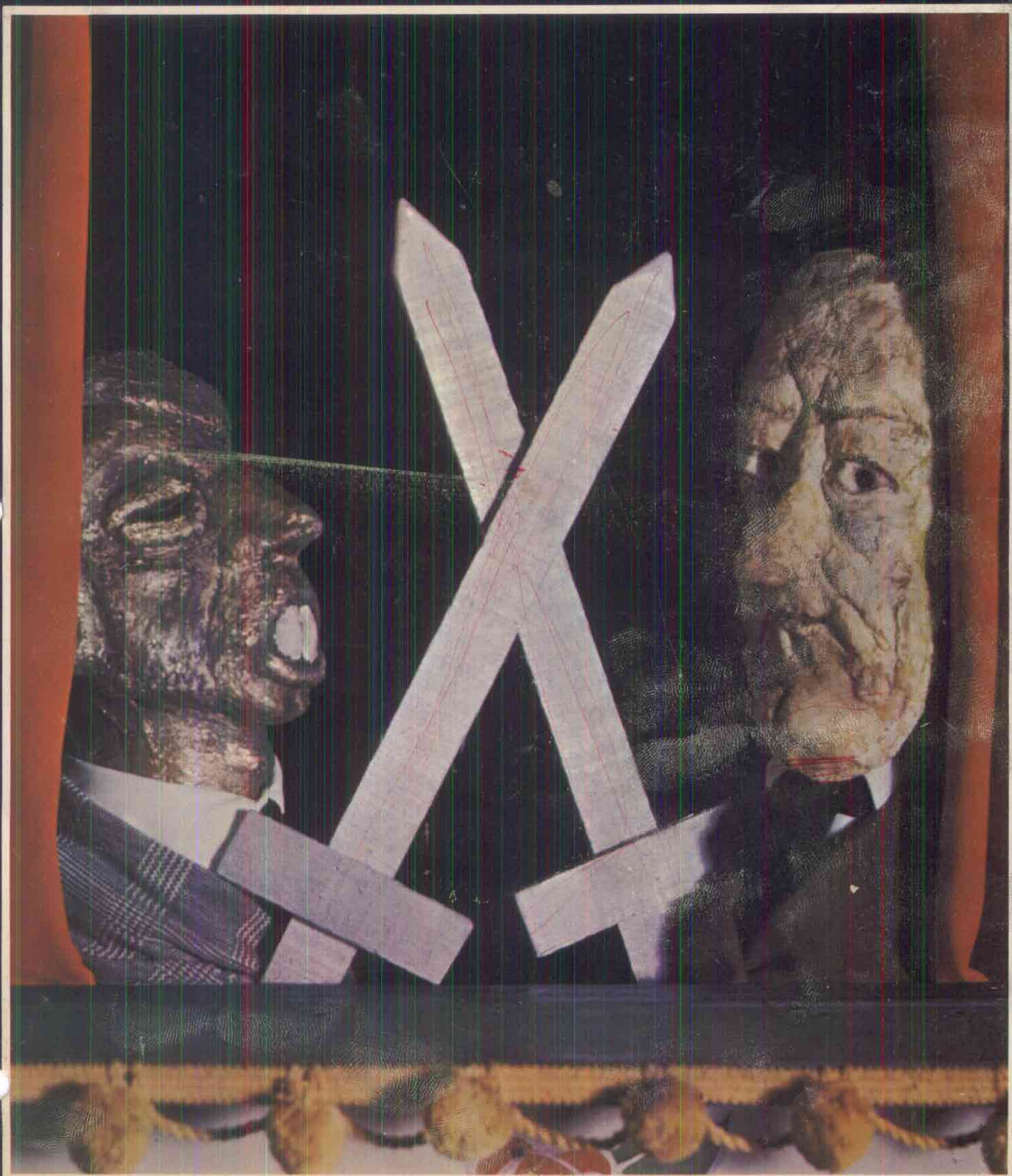


# Ramparts

December 1966

Seventy-five Cents



# "A REVOLUTION IN SONGWRITING"

## PHIL OCHS

**"Changes"** © Barricade Music ASCAP

Sit by my side, come as close as the air  
Share in a memory of grey  
And wander in my words  
And dream about the pictures that I play of changes

**"Love Me I'm A Liberal"** © Barricade Music ASCAP

Sure, once I was young and impulsive. I wore every conceivable pin.  
Even went to Socialist meetings, learned all the old union hymns.  
Ah, but I've grown older and wiser, and that's why I'm turning you in.  
So love, me, love me, I'm a liberal.

**"There But For Fortune"** © Appleseed Music ASCAP

Show me a country where the bombs had to fall.  
Show me the ruins of the buildings once so tall.  
And I'll show you a young land with so many reasons why  
And there but for fortune go you, or I.

**"Cops of the World"** © Barricade Music ASCAP

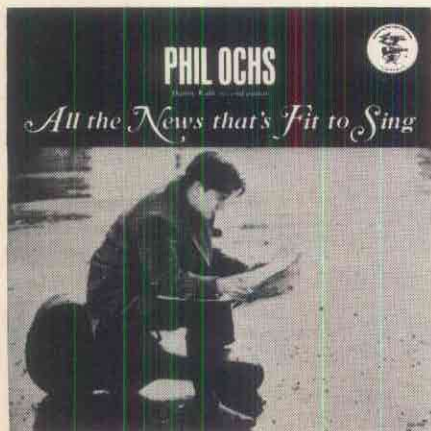
Come get out of the way boys. Quick get out of the way.  
You'd better watch what you say boys, better watch what you say.  
We've rammed in your harbor. We've tied to your port.  
And our pistols are hungry and our tempers are short.  
So bring your daughters around to the fort  
'Cause we're the cops of the world boys, we're the cops of the world.

**"Santo Domingo"** © Barricade Music ASCAP

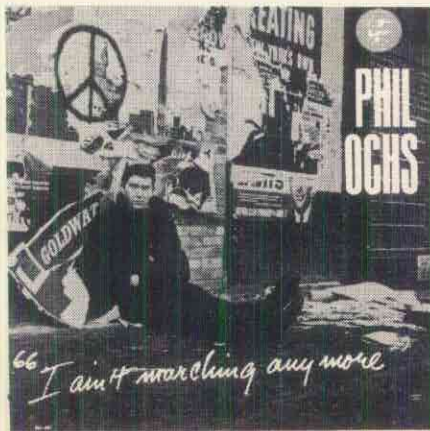
The crabs are crazy, they scuttle back and forth  
The sand is burning  
And the fish take flight and scatter from the sight  
Their course is turning  
As the seagulls rest on the cold cannon nest  
The sea is churning  
The marines have landed on the shore of Santo Domingo.



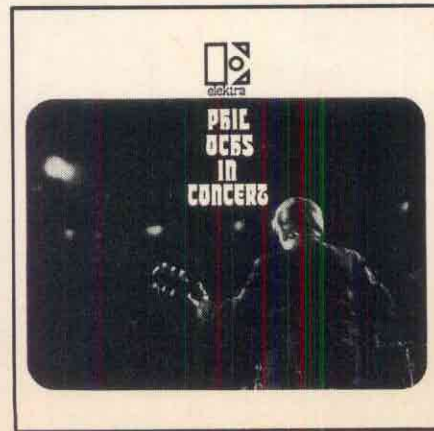
Hear these and other pungent Phil Ochs' songs on his 3 best-selling Elektra albums



"All The News That's Fit To Sing"  
EKL269/EKS7269



"I Ain't Marchin' Any More"  
EKL287/EKS7287



"Phil Ochs In Concert"  
EKL310/EKS7310



# Ramparts

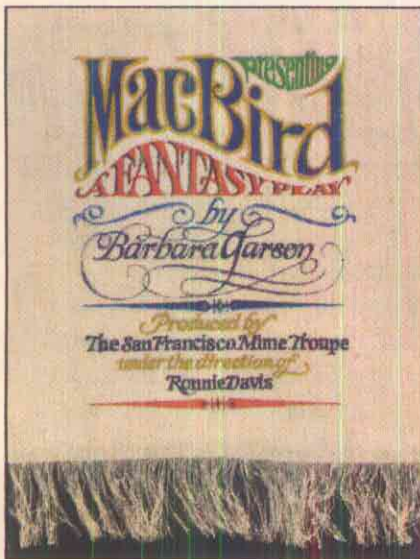
VOLUME 5, NUMBER 6 DECEMBER 1966



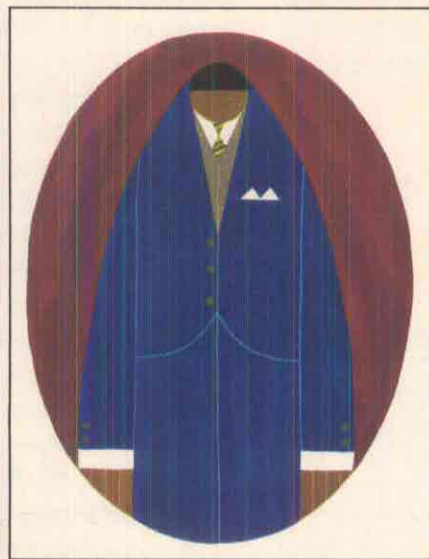
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## Apologia:

**C** IN THE COURSE of one week last month, RAMPARTS was, reading from right to left, decried by the right-wing newsletter USA; cursed by Max Lerner; rebuked by James Reston; denounced by the west coast reactionary weekly The People's World; and put down by the underground paper The Berkeley Barb. We report all this because, as the late great W. C. Fields once observed, anybody hated by children and dogs can't be all bad. At least he said something like that.

From that twilight zone of creative society called the underground comes "MacBird," Barbara Garson's fantasy play about LBJ & RFK. It has become a favorite of the Ivy League cocktail party circuit and mimeographed editions are

beginning to pop up all about. Parts of her script begin on page 26.

We were recently crammed into a sardine seat in what the former cattle ranchers now running airlines call a commuter jet and stole a magazine from the man next to us who was asleep. It was a trade journal called Printer's Ink and its editors were incensed that the Internal Revenue Service has been too chicken to plug a tax loophole allowing "non-profit" magazines like National Geographic and the AMA Journal to pay no taxes on their enormous advertising profits while their commercial competition struggles along like you and me. We share their dudgeon but for different reasons since both publications are propaganda organs in our book—the AMA's for you-know-what and the National Geographic for the Cold War. We pass

this tax information on so you can write your congressman in case he was re-elected.

RAMPARTS has had issue. It is a newspaper called The Sunday Ramparts, which we are experimenting with as a weekly published in San Francisco, with an air edition for New York. It is not that we don't have enough to do here at 301 Broadway, but we are damn concerned about the declining number of newspapers in this country and this is fighting back. So far The Sunday Ramparts has come out every other week on Tuesdays, but if you wish to subscribe it costs \$7 a year, too. Please don't send money with orders. We will bill you later as we have not yet made a final decision to keep the child alive. It is very messy to count lots of cash and we would hate to have to send it back. W.H.