



U.P.I.

THE 1976 DEMOCRAT CONVENTION

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■ THERE was quite a cast of characters for the quadrennial National Convention of the Democratic Party. The main floor of Madison Square Garden held fifty-eight hundred delegates and alternates, with seven thousand gallery seats for dignitaries and guests and room for thirty-two hundred members of the press. But that was just the tip of the iceberg.

Some twenty thousand people had descended on New York for four days of Democrat fun and games. There were more television people at the scene than delegates. A total of 1,670 Secret Service men looked after security with the help of fifteen hundred uniformed policemen. It seemed like somebody was checking your credentials every ten feet.

New York City had been turned into a giant Potemkin Village, a one-week wonderland, the rumor being that the city fathers had spent as much as ten million dollars cleaning up Manhattan to try to make a good impression on their visiting creditors. The usually icy denizens of New York were remarkably friendly and even cheerful; except the taxicab drivers, who were complaining about politicians being cheapskates.

Outside the Garden were all kinds of demonstrators — homosexuals, pot heads, kooks, Jews for Jesus, Hare Krishna chanters, Communists, weirdos in costumes — literally hundreds of people seeking attention for a myriad causes. The only Conservatives present in any numbers were the pro-life people, who were very active passing out tens of thousands of leaflets. They carried placards proclaiming, "With Christians Like Carter, Who Needs Pagans?"

The big story of the Convention was that this year the usual fratricide was not in evidence. Chairman Robert Strauss had convinced the disparate radicals and special-interest groups of the Democratic coalition that it would be better to fight inside the White House than outside. Strauss had brought the mayors, labor union leaders, and old-time power brokers back into the party, convincing them to sit down with the radicalized minorities and the New Left. Even the Wallace sympathizers seemed, for the most part, willing to join the love feast. Happiest of all were the radicals. "In 1968," said S.D.S. founder Tom Hayden, "we were out in the streets being gassed. This year we are inside as delegates."

All of this contrived unity and harmony, combined with the fact that Jimmy Carter had the nomination in the peanut bag, turned the Convention proceedings into a snor-

ing contest. Delegates behaved as if they were at a class reunion or a coffee *klatch*. Most of the speakers were ignored as the swirling, roving delegates renewed old acquaintances, made new ones, and tried to talk about everything but politics. They knew less about what was going on at their Convention than did the people at home watching it all on television.

Keynote speaker John Glenn certainly had to deliver his speech for the TV audience. Nobody in the Garden was in the least interested. Following Glenn came U.S. Representative Barbara Jordan, a black charmer who received total attention and silence, the ultimate patronism. Her well-received delivery was outstanding, but when I later asked delegates what she had said, nobody had the slightest idea.

George Wallace's turn to speak came on Tuesday night, and he received the sort of attention a temperance lecturer might expect at a Shriner's convention. To make matters worse, the sound system, already inadequate, was turned down for the first two-thirds of the Wallace speech. The Alabama Governor's six-minute address contained his familiar references to "briefcase toters" and to the entrenched Washington bureaucracy, but the fire was gone out of the man. Wallace seems exhausted, spent, and one can hardly blame him if he sounds bitter. Jimmy Carter stole his platform to win the primaries, and then betrayed the Wallace constituency by moving to the Left of McGovern at the Convention. It is hard to be critical of a man it took five .38 slugs to stop. My feeling was, and is, one of great sadness.

George Wallace has now endorsed Jimmy Carter and is playing the role of the good party man. The irony of the situation, it seems to me, is that

Carter aides became upset when reporter Allen asked about the Rockefeller connection, noting that all of Governor Carter's foreign policy advisors are members of the Rockefellers' C.F.R. David Rockefeller picked up Carter in 1973, provided key advisors, and groomed him through the Trilateral Commission.

the Alabama Governor might have made it. If he had only acquired a staff willing to keep him informed on the machinations of the Establishment *Insiders!* After the endorsement, when my colleague Alan Stang told Governor Wallace of the control the Rockefeller family has over the Carter campaign, the Governor was surprised, distraught, and amazed.

On Tuesday night, the Convention was rubber-stamping the reports of the credentials and platform committees. The meeting was supposed to adjourn at eleven. When the appointed hour arrived, and it was obvious that the tedium would continue for some time, your reporter hopped onto one of the free buses taking conventioners back to their hotels, rode over to the Americana Hotel on Fifty-Third Street where Jimmy Carter was staying, and wandered into the Carter press room in a spacious mezzanine conference hall. There were only six or eight people there, all relaxing, slouched in chairs watching the Convention on two television sets.

Approaching a husky young man with black hair worn in the style of Prince Vaseline, I asked for an interview. He was Hamilton Jordan, who serves as Carter's campaign manager; the man credited with designing the successful strategy that, with a little

help from his friends at the Chase, had brought Jimmy Carter from oblivion to the heights. And I had him all to myself without three hundred other reporters to muddy the waters. My tape recorder confirms that your reporter began: "I heard the statement today that the Carter bandwagon runs on Standard Oil, not peanut oil, and that there are many people connected with the Carter campaign who are Rockefeller people. What is your reaction to that?"

Jordan paled. "I don't know what your question means. What do you mean by that?" he demanded.

"The Rockefellers are Republicans and very powerful internationally. Governor Carter is on the Trilateral Commission which was started by David Rockefeller. Zbigniew Brzezinski is on David Rockefeller's staff and he is Governor Carter's top foreign policy advisor and is widely mentioned in the press as the next Secretary of State."*

"I don't think your analogy is very good," Hamilton Jordan complained, "and I don't think your guess that Brzezinski will be the Secretary of State is good. We're just trying to win an election. We're not worried about

*As chance would have it, every single one of Carter's foreign policy advisors is a member of the Rockefellers' Council on Foreign Relations.



Wide World

Above our reporters Alan Stang (l) and Gary Allen (r) stand outside Convention hall in front of their favorite sign, which proposed Nobody For President. At right, House Speaker Carl Albert and friend pose happily with a widely circulated blasphemous poster depicting Jimmy Carter as Jesus Christ.

who is going to be Secretary of State."

Your reporter persisted. "How about the number of people from the Council on Foreign Relations who are involved in the Carter campaign? And what does Governor Carter mean in his speeches when he talks about creating a 'New World Order'?"

Hamilton Jordan had no intention of giving a straight answer. "I don't . . . I'm too tired to answer any more questions," he groaned. "If those are really serious questions, I suggest you submit them to our foreign policy committee."

"Okay. You don't want to handle the Rockefeller questions?"

"Well, it is so incorrect I just don't know what to say."

"You mean that Brzezinski is not connected with the Rockefellers?"

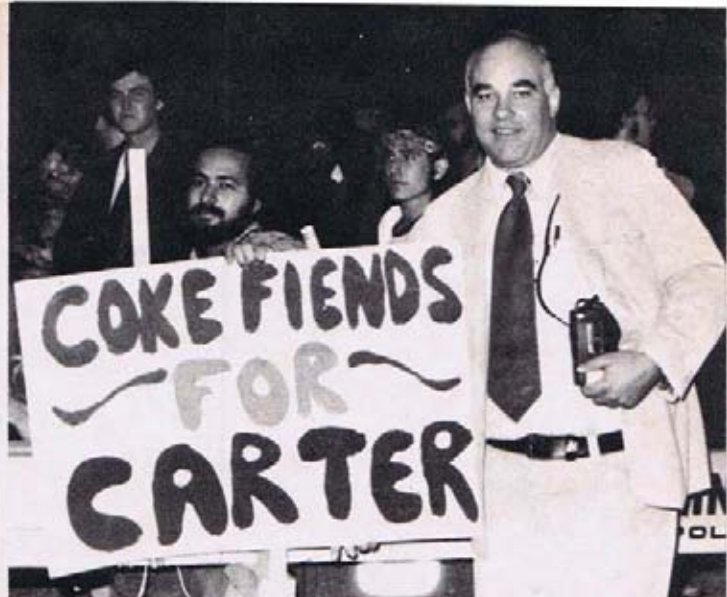
"Brzezinski is an advisor of Jimmy Carter's as are eighty-three other people who, you know, who strengthen his foreign policy philosophy. You can pick out one or two

names and identify them with Carter and draw the implication that he is this or that . . ."

"What if I picked out fifteen names?" I pulled out my list.

After about ten seconds of silence, Jordan replied, "Pick 'em out." Then, thinking quickly, he waved his hand signifying that he had nothing else to say, turned his back, and returned to his staff and the television sets.

This was the Carter press headquarters, and as a registered member of the Convention press corps I had with the others been urged to drop in for a visit. As I stood quietly I looked up and saw one of the Carter men bearing down on me at flank speed. When I had entered the room nobody had paid the least attention. Suddenly your reporter was the center of interest. The man who had come to give me the third degree was Jody Powell, Carter's press secretary and a longtime advisor and confidante of the peanut king. Powell is no lower



Austin Williams — American Opinion

Elephant lovers weren't the only ones for Carter; he seems to have promised everybody something. Gary Allen interviewed organized homosexuals, drug users, abortion advocates, and even yellow-robed followers of Hare Krishna — all of them demonstrating for Democrat candidate James Earl Carter.

than number three in the Carter pecking order. Excluding the Rockefellers, of course.

Jody Powell demanded to know who I am and whom I represent. I showed him the official press credentials hanging around my neck. Everyone entering the Garden was required to wear such tags to identify them to security people. Jody was not satisfied. He demanded to see my press card. It was his ball park and I was willing to play his game, so I pulled out my wallet and presented my press card. "How about further identification?" he growled. "What do you mean?" I answered. "Well," he said, "how do we know you are really who this card says you are?" Wow, I thought, I'll bet no other journalist visiting these headquarters has been subjected to anything like this. Apparently I had stuck a hot needle in an exposed nerve. But I politely presented my driver's license to show the Carter press staff that I am really me. It was as if Carry

Nation had just arrived at a bartender's convention.

"How would you like to talk about the Rockefeller influence with the Carter people?" I inquired.

"There's nothing to talk about. There is none," he replied.

Powell and his cronies retreated across the room for a momentary conference and then returned. They wanted to know just what I was after. I asked again about the influence of the Council on Foreign Relations on the Carter camp. Jody answered my question with a question: "Do you ever talk with your tape recorder off?"

Powell, though press assistant to the "born again" candidate, has a reputation for vulgarity. "I thought you might say something quotable," I smiled. Alluding to Watergate, he told me he doesn't like people who walk around secretly recording conversations. The fact was that my recorder was clearly visible in my hands, and like hundreds of other

journalists at the Convention I was making no secret of the fact that I was recording my interviews to report them with total accuracy. Besides, I had taken enough abuse. The response of these so-called professionals to my polite questions about connections between Governor Carter and the Rockefellers had been met with such hostility and rudeness that my naturally cheerful nature became somewhat strained. The Bleep in front of me was trying to cover his panic with arrogance.

"I'm recording this interview," I responded, "because sometimes we've had trouble with guys who were kicked out of college for cheating." Powell, who had in fact been expelled from the Air Force Academy for cheating, now realized he was not talking to the usual patsy. "Is that a personal insult?" he demanded. "You wouldn't come in my own press office and insult me would you?" Your reporter noted that he had not, himself, been treated exactly like royalty and Powell, still irate at being questioned by a *Conservative* journalist, decided to switch tactics.

At this point, Jimmy Carter's press secretary actually squatted on his haunches, lifted up a tablecloth, and declared that he thought he saw Fidel Castro hiding under the table. I smiled and asked him if he was sure it wasn't a barrel of Standard Oil, but Powell has no sense of humor. He now asked me sarcastically if a man like himself, who has been kicked out of school, could join The John Birch Society. I told him that I have nothing to do with who can or cannot join, but if he is ineligible on that account he might at least find solace in the fact that he is in the same boat with Teddy Kennedy.

As Jody Powell got over the idea that *Conservative* journalists were all cretins to be easily abused, he as-

sumed a more professional attitude and I tried again to ask about Rockefeller financing of the Carter campaign. How much had there been? "Well, I don't know," said Powell. "Not very much."

"How about Douglas Dillon," a close Rockefeller associate and early contributor to Carter? How large was his support?

"I don't know if it's ever been offered," he replied, and he began boasting that all contributions are on the public record because "that's the way we do things." I suggested that in reality they do that because it is federal law, and noted that Jimmy Carter has never made public the donors from his 1970 gubernatorial campaign. "Well, it takes time to get that information together," Powell responded with a sly smile.

Your reporter tried to bring the interview back to the subject by asking what Carter means with his oft-repeated phrase that he will work to establish a "New World Order." Powell ducked again, declaring: "I don't think anybody knows what that means."

By now it was clear that Jody Powell and I were not destined to be lifelong chums. Your reporter is still amazed that Carter, who is campaigning on the slogan "I'll never lie to you," would have a man like Powell in his entourage. Yet, in the past half-dozen years, Jody Powell has probably spent more time with Carter than any other person with the possible exception of his wife Rosalynn. We say "possible exception" because, during Carter's campaigns for Governor of Georgia, Jimmy and Jody travelled the state by car as a two-some. And during the past year this dynamic duo has been in and out of more towns in America than a traveling carnival. If Carter becomes President, Jody Powell will doubtless be

his Press Secretary. He will have no trouble lying to the press. He is evasive, caustic, and an accomplished double-talker. And, judging from past performance and from my own experience, any reporter who crosses Jody Powell is not going to receive the time of day from the Peanut Administration.

Back at my hotel that night I began thinking about how badly the Carter people over-reacted to questions about the Rockefeller connection. It seemed obvious that none of the Convention delegates were likely to make an issue of the Rockefeller/Carter relationship, and the press and electronic media clearly had no intention of breaking the story. Your reporter began to wonder what would happen if someone were to leaflet the Convention to raise the questions I had been asking of Powell and Jordan. I began scribbling notes for a flyer on the back of an envelope. After all, isn't that the way Abraham Lincoln composed the Gettysburg Address?

The next morning I finished my flyer, headlined "Rockefeller Rip-off — Republicans Steal Democratic Nomination," with a list of the Rockefeller people now surrounding Carter. If the Carter people wouldn't answer my questions in person, perhaps they would respond to them when asked by delegates or other reporters.

I called my friend Harold Shamer in Princeton, New Jersey, and asked him if he could get the flyers printed and come over to Madison Square Garden that night with a few friends. Harold is a can-do Conservative, liked the idea of trying to get some answers, and although it was hectic and frantic, he arrived at the Statler-Hilton Hotel across the street from the Garden at 7:30 P.M.

With him were Frank Kiernank, Al

Weiss, John Bugler, and Barbara and Henry Van Rossem. That Wednesday evening, as the Democrats were preparing to nominate their candidate, these determined friends passed out five thousand flyers asking my questions about the Carter/Rockefeller relationship. Another journalist circulated throughout the press section in the balcony of the Garden making sure the other members of our ink-stained fraternity got a copy of the questions Jordan and Powell had ducked the night before.

The next night John Bugler provided five thousand more flyers asking the same questions and the effort continued. My inquiring friends were now augmented with the addition of Herb McKay, a lieutenant in the New York Fire Department. I took Herb inside the Garden with me, using a Distinguished Guest pass provided by another friend. This was Thursday, the closing night of the Convention, and the galleries were packed as Herb distributed several thousand flyers by walking up and down every aisle of the balcony and giving the person seated on the end a handful of the question sheets. Perhaps thinking they were instructions on what to do in case of a fire, each took one and passed them down. You could tell where Herb was in the arena because it looked like the audience was performing card stunts at half time of a college football game. Everybody who had a copy was reading about Jimmy and his friends at Chase Manhattan. Perhaps we would get some answers after all.

Not that Lieutenant McKay's mission was without incident. One woman became so incensed when she saw what the flyer was about that she ran up to the jolly Irishman, screaming "You can't pass these out," and proceeded to try to rip the

Honored Guest pass from around his neck. Herb called to the nearest policeman and New York's finest explained to the lady that the lieutenant had a perfect right to freedom of speech even if she didn't like the questions he was raising. This was apparently a new concept to her.

My friends were, of course, pouring cold water on hot delegates. The Democrats were so thrilled to be united and to have a ticket which appears headed for victory that they were not eager to have their champions questioned. Alas, the galleries did not storm the bandstand and demand answers of Carter and Mondale, but the questions were asked and there may yet be some answers.

Certainly the most curious development at the Convention was the Alex Garnish affair. On Wednesday night, the evening Carter was nominated, my colleague Alan Stang introduced me to two Americanist delegates for Wallace from Massachusetts, Alex Garnish and Gary Benoit. Young Benoit, twenty-one, had just collected enough signatures on his petitions to allow his name to be put in nomination the following night for the Vice Presidency. Garnish was to give the five-minute nominating speech and then there would be two seconding speeches.

I showed Benoit and Garnish the flyer asking my questions on Jimmy Carter and David Rockefeller. The two agreed that the Rockefeller grab for control of the Democratic Party might be a good theme for Alex's speech. The next morning Alex Garnish and I met to go over some of the Rockefeller connections that had surfaced.

Your reporter arrived at the Garden about 5:00 that evening just as Peter Duchin's band was beginning to play for the half-hour break which was to precede the nominations for

Vice President. A female guard was temporarily away from her post, and being an experienced reporter I managed to get from the second tier where the press, alternate delegates, and guests were seated to the floor of the Convention. Otherwise, one had to stand in line for an hour to obtain a special press pass which allowed you on the floor with the delegates for twenty minutes. This is to prevent the presence of five thousand reporters on the floor at all times. I found Gary and Alex and learned that a row was brewing.

The two men who were supposed to second Benoit's nomination were frantic about Garnish's speech, which was to be delivered within twenty minutes. The man who was to follow Garnish is Robert "Whitey" McGrail — a big, usually friendly, tavern keeper in South Boston who is interested in only one issue: bussing. The other seconder is Dapper O'Neil, a Boston Councilman famous for speaking the outrageous truth. McGrail didn't care about the Rockefeller question, and didn't understand what difference it made. O'Neil, who loves to crusade against "Limousine Liberals," understood it but was not anxious to join a kamikaze attack in front of half the country. "We've been infiltrated," Dapper declared in his wonderful hyperbole. "We've been infiltrated by Rightwing nuts." Those "Liberals" within earshot burst into laughter. They had always thought of Dapper as the ultimate in Rightwing extremism.

So this is the scene, and if Walter Cronkite will forgive me, *you are there!* Your reporter is standing among the Massachusetts delegation with his tape recorder running, trying to remain inconspicuous and knowing that as soon as somebody notices that I don't have my floor pass hanging around my neck I am going to be

shipped upstairs. Garnish is being hotboxed by "Liberal" delegates telling him that this is the night for harmony and unity and that to attack Carter would be disastrous. They are concerned with appearances. Some of those trying to dissuade Delegate Garnish from raising the Rockefeller issue are even claiming that if they can't stop him from making that speech they will lose their jobs.

Finally, Whitey and Dapper threaten not to speak unless Alex Garnish gives up his prepared text. One man warns that Garnish may have some sense *beaten* into him. Another is shaking his finger in Alex's face, saying, "I've got a reputation. How the hell are we going to go back home? We're all Democrats. If we don't like a guy, we're not going to rap 'em. We're going to be loyal to our Party." Another adds: "When I get to the media, I'm going to hurt you. I'm really going to hurt you." Alex Garnish replies: "Do whatever you have to do."

Dapper declares that Garnish has let him down, and Alex replies that if he doesn't give the speech, he believes he will be letting a lot more people down. The more they press and threaten, the more Alex Garnish is determined. The pressure is intense, but he doesn't waver a millimeter.

Finally, Alex Garnish breaks away from his steaming antagonists and comes over to talk to me. He asks if I think he is doing the right thing. I am impressed with his courage. He is determined to do what he sees as right rather than what is expedient. I tell him that whether he gives that speech is up to him, but the other two men can talk about bussing. If he doesn't talk about the Rockefeller power grab, nobody else will. Alex Garnish nods his head. "You're right," he says quickly. "I'm going to give the damn speech."

One of the roving guards observes, at last, that your reporter does not have a floor pass and he is banished to the Siberia of the second tier. Meanwhile, McGrail and O'Neil decide on a compromise. They will give their speeches seconding Benoit, but they will say that they divorce themselves from anything which Garnish has said. An hour later, the Vice Presidential nominating proceedings get under way. Alex Garnish, the bulldog, is first. He is dressed in white and somewhat resembles Will Rogers. In a clear strong voice he begins his speech:

"My fellow delegates: It is an old cliché in politics that a good ticket is a balanced ticket. We need to balance our ticket. Now, what I am going to tell you is not going to be very popular. I hate to be the bearer of bad tidings on this joyous occasion. But, I plead with you to judge what I am going to say on whether it is true, not on the fact that it makes you uncomfortable."

"A powerful, big-money group wants to take over the Democratic Party. Behind the scenes the fat cats and 'Limousine Liberals' of the Eastern Establishment have moved in to manipulate our party."

Suddenly, and it is one of the few times during the Convention, the audience is paying close attention. There are cheers, boos, and war whoops. Something is happening at last. Delegate Garnish continues: "The grim truth is that the Carter bandwagon runs on Standard Oil, not peanut oil. While the people mistakenly believe the grassroots have spoken, it is a small cabal of men closely tied to the Rockefeller Empire who engineered the nomination of Jimmy Carter."

There are groans and boos, but the Convention is now listening intently to the speaker.

"The Rockefellers want the American people to have the choice only between the Rockedems and the Rockepubs. The Rockefeller Establishment is not content just to own the G.O.P. Because the Rockefellers own assets in 125 nations, they need to control American foreign policy whether the Republicans or the Democrats are in the White House. The organization they use to control the government is called the Council on Foreign Relations, referred to as the C.F.R. The Chairman of the Board of the C.F.R. is David Rockefeller."

Somebody shouts, "So what if it is true." A man sitting in front of me in the press section yells, "Let him speak!" But everything grinds to a sudden halt as the Chairwoman hurries to the rostrum and stops Alex Garnish in mid-sentence. A conference takes place and the man in front of me who had shouted to let Garnish speak turns around and says, "The funny thing is that he is telling the truth." It's an interesting remark, since that reporter doesn't know me from Adam's ox. More interesting was the fact that they didn't stop Alex Garnish until he mentioned David Rockefeller.

Meanwhile, Delegate Garnish is being told that it is against the rules to attack other candidates. She tells him the rule was established in 1848. I wonder how many times it has been applied in the last hundred and twenty-eight years. But Alex Garnish is informed that he cannot continue to deliver his prepared address. He comes back to the microphone: "I thought that I would be permitted to speak about what I believe to be true. Now, if you people don't want the truth, it's okay with me." (Loud cheering, huzzahs, and clapping.)

Poor Alex. Here he is before a live audience of many thousands, with

millions watching on national television, and they have just taken away a speech that took many hours to prepare. But he is good and angry, dead sure he is right, and starts to extemporize:

"Let's get down to some specifics, okay?" Some yell Okay, and some shout No. "How about spending ourselves to destruction? We are and you know it. If you want it, you vote for it. I don't want it and I won't vote for it."

"How about Communism?" (The biggest cheer so far. Communism is a word that has not been previously uttered at this Convention. It doesn't exist in the minds of some.)

"Cuba?" (An even bigger cheer. Apparently Castro is so popular that if he had been a citizen he might have been nominated as Jimmy Carter's running mate.)

"Angola?" (Hooray!)

"The U.N.?" (More of the same.)

"How about abortion?" (The Women's Libbers are cheering in ecstasy.)

"How about bussing?" (Yes, scream the radicals. The crowd is having a good time.)

"And taking away your kids?" (Hooray!) "Do you like that?" (Yesss!) "Can't you take care of them yourselves?" (Noooo!)

Alex Garnish, a quiet and decent man with the courage of his convictions, is at once enraged and disgusted. "I want to apologize to this audience," he concludes, "for telling the truth."

He was gone now. But, for all of the heckling, the man had touched something in the delegates and he received an enormous ovation. One can only imagine what would have happened if he had delivered the rest of his speech. Here, for the record, is what Delegate Alex Garnish was going to say:

Membership [in the C.F.R.] is by invitation only. There are 1,650 members in this semi-secret, powerful fraternity, made up of the elite of banking, industry, the owners of the mass media, and the government. Yet less than one American in a thousand has ever heard of it, although key men from both parties are members. This is government by the elite, not government by the people. When asked, C.F.R. apologists say it is just a study group. Actually it is the Rockefeller mechanism to control both parties.

On May 13, 1976, the Washington Post revealed that, two years ago, David Rockefeller met secretly with Jimmy Carter in London and put him on the Trilateral Commission, which David had just created to manipulate foreign policy. Heading the Trilateral Commission is Zbigniew Brzezinski who is now Jimmy Carter's foreign policy advisor.

At least twenty-five key Rockefeller C.F.R. men were turned over to the Jimmy Carter campaign and the unknown peanut farmer became an overnight household word. Rockefeller lieutenants like Brzezinski, George Ball, and Cyrus Vance are widely reported by the press as headed for key Cabinet posts in a Carter Administration. Of course, nothing is said about them being David Rockefeller's boys.

What is the goal of the Rockefellers and their allies? The Rockefellers themselves refer to it as "The New World Order." Because his foreign policy speeches are written by men assigned to Carter by David Rockefeller, Carter often uses the phrase "New World Order." That is not the phraseology of a Georgia peanut farmer, it is the code phrase for World Government used by the Rockefellers and their hirelings like Henry Kissinger. No wonder Kissin-

ger has such praise for Carter. Jimmy Carter's speeches are written by fellow C.F.R. members.

The press hasn't the courage to tell this story, although many top reporters know it is true. Many of the hierarchy of the mass media are members of the Rockefellers' C.F.R. If the press had the guts they would go after this story because it is bigger and more important than Watergate. But, there are no Diogeneses in the pussy-cat press when it comes to exposing the Rockefellers.

Jimmy Carter got our nomination by making promises to labor, blacks, women, Chicanos, and every conceivable group. But the promises he will keep are the ones he made to his sponsor, David Rockefeller. He owes his soul to the company store. To paraphrase President Kennedy, "Ask not what Jimmy Carter can do for you, but what Jimmy Carter will do for the Chase Manhattan Bank and Standard Oil."

The party of Jefferson and Jackson has been grabbed by monopolists and socialist One Worlders. The Carter clan does not want you to know that they sold out to the Establishment in order to get the nomination. A Jimmy Carter Administration will be controlled by the big money boys, not grassroots Americans. There will be no real tax reform; and our foreign policy will be tailor-made to suit the Rockefeller empire, just as under Nixon and Ford.

Don't let the Rockefellers turn the Democratic Party into a flock of sheep. Get the Rockefeller power boys out of the Democratic Party and send them back to the Republican Party where they belong.

We can balance our ticket by having one candidate who belongs to the Rockefellers and one who belongs to the people. Therefore I place in nomination
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ination, for the Office of Vice President, Gary Benoit of Massachusetts.

Few delegates knew anything at all of the rule against attacking another candidate. They do it all the time, don't they? As it turned out, Alex Garnish could have called Jimmy Carter "Candidate X" and been within the rules. But the rule book and its enforcement, when it comes right down to it, is the private property of the Convention Establishment.

Ironically, a Boston newspaper reported that as Alex Garnish was receiving his ovation from that adversary audience, Whitey McGrail turned to Dapper O'Neil and said: "Look at that — they're cheering the nut. The crowd loves the [bleep]ing guy. I'm not going to disassociate myself from that. I'm with him." Whitey stepped to the rostrum and made a fine anti-bussing speech. Within a few sentences, however, the audience had reverted to ignoring the speaker.

Dapper O'Neil had been telling everybody that when he got to the mike he was going to tear the "Liberals" into confetti. His outline for his speech, according to the Boston press, included the following: BUSSING, GUARANTEED INCOME, PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARY, CROOKS, COPS, FAGS, LESBIANS, MAGGOTS, E.R.A. And, it might even be true. Dapper O'Neil has a reputation as a stem-winder who uses very colorful language indeed. But, once on the stand, he was for a change all charm and conciliation. When he descended from the rostrum, Roger Mudd approached. "What did you do, Dapper," asked Mudd, a veteran of the Boston school coverage, "take a downer?"

"No," said Councilman O'Neil,

according to the Boston press. "You have to know how to pitch a particular audience."

And that, gentle readers, was how the fellow from Minnesota edged out Gary Benoit for the Vice Presidential spot on the Democratic ticket. But if nominations are in order for most courageous delegate of the Convention, this reporter's vote goes to Alex Garnish of Massachusetts.

The Garden was of course crawling with thousands of reporters from newspapers, periodicals, radio, and television. None had the time or inclination to ask Mr. Garnish what it had been that he was trying to say. I tried to talk to as many reporters as possible and found an almost inverse proportion between the size of the publication and the intellectual curiosity of the reporter. The smaller the newspaper, the more curious and open-minded the reporter. Journalists for the urban giants seemed to believe that anything they do not know was not worth knowing.

The Convention was depressing. Never have I seen so many people so delighted at the prospect of initiating programs that, if instituted, can only destroy our country. Of course most of the people at Jimmy's coronation had no idea what was being done in their name. There are two subjects upon which they were almost universally ignorant: economics and Communism. We interviewed many delegates to the Convention who, when presented the basic information about Rockefeller control of Jimmy Carter, seemed genuinely concerned. But their ultimate comment was that Carter had promised to do more for whatever group the delegate represented than would Gerald Ford or Ronald Reagan. Their primary concern always turned out to be what they perceived to be the special interest of some social lobby. When gov-

ernment becomes the Santa Claus of the Welfare State such an attitude is perhaps inevitable.

Yet during the entire week I heard no discussion whatever of the cost of the proposed Carter programs. Asking delegates who would pay the bills, we always heard the same answers. New programs would be paid for by closing the tax loopholes on the rich or slashing defense spending. It was like pushing a button on a tape recorder, and I received no other answer. Yet, "Liberal" pollster Lou Harris admitted to columnist John Lofton that Democrat economists estimate the cost of implementing the Democratic Platform at some \$750 billion — about *twice* the current federal Budget. Which means we could confiscate the total income of everyone making more than one hundred thousand dollars a year, and abolish the Army and Navy, and still

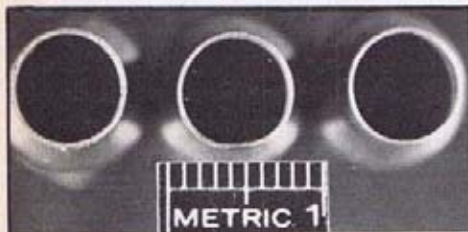
not come anywhere near paying the bills.

Just as Alex Garnish said, Jimmy Carter swung the Convention behind himself by breaking the delegates down into groups — blacks, labor, Chicanos, Women's Libbers, Welfare people, retirees, and government-job seekers — promising each group what it wanted. Governor Carter is no idealist. What makes him so terrifying is that the man behind the mask is a total and complete opposite of the public image that has been created for him.

Most Americans have been led to believe that Jimmy Carter is Mr. Nice Guy, a moderate Conservative, and a champion of the middle-class who is eager to make war on meddling government. His claim that he will never lie is a refreshing switch from the Watergate prevaricators. But the real Jimmy Carter is something quite different. In carefully researching the candidate for my new book, *Jimmy Carter/Jimmy Carter*,* I discovered that even his personality is a mirror image of that which has been projected. Those who have known him over the years picture him as humorless, cunning, ruthless, cold-blooded, and vindictive. This is not a normal man. With Carter, ambition is an absolute obsession. He is a driven man; a complete egomaniac. My impression of Carter after months of studying his character is that his ego so consumes him that he can rationalize absolutely anything. He has an incredible ability to convince himself that black is white or that up is down whenever it is convenient to his ambition.

We have just seen a report on a study of Governor Carter done on the Dektor Psychological Stress Evalua-

*See page fifty-seven for Medford Evans' review of this new best seller. — Ed.



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tor, a relatively new and highly accurate technique for determining from electronic readings of the voice whether a subject is telling the truth. The P.S.E., which is supposed to be more accurate than the older polygraph lie detector, is now in use by three hundred police departments. Dektor analysis of Carter's voice pattern when he promises "never to lie to you" shows that he *believes* that he is telling the truth — no stress is apparent. Since his record shows that he is a veritable Baron von Münchhausen, specialists with the machine conclude that Carter literally does not know the difference between truth and falsehoods. By comparison, early P.S.E. tests of Richard Nixon showed stress whenever as President he talked about Watergate. Nixon at least *knew* he was lying.

Why would the Rockefellers pick such a man? Probably there were several reasons. The first was doubtless to promote the goober grandee as a "respectable" alternative to George Wallace. During the early days of his campaign the former Georgia Governor stressed his antipathy to Washington and its bureaucrats, and the media sold the message that while the Carter and Wallace philosophies were similar, the Peanut Vendor could be elected while the Alabama Bantam was essentially a protest candidate. The message sold.

Voters apparently reasoned that a vigorous and healthy Carter could do a better job than a debilitated Wallace. As the Alabama Governor complained that another candidate was stealing his platform, lock, stock, and cracker barrel, Carter just smiled, munched his peanuts, and won primaries. George Wallace's sense of frustration must have been overwhelming.

It is my theory that during the primaries the Rockefellers and their

friends among the Establishment *Insiders* back several candidates in both parties and then pick the one who seems most likely to play in Peoria. (Or, as in the case of George McGovern, the one most certain *not* to play in Peoria.) Jimmy Carter proved to be such an appealing campaigner that he was promoted to star billing from his walk-on as the "Stop Wallace" kamikaze.

We think there is much to the theory that the Establishment *Insiders* manipulating the political scene in America operate on eight-year cycles with strong moves for total government under the Democrats, followed in turn by eight years of backing into Big Brotherdom with the Republicans. If this is indeed the strategy, we are in for an eight-year blitz which should just about take us to 1984 — both figuratively and literally.

Naturally your humble scribe is not privy to the schedules of the Establishment *Insiders*, but I would speculate that brother David told Nelson Rockefeller a couple of years ago that he could take one more fling at the White House. He has had it, and in recent months it has become obvious that to sell Rocky now would require pulling out all the stops and turning up the controlled media until the ears of the American people ring with serious suspicion. The operators might get by with it, but the cost would be high, producing a tremendous reaction and the possibility that the people might awaken to the flim-flam.

Our guess is that David Rockefeller, captain of the family team, therefore told brother Rocky to cool it, recognizing that it is better to run the government through agents and the usual front man, and let the G.O.P. take the fall. Enter Jimmy Carter. ■ ■