

Dear Jim, FBI NO FO response, FOIA/PA

3/4/78

While I'm resting this note, which with luck will reach you Monday. We are no longer snowed in (third time) and will be doing some shopping near where there is a box from which there is a tomorrow's collection and may yet be one this evening.

Now that I've begun dictating I want to go as rapidly as I can with it. But the weather persists in interfering. I'm letting just about everything except the lane go until later.

So I've not read the records that came today with the records I'll be giving you on Tuesday. Lil is copying them now. But I did skim and there are a couple of handles I'll be squeezing later. One is the threat against Garrison and the other the defamatory and false representations of conversation between Frank Bartes and me. That we met is even omitted. Note when you get this that he has been an FBI informer, not only CIA, which I knew. (And that they omit his known CIA connection, flying as a mercenary in the Congo. Or that he was in LHO's notebook. Or the phoney nature of the FBI's reporting on this and on him.)

This has me threatening Bartes. All of that is total fabrication. Nothing at all like it happened. I'm sure I have contemporaneous notes.

And Bartes came voluntarily to my motel. It was on a Saturday night. He declined to go to my room or to take refreshment so we conversed in a corridor off the lobby of the Fonatinbleau, near the coffee shop. And he told me he was still under "Washington" protection, so he was not worried.

Wall is a different agent than the one who "defected" from WFO. This one is Ernest C. mentioned extensively in Oswald in New Orleans. Expect in whitewashing reports. I think the other is Robert.

Hood is the agent I talked to and who called me back. But he did not speak to me. He left word with the Garrison switchboard operator. I still have her note, I'm sure.

The SF report gives the right address for the source of the alleged threat. Only I did not know it then and I'm sure did not tell it to Hood because I couldn't. My only knowledge of that nature was the place at which the threat was passed, The Magic Mushroom. I immediately got two separate and independent checks with the California authorities, one SF the other LA. Both confirmed.

There is the allegation of a discrepancy between Lpisel's story and mine. I do not see this. I did tape my conversation and he did not say otherwise.

I see an evasion and a large one in the directives from HQ to NO\*limited to whatever may be "main files."

While Lil is running the copier I can't dictate notes. The microphone is incredibly sensitive. It picked up the radio from another room and 30 or more feet away this a.m.

We had 8 inches of snow night before last and yesterday morning. I went after it as soon as it stopped. By dark I had cleared all that I had de-iced earlier, all around the house and the circular turnaround, down past where you park, to where any water could run down the lane. We had high winds during the night and the snow drifted, to depths of two feet and for spans of 50 feet or more. So, as soon as Lil was up I started after it. Made good time, too, before a friend you do not know came, with his stalwart wife. I had done half the lane by the time I had to quit (not all at once, no.) They finished it and cleared the putlet to the road. I've just come in from cutting down those parts of the tracks made by cars where I had removed all the ice. This only to prevent ice buildup and to permit water to flow better if we get a thaw of it rains. I work until I get too cold or tire. I do not work to where I'm overly tired. Oddly some time my hands get so cold they are numb, through gloves, other times not getting cold at all, and sometimes my feet, especially right, get too cold. Then I stop. But I'm certain it is all very good for me. Hastily,