

Page 4

RADIO FREE AMERICA



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Further Thoughts on an Assassination

First the words of some eye-ear-and heart witnesses:

PETE HAMILL: "It was as if all of us there went simultaneously insane: a cook was screaming, 'Kill him, (the assassin) kill him now, kill him, kill him!'"

"I tried to get past Grier, Johnson, Plimpton and Barry to get at the gunman. The Jack Ruby in me was rising up, white, bright, with a high singing sound in the ears, and I wanted to damage that insane little bastard they were holding, I wanted to break his face, to rip away flesh, to hear bone break as I pumped punches into that pimpled skin.

"Budd Schulberg was next to me; I suppose he was trying to do the same. Just one punch. Just one for Dallas. Just one for Medgar Evers, just one for Martin Luther King. Just one punch. Just one. One.

"(And later) We will have our four-day televised orgy of remorse about Robert Kennedy and then it will be business as usual. You could feel that as we drove through the empty L.A. streets, listening to the sirens screaming in the night.

"Nothing would change. Kennedy's death would mean nothing. It was just another digit in the great historical pageant that includes the slaughter of Indians, the plundering of Mexico, the enslavement of black people, the humiliation of Puerto Ricans.

"Just another digit; Nothing would come of it. While Kennedy's life was ebbing out of him, Americans were dropping bombs and flaming jelly on Orientals. While the cops fingerprinted the gunman, Senator Eastland's Negro subjects were starving. While the cops made chalk marks on the floor of the pantry, the brave members of the National Rifle Association were already explaining that people commit crimes, guns don't (as if Willie Mays could hit a home run without a bat). These cowardly bums claim Constitutional rights to kill fierce deer in the forests, and besides, suppose the niggers come to the house and we don't have anything to shoot them with? Suppose we have to fight a nigger man-to-man?

In His Last Hour

JACK NEWFIELD: "He (RFK) had come back from defeat, and won on his own, Robert Kennedy, who was always more Boston than Camelot, once again found the two things he always needed: a cause—the dispossessed—and a clear enemy.

"I am going to chase Hubert Humphrey's ass all over America," he said, "I'm going to chase his ass into every precinct. Wherever he goes, I'm going to go."

"(And later) Rage at the professional Bobby haters... Rage at politicians who now urge passage of the crime bill with its gun control clause as a "memorial" to Kennedy, even though Kennedy, in life, opposed that legislation because of its provisions for wire tapping and denial of rights of defendants... Rage at a man like Sam Yorty who had the Los Angeles police give a traffic ticket to the entire Kennedy motorcade last week, who began red-baiting before Kennedy's heart stopped beating, and who crashed the funeral, and refused to leave even after being asked by Jack English...

"Rage at men like Archbishop Cooke and Eric Hoffer who say America should feel no national guilt, because the assassin was a Jordanian nationalist. Rage at those eulogizers who never mention the violence of Vietnam, Mississippi, or Texas..."

God Works in Mysterious Ways

MRS JOSEPH KENNEDY: "We cannot always understand the ways of almighty God—the crosses which he sends us—but we believe in his divine goodness, in his wisdom. We accept with faith and resignation his holy will with no looking back to what might have been—we are at peace."

Is it just barely possible Mother Kennedy's statement may be a clue to the question so often asked in some quarters: Why has the Kennedy family, including Robert Kennedy, to the very last, shown no interest in questioning the Warren Commission, even actively supporting its findings, as Robert Kennedy did shortly before his assassination?

The Lord Giveth, The Lord Taketh Away

Assassination, then, becomes that ghastly thing in Judeo-Christian doctrine, "an act of God." Anything that is too horrible to contemplate as an act of Man becomes an act of God. It is a doctrine (and a dogma) of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, and all the faithful are indoctrinated with it. Thus it becomes the religious duty of the (so far) surviving Kennedys to accept the will of God and no questions asked. If God gave his only begotten son to save the world, why should Mother Kennedy complain if God asks her to "give" three of her four sons as human sacrifices to the faith, Judeo-Christian theology DEMANDS martyrs, victims. (The word victim means a religious sacrifice, animal or human; victory is a related word—dig?). Thus Joseph Kennedy, paralyzed, in his wheelchair, becomes a Job—Job too, lost his sons and yet praised God. Misfortune, sickness, death, even assassination, becomes "a test of faith." Whom God loveth he chastiseth. Patriotism, based as it is on the Judeo-Christian ethos, also goes by the rule of "Their's not to reason why/Their's but to do and die." Militarism, like patriotism, rests on the same theological scam. So is the master/slave relationship. From justifying the ways of God to man on such senseless ground, it is only a step to justifying the way of the Master to the slave. There is good historical evidence for the theory that the Lord God Jehovah was created by the slave master in his own image.

The Society Must Go!

A Society that is based on such a slave morality does not deserve to survive. It is not to be disposed of with the argument that "Christianity is all right, it just hasn't had a chance to be tried—yet." In two thousands years? Maybe God isn't dead. Maybe he's alive and sick—in the Vatican. Maybe he's a prisoner in the Pentagon. Maybe the CIA has him on its payroll. When Voltaire lay dying he was pestered into letting somebody send for a priest to administer the last rites of the Church. You know the bit—a dab of oil on the eyes, the mouth, the hands, the feet, everything except the genitals and the asshole, I think, followed by words like—for the sins committed by the eyes, ears, feet, etc. Altogether a disgusting catalogue of sins that implies that the whole body is a cesspool of sin—to say nothing of Original Sin. When the Priest was taking his leave. Voltaire spoke up and said, "Go and may God go with you."

Society Must Go! May God Go With You!