

~~Richard's personal bugging~~  
In 1984 - and before the disclosure to follow, I ~~reminded the reader~~ wrote the  
reminder it is one of the works helpful to an understanding of ~~the~~ <sup>Nixonian</sup> incredible -  
George Orwell describes a society in which the unseen Big Brother is plugged in to  
every nook and cranny of every dwelling.

Richard Nixon had <sup>a</sup> more modest accomplishments. We do not know his ~~ambitions~~ <sup>aspiration</sup>. He also  
had the largess of the taxpayers for which he neither had to nor did account to finance  
his project. And a compliant Secret Service to provide the technical know-how and the  
operating personnel whose mouths were as clamped as those of Orwell's dictator's hench-  
men.

Nixon had everything but himself and his own bed and bathrooms wired for sound.

His confidential deliberations with his cabinet were not immune.

Nothing - nobody - was.

Big cars ~~miniaturized~~ <sup>mineraturized</sup> by moden science into a microphone only a tenth of  
an inch in length and easily-hidden, mineraturized transmitters capable of electronically  
penetrating 30 walls were hidden in all his working places in the White House, the  
Executive Office Building and his private lodge, Aspen, at Camp David. Not even the  
third-floor White House sitting room, named after ~~Abraham~~ Abraham Lincoln, was overlooked  
in Nixon's personal spy-on-my-friends-and-employees set-up.

The scientific conf~~er~~ was simple. It all worked through a locator device which told  
those he wanted to know where he was. There were ten settings, the last simple "other"  
other nine  
and ~~the rest~~ his favorite haunts. As he reached his destination, his escort merely  
pushed the appropriate button so the staff would know where Nixon was.

Pushing that button activated the secret bugging and taping device. Thereafter  
the apparatus was sound-activated.

(The descriptions of the time of revelation are unintendedly deceptive, referring  
to "voice" activation. Actually, it is any sound. Depending on the manner of adjustment,  
a sigh could trigger the activating mechanism. Or a tap, on the table, the clearing of  
the throat, or a slight cough.)

In the basement of the West Wing of the desecrated White House the Secret Service

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the clandestine receiving and recording devices. It was the closest-held of Nixon's secrets, so secret that the secrecy in itself negates the "explanation" that is in itself little short of egomaniacal.

Our Glorious Leader felt he owed it to posterity to preserve his every word!

In preserving his own, he preserved those of all with whom he spoke.

That this was illegal troubled Nixon no more than any of the other illegalities of his campaigning or his Presidency.

He had his obligation to posterity to meet.

And to meet it properly and fully, he extended the bugging to those phones he used most commonly. Thus he preserved for posterity his imperishable tactical suggestions - from the President a command - to the coach of the Washington Redskins (who found them disastrous), together with all his other conversations.

Save those he didn't want to bug, for which he used untapped phones.

The explanation for the clandestine recording of every phone and personal conversation he held was "history," to be transcribed for The Nixon Library.

Only, none were transcribed.

The man who inadvertently pulled the plug on this White House ~~subsidary~~<sup>outpost</sup> of the police state tried to meet his obligation to "history" and to reduce what would have been an enormous logistical problem by trying to get the transcribing started in the White House. Alexander Porter Butterfield, late of the Air Force and then the preserver of White House history, actually believed Nixon's secret spying was for history.

Obviously, had the transcribing of this growing mountain of reels of tape been started in the White House, where public funds would have paid the typists - and Nixon is a canny man with a buck - the burden on Nixon's Library's friends and finances would have been relieved. Moreover, the imperishable words would have been available for instant retrieval. None of that wisdom would not have been a the end of daintily-enamelled fingertips is these trapes had been transcribed.

Only, if they had been, more than four people outside the Secret Service would have known.

And secrecy more than his deathless thoughts and the infinite wisdom of his associates and advisers seems to have been more important to Richard Nixon.

Some of the tapes went untranscribed and devoted Alexander Porter Butterfield was frustrated. He ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> a truly dedicated man, ~~Butterfield~~, but a man to whom association with Richard Nixon had brought other frustration.

frustrations  
One of these/cost him \$10,000 a year plus side benefits (<sup>7/17/73</sup>WaPost) when Nixon, who was then spidering into the executive agencies those he trusted, made him administrator of the Federal Aviation Agency. The Constitution prohibits the holding of civilian office by the professional military, so Colonel Alexander Porter Butterfield, loyal to Richard Nixon, resigned his commission and was confirmed as FAA administrator.

Butterfield and the Senate's investigators, who did not really investigate, both blundered into the admission of all days, on Friday the 13th, the day of superstitions, when he thought they knew from Haldeman and they asked him, innocently enough, about John W. Dean's belief that he had been electronically recorded. In this "routine" session, Butterfield was routinely asked whether the April 15, 1972 conference between Nixon and Dean in Nixon's Executive Office Building office had been tapped.

"Yes, it is", Butterfield responded.

Now the ironic thing is that the questioning was by the Republican members of the committee's staff, those interested in protecting Republican President Nixon, not the Democrats, seeking to do him in.

No less ironic, Dean, the President's official lawyer, didn't know of this secret mechanism of history. Only four people were worthy of history's trust to Richard Nixon. Neither Dean nor his domestic-affairs assistant, John Ehrlichman, was worthy of this great trust. Aside from those essential to its operation, only H.R. Haldeman was. And Lawrence Highy, the personal assistant to whom Haldeman delegated the responsibility of having then-colonel Butterfield carry it out. (Butterfield had to tell his secretary how to push which button and when for the rare occasions of his absence.)

It should not be a surprise, then, to learn that Butterfield, whose previous experience had been as an Air Force pilot/instructor -20 years off it - was brought to



the White House by his University of California friend from 1947-8, Haldeman.

To push papers - and buttons.

And keep secrets. About "history."

Richard Nixon's White House "history."

The committee's staff, which is to say its Republican staff, was civilized about all of this that Friday the thirteenth. They suggested that Butterfield report to the White House, three days before they shifted their schedule to take his testimony of Monday afternoon, July 16, that about which he would testify.

So, when Senator Sam Ervin called Butterfield to the stand, he prefaced the testimony by reading a letter from J. Fred Buzhardt, Dean's successor, that said two things:

There was, indeed, Richard Nixon's devotion to history, preserved on mylar; and Richard Nixon had done no more than repeat the clandestine tricks of his predecessor, Lyndon Johnson.

There was, of course, an immediate uproar. Buzhardt is a consistent man. He was in error. On this occasion, even the Secret Service was constrained to refute him. They had never before- never - included the tape-recording of personal meetings in their protective role. The Secret Service protects the President, not "history." And that is what it said.

Typical of the adverse comment was that of Senator Jackson, one of the victims of Nixon's Department of Dirty Tricks but no less a war "hawk" than Nixon. "Police state," he charged in disbelief.

Nixon was not without those who ~~took~~ <sup>held</sup> a less critical view of his consuming interest in the totality and purity of "history." Senator Gurney, naturally.

And Barry Goldwater, the Senator who as Republican candidate in 1964 assured the re-election of Lyndon Johnson. Goldwater, like Butterfield, is a fly-boy.

Goldwater also is not tainted as an intellectual. His interests run more to photography and electronics.

So, when Goldwater found nothing wrong and much right with this new kind of

"history", his was the approach of a technician, not a scholar or intellectual.

The fact is, Goldwater was far ahead of Nixon and that far in the past, if published accounts of his won bugging are to be believed.

These account, by Ralph Ginzburg during that disasterous 1964 campaign, allege that electronics-hobbiest Goldwater had his spread so throughly wired for sound that he could eavesdrop even on what transpired in his/<sup>Arizona</sup>bathrooms!

= One shudders to ~~think~~ recall that Goldwater's second hobby is photography!

From the dim antiquity of a more dubious history, the gods shone down on Richard Nixon. From Valhalla. They ~~gave~~ gave him his first known illness of years, viral pneumonia. It confined him the the extra-secure Naval Medical Center Hospital in suburban Bethesda, Maryland. There he was protected from the outside world by a special detachment of United States Marines, in addition to his Secret Service protectors and his ~~own~~ usual regiment of bureaucratic isolators.

There was a schizoid quality to this illness. On the one hand, Nixon, even when he ~~fever~~ fever rose to a mind-dulling 102 degrees, kept working and making decisions, fulfilling his role of the man ever in charge. On the other hand, there was no one to ask a single embarrassing question about "history, bugs, tapes or taps.

Blessed indeed ~~are~~ are those upon whom the gods shine. The glow of their favor obliterates much.

Extra space

Authentic history, without tapes, taps, bugs or special interpretations, holds a special place for that Bethesda Naval Hospital.

It is there, beginning at 7:35 p.m. November 22, 1963, that there transpired what made the Presidency of Richard Nixon possible, the autopsy on the assassinated President John Fitzgerald Kennedy, the autops~~y~~y that was less than an autopsy, that left questions unasked and unanswerd, that was amnipulated to give the semblance of authenticity to the official account of the end of the President who had returned art and culture to the White House and had ordained the end of the undeclared war in Viet Nam.

extra space

Water himself must have been shining upon Richard Nixon to hospitalize him for the first time at such a juncture.

Dean's conferences with Nixon were bugged by Nixon, taped by Nixon, and they prove Dean swore to the truth or lied. If Dean lied, he committed a serious new crime, perjury, which carries a penalty of five years plus a fine. If he lied he defamed Nixon.

And Nixon had and controlled the proof, his words and Dean's, on tape.

If Dean lied, Nixon was exculpated.

If Dean lied, Nixon had and alone controlled the proof. In his and Dean's own voices.

And thus it came to pass, on the ~~very next~~ day after ~~Butterworth~~ Butterfield's testimony, that Ronald Ziegler, earlier only press secretary and by Watergate erosions elevated into Presidential special assistant, announced from the Bethesda Naval Hospital that the tapes would not be given to the Senate.