

entire clipping not kept

Courtroom a Witness to Boredom

by R.W. Apple

*to Boredom*

house at the foot of Capitol Hill across the street from the National Gallery of Art. The room is a study in unadorned marble and blond woods, its sterility relieved only by the statues of four ancient lawgivers — Moses, Lydian, Solon and Hammurabi — against the wall behind the bench.

There was a bit of drama this morning when one member of a small band of demonstrators, two of whom were wearing paper-mache Nixon heads, spat upon Mr. Ehrlichman and for a moment seemed ready to hit him as he entered the building.

Mr. Ehrlichman marched straight ahead, unflinching. But the real drama lay in the very presence of the once-powerful men at the bar. Their unwon status

was symbolized in the fleeting moment when, having been introduced by the judge, each defendant dobed to his feet to face the potential jurors.

Mr. Mitchell, the former Attorney General, once the scourge of muggers and demonstrators, looked gray and shrunken as he slouched in his seat. Under his new Florida tan, Mr. Ehrlichman, once Mr. Nixon's domestic adviser, seemed worried and edgy.

Only Mr. Haldeman, who not so many months ago was counted the second most powerful man in Washington, seemed as confident and self-possessed as ever. The haircut had changed, his crewcut having given way to a more modern style, but the Nixon tie clasp bearing the Presidential seal, was still securely in place.