

will not work if that job is left to the courts.

Our Founding Fathers, flawed men that they were, assumed that all men were flawed; they assumed that all men, like themselves, craved riches and power. Because they had this tough-minded view of human beings, they built a system of law to hold tyrannical ambitions in check. They assumed — and here, perhaps, they were mistaken—that men would always vie hard for power. They did not foresee a generation or two of Congressmen who would positively *want* to surrender their autonomy and potency; they did not dream Senators would step aside to leave the disposition of political power

to courts; they did not count on a lust for impotence. Nor will our system require that Congress work tirelessly to preserve its dignity and

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**. . . if the President is not impeached, we shall have effectively created a precedent whereby no President is likely ever to be impeached.**

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potency.

For these three reasons, then — that no man should ever stand above the law, that the Presidency must be subject to an ultimate sanction

against its power, and that Congress must exercise its Constitutionally provided powers — I believe the President must be impeached. I repeat: the first reason is sufficient; the second two go to implications of failing to pursue the dictates of justice in this particular case.

The other questions that Senator McCarthy raises are interesting, and we ought one day to debate whether or not we favor propositions 1, 3, and 5, or propositions 2 and 4. But such debate is merely idle chatter unless we first ensure that we have a system of government in which our preferences at all matter. If we do not, then all our talk about wage-and-price controls is only hot air.

## Hamlet in Congress

A Soliloquy

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 Disapora of the Jews.  
Impeach: To strike the sword from his command—  
That 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 Bebe,  
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 thy columns, please  
Be all our fears remembered.*

Clare Boothe Luce is a playwright, journalist and former United States Ambassador to Italy.

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