

RADIO FREE AMERICA



LAWRENCE LIPTON

In cold blood: The Establishment as Murderer

Government by bullet, with Nixon and Agnew and Mitchell taking turns at pulling the trigger. That's how it looks to millions of people in the U.S. and throughout the world as they hear and see the news of the day. Their victims too are worldwide—Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, Kent College, U. of New Mexico (where 9 or 10 were bayoneted by National Guardsmen, three of the victims newsmen and television photographers), Black Panthers and other Blacks in Chicago, New York, Oakland, Los Angeles and elsewhere, and many more at home and abroad too numerous to mention. In short, we have reached the shooting stage at home as well as in the capitalist imperialist "operations" of the Pentagon and the CIA. Government by murder has become the "law and order" of the day. Suppression by force has lost the wars in Korea and Vietnam and will lose the war in Cambodia and it will lose the war against dissent in the U.S. Suppression is only sowing dragons' teeth for the Power Structure and its puppets.

Bare-faced falsehood: the Establishment as Liar

It has been said that the first casualty of war is truth. This is just as true of wars at home as it is of wars abroad. When Truman and Churchill conspired to set up the Iron Curtain as a divisive technique to destroy the Second World War Alliance, they erected the foundation for the Cold War and all the other Big Lies that have been cooked up in a futile effort to preserve a capitalism that has always used lies and is now ending its lying career in a catastrophic downhill fall into senility, atrocities, massacres, civil war and genocide-suicide. A generation has arisen that can no longer be lied to with impunity. Capitalism-Imperialism is now confronted with its final moment of truth. Nixon's No. 1 liar, Director of Communications Herbert Klein, is a good example of how far gone into decay the Big Lie has gone.

Herbert Klein, No. 1 liar

The tissue of lies which the Administration has been weaving is so full of holes by now that Herbert Klein and members of the Cabinet and Nixon's stooges in the Congress are contradicting each other every time they open their mouths in public. A good example was Klein's appearance on the Dick Cavett talk show last Thursday night (5/7/70). Only a lawyer-liar icy-eyed hatchet-faced Establishment stooge like Tricky Dicky could have picked such a shift-eyed, twitch-mouth like Herbie Klein to be his official mouthpiece. Every word out of his mouth was a robot repetition of his master's voice, complete with the "I want to make one thing clear" and the rest of the vomitous Nixon rhetoric. Cavett had one hell of a time trying to get anything like a direct answer out of him, but he persisted and, all in all, gave a good account of himself in the interview. Here is one sample, where Cavett picked up on the "make clear" gambit himself in an effort to get a word of truth out of the professional liar.

CAVETT: Let me get something that I didn't get clear, though. I was wondering if he [Nixon] knew that the country would be quite so ripped apart as it seems to have been, more than I can

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remember in a long time, in the last weeks and days by this move. If he *did* think that it would be, is it worth it to have us in the worst tension that I can think of in a long time? We're in a terrible situation right now. People are really— [rest of sentence drowned out by studio audience applause]. If he thought it was worth it, *why* did he think it was worth it to have this terrible division at home? If he didn't know there would be this terrible division, something is terribly wrong with the advice he's getting in his way of sensing the mood of the country.

KLEIN: The question consists of several elements. First, he *had* to be aware that this would not be a popular decision, and he made that with full knowledge that it wasn't, but the fact is that he felt it was right. He's also convinced that when it is revealed that he saved us a number of American lives it will be shown it was the right decision, and certainly no one can dispute the fact that it was a courageous decision. In terms of the intensity, I don't think anyone can measure this type of thing ahead one way or the other. We're hopeful that through the activities we have, and that the fact the students *are* voicing themselves in many ways, and there are a great number of them who are very *peaceful* and feel strongly. We recognize that there is a great depth of feeling on the campus and among others, that will, by facing up to the issue, explain the objectives and the objectives the President has are the same that the students have. We want peace as soon as possible, we want to bring our men home under the conditions that have been set forth. It's a matter of not goals but how you do it. I think that the best way that the students really could make a contribution toward the goal they want is to surely have the right to dissent and to make their voices heard. I think this is an American tradition, it's one that, as a matter of fact, where we believe in and they're helping them set up a platform in Washington— [The lousy grammar is Klein's.]

CAVETT: Could I get a very direct answer, however, to my question? Was the President surprised by the amount of turmoil this has caused?

KLEIN: The intensity of it to this degree I would guess that he was. I didn't ask him that specific question. But beyond that, is that I think that the violence that you see isn't gonna help the cause at all. I think the dissent—and I talked to the students—many of them say—they want to be sure that they're being heard. Maybe we haven't done a good enough job letting them know we want to know what they say.

Nixon-Agnew's incitement to murder.

And so it went. All the cliches of the rhetoric Nixon's hired writers are pouring out like so many one-liners for stand-up comics in a Johnny Cashbox country western. The fact is it's just the other way round. The students understand the facts *too* well, and Nixon and his yes-men *know* that their act isn't going over with anybody except flag-waving morons and little old ladies in the studio-audiences of the Johnny Carson show, and the anything-but-silent Right Wing minority that crawls out of the woodwork every time Agnew opens his big yap and feeds them their lies the way a trainer tosses fish to a troupe of performing seals. Only the next day at one of his rare press conferences Nicky parroted Klein's one-liners word for word—except for one contradiction—he said he was *not* surprised by the intensity of dissent to his invasion of Cambodia. Of course he didn't describe it that way. To hear him tell it *no one* should have been surprised at the move, it was so logical a move that it was the *only* move he could have made in the interests of peace in Indochina; and necessary to making withdrawal from Vietnam safe for our brave boys there.

Polarization rises as the curve of mutual *understanding* rises, not the other way around. As oppressor and oppressed, master and slave, exploiter and exploited understand each others' relative positions the conflict is intensified and the showdown between them is hastened. It is in this way that God in his infinite wisdom brings to Armageddon the end of an Age, if I remember my Bible correctly. And surely neither Tricky Dicky nor his great good friend and spiritual advisor the Rev. Dr. Billy Graham can quarrel with *that* bit of Scripture.

If you have tears prepare

—prepare to shed them now. Here, as related by Chet Huntley on the 6 o'clock news, is an inside glimpse of the White House the small hours of the night when the President goes Lincolnesque, sans shawl, as he walks at midnight in profound and lonely thought and in anguish of soul, if you remember the famous poem *Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight*, and if you can get yourself to imagine Honest Abe Nixon in such a role.

"Last night, after his news conference on Cambodia and student dissent, President Nixon couldn't sleep. He got up at about three-thirty and about five in the morning he drove to the Lincoln Memorial with a valet and three secret service agents who, he said, were petrified. At the Memorial Mr. Nixon talked informally for nearly an hour with a small group of the students. He asked them to try and understand what the Administration was doing. He said he was against killing and wanted the troops home as soon as possible. Later, three students talked about the experience with NBC correspondent Ron Nessin.

"—Mr. Nixon was very tired and he looked it and he really didn't want to get into any kind of debate at the time.

"—He seemed to be concerned about talking about something else, he gave us a fifteen or twenty minute dialogue on meeting people and he seemed to be saying that he *is* concerned about the individual people getting along with each other and he was you know—like he was just tired, I think, of discussing these issues that are putting all the pressure on him nowadays.

"—I asked him if he really does come to the Lincoln Memorial at five o'clock in the morning, and he said he usually does go there, and I asked him at five o'clock? and he said not usually.

[Question:] What did he say about today's demonstration?

"—He said he *did* have faith in the Youth because the Youth of today is going to be the governing body of this nation for tomorrow. And he expressed the hope that pending this we voice our opinions. And we reminded him that it *was* a peaceful demonstration, and, you know, he congratulated us..."

Wait, you ain't heard nothin' yet

I had a hunch that Chet and the NBC had not given us everything on this charming little "by-the-dawn's-early-light" tearjerker. It was just all that managed to treacle through on the wire by 6 o'clock news airtime (Pacific time). I suspected that by press time the next day's Sunday paper (5/10/70) would have more of the news that's shit to print. The L.A. *Times'* Stuart H. Loory reported that "as the President recalled later, the dialogue focussed on world travel, the environment, American Indians, the racial crisis on several college campuses and, of course, the Vietnam war..."

"On this war thing," the President later quoted himself as say-

ing, "I said that I know you think we are a bunch of so-and-soes. ... Sure you came here to demonstrate and shout your slogans on the Ellipse. That's all right. Just keep it peaceful. Remember, I feel just as deeply as you do about this."

(Follows then a little personal history telling how he was all for Neville Chamberlain and the "peace in our time" pact between Britain and Hitler.)

"In 1939," Mr. Nixon told the students, "I thought Neville Chamberlain was the greatest man living and Winston Churchill was a madman. It was not until three years later that I realized that Neville Chamberlain was a good man, but Winston Churchill was right."

(He did not remind the students that in the middle 50's he was a Senator Joe McCarthy man, feeding him the lies he used against Hiss, against the hundred or more imaginary communists in "sensitive positions" in the armed services, the State Department, etc. And he did not tell them—or anyone else since then—where he now stands on this sordid episode in his and the country's history, and none of the students seems to have thought of asking him.)

"If the students could draw comfort just from the fact that they could talk to their President [Loory continues] they could find no solace in his words as far as conciliation was concerned. Joan Pelletier, 20, a Syracuse University coed from Darien, Conn., was one student who said later she listened to the President. And she was unhappy.

"Here we had come from a university that's completely uptight, on strike," Miss Pelletier said. "And when we told him where we were from, he talked about the football team. And when someone said he was from California, he talked about surfing."

"It was unreal," said another 20-year-old Syracuse coed, Ronnie Kemper. "He was trying hard to relate on a personal basis, but he wasn't really concerned with why we were there."

Loory concludes with some background material on the incident:

"Mr. Nixon's early morning jaunt was the result of a sleepless night. After his Friday night news conference, he retired to his quarters and spoke by phone to friends around the country until 2 a.m. Then, unable to sleep, he tried to read. Finally, he dozed off for an hour and awoke at 4 a.m. He awoke Sanchez, who said he had never been to the Lincoln Memorial.

"The two first rode by the Washington Monument and then went to the Memorial. From there they rode to the Capitol and toured the Rotunda, Statuary Hall and finally the House of Representatives chamber where Mr. Nixon as a congressman sat from 1946 to 1950.

"By this time his staff had begun to catch up with him. He was no longer the private man, but a President surrounded by his aides."

Our beloved President shouldn't go traipsing around like this in the cold hours of early morning. I suggest that we all send him some Lincolnesque shawls to protect his frail old shoulders against the foggy foggy dew off the polluted Potomac, and maybe also a few false beards to wear on such occasions. I'm too choked up to go on. I keep thinking how Hitler loved little children.

The unmaking of a President

To those who are interested in impeaching the Pres. and his Vice, if they dig such fantasies, I recommend the foregoing bill of particulars. A President who in such a touching confrontation with dissident students in the dawn hours can make such a shmuck out of himself as to talk with them about their college football teams and surfing and to use the occasion *not* to listen to what they have to tell him but to dribble at the mouth with the old, tired "rhetoric" (as he and his press agents themselves call it) is not fit to hold office as a country sheriff, let alone the Presidency. The case for impeachment against the Vice is too complete already to need any help from me.

As David Dellinger said in a speech a day or two ago at a rally in the East, it is too late for fun and games. I sympathize with his serious concern, but I think he's still got a lot to learn from fellow-defendants Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman and the Yippies. It's *never* too late for "fun and games" if they serve to keep the Reaction off balance and bedevil the police and the courts in the interests of the revolution.

My own picture of Tricky Dicky trying to play Honest Old Abe with students who are his mental and moral superiors is more like Macbeth stumbling sleeplessly through the castle halls with blood on his hands than Lincoln in the famous poem *Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight*.

What Tricky Dicky was trying to say to the young dissidents at the Lincoln Memorial could much more honestly have been summed up in a few words from the news conference which gave him insomnia that night. Quote:

"I made this decision, I take the responsibility for it, I believe it will work out. If it doesn't, then I am to blame. They are not."

That is the whole Nixon policy, abroad and at home. It is *his* responsibility, *not ours*, not the dissidents', *not* the men whose lives are at stake in Indochina, *not* their parents and kindred, but *his alone*. He is telling us here that *it is none of our business*, not mine, not yours, not the demonstrators' nor the GIs—"there's but to do and die," ours but to keep our mouths shut and leave it all to him.

That was one of the rare times when he *did* "make it perfectly clear," even if it *was* just a blunder-mouth statement. I wonder if it was this that made him sleepless and restless that night. I doubt it. It only proved that WE and They are worlds apart.

The only word I have for the dissidents, including myself, now is, as always, **RIGHT ON!**

'Over my dead body'

—is an old piece of wisdom from the dictionary of Americanisms. Traditionally it was used chiefly by such staunch "strict constructionists" as white supremacy bigots confronted by uppity niggers. The dead bodies invariably turned out to be not those of white supremacists but the black bodies of their victims. Today it is still a racist slogan used by patriotic homeowners against uppity niggers who dare to move into an "exclusive" neighborhood. It is a favorite threat used by Right Wingers who use it today, as in the past, as a threat, not a promise. The Hawks who are past the draft age use the phrase often, but what they mean by it is that they're ready to fight the commies anywhere in the world over the dead bodies of their sons and brothers in the American armed forces, while they stay safely at home and cheer them on—the GIs, that is, not the commies. Such vicarious heroism is common among profiteering patriots. The halls of Congress are filled with such folksy, down home braggarts with monstrous moral pretensions and the miniscule intelligence of bible-thumpers. It is such cretins who have helped to escalate the polarization which now divides the country. Over my body! is their slogan, by which they mean my body and yours.

So it has come from petitions and demonstrations in the 60's to confrontation and resistance in the 70's.

Revolution is an interactive process, action-counteraction. To expect it to be anything else is to be inexcusably innocent of history. To brood or gripe over the fact that action leads to reaction is to venture nothing and gain nothing. It is just a cop-out for people who want to win their freedom without risking anything. Without paying their dues.

So, once more—**RIGHT ON!**