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Seattle, Washington 98107
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Dear Sylvia,

Thanks for the letter and the kind words. Let me warn you that flattery will get you just about anything you please.

The Jim Rose you asked about approached Jaffe via an intermediary, Stan Scheinbaum of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara. He was introduced as a former CIA pilot on the outs with the agency, and stated he was in danger from the CIA's animus, an attitude which arose, he said, because he had morals. Rose began spinning great and fabulous tales about CIA in Florida and southern California. His legitimacy and accuracy were confirmed at the outset by Turner, whose actions in this respect are now one of the major reasons so many ex-Garrisonists unconnected with Bud consider him an agent. I got a peek at some memos of interviews with Rose (after Shaw's acquittal) and they were fantastic. The Van Nuys municipal airport is the biggest U-2 base on the coast, for instance. Rose is also known as Jim Rhodes, Vince Rose, Vince Rhodes and just plain Vince. He says his real name is E. Carl McNabb, the name he used when he visited this area investigating Fred Crisman. Because of some suspicions by people in the L.A. area, a photograph was sent up here. Of the two people who saw "McNabb" when he was here, one stated it probably was the same guy, the other was positive it was. The picture came from Lawrence Howard's scrapbook, and showed the guy in combat fatigues and toting a Thompson submachine gun. He was a member of Patrick's Raiders (small, private anti-Castro paramilitary group) and his name is Justin Steve Wilson. McNabb denies that he's the same guy; Jaffe believes him.

Some of the stuff Rose told Jaffe was obviously contrary to long-established fact, like the structure and staffing of CIA activities in Miami. One of the memos contained what Rose (the name he prefers) said flatly was a coded CIA interoffice memo. It was something like: "Dear Bill: We really need the last premium due on your airplane's policy. Please remit." Rose, if I remember correctly, also claimed to have flown Bradley for CIA (this was one of those Marina-like delayed memories that did not arise until after he had cooperated for a while).

Jaffe's role as transcriber of Rose's allegations was not, to the best of my knowledge, one of the reasons he got bounced in New Orleans.

Poor Jaffe. He really is a nice guy, an intelligent, mild-mannered person who is always dressed in the height of fashion and has a gorgeous mistress. But he seems to have a fatal weakness for tsikrit information and uncheckable, though dramatic, allegations.

Garrison's warm words for you come as no surprise to me. The attitude that AAF is the best book on the volumes is well nigh

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universal among critics, even among people you don't like and who are aware of your feelings. Ray Marcus, for instance, says so. I think this is an honest opinion, and not just an attempt to appear objectiver-than-thou, and I am not at all mystified by his having internalized so widespread a view.

Regarding Alopecia Knobbynorse, his story could be completely accurate and still be innocent. An acknowledgment by Shaw of the accuracy of the information on the fingerprint card might mean nothing more than a recognition that he was charged with being ~~xxxx~~ Bertrand.

Speisel is one of the all-time prizes of American jurisprudence. I think it is indicative of the investigation as a whole that, with a small army of volunteers in the field, New Orleans didn't know what kind of nut he was. This sort of thing seems to have reached epidemic proportions throughout the endeavor, as clear leads, even in the New Orleans area, went absolutely uninvestigated. I have heard that one solid piece of evidence that was never used at all was a film of Oswald handing out FPCC leaflets, a film showing the people around him, including one who, I am told, appears to signal to LHO. It just sat in the files. God knows where something like that might have led.

I believe I mentioned that I always have considered 544 Camp Street to be a good lead. I find it difficult to believe that nothing admissible arose from investigating ~~that~~ an enterprise so elaborate and so local. Amateurs like Arcacha and Banister usually leave a swath a yard wide, even when their no-nos are government-sponsored. If it was checked, only to come up against a blank wall, my guess would be that a little more cash spent on things like that and a little less on sending Jaffe to Paris to be wined and dined by LaMarre would have been worth it.

I hadn't heard that Russell's group was suing Lane. Is this first-hand or grapevine?

I guess I'm not yet a full-fledged critic, since I have yet to lose money to a con man. It is depressing to learn that there are those who do such things. I can understand an honest project getting nowhere, but theft is a bit much.

Your getting along with Sauvage despite great political differences has been duplicated on this end, too. A couple of the local Burkeans have been loyal and effective critics, and the student on the UW campus who has been one of my closest collaborators and who has provided a forum for WR criticism is a voluble objectivist. Of course, I draw a distinction between these people and the crazy-Right, which does feel there was a conspiracy, though without bothering with evidence and for the wrong reasons. When CCI was doing things around here, we kept getting letters (frequently checks, too) in envelopes stamped "Impeach Earl Warren," "Get US Out," etc. What the Hell, their money was

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as good as anyone else's, and CCI was autocratic, so they had no effect on policy.

Lest you think things are cooling off, Lifton is in a snit at Gary Schoener (accusing him of stealing and using some of Lifton's research -- Gary denies it and, is, I think, accurate), Fred Newcomb and Gary are a bit irritated at each other (I have heard a contradictory reason from each), Fred and Weisberg are at odds with no end in sight, Weisberg and Lifton dislike each other intensely. There. Full circle. I always have admired symmetry.

Right now I am working on a memo about Luis Alvarez, the Frito Bandito of the WC defenders. In response to a letter I wrote, he sent copies of correspondence he had with someone else, including a chart of the trains of oscillations he found in the Z film. He begins by placing the gap between the branches of the tree at Z177, and gets progressively less accurate as he goes along. My only problem so far is finding reliable information on human startle-reactions (Alvarez ignores their existence completely, and is remarkably fuzzy on the velocity of sound), but I have a couple of good leads.

So, 47, eh? I can understand your distaste for at spending those years surrounded by humans, and I share your good feelings about dolphins. I bet they wouldn't be fooled by the single-bullet theory. Someday when I'm fabulously wealthy I hope to buy one of the 200 or so Fiji Islands that are uninhabited, preferably from a government corrupt enough to let me buy its independence. The superpowers probably could be blackmailed into providing cash. Then I'll invite my friends. Do come. But don't start packing just yet.

Small sidetrack on UFO's: if you haven't read Festinger's When Prophecy Fails, you might find it interesting. It is an hour by hour examination of a cult awaiting the Christmas Eve arrival of a saucer to rescue its prophetess and her followers from a coming worldwide flood, and the aftermath when the spacemen didn't show. It is essentially a study in cognitive dissonance, the unnatural and psychologically unbearable situation when a strongly held belief accompanied by acts of commitment is conclusively disproved. One way to reduce the dissonance, the method followed here, is to redouble one's efforts in converting others, in an effort to bury the disproof in the reinforcement provided by militant action and the acquisition of converts.

Speaking of more civilized species, there is no word for war in Eskimo. Food for thought.

Friendly thoughts and salutations,

George