

The Young Pretender

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The reporter from the *Washington Post* even looked like a rat, the White House staffer mused to himself. The sharply slanting forehead, the sharp, darting nose, overbite and receding chin were the least of the impression of sheer rattiness. The White House staffer wondered if, perhaps, the reporter had not cultivated the greying, flickering mous-tache to underscore the rodent-like effect. Now, the reporter was almost trembling in silent rage, his feral eyes darting glances rapidly back and forth among the group at the table.

GAMESMANSHIP

"Ever play the new game, Chappaquidick bridge?" the dry mannered journalist from Indianapolis had seized upon a pause in the conversation afforded by the shrimp cocktail.

The White House staffer had played straight man. "No, I hadn't heard of it. What's the difference?"

"The dummy is covered," the Indianapolis reporter responded coolly, and then brought the fork to his mouth.

Naturally, that interchange had been a prearranged set-up.

Occasional luncheon interviews with the *Post's* assistant editor were a painful bore, but unavoidable. The post-Watergate breed of Anglophile journalist is, in general, not only a totally immoral, evil creature, but it is impossible to hold any sort of coherent conversation with any of them. They are all creatures of almost infinitesimal concentration-span. So much so that by the end of their loaded question or remark on any one topic, their minds have already flitted to an entirely different topic, oblivious to any response their question or remark then evokes. This psychedelic-like flitting of such creature's chatter from one bit of fantasy to the other is intolerable for more than a minute or two. After that, one's compelling impulse is to call for the men in the white suits to carry the poor wretch off to the funny-farm. An entire luncheon with one of these miserable creatures is, but for clinical purposes, pure torment. The *Post's* Bugsy Rottenfoul is one of the worst.

The only possible way to handle such a situation is to freak such creatures out. The gag about the dummy, then making rounds through the American faction of the Washington establishment, rattled Rottenfoul to the desired effect.

The White House's current problem-case on the hill was Senator Leadweight O'Whisky. Maneuvering Federal Reserve Chairman Miller into resignation was going to be somewhat more difficult than the dumping of Blumenthal and Schlesinger from the Treasury and Energy departments had been, in any case. Senator

O'Whiskey, aided by a wild press campaign orchestrated from the offices of the *Washington Post*, was heading up the mob of bandits rallying to Miller's defense. From the White House staffer's side, the purpose of accepting this luncheon interview with Rottenfoul was to provoke Rottenfoul into revealing a bit more of Katherine Graham's current gameplan than Rottenfoul would have intended to disclose. Rattling the fellow a bit had therefore seemed appropriate.

As everyone knows, kicking out Blumenthal had only made the Miller problem clearer. As long as Blumenthal had been pushing monetary diarrhea at the Treasury, the Mutt-and-Jeff-game, with Miller playing the "fiscal conservative" role, had had a lot of people fooled. With Blumenthal out, Miller's squeeze on industrial and trade financing had been seen for what it was...unless Miller were dumped, the short-lived bull market in the New York Stock Exchange was about to turn into a replay of the 1929 scenario. Even Bob Strauss, usually the temporizing, "something-for-everyone" fixer, had seen and said that, along with an enraged Arthur Burns.

Originally, the up-front pushing of the Miller nomination had come from Fritz Mondale and Blumenthal. One might have thought that Blumenthal's boosting of Miller would have been a tip-off to Burns. However, Burns, although a tough-minded patriot with certain competencies, is a pragmatist — which is to say, person whose focus on the immediate options in sight often blinds them to the lessons of even immediately preceding experience. Even the patriotic pragmatists, Burns and Strauss, had realized that no compromises with Miller were available. At that point, Leadweight had popped up as the *Washington Post's* chosen leader of the pro-Miller counteroffensive. (Mondale, it was rumored, was going through another crisis, like that which had spoiled his own campaign for the 1976 nomination, and it was said he was popping librium like M&Ms.)

No one should have been surprised. Miller had been a Lizard protégé at Trenton, and politically the only token "businessman" prominent in the Kennedy boosting of the fascism-with-a-democratic-face Initiative Committee for National Economic Planning packages. Laura Chasen had reminded another member of the White House staff of that painful fact in the setting of a recent press conference. Although the Humphrey-machine had been over its head in the ICNEP business, the hard-core Lizards around Washington and the Eastern Financial Community were Felix Rohatyn, the Kennedys, and Katharine Graham. If Miller were ousted, the whole London "1929" gameplan against the United States was finished, and the power of the Lizards vastly reduced. Leadweight was the titular spokesman of the Lizards on the Hill, and now he, and the *Washington Post* were totally out in the open on the issue.

The White House staff had obtained an in-depth profile-study of Leadweight. They had not conducted the

investigation themselves — memories of Watergate and the many spy leaks being coordinated by Morton Halperin and Ralph Nader had terrorized the Administration to the point that no one but a registered accomplice of Henry Kissinger or of Joe Rauh, Jr. dared to go so far in creating the appearance of intelligence activities as matching newspaper clippings, at least not without clear directive from Woody Woodpecker. The White House had merely received a private, in-depth study prepared by an outside source.

Leadweight, some Capitol Hill wags called him the "Senator from Peyton Place" was the last adult heir of a parvenu Scotch family, which had added the "O" on the advice of one of the Cliveden set Astors. As John Wheeler Bennett emphasized "Fill an Irish man up with whisky, play a John McCormack record, and stick an "O" in front of your name, and you can lead the poor sentimental bloke wherever you like most of the time."

Under the guidance of the British Secret Intelligence Service (SIS) the O'Whiskey's became rich under the management of Lizard's André Meyer, and were given a thin british-liberal gentlemen's disguise at the greater Boston colonial branch of Oxford's Balliol College, Harvard University. With the aid of some ghost-writing by Wheeler-Bennet and other SIS specialists in that sort of thing, the older O'Whisky boys graduated from Harvard without incident. Poor Leadweight was a more difficult case, having flunked the standard Harvard course in cheating. Nonetheless, some discreet efforts effected even Leadweight's ultimate graduation.

To be brief, Leadweight is one of the dumbest. Leadweight's only talents for politics, of the sort he plays, is a combination of pure meanness and the suggestibility that goes together with his lack of intellectual powers to get to the bottom of any subject but a pretty Chorus-Girl of a secretary. The poor lout was stuck into the electoral dukedom over which he titularly presided purely for reasons of Anglophile policy. As the British and their emulators do customarily for such cases, the "Young Pretender," as he was otherwise known, was surrounded with a mass of advisors. The advisors clustered around Leadweight like a cluster of footmen and valets, changing the Young Pretender's opinions as a valet manages his master's wardrobe.

There is the rub of the thing. Leadweight, a person whose afflictions would have caused a more discreet old New England family to tuck such a relative out of sight in an upstairs room, was a national political celebrity. In essentials, the loutish Young Pretender's significance is that he was the titular Baron and symbol of a very capable and vicious political machine, and representative of one of the most powerful Baronies of British secret intelligence in United States politics.

The Young Pretender's political profile was that of a liberal, a British-style liberal, expressing the same essence but under different brand label than the mock Oxonian libertarian, William F. Buckley. As a liberal, the Young Pretender pretended to be horrified by disclosures of covert activities by the Nixon Administration, the CIA and FBI. In fact, the O'Whiskey machine ran one of the nastiest private dirty-tricks

network-organizations in the United States, and controlled nests of wickedness inside federal and state governmental agencies which pursued with impunity far more reprehensible covert operations than any which the Nixon Administration or CIA and FBI were accused.

This apparatus did not belong to the O'Whiskys. It belonged, ultimately, to the British Secret Intelligence Service, and to such SIS branches of power inside the USA as the Lizards themselves. When the *Washington Post* boosted the Young Pretender, the master's voice, the *Post*, was in effect giving the Young Pretender his British master's marching orders.

Those sorts of facts ought to have been brought out during the Watergate affair. If the facts had been brought forward, it would have been recognized that Watergate was a rigged affair, with the Kennedys, the O'Whiskys, the neo-Fabians and the *Washington Post* running the outside operation, and Henry Kissinger, another British SIS protégé, running all the dirty work on the inside. Senator Howard Baker had begun, indeed, to scratch at some of those relevant facts, but the Kennedys' dirty tricks specialists, John Doar, and the majority forces on the Ervin committee managed to keep that side of the truth covered up until the Nixon resignation was in the bag. Meanwhile, the same crowd working through another committee gave blanket clearance to the persons responsible for authoring all of the incidents for which Nixon stood accused, Henry Kissinger and White House office boy Alexander Haig.

Lately, the truth surrounding Henry Kissinger and Leadweight O'Whisky, in particular, has been leaking into public notice. The section of the Nixon Administration which had represented the hard-core carried over from the second Eisenhower Administration was among the first to discover how the pieces went together, but leading traditionalist forces within the Democratic Party were not far behind in seeing the point. The White House is becoming increasingly aware of what had really happened during Watergate, aware that the same forces centered around Kissinger, the Kennedys, the *Washington Post*, Joe Rauh Jr., and the O'Whiskys, are itching to replay the Watergate game against President Jimmy Carter.

Although many White House Friends were distressed by the White House's vacillations on connected issues, some forces in and around the White House were developing a clear view of their problem. Rapidly, they were moving to counterattack against a British-orchestrated evil inside the nation, an evil bordering on outright treason. The perception of what Miller really represented had been an eye-opener in this respect.

If Rottenfoul was disturbed by the Chappaquidick quip his inner seething increased — as the journalist from Indianapolis worked in the word "bridge," both as word and stem, at various points in the interchanges which followed. "Bridge" was the word to give Rottenfoul the greatest pain, but other ambiguities to the same effect were not overlooked. Given the train of associations established in Rottenfoul's mind by the Chappaquidick, phrases like "bootlegging British stuff" and "case-by-case import controls" increased the internal

disassociation of Rottenfoul's thoughts. "A bad taste to the Haig line lately," the moral of a Lizard furthered the process. It was so crude as to be obvious, but given Rottenfoul's psycho-profile, the establishment of the pattern of association with the Chappaquidick quip made Rottenfoul helpless to resist the effect of this on his mental processes.

The *Post's* assistant editor blurted out more than he realized. He was caught between making an angry scene in the restaurant, and attempting to strike back psycho-

logically against his tormentors with veiled, and not so veiled, threats. "If you guys think you can get to Leadweight through Kennedy, you're making the biggest mistake in your life. Look what happened to Nixon."

"Kennedy?" the man from Indianapolis replied coolly. "Who is worrying about Kennedy? Get Leadweight and the Kennedy problem will go away by itself."

A silence fell on the conversation. The man from the White House ended the luncheon with a story which ended, "I wonder who's Kissinger now?"