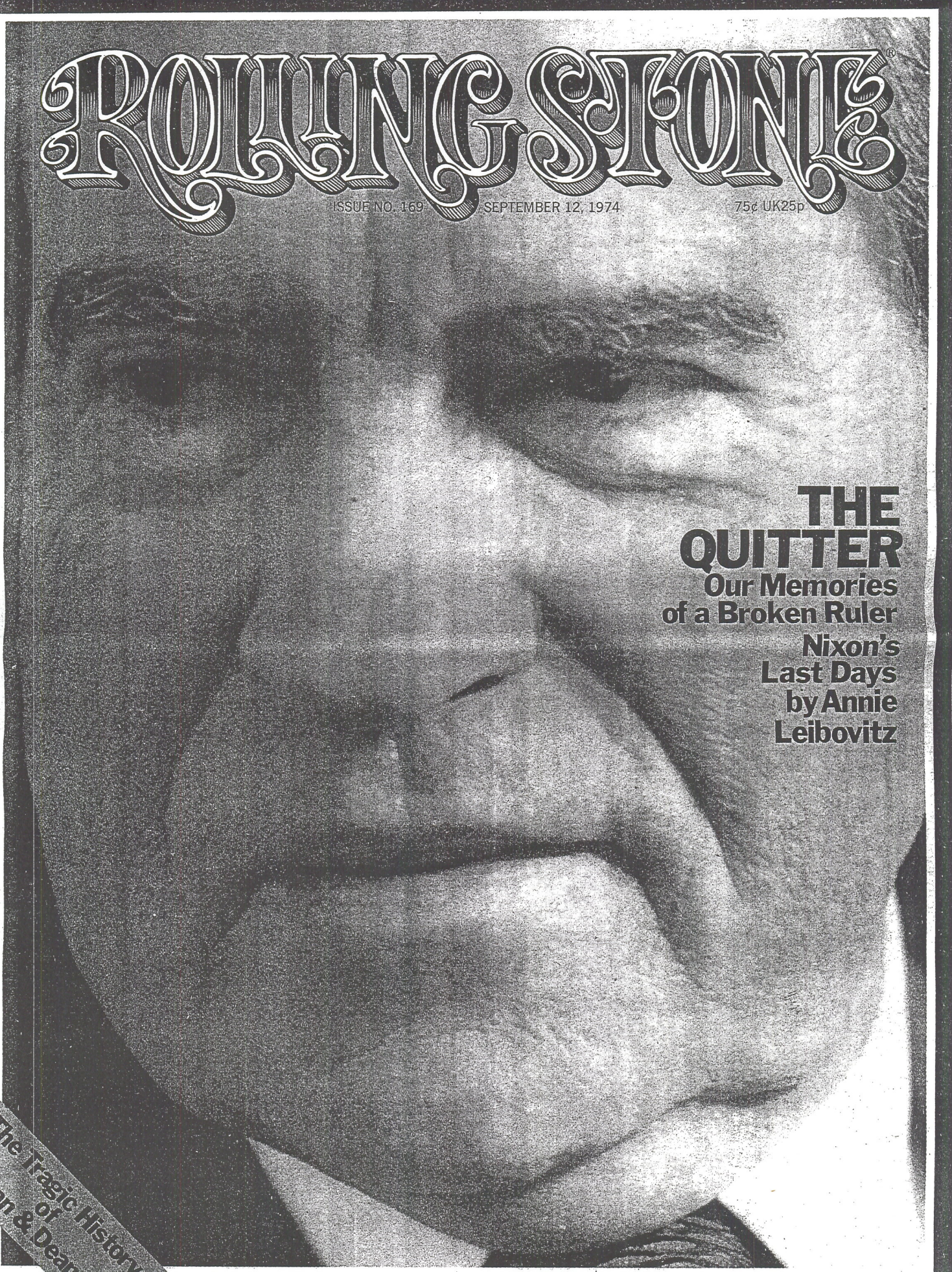


ROLLING STONE®

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**THE
QUITTER**
Our Memories
of a Broken Ruler
Nixon's
Last Days
by Annie
Leibovitz

The Tragic History
of
Jan & Dean

1946-1974



"All the News that Fits"

IN THIS ISSUE

The Quitter _____ 34

Richard Nixon's resignation didn't exactly catch us by surprise, but, the way we see it, he might have been a bit more opportune. A quick phone call, perhaps, in the middle of May. As it happened, the resignation speech hit us just as the last issue—with its cover headline, "Nixon's New Defenders and Their Strange Pasts"—hit the stands.

So he shafted us one last time. We're not the type to hold a grudge. Now we can start to look back on the Nixon years and the strange man who robed himself in the presidency. We've had our share of things to say about him of course. Our first call for his impeachment was on June 7th, 1973.

Our first call for impeachment? What else did we have to say about the man? To find out, seven editors read over our last 168 issues to see what we had written about Nixon. We looked for bright, breezy material as well as the kind of vicious, distorted, hysterical reporting that banned us from the White House for all but the last months when the pit began to open up at Nixon's feet.

Meanwhile, Richard Goodwin and Annie Leibovitz were busy with, respectively, an essay on Nixon and a photo record of his last days. Goodwin's busy in Washington setting up the ROLLING STONE operation there. Readers may have caught Annie twice on the tube; once climbing James St. Clair's podium in San Clemente and once shooting the former president's long and lachrymose walk from the Oval Office to the waiting helicopter.



**Our Memories of a Broken Ruler
Nixon's Last Days
Photographed by Annie Leibovitz**

We have been publishing ROLLING STONE only slightly longer than Richard Nixon's tenure as president of the United States. From time to time, we commented on the former president and his actions. What follows is a partial chronicle of that coverage. We would say only that if some of our judgments were wrong — and some were wrong — they were made in what we believed at the time to be in the best interests of the nation.

THE CURSE OF SAN CLEMENTE

He was born a dozen miles away, in Yorba Linda. The people around here clothe the president in their flags and see in him the personification of the American Dream. His father came from a long line of dirt farmers. His mother was a Quaker and together they tried to eke a living from the lemon groves. They failed. When Richard was three years old, he fell beneath a metal-wheeled buggy. The buggy cut a scar into his scalp. The scar remains.

He ate a lot of cornmeal and pumped gas for his father's gas station. His father bought a Quaker meetinghouse across the road and expanded the gas station into a grocery store. The boy took to studying in the belltower of the church/store. He was devoted to his mother. He once wrote her a letter that began: "My Dear Master" and ended "Your Good Dog, Richard." He had a habit of sitting in a big chair and staring into space.

His mother left the family for a while with one of his brothers, who was dying of TB. The boy stayed at home with his father, who was suffering from bleeding ulcers. He spent more and more hours in the big chair staring into space. He worked for a while at the Slippery Gulch Rodeo and was a barker for the Wheel of Fortune. When his brother died he sat dry-eyed in the big chair and stared off into space.

He wore hand-me-downs but was so fussy his sister refused to iron them. His father believed in discipline and told him to clean his plate after every meal. He obeyed. The boy didn't like social outings and particularly dreaded picnics. He was very fastidious. He took great pains brushing his teeth, was careful to gargle, and asked his mother to smell his breath.

He was tight-lipped and poorly coordinated. The sanctuary of his own room didn't satisfy him enough and he escaped to the belltower. He was painfully shy but became a skilled high school debater. His father attended each debate and made sure the boy distinguished himself. He had the ability, his debating coach concluded, to talk himself out of any situation. He graduated from high school at the top of his class. He had no close friends.

He went on to Whittier College, where he joined the debating team and earned a wallful of trophies. He joined the football team and became a tackling dummy. He rarely played in a game, but when he did play, his coach said, he was "offside just about every play." He earned a lot of penalties.

He mixed with few people and hardly ever dated. When he did date, he asked the girls intimate questions: What would have happened to the world if Persia had conquered Greece? What would have happened if Plato had never lived?

He became a campus politician. He campaigned hard and became senior class president. He crusaded for dance reform. The deans should allow students to dance, he said. Not because he believed in dancing but because the young people would dance anyway—in downtown dives. This way they'd dance under proper Christian supervision.

He was dour and withdrawn for long periods of time. The Whittier College Yearbook for 1934 said: "Although political dictators managed to cause as much havoc as possible, Dick Nixon came through unscathed." He joined the drama club. His coach told him: "Dick, if you just concentrate real hard on getting a big lump in your throat, you can cry real tears."

He won a scholarship to Duke University Law School, founded by Buck Duke, robber-baron. His roommates considered him a drone and called him "Gloomy Gus." He and two others broke into a dean's office to preview their class standings. He survived the burglary and graduated with honors.

He tried to join the FBI. They turned him down. He tried to join a prestigious New York law firm. They turned him down too. He came back to Whittier and joined a law firm. He handled divorce cases and heard "intimate marriage problems." He turned "15 shades of the rainbow" and stopped handling divorce cases.

He became police prosecutor of Whittier. He specialized at hitting the heavily intoxicated with heavy fines. He joined the Junior Chamber of Commerce. He met a "gorgeous redhead" named Pat Ryan. He asked to marry her three hours after he met her. She laughed at him. He hung around her. When she had a date with someone else, he drove her there.

He joined the Office of Price Administration's staff in Washington and applied for a naval commission. He became a "glorified Seabee." He also became a poker-playing cardshark and was nicknamed "Nick." Nick built a jungle shack and stocked it with booze. He didn't drink but the other poker players did. Nick's shack and cardsharking won him \$10,000.

He ran for Congress in Whittier against a man known as "the best congressman west of the Missis-

sippi." He said the man supported "Communist principles" and was backed by "Communist sympathizers." He became a congressman. He ran for the Senate against a woman known as a "great humanitarian." He called her a "Communist dupe" and "parlor pinko." He became a senator. He ran for vice president and got a dog named Checkers. The dog saved him. He became vice president. His mother put his picture in a lit-up plastic case.

The rest is history. His mother is dead. He is more aloof and withdrawn than ever. He has a dog named King Timahoe which is sometimes chauffeured in a government limousine. He has learned to treat dogs well. So much for the American Dream.

—Joe Eszterhas, August 30th, 1973

I CALL ON ALGER

How did he impress you at that time?

Well, as a young congressman obviously bent upon advancement. I think he thought this was a good topic at the time. He was a premature McCarthy. . . . It was a political issue—he's reverted to it whenever he's needed political mileage. Before that he had defeated Jerry Voorhis, a good New Deal congressman, by accusing him of Red sympathies, pink traits and so on. Then after these hearings, when he found this was pretty soft pickings that went well with a hysterical public, he used the same tactics against Helen Gahagan Douglas for the Senate and two years later he used them when he ran for the vice presidency. That's when he attacked Dean Acheson and Adlai Stevenson, who had been a friend of mine and a colleague in the New Deal, and a witness [by affidavit] at my trial. Stevenson, said Nixon, had been a student at Dean Acheson's "cowardly college of communism"—or some such Agnew-like alliterative phrase. It's been his stock in trade. Or was, until he found that now it's good politics to help quiet the Cold War and got a lot of mileage out of suddenly opening up our relations with China. That's rather ironical.

—Tony Hiss, September 13th, 1973

REPORT FROM WHITE HOUSE CONFERENCE

Like the census and the Oberammergau Passion Play it comes once each decade. It's required by law. Richard M. Nixon did not show up for this one in snow-bound Estes Park, Colorado, some 1776 miles due west of the White House. It was probably better that way since his helicopter would hardly have been greeted with a flutophone chorus of "Hail to the Chief." More likely it would have been plastered with snowballs.

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The youth movement of the Sixties made the Nixon administration nervous over its obligation to hold a conference. The president decided to appoint Stephen Hess, a former aide to Daniel Moynihan, as conference chairman and instructed him to listen "to the voices of young America—in the universities, on the farms, the assembly lines, the street corners." Hess listened and panicked. After the Cambodian invasion and Kent State killings ignited the campuses in the spring of 1970, Hess and his staff decided to bisect the event into separate Children's and Youth Conferences. The Children's Conference was set for December 1970 in Washington but the Youth Conference was repeatedly delayed.

The staff figured out that the youth conclave might be less prone to violence at a remote location like Estes Park. Then someone figured out that if the ten conference task forces met independently in back-to-back sessions over a month-long period, the entire youth body would never be able to meet collectively and plot insurrection. Finally Hess & Co. decided to let everyone come to the YMCA camp at Estes Park for four days in late April. But no one on the 120-member staff managed to figure out that the park lacked sufficient winterized facilities for 1500 people.

As the date of the Children's Conference drew near Hess and his staff became harder to deal with. For one thing their letterhead listed only a post office box; there was no office address. Members of the conference technical advisory council became irritated with his high-handed manner. Hess would wire the advisers to rush in from all over the nation for a Washington meeting where he would read them a prepared statement on a *fait accompli*. The conference chairman was heavy-handed enough to provoke one woman in a tunic: "Mr. Hess, I don't think that anyone in the uniform of the Salvation Army has ever picketed the White House, but I think such a thing is about to happen now."

At the opening plenary session Chairman Hess cut short his prepared remarks about building our conference on diversity and "controversy" to make way for a flock of dissidents determined to address the floor. He yielded the microphone to a Joint Effort leader who failed to sell the idea of an independent steering committee to run the conference. But then a filmmaker named Phil Vaughan rose and hit the note that best seemed to deflate the Nixon organization for the duration of the conference:

"I've got a question. Where's Dick? And where's Spiro? At this time when we need our leaders where the hell are they? How are we going to stop annihilating Vietnam and how are we going to stop polluting our own country if we don't have leadership? The best thing this conference could do is to ask the presi-

dent and his jellyfish advisers to resign immediately. And if he won't do that we should impeach him."

—Roger Rapoport, May 27th, 1971

THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER

Tricia's date for the evening was Barry Goldwater Jr., but by the end of the evening they were on opposite sides of the room. At one point, while they were dancing, he leaned down to press his cheek against hers and someone at *The Washington Post* heard the following exchange:

Barry: I think you're beautiful.

Tricia: Thank you very much.

Barry: You have the prettiest blonde hair I've ever seen.

Tricia: Thank you very much.

Barry: I'd sure like to show you California.

Tricia: I've seen California.

Music for the Masked Ball—which the party was supposed to be except nobody wore the masks handed out at the door—was provided by the Temptations (thus the soul) and the Turtles. In the receiving line, Tricia told the Turtles they were her favorite group. But apparently she was not their favorite groupie.

"She was wearing organdy and stuff," lead singer Howie Kaylan remembered later. "She rustled when she walked by like a fucking redwood. She had big, fat earrings and was perfumed to the gills."

Earlier that day the Secret Service had destroyed the Turtles' metronome, suspecting it to be a bomb. And the group scored some kind of first by snorting cocaine under a portrait of Lincoln in the White House.

"It was," said Kaylan, "the weirdest assortment of people I've ever seen in my life. Ambassadors' wives with saggy tits turning off everyone on all sides of the political fence."

The next day Tricia sent a thank-you note to Kaylan. "Dear Mr. Kaylan," it said, "You started the ball rolling on just the right note."

—Our White House Staff, June 24th, 1971

Mrs. Nixon, in an interview in *McCalls*, recalled the time Julie told her father she was marrying David Eisenhower.

"She expected he would make a big deal out of it," said Mrs. Nixon. "She tried to pick just the right moment. But when she finally approached him, he merely answered, 'Oh. That's nice,' because he had assumed it. Julie was sort of taken aback and couldn't hide her disappointment at his reaction. She came to tell me how let down she was. It was cute and sad at the same time."

When Pat told the president of Julie's concern, he

immediately wrote her a memo and slipped it under her door. "How lucky you both are to have found each other. Even though you must expect some ups and downs, I am sure you will have a wonderful life together. I am also sure you know just how much happiness I wish for you both."

"We have to talk Tricia into things," [the president] said, "but once she does something, she does it very well. In April of 1969, she balked at the idea of being crowned Queen of the Azalea Festival in Norfolk, Virginia. So I laid it on the line. I said, 'Look, they want you. This is a good state. We carried it twice.'"

—Our White House Staff, June 24th, 1971

RANDOM NOTE

Grass Roots, a group never known for its outspoken political opinions, had a rare opportunity to show their contempt for the Nixon administration—and they did just fine. Invited to perform at the White House July 12th before an audience which will include Prince Charles, Princess Margaret and the Three Virgins—Tricia, Julie and David—Grass Roots turned the offer down cold, saying that to appear in the White House would compromise everything they believed in.

—June 25th, 1970

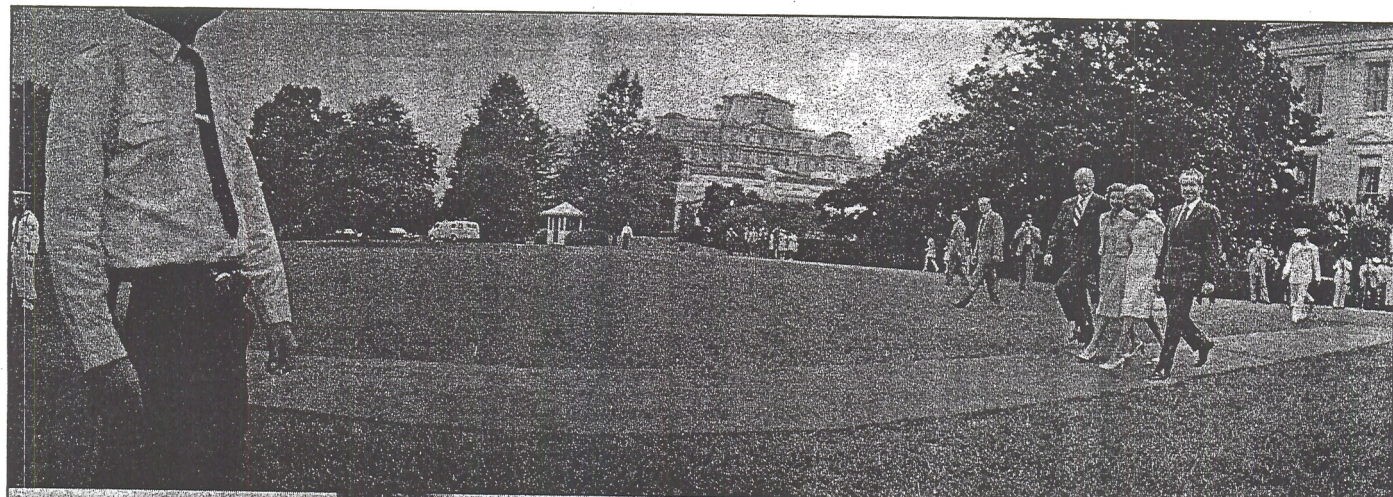
INTERVIEW WITH COUNTRY JOE McDONALD AND ROBIN MENCKEN

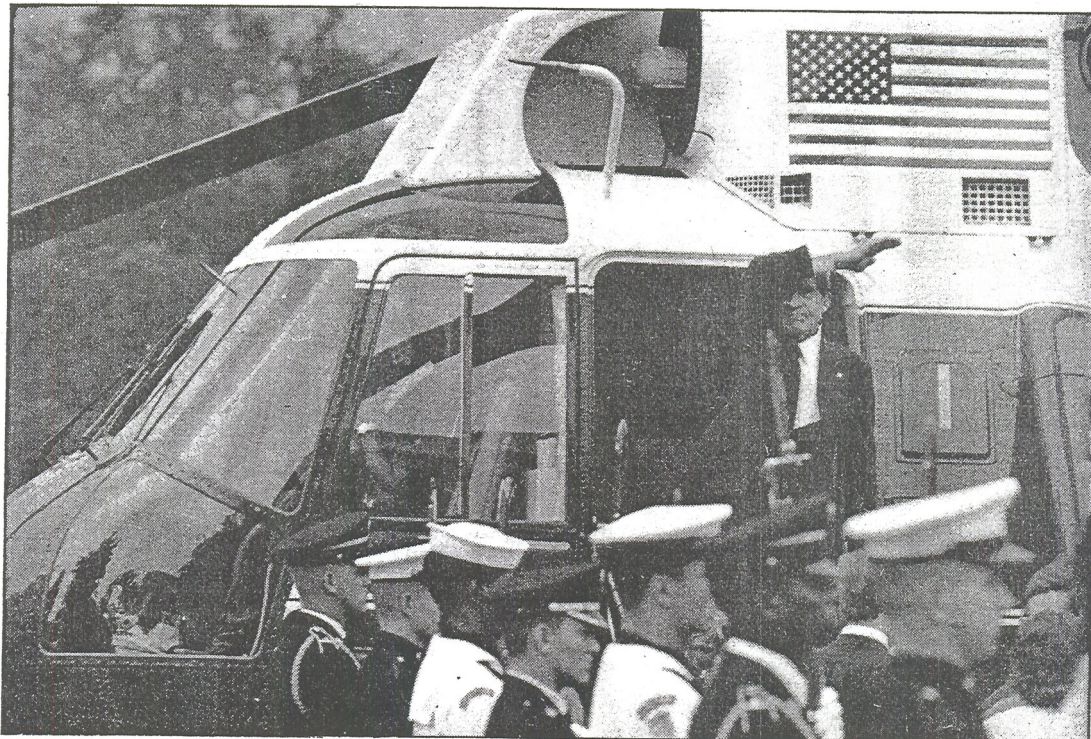
Do you like Nixon?

No. I don't like Nixon. I have a verse—I was going to write another "Superbird"—I wrote this verse: "Late last night I was watchin' the tube, I saw the most incredible thing/They invented a new mechanical man, the ugliest ever seen/I began to realize and it started to make me sick (no, that's not it—wait) then I began to realize, it was nobody but Tricky Dick." I mean like how can you like Richard Nixon? If you read *The Making of the President*, you just see the guy—he's so grossly phony, man. I like Agnew, I don't like Nixon.

You like Agnew?

Agnew is a man—he has opinions of his own, he has things that he does on his own, he speaks his mind, he has a personality. Nixon is a man who wanted to be the president for so long and so bad that he prostituted himself to the utmost degree. He finally just said, "You tell me what to do and I'll do it, man. Dye my hair, wear any kind of clothes, I don't care what it is, just make me the president. And then once I'm in there, I promise I won't do anything on my own, I'll just be the president; but I want





to be the president really bad.”

Robin (Picks up a paperback, opens it): There's a poem by Auden, it's about Herod and the end of it is very good; he says to God, why is he making me decide whether the living God is here. He's talking about Christ: "Why did he do this to me? Did he dislike me so? I've worked like a slave, ask anyone you like. I've read all official dispatches without skipping. I've taken elocution lessons. I've hardly ever taken bribes. How dare he allow *me* to decide. I've tried to be good. I brush my teeth every night. I haven't had sex for a month. I object, I'm a liberal, I want everyone to be happy. I wish I'd never been born." It's wonderful.

But Nixon—I once went by a Colonel Sanders fried-chicken thing and it's like a photograph of Nixon to me. Here's Colonel Sanders, this plastic, styrofoam, whatever it was, polyethylene white colonial, and this old Negro shuffling by with his bag of southern-fried chicken, past the plastic colonel, and that's Richard Nixon. The whole picture, that's a photograph of Richard Nixon's face. It's like, well, things have certainly changed in America, you know? The only thing is, now the colonel is made out of plastic and he sells fried chicken to his happy niggers. I don't know why, but that to me is a picture of Richard Nixon.

—David Felton and Tony Glover, May 27th, 1971

INTERVIEW WITH DAVID CROSBY

But it's very hard to ignore that Kent State thing. They were down there, man, ready to do it. You can see them, they're all kneeling there, they're all in the kneeling position and they got their slings tight and they're ready to shoot. And there's this kid, this long-haired kid standing there with a flag wavin' it. . . . I mean, I cannot be a man and be a human and ignore that. I don't think. I don't *think* I can. And I'm not political. I don't dig politics. I don't think politics is a workable system anymore. I think they gotta invent something better. And man, it's really right down to there. It's really not happening for me to live in a country where they gun people down in the streets just for that, for saying they don't dig it that way. You can't do that. President Nixon, you can't do that!

—Ben Fong-Torres, July 23rd, 1970

THE INAUGURAL: HAIL TO THE CHIEF, BURY THE DEAD

Si Zentner blared a trumpet flourish. The crowd squeezed together. Secret Servicemen came through the door and cleared a lane to the stage. Si Zentner

played "Hail to the Chief!" And, *holy oski-wow-wow!* There he was! We were in the same room with the president of the United States! The Nixonettes squealed. With the president were his wife, his daughters, his blueblood son-in-law and his fairy godmother, Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower.

"Four more years! Four more years!" the prom-goers yelled. The president spoke:

"Four years ago we had inaugural balls," he said, "we had a fine parade, we had a speech and all the rest, but we didn't have you! And that's why we had this, this year. And I think you may be interested to know, I checked the history of these things, this is the first time in history there has been a ball for young voters! But it will not be the last time, you can be sure!"

"Yeaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

". . . I am sure that whoever is standing in this place in the years ahead, whoever is being inaugurated, will find as I do that you get enthusiasm, you get hard work, you get dedication, from the young people of America! And we just love you for what you've done!"

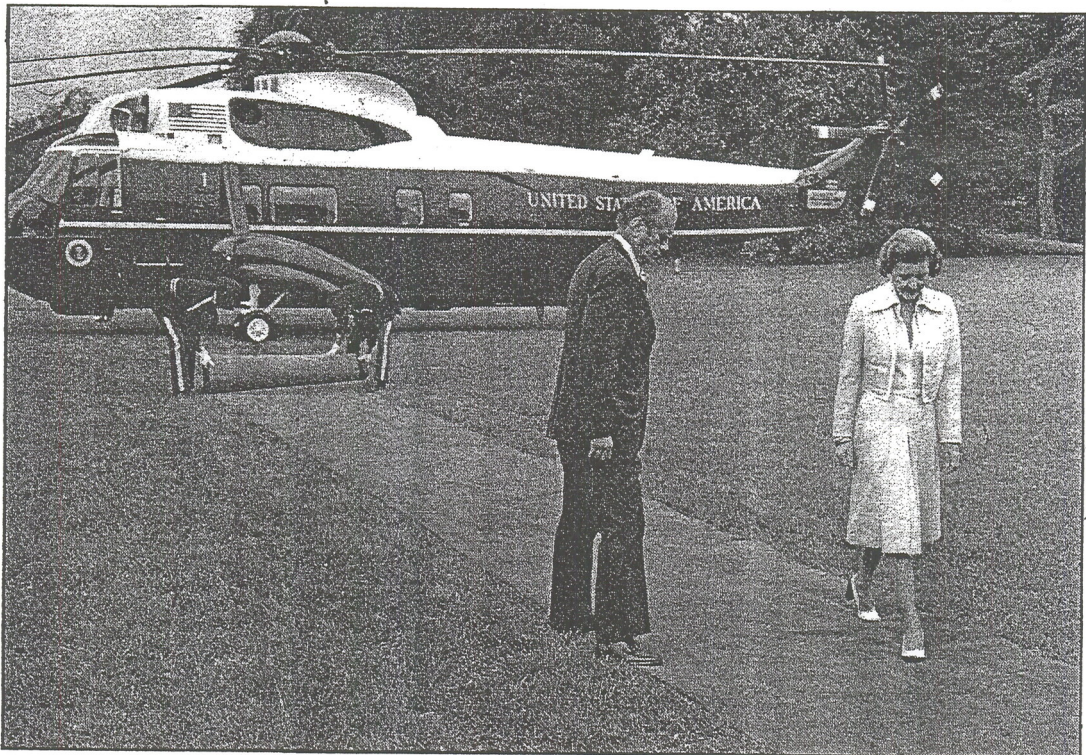
"Four more years! Four more years! Four more years!"

". . . I want you to know that after attending a youth concert—I am frank, let me make a confession, but don't carry this, please, on TV, this is just for our friends here—I'm sort of a symphony bug myself. It's not that I'm a snob, but I studied music as a youth and I played Grieg and Bach and Chopin and all the rest, and that's why late at night I'll put records on and just run them while I'm trying to make important decisions, but I want to tell you that going to a youth concert and—I don't understand the music yet my kids do, they do! They do! Tricia and Julie do! But let me say: There is a *spirit* there, there is a *lift* to it. I almost felt like dancing.

"Si Zentner has promised that if we dance tonight, if Pat and I dance, he'll play something a little slower. Now that doesn't mean we're slow and it doesn't mean we're *square*, not quite, but it does mean that I have to have something that I can keep time with. Four. I can only count that far. Four. Four more years! If any of you would like to cut in, please do. Four. Four more years! All right, ready?"

Nixon, having invited anyone to cut in, was led to the spot where the prom queens had been herded behind the velvet rope. Si Zentner played "The Impossible Dream," and the president did his foxtrot. When all the prepicked girls had finished cutting in, he went back onstage.

He had a few more words: "I believe in you! And I'll do everything I possibly can to make the next four



years the best four years!" The Secret Service cordon led him to the door. Nixonettes crowded around him and he flashed his double-vee.

—Joe Eszterhas, March 1st, 1973

PRESIDENT ADDRESSES YOUTH AFTER BOMBING CAMBODIA

Having spoken with the students for an hour [at the Lincoln Memorial], Nixon moved toward his car to return to the White House. "I know you want to get the war over. Sure you came here to demonstrate and shout your slogans on the Ellipse. That's all right. Just keep it peaceful. Have a good time in Washington, and don't go away bitter," he intoned before departing.

"Somebody asked him about the Black Panthers and Bobby Seale," Joan said. "And this guy was very articulate, very informed, and he went down the list of all the constitutional rights Bobby Seale had been denied. When he finished, Nixon asked, 'Do you know the Black Panthers; have you met any of them?' The guy said no, but that he'd read a lot of their literature and heard them speak. Nixon said he didn't know any of the Panthers either, and then said something to the effect that 'If any man sticks an ice pick in another man's eyes, he still deserves his constitutional rights.' He later described the Panthers as 'a concerned group.'"

—John Morthland, June 11th, 1970

VOICE DENIES NIXON'S DOPING

The following conversation took place between a ROLLING STONE staff member and a representative of the president of the United States.

Voice: Hello.

ROLLING STONE: Hello, Mr. Ziegler?

V: No, this is Tim Elborn. Can I help you?

RS: You are a member of the president's staff with regard to press information?

V: Yes.

RS: Good. I've been trying to reach someone with that job description for some time. My name is Jon Carroll and I work for ROLLING STONE magazine.

V: Who?

RS: ROLLING STONE. It's a music and news paper. Three hundred thousand people read it.

V: Yes?

RS: Here's the thing. We got a report from some of the students who talked to the president at the Lincoln Memorial live. They said, and they're probably something like experts in the matter, that it appeared to them that the president was under the influence of some kind of drugs while he was there,

most probably tranquilizers. Does the president use drugs, tranquilizers or anything else, and was he using them that night?

V: No he doesn't, and he was not. He does not use them. I think it was pretty clear that the president was tired that night. I think from news reports you know that the president slept for an hour-and-a-half and then got up and decided to go over there.

RS: I see. We heard that his speech was halting and he couldn't walk very well.

V: The president was very tired.

RS: Then the president was not under any stimulants or tranquilizers or psychedelics or anything?

V: No.

RS: Has he ever used those drugs?

V: Not to my knowledge, no.

RS: Never?

V: Never.

RS: Thank you.

V: Sure.

DICK AND PAT MAKE NEW FRIENDS IN A FAR-AWAY LAND

Dick had to spend most of his time tending to a president's duties. But Pat was too curious to stay indoors for long. All by herself she ventured out to visit a Chinese kitchen. She sniffed and sampled all the food.

"Those are potatoes," a little Chinese woman told her.

"Oh!" said Pat, taking a bite. "They're delicious!"

"And these are tea leaves," said the woman. Pat did not sample those.

"If I eat any more," Pat said, "I'll need all new clothes."

Soon it was time to go: Pat enjoyed her visit to the kitchen. "I love Chinese cooking anywhere in the world," declared Pat, "but it is especially good in China!"

Pat returned home, very tired after her many adventures. "Well, I certainly have enjoyed my day," Pat told Dick.

"You know," Dick said to Pat, "you are lucky. You get out to see the great points of interest. Of course, I would not trade. My talks are very interesting too."

Every night Pat and Dick were invited to a banquet given by the new Chinese friends. They were served delicious Chinese dishes. Their friends used chopsticks to eat, so Dick and Pat did too. Someone told Dick he did very well with the chopsticks.

"She did it better," Dick said, pointing at Pat.

At the banquets there was a clever Chinese band. It played some of Pat and Dick's favorite songs—"Home on the Range," "Turkey in the Straw" and "America."

All the men toasted each other with strong Chinese wine. In one of Dick's toasts, he used words from Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, and Pat's eyes filled with tears. Dick drank the wine, but Pat just put the glass to her lips and pretended to drink.

One night Pat and Dick decided to give a banquet for their new friends. Their banquet was just like the other banquets, except for one thing. Pat and Dick gave everyone party favors.

All the guests at the party were given special paperweights. Each paperweight was inscribed with the presidential seal and Dick's autograph. Dick liked pretty things. Later he said, "Art is my weakness."

While they were in Hangchow, Dick and Pat went for a nice ride on a boat. They rode around on the lake. They saw the lovely mountains. The mountains were covered with mist. Dick thought it was all very pretty.

"It looks like a postcard," he said to his friend Chou.

Chou stared at him blankly.

Dick and Pat thought that China was a very funny place. Everywhere they went, they found things to laugh at. Dick especially liked to make jokes.

They visited a place called the Forbidden City. Their new friend Chou showed them a pretty room in an old palace. Once, Chou told them, a child emperor ruled the country in this room. His mother hid behind a screen to tell him what to do.

"It's the same today," joked Dick. "The women are always the back seat drivers!"

Then Chou showed Dick a pair of ear stoppers. Emperors used to put them in their ears. That way they could not hear when people said bad things about them.

"Give me a pair of those. Then you can only hear the questions you want to!" said clever Dick.

—Our White House Staff, March 30th, 1972

ASK NOT FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

... And it is Nixon himself who represents that dark, venal and incurably violent side of the American character that almost every other country in the world has learned to fear and despise. Our Barbie Doll president, with his Barbie Doll wife and his box-full of Barbie Doll children is also America's answer to the monstrous Mr. Hyde. He speaks for the Werewolf in us; the bully, the predatory shyster who turns

into something unspeakable, full of claws and bleeding string-warts, on nights when the moon comes too close. . . .

At the stroke of midnight in Washington, a drooling red-eyed beast with the legs of a man and a head of a giant hyena crawls out of its bedroom window in the South Wing of the White House and leaps 50 feet down to the lawn . . . pauses briefly to strangle the Chow watchdog, then races off into the darkness . . . towards the Watergate, snarling with lust, loping through the alleys behind Pennsylvania Avenue and trying desperately to remember which one of those 400 iron balconies is the one outside Martha Mitchell's apartment. . . .

Ah . . . nightmares, nightmares. But I was only kidding. The president of the United States would never act that weird. At least not during football season. But how would the voters react if they knew the president of the United States was presiding over "a complex, far-reaching and sinister operation on the part of White House aides and the Nixon campaign organization . . . involving sabotage, forgery, theft of confidential files, surveillance of Democratic candidates and their families and persistent efforts to lay the basis for possible blackmail and intimidation."

Well, that ugly description of Nixon's staff operations comes from a New York Times editorial on Thursday, October 12th. But neither Nixon nor anyone else felt it would have much effect on his steady 2-1 lead over McGovern in all the national polls. Four days later the *Times*/Yankelovich poll showed Nixon ahead by an incredible 20 points (57 percent to 37 percent, with 16 percent undecided) over the man Bobby Kennedy described as "the most decent man in the Senate."

"Ominous" is not quite the right word for a situation where one of the most consistently unpopular politicians in American history suddenly skyrockets to Folk Hero status while his closest advisers are being caught almost daily in Nazi-style gigs that would have embarrassed Adolf Eichmann.

How long will it be before "demented extremists" in Germany, or maybe Japan, start calling us A Nation of Pigs? How would Nixon react? "No comment"? And how would the popularity polls react if he just came right out and admitted it?

—Hunter S. Thompson, November 9th, 1972

ELLSBERG RECALLS MEETING NIXON IN 1966

"He was looking considerably overweight, very jowly, and had his famous five o'clock shadow—it was about five o'clock, as a matter of fact, so he had what on other people would be a full beard. And as we talked, his eyes would flicker from one person to

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another—he was always looking at you out of the corner of his eye, like a B-movie characterization of an untrustworthy person.

"Anyway, we shook hands all around, and as he sat down in a wicker chair next to Landsdale, he said, 'Well, Ed, what are you up to?' And Landsdale said, 'Well, Mr. Nixon, we're trying to help General Thang make this the most honest election that Vietnam has ever had.'

"Nixon slapped his knee, rammed Landsdale with his elbow, and replied, 'Oh, honest . . . sure, honest . . . as long as you win!'"

—November 8th, 1973

INTERVIEW WITH DICK TUCK

But you've been in politics long enough to see a certain side of it that probably would never be presented publicly. Were you prepared for the things that are coming out now on Watergate, knowing Nixon as well as you did?

Yeah, I think I was. You know, I never liked him from the start, back in 1950, and I'm not too surprised at their attempt to start their domestic intelligence operation and do what they've done. They're really kind of vicious people. I mean, if you look at the words they use: "Let him hang and turn slowly, slowly" and "let him bleed a little." These are strange words. You read those memos, there are a lot of vicious, mean words in them—pretty harsh stuff, that mentality.

It's very simple. If you hired an attack dog, a well-trained attack dog, and you brought him to the White House, and somebody walked in and the goddamned dog bit him, you wouldn't be surprised. Because this is what this dog has been trained to do. You hire a bunch of guys from the CIA, whose morality is such that they can do anything in the name of the state, in the name of national security, in the name of anti-Communism, and these people are trained, why, you don't have to tell them what to do, the president doesn't have to tell them what to do. But he hired them. They didn't have to tell Liddy to go out and burgle a house; that's what he's trained to do—not very well, incidentally.

The question is, what has the president been trained to do?

Well, his is not far from the CIA mentality. It's the beat-them-at-their-own-game mentality—the end justifies the means. He thinks in the same terms as they do. And again, I don't think he called them up or told them to go do this or do that. But if you hire a burglar, that's what you're going to get.

Yet you don't think Watergate was a result of Nixon trying to beat you at your own game?

No, [laughs] I'm afraid not. No . . . I think if you go back and read *Six Crises*, it's a result of his own insecurity. Here's a man who becomes president of the United States, he gets what he wants, he's in the Oval Office. And what does he do? A psychiatrist could interpret this far better than I can; maybe the CIA could do a psychological profile on him. He insists on a special office across the street in the EOB, the Executive Office Building, a smaller office. The Oval Office is too big, literally—he doesn't like that office. Now, when a guy becomes president of the United States, and the office is too big for him, we should start to worry, I think.

And of course, he's not in Washington much, as we all know. He's at Camp David, or San Clemente, or Key Biscayne. But when he is in Washington, he goes over to the EOB, to a small office. So here's a man, in other words, who feels uncomfortable in the office of the president of the United States.

—David Felton, October 11th, 1973

RANDOM NOTE

While performing at the Ash Grove in L.A. with satirical sketches called "Watergate Follies," the Credibility Gap, a four-man comedy group, noted a famous Watergate face in the crowd: Mrs. John Dean. She allegedly laughed a lot. At that point in time.

—August 30th, 1973

FOUR MORE YEARS OR FIVE TO TWENTY?

There never was a "new Nixon," as we were told in 1968, just the same Nixon who has used these same tactics, made these same deals, accepted these same secret cash contributions—both while in office and when in campaigns—from the beginning of his career as a California congressman in 1946. And along his way to the presidency, he picked his friends and counselors for 10 these many years: John Mitchell, Herbert Kalmbach, H. R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman. . . .

It is a miracle that the Watergate—which is only the bursting boil on the long-diseased body of the national government—and everything around it has come to light.

Now it is up to Congress to act, supported by the mighty voice of the people and the editorial-page anger of the free press. It is not just a death struggle against the bullying, lying, thieving Nixon: We are in a much bigger and more horribly profound confrontation. In Hunter S. Thompson's words, as he covered the campaign last year, "Nixon represents that dark and venal and incurably violent side of the

American character that almost every other country has learned to fear and despise."

Incurable? There is enough evidence now out in the open for the Congress to vote impeachment next Monday morning. This is less and less unlikely as every day passes. But impeachment alone is not enough. There must also be a trial by the United States Senate—presided over, according to the Constitution, by Chief Justice Warren Burger—seeking the conviction of Richard M. Nixon.

What looks most likely now, this seventh day in May, is that Nixon will soon resign. Despite everything in his own personal and political history to the contrary, if he can get a few conservative columnists to write about how he did it "for the greater good of the country," he will resign. Every major figure in his own party, except Connally, and all but a handful of the thousands of lesser Republican officeholders and leaders know that they can only benefit by such a move. And our bet now is that he will resign as July 4th passes this year.

We urge the Congress to vote impeachment proceedings before Nixon can escape through resignation. And, in either event, we then want a trial to determine innocence or a conviction.

And that is just the first step.

—Editorial, June 7th, 1973

MR. NIXON HAS CASHED HIS CHECK

Sitting out here on the porch, naked in a rocking chair in the half-shade of a dwarf juniper tree—looking out at snow-covered mountains from this hot lizard's perch in the sun with no clouds at 8000 feet—a mile and a half high, as it were—it is hard to grasp that this dim blue tube sitting on an old bullet-pocked tree stump is bringing me every uncensored detail—for five or six hours each day from a musty brown room 2000 miles east—of a story that is beginning to look like it can have only one incredible ending—the downfall of the president of the United States.

Six months ago, Richard Nixon was the most powerful political leader in the history of the world, more powerful than Augustus Caesar when he had his act rolling full bore—six months ago.

Now, with the passing of each sweaty afternoon, into what history will call "the Summer of '73," Richard Nixon is being dragged closer and closer—with all deliberate speed, as it were—to disgrace and merciless infamy. His place in history is already fixed: He will go down with Grant and Harding as one of democracy's classic mutations.

—Hunter S. Thompson, September 27th, 1973



*CBS newscaster
Dan Rather catches his breath between presidents.*