

Dear Js,

7/29/72

A few comments on the clips that came yesterday:

Jerry Voorhis and his book on Nixon: the incredible thing is that in a polite way, not with Nixon's roughness with him and Helen Douglas, Jerry did exactly the same thing with the left in his day on the UnAmerican Committee. I knew him in the 30s. You never so deeply concerned, so obviously agonizing a political cutthroat. If what was done to him was one of the rottener performances of a career built on them, beginning with him, Jerry was a phoney liberal who axed from the other side. He was put on the UnAmerican committee in the alleged hope of moderating it, giving it balance, but he entered into the spirit of the Neanderthals, but you never saw one so in anguish. It was visible, vocal and immaterial. But he sure could write a book on DirthDickery.

NewOrleans politics and the judges, etc. It is true that Garrison was opposed to all electronic eavesdropping. I think he wouldn't even let one lawyer listen in on a phone call of another where it would have the same effect. Just as good because they were Keystone Kops with anything like that. This story is from my own experience. My second or third trip to H.O. they'd picked up a tip there would be a hit on me. So. Lynn Loisel, on meeting me at the airport, so informed me and asked me if it would be ok if they took and staffed an adjoining room and bugged mine. Of course. He sat, rather conspicuously, in the Fountains-bleau coffee shop for several hours awaiting the emptying of the second of a connecting pair. Finally, there was an availability. He checked us both in under fake names. One of us was Anthony Dunne. I never used an alias ever. One we were in he used our phones, his or mine, to call the office, and a guy named George came with his kit. They installed a spike mike quite invisible in my room, checked it, and it worked well. They wired it to a tape recorder, and the tape was picking conversation up fine. They George decided there should be a backup, an FM bug I could turn on and off. I agreed. I mean, after all, there was supposed to be a hit. They also feared the Bureau would sneak in and steal some of my files. So, I arranged to leave a worthless tape where it could be found (never bothered). George decided that the ideal place for the FM bug, a miniature transmitter with a built-in mike, and a short piece of wire as an aerial, was under the chair at the sort of desk. I protested I'd almost have to bet on hands and knees to operate the switch. He said naw, it was easy, and it was, by leaning a bit and feeling around a bit more. Naturally, he had it up on the bottom of the seat, taped in place. So the hand hand ~~took~~ go down and then up several inches. I wanted to wear it, he said no, so I knew I'd not be able to utrn it on except in advance. Well, I got, of all things, David Ferrie's godson, later a Sheridan fink, to babysit for Barbara Reid, a sort of rightwing Madame LaFarge, took her to supper at the F with Boke Day, then on a desk at the States, and after that we adjourned to my room for a long talk. So much no chance of real notes. No chance to activate the FM bug, but I figured what the hell, there are two dicks on the other side of the wall with two tape recorders and the spike mike is working fine, so I just explored all sorts of interesting things. She really know everyone in the Quarter, then and for years back, including Thornley and others who'd known Oswald, and a couple of prime sources. We talked until quite late. I kept making hints that I expected one of Garrison's men soon and would she, when we were taking her home, mind introducing me to Clint Bolton, Thornley's idol and sort of agent. he would. I came back to this several times without any call, any knock on the door. We were at the end of a wing, so located that one of the round-the-clock pair of dicks could have left his door, walked to mine and knocked while holding his breath. No reactions, though. Layton Martens phoned me twice. No reaction. Jack Martin I caught spying on me from the outside. No reaction. Finally, I figured out what todo. I dialed the motel in which I was from an outside line, asked for the room next door (so it would not appear obvious that I was phoning next door) asked for that room by number, and asked Lynn if he would be near where I was in say 15 minutes, or could he be. Sure he could. He was. And that is how much attention they paid to their bug. Two of them lay in bed looking at TV and all that out-pouring was lost because they didn't monitor the tape machine. They had listened in on the input at the beginning, found it was coming through loud and clear, used a thin, 7" reel they know would last for hours, and learned back to enjoy. From the clutter of food and drink remains in the room when later I got back, they had quite a night. But something had happened to the recorder, and all those hours were only gibberish, except for what

I could remember. With all the names she poured out, I couldn't begin to. But assuming it was all on tape I just let her gush. The next day, still not knowing the tape held nothing, I discussed it briefly with Garrison. He was ecstatic. It never dawned on him that with him and Moo well acquainted from Barbara from their Quarter days, they should have interviewed her a year earlier. And turned her on to work for them. By the time they did this, months later, she was incapable of detachment and got all involved in paranoid preconceptions. Fortunately, I'd made enough notes to have the name of a prime potential informant. That one will someday make a novel. Loisel did take us to Bolton's. He was then working in the duplication of Preservation Hall. It was called Dixieland Hall. An Al Clark, gay school-teacher ran it. He knew the gay scene and blurted out that he had seen Dean Andrews bring Oswald into his hall. Bolton was an extreme extremist. He agreed with my suggestion that KY would get in trouble, inevitably, unless he arranged to tell someone what he knew because the situation made it inevitable. He said he'd suggest that KY speak to me. The twisting of this that ensured you probably heard of. It caused me to have to investigate KY, with some rather interesting results. I began with no such intention. That night we were also told of the contents of Ferris's files in Gray Gill's office, all sorts of thing I assumed a professional investigator would follow up. None of it happened. I am pretty sure this was 11/67, the week before Garrison's speech to the LA press convention at the Century Plaza. It was on my return to N.O. that I had doubt of their competence. On this trip, when I heard JG preparing his speech-he tried parts of it out on me in his den-I recognized it as a lifting from the intro to Photographic Whitewash and when I asked for his copy, he produced it and those pages were bent down! Knew I'd seen it somewhere, he said. No more. And when I got to Frisco he had left word he'd like me to be his guest at the LA speech! He didn't, indeed, have an entire table for me. I didn't even have the \$\$\$ for the extra ticket fare to and from LA. And I had a tight schedule. Paul Hoch bought a ticket and gave it to me as a present. Hal arranged for some student to drive me to the Oakland airport, and I just made the plane from my college speech. When I got there I didn't use my table, having no such party anyway. I was with Maggie Fields, Ray Marcus, Will O'Connell and others....I was, of course, disappointed in finding that Jim's were the typical politician's morals and ethics, but I'd lived with them for years and was willing to accept that, if not happily. I did suggest to him after the speech that he memorize the line he then and always later flubbed, of LBJ, "No matter how humble his gathering of fagots, it it is humble he is, they stoke a witch's cauldron and he is thought Macbeth. Rather good lineage? Jim loved it. But that fagots was a double entendre to him, Shaw and all that and his notion that Jenkins was "Mr. Balls" with the baberation of enjoying tennis balls thrown at his own genitalia, other such things, so he always broke up on that line and wasted a couple of graphs. I think it is on p.9. A comparison of texts will show this is where he got his doctrine and some of his words, later used in his book.

As you realize, the clips I read last night have triggered this note-making because I haven't kept a journal. The strange story on the judges and the federal eavesdropping is typical of N.O. Gallinghouse has no case so he makes the claimed fact public, and all those so outraged at the Shaw case are silent. Garrison, having announced there is no case and he'll do nothing, immediately says there is no case so he has to do something, and that, too, is natural. Alock, with one of the guys tainted by the tape his opponent, withdraws from the race for the judge's seat. (he is, by the way, a respected criminal prosecutor and a competent if not overly imaginative lawyer. Quite sincere and without illusion about JG.) And Sal Panzeca does fairly represent Shea's record of speed rather than justice. I've spent many an evening bending elbows with him and others at the same mountain-leau coffeesht, where drinks also are served (I recall Monk Zeldon, a special bondsman whose name I'll not mention because he breached confidence to give me some files, "cervais, some race-track types as our companions). It was subject of their joking with Shea. No secret. He was Mr. Speed. And a hanging judge.

This secret file from the bondsman dealt with the arrest of the brother or one of the best-known figures in the U.S. under conditions suggesting a homosexual escapade and in a place frequented by Shaw. It is one of the things on which I was able to get JG's help in checking it out to establish irrelevance and innocence. Whether or not the kid was gay, he was involved in nothing and the arrest should never have been. I'm surprised that the papers never picked it up because the name is well-known and famous. Best, HM