

A Soliloquy

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By Clare Boothe Luce

To impeach, or not to impeach: that is the question.
 Whether 'tis better for the Party to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous Nixon,
 Or now to drown him in his sea of troubles,
 And by voting, end him. Impeach; convict;
 No more; and by convicting say we ended
 Watergate, restored the public trust,
 Upheld the Constitution, purified
 Our politics, and got Sam Ervin off
 Of Television. 'Tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. Impeach. Convict.
 Convict: perchance acquit! Ay, there's the rub:
 For in that long and bitter process
 Of impeachment, what evils may befall us
 While we are shuffling off his White House coil
 Must give us pause: To deepen those divisions
 Now dividing us the more, to down
 Dow Jones to Davy's locker deeper, drive
 Bankrupted brokers to despairful leaps
 From Wall Street's darkened windows, stoke the fires
 Of wild inflation, court depression.
 And be left ourselves to ration gasoline!
 Impeach: Whilst wav'ring allies, heeding not
 Th' unmastered Henry, yield to Cairo's will
 And Moscow slyly strokes the Arab hand
 That holds the bung of Sheikdom's oily drums,
 And whispers in the vengeful Moslem ear,
 The plotted Diaspora of the Jews.
 Impeach: To strike the sword from his command—
 The U.S. sword he only holds to guard

Our skies and shores from Russian infestation—
 And in this hour of the sheathed sword
 And unhailed Chief, to court atomic doom!
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of Nixon's
 Insolence in office, his oppressive vetoes,
 His scrambled tapes, his plumbers, his Bébé,
 His vaunted innocence, the law's delay,
 The exile of the Court of Camelot
 And noble Galbraith, Reston, Schlesinger,
 The pangs of unrequited Liberalism,
 The long-drawn martyrdom of Alger Hiss,
 When we ourselves might Dick's quietus make
 With bold impeachment? Ay, what Party
 With e'en a tarnished Kennedy in hand
 Would grunt and sweat out three more years of Dick
 But that the dread of pitfalls on the road
 To his conviction puzzles still the will,
 And makes us rather bear the ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all,
 And thus our native hue of partisanship,
 Is sicklied o'er by the pale cast of patriotism.
 And politics of great pitch and moment,
 With these regards their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action. Soft you now!
 The fair Kay Graham! Nymph, in the columns, please
 Be all our fears remembered.

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 U.S. Ambassador to Italy.