



George Wallace Isn't Kidding

JULES WITCOVER

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA
THE NAMEPLATE on the governor's desk now reads "Lurleen B. Wallace," and there's an old-fashioned rolling pin perched next to it in the State Capitol's Executive Office. But the same old cigar-puffing, Washington-baiting George is in charge.

The demands of protocol have required Alabama's de facto governor to move into a smaller room across the hall so that Mrs. Wallace can handle her paper-signing and hand-shaking chores in the proper setting. When Lurleen is out, though, George is in, holding court in his wife's chair like any other second-in-command while the boss is away. Having blocked an attempt by the new state legislature to enact a two hundred per cent pay boost for itself, George seems to have his proxy administration sufficiently well in hand to start thinking about the real reason he ran Lurleen in November—his own third-party bid for the Presidency in 1968.

Lighting up one stogie after another, flicking the ashes in and around the gubernatorial wastebasket, he talks about how George Corley Wallace will win two years hence, and there isn't the slightest hint that he's kidding. As difficult as it is for some to believe, Wallace appears to be in dead earnest about running, and not just to confuse the picture, either, or to force the two major-party candidates to deal with him.

He invokes, of all people, Abraham Lincoln to bolster his contention that a plurality vote-getter—

such as Lincoln was in 1860 (forty per cent of the vote) and as Wallace was in the 1964 Maryland Democratic primary (forty-three per cent)—can win a majority in the Electoral College. He doesn't have to single out the Great Emancipator—there have been eleven other Presidents who fell short of a popular majority—but the comparison seems to amuse him. Also, Lincoln ran in a four-man race and Wallace reasons that "If I run, this will be at least a three-man race and the same thing can happen."

Not If but When

Wallace always prefaces his analyses of 1968 with "if I run"; then as he warms up to the subject, the conditional clause falls away. He has been saying "if" since early in Lurleen's campaign, warning that only the nomination by one of the two major parties of a man he can support will keep him out of the Presidential race. The unlikelihood in Wallace's mind of such an outcome is best illustrated by a favorite harangue with which he wowed fellow Alabamians on the stump last fall:

"Now you take a big sack and you put LBJ in there, and you put Hubert Horatio Alger Humphrey in there, and you put Bobby Kennedy the bloodgiver in there, and you shake 'em all up. Then you put this Richard Milhous Nixon who with Eisenhower put bayonets in the back of the people of Little Rock and in your backs, and you put in Earl Warren, who doesn't have

enough legal brains in his head to try a chicken thief in my home county, and you shake 'em up.

"And then you put in that Socialist Nelson Rockefeller from the most liberal state in the country, and that left-winger George Romney who was out in the streets with the demonstrators, and that Clifford Case of New Jersey, and that Wild Bill Scranton of Pennsylvania, and that radical Jacob Javits of New York, and you shake 'em all up. Then you turn that sack over, and the first one that falls out, you pick him up by the nape of the neck and drop him right back in again, because there's not a dime's worth of difference in any of 'em, national Democrats or national Republicans."

From this, it is clear that although Wallace says "if," the only real questions are when and how. On Lurleen's inauguration night, a secret meeting was held at the Woodley Country Club in Montgomery by his backers from Alabama, Louisiana, Missouri, and Texas at which early plans for Wallace for President clubs were laid. The Wallaces have denied being present, but not that the meeting took place. The invitations were sent out by Asa Carter, a Wallace aide and speechwriter, and by former Sheriff Jim Clark, the Dallas County segregationist. Among those present were Floyd G. Kitchen, chairman of the newly formed Missouri Conservative Party, and Kent Courtney, the New Orleans right-wing publisher and head of the Conservative Society of America.

Kitchen and Courtney, a banner waver for T. Coleman Andrews on a third-party slate in 1956, are not what one would call President makers, and Wallace certainly knows it. Neither is Georgia's Governor Lester Maddox, who idolizes him and wants to have him address the Georgia legislature, or former Governor Ross Barnett of Mississippi, who attended Lurleen's inaugural. But with these, other Southern officeholders, and state legislators by the hundreds as a base, Wallace is counting on the temper of the country and his own populism to broaden his support.

Most of the ingredients of emotional anti-Johnson protest—racial unrest in the North, the big-

government bugaboo, crime in the streets—have been themes in the Wallace repertoire for years; they are surefire stuff with many conservatives, North and South, who backed Barry Goldwater in 1964. If the G.O.P. nominates Governor Romney of Michigan, the Southern Republican vote could fall to Wallace by default. Disgruntled Dixie Goldwaterites already are talking about Senators John G. Tower of Texas, Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, and others as pre-convention favorite sons—a possible stalking-horse strategy to stop Romney and keep Southern delegations in line for former Vice President Nixon after a ballot or two.

The Goldwaterites obviously prefer Nixon to Romney, but in the Deep South at least, they are likely to take Wallace over either. Though Nixon is more popular in the South than Romney, he could be hurt more by Wallace because he will be depending more on Southern support if he gets the Republican nomination. The former Vice President is hopeful of putting together the four Southern states he won in 1960 and the five captured by Goldwater in 1964 for a solid base of electoral votes; but with Wallace on a third-party ticket, Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi almost certainly would be lost to Nixon, possibly South Carolina too, and, if Maddox could swing it, Georgia.

Wallace evidently counts on picking up 147 electoral votes in the thirteen Southern and border states. That alone would not be enough; even if he won an electoral plurality in a three-man race it is inconceivable that the U.S. House of Representatives would pick him. But by squeaking through with the slimmest popular pluralities in the Southwest and the Rocky Mountain states and in one or two big states infected with backlash fever, Wallace could pick up the remaining 123 needed for the required electoral majority of 270. However the sober mind scoffs at and rejects such an outcome, that nevertheless is what he apparently thinks can happen.

To bring about this political miracle, Wallace already is talking of more forays, as in 1964, into backlash country—Chicago, indus-



trialized Wisconsin and Indiana, Baltimore, New York, Boston, and anywhere else where ripples of discontent can be stirred. He insists he has not talked and will not talk segregation outside the South: "What I say is, I don't care if New York wants segregation or integration, but it's up to New York to decide, and they don't need anybody from Alabama—or from Washington—to make up their minds for them."

JUST WHEN his next invasion of the North will start is uncertain, but from all signs Wallace is eager to go. He had a grand time a few weeks ago when he went to Washington to oppose a Federal cutoff of welfare assistance to Alabama, which was threatened because Wallace wouldn't allow a state official to sign a non-discrimination pledge. Asking an honest public servant to sign such a paper, he said to the glee of his entourage, is just like asking a man to sign a non-Communist loyalty oath. Everybody knows, he reminded a Senate committee, how the liberals used to scream about that indignity. Alabama is in compliance, Wallace insisted, and his word was as good as anybody's.

"Nice going, Governor," State Capitol hangers-on told him when he returned to Montgomery. "You gave them Senators something to think about."

The timing of the Wallace bid may depend on how quickly he can dispatch the state legislature this year. It doesn't start its regular session until May 2 and runs for thirty-six legislative days, usually averaging only two meeting days a week. In the past, Wallace has stayed close to Montgomery during the session and he isn't likely to leave



Lurleen on her own this year. Seventy of 106 members of the lower house are freshmen, and although George says their opening gambit for a pay raise was no rebellion, he may want to keep an eye on them. Between now and May 2, however, he is at a loose end, except for a short special session soon on a proposed highway-bond issue.

Next Stop Saigon

One big hole in the Wallace Presidential image—one that even he acknowledges—is his almost total lack of foreign-policy experience. What he has consists in having been a crew member on B-29 bombers during raids over Japan in the Second World War. Except for visits to Mexico and Canada, he hasn't been out of the country since. To remedy this, and to educate himself about the war, Wallace may go to Vietnam before May 2 or later this year. He calls the war "the most important matter facing the American people and the whole free world," and says he will do "whatever is necessary" to enhance his knowledge of the situation. An additional lure, he stresses, is the mail he receives from Southern boys serving in Vietnam urging him to run next time.

Such a trip isn't likely to make Wallace any more of a hawk than he is now. He wants more attacks on more military targets, including the port of Haiphong, and on the home front he would jail "anybody who collects blood for the enemy and any college professor who says he wants to see a Vietcong victory. . . . Treason is treason when American boys are being killed." If he were President, Wallace says, he would order the Justice Department to move swiftly and forcefully against the dissenters, and if he didn't have the authority, he would get it from Congress. If the war is still going on two years from now, this course may appeal to many voters.

Like the isolated true believers in Peking who have conjured up in their mind's eye the outside world they want to see, Alabama's truest believer burns with the conviction that "the rest of the country is finally beginning to see things my way." He reads about the victories of his wife and Maddox, the civil-rights and

Great Society backlashes, and the Democratic governors' revolt against Johnson as sure signs that it is George Wallace, not Johnson or Romney or Nixon, who is in the American mainstream right now.

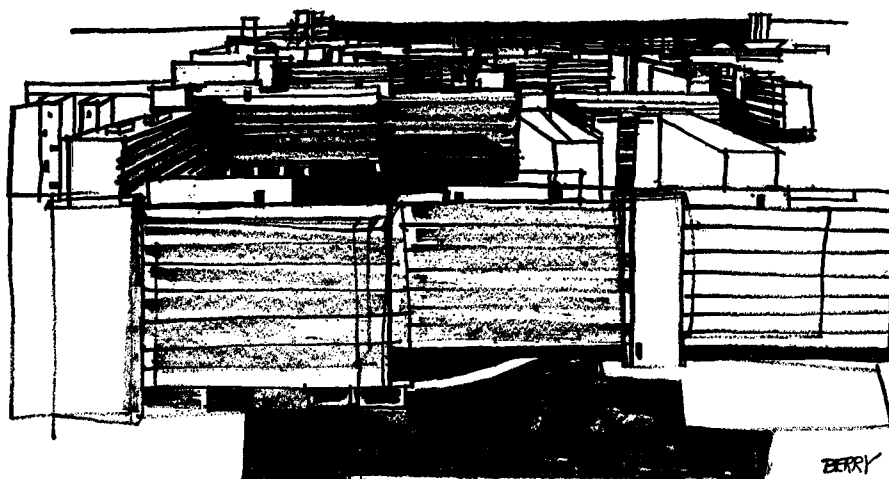
AN INDICATION that Wallace is serious about running to win is his indecision about entering the Democratic primaries again. In 1964, he had the time of his life winning forty-three per cent of the party primary vote in Maryland, thirty per cent in Indiana, and thirty-four per cent in Wisconsin, and he never stops talking about it. Visitors are regaled interminably with recollections about how the Poles loved him and waved Confederate flags in Milwaukee, and the factory workers in Gary, and the truck drivers in Baltimore—until one is drawn to the conclusion that nothing will keep him on the sidelines during the 1968 primary season.

Still, Wallace's whole strategy rests on a third-party candidacy. To enter the Democratic primaries just for the fun of it would put him in an impossible two-man showdown with Johnson; the defeats he almost certainly would suffer could totally destroy his chances to build popular pluralities in enough states in the general election. Consequently, some supporters are urging him to stay out of the preliminaries in 1968 and concentrate his efforts on the main event. Nevertheless, in places like New Hampshire, where a local stand-in may run for Johnson, Wallace might risk a primary test.

Those who shrug and ask themselves what difference it will make what George Corley Wallace decides to do have never heard George tell it the way he believes it's going to be. Tight organization won't be necessary, he says, "because the kind of support I have doesn't have to be organized block by block." As for money, he boasts in an access of euphoria that is remarkable even for him that he can raise more on his own for 1968 "than either of the two major parties." He suggests that if you don't believe him, you take a poll of cab drivers and police officers in any large Northern city.

"All I've got," next year's probable third-party candidate says with due modesty, "is the people."

AT HOME & ABROAD



Brasilia Comes of Age

GLADYS DELMAS

THE TUMULT and the shouting have died down; ninety thousand people live in the city proper and more than two hundred thousand in its satellite towns. Even the dramatic Congress buildings—"a pair of contact lenses mislaid in front of a tuning fork"—are as expected and familiar as the Eiffel Tower. Brasília is no longer Kubitschek's Folly but a fact, and one with political, economic, and social consequences that were not all foreseen in this most planned of cities.

The speed with which it was built is still a source of wonder and of pride: "We built it *on time*, *senhora!*" In less than three years the towers rose; three streams were dammed to make a lake; water, light, and sewage lines were laid on; hundreds of miles of streets were paved; and roads were pushed through, north and south, to the coast. It was an epic venture and has created a sort of instant legend. On this frontier it is not graybeards but quite young men who tell you proudly they "remember when."

Speed there was—and some buildings already show the scars of sloppy construction—but not haphazard

growth. The "pilot plan" of Lúcio Costa not only laid out monumental avenues and parks on a scale worthy of a great capital but also spelled out in detail a design for living that is basically a great deal more revolutionary than the dramatic architecture of his colleague Oscar Niemeyer.

BRASILIA's most obvious feature is that it is specifically planned for the automobile, the only such city in the world. No main street intersects another, thanks to a system of tunnels, overpasses, and a most complicated design of interlocking cloverleaves. This is no place for pedestrians.

Brazilians like to compare the basic plan of the city to a bird in flight. The head is the spacious, monumental mall along which are grouped the official buildings. The outstretched wings are where the city lives, along both sides of a wide avenue. Its activities are grouped by sectors, somewhat as in the Middle Ages. There is a sector for commerce, one for churches, for the press and radio, for banks, for hotels—and an Embassy Row.

The residential areas are divided