



MICHAEL K. DEEVER

Don

Thanks for the suggestion.
I've asked for the Geyer book
and look forward to receiving
it. Many thanks.

Yours in the Board
Mike

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Mr. Donald A. Gallagher
1165 Pinetown Rd.
Fort Washington, Pennsylvania 19034



MICHAEL K. DEEVER

John

Thank you for remembering
to send me the text of your
kaleide talk. I will now
enjoy it again. Sincerely, Mike

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Mr. John W. Gardner
2030 M Street, N.W.
Suite 600
Washington, DC 20036

DONALD A. GALLAGER
1165 PINETOWN ROAD
FORT WASHINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA 19034

14 February 1983

Mr. Michael Deaver
The White House
Washington DC 20500

Dear Mr. Deaver:

I write to you for three reasons: (a) you are close to the President; (b) you have the reputation of being bright, capable and perceptive; and (c) you and I are fraternity brothers - Delta Sigma Phi (Upsilon, Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster PA, 1933).

I've just finished reading "Buying the Night Flight", the latest book by columnist and former foreign correspondent, Georgie Anne Geyer. She has had vastly more experience and personal contact with events and people in Central America and the Middle East than any one individual in any government agency. Reading her book is much more informative than half a dozen briefings at the Department of State.

In all seriousness, as a concerned citizen and a supporter of President Reagan, I urge you to see that someone on the White House staff, Mr. Clark or perhaps Mr. Meese, reads this truly important book, now, so that the information it contains becomes an ingredient of foreign policy discussions and decisions.

Miss Geyer is not just another writer of books; she has appeared, by invitation, at the Naval War College in Newport, and the Army War College in Carlisle.

With all good wishes,

Yours in the Bond,

Donald A. Gallager
Donald A. Gallager

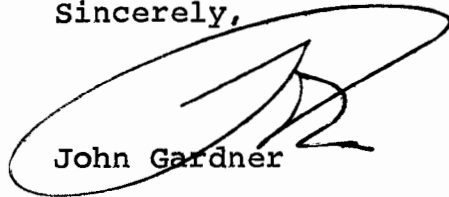
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JOHN W. GARDNER
2030 M STREET, N.W.
SUITE 600
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20036

February 17, 1983

Dear Mike:

The Lakeside Talk which you asked me to send you is
on page 20 of the attached.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be "John Gardner", is written over a large, hand-drawn oval. The signature is stylized and somewhat cursive.

John Gardner
Enclosure

Mr. Michael Deaver
Assistant to the President
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20500

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Number 43

Winter 1983

BOHEMIAN CLUB LIBRARY NOTES

PUBLISHED FROM TIME TO TIME TO KEEP MEMBERS INFORMED OF THE ACTIVITIES OF THEIR LIBRARY AND TO ENCOURAGE THEIR USE OF ITS FACILITIES

IS THERE A FUTURE FOR MEN'S CLUBS?

A LAKESIDE TALK, JULY 18, 1982

By KEVIN STARR



THANK YOU, Len Richardson. It's a pleasure for me to stand for the fourth time at the Lakeside and address my fellow Bohemians and the welcomed guests of the Grove regarding a topic of immediate relevance, "Do men's clubs have a future?" A few short years ago, such a question would have seemed purely speculative; but we Americans have witnessed in these past two decades profound changes in the structure and operation of many of our national institutions: the churches, for instance, in the matter of the ordination of women; corporations, in the matter of an increasing need for disclosure and affirmative action; politics, in the matter of personal financial information demanded of officeholders; and the university, in the matter of increasing importance of student evaluations and the need for enrollments. Certainly, none of us here today—passing by, as we did, those good people at our gates, so many of them so well-intended, concerned with

real problems in our society—believes that American men's clubs, to include ours, can continue to do what we have always been doing in the way that we have been doing it, without challenge or change. Men's clubs, being social institutions—and that means institutions which are in the long run approved of and franchised by the larger society—cannot be expected to avoid the challenges and transformations being experienced by the church, the corporation, the university.

And yet, as we admit this inevitability, we also experience much legitimate anxiety. Men's clubs—for all the apparent power and solidity of so many of them, to include our own—are, like all other social institutions, fragile experiments. And perhaps no club, in its inner essence, is as fragile as Bohemia, founded, as it is, upon certain subtle, elusive premises which the outside world can never fully hope to understand and which we, alas, being human, hence liable to error, ourselves now and then lose sight of: this premise, first celebrated by our founders 110 years ago, that American men might come together in a finer fellowship, enlivened by an appreciation of music, drama, literature, and the performing arts, both serious and satirical. Will all this be lost? We ask ourselves. Will it be taken away from us by our legislators or our courts? Will the larger society withdraw its franchise? Not even at the height of the Depression, when a truly revolutionary sentiment, born of dire economic disaster, was abroad in the land, was this anxiety more palpable, more possible, than it is today. Partly through no fault of its own, and partly through its own fault, Bohemia has stumbled into the limelight of national, indeed international scrutiny. The opening of our Grove, for so long a private affair, becomes in-

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creasingly with each year a media event—with stylized stories of corporate and governmental bigwigs cavorting as woodnymphs or peeing on trees appearing in newspapers across the world. We do not want this attention, we tell ourselves, sensing that such scrutiny—such a wholesale broadcasting of misinformation—can in the long run do us no good. And we wince as well at the erroneous drift of these press reports, with their fragments of half-information or even misinformation. This is not what it is like, we tell ourselves and others when these stories appear. Why there is nothing said here concerning the long hours of rehearsal put into our Grove Play; nothing about the excellence of our orchestra; the festive wit of our Low Jinks; the magic of midnight music wafting through the Grove; the elegance of a Saturday morning recital of Gershwin, Porter, Kern by George Feyer at Land of Happiness; nothing of the fine conversations in which American men discover among themselves what C. S. Lewis describes as the first premise of friendship—communality of vision, the discovery that others have thought and pondered and speculated along paths that we also have intellectually and imaginatively trod; nothing about our reverence for this Grove, majestic with the silent but awesome immemorial music of nature at its most grand, American nature, among the first psychological premises of our national experience; nothing in these stories, in short, that touches the inner essence of our Club as we understand it, cherish it, and vow to pass on to others in the future as it was passed on to us.

BOHEMIA GOES TO COURT

And if this media scrutiny were not enough, we face actual legal assaults upon our right to conduct Club affairs according to our own preferences. Two weeks ago, for instance, the Board of Directors of this Club circulated to the membership a letter received by Mr. O'Melveny, our president, from the National Club Association in Washington, D.C. The letter outlined possible federal legislation that would, so Sam M. Berry, president of the National Club Association, pointed out in his letter to Mr. O'Melveny, impose upon our and similar associations categories of membership, specifically the enforcement of female membership, that would in my opinion at least, seriously alter the nature of this club and others similar to it. Last October attorneys for the Bohemian Club successfully argued before the Honorable Robert S. Kendall, administrative law judge for the State of California, against a complaint by the Fair Employment and Housing Commission of the State of California. The Com-

mission was demanding that the Bohemian Club hire female employees in all sections of the City Club and at the Grove. Speaking through its attorneys, the Bohemian Club argued in turn before Judge Kendall that it was delighted to employ females in all phases of the Club's operations that did not directly alter the essential nature of club gatherings or did not violate the right of free association guaranteed by the American constitution. In his opinion, the Honorable Judge concurred with the Bohemian Club: agreeing namely, that the Bohemian Club was what it purported itself to be—an association of gentlemen gathered together for enjoyment of the arts and each other's company at the City Club and here in the Grove. To enforce the employment of females in all phases of the Club's operations, especially at the Grove, Judge Kendall decided, would substantively alter the nature and quality of Club activities and would hence violate the constitutional right of free association. The California Department of Fair Employment and Housing, however, overthrew Judge Kendall's decision and issued a contrary opinion which the Club must, operating again through its attorneys appeal through the court system.

THE QUESTION OF WOMEN

The question, then—Do men's clubs really have a future?—is no idle one, for us Bohemians and for other similar clubs as well. All across America men's clubs are under various forms of legal assault, reaching, as the letter from the club association vividly dramatizes, into the very halls of Congress itself. Each of us here today might speculate privately upon the motivation for such assaults and come up with a score of differing answers. Socially, we are living through a revolutionary era in the area of women's rights, whose general premise—namely, that women should be equal before the law and in employment—few of us, especially the fathers of daughters, would seriously dispute. We do the cause of men's clubs a disservice, in fact, if we link our defense to even a half-humorous chauvinism. Among Bohemians, as they operate in the world of dull care, are to be found men in all walks of life who personally and professionally consider women as equal human beings. We also live in an age of compulsive egalitarianism in every sector of our society, an age which seeks to legislate not equality of opportunity but equality of results. The more extreme sectors of this point of view hate with a terrible passion any institutional or associational structure that allows Americans to sort themselves out according to any criteria they see fit, seeing in

such an act of self-selection a blatant instance of exclusion, repression, indeed, active conspiracy.

From this perspective, the institutions of our society—be they clubs, or corporations, universities or the military, governmental bodies and yes, even churches—which allow any form of self-selection that does not guarantee a universal quality of result must be destroyed because they embody, so this group believes, a threat to egalitarian democracy. Indeed, as our society and the world in general becomes more complex, as our economy falters, as the specter of nuclear annihilation becomes a feared reality, even as so many personal lives begin to be eroded away from within by an all-pervasive sense of failure and futility, then the attack upon institutions identified with the Old Order becomes an all-consuming holy crusade. Voluntary associations characterized by any degree of excellence, and this includes the Bohemian Club and other men's clubs, provide convenient objectifications for what is wrong in our society and the world in general. The battle becomes both substantive and symbolic. The university was the first institution to experience the shock of such an assault in the 1960's. Other institutions have followed.

Again, as in the case of women's rights, one might even agree, as do many Bohemians sitting here today, that the world is in a sorry state: that the distribution of goods and services in our nation and on the planet needs adjustment, that the grave issue of war and peace must be debated in a public, responsible manner, that the emerging aspirations of previously disadvantaged peoples or classes of American citizens, must be encouraged, that equality of opportunity is a worthy goal for our society. One might agree with all these points and yet resist, as do many Bohemians, the notion that such legitimate needs are in any way advanced by the violation of our American right of free association, which includes the right of men to gather together with other men in good fellowship and enjoyment of the arts.

As in the case of so many of these ideological assaults on institutions, the attack on men's clubs cares nothing for the heritage and institutional vitality of the organization which is being invaded in an effort to score ideological points, win votes, or to transform society according to an alternative vision. From time immemorial, in all climes and cultures, so both anthropologists and historians tell us, men and women alike have gathered into voluntary associations—be they the women's conclave of an African tribe, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Knickerbocker Club of New York, or the Odd Fellows Club of Des Moines.



ACCORDING to the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and the *Encyclopedia Americana*, the voluntary association of men in clubs has an ancient and sometimes humorous history. The Greeks called their clubs *hetaireia*. In these organizations, Greek men would gather together according to self-selecting criteria of political, or philo-

sophical opinion, athletic interests, or, as in the case of those remarkable dinner parties described by Plato because they enjoyed a combination of good food, copious drink, and even better conversation. Some Greek *hetaireia* concerned themselves with a discreet consideration of religious doctrines not approved of by the official state religion. The Romans carried on this *proto-club* activity through the *sodalitas*. Some of these *sodalitas* were expressly political; and at one point Julius Caesar banned them from Rome for being potentially subversive to the State. In its modern form, however, the men's club has its origins in England. In Elizabethan times, the Friday Street Club, also called The Bread Street Club, met for food and drink and talk in London's famed Mermaid Tavern, where such bohemian playwrights as Christopher Marlowe and William Shakespeare were wont to hang out. Poet playwright Ben Jonson started the Apollo Club in 1616, meeting in the Devil Tavern at Temple Bar. The Apollo Club was an all-male affair—again centered around food, drink, and conversation concerning the arts—but on certain stated evenings female guests were also invited. Seventeenth-century London witnessed the rise of the coffeehouse as an institution; and many of these coffeehouses also hosted club activity, in much the same way that our first Bohemians were wont to meet in the Astor House of San Francisco more than a century ago. The famed London diarist Samuel Pepys belonged to a club that met in Woods Tavern in Pall Mall. The Coffee Club catered to those who favored Oliver Cromwell and the Protectorate. The Sealed Knot Club favored the Royalist cause. At the Royal Navy, founded in 1674, navy men gathered; and at the Civil, founded in 1699, bankers and governmental officials were wont to linger over madeira

and port. Some of these clubs deserve the hostility they eventually gained. At the Calves Head Club, for instance, an outrageously anti-monarchical organization, roasted calves heads were served at an anniversary dinner commemorating the beheading of King Charles I. The calves heads were decorated to resemble King Charles and his court and were brought into the dinner on pikes. The Hellfire Club and the Mohawk Club were wont, after an evening's drunkenness, to wander the streets of London, picking fights. These clubs were eventually suppressed as public threats.

Although these organizations cannot in any way be considered as direct ancestors of Bohemia, our own Bohemian Club might look back to such literary and philosophical clubs as Brooks, the Scriblerus Club (Jonathan Swift and Alexander Pope were members), the Society of Dilettanti and Dr. Johnson's famed Kings Head Tavern Club (graced by the great Johnson himself, parliamentarian Edmund Burke, actor David Garrick, novelist and poet Oliver Goldsmith, and biographer James Boswell) as examples in history of those energies which the founders of the Bohemian Club sought to continue as, in the early 1870's they organized themselves into a club which has lasted until this day.

The late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries witnessed the founding and consolidation of many of the truly great English men's clubs—Boodle's, White's, Brooks, United Service (formed by veterans of the Napoleonic War), the Oriental, the East India United Service, Greshman's, the Garrick, the Carlton (for conservatives), the Liberal Reform, the Conservative, the Junior Carlton, the Cobden and others.

CLUBS ARRIVE IN AMERICA

It was this British model that was brought to the United States in the nineteenth century. Previous to this, in the late 1700's, such organizations as the Junto of Philadelphia (founded by Ben Franklin), the Turtle Club—solid men of New York City who, beginning in the 1780's, met annually to feast in the then-sylvan groves of Hoboken, New Jersey—the Sons of St. Tammany

(who had politics on their minds), and the Sans-Souci Club of Boston (1785) anticipated the club ideal. But it was only in the early Victorian era that the men's club as a fully developed institution came to these United States. The roll call of men's clubs founded during this era is a catalog of institutions still thriving: the Union Club, the Century, the University, the Knickerbocker, the Salmagundi, the Racket Court Club, the Metropolitan, and much later the Explorers—these all in New York—and in Boston, the Tremont, the Somerset, the Union, the St. Botolph, the Algon-

quin, the Tavern, the Puritan; and in Washington, the Metropolitan, the Cosmos, the Army and Navy, the Gridiron, the University.

And, of course, in frontier San Francisco, the Bohemian, founded in 1872 by certain newspapermen working for the Examiner and the Chronicle, a professor of Latin and Greek from St. Ignatius College (today the University of San Francisco), wine maker Arpad Haraszthy, printer Edward Bosqui, and a hand-

ful of other gentlemen interested in bringing to America's emergent city on the Pacific the joys and satisfactions of club life.

If this were the complete story of club voluntary associations, then we would indeed be vulnerable to our critics; for most of the organizations I have described were in one way or another elite institutions, inhabited by members of the ruling class. But this is not the entire story, is it? Nearly 150 years ago the French sociologist Alexis de Tocqueville observed that Americans had a passion for joining voluntary associations. The elite clubs of the United States which I have just mentioned must be considered in the context of hundreds of thousands of associations that have flourished among us because Americans, so De Tocqueville observed, had a passion for community, for being together among the like-minded for good fellowship and worthy work. The Grange, the Moose, the Elks, the Odd Fellows, the Foresters, Free Masonry (which is, after all the oldest club on this planet, tracing itself back to the Hebrews who built the pyramids), the Knights of Columbus, the Mechanics' Societies (which were organized as study clubs for young working men), the Knick-



erbocker Society, the Society of California Pioneers: I could consume the rest of my allotted time on this platform merely listing the club-like voluntary organizations into which Americans—of all class, genders, religious traditions—have organized themselves over the years. Private associations, De Tocqueville observed, enabled Americans to do their community's work outside of a context of government regulation. No other right, De Tocqueville believed, spoke so directly to the American experiment than the right of free association.

In asking whether men's clubs have a future, we must ask the larger question of the future of the right of free association in the United States.

SHARED VISION OF BOHEMIA

If we look closely at the founding premises and subsequent history of the Bohemian Club, we might find, I believe, both the premises of our best defense against unwarranted government intrusion and a challenge to our own philosophy and practice of clubmanship. The Bohemian Club of San Francisco has in general resisted in the past any effort to turn it into a purely snobbish, elitistic organization, whose sole criteria for membership rested in the accident of birth or inheritance, or even the present acquisition of worldly goods. The men who gathered together in the upper room of the Astor House 110 years ago were not there to confer upon each other status or prestige. They were not there to conspire together in matters of politics, banking or commerce. Nor were they there so that their meetings might find some ink in the next day's society page. They were there because each of them—Virgil Williams the artist, Bosqui the printer, O'Connell the student of Latin and Greek, Haraszthy the viticulturist and the others—shared a common vision regarding the preciousness of the high art past and the necessity to celebrate this past amidst conviviality and discussion. Indeed, in the famed swallow-tailed controversy of the 1890s—so the *Annals of Bohemia* tell us—the effort on the part of some to turn Bohemia into a snobbish club, in which the members would wear swallow-tailed evening dress to dinner, was beaten back with derisive scorn by those for whom Bohemia embodied, not the aristocracy of privilege, but the democracy of common vision. I would be less than honest, however, if I did not also say that *The Annals* reveal as well a constant dialectic in our Club's history between the principle of snobbish exclusion and the principle of inclusion according to the Club's accepted criteria of gentlemanliness, geniality, achievement in or interest in the arts. Happily, *The An-*

nals also reveal that, despite dark periods in our Club's history when a narrow snobbish sectarianism seemed on the verge of seizing the citadel of Bohemia, the effete barbarians were driven from the high places by hordes of Bohemians—bankers, journalists, poets, university professors, the raffish and the genteel, the respectable and those who preferred dwelling in that no-man's land between respectability and rugged individualism—concerned that their club be kept as open, as flexible, as intrinsically American in the proper sense of this term, as possible.



ET those who attack our Club go elsewhere if they seek to besiege an institution whose only characteristic is a callow and unfeeling privilege! Let them consider the careers of Bohemians Frank Norris, Jack London, Maynard Dixon, Ernest Peixotto, Gelett Burgess, Bernard Maybeck, Frank Van Sloun, William Keith, Charles Rollo Peters, Xavier Martinez, or the scores of other Bohemians, amateur and professional alike, who over the past 110 years have made some contribution to the arts. Let them consider our annual Grove Play, with its truly distinct genre of dramaturgical pageant. Let them consider our concerts, our band, our symphony orchestra, our chorus, our scores on instrumental and singing groups, our Tuesday night literary readings, our campfire gatherings, our joy in each other's company as we gather at Club or Grove for food and drink and fellowship. Let them consider the care with which we treat our art and our music, the excellence of our library, the scrupulousness with which we care for our Grove.

I mentioned earlier that the assault on men's clubs, upon the right of free association, can give rise to a healthy American outrage. But it can challenge as well. It can challenge us Bohemians especially to ask ourselves: are we truly what our founders intended us to be, are we truly what we tell the world that we are? If we are not, if we allow our Club to degenerate into just another empty ritual of status, if we close it off from the full range of American manhood, regardless of race or color or creed, then in a very real and tragic sense we will encourage the enmity of our opponents. We will play into their hands. All the legal defenses in the world, argued by the most brilliant attorneys, will in the long run count for nothing, if the inner vision, the inner substance of Bohemia

is betrayed. Our assertions will ring hollow in the courtroom, and the press, sensing our vulnerability, will tear us into shreds with its fierce piranha teeth. Our Club is an American Club, after all, and as Americans we Bohemians can hope, I trust, from fair treatment in the long run (a run that may take us to the Supreme Court itself) from the American legal system and the American people. This might sound naive to some of you, but what other choice have we?

In a very real sense, then, we hold our own future in our hands. If we allow ourselves to become a glorified merchants exchange club, or a Pacific Coast branch of the Trilateral Commission, or the Club of Rome under the redwoods, then we deserve all the scrutiny and challenge that we will inevitably get. Bohemia has taproots deep into the San Francisco Bay area past, the California past; and it must never forsake these origins in an effort to acquire what the outside world considers, justifiably, elitist prestige. Most important, in my opinion, for the Club's survival, are the weekly rehearsals of our orchestra, the patient volunteer effort of our library staff, the deliberations of our Jinx committee, the convivial connoisseurship of our wine committee, the deliberations of our membership committee, or an early evening of unexpected fellowship at the round table in the Cartoon Room, where four or five or six Bohemians find themselves by happenstance over a drink and suddenly, in the middle of the conversation, something clicks, some sense of the world within the world without, of City and Club, and the years behind both of them, that makes for a magic Bohemian moment. Lose this, and we lose everything. Mere prestige and status can be gotten in two dozen other more appropriate places. Bohemia has a much more important agenda.

We have much work to do to fit our Club properly for the next decades. The current Club leadership is, quite properly, for instance, encouraging the diversification of our membership. An association of gentlemen interested in the arts should draw upon the full social, cultural, and ethnic richness of our American heritage. Although there presently exists no clear-cut consensus in this matter, the question of women guests and the use of the City Club has been evolving in the past few years. We are moving slowly, which is proper, in this matter; and we are insisting that we be allowed to develop from within, without governmental imposition.

Certainly none of us here today believes that the Club will always be doing the same thing, the same way, year in and year out. Complex, fragile social institutions such as clubs are ever in a state

of evolution. Bohemia 1982 is not the same in every detail as Bohemia 1882, nor will Bohemia 2082 be the same as it is today. One area in which a breakthrough is necessary, I believe, is the expansion of our musical tastes, to include the best of music from the past 30 years, as well as more of the Romberg, Lehar, Herbert, Kern and Foster, with which the orchestra charmed us Friday.

Because we Bohemians realize that we derive part of our franchise from society—even with such a mundane, but necessary, item as our liquor license—we must learn to listen to society: not be bullied by it, mind you, nor turn over the Club to newspapers and government agencies, but listen carefully to what is on America's mind and ponder how our fragile experiment might be continued through its second century.

HAVING IT BOTH WAYS

We cannot have it both ways. We cannot, for example, put it to the world that momentous meetings of the great are occurring here, or Lakeside talks of global import are being given, then grow restive when, in this era of global communications, the world demands the right to listen in as its future is being decided upon. We must, it seems to me, adjust ourselves to an age when secrecy—secrecy, mind you, not privacy, which is another matter—provokes the very attention it seeks to avoid.

In the long run, I believe, our Club's best hope for its future rests in keeping close to our founding intentions: art, music, the drama, non-political fellowship. Bohemia takes its materials from the world, true; but in the long run Bohemia is a world of dreams, our dreams, and we are determined that we shall continue to have the right—the American right—to dream these dreams in the manner we choose, acting collectively. Let us seek here those common dreams—of fellowship, of merriment, of laughter and music—which our founders dreamed before us and which our successors, we hope will dream after us when we are gone. Since our club is human, it is by its very nature compromised. None of us can ever achieve the true dream of Bohemia. For that dream, after all, despite the lavishness and elegance of our surroundings, brings with it a rather austere, exacting ideal. Pleasure, St. Thomas Aquinas tells us, allows human beings to participate in the very experience of eternity itself. Friendship, C. S. Lewis observes, is among life's most exquisite pleasures. The pleasures of friendship, then, challenge us all to good humor and mutual understanding. Understanding each other, sharing some time among ourselves in this Grove, we en-

hance each others lives for a brief moment. We do this, of course, in the American manner—with that ready humor, that distaste for pomp and pretense, that willingness to see each man on his own terms and at his best—that is among the best aspects of our national character. It is not because we are callous to the grief and injustice of the world that we gather here. Rather, the opposite is true. We gather—today, 50 years ago, 50 years from now—because we realize that since life has its inevitable tragedies, its enduring goodness must also be savored and celebrated. The goodness of life! A place apart. A moment of fellowship and music beneath these redwoods. Bohemia. Long may it continue. Long may Bohemia continue to serve the goodness of life and those elusive moments when that goodness is shared among like-minded gentlemen.

AN OUTSIDE LOOK

BY RICHARD E. McLEAN*

July 20, 1982

Mr. Robert W. Maier
19 Evergreen Drive
Kentfield, CA 94904

Subject: Impressions of a first-time visit
to the Bohemian Grove during
Spring High Jinx, 1982

Dear Bob:

As you asked, I've put down my observations after our splendid weekend at the Bohemian Grove. Maybe, as Ernest Hemingway said, "There are only two men who can write about war: the raw first-timer and the old campaigner."

It has a majesty about it, this Bohemian Experience. Very much like Disneyland, which also is a dream come to spectacular life.

Because, I'm convinced, The Bohemian Club is woven of dreams the way a rope is woven of strands. Dreams like these:

DREAM I

Someday, dammit, we'll have a treehouse of our own. We'll build it out in the woods where Mother

*Mr. McLean attended the Spring Jinks last June as a guest of Bohemian Robert W. Maier. A few weeks later, Mr. McLean shared his impressions of the Grove with his host.

can't find us. And we'll eat when we want, what we want. We'll bring our friends. Have a secret club. And no girls.

—LITTLE BOY CALLED HOME TO DINNER
Age 10

Walking into the Grove, I could sense this dream. Every boy feels it. Only somehow, the Bohemians made it come true with their delightful hodge-podge of rustic camps stacked one on top of another.



The architecture is as original as the membership. Like Western movie forts, some wrap themselves around tight enclosures of rock fireplaces and broad bars with ice machines big enough for a major restaurant.

Or they hang like a necklace of identical motel cabins around the throats of 500-year-old redwoods.

I remember flights of steps and colored lights and everywhere the smell of fires, 20 inches deep in glowing coals. The camps seem to define their own space. They stretch together. They stand on one another's shoulders. Camps snake up the vales and dot the ridges.

No urban planners with their tidy guidelines have trampled on this dream. No tract builder with deadly conformity either.

Busy? Yes.

Clutter? Sort of.

Comfortable? Eminently so.

Women? Never.

I will remember the Grove best the way it looked when I walked home about 11:30 at night. The camps all seemed to shimmer with a gaudy beauty and hang in the trees like a strand of colored lights remembered from childhood.

DREAM II

I mean, it's a damn shame it's got to end. The Fraternity and everything. Someday we should build us all a fraternity house that wouldn't end. And we could initiate our friends and go off and drink like freshmen and never graduate. Hell! Why build a fraternity house? Let's build a gigantic fraternity system.

—GRADUATING SENIOR
Age 21

And, by God, the Bohemians did it. They built themselves a fraternity system with most of the good points of Panhellenic and few of the poor ones.

Anyone who has experienced fraternity rushing would feel at home in the Grill after the evening entertainment.

The Bohemians stand in circles. "I'd like to introduce my guest . . ." followed by handshaking and articulate (if hearty) conversation. It's fun to try to sort the "actives" from the "rushees." With men of such grace and social confidence, it's hard to choose.

But unlike fraternity rushing, the Grill seemed unforced. These seemed to be men who genuinely liked the company of other men. They planted their feet and talked and talked. Mostly about people. They express themselves well. They say good things of one another. Little profanity. Scant ego game-playing.

Like fraternities, the camps can choose their members. From this process comes the banding together and loyalties which are not easy to achieve; but once achieved, these relationships can last a lifetime.

The naming of these camps is as whimsical as their architecture. Cavemans, Dog House, Monastery, Pink Onion, Skiddoo, Star and Garter, Tarantula. And like fraternity houses, the camps revolve around the recreation room and the card table. Only the bar is never, never closed and the Dean of Students doesn't write threatening letters. Best of all, from the Bohemian Club there is only one "graduation."

(Bob, I laughed, walking up Kitchen Hill with you back to Wayside Log, when you said, "Sometimes I worry about this hill. I mean, will it get too steep for me to go up and down when I get old?" And you were serious.)

DREAM III

I'd like to chuck it all. The business, the pressure, the family obligations. All of it. I'd like to go off alone where I wasn't president-of-this or in-charge-of-that. Just get away. Relax. Be myself. My real self. Do foolish things that nobody would remember. Maybe find guys like myself who I could REALLY talk to. Maybe someday.

—COMPANY PRESIDENT
Age: 40 plus

If I needed a single word to describe the men I met at the Grove, that word would be "graceful." This adjective might seem strange until it is examined. Unlike other social gatherings, these Bohemians did not sniff and circle one another, seeking out a

pecking order. Instead, the encounters felt easy, with the assumption that you were "a good fellow with something interesting to say." It was given that you'd attained some small success and your motives were simple fellowship.

I discovered quickly that the old guidelines such as "What do you do?" or "Where do you live?" had been graciously transformed into "What camp?" and "When did you get here?" and "Can I get you another drink?"

Like snapshots, the images supporting this third dream tumble over one another.

Men sitting at all hours in circles around pine-wood campfires, sometimes in silence, always in peace. The easy way these circles expand and welcome strangers.



The refreshing lack of do-good mottoes and worthy causes which mark (and pollute) so many organizations. The honest seeking of pleasure which is not hedonistic but rather like a rest well earned. Like Rest and Recuperation facilities for combat troops.

Though well earned, Bohemian pleasures are hardly Spartan. Hired cooks and waiters. Restaurant quality food served at picnic tables lighted by brilliant acetylene torches.

Though located in a forest, everyone is safe from bears and frostbite. The electric blankets and sturdy construction keep everyone toasty even when the fog floods up the Russian River. Hot showers and fresh coffee greet early risers. Shuttle buses taxi members uphill and across camp. Breakfast is a dieter's downfall. Security not only fends off bears, but keeps demonstrators and free-loaders out.

And yet, amid the hilarity, I sensed an edge of

fatigue. Like men who have always been over-achievers and goal setters, who want a time out or time to rest. Maybe for themselves.

DREAM IV

Why do I have to be an attorney? Sure, I can learn the law and make a good living . . . but what I really like (love) is writing plays and maybe acting in them. Maybe if I worked at writing as I'm working at law school . . .

—LAW STUDENT
Age 23

The Bohemian's only set of false whiskers seem to be the dogged posture that locked inside these men of achievement lie poets and artists aching to be free.

A splendid fantasy, but a fantasy nonetheless. I believe that every human has a creative urge as incessant as a sexual urge. The difference between Bohemians and other groups is that the Bohemians have defined this need and set about satisfying it.

The art of the Grove and the performances are polished. Yet seldom does one see that magic "flash" which is the gate between talents and gifts. I saw it Friday night when the orchestra stopped playing and let Vernon Alley play a solo. He played all alone and a hush fell on the audience.

But "art" at the Club is measured by a special criteria—the way racetracks handicap horses. A performer is expected to be proficient, well rehearsed and never prolonged. Timing and style get high marks.

And this seeking for artistic expression is touching—as if the false whiskers are attached to rose-tinted glasses. Because it opens the door for those tender daytimes of middle life: "Maybe I could have been, should have been . . ."

(And often I wonder how many times truly gifted artists, compelled by their calling and tortured by their talents, have envied these confident men who move so surely through life.)

Defining the membership is as difficult as tracing the seminal dreams from which the Club has emerged.

A social psychologist might parse groups of members like this:

ACADEMIC—Fit looking. Usually thin. A trifle older with a healthy sense of play. Steady drinkers who seldom drink too much. Good listeners with strong ability to analyze problems. Not afraid to hold forth on an issue for 10 minutes. Academic favor khaki pants and sweaters.

YOUNG ACHIEVERS—They glow with energy. They jog, play tennis and seek out one another. Unusually attractive, young achievers seem naturally able to bring people to themselves and yet emerge as leaders. At night they wear ski jackets and shout at one another across the room.

HEREDITARY WEALTH—Somehow it shows. And for some reason, I felt sorry for them. They seem to try to blend in and yet, lacking the common touch, they remain outsiders. They are splashy when being social, yet tend to revert to small groups of old friends afterwards.

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY—I saw them as tired and lonely. Tired because they've worked so long with a single purpose. Lonely because, as leaders, they must spend their time with people whose relationship is always "one down." They try to cast off their rank, but the gold epaulets seem to have become welded to their shoulders.

TRUE ARTISTS—Relaxed and enormously pleased to be accepted in a non-artistic environment. I think they like the privacy the Club affords. I often suspect they feel they are being kept as mascots. But this is a symbiotic relationship and each group receives fair return.

SOCIALIZERS—Big and hearty, they love parties, people, fraternities, talking, drinking, and just being with a group. Not strong on ideas, but good listeners. Quite often, successful. A favorite topic: recent trips to exotic places. They know a lot of people. Seem thoroughly happy all day long. Good socializers get to haunt the Grove after their term in Purgatory.

PERFORMERS—Sought after and popular, these talented amateurs enjoy their status. They play long schedules on stage and in camp visits. They must practice hard to master their routines. They seem to love their work and the honest praise heaped on them. Yet, I wouldn't want to be a performer. They seem to be working when everyone else is playing.

OLD-TIMERS—They're often professional men. Old-timers wear woolen shirts over regular shirts and perpetuate gentle gossip. They have an eye for strangers and try to make them feel welcome. Old-timers nap by day, yet are famous for their late night poker (or dominoes). But Old-timers, like the Sioux, are capable of jumping the reservation on any given night. Friendly, staid, affable. But if you look deep into their eyes, you sometimes see the child twinkling back.

But knowing the dreams and the dreamers only hints at the essentials. Maybe pictures—sense snapshots—can offer clues.

JOKES—Maybe a study of what brings on the belly laughs would give insights.

Jokes that worked:

- 1) Temporary impotence stories
- 2) Dialect jokes (if dialect good)
- 3) Impossible, old vaudeville routines
- 4) Anything that kidded members

Jokes you didn't hear:

- 1) Profanity
- 2) Racism
- 3) Really dirty stories
- 4) Hard, cruel, kidding

REFRIGERATORS—Every camp boasts outsized reefers that spew out buckets of ice cubes. It seemed as if the refrigerator units arrived first and the rest of the kitchen was designed around it.

MAIN STAGE—A zigzag of massive redwoods climbing up behind the stage. A huge organ. Trees lighted by colored floods. Like a heroic, imagined set for a Wagner opera. (Bob, I experienced a strange flush the first time I saw it. I'd been to the Club on Taylor and had seen the painting which depicted the Main Stage. Discovering it was real was like bumping into a myth.)

KEN DARBY'S SPEECH—The appeal of his fine lunch-time talk came not from the greats Ken Darby had rubbed shoulders with. The magic emanated from the fact that as a popular artist, he had done what so many of us dream of doing: (I quote him) "First, be able to develop your gifts; second, be able to spend a lifetime doing what you really, really like to do; lastly, be relatively well paid while doing it."

ENTERTAINMENT AT FIELD CIRCLE—Don't tell the conservationists that we sat on fresh pine boughs. They'll say we murdered Christmas trees. And the polite ushers who took glasses of wine away, but traded a plastic cup for the confiscated glass and its contents. (Class shows in little ways, I always say.) And the college songs before the entertainment!

SMELLS—The heady richness of rotting loam. Campfires. Clean soap scent from showers. Mustard on buffet tables. Pipe tobacco and bourbon. The taste of the fog in the early evening.

SOUNDS—The click of dominoes. The perpetual low murmur of men's voices in talk. Flashes of laughter (all hours). The beautiful brook that

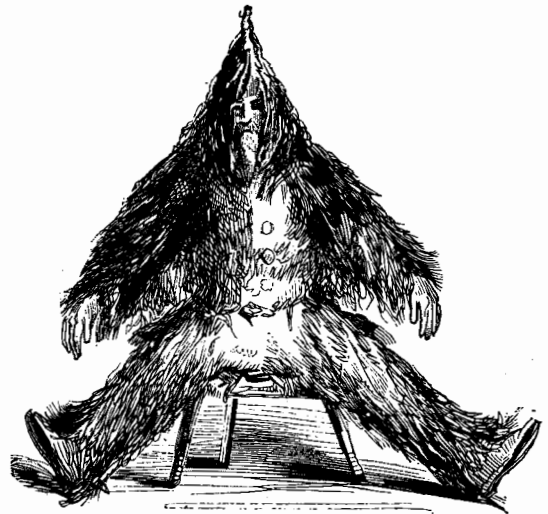
bubbles through Wayside Log. The sea wind late at night high in the great trees.

NON-SOUNDS—Not heard were television, radios and the raucous stridency that often follows groups of drinking men. (Grace has many facets.)

TOUCH—Cold sheets on cots/beds under electric blankets. Hard seats. Shaking big hands. Easy arms on shoulders. Redwood showers. The warmth of the fire.

TASTE—Food upon food upon cocktail goodies and "Can I get you something to eat?" Like mothers, these Bohemians show their love and welcome gastronomically.

PEACE—It has a cottony feel like phenobarbital, this sense of peace that pervades that weekend. As if there is nothing left to be proved. It says, "Kick back, enjoy."



BOHEMIAN GROVE: ARCHITECTURE AMONG THE REDWOODS

A MUSEUM TALK, JULY 25, 1982

By IAN MACKINLEY*

WHEN, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO this summer, Jerome Hart (editor of *The Argonaut*), and Joseph Tilden (co-chairman of the earliest Grove Com-

**My thanks to Bohemian Al Baxter for his help in discovering many of the sources used in this paper and for his valuable suggestions and encouragement.*

mittee) greeted the first party of Bohemians to encamp in what was then known as "Meeker's Grove," they could not have perceived how important a place the "Bohemian Grove" was to become. In fact, as Oscar Lewis has reported in "The Campground That Nobody Liked" (BC Library Notes, Number 23), "So widespread was the discontent that several years passed before the Bohemians returned to Meeker's Grove." However, other sites proved unsatisfactory; several were logged off; and, in 1899, Vanderlynn Stow, the legendary "Father of the Grove," persuaded the Club to buy Meeker's Grove, consisting of 160 acres. A total of 280 acres had been purchased by 1909 and today the Grove consists of more than 2700 acres. As a setting for architecture in the natural environment, it is unique in the world.

Melvin Meeker himself was something of a conservationist. Jerome Hart said, "Meeker loved the redwood trees. He loved them so much that he defied the lures of the lumbermen. He hoped to . . . sell his Grove to some group or association that would preserve it for its beauty. He was a little ahead of his time; in those days everybody wanted to convert redwoods into saleable lumber." In 1882, Meeker was considered eccentric by his fellow landowners on the Russian River for not permitting his land to be logged over. When he finally sold to the Bohemian Club in 1901 on "all the hills right up to his (property) lines had the wood choppers wielded their axes," the virgin forest had been turned into what Jerome Hart called "stumpage and desolation." The acquisition of the Grove and, subsequently, the logged-off peripheral lands by the Bohemian Club was an act of conservation very much in the spirit of today's *Nature Conservancy* or *Friends of the Earth*. In the hundred years since that first encampment, the hills around the Grove have regrown to such an extent that it is not easy to see the original demarcation line between the new and old growth, but the big trees in the heart of the Grove, some of which were standing watch when Charlemagne was crowned on Christmas night in 800 AD, set the tone of the place. It is to these old trees that the incantations of "The Cremation of Care" are made. The traditions of the Grove would be very different without them. An environment unique in the world would not exist today if it had not been for Meeker, Hart, Stow and their like.

Neither Meeker nor the Bohemians had preservation in a strict sense in mind for the Grove. They saw it as a place for artistic and recreational use and that required some construction. Jerome Hart, speaking of that first encampment in the Grove, says, "In lieu of tents we erected cabins

made of board frameworks, with green boughs nailed to them." Tents on the floor of the grove canyon were the rule in the early days after the Club bought the land. Old photographs show the flat land from the Dining Circle to what is now the main gate and from the Civic Center to the Owl packed with tent platforms. The earliest known map of the Grove shows dense clusters of tent circles, bearing such famous names as Sterling (George), Phelan (James) and Oliver (William). In those days, "temporary" construction was an elaborate art which displayed the creativity of the camp owner and his tentmaker. In some cases, these tent structures were two stories high. The early encampments carried out the best traditions of the Arab world where sheiks retire to their tents in the desert to find spiritual guidance and refreshment in times of stress. One photo shows Sphinx Camp, complete with Arabic inscriptions.

IT BEGINS IN THE BAR

Not surprisingly, the first building the Bohemians erected in the Grove was the bar, which Jerome Hart called "The Wine Room with a bar on the outside and a wooden inside (for) a brass rail." Old photographs show a quite substantial building called the "Dew Drop Inn" (1900) and later "The Hoisting Room" (1902). These early structures were near the present Grill, built in and around three giant old-growth redwoods. The bar was reconstructed in 1915. With the advent of prohibition in 1921, it was closed as a general drinking place for eleven years. Up until that time, spirits had only been served in the bar but, in 1921, private bars quietly opened in the individual camps and this permanently altered the architectural style of the Grove. The early twenties saw many a camp transformed from tents to cabins. Perhaps Bohemians found it easier to meet their bootleggers behind solid walls. In any case, redwood walls support a bar better than canvas sheets.

The bar structure remained at its present site and was rebuilt and further enclosed in 1931. A larger, enclosed and expanded bar and grill, as designed by Weihe, Frick & Kruse, was opened for the Encampment of 1955 and has remained substantially unchanged till now. The design style of the "Grill" is very sympathetic to the earliest origins of Bohemian Grove architecture. It is rustic, exposed natural wood, often with the bark left on, exposed ceiling beams and frequent roof penetrations to admit light to the interior. Huge first-growth redwoods dominate the structure as seen from both inside and out. Perhaps most impressive is the controlled transparency of factory sash

glazing (an early Maybeck design idea in which small rectangles of glass are held in a steel frame to produce a transparent gridwork). As one approaches the building from Diana or the Camp Fire Circle, the revelers inside can be seen at the bar, and also the natural fern covered hillside beyond is again seen through a glass gridwork, so that the separation between indoors and out is muted. This organized transparency and blurring of the dividing line between man and the natural environment is typical of the Bay Area architectural style at its best. The moss-covered owls and the great bark-covered lintel over the delicate organization of the window sash intensifies the union of man's works with the natural setting. I'm sorry Jerome Hart didn't see this building in its present form (he died in 1937); he would have liked it.

DESIGN CONSIDERATIONS

There are very important design principles stated at the Bohemian Grove, but their voice is so natural that many observers conclude that there is no design at all. When I talked to Terry Coonan, the current chairman of the Grove committee, asking him who designed the Grove, he told me, "It just happened." What happened was the result of series of design decisions which were made in the early years of the Bohemian Grove starting with Hart and Tilden. Hart's cabins with green boughs are similar to Seven Trees Camp today. Old photographs show the use of redwood boards with the natural bark exposed. Single wall construction merges with living redwood so that the eye cannot easily tell where the construction starts and the living material leaves off. "Wood was the true California material," said Bohemian Charles Keeler. You can recognize that this design material is still in use today.

When I started looking into the architecture of the Grove, I thought there must be tightly written design conditions that guide the Grove Committee in the choice of construction materials, the siting of structures, the landscaping, the lighting, and so forth, but this isn't the case. The Grove Committee manual states that there are only two definitive rules:

1. That there must be a five-foot setback where no construction is permitted on either side of the dividing line of camps;
2. That all construction must tie in "to the toe of the slope."

These rules sound impressive but are somewhat incomprehensible. There are no formal lines dividing the camps and the bark on the redwood wall of one camp's building is often the enclosure of the

neighbor's camp. "Tie into the toe of the slope" sounds structural but is a meaningless concept. The most illustrious building in the Grove, Maybeck's Club House (Chalet), ties into no toe of slope. Supported by a rustic redwood base that springs the Club Room up into the midst of the forest, the building seems to hover above the ground, adding to its visual charm. Paragraph 15 of the Grove Rules provides, "The Grove Committee has established a Building Code . . . A copy . . . is available for inspection at the office of the Club." Actually no building code has ever been formally adopted and it is not available at the office or elsewhere. There is no building committee. It is traditional that the entire Grove Committee examines requests for construction or landscaping alterations and approves or disapproves. "It considers the architecture, type of construction and types of materials." In practice, the chairman of the Grove Committee controls the design of the Grove and, as there actually is no written code for anyone to argue from. His word is law.

THE GROVE COMMITTEE

There have been only seven chairmen of the Grove Committee since it was officially established in 1900. They are: Frank Deering to 1918; John McLaren to 1925; John Lermen to 1955; Leo Korbel to 1957; Fred Cordes to 1968; George Abbott to 1978; and the current chairman, Terry Coonan. Usually the chairmen have served for years on the Committee before assuming the chair. Because of this continuity, the design principles set down in the early days of the Grove persist almost unaltered today. Wonderful minutes of the Committee have been kept and preserved, but there are no presidential judgments. The Committee, like an Islamic court, decides issues from "First Principles" and these decisions are not readily appealable. The hundred-year design continuity in our Grove results from the Committee's ability to adhere to precepts which are more felt than rationally understood.

Bernard Rudofsky points out in *Architecture Without Architects*, "There is a good deal of irony in the fact that to stave off physical and mental deterioration the urban dweller periodically escapes his splendidly appointed lair to seek bliss in what he thinks are primitive surroundings: a cabin, a tent . . . or hill town. Despite his mania for mechanical comfort, his chances for finding relaxation hinge on its very absence . . . since he himself helped to shape and preserve his environment, he never seems to tire of it . . . The beauty of this architecture has long been dismissed as acciden-

tal, but today we should be able to recognize it as the result of rare good sense in the handling of practical problems."

The Grove Committee has been guardian of the anonymous architecture of the Bohemian Grove. We are all conscious of the unity of design of the Grove as a whole. Where does the Committee derive its inspiration?

The planning principles that underlie the Grove stem from the Nature Movement as embodied in the writings of Henry David Thoreau, Ralph Waldo Emerson and especially John Muir. Bohemian Kevin Starr says in *Americans and the California Dream*, "Muir made *place* a premise for great flights of imagination and spirit in which men made their landscape the geography of the soul's journey." Starr goes on to say, "Like the Sierra Club (founded by John Muir), . . . the Bohemian Club . . . invoked an ideality of relationship. The Sierra Club envisioned the new Californian in creative dialogue with his environment. The Bohemian Club expressed the hope that . . . a similar interchange might be carried on with the rich traditions of art." The Bohemian Grove combined those dreams. Many Bohemians were among the 162 charter members of the Sierra Club when it was founded in 1892 by "people who had time, means, and taste enough to profit from what was available (in nature). They lived in beautiful homes (developing, indeed, a regional architectural style), worked just hard enough at their careers to sustain a rich and varied life, read widely, and loved the outdoors." This is a good description of most Bohemians today.

In 1889, Camillo Sitte published *City Planning According to Artistic Principles*, in which he spoke out in favor of the preservation of the natural setting and against the destruction of beauty. Sitte felt that organic natural irregularity was the key to good planning. Sitte's theories had great influence on the English planner, Ebenezer Howard. Howard's book, *The Garden Cities of Tomorrow* (1902), advocated easy and direct access to the gifts of nature. Wojciech Lesnikowski said, "Howard's ideas influenced his contemporaries deeply." He advocated "such advantages as contact with nature, privacy, familiarity and calm..." Above all, Howard espoused the integration of the natural and the constructed.

Howard's ideas had great impact on the landscape architect, Frederick Law Olmstead, who was born in New England but did major work in the West. Olmstead, influenced by Muir, had much to do with the establishment of Yosemite Park. He designed the plan for Stanford Univer-

sity as well as laying out Central Park in New York City. Olmstead's work and ideas strongly influenced the principal designer of Golden Gate Park, John McLaren. The visual relationship between Golden Gate Park, Central Park, and the Bohemian Grove is unmistakable. McLaren joined the Club in 1910. He was a member of the Grove Committee from 1915 to 1941 and chairman from 1919 to 1925, the most critical period in the design history of the Grove. McLaren, like Muir, had his spiritual roots in Scotland.

CONTROLLING GROWTH

The Grove Committee had ruled against the establishment of any more camps on the flats of the Grove in 1906 and actively pursued a policy of forcing the camps off the valley floor after World War I, although holdouts like Earl C. Anthony's Cuckoo's Nest didn't move until just before World War II. (To further demonstrate the interlinks in the design of the Grove, it is worth noting that Anthony was a great patron of Maybeck's.) Prohibition in 1921 stimulated a conversion of tent structures to cabins. The steep side hills of the Grove required the construction of decks, some of which are on such difficult sites as to require massive understructures. During the early 20's, these forces turned the Grove from a romantic arabesque tent city to clusters of hill towns on the steep side walls of the Grove canyons. We think of the Grove as a natural setting because the valley floor is so open and green, but the verdure is planted (very elaborate planting plans by McLaren and others exist) and the structures that once were scattered on the flats are now closely clustered together on the hillsides.

Only about 25 acres out of 2710 acres—one percent of the Grove—have buildings or outdoor spaces directly associated with structures. The Grove is really more urban than rural. This midweekend of 1982, there are more than three thousand people in the Grove—better than one hundred per occupied acre. It's not surprising that what we see has the character of clusters of hill towns. Orinda (a suburban, not rural, community in the East Bay), for example, has about five people per acre on developed land. It's a tribute to the original designers and the design theorists that served on the Grove Committee that nature and habitation is so integrated that we all think we are living in a park.

ARTS & CRAFTS & TREES

Bohemians think of the Grove as "natural," a place dominated by great trees, where the density

of habitation does not intrude on our consciousness. How can this be?

The architectural style that pervades the Grove sprang from the Arts and Crafts Movement that dominated English design thinking in the 1860's. The two key figures in this process were William Morris and John Ruskin, both of whom advocated a blend of architecture with nature. These ideas found extremely fertile soil in northern California from 1870 onward, and many of the original members of the Bohemian Club were imbued with them. The forces that led to both the founding of the Bohemian Club and the Sierra Club were much the same. Joseph Worcester, a Swedenborgian minister, was possibly the first designer to build in an indigenous natural style. Worcester's house in Piedmont overlooking the entire Bay Area (shown in a painting by William Keith) was probably the first building constructed in what later became the Bay Region Style (a name coined by historian Louis Mumford). Freudenheim and Sussman say in *Building With Nature*, "Vines were trained up trellises attached on several sides of the house. Evenly laid shingles of uniform size rather than ornamental shape covered both walls and roof and were left unpainted to the weather." Bohemian Jack London spoke of the house as "beautifully located . . . every inch of its floor and ceiling, finished in redwood." Weihe, Frick & Kruse's Civic Center (1935) contains most of these design elements.

KEELER AND MAYBECK

Worcester's design concepts, which blended architecture with the natural environment and used unfinished redwood as the major ingredient, had great influence on another Bohemian, Charles Augustus Keeler, who joined the Club in 1902 and was active on the Grove Committee until he died in 1937. Keeler is shown in a 1905 photograph with John Muir and others at the studio of William Keith. Keeler was the co-founder of the Berkeley Hillside Club. A quote from the Hillside Club yearbook of 1906 could easily describe the Bohemian Grove: "Hillside architecture is landscape gardening around a few rooms for use in case of rain." Keeler believed in roads that ran with the natural contour and that detoured around specimen trees. Keeler said, "Let us have gardens wherein we can assemble for play or where we may sit in seclusion at work; gardens that will exhilarate our souls . . . that will nourish our fancy . . . and chasten our lives with the purity of the Great Mother Earth."

In 1891, Charles Keeler was the first client of

architect and Bohemian Bernard Maybeck. Maybeck became the most important and creative force in the Bay Region style. He became a member of the Club in 1899, designed the Club House (Chalet) for the Grove Committee in 1903, and was extremely active in all the artistic activities of the Club up to his death in 1957.

Keeler and Maybeck provided the one-two punch behind the Bohemian Grove style—Keeler the naturalist and theorist; Maybeck, the great designer. Neill Wilson, in *The River Clubhouse in the Grove* (BC Library Notes, Number 7), tells the story of how Maybeck's Club House was the meeting place in 1942 of Ernest Lawrence, James Conant, Robert Oppenheimer and others for what was to be called the Manhattan Project, which produced the atom bomb. The Club House "is believed to be the only Maybeck structure now extant that dates back to before 1906. It is not only attractive in its rustic way, but architecturally interesting: the pointed overhanging roof at the end of each gable has protected the timbers so effectively that they never have to be re-barked and, when tested in 1959, the floors and sills were found to rest on solid rock and were unweakened by 55 years of dry summers and often very wet winters. The building is charming inside and is the regular meeting place of Grove Committees."

The Library Notes are a bit inaccurate. Kenneth Cardwell's *Bernard Maybeck* lists a number of surviving buildings that antedate the Grove Club House, the most important of which is the Faculty Club at the University of California (1902). Caldwell says of the Grove Club House, "Broad eaves sheltering the balconies surrounding the building are supported by struts and rafters of unbarked logs. The arrangement of struts, columns and knee braces are extremely handsome . . . which allowed Maybeck to execute a precise design." It is this use of rustic materials in a precise but imaginative way that characterizes Maybeck's contribution to the architecture of the Grove. The superb siting of the structure on its base of fifty-foot tree trunks "achieved a scale in harmony with the giant redwoods." This building set a design standard for other architects and for the Grove Committee.

Maybeck was active in the Club for over 50 years after the Club House was built. His advice on design was frequently sought and freely given to the Grove Committee and other architects. Jacomena Maybeck, Bernard's daughter-in-law, recalls the happy times when the family camped "across on the women's side of the river looking up at the Club House." Maybeck was an ardent

swimmer and he would cross to visit the family and regale them with accounts of the Jinks shows in the Grove.

Maybeck influenced the design of many buildings designed in the Grove by other architects including the Grill, the Civic Center, the Grove Stage and the Field Circle. It is said that he designed Edgehill Camp, which is perched on a high rock at the base of Snob Hill. Cardwell does not list this building in his chronology of Maybeck's works, but the design style and imaginative site planning strongly suggest Maybeck's involvement.

Although trained at the Paris Ecole des Beaux-Arts in 1885, Maybeck was also a product of the English Arts and Crafts Movement. This influence can be seen strongly in his work of the 1920-30 period. "Another architect interested in English Arts and Crafts design was (Bohemian) Louis Mullgardt."

Mullgardt designed the "Artist's Studio" (The Ice House) at the Grove in 1930. This building breaks from the rustic "bark on" design of the Club House and many earlier structures. The Studio is built of finished redwood lumber with the structural system expressed on the outside. Most Grove buildings are single-wall construction with the structure expressed to the inside. Mullgardt wanted smooth interior surfaces for the display of art, so it was logical for him to turn the building inside out.

The fireplace in the studio is detailed massively in red brick in contrast with most Grove hearths which are done in local stone such as Maybeck used in the Club House.

The Studio is an important building in the evolution of the Bay Regional Style and Louis Mull-

gardt was a talented and original architect. It is a tribute to the flexibility of the Grove Committee that Mullgardt was permitted to design and construct a building on a very prominent site that broke with much of the design tradition that had been established in the Grove between 1882 and 1930.

This good judgment continues in the design of the Grove Museum, which recognizes the styles of both Maybeck and Mullgardt, but is a product of current Bay Regional Style. The museum was given to the Club by Carl Wente in memory of his brother, Herman. It was completed in 1966 from designs by architects Norman Blanch-

ard and Donald Macky (see "Origin of the Grove Walkie Talkies and the Grove Museum" by Emmanuel Fritz in the *Annals of the Bohemian Club, Volume V*). The museum is a central plan building with a dominant cedar shake roof. The structure is as the Artist's Studio, expressed to the outside.

RAILROAD DAYS

David Myrick in *Rails Around the Bohemian Grove* tells the story of the two railroads that dom-

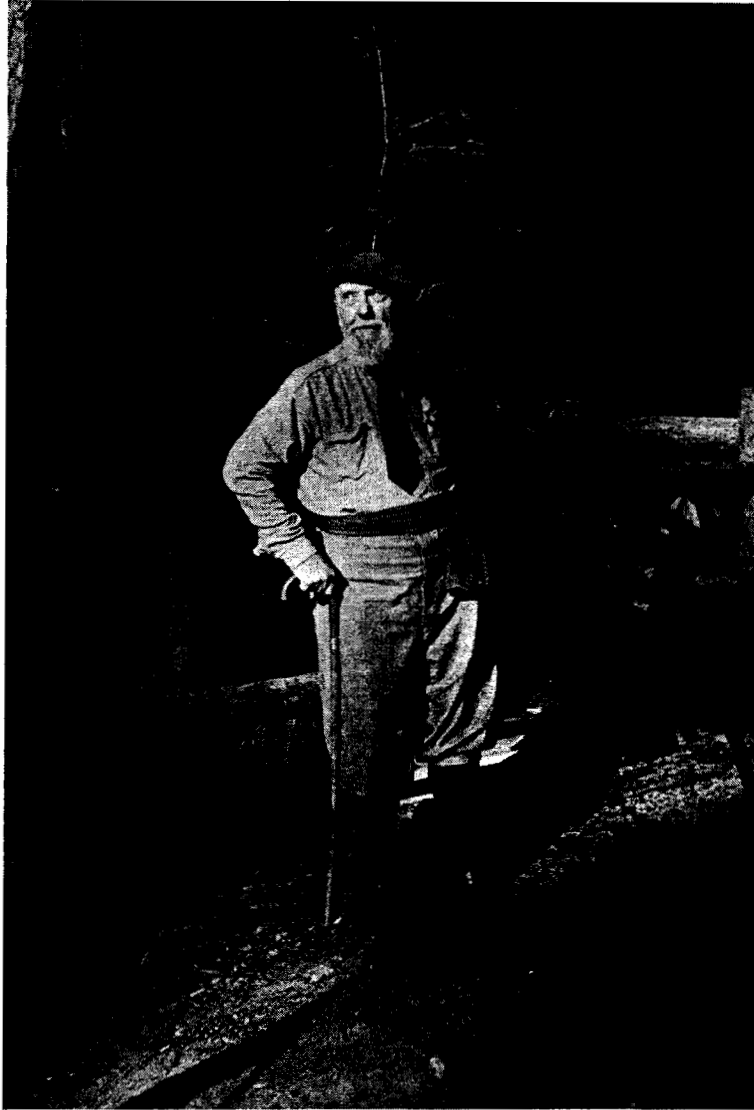


Photo Courtesy of Jacomena Maybeck

MAYBECK AT THE BOHEMIAN GROVE, 1938

inated the Grove up to 1935. The great flood of 1907 swept away the narrow-gauge railroad bridge that entered the Grove at Observation Point above the swimming hole. All these tracks in the Grove were pulled up in that year. By 1917, a standard gauge spur track had been constructed through what is now the Main Gate to terminate in a warehouse west of Camp Bromley. The last train to the Bohemian Grove operated in the summer of 1935, and by the end of 1936 all tracks had been taken up.

Many of the open spaces on the floor of the Grove are a product of this railroad era. The river road approximately follows the narrow-gauge roadbed. I'm sure both Charles Keeler and John McLaren regretted the linear nature of the road alignment through the valley floor. Both would have preferred a more curvilinear approach, with one wooded vista giving way to the next. Unfortunately, the narrow gauge was built down River Road in 1892 before the Club bought the Grove, and a number of massive trees were removed in the process. However, old landscaping plans show that a great effort was made to restore the original natural character, and today few Bohemians would realize that the railroad passed in front of the speaker's platform at Cremation Lake and hooked sharply in front of Moro Camp past Diana (designed by Haig Patigian for the Panama Pacific Exposition and installed in 1916) to end beside the Dining Circle. Much of the credit for the reestablishment of a natural character to this part of the Grove goes to John McLaren.

OWLS, MOSS, AND LIGHT

There are subtle design elements in the Grove. The moss that covers most exposed rocks and wood is on the cocked-headed owls over the entrance to the new Grill. The moss has been the salvation of Haig Patigian's Shrine of the Owl at the "Enchanting" Lake (see "Haig Patigian—A Good Man Never Dies" by John K. Hagopian in *The Annals of the Bohemian Club, Volume V*). The owl was designed and sculpted by Haig and, when it was dedicated in 1929, it looked quite raw. But the Grove moss has softened it to such an extent that many new Bohemians think it is a natural phenomenon. The moss takes on almost the aspect of feathers.

Lighting is another such important element in Grove design. The original lighting was by gas with the principal gas works located at the site occupied by Hill Billies' Camp today. The first electrical equipment came to the Grove stage in 1922. Pete Jones gave \$59,000 to electrify the rest of the Grove in 1951. See "Electrification of the

Grove" by N. Loyall McLaren in *The Annals of the Bohemian Grove, Volume V*). The selection, power and placement of the lights has more influence on the character of the Grove at night than any other factor. The Grove Committee showed great good judgment in keeping the light levels to a minimum, even though at times a late-returning reveler inadvertently contacts a tree. The retention of the carbide lights at the Dining Circle has produced a setting that can thrill the heart of even the dullest care-laden Bohemian. The evening walk down Kitchen Hill with those fiery points of light as a carpet of stars under the great trees is a sight never to be forgotten by anyone who sees it. It is an anonymous architectural effect and it is most sublime and subtle.

ABOVE ALL ELSE, THE GROVE

The Architects, designers and the members of the Grove Committee derive their basic inspiration from the nature of the Grove itself. The great trees, the lush valley floor, the steep hillsides, the bright shafts of sunlight slanting through the smoky air, the cool chill of the natural air conditioning which results from the redwoods' amazing ability to evaporate water on warm days—these and many other environmental factors have produced at the Grove a natural architecture. The conclusion of *Building with Nature* says, "Bay Region domestic architecture has continued to insist on homogeneity, calling for buildings that harmonize with the topography. The interest in nature exemplified by indigenous materials and exposed structure, as well as the desire to reveal the craftsmanship of the builder, combined to produce the special northern California aesthetic of the 1890s." The Bohemian Grove, perhaps better than anywhere else, embodies these principles. The Grove preserves the best of both California's architectural and environmental heritage. Kevin Starr says Charles Keeler's *Simple Home* "was a vital and artistic expression of the ideal California way of life." For two weeks a year, the Grove is our Simple Home. Keeler believed Bay Region Architecture must be "life-serving . . . anti-industrial . . . conserve values of intimacy, harmony, and health." These are very close to the ideals of John Muir. Keeler and Muir both believed in the curative properties of the natural environment. The Grove survives because it has fifty weeks a year to reestablish itself. In the other two weeks, we Bohemians draw on this rich forest of natural refreshment, this pool of curative design, and fortify ourselves for another bout with dull care.



COMMENTARY ON ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

A LAKESIDE TALK, JULY 29, 1982

By LYNN WHITE, JR.

TOMORROW NIGHT, whether on the log seats of the Grove Theatre, in the Orchestra pit, on stage or behind stage, all of us will be sharing what promises to be a remarkable occurrence: an excerpted revival of the 1927 Grove Play, *St. Francis of Assisi*, a revival to celebrate the 800th anniversary of St. Francis's birth in 1182. This is an act of Bohemian *pietas* in its original Latin sense of ancestral loyalty. Our Club is integral to the City of St. Francis, and it was the Friars Minor—the Little Brothers of the Franciscan Order—in their missions extending from San Diego to Sonoma, who planted the first seeds of Western civilization in California.

I hope that by this time most of you have managed at least to skim the text of Irving Pichel's play. Pichel was a great Bohemian, big of frame and with the only laugh that rivalled Bob Sproul's among these redwoods. In theatrical matters he was a master professional. At the Berkeley Greek Theatre he directed, and acted in, Greek dramas particularly. For many years he worked with Gilmore Brown at the Pasadena Playhouse when it was in its heyday. There he played the role of Lazarus in the world's first performance of Eugene O'Neill's *Lazarus Laughed*. He also played the part of Martin Luther in a successful film on Luther, and spent his last active years as head of the film division of the Theatre Arts Department at UCLA.

ENIGMA AND IMAGINATION

Pichel's *St. Francis* is the sort of play a real professional would write. It is rich, and in parts deliberately enigmatic because enigma stimulates imagination. Don't overlook Pichel's subtitle: he tells us he has written a *Pageant Ceremonial*. This is not a common form of dramatic literature in the 20th century, to our loss. Pichel knew the miracle and mystery plays of the Middle Ages, and likewise he was saturated in the masques of the 16th and 17th centuries. Like all these, Pichel's pageant is constantly mixing reality with allegory, tragedy with buffoonery, the natural with the supernatural. It is precisely this medieval freedom from constraint that lends such fascination to some of Shakespeare's best work, like *The Tempest*

or *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Pichel tried to build a bridge between the early 13th century and the early 20th century. You will find it, I think, still a sturdy structure in 1982.

Pichel also did his homework as a historian. The episodes that he included in his *Pageant Ceremonial* are presented with reasonable faithfulness to the records, allowing for necessary compression due to lack of playing time. But he must have agonized over having to omit a potentially great scene when St. Francis presented himself and his first 12 followers at the papal court in Rome. The Pope was Innocent III, generally regarded as the greatest Pope of the Middle Ages. Innocent had been trained as a lawyer, and lawyers are not generally romantics. What to do with this rag-tag, barefoot, unkempt little flock of dropouts who were asking not only the Pope's blessing but also the privilege of living in complete poverty, entirely without possessions, taking no thought for the morrow, as Christ had told his disciples to live? Innocent was constantly being asked for gifts by monastic groups, exemption from taxes, or grants of indulgences that would bring the gifts of pilgrims to shrines. But a request for the privilege of poverty! This was turning the world upside down; it was spiritual revolution! To the amazement of the papal court, Innocent gave St. Francis and his friars his blessing, and permission to live as sparse-



CHARLIE HART AND IRVING PICHEL, 1927

ly as they wished. As a wise administrator, however, he appointed one of his ablest cardinals, Hugolino, to keep an eye on the Franciscans lest in their enthusiasm they fall into heresy.

ISLAMIC CONNECTION

And what a temptation Pichel resisted to insert an act showing Francis's trip to Egypt in 1219 to try to convert the Sultan Malek el-Kamil to Christianity. (Think what our Bohemian production people could have made of that!) The chief miracle of Francis's career was that he survived the enterprise. He got to Egypt, managed to obtain an audience with the Sultan (whose uncle, Saladin, had thrown the Crusaders out of Palestine), and, presumably through some local resident Italian as interpreter, he preached to the Sultan urging conversion. Considering the detestation of Muslims toward all who abandon their Islamic faith, it is a marvel that Francis's head did not roll on the spot. But no: this little man in rags had charisma. The Sultan heard him out, despite the fact that the great Egyptian port of Damietta was being besieged at that moment by an army of Crusaders, and then had him escorted safely through the lines to the Christian camp. Francis was disappointed. But it was a nice try.

Pichel also decided not to explain to his audience why St. Francis happened just when he did in history. The decision was dramatically wise because it would distract our attention tomorrow evening from the person of St. Francis himself, who is sufficient to fill any stage. However, Francis was no historical accident. He was contemporary with, and was a crucial participant in, the greatest crisis that the Western Church had experienced since the end of the Roman persecutions when, in the early fourth century, Emperor Constantine looked at the invincible Christians and said, "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em," and absorbed the Church into the power structure.

CRISIS OF CATHARISM

What was the crisis of Francis's time? In the 11th century a remarkable religion began to make its way out of Asia into Western Europe, Catharism. This religion was not a Christian heresy, although it had taken on a considerable Christian protective coloration. Indeed, Catharism was almost a mirror image of Christianity. It believed in *two* gods of equal power: the god of the good and the god of evil (taken from Zoroastrianism). It believed that the God of the Old Testament was the Evil God who had created the visible world which itself was entirely evil. The Cathari believed in reincarnation of souls (taken from Hin-

duism) and that the purpose of religion was to escape reincarnation. In Roman times this religion had moved westward out of Iran and Iraq, had had considerable popularity, and then evaporated in the West. But it also spread to Central Asia where it took on Buddhist traits. When the Muslims, honoring Allah alone, conquered most of central Asia, they were outraged by a religion that had two gods. The dualists were completely suppressed there. Their clergy, however, were vowed to constant mobility and preaching, and in the 11th century seem to have headed west into Europe. They came through the Balkans, over the Adriatic, through all of North Italy, and on to what we today call southern France, but was then no more French than Catalonia is. They preached all the way, with vast success among all classes: the nobility, burghers and peasants. In many regions they began to win a numerical majority and tolerance where they were still a minority.

THE POPE ON THE OFFENSIVE

Picture the geographical discomfort of the Pope sitting in Rome while these sectaries, who called themselves Cathars, or the Purified, isolated him from the still Catholic population of northern Europe. He was out on a geographical limb, and so the Pope launched a three-pronged campaign against the heretics. Firstly, he sent an army under Simon de Montfort. Along with this army went the Inquisition, a theological ministry of the interior, charged with rooting out heresy. Secondly, the Pope asked the Spaniard St. Dominic to take his preaching friars, the Dominicans or Order of Preachers, into the area and wage an homeletic counteroffensive. And thirdly, he sent in the Franciscans, with their message of simplicity and joy. The Pope's anti-Cathar crusade thus proceeded along an axis of violent repression, an axis of intellectual persuasion, and, in the Franciscan effort, an axis of Christian charity.

The amazing thing is that in Francis's recorded words, and in the stories that grew about him, there is no trace of denunciation of Catharism, yet the Franciscans were a central force in its extinction. Francis grew up with Cathars all around him. When he was a young man, the city council of Assisi elected a Cathar to be mayor. Innocent III was furious—the more so because Assisi was part of the Papal States—and commanded the council to unseat the infidel. The council replied courteously that while it held His Holiness in the highest esteem, nevertheless in its internal affairs Assisi was autonomous. Therefore their new mayor would complete his two-year term. He did. All over central and northern Italy there was similar

evidence of disaffection from the Church. For example, Catholics in the almost impregnable fortress-city of Orvieto appealed to the Pope to send troops to prevent a feared Cathar coup and the expulsion of all Catholics. The Pope had no troops available at the moment and there may have been a bit of hysteria among the faithful: the Cathars did not take over the city. Francis knew all about the Cathars. But it was his style to work by gentle words and example. His words, but above all his example, preached the Good News of the Gospel so effectively that in Italy the Cathars soon lost their following and no such disaster as the Albigensian Crusade occurred.

FRANCIS AND NATURE

What does Francis of Assisi mean to us in Bohemia in 1982? The simplest answer is to point out that two years ago our very unusual Polish Pope proclaimed St. Francis to be the patron saint of ecologists. Why? Tomorrow night Irving Pichel's extraordinary wordless Interlude between the second and the last act will unfortunately be omitted, so read it before you see the play. Trees and animals join angels in the praise of God, and the angels bless the entire forest and its inhabitants for their acts of worship. Then tomorrow listen carefully to the brief third act. It opens with Francis's famous sermon to the birds urging them to the constant praise of their Creator both in their songs and in the choreography of their flight. Immediately after, both Francis and his friars discover his stigmatization, and Francis is embarrassed by these marks on his body because they set him apart from his brothers and violate his sense of humility.

To Francis, pride was the greatest sin, and humility the greatest virtue. His insistence that total poverty is the pattern of the good life was based on belief that poverty sustains humility. He was much troubled by the dominant view of Christianity that God created the world for man's use and instruction, and for no other purpose. But in the Hebrew Psalms, and in the great Canticle of the Three Israelites in the fiery furnace in the book of Daniel, Francis found a different view of the man-nature relationship. Man's chief duty and privilege is the perpetual praise of his Creator in his every action, his every breath. But the same is true of all our fellow-creatures: this is what he said to the birds in his sermon. One day a friendly fisherman was rowing Francis to the other side of a lake, but had a net in the water. When it caught a fine fish, the fisherman presented it to Francis, who received it with thanks, and then gently slipped it back into the water, urging the fish al-

ways to praise its Maker. Francis was a major revolutionary in trying to save mankind from its arrogant assumption that by God's will we rightly dominate all the rest of Creation. Francis was trying to set up a democracy of all creatures. And not simply living creatures, but also inorganic creatures like rocks and mountains. He taught that we all are brothers and sisters. Indeed, with a subtlety that went beyond that of his Hebrew sources, Francis recognized that every object is in process: He speaks of "brother wind" (*frate vento*), as well as of air; he talks of "brother body," but also of "sister death," praises God for all things and exhorts all beings and processes to join ceaselessly in that praise.

THE TAPESTRY OF CREATION

To Francis, all of visible reality is an infinite texture of inter-related parts, and mankind is one thread in this tapestry. In a curious way St. Francis's battle with anthropocentrism anticipated Copernicus's discovery that the Earth is *not* the center of the cosmos, and Darwin's that we are related by blood to every other animal. Let's recognize that we Americans still show by our actions in 1982 that we have not yet absorbed Darwin's, or Copernicus's, or Francis's messages. By our actions we proclaim the doctrine of Man's undisputed dominion over our fellow-creatures. Our slowness to catch on may be disastrous to *Homo sapiens*. Tomorrow night when, in Act III, Francis, the Patron Saint of ecologists, sings his great *Canticle of the Creatures*, let's listen, search our own minds and hearts, and look at our sisters, the great trees, that Bohemia saved from the axe.



SELF, SOCIETY, AND RENEWAL

A LAKESIDE TALK, JULY 31, 1982

By JOHN W. GARDNER

IF YOU WILL PERMIT ME, I'll begin with a backward look. When Satchell Paige gave us his famous warning, "Don't look back; something might be gaining on you," he was a mere youngster—in his forties. By the time you reach 70—my present age—you *know* something is gaining on you. Might as well look back.

Eighteen years ago when I told Herbert Hoover at dinner one night that I was going to give the Lakeside Talk, he said, "Greatest audience in the world!" And then added, "Those who are awake." I must say I never saw anyone doze off while the Chief was talking, but I lost two or three for sure. There was no mistaking it unless you can accept the possibility of simultaneous listening and snoring.

As the years pass, I find that my talks are directed more personally at the audience actually before me. My talk of eighteen years ago might have been delivered from any lecture platform in the country. This talk is for you, here, now, under the redwoods, by the lake, and I'd like to dedicate it to our recently departed, beloved fellow Bohemian, Russell Lee.

I must say I've kept on the move since the last talk. I've worked with just about every group that you can think of in this society—business, labor, government, the military, the professions—and I've not only worked with every group, I've had fights with every group. It's a great way to pick up bruises, but it's also a great way to know the country you live in.

A year after my last talk I took the HEW post, and got quite a dose of renewal by force feeding, so to speak. Congress gave me a short, rough course in survival. Lyndon Johnson taught me some interesting moves. And so it went. They say, "If you can't have all the things you want, be thankful for the things you *don't* have that you *didn't* want." I never wanted a peaceful, quiet life, and I haven't had one.

RENEWAL OF SELF AND SOCIETY

Now—about renewal. I'm not going to talk to you as an expert. Many of you know as much about renewal as I do. And anyway, I'm not young enough to know everything.

My book, *Self-Renewal*, deals with the decay and renewal of societies, organizations and individuals. I explore the question of why civilizations die and how they sometimes renew themselves, and the puzzle of why some men and women go to seed while others refresh themselves continuously.

What's at stake is not only your own personal growth but the creativity of our society. I believe our American system is the best system ever devised to ensure the fulfillment of the individual and the creativity of the society. It gives individuals a chance to be what they can be. It gives our institutions, profit and nonprofit, a chance to be dynamic.

But institutions don't make themselves dynamic. The process starts with individuals. It starts with you. I know that you as an individual are not going to seed. But the person seated on your immediate right may be in fairly serious danger.

We've all seen men and women, even ones in fortunate circumstances with responsible positions, who seem to run out of steam before they



reach life's halfway mark. Perhaps life just presented them with tougher problems than they could solve. It happens. Perhaps something inflicted a major wound on their confidence or their pride. Perhaps they were pulled down by the hidden resentments and grievances that grow in adult life, sometimes so luxuriantly that, like tangled vines, they immobilize the victim.

I'm not talking about people who fail to get to the peak of the pyramid. We can't all get to the peak, and that isn't the point of life anyway. I'm talking about people who have stopped learning or growing or trying.

We can't write off the danger of staleness, complacency, growing rigidity, imprisonment by our own comfortable habits and opinions. As the years go by most of us progressively narrow the scope and variety of our lives. To some degree that's inevitable. We become trapped in our field of spe-

cialization. To some degree *that's* inevitable.

But other things happen that aren't inevitable. Our opinions harden. Our ideals congeal. Our horizons narrow. Our sympathies dry up. We lose our sense of wonder. Nothing surprises us.

But if we are conscious of the danger of going to seed, we can resort to countervailing measures. You don't need to run down like an unwound clock. You can stay alive in every sense of the word until you fail physically.

In a piece I wrote for *Reader's Digest* not long ago I gave what seemed to me a particularly interesting true example of renewal. The man in question was 53 years old. Most of his adult life had been a losing struggle against debt and misfortune. In military service he received a battlefield injury that denied him the use of his left arm. And he was seized and held in captivity for five years. Later he held two government jobs, succeeding at neither. At 53 he was in prison—and not for the first time. There in prison, he decided to write a book driven by Heaven knows what motives—boredom, the hope of gain, emotional release, creative impulse, who can say? And the book turned out to be one of the greatest ever written, a book that has enthralled the world for over 350 years. The prisoner was Cervantes; the book, *Don Quixote*.

I pointed out in my book *Self-Renewal* that we build our own prisons and serve as our own jailkeepers. But if we build the prisons ourselves, we can tear them down ourselves. Individuals who remain vital have learned not to be imprisoned by fixed habits, attitudes and routines.

LEARNING, A CONSTANT PROCESS

There's a myth that learning is for young people. But as the proverb says "It's what you learn after you know it all that counts." As Oliver Wendell Holmes, father of Chief Justice Holmes, said, "Young folks know the rules, old folks know the exceptions."

It's true that it's not easy to teach an old dog new tricks. He's apt to be quite content with his mastery of the old tricks; and he thinks learning new tricks is strictly for puppies.

Don't accept that. Learn all your life. Learn from your failures. Learn from your successes. When you hit a spell of trouble, ask, "What is it trying to teach me?" The lessons aren't always happy ones, but they keep coming.

If we're willing to learn, the opportunities are everywhere. You remember the American mother showing her daughter the statue of the Venus de Milo in the Louvre and saying, "That'll teach you

not to bite your fingernails." Lessons everywhere!

Seriously, we learn from our jobs. We learn from our friends and families. We learn by accepting the commitments of life, by playing the roles that life hands us, by getting older, by suffering, by taking risks, by loving, and by bearing life's indignities with dignity.

The things you learn in maturity aren't simple things such as acquiring information and skills. You learn not to engage in self-destructive behavior. You learn not to burn up energy in anxiety. You learn to manage your tensions, if you have any, which you do. You learn that self-pity and resentment are among the most toxic of drugs, and if you get addicted you kick the habit at all costs.

You learn to bear with the things you can't change. You learn that most people are neither for you nor against you, they are thinking about themselves. You learn that no matter what you do, some people aren't going to love you—a lesson that is at first troubling and then quite relaxing.

Those are things that are hard to learn early in life. As a rule, you have to have picked up some mileage and some dents in your fenders before you understand.

As the years pass, you grow beyond the stage of having to win merit badges. You don't have to keep up with the Jones'. You can even be unaffected—a quality that often takes years to acquire. You can achieve the simplicity that lies beyond sophistication.

LIFELONG LEARNING

If you're going to keep on learning, your surest allies will be high motivation and enthusiasm. There is no perfection of techniques that will substitute for the lift of spirit and heightened performance that comes from strong motivation. The world is moved by highly motivated people, by enthusiasts, by men and women who want something very much or believe very much.

I'm not talking about anything as narrow as ambition. After all, ambition eventually wears out and probably should. But you can keep your zest until the day you die. If I may offer you a simple maxim, "Be interested." Everyone wants to be interesting—but the vitalizing thing is to be interested.

Keep a sense of curiosity. Discover new things. Care. Risk Failure. Reach out.

And in your various learnings don't overlook the crucial business of self-knowledge. Among your obligations, you have an appointment with yourself. You have a task of self-discovery, of un-

derstanding the breadth and depth of your own gifts and perceptions and potentialities.

It's sad but true that most men and women go through life only partially aware of the full range of their capacities. Self-knowledge, the beginning of wisdom, is ruled out for many people by the increasingly effective self-deception they practice as they grow older. By middle age many of us are accomplished fugitives from ourselves.

There's a surprising, down-to-earth usefulness in learning not to lie to yourself.

COMMITMENT AND RENEWAL

Now—I want to say a few words about commitment, because it has quite a lot to do with renewal. I once lived in a house where I could look out a window as I worked at my desk and observe a small herd of cattle browsing in a neighboring field. And I was struck with a thought that must have occurred to the earliest herdsmen tens of thousands of years ago. You never get the impression that a cow is about to have a nervous breakdown. Or puzzling about the meaning of life.

Humans have never mastered that kind of complacency. We are worriers and puzzlers. We have our carefree moments, but we want meaning in our lives. I'm not speaking idealistically; I'm stating a plainly observable fact about men and women. It's a rare person who can go through life like a homeless alley cat, living from day to day, taking its pleasures where it can and dying unnoticed.

That isn't to say that we haven't all known a few alley cats. But it isn't the norm. It just isn't the way we're built. Don't ask me why.

But the meaning in your life isn't just handed to you, as a wayward motorist might be provided with a set of directions. You give life meaning through commitments beyond the self. People can achieve meaning in their lives *only* if they have made commitments to something larger than their own little egos, whether religious commitments, commitments to loved ones, to one's life work, to one's fellow humans, to some conception of an ethical order.

It may just mean doing a better job at whatever you're doing. There are people who make the world better just by being the kind of people they are—and that too is a kind of commitment. They have the gift of kindness or courage or loyalty or integrity. It matters very little whether they're behind the wheel of a truck or running a country store or bringing up a family.

We tend to think of youth and the active middle years as the years of commitment. After 65, you're

told you've earned the right to think about yourself. But that's a deadly prescription! People of every age need commitments beyond the self, need the meaning that commitments provide. Self-preoccupation is a prison, as every self-absorbed person finally knows.

Now while we're talking about commitments, I want to say a word about the mutual dependence of the individual and the group, meaning by group the family, community and nation. It bears on the renewal of this society.

The family and community have much to give the individual: nurture in infancy, the release of potentialities through education, the protection of individual rights, a sense of identity and belonging. In return, the individual must pay tithes of allegiance—must give something back—to family, community and nation.

Obviously, that isn't the preferred formula among many political leaders today. God forbid that you should tell citizens they owe anybody anything. You tell them that society owes them just about everything and you're going to see that the debt is paid.

In Shaw's play *The Apple Cart*, the demagogue says, "I talk democracy to these men and women. I tell them that they have the vote, and that theirs is the kingdom and the power and the glory. I say to them, 'You are supreme, exercise your power.' They say, 'That's right, tell us what to do,' and I say, 'Vote for me.'"

That's not good enough. Voters are not only supreme, they are obligated. Constituents not only have needs, they have duties.

We're free within a framework of obligations to our family, to our community, to the nation—and, of course, depending upon our beliefs, obligations to our God and to our conception of an ethical order.

We must freely grant our allegiance to the society that gives us freedom. Montesquieu said a Republic can survive only as long as its citizens love it. Freedom and obligation, liberty and duty—that's the deal. May we never forget it. May we never deceive ourselves. It isn't in the grand design that we can have freedom without obligation. Not for long.

It's easy, of course, for each of us to see that all those other Americans out there ought to feel more keenly their obligation to the community. The harder question to ask is "What about me? What is my obligation to the community and am I discharging it?"

Our obligation, of course, is to accept individual responsibility, not to bow to a central authority.

We believe in the dispersing of power and initiative, which is one of the great, historically tested strategies of freedom. The Western world began to figure that one out not long after Louis XIV, who was a great centralizer. He said, "*L'état c'est moi*"—I am the state—and revolutionary leaders beheaded his descendant Louis XVI as a way of expressing their conceptual disagreement with that view.

Obviously, a society of dispersed power and initiative will be pluralistic. We like that. But pluralism is one thing and divisiveness is another. Our divisiveness in this society today approaches incoherence. Let me say a word about it because it bears on the society's capacity to renew itself.

Observers have warned us in the strongest possible terms that we are endangering our future by our self-indulgence, our cynicism and our lack of commitment. And how are those stern warnings received? In one ear and out the other.

Why? Because every one who hears them agrees, but thinks the warnings apply to some other group of Americans. Not to *me*. Not to *my* group. Not to *my* kind of American.

Unfortunately, the warnings apply to all of us. If we can't face that fact we're lost. I know it's hard. If you face it now, an hour from now you'll have forgotten it, and you'll be blaming other groups of Americans for our troubles. Every group does the same.

I'll make no bones about it, I think that attitude will destroy us unless we get hold of it.

THE ONE AND THE MANY

I am a strong defender of pluralism, meaning by pluralism a philosophy and set of social arrangements that permit the existence of many competing ideas, many belief systems, many competing economic units. I habitually defend the private sector because it is the heartland of our pluralism and provides the essential dynamism to our system.

But one worries about a society in which each constituent part blames the others, and all scramble greedily for their own advantage, without any regard for the Republic they profess to love. I am speaking of every segment of society, every level of society, every organized group, every profession and sub-profession, every commercial group, union members, farmers, teachers, civil servants, ideological groups, you name it. They have every right to be out there scrambling. But for each to ignore utterly our shared concerns as a nation—that's not smart.

A pluralism that is not undergirded by some

shared values, that reflects no commitment whatever to the commonweal, is pluralism gone berserk.

Our pluralistic philosophy invites each organization, institution or special group to develop and enhance its own potentialities. But the price of that treasured autonomy and self-preoccupation is that each institution also concern itself with the common good. The argument is not moralistic. Each institution or interest or special group is a subsystem of the larger system that is the society. If the larger system fails, the subsystems fail.

The fragmentation that afflicts our society is not a characteristic of our system that people like to think about. The myth of a coherent establishment and the hardy vigor of conspiracy theories stem from our wanting to believe that *someone* is minding the store—if only the Bohemian Grove.

But our society is not manipulated by a few powerful people behind the scenes. I've been behind the scenes and it's so crowded you can hardly move around. It's like Times Square on New Year's Eve.

This is a moment when the innumerable interests, organizations and groups that make up our national life must keep their part of the bargain with the society that gives them freedom by working toward the common good. At least for now, a little less *pluribus*, a lot more *unum*.

TOUGHMINDED OPTIMISM

I am not pessimistic and I advise you not to be. As the fellow said, "I'd be a pessimist but it would never work."

Americans used to be famous for their optimism. We thought everything was possible, that there was a solution to every problem, that nothing could ever really go wrong for America. Now a lot of Americans are afflicted with a deep pessimism, even despair.

Well, we don't have to choose between extreme optimism and extreme pessimism. But I can tell you that for renewal, a toughminded optimism is best. The future is not shaped by people who don't really believe in the future. Men and women of vitality have always been prepared to bet their futures, even their lives, on ventures of unknown outcome. If they had all looked before they leaped, we would still be crouched in caves sketching animal pictures on the wall.

But I did say *toughminded* optimism. High hopes that are dashed by the first failure are precisely what we don't need. We need to believe in ourselves but not to believe that life is easy. To sustain hope one need not blind oneself to reality.



BEST WISHES FOR NEW YEAR 1983

Surely we are sufficiently mature to admit that there isn't a solution to every problem, that we are going to fail in some of our best efforts to remedy the world's ills.

THE BEST IS YET TO BE

We cannot dream of a Utopia in which all arrangements are ideal and every one is flawless. That is a dream of death. Life is tumultuous—an endless losing and regaining of balance, a continuous struggle, never an assured victory.

Nothing is ever finally safe. Every important battle is fought and re-fought. We need to develop a new, hard-bitten morale that enables us to face those realities and still strive with every ounce of our energy to prevail.

Now—a final, very brief word about the renewal of our society. At the heart of every great civilization is a set of ideas—and when the ideas fade the civilization dies. One more society slides into history's dust bin. A light goes out.

We'd be foolish to imagine that *our* light will shine forever unless we guard the flame.

In earlier times one generation might create patterns that several following generations would live by unquestioningly. It was as though one generation built the houses and several generations lived in them, forgetting their building skills in the process.

Today we are more like people in a land of recurring earthquakes and tornadoes, where each generation must keep its building skills fresh and in fact rebuild almost continuously.

Each generation must preserve and renew the

values it will live by, faithfully searching its own past, honoring its tradition, building its future, interweaving continuity and change.

I have confidence that we can do that. We have seen periods of trouble before and have come out of them. It's true that we exhibit in full measure the untidiness associated with democracy and the self-indulgence associated with affluence. But we have also demonstrated that when it is necessary to shape up, we can do so with enormous vigor and determinism.

The strength to do the job is there. Americans have what it takes. But they had better dig down into those hidden reserves and bring the strength to the surface. Because right now our beloved country needs all that we can give.

LIBRARY NOTES, 43

EDITED BY KEVIN STARR

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MICHAEL K. DEEVER

Tom

Thanks for sending on the clipping. In fact there are some conservative Americans who are defending us. Thanks for your continuing vocal support.

Sincerely Mike

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Mr. Thomas J. Wesley, Jr.
134 Peachtree Street, N.W. Suite 1500
Atlanta, Georgia 30303

Thomas J. Wesley, Jr.
134 Peachtree St., N.W., Suite 1500
Atlanta, Georgia 30303

14 February, 1983

Mr. Michael K. Deaver
4521 Dexter Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20007

Dear Mike:

I didn't see a single column, or a single "letter to the editor" in either the Wall Street Journal, or the local press in defense of the President's remark (slip?) about corporate taxes, so I wrote one myself.

Perhaps you and/or "the Governor" will like it.

I'm glad you changed your mind and stayed on in Washington past January 1, 1983 - - for whatever reason.

Best wishes.

Sincerely,



P.S. Happy New Year to you and your family.

The consuming public pays corporate taxes

The editors of *Business Week* have just published an article in which they state that the consuming public pays corporate taxes. This is a very interesting article and one that should be read by every citizen who is interested in the economy of this country. The article is written by a group of economists who are well known in their field. They state that the consuming public pays corporate taxes because the government takes the taxes and spends them on various projects that benefit the public. This is a very logical argument and one that should be considered by every citizen.

The authors of the article state that the consuming public pays corporate taxes because the government takes the taxes and spends them on various projects that benefit the public. This is a very logical argument and one that should be considered by every citizen. The authors also state that the consuming public pays corporate taxes because the government takes the taxes and spends them on various projects that benefit the public. This is a very logical argument and one that should be considered by every citizen.

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Cancel the rumor

The rumor that the government is planning to cancel the rumor is a very interesting one. It is a rumor that has been circulating for some time and one that has caused a great deal of concern among the public. The rumor is that the government is planning to cancel the rumor and that this will have a significant impact on the economy. This is a very serious matter and one that should be considered by every citizen.

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The end of NATO

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MICHAEL K. DEEVER

Laela

Thank you for remembering
to send me a copy of your
article. I look forward to reading
it and passing it on to the
NSC.

Many thanks.
Mike

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Mrs. Elizabeth G. Weymouth
21 East 79th Street
New York, N.Y. 10021

February 16th

ELIZABETH G. WEYMOUTH
21 EAST 79th STREET
NEW YORK 10021

Dear Mike,

I thought you might be
interested in this story - a small
part of which was run in the
Washington Post.

I hope to see you soon.

best,

~~Elizabeth G. Weymouth~~



WATT MARRIN / for the Times

Top PLO Diplomat Says 'Recognize Israel Now'

By Lally Weymouth

PARIS—With the Feb. 14 meeting of the Palestine National Council a little more than a week away, the Palestine Liberation Organization finds itself divided by sharp factional disputes.

Since last August, when the Palestinians were dispersed from Beirut, tensions have grown between Yasser Arafat's Fatah and the more radical, Syrian-dominated PLO groups, and for that matter, between Arafat and the Syrians. These conflicts came into the open recently, when radical PLO groups such as George Habash's Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine met in Tripoli under the eyes of the Syrians and denounced President Reagan's Middle East peace plan, parts of which have been welcomed by Arafat.

A senior PLO official, Dr. Isam Sartawi, Arafat's envoy to Western Europe and an outspoken advocate of peaceful coexistence with Israel, has taken a dramatically different line, which he explained last week during a lengthy interview.

Sartawi not only stated his own explicit recognition of the state of Israel, but also spelled out a vision of a future with Palestinians, Israelis and Jordanians living together in peace, which is perhaps the strongest such expression ever given by a PLO leader.

Sixteen years ago Sartawi, now 48, was a Cleveland, Ohio, heart specialist who abandoned his practice to become a radical PLO fighter with his own guerrilla group. Ultimately, he says he became convinced that a two-state solution, not war, was the only way to resolve the Palestinian-Israeli conflict. Since then, he has devoted all his energies to bringing this about, establishing and maintaining a dialogue with Israeli doves, such as journalist Uri Avneri and former Gen. Mattityahu Peled.

Avneri says of Sartawi: "We knew Arafat was behind Sartawi. I got messages from Arafat. But he let Sartawi stick his neck out. He was the only one when it got really dangerous who met us. Everyone else was lying low. Four or five Palestinians (engaged in these talks) have been killed. I wonder how he kept alive. I never take leave of him without being conscious it might be the last time."

QUESTION: What do you think the strategy of the PLO ought to be today?

ANSWER: I understand the American position as saying to the PLO: Either you, PLO, recognize the right of Israel to exist and become a partner in the negotiation process on your own, or go and delegate King Hussein as your representative to negotiate on your behalf. The great mistake that the PLO is making at this moment is not sending the ball back to Reagan and saying we have recognized Israel and, therefore, we have to be represented on our own. Instead of doing that, both the PLO and Jordanian leadership are making the mistake of trying to find a compromise formula, which will violate both Palestinian and Jordanian sovereignty.

Q: Do you recognize Israel?

A: As a member of the PLO, I am bound to accept its existence. The last National Council, in April, 1981, formally endorsed [former Soviet leader] Leonid Brezhnev's initiative, which called, among other things, for a peaceful solution to the Middle East conflict based upon securing the rights and ensuring the security of all states in the area, including Israel.

Q: Yes, but when I ask Chairman Arafat, do you recognize the state of Israel, he says, why should I? So why should the United States believe some Palestinian National Council resolution or endorsement of Brezhnev's initiative?

A: Chairman Arafat is not the head, the chief of the Palestinian tribe. He is the head of a political body, which is the instrument of Palestinian nationalism. This democratic body makes its decisions through a democratic process and not through the exertion of the will of an individual. The Palestine National Council is the highest legitimate authority. When it promulgates a resolution, it's binding. It's binding to people from the chairman to the last Palestinian. This is why I state formally, officially, publicly with no reservations that Chairman Arafat is bound to recognize the state of Israel. George Habash is bound to recognize the state of Israel, so is the Saika Formation and the Jebri Group. All of these people voted this resolution and as long as it stands, they are bound to recognize Israel.

Q: Do you personally and explicitly recognize Israel?

A: I have recognized Israel within the 1967 borders.

Q: OK, with Israel back inside its pre-1967 borders, do you see a Palestinian state on the West Bank and Gaza?

A: In 1977, the Palestine National Council passed a series of important resolutions, including one calling for the establishment of a sovereign Palestinian state on any part of the Palestinian patrimony from which Israel withdraws or which is freed.

Q: But as far as I know, no Palestinian leader, particularly Arafat, has ever said that a ministate on the West Bank and Gaza is your final aim, your final goal. Are you willing to say, finally, ultimately, we would settle for a West Bank-Gaza state and we have no designs on the rest of Israel's territory?

A: I say that.

Q: Does the majority of the PLO agree with you?

A: It's enough that Chairman Arafat agrees with me.

Q: He's never said it on the record.

A: Yes, he's said it. He said it when questioned in my presence one day. It was, oh, one and a half years ago in a formal meeting. And here I am committing Chairman Arafat publicly on record. He was asked if as chairman of the PLO and as the anticipated president of the first Palestinian state, would he guarantee this West Bank-Gaza formula. He said yes, I will guarantee it for the next 20 years.

Q: Twenty years?

A: Yes. Then the interlocutor jumped on him. He said, "Ha, ha, you see, only 20 years." Arafat said, "Did you ask me why? Because my life expectancy is only 20 years."

Q: Give me your vision of the future, of Israeli, Palestinian and Jordanian states living together in peace.

A: You know, perhaps the most dramatic evolution in contemporary Palestinian thinking is that moment in time when Palestinians started looking into the question of the existence of Israel. For me, it came in 1968 after the battle at Karameh, a little village in the Jordan Valley, about 1½ kilometers from the River Jordan. Strangely enough, it was the first major Palestinian-Israeli encounter. A small Palestinian force stood up to a major Israeli formation and acquitted itself honorably with Jordanian help. And indeed, by military terms you cannot but admit that the Palestinians rightly claimed a victory. It's only out of that victory that we could

see Israel. It enabled me for the first time to see Israel. Prior to that, when I closed my eyes to escape from the misery of non-nationhood I could only escape to the Palestine of my dreams, to the Palestine of my childhood and fancy, to the open spaces, to the green meadows, to the unpopulated hills and see that Palestine.

I really truly did not see the new Palestine, the Israeli Palestine with its avalanche of immigrants, the destruction of those green, peaceful meadows, the rise of the skyscrapers, the growth of the megalopolis. Only when I achieved victory did I see Israel and start asking myself, what do I do with it? What do I do with the Israelis? And then I discovered that they are there.

And for me, at a personal level, I had problems. In the 1960s, I was radical and fought against Yasser Arafat because I figured at that time that a democratic, secular state was a capitulation. But Karameh was a subconscious turning point, enabling me and many other Palestinians to ponder: What do we do with them? It raised in my mind Article Six of our National Covenant, because Article Six said that only those Jews who came before the Zionist invasion will stay in Palestine.

I remember what went through my mind: Who do we send away? The Polish Jew who came in 1919? Regardless of what date we assign to the "Zionist invasion," should he stay or not? Now there may be some question about his staying, but what about his child? Does he stay or not? Where do I send the son of a Polish immigrant who was born in Palestine?

Slowly it dawned on me that had I been the sole authority to sit on the fate of that population, I would have to have taken into consideration—despite the gross historical injustice inflicted on me—that the child of this Polish, Jewish, Zionist immigrant is a Palestinian. There can be no moral judgement which would justify sending him away from the Palestine where he was born, but which he happens to call Israel. It was at this point that it dawned on me at the personal level that we have to seek justice for our people without inflicting any suffering on others.

In other words, the process of seeking a solution based on compromise was born, which is to say that a two-state solution must be sought. However, even that is not the ultimate answer. I personally cannot see why there should not be a formula whereby the state of Palestine, Jordan and Israel would freely join into a confederation. After all, a man like Abba Eban has

talked about a Benelux solution. Recently, Chairman Arafat spoke about it publicly.

Q: How can you possibly have that unless you abolish the covenant and recognize Israel immediately?

A: If we review the covenant against various Palestinian National Council resolutions, we discover that, for all practical purposes, it has been amended.

Q: What would you like to see the charter amended to? Simply, in straightforward words.

A: Acceptance, emphasizing a Palestinian solution based upon two states. I would amend all articles inconsistent with this. In fact, at this moment the covenant and the Palestine National Council's resolutions are mutually exclusive. We cannot have them both at the same time.

Q: What about the Reagan plan?

A: Ultimately, it is a plan for the West Bank. But what about the diaspora? I ask Reagan: What would happen to the 3½ million Palestinians in the diaspora? In other words, there are extremely important elements in the Reagan plan, but there are mistakes, especially with regard to Palestinian representation. This is where my fear of Jordanian-Palestinian negotiations arises. Falling into the trap of accepting Jordanian-Palestinian representation would endanger this principle. If it were up to me, I would have applied myself only to one issue: getting the PLO recognized.

Unless we, the PLO leadership, fulfill our full responsibility to our people, then we are going to fall, and our people are going to bypass us and find the alternative which will enable them to achieve some rights.

Time is running out on us. Judaization of the occupied territories is proceeding day and night. The Palestinian identity of the occupied territories is being challenged and changed and transformed. Time is running out on us. It also is running out on our people under occupation. They cannot take it anymore.

Part of the tragic situation in Lebanon is certainly the fault of the Israelis. Part of it is the Americans' fault. But certainly part of it was also our fault. We, the current leadership of the PLO, it was also our fault. And, as usual, leadership faults are paid for with blood. Our people paid for our faults with their blood. If we cannot show our people some tangible relief from their misery, then the question will arise: How long will our people accept us as leaders?

Lally Weymouth is a free-lance journalist.



MICHAEL K. DEEVER

Jim

Thanks for your note. I enjoyed
our brief meeting and hope
our paths cross again.

Thank you for considering
a job with the Administration
Sincerely Mike

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Mr. Timothy L. Towell
Office of Congressional Relations
Room 7251
Department of State
Washington, DC

State

TIMOTHY LATHROP TOWELL

Mr. Beaver :

I understand the
Protocol job has gone to Bill
Saddler.

I appreciate your taking
time to see me last
week and stand ready to
be of any help to you or the
Administration should the
occasion arise.

Tim

16 Feb.

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

February 22, 1983

Dear Mr. Schub:

Ever since we heard you at the White House and I was fortunate enough to have you at my dinner table, I have been a big fan of yours.

Carolyn and I had the Presidential box on Saturday night for your performance at the Kennedy Center, and we were certainly not disappointed.

I noticed from the biographical data that you are a tennis player. I would be delighted to have you at the White House tennis court the next time you are in town. Let me know.

With best wishes.

Sincerely,

MICHAEL K. DEEVER
Assistant to the President
Deputy Chief of Staff

Mr. Andre-Michel Schub
344 W. 72nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10023



MICHAEL K. DEEVER

Tex

Thank you for remembering
me with Merle's new record. I
can hardly wait to play it.

Again thanks for your thoughtfulness
— Mike

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Mr. Tex Whitson
Merle Haggard/Shade Tree Music
P.O. Box 500
Bella Vista, CA 96008