

canned pet food in America is made out of shredded black South African babies. We would have no means to refute this, as *theirs* is a closed totalitarian society—and the Soviet citizens have believed even more aberrant fabrications. What's worse is that we cannot even convince our own citizens of the factual horrors of communism. We have a free press whose major goal seems to be demolishing anything—right or wrong—our government has to say. To reach the Soviet citizenry in order to tell them what's real and true via our communications media is about as feasible as setting up a *New York Times* bureau on Venus. Our press, in fact, does everything possible to persuade us that the nuclear war is unwinnable, but it is unable to convey the same message behind the Iron Curtain. Russian citizens are at the mercy of their leaders' pronouncements: that the Korean airliner was on a spy mission, that any imperialist violation of their sacred frontiers will be crushed by the invincible atomic rocketry that is so proudly displayed each year in Red Square. A vision of the Stars & Stripes flying over the Kremlin as a result of a propaganda war would seem ridiculous to Americans; the idea of a hammer and sickle banner over the White House is, to many Russians, a conceivable possibility, maybe just a matter of time. And otherwise rational Western societies are willing to accept the assertion that we are feeding babies to pets rather than risk Soviet wrath and an "unwinnable" nuclear exchange.

A democratic society is by nature an informed and debating society. As such, it can be indoctrinated by even the flimsiest efforts. It can, therefore, be *convinced* about the need for personal sacrifice, but never coerced into it. The more doubt and reflection that takes place, the less likelihood of sacrifice—regardless of all persuasive exertions. In contrast, all of Soviet society is structured on enforced sacrifice. The word "sacrifice" is synonymous with the very process of living. In such a reality, the winnability or unwinnability of atomic war is mean-

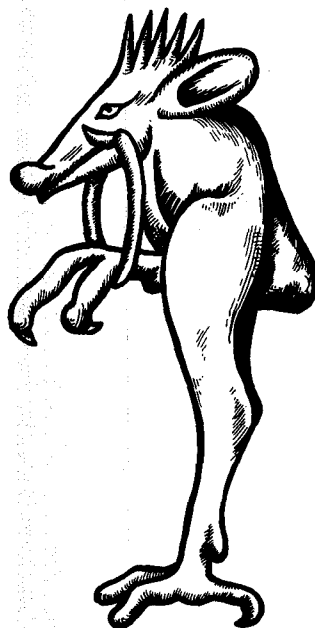
ingless. In our pluralistic and individualistic reality it somehow looks as if we are aboard Sebastian Brant's *Ship of Fools*: its crew endlessly pursues a miraculous, utopian "agreement" that would eliminate the specter of unwinnable war from global political affairs so that everybody would rejoice in peace. No one thinks about the reality of other struggles. Do we have a contingency plan for confronting the Soviets in a war of ideologies, systems, ways of life—a war that will not disappear from our forced coexistence? May we rest assured that an overwhelming majority of our nation would approve such a plan to talk and act in unison, in order to lend credibility to our resolve?

In a well-meant but rather simplistic utterance at a recent press conference, President Reagan expressed the thought that we should invite here as many representatives of the new nations as possible: they would see how democracy works and how representation through the ballot makes societies better. He wanted to teach them about elections. But they know about elections. What the President seems not to realize is that a society ordered according to a communal principal is not a teachable concept: it must grow out of civilizational

tradition. Japan or Taiwan or Singapore could accept our political mechanisms (but not sociocultural ways) because deep down within the cultures of those nations the philosophical preconditions for those mechanisms existed. Tanzania, Saudi Arabia, or the Andean republics—that's something else. Teaching them democracy is not the same as acquainting their populations with refrigerators. Besides, there is still that bizarre warp in our own public opinion: liberal congressmen and the media, so eager to train a Somoza, or a Shah, somehow keep mum about the idea of educating an Andropov or a Jaruzelski. They would deem such a notion both ridiculous and improper. This is why if proper understanding of current affairs fails us, we will lose the world struggle. In the end, we will take our ship of fools apart, with our own hands, when cruising over the deepest and most turbulent abyss. □

Methodology

Once again (though it is only the second time), there is a black contender for the Presidency—and it is a glorious moment, for it shows that we are true to ourselves in that we are living up to the most intrinsic promises of our free society, pluralistic democracy, and the Constitution—the sources of all our strengths. The momentousness of this moment, however, is slightly marred by a feeling that, perhaps, Rev. Jesse Jackson is ill-suited to bear the standard of the last stage of emancipation. Rev. Jackson belongs to that breed of social activists which was engendered by the 1960's; as such he confuses rage with strength. But rage is *not* strength. Historically, candidates for the American Presidency have based their bids on the force of their ideas, arguments, reasoning, explication. Thus, we think that it's unfortunate that blacks may see as their spokesman, one anointed by hope and extraordinariness, a person who believes more in the power of the scream and frenzy than in that of clear statement and calm judgment. □





Should You Be Subscribing to *The Southern Partisan*?

Take this test and find out.

(Check one)

- | | | |
|--|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Does the word "Conservative" fit your political views (but somehow doesn't seem quite strong enough)? | Yes | No |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2. Do you feel even a slight urge to whoop & holler when they play "Dixie"? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. Is the phrase "States' Rights" a part of your political vocabulary? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4. Do you use the word "soil" as a noun as well as a verb? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 5. Are you fed up with the way the media morons run down the South? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 6. Do you look back with pride on the rich cultural heritage of the Old South? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

If You've Answered "YES" to **ANY** Of These Questions,

THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN

will be your favorite
magazine. Subscribe now
to the "Un-Reconstructed
Voice of The Old South."

Yes! I'd like to try *The Southern Partisan* at the special introductory rate
of \$12.00 per year.

☐ \$12.00 check enclosed ☐ Bill me

Name _____

Street address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Mail to: *The Southern Partisan*, P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina 29211

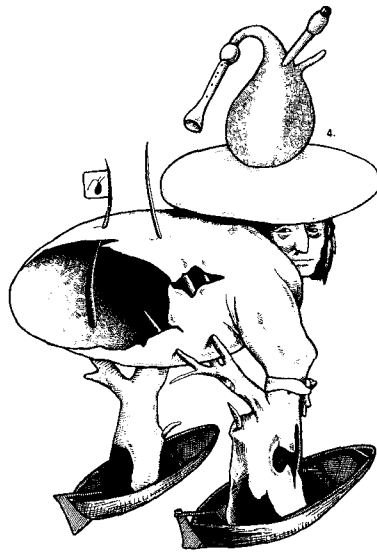
A Quarterly Publication of the Foundation for American Education

Syndicated King Lear

The jeremiads were not devoid of a certain poignancy. Anchormen and columnists filled their "spaces," both the psychological ones and those allocated to them during the prime time or on editorial pages, with outbursts of the most righteous anger witnessed since Lancelot went on rampage and King Lear filled theaters with the outrage of sorrow. The reason: they were not allowed to land on Grenada with the U.S. forces. "Those are *our* soldiers, the people's soldiers," went the lamentations, "and the people have the right to know what happens to them. And who else is destined by God, Constitution, and immutable laws of history to make people know other than the American journalist—the paladin of the First Amendment? The government's assertion that it wished to protect newspeople from the perils of battle is absurd and does not hold up in the light of the American military history, which is replete with tales of reporters who were killed in action."

While the latter charge is true, and the circumstances of journalistic valor are heartwarming in a nostalgic vein, something happened between the death of Ernie Pyle and the liberation of Grenada. During that time, the American soldier of every rank, rightly or wrongly, acquired a strange, often oppressive impression that although the American journalist may not be on the enemy's side, he is not exactly on the soldier's side, either. While it is difficult to formulate the reasons why this is so in a few sentences, it is apparent that the feeling reached its climax in Vietnam. The bitter complaints about the Administration's handling of the press during the Grenada crisis actually bared the sickly affliction that, for the last two decades, contaminates the relationship between American society and the freest press on the planet.

The litany of dangerously vicious inanities which followed the Administration's decision may well begin with that of a doltish female CBS correspondent



who, after President Reagan's first press conference on Grenada, felt personally abused by the President. She concluded that Mr. Reagan lied to her: he initially announced that he sent troops to save American lives; he subsequently noted that a Cuban menace existed (one that CBS News was unable to check in advance). The reflection that Mr. Reagan could have had the double objective of saving lives *and* annihilating the Cuban threat, and perhaps, had some other goals (like restoring a legitimate government to Grenada), and that *all* those objectives may have been equally valid (but not communicated to CBS at the network's schedule) never oppressed the lady's mind. She held the President guilty of misinformation.

However, she still has a way to go before she will reach the level of sophisticated chutzpah of her colleague, Mr. Walter Cronkite, the TV icon of phony bonhomie, who intoned:

This nation is founded on the belief that people have the right to know and that we participate in our government's actions. . . . These are our Marines, our Rangers down there. This is our foreign policy and we have a

right to know precisely what is happening, and there can be no excuse in denying the people that right.

We were always persuaded that *our* foreign policy is that of the President and the Congress, both duly elected according to the principles of representative democracy. If we do not like the kind of foreign policy the constitutionally mandated powers pursue, we vote them out of office. Actually, Mr. Cronkite's whining is at the center of the disease which might grow tumorlike into the flesh of the American civilization: the Cronkites and other press overlords seem to believe that the First Amendment is not a warrant for free expression, but for dictating, forming, and superimposing upon the government and the nation a policy deemed right by them. We thus have in the press the nonelected rulers who, in the best imperial tradition, claim that they have "their" Rangers and "their" Marines—like the Queen's Own Rifles. Mr. Cronkite conveniently forgets that *his* network is involved in a legal contention with a soldier, General Westmoreland, who accuses it of lying and until now has not been proven wrong. We know a gentleman in Connecticut who, during the Vietnam War, used to pass a clean piece of fabric over his TV screen each time after Mr. Cronkite's image had appeared on it. "I'm wiping off lies from my appliance," he noted, adding, "It's a purification reflex."

In the mourning rites, Mr. Cronkite was joined by Mr. Henry Grunwald, the lord of the *Time-Life Inc.* fiefdom who, in a more conciliatory and sober tone, tried to turn the tables around and prove that the exclusion of the press was not the President's sin ("In many ways he is the most open President we have had in a long time"), but someone else's, one who did "a real disservice to Ronald Reagan." Yet, in an essay, Mr. Grunwald couldn't resist forming a sentence that strikes us as even more mendacious than insidious: