

# Ramparts

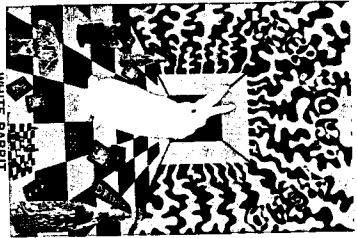
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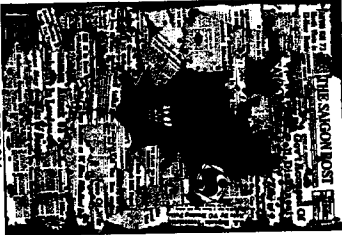


“Who appointed Ramsey Clark, who has done his best to torpedo the investigation of the case? Who controls the CIA? Who controls the FBI? Who controls the Archives where this evidence is locked up for so long that it is unlikely that there is anybody in this room who will be alive when it is released? 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?”

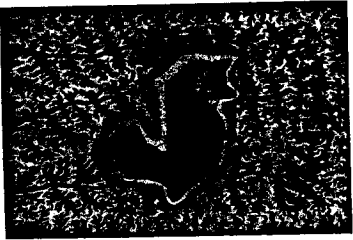
“The one man who has profited most from the assassination — your friendly President, Lyndon Johnson!” — *Jim Garrison*



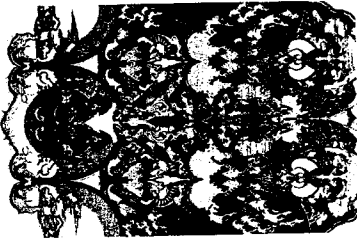
WHITE RABBIT  
Artist: Joe Michrup



THE SYMPHONY SOCIETY  
Artist: SPVA Videman



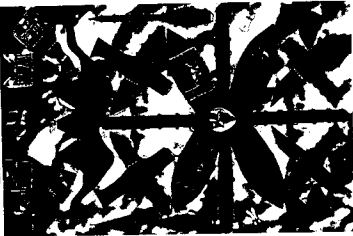
CHESHIRE CAT  
Artist: Bob Moon



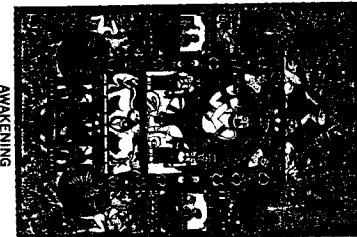
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Artist: Phil Dine



AMERICAN SHANTI  
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INDIAN ELEPHANT  
(A Cut Out Creation!) Artist: Bob Moon



AWAKENING  
Artist: Jesse Mesteph



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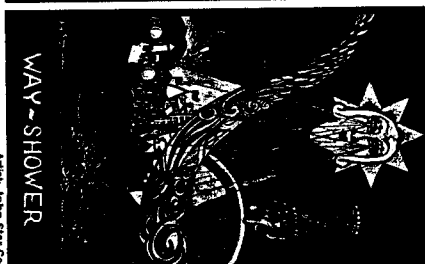
HARI KRISHNA  
Artist: Nick Nicholls



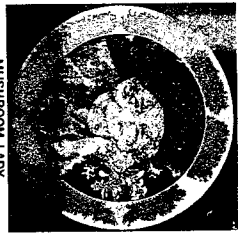
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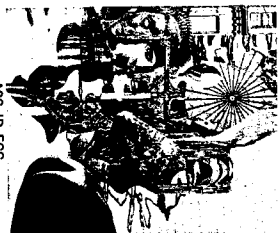
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# Ramparts

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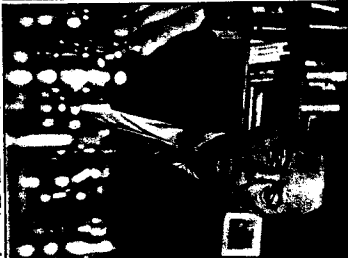
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## Apologia:

**C**ONCERN 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 forged 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 fills, sadly, many of our most paranoid nightmares about the CIA, the Minute-men, Dallas fascists and the American Nazis. It also raises ultimately serious questions about the responsibility of this

Cover photograph by Matt Herron

government and the honesty of our current President. After reading Turner's article, we hope you will join with us in denigrating 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 Prinsons children's house, Creative Playthings, because it pictures a boy doll with genitalia just where they'd be in the Prinson form for boys. 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 hiding such a laagered) next Lord Russell's London Institute next month to join our growing bureaucracy as head of Ramparts' brand-new book division.

Emmer 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.

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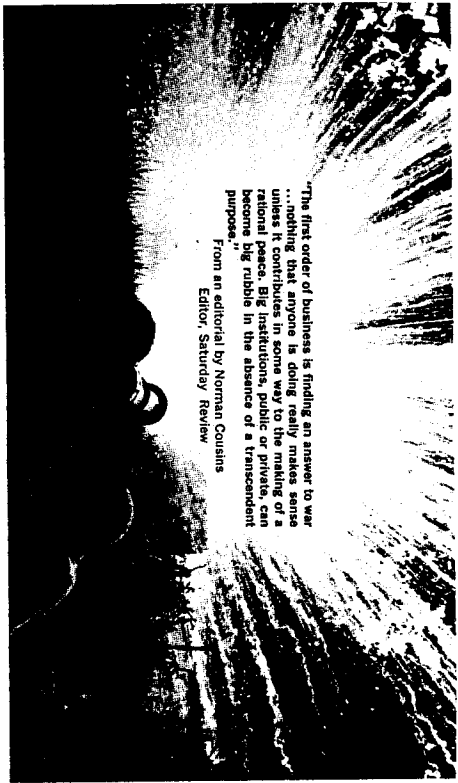
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people than did Israeli Chief of Staff Yitzhak Rabin, who said Nasser would be back in the saddle in a matter of hours.  
EJUVARD O. (Tad) BARSKMAN  
New York City

Sue: 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 anger American Zionists and "civilian volunteers" just returning from Israel, who then fall back on their standard hawkish stories and nearous 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!  
MURHAMAD H. IBRAHIM  
Princeton, New Jersey

## TONGUE IN CHIC

Sue: It was nice to learn from the December issue of your magazine that you read *Women's Wear Daily* even before "Pearlman." 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. Although weekend *Didit* *Ramparts* cover the march? Or was your Washington stringer (occupied by birth, particular in manner) caught that weekend?  
James W. Brady, Vice President and Publisher  
*Women's Wear Daily*  
New York City



"The first order of business is finding an answer to war... nothing that anyone is doing really makes sense unless it contributes in some way to the making of a rational peace. The first order of business is to become 'big trouble' in the absence of a transcendent purpose."  
From an editorial by Norman Cousins  
Editor, Saturday Review

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- **LAST CHANCE ON NUCLEAR NONPROLIFERATION** by Arthur Larson
- **STUDENTS AND THE DRAFT** by James Cass
- **BEYOND THE RIOTS** by Elmo Roper
- **THE THREE R'S IN CALIFORNIA—REAGAN, THE REGENTS AND THE NIGHT** by William Tomblay
- **THE SCHOOLS AND THE PREGNANT TEENAGER** by Susan Strom
- **WASHINGTON: A REPORTER'S MEMOIR** by Tom Walker
- **THE CHALLENGE OF PEAK** by Alan Paton
- **MORALE AND MORALITY IN VIETNAM** by Norman Cousins

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Portrait of Non, Dorothy Brent by Baron Weman

**T**AOO 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 gradually, only after insistent invitations and guarantees of security from Mabel Dodge Lihlan, a wealthy immigrant from Park Avenue and honoree of Taos culture in the '20s. Mrs. Lihlan 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 diabolical."

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 observation 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. Lihlan 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 *politgeist*. 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.

**P**ART 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 love." 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. Lihlan, 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 constant feminateness bitterly hated my lack of feminateness... 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 fancies 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 annoyance. 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 hammy ear trumpet. But one feels something like Lawrence's unspecified irritation, although probably for a much different reason, toward this charming woman, whose lined, 83-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, Steffitz, Stokowski and a host of others—and the historical currents

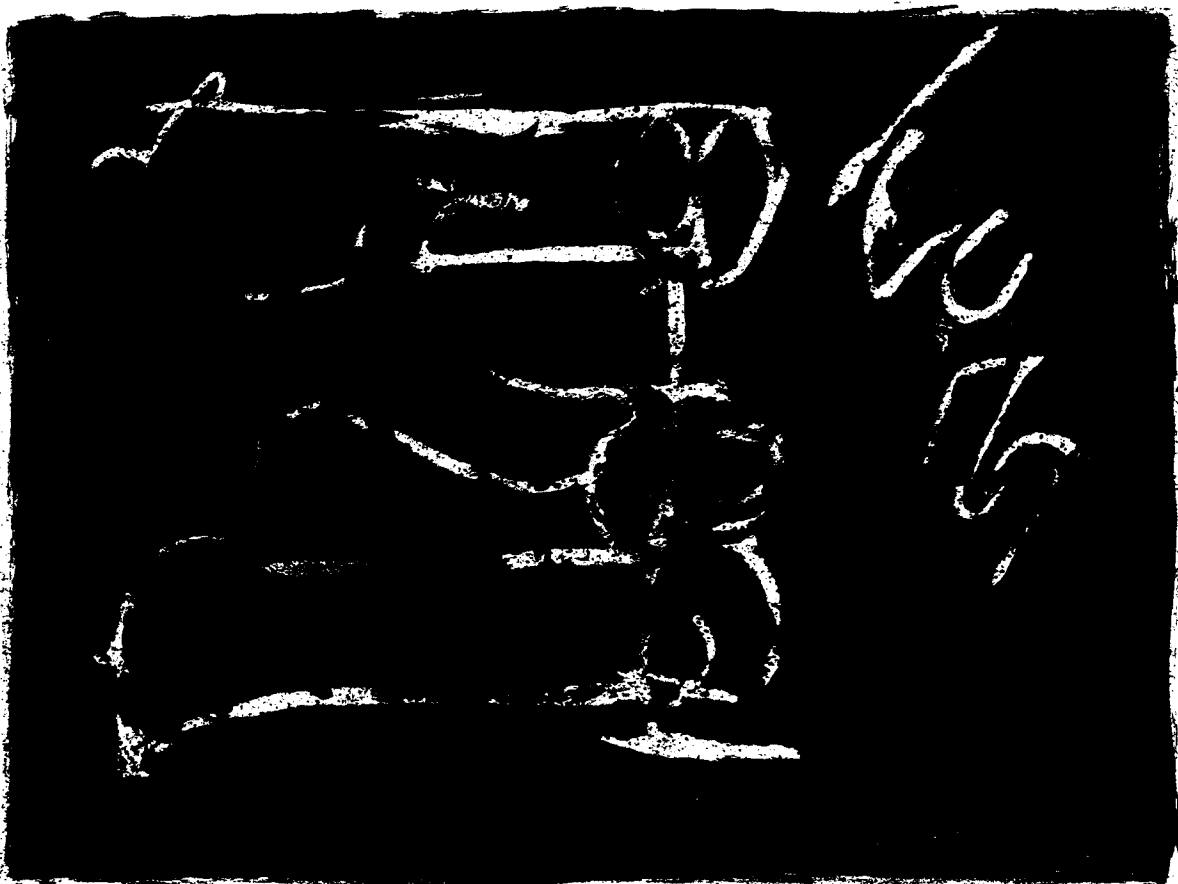
by Peter Collier











Original lithograph by Marc Chagall. This, and those on pages 23 and 26 are from *Viteaux pour Jerusalem*, a limited edition of 250 copies, signed by Chagall. It was published in Paris in 1962. The lithograph with the artist in France, 1962. The lithograph shows one student inspired by Chagall's massive series of stained glass windows now in the Synagogue of the Hebrew Medical Center in Jerusalem. The artist's name and address are on the back and Art Shop for permission to publish them.

## The Post-War Israeli Left

**I**N 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.

**T**HE 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 BeerSheva, 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 consulted 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

by Maurice Zeitlin



they would want to return the land to Jordan. But then they would negotiate with Hussein, not us. To the other critics, 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 Magan 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 principal position must be direct negotiations between the parties concerned; they also agree that to assure 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 Yeakov Chazan put it in our interview, that "the Arabs now confront a new reality and must face it."

Nathan Yalini-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 Palestine on the West Bank, federated with Israel into a Federation of Palestine (Eretz Israeli), 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 Shernov, another Magan 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 security—that she was intransigent, obstinate, 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 degrading 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 indispensable 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, *Ensayos 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 kangsaks had been left behind in the swamps. We had managed to mitigate our hunger 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 cane field, 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 42-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

## Battle of La Plata

**O**UR 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 carton call, proving that the Rebel Army really existed and was ready to fight.

On January 14, 1957, shortly after the surprise attack of Alegria del Pico, we came to a halt by the Magdalena River. A piece of firm land originating at the Sierra jutted out between the Magdalena and La Plata. Fidel gave orders for target practice as an initial attempt at some sort of training for our troops. 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 Elias. This man had been recommended by our guide Faustino. 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. Batismo 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. Luis Crespo and I threw ours but they did not go off. Raul 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, Luis 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 Springfield, 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 Raul Castro's command, was promoted to lieutenant, and died in an airplane accident following the war.

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 campfire 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 possible supply of medicine and a box of ammunition. I could've 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 campfire. I remember Faustino Pérez, kneeling and firing his machine-gun pistol. Near me, a comrade named Arbenitos was walking toward the campfire. 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. Arbenitos, vomiting blood and bleeding profusely from a deep laceration made by a .45-caliber bullet, yelled: "They have killed me!" and began to fire his rifle at no one in particular. First 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 swore that he is bound to freeze to death in the wastes of Alaska, then 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 un hurt, crawled toward the campfire. 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 campfire. There I met comrade Raul Suarez, 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, and Danteque as well as grotesque scenes, such as the slight of a comrade of considerable *prestigio* 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 "fidel!" were heard in the campfire 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.





Our attitude toward the wounded was in open contrast to that of the Uruguay'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 Mochla, 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. Payments 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 Luis 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 dialogue 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 charity 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—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 Sotás, 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. There 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 Sotás—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.



## 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 a 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 members of our guerrilla force became quite indignant and members of our guerrilla force became quite indignant and members of our guerrilla force became quite indignant and members of our guerrilla force became quite indignant and 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 Pops, who lived across the river. I feel confident that following the anti-illiteracy campaign, Pops 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, mottled, 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 Madsen 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 Valdez, now a major, and two others were given to Camillo's advance guard. The other four were to cover the tripod machine guns. One machine-gun rifle went to Captain Jorge Sotillo's 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 Prieto, 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 had 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-



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

## 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 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 more 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 uncultivated 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 country'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 Chibás can become united under a slogan of freedom, to support the person who, for his impartiality, capabilities and honesty, can personally 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 uncultivated lands" was the kind of policy that the newspaper *Diarlo 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 stifle the future revolutionary government.

We were not satisfied with the commitment, but it was necessary; at the time, it was progressive, but 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 Machistaian 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. 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 opponent's 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"

FEW DAYS AGO, the news from Guatemala included the deaths of several patriots, among them Julio Roberto Caceres 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 Achebar's 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 Chignás to Mexico City, facing the same problems. We were poor and beaten, and we had to make a living amidst indifference, 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 found a little better, until the advent 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 machines. 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 Patojo 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 a Revolution, to the motherland and to a woman. The final recommendation in these verses must have the characteristics of a commendation directed to the woman whom El Patojo met and loved, here in Cuba.

*Take it, it is only a heart  
held 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 Caceres Valle" at the Ministry of Industry, where El Patojo had 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 III]

## Oil & The Arabs

[OIL—WHO NEEDS IT?]

**T**HE 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.

by Robert Scheer

**T**HE 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\* carried 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 pitiful. 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 Francaise des Petroles, Standard Oil of New Jersey, Standard Oil of California, Texaco, Esso, Mobil and Gulf.

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 reaped in Oils is indispensable 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 the Middle East is important to the West, it is absolutely critical to the Arabs. Their oil is the only major 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 perential profits. After all, the total Western capital investment in the Middle East 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 Middle East not only produce 90 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 Middle East 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 NOV. 1, 1951, IRANIAN PRIME MINISTER Mossadeq 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 Middle East has dared to repeat Mossadeq'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.

Mossadeq 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 benefited 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 retroactively 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 "... put the cork in the bottle, and permits concerned 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 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 Arab leftist 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 theory 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 occasional Syria could be tolerated by the United States since, while quite effective 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 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 fortuitous 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 imperialist 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 Middle Eastern leaders best in any sense on challenging the West that they had best not do it alone. The front 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 Middle East 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 non-alignment 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 age 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 impetive 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'etat which, in a quiet 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.



#### IA BREAK WITH THE PAST!

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 truly 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 nationalism: "... 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 attempt at anti-imperialism: "The Arabist 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, 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 condescended to 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.

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 Ailon 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 war 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 hanging 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 shortsighted 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 historians of a Ben-Gurion or a Nasser cannot alter that fact.

Researchers for this article and Part I RAMPARTS, November 1967 include Bob Avetkian, Jim Howley, David Kolodney and John Spitzer.



## The Garrison Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy

JIM GARRISON IS AN ANGRY MAN. For six years now he has been the toughest, uncompromising district attorney 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, he has shared of slot machine profits, been indicted on 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 topped 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 when 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 necessary 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 proclivity of Garrison's challenge is underscored by the fact that the government and government-oriented

by William W. Turner

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 at-

tacked 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?'"

[THE MAKING OF A DA]

GARRISON'S ATTRIBUTES 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 forward to a collection of criminology essays published in 1966, he deplored the apathy that permitted Dachau. Since then 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 extraterrestrial being happening upon a desolated land and asking, "What happened to your deinstitutionalized millions? Your uncommitted and uninvolved, your preoccupied and bored? Where today are their private horizons and their nurtured 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. Backing the Democratic machine and backed only by the 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 juncheon of the Temple Sinai Brotherhood, he likened the judges to "the sacred cows of India." On another, he accused them of goddrinking by taking 206 holidays, not counting legal holidays like All Saints' Day, Long's Birthday and St. Whitebottom's Day. "Outraged, the judges collectively filed criminal defamation charges. (Complained one, "People holder '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.

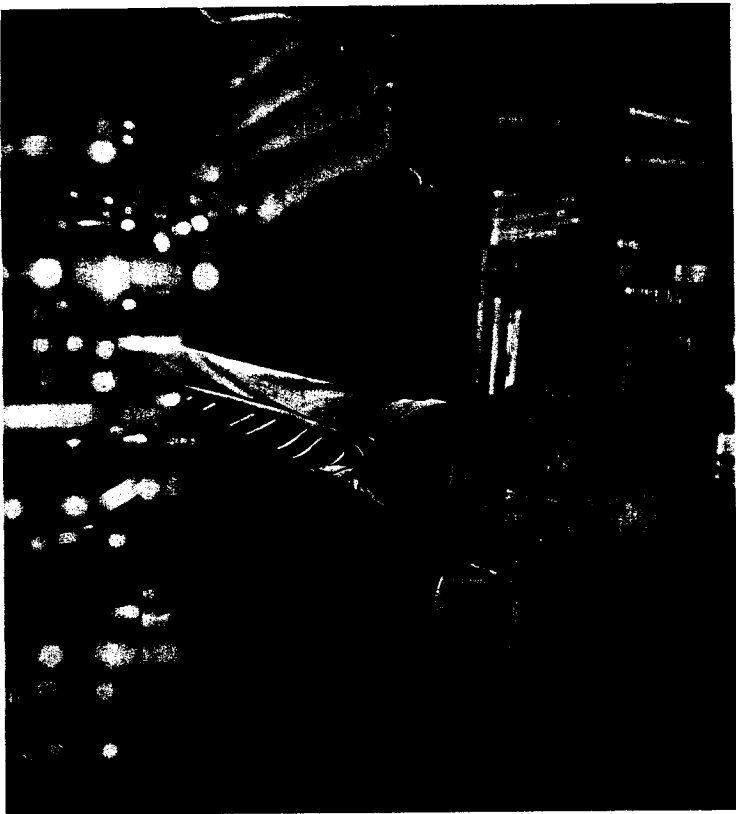
GARRISON'S POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY in part to Ayn Rand's individualist dogma, but is too much of a traditional democrat to accept its inextinguishable elitism. He is friendly with segregationists and archconservatives, but brushes at the mention of the Ku Klux Klan. Negro leaders have no quarrel with his 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 strident 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 case, in this 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 Kalfasque 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 demystify his formidable personality. He also must rank as one of the more intellectual big city DAs. He avidly devours history—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 stage on Garrison will be his 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. "If our implicit 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-

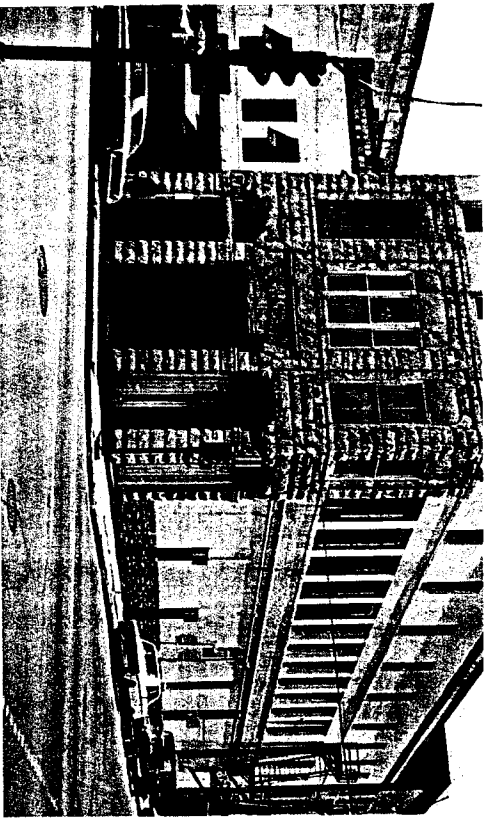


PHOTOGRAPHER'S NOTE: Garrison and I played a game of chess. We thought the board looked too small for pictures with all the pieces in starting order, so I led off with my king's pawn and then (foolishly) played my king's bishop to bishop four. Garrison could have ebbledered me, but insisted he chose to play the game much as he has played the investigation. First, he solidly occupied

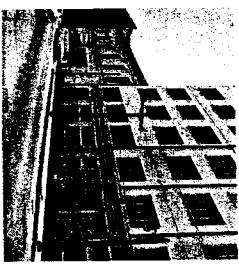








On the left is the entrance to 344 Camp St. On the right, 331 Lafayette St.



The Rally Bldg. (See map opposite)

hardly seems the natural courtesy 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 noted the address and phone number of Legens-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

Photographs by William W. Turner

libraries on Thursday. The possible implication of his visits was not overlooked by the FBI, which confiscated every book he ever checked 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 Stereo Realist camera, a Hanza camera (merit filter), a small German camera, a Woblesk 15 power telescope, Micron 6X binoculars and a variety of film—hardly the usual accoutrements of a lowly war-houseman (Stovall Exhibits).

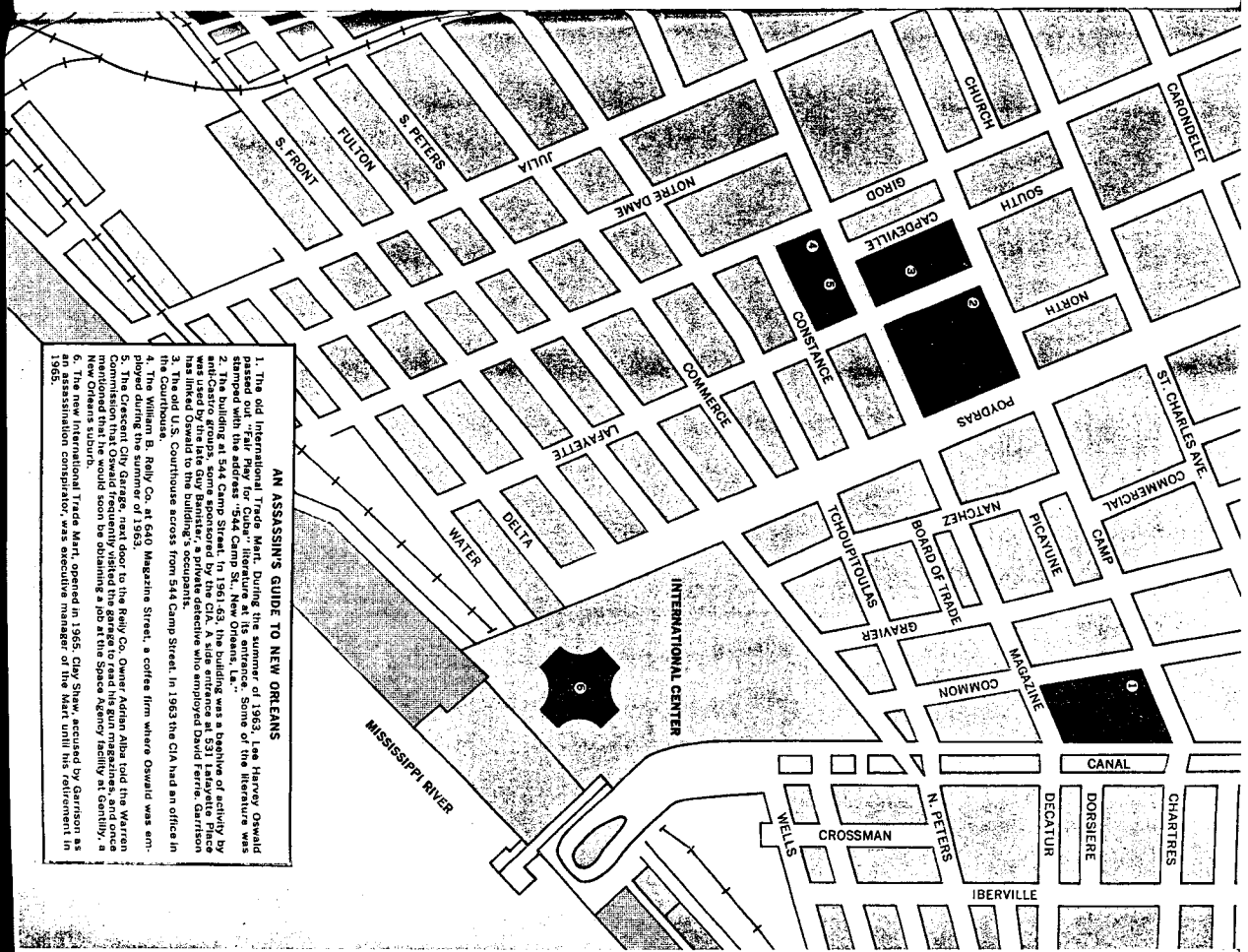
Upon his return from Russia, the man who subscribed to Pravda in the Marine Corps and lectured his fellow Marines on Marxist dedicacies set about internationalizing his leftist facade. He wrote ingratiating letters to the national headquarters of the Communist Party, Fair Play for Cuba Committee and 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 "hand-some and friendly," but in the end became "moody and paranoid"—afraid the communists were out to get him. "The personality change coincided with a gradual loss of hair. Ferrie explained was caused by acid dripping from a plane battery." Then the hair began falling out

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 used by anti-Castro groups, some sponsored by the CIA. A side entrance at 331 Lafayette Place was used by the late Guy Banister, a private detective who employed David Ferrie. Garrison 3. The old U.S. Courthouse across from 344 Camp Street. In 1963 the CIA had an office in the Courthouse.
4. The William B. Riley Co. at 640 Magazine Street, a coffee firm where Oswald was employed during the summer of 1963.
5. The "Rally Bldg." near 331 Lafayette St. in New Orleans, La. It was a hangout of anti-Castro groups, some sponsored by the CIA. A side entrance at 331 Lafayette Place was used by the late Guy Banister, a private detective who employed David Ferrie. Garrison 3. The old U.S. Courthouse across from 344 Camp Street. In 1963 the CIA had an office in the Courthouse.
6. The International Center.



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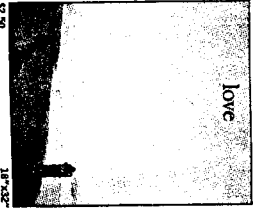


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tion. The Friends were short-lived, and the Front slowly dissolved after the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion. The discarded remnants of these month-long groups formed the Free Cuba movement.

The Secret Service stumbled upon the Free Cuba group in its hectic post-assassination inquiries at 544 Camp Street, but apparently the 1-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 'Grasade to Free Cuba Committee' and 'Cuban Revolutionary Council.'" Arcecha, the accountant related, was authorized to sign checks on both accounts (CE 3119). He said that Arcecha 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 Arcecha 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. "Leopoldo" 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 Oswald as 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 alleged that he was working in Miami Beach at the time; the FBI verified that FBI records of a Miami Beach firm showed him at work from September 5 through October 10.

In a second session with the FBI, Hall recounted his admission and claimed he had been mistaken, a turnaround 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 resemblance 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 on surface transportation timetables, and there is a suggestion he flew at least part of the way. Mrs. Horace Twilford 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 2353).

The post-assassination search at the Irving premises of Ruth and Michael Patne, 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 Withers, "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 Withers 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 Harlingen some Cubans had been having meetings on the week ends and were possibly [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 party 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 "senting him up." Gusmuth Dial D. Ryder told the Commission that in early November, someone giving the name Oswald

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band, 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 he gathered that Ruby was the "big man" who handled the funds. She said the guns were to be procured through a Mexican contact (Vol. 14, p. 330). 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 a real 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 "inspector," may be quite plausible (RAMPARTS, June 1967). Immediately after the assassination, a distraught Underhill told friends that a semi-automatic CIA clique which had been profiting 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 snarks 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 beat had rights 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 Jarragin (RAMPARTS, November 1966) — who claims that he serendipitously on a Ruby-Oswald conversation in the Coronet 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 Willylyn "Bob" Linchfield that he sat next to Oswald in the Coronet Club office in early November while both were waiting to see Ruby (RAMPARTS, June 1967).

In addition, there is the cogent statement of Henry L. Wade, a Chattanooga building inspector who dropped into the Coronet 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 other 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 bullet-riddled man who lagged 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 en-

Mexico City that year (e.g. CE 3035). 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 enthralled 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 Dean Jones Jr has delved into a story consistent with Eileen Curry's. On November 20, 1963, a woman named Rose Cherni was thrown from a moving automobile near Eunice, Louisiana. Hospitalized with injuries and narcotic 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 Cherni shrieked: "They were bad 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 gun-running. Nancy Perrin Rich told the Commission that she and her late hus-

band, 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 he gathered that Ruby was the "big man" who handled the funds. She said the guns were to be procured through a Mexican contact (Vol. 14, p. 330). Garrison has additional evidence of gun-running by Ruby which cannot be divulged at this time.

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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 Minuteman who killed the Jews," he wrote, "don't you believe it, they are using that to cover up for the Nazis. . . . On the way I tucked 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."

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 referred 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 arrest). 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 synthesizes: "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 Ruby declared: "Ruby was in Dallas on November 21,

1963." The Dallas version was predicted 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 (RAMPARTS, November 1966). Arturo Alcega Ruiz, his wife and her woman friend were in San Antonio on vacation. They noticed an obese woman rooded 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 Alcega 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 planned 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 build 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 from a sluffing box than through the fire, muscle and bone of Kennedy and Connally [CE 399].)  
For a bachelor of casual habits, Sun-

day 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 Kay 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 honking, it will be for me, they will want my blood!"

**B**ASED ON THE freshest evidence in Garrison's possession, we can now partially reconstruct the operation and gettaway 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 filmmaking experience.

I was so excited about "You Dig It" that I met with the young film makers. Curiously, 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 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

plain shirt or plaid coat or jacket." Although the man was 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 "hazy, dark-complected" man, proceeded back toward Dealey Plaza and disappeared. It is quite possible 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 some time 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 Winipeg, 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 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 Hookman 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 Minuteman 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 letter like "re Charles Small, aka Smolnikoff (Mexican tip)." 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 claudit of security like the National Archives? Twenty-six items connected with the assassination are so listed, including "Jack Ruby's notebook maintained by Larry Crawford (his Carrouge Club buddy who scurried out of Dallas the afternoon of the assassination)." Moreover, Garrison observes that there was "an incredible incidence

# 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 offices of the Secretary General of the United Nations, both as permanent witnesses to our opposition to the war in Vietnam and as a demonstration that the conscience of America is not dead.

On September 20, 1968, a Representative of Law was incorporated in the Congressional Record of the 86th Congress of the United States of America, in which 10,000 Members of the United States Congress signed the following declaration:

following are a few among the many who have signed this declaration to be on permanent record.

DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., MEMPHIS, TENN.	DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., MEMPHIS, TENN.	ROBERT F. KENNEDY, NEW YORK
DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., MEMPHIS, TENN.	DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., MEMPHIS, TENN.	ROBERT F. KENNEDY, NEW YORK
DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., MEMPHIS, TENN.	DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., MEMPHIS, TENN.	ROBERT F. KENNEDY, NEW YORK
DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., MEMPHIS, TENN.	DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., MEMPHIS, TENN.	ROBERT F. KENNEDY, NEW YORK
DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., MEMPHIS, TENN.	DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., MEMPHIS, TENN.	ROBERT F. KENNEDY, NEW YORK

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 \_\_\_\_\_

Print name, last first and middle name per signature \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Send completed and mail to: G. Dan Green, U.S. Representative, Crime of Silence, c/o The Office of the United States Secretary of State, 2200 Constitution Avenue, Washington, D.C. 20520. The office of the individual Against the Crime of Silence will then forward the information to the United Nations Secretariat, and \$1 or more in cash or by check, will be added to support additional publication and communication, and \$1 or more in cash or by check, will be added to support our program. The strength of our numbers will regularly and effectively be made known. Your signature does have power.

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

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 singled beyond recognition in a Thermo-fax machine.

Complud 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, "Robby blind 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 Dextley Plaza eye-witness 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 Kooze Kimble II, inquires how governmental pressure has induced potential witnesses to slip from Garrison's grasp. A self-sworn 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 Minuteman 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 avowed he had recontacted the CIA after Walter Sheridan had contacted him to say nothing to the DA and go to Canada. Sheridan, the ex-Bobby Kennedy ran-rod 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 Lama 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 earned 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 Ixvestia hawks the Kremlin's. The magazine's "expose" 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 Al-

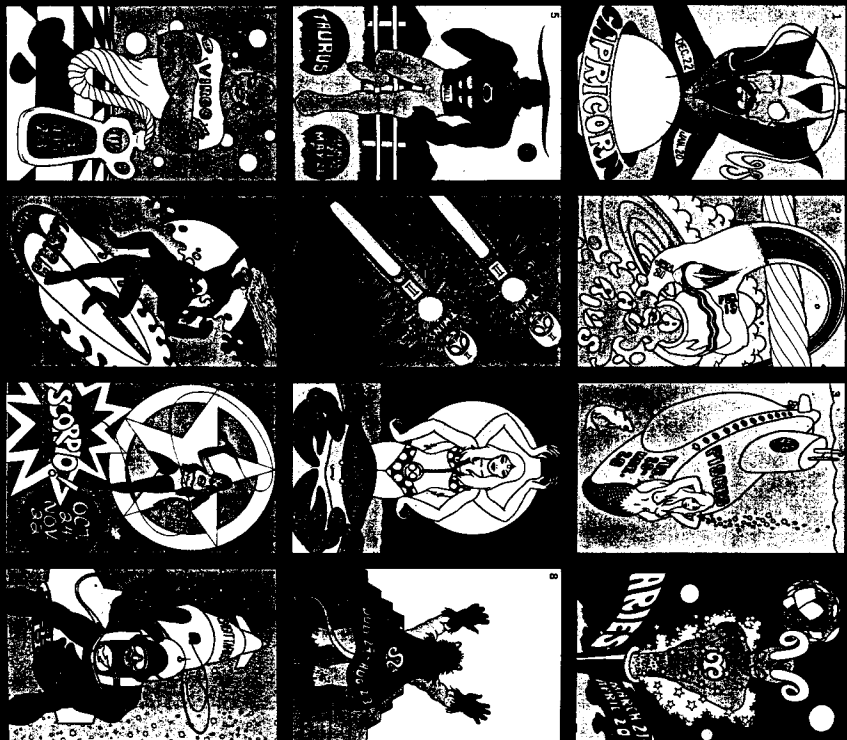
vin Beaubien, Ferrie's companion on the Texas trip the afternoon of the assassination, that two DA investigators tried to bribe him. What Aynesworth didn't report was that the tape recording of the conversation made by Beaubien's attorney had been carefully edited to delete the investigator's emphatic warnings to Beaubien that they sought only the truth, and that they would subject him to the 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 photocopied 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 ploy 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 Marcouso, who told Garrison that Richard Towley 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 declined 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.

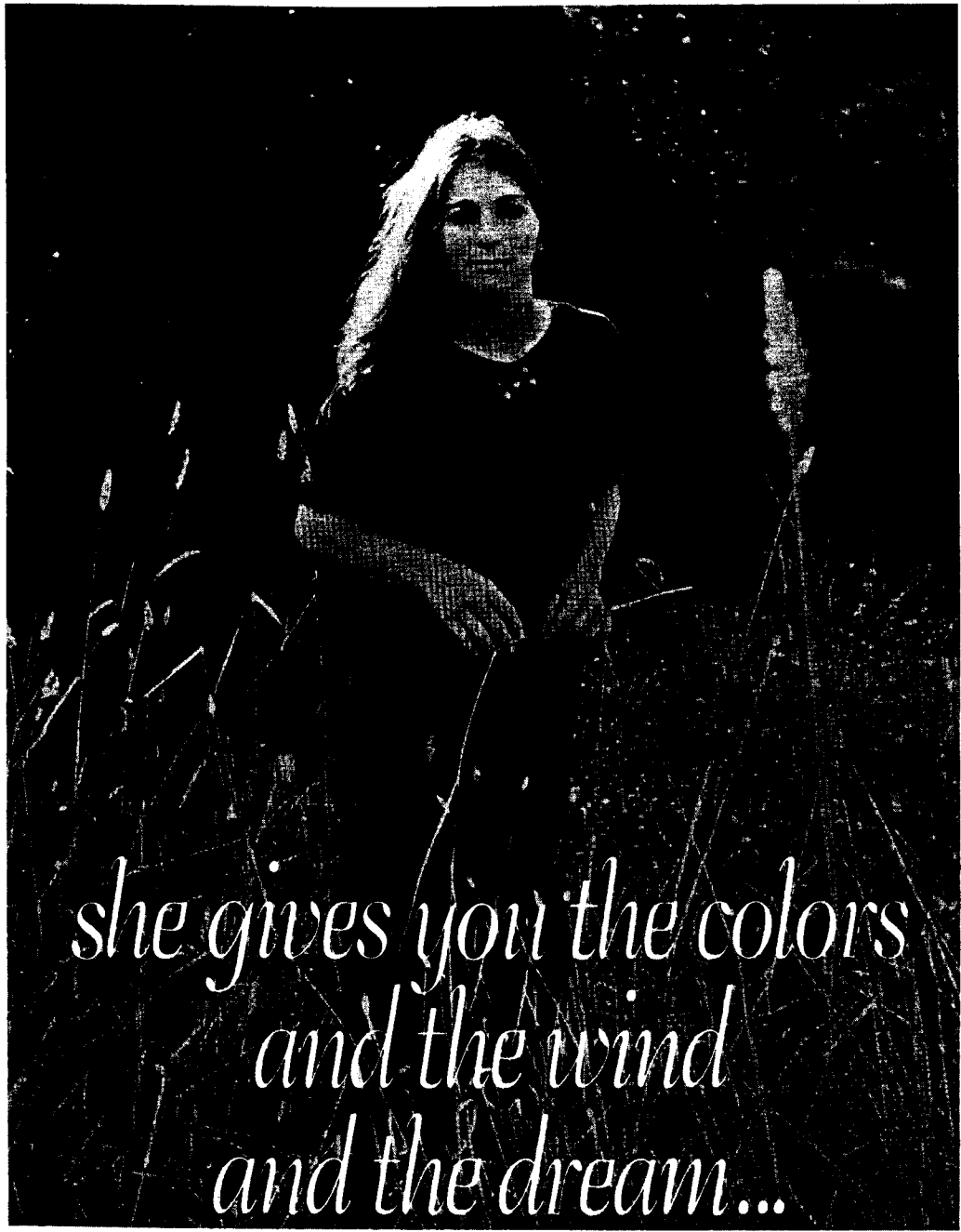
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*she gives you the colors  
and the wind  
and the dream...*

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