

The Bootblack Stand



Dr. George Washington Plunkitt, our prize-winning political analyst, has just completed a penetrating study of the last Congolese election. Published in August, it focuses on the unique position of minority groups in the Congolese electoral process; it can be purchased in all bookstores. It is titled **Escape! A New Demand Response System**. Now, the distinguished Dr. Plunkitt has agreed to, through this column, advise American statesmen in this time of troubles. Address all correspondence to **The Bootblack Stand, c/o The Establishment, R.R. 11, Box 360, Bloomington, Indiana, 47401, Continental U.S.A.**

Dear Brother Plunkitt:

I have been urged by certain of my colleagues to seek high public office, perhaps to run for Congress in 1972. All the issues I would run on are not yet clear in my mind. But, I am terribly disturbed over the state of family life in California and have come to be considered as somewhat of an expert on the organization of the family in modern America. How would you suggest I run my campaign, and should I proclaim myself a liberal or a conservative?

Peace,
Charles Manson

Dear Mr. Manson:

I have just finished my study of the new congress and devoted diligent attention to your congressmen from California. Unfortunately, I must inform you that I do not feel there is much future for you in politics in California. There simply exists no way you could distinguish yourself from the other California congressmen, and both Senator Tunney and Senator Cranston have preempted most of your proposals. Even Congressman Dellums seems to have anticipated your style. Thus, I

suggest you turn to a career in the academy. Perhaps you could collaborate with Margaret Meade on a book about evolving American mores.

Incidentally, I am curious, when do you celebrate father's day?

--GWP

Dear Mr. Plunkitt:

During my heroic campaign for the Senate in Illinois, I took to wearing a flag (American) on my lapel, everyone was doing it. I have now ceased and desisted from wearing said flag, and it seems to have caused a horrible scandal among my antagonists. They criticize my hypocrisy. What do you think?

Warmly,
Adlai III Stevenson

Dear Mr. Stevenson:

I am glad that you have found sufficient time to write. However, I am surprised you ever began wearing any American flag on your lapel. When did clothiers begin putting lapels on under shirts?

--GWP

CORRESPONDENCE



To the Editor:

We are not interested in receiving a free subscription to *The Alternative*. Please remove the College name from your list.

Sincerely,
Elizabeth L. Taylor
Dean
White Pines College
Chester, New Hampshire

Editor's note — a copy of the above letter has been forwarded to the FBI.

To the Editor:

I cheerfully accept the Philip Freneau Award of the Saturday Evening Club and the welcomed prospect of a free subscription to *The Alternative* magazine. I have read with appreciation and enjoyment the sample issue you sent me and am thoroughly persuaded that if the "revolution" can be conducted with more

of the spirit which is evident on your pages, it will be a popular success.

Sincerely yours,
Nathan M. Pusey
Cambridge, Mass.

To the Editor:

I today received 2 slightly tattered issues of *The Alternative* and being a card carrying repressor and hatemonger, I desire to subscribe to your publication. Hence, enclosed is a \$4.00 check.

Conservatively,
John Scully
St. Louis

To the Editor:

A friend told me to pick up your "journal" to see what "the other side" has to say. A couple of the articles in the January issue were interesting, but one in particular--George Nathan's editorial--disgusted me. His use of "irony" can only be described as sick, and I feel sorry for him. There is no place in a university for anyone who thinks like he does.

(Anonymous)
New Haven, Connecticut

To the Editor:

While I cannot endorse or support every philosophy or every idea expressed in your November issue of "The Alternative," I do want you to know that I commend you and your associates and that I am delighted that there is something besides the underground press at work on the campus at Indiana. The thing I have feared most is that students who do not have as their aim either orderly or disorderly revolution have had no counterbalancing expression unified at student level. *The Alternative* suggests to me that there are young people on the campus who are not rolling over and

playing dead at the continual attack made upon the values and the enlightened traditions of American society.

Obviously incumbent upon all of us, whether we be conservative or liberal, is that we be available to hear and listen to another man's viewpoint. The growing articulation of the conservative viewpoint is much needed in this country.

Very Cordially,
Eldon Campbell
Vice President and
General Manager
WFBM
Indianapolis, Indiana

Irving Kristol and Daniel Bell believe their thoughtful journal can demythologize social problems. Use this subscription blank to find out.

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EDITORIALS

(continued from page 2)

Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun discoursing on the most profound matters of democratic process--nay, on the very foundations of civilization--now sees the Rt. Hon. J. Caleb Boggs address himself to the subject of jelly fish. This is the Congress which brought the curtain down on the bittersweet Sixties and opened the mighty Seventies. And its passage prompts ineluctable reflections.

The Windy Ninety-First excited criticism from every species of Americano, and in this way served as an unerring barometer of the volatile state of our Republic. Conservatives murmur that it labored too energetically and from delusions of exigency. Liberals whine that its speed approximated that of the Great Glacier, and the ground crept across was all wrong. Its final weeks featured unrelieved chaos, as every solon exhorted passage of his own cherished boondoggle and a swarm of Democratic Senators began competing with one another to represent their party in the National Tall Tale Championships two years hence. From their tabernacles the intellectuals shrieked for reform and from the Capitol the honeyfoglers wailed for more gravy. There were spit fights in the Senate cloak room and the pervasive fear seized the nation that the Windy Ninety-First had not passed enough bills, all it had done was interdict cigarettes from television (causing a slight recession in the profitability of producing electronic swill) and enfranchise teenagers (causing no effect whatsoever).

Alas, amid all the pother, I believe we have lost sight of the most ominous aspect of the whole disgusting display. My fear is not that Congress passed too few laws nor simply that it spent money extravagantly, but what has set off whistles and bells in my cranium is that throughout the last two years those scoundrels of the Ninety-First schemed together for 700 days--at taxpayers' expense. They threatened a nation of relatively free men for almost two straight years--pausing only for one month during the summer when the heat of their rhetoric combined with the season's mugginess to overwhelm the Capitol's air conditioners.

Bearing in mind the abundance of bounders and cretins composing the Ninety-First, I am sure historians will consider it the darkest period for the American Democracy since the Civil War. Libertarians across the land were panicky, and I am told that the wisest astrologers trembled and personally guarded the Congressional buildings day and night, fearful that the overhead flight of even the smallest sparrow might set the whole delicate balance of the universe against this Republic.

Now some will dismiss my fears as the vagaries of a kook libertarian, but would they purr so if the nation's most successful Mafia leaders had just spent two years conspiring together practically immune to prosecution? Well, that is exactly what has occurred. And considering that the Ninety-First adjourned without a national budget deficit of over 19 billion dollars, nor a

dollar erosion of over 5.5 percent nor a crime increase of more than 25 percent, I suppose there is reason to feel that the Great Republic got off easy. After all, habeas corpus is still alive, the Bill of Rights remains visible and national treasures such as the Washington Monument and Rose Kennedy are not yet deposited in Swiss Banks. But far from attributing this relative good fortune to the legislators' probity, I attribute it to their incompetence. At every opportunity our eminent Senators and Congressmen sank their muzzles ever deeper into the public trough. And it was all the handful of decent statesmen could do to restrain them from drowning themselves. Indubitably the country was imperiled, for it is an almost unassailable truism known round the world that while a legislature sits every citizen's wallet is in jeopardy, along with his wife, his children, and he had best keep an eye on the family cat. This is not to say that all legislatures put man's freedom and well-being on thin ice, but rather that all branches of government are at best an annoyance and given enough time--a bane.

Of course, politics, like cannibalism, is a tasteless subject. No person of quality gives it much attention and every brand of government is noxious. But the government least noxious is the one generally referred to disparagingly as conservative, for the conservative government never does very much and what it does do, it has been doing for so long that all intelligent fellows have learned to circumvent its impositions long ago.

The most intolerable government is generally the government referred to as Liberal, a word--when used by intellectuals and news commentators--possessing a meaning roughly equivalent to the Hebrew word, kosher (fitting, right and proper) though a word utterly devoid of meaning to all intelligent persons. Liberalism's only constant characteristic, so far as I have been able to perceive, is a sincere disposition to muddle. The

paradigmatic Liberal suspects that every individual achiever is superior to him and that every poor man is happier than he. He adores the good life and loathes the rich. He is a congenital busy-body and his favorite vehicle for snooping and pestering his betters is "social legislation."

It is "social legislation" which has made the Liberal government so dangerous, for not only is it the favorite device of the relatively innocent Liberal, it is also the favorite gimmick of thieves. The Liberal urges social legislation to free man of the burden of individual responsibility; the thief urges social legislation to free man of his purse. Additional benefits accrue to every proponent of social legislation, whether the man be a Liberal or a thief, because social legislation means more jobs for the politicians' footlings, more power for the politicians' ambitions, less money in the pocket of any private citizen who might get uppity, and more money in the politicians' greasy palm. Axiomatically, when the politicians' power increases, the decent man's power decreases. Every thinking man in the Republic realizes that the Federal Government is the most deficient instrument for relieving human misery available. One might more humanely relieve a social problem with a machine gun. Yet Liberals keep plugging for more snake root.

The politician's talent is for talking, and he should never undertake anything more ambitious than a public reading of the Manhattan telephone book. When he does attempt something grandiose, he generally fashions an abomination. No general could manage an army, nor could a businessman conduct a business, as a politician runs his government. If Grant had led his army as his political cronies had run his government or if Ford built automobiles in the way that his associates built candidates, we would all be sipping juleps today and driving buckboards.

Indeed, when politicians meet to legislate, decent thinking men should meet to pray. Whether the legislators are advocating enlightened treatment of jellyfish or some other minority group, the result is always disaster. Now that the nation's savants are urging reform to expedite the politicians work, storm warnings are up. The only reform that will ever improve our condition would be legislation to limit the amount of time allowed politicians to work their mischief. In the case of the Windy Ninety-First, one hour and twenty-five minutes would be cutting it pretty close.

George Nathan

Editorial II

When Certitudes turn to Platitudes

Last month my distinguished colleague, Mr. Nathan, edified us with one of his typically dispassionate and measured editorials, this time on the Scranton Report issued by the President's Commission on Campus Unrest. I admired George's editorial and published it gladly, but with a wince. For in his insistence to give all sides a fair shake, I fear my gentle

