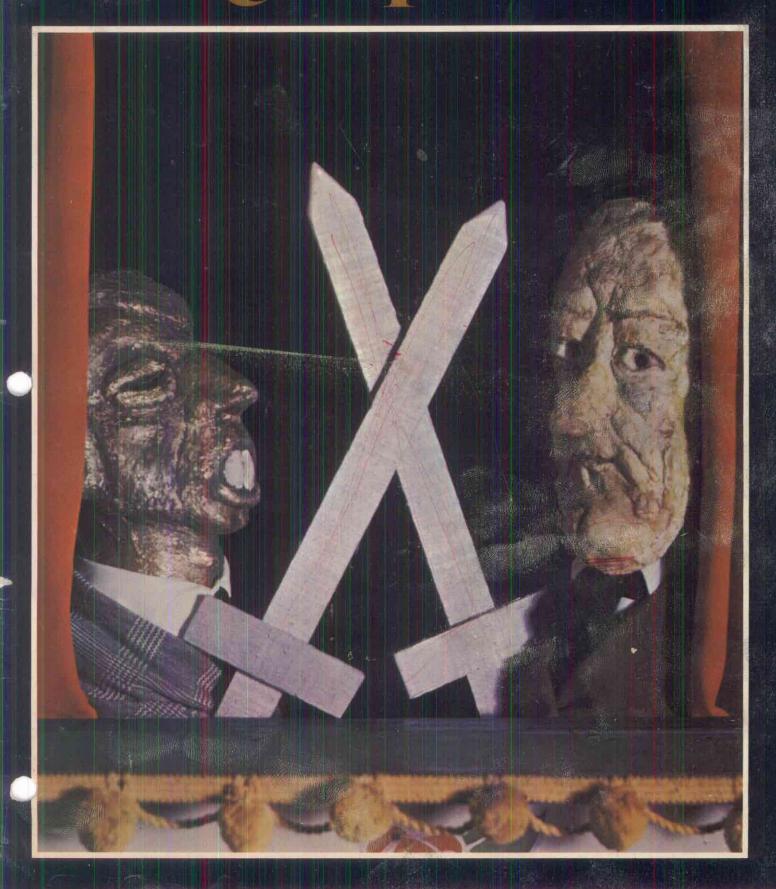
# December 1966 A Control of the Cents of the



### "A REVOLUTION IN SONGWRITING"

"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.

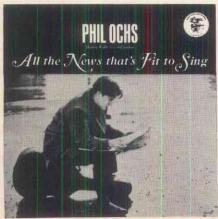
"There But For Fortune" @ Appleseed Music ASCAP Show me a country where the bombs had to fall. Show me the ruins of the buildings once so tall. And I'll show you a young land with so many reasons why And there but for fortune go you, or I.

"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



## "Yes, Teddy, there [still] is a Ramparts."

E SUPPOSE we are as nostalgic around Christmastime as anyone else, and besides, due to a somewhat alarming growth in circulation over the past year, many of you may never have had a chance to see the advertisement we ran in the December, 1965 issue. So here it is. You may have to steal a magnifying glass to read it but there you are.

### there is a Ramparts!"

ERTAIN MOMENTS, of bittersweet necessity, must be etched in the retaining walls of must be etched in the retaining walls of history.

One such moment occurred on a bright, cold morning last Descenber in a Capitol Hill office. There, grasping the New York Times, was the junior senator from Massachusetts in a state of consternation. On the Times' front page was the account of an interview on Vietnam with lowa Senator Frank Church. The interview was in a magazine called Ramparts which the Times described as "etiled for lay Catholics." "But I'm a Catholic," said Ted Kennedy, "and I never heard of Ramparts!"

We pass on this bit of historical miscellany for what it sworth. If gave the busys in the Ramparts' counting

never heard of Ramparts!"

We pass on this bit of historical miscellany for what it is worth. It gave the boys in the Ramparta' counting house at Menlo Parka hearty chuckle. It also illustrates what a crazy magazine, really, this is.
Some people (like the New York Times) think Ramparts is a Catholic magazine. Others (like Cardinal McIntyre) think it's anti-Catholic. A lot of people think we're Communists. Trotskyites, even. And we've been called Bitcherhs, too, of Course.

Well, that's the rab.

What Ramparts is is the subject of rather constant conversation. We certainly were a Catholic magazine, once, back when we were a quarterly (1962-1964). But that was before Protestants and Jews and other types came into the pages. And onto the staff.

We suppose one could say that we're now part of the liberal gress, whatever that is. But this would fly in the face of Ramparis' criticism of the Liberal Establishment as the essential providers of the para-missionary mentality underlying the Johnsonian consensaum that, mentality underlying the Johnsonian consensaum that. mentality underlying the Johnsonian consensus that, sometimes, you have to bomb people for their own

This all leaves us with a missing definition and a

proposition:

At ridiculously attractive special Christmas rates, we will allow you to plague your friends (or, if you're a particularly perverse fellow, enemies) with the Ramparts Dilemma for the next 12 months, approximately.

You may ruin a few perfect relationships this way you may run a see persex retationships this way, but then again you may just apark the perfect description of Ramparts. (That is, if in return for the boon of these economical lemaning cheap) gift rates you keep this handy form by your nightstand and fill it out as soon as the telephone signals your friend(s) reaction(s).

6	FRII	ENDSHIP(	) REPORT	(S)*
	My friend _ called _ wrote _ telegraphe _ walked over and said "Ramparts is a			
		e enne no es		I → □ + □ †

Anyway, even if this doesn't solve our identity prob-lem, it all may help make it a livelier new year for your friend(s) — with the Establishment-disaceting in Ram-parts by writers as diverse as Jesaica Mifford and Leslie Fieldler, Arnold Toynbee and Nat Hentoff, Nelson Algren and Rolf Hochhuth.

Use the card opposite. A gift announcement worthy of Ramparts will be sent to the designee(s) with your e than two

of Ramparta will be sent to the designee(s) with name hand-inscribed. If you have more than friends, we suggest using an extra sheet of paper And, if somebody is properly imbued with the of the season, he might spring for a sub for Kennedy. He's in the Washington white pages.

A lot has happened to good old Ramparts since this advertisement first appeared. For one thing, thanks to a few generous contributors to the national interest, Teddy Kennedy now has Ramparts on his required reading list.

For another, we finally found out what we are; or to be more accurate, what others think we are. Nearly everyone, from the New York Times to Publishers'

Weekly, agrees that Ramparts is consistently the most talked about, most read about, magazine in the country today. Almost every issue of the magazine has sparked a national controversy of one sort or another; from Special Forces Master Sergeant Donald Duncan's exposure of the Vietnam War as a lie, to the massive investigation of the C.I.A. brought about by our report on its collaboration with Michigan State University in setting up the Diem regime.

What with our stories on the hopeless condition of liberal politics in California, the "School for Spies" at the University of Pennsylvania, the mysterious deaths surrounding President Kennedy's assassination and others, our editorial rooms seem continually besieged by cameramen, reporters, and commentators in search of a story. (We forget whether it was Chet or David who called Ramparts "the most controversial magazine since Mencken's American Mercury," but anyway it was on Huntley-Brinkley's special 12-minute coverage of Ramparts.)

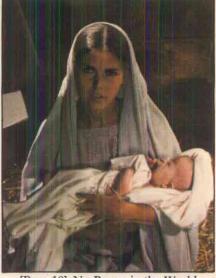
Of course we are still at the business of chipping away at the Johnsonian Consensus and like that, but we've added a number of new authors and editors to the ones mentioned in the above advertisement (back to the glass); writers the like of Maude Hutchins, Allen Ginsberg, Paul Jacobs, Jean Lacouture, Paul Krassner, Jakov Lind, and a startling new discovery-Eldridge Cleaver.

That about brings you up to date. Since nearly every news medium has been constantly defining us in print and on the air, we no longer have much of an identity problem. But take heart: The new year promises to be just as lively for our readers, as well as the reporters and commentators haunting our doorstep.

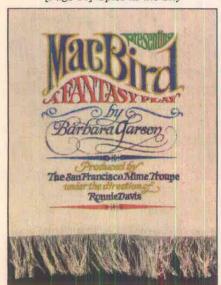
You wouldn't want to keep all that excitement to yourself, now would you. By just making use of the form opposite, and our ridiculously low Christmas gift rates, you can share the fun with friends, relatives, and, in the prevailing spirit of good will, you might even renew for Teddy.



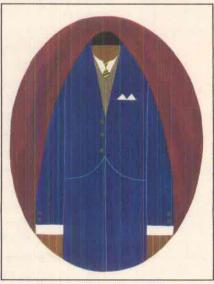
[Page 11] Spies in the Sky



[Page 19] No Room in the World



[Page 26] LBJ & RFK: A Fantasy



[page 44] South America

### Apologia:

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 "nonprofit" 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

LETTERS 10 **ESSAYS** Flyboys of the CIA 11 by David Welsh Feasibility of Biological Recovery 19 by Barry Commoner Scenarios of Disaster 21 by the Hudson Institute Color Black Gloomy 39 by Adam Hochschild and Gene Marine Making South America Safe 44 by James Petras DRAMA "MacBird" 26 by Barbara Garson

Ramparts

OPINION: Presidential Papers

by Marcus Raskin Of Fish and Fishermen

by Howard Zinn

DECEMBER 1966

3

6

VOLUME 5, NUMBER 6

MARGINALIA

EPHEMERA

Dance: Stamping Out Optimism 51
by Jack Anderson
Society: Love and Hate 54
by Paul Krassner
Cinema: Is Happiness Le Bonheur? 54
by Jonathan Middlebrook
Theatre: La Mama 56
by Joan Simon
Media: Nova 58

this tax information on so you can write your congressman in case he was reelected.

by Dugald Stermer

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.