

for Counterattack

to be that day by  
As Der Tag drew neigh, the day selected ~~was~~ the self-beseeching master of Chotiner's Law, ~~was~~ a day on which there would be no answering voice in Washington, the day for which he had hyped himself up for so long in silence, the day he could select once his surrogates had made it possible for him to attempt to close the floodgates, Nixon knew he could make his stand on his own ground, under his own terms, in that isolation that to him is spendid.

The closer it got the less he was seen, little as he was ever seen, he then became invisible. When he had traded on the prestige of the prime ministers of Australia and Japan whose state visits he had stage-managed to be emotional props for what could be the grand appearance, he withdrew to his own Berchtesgaden in ~~Maxxi~~ Catoctins under the last of a series of disguises. Last, at least, for the moment. That cover<sup>ing</sup> is that until then he had not paid the slightest attention to The Watergate, that mean concern of small mind, no more to him than the summer<sup>time</sup> ~~is~~ buzzing of a small fly, deeply immersed as he was in building his pwn special <sup>H</sup>rave New World.

As he paced the paths of the almost primeval pristine woods above Thürmont, those beautiful woods, whose flora and fauna he had usurped from the people to whom they belong, around which, with unintended appropriateness he had erected his ~~own~~ own Siegfried ~~line~~ line not for defense but for attack, he was secure in the certainty that those who had always seen the ugly/emperor fully and resplendently clothed would marvel at his new <sup>when naked</sup> raiment when he again displayed himself. The worst he would expect is that some repugnant long-hair might dare suggest the clothes "aintt that pretty."

The master of Checkers, the man who ~~had~~ <sup>felt</sup> no shame in exploiting a non-existing poverty, his wife and her wardrobe, his children and their pet, might well have been euphoric the week before Der Tag~~s~~, high as he was above the pollution at the alarm level that smothered and end<sup>n</sup>angered mere mortals so much below his Alpine eminence.

Never before had the air along that part of the east coast been so dangerously contaminated with the by-products of affluence and the disinterest in public affairs it betokened. A <sup>3</sup> Bermuda high - how appropriate<sup>ly</sup> the meteorological designation recalled

<sup>H</sup>ughes and Abplanalp -

locked it, immobile upon his enemies, those he would smother as it did not for all its 125 reading, past the danger point.

He thrives on danger-points, riding them with the roar of Thor to his own Valhalla in his own mind, his own twisted self-concept.

Sadism did not hold him in thrall; Chotiner did. This was that first, or the first of a series of Chotnerian moments of truth, the point from which there would be no return if he missed or misplayed that moment so exquisite to the paranoid mind.

What a flagellation! Nothing like it in the two decades since Checkers had the country weeping and him with it when Ike/<sup>exclaimed</sup> "My Boy!" ~~him~~ at Wheeling, West Virginia (not distant from this special Berchtesgaden im Catoctins, from which a stalwart man could walk to West Virginia).

Euphoria or no euphoria in the head, the feet of this man who had grown secretly rich in such deals as buying Beverly Hills building lots for thousands less than the mortgages on them were firmly on the earth he had taken as his unquestioned own. No illusions when there was survival the coming week.

If his stomach was strong the Saturday of the last weekend before the crisis for which he and he alone had picked the very minute and he had read the "liberal" Washington Post of that Saturday, he read that the "enemy" that "liberal" Marquis Childs, had conceded the future to him ("likely to remain for three more years").

This strange man so untouched by what would have had others bleeding and battered, was far, far ahead of the leaderless "Enemy", especially the vacationing solons. He ate ambrosia, washed it down with ambrosia, and looked ahead.

After a brief absence in that symbol of iniquity, Washington, he had left on Wednesday with his chief speech writer, Raymond E. Price, after a cruise down the Potomac (also polluted) with Price on his yacht the Sequoia the night before. The next day they were joined by the last remnant of Madison Avenue West, the newly-elevated inventor of "inoperative" as a substitute for "I lied", Ronald L. Zielger, one-time Disneyland barker. With Zielger was the only four-star general who had never held regimental command, rushed to general from Colonel by Nixon, to whom he was also the

embodiment of those in the military who could see this Brave New World he would build, those who held the power he might yet need, Alexander Haig.

And the day after that, J. Fred Buzhardt, racist Strom Thurmond's gift to ~~public~~ ~~service~~ high public position, then his counsel vice that traitor Dean, and Patrick J. Buchanan, his secret wordsmith of Agnew's immobilizing of the press so early in his drive, joined them.

Now was the time for honing, ~~and~~ These those he ~~would~~ <sup>were</sup> <sup>chose to</sup> trust with ~~the money~~ his strop.

Meanwhile, back in that symbol of evil, that citadel of to him bin in which ordinary humans, mostly black, worked or ~~wished~~ <sup>wished</sup> they could, sweated, loved and ~~suffered~~ the realities of hard life and the indignities of the superman insults of the exalted Ehrlichmaenner to whom reality and its ~~suffering~~ <sup>anguish</sup> and what they had reduced to the futility of coping with the pain and then castigated as a foreign culture, carried on, relieved of the hard necessity of Nixonian pretense.

Press spokesman Gerald Warren, asked why it was taking so long for Nixon to respond to all those exposed Watergate transgressions, dropped they hokum about how busy Nixon was running the country and building the peace.

It wasn't taking so long a time, quoth the Evermore, considering the length of the Senate's hearings.

Moreover, without the need to ~~run~~ the country, which wasn't being run but was careening toward disaster on its own, the Glorious Leader had planned ahead.

This speech, his own White Paper, would be delivered ex parte and now with less apprehension over the dread "instant analysis." From that erstwhile Olympus of the politically-ambitious, the hated White House. As soon thereafter as the remnant of decency permitted he would flee to that bewalled sanctuary as far away as he could get and still be on the mainland, that isolation on the bluff at San ~~Clemente~~ <sup>Clemente</sup> at the ~~base~~ <sup>foot</sup> of which the Pacific lapped in soft reminder of the taxpayers millions that had rebuilt its decay into a lavish fortress, where even the desk luxuriated in leather anointed to the ~~bas~~ <sup>bas</sup> wood by the unconsulted of that foreign culture, where the all-providing cut

his weeds for him and then hid him from themselves with mature trees they planet, in perpetuity, for him and his assigns alone.

Not in unseemly haste would he flee. He'd grit his teeth and hack it out in that awful White House for a few days and then circle his way through New Orleans, bastion of ~~whatsoever~~ of the southern right, to again address another captive audience, the friendlies of the Veterans of Foreign Wars who had provided him with marshalls for that Charlotte homage to the good Lord's face on earth, Billy Graham, those brave men who had kept the ilk of college professors and Quaker-school subteens from subverting the given word a nff in so doing had brought down the wrath of the court and enticed a suit for violation of guaranteed rights on which a price of almost a million dollars had been placed.

Even in New Orleans would he not dare linger. Dallying there was for Agnew, for whom it had been almost a second home his visits to which were explained by the frequent presence of a Greek compatriot in that Latin city.

Warren "hinted strongly" that the long-expected and long-delayed press conference then would be staged, with as few of those Washington reportorial enemies as distance could assure, sometime after retreat to San Clemente.

The President, Warren said, would be "answering questions in other forums", not in Washington or that ghost-stalked White House.

If the meat thatbby then this Caesar had eaten warmed his blood as he like, then, in the Post paraphrase, he "would accept a number of invitations to speak in ~~various~~ various parts of the country in an effort to restore public confidence in his administration."

That self-running administration from which he had so often absented himself for so long and would then do again, the administration that had ~~made~~ blasted the urgencies of existence into the stratosphere as though they were but another moon-ship.

This way he could not lose.

Chotiner's boy - and Ike's - didn't expect to, either.

8/11/73