

THE BROWN SHIRTS ARE COMING?

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The transformation of the Democratic Party, which began with some misgivings when the New Deal of Franklin Roosevelt took over 40 years ago, progressed steadily but slowly during the Roosevelt and Truman administrations, picked up momentum during the chaotic years of Kennedy and Johnson, and now seems to be racing toward the ultimate goal of complete socialization.

Its new standard bearer, George McGovern, who successfully wrested control of the party from old time Democratic politicians, is no newcomer to Socialism. According to South Dakota natives who have followed his career from the onset, McGovern is not only remembered for his support of Henry Wallace's Progressive Party in 1948 but also, prior to this, as a true believer and once delegate to a Norman Thomas Socialist Party convention.

Of all the presidential nominees, the Democrats have settled on the only one who exceeds President Nixon in dullness of personality, lack of warmth and absence of personal appeal. In addition, the prairie preacher's son and former school teacher with the petulant voice exhibits the deadly over seriousness of all fanatic, puritanical reformers and seems devoid of any sense of humor. His South Dakota critics mention also an uncontrollable temper when things don't go his way.

Perhaps the most disturbing event of the recent convention was the confrontation between Whining George and the crush of McGovern supporters in the lobby of his hotel headquarters. The picture of the unsmiling, thin-lipped candidate protected by a double row of burly, unsmiling aides, as he attempted to pacify and answer the outrageous, emotional questions of his disillusioned contingency, was enough to strike fear in the hearts of those who regard politics as a game and conventions as jolly, circus sideshows. There was no nonsense about George on this occasion, and there was no humor in the shrieking, shrill-voiced questioners who had tasted blood and wanted their hero to serve them more.

This sort of thing is not new, of course, nor is it a phenomenon typically and only American. It happened relatively recently in Germany when an insignificant house painter with a burning ambition to set things right was stirring up the malcontents during his rise to power in the 1930s. It is chronicled in detail, also, by Dostoevsky in his novel, *The Possessed*, about the disturbed times leading up to the Russian revolution:

“In turbulent times of upheaval or transition, low characters always come to the front

everywhere. In every period of transition this riff-raff, which exists in every society, rises to the surface, and it is not only without any aim but has not even a symptom of an idea, and merely does its utmost to give expression to uneasiness and impatience. Moreover, this riff raff almost always falls unconsciously under the control of the little group of 'advanced people' who do act with a definite aim, and this little group can direct all this rabble as it pleases, if only it does not itself consist of absolute idiots, which, is sometimes the case.

“The most worthless fellows suddenly gained predominant influence, began loudly criticizing everything sacred, though till then they had not dared open their mouths, while the leading people, who had till then so satisfactorily kept the upper hand, began listening to them and holding their peace. Some even simpered approval in the most shameless way. Poets of advanced tendencies made up with peasant coats and tarred boots for lack of tendencies or talents, majors and colonels who ridiculed the senselessness of service. Advanced mediators, advancing merchants, innumerable divinity students, women who were the embodiment of the woman question, all these suddenly gained complete sway among us.”

We now have our share (and a growing one) of "advanced people," peasant-garbed poets, student revolutionists, politicized clerics, carping colonels and women activists, to which we've added a host of half-baked, publicity-seeking, entertainment field idiots, latent and blatant homosexuals and a monstrous number of "riff-raff" who demand the good life on welfare handouts. There is no other word but "rabble" to describe the motley collection of self-serving minority factions that George McGovern has cultivated so assiduously and gathered round him in his quest for the presidency. They were all in evidence in Miami this past week and were particularly in evidence during that wild scene in the hotel lobby. If McGovern is successful in transforming the Democratic Party into a new National Socialist Party, he will have no trouble in recruiting an American version of "Brown Shirt" supporters.

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