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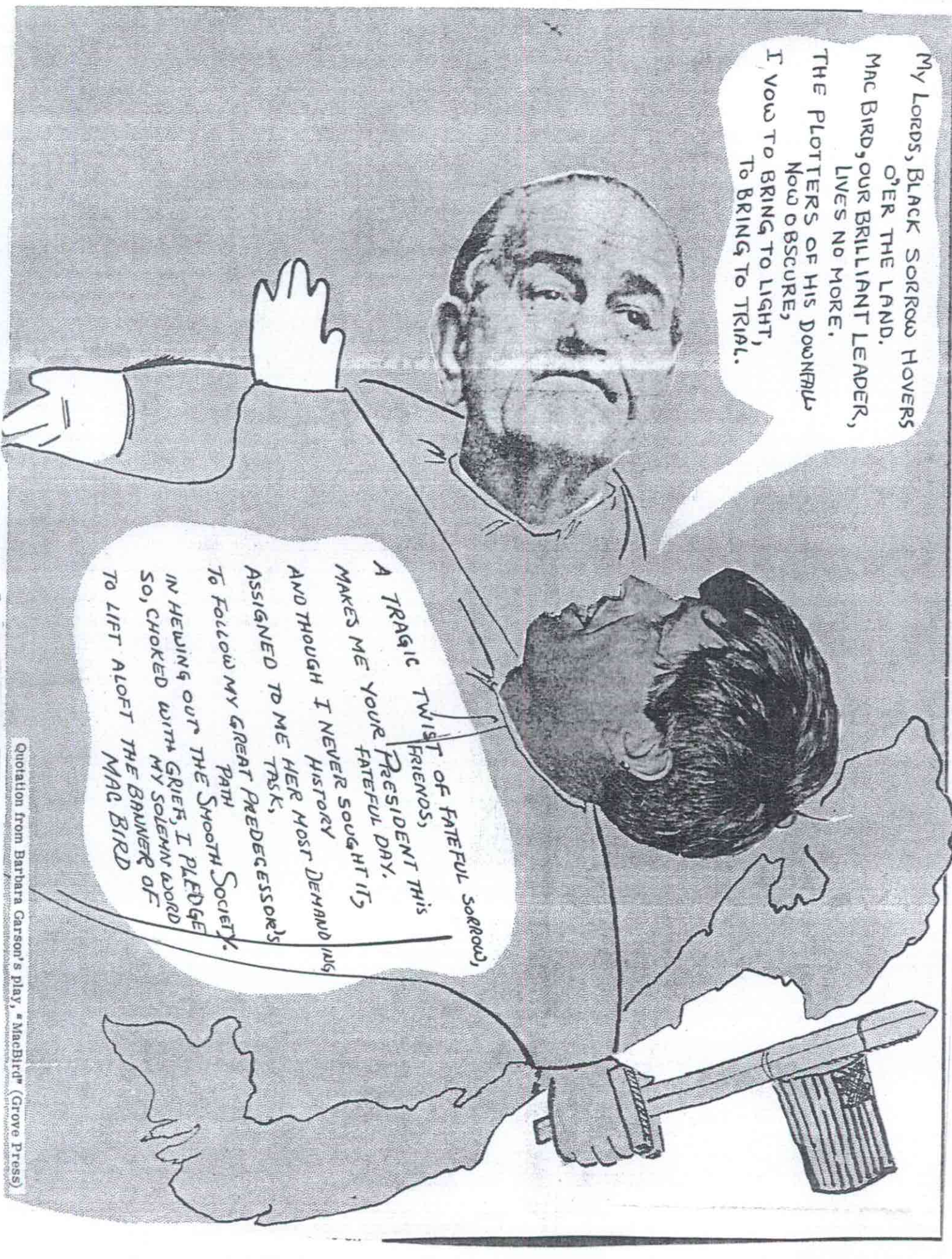
WILL JOHNSON CANCEL THE ELECTIONS ?

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MY LORDS, BLACK SORROW HOVERS
O'er THE LAND,
MAC BIRD, OUR BRILLIANT LEADER,
LIVES NO MORE.
THE PLOTTERS OF HIS DOWNFALL
NOW OBSCURE,
I VOW TO BRING TO LIGHT,
TO BRING TO TRIAL.

A TRAGIC TWIST OF FATEFUL SORROW,
FRIENDS,
PRESIDENT DAY.
MAKES ME YOUR FATEFUL DAY.
AND THOUGH I NEVER SOUGHT IT,
HISTORY
DEMANDING
AND THOUGH I NEVER SOUGHT IT,
HISTORY
DEMANDING
ASSIGNED TO ME HER MOST
TASK,
ASSIGNED TO ME HER MOST
TASK,
ASSIGNED TO ME HER MOST
TASK,
TO FOLLOW MY GREAT PREDECESSOR'S
PATH
THE SMOOTH SOCIETY.
IN HEAVING OUT THE SMOOTH SOCIETY,
I PLEDGE
MY SOLEMN WORD
SO, CHOKED WITH GRIEF,
MY SOLEMN WORD
TO LIFT ALOFT THE BANNER OF
MAC BIRD

Quotation from Barbara Garrison's play, "MacBird" (Grove Press)

ART KUNKIN

It is a time to refer to the star charts, a time to throw the I Ching, a time to look backwards, forwards, sideways, and under the bed for the truth.

For example, was the real LBJ died and gagged in the basement of the White House, when his stand-in, grotesquely made up, stood before the television cameras to announce to the surprised nation that he was not a candidate to succeed himself? Is that what establishment politics in these divided States of America has become?

Irreverent speculation? Perhaps. But with the nation still in shock from President Kennedy's murder, reeling from the televised sight of "another kook" murdering the alleged assassin in a police station, sick to the stomach from witnessing a body of respected officials obfuscate the truth in our own reconstruction of a Moscow Trial farce, totally bewildered by our participation in an obviously immoral war where the boys of Main Street cheerfully behave like Hitlerian terrorists, is it in this world and in this country, that we should dismiss offhand the thought that there has been another coup in the White House?

After all, this is the country where, in the memory of living men, let alone the forgotten past, there has been speculation that Presidents Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson each died mysteriously and unnaturally to accomplish changes in the foreign and domestic policies of this United States of Violence. Is LBJ still alive? Is J. Edgar Hoover still alive? Is there a Hoover double at the race track and another Hoover double pursuing FBI men into the bathrooms in a repressive homosexual search for other homosexuals?

Or, let us muse further, did Bobby Kennedy finally get the goods on Johnson about the murder of JFK? Did Bobby force LBJ to retire? Will Clay Shaw ever come to trial now or, if he does, will a deal be made and Garrison become the Governor of Louisiana? Will the deal be made in Washington, D.C. by bright young men with attache cases or will there be a secret meeting of the Elders of Zion in the vault of an unnumbered Swiss bank account?

Or perhaps the Elders of Zion are really a myth, as the Anti-Defamation League insists, and the meeting will be presided over by Alfred Krupp, now that former Attorney General Robert Kennedy gave him back the factories that made the gas for the concentration camps?

But perhaps the real LBJ did

stand before the cameras, grin on uppers so he could maintain his smile, plastered with second-rate pancake makeupery so he could conceal his tears. Because if there is one thing that is true, it is that the beginning of the LBJ speech did not really motivate or justify the farewell to the presidency.

Did you observe, incidentally, that Bobby Kennedy's hypocritical telegram to the lame duck President is an almost unbelievable parody of the "All Hall, MacBird" speech on the last page of the Grove Press edition. Did Bobby Kennedy kill Johnson? Little Barbara Garson, sitting up there in San Francisco, nursing little Juliette on her breasts, doesn't really have to rewrite the last scene for her movie. She doesn't even have to do a script sequel. After all, Bob Ken O'Dunc had the spear raised (the nomination) and MacBird had a heart attack (his political resignation on tv) and Robert picked up the mantle. All Hall MacBird!

So the brother of the dead Ken O'Dunc didn't have to use frustrated men of violence as tools. Did he black-mail, white-mail and cajole with a truth squad bearing the two heavy trunks of dossiers (left over from the 1960 campaign) to become the ultimate political assassin of our time.

The play is the thing! Barbara Garson pulls the strings and the men in Washington open their mouths, smile their untruths, and wave their arms in speechmaking. Is Bobby Kennedy a front man? Is Barbara Garson the first woman president of these crazy states? Did Margaret Sanger and the feminists bring to fruition the greatest political plot of our time by writing with invisible ink made from mother's milk in between the lines of their contraceptive tracts.

Or does old Lipton, methodically scratching at the fringes of our culture from inside his old bathrobe at his new Venice pad, have the real answer? Did the establishment decide to forego a total military victory post-Tet and agree on a stale-mated partition of Vietnam as they did in Korea and Germany?

Did Brown and Root agree on other military pyramids to keep the war economy going, and the profits rolling in. Will the nation use its troops (avoiding unemployment) in brush wars in Bolivia to kill Che Guevara? Is the "Report from Iron Mountain" published last year by Dial Press true even if the only name on this alleged secret research docu-

ment leads us to the author of an anthology of political humor? Who is kidding who?

Or do the Sons of something or other who ran a write-in campaign for Mayor against Yorty some years ago have the inside track on the truth? From their Silverlake headquarters lined with books about flying saucers, they insisted that the political life on this planet was being taken over by a group of extra-terrestrial beings based on the dark side of the moon. They said: Watch out for extra-tall men in high office. Watch out for Johnson and Tim Leary and DeGaulle (but why, then, were they running against Yorty?)

Did Johnson come from outer space? Has he returned to Outer

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