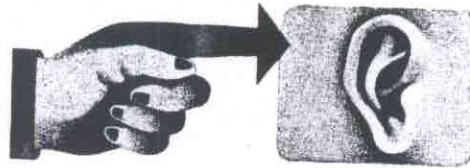


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Kudos for Leonard Feather

Leonard Feather's "Newport: Twenty Years of Jazz" is excellent, indeed. I would be happy to use it in translation as soon as I can—Arrigo Polillo, Editor of *Musica Jazz, Milano, Italy*

BEYOND THE WHITE HOUSE (Extensions on the Prouty Thesis)

Fletcher Prouty's "An Inside Look: Watergate and the World of the CIA" (Ramparts, October 1973) presents an interesting thesis: . . . A look at the power and the history of the 15 years lying behind Watergate . . . suggests that there was indeed a conspiracy—possibly one whose reach extended beyond CREEP and even the White House itself."

With this as a point of departure one can examine with a new perspective some of the events of the past two decades which point to such a conspiratorial Cabal in control of the Executive Branch. Prouty cites as examples the probable scuttling of the Four-Power Paris Summit Conference in 1960 and the removal of Lyndon Johnson from the 1968 presidential race. Reduced to its simplest terms such a Cabal existed solely for the purpose of dictating White House policy through control of its incumbent. To achieve this end it was first necessary to install a figurehead President, willing and able, unwittingly or not, to live under this control. To continue the domination it was then only required to treat anyone who appeared to threaten the political life of this figurehead as an enemy. Over the years in question the normal treatment accorded the enemy, with one notable exception, was death. It bears nothing that each enemy so treated was an advocate of Peace, Now. This was not in accord with the Cabal's objectives; while its figurehead spoke of peace, the Cabal worked its ways in favor of the war-machine and the oil on which it depends.

The years 1946-1960 saw the birth, adolescence and growth to maturity of the Cabal. During his second term, 1957-1961, Eisenhower moved more and more towards his dream of Peace as his golf took more and more of his time from the White House. His hope of retiring as

the Peace President was shattered by the U-2 incident because it ran counter to the Cabal's long range plans. This event sharpened the Lame Duck's acumen and his departing warning pointed to the insidious power of the Military-Industrial-Complex.

In 20-20 hindsight it is obvious that the Cabal was expecting anything but the uncontrollable extravert who came into office in 1961. John Kennedy proved to be such an anathema to the Cabal that it had no choice but to set the conspiratorial wheels of removal in motion—and soon before the entire war-machine was withdrawn from Asia's Far East and deposited in the Far West of the USA.

The Cabal's Department of Dirty Tricks was given its most important assignment and earned its spurs handsomely in November 1963 with the perfectly executed *coup d'etat* in Dallas which returned the control of the Executive Branch to the Cabal with LBJ installed as its man in the White House. The overall pattern for future dirty tricks was established by this operation: a paramilitary crossfire, capture of a patsy who was fed to the media and the public while the real criminals fled the scene in the opposite direction, elimination of the protesting patsy, a massive investigation by men of unsullied reputation culminating in a report establishing the patsy's guilt. The Dallas Scenario becomes the one common denominator pointing clearly to the validity of the Prouty thesis: the Cabal beyond the White House.

During the ensuing years of the LBJ figurehead regime the Cabal's foster parents, MIC and CIA, flourished with the escalation of hostilities in Indo-China while its Department of Dirty-Tricks, DD-T, sharpened its abilities putting out the fires of truth and criticism on the home front.

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. was never seriously considered as a presidential candidate. However, it is reasonable to assume that the Cabal, looking at the mass of black votes behind him and the voter-appeal of a Nobel Peace Prize-Winner, thought of him as a potential, if not actual, threat to its control of the White House. Whatever the logic, the DD-T (continued on page 12)

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modified the Dallas Scenario to have Ray, the patsy, chased around this continent and parts of Europe before being apprehended in London. He was then returned to Memphis for a sort of trial entailing a minimal investigation and packed off to prison for 99 years. Not however without his having befouled the scheme with a statement in open court that he did not agree with the no-conspiracy story promulgated by the Attorney General and the FBI Director.

Two months later with the presidential primary elections moving to the California final, the Cabal realized that it might be faced with a second uncontrollable extravert and one who appeared to have discovered the truth about his brother's demise, to boot. Once more the Dallas Scenario was dusted off and replayed: Robert Kennedy was assassinated in the pantry of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. This time the patsy was allowed to fire a pistol but only succeeded in wounding innocent bystanders and peppering the woodwork from a position no closer than four feet in front of the intended victim.

The autopsy report prepared by the county coroner stated that three bullets entered the candidate's body from a firing position no further away than two inches behind the victim. The fatal bullet entered the right mastoid and fragmented into the cerebellum. The patsy's trial ignored all this factual evidence; the reading of the autopsy report was stopped by the judge on the grounds that the gory details were unnecessary. Concentration by prosecution and defense alike on the abstruse psychiatric opinions only served to send an innocent conspirator to San Quentin; the spear aimed straight at the Cabal's heart was deflected.

During this busy springtime of 1968 the Cabal also decided that the next four years with the aging incumbent figurehead who appeared to be chafing under the unwanted dominance would be far more peaceful with its man from Whittier waiting patiently in the wings. With an assist from the Lowenstein Dump-LBJ campaign, the shoo-in Democratic nominee voluntarily renounced what has to be the Valhalla of every politician: re-election. As Prouty has so correctly pointed out, this indeed was a most unnatural act for the Texas rancher and therefore highly suspect, as well as a sure indicator of the Cabal's existence and power.

During the ensuing summer a wondrous pile of money poured into the campaign for Nixon and he was duly installed as the Cabal's new figurehead in January 1969. Already CREEP was two months old and re-election was the battle-cry with almost everybody the imagined or real enemy.

Within less than half a year the battle was joined when it became all too apparent that the Cabal would have to deal with the last of the uncontrollable extraverts in the years after 1972. During that first half of 1969, Edward Kennedy was inveighing against the idiocy of the Indo-China fiasco while running 'way ahead of his Democratic opponents for his party's presidential nomination, still three long years away.

When he became the enemy, the Cabal decided on a political rather than an actual assassination; the public just might catch on with three murders in the same family. The Dallas Scenario was revised slightly: the patsy was eliminated as part of the initial action thereby drawing attention away from the facts which clearly indicated a cleverly devised accident involving a presidential aspirant in a scandal from which he would be unable to extricate himself morally.

The facts, which point to foul play by persons unknown, belie the accepted story of a simple motor vehicle accident involving a fatality. The car was seen on dry land one hour and twenty-five minutes after the driver alleges he drove it off the bridge into Poucha Pond. The bloodstains on the girl's blouse were not seen by the scuba diver, the police chief, the medical examiner or the mortician, the four men who handled the body en route from recovery to shipment for final burial in Pennsylvania. No cuts, bruises

or abrasions were found on the body and it remained for the State Chemist to discover residual traces of blood during benzidine testing of the blouse.

The car was overly-damaged for the simple flip and roof-landing and the forty-foot distance from take-off was well in excess of what could be expected from the twenty-mile an-hour speed testified to by the Motor Vehicle Registry inspector. When coupled with the straight 'skid-marks' across the bridge's wooden deck, simple logic finds them incompatible with normal driver-reaction to danger, no matter how many drinks preceded the search for the road.

The only two positive identifications of Kennedy made after the alleged accident were made on voice along with the speaker at some distance away in the shadows. However, the most compelling evidence pointing to foul play is the complete lack of concern shown by Kennedy during his half-hour's conversation with friends Saturday morning on the porch outside his hotel room. In all the chit-chat about the weather, the regatta, the next races there was no mention of an automobile accident, a dead girl, any rescue attempts, a nocturnal challe swim . . . the word Chappaquiddick was never spoken.

Two cottage cookout companions arrived on the porch at eight o'clock and immediately hurried Kennedy into his room for a conference. This turned out to

be a briefing on what had taken place on Chappaquiddick since he and his brother's former secretary had left the party en route to the ferry the night before. The truth of the matter was contained in the last sentence of the accident report Kennedy filed with the Police Chief later that morning: "When I fully realized what had happened this morning, I immediately contacted the police." No one bothered to try and understand this, let alone believe it. It was, and still is, the truth.

What had happened was a presidential hopeful had been framed politically in a scandal involving drinking at a cookout and a young woman drowned in an automobile accident on the way to the beach on a warm summer's night. Kennedy had been ambushed on his way to the ferry and returned to his hotel room by persons unknown. Voice identification was effected by a double, impersonating Kennedy, using a device similar to that loaned Hunt by the CIA for his Denver interview with Dita Beard. The accident was engineered by rigging the car to drive itself off the bridge with the victim 'out' on the back seat. Recovery of the body and the candidate's legal maneuvers to extricate himself from the trap provided the cover-up so vital to the perfected Dallas Scenario. When in May of 1970 Kennedy announced his retirement from the '72 campaign for the president (continued on page 20)

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cy, the Cabal was among the few who understood and believed him.

Later that same year CREEP provided Governor Wallace's adversary in the Alabama primary election with generous amounts of cash. This was done in the hope of defeating the Governor at that point thereby knocking out his base of operations for his 1972 third-party presidential campaign. This maneuver failed and in the one exception where the Cabal did not employ death its man in the White House persuaded the Governor to consider the practical fallacy of a third-party and to run for the Democratic nomination instead.

The Cabal's long-range game-plan worked to perfection: Wallace soon became the primary threat to Nixon's reelection and was tagged as the enemy. Once again the Dallas Scenario was modified a little with the 'lone-nut seeking his niche in history' missing his target and failing to complete the job properly. After a token investigation the patsy was duly incarcerated as being guilty. However, rumor still persists that a fellow-conspirator was done-in less than a fortnight after the near-assassination in Maryland and a news-item has Segretti funds being paid to Bremer, the guilty patsy.

CREEP's cash then poured into McGovern's California primary campaign and Humphrey, the last real threat to reelection was knocked out of the running. Assured of the weakest possible Democratic opposition in the November final, the Cabal watched its man hold his position as figure head with only one dissenting vote: the state which had nurtured the uncontrollable extraverts.

In review, the Dallas Scenario designed for Oswald was basically patsy/red herring, investigation/more red herring and 'trial'/most red herring. It appears to fit the Prouty suggestion of unseen power when augmented by the assumed existence of the Cabal consistently applying its control through the subject years, 1946 to Watergate and beyond.

The Ray variation provided the public with more excitement during the initial phase of capturing the culprit/patsy thereby facilitating a quicker second phase of trial to prison.

The Sirhan variation permitted a real-live assassin to be caught in the very act of plying his trade. It then wrought a mystique about the prolonged trial which only gave the jury some professional goddedegook on which to lean.

The Kopechne variation was actually a dirty-trick masterpiece. The patsy was eliminated in the very initial stage thereby assuring that public attention would be drawn away from the real facts of the

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murder. No Cabal investigation was required after Chappaquiddick where patsy and cover-up melded into a sticky pottage which only thickened as the political victim tried to get off the front pages and back to the security of the US Senate.

¹The Bremer variation paralleled Sirhan's initially and then Ray's in the manner of the expeditious trial and imprisonment.

The pattern which emerges does not constitute evidentiary proof as required in court but given the stakes and the master-minds of the Cabal no clear signs of conspiracy can be expected. However, even the least initiated in the matter of recognizing a dirty trick when they see one should now be able to accept the Prouty suggestion of a power beyond the reaches of the White House itself. When the crises of presidential succession are seen to dove-tail with the patsy/cover-up perfection of the Dallas Scenario, it becomes more than apparent that some one other than the incumbent figurehead has his hand on the helm of the good ship '1600 Pennsylvania Avenue'.

—R.B. Cutler, Manchester, MA.

I was happy to see your article on Mary Bacon, "Lady Jockey" as you call her. She's a good example of the kind of bind that our society is still holding women in—maybe, we can have success, if we fight hard enough for it, but at double the price that any man would have to pay.

While her male counterparts can enjoy the popularity that goes with being athletes, Mary can consider herself lucky when she's not being threatened at knife point!

Thank you for a good article.—T.D., Teaneck, N.J.