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PROFILES

# This Man Says He's the Divine Sweetheart of the Universe

And as far as anybody can figure, he's right

JUNE 1 1974 WILLIAM C. MARTIN NEIL SELKIRK

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This Man Says He's the Divine Sweetheart of the Universe William C. Martin  
June 1 1974

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PROFILES

# This Man Says He's the Divine Sweetheart of the Universe

And as far as anybody can figure, he's right

JUNE 1 1974 WILLIAM C. MARTIN NEIL SELKIRK

*I AM UN-REAL. I AM incredible.*

*I AM unbelievable to those who think only on the limited conscious level of mind.*

*I AM incredible because I am making the impossible possible. I am teaching people how to make the impossible possible by using their own indwelling God-given Mind Power.*

*I AM God appearing as ME.*

*I AM the Master Mind thinking as Me.*

*I AM the Almighty acting as Me. This is the truth even of you, and of every man.*

*I AM the Divine Sweetheart of the Universe, loving and being loved forever.*

—Dr. Frederick J. Eikerenkoetter II, better known as “Reverend Ike”

“It is very important to note,” cautions Reverend Ike, “that when I speak in this way, I am referring to the Divine Presence and not to the human personality at all. Otherwise, it makes me sound like an egomaniac.” Well, yes, one could get that impression. And the gold-plated church and the Rolls-Royces and the Mercedes limousines and the clothes that would make a pimp blush do little to counteract such an impression. But it might, it just might be wrong. The evidence is mounting that Dr. Eikerenkoetter is concerned not only with bettering his own lot—an aim he freely admits—but also with assisting his million-plus, mostly black followers to better theirs and to gain a positive and healthy self-image in the bargain. Not only is he rapidly rising into the ranks of the half dozen or so most successful American evangelists of this century, he is also gaining sufficient recognition as an important practitioner of “self-image psychology” to merit a recent invitation to share his thoughts with the Department of Psychiatry at the Harvard Medical School.

Reverend Ike has come a long way, Honey. I started following his career in the mid-Sixties, when he ran the Miracle Temple in Boston’s South End. At the time, I regarded him as little more than a stylish storefront rip-off artist. An aide concedes this might have been true about the Reverend in 1965, but that Ike has changed. Whatever his motives then or now, it is unquestionably true that the gospel Reverend Ike preaches today is a long way from what he was preaching in 1965, and that whether or not he is still ripping off black folk, he is doing a great deal more.

Since Jonathan Edwards and George Whitefield stoked the Great Awakening in New England, popular evangelists in America have utilized a limited range of techniques: dark warnings of approaching doom and calls to repentance (Billy Graham), sometimes mixed with detailed interpretation of Biblical prophecy (the Armstrongs of Ambassador College); hypernationalism (Carl McIntire and Billy James Hargis); faith healing (the early Oral Roberts, the late A. A. Allen, and the current Kathryn Kuhlman); and charismatic enthusiasm (several exponents of the Jesus Movement). In rather sharp contrast, Reverend Ike has no use for doom-saying, is essentially apolitical, directs his aides to remove those members of the audience overcome with glossolalia or the holy barks, and has even dropped faith healing from his repertoire. “I was good at it, too,” he recalls with amusement. “I’d

knock people down and pray over them and grease them with oil and give them prayer cloths. I used to break up canes and yank people out of wheelchairs. I'd either heal them or kill them."

In place of these time-tested techniques, Reverend Ike has substituted a blatantly this-worldly blend of ideas that have appeared earlier under the banners of New Thought, Christian Science, Positive Thinking, and home psychotherapy, all served up with liberal helpings of street slogans ("Stick around. Don't be a clown. Pick up on what I'm putting down"), ingeniously applied scripture, and extravagant testimonials from satisfied users. The end product, which Dr. Eikerenkoetter calls the Science of Living, makes Thomas Harris and Norman Vincent Peale sound like depressive paranoids with a bad case of the poor mouth. It also constitutes, like the Black Muslim teachings of Elijah Muhammad, a major religious alternative to the fundamental Christianity traditionally associated with American blacks.

Little in Frederick Eikerenkoetter's background foreshadowed his present role as philosopher, psychologist, and pastor to the masses. At age fourteen, he followed his father into the ministry when he became Assistant Pastor of the Bible Way Church in Ridgeland, South Carolina. After graduating from high school in 1952, he attended several fundamentalist Bible colleges, spent two years in the Air Force chaplain service, then returned to South Carolina to found the United Church of Jesus Christ for All People Inc. In 1964 he moved his ministry north and established the Miracle Temple in Boston. In 1966, he transferred his operation to New York City. During these years, Reverend Ike's nickel bag of theology contained essentially the same opiates as those of other storefront street-dealers: temporary pain-killers and the promise of the Ultimate High. After a year or two in the ghetto, however, Ike decided his parishioners were suffering from an overdose. The White Horse of Hope had gone lame. "I looked around and discovered people were already in hell. They no longer needed to be told they were going to hell. They needed a way out. At that point I began to develop answers to the present issues of life. I am no longer interested in what is to come later. I am interested in *now*. That's all there is."

Perhaps because he realized his growing band of followers was not equipped to kick fundamentalism cold turkey or perhaps for the more selfish reason that a nationwide evangelistic campaign and a flourishing radio ministry were bringing cascades of money from fundamentalist disciples, Reverend Ike continued to sound like a typical "healer and blesser," lacing his broadcasts and publications with stories of marvelous cures and instant riches wrought by his prayers and the little prayer cloths he sent to those who worked the Blessing Plan, the central mechanism of which was and still is a regular donation to Reverend Ike. Despite the obvious risk in quitting a winner, however, Ike was beginning to chafe. In a 1969 interview between services during a Houston appearance, he confided he was about ready to make his break with fundamentalism. "I am fed up with it. I've had it with all these ideas and this tradition and I can't preach it anymore. I have been culling out these negative ideas one

by one, and when I get a few more things clear in my mind, I am going to begin to unteach some of those who have been mistaught. My presentation is going to change. Right now I sound just like another Holy Roller, but when I get my philosophy together, I will change my method of presentation.”

By 1972, Reverend Ike not only had his philosophy together, but he had abandoned all pretense of being a fundamentalist. In fact, although the umbrella organization for his activities is called the United Christian Evangelistic Association, Ike acknowledges that his message can be called “Christian” or even “religious” only by stretching the terms beyond their conventional meanings. Now, on the road or at home in New York, Reverend Ike explicitly proclaims that:

“The Science of Living is not church doctrine, religious dogma, or theology. It is the teaching of how a person may live a positive, dynamic, healthy, happy, successful, prosperous life through the consciousness of the Presence of God—Infinite Good—already within everyone. . . .

“The Science of Living teaches you how to become a dynamic person. You UNLEARN sickness and know health. You UNLEARN poverty and know prosperity. You learn how to break every limitation and solve every problem YOURSELF. Sickness, age, fear, worry, tension, every human torment drops away, and a NEW YOU begins to live more abundantly.”

The basic philosophical tenet of the Science of Living is that Mind is the only effective causative agent. Because this is the case, the whole duty of man is to comprehend the workings of his own mind, to apprehend its relation to other minds and to the Divine Mind present in every man, and to apply Mind Power to the affairs of everyday life.

From this starting point, Reverend Ike moves quickly to demythologize the pillars of orthodox Christian faith. God is not “someone else, somewhere else, sometime else,” but the Divine Mind “within you HERE and NOW.” Jesus is “the Master Mind working in you” and Christ and Lord are but synonyms for the Cosmic Law of Mind, a law that operates with the immutability of the law of gravity. “The Cosmic Law of Mind,” Reverend Ike explains, “is the universal principle which inevitably brings to pass the materialization of every subjective realization. Just like the law of gravity, it is in action everywhere. If you throw a heavy object into the air, you know it is coming down and you get out of the way. In the Science of Living, we learn to think only those thoughts that we want to see and hear in our lives, because those thoughts are going to come to pass, whether we are conscious of them or not. The scripture puts it beautifully in *Proverbs 23:7* (‘As a man thinketh, so is he’) and in *Galatians 6:7* (‘Whatsoever a man soweth [in his subconscious mind] that shall he also reap’). When you work consciously, confidently, and correctly with the Lord—the Cosmic Law of Mind—He will give you the desires of your heart. That is why the scripture says, ‘Keep your heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.’”

In similar fashion, the devil is dismissed as nothing more than ignorance, being “born again” gives way to being “magnetized into the universal subconscious,” and salvation is conceived as victory over the only sin worth talking about, negative thinking. Reverend Ike also tosses Heaven onto the heap of discarded theological baggage.

“We are not interested in Pie in the Sky bye and bye. We want our pie now, with ice cream on it, and a cherry on top.”

The pie of which Reverend Ike speaks is a money pie. Nothing about his ministry stands out more boldly than his unabashed love of money. Undoubtedly, it is also a major factor in his popularity. According to Ike, it is not the *love*, but the *lack* of money that is the root of all evil. A special “Green Power” edition of his *Action!* magazine pictures two fist-sized rolls of twenty-dollar bills and asks, “What’s wrong with money, success, and prosperity?” Inside this and other publications, one finds more rolls and stacks of bills and even a vase filled with flowers made of folded money. Several 1972 issues featured a piece called *The Money Rake!* and offered tips on how to rake money in with the right attitude:

DON’T BE A HYPOCRITE ABOUT MONEY Admit openly and inwardly that you like money. Say “I like money. I need money. I want money. I love money in its RIGHT PLACE. Money is not sinful. Money is GOOD. . . .”

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU THINK OR SAY ABOUT MONEY

As long as you think and say things such as “Money is hard to get” and “I can’t get hold of any money,” that is just the way it will be.

STOP COMPLAINING ABOUT HIGH PRICES

Say, instead, “I give thanks for money to pay whatever price for whatever I need.”

STOP LOOKING FOR “SOMETHING FOR NOTHING”

A person with a hope to get something for nothing is open to be cheated and swindled by others who have the same thing in mind but are “slicker” than he is.

Reverend Ike readily acknowledges that the basic principles of Mind Science are not unique to him, although he claims to have arrived at them independently before discovering similar notions in the writings of professional optimists from Mary Baker Eddy’s mentor, Phineas Quimby, to Dr. Peale and Maxwell Maltz. In any case, it is relatively unusual fare to be dishing out to folk reared on fundamentalism, as most of his followers have been. How does he accomplish the task of

communicating what must be regarded as heresy to his rapidly expanding flock? Impressively, that's how.

"You will note"—he smiles—"that I quote the Bible a great deal. As you know, fundamentalist people accept the authority of the scriptures. They are programmed to believe anything a scripture is quoted in front of. So I take the scriptures and I reinterpret them in the light of the Science of Living, and that helps a lot of them make the transition more easily." In addition to scripture, Reverend Ike also draws on other images from the familiar tradition, as when a lesson from a Science of Living study guide asserts that the words of the spiritual, "Deep River, my home is over Jordan," express "a deep-seated realization on the part of man as to his proper place in Divine Mind. . . . Once this is established in our thought pattern, through our crossing over Jordan in consciousness to its positive side, we shall find that we have reached the Promised Land [Divine Consciousness]."

But Ike is not simply trying to see how far the old wineskins will stretch. With the same caution—admirable or otherwise—that led him to hold back from declaring his true convictions until several years after he had formed them, he has limited the amount of pure, uncut Mind Science dispensed to his mass audience until first testing the tolerance level of the folks in the home church in New York. He tells them, "You understand, of course, that when I am speaking to the Babylonians, I have to communicate in a language they understand, but when I talk to you, I can speak in another tongue." In the last two years, the message at home and abroad has become progressively uniform, to the point that anyone who believes Reverend Ike is just another pulpit-pounding soul saver simply hasn't been paying attention. Today, using calculated profanity, sharp perception of soft spots in what he repeatedly calls "the old religion," and a heavy dose of what Phineas Quimby used to call Animal Magnetism, Ike often launches into what amounts to a frontal assault on beliefs his hearers have held since childhood: "Coming up in Sunday School and in organized Protestant religion, we always thought of the Lord as some old grey-haired man sitting up in the sky in a great big chair. And with one hand he was writing all the bad deeds that were being done and in the other hand he had a great big stick with which he was going to beat the hell out of the bad people. And we used to pray to this Lord and say, 'Please, Lord, do this and do that.' I'm sorry to have to tell you this, Saints, but that is a false idea. There is nobody up in the sky who is going to do a damn thing for you. And yet religious people pray and fast and punish themselves, trying to impress some God-in-the-sky, and the preachers take the Bible and beat them down with it, and you will go back to this kind of preaching, like a damn fool, week after week, trying to get some man-in-the-sky to run your life for you. It breaks my heart to tell you good religious people this, but the only one who runs your life is you. And if you don't take conscious control of your life and operate your own mind, your life will just be a total mess! The Lord is not going to do a damn thing. You are the only one who can tell you what you can or can't have. When you pray, you are talking to yourself. So stop this kneeling down for your prayers, or somebody will catch you humped over and you'll get kicked in the behind. If you are going

to pray, just stand right up, put your hand on your hip, let your backbone slip, and say, real sassy-like, 'Can't nooooooobody tell me what I can't have.'"

Excursions such as this move Reverend Ike's audiences to titter with scandalized laughter and to look around nervously as if half expecting a bolt of lightning to come crashing through the roof, but there is clearly an exhilaration present as they shake their hips not only in obedience to Ike's direction but also in bold defiance of their religious past. He is onto something, and he knows it. "Frankly, I've been rather surprised," he admits, "at how fundamentalists and even semiliterate people from the backwoods have come to this and have accepted it. So many have said to me, 'You know, Reverend Ike, I have felt this for a long time, but I never had the occasion to hear anybody say it. When you told me God is in Me, this sort of confirmed what I have been feeling.'"

Along with scripture, familiar symbols, and out-front Positive Thinking, Reverend Ike also gets his points across by means of a technique long favored by mass evangelists—unremitting bombardment. Listeners to his daily broadcasts hear of case after case of those who have profited from Reverend Ike's teaching and receive constant encouragement to "get out of the ghetto and into the get-mo'." The bimonthly *Action!* magazine, sent free to anyone who requests it, is also jammed with testimonials, sermons, expositions on Mind Science, and instructions on how to hear and see even more. A letter a month, preferably with a contribution, brings a special Success Idea, which is yet another formulation of the basic theme: "How to use Mind Power to get more Green Power." If requested, each Success Idea comes with a prayer cloth, a tiny scarlet remnant of Reverend Ike's days as a healer and blessing.

In each publication and broadcast, Reverend Ike urges his followers to write him regularly. Undoubtedly, he hopes and expects most will enclose money, but he makes a great deal of the letter-writing process itself, claiming that even though he does not read every letter personally, he knows what they say by means of "subconscious correlation" and "vibratory affinity" and that the very process of writing to him will start things happening. In support of this, he produces letter after letter from correspondents who tell of the good fortune that befell them within minutes after they dropped their letters into the mailbox. When I asked him how he accounted for these occurrences, he pondered the question a moment, then allowed it was a demonstration of something called *graphotherapeutics*. "To write," he explained, "you must focus your attention rather definitely and positively. Once the mind is directed in a certain way and certain ideas are clarified in the mind, other ideas which help to bring about the realization of the first idea begin to happen." Is it possible that people might confuse graphotherapeutics with magic? "Yes, there is that possibility. I have found that belief works, whether a person understands the mental mechanics of it or not." But, to be fair, Reverend Ike is not really trying to have it both ways. A subsequent edition of *Action!* addressed this

issue squarely: "Some call it A MIRACLE! Others call it MAGIC! But I have stripped away all of the religious and superstitious NON-SENSE, and I have revealed *IT* to be MIND POWER!"

Reverend Ike's approach has firmly established him as the poor man's Peale and he has, as they say, done well by doing good. His daily radio program is heard on approximately 270 stations and he confidently predicts that the weekly *Joy of Living* telecast will be seen nationwide within a few months. His personal appearances regularly draw crowds of five to ten thousand, and a memorable service at Madison Square Garden in 1972 drew over twenty thousand. A mailing list generated primarily by letters containing contributions is rapidly climbing toward two million and raising huge sums of money in the process. Figures on the total income from the Blessing Plan and other revenue-gathering activities are unavailable, but Reverend Ike concedes that "the church is very rich." Much of the money, of course, goes to pay for broadcasts, printing, postage, professional staff, and the standard operational expenses for such an organization. But Reverend Ike comes in for his share. His personal salary is said to be a relatively modest \$40,000, but this is augmented by an almost unlimited expense account that enables him to purchase jewelry and clothes that, by his own reckoning, cost \$1,000 a week, and to enjoy the use of Association-owned homes and luxurious automobiles.

The crown jewel of Reverend Ike's organization is the United Palace and Science of Living Institute, a former Loew's theatre that occupies a city block on Broadway and One Hundred Seventy-fifth and serves as a mother of a church. Besides providing formal instruction in the Science of Living and granting honorary doctorates to its President and Founder (Ike holds the D.Sc.L. and Ph.D. ScL. degrees), the Institute offers courses in secretarial training, money management, yoga, speech, drama, and fine arts. A bookstall in the space where the candy counter used to be displays *I'm OK, You're OK*, *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, *Working With the Law*, *Open Your Mind to Prosperity*, *Try Giving Yourself Away*, and *Move Ahead With Positive Thinking*. The church also provides academic and family counseling, college scholarships, drug-abuse and prison programs, and sponsors free plays and concerts.

A staff of associates operates the church in Reverend Ike's absence, but he conducts classes and services on an average of two weekends a month. Sunday meetings are scheduled in the afternoon, to avoid conflicts with churches of the old religion. The official starting time is usually three o'clock, but the action begins at least an hour earlier, as scattered clumps of ten or fifteen people gather to hear church leaders discuss the Science of Living. About two-thirty, Reverend Ike appears onstage without fanfare, and announces that he wants to exchange smiles and hugs with the assembly. "You know, you are not blessed unless you put on a smile, even if your wig cost a hundred dollars." As a spotlight follows him up and down the aisles, he pauses every few rows, flashes his teeth, and wraps

his arms around himself in an enormous autoerotic bear hug. The folks in each section mirror the gesture and say with him, “MMMMMMMMMMMM, there is healing and blessing even in a smile.”

As soon as Reverend Ike has made the circuit, a mammoth stage bearing a fifty-voice chorus rises into view. The chorus is good, but Ike notes he would like to see some improvement before an upcoming telecast. “We have some good singers who haven’t joined the choir yet, and some of you who have joined it need to volunteer for the usher board. I’m going to be damn blunt with you. Television is expensive. If you have a voice like a sour lemon, get the hell out of my choir.

Anything that doesn’t look, act, sound, and smell like the Christ, the Son of the Living God, won’t go on my TV show, because I’m mean and clean and everybody on the screen is going to have to look like they are kin to me.”

When the chorus has finished, it drops out of sight and the gold curtain opens to reveal an opulent set curtained and carpeted in deep red and featuring a Louis XV desk flanked by two throne-like wing chairs covered in red velvet, each sporting an embossed golden crown that lies just above Reverend Ike’s head when he sits down. The chairs strike an outsider as a bit immoderate until the Reverend explains the symbolism: “The crowns represent the Divine Royalty of the individual. I put two out there for a purpose—so that people will not get the idea that this is a chair where only Reverend Ike sits. We do not believe in the exclusive divinity of any man. Anybody can sit in those chairs. When I call people to testify, regardless of who they are, they sit in those chairs.”

The testimony of Edward Milton Jr. is typical of those who sit on the Throne of Man: “Reverend Ike, I was working on two or three jobs making money but I couldn’t seem to see where it was going. I was shacking up with a woman and was all hung up. So, after I heard you on the radio, I decided to write you. That was in July. I started working with the Blessing Plan and using your Success Ideas. By November I was blessed with a brand-new Buick Electra 225! And January twenty-first I married a nice young lady. And by August, 1972, I was blessed with an eighteen-thousand-dollar home. We have it furnished beautifully.” Reverend Ike is delighted: “You couldn’t keep any money. You couldn’t accumulate anything. Doing nothing but shacking and backtracking, huh? You women had better say ‘Amen.’ I tell all the ladies in my congregation, ‘Don’t fool around with those men who don’t have anything, never did have anything, and don’t look like they’re going to get anything.’ These little girls come up to me and say, ‘Reverend Ike, I want to get married!’ I say, ‘Your boyfriend have any money?’ They say, ‘No, but we have love.’ I say, ‘You try paying the rent with that! See how many groceries that will buy.’”

The sermon for the day is typical: “Are You on Your Side?” Under each of the main headings—(1) “Be Your Own Cheerleader and Others Will Join in the Cheering,” (2) “Be the President of Your Own Fan Club,” and (3) “Play the Game of Life in Your Favor”—Reverend Ike tells stories of the Wright

brothers, whose daddy was a bishop and told them it was blasphemy to think that man could fly, but who looked up in the sky and saw birds fly and said in their hearts, "If birds fly over the rainbow, why then O why can't I?" and of Thomas Edison whose schoolmaster said he could not learn but who had a light in his heart and lit up the world.

To punctuate the proclamation, Reverend Ike pauses every three or four minutes to ask the congregation to shake at least three hands and say, "Come on. You can make it. I see you making it big," or to repeat an affirmation such as, "I'm a FUN person . . . God in me is full of fun . . . The blues do not interest me . . . I light up the atmosphere with my happiness . . . I fizz like a bottle of French champagne . . . I move from glory to glory. . . . So it is. It cannot be otherwise. . . . Thank you God-in-Me, Thank you Lord, Thank you Cosmic Law of Mind."

To close the service Reverend Ike leads his parishioners in a Visualization Prayer Treatment. The mental mechanics of the V.P.T. are evidently similar to those of graphotherapy. By concentrating on the good they desire, those undergoing the Treatment automatically set up subconscious vibrations that will "enable their imaginations to build a bridge of incident over which they can pass to the condition they have consistently imagined." Like a magnificent tawny lion, Reverend Ike lounges in one of the crown chairs and directs his flock to "lean back, stretch your legs, close your two outer eyes, open the inner eye of faith, and follow me into the Theatre of the Mind." Then, at his direction, they repeat his every phrase, giving each the same sensual caress he does: "As I look on the stage of my imagination, I see who I am in God and who God is in me. My divine self is healthy, strong, and bubbling over with the joy of the Lord. Prosperous ideas constantly unfold in my mind, leading and guiding me into ways of success. It feels so good to have money. I am going to pick out a car. MMMMMMMMMMM, doesn't this leather smell wonderful! Now I am going to rub my hand around the steering wheel and feel the notches on the underside of the wheel. Oh, this is wonderful. Now I see myself on a Caribbean cruise. I can smell the flowers around me, I can taste the tangy tropical drinks. I can hear my friends telling me how good I look when I come back from my vacation. And all that I see, I can have because the Lord, the Law of Mind gives it to me. Thank you Father."

Back from St. Thomas-in-the-Mind, Reverend Ike brings the service to a close with a matter-of-fact announcement: "Now, I want you to give me some money. Give whatever you want to, but remember one thing. If there is a sin in this church, it is making noise during the offering. Please do not give change. Change makes me nervous in the service." The crowd laughs at the line they have heard before and Reverend Ike says, "Bless your hearts. I'm just teasing you because I love you. And you know that." As uniformed and white-gloved sisters collect the offering in plastic buckets—"The Scripture says, 'My cup runneth over,' so we use buckets"—Reverend Ike commends them for their generosity. "We have never had a financial problem in this church and we never shall. I am not personally a millionaire, but I have made this church a multimillionaire. Besides being a minister, I am a

pretty sharp businessman. You have to admit, a fool couldn't do all this. Look around you and see how I am spending your money. That is liquid gold we are putting on the walls and the ceiling, and if you look carefully you will find a few drops of it on the rug. The complete renovation will take another year and about another one and a half million. But it's worth it. Anything I am connected with, I glorify."

When the service ended a few minutes later, Reverend Ike repaired to a private suite in the Palace to shower and change clothes. As he sipped a thick revivifying blend of milk, raw egg, and banana, I asked him to respond to the criticism of black militants who claim he is draining the ghetto of money that should go for shoes, milk, and rent, and spending it instead on cars, clothes, and gold-leaf paint. One senses he has answered the question before. "If I could say that tomorrow morning I am going to lead five thousand people up to city hall to demand more welfare, they would say, 'Oh, gee, Reverend Ike is great.' But the black ministers and the black militants and the white liberals who teach people to demand handouts are doing minorities a disfavor, by breaking down their sense of self-sufficiency. We say to the poor, 'Look, the white people are not responsible to deliver you. As long as you have to depend on the President, or the Governor, or the Mayor, you're not free. You're a slave. You can't eat until they feed you. You can't eat until you line up and get those damn stamps. Don't look for handouts. Welfare has its place, but don't make it a resting place.'"

Reverend Ike does not shrink from the anti-sociological implications of his brand of classic individualism—"You could take all the people from the ghetto and move them downtown into Fifth Avenue mansions and ten minutes later they will have brought the ghetto with them. That's because the environment you live in is the environment that lives in you." But on other occasions, his pronouncements sound like moderately respectable social psychology: "I take issue with the do-gooders in the federal government and some of the so-called liberals who are good at giving people negative labels for themselves. In Washington, D.C., they have certain rubber stamps. One says, 'Poor People,' and they select a group of people and categorize them as Poor People. If people don't fit in that category they have another stamp that says, 'Culturally Deprived,' and another that says, 'Underprivileged.' This is negative self-image psychology. That is just another psych job. Don't you let this world put any labels on you. This is what the Bible means when it says, 'Be not conformed to this world.' Don't you take anything from this world. Any kind of sob story you've got, I can match it. Don't tell me, 'Reverend Ike, I'm black. Nobody likes me.' I'm medium black myself!!! I came from a broken home. I walked four miles to school every day and four miles back. You don't need any more sympathy and welfare; you need a kick where your brains are. I could still be down in South Carolina sitting on a log in the woods talking about 'poor black me.' Instead, when I was a little barefoot boy working in an auto mechanic shop, the head mechanic would look at me and say, 'Boy, do you think you will ever amount to anything?' I would straighten up, hold my shoulders back, tilt my chin and answer, 'Yes, Sir!'"

Like most super-individualists, Reverend Ike fails to recognize that others may not be quite so well equipped for the Game of Life as he, and that social, political, and economic structures do, in fact, make a difference. Still, it is no doubt true that a positive self-image gives a person a leg up on the ladder of success, whatever the odds. And Reverend Ike's people are nothing if not positive. I talked to as many as I could before and after services and found them unequivocally excited about possession of a new sense of self-confidence and reporting improvement in all areas of their lives—school, jobs, marriages, and bank accounts. They understand what Reverend Ike is saying, recognize it is a radical departure from “the old church down South,” and are pleased with the difference. Clearly, they agree with the Reverend's motto: “You can't lose with the stuff I use.”

### *An Epilogical Testimony*

After my last visit with Reverend Ike, I spent the night on Long Island with old friends who assured me we would have no difficulty making an eight-twenty flight from La Guardia the next morning. The time they allowed for the trip would have been comfortable in the middle of the night, but at seven-fifteen a.m. we discovered that others had also made plans to drive into the city via the Long Island Expressway. After forty minutes and four accident bottlenecks, the map showed we had averaged an inch every ten minutes and still had six inches to go. Obviously, it was time for a Visualization Prayer Treatment. I heard myself telling the stewardess that no, I did not want a cocktail at eight-thirty in the morning. I struggled vainly with the button that was supposed to make my seat recline. I put on the stereo earphones and discovered the right channel was dead and all I could get was a left ear full of percussion. I tried to breathe through the cigar smoke exhaled by a seatmate who insisted no one was going to tell him he had to sit in the back of the plane to smoke. I heard the captain say we were experiencing a loss of cabin pressure and realized it had been so long since I had paid attention to the stewardesses' instructions about the oxygen equipment that I had forgotten what to do and would undoubtedly explode or implode momentarily. But, in the Theatre of my Mind, I was on that plane!

Wonderfully, the traffic began to move more swiftly. Then, in cruel rebuke to the Scientific Life, the car threw a fan belt and we pulled into a service station. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, I dashed into the street. Two blocks away, a yellow cab was stopped in front of a school. I flagged him to my position and asked if he could make it to La Guardia in ten minutes. “No. Get in.” Inside, he told me, “Mister, you don't know how lucky you are to find a cab out here. I just happened to be bringing my daughter to school.” He knew a shortcut, but cautioned against optimism. “When we get back on the freeway, we'll really hit the heavy traffic. I don't think we can make it.” Moments later, we pulled onto a virtually empty freeway. “Mister, I can't explain it. I come by here at this time every morning, and this is the first time I have seen the traffic this light in ten years. It's a miracle.” At eight-seventeen we stopped at the Eastern terminal. A porter asked, “Where you going?” I told him Houston, and he said “Gate thirty-five. Run!”

A few minutes later, as we taxied down the runway, I pondered the events of the morning. Most of my skepticism returned when I noted that the seat reclined properly and no one was blowing smoke in my face. Still, just to be safe, I paid careful attention to the oxygen routine. And I thought, "I AM incredible, because I have made the impossible possible. I AM on this plane. So it is. It cannot be otherwise. Thank you Cosmic Law of Mind."

## WILLIAM C. MARTIN

### Welcome to the Lee Harvey Oswald Memorial Library and Research Institute, Marguerite C. Oswald, Director

by William C. Martin

*Quiet, please*



President Kennedy and Lee Harvey Oswald were murdered. There are facts. Nothing she has been proven. They have never proved by me was the assassin. He protested his innocence and he did not have a trial. He was accused and murdered, with no opportunity to defend himself. He died legally innocent. Until they prove to me that he killed President Kennedy, this is my position. I work to find the truth, whatever it may be."

Marguerite Charlotte Oswald is

still on the case. For nine years, since she returned to her Port Worth home after Lee's funeral, she has worked with tireless and dogged persistence to determine what role, if any, her youngest son played in the assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, thirty-fifth President of the United States of America. Though she believes Lee Harvey Oswald to have been innocent of the President's murder, Mrs. Oswald insists she is more concerned to find the truth than to

establish his innocence. "I would have a much easier life," she says, "if I knew Lee killed the President. Then I could accept it and the abuse I have received. But I don't know that, so I continue my work. Whenever a newspaper or magazine or radio or television calls my son the assassin, I call or write or telegraph to correct them. I have fought that from the moment it happened. I will not permit that. I insist they call him the 'alleged assassin.' If you will notice the A.P. always refers to Lee as 'the man the Warren Commission claimed was the assassin.' That is the result of my work."

"My work" is a phrase Mrs. Oswald uses often. It is drastic shorthand for a round of activities in which she fills the roles of detective, attorney, research scholar, author, curator, and librarian. Much of her work has been investigative. She has read and made notes on The Warren Commission Report, the twenty-six volumes of The President's Commission on the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy, and a wide and sometimes leisurely array of books and articles by "the critics," the name she gives to all who are interested in the case, but especially to those who are skeptical of the Warren Commission findings. "Even after I am dead," she says, "my work will continue through those people and their children. We know the true story has not been told."

To establish the true story, she has identified and checked into the background of dozens, perhaps hundreds (she recalls few details of her investigative work) of people who appear in photographs of the assassination, the arrest and later the murder of her son, or whom she feels may be important to the case in some other way. She has examined photographs for evidence of deception, and claims that some key pictures used to implicate Oswald are outright fakes or have been altered to protect other persons.

She has retraced routes various principals are said to have followed on November 22, 1963, and has taken photographs she feels provide evidence her son was not the assassin. "In the early days, I made as many as three trips a day to Dallas to check on something or to take a quick photograph. Sometimes I wore a wig and a pair of slacks so no one would recognize me."

Today, the bulk of her investigative work is done, and Mrs. Oswald is anxious to share her findings and reflections in a major book. "My book—actually, I could write several thick books—will be about Marguerite Oswald and Lee Harvey Oswald and the results of my investigative work. Everybody in the world has written a book on this case except Marguerite Oswald. I am just about ready. I already have several hundred pages written. I just need someone to help me put it into a polished form. I have a lot of photographs. My book will be different from all the others that have been written. Mine will be all new. It will be an important book. I can't say anything else about it."

Tired of talking to newsmen, writers, and inquirers of other stripes have taught Marguerite Oswald that she does not have to answer any questions she does not wish to, and most efforts to discover what new light she could shed on the much-examined case are cut off with "That is for my book." One quickly learns, however, that much of her effort will be aimed at refuting and correcting the Warren Report, the "Twenty-six Volumes," and other writings on the case.

"There have made so many mistakes, and I have the documents in my possession to prove it. For instance, they have said that Lee was a Marxist. Lee never said that. He said, 'I have studied Marxism, along with other philosophies.' I have that on record. They have said he renounced his American citizenship. I have a document from the State Department proving he did not. The Twenty-six Volumes repeated one of Lee's letters from Russia and omitted two lines. I have a copy of that letter in my possession. They said he refused to have his baby christened. I have a slip of paper on which he wrote Martin's name as the minister could read it at the christening. They have written that Lee had a dog named Sunshine. That is not true. The family had a dog named Sunshine. Lee's dog was named Blackie."

"I am changing many things like that. The Warren Commission members were not in a position to recognize an error if they heard it. How can they or anybody know the truth if they did not come to check it with me? The Twenty-six Volumes are my story. They have everything about my life except for the times I went to the bathroom. The major documents they repeated belong to me. Nobody has what I have. It is a shame the government will sell the Twenty-six Volumes when they contain distorted information for students and future generations. It is a shame, since I am available to correct some of these things. I don't understand it. I am the lady that holds the cards. My knowledge is vast and I never say anything that is not true. There is not a word I say that I cannot back up. I have the documents in black and white. But they do not come to me to check them."

In the early years, Mrs. Oswald spent almost full time at her work. Things have slackened off considerably from that pace, but she stays busy. "I get up early and take care of my housework. As you can see, I am a good housekeeper. I get pleasure out of doing things well, whether it is my work, or taking care of my plants, or just simple things like cooking and making beds. I can't afford to have anyone

to help me, so I do all my own work. One day I do the back and the next day I do the front. But I spend at least two hours every day at my work. Sometimes, of course, I spend a lot more than that. This is my work and my life, and I do it. But I don't hurt myself. I am moderately about everything. I am in good health now, but I may not be in two years, so I take care of myself."

Despite her profusion of evidence, Mrs. Oswald admits the case is never out of her mind, a piece of intelligence that would surprise no visitor to her home. The dim green living room, blinds pulled to keep the heat out and the utility bills down, is brightened by a large oil portrait of Lee as a sixteen-year-old Civil Air Patrol cadet and a photograph of him as a smiling sixteen-year-old Marine who appears delighted to be serving his country. "Lee Harvey Oswald was as American as apple pie. He had his finger in it!" Planked by these and other pictures, including Whittaker's Mother, Mrs. Oswald often sits in her easy chair and browses through the Twenty-six Volumes—"I just pick one out and start reading at random, much as people do who read the Bible." The volumes give abundant evidence of her having been there, as she has filed the margins of pages after page with such comments as, "She is lying," and "This has been proven wrong."

In the sparsely, early-American-type kitchen, a small chalkboard graced by stars and an eagle bears the cryptic message: "They are all making the same mistake . . . M.C.O." The note has been there five years, but M.C.O. will not specify precisely what the mistake is. ("That will be in my book.")

Just off the kitchen, in a small study den, one finds the nerve center of the Lee Harvey Oswald Memorial Museum-Library-Research Institute. (Continued on page 166)

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Photographed by Scott Williamson

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## ARTICLES

### WELCOME TO THE LEE HARVEY OSWALD MEMORIAL LIBRARY

JANUARY 1973 By William C. Martin

# ADVICE FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST EXPERTS

June 1974 By Peter Passell, Leonard Ross

## FEATURES

and friend who was a teacher and whose gaze had only one eye?"  
"What's the matter with you anyway?"  
The tall man showed Murty gently but insistently.  
The lights went out abruptly and there was only a faint light  
around them.  
The doorman came and started to lock the doors.  
"Furtive no," Murty said politely to the doorman. "Is every-  
body gone?"  
"Everybody's gone long ago. Run, long ago."  
Murty stepped back to the tall man to the time moment and  
said: "Let's go. He's gone home. He missed him. How about a  
drink. You got into bed, pal?"  
"What do you mean, pal?"  
"What's wrong with you?" Murty looked at Mr. Flint in a  
peevish way.  
Mr. Flint whacked Murty around by grabbing him by the  
shoulder.  
"I don't like people who go around pushing people for nothing."

It was a domestic scene. Mr. Flint added in a intelligent manner.  
Murty tried to smile. "I didn't push anyone. Gosh, wait. I  
didn't even see him."  
"I don't like the idea, that's all."  
"Well, hang in," Murty said to be sure he separated his shoulders and  
started to walk away.  
The tall man grabbed Murty's coat lapels in one hand and said:  
"Somebody ought to teach a fellow how to go around pushing  
people for nothing. It may work in the streets if this  
circumstance applies."  
"You're drunk," Murty said, trying to pull away his coat from  
the tall man's clutched fingers.  
Mr. Flint's arm came up and he hit Murty very hard on the jaw  
and Murty went sprawling into the street. When he opened his  
eyes Mr. Flint was gone and the doorman was standing over Murty.  
"What'd he do that for, then?" the doorman asked when Murty  
opened his eyes.  
"For nothing," Murty said.

Our readers with a minimalist heritage  
invent their own routines, saving the  
classics and routine ballet with tap

### Dancing American

by CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

"Don't stop just when the quadrille are over, for you are going to have a beautiful  
time to end up with."  
You might have thought that came from the mouth of some  
downy-tongued old woman with the most dignified gestures, but it's  
actually a quotation from an old volume called New England Fairs.  
America's popular dance parties, like the country's music, have  
been and remain fluid, colorful and alive. It is a country in which  
old and new organized to over-all excitement rather than its opposite.  
And if one starts out with the notion, a party would one, that taps  
are typically American, he must admit that taps, in fact, have been  
connected to other influences in the history of some of our tap-dancing  
dancers.

The year 1943 found sixty-disciplined Pat Humphrey again on  
Broadway, doing his famous Bull step. Tim Paterson appeared in  
the Broadway show, Broadway in Film, to do the tap routine he had

learned for George White's Scandals back in the 1930's. Bill Bolles  
was on a twenty-week tour, reminding only early years of dancing  
Americans. In Rome Fred Astaire continued to invent original  
and exciting routines and Gene Kelly, the dancer who stepped the  
show in *Brubaker's* dance, brought to movie audiences new and fresh  
developments in style and choreography. And Paul Draper, using  
ballet as well as taps, proved that a Tap Pat alley time could take  
on dignity, a beautiful theme, in fact, for entertainment.  
Probably nowhere in the world has popular dancing shown such  
vitality and flexibility as in the United States. One reason for this  
has been the naturalism with which Americans assimilate influences.  
The hard and fast traditions about the way of thinking when he  
brought into contact with the folk-music melodies and rhythms  
of jazz, not was there anything surprising about Paul Draper  
when he combined eleven-to-four taps with movements learned  
at the school of American Ballet. "I am certainly  
not a ballet dancer," he admits. "But I often use  
ballet and it's helped me in planning my routines."

This kind of style is nothing new to  
American dancing. Edward G. Roy Roy in *Movie  
of the Month* tells how Tim Wain, watching  
a Negro stage dancer take down home in a Lenox-  
ville studio in 1915, learned the routine, *Barker de  
Bard*, to a showman's song:

"If you can't see to see, go on all night long.  
Go to sleep about to have about, let it go on  
to stay one to what he says you can't."

By the early 1910s many of the kinds of individuality  
were already placed in the afternoon—"made in  
one"—of dancing shows. Plentiful with were already  
common. With the curtain ring down for a  
new change, the "end of one" was often a dance  
imitating Negro imitations or dancing steps and  
jigs. These steps, to dance in style, were to be  
some part of American taps while especially in  
early twenties and twenties shows—imitating  
exotic styles. A Negro, sometimes, with the  
shuffle steps and syncopation, however, might even  
then show fragments of English folk dances. And  
in the colorful overboard shows there were Irish  
rings, jigs and lirs. The overboard of style was  
rapid and inevitable. A showman dancer, Ralph  
Keele, got points on the basis of his show and  
danced the *Supercalifragilistic*. Later, when  
seeing Paul Draper, he (continued on page 127)



"I'll have your check in a moment, sir"



"Probably had to have her riding habit in like the horse"

END OF ARTICLE

## ARTICLE

### DANCING AMERICAN



This ends our little manual. Next month, we'll see how to go about taking over Portuguese ocean liners.

# THE NEW LOST GENERATION

IN 1941, WHAT EUROPE STILL GIVES THE AMERICAN EXPATRIATE IS THE SANCTION, IF ONE CAN ACCEPT IT, TO BECOME ONESELF

by JAMES BALDWIN

THIS is an extremely difficult word to mean. Perhaps it begins for me in 1944, when my last friend took his life. He was an itinerant Negro boy of twenty-two, whose future, it had seemed to all of us, would unfailingly be glorious. He and I were Socialists, as were most of our friends, and we discussed this step, and watched toward it. We were these crisscrossed men, these men of the world, or still, and more youthful arrogant than either, but we, nevertheless, had earned positions, about together, fought lamely together, worked as laborers together, been kind together, and shared together.

But for some time before his death, something greater than these had held of my friend. Not only did the world suddenly refuse his vision, it dropped him for his vision, and scorned him for his color. Of course, it dropped and scorned me, too, but I was different from my friend in that it took me nearly no time to despise the world right back and decide that I would accept it, in time, with patience and cunning and for becoming indomitable, when I might not, in the moment, achieve by force or persuasion. My friend did not despise anyone. He really thought that people were good, and that one had only to point out to them the right path in order to have them, at once, come flocking to it in brotherly joining drives.

Before his death, we had quarreled very lately over this. I had had no faith in politics, in right politics, if there were a right path, one might be sure I followed him with great vision; that whatever was in it was simply asking to be moved to death—by all the world's good people. I didn't give a damn, besides, what happened to the miserable, the incomprehensible poor world. There was probably not a handful of decent people in it. My friend looked very saddened by these original reflections. He said that it seemed to him that I had taken the road which ended in fascism, treason, and blood.

So, I told him, have you. One day dies, you'll realize that people don't want to be better. So you'll have to make them better. And how do you think you'll go about it?

He said nothing to this. He was sitting opposite me, in a booth, in a Greenwich Village diner.

What about love? he asked me.

The question there is off guard, and frightened me. With the indestructible authority of memory, I said: Love? You'd better forget about that, my friend. That trait has gone.

The moment I said this, I regretted it, for I remembered that he was in love with a young, white girl, also a Socialist, whose family was threatening to have him put in prison. And the week before, a handful of soldiers had come across there in the saloon and beaten him very badly.

He looked at me and I wanted to smother what I had said, to say something else. But I could not think of anything which would not sound, simply, like a snide consideration, which would not sound as though I were laughing him.

You're a poet, he said, and you don't believe in love.

And he put his head down on the table and began to cry. We had some things some grating things together, and I had some more than cry. In fact, he was more and more out of control. He was in a hotel, public place. New York was brutally brutal in those days, as it still is. He was my best friend, and for the first time in my life I could do nothing for him, and I had been my disinterested rage which had been him. I wanted to take it back, but I did not know how. I would have known how if I had been being sincere. But, though I know now that I was wrong, I did not know it then. I had meant what I had said, and my uncertain life would not allow me to speak otherwise. I would not, then, as far as I knew, believe that love existed, except as a work of art, and the time was far from me when I would begin to see the contradictions implicit in the fact that I was bending all my forces, or imagined I was, to protect myself against it.

He wept, I sat there, no one, for a week, bothered me. He and he was paid, and walked out into the streets. This was the last time, but one, that I ever saw him, it was the very last time that he really spoke. A very short time after this, his body was found in the Hudson River. He had jumped from the George Washington Bridge.

Why do I begin my sketch of Americans about with this memory? I suppose that there must be many reasons. I certainly cannot hope to tell it, but that matter, to face them all. One reason, of course, is that I thought for a very long time that I had learned him in his death. You're a poet, and you don't believe in love. But, leaving such more this behind and without speculation, it is from the time of my friend's death that I learned to love America. There were two reasons for this. One was that I was absolutely certain, from the moment I learned of his death, that I, too, if I lived here, would come to a similar end. I told them, and, to tell the truth, I told them, that he would not have died in such a way and certainly not so soon, if he had not been black. (I might speak. Physically, he was almost, but not quite, light enough to pass.) And this meant that he was the greatest, until then, of a series of losses for which I must bitterly blame the American republic. From the time of this death, I began to be afraid of enduring any more. I was afraid that hatred, and the desire for revenge, would reach unmanageable proportions in me, and that my end, even if I should not physically die, would be infinitely more horrible than my friend's death.

He was not the only casualty of those days. There were others, white, friends of mine, who, at just about the time his individually colored body was recovered from the river, was recovering from the world's most hideous war. Some were born with whom I had been in high school. One boy, Jewish, at with me all one night in my apartment on Orchard Street, telling me about the camps he had seen in Germany and the German he had hated off the face of the earth. I will never forget his face. I had never known it very well—only before, when we had been children. It was not a child's face now. He had seen what people would do to him—because he was a Jew.

## FEATURES

### THE NEW LOST GENERATION

JULY, 1961 By JAMES BALDWIN

## PROFILES

# The Doctrine of Multinational Sell

by Robert Scheer

*An essential lesson in the new free enterprise from Don Kendall and Pepsi-Cola*

Once upon a time at the Ritz Club, Joan Crawford stood Ernest Hemingway across the room, interested in meeting him, she dispatched her escort, a young Pepsi-Cola executive, to inform the writer that he ought to join her table. Don Kendall, playing the super protégé (Miss Crawford was then married to the Pepsi-Cola chairman of the board), dutifully went over and said, "Mr. Hemingway, Miss Crawford would like to talk to you." To which Hemingway reacted out for the benefit of the attendant and gossipy patrons, "Tell her to bring her ass over here if she wants to meet me."

Being schooled in the ways of New York society, there wasn't much that Kendall could do but assume the object role of the typical male in a Crawford role and retreat humbly to his lover's wife. Nowadays if anyone tries to tell him that PepsiCo (of which he is chief executive officer and chairman of the board) is Joan Crawford's company, this studious and normally cheerful ex-athlete gets a little testy. Joan Crawford falls into a category, along with Richard Nixon (who played the piano at Kendall's second wedding), his first wife, and Coca-Cola sales, that Don Kendall does not want to talk about. What he does love to talk about are PepsiCo's conglomerate acquisitions, ranging from Wilson Sporting Goods to Frisbee-Lay snack foods, with North American Van Lines and Moninger House Wine ("Vape East/Vine") thrown in for good measure. Beyond that, the current favorites include "free trade" (particularly with the Soviet Union), moving ahead with Jerry Ford, corporate responsibility ("What they floating means to the corporations of America"), and the general virtues of multinational corporations.

Kendall has emerged as one of the more visible and articulate corporate spokesmen, is a friend of Presidents and even knows David Rockefeller, who picked him to be chairman of the Emergency Committee for American Trade, E.C.A.T., lists the heads of the top sixty-two corporations as members, and is the chief lobbyist for multinational companies. Kendall also serves as U.S. chairman of the U.S.-U.S.S.R. Trade and Economic Council. He is a man to be reckoned with, and the days when he was Joan Crawford's schlepger must seem very far behind. (Crawford is still a board member of Pepsi-Cola, but that once great company has been reduced to a mere division of PepsiCo, the big multinational conglomerate that Kendall built.)

It is with an uncharacteristic meanness that Kendall now has Miss Crawford playing bit parts for Pepsi-Cola. (She is still on retainer but her appear-

ances are rare.) His is an expansive, almost jolly spirit that leads more to the bear hug or at least the bone-crushing handshake than toward a prissy smile. But as one close associate told me, "He made the jump from being a flunky around the place. He took an awful lot of crap from Joan Crawford."

It tells him that most people still think of it as her company—the expected result of massive p.r. campaigns back in the Fifties when the Pepsi-Cola Company was being run by her husband, Alfred Steele.

Steele's what they used to call whirlwind courtship of the famed movie star and many others had established his reputation as a tough, fleshy guy who got what he wanted; a syrup salesman's salesman. He thought he detected similar qualities in his Don Kendall, a young college football player turned naval hero, and Steele guided Kendall's rise in the company from route salesman to V.P.

Steele's management, personnel philosophy was summarized for me as I was having my back rubbed at company headquarters by Gunnar Olsson, the reflective and friendly Swede who has been director of PepsiCo's physical health services for twenty-four years. "Al Steele once told me that the whole trick in hiring executives is to find a good man and turn him into a jerk. He said that a good man would be able to stand the course, but if the guy was a jerk he began with he'd crumble along the way."

Gunnar said this in a spirit of admiration for both Steele and Kendall, whom he seems almost to worship. "Kendall is an earthy, regular kind of guy who just doesn't realize that a lot of the time he scares people—but he's a good guy under it all." Gunnar, who has a master's in physics, ed., was led by Kendall to the Nixon regime on various occasions, and when he praises Kendall, one must not forget that he has had to work on the likes of Halliwell, Kissinger, Ehrlichman, and the ex-great man himself. He says that while Kissinger is not in as bad a shape as he looks, he's not in the same league with bulls like Steele and Kendall. He predicts that Kendall, who jogs three miles every morning and gets in some tennis every weekend, will live to be a hundred—a great test case for the expanded cardiovascular-system cult, in which Gunnar is a true believer.

Any one who wants to get anywhere in PepsiCo works out in Gunnar's gym and jogs for hours—there's a widespread sense that Kendall is watching from his office window to see who just rounded the Gianetti. The landscape of the one-hundred-forty-



one-acre PepsiCo site in Purchase, New York, is dotted with the objects of famous sculptures and it is estimated that the distance from the Henry Moores to the Lipchitz (the beginner's track) is a good three-quarter-mile run. Before I could interview Kendall I was given whites and told to jog a mile, but I think that was for my own good.

I took it easy, though, because I'd just been reading the official company biography where I learned that Alfred Steele died of a "wholly unexpected and instantly fatal heart attack" at the age of fifty-eight.

After that, the widow Steele went lavishly (and for substantial remuneration) up and down and across this and other free-world lands tirelessly rolling ribbons, opening new bottling plants, saying a few words to the boys at the regional sales conventions and doing

the hundreds of other things necessary to maintaining the memory and good works of her late husband, and, of course, the price of his company's stock. But waiting in the wings, like a Cash McCall ready to conglomerate on the faithful widow's family syrup firm, was Don Kendall, who already had secret ambitions to mix Pepsi with rent-a-tracks, tennis rackets and polo-chips.

He was not without sentiment for the old Pepsi-Cola, but the company just wasn't working . . . in fact it never had worked. Pepsi was always falling behind the divided Coca-Cola, which, to this day, is rarely referred to by name but only as "the competition."

Robert J. Abernethy, vice-president for manufacturing, spoke the same to me once when he told me that "Pepsi is more to the spine and Coke more to the

## ARTICLES

### THE DOCTRINE OF MULTINATIONAL SELL

April 1975 By Robert Scheer

# Welcome to the Lee Harvey Oswald Memorial Library and Research Institute, Marguerite C. Oswald, Director

by William C. Martin

*Quiet, please*



President Kennedy and Lee Harvey Oswald were murdered. These are facts. Nothing else has been proven. They have never proved my son was the assassin. He protested his innocence and he did not have a trial. He was accused and murdered, with an opportunity to defend himself. He died legally innocent. Until they prove to me that he killed President Kennedy, this is my position. I work to find the truth, whatever it may be."

Marguerite Claverie Oswald is

still on the case. For nine years, since she returned to her Fort Worth home after Lee's funeral, she has worked with tireless and dogged persistence to determine what role, if any, her youngest son played in the assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Thirty-fifth President of the United States of America. Though she believes Lee Harvey Oswald to have been innocent of the President's murder, Mrs. Oswald insists she is more concerned to find the truth than to

establish his innocence. "I would have a much sadder life," she says, "if I knew Lee killed the President. Then I could accept it and the abuse I have received. But I don't know that, so I continue my work. Whenever a newspaper or magazine or radio or television calls my son the assassin, I call or write or telegraph to correct them. I have fought that from the moment it happened. I will not permit that. I insist they call him the 'alleged assassin.' If you will notice the A.P. always refers to Lee as 'the man the Warren Commission claimed was the assassin.' That is the result of my work."

"My work" is a phrase Mrs. Oswald uses often. It is deceptively short, hand for a record of activities in which she fills the roles of detective, attorney, research scholar, author, curator, and librarian. Much of her work has been investigative. She has read and made notes on The Warren Commission Report, the twenty-six volumes of The President's Commission on the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy, and a wide and sometimes hazy array of books and articles by "the critics," the name she gives to all who are interpreted in the case, but especially to those who are skeptical of the Warren Commission findings. "Even after I am dead," she says, "my work will continue through these people and their children. We know the true story has not been told."

To establish the true story, she has identified and checked into the background of dozens, perhaps hundreds (she recalls few details of her investigative work) of people who appear in photographs of the assassination, the arrest and later the murder of her son, or whom she feels may be important to the case in some other way. She has examined photographs for evidence of doctored, and claims that some key pictures used to implicate Oswald are outright fakes or have been altered to protect other parties.

She has retraced routes various principals are said to have followed on November 22, 1963, and has taken photographs she feels provide evidence her son was not the assassin. "In the early days, I made as many as three trips a day to Dallas to check on something or to take a quick photograph. Sometimes I wore a wig and a pair of slacks so no one would recognize me."

Today, the bulk of her investigative work is done, and Mrs. Oswald is anxious to share her findings and reflections in a major book. "My book—actually, I could write several thick books—will be about Marguerite Oswald and Lee Harvey Oswald and the results of my investigative work. Everybody in the world has written a book on this case except Marguerite Oswald. I am just about ready. I already have several hundred pages written. I just need someone to help me put it into a polished form. I have a lot to contribute. My book will be different from all the others that have been written. Mine will be all new. It will be an important book. I can't say anything else about it."

Years of looking to newsmen, writers, and insurers of other stories have taught Marguerite Oswald that she does not have to answer any questions she does not wish to, and most efforts to discover what new light she could shed on the much-examined case are cut off with "That is for my book." One quickly learns, however, that much of her effort will be aimed at refuting and correcting the Warren Report, the "Twenty-Six Volumes," and other writings on the case. "They have made so many mistakes, and I have the documents in my possession to prove it. For instance, they have said that Lee was a Marxist. Lee never said that. He said, 'I have studied Marxism, along with other philosophies.' I have that on record. They have said he renounced his American citizen-

ship. I have a document from the State Department proving he did not. The Twenty-Six Volumes reprinted one of Lee's letters from Russia and omitted two lines. I have a copy of that letter in my possession. They said he refused to have his baby christened. I have a slip of paper on which he would have signed. The minister could read it at the christening. They have written that Lee had a dog named Rosaline. That is not true. The family had a dog named Sunshine. Lee's dog was named Blackie."

"I am changing many things like that. The Warren Commission members were not in a position to recognize an error if they heard it. How can they or anybody know the truth if they did not come to check it with me? The Twenty-Six Volumes are my story. They have everything about my life except for the times I went to the bathroom. The major documents they reprinted belong to me. Nobody has what I have. It is a shame the government when they contain distorted information for students and future generations. It is a shame, since I am available to correct some of these things. I don't understand it. I am the lady that holds the cards. My knowledge is vast and I never say anything that is not true. There is not a word I say that I cannot back up. I have the documents in black and white. But they do not come to me to check them."

In the early years, Mrs. Oswald spent almost full time at her work. Things have slackened off considerably from that time, but she stays busy. "I get up early and take care of my housework. As you can see, I am a good housekeeper. I get pleasure out of doing things well, whether it is my work, or taking care of my plants, or just simple things like cooking and making beds. I can't afford to hire anyone

to help me, so I do all my own work. One day I do the back and the next day I do the front. But I spend at least two hours every day at my work. Sometimes, of course, I spend a lot more than that. This is my work and my life, and I do it. But I don't hurt myself. I am moderate about everything. I am in good health now, but I may not be in two years, so I take care of myself."

Despite her profession of moderation, Mrs. Oswald admits the case is never out of her mind, a piece of intelligence that would surprise no visitor to her home. The dim green living room, blinds pulled to keep the heat out and the utility bills down, is brightened by a large oil portrait of Lee as a fifteen-year-old Civil Air Patrol cadet and a photograph of him as a smiling sixteen-year-old Marine who appears delighted to be saving his country. "Lee Harvey Oswald was an American so apple pie. He had his finger in it," flanked by these and other pictures, including Whittaker's Mother. Mrs. Oswald often sits in her easy chair and listens through the Twenty-Six Volumes—"I just pick one out and start reading at random, much as people do who read the Bible." The volumes give abundant evidence of her having been there, as she has filed the margins of pages after pages with such comments as "She is lying," and "This has been proven wrong."

In the sparsely, early-American-type kitchen, a small chalkboard graced by stars and an apple bears the cryptic message: "They are all making the same mistake . . . M.C.O." The note has been there five years, but M.C.O. will not specify precisely what the mistake is. "That will be in my book."

Just off the kitchen, in a small study den, one finds the nerve center of the Lee Harvey Oswald Memorial Museum-Library-Research Institute. (Continued on page 148)

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## WILLIAM C. MARTIN

### ARTICLES

## WELCOME TO THE LEE HARVEY OSWALD MEMORIAL LIBRARY

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