder. He is always throwing playful left hooks at the chins of those whom he is inflicting his particularly leaden small talk.

("I'm no prude and I'm no saint. I'm in between. Maybe we need somebody who can articulate across that spectrum of thought.")

All this is very obnoxious and, under-

standably enough, it does not appear to be moving him an inch toward the nomination. But the significant thing is not that Bayh is obnoxious, but that he is everywhere. The money and energy Bayh expends in self-promotion is inversely proportional to his devotion to Senate duties, and that is a lot of money and energy.

So who cares? The Senator has been roaring around the Republic at a pace that is remarkable even for a Senator whose inattentiveness to Senate business is a minor legend. Yet every poll indicates that the public is managing to remain blissfully ignorant of his campaign. But his campaign is intriguing nevertheless.

The intriguing aspect of the Bayh campaign has nothing to do with anything the candidate says. His liberalism is of the most predictable sort. Nor is the campaign interesting merely because the candidate's brass is suggesting that he ought to sit in Lincoln's chair. After all, there is a large stockpile of such brass on Capitol Hill.

The intriguing aspect of the Bayh

campaign is its cost. Bayh's brand of vote-seeking, delegate-courting, publicity-hunting freneticism costs money and the money is not coming from the Senator's pocket.

Senator Bayh is not a wealthy man. His Senate salary is \$42,500 per year. He pays taxes on income of approximately \$100,000 a year. Some comes from his 340-acre farm in Vigo County, Indiana. Much of this comes from the lucrative "lecture" circuit. Last year he found time to more than double his salary on that circuit. He earned more money "lecturing" than any other Senator. Nevertheless the Senator says he owes an Indianapolis bank \$7,500 and an aide says the Senator had to borrow money to finance an August vacation with his family.

Obviously other men are footing the formidable bills run up by the Bayh campaign. What is not obvious is what earthly reason anyone can have for investing money in so improbable a candidate.

Bayh's political assets are even more miniscule than his financial assets. He has done nothing noteworthy in the Senate.

At the behest of Andy Beimiller, chief Washington lobbyist for the AFL-CIO, which contributed several score of thousands of dollars to Bayh's most recent Senate campaign, Bayh actively opposed the nominations of Haynesworth and Carswell to the Supreme Court. But the opposition to those nominations did not distinguish Bayh from the majority of Senators.

Insofar as he has had energy to spare from messaging his ambition, he has used his position on the Constitutional Amendments subcommittee of the Judiciary Committee to propose improvements to the work of the Founding Fathers.

Thus Bayh, who flunked the Indiana bar examination, has demonstrated a flickering interest in the fundamental law and the judges who construe it. But that is all he has demonstrated, and that is not the sort of stuff that normally attracts big investors to dark horse Presidential campaigns.

So the question is, Why are some wealthy men investing a lot of money in such a feckless campaign when there are serious men — Senators Muskie and Jackson, for example — gearing up to run?

Perhaps the frivolousness of the man is the key. Or perhaps there is a *machtpolitik* explanation of why a small number of rich men have written checks for large sums just to keep Senator Bayh visible at every Democratic reception, dinner and convention.

We do not know who these rich men are. Bayh is a passionate believer in the public's "right to know" when it comes to publishing stolen "Top Secret" documents, but he has not yet seen fit to disclose the source of his campaign funds. But whoever these sources are, they cannot mean serious political business. And it is wildly improbable that even a liberal would look upon Bayh as a repository for idealism. So why are some rich folks financing him?

There are two plausible explanations for the generosity of the few wealthy people who are financing him. One explanation derives from a dead economist; the other is associated with a very live politician. Consider the Veblen Function and the Kennedy Factor.

Perhaps the Bayh campaign's affluence is explained by Thorstein Veblen's theory of conspicuous consumption. Veblen was intrigued by the ways in which many wealthy people managed to spend their money in ways which attracted attention to the fact that they had a lot of money to spend frivolously for chancy, "sporting" ventures.

For many decades it has been common for the rich to slake their sporting instincts and parade their affluence by buying a race horse or a "piece" of a Broadway show or a prize fighter. But the Bayh candidacy indicates that the rich have discovered an additional instrument of conspicuous and sporting consumption. The instrument is a dark horse Presidential candidate.

Thus it may be that a few wealthy men are getting their kicks by buying a piece of Bayh.

On the other hand, perhaps a significant portion of Bayh's money is coming from Senator Kennedy. According to this theory, Bayh is serving

Great American Series

Had it not been for the steady encroachment of the Federal Government on the rights and duties reserved for the States, we perhaps would not have the present spectacle of the people rushing to Washington to set right whatever goes wrong.

Vice President
John Nance Garner
1932

as a stalking horse for Kennedy. This interpretation fits nicely with the plausible notion that Bayh is really running for the Vice Presidential slot on a Kennedy ticket. It is some measure of Bayh's stature that people can believe that he will allow himself to be so used while pursuing such a low goal.

At any rate, Bayh's campaign may be heading for a recession.

Recently columnist Jack Anderson published this report on Bayh's spectacular spending:

"He has courted key Democrats with champagne breakfasts, chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royces, plane tickets to Washington and other costly services. At a reception in Madison, Wisconsin, Bayh provided two free bars and a rock band.

"And in Chicago, he threw a black tie dinner featuring Laugh-In's Lily Tomlin and George Shearing.

"Bayh's campaign headquarters is carpeted and furnished in executive suite splendor. He has a professional campaign staff, who had adopted such expensive innovations as a special radio network, which rushes out Bayh statements on two leased long-distance lines to the radio networks and hundreds of independent stations for their news shows."

The Anderson column was published

on 2 July. That fact lent a certain poignancy to an Evans and Novak column that appeared one week later:

"Belying the fabled affluence of the presidential campaign by Senator Birch Bayh of Indiana, several of his workers turned up on 2 July at the campaign headquarters of rival Senator George McGovern of South Dakota to do a bit of panhandling. They were asking friends there to help tide them over the Fourth of July weekend with a little pocket money.

"The reason: The Bayh campaign, famed for its chartered jets and mass champagne breakfasts, had run out of money and was totally incapable of meeting its big payroll. Some of the workers in Bayh's plush headquarters were given \$100 each as an emergency stipend, but others were left flat broke and had to hit the pavements."

Who says there is not a cheerful aspect of the poverty problem? Who says the system is not working? Three cheers for the country that contrives to bankrupt a few Bayh workers on Independence Day Weekend! There is a lot of life in fair Columbia yet!

So the final question is, Why the sudden poverty? I like to believe the bottom fell out of the Bayh campaign as a result of an interview article that appeared in the *Washington Post* in mid-June.

The article was in the Sunday "Style" section of the *Post*. The "Style" section is a politicized "society" section which perfectly captures the *Post*'s version of liberalism. That liberalism is a politics of form and fashion for those suffering from the lingering malady known as Camelotitis. But the section has its moments of inadvertent brilliance, as when the Bayhs turned their interview into a spectacularly damaging document.

The article should have been headlined "Everything You Could Possibly Want To Know About the Bayhs but Would Be Too Civil To Ask." It was headlined "Bayhs: Partners in Politics." It was a kind of light masterpiece; it allowed two subjects to reveal themselves completely.

Consider this vignette:

"We really live in our rec room," she says of the red, white and blue basement. "That's where all of our parties begin and usually end." Senator Bayh enters the living room, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, tie, sits down, then is summoned to the telephone by an aid.

After the Senator leaves, Mrs. Bayh advises the aid to leave. "But he wanted me to make the phone call," he protests.

"I don't care," she says, softly and smiling pleasantly. "Get out of here."

That glimpse of the Senator's "partner" has a ring of truth. Neither Marvella nor the Senator are bashful about revealing themselves.

"When Birch is away he calls every night," she says. "He leaves me little notes that are such fun to find. Once he left a note under my can of hairspray. It said 'You don't need this to keep me sticking to you.' At dinner parties he'll draw an arrow with a heart through it and have the waiter bring it over to me. I save them all. Birch is idealistic and

has a heart. He is patient to a fault, tolerates mistakes in others to a fault, and he works too much. He grills a good steak, and he has a good voice. We have such fun with friends but not as often as we like. He also writes poetry."

"I don't know if it's outstanding like Eugene McCarthy's though," she adds.

The article included a selection of the poetry. Christian charity forbids quoting it: suffice it to say that poetry is not what the Senator does best.

Judging by the interview, what Bayh does best (or most frequent) is embarrass his wife:

When they do stay home they like to entertain.

"Marvella's an excellent hostess."

"Oh, Birch, you're embarrassing me."

And again:

If Senator Bayh decided not to run for President, did he have a favorite candidate?

"I don't want to get into comparisons there," he says, "but I'll tell you one thing. There's not one candidate's wife on the scene who could hold a candle to Marvella."

"Oh, Birch, you're embarrassing me."

The article contained enough embarrassing material to keep all of Washington laughing all Sunday.

Marvella on her "project":

"My project is child development centers. It's a class thing. The upper classes put their children in nursery schools and the others don't have the opportunity." (The Bayh's son Evan attends one of the most exclusive private schools in Washington.)

Birch in the throes of agonizing self-appraisal:

"I like Dairy Queens...I like work, I'm strong, young, energetic and I can take any burden that comes my way. I don't think I have given enough time in my 43 years to making any money, but we have enough...I'm not a materialist. I wear baggy pants. That's another fault."

Birch on the charge that he is "a lightweight, a Boy Scout": "This Boy Scout image doesn't bother me a bit."

Marvella on the Boy Scouts: "I think the Boy Scouts are wonderful, anyway. And they help people when they are in need."

Birch on the role reversal: "But if the roles were reversed and Marvella were the Senator and I were the advisor I think I would be satisfied."

Marvella on culture: "If Vietnam were over tomorrow 'Hair' would be irrelevant."

The Bayhs on love:

"I'm not for free love," says the Senator.

"Neither am I," says Marvella.

"But I have no right to impose my views on others. Sex and love are wonderful and pure experiences and there is no reason to flaunt it," she says.

"And you read so much about venereal disease, these days," says Mrs. Bayh.

One of the Senator's rivals for the nomination estimates that Marvella is "ten times" smarter than the Senator. According to the Senator, "My wife has

a better political head than anybody who works for me." Perhaps one of the lesser lights on Bayh's staff will have the temerity to suggest that joint interviews are counterproductive.

Then again, maybe they are not counterproductive. They certainly contribute to the public stock of harmless pleasure. Anyway maybe Bayh is trying to implement the Early Mets Theory of Popularity Cultivation.

In the early 1960s, in the Golden Era of the New York Mets, when that team was the incarnation — the Platonic

form — of Awfulness, the symbol of Met incompetence was a first baseman named Marv Thornberry. It was said that his teammates even refused to give him a birthday cake because they were sure he would drop it. But "Marvelous Marv" was the favorite of those persons — and they were legion — who did not care a fig for baseball, but who enjoyed the spectacle of a fine art reduced to grotesque parody. One need hardly underscore the depressing similarities between Marvelous Marv's fans and Marvelous Marvella's husband's fans, and between the early Mets and the Bayh campaign. □

The Peace Profiteers

Robert S. Walker

Walk in any store and you may find a new "merchant of death" behind the counter. He is not a salesman of weapons in keeping with the traditional meaning of the merchants of death theory. Indeed, because his products stress peace symbolism, he is better called a peace profiteer. But the drive to make money at any cost is the same and the effect of his merchandizing may be far more dangerous.

The "merchants of death" are, in the traditional sense, businessmen who promote warfare to make money. Throughout history, money-making greed in the armaments industry supposedly has encouraged wars. The weapons manufacturer, Undershaft, in Bernard Shaw's *Major Barbara* epitomizes the avarice ascribed to these industrialists. Undershaft states, "...my friend, you will do what pays us. You will make war when it suits us and keep peace when it doesn't...When I want anything to keep my dividends up, you will discover that my want is a national need."

Undershaft would understand and appreciate the activities of the peace profiteers. They operate in relative obscurity. Their products flood the marketplace — items like clothing, jewelry and housewares decorated with the peace symbol — but their greed and their unstated motives have escaped examination. Yet they prey upon and reap rewards from an imperiling of our national life. Divisiveness and intolerance are a means to commercial success for these merchants of mollification.

Making money from discord involves using an unpopular war as a catalyst. Long before history recorded an American presence in Vietnam, Frank A. Vanderlip, whose career in finance and government spanned the first quarter of this century, said about another war, "As a result of the war, a million new springs of wealth will be developed." Now the peace profiteers can amend Vanderlip's statement with the observation that an unpopular war is particularly advantageous for accumulating wealth. Large numbers of people who oppose U. S. involvement in Southeast Asia provide a ready market for anti-war products. Something decorated with a dove, V sign or peace symbol helps individuals identify

with the entire anti-Vietnam movement. Their personal beliefs become a part of a cause when an item is purchased featuring the familiar circle with an inverted Y inside.

A salesman in a Philadelphia hippie store best explains the importance of identity in selling peace. "People are looking for an easy way to say, 'This is me.' People want to embrace the symbol of peace." The proprietor of another hippie store in that city agrees. "Today people are different; they want their feelings known. How many people have the time or skill to make a peace symbol? It's easier and cheaper to buy one." There is no concern in these statements about the fact that such identification is a factor in national polarization. After all, for the profiteers that polarization means cash.

But this kind of callous disregard of the national interest is not limited to hippie shops. Department stores and specialty shops also are cashing in on peace and polarization. Not only are antiwar products displayed enticingly on the shelves of many stores, but large sums are spent widely advertising these goods.

A Washington, D.C. department store ran a full page newspaper ad to promote peace jewelry not long ago. "Peace It All Together," said the spread which utilized the two-fingered V sign as an attention getter. A call placed to the advertising manager of that store revealed that there was not even discussion about using the ad. They felt it was pretty non-controversial. "After all," he said, "everybody's for peace!"

Certainly everyone is for peace, but the peace paraphernalia being widely advertised and merchandized carries with it a special symbolism. The goods being sold are meant to appeal to one segment of the American people who hold reasonably uniform opinions regarding military and foreign policy. But because the products are designed for one group, they are an anathema to other people holding other opinions. The sale of the paraphernalia lends to a climate where rational debate between the two groups becomes impos-

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