

none of these papers should be in bold face

X XXVII

"WHAT HAPPENED TO THE TRUTH?" POSNER DID!

Posner's own description of his penultimate chapter, "Black Is White, and White Is Black," is that it is on "The Jim Garrison Fiasco." He could hardly have had a larger or a more inviting target. But with even so fine and so very vulnerable a subject for his writing, whether in ridicule or in condemnation, his work remains seriously flawed and for some incredible reason, with so much rich material, his is still dishonest and unscholarly and he even continues his lying when there is no good reason for any of the many things wrong with this chapter, too.

Among the reasons for this not being either a good or a dependable chapter are:

- indulging his own predispositions, particularly political;
- his dependence and preference for those who despite their unreliability and other liabilities as sources he is more comfortable with because politically they are his kind and he

feels more comfortable with them, like the Bringuers and the

Badeauxes;

- his own prejudices, reflected in what he does and does not do and say;
- his use of dubious unnamed and unidentified sources;
- his gross ignorance that by this near the end of his writing it is apparent relates to all aspects of the subject;
- and the error coming from all of the above.

He falls far short of the legitimate criticism that is possible, and withal he manages his usual unfairness for his own special purposes, not the least of which is indulging his insatiable ego. So large an ego for so small a man!

At this point there is no need to be as exhaustive as at all points in all his chapters Posner invites. A few illustrations suffice.

After scanty mention of the fact that in 1963 Garrison arrested David Ferrie, that offbeat New Orleans homosexual, without mentioning that Ferrie was first brought to public attention in *Whitewash II* in 1966; and without mention of the fact that the details of that arrest and of FBI records the Warren Commission had on that were first published in *Oswald in New Orleans* the next year, Posner writes that Garrison had two reasons for his 1967 case against Shaw, with the then dead Ferrie and Oswald also charged. Posner's first reason, like his second, having no source indicated and thus is more of his Hartogsian mind-reading, "involved" Ferrie. Posner's second reason "was a story told by Dean Andrews, a three-hundred-and-forty-pound, forty-four year old jive-talking attorney with a reputation for exaggeration and showmanship," (Pages 428-9).

If Posner had had any knowledge of or interest in Andrews or had even paid any attention to a picture of him, he would not have failed to include how extraordinarily short Andrews was for a man of that weight and how close to if not greater than his height his girth was.

Posner does not report what Garrison said publicly and often got him off and running again in late 1966, to become public in early 1967.

Conspicuously for this "model of historical scholarship," the words of that eminent New Orleans historian, Ambrose, Posner gives no source for that Andrews

"story." He could, from his great and detailed study and indexing of the Warren Commission's published record, have cited Andrews' testimony, where I got the origin of that story. Or he could have done what it would have pained him to do; have cited *Whitewash* (pages 24-5, 150-1.)

Here I do confess to the Posnerian penchant for mind-reading in my reading of his mind.

It pains Posner to refer to anything I ever did in all those books and in all those lawsuits and in all in which I was first. It is I who brought that Andrews "story" to light. But I did more than just report his "Clay Bertrand" story, the part that Garrison did latch onto. For all his being fat, funny, feisty, and incredibly offbeat for a lawyer, Andrews gave the Commission its best, really its only clear and accurate discussion of and commentary on the basic requirements of good shooting!

Not the FBI, not one of the many other Commission experts, ever undertook so basic an informational chore as my sometime friend, the late Dean Adams Andrews.

Garrison's initial explanation to the media of what got him started, a story he never abandoned, is that when by accident he was next to Louisiana Senator Russell Long whose uncle (Huey), had been assassinated, Long told Garrison that he believed there was a conspiracy in the JFK assassination.

*Washington Post* reporter George Lardner asked Long about that. Long told him that the first knowledge he had of it was when he read it in the papers. Or, it did not happen.

What did happen, and was apparent to Lardner and to Ian McDonald, then a Washington correspondent of *The Times of London*, each reported. Did Posner know

this? He did. I used parts of both stories on the back cover of *Photographic Whitewash*, which Posner has.

This is what McDonald reported and was published under the headline, "Mystery of Kennedy Inquiry Cleared Up:

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT --WASHINGTON, MAY 9

One mystery of the rather mystifying investigation of the Kennedy assassination now being conducted by Mr. Jim Garrison, the Attorney General of New Orleans, has been cleared up. The source of much of his information is Mr. Harold Weisberg, the author of *Whitewash: Report on the Warren Commission*.

Mr. Weisberg, who was one of the first to question the conclusions of the Warren commission, returned to his home in Maryland today after assisting Mr. Garrison and his staff. It was not his first visit to New Orleans, he was at Mr. Garrison's side when the investigation was announced.

His book was not well received by the critics, and indeed was privately printed after it had been rejected by a number of publishers in New York and London. It is rather shrill in tone, but no one has questioned his honesty.

He has subsequently written two more books, *Whitewash 2; F.B.I. Secret Service Cover-up*, and *C.I.A. Whitewash: Oswald in New Orleans*.

It was these two books, with supporting documents, which were made available to Mr. Garrison.

Lardner's story began:

The scenario guiding New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison in his investigation of President Kennedy's assassination can be glimpsed in any bookstore.

The investigation is Garrison's, but the script apparently started with Harold Weisberg, former Senate investigator and author of "Whitewash," a paperback attack on the Warren report.

instant  
suicide  
fitted

instant  
single  
space

"It's sure following my book," Weisberg said yesterday.....testimony of Louisiana lawyer Dean Adams Andrews Jr., who told the Warren Commission that a "Clay Bertrand" had asked him to represent Oswald after the assassination.

**Businessman Held**

Garrison has charged that "Clay Bertrand" was actually Clay Shaw.....

Andrews, too, was quite specific in his account of how Garrison got started.

"Hall," he told me that on a Saturday afternoon in his smaller room of his two-room office in the then main Maison Blanche building on Canal Street, "The 'Giant walked in here, tossed your book on my desk, and told me, 'Dean, y' gotta read this.' Those were his first words, how it all began."

(Andrews also invited me to a jam session that night with "a hot cat who blows a hot horn coming down from Cinncy" that night. I've been sorry ever since that instead of accepting his invitation I worked that night.)

Andrews nicknamed Garrison "The Jolly Green Giant" and soon was referring to the six-foot, six-inch Garrison as the "Giant" only.

That book, *Whitewash*, had just been reprinted as a Dell paperback. What Garrison told Andrews to read is what I wrote about him.

When there is so uniquely a single source it is a unique "model of historical research" that prefers giving *no* source to that unique single source.

It is well and often said that war is too important to entrust entirely to the generals.

P/

Should we not now realize that our history is too precious to entrust entirely to the professional historians who do not and cannot know what they speak about but say what publishers want them to say to sell books, publishers who publish the books historians write?

Although it was not necessary for Posner's purposes to tell his readers that he believes that Andrews was neither a dependable source nor a successful lawyer, on his part Posner is his usual excessive self, without any source, in writing that Andrews "had a ramshackle office near the New Orleans port." (Page 430).

"Near the New Orleans port" covers an extensive part of New Orleans. Some of its finest buildings are there and relatively recently were built there, "near the New Orleans port."

Andrews' office was not in a slum area, not a pidgeonhole in some abandoned wharf. It was on a main street, Canal, within an easy walk of the Federal Courthouse in 1963. It was where it was when I knew him, according to his testimony that Posner does not once cite (11h325ff), in "627 Maison Blanche Building." There was nothing "tumbledown" or "rickety" about it or about that building, then the home of one of New Orleans better department stores. One of Clay Shaw's lawyers, the only one at whose office I was, was much closer to both the river and the dock and warehouse area of the port. When the new Trade Mart building was decided upon, that was built close to the heart of that "port area" and almost on the river, not inexpensive, it was immediately a prized address.

O/M/

While this is a minor point, it is not minor with regard to Posner or his writing.

He decides he wants to deprecate or speak ill of someone then he needs no source, has no inhibition and just says whatever he wants to say.

Andrews' two-room office for his sole practise was simple, unpretentious and it was anything but elegant. But for the kind of practise he had it was all he needed. His secretary in the outer room had much more space than he had or needed in his smaller inner office.

For the kind of practise Andrews had he also had no need for an extensive law library and there was none in his office. The furniture was quite plain. But again, for his kind of practise he needed no more and, with some of the clients he had, fancy overstuffed furniture would always have been at risk.

But none of this addresses his competence as a lawyer. The best testimonial to it is that when Garrison had him dead to rights on a perjury rap Andrews never served a minute of time on it.

The Mafia top man for the area, Carlos Marcello, could afford the best legal talent. But when he wanted what Andrews could do he had Andrews for a lawyer.

Posner's baseless and factually incorrect description of Andrews' office represents Posner in this book; his word can be taken for nothing at all.

In going from this to Garrison, Posner writes that "In late November 1966 Garrison shocked the rest (sic) of his staff when he announced that he had decided that Clay Bertrand was actually Clay Shaw," whose accomplishments Posner then proceeds to exaggerate, with no source on any of this.

Garrison made no "announcement" of any kind. He tried to and for three months he succeeded in keeping it secret. But "late November" was the beginning of what Garrison was up to and if Posner had given what he was doing much thought he

could more effectively have put it in terms of Garrison telling some of those he had working on it with him that at the very outset he believed that Clay Bertrand and Clay Shaw were one and the same person.

Compared with the kind of lawyer Posner pretends Dean Andrews was, he is not nearly that good himself in saying what a law student should know is false, that for whatever Garrison said publicly, not in the courtroom, the "courtroom protected him from libel for anything he said." (Page 432). *He had no protection for anything he said outside the courtroom - and outside the courtroom is where he said almost everything.*

Knowing better, knowing the truth, and even wanting to hurt Edward Jay Epstein, whose politics and position on the assassination are close to his own, Posner has a footnote on what I never heard from or about Garrison, calling "himself 'the wagon boss of the buffs'." Posner then adds that it was not until after "Garrison's investigation ended ignominiously" that he lost support and "that 'Harold Weisberg and Edward Epstein even condemned him.'" (Page 433).

Posner knew that with regard to both Epstein and me he lied when he wrote this. Why he felt it necessary to lie is not clear. Except that Posner is Posner and this is the real Posner. In his own mind he has to be nasty in putting everybody down, regardless of his position in the controversy.

The Clay Shaw trial did not begin until the end of January, 1969, when the selection of the jury began.

(Garrison being Garrison, his own kinda cat, as Dean Andrews would have said, picked the first day of the new <sup>Nixon</sup> Johnson administration for the first day of his trial. He saw political significance in it and said so.)



Epstein's anti-Garrison book appeared first as a length article in *The New Yorker*. That was in the summer of 1968. The hardback book based on that article, *Counterplot* (New York, Viking Press) was published and on sale also in 1968. Thus, both the article and the book itself were certainly not until after Garrison ended "Ignominiously."

Posner is no less the liar and he is sneakier with me. After first quoting those who were talking about the outcome of the Shaw trial as "solving" the JFK assassination case he quotes a letter I wrote after my first trip to New Orleans in which the last words of that small excerpt he uses are twisted to mean that what Garrison alleged against Shaw was, "I am convinced from my own work, right." As Posner knew, I had no interest in Shaw when I was in New Orleans and was not referring to him. I was referring to whether or not there had been a conspiracy. My first book proved that there had been, according to the official evidence itself. Contrary to Posner's concoction most of which he cribbed in any event, the official evidence itself proves the crime was beyond the capability of any one man and on this basis alone was the end produce of a conspiracy.

But this has nothing to do with my "condemning" Garrison, the subject of this footnote. Here Posner, knowing the facts and the truth in some detail, says nothing about them. For what he mangled that into, without any indication that it was what he describes as my "condemning" Garrison, it is necessary to jump ahead to his footnote about "the buffs" encouraging Garrison to be even wilder in the changes he made:

*no b.f.*

*incident  
single  
page*

**\*Although the buffs usually encouraged Garrison's proclivity to widen his conspiracy charges, sometimes they prevented him from making major mistakes. At one point in the investigation, he had a warrant drafted for the arrest of Robert Perrin, who supposedly could testify about Ruby's gunsmuggling activities to Cuba. The night before he made the arrest notice public, Weisberg proved to him that Perrin had died in 1962. (Page 448).**

Posner has no source on any of this. The second part is, unrecognizably, from me. If there is any source on the first part I do not know of it. I was never with Garrison very much and I do not remember being with him when those others to whom Posner may be referring, if they existed, were also present.

For all the time I spent in New Orleans, I dined with Garrison only four times, over a period of five years. The last was three years after the Shaw trial, when I was there as James Earl Ray's investigator, Garrison heard I was there, looked me up and invited me to lunch. The three earlier times were scattered over a year and a half. We always dined alone. He had no staff with him. Several times he asked me to accompany him to the airport. Only his detectives then were ever with us. So I cannot confirm that he was ever "encouraged" to "widen his conspiracy charges" by those unnamed to whom, if they exist, Posner refers without any source.

They do not have to exist. Garrison needed no such encouragement. He saw conspiracies on every moonbeam. Posner cannot have read what he refers to without knowing this. Because I know there was no need to prompt Garrison to anything wilder, and because Posner cites no source, I believe that like much else that he believed served his end, he just made it up.

But to Posner's knowledge, bracketing this with his knowing distortion and misrepresentation of what he then has in this same paragraph was a lie and thus an intended lie. There is no connection of any kind between Garrison allegedly being encouraged by those Posner refers to as "buffs," of whom he here and throughout has me as one, and that deliberate misrepresentation of his about Robert Perrin. It is no mean accomplishment for Posner that he could be untruthful about everything he says in that part of this footnote except that Perrin did die in 1962.

When told about this and Posner's other unsourced references to me before I saw the book for the first time I wrote him politely, without characterizing what he wrote, and asked him for his sources for what I had been told his book says about me. (He had volunteered that he would send me one of the first books to come from the bindery but he never sent me any copy of the book. He also promised me copies of the promotional material for the historical record and never sent me a page of that, either.) So, I wondered about his reasons for lying, garbling, distorting and misrepresentating, particularly about me, and especially about what he knew about what he is so completely dishonest about in this footnote.

The actuality is that what Garrison was up to when I prevented it, some time before the Shaw trial, was in many ways even more outrageous than the case he alleged against Clay Shaw. I learned about it only because at Garrison's telephoned insistence I had returned to New Orleans instead of returning home from Dallas. If I were to take the time to repeat the whole story here it would be apparent that truthful and factual accounts of the real Garrison would have served Posner's purposes better than what is so easily faulted that he prefers, along with his most dubious sources for most of that.

As I was about to leave for the New Orleans airport and for home early in November, 1968, I learned from two of his staff who were closest to him that Garrison planned a commemoration of the fifth assassination anniversary in which he would charge Robert Lee Perrin and Edgar Eugene Bradley with being assassins on the Grassy Knoll. He had had more grandiose plans but his staff had talked him out of all but these two new allegations he was going to make to mark that anniversary. These two staff members, Louis Ivon, his regular-police chief investigator and Andrew "Moo" Sciambra, then the junior of the assistant district attorneys and the one who spent most time with Garrison, at Garrison's insistence, asked me to try to find some way to succeed where the staff had tried and failed. I said that I'd return in about a week. I

asked Ivon to give me two sets of what I knew was the sole basis for anything Garrison could allege against Bradley, those Dealey Plaza newspaper pictures referred to as "the tramp pictures." Garrison, Mark Lane and many others had invested many fanciful and all clearly impossible identifications and conspiracies based on nothing but those pictures. And how many were "identified" as being in them! Some even "confessed" to being in them and to being involved in the assassination when it was farcically untrue. I also got two envelopes for mailing those pictures from Ivon. Awaiting my plane at the airport I sent each set with a note and asked that an investigation be made of those pictures for me. I sent one set to my friend Henry Wade, then the district attorney, and the other to the former FBI agent Paul Rothermel II, then H.L. Hunt's chief of security. Within a few days I heard from each.

Wade has a staff investigator investigate. He reported that those pictures were taken about an hour and a half after the assassination and that the men in them had been picked up in a general police sweep of the area when they were found guzzling wine in a parked, empty railroad boxcar that was not attached to any train. The rail yards in that area are enormous. That boxcar was behind the Central Annex Post Office. Its address is 217 South Main Street. Because the only way to walk those men out without heisting them the height of the post office railroad loading dock and then humiliating them by walking them through the post office and creating a disturbance was to walk them north on the tracks almost three blocks and then taking them east and off those tracks onto the Grassy Knoll west of the book-depository building, that is what was done. They were then walked down onto Elm Street to and into a police car and driven away.

By an hour and a half after the assassination news photographers snapped pictures of anything that moved in the Plaza. These men were photographed as they were walked past the depository building and as they were walked toward a police car parked not far from the sheriff's office into which they were taken.

From what Henry Wade told me and what for other reasons I had always believed, it made no sense that any assassins would stay where they were certain to be nabbed instead of escaping or that they would endanger themselves further by getting drunk. That they were so far south of the scene of the crime and a block west of it an hour and a half after it and when even Garrison could not bring himself to allege that the CIA had invested sights to permit assassins to see around corners and rifles capable of shooting that way, that took care of "Bradley," who was clearly not the man in those pictures anyway, much as Garrison, Lane and others insisted he was.

*M/*

Rothermel's confirmation added a detail that established his source as knowing what he was talking about.

*U*

"My ol' boy at the Post Office," Paul told me when he phoned, "tells me that there were three of those winos he saw taken off a boxcar and you have only two of them in the pictures you sent me." Paul was correct. Ivon had one complete set and one incomplete set of those pictures and I'd sent Paul the incomplete set.

I did not know it at the time but the results of an FBI investigation I had triggered six months earlier caused the FBI to investigate and it confirms what I was told.) When I saw a newspaper of a sketch of a man said to be a suspect in the King assassination I recognized it as a likeness of one of those men drawn <sup>from</sup> for one of those pictures in particular. I gave the Baltimore FBI, through its agent in Frederick, a copy of the sketch and of that picture. It asked Dallas to investigate those pictures, Dallas reported to the Memphis office, the "office of origin" in the King case on May 21, and in the summer of 1977 I got those Memphis, Dallas and Baltimore records in my King assassination FOIA lawsuits, C.A. 75-1996. The Dallas report winding the whole thing up is in the Memphis main King assassination file, 44-1987, in the Sub E file, where it is Serial 16811. The officers who made that search and led those three men out are Bill Bass, in 1968 assigned to the Dallas police identificaion division, Ray

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*S/*  
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Vaughn and Marvin Wise. Except that Bass' estimate of the distance from the depository building places the boxcar farther south than what Henry's detective and Paul personally learned and told me.

The Bradley half of Garrison's monstrous fantasy was easy to make impossible for him to try to get away with but Perrin would be, I knew, touchy and difficult because I knew that Garrison knew that Perrin, the former husband of Warren Commission witness, Nancy Perrin Rich, had killed himself in New Orleans in August of 1962. So, I knew that Garrison planned to identify as one of the men who he would say actually shot JFK was dead and in his grave fifteen months before JFK was shot.

As he promised, when I returned after about a week, Ivon did send his investigators to obtain what I asked for. He also had what memos of his "investigation" the man the CIA had fired for alcoholism, William Woods, who used the name "Bill Boxley," had prepared for Garrison. Garrison had hired Boxley over vigorous staff objections.

It turned out that all of this rabid insanity had been made up by Garrison, not by Boxley, without any investigation at all!

For regular police investigations, the detectives the police department assigned to Garrison were at least competent. Ivon was more than merely competent. He was very good. He then was taking his degree in criminology at night. What I asked them to do they did well and promptly. The problem was not the evidence, it was Garrison. How did I do what had to be done without placing him in what he regarded as an entirely impossible position? He then would not budge.

What a Mack Sennett super-spectacular Garrison had made up! He had Perrin, part of that widespread conspiracy that was at work fifteen months before they

succeeded, alive and thriving as a pulp fiction writer under the name Starr. He also had an unknown Venezuelan seaman killed and buried in Perrin's name instead. (i)

S/

This is neither the time nor the place for that entire Keystone Kop scenario, but what I asked for and what those detectives obtained included the report of Perrin's state trooper friend he had phoned to tell him goodbye after taking arsenic; the handwritten morgue book, not looseleaf and not easy to alter without any trace; the ambulance and hospital reports; the letter from Charity Hospital, all with clear identifications of Perrin, Garrison was boxed in by the lengthy and detailed investigative report I gave Sciambra on a Saturday night. He and Vincent Salandria, a Philadelphia lawyer I had involved knowing his influence on Garrison, bearded Garrison Sunday morning at Garrison's favorite haunt, the New Orleans Athletic Club. He had the zany notion that it was more secure than his own office and spent most of his time there. I had had the paranoid Salandria accompany me because he visualized Trotsky-killing-like conspiracies in everything and I'd told him that the CIA was preparing to ruin Garrison. So, he readily assumed that Boxley had been snuck onto Garrison's staff to ruin his "probe" and that is what Garrison said in a press release in which he announced firing Boxley.

J

U

Boxley, whose major sin was unquestioning devotion to Garrison.

In his press release Garrison clung shamelessly to some face-savers, like "a large part of the preparations for the assassination took place in New Orleans" and "the warfare apparatus of the federal government made a serious mistake in using New Orleans for his <sup>its</sup> federal project," the assassination.

I told Posner the full story, he worked where my clearly labelled investigative report with the documents attached are, and with an incredible true and documented story like this he not only did not use it in his Garrison expose', he was not even

capable of minimal accuracy when he misused it as part of his "buffery" line, that all save he are whatever he means by "buffs."

His footnote is totally inaccurate. Garrison did not have "a warrant drafted for the arrest of Perrin." Perrin was not "supposedly to testify about Ruby's gunrunning activities to Cuba." It was not I who "proved to him that Perrin had died in 1962." It was Sciambra who used my report and its documents to make it clear to Garrison that if he pulled such a stupid trick the documents that disproved it not only existed, they were in hand. It was not "the night before he made the arrest notice public" because there was no such arrest notice and it was never made public and because it was on a Sunday morning anyway.



Or, save for Perrin's name and that he was dead, Posner succeeded in being one-hundred percent wrong in everything he said when he knew the truth in detail.

*All of this, except, long before the trial.*



When Posner is this totally inaccurate in a story that is unexcelled in making clear what Garrison really was and was up to, can his account of anything be trusted? Can his judgement of what is important and meaningful and what is not be trusted or must each item he uses and how he uses it raise questions, as I believe it does, about his special purposes, special uses and special formulations to serve his special interests? Does not Posner's entirely inaccurate misuse of perhaps the most insane of Garrison's many insanities not make clear that he began with his Garrisonian formula fixed and inflexible when he, knowing that he was going to make a spectacle of Garrison, had no interest in this fully-documented real story, did not copy and use the available documentation of it because he would have had to credit me with what I had done, not by any means an easy task. As he leaves my work entirely unrecognizable in his book, save for some of his literary lightfingers work with it -- and to his readers that, too, cannot be recognized -- he had to pretend that I had done nothing except what he calls "buff" work.



And that "condemnation" was months before Garrison failed "ignominiously."

In fact, Posner lacks the credential for work in this field that Epstein and I have, and he refers to us as "buffs" in the first of the two footnotes examined above (Page 433). The work in the field Epstein and I did before Posner was in high school are credentials Posner has not yet earned. His credentials in this book are as a fraud, a faker and a thief who cannot and does not get even simple things straight. Epstein's first book was his master's thesis. He later earned a PhD degree in political science and taught at Harvard. All before Posner had to shave ~~daily~~.  

Thus, to Posner, Epstein is a "buff"; a PhD buff, that is.

I was a Senate investigator, then a Senate editor, with the full responsibility of preparing hearings and reports for publication and then publishing them when Posner's parents were children. I had been certified for and authorized to represent the Senate itself in a major lawsuit of that era. Later I was an investigative reporter whose exposes of Nazi cartels were followed by our government taking their American partners over as alien property before Pearl Harbor. In intelligence in World War II, the OSS, or office of Strategic Services, although I was an analyst, I was used as an investigative trouble-shooter when other components, including counterintelligence and the lawyers, too, had failed. I published seven books on our political assassinations, all before Posner was in law school; <sup>114</sup>FOIA lawsuits led to precedental decisions, to the amending of the Act itself, and resulted in a third of a million pages of previously withheld records being given to me without cost, the records Posner had access to and in his book used as from his own work. I have been consulted by both Houses of the Congress and by executive agencies on this work and what is related to it, and by all the media world-wide.  

This to that young fogy of a plagiarizer makes ma a "buff" and him a maven? 

His book and what to this point I have shown to be true about it casts Posner in a role inferior to whatever he may mean by "buff." It is to make a record of this, not because I care a whit about what he says about me that I have taken this time.

The plain and simple truth is that Posner is an authentic subject-matter ignoramus for all his and his publisher's puffing him up. There is virtually no place in his book where his subject-matter ignorance is not obvious. Right at this point (page 434) for example, where he is writing about the "Garrison fiasco." He knows so little about Garrison, his staff and what he did, taking instead the work of others as his own and writing from his pinnacle of personal ignorance, that he refers to Garrison's chief investigator as "another Garrison staff investigator," having earlier identified a private investigator as Garrison's chief investigator.

And so, with this, with so much of it addressed earlier <sup>in</sup> ~~in this book~~ and with the excess of it that I have not taken time for, Posner answers for himself the question that is the title of his last chapter, "What Happened To the Truth?"

Posner happened to it.

The very day I began writing this chapter a researcher in the field visited me seeking information about David R. Ferrie. He told me that when he had asked Posner his source on the Ferrie records he uses and cites in his book, no source indicated in even the end notes, Posner told he got them from me although in his book they are represented as his own work. While this is not the last of Posner's intended putdowns of me as a "buff," it is a point at which I have addressed his honesty or lack of it and his special purposes in his book and the kind of person and writer that he really is.

So that the reader can compare it with what Posner did write about me in his book that, along with its exceptional sale of ancillary rights, had remarkable distribution

around the world (he is in Europe promoting it as I write this), with what he said in private, when he had no special personal interest to serve, here is his inscription on the copy of his *Mengele* he gave me:

*"Dear Harold and Lil --*

*To a couple  
that understands the importance  
of the truth, despite any  
obstacles or criticism.*

*Many of us try  
to follow in your footsteps --*

*Best always --*

*Gerald"*

XXVIII

~~"BLESSING" OR "CURSE," POSNER'S "ANALYTICAL MIND"~~

~~Ignorance, an unjustified belief in his own omniscience, indifference to or contempt for truth and reality, dedication to his exploitation formula, whatever it was that caused Posner to let himself go in his final chapter, how he got its utterly dishonest title as applied to all others is a fitting cap for his own shoddy~~

P. 2

### Joan Collins: Prose & Cons

■ Today's excerpt from "Purposes of the Heart," the Joan Collins manuscript Random House says in a suit is a terrible mess:

"And then there was Kevin of course. He was very much in her life both as the actor she was playing opposite in the new film and as her lover.

But that had to be just their little secret, he had made her promise that. Venetia didn't mind. She had got the part of the orphan in Kevin's film, she was going to be a star. She knew she was. What more did she need? What she didn't know was that her reputation as a woman, was in tatters."



ASSOCIATED PRESS  
Collins, "Heart"-rending.

# Reliable Source

By Annie Groer and Ann Gerhart

### Joan Collins: Prose and Cons, Continued

■ The trial pitting Random House against Joan Collins is set to resume today. The publisher wants its \$1.3 million advance back and claims the book is unprintable. Collins says she delivered what it asked for. The Source could not resist another snippet from the actress/author's contested manuscript, "Purposes of the Heart." Here are two characters, India Jane and her husband, Phil, making editorial decisions about whom to put on the cover of their slick magazine.

"Maybe Yeltsin's a good idea," he conceded flipping through his mail and the morning papers. "Hey, just a mo'. What about him if you really want controversy?"

*He pointed to a grainy photograph of the latest serial killer, an ordinary looking man who had admitted murdering and then eating dozens of boys and youths.*

*"Why not?" she said grabbing the paper and staring at the man's face. "He's quite a good-looking guy. We could get Helmut to photograph him in jail, we could talk to the mothers of some of these boys, it would be a great story!"*

*"India Jane, you're sick!" Phil exploded. "I was kidding babe. You can't seriously imagine we could put a serial killer, one whose crime is probably one of the worse in recent memory on the cover of Mercury! We'd be the joke of the industry."*



Actress, author, defendant.

REUTER



Collins, keeping the cash.

*Post 2/14/96*  
**Jury Rules for Collins (Sort Of)**

■ A New York jury took less than two hours yesterday to decide that **Joan Collins**, author of seven books and the queen of soap opera schemers, can keep a \$1.2 million book advance for work that Random House argued was unpublishable, Reuter reported.

The jury ruled that the smartly dressed defendant, known worldwide as the wicked Alexis Carrington of "Dynasty," did not finish the second manuscript and therefore

Random House does not have to pay that half of the \$4 million, two-book deal.

However, it may have to pay the full \$2 million for "A Ruling Passion"—an additional \$800,000 on top of the \$1.2 million she already collected.

Random House officials argued during the trial that they shouldn't have to pay for either work. But Collins's attorneys cited a rare clause in her contract negotiated by the late, legendary agent **Irving "Swifty" Lazar**: that the manuscripts needed only to be finished, not publishable.

*Post*

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1996 C3

**Source**

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**The Clause That Refreshes**

■ Let us pause to regard the brilliance of **Swifty Lazar**. The late legendary agent negotiated such a sweetheart contract for **Joan Collins** that she gets to keep her million-plus advance *and* sell the disputed manuscripts elsewhere.

A Manhattan jury Tuesday rejected Random House's claim that the actress's book, "Purposes of the Heart," was so bad that she should give back her advance. The decision hinged on an unusual clause in Collins's contract stipulating only that her submitted novels be "complete," not necessarily satisfactory.

With the contract's termination, Collins now owns both manuscripts, full of sex and money, sex and power, and sex with hardly any punctuation. "With editing, both of those books will be terrific books," said Collins attorney Donald Zakarin yesterday. "I think she will take a look at publishing them



Joan Collins: A Swifty one.

elsewhere. There is an enormous amount of interest in them."

And, he added, "Swifty Lazar is sitting somewhere and laughing his behind off at Random House."

Add note end

XXIII add

living case

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