

Chubb Lecture draft. Mailer delivered on April 25, 1995 the annual Chubb Lecture, an attack on the Bush Administration for invading Iraq, at Yale University. This draft of 34 double-spaced pages is the copy he read from on that date. It contains a number of significant deletions and interpolations, none of which appear on the electronic copy in the archive of Judith McNally at the Harry Ransom Center, University of Texas-Austin, where it is ensconced in the Mailer Archive. The lecture, which has never been published, reveals Mailer's anti-imperialistic rhetoric in full flower. It is a continuation of Mailer's political re-emergence begun after 9/11, and comes just before the May 1995 publication of *Oswald's Tale* by Random House.

The lecture

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On August 2, 1990, before Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait, it could be said that George Bush's prospects were dire. The budget, the prisons, drugs, AIDS, crack, crime, and the homeless were exhibiting a perverse inclination to resist all solution.

There was also the 500-billion dollar S and L scandal. The media would not be media if they did not have the instincts of a lynch mob. George Bush knew that well enough. He had spent eight years in the advanced course in media manipulation under Ronald Reagan who worked on the notion that most Americans would rather be told they were healthy, than be healthy.

Since this misconception can inspire a good deal of anxiety, Reagan also recognized that the media was ready to cater to all the dread in American life. If a widow encountered an axe murderer in her bedroom, the lady's blood went onto TV screens that night, and the blood was sometimes as red as the ketchup in the commercial that followed. Ronald Reagan understood that TV was the spirit of interruption--anything could

be connected to anything. It came down, therefore, to knowing how to feed the frenzy. The media was a valve installed in the governing heart of the nation, and it decided which stories would receive prominence. Reagan recognized that one had to become a valve within the valve. Otherwise, certain catastrophes could produce headlines equal to spurting arteries. When 216 Marines were killed in Beirut by one bomb carried in one car by one Arab terrorist on October 25, 1983, Reagan gave an order two days later to invade Grenada. A catastrophe must immediately be replaced by another act so bold that it, too, may end in catastrophe--that takes moxie!

Grenada worked, however. On examination, it didn't take that much moxie. Nineteen hundred Marines conquered something like one thousand Cuban construction workers, and the media were banned for the three days of the campaign. Then, America celebrated the victory. A phenomenon ensued. The American public reacted as if the victory in Grenada had removed the shame of Vietnam.

Only a political genius can turn a debacle into a

media success, and George Bush had studied Ronald Reagan with all the intensity of an unwanted child. For eight hard years, he had taken his snubs, suffered the nitty-twit positions Reagan left him in, and the wimp slanders prevalent in the press. George Bush was keen, lean, competitive, and wanted the presidency as much as any vice-president before him. Without it, he would be known forever as the ex-vice-presidential wimp. Male pride is insufficiently appreciated. It can approach earthquake force. George Bush was not to be stopped by the likes of Dole or Dukakis; George Bush knew that you win elections by kissing babies' ^{on their backsides} ~~asses~~ - "I want a kinder, gentler nation,"--and by kicking the opposition in the nuts.

Grenada demonstrated that the need to take pride in one's patriotism was the largest unsatisfied love in American life. In contrast, the most feared nightmare (now that the Evil Empire was no more) had to be the black criminal avenger whom good liberals were blind enough to let out of jail long enough to rape a white, female person. In came Willie Horton. George Bush

had sworn allegiance to the first precept of Ronald Reagan: Be as shallow as spit on a rock, and you will prevail. Bush prevailed and inherited the American Presidency and media mine-fields.

On August 2, 1990, however, the Iraqis invaded Kuwait, and Saddam Hussein entered American life. Could Saddam have had even an inkling of how ready George Bush was to get into a good war? A good war was the richest emotional broth you could find for a majority of voting Americans ~~they had, after all,~~ put in their time growing up on the narrative reflexes of the kind of movies that Ronald Reagan used to make. George Bush could, at this point, avoid war by keeping a token force in Saudi Arabia--and who but the Kuwaitis would grieve for Kuwait?--but the action could deteriorate into one headline blight after another. George Bush's aim was hardly going to focus, therefore, on avoiding conflict; his goal was to get a second term. For that, nothing less than a real war would do. A mighty White House campaign got under way in America against an outraged liberal defense: "No blood for

oil."

The liberals had the commonsense logic, the good ethics, the good morals, the anti-war pieties, the slogans, the demonstrations, and the inner conviction that they were on the side of the angels, but they were not effective. Intellectually speaking, liberal ideology had become about as stimulating as motel furniture. You could get through a night with it, provided you didn't have to hang around in the morning. Liberalism was opposed to war, poverty, hunger, AIDS, drugs, corruption in high places, crowded prisons, budget cuts, sexism, racism, and opposition to gay liberation, but it had not had an idea in twenty-five years for solving any of those problems, whereas Reagan had launched America on a way of life once practised by Marie Antoinette and various members of the French, British and Russian aristocracy. One spent lavishly for one's pleasures, sold the cherry orchards, and did one's best to entertain the people who were watching the festivities from outside. Reagan understood exactly what hard workers like Lyndon Johnson, Richard

Nixon and Jimmy Carter did not; he recognized that when you were President of the United States, you had a role; you had to be the leading soap opera figure in the great American drama. You had better possess star value.

Given these parameters, George Bush was not about to look for a draw with Saddam Hussein. ~~He needed war.~~ The sanctions ~~It was to his advantage that the country also~~ were not likely to work. ~~How was one to keep Saddam~~

Hussein trapped within an embargo for the two long years, or three, that starving him out was going to take? Hussein would flood the world press with pictures of hungry Iraqi children. The sanctions had to be seen as a staging area from which to prepare a shooting war.

Bush, adroit at such a game, managed to maneuver the Security Council of the UN into agreement: If Saddam did not pull out of Kuwait by January 15, 1991, then the Allied armies, now seven hundred thousand strong, were authorized by the UN to engage in combat with Iraq. A vote still had to be taken, however, in Congress, and approval was given on January 12, 1991.



~~It had gone beyond morality. The country~~ needed a war. For a vacuum existed. Almost nothing remained of the American Left. The trade unions were bureaucratic when they were not corrupt; the sexual revolution was bewildered, and AIDS was a catastrophe; little power groups fought over the remains of Gay Liberation. Women's Liberation, contributing to no cause but its own, had grown tiresome. Their agenda was sexist: women were good and men were no damn good.

And then there were the blacks. The Black Power movement of the Sixties, intended to give blacks a more powerful sense of identity, had in the absence of real social improvement, succeeded only in driving whites and blacks further away from each other. Encapsulated among themselves (in direct relation to how poor they were), the blacks were now divided between a majority who worked and a socially unassimilable minority who did not. Legions of black youth were marooned in hopelessness, in rage at how the rich grew obscenely rich during the eighties, and in self-pity. If there was a fair possibility that black people were more

sensual than white people, then the corollary was that they suffered poverty more. Sensual people who are poor can drown in self-pity as they dream of how much real pleasure they could enjoy if they had money. It is a point of view that will draw you into the luminous inner life of drugs. Afterward, the luminosity used up, the habit keeps one chasing the high through crime, for crime is not only quick money but the heady rewards of risk, at least when risk is successful. Prison, the unsuccessful consequence, comes to be seen as a species of higher education. It is a way of life for young blacks that does not gear into the working black community, and it has nothing whatever to do with the working white community. The Democratic Party had a hole in its flank from the spearhead of this problem, and the Republican Party had a hole in its head.

It was hard to believe that Bush or any other Republican or Democrat could offer a solution to this or a myriad of other problems. Standards of craftsmanship were, for example, deteriorating among the American work force. Our consumer products were

not as good as they used to be. An emerging middle class that once dreamed of drinking champagne from glass goblets now sipped the stuff from plastic cups. The Germans and the Japanese made better cars and better toasters. Their best engineers were in consumer industries, while ours had been working for decades with the military-industrial complex. Given the shoddy show, one could blame packaging, advertising, and TV; one could blame hedonism and its hangovers; one could blame drugs, blacks, labor unions; one could call Ronald Reagan the Pied Piper and blame him for tripling our national debt. But it did not matter whom you blamed. It was multiple choice, and all of the answers might be correct. So it was not entirely a surprise that something deep in oneself was now saying: "The country needs a purge, a fling, some sacrifice of blood, some waste of the blood of others, some colossal event, a triumph. We need an extravaganza to take us out of ourselves. We are Romans, finally, and there is no moral force left among our citizens to countermand that fact. So, this war will be a crucial vacation

from the morose state of American affairs. If it succeeds, the country may even be able to face a few real problems again."

It was, at least, a perspective. A nation's ego might be not unlike the human ego: When its view of itself was able to lift, there was more human energy available, yes, energy liberated itself best under the aegis of a glowing ego. By that logic, America needed to win a war.

Bush, intoxicated by his triumph, could not believe the country would not love and respect him forever even as it had Eisenhower. He did not recognize that in the aftermath of Desert Storm, as Saddam Hussein continued to stay in power, public sentiment would turn sour. A bad mood became a fever whose name was Ross Perot. By the fall of 1992, it did not matter that the American electorate distrusted the new young candidate; they could not abide the old one.

So, Bill Clinton, with a mighty assist from third party fever, was elected. He came in full of boundless confidence. Before him, no high-level

candidate had ever been affirmed by the voters after a concealed trophy like Gennifer Flowers had become a public figure. If he was facing prodigious problems inherited from George Bush, the young President's optimism rested on his considerable skill in finding a way to slip, slide, feint, and step lightly around personal dilemmas and media onslaughts.

Elected, however, Clinton was quick to shoot himself in the foot. Like Bush, he may have been captured by hubris. Almost at once, he created the first thoroughgoing mystery of his administration. There were enormous campaigns to wage, the first of which would be the development of a universal health care bill. Instead, as a curtain-raiser, Clinton declared his intention to have gays accepted openly by the Armed Forces.

The inner logic was not available. Anyone who knew anything about the military, knew that along with all its other massive functions, the Armed Forces were there as a protective bulwark against the fear of homosexual inclination that lives with varying

intensity in just about every male alive. Why, then, did Clinton, in his first assertive act as President, attempt to ram through by executive order a program that would not only alienate the Pentagon (who despised him already for his evasion of service), but was also bound to agitate the majority of the male population? The more one looks at the question, the less answerable it becomes.

Clinton, after all, had been governor of Arkansas for eleven years, time enough to learn a good deal about the human comedy surrounding the low motives, vanity, and concealments of mediocre men, especially when they are locally rich and powerful. Did Clinton now dream that the same human nature he had been obliged to work with so closely had acquired funds of new tolerance in the course of electing him? Did Clinton really believe that gay men could be openly accepted in the Armed Forces?

It was a prodigiously expensive mistake. Hillary Clinton's medical program ran into immensely increased resistance. The subterranean logic was directly

connected to the previous debacle: any husband and wife whose understanding of the Armed Services proves so limited, are not likely to know much about anything else.

It was sad. There had been a way to obtain universal health insurance. But that would have called for moral force. One would have had to be able to say: "Do we as a nation wish to go to sleep at night knowing that there are people, full of pain and suffering, who cannot afford a doctor? Since we call ourselves a Judeo-Christian nation, let us put our money where our mouth is." Americans have been known to respond to a call upon their best nature. They must, however, believe in the proponents.

Universal medical insurance was eventually torn to pieces by the Republican Party. That defeat helped to build the Congressional victory of the Republicans in 1994. It is possible that universal health insurance never had a chance. There was simply too much rage, contumely, and bad cess in the air. Clinton became a focus for a new kind of anathema that was now loose in

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American life and it paralyzed his willingness to take chances. If detestation of our leaders had germinated during the administration of George Bush, the end of the Cold War had accelerated it. For forty-five years the nation had been in a Cold War against godless materialists. Politically, the phrase was impeccably effective--godless materialists. [Decade after decade, children and adults awoke from nightmares of instant obliteration caused by atheistic Communists in a nuclear war.] In compensation, we had been able to focus a large part of the hatred that is buried in each of our personalities. We turned it against the Soviet Union. Our moral worth was that we resisted the Evil Empire. For more than four decades, some vast majority of Americans were like iron filings in a powerful magnetic field--we had all been pointed in the same direction, ready to fight evil incarnate.

The Cold War ended by the early Nineties. Since 1980, Ronald Reagan had accelerated the arms race, and the Soviet Union, unable to keep up, came apart economically. We did not conquer the Soviet Union, we

bankrupted it.

Then, the average American discovered, bit by bit, and clue by clue, that the Soviet Union was not a powerful war machine bent on world conquest, but an enormous, oppressive, and moribund Third World country with bad roads, bad food, bad products, and a self-defeating political corruption in all its parts. We had been fighting a half-paralyzed palooka for two, even three of the four and a half decades of the Cold War. Indeed, matters had so degenerated behind the old Iron Curtain that we now had to aid our former enemy in order for it to survive the chaos of its collapse. The enormous electro-magnetic field that kept all the iron filings in place, was turned off. ~~Now~~ ^{we were able to} the filings ~~could~~ drift in all directions.

The hatred, therefore, once directed toward Communism, was ~~now unfocused~~ ^{at present at large}. If, over the course of forty-five years, three generations had grown up with a controlled rage, a manageable hatred, kept nicely in place, it had always been pointed far away from all that was wrong in America. Now, slowly, the American

public began to sense that somebody or something, they or them, had kept the Cold War going for their own benefit. An incommensurate detestation of high government welled up from the fermentation of old certainties now rotting.

Free-floating hatred was on the loose. We no longer had the Communists to fear and hate. They were no longer there to satisfy each individual's ration of paranoia. Yet the paranoia did not wane. It seemed to be as basic to human needs as blood, devotion, imagination, and distrust of others. The difference was that now we were paranoid of our fellow Americans. Millions entered into a profound distrust of our politicians and our government. The Cold War was over but, spiritually speaking, we were the returned veterans of a phony war that had been won by rich bankers over poor bankers.

Just as a generation of Vietnam veterans could never find the termination to that war in their nerve-endings so did many a patriotic American now feel a similar kind of alienation. American patriotism is not

founded on ethnic roots; it is religious. The country is the religion. But the high churchmen of this national faith--our top bureaucrats and our most elevated elected officials--had lied to the public for more than twenty years. Whatever threat Communism had presented in the Fifties^{so} when Stalin lived in the corridors of madness, was long gone. Slowly the evidence took enough form to suggest that the Communist hierarchy had been ready to make peace for the last twenty years. Certainly, by the second year of the war in Afghanistan, the Russians had known that they could never win an armed conflict with a major foe.

Yet we had turned away from the evidence. Ronald Reagan kept speaking blithely of the Evil Empire at just that time when the USSR had ground itself down to a sad, moderately oppressive welfare state in which life for the average Soviet citizen had become no worse than living on an Army post for the rest of your life. Not agreeable, but no longer significantly evil. Among American leaders, a tacit understanding was in the air: "Since we can't whip them, let's break their economic

back." Under Reagan, the stakes were raised. We had an arms war and tripled our national debt in twelve years even as we outspent the ability of the Russians to keep up with us. The Communist empire collapsed.

History, however, can be described as the attachment of facts to irony--it became America's disaster as well. We had lost the paranoid fiction which fed the well-being of our system. Our national debt, due to these military expenditures, had become so huge that the future of our children, as every politician could now tell you, might be endangered. In reaction, American paranoia was ready to attack every target in sight.

Paranoia can even be seen as a radioactive element of the psyche. You do not dispose of it routinely. You channel it into producing imaginative energy for yourself and others, and you try to bury its wastes with sacramental care.

Now, could
No one ~~buried~~ anything. Hatred, on the loose, produced so profound a distrust of government that every closet militia was ready to fight the FBI down to

the last man. In the need for answers (paranoia being that state of imbalance which lives on absolute answers with the same intensity that vampires sup on blood) the militia, in company with some large number of Americans, had come to believe that the Federal Government was engaged in a world-wide plot to give America over to the U.N., and to international banking forces.

Since our government is hardly a clearly defined object like an organism or a creature, such intense fear and detestation is curious. The Federal government is, after all, a congeries of highly separated organs, institutions, enclaves, bureaucratic mills, and grass-roots extensions that aid and/or impede the average American in a thousand if not a million ways.

The suspicion arises that the government is being mistaken for another force that is proceeding to dominate our lives. To fear government, after all, is to fear those invisible people we call them. And who is this them? Why, they are the ones doing something

to us. Something alien to our senses comes creeping into our lives. The only trouble is that the proper name for this phenomenon may not be government but American technology, and it can name two sets of parents, government for one, and the U.S. corporation for the other. Indeed, if government is the power to affect your life despite yourself, if it sometimes feels as if an alien power is being exercised upon oneself from without, then the corporation is certainly a second government and is closer to being a controlling organism with recognizable properties than is the first government. Indeed, if there is an outside entity taking over our lives, it is this second government.

I would now propose that the corporation has done more to influence, corrupt, deaden, stultify, and overstimulate the youth of America than the Communist Party of the Soviet Union ever succeeded in brainwashing their young. Communist propaganda was obvious, oppressive, and so directly overbearing that anyone with wit or inner fire would ignore it in one's private

life, mock it, repudiate it, refuse it, despise it.
The propaganda was not only too heavy but
insufficiently insidious.

The U.S. corporation, however, has flooded
American lives with plastic from the cradle to the
grave; it has voided architecture of its art by
building endless deadening high-rises and ^{faceless} office
buildings that now destroy the face of our cities. It
occupies all the nerve centers of our psyche as it is
inundated by television and advertising. It has
contributed to uprooting our sense of the past. Its
need to market whatever it makes has become a malign
invasion of our personal lives. We have become the
objects of manipulation. The horror--for irony raised
to exponential powers becomes horror--is that the U.S.
corporation is far better at what it does in the way of
steering its subject population to desired ends than
the Communists ever dreamed of being. *And its Knights
Templar, its shock troops, are its plethora*
~~Even the most skilled manipulator is, however,~~
~~subject to paradox. Face to face with our sense that~~
~~meaningless acts of crime are proliferating, Senator~~
of ongoing constant repetitive advertisements,

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~~standard operating procedure.~~ [Since few Americans
would put up with a cultural process that interrupts
them in the sexual act every seven to twelve minutes,
perhaps our minds are not as valuable to us as our *nether organs.*
~~carnal parts.~~]

It may be time to subscribe to the notion that discontinuities, constantly chopping into our attention, create more violence than violent art. An adolescent whose absorption is cut off by an unasked-for commercial, is going to be on edge afterward no matter what he is looking at. If the public watchdogs of the future decide that "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is the best and healthiest material to offer our children, yet still interrupt the show with their commercials, it will not be long before gang kids are out on the street looking to off Rebecca. Of course, the corporation will hardly be in a rush to recognize that TV advertising breeds this violence in our young. For that matter, the corporation may be almost as innocent as our children of what is going on.

Yet the ultimate message is simple: Television is

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interruption; interruption is the breeding ground of violence, and the worst of it is that the commercials have become such a high-octane art-form--such a thing made uniquely for itself!--that most of us are hard put at the end of two minutes to even name the product that ^{is} ~~was~~ being advertised.

If one would ask: Where is the cure, there may be an answer. It is revolutionary. It is to do no less than to take away most of the tax deduction from television advertising as a legitimate business expense. In a divine world, Bob Dole might even propose an attack on the breeder of violence rather than on the poor gangsta dog. Of course, we know he won't. It is easier to find rap guilty than to condemn two minutes of product sell that are unrelated to what went before and what will come after, and so confuses an already bewildered young mind.

It is possible that America--no matter how much of it might still be generous, and full of surprises, is nonetheless sliding into a pit from which it may not extricate itself.

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*But if advertising is the purchased of
company power, power manipulation of our lives
is at the base*
I recall that on Election Day of November,

1980, I was in a ten-minute television debate on "Good Morning, America" with William F. Buckley. He was, of course, all for Reagan, and I for Carter, and our debate did not amount to much. He knew by the polls that Reagan was going to win; ergo, Bill Buckley was most relaxed. During our brief discussion he hardly moved a finger. He did not have to. *A ten-minute debate*

is an oxymoron

Afterward, we shared a cab and I asked: "Bill, how in hell is Reagan going to beef up the military, cut taxes, and balance the budget?" Buckley replied with his artful solemnity, "You don't believe, then, Norman, that he will be able to?"

"No, Bill, I don't."

"Mmmm," said Buckley. "Mmm." And then he said no more. No reason to say more. In 1980, he knew answers that I did not. An arms race would wreck the Russians economically; a promise of a tax cut would win the election, and who cared if the budget was not balanced? Once our deficit became enormous, there would be no way not to dismantle the Great Society of Lyndon Johnson. Less government was good news for conservatives and

corporate heads even if it took an outrageous deficit to achieve such ends.

I do not know whether Bill Buckley was projecting that far ahead, although I would not be surprised if he was. I will, however, assign more sinister inclinations to the present breed of right-wing Republicans. Contemplating the specter of drugs, AIDS, crack, crime, welfare mothers and the homeless, I would now question whether there are not power centers on the right who have come to the conclusion that if they are able to keep applying heat to the downtrodden toes of the problem, then with a little luck, riots will, in fact, commence and white neighborhoods will be entered. Before it is all over, martial law can not only ring every ghetto, but free speech will be curtailed in a few newspapers, and then in a great many. It will be totalitarianism without a name, and corporate capitalism will live happily in a new concept of democracy. Whatever they will call it, we know it will not be known as American fascism.

~~(If this dreary scenario should ever come to pass,~~

~~It could be said that this nation~~

~~is on the edge of profound trouble, the difficulty is that when it comes to a solution we all took in different directions, I would argue that our ills~~

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could be resolved by encouraging the wealthy to enrich themselves further. ~~So let us underline the central concentration~~ It is our ills, precisely, that ~~of the~~

Our ills are magnified by the huge disproportions in income between the rich and the poor. To the contrary, ~~our~~ ^{therefore,} ~~need is to clean out the immense wastes in our Augean~~ ^{will} ~~stables.~~ Has the time even come when we can cease

concerning ourselves with the fiction that the rich need large profit incentives in order to keep our economy going? The truth is that just as a poor man does all he can to survive under the most wretched circumstances, so will the rich continue to be rich (although a little less so) if their profits are reduced by the recognition that a modern society cannot take an honest spiritual breath until it provides for all its citizens. To blame the poor for choosing to subsist on welfare has no justice unless we are also willing to judge every rich member of society by how productive they are. Taken individual by individual, it is likely that there is more personal waste, idleness, and abuse of government favors among the economically privileged than in the ranks of welfare.

It is time to stop judging the poor. Our real need is to judge ourselves

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It is time to stop judging the poor. Our real need is to judge ourselves.

There is a mechanism that can serve politically to this end. In a time of chaos when values are as scattered about the moral landscape as bomb debris, the natural search is for simple panaceas. In chaos it is enough if one can feel able to think, even if one thinks of but one matter, and there is one matter by which we can start cleaning the stables. It is by taking away most of the corporate tax deduction for television advertising.

It can be argued that excessive and egregious advertising is not a legitimate business expense; rather it is mendacity, manipulation, and interruption, a psyche poison nourishing ~~livid nutrient~~ (to anomie, violence, and national cynicism. Since the art of the TV advertiser is to market a product at all costs, the art of the commercial becomes most impressive when the real value of the product diminishes. It takes much less skill, obviously, to market a good commodity than a poor one.

~~Capitalism, as envisioned by Adam Smith in the~~

Capitalism as envisioned by Adam Smith in the

Eighteenth Century, would be built by a fair

competition among companies dedicated to hard work and

fine products. Smith's vision would hardly dwell upon

child labor, but he had, at least, a concept of an

ongoing system. The marriage of personal greed to the

arts of production resulted, (no matter what exploitive

horrors were present) in a society that was able to

climb out of the pits of its worst excesses and clean a

large part of its wastes. *Capitalism could never offer a*

Satisfying

perspective of what a human society could be, but *it*

capitalism was viable so long as pride remained in the

integrity of one's products and services.

In our last decades, however, in good part as a

throw-off from the Cold War, the value of the product

was reduced; the same real dollar, adjusted for

inflation, bought less. *Particularly was this true in*

the service industries where quality is more difficult

to estimate. Who can begin to measure how much worse

our latter-day McDonald's hamburger is than the old

White Castle hamburger which was at least cooked on a

griddle while you watched. (And gave a little more

value for the money since less was spent on advertising.)

Capitalism has begun to turn itself inside out. The market, once a reflection of a commodity's virtue in competition with a like commodity, now became a mega-galactic wind tunnel. Products of no distinction were sucked right up into successful competition with superior goods. And the big wind to befuddle all the critical senses in the consumer became TV advertising.

To say that excessive promotion is the thickest, foulest waste product of our Augean stables is a start, of course, it requires nothing less to begin than a newly elected President and a newly formed public opinion ready to take away the business deduction for those TV advertising costs that go beyond a bare description of a new product and its availability.

and no more than
~~All this is, of course, but a~~ start, yet it may be capable of beginning ^{a serious} ~~an~~ improvement in the capitalism we do have. Communism foundered because of its oppressive attempts to manipulate altruism. Capitalism may yet cease to function as a relatively terror-free society

because of its increasing tendency to elevate greed into the pantheon of noble emotions. Yet there are so many of us who recognize that cynical marketing and the rush to make money out of the manipulation of other people's money is destructive to the one clear and uncontested virtue of classical capitalism--that it used to be capable of making good mass products, no routine virtue! If we fail to shift our emphasis from marketing back to production, we will eventually destroy the foundation of capitalism even as the insistence on ideological obeisance succeeded finally in paralyzing Communism.

What has been proposed is, of course, a most modest but honest demand. It is that workers and managers learn all over again how to produce the good things which once gave a sense of integrity to our homes, our furniture, our farm produce, and our automobiles in that once upon a time when America was proud of itself as a nation.

The question was whether Buchanan, if ever elected in years to come could return unto such a scene, and it was obvious that no interview could provide the answer. He would, like many ^{to be} important political figures before him, grow or diminish in the cauldron of presidential ambition, and it was the years ahead that would provide the answer. Would his hands be used to build the more suffering.