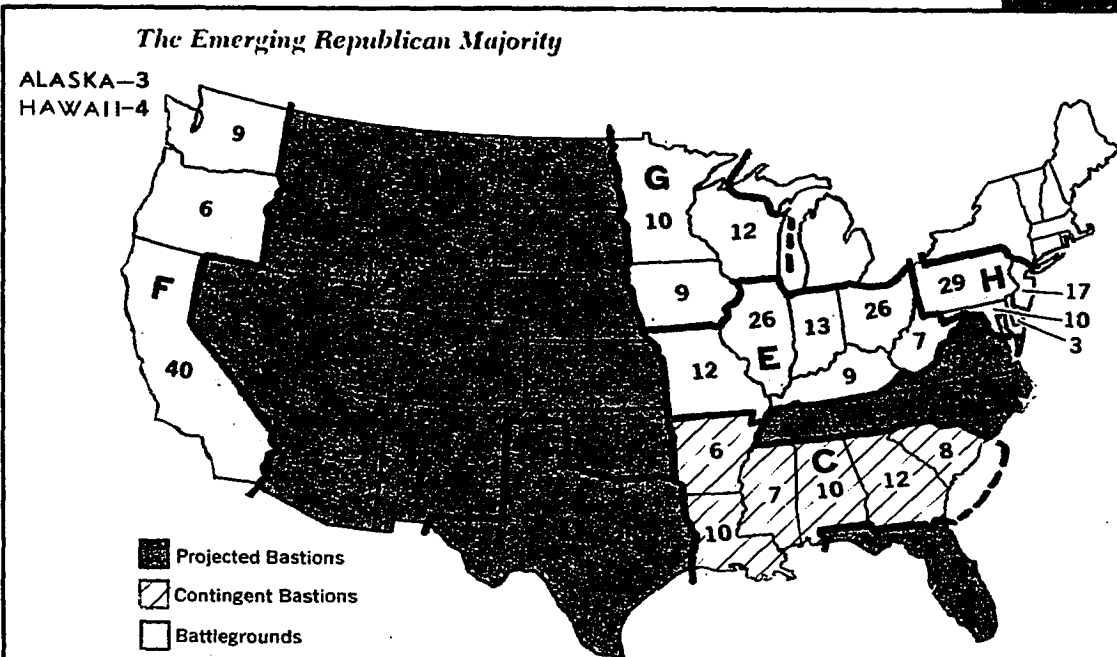


Nixon's Southern strategy 'It's All In the Charts'

By James Boyd

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cisco-Berkeley-Madison-Ann Arbor electorate. Scandinavian progressives and Jews. As for the Republican trend groups, nothing characterizes their outlook so much as a desire to dispel the Liberal Establishment's philosophy of taxation and redistribution (partly to itself) and reverse the encroachment of government in the social life of the nation.

Kevin Phillips, the most controversial political analyst of the Right, works over source material in his Bethesda, Md., home. Above, a map from his book, "The Emerging Republican Majority." By presenting a conservative image, argues Phillips, the Republicans can capture the votes of both the "projected" and "contingent bastions," and enough of the "battlegrounds," to stay in power for years, while ignoring the liberal Northeast.

Nixon's Southern strategy 'It's All In the Charts'

By JAMES BOYD

THE Grand Old Party still lay buried under the debris of the latest Democratic landslide—1964—when a young, self-taught ethnologist named Kevin Phillips emerged from his charts and maps to avow to skeptical hearers that just around the corner was an inevitable cycle of Republican dominance that would begin in the late nineteen-sixties and prosper until the advent of the 21st century. To the pure of heart it all sounded spooky and a bit repugnant because it was premised on the alleged hostility of Irishmen, Italians and Poles, whose ethnic traits were conservative, to-

ward Jews, Negroes and affluent Yankees, whom history had made liberal. There were more of the former and they were ineluctably trending Republican.

"You'll see it working in the 1966 elections," promised Phillips. "It's all in the charts."

Election night, 1966, came to the Bronx in a purple gray autumn dusk that hovered over streets strewn with curling leaves. The polls were closing. It was the hour of the butterfly in the stomachs of politicians, the hour of interregnum when they wait to learn whether fate and their current concoction of principle, guile, commitment and fakery has landed them in or out of the offices and

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spoils for another biennium. A different kind of butterfly fluttered in the stomach of 25-year-old Phillips, by then administrative assistant to Congressman Paul Fino, the Bronx Republican leader, as the Fino retinue started its traditional tour of the polling places. Phillips's theory, to which he had devoted 12 years of research and two years of practical experimentation, was at stake.

A 6-FOOT, gangling, dark-haired, bespectacled, long-faced prodigy with a pedantic manner and a visage that looked half scholar and half black-Irishman, Phillips had grown up in the Bronx. His observations of life in this polyglot borough had convinced him that all the talk about melting-pot America was buncombe. Most voters, he had found, still voted on the basis of ethnic or cultural enmities that could be graphed, predicted and exploited. For instance, the old bitterness toward Protestant Yankee Republicans that had for generations made Democrats out of Irish, Italian and Eastern European immigrants had now shifted, among their children and grandchildren, to resentment of the new immigrants—Negroes and Latinos—and against the national Democratic party, whose Great Society programs increasingly seemed to reflect favoritism for the new minorities over the old. No matter that only 29 per cent of Americans would admit to being Republicans; Phillips could show you 50 Congressional districts where working-class Catholics were leaving the Democratic party in droves. This would accelerate if only dense Republicans would learn to read the portents.

Phillips had seen to it personally that the Bronx G.O.P. could read them. In 1965, he had mapped a gerrymander there for a special State Senate election so artfully that it withstood court challenge, added a Republican senator and earned a grudging accolade from columnist Murray Kempton:

"The result is . . . a profile of Catherine De Medici, her chin receding slightly to avoid contact with a labor-union housing development, her Florentine nose thrusting after one Italo-American enclave and the whole adorned by a hat whose brim extends just far enough to include what is still Republican in the

upper-middle-income Riverdale area."

And Phillips had turned Paul Fino's 24th Congressional District, which had the largest Italo-Irish vote in the nation, into a laboratory of ethnic politics. Under Phillips's guidance, Fino had broken with his routinely liberal past to oppose Great Society programs for ghetto minorities—rent subsidies, school busing, welfare liberalization, model demonstration projects, Office of Economic Opportunity community action programs; moreover, Fino had begun vociferously to assault the liberal establishment that furnished the ideology of both major political parties in New York, drawing a clear distinction between himself and Republicans like John Lindsay, Ogden Reid and Jacob Javits, or Democrats like Benjamin Rosenthal, Richard Ottinger and Theodore Sorensen.

Phillips knew he was right; it was all in the charts. But theory is one thing and election returns are another. Hence the butterfly, as the Fino entourage approached the polling places where, before a word was spoken, its members would learn the trend from the faces of Italian and Irish precinct leaders—the euphoric gleam of hidden treasure found, or the perplexed frown that bespoke a mysterious shortage in the company books. This time the looks were all gleams. Italian Assembly districts were reporting in more strongly than ever for the durable Fino; more significant, the most recalcitrant Irish precincts, red-flagged by Phillips for their century-old steadfastness behind the party of Richard Croker, Tammany and Al Smith, were today reporting whopping Fino majorities.

So far, so good; but the Bronx could offer only local vindication of a continental thesis. Between stops of the Fino car, Phillips's ear was cocked for scattered radio returns from other regions which, till he could get home to his phone and his voting tables, could give at least sketchy confirmation of predicted defections from the Democratic party by older ethnic blocs in a score of Southern, border and Southwestern states. For two years Phillips had been measuring a rising revolt in these areas against Great Society legislation; and his charts also showed an erosion of hostility to Yankee Republicanism, which for a century had been

the key to Democratic predominance.

Phillips had not long to wait. In Maryland, Tennessee, Arkansas, Georgia, Kentucky and Missouri, Democratic governors, senators or congressmen were being toppled by Republicans.

Late that night, at home on Metropolitan Street with his yellowed election canvasses and his dog-eared maps of ethnic migrations, Phillips experienced one of those ecstasies of discovery permitted to anthropologists, like the uncovering of the jawbone fossil you always knew must be nearby but had never found until, suddenly, there it was. Random television reports mentioned that a California district centered in Bakersfield and another in the Oklahoma dustbowl had just elected Republican congressmen for the first time in their history. A check of the maps verified that the Bakersfield constituency was the progeny of Okies who had migrated west from the dustbowl district 30 years before and who today had switched from Democrats to Republicans at the exact moment their long lost cousins half a continent away were also making the shift. So, too, the maps showed that in parts of Wisconsin, Washington and Minnesota, descendants of New England Yankees were forsaking the Republican party of their fathers and voting Democratic in unconscious duplication of their parent stock, which back in Maine and Vermont was making the same switch on the same day. But, alas for the Democrats, the mystic chord of ethnic impulse was transmitting a one-sided directive. By the time Phillips went to bed, his figures showed a net G.O.P. gain of 47 House seats. Only two were from the retrograde Northeast; the rest were from the areas he had years ago marked as the seats of a new political dominance—the border states, the South, the interior states and California. On awakening, Phillips started to sketch the outline of a book that he would call "The Emerging Republican Majority." It would lead him to a place on the Nixon campaign staff and make him the most controversial political analyst of the right.

INTELLECTUALS in politics usually get a good press, but the early chroniclers of the Nixon era have come down pretty hard on Kevin Phillips, who has just concluded a 16-

month stint as special assistant to Attorney General John Mitchell, resigning last month to become a syndicated newspaper columnist. Author Joe McGinnis, in "The Selling of the President 1968," portrays Phillips as a quack, an absurdly misprogrammed human computer filled with sawdust. Richard Harris, in "Justice," depicts him as a bumptious ass, an insensitive Neanderthal with almost sadistic social concepts. Senate Republican Leader Hugh Scott dismisses his book as "baloney," and 10 other senators, including Charles Percy, George McGovern, Marlow Cook and Charles Mathias, have joined in a bipartisan assault on his theories. The Administration feigns to disown him, though during the 1968 campaign Nixon press chief Herb Klein covertly circulated key segments of the Phillips book.

THE reason for this low public estate had only in part to do with Phillips. The rationale of practical politics, when candidly stated, is always more cynical and disreputable than its practitioners are willing to own up to, so a certain isolated odium surrounds anyone who articulates it, however scholarly his approach. Had one of Franklin D. Roosevelt's brain trusters promulgated in 1932 a thesis that explained how Democrats were conniving to build a majority coalition out of plantation owners and urban Negroes, Ku Kluxers and immigrants, courthouse gangs in the South and corrupt ward machines in the North, anti-union farmers and antifarmer laborers, he would have been drummed out of the party and his name would today be as reviled as is Machiavelli's. So it is with Kevin Phillips, his defenders say, for contending that political success goes to the party that can cohesively hold together the largest number of ethnic prejudices, a circumstance which at last favors the Republicans.

But Phillips's bad-guy image is compounded by the balloon-pricker's aggression he brings to his researches, by a kind of grim satisfaction he takes in the incorrigible meanness of the American voter, and by an undisguised scorn for "sentimentalists" who resist his findings.

"I've seen him in debate make a monkey out of a highly respected pollster," says one Phillips acquaintance, "but there's a dead quality about him. I know people who show great relish in demonstrating a total immorality or in being a prophet of gloom. But Phillips sketches the most horrendous develop-

ments without a trace of emotion."

For a political expert, Phillips is the most impolitic of men. Sitting in his office three doors away from the Attorney General (the only subordinate's office in the Attorney General's suite entirely closed off and suitable for private conversations), Phillips was wont to deliver himself of acerbities that Martha Mitchell would prudently forbear.

On the 1968 Nixon campaign:

"It was a catastrophe—millions of dollars spent by Madison Avenue lightweight who converted certain victory into near defeat. The soap salesmen drained all of the issues out of the campaign that would have won it big. McGinnis should have called his book 'The Unselling of the President.'"

On his campaign associates: "I respect John Mitchell. He and Murray Chotiner were the real people in the campaign, not the artificial public-relations phonies who called Nixon 'the product' as if he were some kind of underarm deodorant."

On conservatives:

"I wish we could drop into the Potomac all those obsolescent conservatives who are still preoccupied with Alger Hiss and General MacArthur, and who keep trotting out *laissez faire* economics and other dead horses. They make the Republican party look musty to millions of ignored working-class people who are looking for a party that relates to their needs."

On liberals:

"Liberalism has turned away from the common people and become institutionalized into an establishment. Its spokesmen are driven around in limousines and supported by rich foundations, the television networks and publishing houses, the knowledge industry, the billion-dollar universities and the urban consulting firms which profiteer from poverty. Liberalism is dominant only in the Northeast, which is always the last bastion of a dying order of privilege. The Northeast resists the populist surge of our day just as it fought the revolution of Jefferson, Jackson, Bryan and Roosevelt. The states that Humphrey carried in 1968 were roughly the states that Hoover carried in 1932."

On the Republican party of the Northeast:

"It's run by Yankee silk stockings like Josiah Spalding, who send their kids 2,000 miles to look for poverty in Mississippi but won't travel one subway stop to help poor whites working for \$1,800 a year. As long as they are in charge, the Republican party

won't do well there. But the upper crust is gradually leaving us to become Democrats. The Republicans are getting thousands of Irish and Italian working-class switchovers and the Democrats are getting Chub Peabody."

On Negroes and the G.O.P.:

"All the talk about Republicans making inroads into the Negro vote is persiflage. Even 'Jake the Snake' [Senator Jacob K. Javits] only gets 20 per cent. From now on, the Republicans are never going to get more than 10 to 20 per cent of the Negro vote and they don't need any more than that . . . but Republicans would be shortsighted if they weakened enforcement of the Voting Rights Act. The more Negroes who register as Democrats in the South, the sooner the Negrophobe whites will quit the Democrats and become Republicans. That's where the votes are. Without that prodding from the blacks, the whites will backslide into their old comfortable arrangement with the local Democrats."

Such candor in the Attorney General's office is air-clearing, but, like ammonia, it does not endear. And besides, nobody likes learning worldly lessons from an *enfant terrible*; in an old man's game like politics, an under-30 sage is tough to take.

YOUNG Phillips grew up in the Bronx in an education-conscious middle-class family. His father, William Phillips, a career civil servant, is the chief executive officer of the New York State Liquor Commission. Kevin began his researches into the ethnic roots of politics at the age of 13. He was peculiarly sensitive to the impact of ethnic influences on life, because the Bronx was full of mutually hostile nationality groups and because Phillips suffered the deprivation of not really belonging in any of them. His forebears were divided among Irish, English and Scotch, as well as between Democrats and Republicans. His father was a Catholic and his mother a Protestant, so, as he says, "My religion was reading the Sunday papers." He was an outsider in a community made up of blocs of closely knit insiders—Jews, Germans, Irish and Italians. Hurt by this exclusion, he turned it into a scientific phenomenon and began to study it.

He does not recall the early influences that pushed him toward Republicanism, a circumstance which bears out his contention that submerged factors often shape voting ha-

bits. All he knows is that he was for Ike in the first Presidential election he remembers (1952). Four years later, at age 15, he was chairman of the Bronx Youth Committee for Eisenhower, and went about the streets haranguing pedestrians from a sound truck.

His parents sent him to the Bronx High School of Science despite his lack of interest in scientific subjects because it was one of the finest and most academically exclusive public schools in the country and because he was a precocious boy. He did well enough in the subjects he didn't like to become a National Merit Scholar. But it was out of school that his real academic development occurred. "I guess my after-school study of ethnic political behavior was a natural progression from taking zoology in the classroom," he observes.

He devoured old National Geographics and read all the college textbooks on political science, geography and history that he could find in the school library. When, at the age of 16, he entered Colgate University as a political science major, his mastery of these self-taught subjects was so impressive that he was permitted to skip them and to choose areas of research that particularly interested him. On the way to a Phi Beta Kappa Key, a Magna Cum Laude award and an honors thesis on ethnic and religious voting patterns in the Presidential elections of 1928 and 1960, Phillips spent his junior year in Scotland at the University of Edinburgh, where he outranked his Scottish classmates in the study of their own history, a distinction that was also attained later by his younger brother, Steven. While in the British Isles he continued to indulge his Professor Higgins passion for ethnic peculiarities and their effect on politics. "I'm still an avid follower," he says, "of whether the Tory majority is up in South Edinburgh or down in South Aberdeen."

After the cosmopolitanism of the British Isles and weekend holidays on the continent, Phillips found the return to Colgate, in the dreary reaches of the Shenango Valley, so unsatisfactory that he arranged to spend half his senior year in a special academic project in Washington, D.C. There his intolerance for what he terms mediocrity surfaced in schoolboy intrigues against the professor in charge, almost causing Phillips's expulsion.

At 20, he joined the staff



Mutual admirers: Phillips (left) with Attorney General John Mitchell, whom he served as a special assistant for 16 months before resigning recently to become a columnist. "I respect John Mitchell," says Phillips. "He and Murray Chotiner were the real people in the campaign, not the artificial public-relations phonies who called Nixon 'the product' as if he were some kind of underarm deodorant."

of Congressman Fino and became the youngest legislative assistant in the House of Representatives. At 22, he was a one-man "nationalities department" of the Republican National Committee. At 23 he was the youngest administrative assistant in the House, and at 24 creator of the Florentine 38th State Senatorial District in the Bronx.

"I claim no unique insight into the art of the gerrymander. Every good ward politician has an instinctive flair for it. There can be a wonderful mutuality of interest when Democrats and Republicans sit down together to fix an area. The Democrats surrounding the 38th were just as anxious to get rid of Republicans as I was to squeeze them in. The only fights came over some conservative Catholic neighborhoods the Demmies wanted to keep to help them preserve party control in their primary fights."

In between political stints, Phillips went to Harvard Law School. He was not really interested in the law any more than he had been interested in science, but he believed a Harvard Law degree would help a political career. In his final year, 1964, he won the Bureau of National Affairs Award for a dissertation that predicted civil-rights progress through the courts would cease as soon as the locus shifted from the South to de

facto segregation in the North.

After the redoubtable Fino, now a judge of the New York State Supreme Court in Manhattan, swept the Irish wards in 1966, and Phillips found his jawbone fossil in Bakersfield, Calif., he figured he had delivered enough for the congressman and thereafter used his Congressional post as "a sort of Ford Foundation grant" to finance the research and writing of "The Emerging Republican Majority." The initial version was finished in late 1967, but the publisher, Arlington House, decided to hold up publication until the election of 1968 had either confirmed or invalidated its main premise. In early 1968, Phillips circulated a boiled-down version of his book among the Nixon political command. On the strength of it he was offered a post by campaign chief John Mitchell as an ethnic expert and analyst of voting patterns and trends. Phillips, at 27, had developed a formidable expertise.

"You could ask me about any Congressional district in the country," he recalls, "and I could tell you its ethnic composition, its voting history and the issues that would appeal to its electorate."

FOR a man of Phillips's definite views, the purposefully over-generalized campaign of Richard Nixon was a continuing frustration. "There are

20 important ethnic voting groups in the country, and about 20 lesser groups. Each of these groups can be reached and I know how to reach them, but it requires a sharp delineation of issues, whereas the Nixon campaign contrived by the Madison Avenue crowd called for a blurring of the issues. . . . Nixon knew his campaign stunk. He wanted to be himself and he knew he should have fought the campaign on the issues Middle America was ready for—the Agnew issues of today. But he had this big lead in August and didn't want to change a winning game plan. It was Oct. 28 before he found out from the polls that he was blowing it. And it was too late then to do anything but hang in there and hope."

Phillips had one conspicuous campaign success—the urging of an Outer South Strategy aimed at capturing Florida, Tennessee, North Carolina and Virginia, as opposed to the Deep South Strategy that had carried Wallace territory for Goldwater in 1964, but at the cost of frightening away millions of potential voters elsewhere.

"My argument was this: Your outer Southerners who live in the Ozark and Appalachian mountain ranges and in the Piedmont upcountry—and now in urban-suburban Florida and Texas—have always had different interests than the Negrophobe plantation owners of the Black Belt. This is a less extreme conser-

vative group. It adheres with other Republican constituencies across the country and can be appealed to without fragmenting the coalition. When you are after political converts, start with the less extreme and wait for the extremists to come into line when their alternatives collapse."

THAT Kevin Phillips is not the sawdust-filled computer of the campaign chronicles is evidenced by the fact that, while he was plotting his charts and maps for Mr. Nixon, he was also wooing and winning the charming Martha Henderson, a long-stemmed, hazel-eyed beauty who worked in the office of Congressman Melvin Laird when Phillips began pursuing her. Talking seems to have been his main tactic in romance.

"He's quite witty, you know, in a wry, caustic, cynical but pleasant way," says Martha, a native Washingtonian with a master's degree from Columbia Teachers College, now doing research on child problems for the House Republican Conference. Martha and Kevin were married in September, 1968. They honeymooned briefly in Boston, where Phillips contemplated the backwardness of the South Boston Irish compared with their New York kin in making the inevitable switch to the Republican party: "It's because there aren't enough Negroes and Jews in Boston to take over the local Democratic organizations and send the other ethnics whooping into the Republican party. But it will come."

A beautiful and agreeable wife is just one of the signs that the sure-footed Phillips has not allowed the cold rigors and hot contentions of political analysis to siphon away the good life. He and Martha enjoy periodic vacations at smart hideaways in Europe and the Caribbean. They are renovating a newly purchased home on affluent Mooreland Lane in Bethesda, Md., where Senator John Tower of Texas, an early hero of the Outer South Strategy, is a neighbor. And his ethnic researches are leavened by respectable quantities of Guinness Stout and by a notable record collection of Irish and Scottish ballads. "I would like to collect Welsh ballads, too," he laments, "but the Welsh have only one decent song—'Men of Harlech.'"

Though Phillips's ideas for an aggressive antiliberal campaign strategy that would hasten the defection of working-class Democrats to the Republican line did not pre-

vail in the balloon-floating atmosphere of the 1968 campaign, he won the lasting respect of John Mitchell. It was Phillips whom Mitchell sent to Washington in December, 1968, to arrange the transition of the Justice Department from the benevolent era of Ramsey Clark to the somber regime of today. As special assistant to the Attorney General for almost a year and a half, Phillips served in a role much to his liking: political adviser to the man who, more than any other save the President himself, is shaping the Republican party of the future.

MOST Americans feel that when they enter the voting booth they are making a free, contemporary judgment on an issue, a man, a record, or a party philosophy. They delude themselves, says Kevin Phillips. In his view, the outcome of a Presidential election (he always distinguishes between Presidential and Congressional elections) rarely

to wane, making possible the "emerging Republican majority." Phillips's book is a major work of research and, considering the stodginess of the subject matter, a surprising literary achievement. His findings are supported by 143 charts, 47 maps, 482 pages. His main themes are hedged by a hundred caveats, exceptions, qualifications. To summarize is to risk distortion, but one must summarize:

The roots of modern American politics, Phillips contends, lie in the contrasting geographies of rocky New England and the lush Southern delta that dictated different life styles and economic interests for North and South; hence, the historic enmity, the birth of the Republican party as the protagonist of a Northern amalgam of acquisitiveness and Puritan morality and the climax of the Civil War. Victory in that convulsion, together with the mantle of the Lincolnian causes, however ill-fitting, gave the Yankee Republicanism a patina of

66Political hegemony for a generation is a matter of minor slippages. The difference between majority and minority is only a few percentage points.99

hinges on such ephemera as an issue, a personality, or a campaign technique. At most, the costly scenarios of Madison Avenue, a disaster such as Vietnam, the L.B.J. repellency, the Kennedy style and organization, the Eisenhower charm—even the Depression—are marginal stimuli or depressants that are usually indecisive and at most advance or retard a trend by a mere quadrennium. When the average voter steps into the booth he registers the prejudice or the allegiance bred by a mix of geography, history and ethnic reaction which stems from a past he knows only murkily.

Three such mixes have determined the Presidential elections of the 19th and 20th centuries: the North-South cleavage that culminated in civil war; the slow assimilation into the Democratic party of the urban working class; and the Negro socioeconomic revolution, with its counter-reaction.

The most important influence was the Civil War, the great divisor of American politics for a century. Only now is its influence beginning

moral superiority, along with bayonet-point control over the ballot boxes of the Democratic South, the majority loyalties of the populous North and title to exploit the vast undeveloped resources of a continent. On these foundations, with all their advantages of prestige, power, allegiance and wealth, the Republicans built a dominance that came to full flower in the first third of the 20th century. The multiplying, colonizing descendants of the Grand Army of the Republic migrated across the Northern half of the country and continued to vote the straight Republican ticket; and millions of immigrant laborers, come to man the Yankee factories, voted for the party that could promise a full dinner pail or threaten a dismissal slip.

BUT just as Herbert Hoover was prophesying perpetual Republican dominion, a new cycle, long a-building, took over. The very sources of Republican ascendancy had conspired to bring it down. For the Civil War victory and its carpetbag aftermath had politically mummified the off-

spring of the old Confederacy, now spread across the lower half of the United States, into an unreconstructed, anti-Republican bloc, and thus had split in two the conservative vote on which the Republican party had come to depend; while the Catholic and Jewish immigrants of the Northern cities, naturally resentful of their scornful Protestant overseers, but lacking a political alternative, had at last found one in a Democratic party that was evolving beyond mere Tammany spoilsmanship to embrace the liberal causes of the urban masses. This ethnic ganging up on the Yankees had long been retarded by inter-ethnic animosities. The Irish politicians—chauvinistic, conservative, speculative—controlled the Democratic party of the North for their own myopic ends, and the Jewish, Italian, Polish and Slavic newcomers detested the Democratic Irish as much as the Irish detested the Republican Yankees.

But by the nineteen-twenties, mounting pressures from below, the leadership of Alfred E. Smith and Franklin D. Roosevelt and the logic of events were pushing the Democratic party toward a programmatic championship of the working class, while the South—immobilized between its resentments against Republicanism and its hostility toward New Deal reforms—stayed under the Democratic tent, adding its conservative electoral votes to the liberal tally of the Northern Democracy. This gave the Democrats a majority that endured throughout the middle third of this century and statistically endures still.

But it was a Janus-like majority, Phillips asserts, and the side facing left developed a liberal over-thrust disproportionate to the ethnic and geographic realities that underlay the coalition. A new ethnic disturbance—the emergence of the Negro-Latino—finally shattered it. The Democratic party, veteran accumulator of minorities that it was, tried to accumulate by rote the Negro minority and trumpeted its cause through the tried formulae of patronage for its spokesmen, government aid, social planning and bureaucratic intervention. But since the grievances of the colored minorities were caused in part by the exploitation and exclusion practiced against them by older Democratic constituencies, something had to give, and did. The two bulwarks of the old coalition, working-class Catholics and the descendants of the Confederacy, began to defect from the Democratic party because

of its identification with the newcomers.

These defectors have not yet lodged permanently in the suspect G.O.P. Many of them are in way stations—the Conservative party of New York, the Wallace movement. But they have left the Democrats and Phillips feels they have no place to go in the end but the Republican party. Hence, the emerging Republican majority that will dominate American politics until the year 2004.

"Political hegemony for a generation is a matter of minor slippages," says Phillips. "The difference between majority and minority is only a few percentage points. When I say that Yankees are turning Democratic or that the Irish are turning Republican, I mean only that, instead of continuing to be 75 to 80 per cent supporters of their traditional party, that percentage has now dropped nearer to 60 per cent. It is this slippage, this crossover, by 10 or 20 per cent of a few groups, that ends eras and begins cycles."

Sterilized and scientific as are the terms by which Kevin Phillips plots the emerging Republican majority, its common denominator is hostility to blacks and browns among slipping Democrats and abandonment of the Democratic party because of its identification with the colored minorities. In the Northeast, the slippage is among blue-collar Catholics who find their jobs threatened and their neighborhoods and political clubhouses overrun by invading Negroes, while their erstwhile party seems to cluck approval. In the Outer South, the national Democratic party has begun to replace the G.O.P. as the symbol of alien causes—the Negro politicians and Federal interference with local autonomy. Hence, the shift to Republicanism, a trend which for the same reasons has engulfed the milder border states and will, Phillips insists, capture the perfervid Deep South when events force the abandonment of the more extreme Wallace alternative.

In the "Latin crescent"—lower Florida, Louisiana, Texas—the political emergence of the Cuban and Mexican-American minorities, joined with Negroes and white radicals in a Democratic alliance, will drive the majority constituency of traditional white Democrats into the G.O.P. Phillips sees California and "the heartland," the 25 interior states, many of which are dominated by Southern immigration patterns, as the great electoral bastion of a Republicanism that is against

aid to blacks, against aid to big cities and against the liberal life style it sees typified by purple glasses, beards, long hair, bralessness, pornography, coddling of criminals and moral permissiveness run riot.

WHAT of the Democratic party? It will retreat to the Northeast corner, where there is a high percentage of liberal Jews, Yankees, Negroes and, Phillips believes, masses of subsidized radicals employed by the liberal establishment. The only other Democratic area will be the Pacific Northwest, which historically follows the electoral patterns of the Northeast.

Phillips regards the approaching Democratic famine as a logical aftermath of the long feast. "For a long time the liberal-conservative split was on economic issues. That favored the Democrats until the focus shifted from programs which taxed the few for the many, to things like 'welfare' that taxed the many for the few. In the future, the liberal-conservative division will come on social issues; Middle America and the working class are socially conservative. The two issues are: Will there be a continuation of bureaucratic do-gooder interference in neighborhood patterns of life, symbolized by the school-busing issue; and will there be a continuation of permissive, criminal-coddling, anarchy-indulging attitudes? The new majority answers a vehement 'no' to both questions, but the national Democratic party has been pushed to the minority side by the thrust of its ideology."

REVOLT against the liberal intellectual elite of the Northeast by the resentful commoners of South, West and Mid-

west is at the heart of the Phillips diagnosis. Richard J. Barnet, co-director of the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, D. C., and author of "The Economy of Death," is representative of that elite. He is Ivy League, wears granny glasses, has been to Hanoi, assails the military-industrial complex, runs a think-tank foundation and is surrounded at his institute by bearded men and an occasional braless woman. Barnet believes the coalition envisioned by Phillips is possible, but disputes its character.

"Phillips may be right. If people don't take his theory seriously enough to come up with alternatives — and the Democrats haven't yet — the forces he mentions, together with the national security-military institution, may well produce the nightmare he describes.

"But the analogy is not with Jefferson; it is with Hitler. The elements are all there — deep-rooted social cleavage, insoluble problems, rhetoric which attempts to legitimize and encourage hate, a phony genetic and geographical underpinning, a despised minority to blame for everything. It all adds up to scapegoat politics, which is a tactic of fascism.

"The new gains of the Republican party are based upon preserving the status quo by stopping the civil rights advance. But the status quo is racist. The Administration tries to legitimize this by saying it will carry out the orders of the courts against *de jure* segregation. But it's an old tactic to use the courts as a way of avoiding executive or political action. The courts, even before the Nixon Administration alters their composition, cannot go very far by themselves in bringing about equality between the races. The South, for instance, is just beginning to emerge from a society that was totally racist. Such small gains as have been made involved huge expenditures of energy, moral authority and political risk. To say we are to stop now, to pervert the moral authority of the Presidency in order to make people feel more comfortable with their prejudices — and that's what's happening today — is to say that we accept racism. And to build a political majority based on racism is taking a long step toward fascism."

Barnet feels that the Phillips analysis ignores a series of desperate problems looming that threaten not only a Republican majority but the existence of free government as we have known it. "The collapse of our environment, the drift toward nuclear an-

ihilation, the need for re-allocation of resources, urban disintegration—we can't have a free elective government over the next 20 years which does not start to resolve these problems, and this Administration has scarcely even admitted that they exist. The alternative is some kind of repressive rule. That is possible, but the American people would have to abandon their central traditions of freedom and equality, and I don't think they are quite as apathetic and cynical as the Phillips theory is betting on."

Historian-journalist Milton Viorst has a background that in some ways parallels Phillips's. Familiar with the ethnic patterns of the Northeast, he is a former aide and campaign adviser to New York liberals of both major parties and a student of the political process. Viorst wrote a book in 1967 about the evolution of the Republican party ("Fall From Grace: The Republican Party and the Puritan Ethic") which anticipated a number of the trends later described by Phillips. But Viorst looks at those trends from a different perspective.

"The division between whites and blacks is, without a doubt, a profound split rooted deep in the human soul in a way we only dimly understand. No nation has ever created a successful multiracial society, and it may be possible to exploit this and put together a long-term political majority based on covert racism. But I doubt it. For one thing, it would split the Republican party. The Hatfields and Percys and Javitses and Brookes couldn't possibly stand for it. And the blacks just won't sit still for it. There would be perpetual chaos that would make effective government impossible.

"The youth revolution may be overstated, but it cannot be ignored. Historically, when a youthful intellectual elite revolts against the standards of its society, that society is in for bad trouble.

"The choice before us is order with justice or order under repression and some kind of semi-apartheid. I don't think the American people will accept apartheid; with all our faults, there has been too much of a moral evolution for that. I think instead we will have a movement toward justice—gradual, imperfect, but a continuation of the trend of the last 10 years.

"We are witnessing in Virginia and Florida the beginnings of an indigenous liberal takeover of the Democratic party in the South, as Phillips says. But that does not necessarily mean long-term Repub-

lican dominance there. For the first time the people of that region will have a genuine choice of two alternatives—liberal and conservative. Who knows what will happen? This thing will build. Wait till we see what changes hard times may make. Economic interests will supplant the one issue of the past—race. The Democrats are bound to win some of the time, and when they do a new national coalition comes into effect."

Viorst doesn't see any signs today that anything so dynamic as a shift of political trends is taking place. "So far, this is a caretaker Administration, not a coalition builder... I have a certain amount of skepticism about politics, but I don't think great coalitions can be built on cynicism. They have been built by men who cared about the country enough to put into it the things needed to build a country. And that's what builds a party. To succeed, a coalition builder must be able to appeal to decent men, to idealism, and a policy rooted in the acceptance of inequality cannot do that."

PHILLIPS rejects much of this critique, but acknowledges that some of it could prove valid. He is supremely confident of his demographic ground.

Eastern-liberal Republicanism has lost its power to dictate party policy, he says; that's the meaning of the Goldwater and Nixon nominations. Liberals within the party will be on increasingly weak ground. "Rockefeller has had to turn rightward to meet the conservative revolt and Lindsay can no longer win a Republican primary. This will spread."

The youth revolution is a myth, according to his data; the New Left, a passing footnote to history. "Most young people out in the heartland are overwhelmingly conservative and the Young Republican clubs are the hottest thing on Southern campuses. Forget Harvard and Columbia and the long-haired kids driving Jaguars their permissive dads gave them; concentrate on the kid working his way through Eastern Kentucky University — he's for Nixon and social conservatism. Out there the juke boxes don't play 'New World Coming'; they play 'Welfare Cadillac.' In the heartland, it's all Agnew put to music."

Phillips agrees that the new conservative majority should not ignore the problems of the poor, but he thinks of them not in terms of the inner city ghettos but as "sharecroppers, Appalachian mountaineers, fishing villages where the



Kevin Phillips with his wife, the former Martha Henderson, outside their Bethesda, Md., home. "He's quite witty, you know," says Mrs. Phillips, "in a wry, caustic, cynical but pleasant way."

catch is getting smaller each year, dairy country where the farms are getting fewer, valleys full of redundant industries and company cottages, Portuguese waterfronts, Italian vegetable gardens, forgotten mining communities." It is the concept of the deserving poor.

Phillips does not accord moral primacy to the Negro demands; he scorns "the Episcopal Church, which pays reparations to blacks but ignores a century of sweated labor in Catholic mill towns," and "limousine liberals in Massachusetts who are more interested in integrating South Carolina than in helping Chicopee or Central Falls."

But he is concerned that the Nixon Administration has not moved effectively to build the coalition open to it, and he agrees with Viorst that coalitions are built by putting something into the country.

"I have some ideas of my own for positive programing: Federal grants-in-aid for better fire and police protection; street lighting and sanitation assistance in slum neighborhoods; a new Civilian Conservation Corps to take kids out of slums and put them to work cleaning up the country—maybe it could be a National Ecology Corps and we would have a chance to see if the young people will put their muscle where their mouth is; massive redevelopment programs for Appalachia and the industrially redundant reaches of New England; large-scale Works Progress

Administration-type guaranteed employment with the work force to be used to rebuild, reconstruct or clean up America's historic lands and historic buildings for the Bicentennial in 1976; some kind of National Health Insurance or Medigap; full-fledged Federal aid to parochial schools. This sort of thing should replace the social gimmickry of the sixties—rent subsidies, metropolitan planning, school busing, the antipoverty program's subsidy of community agitation—which have demonstrably failed."

This is a program tailored to the lower middle class, which Phillips argues is the "action constituency" of America and the new base of the Republican party.

He doesn't dismiss liberal fears that there is a potential for fascism in the new conservative majority. "The popular conservative majority now taking shape, like past popular movements, is vulnerable to aberration. With its important component of military, apprehensive bourgeois and law-and-order-seeking individuals, there is a proclivity toward authoritarianism and over-reaction to the liberal-engendered permissiveness and anarchy of the sixties. This is a danger the Administration should watch carefully."

But such an apocalypse, Phillips contends, would result only from the failure, not the success, of Nixon and Agnew to satisfy the yearn-

ings of the new majority.

"Nixon could survive a failure in Vietnam, inflation, continued crime and rioting. Those are problems that originated with the Democrats and the voters would not turn back to the gang that caused the mess in the first place. A depression, however, would be disastrous to Republicans because of their association with the last one. But whatever catastrophe might befall Nixon, and I don't think any will, it won't help the Democrats. Their string has run out. A frustrated majority would turn to a super-Wallace, a real authoritarian of the Huey Long stripe. If you're interested in real revolutionaries, wait till you see the \$12,000-a-year truck driver or electrician, who is now caught up in his own revolution of rising expectations, if the bottom ever falls out. But we won't have a depression. The politician's first preoccupation is still saving his own skin."

Phillips plans to tackle such questions in two forthcoming books, "The Nixon Revolution" and "The Unassimilated." For now, he feels that his past analysis is not advocacy but rather parallels the role of market research in an advertising campaign.

"This is not a strategy or a blueprint," insists Phillips, "just the deciphering of an inexorable trend that will run its course and then be displaced by a new cycle whose origins are already with us, somewhere." ■