

were hoping that their profit on the documents would help recoup the \$3 million of U.S. aid money it cost them to capture Che. However, the original deal which St. George set up miscarried when Magnum's French partners decided that they didn't want to traffic in Che's remains and persuaded a majority of the consortium's members to vote to discontinue negotiations.

For the next few months, Andrew St. George went from one publisher to another to peddle the diaries. Transworld Features Syndicate Inc., Grove Press, McGraw-Hill—all of them at one time or another dickered with the ubiquitous St. George. The publishers did not seem to be bothered by the fact that they were being offered photocopies taken by the CIA at Che's deathbed, nor even by St. George's insistence that the publication of the diaries must be accompanied by an introduction pointing out Che's failures and praising the social enlightenment of the Bolivian generals. The major obstacle was simply economics: the potential American publishers of Che's diaries were concerned that the Cubans might sue them because the legal rights to the documents belonged to Che's widow.

The negotiations languished until June of this year, when suddenly the CIA discovered that the Cubans had obtained a copy of the diaries. All at once, publication of the diaries by the right party became high priority. The CIA was anxious to beat the Cubans into print with a version prepared expressly for an American audience.

To whom can the CIA turn when it has some little publishing chore to do which it can't take care of at the Government Printing Office? In this time of need, the CIA turned to an old friend: Mr. Sol Stein, once executive secretary of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, now president of Stein and Day Books.

Stein was an ideal choice to publish the diaries. Currently one of New York's more successful publishers, he had already compiled an impressive record as an anti-communist back in the days of McCarthy. It was he, for example, who had written to the New Republic in support of the Congressional witch hunt against Owen Lattimore: "Congressional committees, when they function responsibly, perform a valuable service in furnishing the public with evaluated information concerning the work of apologists and agents of the Soviet Union who have not—or cannot be proven to have—broken existing laws."

Stein's unyielding anti-communism was not the only thing that recommended him to the CIA for the diaries job. He had probably had as much experience in cultural subversion as anyone in the business. In the early 1950s, after a stint on the ideological advisory staff of the Voice of America, Stein became the executive director for the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, an affiliate of the Congress for Cultural Freedom and a recipient of CIA funds until the late fifties. At the moment he joined the Committee, its long-standing relationship with the CIA had reached a temporary hiatus. Irving Kristol, once editor of *The New Leader*, was the committee's chief link with the CIA; in 1951, however, he became a prime mover of the international Congress for Cultural Freedom, taking with him the American Committee's international program and most of its CIA funding.

Thus, from the moment he assumed his executive directorship, Stein's major worry was money, and he looked for it from all sources. For example, in February, 1955, he wrote to Dr. Edward Lilly of the Operations Coordinating Board in Washington, a secret agency composed of representatives from the various intelligence agencies and designed to coordinate psychological warfare research and operations, begging for money for the good works his organization was doing. "It would be a great pity, and a great shame for our country, if in the 1950s the National Committee to Save the Rosenbergs could raise \$300,000 and the anti-communist American Committee for Cultural Freedom could not keep itself in business by raising a fraction of that amount. . . . I do hope that you and your colleagues can suggest some way in which we can continue to operate."

The Operations Coordinating Board, however, could only do the basic groundwork with the CIA on behalf of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom. Stein knew he was going to need a little more outside assistance. To whom could Stein turn to get on Allen Dulles' good side and to raise a little CIA money for his organization? In his time of need he turned to a man who had done work for Dulles in the past, a man Dulles trusted as having a firm commitment to the CIA and its cultural programs: the perennial Socialist Party presidential candidate, Norman Thomas.

Shortly after writing his letter to the Operations Coordinating Board, Stein had also written to Thomas:

"You will be happy to learn that our

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friend Dr. Lilly has been exerting considerable energy . . . in trying to help us get some money . . . I have been advised that Allen Dulles often does not see letters addressed to him . . . It has therefore been suggested to us that the most useful method of approach in order to reactivate his interest in our most urgent problem would be a follow-up telephone call from you . . . Could you again remind Mr. Dulles of his interest in our work and suggest that speed is essential in coming to our assistance?"

The intervention of the Socialist with the CIA turned the trick. On May 4, Stein was able to report to his executive committee that grants totaling \$14,000 had been received from the Farfield and Asia Foundations. At the end of the week Thomas, proud to be of service, wrote a note back to Stein:

"I am, of course, delighted that the Farfield Foundation came through . . . I am happy to think I had a little to do with the proposition in certain quarters."

Given Sol Stein's cast of mind and proven allegiance, he was the logical choice for the CIA's version of the diary. It was easy enough to arrange the contact: Daniel James, Latin American "expert" for the Newhouse papers, and formerly of The New Leader, who was in La Paz this spring writing a biography of Che for Stein and Day. James had begun his "investigation" with an article in The National Review in September, 1967, reporting that Che was in Bolivia and theorizing on the "internationalist plots" he was carrying out on behalf of the Havana high command.

Because of his previous connections with the CIA, James was allowed to study the diaries in La Paz, and he and the Bolivian generals invited Stein and Day's Thomas Lipscomb down to enter into negotiations. The CIA insisted that the Bolivians give their copies of the diaries to Stein and Day without charge, so that it would make it worth the publishers' while to print them. The generals, of course, were reluctant to abandon the dreams of great wealth they had conceived during the negotiations with Magnum and St. George, but, as Arguedas' revelations about the extent of CIA control in Bolivia have since made clear, they really had little choice in the matter. The only "payment" the Bolivian generals received was a guarantee that Daniel James' introduction would place them in a favorable light.

James earned his money. The Barrientos regime in Bolivia, he claims, is the culmination of a 30-year social rev-

olution, and he proves it with extensive paraphrases from Barrientos' own speeches. He then moves from plagiarism to slander by hypothesizing that Che was in Bolivia because Castro feared him as a potential rival, and that Castro purposely abandoned Che in the last months of the campaign, by failing to try even to make contact with him. Both notions are patently false. Even a brief reading of the diaries shows that Che lost contact with Havana only when his radio equipment was captured. And a glance at contemporary Cuba shows the extent to which Castro has encouraged Che's apotheosis in that country.

Sol Stein, however, was tickled pink by the job James had done: "This book," he boasted, "contains all the ammunition political scientists, teachers and students need to determine why the guerrilla movement failed and why such future enterprises cannot succeed."

Unfortunately for James, Sol Stein and the CIA, saying so doesn't make it so.

Networks hard on Daley film

THE EQUAL-TIME ANSWER to Mayor Daley that appeared on Metromedia stations (and some others) in late October looked smooth enough—but it was produced only after a lot of pressure was put on commercial networks.

Bill Jersey's Quest Productions, which produced the "reply" on behalf of the American Civil Liberties Union and

some anti-war groups, had no trouble with the American Broadcasting Company, from whom they were able without difficulty (through Sherman Gringer, ABC agent for film footage sales) to order all the newsfilm they wanted. But the other two networks were something else again.

At the Columbia Broadcasting System, Jersey went all the way to Richard Salant, president of the CBS news division, for assurances that he could buy all the film he wanted (provided only that it was film which had actually been broadcast). He screened all of the network's footage—and was then told that he could only have two minutes of it.

Amid rumors that Salant was under pressure from network brass to renege on his deal, Jersey got the ACLU on the phone, and ultimately wound up not only with the footage he wanted, but without having to pay for it—because, it turned out, CBS hadn't charged the producers of Daley's documentary for the film they got.

Jersey was particularly anxious to get CBS footage because of the scene at Chicago in which "anchor man" Walter Cronkite referred to police and security guards as "thugs." Daley had used film of his later interview with Cronkite, in which Cronkite mentioned the policemen's "courtesy."

At the National Broadcasting Company, Jersey ran into the same problem—an early assurance that he could buy what he wanted, and then a runaround. Jersey said, however, that he had already obtained the NBC footage—he didn't say how—and that he didn't expect any trouble.

SPORTS

An unexpected star forward

The following is an account by Reese Erlich of RAMPARTS of his coverage of an unusual sports event during a recent visit to Cuba.

MY CUBAN FRIEND TOLD ME I would have a "surprise" when he invited me to the University of Havana, and only when we were on our way by car did he tell me that it was a basketball game—and one, he said, which would demonstrate why the Cuban government can never deteriorate in the way the Russian and Czech communist governments have.

I like basketball all right, and I figured his comment as another example of the Cubans' constant attempts to give political significance to everything.

All sporting events are free, but the stadium was only half full, since the teams were second rate. To my surprise there were a few soldiers on guard, and a couple wanted to know who I was. I told them I was an American Revolutionary, and they waved me in.

One of the two teams in the main event consisted of engineering students at Havana University; the other was called Los Caneros (the cane cutters), and attracted most of the crowd's applause. The cheers were especially heavy for the captain, a tall, heavy-set man with a red sweat suit, black beard and