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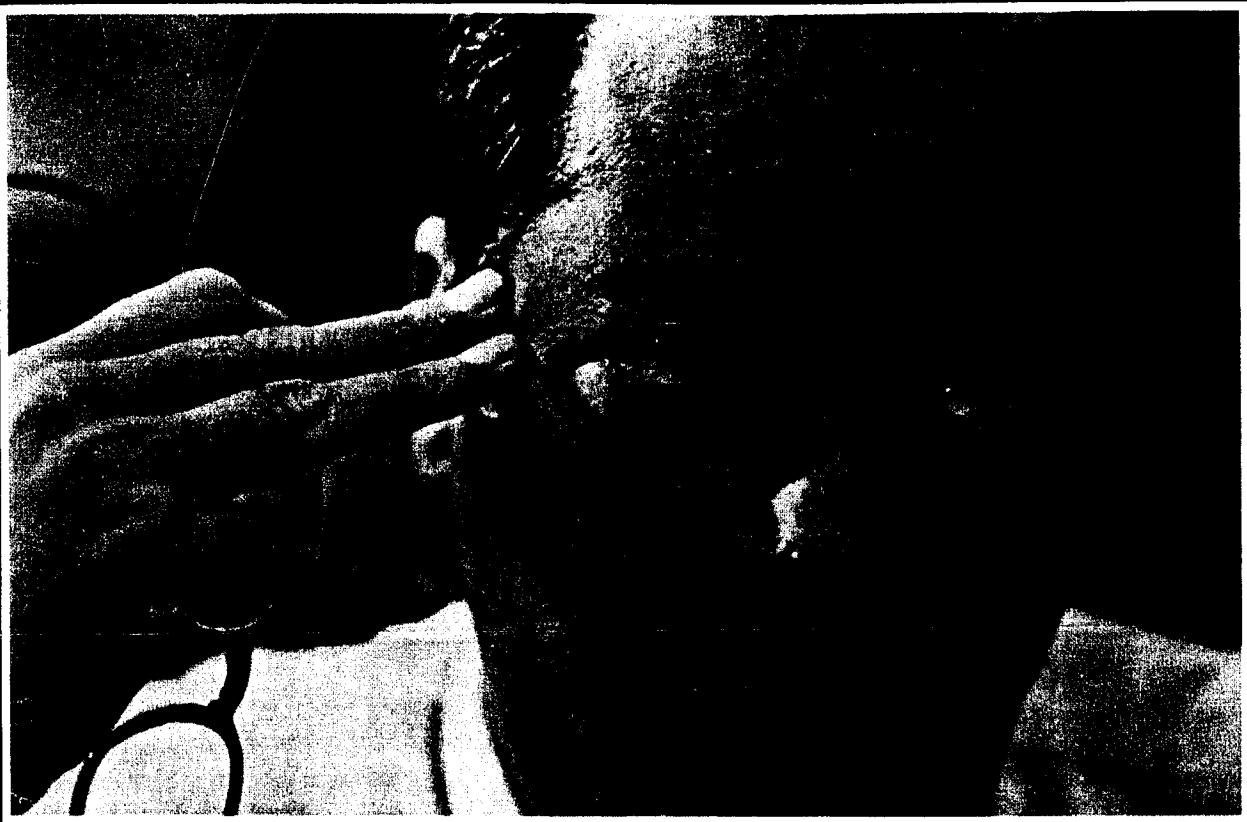

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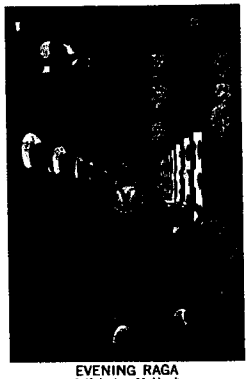

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Ramparts

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Apologia:

SORRY ABOUT GLOOM, gloom, gloom so early in the year, but staff writer William Turner's nine-month investigation into the case of New Orleans DA Jim Garrison has convinced us that something is terribly, and even unusually, rotten in Washington. Turner has had full access to Garrison's files, and has logged 80,000 miles double-checking every factual assertion in Garrison's astonishing reconstruction of President Kennedy's murder, told for the first time in this issue (p. 43). It fulfills, sadly, many of our most paranoid nightmares about the CIA, the Minutemen, Dallas fascists and the American Nazis. It also raises ultimately serious questions about the responsibility of this government and the honesty of our current President. After reading Turner's article, we hope you will join with us in demanding that Johnson release the 200 so-called "classified" documents pertaining to the assassination that are secreted away on vague grounds of "national security"—documents which include evidence of Oswald's right-wing ties and his role as a CIA "double agent." If Johnson's administration has nothing to hide, it should release these records. To refuse would be the ultimate act of cowardice.

In Orange County, where these things can happen, the right-wing populace has taken to petitioning against the use of the mails for the current catalogue of the inventive Princeton children's house, Creative Playthings, because it pictures a boy doll with genitals just where they'd be in the Platonic form for boy. We would quote the language of their objection, but it has no place in a family magazine.

David Horowitz, who writes books the way most of us at RAMPARTS turn out articles (you are justified in asking why we are hiring such a laggard) leaves Lord Russell's London Institute next month to join our growing bureaucracy as head of RAMPARTS' brand-new book division.

Emmet Grogan, the real life Frodo Baggins of the Diggers, the hippie purists who like to give things away, free, has given us, free, a list of suggestions for future essays including, one entitled, "There are Many Things to Be Silent About." Happy New Year. W.H.

Cover photograph by Matt Herron

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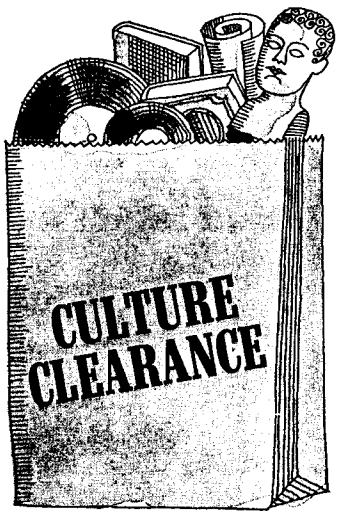

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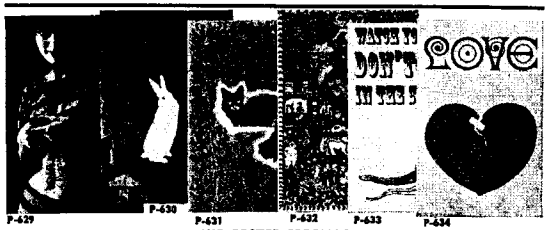

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Letters:

THE BLACK CAUCUS

SIRS: I was discouraged by the attitudes expressed by a majority of the commentators in the RAMPARTS' November Symposium on the Chicago New Politics Convention. They are attitudes that regularly keep the left splintered: a conviction in each person that his position has a monopoly of the truth, scorn toward those in the movement holding other views, glee that no real gain was made by the convention.

I think it is proper and constructive for spokesmen of different points of view to analyze the issues sharply and to advocate their own particular view of what is the best course. This is how the truth is winnowed and recruits gained. But that is quite different from attacks on the motives and intellectual competence of others.

DR. BENJAMIN SPOCK
New York City

SIRS: As a young radical who attended the Conference for Power and Politics in 1966 (the forerunner to the big Chicago convention), and who is engaged in the local structure of the New Left, let me thank you for the masterful "Symposium: Chicago's 'Black Caucus.'" It was an excellent cross-section of opinion which proves to the Establishment that we radicals are here to stay and work.

However, a few of the opinions expressed irk the hell out of me. Carlos Russell, for example, is what C. Wright Mills would call the "grand theorist." He presents some contestable, though interesting theories, and then drowns them out in a fit of pedantic diarrhea. For example: there were *no* "pseudo-radicals" at the Chicago convention, and no radical journalist has said the convention was a "fraud." Otherwise, his was a pretty bad emotional summary of black feelings. Also, Maurice Zeitlin missed the boat completely on many of his own impressions. I refuse to believe that the New Left suffers from political "incapacity." Can he honestly refuse to read and think about the ostensibly significant literature which has emanated from those he so smugly says are suffering from incapacity?

On the whole, the section was well-handled. I, for one, think that the Chicago convention represents the first of *many* such conventions. The black and white radicals must join together, regardless of psychological hang-ups concerning "identity." The blacks must realize that we radicals are not going to monopolize their efforts, so they needn't get hot and bothered. Likewise, the white radicals must expunge the Establishment liberals from their midst. That is what the Black Caucus did. And this is its most important contribution.

STEPHEN E. PICKERING
Former Vice-Chairman, CORE of Bakersfield, California

SIRS: Thank you for printing the "Symposium" in the November RAMPARTS, and thanks to the contributors as well, for their almost child-like candor in expressing themselves about the NCNP convention in Chicago this year. On the whole, I should say that a reexamination of conscience and of the psychological springs of their attitudes would seem to be in order.

In 19th century France politicians sometimes found themselves in situations where, as the expression cynically put it: *On a fait la droite avec la gauche.* It has remained for the 20th century power-seekers to reverse the cliché, so that with a like cynical honesty, it ought to read: *On fait la gauche avec la droite.*

JULE BROUSSEAU
Stamford, Connecticut

CATHOLIC CONFESSIONS

SIRS: Mr. Hinckle's article on the New Left Catholics [RAMPARTS, November 1967] was most enjoyable and timely. I was surprised, however, that he remembered the Immaculate Conception as being a question of biology, since he mentioned having 16 years of Catholic education behind him. I think if he checks, he will find that the biological circumstances surrounding the event are thought by all to be quite standard.

P. J. MACKIN
Washington, D.C.

SIRS: Ah, come on now, Warren baby! Go to confession and get rid of all that hostility and aggression.

MARIE SETRAN
Garden Grove, California

SIRS: I read "Left Wing Catholics" before I went to my Catholic "instructions." Upon arriving, I made a rancid comment on how much the instruction resembled a Nazi youth group. The nun gagged on it.

Then I began a discussion of Fr. Groppi. For good measure, I threw in names like Hafner and DuBay. By the time class adjourned, I was being treated with awe and respect. My source—a good Catholic magazine—RAMPARTS.

GRIMLY BRYANT
Streator, Illinois

SIRS: I guess Jesus Christ really was a left wing Catholic. He was so left wing, in fact, that he must have been Jewish.

DOUGLAS GREENER
New York City

SIRS: The article on New Left Catholics is a good one. I was particularly taken by the cover. You must have saved one of those holy cards which the nuns used to give as a reward for ransoming those pagan babies. Surely they don't make pictures like that any more.

I doubt that you would have treated Bishop Sheen so kindly, if the rhetoric of your article did not require it. When I read that Sheen was the leader of the liberals, I wondered if that man had

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conned even RAMPARTS. However, except for that brief aberration, I thought that the section on him clearly showed the man's ambiguity.

HERMAN J. WALZ
Rochester, New York

SIRS: Regarding Mr. Hinckle's article, I find your left-leaning typical of your biased and bigoted presentations.

Placing God's picture on the bottom and to the right is not only degrading for us Catholics but is in very poor taste. God's picture among such contemporaries is really outrageous.

P. J. D'AMICA
Vineland, New Jersey

BETTER READ THAN DEAD

SIRS: It is but an insult to yourselves that you publish "*The Man Who Cried I Am*" [RAMPARTS, November 1967] with superior reports like "The Framing of Andreas Papandreou" and "Pacification in Vietnam" in your October issue, and "What the Hell is Happening in the Catholic Church" in November's publication. If you don't have enough intelligent or interesting material to fill 100 pages, for God's sake print 50; don't fill half the mag with pulpish trash.

Suffice it to say that the novel is *dead* as an art form and an effective mode of communication, and that I became *bored* by one "motherfucker" too many! RAMPARTS is a first-class politically-oriented mag and its subscribers deserve something far removed from Mr. Williams' tiresome babblings.

RALPH CATO
Montclair, New Jersey

SIRS: After reading the November issue, I can no longer refrain from protesting your apparent policy of allowing absolute, uninhibited freedom of expression. The article on "Left Wing Catholics" is indeed excellent, modern, thought-provoking and of high moral standard. Every cultured, educated, decent student will be stimulated by reading it. But why must you then inflict on us the filthy excerpts from Ken Kesey's Jail Diary and John A. Williams' *The Man Who Cried I Am*? I appreciate that these authors are protesting injustice, and this is their right, but must they be allowed to use filthy, indecent language and to describe offbeat, immoral sexual behavior in such lurid detail? Is there no censorship?

S. F. HERRMANN
Tacoma, Washington

MIDDLE EAST MISGIVINGS

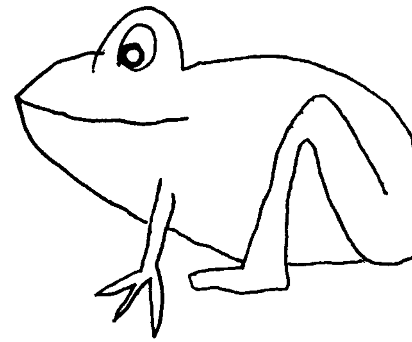
SIRS: Collectively, the articles by I. F. Stone, Robert Scheer, Paul Jacobs and Jean Lacouture add up to a warm appreciation of the big-hearted Socialist, Nasser, along with a thinly-veiled indictment of a fictional saber-rattling Israel, Stone's projected "minuscule Prussia" of the Middle East. I am not concerned with the private emotional gymnastics behind this luridly cockeyed appraisal, but only with its impact on your readers, who, like myself, have come to depend on RAMPARTS as a citadel of tough-minded devotion to facts.

To begin with the anguished double-talk of Mr. Stone [RAMPARTS, July 1967]: he bewails the U.N. cease-fire because it permits Israel, "the country which launched the war," to retain "the fruits of aggression" as a bargaining card. Mr. Stone knows better: a page earlier in his article, he makes a vivid case for the Israeli need to depend on *blitzkrieg* as its only possible military response when faced with the threat of extermination.

Mr. Stone is unhappy with Moshe Dayan. That is his privilege. But to equate the Israeli nation with Dayan, and Dayan in effect with Bismarck, is slippery demagoguery of the most incendiary order.

By contrast with his ominous mutterings about Israeli "chauvinism and militarism," Mr. Stone gives us Nasser, "the first Egyptian ruler to give Egypt's downtrodden fellahin a break." This is a strange way to characterize the wanton sacrifice of thousands of peasants' sons, forced into Army service, to Nasser's dreams of a 20th century caliphate. Who does Mr. Stone think did the dying in the Sinai desert? Not Nasser and his tennis-club, swagger-stick generals.

As for Mr. Scheer's attempt [RAMPARTS, November 1967] to fit Nasser with a halo: it requires enormous naiveté, in the context of Middle East politics and especially of Nasser's established talent for manipulating the Cairo masses, to believe the dictator was "sincere" in resigning; yet Mr. Scheer rises to the occasion. If Nasser was indeed astonished by the public response to his gesture, he knew less about his own



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people than did Israeli Chief of Staff Yitzchak Rabin, who said Nasser would be back in the saddle in a matter of hours.

EDWARD O. (TED) BERKMAN
New York City

SIRS: It is a fact that most American newspapers and magazines are rabidly anti-Arab and disgustingly pro-Israel. From time to time, however, one encounters a journalist with a clear conscience who tries to be objective. Naturally, the writings of such journalists enrage American Zionists and "civilian volunteers" just returning from Israel, who then fall back on their standard mawkish stories and nefarious lies about Arab brutality and hatred for Israel. The same gentlemen, however, always fail to tell their readers how much love the *Israelis* have for the Arabs. Perhaps the distinguished writers are of the opinion that the backward and belligerent Arabs are unworthy of the love of The Chosen People. We have experienced their love in its most wanton and malicious form, in the form of napalm bombs falling on hospitals and refugee camps. It would be too much to expect to see pictures of napalm-burnt Arabs in American papers, but I have a stock of such pictures for any person who wishes to see for himself just one example of Israel's many acts of love!

MUHAMMAD H. IBRAHIM
Princeton, New Jersey

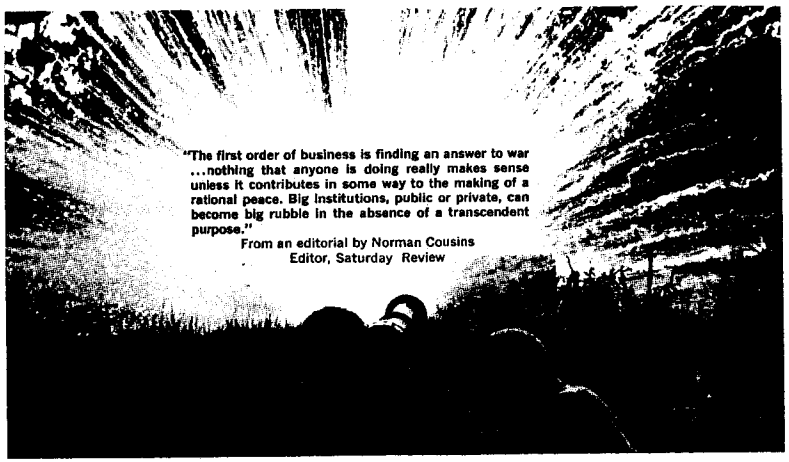
TONGUE IN CHIC

SIRS: It was nice to learn from the December issue of your magazine that you read Women's Wear Daily even before "Peanuts." We read RAMPARTS before "Krazy Kat" whenever we can.

You are certainly correct that in our October 23 coverage of the Washington peace march we wrote about dove fashion. We also wrote a good bit about the people and the issues and quoted at length from participants.

We had two reporters and a photographer on the story all that weekend. Did RAMPARTS cover the march? Or was your Washington stringer (Scottish by birth, patrician in manner) occupied that weekend?

JAMES W. BRADY, Vice President
and Publisher
Women's Wear Daily
New York City



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Portrait of Hon. Dorothy Brett by Baron Wolman

TAOS IS A FINE MOUNTAIN TOWN, about an hour's drive from Santa Fe, New Mexico. The whole countryside is rugged, the volcanic landscape seemingly having tumbled down from the peaks of the sacred Taos Mountain. There is majesty in the scenery, and also melodrama; that, above all else, impressed D. H. Lawrence when he arrived there in 1922.

However, he found other attractions besides the view. The Taos area offered him sanctuary from the carping, small-minded world of letters which rejected him as subversive. And there was also an active Indian pueblo in which Lawrence saw fascinating glimpses of the primitive life-style which later made its way into his writing, offering a partial alternative to desiccated modern life.

Taos had all the lively ingredients of an artists' colony long before Lawrence conferred instant immortality upon the area by making it the focus of his American adventures. Although Lawrence stayed in Taos only intermittently and has been dead now for more than 35 years, one immediately senses that his legend has permanently embraced the town; it has become as crucial to its identity as the thin, mentholated air, the violent pastel sunsets and the Indians.

Lawrence came to America grudgingly, only after insistent invitations and guarantees of security from Mabel Dodge Luhan, a wealthy immigrant from Park Avenue and lioness of Taos culture in the '20s. Mrs. Luhan was one of countless women magnetically attracted to Lawrence throughout his lifetime; relationships which were usually based on a combination of sex and transcendentalism. He was, however, too seasoned a sufferer to bring many illusions with him. Shortly after arriving in Taos, he wrote back to Europe: "Everything in America goes by *will*. A great negative *will* seems to be turned against all spontaneous life—there seems to be no *feeling* at all—no genuine bowels of compassion and sympathy: all this gripped, iron, *benevolent* will, which in the end is diabolic."

These are, of course, familiar figures of speech from the apocalyptic language Lawrence adopted in his novels to preach to an age which he saw as rationally mad, a civilization whose vital juices he envisioned as drying up at the source. He wearily accepted America as a temporary but not an especially congenial refuge from the repressions and harassment that stalked his artistic life. Taos was a brief stopover on what one of Lawrence's friends called his "savage pilgrimage."

Aside from the legions of dissertation writers and scholars who migrate to Taos as if it were Mecca, the Lawrence legend has accumulated some interesting ironies over the years. There is, for instance, the cloak and dagger work that goes on between competing university libraries for the remaining relics of his literary remains. Lawrence would have found this activity sadly irrelevant, especially because the bibliophiles are after his works, not the message in them. But he would probably have been amused that Mrs. Luhan used the manuscript of *Sons and Lovers*—which she was given in exchange for her Taos ranch—to pay her psychiatrist's bill. Most ironic of all, however, is the way that Lawrence was enshrined in Taos, reigning as the town's favorite *poltergeist*. In 1935, Frieda, his wife, had his body exhumed from its grave in France and then cremated. The ashes were placed in the shrine erected to Lawrence's memory on the grounds of the ranch. Phoenix-like, Lawrence has arisen from the ashes to become a major factor in Taos' life.

PART OF THE LAWRENCE LEGEND is what the Grove Press biography—reissued with a flashy cover during the halcyon days of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*—calls his "volcanic life and loves." His life was indeed explosive, but Lawrence was no Frank Harris. By and large, Frieda was the only woman in his life. Their marriage seems to have been intense and demanding enough to keep both of them busy; in Lawrence's own favorite symbolic terms, the relationship simultaneously devoured and renewed. But innumerable other women, like Mrs. Luhan, insisted on idolizing their messiah. They are all gone now—all except Dorothy Brett, whose relationship with Lawrence was the most peculiar and un-Lawrencean of all.

Brett, as she prefers to be called, was born in 1883, the daughter of Viscount Esher. From her stock of aristocratic memories she can look back on dancing lessons with Queen Victoria's grandchildren, a presentation at court before she was 20, and attendance at the coronation of Edward VII. Her family was part of the landless aristocracy which insisted upon carrying on as if the First World War hadn't permanently severed relations with Victorianism. They were shocked when Brett decided to go to art school. They were dismayed when she became a member of Lawrence's informal bohemian entourage in the '20s.

When Lawrence returned to New Mexico in 1924, Brett accompanied him and Frieda. And, except for brief trips to Mexico, England and Italy, where she last saw Lawrence in 1926, she has remained there ever since.

In the memoirs she is putting into book form, Brett says of her relationship with Lawrence: "Intuitively, I understood him. I never encroached on his life, or Frieda's with him. Yet instinctively, intuitively, I was close to him. This is what enraged Frieda. . . . Frieda's colossal femaleness bitterly hated my lack of femaleness. . . . It was not 'love' or 'being in love' that was paramount in our friendship. It was this other, deeper, more subtle thing that flashed up and gleamed between us through everything."

After Lawrence's death, Brett remained in Taos, carrying out one of his old fixations by involving herself artistically in Indian culture. She is almost Faulknerian in that she has "endured." That lack of "femaleness," one senses, may have allowed her to outlast all the others. Today, her paintings are beginning to be collector's items, primarily, one suspects, because of her intimate connection with the Lawrence saga.

Despite his basic fondness for Brett as a loyal companion and his obvious admiration for the fact that she made few demands on his already stretched spirit, Lawrence sometimes became irritated by Brett. He often refers to her in his letters as "the Brett," almost as if she were an annoying contrivance. He mentions her near-deafness in exasperation, along with her ubiquitous ear trumpet called "Toby." Toby is gone now, having long ago been replaced by a less flamboyant hearing-aid. But one feels something like Lawrence's unspecified irritation, although probably for a much different reason, toward this charming woman, whose lined, 85-year-old face is softened by a sort of implacable goodwill. When I talked to Brett recently, it struck me that, like most people who have lived history as opposed to analyzing it, she hadn't stored up much privileged information. The people she had known—including Pound, Yeats, Robinson Jeffers, Stieglitz, Stokowski and a host of others—and the historical currents

by Peter Collier

she was caught up in failed to make a lasting impression. She seems to have accepted the milieu she moved in during the '20s as passively as the weather.

The Lawrence Brett remembers was no existential hero doing epic battle with the rules. "You know," she says nostalgically, "the thing I remember most about Lawrence was that he was so charming. That's what has stayed with me all these years."

CASUALLY MIXED IN among Brett's paintings at the Manchester Galleries—of which she is co-owner along with her friend and next-door neighbor, John Manchester—is a carelessly framed painting by D. H. Lawrence. It is a fairly innocuous study of a family, all nude, and is modestly priced at $2000. Three miles away, in the center of Taos, are six more of Lawrence's paintings, each priced at $15,000.

Saki Karavas, an engaging Greek, owns Taos' La Fonda Hotel, as well as the Lawrence canvases. On the entrance to his building, there is a lettered placard notifying the public that the largest single collection of Lawrence's paintings is inside, and that they are the same notorious works that were confiscated by Scotland Yard in 1929 when the Warren Galleries tried to stage a showing of them in London. Visitors pay one dollar to enter Karavas' private office and view the "erotica."

Probably for many people, the experience is a let-down. The nudes aren't nearly as "erotic" as most bus terminal graffiti. Brett commented, "Neither Lawrence's painting nor his writing was really erotic in the usual sense of the word. He wasn't so much for the erotic as he was against shabbiness. Respect for the self and the body was what he was preaching. He was against the sort of shabbiness that wanted to burn his paintings and his books." Even their present owner admits that the Lawrences don't do much for him.

Brett insisted that Lawrence "painted for relaxation, just the way that he used to do carpentry up at the ranch." It was purely a hobby; she remembers how he would dabble in her own uncompleted canvases. "He didn't have much technical skill as a painter," she says, "and hardly any pretensions."

One suspects that Lawrence's desire to rescue his paintings, when the London magistrates were considering putting them to the torch, was due more to his inability to allow English philistinism to triumph over him than to any intense investment he had in his art. "No more crucifixions, no more martyrdoms, no more *autos-da-fé* as long as time lasts, if I can help it," he wrote from the Continent during the crisis.

The paintings were eventually saved when Frieda promised to take them out of England. After her death they became the property of Angelo Ravagli, her last husband. He, in turn, sold them to Karavas, it is rumored, at a reasonably low price.

Saki Karavas has files of correspondence about his art. He seems to realize that the possession of a fragment of Lawrence has temporarily enfranchised him as an Important Man in the literary world. The University of Nottingham, near Lawrence's birthplace, would like to have the paintings, as would the University of Texas, which prides itself on having the largest collection of Lawrence memorabilia in the world. There are also letters from Playboy and Eros regarding the photographic features of the paintings. "I know they're valuable," Saki says cagily, "because Aga Khan was once interested in them." He feels that all he has to do is wait and he'll get his price. He probably will: the Lawrence market in Taos is always bull.

I Rise In Flame, Cried The Phoenix

by Tennessee Williams

A play about D. H. Lawrence
With a note by Frieda Lawrence

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A PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR: The action of this play, which is imaginary, takes place on the French Riviera where D. H. Lawrence died.

Not long before Lawrence's death an exhibition of his paintings was held in London. Primitive in technique and boldly sensual in matter, this exhibition created a little tempest. The pictures were seized by the police and would have been burned if the authorities had not been restrained by an injunction. At this time Lawrence's great study of sexual passion, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, was likewise under the censor's ban, as much of his work had been in the past.

Lawrence felt the mystery and power of sex as the primal life urge, and was the lifelong adversary of those who wanted to keep the subject locked away in the cellars of prudery. Much of his work is chaotic and distorted by tangent obsessions, such as his insistence upon the woman's subservience to the male, but all in all, his work is probably the greatest modern monument to the dark roots of creation.

—*Tennessee Williams*

A NOTE BY FRIEDA LAWRENCE: *This book has a beautiful title. When I read this short play, I forgot that it was supposed to be Lawrence and me; it happens in that other world where creation takes place. The theme of it is the eternal antagonism and attraction between man and woman. This was between Lawrence and me too. But the greater reality was something else. I wish I could say in convincing words what it was—it is difficult. What was it? It was so different from the ordinary everyday being-in-love, that has its limits so very soon. It was life in its freedom, its limitless possibilities, that bound us together. In our poverty the whole world with everything in it was ours. It was living every moment, not only existing day by day. All that happened was a new experience. Because of the background of death, every happening was more vivid. Die we must, and no "Forest Lawn" can wipe death out.*

Lawrence infused new meaning into the written word, by going deeper than the surface. We have had a lot of surface. We have become bored. Lawrence faced his dying with clear courage, he lived it right through. When finally it was over for him and he lay dead on his bed, I felt a triumph in him. He was dead, but he had died with an unbroken spirit, he had lived in superb honesty and the pride of a man.

When I think of him now after all these years, it is as if a kind wind blew on my flame of life to make it burn brighter. He will do the same for others, if they give him a chance.—Frieda Lawrence

The characters in this play are Lawrence, Frieda and Bertha.

The scene is at Vence, France, in the Alpes-Maritimes.

It is late afternoon.

Lawrence is seated on a sunporch, the right wall of which is a window that faces the sun. A door in this wall opens out on the high seacliff. It is windy: the surf can be heard. Lawrence looks out that way. Behind him, on the left wall, woven in silver and scarlet and gold, is a large banner that bears the design of the Phoenix in a nest of flames—Lawrence's favorite symbol.

He sits quite still. His beard is fiercely red and his face is immobile, the color of baked clay with tints of purple in it. The hands that gripped the terrible stuff of life and made it plastic are folded on the black and white checked surface of an invalid's blanket. The long fingers of the Welsh coal miners, with their fine blond hairs and their knobby knuckles, made for rending the black heart out of the earth, are knotted together with a tightness that betrays the inner lack of repose. His slightly distended nostrils draw the breath in and out as tenderly as if it were an invisible silk thread that any unusual tension might snap in two. Born for contention, he is contending with something he can't get his hands on. He has to control his fury. And so he is seated motionless in the sunlight—wrapped in a checkered blanket and lavender wool shawl. . . . The Tiger in him is trapped, but not destroyed yet.

Frieda comes in, a large, handsome woman of fifty, rather like a Valkyrie. She holds up a fancy package.

LAWRENCE: (*without even turning his head*) What is it?

FRIEDA: Something left on the doorstep.

LAWRENCE: Give it here.

FRIEDA: The donor is anonymous. I only caught a glimpse of her through the window.

LAWRENCE: A woman?

FRIEDA: Yes. . . .

LAWRENCE: Yes. . . .

FRIEDA: Some breathless little spinster in a blue pea-jacket. She stuck it on the porch and scuttled back down the hill before I could answer the doorbell.

LAWRENCE: (*his voice rising, querulously shrill*) It's for me, isn't it?

FRIEDA: *Ja, es ist für dich.*

LAWRENCE: Well, give it here, damn you, you—!

FRIEDA: Tch! I thought that the sun had put you in a good humor.

LAWRENCE: It's put me in a vile humor. We've sat here making faces at each other the whole afternoon. I say to the sun, Make me well, you old bitch, give me strength, take hold of my hands and pull me up out of this chair! But the sun is a stingy *Hausfrau*. She goes about sweeping the steps and pretends not to hear me begging. Ah, well, I don't blame her. I never did care for beggars myself very much. A man shouldn't beg. A man should seize what he wants and tear it out of the hands of the adversary. And if he can't get it, if he can't tear it away, then he should let it go and give up and be contented with nothing. Look. (*He has unwrapped the package.*) A little jar of orange marmalade. (*He smiles with childish pleasure.*) This is the month of August put in a bottle.

FRIEDA: *Ja! Sehr gut.* You can have it for breakfast.

LAWRENCE: (*drawing tenderly on the fine gold thread*) Uh-huh. I can have it for breakfast as long as I live, huh, Frieda? It's just the right size for that.

FRIEDA: Shut up. (*She starts to take the jar from him. Quick as a cat, he snatches her wrist in a steel grip.*)

LAWRENCE: Leave go of it, damn you!

FRIEDA: (*laughing*) My God, but you still are strong!

LAWRENCE: You didn't think so?

FRIEDA: I had forgotten. You've been so gentle lately.

LAWRENCE: Thought you'd tamed me?

FRIEDA: Yes, but I should have known better. I should have suspected what you've been doing inside you, lapping that yellow cream up, you sly old fox, sucking the fierce red sun in your body all day and turning it into venom to spew in my face!

LAWRENCE: No . . . I've been making a trap. I've been making a shiny steel trap to catch you in, you vixen! Now break away if you can!

FRIEDA: (*grinning and wincing*) Oh, God, how you hurt!

LAWRENCE: (*slowly releasing her*) . . . Don't lie . . . You with that great life in you . . . Why did God give you so much and me so little? You could take my arm and snap it like a dry stick.

FRIEDA: No . . . You were always the stronger one. Big as I am, I never could beat you, could I?

LAWRENCE: (*with satisfaction*) No. You couldn't. (*His breath rasps hoarsely.*) Put the jar down on the sill.

FRIEDA: (*complying*) Ah, there's a card stuck on it. "From one of your devoted readers." And on the other side it says: "I worship you, Mr. Lawrence, because I know that only a god could know so much about Life!"

LAWRENCE: (*dryly*) In looking for God so unsuccessfully myself, it seems that I have accidentally managed to create one for an anonymous spinster in a blue pea-jacket. Upon the altar of her pagan deity she places a dainty jar of orange marmalade! What a *cynical* little woman she is! Only the little ones of the earth, who scuttle downhill like pebbles dislodged by the rain, are really capable of such monumental disbelief. They find their god and they give him marmalade. If I find mine . . . ever . . . If I found mine, I'd tear the heart out of my body and burn it before him.

FRIEDA: Your health is returning.

LAWRENCE: What makes you think so?

FRIEDA: You are getting so sentimental about yourself and so unappreciated and so misunderstood. . . . You can't stand Jesus Christ because he beat you to it. Oh, how you would have loved to suffer the *original* crucifixion!

LAWRENCE: If only I had your throat between my fingers.

FRIEDA: (*crouching beside him*) Here is my throat . . . Now choke me.

LAWRENCE: (*gently touching her throat with the tips of his fingers*) Frieda . . . do you think I will ever get back to New Mexico?

FRIEDA: You will do what you want to do, Lawrence. There has never been any kind of resistance you couldn't jump over or crawl under or squeeze through.

LAWRENCE: Do you think I will ever get back on a strong white horse and go off like the wind across the glittering desert? I'm not a literary man, I'm tired of books. Nobody knows what an ugly joke it is that a life like mine should only come out in books.

FRIEDA: What else should it come out in?

LAWRENCE: In some kind of violent action. But all that I ever do is go packing around the world with women and manuscripts and a vile disposition. I pretend to be waging a war with bourgeois conceptions of morality, with prudery, with intellectuality, with all kinds of external forces that aren't external at all. What I'm fighting with really's the little old maid in myself, the breathless little spinster who scuttles back down the hill before God can answer the doorbell. Now I want to get back on the desert and try all over again to become a savage. I want to stand up on the Lobos and watch a rainstorm coming ten miles off like a silver-helmeted legion of marching giants. And that's what I'm going to do, damn you!

FRIEDA: Whoever said that you wouldn't?

LAWRENCE: You! . . . You know that I won't. You know that the male savage part of me's dead and all that's left is the old pusillanimous squaw. Women have such a fine intuition of death. They smell it coming before it's started even. I think it's women that actually let death in. They whisper and beckon and slip it the dark latchkey from under their aprons . . . Don't they?

FRIEDA: No . . . It's women that pay the price of admission for life. And all of their lives they make of their arms a crossbar at the door that death wants to come in by. Men love death . . . Women don't. Men cut wounds in each other and women stop the bleeding.

LAWRENCE: Yes. By drinking the blood. Don't touch me so much! (*She releases his fingers.*) Your fingers, they make me feel weaker, they drain the strength out of my body.

FRIEDA: Oh, no, no, no, they put it back *in, mein Liebchen.*

LAWRENCE: I want you to promise me something. If I should die, Frieda . . . the moment I'm dying, please to leave me alone! . . . Don't touch me, don't put your hands on me, and don't let anyone else . . . I have a nightmarish feeling that while I'm dying I'll be surrounded by women. They'll burst in the door and the windows the moment I lose the strength to push them away. They'll moan and they'll flutter like doves around the burnt-out Phoenix. They'll cover my face and my hands with filmy kisses and little trickling tears. Alma the nymphomaniac and the virginal Bertha—all of the under- and over-sexed women I've known, who think me the oracle of their messed-up libidos—they'll all return with their suffocating devotion. I don't want that. I want to die as a lonely old animal does. I want to die fiercely and cleanly with nothing but anger and fear and other hard things like that to deal with at the finish. You understand, Frieda? I've still got a bit of the male left in me and that's the part that I'm going to meet death with. When the last bleeding comes, and it *will* in a little while now, I won't be put into bed and huddled over by women. I won't stay in the house, Frieda. I'll open this door and go outside on the cliff. And I don't wish to be followed. That's the important point, Frieda. I'm going to do it alone. With the rocks and the water. Sunlight . . . starlight on me. No hands, no lips, no women! Nothing but . . . pitiless nature . . .

FRIEDA: I don't believe you. I don't think people want nothing but "pitiless nature" when they're . . .

LAWRENCE: Frieda! You mean you refuse?

FRIEDA: No. I consent absolutely.

LAWRENCE: You give me your promise?

FRIEDA: *Ja doch! Ganz durch die Ewigkeit!* Now think about something else. I'll go fix tea. (*She starts to go out.*)

LAWRENCE: (*suddenly noticing something*) Ah, my God.

FRIEDA: What's the matter?

LAWRENCE: Put the aquarium on the windowsill.

FRIEDA: Why?

LAWRENCE: So I can keep an eye on it. That detestable cat has attacked the goldfish again.

FRIEDA: How do you know?

LAWRENCE: How do I know? There used to be *four*, now there's *three*! *Beau Soleil!*

FRIEDA: She's gone outside.

LAWRENCE: To lick her chops, God damn her! Set the goldfish bowl on the windowsill.

FRIEDA: You can't keep them there in the sun. The sun will kill them.

LAWRENCE: (*furiously*) Don't answer me back, put 'em *there!*

FRIEDA: *Wie du willst!* (*She hastens to place the aquarium on the sill.*)

LAWRENCE: You know what I think? I think you *fed* her the fish. It's like you to do such a thing. You're both so fat, so rapacious, so viciously healthy and hungry!

FRIEDA: Such a fuss over a goldfish!

LAWRENCE: It isn't just a goldfish.

FRIEDA: What is it then?

LAWRENCE: Now that my strength's used up I can't help thinking how much of it's been thrown away in squabbling with you.

FRIEDA: (*suddenly covering her face*) Oh, Lawrence.

LAWRENCE: What are you doing? Crying? Stop it. I can't stand crying. It makes me worse.

FRIEDA: I think you *hate* me, Lawrence.

(*After a moment he shyly touches her arm.*)

LAWRENCE: Don't believe me . . . I love you. *Ich liebe dich*, Frieda. Put some rum in the tea. I'm getting much stronger, so why should I feel so weak?

FRIEDA: (*touching his forehead*) I wish you would go back to bed.

LAWRENCE: The bed's an old tarbaby. I'd get stuck. How do I know that I'd get loose again? Is my forehead hot? (*He recites in a childish treble.*) "Ladybug, ladybug, fly away home, thine house is on fire, thy children will burn!" (*He smiles slightly.*) My mother used to sing that whenever she saw one . . . Simple . . . Most people are so damned complicated and yet there is nothing much to them.

FRIEDA: (*She starts out, then pauses before the banner.*) Ah, you old Phoenix . . . you brave and angry old bird in your nest of flames! I think you are just a little bit sentimental.

LAWRENCE: (*leaning suddenly forward*) Tea for three!

FRIEDA: Who is it?

LAWRENCE: Bertha! . . . Back from London with news of the exhibition. (*He pulls himself out of the chair.*)

FRIEDA: What are you doing?

LAWRENCE: I'm going outside to meet her.

FRIEDA: Sit down, you fool! I'll meet her. And don't you dare to ask her to stay in this house. . . . If you do, I'll leave! (*She goes out.*)

LAWRENCE: Cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck! . . . You think I'm anxious to have more hens around me? (*He wriggles fretfully in the chair for a moment, then throws off the blanket and pushes himself to his feet. Stumbling with dizziness and breathing heavily, he moves to the inside rear door of the porch. He reaches it and pauses with a fit of coughing. He looks anxiously back toward the chair.*) No, no, damn you . . . I *won't!* (*He looks up at the Phoenix, straightens himself heroically and goes out.*)

(*After a few moments Frieda returns with Bertha, a small, sprightly person, an English gentlewoman with the quick voice and eyes of a child.*)

FRIEDA: My God, he's got up!

BERTHA: He shouldn't?

FRIEDA: Another hemorrhage will kill him. The least exertion is likely to bring one on. Lorenzo, where are you?

LAWRENCE: (*from the rear*) Quit clucking, you old wet hen. I'm fetching the tea.

BERTHA: Go back to him, make him stop!

FRIEDA: He wouldn't.

BERTHA: Does he want to die?

FRIEDA: Oh, no, no, no! He has no lungs and yet he goes on breathing. The heart's worn out and yet the heart keeps beating. It's awful to watch, this struggle. I wish he would stop, I wish that he'd give it up and just let go!

BERTHA: Frieda!

FRIEDA: His body's a house that's made out of tissuepaper and caught on fire. The walls are transparent, they're all lit up with the flame! When people are dying the spirit ought to go out, it ought to die out slowly before the flesh. You shouldn't be able to see it so terribly brightly consuming the walls that give it a place to inhabit!

BERTHA: I never have believed that Lorenzo could die. I don't think he will even now.

FRIEDA: But can he do it? Live without a body, I mean, be just a flame with nothing to feed itself on?

BERTHA: The Phoenix could do it.

FRIEDA: The Phoenix was legendary. Lorenzo's a man.

BERTHA: He's more than a man.

FRIEDA: I know you always thought so. But you're mistaken.

BERTHA: You'd never admit that Lorenzo was a god.

FRIEDA: Having slept with him . . . No, I wouldn't.

BERTHA: There's more to be known of a person than carnal knowledge.

FRIEDA: But carnal knowledge comes first.

BERTHA: I disagree with you.

FRIEDA: And also with Lawrence, then. He always insisted you couldn't know women until you had known their bodies.

BERTHA: Frieda, I think it is you who kept him so much in his body!

FRIEDA: Well, if I did he's got that to thank me for.

BERTHA: I'm not so sure it's something to be thankful for.

FRIEDA: What would you have done with him if ever you got your claws on him?

BERTHA: Claws? . . . Frieda!

FRIEDA: You would have plucked him out of his body. Where would he be? In the air? Ah, your deep understanding and my stupidity always!

BERTHA: Frieda!

FRIEDA: You just don't know. The meaning of Lawrence escapes you. In all of his work he celebrates the body. How he despises the prudery of people that want to hide it!

BERTHA: Oh, Frieda, the same old quarrel!

FRIEDA: Yes, let's stop it. What's left of Lorenzo, let's not try to divide it!

BERTHA: What's left of Lorenzo, is something that can't be divided!

FRIEDA: Sh! . . . He's coming.

BERTHA: (*advancing a few steps to the door*) *Lorenzo!*

LAWRENCE: (*He is out of sight as he speaks.*) "Pussycat, pussycat, where have you been?"

BERTHA: (*gaily*) "I've been to London to look at the Queen!"

LAWRENCE: (*coming nearer*) "Pussycat, pussycat, what did you there?"

BERTHA (*her voice catching slightly*) "I chased a little mouse . . . under a chair!"

(*Laughing, Lawrence appears in the doorway, pushing a small tea-cart. Bertha stares aghast.*)

LAWRENCE: Yes, I know . . . I know . . . I look an amateur's job of embalming, don't I?

BERTHA: (*bravely*) Lorenzo, you look very well.

LAWRENCE: It isn't rouge, it's the fever! I'm burning, burning, and still I never burn out. The doctors are all astonished. And disappointed. As for that expectant widow of mine, she's almost given up hope. (*Bertha moves to*

Two Portraits of Lawrence by Hon. Dorothy Brett.

The D.H. Lawrence Shrine in Taos, New Mexico

Photographs by Baron Wolman

Above and Opposite: The "suppressed" erotic series by D.H.Lawrence.

assist him with the table.) Don't bother me. I can manage.

FRIEDA: He won't be still, he won't rest!

LAWRENCE: Cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck! You better watch out for the rooster, you old wet hen!

FRIEDA: A wonderful Chanticleer you make in that lavender shawl!

LAWRENCE: Who put it on me? *You*, you bitch! (*He flings it off.*) Rest was never any good for me, Brett.

BERTHA: Rest for a little while. Then we go sailing again!

LAWRENCE: We three go sailing again! "Rub-a-dub-dub! Three fools in a tub! The Brett, the Frieda, the old Fire-eater!"

BERTHA (*tugging at his beard*) The old Fire-eater!

LAWRENCE: Watch out! Now I'll have to comb it. (*He takes out a little mirror and comb.*)

FRIEDA: So vain of his awful red whiskers!

LAWRENCE: (*combing*) She envies me my beard. All women resent men's whiskers. They can't stand anything, Brett, that distinguishes men from women.

FRIEDA: Quite the contrary. (*She pours the tea.*)

LAWRENCE: They take the male in their bodies . . . but only because they secretly hope that he won't be able to get out again, that he'll be captured for good.

FRIEDA: What kind of talk for a maiden lady to hear!

LAWRENCE: There she goes again, Brett . . . obscene old creature! Gloating over your celibacy!

FRIEDA: Gloating over it? Never! I think how lucky she is that she doesn't have to be told a hundred times every day that a man is life and that woman is just a passive hunk of protoplasm.

LAWRENCE: I never said passive. I always said malignant. (*He puts the comb away and stares in the mirror.*) Ain't I the devil to look at?

FRIEDA: I tell you, Brett, his ideas of sex are becoming downright cosmic! When the sun comes up in the morning . . . you know what he says? No, I won't repeat it! And when the sun's going down . . . Oh, well, you will hear him yourself.

LAWRENCE: (*chuckling*) Yes, I always make the same remark. You'll hear me yourself in just a few more minutes . . . (*He puts the mirror away.*) Well, Brett!

BERTHA: Well, Lorenzo?

LAWRENCE: You haven't said anything yet.

BERTHA: Anything? About what?

LAWRENCE: What do you think that I sent you to London for?

BERTHA: To get me out of the way!

LAWRENCE: What else? . . . Out with it, damn you! The show! How did they like my pictures?

BERTHA: Well . . .

FRIEDA: Go on, Brett, tell him the truth. The monster will not be satisfied till he hears it!

BERTHA: Well . . .

FRIEDA: The exhibition was a complete fiasco! Just as I said it would be!

LAWRENCE: You mean that they *liked* my pictures?

FRIEDA: *Liked* your pictures? They called your pictures *disgusting!*

LAWRENCE: Ah! . . . *Success!* They said that I couldn't paint? That I draw like a child? They called my figures grotesque? Lumpy, obscene, misshapen, monstrous, deformed?

BERTHA: You must have seen the reviews, you've read them yourself.

LAWRENCE: Why? Am I quoting exactly?

FRIEDA: Yes, you are quoting exactly!

LAWRENCE: And what did the public think? And what of the people?

FRIEDA: The people laughed!

LAWRENCE: They laughed?

FRIEDA: Of course they laughed! Lorenzo, you're not a painter, you're a writer! Why, you can't even draw a straight line!

LAWRENCE: No! But I can draw a *crooked* line, Frieda. And that is the reason that I can put *life* in my pictures! How was the attendance? How many came to look?

BERTHA: After the disturbance, the entrance had to be roped off to hold back the crowds.

LAWRENCE: Disturbance? What disturbance?

FRIEDA: Just look. The monster's exulting!

LAWRENCE: Go on, tell me what happened!

BERTHA: A group of ladies' club members attempted to slash the picture of Adam and Eve.

(*Lawrence shakes with laughter.*)

FRIEDA: Lorenzo! Stop that!

BERTHA: That was what called the attention of the police.

LAWRENCE: The police? (*He rises.*) What did they do to my pictures? Burn them? *Destroy them?*

BERTHA: No. We got out an injunction to keep them from burning the pictures.

LAWRENCE: The pictures are safe?

BERTHA: The pictures are safe, Lorenzo.

FRIEDA: Sit down in that chair or I'll have to put you to bed! (*She tries to push him down. He slaps her fiercely.*)

BERTHA: Lorenzo!

LAWRENCE: Vaunting her power, gloating over my weakness! Put me to bed? Just try it . . . I dare you to touch me!

FRIEDA: Lawrence, sit down in that chair or you'll start the bleeding again. (*He stares at her for a moment and then obeys slowly.*)

LAWRENCE: (*weakly*) Give me back the shawl. The sun's getting weaker. The young blond god is beginning to be seduced by the harlot of darkness . . .

FRIEDA: Now he's going to make his classic remarks on the sunset. (*She puts the shawl about him.*)

LAWRENCE: Yes . . . the pictures . . . they weren't very good but they had a fierce life in them.

BERTHA: They had *you* in them. But why did you want to *paint*, Lorenzo?

LAWRENCE: Why did I want to write? Because I'm an artist . . . What is an artist? . . . A man who loves life too intensely, a man who loves life till he hates her and has to strike out with his fist as I struck out at Frieda . . . To show her he knows her tricks, and he's still the master! (*The smoky yellow light is beginning to dim.*) Oh, Brett, oh, Frieda . . . I wanted to stretch out the long, sweet arms of my art and embrace the whole world! But it isn't enough to go out to the world with love. And so I doubled my fist and I struck and I struck. Words weren't enough . . . I had to have color, too. I took to paint and I painted the way that I wrote! Fiercely, without any shame! *This* is life, I told them, life is like *this!* Wonderful! Dark! Terrific! They banned my books and they wanted to burn my pictures! That's how it is . . . When first you look at the sun it strikes you blind. Life's . . . blinding . . . (*He stirs and leans forward.*) The sun's . . . going down. He's seduced by the harlot of darkness.

FRIEDA: Now he is going to say it . . . Stop up your ears!

LAWRENCE: Now she has got him, they're copulating together! The sun is exhausted, the harlot has taken his strength and now she will start to destroy him. She's eating him up . . . Oh, but he won't stay down. He'll climb back out of her belly and there will be light. In the end there will always be light . . . And I am the prophet of it! (*He rises with difficulty.*)

BERTHA: Lorenzo!

FRIEDA: Lawrence, be careful!

LAWRENCE: Shut up! Don't touch me! (*He staggers to the great window.*) In the end there is going to be light . . . light, light! (*His voice rises and he stretches his arms out like a Biblical prophet.*) Great light! . . . Great, blinding, universal *light!* And *I* . . . I'm the *prophet* of it! (*He staggers and clutches his mouth.*)

FRIEDA: *Lawrence!*

BERTHA: (*terrified*) What is it?

FRIEDA: The *bleeding!*

BERTHA: *Lorenzo!* (*She tries to rush to him but Frieda clutches her arm.*)

LAWRENCE: Don't touch me, you women. I want to do it alone . . . Don't move till it's finished. (*Gradually, as though forced down to the earth by invisible arms, he begins to collapse, but still he clings to the wall and shuffles along it, gasping for breath, until he has reached the door. He opens the door.*) Don't follow. (*He goes out.*)

BERTHA: (*struggling fiercely with Frieda*) Let me go, let me go, I want to go to him.

FRIEDA: I promised "no women"!

BERTHA: You go!

FRIEDA: Nobody, nobody goes to him. Not you, not me, no woman.

BERTHA: He can't die alone, I won't let him! No human being would let him!

FRIEDA: (*agonized*) I will, I promised, I'll let him! (*The wind blows open the door to the terrace. There is the sound of waves breaking. The silk banner of the Phoenix billows out from the wall. Bertha almost breaks away, but Frieda violently restrains her again. In the struggle the lamp is upset and goes out. Bertha cries* Monster! *and collapses sobbing to the floor. For a few moments, stillness: then faintly, as if from a distance, Lawrence's voice:*)

LAWRENCE: *Frieda!* (*All in one instant Frieda thrusts the sobbing woman violently away from her and sweeps out upon the terrace like a great winged bird.*)

FRIEDA: (*Wildly, with infinite tenderness*) *Ich komm', Ich komm', mein Liebchen!*

Original lithograph by Marc Chagall: This, and those on pages 25 and 36 are from Vitraux pour Jerusalem, *a limited edition of 250 copies, signed by Chagall. It was published by André Sauret in collaboration with the artist in France, 1962. The lithographs shown are studies inspired by Chagall's massive series of stained glass windows now in the Synagogue of the Hadassah Medical Center in Jerusalem. We gratefully acknowledge the Boston Book and Art Shop for permission to publish them.*

The Post-War Israeli Left

by Maurice Zeitlin

IN HIS HOME IN KIBBUTZ SDEH BOKER, in the middle of the vast wasteland of southern Israel, David Ben-Gurion, the 81-year-old former prime minister, told me what I had already heard wherever I went and from everyone I spoke to: "I want to keep my people safe. . . . Shouldn't I fight for the safety of my people? Didn't Russia fight together with America against Hitler? Did that make them 'imperialist tools?' Our people have the right to live like any people!"

In Tel Aviv, I heard the same from Moshe Sneh, a very different sort of political man who, some ten years earlier, had been a leader of the left socialist Zionist party, Mapam (United Workers Party), and had split with it, denouncing its alleged failure to be sufficiently pro-Soviet and sympathetic to Arab aspirations. He soon joined the Communist Party of Israel, Maki, and became a leading member of its Central Committee and its major national spokesman in the Knesset (Parliament).

Speaking authoritatively for the Party, he told me unequivocally: "The June war was a war of national defense. We do not accept the nonsense of its being an 'imperialist war.' The policy of Israel's government is full of mistakes—but we are now speaking of the *rights* of a state to exist. Did anyone question the rights of the Spanish people to live because of Franco? To question the rights of the Israeli people to exist, and to choose their own social system, is a new form of anti-Semitism, even if it comes in a 'progressive' guise." In my travels throughout Israel, I was impressed by the consensus on this issue—and other issues, such as the need for direct negotiations—that had been forged between Israelis as politically polar as Ben-Gurion and Sneh by the realities of the six-day war. Based on recent extensive interviews, this article will discuss the view that the left now has of the options open to Israel.

THE REALITY OF ISRAEL has been obscured, as perhaps that of no other country, by polemics and abstractions. Israel is a new country and it is in many ways unique; but you discover that it is also an ordinary country made up of ordinary people, most of whom happen to be Jews. Israel is also an egalitarian and democratic society in which there is a palpable unity between government and people—a unity which is only in part explained by the sense of common danger shared by all Israelis. It is a country whose leaders, for all their failings, participated fully in its very creation and retain a special commitment to the ideals for which it was created. Much of this impression of Israel was summed up in my interview with Ben-Gurion.

He lives some 30 miles south of Beersheba, in the middle of the Negev. Several years ago, 18 young people decided to establish a settlement there—in part because of their commitment to the reclamation of the desert by their own labor. When Ben-Gurion retired from the government several years ago, he joined the settlement, living his belief that theory and practice must be fused.

He has ample perspective: "When I was born in 1886, Zionism was not yet a movement, and if you had counted everyone who spoke Hebrew in Palestine when I first came here, you wouldn't have found more than a few . . . I remember that at the Third Congress of our Party [Zionist Socialist Party], I decided to speak in Hebrew. Everyone but Itzhak Ben-Zvi [who was to be Israel's second President] and his brother walked out. Next time, they stayed. I remember," Ben-Gurion continued, "that in 1912, Ahad Haam [a leader of "Lovers of Zion," one of the original non-political precursors of the Zionist movement] was here. The question of Jewish labor in the settlements—they used to call them 'colonies'—I never liked that word—was being debated, that is, whether Jews could be workers and farmers and build their own homeland. He returned to Odessa convinced that Jews would be the landowners and organize the economy, and the Arabs would be the workers—that there could not be a Jewish working class. And he was wrong! We have 800,000 children in Israel whose mother tongue is Hebrew—everything is being done by Jews—and Arabs, too, of course. So if you ask me about the Zionist vision, I'll tell you—I am not a Zionist."

Ben-Gurion's precept and practice have obviously often been at odds with each other. Many aspects of Israeli society and of its government's domestic and foreign policies have contradicted democratic principle and the commitment to equality and social justice. What is not clear, however, when all legitimate criticisms of Israeli reality have been made, is the extent to which things could, in fact, have been different. One effect of the six-day war has been an especially painful new

awareness for Israel's left—that the extent of the real options facing Israel have been far narrower than they realized. If, in fact, a government had been in power in Israel from its inception that was unquestionably dedicated to enlightened and humane domestic policies and consistent neutralist and anti-imperialist foreign policies, how much more could have been accomplished in securing social justice for Jewish and Arab Israelis, and peaceful and cooperative relations with the surrounding Arab regimes? There is no clear answer.

IT IS TRUE THAT WITH NOTABLE EXCEPTIONS, Israel's foreign policies have been pro-Western and closely identified with those of the United States. Her government acted in collusion with Britain and France in 1956 against Nasser's regime. It sought, though it did not obtain, a mutual security pact with the United States. It carried out systematic reprisals against Arab terrorist attacks—many of which far exceeded even a generous definition of "defense." During the Algerian war of independence against France, Israel remained silent, and even intimidated left socialists from making private contacts with Algerian guerrilla leaders.

Military control in Israel's border areas subjected her Arab citizens to persistent infringement on their civil liberties and freedom of movement, until lifted by Prime Minister Eshkol several months before the June war. Israel's Arabs generally live under inferior conditions compared to her Jewish population, although most Arab Israelis are wage earners. The state's use of eminent domain has been disproportionately directed against Arab citizens. On the question of the Arab refugees, the Israeli government's posture—while in many ways rational and correct, and far less obdurate than the position of the Arab regimes—has been constricted by a military definition of reality, and all but summed up by Ben-Gurion's phrase, "not a single refugee." Even with her limited means and absorptive capacity, some refugees might have been resettled within Israel's borders. Even the Histadrut, Israel's central labor organization, did not give Arab workers the full rights of membership until 1959, under the pressure of the left.

None of these strictures can be seriously denied—at least by sensible men. In fact, they have been consistently made by Israelis themselves—some of them of the stature of the late philosopher Martin Buber—especially those on the socialist left represented by Mapam. What, however, were Israel's real options? Had Israel's government not collaborated with France and Britain in the 1956 Sinai campaign, how radically would that have altered the dedication, public and vociferous, of the Arab regimes to the destruction of the State of Israel? The options available to Israel were few, and the left socialists could suggest no more than greater "wisdom" and restraint and an appeal to "all countries" that they sell arms to Israel. Had the Israeli government publicly supported or even privately encouraged ties with the Algerian nationalist movement, its one more or less sure source of major weaponry, the French government would have been alienated. Where could Israel have turned—to the hostile Soviet Union?

A MAJOR CONSEQUENCE OF THE 1948 WAR—a war provoked and begun by reactionary *comprador* Arab regimes—was the mass flight of hundreds of thousands of Arabs from the territory of the newly established State of Israel. They were encouraged by the radio propaganda of the Arab regimes, and the exodus took place despite the Israelis' attempt to *stop* it. During what followed—the immigration of the survivors of the Nazi concentration camps, and the need to defend against regimes sworn to destroy Israel—how much could Israel have done, and how much could be demanded of her? Everything that could be done was demanded of her by Israel's own left, even in the face of the *revanchisme* of the Arab regimes and their own unwillingness to help the Arab refugees in any way.

As to the military rule in the border areas containing most Israeli Arabs, that too was condemned and opposed by many Israelis, not only of the left, but even within the center parties. And it was finally lifted. One of the important questions is the extent to which the Arabs would have been more fully integrated into Israeli life had problems of military security not confronted them so overwhelmingly.

Given the limits of Israel's incomparable security situation, and the fact that there were close to 300,000 unassimilated Arabs in Israel, the question was how to deal with them. The position of Mapam was and is that Israelis are Arabs and Jews. Not that there are Arabs and Israelis. And that the Israeli Arabs should and could be fully incorporated into the body politic. Mapam and its precursors did it, at least in practice. Mapam was the only party—aside from the Communists—to have Arabs as full members. And where Mapam has a strong base among the Arabs, as in Nazareth, the relationship between Arab Israelis and Jewish Israelis is the kind the party dreamed about. That dream has not been abandoned despite the situation today. Mapam criticized the Ben-Gurion government for treating the Arabs only as a potential fifth column, a viewpoint that resulted in the ruling ideology that the only thing the Arabs understand is force.

"Some of the Arabs, ruled by hostile governments, *were* right on the other side of the order. There was truth in this. We said that we had to take the risk," Yaakov Chazam, a Mapam leader, told me. "If there was a problem of security, then we should have strengthened the Army but given full civil liberties to the Arabs in Israel. If you consider Arabs on the border a security problem, put more troops there! This was a dangerous way, but it was the only just way. Life means to build in danger. The Arabs either are a bridge of peace or a wall of hate. If they live here as second-class citizens, they will be the latter. Of course, the Arabs have received major benefits as citizens of Israel, but always hesitantly and tardily. The proof that we were right about friendship was shown in this [the six-day] war. The Arabs of Israel did not stand against us, and many stood with us."

Even if unity were forged in Israel between Arab and Jew, it must be emphasized that there are two questions—that of peace with the surrounding Arab regimes and that of social justice and social equality for Israeli Arabs. The status of the Arabs within Israel (and Israel's willingness to bend on the Arab refugee question) and the Arab regimes' postures toward Israel are not demonstrably connected—though left socialists believe they are. In the course of my research since the June war and the re-thinking of my critique of Israel's policies, I have become persuaded that even had the left socialists been in power, and had Israel's Arab citizens been treated with the fullest justice, the policies of the Arab regimes would not have changed significantly, nor would their unmitigated and unrelenting hatred of Israel and commitment to its destruction.

The policies of the Arab regimes were never motivated by the plight of the Arab refugees, for whom they have demonstrated little genuine concern, and whom they have maintained in perpetual degradation. Lebanon is the one country in which anything like resettlement of refugees from Palestine actually took place, and it has been the least *revanchiste* of the Arab regimes, refraining from entering this June's six-day war. Iraq alone could easily have absorbed all the Arab refugees. Only the will of the Arab regimes has been lacking, because the plight of the refugees served their political purposes.

THE ONE OVERRIDING FACT which cannot be understood until one is there is the extent to which "national survival" is important in tiny Israel. To speak of travel between Tel Aviv and Jerusalem and Beersheba, is to speak of the distance from Princeton to New York. It means, in other words, that had the Israelis not succeeded in winning the war in six days, and carrying it to Arab territory, they would have been destroyed. This is neither rhetoric nor a cliché.

When you stand across the Tel Aviv-Jerusalem road from Latrun, which was the site of a major Arab-Israel battle in 1948, and you see Latrun (now a Trappist Monastery) up on a hill overlooking the road, you realize that only several hundred yards separated Israeli settlements from Jordanian troops. It then becomes clear what an Israeli, especially if he lives on the border, means when he says that his existence, his life, depended on whether or not he won the war in June, and on whether Israel can now secure more viable borders.

The security problem and the border situation and the question of death and life in Israel are inseparable. For those of us who live in a country of vast frontiers, it is an abstraction to talk about "territorial acquisition." For the Israelis, maintaining their hold on Latrun and the old road between Tel Aviv and Jerusalem is vital. They cannot return to the border situation they had before.

As to Arab intentions, Israelis will readily tell you that Azzam Pasha, then secretary general of the Arab League, stated the Arab war aims on May 15, 1948 (as reported by the BBC that day), quite clearly: "This will be a war of extermination and a momentous massacre which will be spoken of like the Mongolian massacres and the Crusades." They will remind you that Ahmed Shukairy, who now claims to be leading a "war of national liberation," and who directs the so-called Palestine Liberation Organization and talks so glibly of anti-imperialism, is a reactionary landlord who first headed the Syrian delegation and then the Saudi Arabian delegation to the U.N. before suddenly donning his new anti-imperialist clothes. But his aims have not changed since he was a representative of the Palestine Arab High Committee before the U.N. and stated (as recorded in the Official Records of the General Assembly, May 15, 1948, p. 650): "The war aims of the Arabs were the elimination of the Jewish State." The position of the Arab regimes was stated again, after the six-day war, by General Abdul Rahman Arif of Iraq: "The existence of Israel," he said on June 28, 1967, "is in itself an aggression and must therefore be repulsed, and there must be a return to a normal situation."

In our interview, Ben-Gurion avoided getting entangled in a full discussion of his views on how to resolve the problem of the occupied areas. He did say that the Sinai, which was never historically a part of Palestine, nor directly of strategic value to the State of Israel, would probably be returned to Egypt, once an agreement for its demilitarization and terms concerning navigation rights through Suez and the Gulf of Aqaba were negotiated with Egypt directly. He also said: "We shall settle the Heights of Golan and the empty areas around Jerusalem, and all the *empty* places in the West Bank, east, north, and south, without a single Arab being moved. And the Arabs will have full rights. If we are to secure viable borders, this must be done." There is basic agreement in Israel over the need for direct negotiations, and a clear view on the Israeli left as to what those negotiations should achieve.

IN 1965, THE ISRAELI COMMUNIST PARTY split over the nature of the defense of the Israeli state. The resultant new Communist Party is primarily Arab-based and is more pro-Nasser.

Speaking authoritatively for the original Israeli Communist Party, Moshe Sneh told me that Soviet policy in the Middle East has nothing in common with socialist principles and was not even intelligent *realpolitik*. He pointed out that not only the Israeli Communist Party, but the Roumanian, Dutch and Swedish Parties had the same view, and had refused to attend the celebrations in Moscow of the 50th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, and that the Italian and French Parties were torn by dissension over the issue as well. Cuba continues to maintain correct diplomatic relations with Israel, despite Soviet pressures and the Communist editorials against Israel in *Granma*.

"The June war," Sneh said unequivocally, "was a war of national defense. And we are opposed to the Soviet slogan of unconditional withdrawal of Israeli forces from the territories now under its control as a result of that war. For that would mean a return to the conditions which led to that war. We are also opposed to annexation. There must be direct negotiations, not merely about territorial matters, but about general terms of peace. Only in the framework of such an agreement can the frontiers be defined. At the Khartoum Summit, the Arab regimes again stated they would not recognize Israel's right to exist—and this after the war! Thus, withdrawal would mean renewal of the war."

This is virtually the same position held by the government of Israel, though it has played its cards even closer to its chest, waiting for the Arabs to agree to sit down to talk about the terms of a general peace treaty in the area. Sneh says that Israel should reiterate publicly and forcefully its position that it had no territorial ambitions before the war, has none now, and is willing to negotiate the status of the territories it has occupied since the June war. He wants Jerusalem's status freely negotiated, but believes the city should be united under the sovereignty of Israel with one municipal authority and local autonomy for the Arab sector.

"We want self-determination for the Palestinian Arabs on the West Bank and in Gaza," Sneh told me. "Let there be elections under international supervision. Let those former officials of the Jordanian regime who remained on the West Bank, like El Jabri, mayor of Hebron, or Nuseibeh, former minister of Defense in the Jordanian cabinet, and others hold elections and establish a government that can then negotiate with Israel as the representatives of the Palestinian Arabs, including those in Gaza. The worst that could happen is that

they would want to return the land to Jordan. But then they would negotiate with Hussein, not us. To the other countries, we propose that as part of a general peace treaty there be a return to the old frontiers. Free passage for Egypt from El Qantara to Beirut and Damascus might be traded with them for our guaranteed passage through the Gulf of Aqaba and the Suez Canal, or they might have a land route through the Negev to Jordan and Iraq. But they negotiate with us."

The left socialist Zionists represented by Mapam go further. They not only believe that Israel should make unequivocally clear its willingness to rescind control of most of the occupied territories as part of a peace treaty, but that Israel is ready to return the West Bank to Jordan—once a peace treaty mutually satisfactory to both sides is concluded between them. They agree that the correct principled position must be direct negotiations between the parties concerned; they also agree that to assure the Arabs that they are not merely going to end up negotiating the terms of their own surrender, it is imperative that the Israeli government declare its willingness to return the West Bank to Jordan if peace is secured. However, they do not believe that sovereignty over old Jerusalem, nor of its environs, can be rescinded again—not only for security reasons, but for reasons of Jerusalem's historical connection with Jewish national identity.

The simple fact is, as Yaakov Chazan put it in our interview, that "the Arabs now confront a new reality and must face it."

Nathan Yalin-Mor, who had tried in the past to establish contacts between Israelis and the Algerian FLN, says that if Israel does not try to establish an autonomous republic of Palestinian Arabs on the West Bank, federated with Israel into a Federation of Palestine (Eretz Israel), she will be forced to withdraw by the big powers. He believes that many Israelis, including government officials, are moving toward this view, and that there are also Arabs on the West Bank who, within a year or so, may come around to it. Some are already intimating this publicly. "This is," he says, "the first time Arabs and Jews face each other directly. There are no Turks between them. There are no French between them. There are no British between them. This land belongs to two nations, both with roots in and strong attachments to it. Jerusalem is the mother of two children between whom there has been a tragic clash."

Unfortunately, there is not yet one important voice in the Arab world, either private or public, which has been willing to even talk to the Israelis about the possibility of negotiations. Chazan and Victor Shemtov, another Mapam Knesset member I met, and others I spoke to on or off the record—among them men who have focused their entire lives on the achievement of Arab-Israeli friendship, men who have been the most formidable critics of the second-class status of Arabs within and of the dealings with refugees without, men who throughout their lives have been critics of the foreign policy of Israel—want their government to make a declaration that it is indeed willing to talk about the status of the West Bank. In view of the difficult stand they were willing to take, I asked them what secret contacts they had had with Arabs of the left, or independent nationalists; what had they been able to discover were the sentiments of their counterparts in Jordan, on the West Bank, in Egypt, in Algeria? The Israelis answered that they had been unable to make real contact with the Arabs; they said that they were unable to sit down and talk with an Arab leader, even secretly. So what is Israel to do? If the government of Israel begins to try to rehabilitate the Arab refugees on the West Bank, as is suggested by some, would she not be faced with the claim that she was taking such measures to create a *fait accompli*, to incorporate the occupied territories into her polity and economy—that she was intransigent, obdurate, annexationist?

ON THE VERY EVE OF THE WAR, debate was still fierce on the question of how Israel should respond to the Egyptian blockade of the Gulf of Aqaba and the new Arab military alliance. Now that Israel has survived, barring any unforeseen change in the policies of the Arab regimes or of the Soviet Union, it is unlikely that the Israelis will view their alternatives as anything but military ones. At least so far as foreign policy is concerned, it seems inevitable that there will be a deadening of political debate and a dampening of political opposition. Moreover, if the needs of military security could serve as a rationale for domestic policies in the past which many considered unjust and irrational, such policies will now appear to have even greater credence and will be more easily accepted.

If this turns out to be the case, it will be tragic. For the critique of Israel made by the left socialist Zionists was not wrong. It argued that within the limits of ensuring a nation's security, the search for alternatives, even dangerous ones, had to go on; that Palestine was the home of two nations, and that the Arabs and the Jews had legitimate national aspirations that need not and should not conflict with each other. The differences between Arabs and Jews had been exploited by the British in order to divide them, just as those differences are still exploited by the great powers to further their own interests.

These views were correct. Many Israelis on the left believe that there were critical points in the past when Israel's "hard" line of an "activist defense policy" hardened the intransigence of the Arabs in turn. Whether or not this was true in the past is less important than whether it shall be true in the future. Neither Israel's internal development nor her security can be tied to the policy, which now seems to be gaining the upper hand in Israel, of relying merely on a "position of strength" to deal with her Arab neighbors. Israel cannot indefinitely maintain military superiority in the area, nor can she rely on the United States. The latter has prevailing interests which are opposed to genuine national liberation in the Middle East. Israel's long-run survival is endangered in proportion to her dependence on the U.S. With all the frustrations faced by her people in the past, and despite the Soviet Union's immediate responsibility for an adventurist policy which had to lead to war, Israel's search for alternatives must continue. That search will not continue, however, if we hear only silence from those who maintain that Arab-Jewish friendship is not only possible but indispensible to Israel. It is more urgent than ever for those who have a vision of the Jewish state as an integral part of a developing Middle East of independent Arab states to find a way to realize their "impossible" dream, even as the dream of a Jewish state was realized.

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Memoirs of the Revolutionary War by Che Guevara

After the great campaign in the Sierra Maestra of Cuba, Ernesto Che Guevara rewrote his rough diary notes into an unofficial and fragmentary history, Pasajes de la Guerra Revolucionaria. *The following are excerpts from that history, published for the first time in an American magazine.*

Alegría del Pío

ALEGRÍA DEL PÍO is a place in Oriente province, municipality of Niquero, near Cabo Cruz. At this very spot, on December 5, 1956, Batista's forces discovered our hiding place.

We were exhausted from a long, painful trek; more painful than long, to tell the truth. We had landed on December 2, at a place known as the Playa de las Coloradas. We had lost all our equipment, and had trudged for endless hours through marshlands and swamps. We were all wearing new boots and by now everyone was suffering from blisters and footsores, but new footwear and fungus were by no means our only enemies. We had reached Cuba following a seven-day voyage across the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, without food, plagued by seasickness and aboard a far-from-seaworthy vessel. All this had left an indelible mark upon our troop, made up of rookies who did not know what the word "combat" meant.

All that was left of our war equipment was our rifles, cartridge belts and a few wet rounds of ammunition. Our medical supplies had disappeared and most of our knapsacks had been left behind in the swamps. We had managed to mitigate our hun er and thirst by eating sugar cane, but due to our lack of experience we had left a trail of cane peelings and bagasse all over the place. Not that the guards looking for us needed any trail to follow our steps, for it had been our guide—as we found out later—who had betrayed us. We had let him go the night before—an error we were to repeat several times during our long struggle until we learned that civilians whose personal records were unknown to us were not to be trusted while in dangerous areas. It was a serious blunder to release that man.

By daybreak of the 5th we could barely walk. On the verge of collapse, we would walk a short distance and then beg for a long rest period. Orders were given to halt at the edge of a canefield, in a thicket close to the dense woods. Most of us slept throughout the morning hours.

At noon we began to notice unusual signs of activity. Air Force "Piper" planes as well as other types of small planes, together with small private aircraft, began to circle our hiding place. Most of our men went on cutting and eating sugar cane without realizing that they were perfectly visible to those flying the planes, which were now circling at slow speed. I was the troop physician and it was my duty to treat the blistered feet. I recall my last patient that morning: his name was Humberto Lamotte and that was to be his last day on earth. I still remember how tired and worn out he looked as he walked from my improvised first aid station to his post, still carrying his shoes in one hand.

Comrade Montané and I were leaning against a tree, eating our meager rations—half a sausage and two crackers—when a rifle shot broke the stillness. Immediately, a hail of bullets—at least this is the way it looked to us, this being our baptism of fire—descended upon our 82-man troop. My rifle was not one of the best; I had deliberately asked for it because I was in very poor physical condition due to an attack of asthma that had bothered me throughout our ocean voyage and I did not want to be held responsible for the loss of a good weapon.

I can hardly remember what followed the initial burst of gunfire. Almeida ran back to take charge of his group. A com-

Illustration by Milton Glaser

rade dropped a box of ammunition at my feet and when I reprimanded him for his action he looked at me with an expression of anguish and muttered something like "this is no time to bother with ammunition boxes." He continued on his way toward the canefield and disappeared from view.

Perhaps this was the first time I was faced with the dilemma of choosing between my devotion to medicine and my duty as a revolutionary soldier. There, at my feet, were a knapsack full of medicine and a box of ammunition. I couldn't possibly carry both of them; they were too heavy. I picked up the box of ammunition, leaving the medicine, and started to cross the clearing, heading for the canefield. I remember Faustino Pérez, kneeling and firing his machine-gun pistol. Near me, a comrade named Arbentosa was walking toward the canefield. A burst of gunfire hit us both. I felt a sharp blow on my chest and a wound on my neck, and I thought for certain I was dead. Arbentosa, vomiting blood and bleeding profusely from a deep hole made by a 45-caliber bullet, yelled: "They have killed me!" and began to fire his rifle at no one in particular. Flat on the ground, I turned to Faustino, saying: "I've been hit!"—what I really said is unprintable—and Faustino, still firing away, looked at me and said: "Oh, it's nothing," but I could see by the look in his eyes that he considered me as good as dead.

Still on the ground, I fired a shot in the direction of the woods, following an impulse similar to that of the other wounded man. Immediately, I began to figure out the best way to die. I recalled a Jack London story where the hero, aware that he is bound to freeze to death in the wastes of Alaska, leans calmly against a tree and prepares to die in a dignified manner. That was the only thing that came to my mind at that moment. Someone on his knees said that we had better surrender and I heard a voice—later I found out it was Camilo's—shouting: "No, nobody surrenders here!" followed by a four-letter word. Ponce came at a run, breathing hard, and showed me a bullet wound (I was sure the bullet must have pierced his lungs), and said "I'm wounded," and I replied coolly "me, too." Then Ponce, and other comrades who were still unhurt, crawled toward the canefield. For a moment I was left alone, just lying there waiting to die. Almeida approached, urging me to go on, and despite the intense pain, I dragged myself into the canefield. There I met comrade Raúl Suárez, whose thumb had been blown away by a rifle bullet, being attended by Faustino Pérez who was bandaging his hand. Then everything became a blur of airplanes flying low and strafing the field, adding to the confusion, amid Dantesque as well as grotesque scenes, such as the sight of a comrade of considerable *avoirdupois* who was desperately trying to hide behind a single stalk of sugar cane, while in the middle of this turmoil another man kept on yelling: "Silence!" for no apparent reason.

With Almeida leading, we crossed the last path among the rows of cane and reached the safety of the woods. The first shouts of "fire!" were heard in the canefield and tongues of flame and columns of smoke began to rise. I cannot remember exactly what happened; I felt the bitterness of defeat and I was sure I was going to die. We walked until the darkness made it impossible to go on, and decided to lie down and go to sleep all huddled together in a heap. We were starving and thirsty and the mosquitoes added to our misery. This was our baptism of fire on December 5, 1956, on the outskirts of Niquero. It was the beginning of what would later become the Rebel Army.

Battle of La Plata

OUR FIRST VICTORY was the result of an attack upon a small Army garrison at the mouth of La Plata River. The effect of our victory was electrifying. It was like a clarion call, proving that the Rebel Army really existed and was ready to fight.

On January 14, 1957, shortly after the surprise attack of Alegría del Pío, we came to a halt by the Magdalena River. A piece of firm land originating at the Sierra juts out between the Magdalena and La Plata. Fidel gave orders for target practice as an initial attempt at some sort of training for our troop. Some of the men were using a weapon for the first time. At that time we had 23 weapons in operating condition.

That afternoon we climbed the last hill before reaching the outskirts of La Plata. We were following a trail marked especially for us by a peasant named Melquiades Elías. This man had been recommended by our guide Eutimio. Our guide was essential to us and he seemed to be the prototype of the rebel farmer, but later he was apprehended by Casillas (a Batista officer) who, instead of killing him, bribed him with an offer of $10,000 and the rank of lieutenant if he managed to kill Fidel. Eutimio came close to fulfilling his bargain but he lacked the courage to do so.

At dawn of the 16th we began watching the Army post, but no soldiers could be seen anywhere. At three p.m. we decided to approach the road leading to the barracks and take a look; by nightfall we crossed the shallow La Plata River and took our positions on the road. Five minutes later we took two farmers into custody. One of them had a record as an informer. When we told them who we were and reassured them that no harm would befall them, they gave us some valuable information.

We had 22 weapons ready for the attack. It was a crucial moment because we were short of ammunition. The Army post had to be taken, for a failure would have meant spending all our ammunition, leaving us practically defenseless.

The attack began at 2:40 a.m. and the guards put up a much stiffer resistance than we had expected. A sergeant, armed with an M-1, opened up with a burst every time we asked them to surrender. We were given orders to use our old, Brazilian-type hand grenades. Luís Crespo and I threw ours but they did not go off; Raúl Castro threw a stick of dynamite with the same negative result. It became necessary to get close to the houses and set them on fire even at the risk of our own lives. Finally, Luís Crespo and I got close to one of the ranches and set it on fire. The glare gave us an opportunity to see that it was a place for storing coconuts, but the over-all effect intimidated the soldiers and they gave up the fight.

Camilo Cienfuegos was first into the house, where shouts of surrender were being heard. Quickly, we took stock of our booty: eight Springfields, one Thompson machine gun and about 1000 rounds; we had fired approximately 500 rounds. In addition, we now had cartridge belts, fuel, knives, clothing and some food. Casualties: two soldiers dead, five wounded. We took three prisoners.

Our men had not suffered a single scratch. We set fire to the soldiers' quarters and after taking care of the wounded—three of them were seriously wounded and we were told later that they had died—we withdrew. One of the soldiers later joined the forces under Raúl Castro's command, was promoted to lieutenant, and died in an airplane accident following the war.

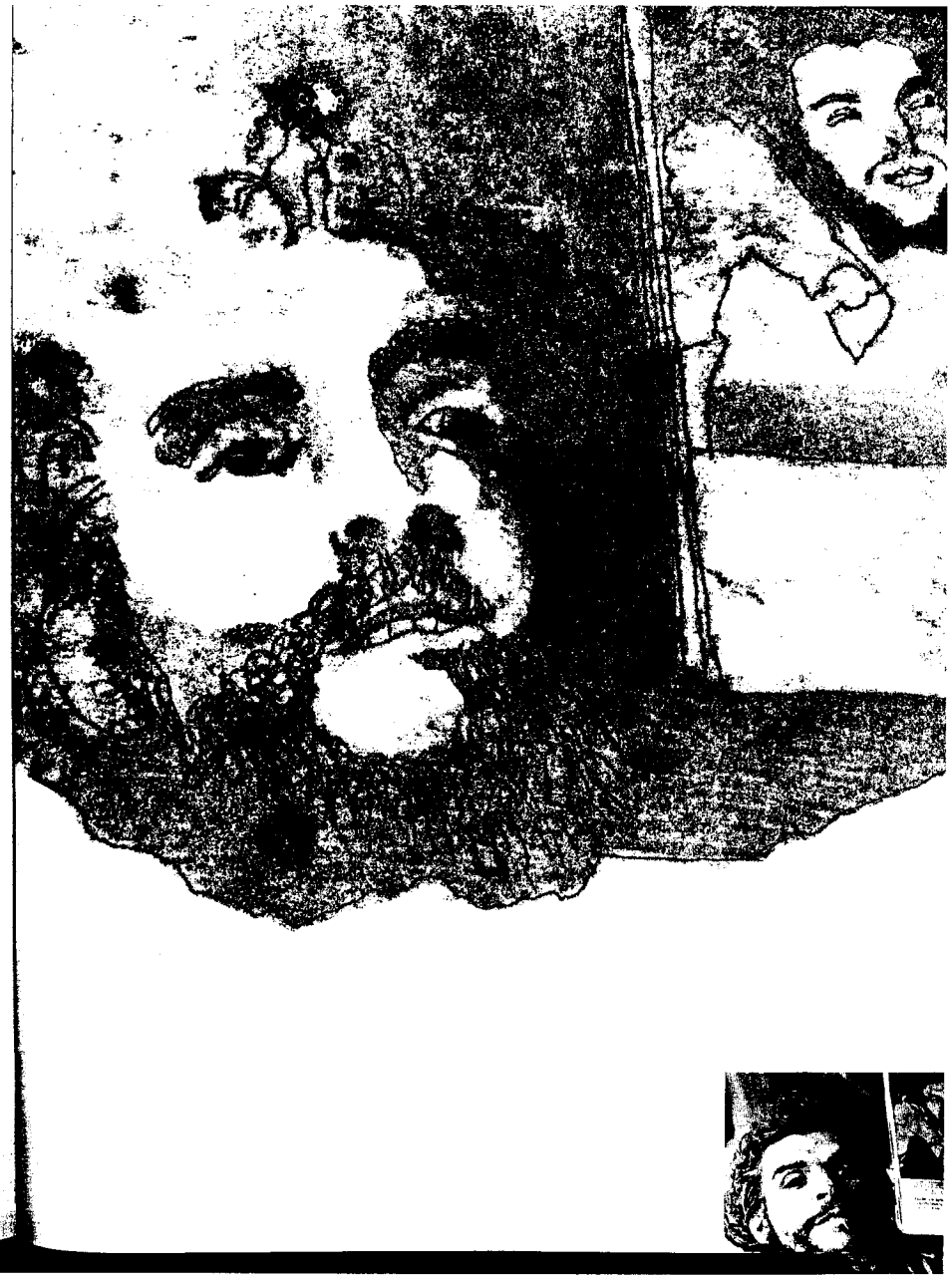


Illustration by Seymour Chwast

Our attitude toward the wounded was in open contrast to that of the tyranny's Army. Not only did they kill our wounded men; they abandoned their own. This difference made a great impact upon the enemy and it was instrumental in our victory. Fidel gave orders that the prisoners be given all the medicines to take care of the wounded. I was appalled at this decision because, as a physician, I felt the need of saving all available medicine and drugs for our own men. We freed all civilians and at 4:30 of the 17th, we started for Palma Mocha, arriving there at dawn and continuing on in the most inaccessible zones of the Sierra Maestra. This was the victorious battle of the Rebel Armies. It was only in this battle and the one following that we had more weapons than men. Peasants were not yet ready to join in the struggle, and communication with the city bases was practically nonexistent.

Bitter Days

THE DAYS FOLLOWING our departure from Epifanio's farm were, at least for me, the most painful of the war.

On February 22, I wrote in my diary that I was beginning to feel the symptoms of an attack of asthma; I did not have any anti-asthmatic medicine left. The date for the rendezvous with Frank País' men, who were to bring additional weapons, was set for March 5, so we still had to wait several days. My asthma was so bad I could hardly walk, and we spent another night near a house, among a thicket of coffee trees.

About four p.m. on February 28th, Universo Sánchez and Luís Crespo were watching the road, and saw a large troop coming from the direction of Las Vegas. We had to move fast to reach the hillside and cross to the other side before the troops cut us off. It was not difficult because we had seen them in time. Mortar and machine-gun fire broke out, headed in our direction, which proved that Batista's men knew that we were somewhere in the vicinity. Everybody made it to the top, but for me it was a terrible experience. I was practically choking by the time I reached the top of the hill. I remember Crespo's efforts to make me walk. Every time I said I could not go on and asked to be left behind, Crespo would revert to our jargon and snap at me: "You, son-of-a-bitch from Argentina, either you walk or I'll hit you with my rifle butt!" Then he would pick up his load, and practically carry me and my heavy knapsack to the top. All this under a heavy downpour.

We reached a small hut at a place called Purgatorio. Fidel put on a great performance, impersonating a "Major González" of Batista's Army, in search of rebels. The host was both courteous and cool, but another man, a neighbor, was a real toady. I was too ill to enjoy fully the dialogues between Fidel, in his role as Major González, and the man, who insisted on giving advice to Fidel and kept saying that he could not understand why this boy Castro was out there in the woods, fighting.

Something had to be done about me; I simply could not go on any longer. When the chatty neighbor left, Fidel told the host who he really was and the man threw his arms around him, saying that he belonged to the Orthodox Party, that he was a follower of Chibás, and that he was ready to help out in every way. It was necessary for the peasant to go to Manzanillo and establish some contact or, at least, buy some medicine. Even the man's wife was not supposed to know that I would be near the house. Our latest recruit, a man of doubtful reputation, was assigned as my guard. In a generous gesture, Fidel gave me a Johnson rifle, a real jewel. Then we all made a big show of leaving together, and a few yards away my companion—whom we called "the teacher"—and I went into the woods to hide and wait.

Our man fulfilled his mission and I got my adrenalin. The next ten days were the most bitter of the struggle in the Sierra: I was dragging myself from tree to tree, using my rifle as a crutch, accompanied by a thoroughly frightened man who went practically out of his mind every time I coughed—he was so afraid someone would hear me—but we finally made it back to Epifanio's house. It had taken us ten days to cover a distance easily covered in one day's march.

Reinforcement

OUR REINFORCEMENTS were scheduled to arrive on the 15th of March. We waited for hours but no one came. They arrived the following day, exhausted, saying that unexpected events had delayed their departure. They came in trucks owned by a rice planter who later became so frightened about being implicated in the affair that he took refuge in an Embassy, later departed for Costa Rica, and returned to Cuba as a hero aboard a plane carrying some arms. His name: Hubert Matos.

Only 30 of the 50-man troop were armed; they had two machine-gun rifles, a Madzen and a Johnson. The few months spent in the Sierra had turned us into full-fledged veterans, and the new troop looked to us as full of defects as our original *Granma* troop: no discipline, lack of decision and inability to adapt to the new surroundings. The group, led by Jorge Sotús, was divided into five squads, each composed of ten men led by a lieutenant. This rank had been conferred by the organization in the city, pending ratification.

The contrast between the two groups was tremendous. Ours was well-disciplined, compact and hardened. Theirs was suffering from the usual ills: they were not accustomed to eating only one meal a day; if they found the meal unpalatable, they refused to eat. Their knapsacks were loaded with useless items, and in order to make them lighter, they would rather get rid of a can of condensed milk than a towel—this is practically high treason in guerrilla warfare!—so we made it a point to follow their trail and pick up any food they discarded. Once we settled in our camp there was a tense period brought about by constant friction between Sotús—who was quite an authoritarian but lacked the gift of getting along with others—and the troop.

Fidel arrived on the night of March 24. He and his 12 stalwart comrades were an impressive sight. What a contrast between these men, with their long beards and their makeshift packs, and the new arrivals wearing clean uniforms, carrying well-made packs, and all clean shaven! I made a full report of our problems and we held council to decide on future action.

The new arrivals added to our troop's efficiency. In addition, we had two machine-gun rifles, even though they were old and badly worn. Nevertheless we now constituted a considerable force. We held a short, elementary guerrilla training practice, and departed due east. Our plan was to cover long distances, looking for some group of soldiers to pounce upon.

Illustration by James McMullin

Forging the Temper

THE MONTHS OF MARCH and April 1957 were devoted to the reorganization and training of the rebel troops. We learned to cook by squads. Our group was by now so large that the squad system allowed for a better distribution of food, medicine and ammunition. There was a veteran in most squads, teaching the new men the art of cooking and how to get the best nourishment out of our foodstuffs. They also trained the men in packing their knapsacks and the correct way of walking through the Sierras. It would take an automobile only a few hours to cover the distance between the right hill of El Lomón and Uvero. To us, it meant weeks of slow walking, taking every precaution, carrying out our program of training the men for the coming battles as well as for a new life.

I must mention here that at last I was to get a canvas hammock. This was a royal gift, which I had not yet been awarded, in keeping with the guerrilla law: a canvas hammock went to those who had already made their own out of burlap sacks. Anyone could make himself a burlap hammock; this made him a candidate for the next canvas hammock; but the lint made my asthma worse, and I was forced to sleep on the ground. Not having a burlap hammock, I was not entitled to a canvas hammock. A real vicious circle: one of the daily events that were a part of each man's individual tragedy.

Fidel realized my plight and broke all the rules, awarding me the precious hammock. I will always remember that this happened by the banks of La Plata River, the day we ate horse meat for the first time.

The horse meat was not only a luxurious *pièce de résistance;* it was the acid test of the capacity of adaptation. Peasant members of our guerrilla force became quite indignant and refused to eat their portion of horse meat. Some of them looked upon Manuel Fajardo as a murderer. He had worked in a slaughterhouse, and a great event such as the slaughtering of a horse called for the hand of a professional.

The horse belonged to a peasant named Popa, who lived across the river. I feel confident that following the anti-illiteracy campaign, Popa must be able to read and write by now. If he ever lays his hands on the magazine Verde Olivo—where these notes were originally published—he will undoubtedly recall the night when three murderous-looking guerrilla fighters knocked at his door, mistook him for an informer, and added insult to injury by taking his old, moth-eaten horse, which a few hours later was to become a meal of exquisite taste for some of us and a test for the prejudiced bellies of the peasants, who felt that they were committing an act of cannibalism by chewing on their old friend.

The Arms Arrive

ONE DAY, a contact man from Santiago named Andrés arrived with the welcome news that arms would be delivered within a few days. A sawmill on the coast was set for the rendezvous.

The night the arms came, we saw the most beautiful sight in the world. There they were, the instruments of death, on exhibit before the hungry eyes of every fighter: three machine guns with their tripods, three Madzen machine-gun rifles, nine M-1 carbines, ten Johnson automatic rifles, and 6000 rounds of ammunition. The M-1's were allotted 45 rounds apiece, and they were distributed according to each man's merits and time spent in the Sierra. One of them went to Ramiro Valdés, now a major, and two others were given to Camilo's advance guard. The other four were to cover the tripod machine guns. One machine-gun rifle went to Captain Jorge Sotús' platoon, one to Almeida's and another to the staff; that was my weapon. Such was my initiation as a direct combatant. I had participated in combat but my steady position was that of physician. For me, it was the beginning of a new stage.

A man named David, a foreman for one of the landowners, was very helpful. He slaughtered a cow for us, near the coast, and we had to go and bring in the pieces. This had to be done at night and I sent a group of men led by Israel Pardo, and a second group led by Banderas. Banderas was quite undisciplined and he made the men carry the entire load. It took them all night to bring the meat. A small troop was being organized, which I was to lead since Almeida was hurt. Aware of my responsibility, I told Banderas he was no longer a combatant; that unless he improved his behavior, he was to remain as a sympathizer. He did improve, although he was no model of discipline, but he was an alert man, of great ingenuity, and he had come face to face with reality through the medium of the Revolution. He had been working a small parcel of land wrested from the woods, and lived in a small hut with two small pigs and a dog. One day he showed me his sons' photograph; they lived with his ex-wife in Santiago. Banderas said he hoped that once the Revolution had succeeded, he could go somewhere to work a piece of good land, not this inhospitable scrap of land practically hanging from the Sierra. The man had a passion for agriculture.

I told him about the cooperative, but he was unable to understand. He wanted to work the land by himself and for himself. Gradually, he began to understand the advantage of collective work, the use of farm machinery, etc. Banderas would have been a vanguard fighter in agricultural production. At the Sierra, he improved his reading and writing and he was really preparing for the future. He was a wide-awake peasant who knew the value of self-sacrifice when it comes to writing a new page in history.

I held a long interview with David, the foreman. He was on his way to Santiago and he wanted a list of the things we were in need of, so that he could get them for us. He was the typical foreman, faithful to his boss, with a great scorn for peasants, and a racist to boot. However, when the Army arrested him and tortured him, his main concern when he saw us again was to explain that he had refused to talk. I do not know if David is still in Cuba; perhaps he followed his bosses, whose possessions have already been confiscated by the Revolution. I must say he was a man who, at that moment, felt the need of a change; he felt that a change was forthcoming, although he never imagined the change might reach him and his world. The structure of the Revolution is based upon many sincere efforts made by humble men; our mission is to bring out the best in everyone and turn everyone into a revolutionary. The Revolution is made up of Davids who did not understand too well, of Banderas who did not live to see the dawn, of blind sacrifices, of unrewarded sacrifices.

We who are able to witness the Revolution's accomplish-

Illustration by Tim Lewis

ments must remember those who fell by the roadside, and do our utmost to decrease the number of laggards.

Treason in the Making

IT WAS A PLEASURE to look at our troop. Close to 200 men, well-disciplined, with increased morale, and armed with good weapons, some of them new. The qualitative change I mentioned before was now quite evident in the Sierra. There was a true free territory; safety measures were not so necessary, and there was a little freedom to carry on conversations at night while resting in our hammocks. We were allowed to visit the nearby villages and establish closer ties with the peasants. We were moved by the hearty welcome given by our comrades.

Felipe Pazos and Raúl Chibás were the "prima donnas" of the moment, although they were complete opposites. Raúl Chibás lived under the shadow of his brother's reputation—for Eddie Chibás was the symbol of an era—but he had none of his brother's virtues. He was neither expressive nor intelligent. Only his absolute mediocrity allowed him to be the principal figure of the Orthodox Party. He spoke very little and he wanted to leave the Sierra at once.

We did not have much time to talk, but Fidel told me about his efforts to turn out a really militant document that would set the basis for a declaration of principles. This was a difficult task when faced by these two "stone age" brains immune to the call of the people's struggle.

Fundamentally, the manifesto reiterated "the establishment of a great civic revolutionary front comprising all opposition parties, all civic institutions and all revolutionary forces."

Several proposals were submitted: "the establishment of a civic revolutionary front in a common front of struggle"; the appointment of "a figure designated to preside over the provisional government"; the statement that the front did neither request nor accept intervention by any other country in the internal affairs of Cuba; it "did not accept any military junta as a provisional government of the Republic"; the determination to separate the Army from politics and insure the safety of the armed forces against political intrigue and influence; elections to be held within one year's time.

The program to be observed by the provisional government included the freedom of all political prisoners, civilian and military; absolute guarantee of freedom of the press and radio, and all rights, individual or political, to be guaranteed by the Constitution; appointment of interim mayors in all municipalities, following consultation with the district's civic institutions; suppression of embezzlement in all forms, and establishment of measures aimed at increasing efficiency of all state organizations; establishment of the administrative career; democratization of trade union politics, promoting free elections in all trade unions and industrial workers' federations; beginning of an intense anti-illiteracy campaign and public education on civic affairs, pointing out the citizens' rights and duties to society and the country; "to establish the bases for an Agrarian Reform aimed at distribution of untilled lands, giving ownership to all sharecroppers, tenants and squatters having small lots of land, either private or state-owned, provided the farmer owners are compensated"; establishment of a foreign policy safeguarding our currency's stability and aimed at investing the country's credit in productive works; to expedite the process of industrialization and create additional employment opportunities.

In addition, there were two points of special emphasis: "First: the need to appoint, from this moment, the person who will preside over the Provisional Government of the Republic, to prove to the entire world that Cubans can become united under a slogan of freedom; to support the person who, for his impartiality, capabilities and honesty, can personify such a slogan. There are many able men in Cuba who can preside over the Republic." Felipe Pazos, one of the co-signers, felt quite confident that there was only one man for the presidency: himself.

"Second: that this person be appointed by an ensemble of civic non-political institutions, whose support would safeguard the President from any political commitments, thus insuring clean, impartial elections."

The document also stated: "It is not necessary to come to the Sierra for any discussions. We can have representatives in Havana, Mexico or wherever it becomes necessary."

Fidel had pressed for more explicit statements regarding the Agrarian Reform, but it was very difficult to crash through the wall of the two "stone age" characters; "to establish the bases for an Agrarian Reform aimed at the distribution of untilled lands," was the kind of policy that the newspaper Diario de la Marina might agree with. Worse, there was the part reading: "provided the farmer owners are compensated."

The Revolution did not comply with some of the commitments, as originally stated. We must emphasize that the enemy broke the pact expressed in the manifesto when they refused to acknowledge the authority of the Sierra and made an attempt to shackle the future revolutionary government.

We were not satisfied with the commitment, but it was necessary; at the time, it was progressive. It could never last beyond any moment that would represent an obstacle for the development of the revolutionary movement. In this matter, the enemy helped us break the uncomfortable bonds and gave us the opportunity to show the people what their real intentions were.

We were aware that this was a minimal program, limiting our own efforts, but we had to recognize that it was impossible to impose our will from the Sierra Maestra; for a long period of time, we would have to depend upon a whole series of "friends" who were trying to use our military strength and the people's great trust in Fidel for Machiavellian maneuvers, and above all, to maintain imperialist domination of Cuba through the importing bourgeoisie, closely linked with the U.S. owners.

The manifesto had its positive sides: it mentioned the Sierra Maestra and it clearly stated: "Let no one be deceived by Government propaganda about the situation in the Sierra Maestra. The Sierra Maestra is an indestructible bulwark of freedom. It is part of the hearts of our people and it is here that we will know how to do justice to the faith and the confidence of our people." The words "we will know how" meant that Fidel and only Fidel knew how. The other two were incapable of following the development of the struggle in the Sierra, even as spectators. They left the Sierra immediately. Chibás was arrested and beaten by the police. Both men managed to get to the United States.

It was a well-planned coup: a group of representatives of the most distinguished Cuban oligarchy arrived at the Sierra "in defense of freedom," signed a joint declaration with the guerrilla chief isolated in the wilds of the Sierra, and returned with full freedom to play their trump card in Miami. But they overlooked one most important point. Political coups always depend on the opponents' strength—in this case, the weapons in the hands of the people. Quick action by our chief, who had full confidence in the guerrilla Army, averted the development of the treacherous move. Months later, when the outcome of the Miami pact became known, Fidel's fiery reply paralyzed the enemy. We were accused of being "divisionists" trying to impose our will from the remote regions of the Sierra, but the enemy had to change its strategy and look for a new trap: the Caracas pact.

Our manifesto, dated July 12, 1957, was published in the newspapers. To us, the declaration was simply a short rest period on our march forward. Our main task—to defeat the enemy Army in the battlefield—must go on.

"El Patojo"

A FEW DAYS AGO, the news from Guatemala included the deaths of several patriots, among them Julio Roberto Cáceres Valle.

In our profession as revolutionaries amidst the class struggle shaking the entire continent, we find that death is a frequent accident. But the death of a friend, who was our comrade during difficult moments as well as during many moments of hopeful dreaming, is always painful. Julio Roberto was a great friend. He was small and rather weak, physically, so we nicknamed him "El Patojo," which in Guatemalan slang means "little one" or "child."

The first time I saw El Patojo was aboard a train. We were running away from Guatemala following Arbenz' overthrow. Our destination was Tapachula; then Mexico City. He was much younger than I, but we soon became close friends. Together, we made the trip from Chiapas to Mexico City, facing the same problems. We were poor and beaten, and we had to make a living amidst indifferent, if not hostile, surroundings.

El Patojo was completely broke and I had only a few pesos. I purchased a camera and we became clandestine photographers, taking pictures of people visiting parks, etc. Our partner was a Mexican who owned the laboratory where we developed and printed our photographs. We became thoroughly familiar with Mexico City, walking from one end to the other, delivering our miserable photos and struggling with our customers in an effort to convince them that the little child in the print really looked beautiful and that the price of one Mexican peso for such a work of art was a tremendous bargain. We practiced our profession for several months and managed to eat quite regularly. Gradually, we fared a little better, until the adventures of a revolutionary life separated us.

In Cuba, El Patojo and I shared the same house, as becomes old friends, but the old mutual confidence no longer existed. On a few occasions, I suspected what El Patojo was after: I had seen him hard at work, studying one of his country's native languages. One day, he came to me and said he was leaving; that the time had come for him to do his duty.

El Patojo had no knowledge of military training. He simply felt that it was his duty to return to his country and fight, weapon in hand, in an attempt to imitate our guerrilla warfare. We had a long conversation, a rare thing at the time. I limited my recommendations to three points: constant mobility, constant mistrust and constant vigilance. Mobility: never stay in the same place, never stay more than two nights in the same spot, never stop moving from one place to another. Mistrust: at the beginning, do not trust your own shadow, never trust friendly peasants, informers, guides or contact men. Do not trust anything or anybody until a zone is completely liberated. Vigilance: constant guard and scouting, setting up camp in a safe spot, and above all, never sleep with a roof over your head, never sleep in a house that can be surrounded. It was a synthesis of our guerrilla experience; the only thing I could give my friend. Could I tell him not to do it? By what right? We had tried something when it was considered impossible, and now he was convinced that it was possible.

El Patojo departed, and a short time later we heard about his death. As always in these cases, we hoped that there had been some mistake, perhaps a mix-up on names. Unfortunately, it was true: his own mother had identified the body. Others, too, had been killed: a group of his comrades, perhaps as intelligent and as self-sacrificing as El Patojo, but unknown to us.

Once again, young blood had been spilled on American soil, in the struggle for liberty. Another battle had been lost. Let us take time off to cry over the fallen comrades while we continue to sharpen our machetes. Based on the unfortunate as well as valuable experience of our beloved dead, let us adopt the firm resolution not to repeat mistakes, and to avenge the death of every one of them by winning battles and attaining liberation.

At the time of his departure, El Pajoto made no recommendations; he mentioned no one. He had no personal belongings to be concerned with. However, common friends in Mexico brought me some verses he had written in a plain notebook. They are a revolutionary's last verses. They are also a song of love to the Revolution, to the motherland and to a woman.

The final recommendation in these verses must have the characteristics of a command directed to the woman whom El Patojo met and loved, here in Cuba.

Take it, it is only a heart
hold it in your hand
and at daybreak,
open your hand
and let the sun's rays warm it . . .

El Patojo's heart has remained with us, waiting for the lover's hand, and the loving hands of an entire people, to allow the sun to warm it on the dawn of a new day that will shine for Guatemala and all America. Today, there is a small School of Statistics named "Julio Roberto Cáceres Valle" at the Ministry of Industry, where El Patojo left numerous friends. Later, when freedom comes to Guatemala, his beloved name must appear on a school, a factory or a hospital, anywhere where people struggle and work in the construction of the new society.

These selections from his memoirs of revolutionary war are from a book of Che Guevara's works to be published by Macmillan in March 1968, edited by John Gerassi.

[THE NASSER THESIS: PART II]

Oil & The Arabs

THE REALITIES OF POWER sometimes have arbitrary gauges. It is interesting to note, for example, that the gross annual profit of Standard Oil of New Jersey, which has extensive holdings in the Middle East, are slightly greater than the entire gross national product of Israel.

Inflammatory discussions over whether "Arab madness" or "Israeli rigidity" is responsible for the recurrent Mideast wars presume that the politics of that area are completely in the hands of its own nation states. The underlying reality is generally ignored by Arab and Israeli partisans alike. The New York Times is much more to the point in its candid editorial, written on the eve of the six-day war: "In terms of American interests . . . the Middle East is to be differentiated from Southeast Asia. The Middle East is the crossroads of the world, between Asia and Europe. In its Great Power aspect, the Middle East crisis shapes up as a confrontation of the Soviet Union and the United States. As the British and French were gradually forced out of the area following World War II, the U.S. took their place. The region is now of paramount strategic importance to this country, whereas, until the escalation of the Vietnamese war, Southeast Asia was only a marginal power factor for the U.S. The Persian Gulf produces 27 per cent of the world's petroleum and has proved global reserves of 60 per cent. American firms have a gross investment in the region of more than $2.5 billion. There is nothing comparable in American interests that can be said of the Southeast Asia peninsula."

Oil is not the only lure drawing the West to the Middle East, although its magnetism could certainly be considered substantial. In geopolitical terms, the Mideast is a key to the emerging Third World: it is, through the Suez Canal, the trade crossroads between Asia and Europe. It is also an important cultural bridge between Africa and Asia—and the center of the Islam world.

These factors are unquestionably significant in the drive for control of the Mideast, but they do not offer the clear test of power of the more concrete prize of oil.

[OIL—WHO NEEDS IT?]

THE AMERICAN OIL COMPANIES have expended great efforts on books and studies which try to prove that the oil business is somehow no longer terribly profitable. The fact is, however, that the oil companies' profit rates are among the highest of any industry in the world. The Wall Street Journal recently estimated that Saudi Arabia's American-owned Aramco (Arabian-American Oil Company) had the highest profit margin of any U.S. corporation in 1966: 37 per cent—as compared to the national industrial average of less than ten per cent. In 1966, the eight major Western oil companies* earned around $2.5 billion after taxes in their Mideastern operations—from the sales of crude oil alone. American companies hold slightly less than half interest in the oil concessions in the four major oil-producing states of the Mideast: Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, Iraq and Iran.

The American oil companies argue that the "50-50 profit sharing" scheme negotiated over the last 15 years with the Mideast countries is generous. Aramco's case, however, which is typical, shows that such generosity is painless. The 50 per cent of the profit that Aramco gives Saudi Arabia costs the company relatively little: through a complicated system of tax credits and allowances, about 96 per cent of what Aramco pays Saudi Arabia is offset by savings on its U.S. tax bill. Besides, the Arabs' 50 per cent is calculated on profits from the sale of crude oil only, and does not include the extensive profits from marketing and refining the oil.

It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of the Mideast oil lake to the oil consumers of the world. Many areas presently rely heavily on Mideastern oil: for example, 65 per cent of Europe's oil is imported from Arab soil; Japan draws 60 per cent of its oil from the Mideast; and there is also the expanding Third World market. The Mideast now provides

*British Petroleum Co., Royal Dutch Shell, Compagnie Française des Petrols, Standard Oil of New Jersey, Standard Oil of California, Texaco, Socony-Mobil and Gulf.

by Robert Scheer

27 per cent of all the oil used in the world, but it contains over 60 per cent of the world's resources, and this figure is certain to increase in the future. Such statistics argue that the significance of this resource transcends the profits that are raked in. Oil is indispensible to industrial and military potential, and it is no wonder that continued control of this resource is a major focus of the Western powers.

If control of Mideast oil is important to the West, it is absolutely critical to the Arabs. Their oil is the only native resource which can bring in the hard cash needed to break out of the cycle of underdevelopment and poverty in which their countries are trapped. Compared to the potential revenues from the sale of Arab oil, U.S. attempts at economic aid are a joke. In 1964, the Western oil companies cleared $1.3 billion in profits from the sale of Arab crude oil: more in one year than the *total* amount of U.S. economic aid to all Arab countries since the Second World War ($0.9 billion).

Not only are huge profits taken out of the area, but the profits which remain go to the wrong places. Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Libya and Iraq produce 90 per cent of the Arab world's oil—yet those countries contain only 12 per cent of the total Arab population. Economic progress for the bulk of the Arab population thus depends on integrating the oil-rich lands with the potential mass Arab work force.

Why do the American companies get so much money for selling other people's oil? One should not suppose that the profits are simply fair payment for the technical skill and advanced equipment they bring to the production of oil in the area. If the Arabs hired these skills and equipment on the open market, they could get them at a fraction of the cost they pay to the oil companies as perennial profits. After all, the total Western capital investment in the Mideast oil operations is $5 billion, which is roughly equivalent to two years of total revenue from the oil. In an open market, the Arabs should be able to buy out the Western investment in two years. As for technicians, if oil companies can hire them, there is no reason, in principle, why the Arabs should not be able to.

The problem is simply that there is no open market. The market is controlled by the same companies that produce the oil. The statistics are astonishing: the eight major Western companies operating in the Mideast not only produce 80 per cent of its crude oil, but also do 71 per cent of the refining and control 90 per cent of the marketing.

Thus, these companies are in a position to force the oil countries to do business with them—and on outrageous terms. The game is rigged. And the Western commitment to keep it that way is profound. This is not simply because of a hunger for profits on the part of the U.S., to whom the defense of these interests ultimately falls. The driving U.S. fear is not, for example, competition from other "Free World" powers. But the "Arabization" of oil, in the context of increasing Soviet influence, is considered a vital threat, since it holds out the possibility of removing control from the "Free World" sphere.

The West had no difficulty maintaining its control in the Mideast for the first decade after the Second World War, although the Soviet Union did briefly attempt, just after the war, to retain its occupation in Iran, the only large non-Arabic oil producer in the Middle East. But the balance of power at that time, and Stalin's preoccupation with Eastern Europe, forced a Russian departure. Nevertheless, it was Iran that first challenged the Western hegemony.

[IRAN: A CASE IN POINT]

ON MAY 1, 1951, IRANIAN PRIME MINISTER Mossadegh nationalized his country's oil production. The U.S. proceeded to crush him so totally that the example has served as a chilling model for other would-be nationalists—no major oil-producing country in the Mideast has dared to repeat Mossadegh's attempt. The major Western producers were able to impose, through their control of the refining and marketing end of the oil business, a total boycott of Iranian oil in the Western market. Iranian oil became, simply, worthless.

Mossadegh didn't have a chance. After two years of economic strangulation, the CIA—in one of its better-documented adventures—arranged a coup. The American oil companies benefitted handsomely. The new Iranian government graciously accepted a new four-company consortium, in which Americans held a 40 per cent interest, in place of the former exclusive British control. Over the next three years, the United States government reciprocated by pumping in $120 million in aid, which helped create an elaborate internal military apparatus. A then naive Hubert Humphrey exclaimed, "that Army isn't going to fight the Russians. It's planning to fight the Iranian people."

The finale to this awesome display of American efficiency was Iran's support of the Baghdad Pact. The New York Times editorialized that the addition of Iran ". . . puts the cork in the bottle, and permits concerted defense planning from the Mediterranean to the Bay of Bengal, in order to safeguard the independence of the whole area and protect its vast oil resources."

The connection, in the rationale of the pact, between the area's independence and the West's control of its prime resource, neatly tied America's crusade for freedom to the well-being of her companies abroad.

[THE NASSER THREAT]

THE BAGHDAD PACT was an integral part of a global containment policy which was put into effect by the United States in the early 1950s. This pact occasioned Nasser's first challenge to the West, since he refused to align himself formally with it. The resurgence of Arab nationalism identified with Nasser's rise to power in the mid-'50s was threatening to the West in two other ways. First, there was a good deal of talk about nationalization being necessary to Arab progress. The nationalization of the Suez Canal was alarming in itself, but more frightening in its implications. Most disturbing about Nasser was his clear ambition to spread his version of the Arab Revolution to the other countries—Nasser was consciously and arrogantly expansionist. Second, "Nasserism" shared with the rival Baathist movement, as well as with other less prominent Arab left movements, the position that the oil in the underpopulated and/or tiny oil-producing countries must be the basis of the development of the entire region. In its simplified form, the heresy held that Western exploitation of Kuwait's oil, for example, was exploitation of *Arab* oil.

The United States' response to this fledgling challenge was essentially cautious and manipulative. Principally, the U.S. relied on propping up the economy and military machines of the monarchies, while alternately mollifying through grants, or chastening by withholding grants, the more leftist tendencies as they appeared in Egypt and the other Arab regimes. Intensive CIA operations even involved funding the American Friends of the Middle East—a pro-Arab organization in the U.S.—as well as widespread meddling in internal Arab politics.

The Arab Revolutions in Egypt and occasionally Syria could be tolerated by the United States since, while quite effectual in many internal and external matters, they had not come close to revolutionizing or even seriously inconveniencing Western hegemony. Also, in 1955, the new factor of Soviet support made direct intervention a riskier enterprise, to be attempted only when vital interests were actually encroached upon. U.S. policymakers were also very concerned that the cost of any direct intervention might be an anti-Western Arab union which could topple America's right-wing Arab allies. Thus the Nasser-U.S. relationship has involved an implicit notion of limits. Nasser has always steered clear of any major direct confrontation with the U.S.; in return, the U.S. has never really attempted to clamp down on him as it did with Castro.

The Arab revolutionary impulse, thus restricted from its essential task of challenging the West for the control of Arab resources, instead found its outlet by challenging Israel as a Western tool. One could attack "Israeli imperialism" without threatening real imperialist interests and risking their responses. Moreover, hostility to Israel provided a kind of anti-imperialism that was able to appeal to both progressive leftists and traditional monarchies in the Arab world. Their unity could not be achieved in an attack on U.S. imperialism, since several of the regimes involved were its committed representatives. There could be unity against Israel because, even if the cause were expressed in other terms, the real basis was in questions of borders and race, historical grievances and especially the plight of the refugees. The unity was forceful because these grievances—if not central to the problem of social revolution—were to a significant degree genuine.

If Arab identification of Israel with Western imperialism confused and misdirected the Arab Revolution, various actions of the Israelis reinforced this confusion. In 1956, Israel did join with the British and French attempt to reestablish by force Western control over the Suez Canal, after Nasser, in an important and necessary step, nationalized it. And Israel did support the French in the Algerian War. The various arguments about and justifications for these episodes were discussed in detail in the first installment of this essay [RAMPARTS, November 1967]. To almost every Arab the message had seemed clear: Israel had aligned herself with the exploiters. The Arab "line" that Israel represented the Western imperial presence in the area had a new fury as a result of Suez, and Arab tendencies toward accommodation became politically untenable.

[RUSSIA'S OPEN ARMS POLICY]

THE IRANIAN EXPERIENCE HAD WARNED those Mideastern leaders bent in any sense on challenging the West that they had best not do it alone. The ironic impact of the U.S. Mideast intervention was to make Arab nations welcome a countervailing power. Given the Cold War, this could only mean the Soviet Union, and Nasser and others began to project nonalignment as an alternative to the Baghdad Pact, and as a necessary ingredient in the Arab Revolution.

The new Soviet presence in the Mideast began in 1955, after the Bandung Conference on nonaligned nations. One might have expected the Russians to move the Arab Revolution to seriously challenge the conditions which thwarted it. In fact, the Russian policy, though generous, aimed at less idealistic goals. The Soviets had been quite hostile to Nasser's regime until 1955, and considered it a step backward from the earlier Wafd government. The change towards Nasser occurred after a critical shift in Soviet policy to a free-swinging effort to win as many friends among the nonaligned, popular nationalist leaders of the Third World as possible, before the U.S. corralled them in the Free World stables. More isolated than the Americans, the Soviets were less hostile to nonalignment, since it meant, in most cases, a movement left.

The fact that the major physical confrontations in the Mideast were more directly with Israel than with the Western powers did not dampen Soviet enthusiasm. Indeed, the Russians were so pleased by the emergence of anti-Western foreign policy in what had previously been safe territory for the U.S., that Russian military and economic aid to Egypt began to flow unstintingly and uncritically. In this new pragmatic mood, which seemed to ape American largesse, the Soviets extended similar lines of credit to Algeria and Syria—while in all three countries the local communists were jailed and the radical slogans remained to a large extent on paper only. The Soviets asked only for "nonalignment," which in the Mideast context meant a friendlier—or even a less hostile—attitude toward their position in the Cold War.

It defines the distance between the current Soviet leaders and Russia's own revolution to observe that the Soviets came to accept the adventurism of the Syrians, the dependence on the corrupt bureaucracy basic to Nasser's regime, and the obsession of both with Israel, simply as defective aberrations in an otherwise sound move left. The Soviets did not choose to confront the implications of the fact that these were not aberrations, but alternative responses to the absence of popular revolution.

The social changes in both Syria and Egypt have been significant, but they have also been inadequate; they have destroyed the power of the traditional upper class without, in any significant sense, passing power on to that very broad base of the Arab pyramid. In both countries important reforms did occur. But these were the results of military *coups d'état* which, in a quite accidental process, placed men in power who were willing—for a host of often personal, frequently contradictory and politically vague reasons—to introduce reforms. Nevertheless, although such leaders undoubtedly react in part to the pent-up forces for change in the society, it is still government by fiat. The failure here is not a simple question of civil liberties; the experience in the underdeveloped countries has been that when the change comes from above rather than through struggle from below, it does not cut deep enough.

The Soviet press contained articles critical of internal developments in the Arab countries, but such criticisms were not considered when providing aid, which was virtually unending. The whole Russian operation was characterized by a mindlessness that catered to the mood of the Arabs—a mood not at all concerned with the content of the action but only with the dominance of anti-Western rhetoric. The indigenous Communist Parties had failed miserably over the decades to leave their mark on the Middle East. The Russians now seemed to feel that perhaps the Mideast was idiosyncratic and could only support a more bizarre politics.

[REVOLUTION: WHO NEEDS IT?]

MERE AID BY THE SOVIET UNION could not alter the dismal objective conditions of the area. As Walter Laqueur wrote: "It is doubtful whether any regime could have succeeded in these conditions.... In contrast to the Russia of 1917 or the China of 1949, Egypt did not have plenty of unused land or considerable natural resources: the conditions of 'primitive accumulation' to provide the basis for a policy of speedy industrialization did not exist."

The only possible solution lay in wedding the oil resources of the region, which were concentrated in the underpopulated areas, to the population base as a future work force. Yet, all the bold initiatives and at times frantic rhetoric of what has been bravely called the Arab Revolution—Nasser's Egypt, the Baath in Syria, the various progressives of Iraq, and the isolated sects of Palestine radicals roaming through Kuwait and the West Bank—have in no sense significantly challenged the supremacy of Western control of the region's oil.

It is ironic that the flow of oil to the West has only been jeopardized during the periodic flare-ups of the Israel issue, as in 1957 or the most recent boycott—but never through an assertion of Arab sovereignty over their resource. The identification of Israel—rather than the oil companies and their monarchies—as the serious extension of imperialism has allowed Arab progressives to play at revolution, through periodic anti-Israel tirades, without taking essential revolutionary action. If Israeli actions have served at times to reinforce this confusion, that does not make the Arab misdirection any more rational.

A most recent illustration of this phenomenon is afforded by the actions of the Syrian government—presumably the most radical in the Middle East—which last spring attempted to challenge the companies that control the Iraqi oil which passes through pipelines across Syria. After a series of wild manifestos, the Syrians settled down to still another compromise which left Western power over oil intact. It was almost at the very instant of this setback, in an almost Freudian transference, that the Syrians waged the frantic campaign against Israeli imperialism which was to lead to the six-day war.

[THE USSR AND SYRIAN "ADVENTURISM"]

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO UNDERSTAND the build-up of tensions that produced the six-day war without an appreciation of the way Syrian adventurism—with its support of the Al Fatah attacks and wild radio propaganda against Israel—combined with Soviet indulgence and irresponsibility.

After Syria broke with Egypt and quit the UAR, the Soviets sided with Egypt against Damascus. As late as 1965, an authoritative Soviet account of the governing Baath Party stated: "The Baath Party bears the character of an exclusive, conspiratorial organization like a medieval order, rigidly centralized, and unable to cooperate sincerely with anyone...."

Yet the Soviets were supporting Damascus in 1967. The decisive factor in the Soviet change was the willingness of a reshuffled Baath government to line up on Russia's side of the Cold War, despite the fact that the Baath remained a composite of middle-class politicians backed by the military and operating in isolation from the peasantry. The struggles which took place in Syria as well as in Egypt were factional rather than between broad social classes. It marks the essential failure of Soviet Mideast policy in the period before the six-day war that all this was known but overlooked. The Russians supported the Syrians because they were now "theirs," much as Americans rationalized supporting Syngman Rhee, and, for that matter Ky, because they were "ours."

The essential instability of the Syrian "left," reliant as it was on the whim of the Syrian military, was perhaps known to the Soviets; but they did not fully understand its implications until the disaster of the six-day war. Perhaps, in the Great Power tradition, they had been confident of their ability to manipulate the situation, but in the months before the war it was clearly Russia who was manipulated.

[THE USSR AND THE SIX-DAY WAR]

THAT THE SOVIET UNION did not expect the war can be surmised from the fact that it did not anticipate the two major events which precipitated the crisis. The Soviet press, for example, reported the withdrawal of the United Nations Emergency Force from Gaza and Aqaba, but did not mention the crucial change in the status of the Gulf of Aqaba, which, after U.N. withdrawal, came under the control of the UAR. Thus, the Soviets, at least publicly, did not recognize that with the UAR controlling the Gulf, Israeli shipping would not be allowed to pass through the Straits. Though this blockade led predictably to the Israelis' June 6th attack, comment in the Soviet press during the last week in May maintained that the entire withdrawal incident had been blown up all out of proportion. The failure of the Soviet government to make a public issue of the incident may indicate that it had lost control of events by the third week in May, and was unsure as to what to do or what would come next. Nasser, in his Cairo University speech of June 9, 1967, related that the Soviet ambassador had asked to see him at 3:30 one morning to inform him of the Soviets' "urgent plea" that the UAR should not be the first to begin firing.

The Soviets had apparently counted heavily on the Egyptians, who had acted more conservatively than Syria on the Israel question, to offset Syrian adventurism. The Russian policy was aimed at increasing pressure on the West, tying the Arabs closer to them, without the outbreak of full-scale war. Since the Cuban missile crisis, the Soviets have been unwilling to engage in a showdown with the U.S.; this has led them to risk bringing international tensions dangerously close but not to the actual point of showdown. Yet in the Mideast, the Soviets helped create a situation they could no longer control. The blockade of Aqaba came about largely because the Soviets had supported Syria's claim that Israeli troops were massing on her borders, and because they pressured the Egyptians to come to Syria's aid.

It is not yet known whether the Egyptians consulted with the Soviets on the demand for withdrawal of the U.N. troops, but once this took place, the Soviets were clearly unprepared to assess its implications. They apparently did not realize that if U.N. troops were withdrawn from the Aqaba area (there is some evidence that Nasser meant only the troops from Upper Sinai and Gaza), the logic of Egypt's anti-Israel position would lead to the blockade of Israeli shipping. Nor did they anticipate that Israel would go to war over Aqaba, or the massing of Egyptian troops in the Sinai. The Soviets continuously underestimated the emotional depth and political intensity of the Arab-Israeli conflict. But it should be added that the Soviets were more willing to support an Arab confrontation with Israel—they knew the U.S. would hesitate to become directly involved for fear of endangering the pro-Western Arab regimes—than they would have been to support an Egyptian attack on Saudi Arabia, in which case America might more readily intervene.

Since the war, the Soviet intellectual analysis of Arab defeat and Soviet military aid to Arab nations have been going in opposite directions. The Soviet press had criticized the UAR officers corps for "inwardly not accepting the Egyptian Revolution," thus echoing a long-standing criticism of the UAR for not having made a throughgoing social revolution. But, more importantly, the Soviet government immediately began to rearm Egypt and Syria, specifying only that their arms should be better used. While their arms and aid policies have remained unchanged, the Soviets seem to have become much more openly critical of the continued tendency on the Arab left to demand a military solution of the conflict with Israel.

The New Times (the official weekly journal of the USSR) quoted with approval a recent Italian communist statement which, for the first time in recent years, endorsed the view that: "A more judicious path would be to search for a peaceful settlement of the conflict, taking into account that in Israel, too, there are left forces...." Nevertheless, the massive flow of Soviet arms continues, unaffected by such intellectual concerns. Once again, Soviet policy is characterized by a pursuit of "allies" in the Cold War, with the same concern for their own national interest which marks American foreign policy.

[WILL THE REAL IMPERIALISTS PLEASE STAND UP]

THE CENTRAL THESIS of this essay is that the Great Powers cannot be expected to be concerned, on any consistent basis, with the interests and needs of the Arabs and Jews who live in the Mideast. On the contrary, preoccupied with their own "prestige" and security needs, the Great Powers can only be a source of interference. The issues which currently divide Arab from Jew are not as basic to their well-being as the interests they share which alienate them both from the Great Powers outside. This assertion, of course, runs directly counter to the basic assumption of both Arabs and Israelis that they are each other's worst enemies, and that Great Power aid is essential to their survival.

Under the best of circumstances—given the fullest cooperation of outsiders—the problems of the Middle East will not easily be solved. The wounds are deep, and they have been opened and reopened so many times that scar tissue has permanently replaced the original skin. It is difficult for even private citizens of the Arab countries and Israel to be in the same room without the interminable chant rising about broken agreements, terrorist raids, veiled purposes, imperialism and aggression.

Each side identifies the opposition with the notion of imperialism. To the Arabs it is "Zionist imperialism" and to the Israelis, "Nasserist imperialism." Ironically, the Arab left and the Israelis both claim that the American oil companies support the other side's "imperialism." But both sides imply that Western economic interests bear only a minor connection to the problem of imperialism in the Mideast. When I interviewed Abba Eban I asked him about the oil companies. Incredibly, Eban replied: "I don't see this as imperialism. The oil companies made their investment and they are taking their profits."

A glance at the war in Yemen makes it somewhat clearer who the imperialists really are. In 1965, the endemic conflict in Yemen, where Egyptian-backed nationalists faced forces financed by the Saudi government, came to a head. At that point the U.S. signed an agreement with Saudi Arabia for the construction of military facilities, effective May 24th, to run for six years. The construction was in the hands of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. America's determination to protect King Faisal must have made Israel seem to Nasser like a much easier target than Yemen. For all the presumed power of American Zionists, the U.S. military assistance program allocated $27.6 million for Israel in the years between 1950-67, quite a bit less than to Arab states friendly to the U.S.: Saudi Arabia received $161.7 million; Jordan, $55.6 million; Iraq, $46.6 million.

Western protection of the Arab oil states is made more effective by the realities of Great Power accommodation. The Soviet Union has clearly indicated that she will go to great lengths to avoid any military confrontation with the United States. As the U.S. clearly demonstrated, when Eisenhower sent troops to Lebanon in 1958, it is a good deal easier to intervene directly on the side of one Arab party against another than to intervene on the side of Israel against the Arab countries. Had the U.S. intervened militarily on the side of Israel in the June war, it would have become virtually impossible for Americans and American companies to function in Arab countries thereafter, and a permanent anti-Western Arab unity between royalty and republicans might well have resulted. And Arab unity of any sort is anathema to the Western powers as much as to Israel.

[THE ARAB DIASPORA]

THE POLITICAL LEADERS in Tel Aviv may dismiss Nasser's appeal as a matter of "charisma"; but what they do not grasp is that his charisma is as meaningful to the Arabs, who believe in the necessity of a united Arab nation, as was Ben-Gurion's to the earlier Zionist Jews. Nasser is the symbol of a nation for a people who have none. And, although he may lose that quality, as Ben-Gurion seems to have done, the need for a symbol will remain.

The Arab denial of legitimate Jewish nationhood as the basis of Israel is the subject of deserved ridicule. But that the mainstream of Zionism has, in like fashion, denied the existence of a legitimate Arab quest for nationhood is not commonly admitted. This factor has been of great significance in the formation and sustaining of Arab hostility towards Israel: the Arabs will never be able to turn their energies from opposing Israel to the development of an Arab nation so long as the Israelis hold the existence of an Arab nation to be a threat.

This view existed even before the State of Israel. David Ben-Gurion, at the time one of the Zionists most sympathetic to the Arabs, said in a New York City speech in 1942: "The first thing to make clear is that there is no Arab problem in the sense that there is a Jewish. There is no homeless Arab people, no Arab migration. Just the contrary. The Arabs are among the rare races which are almost entirely, with insignificant exceptions, concentrated in their own territories."

It was natural that Ben-Gurion should think of homelessness in the sense that the Jews had experienced it—as a result of migration. But the essential psychological thrust of nationalist

movements against colonialism is that people *feel* homeless in their traditional geographical residence when the political and economic decisions of that area are made by alien forces. Western colonialism, which had replaced that of the Turks, still ruled in Syria, Lebanon and Jordan, as well as in Palestine, at the time of Ben-Gurion's speech.

The Arabs suffered their own kind of Diaspora in their native land. Ben-Gurion and the other Zionists entered an Arab world fragmented by the boundaries and rules of foreign powers—a world hardly likely to be rational about the immigration of another group of Europeans.

Given these feelings on the part of the Arabs, it became increasingly difficult for the Israelis to view the drive towards Arab unity and independence as anything but a threat. This view was understandable, but dangerous, since it increasingly came to be accompanied by an intellectual position which held that Arab concern with Western imperialism was fraudulently conceived. This developed further as the Israelis tried to justify their alliance with the French and English in the Suez war. The insensitivity of Israeli leaders at that time to the importance of Nasser's nationalization of the Canal led them to seriously underestimate the strategic and psychological effects of Israel's action. The nationalization was *the* event of Arab nationalism —the one really successful moment—and Israel was on the wrong side.

Israeli leaders compounded their error, insisting that the West was not a threat to the Arabs. Perhaps this point of view received its most extensive treatment in Abba Eban's Oxford lecture, published in 1959 as a book, *The Tide of Nationalism*. Eban accepted the "cultural affinity" felt by the Arabs, but was unwilling to admit that this constituted any valid basis for nationhood: ". . . cultural unity, however profound, does not settle the issue of political unity."

Eban's preoccupation with Nasser as a threat to Israel and his unwillingness to admit Arab national aspirations led him to deny any validity to the Arab attempts at anti-imperialism: "[The Arabs] decline to admit that Western domination has gone away. They pursue their 'imperialist' adversary far beyond the point of his own retreat. . . . There is a perverse insistence on settling accounts." Assuming that Western domination had "gone away," Eban concluded that defense of the political status quo was the best policy for the Middle East. And the status quo would best be defended by arming Israel to the teeth: "The leading Western capitals are now aware that any plans to stabilize the Middle East must include a serious effort to reinforce Israel in all the elements of her strength and spirit."

In this same analysis, however, Eban confers upon Israel precisely the nationhood he denies to the Arabs: "Israel's nationalism is more than a political movement. It is a faith, a religion, a culture, a civilization—a journey together of people across generations of martyrdom. . . ."

It is difficult for an Arab nationalist to accept the legitimacy of this Israeli nationalism when leading Israeli spokesmen deny *his* right to a nation. The Israelis must come to accept the fact that nationhood is an aspiration which some Arabs legitimately hold without having been conned into it by Nasser; and that an Arab state—if it became a reality (as a confederation or a nation)—is not necessarily a threat to Israel. Until Israeli Jews come to understand that Arabs, too, can have their Diaspora, they will not be able to make peace.

[A BREAK WITH THE PAST]

ISRAEL IS NOW THREE TIMES as large as she was before the war and, if she retains the conquered lands—as many of her younger leaders such as Dayan and Allon seem bent on doing—she will have confirmed the Arab charge of being an expansionist country. Israel's military/agricultural settlements on the conquered land and her exploitation of Egypt's oil in Sinai repeat the error of Suez, and demonstrate a chronic Israeli indifference to or ignorance of the Arab fear of colonialism. Can it be seriously argued that Israel's long term security will be enhanced by her intended entry into the ranks of those foreigners who sell Arab oil? It is a continuation of the tragic proclivity of each side to fulfill the other's worst prophecies.

Israelis do not take seriously the danger of their becoming the expansionist state which the Arabs have long accused them of being. But current developments are pushing Israel in that direction, and her best intentions may in the long run prove irrelevant. There is incessant talk now in Israel about all the good work that will be done in the West Bank and in Gaza—schools will be built, land reclaimed and trade will thrive. But, given Israel's technical and commercial superiority, she will dominate the life of the area. The situation has a dynamic all its own. At first the Israelis attempted to be as moderate as possible in their rule, but, with new acts of Arab opposition, they have responded more harshly. This, in turn, breeds fresh acts of opposition.

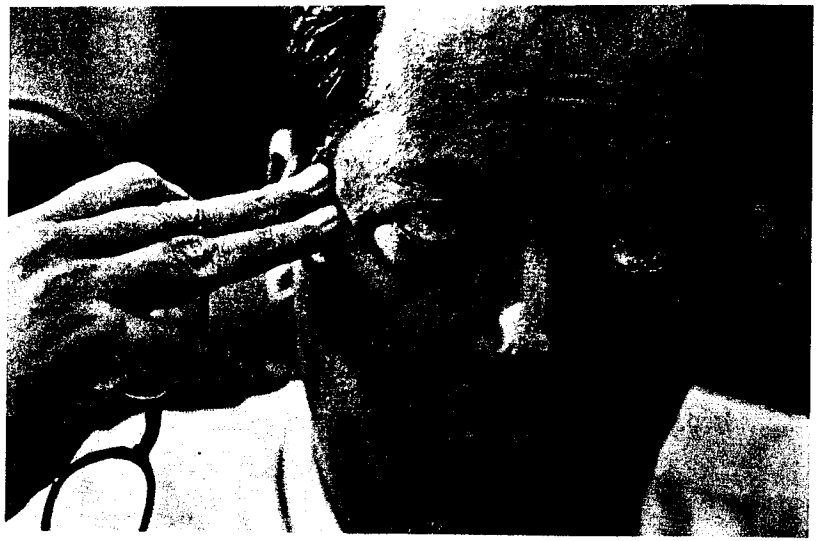
It is one of the saving graces of Israel that the people who have suffered most from the wars with the Arabs harbor the least hate. The kids from the border Kibbutzim who were raised in underground nurseries and grew up to pick their way through the mines of the Syrian heights have a greater compassion for the Arabs than the scores of American journalists banging out their snappy copy at the Tel Aviv Hilton.

Unfortunately, the Kibbutzniks will not determine the course of events. A solution of the Mideast crisis demands a revolt on both sides against short-sighted nationalism, and against the incursions of the Great Powers into the Mideast. It means, above all, a confrontation of Arab nationalism with the Western governments which control this area, rather than with Israel. Israel must support the Arabs in this effort.

But Israel will not break with the West, unless the Arabs who consider themselves progressives can come to accept Israel as a partner in the effort to free the Mideast from Western domination. Unless this is done, the "Arab Revolution" will remain a prisoner of Arab reaction. In the final analysis, the crusade against Israel is a trump card to be played by the pro-Western monarchies against any socialist rival.

The Arab nation and the Jewish nation are both legitimate concepts which can survive together only if they exist as part of the same social revolution to meet the needs of the people of the Mideast. But, as competing nationalisms of the old model, neither is viable, and the histrionics of a Ben-Gurion or a Nasser cannot alter that fact.

Researchers for this article and Part I [RAMPARTS, *November 1967*] *include Bob Avakian, Jim Hawley, David Kolodney and John Spitzer.*



The Garrison Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy

by William W. Turner

Photography by Matt Herron

JIM GARRISON IS AN ANGRY MAN. For six years now he has been the tough, uncompromising district attorney of New Orleans, a rackets-buster without parallel in a political freebooting state. He was elected on a reform platform and meant it. Turning down a Mob proposition that would have netted him $3000 a week as his share of slot machine proceeds, he proceeded to raid Bourbon Street clip joints, crack down on prostitution and eliminate bail bond rackets. His track record as the proverbial fighting DA is impressive: his office has never lost a major case, and no convictions have been toppled on appeal because of improper methods.

Garrison is angry right now—as angry as if some bribed cops had tried to steer him away from a vice ring or as if the Mob had attempted to use political clout to get him off their backs. Only this time, the file reads "Conspiracy to Assassinate President Kennedy," and it isn't *Cosa Nostra*, but the majestic might of the United States government which is trying to keep him from his duty.

"Who appointed Ramsey Clark, who has done his best to torpedo the investigation of the case?" he fumed in a recent speech before a gathering of southern California newscasters. "Who controls the CIA? Who controls the FBI? Who controls the Archives where this evidence is locked up for so long that it is unlikely that there is anybody in this room who will be alive when it is released? This is really your property and the property of the people of this country. Who has the arrogance and the brass to prevent the people from seeing that evidence? Who indeed?

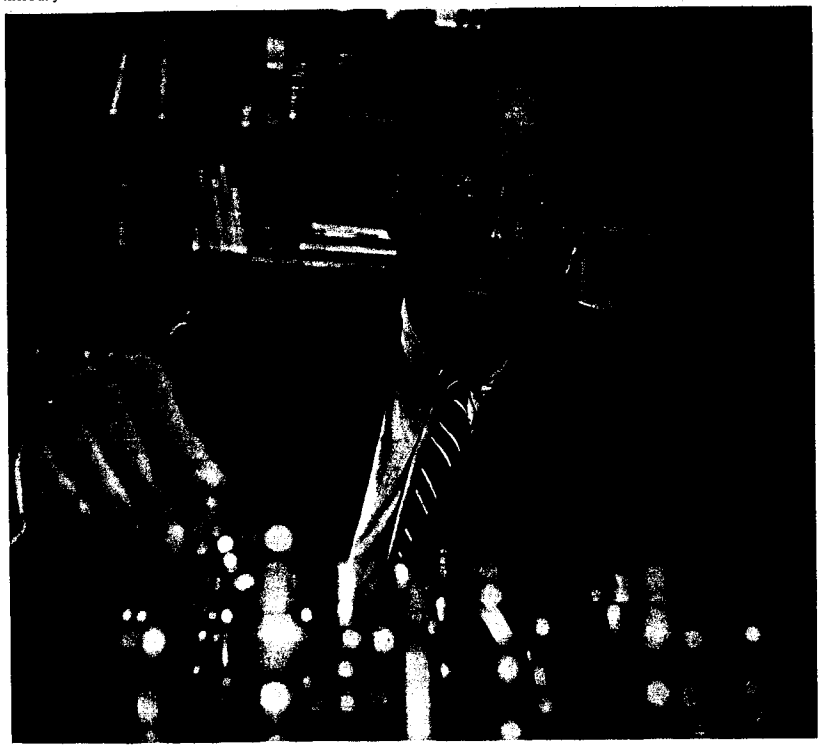
"The one man who has profited most from the assassination—your friendly President, Lyndon Johnson!"

Garrison made it clear that he was not accusing Johnson of complicity in the crime, but left no doubt that as far as he was concerned, the burden had shifted to the government to prove that it was not an accessory before or after the fact. "I assume that the President of the United States is not involved," he said. "But wouldn't it be nice to know it?"

The simple probity of Garrison's challenge is underscored by the fact that the government and government-oriented

forces have concealed and destroyed evidence, intimidated witnesses and maligned, ridiculed and impeded Garrison and his investigation. In short, the conduct of the government has not been that of an innocent party, but of one determined to cover its tracks. For the past nine months, I have worked closely with the DA and his staff, hoping to contribute to their investigation. In my opinion there is no question that they have uncovered a conspiracy. Nor is there any doubt that Jim Garrison is one of a vanishing breed: a Southern populist anchored in very traditional American ideals about justice and truth, who can neither rationalize nor temporize in pursuit of them.

By design or ignorance, the mass media—from NBC to Life—have created an image of Garrison as a ruthless opportunist with vaulting political ambition, which naturally leads to the conclusion that he is trying to parlay the death of a President into a political *tour de force*. He is, in fact, neither knave nor fool. No politician on the make would be reckless enough to attempt to usurp the findings of the seven distinguished men of the Warren Commission. "It's not a matter of wanting to gain headlines," says Garrison indignantly. "It's a matter of not being able to sleep at night. I am in an official position in a city where the greater part of the planning of the assassination of President Kennedy took place, and this was missed by the Warren Commission. What would these people who have attacked me do if they were here and had official responsibility?. Would they be able to sleep nights? Would they be able to say, 'Jack Kennedy is dead and there is nothing I can do about it?' "



PHOTOGRAPHER'S NOTE: *Garrison and I played a game of chess. We thought the board looked too staid for pictures with all the pieces in starting order, so I led off with my king's pawn and then (foolishly) played my king's bishop to bishop four. Garrison could have clobbered me, but instead he chose to play the game much as he has played the investigation. First, he solidly occupied the center. Then he developed his major pieces carefully and painstakingly. At first glance he didn't seem to be making much progress nor to be taking full advantage of my obvious weaknesses, but when he finally launched his attack, he was so solidly entrenched there was nothing I could do. In those circumstances a gentleman would have resigned.*

[THE MAKING OF A DA]

GARRISON'S ATTITUDES were undoubtedly set by his experiences during World War II in Europe where, while flying a Piper Cub as an artillery spotter during the Allied sweep, he came upon Dachau. The residue of horror he witnessed there etched itself so deeply on his conscience that in the foreword to a collection of criminology essays published in 1966, he deplored the apathy that permitted Dachau. Since man emerged from the mists of time, he wrote, "such reason as he possesses has produced the cross, the bowl of hemlock, the gallows, the rack, the gibbet, the guillotine, the sword, the machine gun, the electric chair, the hand grenade, the personnel mine, the flame thrower, poison gas, the nearly obsolete TNT bomb, the obsolescent atom bomb and the currently popular hydrogen bomb—all made to maim or destroy his fellow man." Garrison, who is fond of allegorical example, pictured an extra-terrestrial being happening upon a self-desolated world and asking, "What happened to your disinterested millions? Your uncommitted and uninvolved, your preoccupied and bored? Where today are their private horizons and their mirrored worlds of self? Where is their splendid indifference now?"

With a diploma from Tulane University law school, Garrison tried the life of an FBI agent but found the role too circumscribed to be stimulating. A stint with a firm specializing in corporation law was likewise unrewarding. After another tour of duty in the Korean War —he is presently a Lt. Colonel in the Louisiana National Guard—he latched on as an assistant DA in New Orleans and began his public career. After two unsuccessful tries at elective office, he pulled an upset in the 1961 district attorney race. Bucking the Democratic machine and backed only by five young lawyers known as the "Nothing Group" because of their lack of money and prestige, he took to television and came on strong. Like Jack Kennedy, he projected a youthful vigor and enthusiasm that was missing in the stereotyped politicians he was opposing.

Garrison's current battle to get the Justice Department, the FBI and the CIA to release evidence about the assassination is not the first time he has tangled with anal retentive government authorities. After the DA's Bourbon Street raids, the city's eight criminal judges began blocking his source of funds for the raids, a fines forfeitures pool. Garrison took on the judges in a running dispute that was the talk of New Orleans. On one occasion, a luncheon of the Temple Sinai Brotherhood, he likened the judges to "the sacred cows of India." On another, he accused them of goldbricking by taking 206 holidays, "not counting legal holidays like All Saints' Day, Long's Birthday and St. Winterbottom's Day." Outraged, the judges collectively filed criminal defamation charges. (Complained one, "People holler 'Moo' at me.") The case escalated to the U.S. Supreme Court, where a landmark decision upheld Garrison's right to criticize public officials.

He exercised that right. When Mayor Victor H. Schiro vacillated on an issue, he quipped, "Not since Hamlet tried to decide whether or not to stab the king of Denmark has there been so agonizing a decision." But if he was an embarrassment to officials, he was a delight to the voters. In 1965, he was returned to office by a two to one margin—the first New Orleans DA to be reelected in 30 years.

GARRISON'S POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY defies definition. He subscribes in part to Ayn Rand's individualist dogma, but is too much of a traditional democrat to accept its inevitable elitism. He is friendly with segregationists and archconservatives, but bristles at the mention of the Ku Klux Klan. Negro leaders have no quarrel with his conduct of office, and he has appointed Negroes as assistant DAs. Several years ago when the police vice squad tried to sweep James Baldwin's *Another Country* from bookstore shelves, he refused to prosecute ("How can you define obscenity?") and denounced the censorship in stinging terms, thus incurring the wrath of the White Citizens Council. He sees no virtue in capital punishment, but is somewhat ambivalent on the libertarian trend in court decisions. In a law quarterly he predicted that increasing emphasis on "the rights of the defendant against the state may come to be seen as the greatest contribution our country has made to this world we live in"; yet on occasion he has implied that Supreme Court decisions are a factor in the rising rate of violent crime.

But since the start of his assassination probe, his views on many issues have changed appreciably. "A year ago I was a mild hawk on Vietnam," he relates. "But no more. I've discovered the government has told so many lies in this [the assassination] case it can't be believed on anything." He fears that the U.S. is evolving into a "proto-fascist state," and cites as one indication the subtle quashing of dissent by an increasingly autocratic central government. The massive and still growing power of the CIA and the defense establishment, he contends, is transforming the old America into a Kafkaesque society in which power is equated with morality.

Garrison detests being called flamboyant, which is the most common adjective applied to him, and in truth he makes no conscious effort at ostentation. But he is one of those arresting figures who automatically dominates any gathering, and his bold strokes in battle, as deliberate as his moves in chess, seem to dramatize his formidable personality. He also must rank as one of the more intellectual big city DAs. He avidly devours history—it reflects in his metaphor —and quotes everything from Graham Greene and Lewis Carroll to Polonius' advice to Laertes. But he is not exactly a square. Once known as a Bourbon Street swinger, he is still familiar in a few of the livelier French Quarter spots, where he can sometimes be found holding forth on the piano and crooning a *basso profundo* rendition of a tune popular half a generation ago. But mostly he sticks to his study at home, and his striking blonde wife and five kids.

It may be that in the end, the rank unfairness of the current siege on Garrison will be its undoing, for the American sense of fair play is not easily trifled with. But do the people really want the truth about the assassination, or is it more comfortable to let sleeping dogs lie? Garrison sees this as the pivotal question in the history of the American democratic experiment: "In our incipient superstate it really doesn't matter what happened. Truth is what the government chooses to tell you. Justice is what it wants to happen. It is better for you not to know that at midday on Novem-

ber 22, 1963, there were many men in many places glancing at their watches. But if we do not fight for the truth now, we may never have another chance."

[THE FBI CLEARS A SUSPECT]

ON THE MORNING AFTER the assassination, as the nation lay stunned by grief, Garrison summoned his staff to the office for a "brainstorming session" to explore the possibility that Lee Harvey Oswald had accomplices in New Orleans, where the previous summer he had stumped the streets advocating Fair Play for Cuba.

The DA's men put out feelers into the city's netherworld, and it was First Assistant DA Frank Klein who registered the first feedback. A slight, furtive, sometime private eye named Jack S. Martin confided that a David William Ferrie had taken off on a sudden trip to Texas the afternoon of the assassination. The tipster knew Ferrie well, although there was bad blood between them. Both had worked intermittently for the same detective firm, W. Guy Banister & Associates, and were affiliated with the Apostolic Orthodox Old Catholic Church, a sect steeped in theological anti-communism. An exceptionally skilled pilot, Ferrie had been dismissed from Eastern Air Lines in 1962 due to publicity over alleged homosexual activities.

According to Martin, Ferrie had commanded a Civil Air Patrol squadron of which Oswald had once been a member. He had taught Oswald to shoot with a telescopic sight, and had become involved with his protege in an assassination plot. Less than two weeks before the target date, Ferrie had made a trip to Dallas. His assigned role in the assassination, Martin said, was to fly the escaping conspirators to Matamoros, Mexico, near Brownsville, Texas.

When Ferrie returned to New Orleans on the Monday following President Kennedy's death, he was interrogated by the DA's office. He said his trip had been arranged "on the spur of the moment." With two companions, Alvin Beauboeuf and Melvin Coffey, he had driven straight through to Houston Friday night. On Saturday afternoon, the three skated at an ice rink; that evening they made the short jog to Galveston and hunted geese Sunday morning. Sunday afternoon they headed back to New Orleans, but detoured to Alexandria, Louisiana, to visit relatives of Beauboeuf.

Garrison was unconvinced by Ferrie's account. An all-night dash through the worst rainstorm in years to start a mercurial junket of over 1000 miles in three days for recreational purposes was too much to swallow. "It was a curious trip to a curious place at a curious time," the DA recalls. He booked Ferrie as a "fugitive from Texas" and handed him over to the FBI. The G-men questioned him intensively, then released him.

Since the 40-odd pages recording the FBI interrogation of Ferrie are still classified in the National Archives, one can only surmise the reasons the Bureau stamped its file on him "closed."

Apparently the FBI did not take the pilot too seriously. A short Bureau document in the National Archives reveals Ferrie had admitted being "publicly and privately" critical of Kennedy for withholding air cover at the Bay of Pigs, and had used expressions like "he ought to be shot," but agents agreed he did not mean the threat literally.

Most convincing at the time, the fact that Ferrie did not leave New Orleans until hours after the assassination seemed to rule out his role as a getaway pilot. Moreover, the Stinson monoplane he then owned was sitting at Lakefront Airport in unflyable condition.

Accepting the FBI's judgment, Garrison dropped his investigation. "I had full confidence in the FBI then," he explains. "There was no reason to try and second guess them."

For three years the DA's faith in the Bureau's prowess remained unshaken. Then in November 1966, squeezed into a tourist-class seat on an Eastern jet headed for New York, his interest in the possibility of a conspiracy was rekindled. Flanking him were Senator Russell B. Long of Louisiana and Joseph Rault Jr, a New Orleans oilman. The previous week, Long had remarked in the course of a press conference that he doubted the findings of the Warren Commission. It was at the height of the controversy stirred by publications ripping at the Commission's methods and conclusions.

Garrison bombarded the senator with questions in the manner, he reminisces, "of a prosecutor cross-examining a witness." Long maintained that there were grievous flaws and unexplored territory in the Warren Report. He considered it highly implausible that a gunman of Oswald's "mediocre skill" could have fired with pinpoint accuracy within a time constraint barely sufficient "for a man to get off two shots from a bolt-action rifle, much less three."

The DA's mind reverted to the strange trip of pilot David Ferrie, and he began to wonder how perceptive the FBI had really been in dismissing the whole thing. When he returned to New Orleans, he went into virtual seclusion in his study at home, lucubrating over the volumes of the Warren Report. When he became convinced that Oswald could not have acted alone, and that at least a phase of the conspiracy had been centered in New Orleans, he committed his office to a full-scale probe. He launched it quietly, preferring to work more efficiently in the dark.

THE PROBE REFOCUSED ON Ferrie, and on December 15 he was brought in for further questioning. Asked pertinent details of the whirlwind Texas trip in 1963, he begged lack of memory and referred his questioners to the FBI. What about the goose hunting? "We did in fact get to where the geese were and there were thousands," he recounted. "But you couldn't approach them. They were a wise bunch of birds." Pressed for details of what took place at the ice rink, Ferrie became irritated. "Ice skate—what do you think?" he snapped.

It didn't take the DA's men long to poke holes in Ferrie's story. Melvin Coffey, one of his companions on the 1963 Texas trip, deposed that it was not a sudden inspiration:

Q. The trip was arranged before?
A. Yes.
Q. How long before?
A. A couple of days.

The probers also determined that no one had taken along any shotguns on the "goose-hunting" trip.

In Houston, the ice skating alibi was similarly discredited. In 1963, the FBI had interviewed Chuck Rolland, proprietor of the Winterland Skating Rink. "FERRIE contacted him by telephone November 22, 1963, and asked for the skating schedule," a Bureau report, one of the few unclassified documents on Ferrie, reveals. "Mr. FERRIE stated that he was coming in from out of town and desired to do some skating while in Houston. On November 23, 1963, between 3:30 and 5:30 PM, Mr. FERRIE and two companions came to the rink and talked to Mr. ROLLAND." The report continues that Ferrie and Rolland had a short general conversation, and that Ferrie remarked that "he and his companions would be in and out of the skating rink during the weekend" (Commission Documents 301). When Garrison's men recently talked to Rolland, they obtained pertinent facts that the FBI had either missed or failed to report in 1963. Rolland was certain that none of the three men in Ferrie's party had ice skated; Ferrie had spent the entire two hours he was at the rink standing by a pay telephone—and finally received a call.

At Houston International Airport, more information was gleaned. Air service personnel seemed to recall that in 1963 Ferrie had access to an airplane based in Houston. In this craft, the flight to Matamoros would take little more than an hour.

Ferrie had patently lied about the purpose of the trip. One of the standard tactics of bank robbers is to escape from the scene of the crime in a "hot car" that cannot be traced to them, then switch to a "cold car" of their own to complete the getaway. Garrison considers it possible that Ferrie may have been the pilot of a second craft in a two-stage escape of the Dallas assassins to south of the border, or may have been slated to be a backup pilot in the event contingency plans were activated.

Did Ferrie know Oswald? The pilot denied it, but the evidence mounts that he did. For example, there is now in Garrison's hands information that when Oswald was arrested by Dallas police, he had in his possession a *current* New Orleans library card issued to David Ferrie. Reinforcing the validity of this information is a Secret Service report on the questioning of Ferrie by that agency when he was in federal custody in 1963. During an otherwise mild interrogation, Ferrie was asked, strangely enough, if he lent his library card to Oswald. No, he replied, producing a card from the New Orleans public library in the name Dr. David Ferrie. That card had expired.

When he realized he was a suspect in Garrison's current investigation, Ferrie seemed to deteriorate. By the time he died on February 22, 1967, he was a nervous wreck, subsisting on endless cigarettes and cups of coffee and enough tranquilizers to pacify an army. He had sought out the press only days before his death, labeling the probe a "fraud" and complaining that he was the victim of a "witch hunt." "I suppose he has me pegged as a getaway pilot," he remarked bitterly.

When Garrison delivered his epitaph of Ferrie as "one of history's most important individuals," most of the press winked knowingly. The probe was, after all, a publicity stunt, and the DA had had his headlines. Now that his prime suspect had conveniently passed away, he had the perfect excuse to inter his probe alongside the deceased pilot.

But for DA Jim Garrison, it was not the end but the beginning.

[544 CAMP STREET, NEW ORLEANS]

"WHILE THE LEGEND '544 Camp St., NEW ORLEANS, LA.' was stamped on some of the literature that Oswald had in his possession at the time of his arrest [for "disturbing the peace"] in New Orleans, extensive investigation was not able to connect Oswald with that address" (Warren Report, p. 408). So said the Commission. But Garrison *has* connected Oswald with that address. His investigation shows that Oswald functioned in a paramilitary right-wing milieu of which 544 Camp Street was a nerve center, and that Oswald's ostentatious "Fair Play for Cuba" advocacy was nothing more than a facade.

The dilapidated building at 544 Camp Street is on the corner of Lafayette Place. Shortly after news of Garrison's investigation broke, I went to 531 Lafayette Place, an address given me by Minutemen defector Jerry Milton Brooks as the office of W. Guy Banister, a former FBI official who ran a private detective agency. According to Brooks, who had been a trusted Minutemen aide, Banister was a member of the Minutemen and head of the Anti-Communism League of the Caribbean, assertedly an intermediary between the CIA and Caribbean insurgency movements. Brooks said he had worked for Banister on "anti-Communist" research in 1961-1962, and had known David Ferrie as a frequent visitor to Banister's office.

Banister had died of an apparent heart attack in the summer of 1964. But Brooks had told me of two associates whom I hoped to find. One was Hugh F. Ward, a young investigator for Banister who also belonged to the Minutemen and the Anti-Communism League. Then I learned that Ward, too, was dead. Reportedly taught to fly by David Ferrie, he was at the controls of a Piper Aztec when it plunged to earth near Ciudad Victoria, Mexico, May 23, 1965.

The other associate was Maurice Brooks Gatlin Sr, legal counsel to the Anti-Communism League of the Caribbean. Jerry Brooks said he had once been a sort of protegé of Gatlin and was in his confidence. Brooks believed Gatlin's frequent world travels were as a "transporter" for the CIA. As an example, he said, Gatlin remarked about 1962, in a self-important manner, that he had $100,000 of CIA money earmarked for a French right-wing clique that was going to attempt to assassinate General de Gaulle; shortly afterward Gatlin flew to Paris. The search for Gatlin, however, was likewise futile: in 1964 he fell or was pushed from the sixth floor of the El Panama Hotel in Panama during the early morning, and was killed instantly.

But the trip to 531 Lafayette Place was not entirely fruitless. The address, I discovered, was a side entrance to 544 Camp Street. Entering either at the front or the side, one arrives via a walkup staircase at the same second floor space. That second floor once housed the Cuban Democratic Revolutionary Front and W. Guy Banister & Associates.

Guy Banister had been in charge of the Chicago FBI office before retiring in 1955 and becoming New Orleans deputy superintendent of police for several years. He was regarded as one of the city's most vocal anti-Castroites, and published the racist Louisiana Intelligence Digest, which depicted integration as a communist conspiracy. Evidence of his relationship with the federal intelligence *apparat* has recently surfaced. A man who knew Banister well has told Garrison that Banister became associated with the Office of Naval Intelligence through the recommendation of Guy Johnson, an ONI reserve officer and the first attorney for Clay Shaw when he was arrested by Garrison.

A copyrighted story in the New Orleans States-Item, April 25, 1967, further illuminates the Camp Street scene. The newspaper, which at the time had an investigative team working parallel to the Garrison probe, reported that a reliable source close to Banister said he had seen 50 to 100 boxes marked "Schlumberger" in Banister's office-storeroom early in 1961 before the Bay of Pigs. The boxes contained rifle grenades, land mines and unique "little missiles." Banister explained that "the

stuff would just be there overnight . . . a bunch of fellows connected with the Cuban deal asked to leave it there overnight." It was all right, assured Banister, "I have approval from somebody."

The "somebody," one can surmise from the Gordon Novel episode which follows, was the CIA. Novel is wanted by the DA as a material witness in the 1961 burglary of the Schlumberger Well Co. munitions dump near New Orleans. Subpoenaed by the grand jury last March, Novel fled to McLean, Virginia, next door to the CIA complex at Langley, and took a lie detector test administered by a former Army intelligence officer which, he boasted to the press, proved Garrison's probe was a fraud. He then skipped first to Montreal and then to Columbus, Ohio, from where Governor James Rhodes, in one of the most absurd stipulations ever attached to a normally routine procedure, refuses to extradite him unless Garrison agrees not to question him on the assassination.

From his Ohio sanctuary the fugitive cryptically asserted that the munitions caper was one of "the most patriotic burglaries in history." When an enterprising reporter took him to a marathon party, Novel's indiscreet tongue loosened further. According to the States-Item article, Novel's oft-repeated account was that the munitions bunker was a CIA staging point for war materiel destined for use in the impending Bay of Pigs invasion. He is quoted as saying that on the day the munitions were picked up, he "was called by his CIA contact and told to join a group which was ordered to transport munitions from the bunker to New Orleans." The key to the bunker was provided by his CIA contact. Novel reportedly said the others in the CIA group at the bunker were David Ferrie, Sergio Arcacha Smith—New Orleans delegate to the Cuban Democratic Revolutionary Front—and several Cubans. The munitions, according to his account, were dropped in Novel's office, Ferrie's home and Banister's office-storeroom.

Ferrie worked on and off for Banister as an investigator, and the mutual affinity was such that in 1962, when Eastern Air Lines was in the process of dismissing Ferrie for publicity over alleged homosexual acts, Banister appeared at a Miami hearing and delivered an impassioned plea on his behalf. When Banister suddenly died, the ex-pilot evidently acquired part of his files. When he realized he was a prime suspect in Garrison's probe, Ferrie systematically disposed of his papers and documents for the years 1962 and 1963. But in photocopying the bibliography of a cancer paper he had written (at one time he had caged mice in his home on which he experimented with cancer implants), he inadvertantly overlapped the bottom portion of notes recording the dispositions. Included is the notation: "Copies of B's [presumably Banister's] microfilm files to Atlanta rite-wingers [sic]."

The Banister files were reputed to be the largest collection of "anti-communist intelligence" in Louisiana, and part were sold by his widow to the Sovereignty Commission, a sort of state HUAC, where a Garrison investigator was able to examine them. Banister's filing system was modeled after the FBI's, and contained files on both friends and foes. The "10" and "23" classification dealt with Cuban matters; 23-5, for example, was labeled Cuban Democratic Revolutionary Front and 10-209 simply Cuban File. There was a main file, 23-14, labeled Shaw File, but someone had completely stripped it before Garrison's man got there.

The Cuban Democratic Revolutionary Front, which occupied what was grandiosely called Suite 6 at 544 Camp Street, was the coalition of Cuban exile "liberation" groups operating under CIA aegis that mounted the Bay of Pigs invasion. Arcacha, the New Orleans delegate of the Miami-based organization, is a dapper, moustachioed man who had served in Batista's diplomatic corps. There are numerous witnesses who attest that he was a confidant of Banister and Ferrie, and that his office was a way station for the mixed bag of Cuban exiles and American adventurers involved in the "liberation" movement. Late in 1962, the Front closed up shop, at which time Arcacha became a founder of the Crusade to Free Cuba, a paramilitary group of militant right wingers. In March 1963, he moved to Houston, Texas. Early in his investigation, Garrison charged Arcacha with being a party to the munitions burglary with Novel and Ferrie, but by this time he was living in Dallas, where he refused to talk to the DA's men without Dallas police and assistant DA Bill Alexander present. When Garrison obtained an arrest warrant and sought to extradite him, Texas Governor John Connally would not sign the papers.

As for Oswald and 544 Camp Street, Garrison declares that "we have several witnesses who can testify they observed Oswald there on a number of occasions." One witness is David L. Lewis, another in Banister's stable of investigators. In late 1962, Lewis says, he was drinking coffee in the restaurant next to 544 Camp Street when Cuban exile Carlos Quiroga, who was close to Arcacha, came in with a young man he introduced as Leon Oswald. A few days later, Lewis saw Quiroga, Oswald and Ferrie together at 544 Camp Street. A few days after that, he barged into Banister's office and interrupted a meeting between Banister, Quiroga, Ferrie and Leon Oswald. It was not until he was interviewed by Garrison that Lewis concluded that Leon Oswald was probably Lee Harvey Oswald. Noting that the "natural deaths of Banister and Ferrie were strikingly similar," Lewis has slipped into seclusion.

[CIA: THE COMMON DENOMINATOR]

On or about the night of September 16, 1963, a nondescript Leon Oswald, the brilliant, erratic David Ferrie, and a courtly executive-type man named Clem Bertrand discussed a guerrilla ambush of President Kennedy in Ferrie's apartment. There was talk of "triangulation of fire . . . the availability of exit . . . one man had to be sacrificed to give the other one or two gunmen time to escape." Escape out of the country would be by a plane flown by Ferrie. This was the nub of the testimony of Perry Raymond Russo at a preliminary hearing for Clay Shaw, accused by Garrison of conspiracy in the assassination. Russo identified Leon Oswald as Lee Harvey Oswald, and Clem Bertrand as Clay Shaw.

What would bring three such widely disparate men together in the first place? One possible answer: the CIA.

On the fringe of downtown New Orleans, the building at 544 Camp Street is across the street from the government building which in 1963 housed the local CIA headquarters. One block away, at 640 Magazine Street, is the William B. Reily Co., a coffee firm where Oswald was employed that pivotal summer. He worked from May 10 to July 19, earning a total of $548.41 (Commission Exhibits 1154). Despite this, he did not seem hard put to support Marina and their child. Nor did he seem particularly concerned about being fired. The personnel manager of the Reily Co. told the Secret Service that "there would be times when Oswald would be gone for periods of an hour or longer and when questioned he could not furnish a plausible explanation as to where he had been . . ." (CE 1154).

Next door is the Crescent City Garage, whose owner, Adrian T. Alba, testified that Oswald spent hours on end in his waiting room buried in gun magazines (Warren Report, Vol. 10, p. 226). Shortly before leaving the coffee firm, Oswald mentioned to Alba that his employment application was about to be accepted "out there where the gold is"—the NASA Saturn missile plant at Gentilly, a suburb (Vol. 10, p. 226).

On the face of it, the idea that Oswald could get a job at a space agency installation requiring security clearance seems preposterous. He was a self-avowed Marxist who had tried to renounce his American citizenship in Moscow, married the niece of a Soviet KGB colonel, openly engaged in "Fair Play For Cuba" activity, and attempted to join the Communist Party, U.S.A. But Garrison points out that it is an open secret that the CIA uses the NASA facility as a cover for clandestine operations. And it is his contention that Oswald was a "witting" agent of the CIA.

There is a surfeit of indications of Oswald's status. One is the story of Donald P. Norton, who claims he was impressed into the Agency's service in 1957 under threat of exposure as a homosexual. In September 1962, Norton related, he was dispatched from Atlanta to Mexico with $50,000 for an anti-Castro group. He had no sooner registered in the Yamajel Hotel in Monterrey, Mexico, per instructions, than he was contacted by one Harvey Lee, a dead ringer for Oswald except that his hair seemed slightly thicker. In exchange for the money, Lee gave him a briefcase containing documents in manila envelopes. According to plan, Norton delivered the briefcase to an employee of an American oil firm in Calgary, Alberta, who repeated the pass phrase, "The weather is very warm in Tulsa."

Norton also contends he met David Ferrie earlier in his CIA career. In early 1958, he was tapped for a courier trip to Cuba and told to meet his contact at the Eastern Air Lines counter at the Atlanta airport. The contact was a singular-appearing man who called himself Hugh Pharris or Ferris; Norton now states it was Ferrie. "Here are your samples," Ferrie remarked, handing Norton a phonograph record. "It is in the jacket." "It" was $150,000, which Norton duly delivered to a Cuban television performer in Havana. Norton asserts he went to Freeport, Grand Bahamas, on an Agency assignment late in 1966, and upon his return to Miami his contact instructed that "something was happening in New Orleans, and that I [Norton] should take a long, quiet vacation."

He did, and started to fret about the "people who have died in recent months—like Ferrie." Then he decided to contact Garrison. Norton was given a lie detector test, and there were no indications of deception.

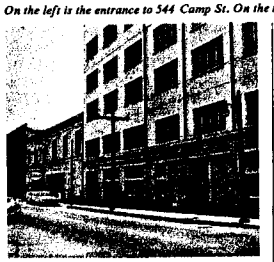
Garrison believes that Oswald was schooled in covert operations by the CIA while in the Marine Corps at the Atsugi Naval Station in Japan, a U-2 facility (interestingly, two possibly relevant documents, "Oswald's access to information about the U-2" [CD 931] and "Reproduction of CIA official dossier on Oswald" [CD 692] are still classified in the National Archives). Curiously, the miscast Marine who was constantly in hot water had a Crypto clearance on top of a Top Secret clearance, and was given two electronics courses. "Isn't it odd," prods Garrison, "that even though he supposedly defected to the Soviet Union with Top Secret data on our radar nets, no action was taken against him when he came back to the United States?"

Equally odd is Oswald's acquisition of Russian language ability. Although the Warren Report spread the fiction that he was self-taught, and Oswald himself falsely told a New Orleans acquaintance that he had studied Russian at Tulane University, the likelihood is that he was tutored at the CIA's Atsugi station. Marine Corps records reflect that on February 25, 1959, at the conclusion of his Atsugi tour of duty, he was given a Russian language proficiency test (Folsom Exhibit No. 1, p. 7). A former Marine comrade, Kerry Thornley, deposed to Garrison that Oswald conversed in Russian with John Rene Heindel every morning at muster.

Oswald's "defection" to the Soviet Union also smacks of being CIA-initiated. In retrospect, the clearance of U.S. departure and reentry formalities seems unduly expeditious. When the Marine Corps *post facto* downgraded his discharge to less than honorable, Oswald indignantly wrote Secretary of the Navy John B. Connally, "I have and allways [sic] had the full sanction of the U.S. Embassy, Moscow USSR and hence the U.S. government" (Warren Report, p. 710). When an interviewer on a New Orleans radio station asked him on August 21, 1963, if he had had a government subsidy during his three years in Russia, the normally articulate Oswald stammered badly: "Well, as I er, well, I will answer that question directly then as you will not rest until you get your answer er, I worked in Russia, er, I was er under the protection er, of the er, that is to say I was not under protection of the American government but I was at all times er, considered an American citizen . . ." (This is the original version as disseminated by the Associated Press. The version released by the Warren Commission has been edited to delete the hemming and hawing and the apparent slip of the tongue, "I *was* under the protection. . ." [Vol. 21, p. 639].)

Possibly the most cogent suggestion of Oswald's mission in the Soviet Union can be found in the testimony of Dennis H. Ofstein, a fellow-employee at Jaggars-Chiles-Stovall Co. in Dallas (this is the photographic/graphic arts firm where Oswald worked upon his return from Russia; it receives many classified government contracts). Ofstein's smattering of Russian evidently set the usually phlegmatic Oswald to talking. "All the time I was in Minsk I never saw a vapor trail," Ofstein quotes him. "He also mentioned about the disbursement [dispersement?] of military units," Ofstein continued, "saying they didn't intermingle their armored divisions and infantry divisions and various units the way we do in the United States, and they would have all of their aircraft in one geographical location and their tanks in another geographical location, and their infantry in another . . ." On one occasion, Oswald asked Ofstein to enlarge a photograph taken in Russia which, he explained, represented "some military headquarters and that the guards stationed there were armed with weapons and ammunition and had orders to shoot any trespassers . . ." (Vol. 10, p. 202). Oswald's inordinate interest in the contrails of high flying aircraft, Soviet military deployment and a military facility involving an element of risk to photograph

On the left is the entrance to 544 Camp St. On the right, 531 Lafayette Pl.



The Reily Bldg. (See map opposite)

hardly seems the natural curiosity of a hapless ex-Marine private.

An intriguing entry in Oswald's address book is the word "microdots" appearing on the page on which he has notated the address and phone number of Jaggers-Chiles-Stovall (CE 18, p. 45). Microdots are a clandestine means of communication developed by German intelligence during World War II and still in general use among espionage agencies. The technique is to photograph the document to be transmitted and vastly reduce the negative to a size that will fit inside a period. The microdot can be inserted in an innocuous letter or magazine and mailed, or left in a "dead drop"—a prearranged location for the deposit and pickup of messages.

Thus it may be significant that Oswald obtained library cards in Dallas and New Orleans, and usually visited the libraries on Thursday. The possible implication of his visits was not overlooked by the FBI, which confiscated every book he ever charged out, and never returned them. A piece that may fit into the puzzle is the discovery by Garrison of an adult borrower's card issued by the New Orleans public library in the name Clem Bertrand. The business address shown is the International Trade Mart [Shaw's former place of employment], and the home address 3100 Louisiana Avenue Parkway, a wrong number, but conspicuously close to that of David Ferrie at 3330 Louisiana Avenue Parkway. There may be a pattern here, since Oswald supposedly carried a card issued to Ferrie when arrested in Dallas.

Still another hint of Oswald's intelligence status is the inventory of his property seized by Dallas police after the assassination. Included is such sophisticated optical equipment as a Sterio Realist camera, a Hanza camera timer, filters, a small German camera, a Wollensak 15 power telescope, Micron 6X binoculars and a variety of film—hardly the usual accouterments of a lowly warehouseman (Stovall Exhibits).

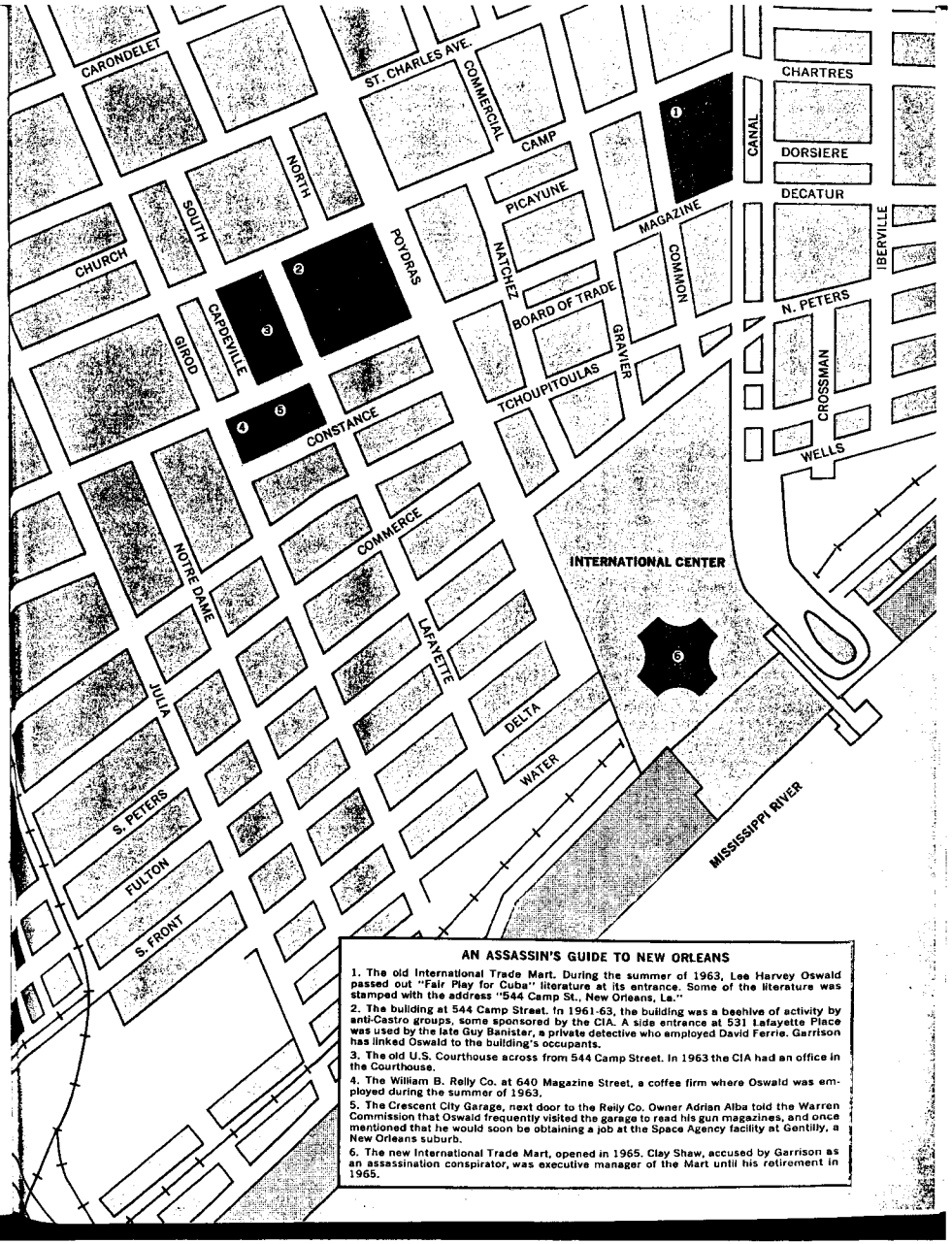
Upon his return from Russia, the man who subscribed to Pravda in the Marine Corps and lectured his fellow Marines on Marxist dialectics set about institutionalizing his leftist facade. He wrote ingratiating letters to the national headquarters of the Communist Party, Fair Play for Cuba Committee and Socialist Workers Party (a copy of the famous snapshot of Oswald with a revolver on his hip, a rifle in one hand and the Party organ, the Militant, in the other was mailed to the SWP office in New York in April 1963). Garrison believes the facade was intended to facilitate his entry into communist countries for special missions.

Ferrie's involvement with the CIA seems to stem mainly from his anti-Castro paramilitary activity, although there is a suggestion that he was at one time a pilot for the Agency. In the late 1940s and early 1950s he flew light planes commercially in the Cleveland, Ohio area, and was rated by his colleagues as an outstanding pilot. In the middle 1950s there is an untraceable gap in his career. Then he turns up as an Eastern Air Lines pilot. Although he supposedly obtained an instrument rating at the Sunnyside Flying School in Tampa, Florida, there is no record that any such school ever existed.

A clue to Ferrie's activities may lie in the loss of hair he suffered. A fellow employee at Eastern recalls that when Ferrie first joined the line he was "handsome and friendly," but in the end became "moody and paranoiac—afraid the communists were out to get him." The personality change coincided with a gradual loss of hair. First a bald spot appeared, which Ferrie explained was caused by acid dripping from a plane battery. Then the hair began falling out

Photographs by William W. Turner

Map by John Williams



AN ASSASSIN'S GUIDE TO NEW ORLEANS

1. The old International Trade Mart. During the summer of 1963, Lee Harvey Oswald passed out "Fair Play for Cuba" literature at its entrance. Some of the literature was stamped with the address "544 Camp St., New Orleans, La."
2. The building at 544 Camp Street. In 1961-63, the building was a beehive of activity by anti-Castro groups, some sponsored by the CIA. A side entrance at 531 Lafayette Place was used by the late Guy Banister, a private detective who employed David Ferrie. Garrison has linked Oswald to the building's occupants.
3. The old U.S. Courthouse across from 544 Camp Street. In 1963 the CIA had an office in the Courthouse.
4. The William B. Reily Co. at 640 Magazine Street, a coffee firm where Oswald was employed during the summer of 1963.
5. The Crescent City Garage, next door to the Reily Co. Owner Adrian Alba told the Warren Commission that Oswald frequently visited the garage to read his gun magazines, and once mentioned that he would soon be obtaining a job at the Space Agency facility at Gentilly, a New Orleans suburb.
6. The new International Trade Mart, opened in 1965. Clay Shaw, accused by Garrison as an assassination conspirator, was executive manager of the Mart until his retirement in 1965.

in clumps—Ferrie desperately studied medicine to try to halt the process—until his body was entirely devoid of hair. One speculation is that he was moonlighting and suffered a physiological reaction to exposure to the extreme altitudes required for clandestine flights. Chinese Nationalist U-2 pilots reportedly have suffered the same hair-loss phenomenon.

One of Ferrie's covert tasks in the New Orleans area was to drill small teams in guerrilla warfare. One of his young proteges has revealed that he trained some of his Civil Air Patrol cadets and Cubans and formed them into five-man small weapons units, this under the auspices of the Marine Corps and State Department. Coupled with this is the information from another former protege that Ferrie confided "he was working for the CIA rescuing Cubans out of Castro prisons," and on one occasion was called to Miami so that the CIA could "test him to see if he was the type of person who told his business to anybody." In a speech before the Military Order of World Wars in New Orleans in late 1961, Ferrie related that he had trained pilots in Guatemala for the Bay of Pigs, and professed bitter disappointment that they were not used.

Clay Shaw, an international trade official with top-level contacts in Latin America and Europe, would have been a natural target for CIA recruitment. Gordon Novel, who was acquainted with Shaw, was quoted by the States-Item as venturing that Shaw may have been asked by the CIA to observe the traffic of foreign commerce through New Orleans. More persuasive is Shaw's membership on the board of directors of a firm called *Centro Mondiale Commerciale* in Rome. According to the newspapers Paese Sera of Rome and Le Devoir of Montreal, among others of the foreign press, CMC was an obscure but well-financed firm that was ousted from Italy by the police because it was suspected of being a CIA front. It transplanted its operation to the more friendly climate of Johannesburg, South Africa, where it still functions.

The same group that incorporated CMC also set up a firm called Permidex Corporation in Switzerland, but that company was dissolved by the Swiss government when it was proved to be a conduit for funds destined for the Secret Army Organization (OAS), a group of right-wing French officers dedicated to "keeping Algeria French" by force of arms. The composition of the CMC group with which Shaw was associated is of more than cursory interest, since it includes a former U.S. intelligence officer, now an executive of the Bank of Montreal; the publisher of the neo-Nazi National-Zeitung of Germany; Prince Guitere de Spadaforo, an Italian industrialist related by marriage to Hitler finance minister Hjalmar Schacht; and the lawyer to the Italian royal family and secretary of the Italian neo-Fascist Party. Through his attorney, Shaw has stated he joined the CMC board of directors in 1958 at the insistence of his own board of directors of the International Trade Mart of New Orleans.

On AUGUST 1, 1963, the front page of the States-Item carried two news stories which, Garrison asserts, symbolize the bitter end of the paramilitary right's tolerance of John F. Kennedy. "A-Treaty Signing Set On Monday" was the lead to one story, disclosing that the test ban treaty was about to become reality and that a NATO-Warsaw bloc nonaggression pact was in the wind. "Explosives Cache Home Lent to Cuban, Says Owner's Wife," announced the lead to another story, telling of an FBI raid on a military training site and arms cache on the north side of Lake Pontchartrain. Agents had seized more than a ton of dynamite, 20 100-pound bomb casings, fuses, napalm ingredients and other war materiel.

The whipsaw developments—Kennedy's patent determination to effect a rapprochement with the communist nations on the one hand, his crackdown under the Neutrality Act on anti-Castro paramilitary groups on the other—triggered a rage against the President that would find vent in his assassination.

The true nature of the group raided at Lake Pontchartrain was not evident from the story. The FBI announced no arrests, and the wife of the property owner, Mrs. William J. McLaney, gave out the cover story that the premises had been loaned to a newly-arrived Cuban named Jose Juarez as a favor to friends in Cuba. (McLaney had been well-known as a gambler associated with the Tropicana Hotel in Havana before being ousted by Castro in 1960.)

According to information leaked to Garrison by another government agency, the FBI had in fact arrested 11 men, then quietly released them. Among those in the net was Acelo Pedro Amores, believed to be a former Batista official who slipped out of Cuba in 1960. Also caught was Richard Lauchli Jr, one of the founders of the Mintemen. Lauchli, who possessed a federal license to manufacture weapons in his Collinsville, Illinois machine shop, was arrested again in 1964 when Treasury investigators, posing as agents of a South American country, trapped him in a deal to sell a huge quantity of illicit automatic arms. The others arrested were American adventurers and Cuban exiles.

Garrison believes that the assassination team at Dealey Plaza included renegade Minutemen operating without the knowledge of the group's central headquarters. Free-lance terrorism has plagued Minutemen national coordinator Robert DePugh since the organization's inception, and there have been several abortive assassination schemes hatched by individual cliques.

For example, in 1962, a Dallas extremist using the pseudonym John Morris was given money by a Minutemen clique at the Liberty Mall in Kansas City to subsidize the sniper slaying of Senator J. William Fulbright of Arkansas. The plan called for Morris to escape in a plane flown by a Texas man, but DePugh got wind of it and aborted it. And a Cuban exile close to Guy Banister has told Garrison that in 1962 Minuteman Banister seriously discussed "putting poison in the air conditioning ducts in the Havana Palace and killing all occupants."

The latest plot to surface was formulated in Dallas in September 1966; its target was Stanley Marcus of the Neiman-Marcus department store, a pro-United Nations liberal who somehow has managed to thrive in rigidly conservative Dallas. According to an informant who was present, several Minutemen decided to ambush Marcus outside of Dallas, because "another assassination in Dallas would be too much." Again, there was a leak and the plan fell through. However, as the Warren Report might phrase it, such schemes "establish the propensity to kill" on the part of the radical right.

"Minutemen" has become an almost generic term for the paramilitary right, a far from homogenous movement. Some elements are driven primarily by race hatred and anti-Semitism, others by perfervid anti-communism, still others by a personal interest in overthrowing Castro and regaining property or sinecures in the Cuban bureaucracy. There is considerable cross-pollination, especially in the South. A graphic example can be found in rural St. Bernard Parish, near New Orleans. A state police undercover investigator relates that inside a farmhouse which serves as a Ku Klux Klan regional headquarters are Nazi emblems and a shrine to Horst Wessel, and in back, behind a copse of trees, a rifle range and large cache of guns belonging to Minutemen.

There is intense factionalism inside the paramilitary right, and in recent years a power struggle for hegemony over the movement raged between DePugh of the Minutemen and the late George Lincoln Rockwell of the American Nazis. In a recent public statement DePugh commented that "fascism is the number one danger in this country today," and that the "fascists" are using anti-communism as a smokescreen to cover their own rush for power. I had occasion to talk to DePugh, and suggested to him that the guerrilla team that bushwhacked the President included Minutemen who had drifted into the Nazi orbit. "I'm inclined to agree," he said.

One of the most inexplicable entries in Oswald's address book is "Nat. Sec. Dan Burros, Lincoln Rockwell, Arlington, Virginia" (CE 18, p. 55). Other right-wing figures in the address book are Carlos Bringuier of the Cuban Student Directorate in New Orleans and retired General Edwin Walker of Dallas. Bringuier told the Commission that Oswald had approached him and offered to train Cuban exiles in Marine tactics, but he suspected Oswald was a plant.

An anti-Castro adventurer who trained in the Florida Keys prior to the assassination claims that by November 22, 1963, there was not one but several paramilitary teams gunning for Kennedy. They had been in contact, he said, with "wealthy backers who wanted to see Kennedy dead and had been given money to do the job."

[THE MAKING OF A PATSY]

On JANUARY 20, 1961, TWO MEN approached Oscar W. Deslatte, assistant manager of the Bolton Ford Truck Center in New Orleans, *and identified themselves as members of the Friends of Democratic Cuba*. To help their cause, they wanted to purchase ten trucks at cost. Deslatte filled out a bid form, recording their names as Joseph Moore and Oswald. The young man calling himself Oswald said that if the trucks were purchased he would be the one to pay for them. This is the gist of an incident recorded by the FBI immediately after the assassination and dug out of the obscurity of the Archives by Garrison researcher Tom Bethell (CD 1542).

Garrison has located the former Bolton Ford manager who was present at the time, Fred A. Sewell. He recalled that the younger "skinny" man gave the full name *Lee* Oswald, and that "Joseph Moore" actually was a Cuban who gave a Cuban name on the bid form. What is puzzling about the incident is that Lee Harvey Oswald was in Minsk, Russia in 1961, thus raising the question of who was impersonating him and why.

Any answer must necessarily be conjecture, but it may be significant to recall that Lee Harvey Oswald spent four days in New Orleans in September 1959 before departing on the first leg of his journey to the Soviet Union aboard the SS Marion Lykes (CE 1963). Garrison has picked up indications that Oswald's decision to embark via ship *from New Orleans* was dictated by intelligence considerations. It is not beyond the realm of possibility that during the four-day period in the city he was inducted into a CIA group, an anti-Castro member of which would later use Oswald's name.

The genesis of the Friends of Democratic Cuba is not inconsistent with this theory. One of the incorporators of the organization was Guy Banister, the Minutemen/CIA type. Another was William Wayne Dalzell who knew Ferrie and Arcacha, and was still another in the Banister coterie of sleuths. To a States-Item reporter he admitted he was CIA.

The Friends of Democratic Cuba was founded January 9, 1961, less than two weeks before the Bolton Ford incident. It was intended as a kind of American auxiliary to Arcacha's all-Cuban Revolutionary Front, and Arcacha was instrumental in its creation. Government advisors to the Friends, says an informant who was closely involved with the group, were a CIA man named Logan and the FBI's Regis Kennedy, who invoked executive privilege when questioned not long ago by the New Orleans grand jury looking into the assassina-

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tion. The Friends were short-lived, and the Front slowly dissolved after the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion. The die-hard remnants of these moribund groups formed the Free Cuba movement.

The Secret Service stumbled upon the Free Cuba group in its hectic post-assassination inquiries at 544 Camp Street, but apparently the T-men were completely sold on Oswald's left-wing orientation and never thought to connect him with a right-wing outfit. Learning that "Cuban revolutionaries" had occupied space at that address, Secret Service men talked to a Cuban exile accountant who said that "those Cubans were members of organizations known as 'Crusade to Free Cuba Committee' and 'Cuban Revolutionary Council.'" Arcacha, the accountant related, was authorized to sign checks on both accounts (CE 3119). He said that Arcacha continued with the Free Cuba group even after he had been ousted from the CRC (CE 1414). There is no record that the Secret Service questioned Arcacha about Oswald.

It was a grievous omission, for it is now manifest that Oswald was intimately involved with the Free Cuba group. One indication is implicit in the testimony of Mrs. Sylvia Odio, an aristocratic Cuban refugee. When Lee Harvey Oswald's picture was flashed on television after the assassination, she fainted. She explained to the Warren Commission that in late September 1963, three men appeared unannounced at her Dallas apartment seeking assistance for the anti-Castro movement. The spokesman gave a "war name" that sounded like Leopoldo; a second man was introduced as something like Angelo. The third man was introduced as Leon Oswald, and Mrs. Odio was certain he was the accused assassin.

Unsure of the trio's true allegiance, Mrs. Odio was noncommittal. They left, after commenting that they had just arrived from New Orleans and were leaving shortly "on a trip." The next morning Leopoldo telephoned Mrs. Odio with a new sales pitch. "Leon" was an ex-Marine, he said. "He told us we don't have any guts, you Cubans, because President Kennedy should have been assassinated after the Bay of Pigs . . . It is easy to do. He has told us." When his listener became upset at talk of killing Kennedy, Leopoldo remarked that it would be just as easy to kill the Cuban Premier. Leon was an expert shot, he said, a man who "could do anything like getting underground in Cuba, like killing Castro" (Vol. 11, pp. 367-389).

Just before the Warren Report went to press, the FBI located three men possibly identical with Mrs. Odio's provocative visitors. Some three weeks after the visit, Loren Eugene Hall and William Seymour had been arrested by the Dallas police on a technical narcotics charge. Significantly, their arrest record bore the notation: "Active in the anti-Castro movement . . . Committee to Free Cuba." G-men traced them and a companion, Lawrence Howard Jr, to the west coast.

Hall admitted to the FBI that he, Howard and Seymour had been to see Mrs. Odio, whose apartment he correctly located on Magellan Circle, "to ask her assistance in the movement," presumably the Free Cuba movement. But Howard, although conceding he was with Hall in Dallas in late September, flatly denied being at Mrs. Odio's. Seymour alibied that he was working in Miami Beach at the time; the FBI verified that pay records of a Miami Beach firm showed him at work from September 5 through October 10.

In a second session with the FBI, Hall recanted his admission and claimed he had been mistaken, a turnabout that did not seem to be viewed too skeptically by the G-men. The Bureau closed its inquiry by observing that Seymour bore a striking resemblence to Oswald, a meaningless footnote considering that the pay records had been accepted as *prima facie* evidence that he was in Miami Beach at the relevant time.

With Seymour "out of the way," the Warren Commission had only to dispose of the possibility that it *was* Oswald at Mrs. Odio's. It did so by declaring it improbable that Oswald could have traveled to Dallas in the limited time between his departure from New Orleans and his crossing of the Mexican border. But the Commission reckoned from surface transportation timetables, and there is a suggestion he flew at least part of the way. Mrs. Horace Twiford of Houston stated that in late September, when Oswald telephoned her husband, he commented that he "had only a few hours" before "flying to Mexico" (CE 2335).

The post-assassination search at the Irving premises of Ruth and Michael Paine, with whom Marina had been staying, yielded another tie to the Free Cuba movement. Among Oswald's belongings in the garage was a barrel that had, said Deputy Buddy Walthers, "a lot of these little leaflets in it, 'Freedom for Cuba'" (Vol. 7, p. 548). And at his celebrated press conference the night of the assassination, DA Henry Wade let it slip that "Oswald is a member of the Free Cuba Committee." He was immediately "corrected" by Jack Ruby who had mingled with the press: "No, he is a member of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee."

Deputy Walthers added a final link. In a "Supplementary Investigative Report" dated November 23, 1963, he stated that he had advised Dallas Secret Service Chief Forrest Sorrels that "for the past few months at a house at 3128 Harlendale some Cubans had been having meetings on the week ends and were possably [sic] connected with the 'Freedom For Cuba Party' of which Oswald was a member." Three days later, when the Secret Service had evinced no interest, he wrote a wistful addendum: "I learned today that sometime between seven days before the President was shot and the day after he was shot these Cubans moved from this house. My informant stated that subject Oswald had been to this house before" (Decker Exhibit No. 5323).

Why Oswald's anti-Castro comrades decided to make him the patsy is open to conjecture. Perhaps he balked at going through with the assassination. Perhaps they did not trust him and suspected he was an infiltrator. The most likely explanation is a pragmatic one: they needed a patsy and he was the ideal candidate. To make the assassination look like the work of an avowed Marxist and Castro sympathizer would have been a propaganda *tour de force*. "Even so," offers Garrison, "I think the big money backers of the plot were a little disappointed. Oswald was supposed to be killed trying to escape, and if those Cuban and Soviet visas he applied for but didn't get could have been found on his body, public opinion against Russia and Cuba would have been incited to a dangerous pitch."

In the weeks preceding the assassination, there are a number of instances of an Oswald double in Dallas who probably was instrumental in "setting him up." Gunsmith Dial D. Ryder told the Commission that in early November, someone giving the name Oswald

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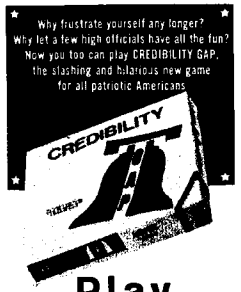

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brought in a rifle to have a telescopic sight mounted; he produced a repair tag in that name as confirmation (Report, p. 315). Garland G. Slack and other target shooters patronizing the Sports Drome Rifle Range reported that a man resembling Oswald had practiced there as late as November; the man made himself obvious, at one time incurring Slack's displeasure by firing on his target (Report, pp. 318-319).

An incident at Downtown Lincoln-Mercury is highly revealing. Immediately after the assassination, salesman Albert Guy Bogard reported to the FBI that a man giving the name Lee Oswald, who closely resembled the accused assassin, came into the showroom on November 9. Remarking that in several weeks he would have the money to make the purchase, he test-drove an expensive model on the Stemmons Freeway at 60 to 70 miles an hour. Both Bogard and another salesman, Oren Brown, wrote down the name Oswald so that they would remember him if he called back. A third salesman, Eugene M. Wilson, recalled that when the man purporting to be Oswald was told he would need a credit rating, he snapped, "Maybe I'm going to have to go back to Russia to buy a car" (Report, p. 320).

Given a lie detector test by the FBI, Bogard's responses were those "normally expected of a person telling the truth." Nevertheless, the Warren Commission dismissed the incident by noting that Oswald supposedly could not operate an automobile and that on November 9 he allegedly spent the day drafting a lengthy letter to the Soviet Embassy. It evidently never considered the possibility someone might be impersonating Oswald. But Bogard will never identify the impersonator. He stuck to his story in news interviews, and subsequently was beaten to within an inch of his life by an unknown assailant and arrested by the Dallas police on seemingly trumped-up bad check charges. He retreated to his native Louisiana, where on St. Valentine's Day 1966, he was found dead of exhaust fumes in his automobile.

The main ingredients of the patsy theory are wrapped up in a story that has gradually filtered out of Leavenworth Penitentiary. The story is that of inmate Richard Case Nagell, and paradoxically, the most cogent confirmation for it is the manner in which he wound up sentenced to ten years in federal custody.

Nagell was a highly decorated infantry captain in the Korean War who, he claims, subsequently became a CIA agent. It is a matter of record that in 1957 he was seriously injured in a plane crash in Cambodia, which tends to support his contention, since Cambodia was not exactly a tourist playground. On September 20, 1963, Nagell walked into a bank in El Paso, Texas, fired a gun into the ceiling, and then sat outside waiting to be arrested. He says he staged the affair because he wanted to be in custody as an alibi when the assassination took place. It was a desperate measure, he admits. But he had sent a registered letter to J. Edgar Hoover warning him of the impending assassination, which he says was then scheduled for the latter part of September (probably the 26th in Washington, D.C.), and the letter had gone unanswered.

There is an incredibly brief FBI interview report stating, in part, that on December 19, 1963, Nagell advised, "For the record he would like to say that his association with OSWALD (meaning LEE HARVEY OSWALD) was purely social and that he had met him in Mexico City and in Texas" (CD 197). Another

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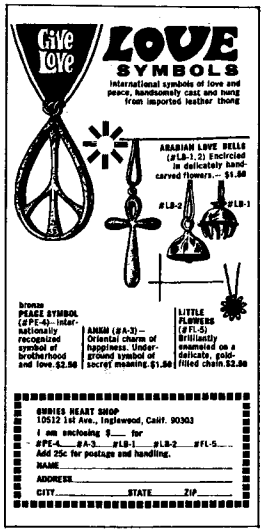
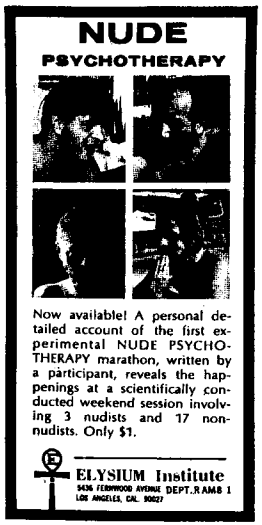




report states that when the prisoner was being led from court on January 24, 1964, he "made wild accusations to newspaper reporters, accusing the FBI of not attempting to prevent the assassination of President Kennedy . . ." (CD 404).

That the charges may not be so wild is indicated by the fact that the government threw the book at Nagell, a first offender who says he expected to be charged only with discharging a firearm on government-protected property. Since his sentencing, he has been shuttled between Leavenworth and the federal medical center (a euphemism for mental institution) at Springfield, Missouri. While the government has suggested in court that his airplane crash mentally affected Nagell, the fact remains that he was given intelligence training *after* the crash. What Nagell alleges is damning not only to the FBI, but to the CIA. In brief, he says that the motive for the assassination was Kennedy's move in the direction of a rapprochement with Castro, which was a rank betrayal in the eyes of anti-Castro elements. As he puts it, an anti-Castro group in New Orleans and Mexico City, code name Bravo Club, decided to give Kennedy a "Christmas present" to be delivered September 26, a date that was postponed. A party was required. Two members of Bravo Club approached Oswald while he was working at the Reily coffee firm in New Orleans in the summer of 1963, and appealed to his ego in setting him up as the patsy. When the "delivery" site was shifted to Dallas, Bravo Club enlisted the aid of a Dallas "subsidiary," Delta Club.

Meanwhile the CIA got wind of the plans and sent several agents into the field to ascertain whether they were "for real." Nagell says he was one of the agents dispatched. Within a short time, he claims, he was pulled in. It had been verified that the plans were authentic, that "*gusanos* [anti-Castroites] were making the watch tick," and that the sum of the plot was right-wing in nature. Nagell says that he was instructed to "arrow" the patsy, that is kill him, *after* the assassination. At this point, he contends, he got cold feet and bailed out. "I would rather be arrested than commit murder and treason," he declared in a self-prepared petition for *habeas corpus*.

In the petition, Nagell asserts that he used the pseudonyms Robert Nolan and Joseph Kramer in the U.S. and three foreign countries under the authorization of the Defense Intelligence Agency. He states that the files of the FBI and the CIA contain information that Oswald was using the aliases Albert Hidel and Aleksei Hidel. He charges that the FBI illegally seized from him evidence crucial to his defense, such as notebooks containing the names of certain CIA employees, photographs, two Mexican tourist cards (one in the name Joseph Kramer, the other in the name Albert Hidel), and receipts for registered mail, including the one for the letter sent Hoover warning of the assassination.

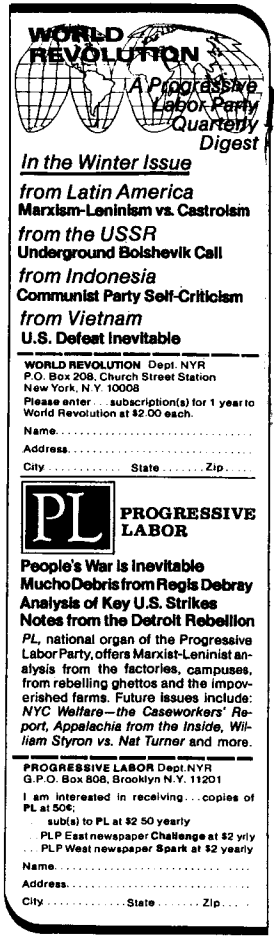
When Nagell complains he has been "salted away" because of what he knows, he just might be making the understatement of the year.

[THE ELIMINATION OF A PATSY]

"I DIDN'T KILL ANYBODY . . . I'm just a patsy," Oswald shouted to newsmen while in police custody. A marked patsy, contends Garrison—one who was not supposed to have lived long enough to utter his cry of innocence. But something had misfired, and Oswald fell not into the hands of his would-be executioners, but into the comparative safety of the Dallas jail. The denouement presented a crisis that the conspirators could solve only by pressing police buff Jack Ruby into service.

Although the Warren Commission concluded that Oswald ducked into his Oak Cliff rooming house to pick up the .38 revolver, later confiscated from him in the Texas Theater, it did not explain why, if he had gone to work at the School Book Depository that morning intending to kill the President and escape, he did not take the revolver with him. That he made a beeline to his rooming house for the sole purpose of getting the revolver speaks of a man who desperately wanted to protect himself from treacherous comrades rather than from the police. Notwithstanding the mild resistance he put up in his refuge in the Texas Theater, Oswald's demeanor in custody gave every indication that he would resolve the great riddle—given the time.

Oswald does not appear to be the only double-cross victim of that bloody afternoon: the evidence is persuasive that someone other than the accused assassin killed Officer J. D. Tippit, a friend of Jack Ruby, whose patrol area included the Harlandale Street section headquarters of the Free Cuba group. The Commission's star witness in fingering Oswald was Mrs. Helen Markham, a billing that precipitated strong dissent among some staff members, notably Wesley Liebeler who called her testimony "contradictory" and "worthless" (*Inquest*, p. 109). Although ballistics tests could not positively match the bullets in the dead officer's body with Oswald's revolver, they did determine that three bullets were of one manufacture, the fourth of another, while the four recovered shell casings were evenly divided between the two manufacturers. The Commission wriggled out of this dilemma by wildly speculating that five shots were fired, one completely missing (Report, p. 172).



Moreover, the police radio logs describe a killer other than Oswald. Sergeant Gerald Hill alerted all cars that "Shells at the scene indicate the suspect is armed with an automatic .38 rather than a pistol" (presumably, Hill noted the distinctive marks made by the ejector of an automatic). In the same vein, Patrolman H. L. Summers announced, "He's apparently armed with a .32 dark finish automatic pistol. . . ." First flashes had the killer with "black wavy hair" and a "white shirt," certainly not a description of Oswald that day (Sawyer Exhibit No. A, pp. 396-397). And the best placed eyewitness, Domingo Benavides, described a killer quite different from Oswald: "I remember the back of his head seemed like his hairline sort of went square instead of tapered off—it kind of went down and squared off and made his head look flat in back."

Garrison posits that the real killer hid in a cavernous building at the corner of Tenth and Crawford which in 1963 was known as the Abundant Life Temple. In an aerial view of the area, the Commission traced the killer's escape path from the scene near Tenth and Patton to Jefferson Boulevard one block south, thence to the Texaco service station one block west at Jefferson and Crawford. A "white jacket" was found at the rear of the station, which the Commission said was Oswald's. Consequently, it had the killer reverse his path so as to bring him back onto Jefferson and proceeding in a westerly direction toward the theater (CE 1968).

Rejecting this arbitrary reconstruction, Garrison points out that the killer could have proceeded straight ahead from the rear of the Texaco station, across an alley and into the rear door of the Abundant Life Temple. This view is corroborated by police radio logs. Shortly after 1:40 p.m., Sergeant Hill came on the air: "A witness reports that he last was seen in the Abundant Life Temple about the 400 block. We are fixing to go in and shake it down." On an alternate channel, Car 95 ordered, "Send me another squad over here to Tenth and Crawford to check out this church basement."

At this point Car 223 burst in excitedly, "He's in the library on Jefferson east 500 block . . . I'm going around back, get somebody around the front, get them here fast." The dispatcher complied, and Car 19 soon affirmed, "We're all at the library." There was no suspect at the library, but the Abundant Life Temple had been spared a shakedown.

The grave problem, of course, was how to eliminate Oswald, who knew too much. This was where Jack Ruby came in. Although the Warren Commission pictured Ruby as a blustery night club operator with a soft spot in his heart for dogs and dames, who killed Oswald on an impulse of one-man justice, the real Ruby was no buffoon. The fiction that he executed Oswald out of compassion for the Kennedy family was conjured up by his first attorney, the late Tom Howard. "Joe, you should know this," Ruby scribbled to a succeeding attorney, Joe Tonahill. "Tom Howard told me to say that I shot Oswald so that Caroline and Mrs. Kennedy wouldn't have to come to Dallas to testify. OK?"

In a memorandum dealing with his background, Ruby specialists on the Commission compiled a list of persons seemingly "the most promising sources of contact between Ruby and politically motivated groups interested in securing the assassination of President Kennedy" (CE 2980). Included were Ruby's sister, Eva Grant, and a brother, Earl, of Detroit, who sent "a telegram of undisclosed nature to Havana, Cuba, April 1, 1962" and made "calls to Welsh [sic] Candy Company" in Belmont, Massachusetts, then owned by Birch Society founder Robert Welch. Also listed by the Commission was Thomas Hill, an "official of the John Birch Society" in Belmont whose name was in Jack Ruby's notebook, and Lamar Hunt, the son of H. L. Hunt, who subsequently denied knowing Ruby.

Ruby was an admirer of General Edwin A. Walker. He told former Oklahoma City police detective Cliff Roberts, who had been hired by Walker to investigate the potshot taken at Walker in April 1963, that Walker was "100 per cent right" about Castro's Cuba and it should be "blown out of the ocean." William McEwan Duff, who served as the retired general's "Batman" from

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late 1962 to early 1963, advised the Secret Service that Ruby, who was addressed only as "Jack," visited Walker "on the basis of about once a month, each time in the company of two unidentified white males" (CE 2389).

A cross-section of Ruby's acquaintances can be found in the list of 66 persons he favored with permanent passes to the Carousel Club. There is of course a passel of local businessmen. But there is also W. F. (Bill) Alexander, the hard-bitten Dallas assistant DA, and three men pegged by a Garrison investigator as Dallas Minutemen. Since no facet of the investigation seems complete without a strange coincidence, it can be noted that when Carousel Club passholder Sue Blake vacated her apartment, 10746D Lake Gardens, the next occupant was Sergio Arcacha Smith, formerly of 544 Camp Street, New Orleans.

Also on the pass list is H. H. (Andy) Anderson, at the time manager of the Adolphus Hotel. Last May, Garrison sought to explain the legal materiality of Clay Shaw's notebook in terms of an entry, "Lee Odom, PO Box 19106, Dallas, Tex." He pointed out that it corresponded to "PO 19106" in Oswald's address book, and theorized that it might be a coded version of Ruby's unlisted telephone number. Within a few days a Lee Odom came forth in Dallas to explain away the coincidence. In 1966, he was in New Orleans "trying to promote a bull fight" and asked the manager of the Roosevelt Hotel who might put him in contact with the right people. "He suggested Mr. Shaw," said Odom, "so I called him—or the manager called him . . . He came over to the hotel and we talked." The manager of the Roosevelt was Anderson, who had moved from Dallas. In subsequent versions of the story, including the one told to a national audience on CBS television, Odom left Anderson completely out of it and maintained he and Shaw had introduced themselves at a bar.

Ruby's affinity for Cuba is well-documented. The Warren Report advises that in January 1959, just after Castro took power, "Ruby made preliminary inquiries, as a middleman, concerning the possible sale to Cuba of some surplus jeeps located in Shreveport, La., and asked about the possible release of prisoners from a Cuban prison" (p. 369). Ruby had telephoned a Houston man named Robert Ray McKeown, known throughout Texas as a friend of Castro, offering a total of $15,000 to use his influence to obtain the release of three Americans held in Havana. The money, Ruby told McKeown, would come from a Las Vegas, Nevada source (CE 1689).

McKeown heard nothing more about the prisoner deal, which may be explained by the news report on January 6, 1961, that three Americans had made their way out of jail and back to the United States. But a few weeks after the telephone call, Ruby contacted McKeown in person, this time offering him $25,000 for a letter of introduction to Castro. According to McKeown, Ruby "had an option on a great number of jeeps which were in Shreveport, Louisiana, and he desired to sell them to Castro at a very profitable figure." McKeown agreed to arrange the introduction, but once again Ruby failed to follow through. The reason may have been that Maurice Brooks Gatlin of the New Orleans-based Anti-Communism League of the Caribbean scotched the deal. Minutemen defector Jerry Brooks discloses that the minute Gatlin found out that Ruby proposed to sell Castro 100 jeeps, he warned the venturesome night club owner to call it off. Gatlin may have detected signs that the new Cuban Premier was about to surface as a communist.

The Warren Report observes that during the period of the jeep negotiations, gambler Russell D. Matthews, described as a "passing acquaintance" of Ruby's, returned to Dallas from Havana, then several months later went back to the Cuban capital for a year. It also makes the correlation that Matthews' ex-wife in Shreveport received a lengthy telephone call from Ruby's Carousel Club on October 3, 1963. But with a denial from Matthews that he knew anything about the "jeep deal," and an inability on the part of Mrs. Matthews to remember the long distance call, the Commission ran out of curiosity. Matthews is no lightweight: in the heyday of the Dallas rackets a couple of decades ago he ran with a crowd whose luminary was Benny (Cowboy) Binion, who moved to Las Vegas and founded the Horseshoe Club.

The account given by Ruby of his trip to Cuba in September 1959 also strains credulity. "Ruby traveled to Havana as guest of a close friend and known gambler, Lewis J. McWillie," the Report declares (p. 370). "Both Ruby and McWillie state the trip was purely social." Ruby gulled the Commission with a story that he stuck close to the hotel, got bored stiff, and left within a week. But Thayer Waldo, an old Latin hand with sources inside Cuba, reports that Ruby boasted to at least two Americans that he was "in with both sides" while sitting in Castro's domain. Among the Cuban exiles he claimed to be close to was Rolando Masferrer, a former Batista official who had headed "The Tigers," a dreaded private army during the dictator's regime.

One of the many Dallas police officers who frequented the Carousel Club has told Garrison that in mid-1962 Ruby left on a two-week trip, saying he was going to New Orleans and then to Cuba "to pick up an act for the club." When he returned he was uncharacteristically tight-lipped about his trip—and without an act. Whether Ruby circumvented the travel ban and got to Cuba is a moot question. However, there remains Earl Ruby's unexplained telegram to Havana on April 1, 1962. And word that circulated through Cuban emigre circles in 1963 had Ruby visiting Havana via

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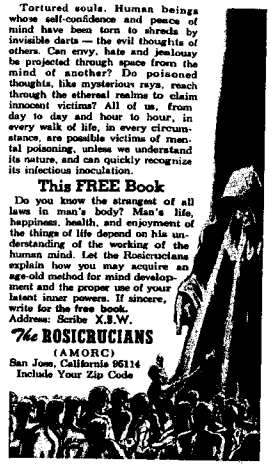

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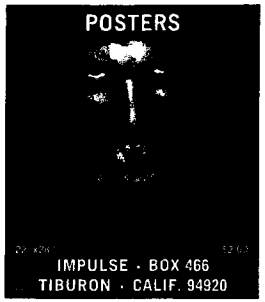

Mexico City that year (e.g. CE 3055).

If Ruby did go to Cuba in 1962, it may have been on narcotics business. As long ago as 1956, a woman named Eileen Curry told the FBI that her paramour, James Breen, had become cozy with Ruby and had "accompanied RUBY to an unnamed location, where he had been shown moving pictures of various border guards, both Mexican and American." Curry said that Breen "was enthused over what he considered an extremely efficient operation in connection with narcotics traffic." Curry went to the FBI after Breen failed to return from a trip to Mexico, and repeated her story in 1963 after the assassination (CE 1761, 1762).

Texas editor Penn Jones Jr has delved into a story consistent with Eileen Curry's. On November 20, 1963, a woman named Rose Chermi was thrown from a moving automobile near Eunice, Louisiana. Hospitalized with injuries and narcotics symptoms, she said she was a Ruby employee traveling to Florida with two men to pick up a load of narcotics for Ruby. She told the attending physician that Kennedy and other officials were going to be killed on their impending visit to Dallas. Shown a news story after the assassination in which Ruby denied knowing Oswald, Miss Chermi chortled, "They were bed mates." When his probe got underway, Garrison attempted to locate her but was too late. On September 4, 1965, she was killed by a hit-and-run driver while walking along a highway near Big Sandy, Texas.

It is also possible that Ruby's alleged 1962 trip to Cuba concerned gunrunning. Nancy Perrin Rich told the Commission that she and her late husband, who had ties to organized crime, attended a meeting in Dallas in 1962, in which plans were discussed to smuggle guns into Cuba and refugees out. The key planners were Ruby, an Army "light colonel," and a heavy-set "Cuban or Mexican," and she gathered that Ruby was the "bag man" who handled the funds. She said the guns were to be procured through a Mexican contact (Vol. 14, p. 330ff). Garrison has additional evidence of gun-running by Ruby which cannot be divulged at this time.

The allegations of narcotics trafficking and gun-running should be put in some perspective. In 1962, Cuba and Red China reportedly had entered into a barter agreement in which Cuban sugar would be exchanged for narcotics, but the narcotics were a white elephant until sold for U.S. dollars. This is where buck-hungry organized crime elements came in, and just possibly Jack Ruby. In this context his claim that he was playing both sides of the street may not have been sheer braggadocio. In the strange accommodations of international intrigue, Ruby may well have been smuggling narcotics into the United States and guns into the hands of Cuban insurgents.

It is fair to say that not much in the way of Caribbean intrigue went on in those days without the CIA, or at least CIA operatives, having a finger in it. Thus the allegations of Gary Underhill, a weapons expert and sometime CIA "unperson," may be quite plausible [RAMPARTS, June 1967]. Immediately after the assassination, a distraught Underhill told friends that a semi-autonomous CIA clique which had been profiteering in narcotics and gun-running was implicated in the assassination. Several months later, Underhill was found dead of a bullet wound in the head; although police decided it was self-inflicted, the circumstances indicated otherwise. When an old friend wrote to Underhill's widow asking about his demise, the reply came from an official of a now defunct Washington firm, Falcon Aeronautics, Inc., which smacks of having been an ad hoc CIA front. The official dismissed Underhill's allegations with the comment that they were "similar to those flights of his imagination which he had during the last year or so of his life."

The question remains whether or not newsmen in the police basement had flights of imagination when they thought they detected a flicker of recognition on Oswald's part just before Ruby shot him. We have already examined the report of attorney Carroll Jarnagin [RAMPARTS, November 1966] — who claims that he eavesdropped on a Ruby-Oswald conversation in the Carousel Club the night of October 4, 1963, in which the desire of organized crime to do away with Governor Connally was discussed — and the statement of Wilbryn "Bob" Litchfield that he sat next to Oswald in the Carousel Club office in early November while both were waiting to see Ruby [RAMPARTS, June 1967].

In addition, there is the cogent statement of Harvey L. Wade, a Chattanooga building inspector who dropped into the Carousel Club the night of November 10, 1963. Wade said that a club photographer snapped a shot of a customer and in the background were three men sitting at the bar. Ruby strode over to the photographer and "yelled that the photographs did not turn out." One of the men in the background was identified by Wade as Oswald. He described the others as a young man of "very fair pale complexion," and an older, stocky Latin man who had "numerous bumps on his face and was believed to have a one-inch scar in the eyebrow of his left eye" (CE 2370). The two match the descriptions of prime suspects in Garrison's investigation, the latter of the bull-necked Cuban who tagged around after Oswald in New Orleans in the summer of 1963.

Further indication of a Ruby-Oswald link appears in the statement of the Rev. Clyde Johnson which was filed by Garrison in answer to a Clay Shaw defense motion. Rev. Johnson, a candidate for governor of Louisiana in 1962, who ranted against Kennedy in his campaign, said that he twice attended meetings that fall at which Oswald, Ruby, Shaw and an unknown Cuban were present. The first was in the Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans, the second on September 29 in the Capitol House Hotel in Baton Rouge. He recalled that Oswald was introduced as Leon, Ruby as Jack, and Shaw as Alton Bernard. On the latter occasion, he said, Shaw passed manila envelopes to Oswald and Ruby which purportedly contained money.

While such eyewitness accounts must be weighed with the credibility of the witness in mind, there is documentary evidence of a Ruby-Oswald link as well. Oswald's address book contains the entry "Midland 2550"; Ruby's has the entry "Newton 2550." While their significance is unknown—Garrison speculates they may be communications signals of some sort—the odds against the same four-digit numbers preceded by the names of Texas cities being in two unrelated persons' address books by sheer happenstance are astronomical. It was, in fact, just this kind of mathematical improbability that was instrumental in the recent convictions of a mugging team in Los Angeles County.

And there are other "coincidences" as well. In his address book, Oswald twice jotted down the number of a Ft. Worth television station, PE 8-1951; in June 1963, Ruby twice called that number (CE 1322, p. 517). On September 24, 1963, David Ferrie's telephone was charged with a call to Chicago number WH 4-4970; on November 20, 1963, this number was called from Kansas City by Lawrence Meyers, a Chicago businessman and close friend of Ruby's. Meyers arrived in Dallas from Kansas City that same night, and was in touch with Ruby through the traumatic post-assassination hours (Vol. 25, p. 335).

The Dallas number FR 5-5591 appears twice in the last pages of Oswald's book, which leads to another correlation. The number is listed to Kenneth Cody, a Continental Trailways bus driver on the Shreveport run and an uncle of Dallas police officer Joe Cody. A homicide bureau detective, Cody was the partner of Detective James R. Leavelle, one of the pair of officers escorting Oswald through the police basement when he was shot by Ruby.

In an FBI interview, Joseph Cody acknowledged having known Ruby "12 or 13 years." He met Ruby at one of his clubs during the Korean War, when Cody was "assigned in the Counter Intelligence Corps" and stationed for a time in Dallas. Cody related that he enjoyed ice skating at Fair Park, as did Ruby, and "there had been at least a half dozen times in the last two or three years that RUBY had arrived at Fair Park while he, CODY, had been skating" (CE 1736).

Garrison contends that Ruby's stagey behavior between the assassination and his slaying of Oswald was a way of disassociating himself from the plot by "reversing the magnetic field"—drawing attention to himself as the opposite of what he actually was. Andrew Armstrong, a Carousel employee, told the Commission that his boss was crying on the afternoon of the 22nd. In the early morning hours of Saturday, Ruby rousted a club flunkey, Larry Craford, who watched while his boss took a Polaroid picture of a Birch Society "Impeach Earl Warren" billboard. That afternoon, Ruby displayed the picture in Sol's Turf Club, his favorite haunt, with suitable expressions of indignation. He went to the post office with companions, peered at the box receiving responses to the black-bordered "Wanted for Treason" ad in Friday's Dallas Morning News, and uttered words of outrage.

Ruby's survival as a "little big shot" in Aryan Dallas depended upon his obsequiousness to powerful masters. Some of those whose boots he licked were Nazis, and subliminally he became one of them. As Garrison put it, "The connecting link at every level of operation, from the oil-rich sponsors of the assassination down to the Dallas police department, down through Jack Ruby and including anti-Castro adventurers, at the operating level were Minutemen,

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Nazi oriented. It was essentially a Nazi operation."

Ruby's letters, smuggled out of jail by a trusty, reveal that towards the end, he realized what his masters really were [RAMPARTS, February 1967]. The letters, sold by the reputable New York document auctioneer Charles Hamilton, portray a man acutely aware of his Jewishness who realizes with anguish that he has served not ultraconservatives but Nazis. "They are going to come out with a story that it was the Minutemen who killed the Jews," he wrote, "don't you believe it, they are using that to cover up for the Nazis. . . . Oh the way I fucked up this world who would ever dream that the motherfucker was a Nazi and found me the perfect setup for a frame. . . . I was used to silence Oswald. I walked into a trap the moment I walked down that ramp Sunday morning."

[RECONSTRUCTING THE CRIME]

IN OCTOBER 1963, a number of key figures in Garrison's probe converged upon Dallas. The Free Cuba group was installed in the house on Harlandale, which is in south Oak Cliff past Ruby's apartment. On October 3, the evening he returned from Mexico, Oswald checked into the YMCA on North Ervay and remained two days. The same two days the room next to him was occupied by a Cuban-appearing young man who registered as R. Narvaez. On the night of October 17, Loren Hall and Lawrence Howard Jr arrived at the YMCA; they checked out on October 22. The arrival of Hall possibly dovetails with the story of a new witness located by Garrison. The witness stated that in 1963, Hall was short of funds and petitioned him for assistance in the anti-Castro movement. He declined, but lent Hall $50, holding a .30 caliber rifle as collateral. About a month before the assassination, the witness says, Hall redeemed the weapon, commenting that he was going to Dallas to meet with a wealthy oilman—the same oilman who, Garrison knows, posted bail for Hall and William Seymour when they were arrested in Dallas in mid-October (in September 1966, the FBI stripped Dallas police files of all pertinent material concerning the arrests). As will be recalled, the record shows that the FBI did not locate and interview Hall, Howard and Seymour until just before the Warren Report went to press. But what makes these belated interviews seem dissembling is that the new witness swears that he was questioned by the FBI about Hall and the .30 caliber rifle *on the day after the assassination.*

Coupled with this development is the statement of Joseph Roland Hummel, who resided at the YMCA that October. Hummel has told Garrison that he had been casually acquainted with Oswald in New Orleans, and saw him again at the Dallas YMCA in late October. On two occasions he saw Oswald with a "skinny, thin-haired" young Anglo, on one occasion on the sun roof of the YMCA with Jack Ruby.

What was Ruby's role before he was pressed into service to do away with Oswald? A Houston Secret Service report prepared within days of Ruby's shooting of Oswald synopsizes: "Numerous witnesses identify Jack Leon Rubenstein, alias Jack Ruby, as being in Houston, Texas on November 21, for several hours, one block from the President's entrance route and from the Rice Hotel where [the President] stayed." The Houston report was countermanded by a Dallas SS report that flatly declared: "Ruby was in Dallas on November 21, 1963." The Dallas version was predicated upon two alibi incidents furnished by Ruby, plus the inconclusive statement of Andrew Armstrong that "he did not know of Ruby having made any long trips away from Dallas recently" (CE 2399).

Garrison points out that there was a 4-1/2 hour gap in accounting for Ruby's presence in Dallas that day, giving him adequate time to fly back and forth that afternoon to "case" the Presidential motorcade in Houston. Complementing this is the report of a Mexico City attorney that Ruby's sister, Eva Grant, was in San Antonio that same morning watching the motorcade there [RAMPARTS, November 1966]. Arturo Alocer Ruiz, his wife and her woman friend were in San Antonio on vacation. They noticed an obese woman rooted to a spot near the Gunter Hotel—she was there at least two hours—waiting for the President's entourage to pass on its way to the airport and the short hop to Houston. After Ruby shot Oswald and Eva's picture was shown on television, the Alocer party immediately recognized her as the obese woman they had seen in San Antonio. Although the FBI sloughed off the report, Garrison considers it reliable.

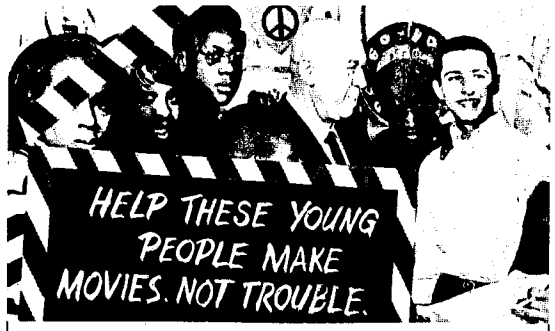
Shortly before and after the assassination, Ruby was placed by witnesses in the Dallas Morning News building, which commands a view of Dealey Plaza. Around 1:00 p.m. he was spotted at Parkland Hospital by housewife Wilma Tice and newsman Seth Kantor (in one of its more disingenuous moments, the Commission claimed that Mrs. Tice was mistaken and that Kantor, who knew Ruby well, had seen him somewhere other than Parkland—even though Kantor graphically described being collared by the night club owner at the bottom of a hospital staircase). Was it Ruby who planted the so-called magic bullet on a stretcher outside the trauma room? Since no one saw him do it, we can only speculate. But as we have seen, Ruby's actions were hardly irrational, and it was that bullet which forged the final link for the Commission between Oswald and the assassination. (It did not seem to bother the Commission that the bullet was in near-pristine condition, looking more like it had been fired into a stuffing box than through the sinew, muscle and bone of Kennedy and Connally [CE 399].)

For a bachelor of casual habits, Sunday morning, November 24, was possibly the most synchronized in Ruby's life. At 11:17 a.m. by automatic time stamp, he wired $25 to Mrs. Bruce Ray Carlin, stage name Little Lynn, one of his performers who lived in Ft. Worth (surely a pretext: the night before, Little Lynn and her husband had made a special trip to the Carousel—Ruby lent him $5—and Ruby was carrying several thousand dollars in cash). Then he strode from the Western Union office across the street from the police department to the Main Street entrance of the police basement. How he slipped through the guard is open to question, but his timing was exquisite. Listening to the sound tracks of videotapes made in the basement about the time the elevator carrying Oswald arrived at basement level, one hears the hollow-sounding "honk" of a car horn (only police vehicles were in the basement), then a pause of some four seconds, then another "honk" closely followed by the crack of Ruby's pistol. Were the "honks" signaling to Ruby the progress of his victim so he could suddenly push through the press ranks? In one of his letters smuggled from jail Ruby wrote, "If you hear a lot of horn-blowing, it will be for me, they will want my blood!"

BASED ON THE FRESH evidence in Garrison's possession, we can now partially reconstruct the operation and getaway on November 22.

As previously reported [RAMPARTS, June 1967], the DA contends that the assassination bore the classic earmarks of a guerrilla ambush in which the President was caught in converging fire. The fatal head shot, he says, was fired from the Grassy Knoll area, a quartering angle from the front. The operation was coordinated by radio.

To recapitulate, railroader S. M. Holland, standing on the Triple Underpass, insists to this day that "there definitely was a shot fired from behind that fence [on the Knoll]." The late Lee Bowers, who was in the railroad tower directly north of the Knoll, testified that three cars, one radio-equipped, prowled the parking lot between his tower and the Knoll shortly before the shooting; he said they definitely were not law enforcement vehicles. Bowers stated he saw two men behind the picket fence on the Knoll just before the shots were fired, one "middle-aged" and "heavy-set," the other "about midtwenties in either a



An open letter from Otto Preminger

Dear Ramparts Reader:

Several months ago, I was shown a film titled, "You Dig It," made in New York—under the Mobilization for Youth program—by a group of young men and women from poor Negro and Puerto Rican homes. It was an outstanding effort, in my opinion.

"You Dig It" was made without professional guidance. The script was written by a 16-year old; directed and filmed by two 20-year olds; with a cast composed of 50 youngsters between 15 and 20 with no previous film-making experience.

I was so excited about "You Dig It" that I met with the young film makers. Outwardly, they looked just like any other group of similar age and background. But inwardly *they glowed.* These young people—who were born to failure and had only hopelessness ahead of them—suddenly and dramatically achieved success. Not money, not fame—not yet. But seeing themselves and their films on TV and at Lincoln Center . . . hearing their work praised by seasoned professionals . . . winning a first prize (the Plaque of the Lion of St. Marc) at the 1967 Venice Documentary Film Festival . . . has given them pride, purpose—and almost fulfillment of their dream.

But—and there is always a but—the Mobilization for Youth program cannot provide any more money. The group has appealed to various foundations, but their decisions often take so long that these teen-agers may be in wheelchairs before the red tape is cut and the money comes in.

Knowing that Ramparts readers share many of my views and concerns, I ask you to join me in supporting this talented group. They need a total of $80,000 to continue their work for another year, which includes production of a feature film and two half-hour shorts.

Please take a moment now to fill out the coupon below, then mail it with your check today. Whatever you can afford to give will be deeply appreciated. Your contribution is tax-deductible, of course.

Sincerely,
Otto Preminger

Cultural Arts Dept., Mobilization for Youth. 214 E. Second St., N.Y., N.Y. 10009

Here is my contribution of $_____ to enable the young men and women who made "You Dig It" to continue their movie work for another year.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

Please make checks payable to: Cultural Arts Department, Mobilization for Youth. Contributions are tax-deductible. R

plaid shirt or plaid coat or jacket." Although the men were partly obscured by foliage when the shots rang out, Bowers said that in their vicinity there was "some unusual occurrence—a flash of light or smoke or something . . ." (Vol. 6, pp. 228ff). Postal employee J. C. Price, who had a bird's-eye view of the scene, picked up from there: "I saw one man run towards the passenger cars on the railroad siding after the volley of shots [the parking lot is bisected by a railroad spur]. This man had a white dress shirt, no tie and khaki-colored trousers. His hair appeared to be long and dark and from his agility in running could be 25 years of age. He had something in his hand. I couldn't be sure but it may have been a head piece" (CE 2003, p. 222).

A new witness of Garrison's (he is afraid to have his name made public), who had the same vantage point as Price, states that after the shots were fired, two men dashed from behind the Knoll fence and headed behind the Depository Building, where they were joined by a third man. Two of them got in a Rambler station wagon and drove north, away from the scene. The third, a "heavyset, dark-complexioned" man, proceeded back toward Dealey Plaza and disappeared. It is quite possibly this third man whom James R. Worrell described to the Commission. When the shooting started, said Worrell, he sought cover across Houston Street from the rear of the Depository Building. "I was there approximately three minutes before I saw this man come out the back door . . . the way he was running, I would say he was in his late twenties or middle —I mean early thirties . . . his coat was open and kind of flapping back in the breeze." Worrell asserted the man ran alongside the building back toward the Dealey Plaza area (Vol. 2, pp. 190-201). Although his questioning by the Commission was less than exhaustive, there will be no more interviews: Worrell died in a traffic accident on November 9, 1966.

About 15 minutes after the assassination, Deputy Sheriff Roger D. Craig testified he "observed an individual run down the grass area from the direction of the Texas School Book Depository. He heard this individual whistle and a white Rambler station wagon, driven by a Negro male, pulled over to the curb and said individual got in . . ." (CE 1967). The incident is corroborated by Marvin C. Robinson, who told the FBI he was driving past the Depository sometime between 12:30 and 1:00 p.m. when "a light-colored Nash station wagon suddenly appeared before him. He stated this vehicle stopped and a white male came down the grass-covered incline between the building and the street and entered the station wagon after which it drove away in the direction of the Oak Cliff section . . ." (Dallas FBI report 89-43).

Robinson paid no attention to the man, but Craig said it was Oswald. The Commission rejected his identification "because of the overwhelming evidence that Oswald was far away from the building at that time." Once again, the Commission ignored the possible manifestation of an Oswald double, this time one who may have been one of the assassins, shooting from the Depository Building. Recently Craig went to New Orleans to confer with Garrison. Among other things, he told the DA that he had not said that a Negro was driving the Rambler, but a "dark, swarthy man, possibly a Cuban." On his return to Dallas, Craig noticed that he was being shadowed. As he came out of a restaurant after lunch, a bullet whizzed by his head.

A possible getaway plane was spotted at Red Bird Airport some few miles south of Oak Cliff at about 1:00 p.m. Two women have reported that they saw a twin-engine plane, engines idling, sitting well away from the paved access strips and runway, and close to the highway from Dallas via Oak Cliff. Coupled with this information is the assertion of a Garrison informant that a Minuteman in Arizona boasted to him that one of the Cubans on the assassination team was flown to Arizona and hid out in his home before slipping across the border into Mexico.

There is a sequel to this flurry of movement; it took place in the restaurant of the Winnipeg, Canada airport February 13, 1964. Richard Giesbrecht, a businessman whom Garrison's staff has interviewed, was waiting for a luncheon partner and overheard a conversation at an adjacent table between a man of about fifty who wore a hearing aid and spoke with a Southern accent and a younger man with "bushy hair and bushy pronounced eyebrows." Both expressed concern over how much Lee Oswald had told his wife about the assassination plot. In their conversation, they brought up an unidentified man named Isaacs; they found it odd that "Isaacs" would become mixed up with a "psycho" like Oswald. In their conversation, a man referred to as Hoffman or Hockman was to "relieve" Isaacs and destroy his 1958 model automobile. "We have more money at our disposal now than at any other time," the older man reported. He disclosed that the group of which both men apparently were a part would hold a meeting in a Kansas City hotel in March with reservations made in the name of a textile concern. At this point the pair noticed Giesbrecht, who started to a phone to notify police. A third man materialized and blocked his way. The trio quickly disappeared.

The FBI checked on the incident—but the results of this investigation are also "classified." However, a classified document captioned "Harold Isaacs" does exist. A Garrison investigator has located a Harold Isaacs in Texas, and Isaacs acknowledges that he owned a 1958 Ford which was "crushed in a wrecking yard." It is also noteworthy that Kansas City is the headquarters of the national Minutemen organization. Recently witness Giesbrecht was shown an assortment of photographs. "That's the man with the bushy eyebrows," he explained, picking out a mug shot of David Ferrie.

[THE POWER PLAY]

THE CLOSER GARRISON comes to fitting together all the pieces of the assassination mosaic, the more desperate the attempt to squelch him becomes. Long ago the "national security" curtain was dropped on over 200 documents in the National Archives that range from "Allegation Oswald in Montreal, summer 1963," to a teaser like "re Charles Small, aka Smolikoff (Mexican trip)." Many of these documents now appear relevant to his investigation, but despite the fact that he is a duly constituted law enforcement officer, he cannot gain access to them.

And how do items turn up *missing* from a citadel of security like the National Archives? Twenty-six items connected with the assassination are so listed, including "Jack Ruby's notebook maintained by Larry Craford [his Carousel Club flunky who scurried out of Dallas the afternoon of the assassination]." Moreover, Garrison observes that there was "an incredible incidence

TEAR ON THE DOTTED LINE AND MAIL—YOUR SIGNATURE DOES HAVE POWER IF YOU USE IT—OVER 60,000 ALREADY HAVE.

Individuals Against the Crime of Silence

A Declaration To Our Fellow Citizens Of The United States, To The Peoples Of The World, And To Future Generations:

1 We are appalled and angered by the conduct of our country in Vietnam.

2 In the name of liberty, we have unleashed the awesome arsenal of the greatest military power in the world upon a small agricultural nation, killing, burning and mutilating its people. In the name of peace, we are creating a desert. In the name of security, we are inviting world conflagration.

3 We, the signers of this declaration, believe this war to be immoral. We believe it to be illegal. We must oppose it.

4 At Nuremberg, after World War II, we tried, convicted and executed men for the crime of OBEYING their government, when that government demanded of them crimes against humanity. Millions more, who were not tried, were still guilty of THE CRIME OF SILENCE.

5 We have a commitment to the laws and principles we carefully forged in the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION, at the NUREMBERG TRIALS, and in the UNITED NATIONS CHARTER. And our own deep democratic traditions and our dedication to the ideal of human decency among men demand that we speak out.

We Therefore wish to declare our names to the office of the Secretary General of the United Nations, both as permanent witness to our opposition to the war in Vietnam and as a demonstration that the conscience of America is not dead.

On September 23, 1965, a Memorandum of Law was incorporated in the Congressional Record of the 89th Congress of the United States of America, in which eighty leading American attorneys, after careful analysis of our position and actions in the Vietnam War, came to the conclusion that we are violating the following accords: The Charter of the United Nations, The Geneva Accords of 1954, the United States Constitution.

To Protest—To Object—To Dissent has long been an American tradition. The following are a few among the many who have signed this declaration to be on permanent record.

ABE AJAY
JAMES BALDWIN
(FATHER) J. E. BAMBERGER, M.D., OCSO
DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J.
REV. PHILLIP BERRIGAN, S.S.J.
RAY BRADBURY
ROBERT McAFFEE BROWN
REV. WILLIAM H. DU BAY
JAMES FARMER
W. H. FERRY
DR. JEROME D. FRANK
REV. STEPHEN H. FRITCHMAN
BEN GAZZARA
DR. FRED GOLDSTEIN
NAOMI L. GOLDSTEIN
DR. RALPH R. GREENSON
PROF. ABRAHAM J. HESCHEL
BRIG. GENERAL H. B. HESTER, RET.
DR. STANLEY HOFFMAN
TERESSA B. HOFFMAN
CHARLES H. HUBBEL
SANDER L. JOHNSON, ESQ.
PROF. DONALD KALISH
EDWARD M. KEATING
PHIL KERBY
RING LARDNER, JR.
RABBI RICHARD N. LEVY
LOUIS LICHT, ESQ.
DR. ROBERT E. LITMAN
VICTOR LUDWIG
HERBERT D. MAGIDSON
SHIRLEY MAGIDSON
NORMAN MAILER
THOMAS MERTON
SIDNEY MEYER
EASON MONROE
PROF. HANS J. MORGENTHAU
HENRY E. NILES
DR. MARK F. ORFINER
AVA HELEN PAULING
DR. LINUS PAULING
BISHOP JAMES A. PIKE
RICHARD M. POWELL
CARL REINER
JANICE RULE
ROBERT RYAN
DAVID SCHOENBRUN
LORRY SHERMAN
PROF. ROBERT SIMMONS
DR. BENJAMIN SPOCK
FRED H. STEINMETZ, ESQ.
DR. NORMAN TABACHNICK
D. IAN THIERMANN
BRYNA IVENS UNTERMEYER
LOUIS UNTERMEYER
DICK VAN DYKE
ROBERT VAUGHN
DR. MAURICE N. WALSH
DR. HARVEY WHEELER
A. L. WIRIN, ESQ.

I wish to sign my name to the above Declaration to the United Nations and want to go on record with this Declaration of the Individuals Against the Crime of Silence.

signature
For clarity, also print your name after your signature
address date
city state zip

Sign, complete and mail to P.O. Box 69980, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069. The office of the Individuals Against the Crime of Silence will then forward the information to the United Nations.
Should you also wish to support additional publishings and communications, send $1 or more in cash or by check made payable to Individuals Against the Crime of Silence. This donation entitles you to the lapel emblem and the wallet-sized registration card. Money is needed to speed our progress.
The strength of our numbers will regularly and effectively be made known. Your signature does have power.

of spontaneous combustion" in Washington the day after the assassination when autopsy notes went up in flames and a secret CIA report on Oswald's activities prior to the assassination was singed beyond recognition in a Thermofax machine.

Coupled with the secrecy has been an aggressive drive to intimidate and discredit witnesses. Abraham Bolden, the first Negro Secret Service agent, accused his brother agents of carousing into the wee hours of November 22, and stated that while in custody Oswald blurted out, "Ruby hired me"; Bolden was subsequently charged by his superiors with bribery and convicted, and he protests to no avail that the charges against him were a frame-up. A Dealey Plaza eyewitness who in 1963 told the FBI that two men ran from behind the Grassy Knoll fence was brusquely warned, "If you didn't see Oswald shoot from that sixth floor window, you'd better keep your damn mouth shut." A New Orleans man with pertinent information about a local Minuteman was admonished by the FBI not to tell the DA anything because "District Attorney Garrison was trying to overturn the findings of the Warren Report."

The affair of Jules Rocco Kimble illustrates how governmental pressure has induced potential witnesses to slip from Garrison's grasp. A self-avowed member of the Ku Klux Klan who got in trouble over bombings in Baton Rouge, Kimble approached the DA's men in the apparent hope of gaining mitigation. He said that on the day after David Ferrie died, he drove a top KKK official, Jack Helm, to Ferrie's apartment. Helm came out with a satchel crammed with papers, which he placed in a bank safe deposit box. Kimble also divulged that in 1962, he had flown to Montreal with Ferrie on what was purported to be Minutemen business. He promised the DA's investigators that he would garner further information and report back.

He didn't come through. Shortly afterward, he phoned his wife from Atlanta, saying he had met a CIA contact. "They'll never get me back to New Orleans," he vowed. A few days after that, he called from Montreal. For reasons unknown, Kimble backtracked to Tampa, Florida, where he was arrested by local police. Interviewed by Garrison's men, he said that he had once worked special assignments for the CIA, and in verification named his Agency contacts and the box number at the Lafayette Street station they assigned him. He averred he had recontacted the CIA after Walter Sheridan had counseled him to say nothing to the DA and go to Canada. Sheridan, the ex-Bobby Kennedy ramrod in the Justice Department's "get Hoffa" crusade, is now with NBC News and has been instrumental in that television network's extraordinary effort to abort the assassination investigation. Sheridan was so overzealous that he was subsequently indicted by a grand jury for public bribery in attempting to induce witnesses to make statements against Garrison. However, the network does not consider this newsworthy.

NBC's special on the Garrison case broadcast last June exemplifies their effort. One of the stars of the program was Dean Andrews Jr, who has since been convicted of perjury by a New Orleans jury in connection with his testimony about the Clay Bertrand phase of the investigation. Andrews lent an ethereal quality to Garrison's probe by saying that he invented the name Manuel Garcia Gonzales and watched the DA's men frantically look for him as a suspect. There *is* a Manuel Garcia Gonzales. I have seen the nasty Llama pistol confiscated from him by New Orleans police in September 1966, shortly before Garrison became interested in him, and the immigration file documenting his admission to the United States. Another canard fabricated by NBC was the assertion that the network had located the real Clay Bertrand, and that he was not Clay Shaw. The man's name had been turned over to the Justice Department, the narrator said. The man turned out to be bar owner Eugene Davis, who loudly protested that he had never used the name—and indeed, he did not fit the description—of "Clay Bertrand."

Another medium that has been particularly shrill in its anti-Garrison invective is Newsweek, which at times seems to parrot the administration line as faithfully as Izvestia hawks the Kremlin's. The magazine's "expert" on the case is Hugh Aynesworth, who at the time of the assassination was an ace reporter for the Dallas Morning News, which saw fit to print the black-bordered "Wanted for Treason: John F. Kennedy" ad on November 22nd. In his Garrison put-down (May 15, 1967), Aynesworth reported the charges of Alvin Beauboeuf, Ferrie's companion on the Texas trip the afternoon of the assassination, that two DA investigators tried to bribe him. What Aynesworth didn't report was that the tape recording of the conversation made by Beauboeuf's attorney had been carefully edited to delete the investigator's emphatic warnings to Beauboeuf that they sought only the truth, and that they would subject him to lie detector testing to verify as far as possible that he was telling the truth.

The tandem attack on Garrison, with much of the press copy sounding like it had been ghostwritten by Richard Helms, seems to be the preliminary to legal moves aimed at removing the DA from office or even jailing him.

The behavior of U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark has been most suggestive that such a play is in the works. On March 2, 1967, the day after Clay Shaw was arrested, the attorney general announced that Shaw had been investigated by the FBI in 1963 and "cleared" of any complicity in the assassination. Three months later, after the world had been noisily advised that the prestigious FBI had found Shaw innocent, Clark sheepishly admitted there had been no investigation at all. The retraction hardly caused a ripple in the press. Then on October 14, UPI quoted Clark as telling an audience of law students at the University of Virginia that Garrison "took a perfectly fine man, Clay Shaw, and ruined him just for personal aggrandizement," and that the Department would prosecute the DA. Clark promptly issued a denial, and a Department spokesman lamely explained that the boss had "discussed this matter hypothetically in response to a question."

But the most reasonable interpretation is that Clark let slip precisely what was on his mind. The notion is reinforced by the affidavit of Gordon Novel's former wife, Marlene Mancuso, who told Garrison that Richard Townley of NBC's New Orleans affiliate tried to get her to testify against the investigation. "He said they were not merely going to discredit the probe," she swore. "He said Garrison would get a jail sentence."

When news of the assassination probe first broke, Garrison declaimed in a burst of rhetoric, "Let justice be done though the heavens fall!" The heavens are still there, but Washington has come crashing down upon him.

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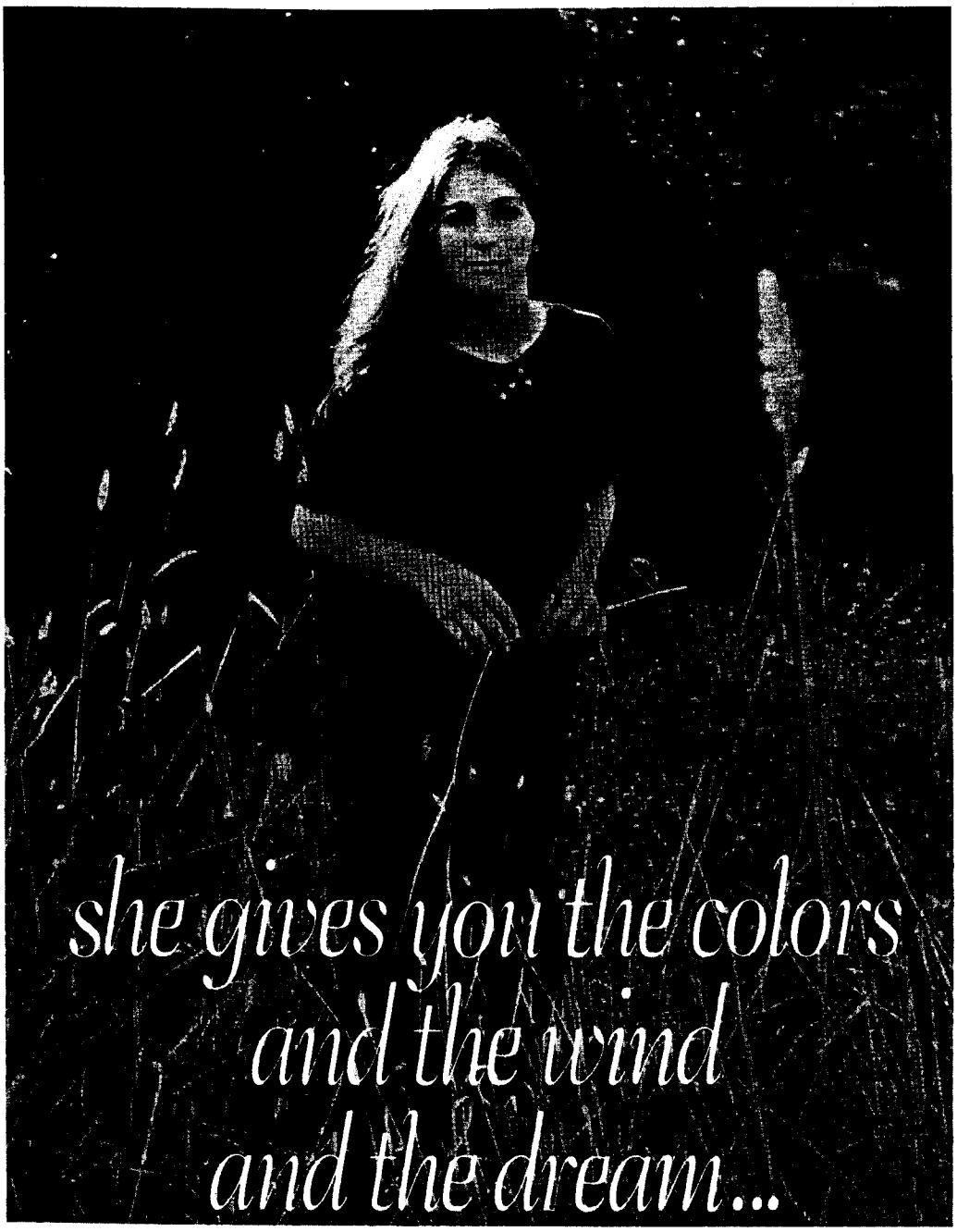

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