

Even after what happened to him as a result of his trust in Schiller/Mailer remained Schiller's staunch friend. As David Streitfeld wrote in his Washington Post Book World column November 10, 1996:

Even in a blurb-saturated age, an endorsement from Norman Mailer still carries weight. In a New York Times ad for American Tragedy, Schiller's O, J, Simpson book, Mailer enthuses that it is impossible to put down. I haven't pages this quickly in years, etc. The blurb is also on the back of the book itself, but with the addition of five ^{key} words that make it much more honest. This time Mailer identifies Schiller as "my old fri friend and colleague."

By David Streitfeld

Uncivil Rights

THE PHILOSOPHY of communitarianism aims to bring back the benefits of old-fashioned neighborhood life, including things like good manners. If you know the people who live in your community, the logic goes, you're much more inclined to be civil to them.

Civility, however, is something distinctly lacking in the flap over a new book on communitarianism. George Washington University professor Amitai Etzioni, who has been the movement's most visible and energetic promoter, has asked the University Press of Kansas to disavow Bruce Frohnen's *The New Communitarians and the Crisis of Modern Liberalism*.

"Any additional promotion of this book, which smears individuals and ideas, would be from now on in the category of destroying reputations with the malice of forethought," Etzioni wrote last summer to the press's director. While conceding he probably had no legal case, Etzioni appealed to the publisher's "elementary decency" to "desist circulating this volume."

Frohnen, a speechwriter to strongly conservative Sen. Spencer Abraham (R-Mich.), professes himself somewhat bemused by the contretemps.

"The curious thing is that Etzioni is a minor player in the book," Frohnen says. "He's not the Mike Tyson of intellectuals. I thought it was more fair to the movement to concentrate on the larger intellectual role of others."

President Clinton, Mario Cuomo and Garry Wills have been numbered among the popularizers of communitarianism. In *The New Communitarians*, Frohnen attacks the movement as thinly disguised liberalism that is co-opting the language of religion for political ends.

One of the points disputed by Etzioni is Frohnen's claim in the book that the GW professor "advocates forcing anyone who expresses the wrong opinions on matters of race and sex to enter reeducation classes."

"Reeducation," Etzioni said when I called him, "is a loaded word. If there's no difference between a Soviet-style confession, where if you don't confess you're sent to Siberia, and a voluntary seminar which people are invited to attend on a campus, then the difference between night and day disappears. Frohnen is trying to demonize me by saying I said things which violate my deepest-held beliefs."

Responds Frohnen: "Should I have used 'consciousness-raising'? Stalin and all were a particularly nasty and perverse variation of what is after all the liberal project. What communitarianism wants is to free us from prejudice, and free us from the wrong ideas—which is a form of reeducation."

Frohnen argues that it's Etzioni, not himself, who is being intolerant. "This is a guy who says you have to tolerate everything, and everything should be a dialogue. Here I attempt to engage with him, and instead of giving me even a blistering review, he tries to stop distribution altogether. I think that's pretty two-faced."

Etzioni, who has numerous complaints against Frohnen's book, responds in kind. "It's like he's pouring gasoline on the fire, and then complaining about arson."

The University Press of Kansas declined Etzioni's request to stop distribution of the book. So far, the only result of his crusade to clear his name has been the expected one—a dose of publicity for *The New Communitarians*.



Peter S. Beagle

"My books sell in the dozens," says Frohnen. "He could have just ignored me. And that at least would have been relatively civil."

Horn of Plenty

PETER BEAGLE discovered unicorns long before they were fashionable. Indeed, he helped to make them that way with his 1968 novel, *The Last Unicorn*, generally regarded as one of the best fantasy novels of the post-war years. Sure, there had been the occasional unicorn in contemporary literature: The Gentleman Caller in "The Glass Menagerie" breaks the horn of Laura's glass beast, a wildly symbolic act. "And there was a lot of folklore about unicorns," Beagle notes. "It just wasn't mass-market."

That occurred in the 1970s, when the unicorn and its connotation of purity got mixed up with the New Age movement. Soon, there were unicorn bath towels. Beagle was in a perfect position to cash in on the craze, but never did. "I didn't get much out of it except I stayed in print," he recalled over a bowl of artichoke soup in Davis, Calif., which I happened to be visiting. "I never wanted a unicorn franchise."

By the evidence of his last two books, the anthology *Immortal Unicorn* and the short novel *The Unicorn Sonata*, he's changed his mind. The instrument of persuasion was Janet Berliner, an anthologist/agent/packager whom the writer affectionately calls "obsessive, very persistent, crazy as a jaybird."

Equally influential was a mortgage payment. "Songwriters sometimes debate which came first, the words or the music," Beagle says. "Sammy Cahn used to say the phone call. Richard Rodgers would say the advance. With me, it was the balloon payment on the house."

The anthology appeared last year. Beagle and Berliner then worked out a deal with Turner Publishing, which had a big success with a coffee-table book called *Dinotopia*. Publishers adore sequels to popular books, so the odds were good for something called *Unitopia* or maybe *Unitopia*.

But while the project started out as merely his professional best, Beagle says it soon began to matter in a deeper way. The idea of a book with a lot of art was dropped; meanwhile, the story got longer.

"I remembered being 13, and not fitting in—ugly, overweight, totally incapable socially," Beagle says. "Luckily, my parents quite encouraged me. They're responsible for the fact that I can deal with rejection on a professional level. I can walk away from a gig and feel it's the other side's loss."

The Unicorn Sonata, which follows ju-

nior high misfit Josephine Rivera over a magical border to a land called She'rah, was written in about six months. While it's a relatively brief story, this still qualifies as quick for Beagle, who began fast and got slower. He finished his first novel, *A Fine and Private Place*, at age 20; it's still my favorite of his books, an unlikely but lovely story of an old man who lives in a cemetery with only a talking raven and some dead souls for company.

That book and *The Last Unicorn* were written in the old-fashioned way: he made them up as he went along. "I got lucky, and thought I always would." His third novel, which took nearly two decades to complete, is proof that he didn't.

Davis is an appropriate place for a fantasy writer, not only because it's unworldly in the way of many university towns—"18 square miles surrounded by reality," Beagle jokes—but because one subdivision a few blocks from Beagle's house has streets with names from J.R.R. Tolkien's books.

Clearly, people like fantasy. Unfortunately, they often like very bad fantasy—the stuff that is pumped out by publishers who figure anything billed "in the tradition of Tolkien" is going to connect.

"I was very starkly envious at times—and so got a three-book contract when he couldn't write a ransom note," Beagle admits of his long hiatus. He tried instead to follow the suggestion of another fantasy writer, the undeservedly forgotten Edgar Pangborn: "Put your head down and do your work. Don't look up to see who is being translated or who has a movie deal. You look up in 30 years and half your goddamn contemporaries are dead." It's not the most cuddly advice, but is eminently practical.

All the Rage

DURING THE F. Scott Fitzgerald centenary a couple of weeks ago, it suddenly became clear: The Great Gatsby was everyone's favorite American novel. As a sort of coda to the celebrations and commemorative articles, a small booklet of tributes has been published. F. Scott Fitzgerald at 100 is a collection of brief tributes—some as short as two sentences—from 30 American writers, published by Quill & Brush (\$15 from Box 5365, Rockville, Md. 20848).

"A centennial?" writes Reynolds Price. "Fitzgerald's best work is already as old as Sophocles in its perfection and as near at hand as the shy tortured smile he offers in his last photographs." Alfred Kazin notes that, "being still romantic about America, I can never say the last great lines [of *Gatsby*] to myself without getting close to tears."

Fitzgerald lasts, Carolyn See writes,

"and may last another century, because he knew for sure that American life is *high school*, that by the time you get to college you're over the hill . . . Way before television he realized the power of the cool image. How you *looked* was important, how you crossed a lawn was important; beautiful shirts and witty remarks and the way you lounged in a chair were important. Having a crush—and then sticking to that crush with all the tenacity of a lovesick teenager—was most important of all."

Thorn in His Side

THE CRITICS may sneer, but everyone in the mystery/suspense/thriller field knows that the way to riches is with a continuing hero or heroine. In a recent interview in *Publishers Weekly*, Florida writer James Hall succinctly detailed both the pressure and the logic behind having a character reappear, even if the author might secretly rather do something completely different.

Hall's first novel, featuring a brooding protagonist named Thorn, appeared in 1987. Called *Under Cover of Daylight*, it did surprisingly well. Hall was writing a new novel with a different hero when his editor called and said there was a big paperback deal in the offing, but only if the second book featured Thorn.

"I'm over 130 pages into this book and the character just isn't Thorn," the novelist told his editor.

"Doesn't your computer have a find/replace?" the editor asked.

Hall tried to explain that the hero this time had different qualities.

"People change," the editor said.

Hall gave up, put the new book aside, and wrote another novel featuring Thorn. It built on his earlier success. The third novel, the one with a new hero, didn't do so well. Ditto the fourth novel, which likewise had a new cast. In 1994, Thorn returned, and so did the audience. Is it any wonder that Hall has now surrendered, publishing a fifth Thorn novel this summer?

In the interview, he tried to make the best of it, saying "I don't see Thorn as genre fiction. Genre fiction is stuck in a loop of the same conflict and resolution. . . Now I see my novels as a process of evolution and expansion of my inner self. As my interests and perceptions change, so do Thorn's." That's putting the best possible spin on it.

In the Margin

ANONYMOUS is a busy guy. Early this year there was *Primary Colors*, and now there's a three-volume anthology titled *The Sex Book*. But is it the same Anonymous, aka columnist Joe Klein? A call to Chronicle Books, publishers of *The Sex Book*, resulted in the comment that "we can neither confirm nor deny that Joe Klein had anything to do with this. We want to respect the rights of Anonymous to pursue his literary career without hindrance." It's probably a tip-off that in these selections of work by such types as Hemingway and D.H. Lawrence, there's hardly anything about politics or public policy, Klein's consuming interests . . .

Even in a blurb-saturated age, an endorsement from Norman Mailer still carries weight. In a *New York Times* ad for Lawrence Schiller's O.J. Simpson book, *American Tragedy*, Mailer enthuses that it "is impossible to put down. I haven't turned pages this quickly in years," etc. The blurb is also on the back of the book itself, but with the addition of five key words that make it much more honest: This time, Mailer identifies Schiller as "My old friend and colleague."

Egomaniacal and self-important as he is, successful as his outrageous statements of the past have been Mailer says anything that at any time seems as though it might do him some good, without regard for its wisdom, truthfulness or anything he has said in the past about the same matters. Only a ~~man~~ ^{man} writer who is treated with awe and respect and who has two Pulitzers, not one to his credit could survive the stupidities that come from his ever-open, ever-working mouth. Usually as the one that follows is, a self-exposure.

San Francisco Chronicle book review editor Patricia Holt, flew across the entire country, with the time and costs that represents, to attend the Random House press conference featuring Mailer. IN addition to the ^{almost} two tabloid-size pages she gave her review she followed that with a lengthy article of close to a full ~~newspaper-~~ standard newspaper-size page with the dateline New York ~~and~~ whether or not written from there. So, Mailer and Random House got much space and attention in the San Francisco area, and that does sell books. Her account of the press conference is also a plug for a Mailer appearance in the area. Like the Boston Globe, the Chronicle considered this even important enough for its own photographs, by Christopher Bierlein. Like the Globe, it also wanted its own picture of Mailer sitting at the large covered table in his office. It posed him identically but ~~omitted~~ ^{cropped off} those fully-dressed human skeletons on Mailer's left ~~left~~ ^{right} ~~as he posed~~. Perhaps his necrology would have diminished the story rather than inform the reader as the Chronicle saw it.

Holt is writing about what Mailer has in his book making Oswald out to be a homosexual. She almost paraphrases the New York Times Sciolino who as we saw wrote ~~two~~ years earlier, "When one has Mailer ~~who needs~~ ^{does} no not expect facts as she bings L: ^{begins:}

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In the book and in person, Mailer is very convincing about such matters. Let's forget evidence for now, he says; let's not worry about Oswald's skill with a rifle, for example, since you'll hear he was a poor shot or an expert shot from at least three sources.

Let's forget this delirium of conflicting and messy facts: Did Oswald have the soul of a killer or not? To answer, Mailer says, it's better to think as a novelist rather than a biographer.

"I hate nonfiction," he says, sighing. "I've always thought of nonfiction as the second stomach of a cow. The facts are all eaten

and regurgitated, and then chewed up again. You get everything in nonfiction except the *feeling* of what it's like.

"So in this book I wanted to at least give a feeling of what it was like to live in Minsk when Oswald did, through the voices of people he knew then — and they, I think, in the early part make it sound like a novel."

At what point did Mailer come to the conclusion that Oswald did have the soul of a killer, that he probably killed John Kennedy and acted alone?

"I'd say it was somewhere during the Minsk section. Originally I was going to leave him in Russia and write a 100-page epilogue about what happened in America — it was going to be called 'Oswald in Minsk.' And this is where it expanded, much to my surprise, although to no one else's."

He chuckles self-mockingly at this — most of his recent books read as if they were bulked up on steroids.

"And then I got fascinated with the Warren Commission! You know it's abominably printed, and my eyes are not too good, so I had the pages of all these volumes enlarged, which is easier in Minsk, where it's only 3 cents a page to Xerox. I must have had several thousand pages of both the Warren Commission and the HSCA (House Select Committee on Assassinations) enlarged in Minsk.

"So every morning I'd read these juicy testimonies, and every afternoon and evening we'd have these interviews, and soon I was struck by how desperate Oswald was, how focused he was on a belief in himself, however delusional.

Holt did not ask if Mailer has The New York Times enlarged so he can read its news and book notes and reviews. ^{Commission} The testimony is not printed in smaller type. That of the House committee is in much larger type, larger than most newspapers ~~use~~ and magazines use. Surely that did not require enlarging for him to be able to read it, as he did tell Holt who, sophisticated as she is, asked him not a single question and printed his nonsense as the unquestionable truth, irrelevant as it also is.

Having said that his book is nonfiction and that it is better to think of his nonfiction as a novelist, he says he ~~hates~~ nonfiction and then that it was more important to get the feel of living in ^Minsk in preference to let us say as he has just said it, the "messy facts" of the ~~assassination~~ - the presumed ^{it was to reprint} purpose of his book.

Forgetting that he had always said Oswald was the assassin, when asked when he concluded that "Oswald did have the soul of a killer," of all the incredible reponses, when there is not a thing he ^{learned} in Minsk that is in his book and none of that of any meaning is new anyway, Mailer says it was when he was in Minsk. Holt's ~~the~~ words may not appear to be this ~~is~~ definitive but what Mailer says is explicit.

That is ^{when} he got "fascinated," ^{with} ~~he~~ said the Warren ~~or~~ Commission volumes. ^{Says they} are "abominably printed" when they are not that at all and were even in hardback books to make them more durable and easier to handle. It is all pretty much ^{standardized}. The more likely explanation for this flagrant stupidity, people ~~are~~ that familiar with how such government records have been published for decades, ie that his "eyes are not too good." For him to have ^{trouble} reading those volumes his eyesight if quite diminished. So, and ^{this} ~~the~~ proves his work on the Warren and House assassins volumes did not begin until he was to have been at the end of Oswald in Minsk, ~~he~~ had the pages of those volumes enlarged, which is easier in Minsk where it's only 3 cents a page to xerox."

He then adds, " "I must have had several thousand pages of both the Warren Commission and the HSCA enlarged in Minsk. And he read them every morning.

What Mailer is really saying is that someone had made selections for him of the 40 volumes both organizations published, some of which were of close to a thousand pages.

Especially because he had trouble reading normal size type! Not able to read that size type he wound up with what he says is "several thousand pages" of enlargements of the standard printed page. ^{C/ have}

(If his vision could not be improved by correcting eyeglasses glasses he does have a real problem. I can read ~~on~~ nothing at all ~~with~~ without glasses yet with them I do not need a magnifying glass for the smallest type used in footnotes. This does raise questions about Mailer as what he says often, a bullshitter.)

Of the possible explanations of this- and without any interpretation Mailer has in this confessed to not have^{1/16} read all the Commission and the committee published- the most likely is that his ~~effect~~^{efficient} assistant had copies made of the pages cited by Mailer's sources to the exclusion of all of different perspective and information, Davason, ~~E~~^E Epstein, McMillan and Posner.

There is no other ^e ^{le} ready explanation for how a man who could not read those printed pages could ~~select~~^{select} from them what he wanted to use or to decide which to have enlarged so he could read them. *while ignoring all the other millions of words not in accord with the preconceptions with which he began.*

How macho, how ~~independent~~^{independent} independent in thinking, how much more the he-man/viril type can Mailer be than to let others all of whom are both clearly prejudiced and widely published be his researchers, than in using these ^d ^e ^f ^g ^h ⁱ ^j ^k ^l ^m ⁿ ^o ^p ^q ^r ^s ^t ^u ^v ^w ^x ^y ^z limited research for him to ^{pick} pick and chose from- with their ^{limitations and} conclusions already built in?

The proof that this is what really happened, how he ^{really} really work, is repetitious throughout his ^{quotations} ~~quotes~~ in which he eliminates from the same page of the government volumes what those other also eliminated ~~from~~^{from} them! *in their own misuses - of the identical page*

~~There is thus a very real question, was it the pages of the official publications that Mailer had enlarged in Minsk, where it cost only three cents a page, or was it actually all or mostly the pages of these meretricious books, all in varying degrees unofficial propaganda and all supporting the official mythology?~~

It is not easy to believe that Mailer had ^{all} the testimony of Donovan, Powers, Thornley and Delgado, to mention only a few, and not to see that Oswald had at the least a secret security clearance, ^{clearance} ~~with~~ which three of these four swore to, and not to have seen in Del-

gado's testimony that Oswald was disgusted by homosexuality and preferred and patronized women whores. Or not to say anywhere in more than 800 pages, as Delgado's ^{make so clear,} ~~testimony~~ testimony is that Oswald was strongly anti-Soviet, of which we have much more elsewhere and of which without question Mailer knew very well, *if he actually read that testimony,*

We see here Mailer's self-condemnation as a man and as a witer.

This is in the plainest ^{English} ~~English~~ literary whoring, the harlot of ~~The~~ Harlot's Ghost.

From the pictures of him in bitter-cold Minsk Mailer has big ~~a~~ feet~~s~~ as well as a big mouth. Here he gets at ~~least~~ ^{least} one of those big feet inside that big mouth ~~without~~ without keeping it from his monumental stupidity in how he is exposing himself and his book both as frauds. It is almost as though he is seeking to prove the truth of the lies he told ~~the~~ those students at Penn, that novels and ~~lies~~ history are the same because both are fiction and history lies.

Not even Hitler, one of Mailer's sources in this book, tells a bigger lie than Mailer does in representing ~~it~~ ^{this book} as nonfiction ~~then~~ when, like Hitler, he is the skilled or at least daring practitioner of the Hitlerian belief that for a lie to succeed it must be the biggest of lies.

2nd Chap's

Chapter ??

Our country was founded when much of the world was stirring, seeking change and freedom from oppression and repression. Those who risked their lives, their fortunes for those who had fortunes and their honor were, I believe, the greatest political thinkers in the world's history. They did create the first meaningful freedom for the overwhelming majority. That is, except for women and minorities of whom blacks had virtually no rights at all except to remain slaves and even Jews were disenfranchised. The latter notwithstanding the fact that one of them, Hiram Sherman, did more than any other person to provide the resources needed for the revolution that did succeed.

But as with all freedoms there were abuses. There were those who made dishonest and corrupt uses of freedom the freedoms they enjoyed.

As the great country grew and prospered a minority prospered more than the vast majority. Many of those who became rich wanted only to become richer. In their lust for greater riches than anyone could possibly need no matter how profligate his life they devised ways of getting richer, usually at the expense of others and usually, too, by devious if not dishonest means.

In a growing country the opportunities for enrichment by legitimate as well as by illegitimate means expanded. Profiting from this growth did not satisfy those who longed for riches beyond any normal human need. The means they used to get ever richer and power coming from great riches, even more powerful, include graft, corrupting politicians. The symbol of this in our history is New York's Democratic machine known as "Tammany Hall." But there was no part of the land that was immune from this kind of political corruption and the great wealth it helped grow greater.

That coincided with the beginnings of what was once a great tradition in American reporting, investigative journalism. The best known of the many fine reporters who were in varying degree responsible for exposing the many kinds of corruption was Lincoln Steffens. There were others less famous who followed him. Their careers did

thrive, not as investigative journalists for established and major publications. Some were honored - after they died and could report no more. In recent years I.F. Stone, who was my friend before he changed his name from Isadore Feinstein, is the best known. Before him one who died ~~at~~ when more than a hundred years old - he outlived Izzy by quite a few years - was George Seldes. That established publications had no use for them would not employ them, would not publish their writings, discouraged any who might have sought to follow them and render the enormous national services they are others lesser known rendered the nation.

Today they have no peers.

The reason is the obvious one, they were unemployable. By the media at least.

As investigative reporters in that fine tradition became fewer and fewer the publications that would consider publishing what they wrote also grew fewer and fewer.

There were many magazines that years ago did publish exposes. They prospered from that. People did want to know, to be informed, for their country to be honest and for their politician not to be on the teats of those named by one writer "the robber barons." President Franklin Delano Roosevelt referred to them as "the malefactors of great wealth."

My investigative reporting was mostly for what was then the third largest picture magazine. The original LIFE and LOOK were first and second. Click was third. I was also its Washington correspondent. My specialty in those days of the beginnings of World War II, beginning after Hitler invaded Poland but before Pearl Harbor, was the exposure of Nazi cartels, many international monopolies and their interference in preparations for defeating the Nazis.

Click's circulation grew and it was honored for those stories I wrote when each and every one was led to praises for it and the magazine in the Congress. One in particular elicited letters of praise from a number of members of the President's cabinet, from the White House and even from J. Edgar Hoover.

Click was owned by the Late Moe Annenberg. He was in jail when I worked for it, jailed for the crookedness that led to his riches and to his owning the publications he owned. By reputation he began to really prosper when he worked in circulation for a Chicago newspaper and in the fierce competition in those days when newspapers published "extra" editions to report major news developments, he is credited with introducing gangsterism into Chicago in those circulation wars.

Moe was a Jew, as is his honored son Walter. Their best-known publication of that era was The Philadelphia Inquirer. As it grew and prospered when the automobile began to reduce the uses of public transportation in the major cities, this reducing the number of people who use public transportation and bought the evening papers to read on their gay home. Other factors virtually eliminated afternoon and evening newspapers. The Inquirer reduced the competition it faced by buying what had been a justly famous and honored newspaper, the then very old Philadelphia Ledger. Although the Seldes obituaries I saw in Jult, 199r did not mention it, Seldes did some of his best and most important work for it. My later connection with it was minor and not extensive. I tell that story because it does reflect what newspaper owners do not have to articulate, what their editors understand without being told, without direct orders from the owners.

I was the most junior of the reporters on the Wilmington, Delaware Morning News in the early 1930s. After the repeal of the prohibition amendment to the Constitution, the Volstead Act that made the use and consumption of alcoholic beverages of any kind illegal - and that extended gangsterism to the entire nation with illegal whisky - I wrote what I believed was an innocent feature story. It reported that when women went downtown to shop - and in those days in almost all cities they did go downtown for their shopping - instead of dropping into restaurants for a cup of tea they had begun to order cocktails.

When the city editor, the fatherly Carl Wise, who called me "son" to avoid having me respond to the tradition call for the woy copy boy, "boy!" read that feature he called

obe over to his desk. Quietly Quietly, he said, "Son, Mr. duPont would not like ~~this~~ this." this."

Pierre duPont then owned that paper and its companion evening paper, also since disappeared Pierre has been a strong supported of FDR's promise to repeal the Prohibition amendment if elected.

When Carl saw how crestfallen I was that the innocent story could not be printed he gave it back to me and said, "Why not take it up to The Philadelphia Ledger?"

The Ledger's Sunday edition then had a section of articles it syndicated to more than fifty other Sunday papers. It ; ked that little feature, paid me more for it ah than Pierre duPont did for a week's work, and it made me an occasional contributor to that great newspaper.

Not only was Walter Annenberg, who ran Moe's properties for him when Moe as jailed, a Jew, his Click editor was a Jew but whose name was Abglecized. After my first story he asked me to take an Ang,icized name. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Several of his assostant editors had done that. They included a college friend of mine. There was no ~~the~~ Click editor with a Jewish name.

days
In those days of the rise of Hitler's power, of his beginning of his attempt to take all of Europe over, of his obvious threat to the entire world and long after his intense persecution of Jews was well known if before the Holocaust was recognized.

(I actually had some of the first inkling of it from my contacts with the Polish underground. I could not get that story published. In the end I gave it to a small Jewish monthly.)

This is how my series of exposes of Nazi cartels and their penetration of not only our industry so vital in war production but their interferences with it did not have by by-line on any one of them.

I may seem to be wandering but I am trying to give an understanding of the major media of sixty years ago for an understanding of our today's major media and what it will and will not do.

In the end, despite its success and the honor paid it in Washington, Walter Annenberg folded Click. The story the editor gave me is that he was being blackballed

by Philadelphia's "Main Line" society over my anti-Nazi exposes. Nannenberg used the then scarce newsprint on which he had published Click with its serious articles along with the entertainment to launch an all-entertainment magazine for teen agers, Seventeen.

And that, too, illustrates the trend, the changes, the elimination of possible markets for the I.F.Stones and the George Seldeses.

Collier's was another magazine of that era that carried exposes from time to time. So also did LIFE and Look LOOK and the old, the original Saturday Evening Post. All of them had what for then was fantastic circulations, of about seven million copies per issue. (LOOK was not published weekly, as the others were. It appeared every other week as I now recall.)

But as our country grew and prospered and as the various kinds of crookedness grew along with it, it became clear that changes had to be made, that people, including wealthy people, had to be protected from the abuses that had become fixed and accepted.

We learned, for example that monopoly was bad for the country. That led to an anti-monopoly law known as the Sherman Act.

Banks and other institutions had to be regulated to protect those who used them. Banks were going up, broke and their depositors robbed of their savings, businesses and industry of their deposits, during the Great Depression. FDR had to declare a banking "holiday," to close all banks for a short period of time in order to institute the necessary reforms.

Reforms and controls over the stock market were also introduced to protect those who invested in it, to keep them from being fleeced by those "malefactors of great wealth" FDR castigated so eloquently.

Those and other such protections were necessary and they restored confidence and those institutions prospered, with those who used them protected.

Then came Ronald Reagan, who was followed by George Bush, the same George Bush who when he opposed Reagan in the Republican primaries referred to the economic

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ppolicies Reagan said he would introduce if elected as "voodoo ecobomics."

(How many recall the major media referring to this after Reagan was elected and began to institute those policies? Or during the Busg campaign to succeed Reagan, the Bish who perpetuated what he had called "Voodoo economics?")



Lest it be believed that I am prejudiced in saying that in Oswald in Minsk Mailer had nothing and knew he had nothing I cite the review by Barbie Zelizer in The Philadelphia Inquirer for Sunday, May 7. She looked ~~with a favor~~ on Mailer's book with favor as a novel, which Mailer and Random House ~~claim~~ ^{insist} it is not, but ~~she~~ wrote ~~as~~ about the book as nonfiction, particularly the part that began as Oswald in Minsk:

made single space

"~~As~~ As fact, however, Mailer's book offers little new. ...His (sic) relentless interviews with KGB ~~officials~~ ^{officials} functionaries and Oswald's former friends in Minsk... do not provide a new informative gloss. Even his examination of KGB surveillance reports and files ~~examined~~ [does no more than] support(s) media reports published years earlier."

This was obvious to her even though she is not a subject-matter expert.

It also happens that in that issue the Random House ad that was a ~~full~~ full page where there were influential best-seller lists, like The New York Times and The Washington Post was reduced in size to a mere seven inches by four ~~and~~ and a quarter inches. This ~~is~~ ^{reflects} one of the many means by which publishers can rig the results of those best-seller lists. So, although Philadelphia has a popular ^{area} much larger than that of Washington, Random House lavished advertising money in the smaller market which does have its own ~~its~~ best-seller list compared with the advertising money in spent in the larger city, Philadelphia.

X. What the KGB Sold Schiller - a Bill of Goods

Questions that present themselves ^{include} ~~as his~~ did Schiller ^{offer} present his deal and pull it off and why did the KGB go for Schiller rather than anyone else, ^{and to the KGB approach him.}
 From Schiller's records ^{it can be believed that} he made the KGB ^{the best} a better offer ^{at first} as it interpreted what it would get from his deal.

In turn, this raises the question, if it ^a made full disclosure, ^{is} as there any way in which ^{full disclosure} that could be adverse to its interests, as it saw its interests.

1294 here
 Aside from the fact that it could ~~without~~ keep secret anything it wanted to keep secret, there was no reason to believe, ^{me} about the preconceptions of the Schillers and the Mailers and others ^{being} who think as they do about the assassination, that the KGB's files held anything about Oswald ^{as} any kind of agent of spy.

^{of a KGB defector} Despite the craziness of the Angletonians, not the least of ^{whom} ~~him~~ was the real ^{even} not Anatoli Golitsyn, who started it all without any basis in fact or in rational ^{suspicion} guessing, there was no reason even to suspect that Oswald worked for the KGB or that ^{proof} the KGB had any reason to believe that he worked for ^{any} of our spookeries. I put it this way because while all the discussion has been about the possibility that Oswald had worked for the CIA, it was not our only spookery for whom he could have worked. Perhaps the most obvious of these ^{other agencies} is the Office of Naval Intelligence, the ONI.

129B → ^y This, besides the fun and games ^{of} it, the KGB's only ^{real} ~~real~~ interest in selling its Oswald records was money.

There Schiller had the reputation of ^{being} the customer who fit the KGB's interests ideally. He did pay ^a large sums for the rights he bought and he was not one who would use those ~~the~~ KGB records to argue that Oswald had worked for it. His public record, like Mailer's, is of undeviating addiction to the official assassination mythology. Both were hooked on that, despite Mailer's feeble and infrequent wonder whether Oswald had been all alone.

If the KGB had any interest other than money, that interest would have been for the use of what it sold ^{those who would not try to connect it with any} ~~one that would give it no connection of any kind with~~ belief there had been a conspiracy.

In trying to evaluate how fully the KGB disclosed its relevant records to Schiller and his hired pen what cannot be known is what the KGB may have given them that they did not use because they saw it as not consistent with what they wanted to say.

There is also the ~~subject~~ fact that Mailer admits (on page 222) that the KGB did not make all the transcripts of ^{its} ~~their~~ electronic surveillances on Oswald available to Schiller/Mailer. Aside from the fact, as this illustrates, that the KGB could and did

In disclosing that it had had Oswald under surveillance the KGB disclosed nothing. That it had him surveilled and his mail intercepted was disclosed by Yuri Nosenko in February and March, 1964. When the ^{Commission's copy of the FBI's} Nosenko interviews by the FBI were first made available to me at the Archives I published the ~~ess~~ essence of what Nosenko told the FBI about this, as I report above, in Post Mortem. Twenty years earlier than Mailer's Tales appeared I published in brief form what Mailer does not have in his 828 pages about "Oswald in Minsk," That ¹⁹ Mailer did not include this information ^{which we come to} can be only because he felt the need to suppress it.

If there were any belief that there had been a conspiracy it was ~~it~~ inevitable that ~~it~~ among the possible candidates for the conspirators the KGB would be pre-eminent.

It appears to be a safe assumption that ^{basic} in the deal for the KGB was the assurance the writing would be only what gave it no problems at all. As we saw earlier, in Post Mortem, in 1975, I had published Nosenko's state^{ments} that the KGB had suspected Oswald could have been an agent-in-place, a "sleeper" or a "dormant" spy, and that it ~~had~~ had personally and electronically under surveillance. No KGB records would be new or in any way ~~embas~~ embarrassing to it on this score.

As a result it all boiled down to money and, as with the Gary Giomore deal, ^{any} ~~sweatening~~ ^{of it/Schiller} Mailer could have given the KGB,

Whether or not he had Mailer's advance assurances of acceptance of Schiller's offer, based on ~~it~~ Mailer's having ^{hired-hand} accepted this role from Schiller twice in the past, Schikler had ample basis for assuming he would.

Whether or not the KGB liked Mailer's writing, he ^{was} as a well-established and honored writer whose books sold well and involved useful ancillary rights. Newspaper and magazine articles and TV attention were a virtual certainty.

Mailer was a very good deal for the KGB because his writing was certain to attain as much or more attention than that of any other writer, American or other. With the KGB controlling what it would provide as the basis for the writing, Mailer was ~~the~~ ^{an} ideal writer for it. ^{proposal to the KGB} If the Schiller deal include^d him. If it ^{did not} ~~then~~ the KGB's interest ^{remained} was exclusively or almost exclusive^{ly} in the money it would get.

^{secretly} on that, while the information I have is far from complete - we do not ^{know} (all know it's ~~dealt away for~~ money - it is enough to indicate ^{usually} that the KGB sells ^{at what it will sell} of the highest bidder and that it gives the would-be buyer of those rights peeks that are enticing.

After the dissolution of the Soviet Union ~~there~~ soon seemed to be little that the KGB would not sell. ^{It} Including Hitler's bones.

The The New Statesman of London reported in its "Moscow Gold" supplement to its April 7, 1995 issue,

under single space

"...more and more archives in the former Soviet union are either open^{or} for sale to the highest bidder. Another is that former Soviet intelligence officers ~~of~~ have ~~be~~ realised (do not copy what in within these pares but "realised" is the Brithish spelling and should be used in retyping) that there is money to be made from con-
fessional autobiographies that name names (however, inafcurately or maliciously)"

Of which Mailer seems to have been oblivious from his unquestioning use of them.

The cover story on the Israeli Jerusalem Report issue dated May 4, 1995 goes ~~into~~ into great detail on the Soviet commercialization of Hitler remains. This got little or no attention in the United States until about a month after this story was written by the Jerusalem Post's Moscow correspondent, Alexander Lesser, ^{There was} there was mention on the evening TV news that the German's were about to go public with what they had bought.

Because this is so little known in the United States and to give a fuller account of the willingness of the Russians to sell and how they go about it in some cases I use lengthy excerpts from the Lesser report.

Under the big, black heading ^{"COVER UP"} Lesser's story begins with an account of ~~the end of~~ what happened in and to Hitler's bunker in Berlin as it fell ^{to the Russians:}

"GOEBBELS WAS wearing the remains of a yellow scarf, and I could only think about the yellow star he made the Jews wear. And now the yellow cloth was at his throat, like it had strangled him," recalls Yelena Rzhnevskaya of May 3, 1945, when she entered the garden of the Imperial Chancellery in Berlin's Wilhelmstrasse as a lieutenant in the Soviet army.

Goebbels and his wife Magda lay dead, their bodies burned, but the Nazi propaganda genius, with his club foot, was easily recognized by Rzhnevskaya and the two Smersh (Russian acronym for "death to spies") counterintelligence officers for whom she was translating. Still, Goebbels's corpse was of scant interest to the team. Their task was to find Adolf Hitler.

The three descended into the Fuehrer's bunker through a door in the garden, uncertain of what they would find. The scene in Berlin then, Rzhnevskaya recalls, "was

hellish. Everywhere there were buildings burning or in ruins, bodies and debris littering the streets." They had to dodge small arms fire from Soviet units that raked the chancellery garden, probing for pockets of die-hard SS resistance.

Inside there was total darkness, the electricity cut. They used flashlights to negotiate the stairs. Down and down they went, until they pushed open a door and came upon a handful of servants, huddled, ready to surrender.

Passing quickly from room to room,

Rzhnevskaya found the six Goebbels children dead in their bunk beds, poisoned by their parents. Even now, gazing back across half a century from the book-lined living room of her spacious Moscow apartment, Rzhnevskaya, 75 — slim, smooth-skinned and looking 10 years younger — speaks with emotion of "the sleeping children." Aware then of German crimes

against the Jews, she, herself a Jew, nevertheless could not feel hatred. "I'm not a believer in collective guilt," she says. "The children were innocent."

Next, the three came across suitcases and trunks packed, it emerged later, for Hitler's anticipated flight south with Eva Braun. They found reams of secret documents and many personal possessions of

the Nazi leadership. But of Hitler himself, there was no trace.

Yelena Rzhnevskaya has told the tale many times, most notably in her 1965 memoir "Berlin, May 1945," which sold more than a million copies in the U.S.S.R. But her account is only the first chapter in the convoluted saga surrounding Hitler's death — a saga that is only completely unraveling now, as the 50th anniversary of his suicide approaches. What follows is the full story — from April 30, 1945, when Braun took poison and Hitler either poisoned or shot himself, through Stalin's effort to conceal those deaths, on to the day



In 1970 when Soviet authorities ordered the Hitler and Braun bodies burned, right up to the present.

In the last few years, since the break-up of the Soviet Union, the cash-strapped Russian authorities have been auctioning off access to their archive dossier on Hitler and to three fragments of the Fuehrer's skull kept secretly in Moscow through the decades. The Jerusalem Report was invited to participate in the bidding, and this reporter was able to see the documentation and skull fragments.

The Report opted not to pursue the bidding war, and pieced together this story from other sources. But the final deals on access to Hitler's skull and to the paperwork have been struck in the past few months; ~~having systematically distorted the facts of Hitler's death and the fate of~~

IT IS ONLY SINCE THE FALL OF Communism in 1991 that the full truth about the body-burning at Magdeburg, and about the Hitler skull fragments, has begun to emerge. In the new harsh financial realities, instead of seeking to suppress the truth any longer, the Russian authorities were suddenly eager to market their information.

Six thick folders containing documents, diagrams and photographs from both the original Smersh investigation and Operation Myth are stored in the Center for the Preservation of Contemporary Docu-

ments, the new name of the Soviet State Archive. So is some of the physical evidence: the skull fragments, and pieces of the divan on which Hitler and Braun died.

In early 1992, as archivist Sergei Mironenko began looking around for foreign buyers, word leaked out about Hitler's

grave — the files, after all, included all the documentation on the Magdeburg burials. Later that year, a Dutch television station arranged for the Soviet veterans who buried Hitler to fly to Magdeburg and open the grave. But they found it empty.

~~What they did not know was that, in April 1970, the corpses had been disinterred and burned, and the ashes scattered in a nearby forest, by a KGB team acting on the orders of Yuri Andropov. The~~

What remained unburned, of course, were the skull fragments that had been transported to Moscow. With their cash-strapped archive in decline, lacking computers and other basic equipment, Mironenko and his boss, Rudolph Pikhola, chairman of the State Archive Committee, began negotiating the sale of access rights to foreign news organizations.

Among those involved were The Jerusalem Report, U.S. News & World Report and Germany's Pro-Sieben TV network. And this reporter had the opportunity to see the files and evidence, though not to read everything or take photographs.

The negotiations — in six-figure dollar sums — were intense. Hard evidence relating to Hitler was in particular demand, given the media furor surrounding the faked Hitler diaries a decade earlier.

But the deal-making broke down in February 1993 — when a Russian journalist named Ella Maximova, who had also had access to the file, published a long article on Operation Myth in the daily Izvestia. Her revelations, naturally, dampened the interest of other journalists.

Another two years were to pass before the rights were successfully sold off. Ownership remains with the archives, but access to the Hitler files and the skull fragments has recently been granted for an undisclosed sum to HarperCollins, a Rupert Murdoch-owned house that is expected to publish a book on the saga, by Oxford University's modern history professor Norman Stone, later this year. The BBC has also paid for access, for a documentary to be shown later this spring.

Note: if it is necessary to cut, then all before the g beginning of the fourth line in the first column can be cut. If that is done change the colon before the clippings on 3 131 to period and then follow with, Then Lesser gets into his account of the wheeling and dealing:

What follows is to follow the clippings.

So it is not only the necrologists like the Schillers and the Mailers, not only those who would commercialize what they bought in books. When the bidding got into six figures it is apparent that some of what the Russians can sell brings real money to it.

Even after some of the value of what the Russians wanted to sell was diminished by publication of it they still were able to sell some of it.

But there is no indication of which I am aware of any United States or other interest in any KGB Oswald information. This may or may not indicate what the Russians ^{why} got ^{dealt} with from Schiller.

But ~~as~~ as we saw earlier, individual Russians were ^{paid} ~~had~~ for interviews by Schiller/Mailer. But Ernst Titovets, who told the Chicago Tribune James Gallagher that he had asked a high price for ^{being} ~~an~~ ^{ed/} interview, seems not to have made a deal because Mailer's Tales does not include any ^{interview of him}. ~~In fact, although Titovets seems to have known Oswald best and although he did get a high education, he is a biologist, professor, and although Mailer has many references to him in his Glossary of Names, Mailer does not include Titovets.~~

Mailer does not ignore Titovets in his Acknowledgement, a rather odd place to record noncooperation:

indicate single space

With Erich Titovets, the matter is more frustrating. Titovets was, by all accounts, Oswald's closest friend and associate in Minsk, and he kept sliding out of interviews with us. At present a doctor engaged in advanced research, Titovets met with us seven times, but never gave an interview. As he explained, he was going to write his own book on Oswald. Nonetheless, a game ensued. Often, he would agree to a meeting, but would change the date, or, once, was summoned out of his hospital office in the first few minutes by what had every appearance of being a pre-arranged call.

We had already interviewed his ex-wife, and she described him as immensely secretive, cold, and compartmented. While few men would wish to be measured by the judgments of a former spouse, it was obvious from meeting Titovets, a well-knit, well-built man who gives off a contradictory aura, prissy yet macho at once, that he was living in as sly and unique a manner as a much-pampered cheetah. Our only consolation in not being able to interview him is that while he was obviously capable of talking to us for hours it was equally apparent that he would impart nothing he did not care to tell. The decision was made finally to approach him entirely from without and let him emerge as a character by way of his relation to others. (page xxi) xxi

This is an "acknowledgement"? And it is worth almost 20 percent of all the
space Mailer devotes to Acknowledgements?

Titovets did not deal with them so Mailer got his vengeance, having the last word.

And if they had paid him disproportionately more than they were paying others, would that not have driven the going price per interview up?

fol 133A

~~So it seems that having the last word, Mailer got vengeance on Y Titovets.~~

Without ^{Mailer} mentioning that the real reason Titovets refused to be interviewed was

that he wanted more money than Schiller/Mailer were willing to pay. 134 A

^{That} They could not have told the truth - and because they did not it is to wonder why they just did not ignore him - is apparent. There is not a single reference in the book to anyone being paid anything for an interview. ^{or for anything else.}

Nor is there any mention of paying the KGB anything at all.

The KGB was in the selling business, the reason I use the excerpts from foreign publications abroad.

What it could sell it was not about to give away free.

With Schiller's ^{of} long history ^{of} paying and paying well when he wanted the rights, there is every reason to believe that he paid the KGB for them. ^{offer to, perhaps,}

There is no reason to believe that it gave Schiller/Mailer anything at all for no money in return.

There likewise is no reason to believe that it preferred Schiller/Mailer to report on what they ^{it} would disclose about Oswald in Minsk. As the few ^{Oswald} media names mentioned above reflect, there were better outlets to chose if there had been an media interest I've not seen reported.

And what Mailer's Tales also does not report, the KGB headquarters in Moscow had much earlier given ABC-TV News access to its ^v Oswald files.

While we have no way of knowing with whom, if with anyone else the KGB tried to negotiate the sale of what it sold Schiller/Mailer, we do have every reason to believe that they did pay for what they got from the KGB.

In all the attention the book got, in all the attention Random ^House could attract to it, there was almost no mention of Schiller and if he made a single statement for publication I am not aware of it.

There is no question at all, either, about the essential worthlessness of what he ^{got} got from the KGB. And as we have ^{been} seen, what they got did not make a book on which Mailer wanted his name if Random ^House would have ^{accepted} accepted it.

So individually and together they faced a disaster when they left Minsk. That is why Mailer had to more than double the size of what he had ~~to~~ written as Oswald in Minsk. To do that, regardless of what he says about it, Mailer as not about to do the work that required, as I wrote him. ^{As} of the time I write this he has not responded. Since then I have grown even more confident that he used the angled and selective Jean Davison research that was years after hundreds of thousands of previously-withheld pages had been disclosed ^{but she} restricted ^{herself} entirely to what the Warren Commission published.

And what this really means is what Davison decided to use and not to use of what it published. I have made and filed for the future quite a study of what she did not use, what says the exact opposite of the preconception she began with and wrote her book to make seem credible. That is hardly scholarship. That is propaganda. And that is what Mailer used, ~~propaganda~~ ^{propaganda} in support of his own preconception that he substitutes for reality.

With her concept of scholarship excluding everything the Commission did not publish coinciding with his, with both if them ignoring all the information the Commission had and did ~~not~~ publish and those hundreds of thousands of previously-withheld ^{official} ~~official~~ pages available years before Davison wrote her political diatribe, it was easy to duplicate her work or to expand it. But I was not ~~easy~~ to expand its scope. ~~Mark~~ ^{Not} that there is any indication Mailer ever thought of that or for his purposes needed to.

But if he wanted a lengthier quotation he need only go to the ~~best~~ book from which she quoted and copy more ~~if~~ of it. Or, if she paraphrased and he wanted to quote directly, again all he had to do was go to that book and copy what he wanted.

With Schiller having been his so-called "world-class interviewer" in Minsk and with this ~~so~~ selective use of the Commission's work at hand what remained for Mailer was the usual ^{only} role of the hired pen, ~~the~~ writing.

The writing in which he does not find it necessary to explain how he got access to the KGB's files or why it was he and no others. This is ~~an~~ especially unusual because

one of those in charge of the KGB's spying on Oswald. (Volume I, Part VII, chapter 4)

From the space he gives it alone Mailer regard that as ^{very important.} important. Then there ^{are} there pages, page after page of drab, dull, meaningless direct quotations of those KGB reports on Oswald as they followed him. The time he left his apartment, where he walked to. What trolley he took to go to what store, where he ^{bought} bought nothing of when he bought something, what it was and how much he paid for ~~it~~ it. What trolley he took to return to his apartment, if he returned by ~~trolley~~ trolley. All those many, very many pages of direct quotation of what the young couple, hardly more than children, shouted at each other when they had spats, as though spats between young and recently-marrieds are ^{now} now, are some kind of revelation. And all those pages, chapters with some, more than one chapter with others of all those Russians who mean nothing at all to Americans, and what they thought, said and did in their normal, ~~we~~ everyday lives, for all the world as though these things have man meaning of any kind ^{to} of American readers more than 30 years later, more than that long after the assassination with which they had ~~no~~ connection at all. Then how some of them react to the news when they heard about it, and whether they then believe that Oswald did it, when most believed not only that he did not but that the young man they knew ^{was} would be incapable of it. This kind of spadding, this senseless drivel that ~~is~~ perhaps a novelist can see having some meaning in a supposed book of non-fiction, a book supposedly of Oswald, which means on the assassination, but how the Mailer/Schiller rewriters of our history came to have ~~access~~ access to all that silliness ^{which} is not ~~worth~~ worth telling the reader about in the very beginning of the book.

No, that does not compare in importance with a long and detailed account of how Yuri Merezhinsky (right), who is ~~wrote~~ ^{wrote} several ~~chapters~~ ^{chapters} before their last word on him ^{which} is that he would have trouble telling the truth if he ~~lies~~ ^{his life} depended on it (page 343). ~~is~~ Also important in this work of nonfiction, on the assassination of a President and about the man Mailer assumes was the assassin, ~~it~~ is it that this same Yuri was one of a trio who "had stolen a large piece of salo. Salo, which is "high-grade pork fat", and very tasty if eaten with pickled cucumbers, bread and vodka. A thin slice of salo salo coated your stomach. You could ^drink more." (pages 336-7)

Stole it although "Salo cost very little." *And they had money*
what does mailer mean by "a large piece"?
 How much of this fat did they steal?

"One piece of fat, five centimeters by ten centimeters by ten centimeters. It was small enough to ^{fit} shove into your pocket."

(page 337)

In this we see what Pulitzers are made of. ^{we} See also what Mailer considers to be responsible nonfiction writing about ^{the} "the crime of the century."

But what we do not see is the super he-man pose of his entire literary lifetime when in 828 pages he does not say how he and he alone got to see all that KGB trivia about Oswald that he tried to give a significance it does not have and cannot have as nonfiction and is ~~drivel~~ drivel, mere padding, if not nonfiction. His not mentioning how he got his coup, his international scoop, he alone among all writers,

in all the attention to the book - and ^{it was} ~~in~~ considerable attention - what those hired pens of the hack reviewers ~~printed~~ regarded as important was Mailer's coup or "scoop" in having access to those KGB files.

Most writers of nonfiction would have gone into this in a preface, a foreward^o of an introduction or at the least a short author's note. Buried in the mass of his verbiage Mailer has an entirely different author's note we do not ignore. But where it belongs, with a full and honest explanation^y of how he and he alone among writers got~~the~~ access to and copies of the KGB's Minsk files is not the ^{up} way the book begins.

Mailer had no space for this in all the hundreds of pages of guck and goo and slander. This he withholds from his ^{tr} ~~trusting~~ reader while devoting an entire chapter to a biography^y one ^{of} of the ~~his~~ Minsk KGB agents who talked to him and opened those files, ¹³⁶⁴ ~~one of those~~ ^{Volume I, Part VII, chapter 4.} ~~one of those~~ ^{an entire} ~~one of those~~ ^{That is worth a chapter in a serious} ~~one of those~~ ^{book on Oswald, which means on the assassination, and how the book came to be written} ~~one of those~~ ^{is not, is not the way the book begins.}

~~This is also unlike the super he-man pose of Mailer's entire literary life. ^{it}~~ is foreign to his ego, his macho posture as a writer. That he omits it can mean only that it is not in accord with ^{his} ~~his~~ view of himself or is not the kind of thing for which he wants to be known or is not something of which he is proud.

When I began writing this book, intending that it be a record for our history in the form of a book in the event any interest were to develop during my lifetime ~~of~~ or after it, I was convinced that reading ^{his} ~~it~~, either so-called "volume" of it, would be a waste of time. I decided to look for the innumerable illustrations of what it would be certain that beginning ^{with} ~~with~~ literary whoring in mind Mailer would omit, would neither use ^{probably from his determined ignorance would not even know about} ~~nor refer to~~, I did not believe it would be worth the time to even look at his Oswald in Minsk part. From my experience as an intelligence analyst during and after World War II and from my experiences with ^{of} ~~thos~~ hundreds of thousands^d of pages of our own government's records most of which it had withheld, I was ^{of} ~~confident~~ that regardless of the conditions under which Mailer got access to the KGB's records it would not disclose, if ^{by} ~~by~~ any remote chance it had any such information, what could embarrass it or our own government.

There was no possibility at all that the Soviets would have had any use for Oswald or for Marina for any kind of spying in the United States. To believe that either could perform any kind of meaningful service as spies for the USSR is child's stuff. True the FBI opened such a case but it was not any serious inquiry. It was to take no chances. This was of such little interest to the FBI that when Oswald left New Orleans for Dallas late in September, 1963, it took a month for the file that was in New Orleans to get to the desk of the slack-jawed Oswald case agent in Dallas, SA James P. Hosty, Jr. That does not reflect any real concern.

Like Oswald could have served some interest of some United States spookerie in the Soviet Union, that the KGB had no reason to believe he did after keeping him under the surveillances Yuri Nosenko disclosed 32 years before Mailer published what he decided to publish of them is ample reason to believe that that the KGB developed no proof of it. Oswald in Minsk was not any kind of American spy.

So whatever Mailer may have learned about Oswald's life in the USSR it could not have had any real significance and it could have had no meaning in the assassination.

When I read the New Yorker's April 10 condensation of 43 pages (almost half of that issue) I was even more convinced that as journalism ^{the book} it was low-grade ^(Not even high-grade sales) ~~for~~ ^{scrimshaw}. The special half-cover the magazine added to that issue told me that in advance. All it could say to attract the interest of those it wanted to buy the magazine or of those who might report on it and in turn encourage sales thereby is, taking up more than half of the space on that extra half-cover, "OSWALD in Russia by Norman MAILER (Mailer's name in red, the rest black ink.) And what is boasted of of the content that is to encourage people to spend \$2.50 for it reads, in full,

Two years before the assassination of President Kennedy, Marina Prusakova married a lonely, self-exiled young American named Lee Harvey Oswald. ^{As Lee} ~~She~~ Lee and Marina fought and fretted and made love the K.G.B was listening to every word. After thirty-five five years the secrets of the Oswald files can now be revealed. ^{person} Except for the details of their personal lives ^{yes, but} there could not be anything relating to the assassination or to any ~~any~~ genuine "secrets" of any kind that those KGB's

indent
sugar
spice

Oswald's remarried widow,
 his abominable abuse of ~~Marina Oswald Porter~~, his ^{renders} of her carefully written to
 skirt the libel laws; his ^{character;} defamations of her, his assaults on her personal conduct and
 on her ~~mae~~ morals when even it true, as there was and is no reason to believe after
 the worst he can do with the full use of his not inconsiderable literary talents and
 the complete abandonment~~of~~ of any human quality, it has no real ~~revel~~ relevance to anything
 at all, beginning with her short life with Oswald and ending with the ^{la} assassination. ^{It}
 is unconscionable. ^{It} is an outrage. Condemnation of it defies excessiveness. And it ~~is~~
 is, too, I believe Mailer's self-portrayal as a man and as a writer.

My ^{then} reading of the Mailer abandonment of all decency that I found so disturbing
 coincided with my

surveillances could have picked up. ~~It~~ ^{didn't} ~~not being there~~ ^{exist} to be picked up.

But because ^{Mailer's} ~~the~~ book was not due to ^{be} appear for another month and a half I got and read that condensation. ^{It} confirmed my ^{ex}pectations, ~~It~~ was junk. Except for peep-hol^e addicts ~~without concern for the little they would see or its~~ ^{via} meaninglessness.

I did make a few, very few, note^s on it, seven in all, and I did use a highlighter a few times.

But the condensation fortified my belief that ~~in~~ ^{for} learning anything at all that could have any meaning about Oswald or about the assassination reading that part of mailer's book would be a waste of time. I then ^{decided} to read the book that Mailer had a had to add to his workhless Oswald in Minsk not in the expectation of learning anything from it but as a check on how corrupt and ^{having no real alternative} dishonest he would be. That was productive. There is not, as there could not be, anything new in it but there is more reflection of the ignorance of the established fact Mailer ^{began with and wound up with} had than I had expected, and more overt ~~of~~ dishonesty that I had ^{ex}pected, too.

I then decided to spot-check the first volume ~~text~~ for other illustrations of this. Then I heard from the living victim of Mailer's ^{scrap my} ~~capability of scrape~~ the bottom of intellectual and literary sewers to try to save his reputation and the book that ~~was~~ ^{failure} a failure and was ^a meaningless even to fans of his when he left Minsk with it - what the man was capable of doing for money and to hide his failure from his abounding ego.

There were two points in particular when I was more disgusted with Mailer ~~than~~ than I would hve believed possible. ^(138A ?) ^a ~~This~~ ^{My} ~~was one,~~ ^{reading of the} ~~The other just happened to coincide with my~~ reading of a particularly disgusting so-called "review" of ~~the~~ book in the Washington Post ~~Sunday~~ Sunday ~~magazine~~ ^{DS} ~~pay~~ ^{section,} Book World. It's ^a min, its cover review was by Joseph Finder. It, too, was of the ^{in competence and} most conspicuous ^{It was an outsid} dishonesty and sycophancy. So I then stopped writing this book by the chapter and ~~so~~ out of schedule wrote what that utterly ~~depraved~~ ^{class} and world-calls subject-matter assassination ~~ignoramus~~ Mailer wrote about the dead ^G "Geore de Mohnreschildt - who had been driven to suicide by the Mailers of that ~~Period~~ ^{Period} who caste him in an impossible role and persecuted him un^edingly in a the ftile effort to get

to confess it, to confess to what they ~~imagined~~^{imagined}, ~~the~~ Mailers^l that they were, all beginning with preconceptions ~~that~~^{that} bespoke their political ~~ideology~~^{ideology} or their ~~childish~~ childish literary concepts, ~~what~~^{what} they imagined and was not and could not be true from the official evidence that is to them as holy water is in legend to vampires.

That New Yorker ~~condensed~~^{condensed} a condensation alone left it without question that Mailer and with him Schiller had been had by the KGB. Which is to say had been had by their own preconceptions about the assassination, by their ignorance of the established and readily available fact, the official fact of the assassination that ~~Mailer~~^{more} had known for two decades he could have free, and by their own greed and lust for fame and ~~more~~ attention. *and for money.*

Without their ~~own~~^{of} ignorance, their egos, their greed and their abounding but on this subject baseless self-confidence the KGB could not have sold then that bill of goods it did.

Really the KGB did not do it.

They did it to themselves.

While this Garrison chapter may be in what I have written I think it is ^a
~~one that is~~ mislaid ^{Chapter I}

Some may be in my other writings and I know an encapsulation of two ^{is} in
what I wrote ^{about}

Oliver Stone

Chapter XXI The Living Orwell

Garrison was not only fond of quoting George Orwell he practiced it in his statements and particularly in his book, On the Trail of the Assassins (New York, Sheridan Square Press, 198??). As I've said and written often, that is the one trail Garrison never took. I was involved in a number of the matters of which he gives his own accounts that bear no relationship to reality as he wrote and published them. Because when that book appeared I annotated it for my friend Dave Wrone and returned it to him, I am not now able to cite the pages numbers. Nor am I able to remember all those fanciful accounts all in one way or another designed to make Garrison even more heroic, and level-headed and persecuted in the self-serving record he made of himself in his book.

He was, in fact, paranoid.

A story I was told by his staff one of which I have no personal knowledge, as I do of what follows, is that although he had needed a hernia operation, and delaying it did present some hazard, he simply would not trust the fine hospitals New Orleans had.

It also has excellent medical schools. My step-brothers, the late Siebert and Jack Kety, elected to get their medical educations in those fine medical schools. They were so favorably impressed with the medical care available in New Orleans that although neither practiced there,

did select /
 each selecting a small town *only* (an hour or more away) *in which to live and practice.* when their father needed cancer surgery they brought him more than a thousand miles from his home for the surgery to be done in New Orleans.

But the excellent quality of the medical care in those deservedly famous New Orleans hospital, did not overcome Garrison's paranoia. *sc/*
 Instead he waited until a small rural clinic could be cleared of all its patients, until he would be the sole patient, and then and only then did he have his hernia corrected.

But even then he took no chances. He took a crew of his staff investigators, all New Orleans city policemen, public employees, to guard him around the clock against his imagined enemies.

Those federal, in his mind, were out to do him in and what better chance did they have than when he was hospitalized for surgery and would then be immobile for a while?

Despite this and innumerable other extravagances and utter wastes of money in his book he portrayed himself as a public official always careful with the people's money. *sc/*

In his book he tells the story about bill Boxley suddenly appearing at Albuquerque, New Mexico, when Jim was to make a speech. *sc/*
 In the book Garrison quotes himself as speaking severely to Boxley and telling him to get back to New Orleans pronto and get back to work and not to waste money on such trips.

It made a flattering self-portrait and a nice story.

The only thing true in it is that Boxely did go to Albuquerque when Jim was there.

It happens that I was involved, very much involved in that business. It is nothing at all as Garrison wrote it for the pleasure of

those so devoted to him and bought his book, his record for history that is other than the incredible fiasco it so tragically was.

Every once in a while when Garrison knew I was in New Orleans he would have one of his detectives look me up with the message, "Hal, the boss would like to see you." It was usually the detective who was most often Garrison's driver, Steve Bordelon. When it was not him it most often was another detective, Lynn Loisel. Both were always friendly with me and both were dedicated to Garrison. That Albuquerque time it happened to be both of them. They were loyal men who regularly gave up their nights with their families to serve the man they liked so much.

That particular night was the night he flew to Albuquerque where he was to speak at the University of New Mexico the next night.

We drove to the airport in Jim's official Buick, ^{it} was well supplied with cassettes of The Canadian Brass, whose music he liked so much. With the detectives in the front seat, ~~him~~ and I chatted in the back to the accompaniment of The Canadian Brass about whatever was on his mind. *Oliver*

We drove up to the main entrance off Airline road, ^{and} security being such a big thing with Garrison, both detectives went to park the car. I walked up to the ticket counter with Garrison. Garrison, then the most famous man in the entire area, the man whose picture was daily in the papers and all over TV, all the towering six feet six inches of him. *he*

When the ticket agent came he told her, "My name is Robert Levy. You have a ticket for me."

With a visible double-take and a couple of blinks she said merely, "Yes, sir." She got it and gave it to him. He really did have himself

ticketed as "Robert Levy." He gave me no explanation and I asked for none.

Some anonymity.

We stood near the counter and chatted until Bordelon and Loisel joined up. The four of us they walked down the correct corridor until we got ^{to the gate} the Alberquerque plane. The four of us talked until the hostess opened the door.

As soon as that happened one of the detectives ordered, "Hold it Boss. Gotta check it out." So, that probably being the usual procedure - I started to say "normal" but normal for normal people it would not have been - both entered the plane while Jim and I continued to talk, more likely me listening, until after some time the detectives returned.

"OK boss. All clear. Have a good flight!"

Jim bid us adieu and entered the plane.

He had hardly disappeared into its interior when both detectives started laughing and laughing, slapping themselves in glee.

"We've got the boss fixed up," they told me. "We told the hostess who he is. So, he'll get two steaks, not just the one they ^{are serving,} serve."

Anonymity indeed!

They drove me back into town, to where I had work planned in the French Quarter, and then went to their homes and late suppers. As I now remember it, I got a Po' Boy on St. Peter Street, ^{near Decatur,} ate it standing there and then went back to work.

It was two a.m. or perhaps later when I'd bathed and was abed in the Fountainbleau Motel when the phone rang. The operator told me it was a Mr. Harv Morgan calling. I asked her to hold the call. I knew that Harv, a former reporter, a fine man and then a dear friend, would

not have tracked me down and called me at that hour unless it was about what he considered important. He then had one of the top talk shows on the west coast, on the CBS clear-channel San Francisco radio station, KCBS. Whenever I was in the Bay area I always did his show and spent a night with Harv, his wife Judy, who was also his producer, and their fine, bright and pleasant little boy Mike, then about five years old.

When I was not there and Harv had laryngitis, Judy would phone me and ask if I could do that night's show by phone. I did, with Harv saving what voice he had for commercials and an occasional interjection of a short question.

His three hours began at 11 p.m. our time
It in those days,
 Writers who tape recorded telephone interviews used a suction-cup microphone that attached to the phone. I grabbed my tape recorder, stuck that microphone on the phone, plugged it in and took Harv's call. I knew he regarded it as ^{that} important.

"Hal, he began, ~~I~~ would not have bothered your wife to learn where you are and to call you at this ungodly hour if it were not serious. There is a partly-confirmed report of a ~~major~~ ^{mob} hit ordered on Jim from here in 'Frisco. The hit man is on his way now."

He then told me how he learned about it and how much the police had checked.

It was not confirmed but there was enough substance to the report to take no chances. Of the details I do remember, and I remember more than I here include, the report originated at a bar know as The Purple Mushroom.

The call lasted a little less than a half hour as Harv, former reporter that he was, gave all the details he had been told and all that had been done to check it out.

I thanked him, we hung up, and I wondered only briefly what to do. Really whether to do what I knew immediately I should do.

That was to phone Louis Ivon, the police sergeant who was Garrison's chief investigator.

What made me hesitate is that Ivon was going to college at night, despite his more than full-time work for Garrison, to get a degree in criminalistics.

On my first trip to New Orleans he had had the detective who met me at the airport drive me not to the motel but to his class to speak extemporaneously to it. Then we went to my motel, the Fountainbleau. When Harv phoned I knew Lou was in the midst of finals and without that extra work rarely had time for a decent night's sleep.

But I did rouse him, by then I suppose after four a.m. He listened to what I told him of what Harv had told me and then said, "Be ready in a half hour. I'll pick you up."

He did and as we drove on Tulane Avenue toward the river to the office at Tulane and Broad Avenues, Lou told me he had phoned others who would meet us there. Of those others I remember Jim Alcock, the experienced lawyer on Garrison's staff I held in high regard, and Alvin Oser, ³ both were later New Orleans judges. I saw them both sitting on cases in later years. 이/날 /

I sat in the reception room and worked on something in my attaché case while they huddled over the tape in an inner office. I also thought of what I would suggest if asked what should be done. Of the

three things I later did suggest, one was approved, that I notify the FBI. Normally one police department would communicate with the other and I'm sure that was done. But I thought it would be a good idea to let the FBI know, they agreed, and I have the FBI's record's on it. The New Orleans FBI did inform FBIHQ immediately. I also have a short FBIHQ memo on the call to it.

Ivon, Alcock and the others decided that Jim should be told and that he should have some protection. New Orleans police, like other city police, are cloaked with authority only in their own jurisdiction. Protecting Garrison, should he heed it, required someone armed. They did not have authority to leave New Orleans armed and work in a different jurisdiction. But as everyone knew because he showed it often enough, Boxley had and carried ^a weapon. If I remember correctly it was an automatic pistol. af

So, Boxley was sent to Alberquerque to bodyguard Big Jim, The Jolly Green Giant.

I have no idea why Garrison did not use the truth in his book, that a hit on him reportedly had been ordered by the Mafia, but he did not.

Instead he used that incident to portray himself as the exact opposite of what he was in all particulars, chinch/with public moneys. 24/5/

5/ ~~of~~ which Boxley did not get in any event. He was not a city employee. He was paid from private funds from friends and political supporters who grubstaked Garrison's "probe".

What actually happened is that instead of chasing Boxley back to New Orleans post haste, Garrison took him to Los Angeles where the two

of them lived it up for a week. With Garrison holding court in their nice hotel and wherever else he could.

Shortly after they got there, when Boxley was in Garrison's room, there was a knock on the door. Pistoled Boxley answered the knock and accepted the package handed to him.

It was addressed to Garrison and it was firm. But instead of handing it to Garrison, Boxley rushed to the bathroom. He ran water into the tub as fast as he could and then held the package under the water, long enough to immobilize the bomb he imagined was in that package.

When he was sure that bomb would not work, he removed the package, opened it, and instead of finding a ruined bomb he found a ruined book!

Lest those addicted to Garrison still have doubts, I have records on all of this. I do not remember whether Ivon returned the ^{Ham Magan} tape to me but I do have the FBI reports of my call, of my reporting the tape and offering it to them and other such details.

It really happened. ~~this~~ this was the reality of Garrison and his "probe". Alas! T

This one that I remember so clearly is funny, really ludicrous.

Not the other one, the only one other one of the many for which I now take time. My purpose is not to write the history of that Garrison fiasco. To a limited degree that is done in some of my records. Rather do I here try to give a fair and an accurate account of what reality was in that New Orleans mad house I was so much to late in admitting to myself was that and only that. P/

That it was a madhouse is tragic because Garrison was an able and a personable man and an excellent lawyer. He even took a case against

himself by local judges all the way to the Supreme Court. It decided in his favor when he argued and with his success established it as a principle of law that public officials are not immune from criticism and that such criticism be ⁿ fee is a requirement of a free and democratic ⁿ society. He did have principles and he did run risks to establish them as rights. That dispute began after he had convicted a Bourbon Street stripper and after getting her convicted said her children needed her at home more than New Orleans needed her in jail. He and the judges got into a real hassle over that.

But he also missed real opportunities that were at hand in New Orleans on JFK assassination matters.

In October, 1968, when I was about to leave for speaking appointments in Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego, with some work in several of those places, the late ⁿ Bernard "Bud" Fensterwald asked me if on the return I'd stop off in New Orleans and , ⁿ having heard that others and I had expressed some misgivings about what Garrison was doing, return and tell him what I thought. When I agreed, Bud, then counsel for the Senate Administrative Practices subcommittee of the Judiciary committee, reached into the center drawer of the table he used as a desk, took out a folder of travelers checks and handed me - one, for \$100. For the extra fare and other costs of the side trip to New Orleans and for living there for as long as what he asked of me required.

In San Francisco that trip I was the house guest of one of John Kennedy's pre-presidency women friends, the late Jean Hitchcock. She had a fine mansion on Metropolitan Avenue. In hilly San Francisco, its massive living room was the back room on its second floor. That room

has a glass wall, a wall entirely of window overlooking the waterfront, a magnificent view of the waterfront, especially at night.

We spent what time we had together talking about their relationship, and when I left we agreed that when I returned we'd make an oral history the tapes of which she would put in her bank vault for 75 years. th/

I regret very much that I was never able to return because I was not able to afford it and had no more work to do there or speaking engagements to pay for the trip. She died before I was able to afford it. I have no way of knowing whether she did make and leave a record for the future but from what she told me I do hope very much that she did.

in California that trip
After doing what I had planned I left Los Angeles for New Orleans the day Richard Nixon was elected President.

In New Orleans I stayed with the friendly Matt Herron family and while trying to get a line on what Fensterwald had asked me to learn - to which he paid no attention when I told him - did more of my own work trying to learn more about Oswald.

When I was about to leave Louis Ivon asked a favor of me. He wanted me to get a copy of the manuscript of the fake French spook book into the hands of the late H.L. Hunt's chief of security. a!

That book, by the French counterpart of the CIA, known by its initials SDECE and pronounced sih-dick, was masterminded by the French spook who used, among other names, that of Herve Lamarre. His name on the book when it was published is "James Hepburn". As he explained that to me, he had a thing on Audrey Hepburn so J'aime Hepburn was a natural and he Anglicized it. That fake book is still believed by a wide

variety of assassination afficianados and just plain nuts. In his Killing the Truth, so aptly self descriptive, Harry Livingstone adopts its essence as his own and he told me when I told him it is a fake, "what is wrong with it? It tells the truth doesn't it?"

It does not tell the truth. That truth is not known and now cannot be. It is a work of fiction. Even superficial examination by one not addicted to all theories of an conspiracy no matter how impossible on its face discloses taht although the author calims to have been in personal contact with the assassins, ti has virtually nothing at all about hte assassination, only apabe or so. It is a diatribe against a vast number of wealthy Americans all of whom, it says, a virtual brigade of them, conspired to have JFK killed, with the oil magnate H.L. Hunt one of the major alleged conspirators.

On my previous trip Garrison had given me the chapter that supposedly deals with the assassination to read. I read it on the plane home and immediately wrote him it was a fake, with details. But like Livingstone and a multitude of others, he liked what it said so to him the clear fake was not a fake at all. That they like what it says is all that is necessary for the assassination nuts to love it.

It was done professionally and although it was undoubtedly the most libellous book ever written and could not be legally imported into the United States, it got to be popular and is still sold by second-hand stores. But it is a fake. It was originally titled L'Amerique Brule, or American Burns. Garrison suggested the title Farewell America, Lamarre and SDECE adopted it.

Ivon said he'd pay my expenses for the special fund he administered, of contributions from Garrison's friends and supporters.

But when I phoned Paul Rothermel, Jr., then the Hunt chief of security, his immediate response was there would be a ticket waiting for me at the airport, to to to the statue of the Texas ranger in Love field (the new Dallas airport had not been completed) where he or someone he'd send would meet me, and they'd have a hotel room in my name. But because that coincided with the trip Matt Herron's friend, John Pilger, a young but by then already much honored London Reporter, planned for a fifth assassination anniversary story and because I could help with that, I stayed with Matt in his hotel room. I accepted only the ticket from Rothermel, instead of Ivon Paying for it.

Pilger got what he needed for his story. He and Herron left the day before I did.

Before they left, Garrison phoned me.

"You've just got to come back. I've got the most important thing yet and I want you to see it," he said, for him excitedly.

"I've got to go home, Jim," I told him. "I've been away almost a month and I've developed a dental problem. I want to see my dentist."

"Oh, that'll hold for another day or two. This is really so important I do what you to see it as soon as possible."

Matt said he'd meet my plane and he'd take me to his dentist, so reluctantly, I agreed. By then I knew of nothing that was both factual and related to the assassination that for all his work and help and the powers of his office Garrison had yet come up with. I hoped that this once he had but I did not expect it.

I took a Friday afternoon plane, Matt did meet it, and Saturday morning I was in Garrison's office. His private office. He had it rather full of people. The one who was a stranger to me I had wanted to

speak to but he'd gone into the military. That was Charles Hall Steele, Jr. who as a boy had been picked up by Oswald in the unemployment line to help him distribute those handbills outside the old Trade Mart building that Clay Shaw managed.

Jim had his detective named Clancy who handled his photographic work there with a movie projector. With great fanfare Garrison intoned, "Wait until you see this."

Clancy turned the projector on. It was immediately apparent that what was ^{so} important to Garrison was what remained of WDSY-TV's Johann Rush's footage of Oswald picketting the Old ITM building, the caper that got him on TV. What Garrison had was a rather poor print of it. I knew its antecedents.

A Secret Service record I have referred to Rush making 17 prints from the film he exposed that day and gave the Secret Service. They were not in ^{the} Archives. I had asked Sciambra to ^{phone} Rush's parents who I'd located in Shreveport and ask them where Johann was and whether he'd left copies of those prints with them. They would be more inclined to respond to a district attorney's office than to a writer, particularly if their political views were like their son's, from the right. They did not have any of John Johann's films but they did tell Sciambra where he'd gone. He was working in San ^{Francisco} Frisco. So, Sciambra phoned William Weygandt Turner who was high on Garrison. Garrison returned the favor that was entirely undeserved. Turner was a rarity, an FBI special agent who after 10 years had been fired by Hoover. Hoover considered having to fire an agent a reflection of himself and on ^{the} FBI so instead of firing them he usually banished them. In those days he particularly liked to lose them in Butte, Montana. But Turner

S/M/

tr/h/

h/

was canned. After a 10-year FBI career in which he was reportedly a "black bag" expert. That is polite FBI lingo for thief.

When the FBI wanted to burglarize an embassy, which was not always of a country regarded as unfriendly, or any other installation, office, or home, foreign or domestic, of those in which it had political interests in particular, a crew of agents remained outside on guard to sound warning while one or more agents became thieves, criminals, by "breaking and entering" those premises to search for what ^{the} FBI wanted. (There was a similar procedure for planting electronic bugs or to tap telephones.) th/

Rush was in San Francisco, and Turner lived in its suburb of Tiburon.

So, demon investigator that he was, former FBI agent and all that, and then also on the staff of Ramparts, when he was part of SDECE's attempt to booby-trap Garrison (which is another story of which I have a fairly complete account on file) Turner was asked to look Rush up and see if he could get those 17 still pictures he had made from the 16mm film he had exposed of Oswald that day. f/

Turner got no stills. But he did get a copy of what Rush had of that footage he had exposed of ~~A~~ Oswald at the Trade Mart. On that day Rush was sol little interested in getting that film to the WDSU-TV news room he asked Delores Neeley, who worked in that building, to go to lunch with him. My source on that is the fine prototypical southern gentlemen who was always that with me, Jesse Core. In 1963 Jesse was the public relations officer. He then also officed his own public-relations business in that building. It was Jesse who was outraged by - 5/12/

ITM's

Oswald's demonstration outside it and phoned the FBI to tell it about Oswald's demonstration.

When Sciambra told me that Turner had gotten no prints from Rush I asked Paul Hoch, of Berkeley, to go speak to Rush and ask for them. Paul said, "I've never conducted an interview before. I do not know what to do. I can't do it."

"Sure you can. Nothing to it. Just tell Rush who you are and ask him to lend you those prints. Just talk to him. No need to make a 'interview' deal of it."

Paul did that and Rush told him that Turner had not mentioned any prints. He had bent Rush's ear telling him about how important he was and about his years in the FBI. Rush also told Paul that the Secret Service had made a mistake because he ^{had} made only a few stills, not ^{th/} the 17 prints the Secret Service said it got from him.

It was from Rush that Turner got for Garrison, ^{as his} ~~Garrison's~~ greatest of discoveries ^{In fact it} was a poor, remote-generation copy of that footage most of which had been discarded as outtakes of no value. At that time it had no value and none that could be anticipated.

Clancy had not projected very much of it. Whatever Garrison regarded as so important had not yet appeared on the screen. So I interrupted to ask, "Jim, would you like to see a much clearer version of that?" Surprised he asked it I had it, I told him I did, and I gave that reel to Clancy.

I had gone to WDSU-TV to see if it had copies of those stills. It did not. But its then news director, Ed Planer, was friendly and helpful. He offered me instead his remaining original footage so I could have a copy made. He also phoned Pan American films on as I

remember Ramparts street and told them it was OK for them to make a print for me. I took it there and they made me a first generation copy.

"There are only two restrictions I place on this," Planer told me. "One is that you do not make any public use of it without permission of and credit to WDSU. The other is that you do not give it to Garrison."

I never made any public use of it and Garrison already had it, but what he had was not a good print. It was fuzzy. So, believing that no breach of my word to Planer was involved because Garrison did have a copy, Clancy let it roll. There was not much of it, only what WDSU had aired on the evening news the day Rush made that film.

As Rush had panned his camera to his left while he was facing to main ITM entrance on Camp Street (check to be certain) he had a short sequence of people walking toward the main entrance from the Canal Street direction.

"Here it comes!" Garrison exclaimed. "Now watch closely."

Then, after a second or so, "There he is! There is Clay Shaw!"

Nobody present expressed any agreement with him for the obvious reason that quite obviously Clay Shaw was not in the film. But had he been, even with Oswald then picketing his building, what was so exceptional, or of such great importance in the man who managed the building walking up to its main entrance?

Only to Garrison was that of any importance, of the greatest significance to him.

"Roll it back a little, Clancy," he said, "I want to show them something else."

Clancy did that and then let the film run forward again.

"See that? See that?" Garrison exclaimed pointing to a door toward Canal Street from the main entrance. "That is Shaw's secret entrance!"

Why Shaw needed any secret entrance to his own building and if he did, why it was so conspicuous, so anything but secret, nobody asked. Nor did any of us call to Garrison's attention that the door had no handle. It was a fire door, one that could be opened from the inside only.

Nobody was impolite and nobody told Garrison he was crackers. And Clancy returned my roll of that WDSU footage to me. It also includes scenes of people, including Carlos Bringuier and his bunch, those who had started that fracas that Oswald used so effectively, showing them and Oswald in the court building and leaving it.

Disappointed but bravely not articulating it, Garrison ~~then~~ said that with Steele home on leave - he was a lieutenant, as I remember, in the Marines - he had asked Steele to come in and tell what he remembered about his brief experience handing out Oswald's handbills with him that day outside the old ITM building. Garrison and his staff asked questions and Steele answered them. When that was all over he had not been asked anything to which he ~~had~~ not testified to before the Warren Commission and what there was in that testimony that he should have been asked about he was not asked.

When it was all over and Steele was about to leave, I asked "would you mind if I ask you a few questions?"

"No, go ahead," Steele replied.

"Was there another young man with you and Oswald at that time?" I asked him, knowing from Jesse Core, who saw that young man, and from the

FBI records that there was an unknown young man in addition to Steele Oswald was then using. The FBI had no interest in him.

Steele said there was but Oswald had not introduced them and they were not standing side by side as they handed those handbills out. So he knows nothing about that other man who was already passing the handbills out when he got there.

So much for Garrison's great discovery and how he questioned witnesses and leads he did not follow.

Garrison had no interest in any others who might have been associated with Oswald, I knew I would not be able to investigate that, so I asked no more, only what Steele said that I report above.

Matt then took me to his dentist. That worthy, a friend of Matt's, an inveterate fisherman who had invented a tool for scaling fish, practiced his profession in a single room in an old section of town, with the patient sitting in an ancient wooden dentist's chair, one clearly out of date when I was a child in the 1910s because I have some recollection of those chairs then already made largely of metal and none made of wood.

When the dentist looked at ^{my} ~~the~~ ^{lower front} ~~four central~~ teeth in ~~my~~ jaw he said, "My, you have a real infection there. Those four teeth have to come out."

He had no sooner said that then he asked, "Did you say you were going home this evening?" When I told him I was he then said, "Well you'll be more comfortable if your own dentist pulls them and I want to go fishing, so all I'll do is lance the gum and let that infection out."

He did that and am I lucky that he loved fishing more than he loved dentistry on a nice Saturday afternoon and he lived so close to

the river! After more than 25 years I still have those four lower teeth.

What I had was a case of pyorrhea.

Either there was something else I wanted to do with or talk to some of Garrison's staff about ~~late afternoon rather than in the morning~~ *or they did with me that* *or they did with me* because just before I was to leave for the plane I was in conversation with Ivon and Scimabra. I now do not recall whether I blundered into what was bothering them or they wanted to call it to my attention. Whichever it was, they were deeply disturbed by another exploit Garrison had in the works.

The entire staff opposed it. Jim Alock, they told me, had talked Garrison out of all but one sensation with which he was going to mark the coming fifth anniversary of the JFK assassination. He was going to charge Edgar Eugene Bradley and Robert Lee Perrin with being the actual assassins on the Dealey Plaza grassy knoll!

He was so determined the staff could not persuade him to abandon that, too.

It was too close to plane time for us to discuss this further. They asked me to try to talk Garrison out of that preposterous impossibility, but I did promise to return, as soon as I could and try.

"Let me see my dentist and get fresh clothing," I said, "and meanwhile, will you please give me two sets of those ~~Tramp~~ *Tramp* photos, Louis, and plain envelopes, with no DA return address, in which I can mail them? I'll start at the airport or if there is no time then I'll do it from the Baltimore airport."

Louis did that, one of the detectives took me to the plane, and I had enough time before the plane was called to write brief notes on

pages from the stenographers' notebook I carried and to address the two envelopes. I sent one to my friend Henry Wade, then still the Dallas County District Attorney, the other to Rothermel, who owed me a favor because ~~Farewell America~~ ^{it'd taken the} ~~had his boss as one of the vast conspiracy it~~ ^{in an attempt to hear} made up. I sent Wade all three pictures. Ivon did not give me a second full set. I sent the incomplete set to Rothermel. I asked Rothermel to ^{both} please ^{have} check those pictures ^{checked} out and ^{get the full story behind them} Wade to ~~have it done for me.~~

Wade sent one of his staff investigators to investigate, Rothermel did it himself. I heard from Rothermel first.

"My old boy at the post office tells me you do not have the whole story. There were three of those guys. The pictures you are showing me include only two." Or, his "old boy at he post office" knew what he was talking about.

The report Wade phoned to me was identical to what Rothermel did. Those men were winos. They were found drinking it up on a parked railroad boxcar behind the Central Annex Post Office. It was at 217 South Houston. They were found when the police shook the whole area down. That was some time after the assassination and they reeked of what they'd been drinking. Other than heisting them up to the level of the railroad loading dock and then marching them with weapons drawn through the busy post office the only way to get them off the tracks and to the Sheriff's office en route to the lockup was to walk them north on the tracks and over the triple-overpass and then taken them east past the Texas School Book Depository Building, which was across Houston street from the sheriff's office. That was about one hour and a half after the assassination. The news photographers then were photographing everything that moved, including those three innocent ~~ramps~~ ~~tramps~~.

Garrison and many others had made up many stories about and supposed identifications of those tramps. These pictures, never had any relevance to the assassination. There certainly

~~When earlier I had first seen those pictures that they had no relevance and therefore there was in them no identification of Bradley, then west-coast representative of the east-coast right-wing preacher who was one of the first to milk radio, the Rev. Carl McIntire, based at Cape May, New Jersey.~~

It is not easy to believe that grown and mature men could make up and firmly believe all they made up about those innocent winos or that there could have been any assassination relevance. I do not know who made the first "identification" of Bradley, but I do recall that Mark Lane, who had moved to New Orleans to be where the action was, did some of the investigation to "prove" that the tallest of the three was Bradley. Which he obviously wasn't.

replace it Not matter what I debunked there was an immediate mythology ~~or~~ *to* explanation. When I asked if anyone knew that the CIA had invented a rifle that would shoot around corners and sights that would see around corners so such a rifle could be sighted accurately, that being necessary because that boxcar was a block west of the scene of the crime and two blocks south of it, those men were immediately converted into "paymasters". They hung around to pay the assassins off. There was no explanation for why after that they still hung around. Or looked so bedraggled. Nonetheless that "paymaster" mythology was durable.

The shortest of the three was "identified" as Lyndon Johnson's farm manager! He was given the nickname "Frenchy" because those messed up and rumpiled clothing he was wearing were said to have been of a French cut.

After the Watergate scandal some of them were "identified" as Watergate figures by their ears! Even with special overlay pictures in

the Weberman and Canfield book that E. Howard Hunt took to court because of its "identification" of him with an assassination connection.

Were there ever "identifications"!

In still another picture when Garrison spotted an imperfection in its printing that made it appear that something like a wire was hanging from Jim Hick's left rear pocket, Garrison knew immediately and said that he had spotted "the communications man" of the assassination. What "communications" were needed and from the middle of the street at that and after the assassination Garrison did not bother to explain. No wonder. It made no sense at all. But he did hail Hicks to testify to the New Orleans grand jury and before poor Hicks was back in Dallas he got beaten up and hospitalized.

I anticipated no insuperable problem making it impossible for Garrison to charge Bradley based on only the pictures that did not show him at all, pictures taken so long after the crime. What was more troubling is that Garrison knew very well that his other candidate for assassin on November 22, 1963, Robert Lee Perrin, had killed himself in 1962, in New Orleans. Most using those Commission 26 volumes knew it. His remarried widow, Nancy Perrin Rich than, testified before it.

(14H330ff)

It was all crazy, very, very crazy, even for Garrison who by then had voiced and the forgotten many, many doozers.

So, on the two hours of the plane trip home I wondered how I could persuade Garrison not to pull the most irrational of his ample store of impossibilities when his own staff could not. I wound up with the rather simplistic thinking: if it takes a crook to catch a crook, it takes a nut to reach a nut.

CM

Then I had to ~~wonder~~ ^{figure} how to catch the nut who was to reach and persuade the nut.

Vincent Salandria, a lawyer in Philadelphia and one of the early critics, doted on long dissertations relating the JFK assassination with that of Trotsky in Mexico. I knew also that Garrison respected and liked him and that he liked Garrison. So, I phoned Salandria and made the only pitch I believed had any chance of working.

"Vince," I told him, "I've just returned from New Orleans. Just as I was leaving I learned that the CIA is trying to wreck Jim's investigation from the inside." As he asked questions I answered them. While I have no present recollection of them, I fear that it was necessary ~~and~~ ^{that} I made those answers up, too. I told him that I had promised to return after seeing my dentist and taking a brief rest and getting clothing washed and dry-cleaned and I hoped he would go with me and help me frustrated those dirty dirties of the dirty CIA. (?????)

"Sure, I want to. Jim is my good friend," he said, or works to that effect.

"Let's go together," I said, "so we can discuss it on the way down." I then told him of an Eastern Airlines plane I had taken often. It originated in New York. It then stopped in Philadelphia, where Vince could get on, and it made its next stop in Baltimore, where I would join him in the seat he could hold for me. Thereafter it was non-stop to New Orleans.

That is what we did. Matt Heron, also a friend of Salandria's, met us and we both stayed with him.

Garrison loved seeing Salandria. Both loved their long bullsessions and never got enough of them.

While I worked, Salandria did nothing but pal around with Garrison, largely at the New Orleans Athletic Club, which Garrison used as a second office. He had the childish notion that he and his phone calls were more secure there.

Ivon was as good as his word. "Tell me what you want, Hal, and I'll give it to you. If we do not have it I'll send the boys out to get it."

Boxley was not long on memos. Mostly he reported to Garrison verbally and Garrison made any notes he wanted to make. But his building the case to validate what Garrison had made up did require some memos and Ivon did give me them. They turned out to be ludicrous on analysis but impressive as written to those who did not give them real thought.

There is no point in reliving that nightmare and there is no need to. I remember enough not to have even to look at the long memo I prepared on it.

From his memos Boxley had investigated and built a case - except on the killing.

He had found a New Orleans communications center where the conspirators met, beginning more than year before the assassination, when they conspired in New Orleans. They had, in his memos, communications equipment in an empty apartment in a small apartment building owned by a man named Kruschevski. That was when the Russian dictator still ran the USSR and was much in the news.

On investigation it did turn out that Khruschevski was the name of the owner, but unless the communications equipment was made of empty

beer cans or cigarette butts and ashes, there was no communications equipment in it all the many months it was not rented.

All Boxley's details were of this degree of authenticity - none at all.

Of all the many exhibits I attached to the ribbon copy I kept only a few for my carbon copy. I did not take the time to make copies when I was in the DA's office. For the record of history the few of which I kept copies were more than enough.

For the nitty-gritty - and I never did understand why the staff did not make this investigation on its own - true to his word, Ivon sent one of his senior detectives, Frank Meloche, out to get me a copy of the page of the handwritten morgue book on which Perrin's death was posted. It is a ledger-typed book with a sewed binding. Stealing that and changing any entries is no simple matter. It had not been done and it could not have been. Sure enough, Perrin's death was posted there in handwriting, near the middle of a page.

I also asked for the Charity Hospital records of Perrin's admission and what was found at the hospital.

These too I kept copies of.

I also asked Ivon to get me copies of the reports of the State trooper who had been a friend of Perrin's and who Perrin phoned as soon as he took the poison that killed him.

There just was no question when I finished that part, it was Perrin who had killed himself. Garrison had undertaken to explain that away by saying that the farsighted conspirators, 15 months in advance, had waylaid an unknown Venezuelan seaman, killed him, and had had him

Perrin, in Garrison's invention, ²⁶ lived and thrived writing pulp fiction under the name Starr.

buried under the name Perrin. This was Garrison in the role in which had cast his imagined "Starr," writing the pulpiest fiction.

Boxley's investigation would up with nothing but *more* fiction in support of Garrison's fiction *of* waylaying and killing that Venezuelan seaman, *my investigation report* killing him and burying him as Perrin.

In all, *it* was more than enough to end forever the fiction that Garrison had invented to get around Perrin's 1962 death that precluded his being an assassin 15 months *after he was buried,* later.

It was a lot of intensive work because there were many invented details in what Boxley had phoned up to help his good friend Jim, the man who had befriended him and who trusted him and gave him a job.

The only place I had to work was the Herron's dining-room table, a bit high for comfortable typing. The only typewriter I had available was defective one of East German make Matt had picked up somewhere and it could not be repaired in New Orleans. but I kept at it and on a Saturday evening I finished it. I did not take it to the Garrison office to xerox it. But I did make and keep a carbon copy.

"Moo, you can come pick it up," I *asked* told Sciambra when I phoned him. Salandria, with whom I discussed what I was doing when he was not with Garrison, was overjoyed at what from the accounts I gave him convinced him I was doing the CIA in. Sciambra drove from his home on Crystal Street on the opposite side of town to that of the Herron's, in "downtown", in the 1000 block of Pine Street, and picked the ribbon copy up.

"Hal, Vince and I will have breakfast with Jim at the club in the morning. Why don't you drive Vince to the office, where I'll pick him

up and let you in the office. You always have work with you and we can pick you up there after the session with Jim?"

That is what we did. I drove ^{the souped-up} that old Chevy II the police had taken from a mobster and given to the Garrison office to use, ^{the dangerous} that car that nobody else in the office would dare drive and Ivon had often checked over and gassed up for me.

It was not exactly a safe car. But I never drove it out of New Orleans.

Even for New Orleans, that was a particularly damp morning. Salandria knew that car was ordinarily hard to start and that it was so unsafe nobody in the office would use it. When the motor finally did kick off he turned to me and said, "Hal, you deserve the Congressional Medal of Honor for using this thing."

Sciambra let me in the office and he and Salandria drove off to the NOAC and the big confrontation with Garrison over what Salandria was really convinced was the job the CIA was doing on him. I could hardly let him suspect otherwise. I had him convinced.

He probably still believes it.

I was deep into the work I had carried with me when at about noon Sciambra phoned.

"Hal, you old bastard you did it! I'm picking you up and taking you and Vince to my home for the best Italian meal you ever had."

Although I was raised in an Italian neighborhood, he did not exaggerate his wife's skills.

On the way out there he turned to me when we had to stop, I think at a drawbridge over a bayou, and he said, "Hal, you just saved Garrison

from being disbarred by the You-nighted States SOOOpreme Court," the way he pronounced it.

The Shaw case was then before that court.

Whether or not that was an exaggeration, as I believe it was, it reflected how he felt and how I felt. Salandria was in his private seventh heaven because the CIA, he so hated had just been frustrated.

As he thought and as Garrison soon said.

And I had made that up as the only way I could get Salandria to help convince Garrison to drop that insanity. Charging a long-dead man as a JFK assassin!!

There was no evidence at all of any CIA involvement. It was perfectly clear that Garrison had made it all ~~except that up~~. But he was not about to admit it once it was so totally demolished. Bill Boxley's only sin was trying to make up some semblance of proof for that very crazy thing Garrison had made up.

Garrison never said a word to me about it. I had not done it for him. I needed no thanks but I did get them from those of his staff who were privy to that fantasy ~~to have been denounced (???) as red~~. *Garrison was to have a reputation as red when he charged Bradley and Penning*

What I made up about the CIA trying to ruin Garrison, a project in which he needed no help at all, ~~also~~ gave him not only an out. It also was consistent with what he had been saying all along and which I *that in the world things he said he was "fighting fire with fire" because the federal government was believed longer than in retrospect I should have, trying to wreck his "case."*

With complete fidelity to George Orwell Garrison issued a press release on his firing of the Boxley he had hired over staff objections and paid from private funds, knowing he had been separated by the CIA because of alcoholism he later got under control:

*indirect
single
page*

"The District Attorney's Office today announced the removal of William Boxley from the investigative staff. Boxley was fired after evidence recently developed by the District Attorney's staff indicated current activity by him and an operative of the Central Intelligence Agency."

The rest of the two page release was *more* vintage Garrison propaganda.

I think it was on the Tuesday after that Sunday vaporizing of that worst of Garrison's atrocities that he had a group of us to lunch at the NOAC. That may have been before he issued that release because during it he got a phone call. He turned to me and said "It is Boxley. What shall I tell him?"

"Invite him here to meet with me," I suggested.

Garrison did that.

Boxley did not return to New Orleans from Texas, where he was when he phoned.

It was a rather imaginative touch for Garrison taking credit for saving himself from himself but then I was not anxious to be connected with it. Penn Jones, who was attached to Boxley, who could be personable and was able - he had qualified for the CIA and had lasted there for years - wrote immediately that I had done the job of getting Boxley fired for the CIA!

Living inside the JFK Assassination Industry is pretty tricky at times.

To the best of my knowledge, more than two and a half decades later, poor Penn is still saying that.

What I did was,
I ~~admit it was,~~ may I say CIA-like? *IT* led to the CIA's being blamed for what I knew it had nothing at all to do with, that Garrison

of his "identifying" Bradley and Perren 30 as the Presidential assassins and his charging them with that crime.

nightmare. What I personally had done, disagreeable and unpleasant in all ways that it was ^{was} really necessary.

Was not the country better off without that insane plan to "commemorate" the fifth JFK assassination anniversary by charging a man dead for fifteen months with being one of JFK's killers?

What a scandal - what a national - no, an international disgrace that would have been!

In Garrison's book about the one trail he never took, that of the assassins, this is not recognizable other than that he gives Salandria credit for the work he had nothing to do with other than in reinforcing my fairy tale that it was all a CIA plot against Garrison.

In Garrison's book Garrison himself and his pal Salandria did it. Garrison, his staff and Salandria saved us all from ^{m/} the nefarious CIA, they and they alone.

Shows the benefit of ^{mastering} learning Orwell early in life, as Garrison did.

That helps practicing it. He did that, too.

It did not hurt the CIA any more than blaming it for inventing corn flakes.

And how much more nicely if fit into Oliver Stone's movie JFK, the international hit that two decades later made a hero of Garrison and villains of Boxley and the CIA.

They were far from alone in rewriting over history.

It was not until 1979 that I learned how deeply Paul Rothermel appreciated my letting him know for Ivon that the French spooks were

about to blame his boss for the assassination, and that Garrison was, too.

I had hardly left Dallas before Rothermel was at the FBI Dallas office with a copy of the chart of the principals in the vast assassination conspiracy Garrison had made up and Boxley had put on paper. Ivon had given me that, too. Rothermel's boss is in the center of that visualization of what was at book length in the French spook production. Rothermel and I had laughed about it but that is not what he told the Dallas FBI, according to its records I got in C.A. 78-0322 it sent FBI HQ an "Airtel" on what its regular source, Rothermel told it.

That at least is what its records say. Rothermel was silent when I sent him a copy of it.

It is not uncommon for those who may want a favor from the FBI to cater to it by giving it what it is known to want, whether or not true.

Early the next year, on January 19, FBI Special Agent Raymond E. Long, who later rose to be an assistant FBI director and may in it have been, as in Gilbert and Sullivan, polishing those doorknobs, got much of it twisted and wrong in a memo intended to be bucked upward. The unidentified regular "source" in his Domestic Intelligence memo is Rothermel:

Attached airtel reports information volunteered by a source of the Dallas Office wherein latter reported contact he has had with Harold Weisberg, author of numerous books on the assassination who had made a bitter and scurrilous attack on the FBI, CIA and other Government agencies. Weisberg has indicated that Bill Boxley, former CIA agent, is cooperating with one Rene Lamaree who is writing a book entitled "Farewell America." The book allegedly will indicate H.L. Hunt, wealthy Texas oil man, masterminded President Kennedy's assassination. Weisberg furnished Dallas source a chart which will appear the book. Chart refers to FBI, Dallas, but significance is not know.

O/S/

P/

"Airtel" is a fancy FBI name for a letter. It made that name up when most mail was not by air, when airmail was separate from regular mail.

I not only did not say that Boxley was working on the book with Lamarre, "Lamaree" to Long, the book had been written and I gave Rothermel a copy of it.

I did not say the chart would appear in the book and it did not. Boxley executed it as Garrison indicated.

If the significance of the chart "is not shown" that is because in the xeroxing its title was left off. Without the title, it is still clear enough, even for the FBI.

It is their schematic ~~if~~ the conspiracy to assassinate JFK as they imagined it. /

Pretty much as stated at great length in that French spook book Farewell America.

Pretty much, too as we see later in this book, as in Rothermel's further demonstration of his appreciation, he gave that same swill with amplifications to the dopiest of assassination mythology dopes who did books, Harry Livingstone, for his so aptly self-descriptively titled Killing the Truth.

That was after Hunt's sons fired Rothermel and others as common thieves.

And that was some time before, when Livingstone got to Dallas, all those down there with Brooklyn Bridges to sell, sought him out.

For it s parts ~~in~~ the JFK Assassination Industry the FBI loved what gave it any excuse at all to defame those who did not agree with it /

or as I did, exposed its record in the assassinations that is a national disgrace.

As it is, there is so much more that can be said about this strange man Garrison and his strange JFK assassination adventure - history can use more - but ^{TC/} his fragment of what could make several large books is enough to reflect the actualities of the man and his "probe." It is all I can now do.

However, and this indicates how foreign to his interest and efforts the real evidence he had in hand really was, with Clay Shaw dead I can safely tell the story that follows.

I did not tell Garrison when after the jury acquitted Shaw Garrison charged him with perjury.

Four of the most unlikely men from Clinton, Louisiana, which is not far from Baton Rouge, testified to their seeing Shaw with Oswald at Clinton.

I met them while I was still in New Orleans the first part of the week the Shaw ^{TC/} case jury was being selected. I was never in the courtroom, never laid eyes on Shaw. I returned home on the midday plane that Thursday. I was then writing Part II of Post Mortem. I was working in Tom Bethell's office, using his upright electric typewriter, the first time I ever used one of those, when I was introduced to those four.

They seemed to be solidly impressive men. They ranged from a black man seeking to register black voters to a local official who sought to prevent that. And their testimony all agreed on what they said they saw, Shaw with Oswald. Some as I recall also included Ferrie.

The story is that Shaw took Oswald to Clinton to help him get a job in the large mental hospital there.

Shaw testified he could not have been the man they saw because he was never away from New Orleans in that period having, as ITM's manager, the great responsibility of renting space in its large new building under construction not far away, at the bank of the Mississippi near the beginning of Canal Street.

Shaw's lawyer cleverly, particularly so because those Clinton witnesses appeared to be solid and dependable men, rather than denying their story, put out one that ~~the~~ man they saw was not Shaw but was Guy Banister. This soon triggered a new school of ever-growing assassination mythologies, about Oswald working for Banister, a former FBI man who had a private detective agency in New Orleans. There is little less likely that either would have trusted the other, Banister was that far to the most extreme of the political right that in New Orleans and Louisiana had a well-stretched extreme. Banister would never have trusted anyone of Oswald's reported political beliefs and Oswald hated those of the right extremes to whom he sometimes referred as "fascists." Beginning then, Banister stories proliferated endlessly. They were aided and abetted by his former secretary and reported mistress, when she ^{allegedly} got into a dispute with Banister's ~~former~~ ^{Delphine Roberts} widow over which would get his political files. Until then ~~she~~ had refused to talk to Garrison or any of his people, as Garrison himself told me.

This testimony by Shaw was perjury. But before anyone thinks harshly of that what should be considered is that the Clinton witnesses did give credible testimony about Shaw even though there is no doubt in

my mind that the man they saw was not Shaw whether or not it was Oswald with him.

Shaw did not have to take Oswald anywhere to get him a job, ^{shaw} Oswald or anyone else seeking an unskilled job. ~~He also~~ did not need to go more than a hundred miles from New Orleans to locate a menial job. By phone calls he could ^{easily} have gotten Oswald an unskilled job in New Orleans.

^{but} telling the truth would have been much too risky, although innocent he could have been convicted. So, Shaw lied. And got away with it because of Garrison's incompetence as an investigator of what was real and from his addiction to his own mythologies. ^{늘/0/2/}

My lead was on of those pictures on which Garrison lavished so much attention, of Oswald distributing his handbill outside the main entrance to the old ITM building. It was published by the ~~commission~~ ^{c/d} the people in those pictures were identified by the FBI and the FBI ^t interviewed them. Garrison had a man, Tom Bethell, working in the Archives for months. He should have gotten those FBI reports early on. One of those pictures shows three men walking out the front door, one of them with a roll of blueprints under his arm.

I know the names. I omit them to spare them a torrent of assassination nuts.

The truth is that the renting of space in the new ITM building was not Shaw's responsibility. It was contracted to a firm specializing in that kind of work. It had two men handling the rentals of that space. I interviewed both of them by phone after Shaw was dead. They confirmed what I had learned from those FBI reports that Garrison ignored.

One of those three men was locally prominent in New Orleans. He must also have been known to hundreds if not thousands who visited New Orleans. He was the assistant manager of one of the city's finest and most popular hotels. I cannot imagine that Garrison did not recognize him in the picture. Nor can I understand how as an investigator he did not speak to him about at least what he saw at that Oswald staged handbill distribution. Or ask him who those men with him were.

But then when Garrison cast Shaw in the role he did, he did not once speak to a man he knew well and he knew was and remained a friend of Shaw. Jesse Core had been prominent in Garrison's first campaign for district attorney. He was also the ITM's public-relations director.

But as of the time the Shaw case was about to go to trial Garrison had not spoken to him or asked him anything at all about Shaw.

Those pictures? Apparently Garrison could not find any hidden codes in them! *On "secret" docs,*

Those other two men in the pictures?

They and they alone handled the rental of space in the new building, not Shaw.

Shaw did swear falsely and that false swearing was perjury.

Which Garrison had charged him with and did not know enough about the basic fact of the official investigation to convict Shaw of it.

There must have been hundreds of people in and around New Orleans who dealt with those renters either in engaging space or declining their sale pitches to get them to rent space.

but not a single one ever told Garrison of it.

And Shaw did not get a perjury rap laid on him in addition to the baseless charge that made him and Garrison famous and of which he was acquitted.

The courts threw ~~it~~ out. *garrison's perjury case*

It did not go to trial, as it should not have. It was Garrison's vindictive indulgence from his frustration when the jury that did believe there had been a conspiracy to kill JFK ~~not believing~~ *ad* *e* in virtually record time that Shaw had not been a part of it.