



Mr. Nixon at the Legion convention: Keeping McGovern on the defensive

## 'The New Majority'

The red, white and blue balloons dropped on cue. The three barn-size TV screens behind the podium worked like a charm. Pete McCloskey failed to seat a delegate to cast his single anti-Nixon vote, and the David Brinkley bandwagon never stood a chance against Spiro Agnew. The rowdy, young protesters outside Convention Hall were foiled with a minimum of bloodshed after scant success in harassing the delegates. And out of it all stepped Richard Nixon duly renominated, ecstatically cheered and newly clad in an aura of invincibility. "It's like the old pin stripes of the Yankees," glowed one delegate—and so confident were the Republicans in Miami Beach last week that the talk reached beyond mere victory. How big would the President's landslide be? Might the GOP, for the first time in twenty years, capture both houses of Congress as well as the White House? And, perhaps most intriguing, who was the best bet to take over the party in 1976?

On one point all speculation was ended. Mr. Nixon, in his acceptance speech, unveiled his grand design for the campaign ahead. It was to be a quest for a "new majority," an above-party-labels appeal to Democrats to rally to the safe and solid middle ground that he

felt sure he occupied against George McGovern. He intended to paint McGovern into a small corner of the American left, leaving him the candidate of no real party at all. "We have become a three-party country—Republicans, Democrats and McGovern," declared California Gov. Ronald Reagan last week, sounding the theme.

The convention was treated to the rare spectacle of Richard Nixon respectfully invoking the memory of Democratic Presidents past—Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Truman, John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson—and placing himself squarely in their foreign-policy tradition. Young people, blue-collar workers and white ethnic groups—normally prime Democratic targets—found themselves eagerly courted by the Republicans at Miami Beach. It was as if Mr. Nixon, in winning the Republican nomination, suspected that he could run as the "real" Democratic candidate, as well. "To those millions of Americans who have been driven out of their home in the Democratic Party, we say come home," the President exhorted, "... to the great principles we Americans believe in together."

It was the opening of what promised to be a curiously double-jointed campaign—bare-knuckled against McGovern

himself but kid-gloved against Democrats in general. In keeping with this tactic, Mr. Nixon made some appropriate adjustments in his political style. There was a graver, more magisterial note in the delivery of his acceptance speech than there had been four years earlier. Everywhere the accent was on the Presidential: he seemed intent on reminding the voters at every turn that he was the steady and proven incumbent. Yet, without mentioning his name, he also took the offensive against McGovern as an untrustworthy apostle of far-out dogmas. There would be, strategists promised, no repeating the mistakes of the 1970 Congressional campaign, when Mr. Nixon lurched down into the political ring and sacrificed the advantages of his office. "The essence of our campaign in this," said one of them, "is to keep the President the President. George McGovern cannot win unless he de-Presidents the President."

### Farewell to 'Radic-Lib'

Even more dramatic was the change in Spiro Agnew. The Veep emerged from Miami Beach with prospects brightened and image radically (or at least liberally) retailored. The partisan and personal attacks were gone, and in their place he ventured a modest little civics lesson on the nature of the Vice Presidency. The old "radic-lib" tag was discarded and half apologized for. In part, this new Agnew was shaped by the President's new open-arms policy toward Democrats. But delegates also suspected they were being offered a preview of the "Spiro of '76," a model toned down and tuned up for the succession struggle four years hence (page 27).

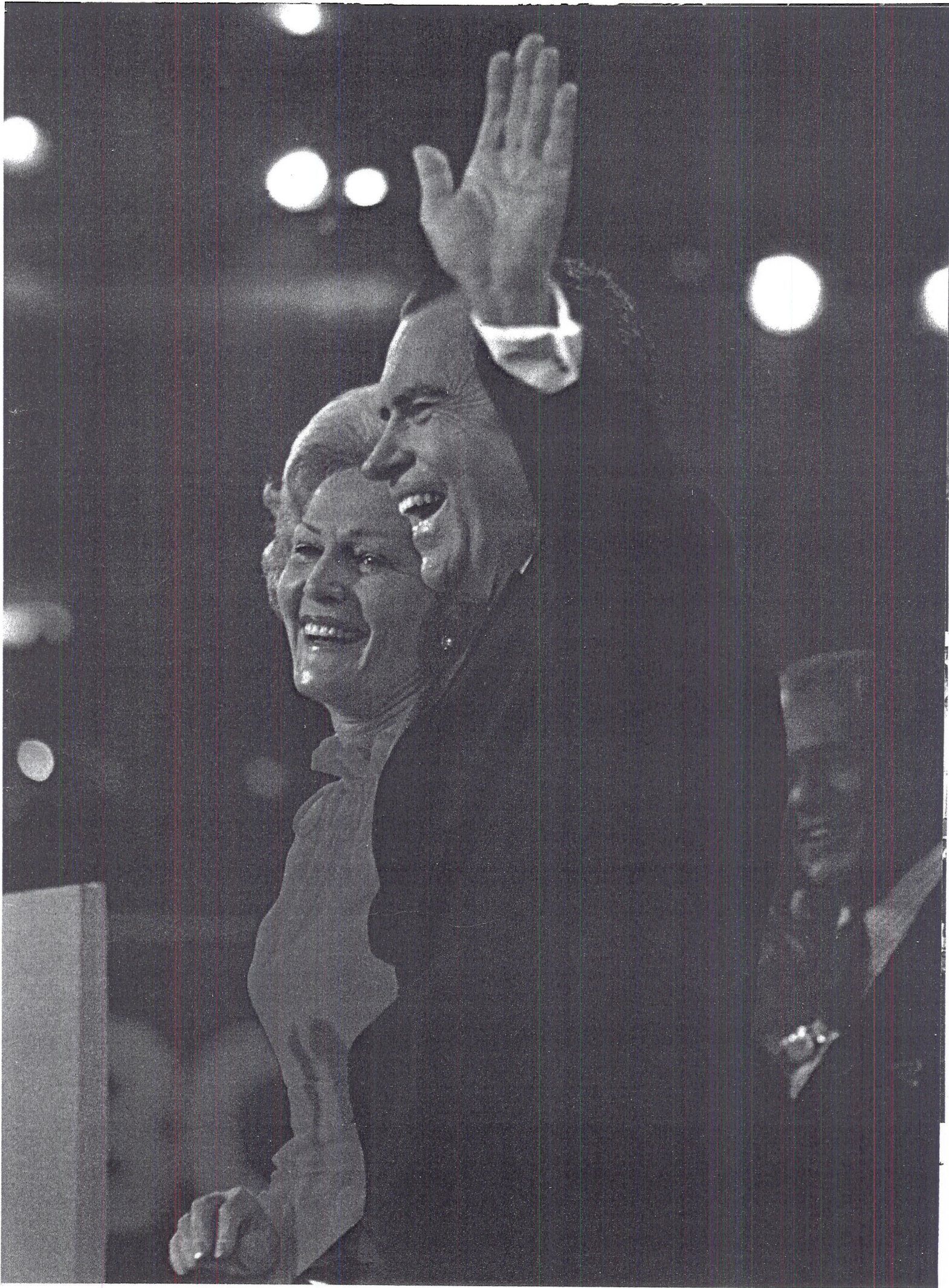
If the makeup of last week's convention was any guide to 1976, Agnew's political stock stands high indeed. For despite Mr. Nixon's foursquare stand in the center and occasional blandishments to portions of the left, this was a gathering dominated at every important turn by the right. The political faces it thrust forward—besides Mr. Nixon and Agnew—were the likes of Reagan, the convention's temporary chairman, and Arizona Sen. Barry Goldwater, who made one of the longest speeches from the podium. The balance of forces that it struck, as reflected in the miniature tussle over the composition of the convention in 1976, favored the small rural states over the large industrial ones. Even most of the celebrities trotted out from time to time—James Stewart, John Wayne, Glenn Ford, Pat Boone—seemed to embody the sturdy, solid, slightly old-fashioned virtues of the nation's celluloid myths.

And the rank and file of delegates were almost equally square-cut. This was a convention of fixed smiles, close-cut

Wally McNamee—Newsweek

September 4, 1972









The balloons cascade down to hail the President's renomination, and the GOP's big names turn out for the big show in Miami Beach. Clockwise from the top: California Gov. Ronald Reagan, former Arkansas Gov. Winthrop Rockefeller

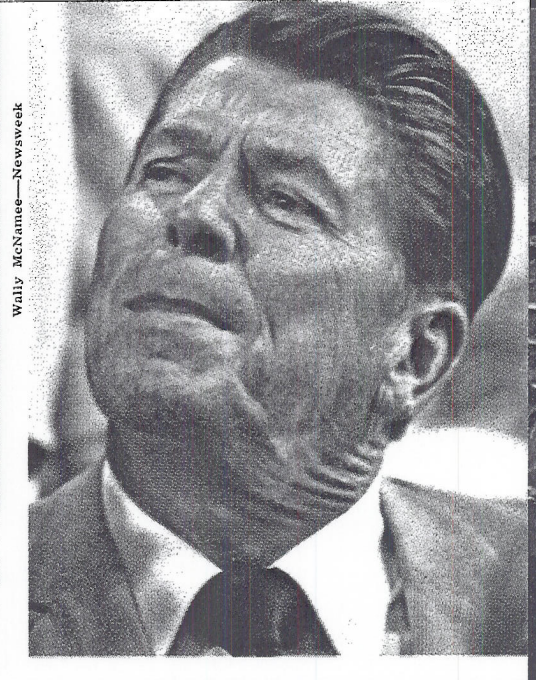
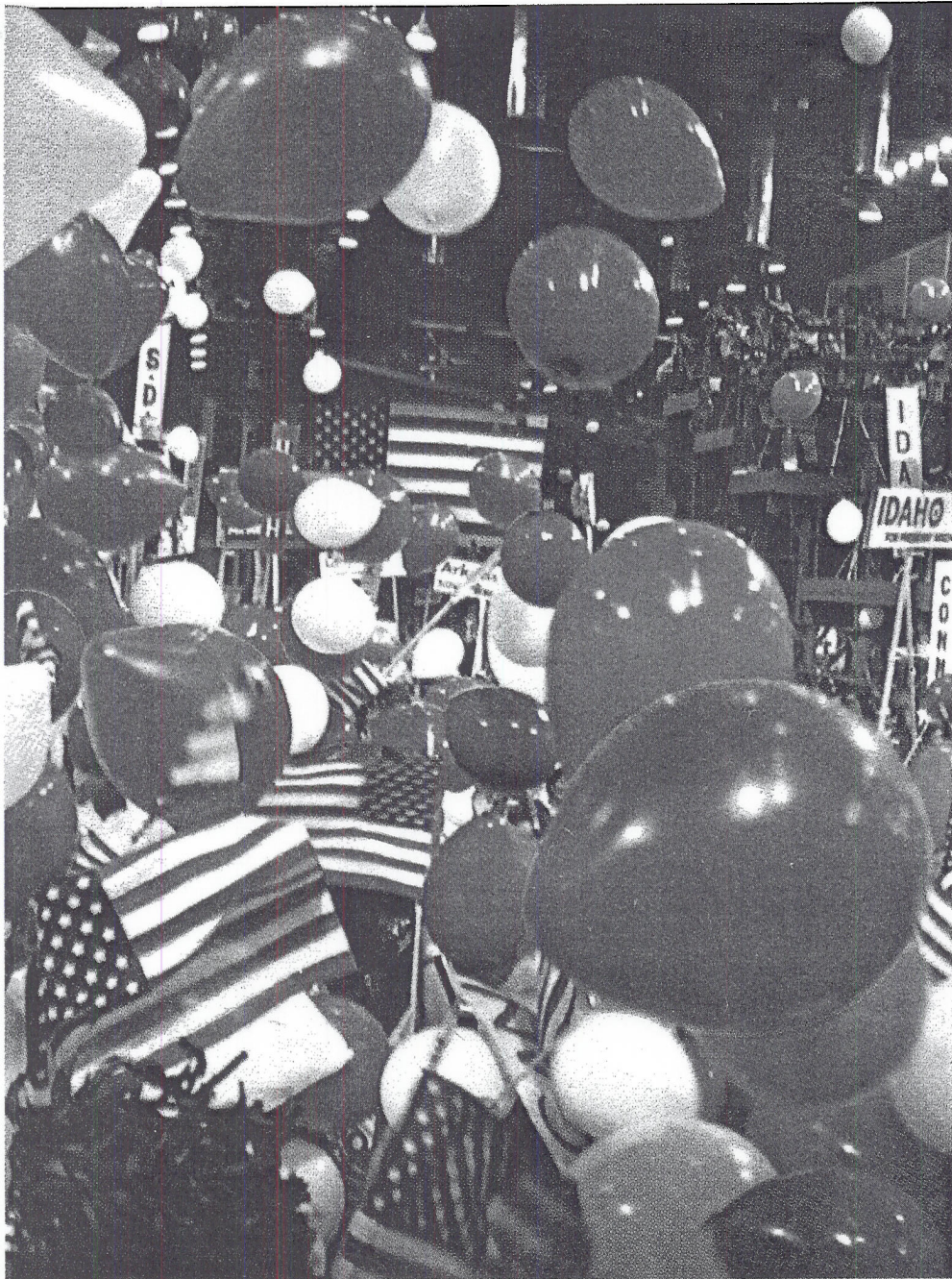
Burt Gittun—Magnum

Wally McNamee—Newsweek

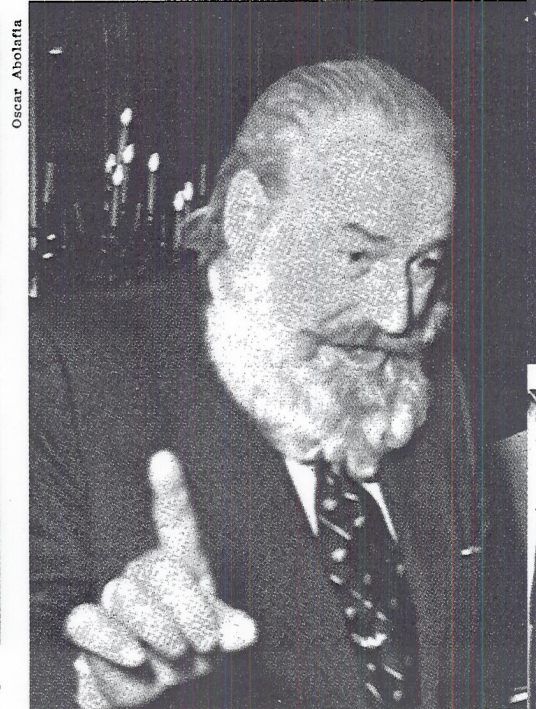
Fred Ward—Black Star







Wally McNamee—Newsweek



Oscar Abolafia

Fred Ward—Black Star  
er, Ethel Merman, Jimmy Stewart, the President's younger (42) brother Ed Nixon, Alf Landon, campaign contributor W. Clement Stone of Chicago, Barry Goldwater.



Lawrence Fried



Ron Meyerson—Newsweek



Lawrence Fried



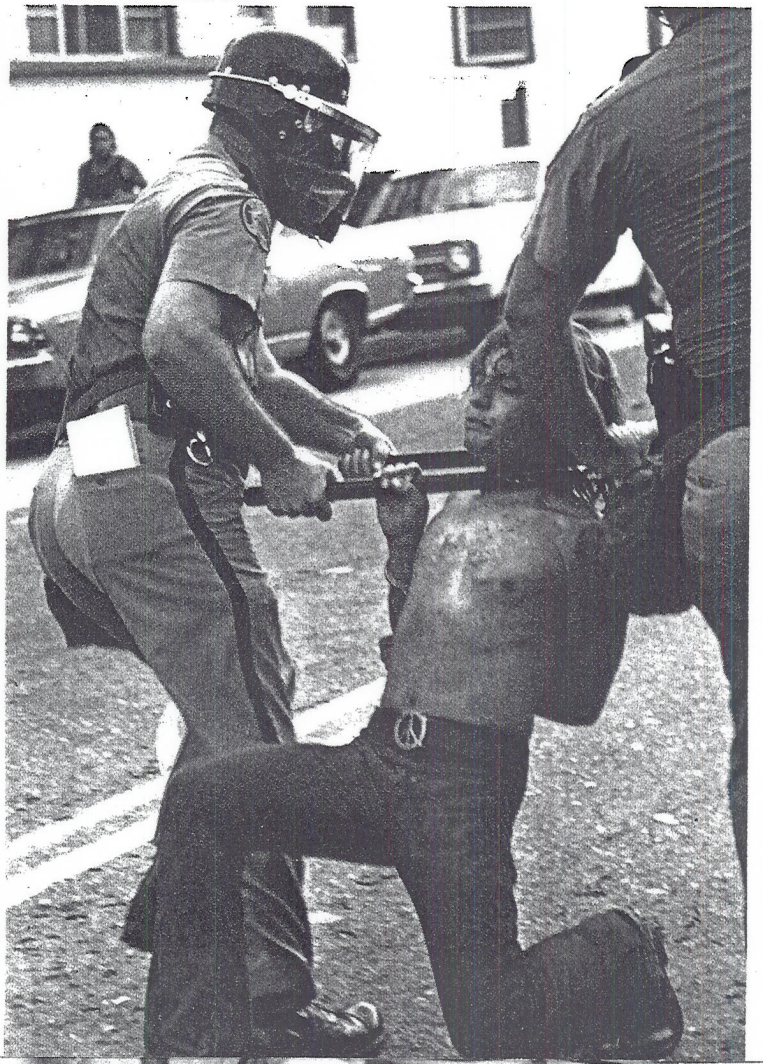


Charles Harbutt—Magnum

Frederic Ohringer—Nancy Palmer



Frederic Ohringer—Nancy Palmer



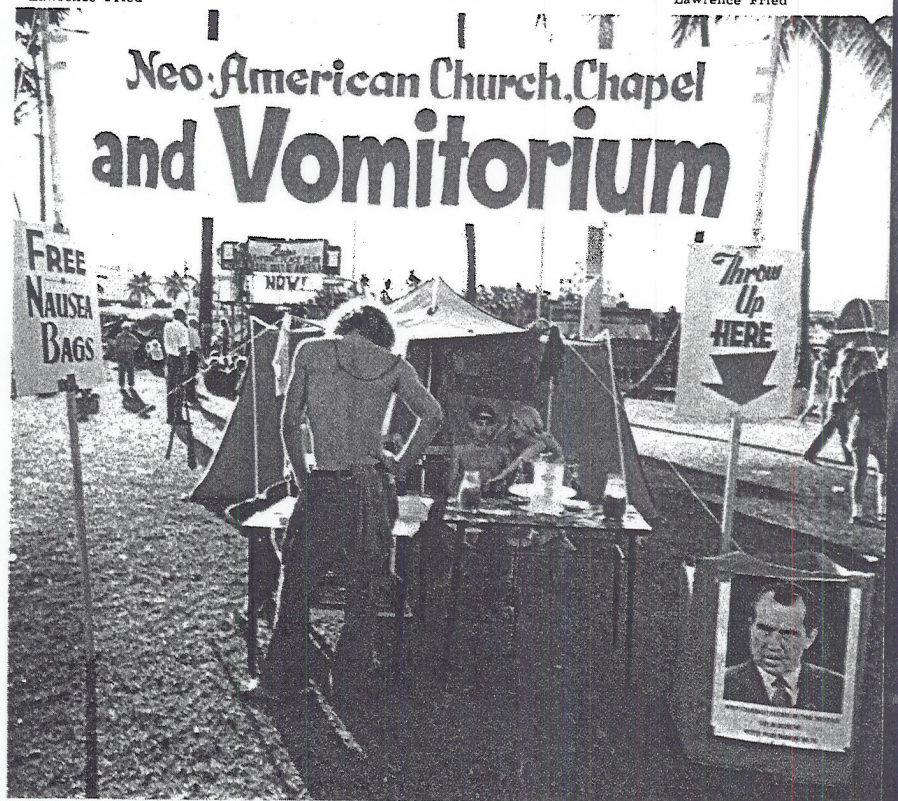




Charles Harbutt—Magnum

Lawrence Fried

Lawrence Fried



The protesters swirled out of their Flamingo Park encampment (above) for a week of guerrilla theater (lower left) and skirmishing with the police, who dispersed them with 'pepper gas' and clubs. Sometimes the police carted away demonstrators with a brace of riot batons pressed under the chin.





Wally McNamee—Newsweek

Pat Nixon, Tricia and Julie catch up on convention news; hotel heiress Mrs. Carling Dinkler entertains on her 'Nixon's Navy' yacht; and the President is serenaded by a Young Republican chorus

Dennis Brack—Black Star



Fred Ward—Black Star





hair, blazers and cocktail dresses. Or dinner jackets and evening gowns—for without any crucial caucuses to go to or complicated votes to cast, the delegates turned naturally to the round of parties, receptions, luaus, brunches and teas that dotted the calendar. There seemed to be parties for everyone: ethnics met in "heritage group" receptions, young people in rock concerts, rich people at \$500-a-plate galas and on the yachts that lined Indian Creek.

Somehow, the party spirit survived even relentless security arrangements that converted the entire Doral hotel into a seaside fortress and infiltrated nearly every event with at least a few bland-faced young men with walkie-talkie wires dangling from their ears. One afternoon, when Tricia Nixon Cox was due in the lobby of the Fontainebleau Hotel to autograph copies of a volume called "The Living White House," the walkie-talkie men were startled to discover someone dressed as a giant peanut mingling with the crowd. Hasty inquiries revealed that the walking peanut was passing out shopping bags on behalf of Planters. One of the security agents radioed the reassuring word to his partners. "It's just Mr. Peanut," he said.

#### 'We Were Not Pre-Rehearsed'

In a way, the elaborate security network was simply part of a larger master plan that had been devised in advance to insure that everything happened at the proper (and in prime) time and that no one turned up in an improper place. (Journalists, for example, were given credentials marked LIMITED ACCESS that seemed to offer no special access to anywhere except the outer purlieus of Convention Hall.) The extraordinary degree of stage management (page 35) was exposed one morning when a messenger mistakenly delivered to the British Broadcasting Corporation staff a secret script prepared for that evening's session. All this programming came to be something of a convention joke, much to the annoyance of the Young Voters for the President claue at the north end of the hall whose periodic chants of "Four more years" all seemed part of the script. When the YVP's turned out at Miami airport to meet the President, one of their placards proclaimed testily, WE WERE NOT PRE-REHEARSED.

But almost everything was rehearsed, and in the view of the convention's organizers, the gain in orderliness was well worth the sacrifice of spontaneity. About the only major moment of unprogrammed horseplay came during Mr. Nixon's surprise visit to a youth rally at Miami's Marine Stadium. As the President launched into an off-the-cuff talk, emcee Sammy Davis Jr. darted forward with a camera. "Are you trying to shoot me in the back?" joshed a startled Mr. Nixon. "No, I'm covering this for Jet magazine," Davis shot back—and a few moments later, he clutched the President around the chest in an affectionate

embrace little seen around the White House.

But in the convention hall itself, nearly every spark of originality was methodically doused. One conservative purist wanted to offer the usual GOP right-to-work amendment to the platform—pointedly omitted last week as a gesture to George Meany's benevolent neutrality. "Let's have a regional coordinator get on him right away," ordered Jeb Magruder of the Nixon campaign committee, and the upstart was never heard from. The so-called "rules fight," in which a group of liberals tried to secure a larger bloc of 1976 delegates for the big states, was over in 90 minutes, with the liberals losing 910-434. It may well rise again in the courts, and the makeup of the 1976

on tactics and objectives, the protesters split up, some marching toward the Doral hotel, some pressing as close to the hall as they could get and blocking traffic by sitting in the street or even puncturing tires with ice picks. Several cars and busloads of delegates bound for the hall were forced to stop, and their passengers were shoved and hassled as they walked to the hall, though there were few cases of outright physical assault. The police fought back with Mace and pepper gas—its acrid fumes seeped through the district's residential hotels for the elderly and finally into the Convention Hall itself. They wielded riot batons and made about 900 arrests (some 200 more had been arrested earlier). Among those jailed were poet Allen Ginsberg and the



Wally McNamee—Newsweek

#### Flamingo Park folk: Not all the youth were Mr. Nixon's sort

convention may yet cause prolonged party strife. But not at this convention.

The only real strife took place on the streets surrounding the hall, and even that was less fierce than some had feared. From the start, the Miami Beach police (led by chief Rocky Pomerance who marshaled his troops in dapper slacks and dropped quotes from Tennyson) had displayed considerable restraint against the occasional sorties of yippies, zippies, SDSers, Vietnam Veterans Against the War and associated antiwar groupies from their base in Flamingo Park. And the demonstrators had displayed considerable reluctance to get arrested before the night of Mr. Nixon's acceptance speech. This was their major target: they wanted to delay or even prevent the arrival of enough delegates so that their own street exploits would dominate prime-time television and the President would have to address a half-empty hall.

But by midafternoon, the demonstrators' plan to besiege the hall had been foiled by a blockade of some 50 derelict Miami buses hauled into key intersections to block any street action. Divided

Rev. James Groppi, the radical priest. Twelve policemen were injured as were more than 30 demonstrators.

But when the evening gavel fell (only seven minutes late), the hall was nearly full and the finely tuned convention clockwork ticked on. Agnew was renominated with only two abstentions and one vote for Brinkley (a gesture by an Oregon delegate who works for an NBC affiliate and wanted to "even the score" after the Democrats cast two votes for CBS's Roger Mudd). And Richard Nixon accepted his party's Presidential nomination for the third time.

In his acceptance speech and Agnew's, plus a quick campaign swing the next day to the American Legion convention in Chicago and a high-school dedication near Detroit, the basic shape of the Nixon battle plan began to be drawn. Its main features:

*He will do his best to keep McGovern on the defensive.* This is a reversal of the usual stance of an incumbent President who is obliged to defend his own record while the challenger concentrates on the attack. But McGovern





## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

the country. It features Harry Truman's famous mimicry of H.V. Kaltenborn's predictions of a Dewey victory on election night of 1948 and issues a stern warning against assuming anything until the final vote is cast. One sign of vigilance: the Republicans plan a gigantic, million-volunteer canvassing effort, based unabashedly on McGovern's own huge door-to-door operation in the California primary.

Few of the President's men are predicting a landslide of the proportions forecast in some quarters at Miami Beach. Among the major states, they are nervous about California, hopeful about New York, confident of Texas, worried about Pennsylvania and Ohio, optimistic about Illinois (assuming Mayor Daley withholds his magic from McGovern), upbeat about Missouri now that Sen. Thomas Eagleton is off the ticket.

### Six Democratic Soft Spots

The prospects for seizing control of both houses of Congress are also somewhat clouded. The Senate is a real possibility. If Mr. Nixon should get 55 per cent of the vote, predicts Colorado Sen. Peter Dominick, head of the GOP Senate Campaign Committee, that would be enough to pluck off the six most vulnerable Democratic seats—in Rhode Island, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Montana, North Carolina and Georgia—and give the Republicans command. But in the House, they would need to turn over 40 seats, and a *NEWSWEEK* state-by-state check last week indicated a probable net GOP gain of only sixteen.

And so the "new majority," if it materializes, may very well turn out to be only a Nixon majority—and not the dawn of a new era of Republican dominance or any of the other resplendent vistas that some convention goers were tempted to see last week. "This Nixon unity is superficial," warned a New England delegate during the 1,347-1 roll call last week. "It was put together this year and accepted because it's a means to an end." And that end, as it almost always is in politics, was not to remake a party but simply to get elected.



Fred Ward—Black Star

... and a thumbshake from a fan

### Happy hands: A hug from Sammy ...

has spelled out some of his own proposals in such detail as to give the Administration what it sees as ample targets of its own. The President intends, for example, not to let the public forget McGovern's \$1,000-per-citizen welfare scheme (even though McGovern himself has dropped it), the budgetary impact of the Democrats' platform proposals ("that would mean an increase of 50 per cent," he charged at Miami Beach, "in what the taxpayers of America pay") and particularly McGovern's proposals on Vietnam and defense spending (he himself, he told the legionnaires in a clear reference to McGovern's budget-trimming plans, would never gamble "with the safety of the American people under a false banner of economy").

*He will make a strong bid for the white ethnic and the youth vote.* The Committee for the Re-Election of the President has formed special units to court just about every "heritage group" conceivable, and Mr. Nixon thinks he has a useful campaign issue in the quota system used by the Democratic convention. "The way to end discrimination against some," he declared, "is not to begin discrimination against others." He will try to make points with his stand against school busing for racial balance. He also believes he can do much better than expected among first-time voters. Hence the elaborate ballyhoo of youth for Nixon at Miami Beach: a Presidential seconding speech by the nation's youngest mayor, 19-year-old Jody Smith of Ayrshire, Iowa, and a Salute to Working Youth on the final evening.

*He will resist Deweyesque complacency.* A ten-minute slide show entitled "Sixty Days to Victory" is currently being circulated to Republican workers around

## A CONVERSATION

**MIAMI BEACH**—"I'm sure of one thing. The war will be over. The war won't be hanging over us in a second term."

The President's tone was one of absolute confidence—that of a man stating a demonstrable and unarguable fact. Then, realizing I might suspect he had some special knowledge up his sleeve, he backtracked, to emphasize that his confidence that the war would soon end derived from no spectacular breakthrough in Henry Kissinger's negotiations. It derived, instead, from his own reading of the logic of the situation in Vietnam.

The President was sitting in the window seat of a cubbyhole he uses as a place to think and write when he travels on Air Force One. He had his feet up on a low table, as the big plane roared on toward Miami and the convention. It was an odd accident that I was in the cubbyhole with him.

Mrs. Nixon had asked Alice Roosevelt Longworth (who describes herself as "Washington's perambulating monument"), to go to the convention on the President's plane. Mrs. Longworth is a cousin of mine and an old friend, and I had volunteered to go along as an escort. When Mrs. Longworth decided against the trip (no doubt wisely—she is "pushing 90," as she likes to point out), I remained on the Air Force One guest list.

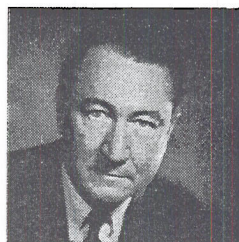
When the President appeared briefly among his guests, I told him I was writing a column on what a second Nixon term might be like. Rather in the might-as-well-try-it spirit of a roulette player putting a chip on the double zero, I asked him if I could have a talk with him on the subject. About half an hour north of Miami, the double zero came up when I was summoned to the cubbyhole. It came up again when, after the President's remark about the war, I asked if I could take notes for a column, and he said, "Sure," with a casual wave of the hand.

### THE SECOND TERM

The interview that followed will make no sensation, but it was interesting and revealing in its way. I said that it seemed likely that in a second term the President would pay more attention to domestic issues and less to foreign policy. Mr. Nixon replied that this depended on events.

He thought for a moment, staring out at the clouds. "We're still working in parallel for our objectives," he said





## WITH PRESIDENT NIXON ABOARD AIR FORCE ONE

(an odd phrase, but that's the way my notes read). "We've made a breakthrough with China and Russia, but as Churchill said, this isn't the beginning of the end—it's the end of the beginning. Now we have to exploit the breakthrough—the second phase of SALT, for example, the ripening of our relations with China."

We should not underestimate "the

that a good reason for the Israelis to offer generous terms? I asked. I quoted Churchill in my turn: "In victory, magnanimity." That, said the President, was just what he had often said to the Israelis, but you had to realize that when people are outnumbered something like 100 to 1 by enemies, they couldn't afford to be put on the defensive. There was no intention on his part of trying to impose a settlement, but he still believed a settlement was possible in the years ahead.

### DOMESTIC ISSUES

He turned to the domestic picture. He had "about 90 proposals" before Congress, he said, but Congress was only responsive to "what people care about." Because of the obsession with the war, most domestic issues were "way down the line" in most peoples' consciousness. True, there were issues like busing that people felt very deeply about, but these issues were mostly local in their impact.

The war was one reason why there had been such a logjam on the legislative front. "With the war out of the way, we'll be able really to concentrate on the welfare mess, on education, health, the reorganization of the government. And tax reform—that's another point, very important."

The ending of the war, he said, "won't create a total vacuum." But it would shift the emphasis. "John Ehrlichman and I have done a lot of talking about the domestic problems of a second term." At this point, the President realized that he might seem to be tempting fate.

"Oh, we're not going to be like Tom Dewey in 1948," he said, with a small smile. "We're not complacent about the election. But we've been giving the problems a lot of thought, and after the election, if we win, we'll get to work on them. The main problem is that the social and welfare system is out of hand—it's a total mess. That's something everybody who's close to the problem agrees on—governors, mayors, mostly liberal Democrats. And this goes to something else." (Again, the phrase is odd, but there it is in my notes.)

The "something else," in the President's view, is the country's "sense of competition," and its "sense of family." The "mess" is "weakening our backbone." When the President said this, it was clear that he was not simply repeating hackneyed conservative

phrases, but that he was trying to express something that went back to his Whittier boyhood, and that, right or wrong, he felt deeply about.

"There's no one solution," he said. "All we can do is to work away at making some sort of sense out of the mess." One factor that should help is that the "new Congress should be more responsive." It was a "miracle," he said, that anything at all had been accomplished, "with a President of one party and the opposition in control of Congress."

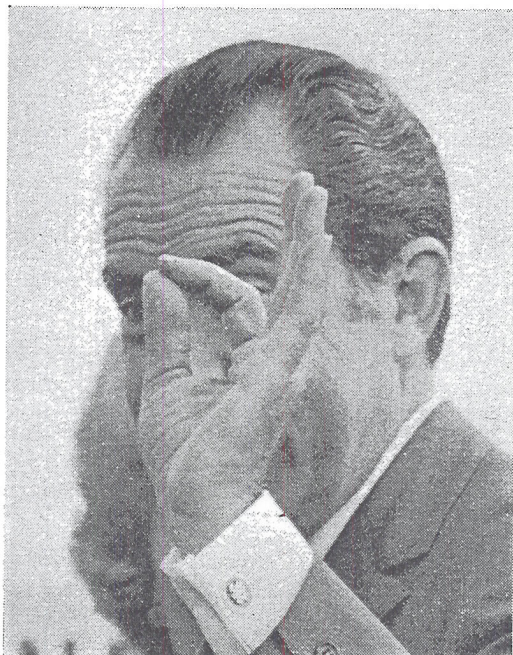
"Now I'm not suggesting that we will win both Houses of Congress, or even one House. But I think it's reasonable to hope that we'll have a Congress we can work with, and that, with no third party in the running, we'll have a majority President. That will make a very big difference."

Of course, he said, he didn't expect anything like the huge majority the polls now showed. He expected and was prepared for headlines later in the campaign, reading something like **MC-GOVERN CLOSES GAP ON NIXON**. There had been polls early in 1964 showing Barry Goldwater with only about 29 per cent, and Goldwater actually took about 39 per cent, which was the solid Republican hard core. The solid Democratic hard core was probably bigger—40 per cent to 45 per cent.

### CONGRESSIONAL RELATIONS

But if he was re-elected as a majority President, Congress would be more responsive, especially for the first six months of the new Administration. It would be necessary to "strike fast—to go to Congress and say, 'Let's get off our bottoms and get to work, and do what needs to be done to make sense out of this system.'" True, as time went on, "after the election—if we win—the other side is going to develop a more effective opposition." That was part of the system, but at least it seemed reasonable to suppose that after the election "Congress will be more effective." In that respect, he said, "there's no way to go but up."

How about his own role in the campaign? I asked. "We'll be campaigning all out," he said. "There will be no complacency." But would he himself take to the stump, the way he had in other elections? He would make that decision when the time came, he said, probably "after Congress adjourns." But there were two reasons why campaigning as President was differ-



The President: 'End of the beginning'

opposition of China and Russia. They will be in competition with us, and there will be competition between them, too. But I think international economic problems will be much more important in a second term than in the first, and that will help us to reduce the danger of war. I think there will be really exciting developments in the international economy. With Russia and China, we'll be expanding on the initiative we've already begun. In a second term, we'll also be paying a lot of attention to our friends and allies—to the Latin Americans, Japan, especially Western Europe. Our relations with our allies could be one of the most serious problems in a second term."

Another "very difficult" problem would be in the Middle East, where the fighting had ended, but where there was still no settlement in sight. Of course, the "bargaining position" of the Israelis was "very strong." Wasn't



ent from campaigning as candidate.

One reason was that a President was simply "too busy to cover the whole country, the way I did in 1960 or 1968. There's just not that much time." And the other reason, I suggested, was that it was better politics for an incumbent President to campaign from the White House?

Yes, he said, with a quick sidelong glance—at least "there are many who believe that a President is at his best, his most effective, doing his job, and not roaring around the country campaigning." But he reiterated that "we're going to take nothing for granted, we're not going to be complacent. You can be sure of that."

By this time, the big plane was on its descent to Miami International Airport. There were a few bumps as we went through the cloud cover, and the "Fasten Seatbelt" sign flicked on, but the

"Of course, even in a second term, a President has a political responsibility to his party. And maybe you do a better job when you've got that whip on your back. My own view is that, if I have a second term, I'll have so much to do, I'll be just as busy as I was in the first term, and . . ."

The wheels hit the tarmac, and the President looked off towards a hangar, where a big crowd had been collected by his advance men. He said something about "another speech" and shook hands, with a preoccupied look, and the interview, such as it was, ended.

The last note in my notebook reads: "Appearance improves w. age." It is true. The tooth of time, paradoxically, has improved Mr. Nixon's appearance. He is no matinee idol, but he is a markedly handsomer man than he was when I first knew him more than twenty years ago. What, one wonders, has

Party's "hard core." That would mean equaling or bettering Dwight D. Eisenhower's two big victories over Adlai Stevenson. It is hard to imagine a sweeter prospect for a man President Eisenhower twice seriously considered forcing off his ticket.

There was something else that the President did not exactly say, but that I sensed. This was that he himself was not at all sure that he agreed with the "many who believe" that he should wage an above-the-battle, White House-centered campaign. I sensed a strong impulse to hit the campaign trail again, and hit it hard, as so often in the past. The tone of his acceptance speech, which was far more political than Presidential, is evidence that this impulse exists.

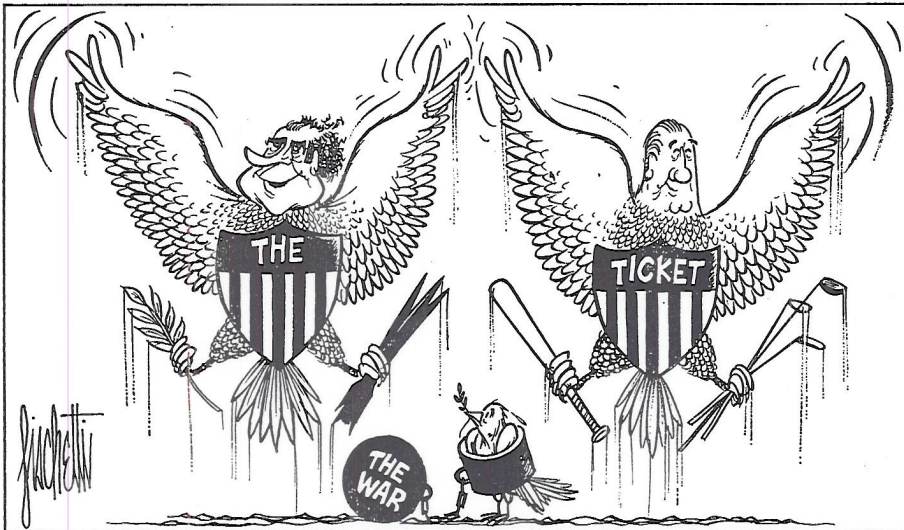
The President's disappointing reply to my last question may have been more revealing than it seemed. When he said, "I never thought about that," he was no doubt telling the simple truth. Mr. Nixon is just not the sort of man to think of himself as a non-politician, above the battle. In a second term, like any President, he will certainly have an eye on the history books. But he will also be deeply involved in the intensely political business of trying to make the Republican Party again the nation's majority party.

**THE DOUBLE ZERO**

As I stood in the moist Miami heat, and listened to the President make a routine stump speech to the crowd his advance men had collected at the airport, I wondered if it was just possible that he might be riding a bit too high for his own good. The double zero has come up for Mr. Nixon again and again. From Chappaquiddick through Eagleton, he has had an astonishing run of political luck—the Democrats are at least as responsible for his huge lead as he is himself.

In his conduct of his office, he has taken great risks—his commitment to Israel during the Jordanian crisis, for example, or his decision to risk the cancellation of the Moscow summit with his Haiphong blockade. Again and again, the risks have paid off.

This is a tribute to his shrewdness and long-headedness, of course, but there has also surely been an element of sheer luck. As every gambler knows, a run of luck does not last forever. At some time in the next four years, if he is re-elected, Mr. Nixon's run of luck seems likely to run out. It might even run out before Nov. 7. Meanwhile, the impression of inner confidence he conveys is surely genuine. On the record so far, he has reason to be confident. For he also conveys an impression of a certain solid, unexciting, but highly professional competence, and that is the main reason for the sweet prospect of an Eisenhower-size majority.



'Fasten your seatbelts'

Fischetti—Chicago Daily News

President, his feet still up on the small table, paid no attention. I had time for only one more question.

"Mr. President," I said, "it seems to me you may be in a situation which is genuinely new to you. You're like Alexander the Great, with no more worlds to conquer. This is your last campaign—you'll never run for office again. In that sense, if you win, you won't be a politician any more—I mean, a politician who has to run for office. Might this not have an important effect on your conduct of the Presidency?"

**POLITICS AND MR. NIXON**

I had hoped that this would elicit a thoughtful and revealing reply. Instead, Mr. Nixon seemed a bit nonplused. He glanced at me sideways again.

"Well, you know," he said, "I've never had the luxury of a second term. I've never thought about that." He paused and looked out the window.

happened to the jowls? He also is—or seems to be—a far more relaxed and inwardly confident man than he was in the days when he was fighting his way to the top.

He does not fuss or fidget. He would make an occasional gesture, but for the most part his hands were still, and his feet, stretched out in front of him, hardly moved. Occasionally, he would glance out the window, and occasionally, he would glance quickly at his visitor, and then away again. But for the most part he looked straight ahead at the bare wall of the cubbyhole, thinking, not seeing. This relaxed passivity seems a mark of inner confidence.

He has reason to be confident. The President is riding high—higher than he has ever ridden. As he said, he expects Senator McGovern to close the huge gap in the polls. But although he did not exactly say so, I sensed that he also rather confidently expects to hold the McGovern vote to the Democratic





The Veep glad-handing in Miami: Good-by to the cutting edge

## The New Agnew: Is He the Spiro of '76?

**T**wenty years of speculation about a "new Nixon" have been interred by the triumphs of the old, but last week's Republican convention produced a successor of sorts—a new Agnew. Restrained and unalliterative in his acceptance speech, conciliatory toward once-scourged liberals in both parties, Vice President Spiro T. Agnew hit Miami Beach like an unexpected zephyr, pledging to "obliterate" his reputation as a hatchet man and "confine the campaign totally to the issues." Whether the new Agnew is designed to last much beyond the November elections—or even that long—is a moot point, but for the present, said the Veep, "it's a lot more comfortable not to be the cutting edge."

Agnew's sudden adaptability was bound to be linked to what many regarded as the principal unprogrammed activity at Miami Beach—jockeying for position for the long run toward the 1976 GOP Presidential nomination. Underneath the canopy of party unity and collective euphoria, a handful of GOP hopefuls for '76 began presenting their best profiles to the light—among them liberal Illinois Sen. Charles Percy, 52; Tennessee's freshman Sen. William Brock, 41, originator and director of the surprisingly populous and vocal Republican youth corps, and Indianapolis Mayor Richard Lugar, 40, a convention keynoter and a pole climber candid enough to tell reporters that he hoped to win his party's nomination "within this decade." Behind these early starters was a whole range of Republican heroes too well-known to have to declare anything—including New York Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, 64, and California Gov. Ronald Reagan, 61, as well as one nominal Democrat, former Treasury Secretary John

Connally, 55, who need only switch labels to mark himself an open contender.

But in the ecstasy of last week's convention, at least, the most likely man for future seasons seemed to be Spiro Theodore Agnew, 53, the onetime supermarket manager and Maryland governor who lived down the fat-Jap bumbblings of 1968 to become his party's chief stem-winder and banquet-circuit fund raiser. While his wife, Judy, spun around Miami Beach, showing the flag at party breakfasts and sharing a Convention Hall box with Frank Sinatra, the Vice President played several games of tennis at a friend's home and maintained the selective invisibility of the confident politician. He made drop-in appearances at a Kansas reception for Sen. Robert Dole, the GOP National Chairman, and at a Young Republican luau, and he played guest of honor at a "Salute to the Vice President" attended by Cabinet officers, top-level White House staffers and Mrs. Richard Nixon. Asked at another reception what she thought of the idea of Agnew's succeeding her husband, the First Lady replied: "I'm for him. I think he has done a marvelous job as Vice President and that he would do the same job as President."

### The President's Man

If that were not enough, Agnew's new, possibly Presidential posture became unmistakable as he preceded Mr. Nixon to the Convention Hall podium for his acceptance speech. In the course of a twenty-minute eulogy to the President's first four years in office, Agnew took no shot at the Democratic opposition stronger than to call George McGovern's policies "piecemeal, inconsistent and illusory." The Vice President seemed to

want to explain away the biting partisan rhetoric of the past four years that had angered moderates in both parties as much as it had endeared him to many conservatives. "Surely," said Agnew, "much of the controversy about the Vice Presidency could be quieted if we would accept the fact that the Vice President is the President's man . . ."

At his unusually relaxed and wide-ranging press conference next day, the Veep was even more soothing. The notorious non-word "radic-lib"—which he had turned on liberal GOP ex-Sen. Charles Goodell as well as on Democrats—had been "misconstrued as a personal epithet," Agnew said, and in the future he would attempt "to avoid those things." He stressed that he had not really enjoyed being the heavy of the 1968 and 1970 campaigns and insisted that he had done so only because he wanted to be "an effective team player." Agnew re-emphasized his truce with the media, and he even eschewed a tongue-lashing for the protesters outside Convention Hall, reserving his disapproval only for the "lawless" and noting carefully that not all demonstrators were lawbreakers. "I think everyone in politics has to learn . . . what may be called sensitivity," the Vice President said. "So if I seem conciliatory, I am."

If Agnew's new pitch was designed to project him as an acceptable party-wide candidate, however, the Veep was also careful to declare that all his energies were bound up in the '72 campaign and to disclaim any specific ambitions for 1976 beyond keeping his options open. As if to prove it, he held back from the rules-committee fight last week that ended up by giving a greater convention voice in 1976 to Southern and



Western states—areas where Agnew “is more popular even than the President,” in the words of Sen. Barry Goldwater. Agnew declared himself pleased with the outcome of the rules fight but not committed to it. “I think I can appeal to a broad cross-section of the party,” he said. “I don’t feel that I’d be disabled if any of these reforms went through.”

#### ‘Why He’s Doing It’

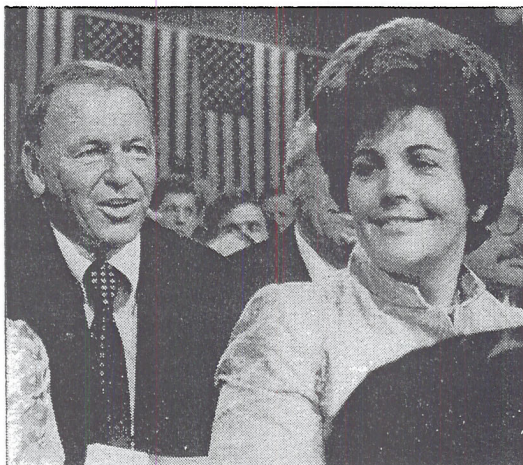
However tentative and subject to change in the next four years, Agnew’s ascendancy was tangible enough to produce a variety of vigorous reaction from party regulars. “Don’t give me any of that crap about his being heir apparent,” growled one GOP senator, who like a number of others feels that Agnew simply isn’t up to the Big Job. Predictably, the Veep also arouses minimal enthusiasm among many young Republicans and Northern liberals, and his slide toward the center may cost him a few traditional followers. “I understand why he’s doing it,” one Midwestern delegate said after Agnew’s acceptance speech, “but now

GOP delegates, which has traditionally been weighted in favor of small rural states at the expense of large industrial ones. After an intense skirmish in the rules committee, the liberals lost overwhelmingly on the convention floor. “This is an effort by conservatives to take over,” Percy said. “My main concern is to make this a majority party.” But Percy is very much alive as a prospective Presidential candidate. The Federal courts, which have already thrown out one rural-oriented GOP scheme, may yet force the Republicans to apportion delegates by population whether they want to or not. In addition, Percy is expected to pile up a huge margin—perhaps the biggest GOP landslide of all—in his Senate race against Rep. Roman C. Pucinski this fall.

■ John Connally, Mr. Nixon’s retired Treasury Secretary and now head of Democrats for Nixon, stayed home in Texas last week but was the convention’s most prominent ghost. Connally impressed many of the top Republicans with his achievements and *sang-froid* in last year’s international monetary crisis, and ideologically he seems little different from Agnew. But Connally is still a registered Democrat—and he is supporting the election of every Democrat on the Texas ballot this fall except George McGovern. Even if he switches allegiances after November, he probably faces a hard uphill fight for the nomination, and few of his intimates believe that that fits his style. “He is ambitious,” says colleague George Christian, “but not at any price.” Still, Connally is a political bulldozer when he gets going, and the GOP might need one by 1976.

■ Richard Lugar, 40, mayor of Indianapolis, was the Dick Who? of this year’s convention. All but unknown outside Indiana, he arrived at Miami Beach with a publicity bankroll of some \$100,000 raised by Indiana supporters—and invested a large part of it in a reception for 600 politicians at the Hotel Fontainebleau, a smaller dinner for newsmen at the Post and Paddock Club, and a huge team of staffers equipped with walkie-talkies, red-white-and-blue costumes and 10,000 copies of a paper called “The Indiana Republican”—featuring the life and times of Dick Lugar. A former Eagle Scout and Rhodes scholar, Lugar has been mayor of Indianapolis since 1968. He has run a tight, economical city government, even lowering property taxes the past two years. His Miami Beach blitz earned him a shot on the “Today” show and fifteen minutes as one of three convention keynoters, after which he called a news conference to say, “I’m hopeful I’ll be considered for President of the U.S. . . . in this decade.” First, his managers concede, Lugar could use a little more national attention—a Cabinet seat, say, or perhaps an upset win over Democratic Sen. Birch Bayh in 1974. In the meantime, Lugar’s tactics inspire a certain curiosity. “It’s not a very good idea.”

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Judy Agnew with Sinatra: Spotlight

he sounds like just another politician trying to please everyone.” If this year’s delegates were to cast their ballots this week for ’76, however, Agnew would almost certainly win the Republican nomination. “Of all the names I’ve heard, Agnew’s is the best,” said William E. O’Brien, 59, chairman of the South Dakota delegation and a 31-year administrative veteran of Capitol Hill. “Agnew gets his strength where Nixon gets his—from the party’s right wing and the center.”

The Vice President’s prominence in the speculation about 1976 hardly precluded anyone else’s joining in the game, and Miami Beach last week was crowded with embryonic candidates trying to get something going. Among them:

■ Illinois Sen. Charles Percy, a flashing comet right after his election in 1966 who has faded a bit since then, may yet be the strongest liberal challenger for the GOP nomination in four years. At Miami Beach, Percy headed the liberal fight to modify the apportionment of

## THE MAKING OF THE

Some Republicans already consider Spiro Agnew to be Richard Nixon’s heir apparent. How could the Veep go about clinching the 1976 Presidential nomination? How could conservative rivals or liberal challengers block him? NEWSWEEK asked Kevin P. Phillips, one of the GOP’s brightest young strategists and author of “The Emerging Republican Majority,” to wargame the succession. Phillips’s scenarios:

BY KEVIN PHILLIPS

**Agnew’s Long March:** Former Democrat Agnew (a postwar GOP convert) has become the obvious favorite of the Republican rank and file. According to different polls, some 30-40 per cent of this year’s GOP convention delegates favor giving him the Presidential nod the next time around. Even so, any plausible road to the nomination requires the controversial Veep to traverse a lot of difficult political terrain.

First, he will have to move toward 1976 under the watchful eye of a President and a hitherto hostile White House staff who will want to keep maximum decision-making leverage in Richard Nixon’s own hands. Second, he will have to dodge GOP liberals already plotting to undercut him or trap him in dangerous ambushes. Third, he will have to throw himself into the maelstrom of perhaps as many as two dozen primaries—unavoidable contests for any serious delegate collector—including such difficult states as Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Oregon, New Jersey and New York. Finally, Agnew will have to negotiate all of these pitfalls, jousting with fellow Republicans from New Hampshire to California, while occupying a sensitive senior position in the incumbent Administration. No Vice President in memory has entered and fought seriously contested primaries with important members of his own party. It’s an unprecedented circumstance bound to exacerbate intra-party and intra-White House tensions. Does Agnew the campaigner speak for the Administration or doesn’t he?

On the plus side, the Vice President may be able to scare off any conservative primary competition in 1976, and he should do very well among the rank and file in states where GOP delegates are selected by convention. Should Agnew work things out with President Nixon, overcome his too-abrasive image and then face competition only from moderates and liberals in the 1976 primaries, he could easily be the next Republican Presidential nominee. But that, of course, is a big “if.”

**Stalemate:** The 1976 primaries could produce a very different result—a stale-



## GOP CANDIDATE '76

mate that opens up the convention to unpredictability. What if Agnew can't scare off the GOP dukes and princelings who cherish various levels and intensities of national ambition? Then spring '76 could confront the Republicans with the same string of full-field primaries that decimated the Democrats this year. The first dozen possible primaries of 1976 include many states with GOP hopefuls and favorite sons—Wisconsin (Defense Secretary Melvin Laird), Illinois (Sen. Charles Percy and Presidential counselor Donald Rumsfeld), Massachusetts (Sen. Edward Brooke), Indiana (Mayor Richard Lugar of Indianapolis), Ohio (Sen.

are Lugar (often called "the President's favorite mayor"), Brock (an old Nixonian who heads this year's GOP youth effort) and Rumsfeld (whose years as a conservative-voting Illinois congressman have been liberalized by subsequent service as OEO director and then Cost of Living Council director, and who may be headed for HUD or some other Cabinet post). If for some reason the White House begins to groom an alternative candidate for 1976, he might well be one of these three.

**The Connally Conversion:** When Germany and Austria merged their Teutonic sympathies in 1938, they put the word "anschluss" into newspaper headlines, and former Treasury Secretary John Connally might be the man to repeat the act

possibilities of Agnew, Connally and dark horses ranging from Lugar to Interior Secretary Rogers Morton? It's hard to see how, especially in light of the 1972 convention decision (still subject to court disapproval) weighting the 1976 delegates in favor of generally more conservative Southern and Western states. For Percy, the two dozen primaries would include many almost insuperable obstacles, and the state conventions would probably be worse.

Note also that the Northeast, once the source of solidly moderate-to-liberal Republican convention delegations, is changing its party stripes. Mayor John V. Lindsay, beaten in a New York City GOP primary, has quit the party. In 1970, third-party conservative James



Connally: Convert?



Brock: Youth power



Percy: Obstacles



Morton: Darkest horse



Lugar: 'Mr. Nixon's favorite mayor'



Taft: Favorite son?

Robert Taft Jr.) and Tennessee (Sen. William Brock). If all or most of these men throw their hats in the ring, the primaries could be an inconclusive mess, badly depreciating the eventual worth of the party nomination.

**New Face of '76:** Nobody should rule out the possibility of the White House's grooming a 1976 candidate other than Agnew. Until recently, many Administration aides were blunt in their private assessments of Agnew as a "can't win" candidate four years hence. The President and some of his top advisers have a penchant for a certain type of media-packageable politician best described as BMOC (Big Man on Campus) twenty years later—photogenic, malleable, conservative enough when the chips are down but with an image "modern" enough to appeal to the burgeoning youth vote. Three men in this category

in 1976, merging the bulk of the GOP with the conservative, principally Southern wing of the Democratic Party into a fully consummated "new majority." It's no secret in Washington that Connally is one of Richard Nixon's top favorites (if not *the* favorite). His path to 1976 is frequently plotted as leading first to appointment as Secretary of State and open conversion to the GOP, then to active 1974 campaigning to establish his new party credentials. It could work, but Connally will have trouble pre-empting the bulk of Spiro Agnew's right-wing base. Even now, Southern Republicans are getting angry at the way Connally, as chairman of Democrats for Nixon, is sidetracking Dixie GOP organizations in building his Nixoncrat machine.

**The Liberal Long Shot:** Can a full-fledged liberal like Chuck Percy of Illinois upset the hopes, plans and outside

Buckley upset liberal Republican Sen. Charles Goodell. This spring, popular New Jersey Sen. Clifford Case saw an unknown conservative pull 40 per cent of the GOP primary vote. And in Pennsylvania, there is talk that tough cop-turned-mayor Frank Rizzo of Philadelphia may become a Republican to seek the Statehouse in 1974. With such straws in the wind, the delegations of 1976 will no longer deliver solid backing to moderate-liberals. New York Gov. Nelson Rockefeller's shift to the right reflects this increasing northeastern Republican conservatism.

Because of his metamorphosis, Rockefeller has almost become acceptable to the rank and file of the national GOP, but at age 67 in 1976, he will be too old—at least by conventional wisdom—to get the nomination. The prospects for Percy or other liberals are even bleaker.



(Continued from page 28)

mused an Illinois congressman, "to make yourself into a target so early."

■ Sen. Bill Brock, who knocked off veteran Democratic Sen. Albert Gore two years ago, organized a youthful task force in 1969 that ended up a major force behind draft reform and the 18-year-old vote. Persuaded that millions of young people were ripe for Republican recruitment, Brock last year won approval from then-Attorney General John Mitchell (plus a \$1,000,000 budget) for a national youth campaign, now organized as Young Voters for the President. To date, Brock's cadres have lined up 250,000 young volunteers for Mr. Nixon. They hope to have a million by November, not to mention a superb campaign organization loyal to Brock, in all 50 states. Tough, bright, charming, rich, handsome and conservative, Brock could end up as Agnew's most potent rival. "I know I'm being mentioned for the Presidency," the Tennessean said blandly last week. "Any time a young man is elected to the Senate, people talk about him running for something else."

#### 'The Man to Beat'

For these four putative hopefuls, as well as the larger number of even darker horses lined up behind them, the prospects of far-off '76 will undoubtedly be shaped by Spiro Agnew's interim performance, good or bad. "You have to say Agnew's the man to beat," said a state leader last week, "but it depends on how he does in this campaign, what happens in the '74 Congressional election and how soon the President lets him start moving." The Vice Presidency itself is an awkward platform from which to launch a Presidential shot—especially in 1976, when any viable candidate will have to enter more than a half-dozen major primaries. Agnew's position a heartbeat from the White House will tend to mute criticism of him by his rivals; on the other hand, any show of excessive independence or overeagerness by Agnew could bring down Mr. Nixon's wrath.

For the present, however, the Vice President seems as well situated as any long-distance runner since Mr. Nixon himself in the late 50s. His staff, once a patchwork of Maryland cronies and wary Nixon retainers, is now a seasoned and loyal team, though he has not yet started building a national organization. His opening to the center, Agnew insists, is no election-year stunt but a return to the thrust of his Maryland governorship, when he supported tax reform, open housing, antipollution measures—and the candidacy of Nelson Rockefeller. "A Vice President," said Agnew in his acceptance speech, "lives in the flickering strobe lights that alternately illuminate or shadow his unwritten duties. It is sometimes uncomfortable. It is sometimes ego-diminishing. But it is also quietly rewarding..." If he can last the course, the greatest reward of all may lie ahead.



JOHN WAYNE AND FRIEND

Sketches for Newsweek by Olliphant

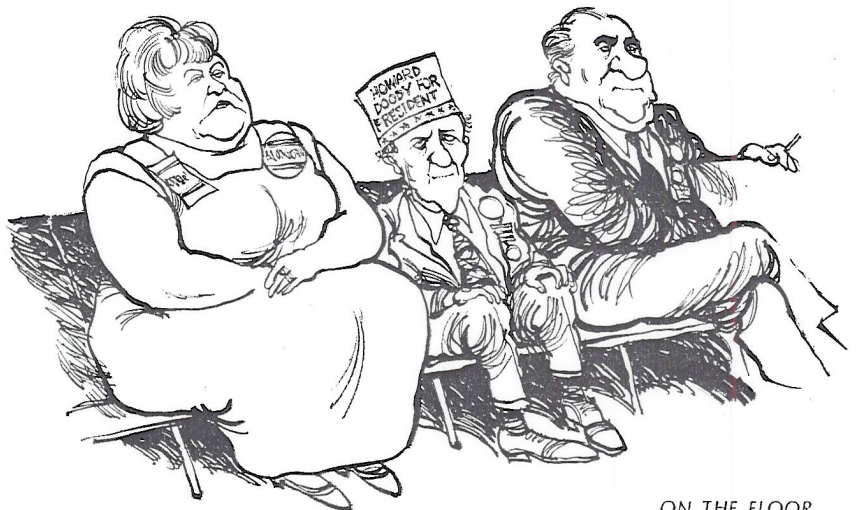
## This Is What It Was Like

Enter the Republicans, a matched set of 1,348 mostly white, middle-class, middle-aged men and women set down in Babylon on Biscayne Bay. It is immediately apparent that they are not the lately exited Democrats; the long hair has given way to shorn sideburns, the bare midriffs to sensible mid-knee frocks, the all-night debates to yacht parties and Dixieland bands blaring "The Darktown Strutters' Ball" across the Fontainebleau lobby. Their mood is contentment—that pervasive, wrinkle-resistant serenity that flows from having nothing to do but renominate a sitting President and get him off to what everybody on the Beach presumes will be a handsome victory. They move through the events of the convention like spear carriers in a pageant without conflict, suspense or drama. "We're a closed corporation," frets one of them, a county chairman from central Illinois, nibbling shrimp at

a poolside luau at the Playboy Plaza Hotel. Not many of the shareholders seem to care.

#### Right On, Mr. President!

A rock group thumps along about the Okie from Muskogee—"We don't take our trips on LSD." A Scout troop hands around oddly formal placards—WE ADMIRE PAT. An Air Force jet noses up and disgorges the First Lady, two First Daughters and one First Son-in-Law. The Young Voters for the President have been broiling for more than an hour in the Florida sun and will broil an hour more waiting for Spiro Agnew, but they whoop, clap, chant, squeak and crowd up suffocatingly close for a look. Somebody presses a banana into Tricia's hand. She looks startled but manages a thank-you and passes it to a Secret Service escort. It is an unabashed love offering. "The Nixons," a pretty young YVP ex-

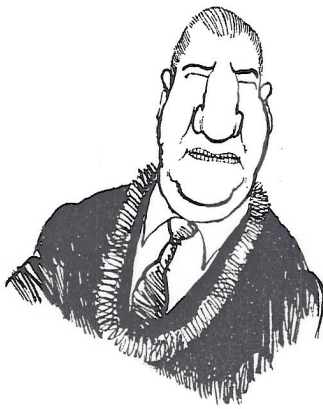


ON THE FLOOR



plains later, "are very sincere, sweet, wonderful people."

The YVP's are like that: 3,500 scrubbed-down, buttoned-up young people who made their own way to the Beach (at up to \$280 apiece) to labor for their improbable hero, Richard Nixon. They came expecting small but responsible jobs in the convention. They quickly discovered that their first job was to be displayed. They were organized military-style into sections of 1,000, color-coded red, white and blue, then subdivided into lettered units of 100 and numbered teams of ten; they were briefed, buttoned ("Right On, Mr. President!"), box-lunched and bused about from airport to hotel lobby to Convention Hall to cheer, chant and otherwise demonstrate that McGovern Chic is not a universal affliction of the young. They were eager not to seem *too* different from their generation—"we like the same music," one leader said solemnly at their opening orientation session—but at the same time to keep their distance from the Other Side. They were warned away



MIR VICE PRESIDENT

people," said one, a Texan, at a black caucus) and from the centers of Republican power and sensibility as well. Davis himself, narrating a slide show at a GOP women's brunch, tried some discreet consciousness raising when a shot of Pat Nixon's travels in Africa came on. He called it "the old country." He got a laugh and, afterward, a thank-you from party co-chairman Anne Armstrong, who said the Republicans were "awfully glad your ancestors decided to leave that old country and come to this new country and make it a better place for all of us."

**Fortress America**

"We woke up one morning," said a bemused Nixon campaigner, "and realized we were in the Bastille." He meant the gaudily handsome Doral hotel, where both the Nixon government-in-exile and the re-elect-the-President committee were billeted during the convention—and it was difficult indeed to tell whether the inmates were sheltered or imprisoned by their security. The GOP bought out the whole 420-room hotel for the duration and hung out a sign announcing, CLOSED TO THE

PUBLIC. Burns guards bumped into Wackenhut guards in the lobby. Republican influentials had to pass three checkpoints just to get in the door. Government people from clerks to Cabinet ministers were required to wear plastic ID tags even into the ocean—and the men's rooms. The untagged were escorted about—or out—by prettily coifed "hostesses." An ex-congressman talked his way inside without full credentials and then was refused passage out. Two authorized visitors, one an incumbent congressman, stood waiting for an elevator and counted three security people watching them.

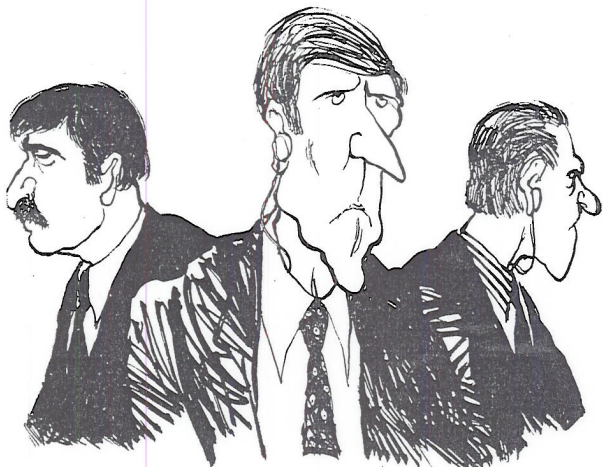
There was reason enough to secure the place, for the protection of the government and the efficiency of the campaign operation—but fortifying it seemed even to senior Administration officials to be an embarrassing excess of caution. A visitor tried out the Bastille analogy on one of them. Snorted the official: "It's more like Berchtesgaden."

**The High Life**

Money came to Miami Beach, and with it some grand old parties—splashy bashes at the hotels and discreet, invitation-only affairs on the yacht-and-villa circuit. Ronald Reagan gave "press availabilities" by day—quickie corridor news conferences at which he batted his eyes furiously through questions about his chances for the Presidency in 1976—and a quiet little yacht party one evening, guest-starring Frank Sinatra. Sen. Charles Percy threw a party, too, though some of his guests went away complaining that the senator—a teetotaler—had laid on only a light champagne instead of an open bar. Spiro Agnew was toasted at a lawn party at Vizcaya, an elegant mock-Italian Renaissance palazzo built for International Harvester millionaire James Deering in the good old days and since converted into a museum. The guests



PEACE OFFICER



SECURITY MEN

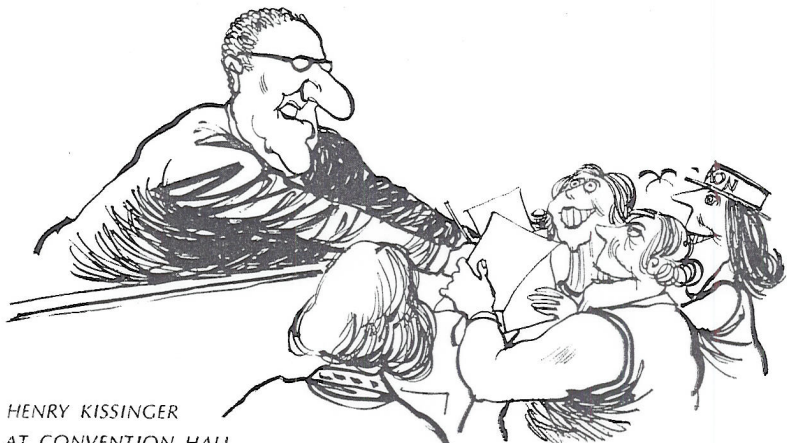
from the antiwar encampment in Flamingo Park; a few visited anyway, and, on acceptance-speech night, with the acrid smell of pepper gas still heavy in the air, several YVP's crossed paths with some demonstrators in the streets nearby.

"How do you like napalm?" a long-hair hooted at them.

"How do you like tear gas?" a YVP replied.

**Black Power**

In the political party of Sammy Davis Jr., a black sang "Dixie" at the \$500-a-plate Sunday gala—and Lester Lanin, the white society bandleader, played a midnight reception for the blacks. The Republicans, their democracy untainted by quotas, still managed to double the black share of the delegate strength, from 1.9 to 3.9 per cent. But the blacks remained at the edges of the event, isolated from their constituencies ("There's a tremendous gap between this party and black



HENRY KISSINGER AT CONVENTION HALL





VIETNAM VETERANS AGAINST THE WAR

stood under a great pink canopy, sipping cocktails, nibbling hors d'oeuvres, chattering happily about how the convention had rescued the summer social season and now and again smiling across at the press, who stood behind a red velvet rope 10 or 20 yards away, wilting in a muggy summer rain.

The host with the most, in energy if not exclusivity, was W. Clement Stone, the Chicago insurance millionaire and Nixon campaign bankroller. One evening he invited 90 foreign diplomats aboard a borrowed 123-foot yacht, the Blackhawk, greeting them in the raucously orange blazer favored by Illinois delegates and letting on gently over the cocktails that he was available for the U.S. ambassadorship to the Court of St. James's if it were offered. Another night, under a brilliant moon, he put on the luau at the Playboy pool—a feast of shrimp, fish, pork, pineapple, mai tais, celebrities (Jimmy Stewart, John Wayne, Frank Borman) and favors for everybody. The men got Lucite-encased bronze coins, suitable for paperweighting, with a bust of Stone on one face and some thoughts of Stone on the other—CONCEIVE ACHIEVE BELIEVE and PMA (for Positive Mental Attitude). The ladies took home a tin each of hairspray by Alberto-Culver, a company in which conceiver-achiever-believer Stone is a major stockholder.

#### The Other Side

The tent city in Flamingo Park began as a squat-in by the street people and wound up a countercultural carnival—a public fairground with exhibits depicting the depredations of American imperialism against the North Vietnamese, American capitalism against the poor, American sexism against women, American heterosexuality against the gay. (For the fed-up, there was a “vomitorium” festooned with a photo of the President and a sign offering free air-sick bags.) The park became rather a tourist attraction during the week, the spectators—some GOP conventioners among them—threading down a “Ho Chi Minh Trail”

past tents full of peace people, hippies, yippies, zippies, Viet vets, trashers, feminists, homosexual militants and even a black self-help group incongruously for Richard Nixon. Two straights visited one evening, threading their way among the tuned-in and the zonked-out, while a rock group pounded out a hymn to cannibalism—“Eat the rich.”

“Are we the rich?” one straight asked.

“Yes,” said a voice.

The straights left.

#### The Year of the Ladies

The Year of the Woman in American politics did not quite overtake the Grand Old Party; its deliberations more nearly resembled the Year of the Ladies. At about 30 per cent of the delegate population, women were more numerous than ever, thanks partly to the example of the Democrats and partly to the gallantry of some men who yielded seats to their womenfolk to help fill the non-quota. The pre-scripted platform did include a few concessions to the new feminism, notably a child-care plank a declaration against discrimination by sex, and the convention voted new rules committing it to involve women to a greater degree by 1976. There was even a Republican women's political caucus, though the turnout was small and the talk tame Nixonian.

Mostly, the GOP remained a man's world, its women honored—in the words of the platform—for their “great contributions . . . as homemakers and mothers.” The women's event on the Beach was not the caucus but a brunch at the Fontainebleau, beguiled with an imperceptibly sherried consommé and topped off by a mixed-media pageant depicting “women of achieve-

ment” in the American past. The achievement of many of them turned out to be that they were married to Presidents; the live pageantry consisted largely of Republican grand dames of the present striding down a runway in period costumes—a cast including Anna Chennault as Grace Coolidge, Clare Boothe Luce as Clare Boothe Luce and Mrs. Edward Nixon as Mrs. Richard Nixon. The script, read by the Sammy Davises and Pat Boone, duly noted the early feminists but lost interest in them roughly with the ratification of the women's suffrage amendment in 1920. Its tone instead was set early when Mrs. Davis described Martha Washington as “a quiet soul—no women's libber.”

“Oh,” said Boone, “when it came to revolution, she let George do it?”

“Right on, Pat,” said Mrs. Davis.

POOL SIDE AT THE FONTAINEBLEAU



#### The Polyethylene Plastic Elephant

The Republicans, as the party of free enterprise, attracted a train of free-enterprisers in their wake—a caravan of souvenir vendors who turned the Fontainebleau lobby into a Levantine bazaar. Table after table offered up catchy lapel pins (“Pachyderm Power,” “Ukrainians for Nixon”), Republican cook books, Nixon bracelets, necklaces and pendants, ballpoint pens in the shape of the President and practically anything in the shape of an elephant. One dealer, stuck with 116,000 McGovern-Eagleton bumper tags after Tom Eagleton's fall, sold 450 of them to the Republicans at \$5 each—two and a half times the going price for Nixon-Agnew tags.

Down the line, a less lucky vendor sat dolefully behind a tableful of flexy, fluffy, colorfast, waterproof, non-allergenic, red-white-and-blue toy elephants. A shopper stopped to test one for fluff and flex. “Polyethylene plastic!” the dealer said encouragingly. As a sales pitch, the shopper thought, that ought to have been irresistible to Republicans in the polyethylene-plastic convention atmosphere of Miami Beach 1972. But the dealer said no, the elephants were bombing. “Very frankly,” he confided, “we did a lot better with the Democrats.”

—PETER GOLDMAN



TEXAS ALTERNATE