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NEW ORLEANS



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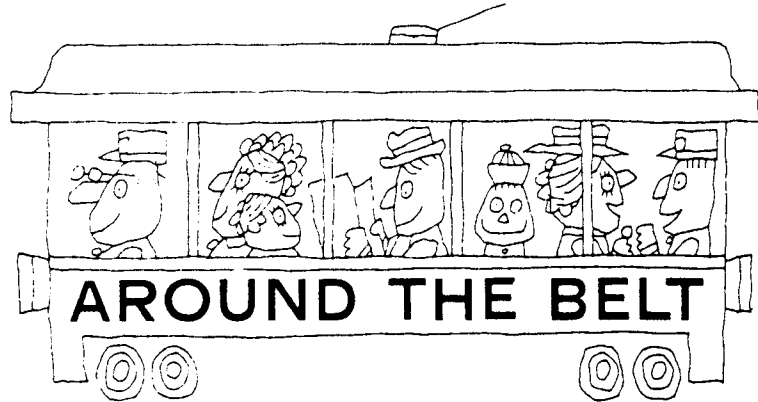
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A NOTEBOOK OF NEW ORLEANS HAPPENINGS BY BONNIE CRONE

Leonard Flettrich tried to capture the essence of a person when he painted a portrait. He felt that a portrait should be more than just a factual rendering of the subject; photography was the medium best suited to relate the likeness of a person. Flettrich believed that portraiture had to be more than reproduction. It was adhering to this credo that Flettrich painted the portrait of Clay Shaw which appears on the cover of *New Orleans Magazine* this month.

Shaw was in the midst of his tedious legal entanglement with District Attorney Jim Garrison when he sat for the Flettrich portrait. The finished painting is a study of a haunted and troubled man—Flettrich had captured the essence of the person posing for the portrait.

The preliminary work on the portrait had been less disturbing. Flettrich had known Shaw in happier times, and the initial portrait was more a reflection of the man Flettrich had known in the past, than the tortured man he saw quietly posing for the portrait. Then one night Flettrich's artistic search for the truth would not let him sleep, he returned to his studio and labored all night transforming the portrait to reflect the true troubled countenance of

a man accused of a crime almost more dastardly than the imagination could fathom, plotting to kill the President of the United States.

Leonard Flettrich died a little more than a year after completing the Shaw portrait. His work is now being carefully catalogued by his wife, Terry, and his three children. Lo-An, his daughter, and her husband, Kenny, have carefully cleaned and stored many of Flettrich's earlier paintings. Someday the family hopes to create a Leonard Flettrich Memorial Museum, where his work will be permanently displayed.

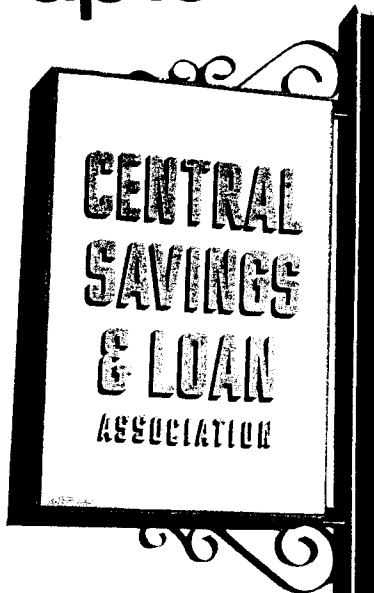
Flettrich's career spanned more than 30 years and he was recognized as one of New Orleans' most important artists. A native of New Orleans, he studied at the Art Students League in New York. Throughout his career, he never limited himself to one type of painting or medium. His styles ranged from representative to abstract; his medium from oil to tempera. He captured figure, still life, and landscape subject on everything from canvas to the wall. In all of his work the expression of his own feelings was always quite evident.

Art for Flettrich was a very personal

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AROUND THE BELT

Continued from page 4

thing—a medium to express emotion and truth. He was always concerned by man's inhumanity to man. A series of paintings interpreting the atrocities the Jews suffered during World War II, drew such international attention that one particular painting, a graphic depiction of a Rabbi suffering from the torture inflicted by the Nazis, was purchased for the permanent collection of the Israel Museum in Jerusalem. His work is also included in numerous other galleries and private collections across the nation.

+

"My husband threatened not to let me go back to my cooking class when I announced that we were having cold cucumber soup for dinner," a petite gray-haired lady told me as I waited for the Sears Famous Chef Cooking School class to begin.

"You mean I paid 30 bucks so you could learn to fix me cold cucumber soup," growled the unhappy husband.

"But he was singing a different tune after dinner," the cooking school student explained. "He loved the soup, completely cleaned his bowl, and can't wait to see what I learn at my class tonight."

It really is a fun idea—a cooking school in the gourmet capital of the United States. We wondered who would want to learn to cook at home when there are so many fine restaurants in New Orleans. The answer is hundreds of people. In fact, the last series of cooking classes offered by Sears was completely filled a few days after it was publicly announced.

We visited the cooking school one evening during the last session to learn first hand what was happening. The class was held in the auditorium of the Gentilly Sears store.

We entered the auditorium and quietly sat down on the front row. Then we began sizing up our fellow would-be cooks. There were as many men as ladies in the class; the age range ran the gamut from a pretty young lass, probably under 20, to a grandmother well past Social-Security age. Several husband and wife combinations were enrolled in the class, dispelling the old saying, "Too many cooks spoil the broth."

"Tonight we are going to learn how to prepare salads and vegetables," the teacher-chef Guenter Preuss explained, as he began cutting the center out of a whole cabbage to make cole slaw. "Eye appeal and color contrast are important parts of food preparation, so we will

make our cole slaw in a separate bowl, mix it with a special dressing, and then pile it back into the inside of the cabbage. We'll add some bits of finely chopped pimiento and bell pepper for added color."

The audience carefully watched each step as Preuss finished the cole slaw and went on to prepare several other interesting dishes. He carefully explained each step as he prepared each dish, and made it all seem so easy that we are sure if enough classes like this were held it would completely put the TV dinner out of business.

Preuss dropped a few timely tips as the class progressed. "Dip an avocado in lemon juice to keep it from turning brown," he said. "For an exciting new taste, add a little brandy to your mayonnaise."

After the class was over, the pupils gathered around the demonstration table to taste the dishes prepared during the class.

"I've never tasted such good cauliflower exclaimed a middle-age gentleman with thinning hair. "I will have to fix this in my restaurant next week."



From restaurant owner to young bride, the class is a wonderful idea to learn new recipes and methods of food preparation.

Preuss, Director of Food and Beverages at the Fairmont Roosevelt Hotel, thoroughly enjoys the role of a teacher. "I believe that anybody can become a good cook with a little effort and practice," Preuss says. "You really don't have to feed your family a diet of hamburgers and mashed potatoes, unless you are just too lazy to learn to be a good cook."

So if you would like to learn how to

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"The American judicial system, like any other, presumes a kind of reasonableness on the part of the people who operate it. If anyone unreasonable gets into power, then this sort of thing is going to happen."

The Dark Side of "Not Guilty"

By Rosemary James

Editor's Note: Rosemary James, along with Jack Wardlaw and Jack Dempsey, on the New Orleans States-Item, was instrumental in revealing to the world District Attorney Jim Garrison's investigation. In point of time she has been closer to the investigation, its principal figures and subsequent trial than anyone still writing about it. With Jack Wardlaw, she was co-author of a book, "Plot or Politics," dealing with the case. Now a star television reporter for WWL-TV, this is her summation of Clay Shaw today.

Clay Shaw wants to dream and work and build again.

Clay Shaw wants to live again. Perhaps, some day, soon, he will.

For now, Clay Shaw's life is in limbo.

Four years ago this month, he began an agonizing journey through the halls of justice, weighted down by a cross fashioned for him by District Attorney Jim Garrison.

That cross . . . a charge that he plotted with others to kill President

John F. Kennedy.

Two years ago this month, Shaw was acquitted of that fantastic accusation, the charge that he was a mover and shaker behind the scenes in one of the most sensational crimes of the century. Shaw was found "not guilty" in a unanimous decision by a 12-man jury.

That verdict provided Shaw with a momentary reprieve from his nightmare, a fragment of time when the sun broke through the shadows, only to be eclipsed again by the persistence of an unpredictable adversary.

Peace eluded Clay Shaw.

The prosecution, ignoring what most would consider the rules of good old American fair play, did not rest. The persecution continued.

Before Shaw could pick up the pieces of his shattered life and put them back into some semblance of the order that previously had exemplified his existence, Jim Garrison had designed a cross of a new timbre. The painful journey began again with Shaw carrying the stigma of a man publicly denounced by the Dis-

trict Attorney as a liar.

The persecution continued while a city went about business as usual, conclusively re-electing Shaw's adversary to one of the most powerful offices in the United States. If members of the community were concerned, the community as a whole demonstrated what can only be described as an historic unconcern.

Many of those who did get involved, who did care, have called it a crucifixion.

And, while the adversary has not succeeded in nailing Shaw to anything, it's not surprising that the word has taken on special meaning for a man whose superior sensitivity has been honed to an even keener edge in the last four years.

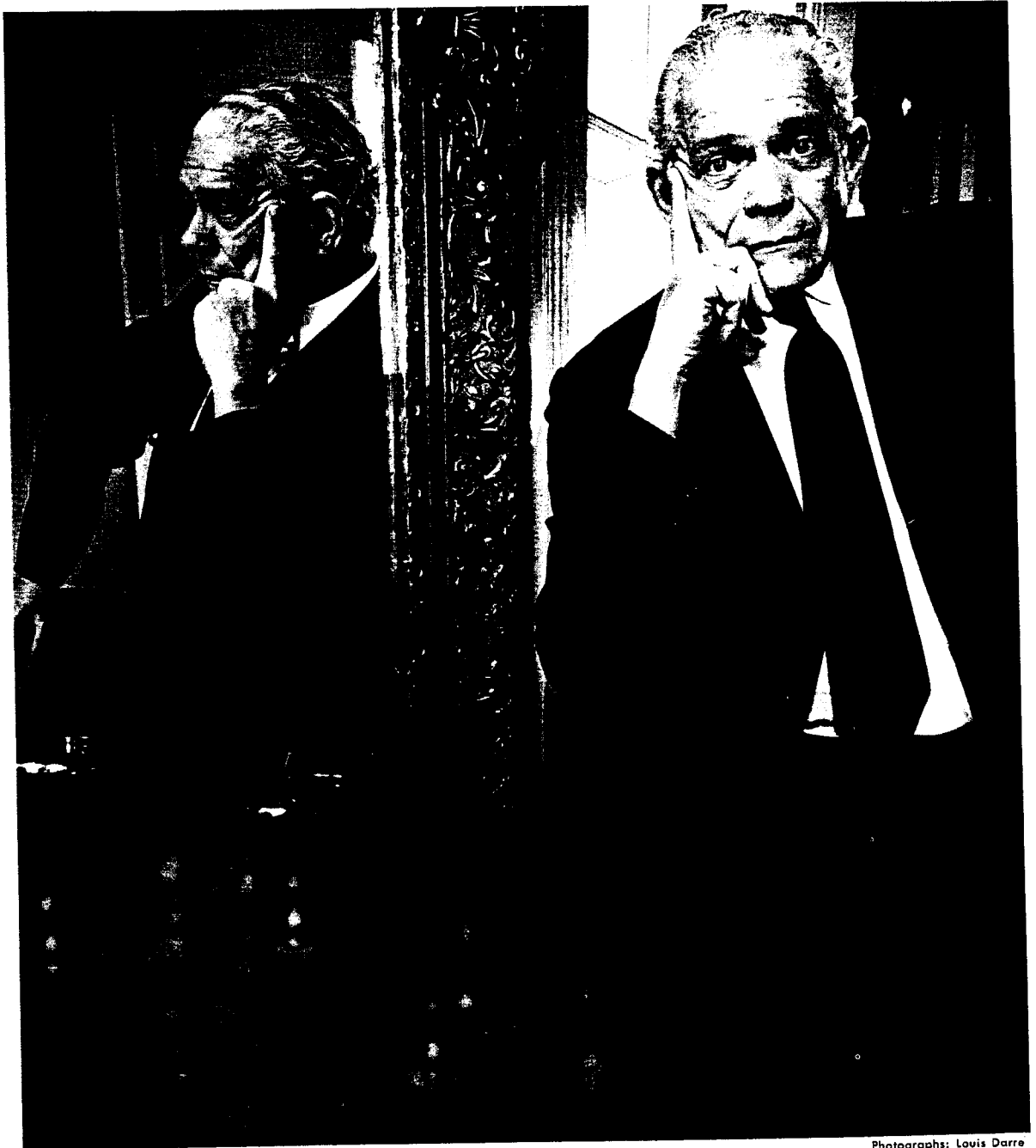
"I've been through it. Judicially crucified. And the thought that any one person or any group of people would want to inflict such pain is a horrifying thing."

Four years. A lifetime.

For most people time passes swiftly. Too swiftly. Life runs out on them be-



“He may well have thought he would get the world’s attention by arresting me and never have to bring the case to trial. He said he thought I would commit suicide, so he may well have thought the case would never come to trial. He didn’t know it, but I’m a tough old bird.”



Photographs: Louis Darre

"He'd had the press of the world coverage on him, and then, when he said, 'Oh, yes, I've solved the assassination, but it might take 30 years to prove it,' the press folded their notebooks and went away. To get them back, he needed some startling development, he needed a patsy, a pawn, a scapegoat . . ."

fore they know it. For this somewhat aloof man who began life as an unlettered country boy and rose to eminence in this city where unlettered country boys find the road rough going, time passes slowly. It is as if he has been living through a long night, waiting for the dawn and blessed daylight. He is still waiting.

Shaw was first arrested by Garrison on the formal charge that he conspired with the late Lee Harvey Oswald, the man identified by the Warren Commission as President Kennedy's assassin, and with the late David W. Ferrie, an eerie sort of latter day soldier of fortune, to kill the President.

The man formally declared innocent of the charge still wonders why he was arrested.

He believes Garrison knew he was innocent when the first charge was filed. He believes Garrison found himself at a dead end and needed someone, anyone, to get him back on the track.

"He had to take some action, any action.

"He'd had the press of the world converge on him and, then, when he said, 'Oh, yes, I've solved the assassination, but it might take 30 years to prove it,' the press folded up their notebooks and went away. To get them back, he needed some startling development, he needed a patsy, a pawn, a scapegoat, a conduit to get into court with his theories. And he said to himself, 'Clay Shaw is my pigeon.'"

Clay Shaw is my pigeon.

After four years, he appears to say these things with remarkable humor, almost as if he were amused by his adversary. One senses that this feeling is not completely removed from the truth, listening to him talk with his carefully-phrased words, delivered so swiftly they do not seem the product of deliberation.

From the outset, Shaw maintained his innocence and stated flatly, unequivocally that he knew neither Oswald nor Ferrie. Some members of the legal fraternity who observed the case from afar, feel he could have ducked the issue with a remark to the effect that he could not remember any encounter with either man.

The day after his arrest, after a soul-searching, a grilling session with his attorneys, he repeated publicly that he did not know either of the two men and had never known them. During the trial, he voluntarily took the stand and repeated the denial under oath.

The credibility of his testimony was, of course, a matter of critical concern to the jury. The jury was obligated to weigh his story against those bearing witness against him.

In less than an hour, they sifted through the hours of incredibly flimsy even cynical, evidence produced by the state and reached their verdict of innocence.

Victory at last, but short-lived.

Immediately after Shaw's acquittal, *The States-Item* and *The Times-Picayune* wrote editorials criticizing Garrison and his methods. They opined that Garrison should turn in his resignation. Rumor has it that the two editorials angered the District Attorney no end. Garrison denies today that the editorials had any influence on his decision to re-arrest Shaw.

Nevertheless, Shaw's adversary, who had but seldom been in the courtroom to witness the collapse of his case, decided that, while he could not try Shaw again on the conspiracy charge, he could charge him with lying under oath.

Refusing to accept defeat, Garrison lost no time in personally filing the perjury charges against Shaw.

For Shaw, and those who believe in him, it was the day Justice cried.

The folk wisdom resurfaced with cries of "Where there's smoke, there's fire." Commenting on that cliché, Shaw said, "Where there's smoke, there might well be a very efficient smoke producing machine . . . which is the case here."

Some, who finally had come out of their shells at the conclusion of the trial to demand the District Attorney's resignation, fell mute again.

Some, whose peculiar "He must have something" belief in the D. A. had wavered with Shaw's triumph, once again smiled their "I told you so" smiles.

Shaw, himself, with new charges dogging him, resumed his air of sophisticated weariness, like a man who has

gone to one civic banquet too many, a man harried by a monstrous aggravation in his life, a vulgar horsefly, rather than fear of his adversary.

Shaw repeats today:

"I never knew Lee Harvey Oswald or David W. Ferrie."

And, when he says it, it's easy to believe that Clay Shaw is not the liar.

Why, after all, would Shaw, a man gifted in the intellectual arts, a man whose whole history had been a pattern of success, have corrupted his life by involving himself socially or conspiratorially with a pair of losers.

"I repeat, I did not know those two . . . but, from what I've come to know about them, I can tell you I wouldn't have conspired with them to steal a paper from the corner news stand, much less to kill a President. To carry it a step beyond, it becomes mind-boggling to think that I would be accused of conspiring with these *two nuts* in the presence of Perry Russo, who, only in the kindest sense, could be considered nothing more than a naive child."

Why, for that matter, would Shaw want to associate with any of the curious coterie of creeps that somehow wound up in the witness box.

He's been described most often as the personification of dignity.

You never forget what he looks like, how he walks, how he talks. The description is correct.

He sizes up the world with a pair of blue eyes, startling against his perennial tan and silver hair, revealing in their candid suggestions of a man's feelings. The gamut . . . from pain to anger to humor to . . . "Enough of this nonsense. Let's get down to the business at hand."

In spite of a nagging back injury, he walks with a military self-confidence. He speaks with uncommon eloquence, obviously enjoying his command of the language, even when the subject is trifling.

The description is accurate but there's more to the man.

Underneath that acquired, that highly polished, that seemingly aloof exterior, beats the earthy and generous heart of a country boy.

One who made it good, true enough.

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Fashion and the Garden District

By Bonnie Crone

The legendary Garden District has been the aristocratic residential section of New Orleans for more than two centuries. Originally settled as rich indigo and sugar cane plantations, the area was sold to "developers" in the late 1820s. In 1833 the area became the self-contained incorporated city of Lafayette. The new city soon became one of the most desirable residential settlements on the outskirts of New Orleans. Gracious ante-bellum mansions lined the main thoroughfares—Jackson, Louisiana, and Noyades (St. Charles) Avenues, while the younger professional settlers constructed "shotgun" houses and "raised cottages". An 1842 issue of the *Daily Picayune* in New Orleans featured a story proclaiming the beauty of the cottages in Lafayette City which were "fine examples of outstanding architecture and featured lovely gardens." It was not until 10 years later,

in 1852, that Lafayette City became a part of New Orleans.

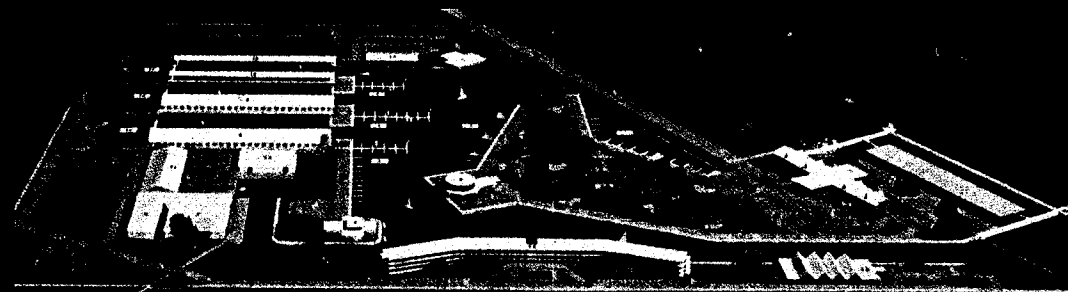
Over the years the Garden District remained a proud showplace of fine homes. Then in the late 1930s, the Garden District began to show signs of neglect. Many of the large houses were converted into boarding houses or divided into postage-stamp apartments. Often only the 10 meters on the side of a once gracious mansion told the true story of its decadence. Although the great mansions remained in the hands of preservationists, the Garden District seemed destined to become just another part of the inner-city problem which had begun to plague most old cities like New Orleans. As the home owners vacated the smaller cottages, the tenants began to move in—and the edges of the Garden District began to wither.

Residents began to be alarmed at the deterioration of the once gracious Gar-



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50 pounds in the Greek markets of New York and had them flown down. One hot Saturday afternoon in late September, Mrs. Madlyn Scalise and her daughter, Mrs. Sandra Juneau, arrived in the gallery offices as the exhibition was being installed, bringing with them five huge cartons containing the St. Joseph's cakes. These were mounted on Masonite, then lacquered to preserve them and the two women stood by to be certain that the altar was correctly arranged. A few days later 25 of their friends came to New York via Greyhound bus, carrying box after box filled with enough cream puffs, cookies, biscotti and struffoli to feed the 150 guests who attended the day-long open house preview.


St. Joseph's Day goes almost unnoticed in New York. Although it is also ob-

served here by the Italians, they do so only by making and eating a deep-fried, sugar-sprinkled cruller, Sfingi di San Giuseppe. Therefore it was a great help to have the New Orleans women standing by on opening day, explaining to the press and other guests, how the celebration as brought to New Orleans by Sicilian immigrants and how the altars are set up as offerings of thanks for special favors granted: a son safely returned from war, a sick wife cured, a grandchild safely born. The custom of placing classified advertisements in local newspapers inviting the public to view the altars captivated everyone and the standard reaction was something like, "Why haven't I heard about this before?"

The highspots of the altar were the

fig cakes, adaptations of the Sicilian Christmas cake, Cucidata. As done in New Orleans, the cakes with their lacy pastry scrollwork decorations constitute a genuine native folk craft, one that should be preserved in book form. This same opinion was expressed by many of the country's leading designers, art directors and folk craft experts who saw the exhibition. —Mimi Sheraton

The women who baked the cakes for the gallery exhibition were: Mrs. Madlyn Scalise; Mrs. Sandra Juneau; Mrs. William Egan; Mrs. John Elm; Mrs. Mildred Cammarata; Mrs. Joseph Maselli; Mrs. Charles Accardo; Mrs. Harold Miller; Mrs. William B. Canal; Mrs. Angelo Ricca; Mrs. Herbert Howell and Mrs. Millie Messisco. †



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“NOT GUILTY”

Continued from page 21

And yet, a country boy still, enough of one to abide with the basics.

He's enough of one to delight in Black-eyed peas, pork chops, stuffed merlions and home-made pickles, along with his vintage wines . . . to let go with a raucous belly laugh for a good joke . . . to value good friends, good neighbors and the small joys that come with reciprocity.

More importantly, he is a religious man. A member of no church, but close enough to that old time religion of Tangipahoa Parish to know that the biblical instruction to love your enemies is not just a lot of hogwash, but a God-given admonition and a way to mental health.

He believes Jim Garrison is his enemy.

Clay Shaw is my pigeon.

Feeling this, it would seem only human to be distorted by the most searing kind of hate. If he is, it is not visible. It comes as a surprise to feel his obvious sincerity, his sense of balance.

And therein lies the source of his ability to survive.

"I don't want you to think that I'm behaving like some early Christian martyr, because that isn't the case at all. It's just that I believe hatred is the most devastating and corrosive thing in the world.

"If I had allowed myself to feel the emotions appropriate to my situation, I would have been destroyed at least two years ago. Hatred does not hurt the guy you hate. Not a bit. He's perfectly impervious to it. It hurts you. It gives you ulcers. All kinds of disorders.

"And, finally, it will kill you.

"As a matter of mental health, you have to say—all right, this guy has done the thing that he has done for the reasons that he has . . . but if I'm going to hate him, then I'm going to destroy myself, ultimately."

It is easy to believe that the persecution of Clay Shaw would have destroyed men of lesser fortitude. It is easy to visualize them plunged into deep and soul-warping gloom, to emerge forever changed, distorted, destroyed.

"It isn't a matter of Christianity, of being saint-like. It's a matter of simple, psychological survival."

Shaw is found of quoting the French abbé, who, after the terror had abated, was asked what he had done during the French Revolution. "I survived," said the abbé succinctly.

Shaw thinks that Garrison did not expect him to survive.

"He may well have thought he would

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get the world's attention by arresting me and never have to bring the case to trial.

"He said he thought I would commit suicide, so he might well have thought the case would never come to trial.

"He didn't know it, but I'm a tough old bird."

A flash of humor at the conclusion of one of the most startling thoughts during a long interview . . . so startling that it would be almost unspeakable, even within the scenario of a nightmare, were it not spoken by the central figure.

People who know Clay Shaw tell you he would give you the shirt off his back, that he has given away his bank balance on occasion, that he's a man of charity and compassion, even with those who would do him in.

"Life itself is difficult and I feel a compassion for all living things. I do not exempt Mr. Garrison from this sort of general compassion."

His adversary likes to quote Shakespeare. Shaw can quote it, too. And, in Garrison, Shaw sees the two qualities required of the central figure in any of Shakespeare's tragedies: Universality of appeal and a tragic flaw.

"Mr. Garrison is not the universal man in the sense that he is like all men. In fact, he is unique, a peculiar individ-

ual. But he has exhibited a definite universality of appeal . . . people from all walks of life find in him something to admire. Evidence . . . his success on the tube, his overwhelming popularity at the polls. And, yes, I do think he possesses that tragic flaw."

Asked to identify the flaw, Shaw again exhibits that trait of kindness: "I'd rather not."

Some of Shaw's friends are not so kind in their references to the District Attorney. He recently was given a valuable sandstone head, dating from the Tolita Culture of 1500 B. C. The friend attached a note which read, "I'm sorry it couldn't be Jim Garrison's head."

If people fail to understand his lack of hatred, his ability to smile is more confounding. A master at the art of understatement, Shaw grins when asked what the last four years have been like: "Difficult."

The grin is not illusory. Yet he's honest enough to admit that sometimes his strength of will sags slightly and he sinks into soft pits of black depression.

He does not wear the mantle of self-pity easily.

It is uncomfortable garb for a man who made his success early in life by ambition and by sheer determination. For those who could not imagine themselves enduring his burden with any-

thing but blind bitterness, he once again recalls to mind the words of Shakespeare:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity, which, like the loathsome toad, yet doth bear a jewel in its forehead.

"The jewel adversity has borne me is a combination of new, warm friends, a knowledge that my old friends have not deserted me, have instead rallied to my defense, and a deepening of my inner life, my spiritual life. My trial is softened by these rewards."

It would be a mistake to assume that this philosophical attitude does not shroud a man often stirred by anger, a strong man who expects to continue to fight.

More than anything, the reactions of some have disappointed him, the inaction of others has appalled him.

Shaw believes the city as a whole does not share his conviction that his fight against persecution is another battle for the rights of all men falsely accused and victimized by untrammelled political power. In his travail, Shaw divines a higher principle, more important than one man. That principle . . . Justice.

"The fact that I was chosen as a scapegoat is not an occurrence unheard of in our society. Our history is speckled with that sort of thing . . . the

Continued on page 58

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"NOT GUILTY"
 Continued from page 57

Salem witch trials, the imprisonment of Dr. Mudd after Lincoln's assassination . . . that poor guy was confined for 10 years somewhere.

"The American judicial system, like any other, presumes a kind of reasonableness on the part of the people who operate it. If anyone unreasonable gets into power, then this sort of thing is going to happen.

"Its importance is only for the system. Not for me. I will die in the fullness of time or the shortness of time, as it shall be, but the fact that any one human being can be so used and singled out presents a glaring defect in the system.

"The system is designed with the idea that the judges, the prosecutors, the police chiefs are reasonable people. Now, when they become unreasonable in their exercise of power, then you have a severe problem. Not for the individual who suffers at their hands, but for democracy.

"If too many unreasonable people occupy the system, then you have chaos . . . as you saw in Germany, under Hitler, as you had in Italy with Mussolini."

Shaw's long time friend and one of his attorneys, Edward F. Wegmann, adds a thought. "I can't help but recall the inscription that immediately catches your eye when you enter the building housing the Justice Department in Washington. That inscription reads: 'Where Justice Fails, Tyranny Prevails.'"

Shaw, a successful playwright with stage and television credits, has had an enduring interest in power and its misuse by politicians. Even before his own drama commenced, he was creating a play dealing with this theme, set in 1767. The central figure is Don Antonio Ulloa, the first Spanish governor of Louisiana. More recently, he has begun blocking out a second play on the same theme. The year is 1967. The main character is Jim Garrison.

Shaw firmly believes that Garrison has abused the power given him by the electorate.

But, while he was disappointed with the voters decision to return him to power, Garrison's re-election did not surprise him.

"I believe, if I analyze the matter correctly, he was elected largely by the Black vote which constitutes 35 per cent of the total vote, you need only about one white vote in four to get a majority."

Some believe Garrison got the Black

Continued on page 60

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"NOT GUILTY"

Continued from page 58

vote because of their belief that he was trying to "revenge" the murder of President Kennedy, who with many Negroes, enjoyed the status of patron saint. Shaw has another idea, closer to home:

"The Negro vote is understandable. Mr. Garrison, whatever his sins of omission and commission, has been extremely fair with Negroes, uncommonly so for a Louisiana district attorney. He has not, as far as I know, persecuted any Negro because he is a Negro, and this, of course, is appreciated by the Black community. I don't fault them.

"The idea of an abstract injustice being committed by him on me is something that they couldn't care less about, really."

Shaw, who has demonstrated compassion, could but does not expect compassion from those of another color who have endured a long century of darkness, a century of murder and harassment under that same banner of justice, while something indefinable held most, if not all men, mute.

He believes, too, that his adversary's re-election is not surprising when considered in the light of the whole fabric of Louisiana politics:

"I think Louisiana, politically, still is in the dark ages.

"New Orleans, Louisiana in general, always has had a complacent attitude toward its public officials. We boast of our Latin American heritage. Well, one of the traditions we get from Latin America is that the peasants expect the *Caudillo* to line his pockets and go off to Portugal to live when the revolution comes.

"We sort of accept this thing. The *Caudillo* gives good fiestas in the plaza and we don't worry too much about the fact that he is corrupt. Until we do, we're going to be a very poor state, regardless of our great natural wealth.

"We will find ourselves abused, collectively and individually."

Shaw theorizes that the only sin a Louisiana politician cannot commit if he wants to retain approval and his office, is the sin of boring the populace. And he believes that much of Garrison's appeal lies in the fact that he has never committed this sin.

Shaw reminds you of the halcyon days leading up to and beyond Shaw's arrest, the bombshell announcements from Tulane and Broad, the flat statement that the Kennedy assassination had been solved, the gun, the coded telephone numbers, the bits and pieces of exotic "evidence" released to the press, inuendos, implications and melodramatic

announcements floating down the stream of conjecture, wonderment and titillation that engulfed a New Orleans ever eager for entertainment.

Shaw reminds you of those wild days that released the delight with intrigue lurking within most human hearts, suddenly turning quite ordinary men into career theorists, criminologists, demonologists—men happy to bask in Garrison's reflection, content in the knowledge *they* were not the object of such bizarre attention.

"Mr. Garrison is charming. He is entertaining. He comes over very well on the tube . . . he's like . . . Perry Mason. This is all very well for getting elected. It's not so good for the continuing performance."

A gentle indictment, almost a soft spoof.

More seriously, he feels that the overriding apathy extant in Louisiana made it possible for Garrison to select cynically and coldly a scapegoat, any scapegoat, and use him as a forum for his multiple, ever-changing, ever fascinating assassination theories.

Was it the plot against Castro? The failure of Kennedy to act? The war in Viet Nam? The machinations of the CIA? Await with anticipation the next "solution". Tune in next week.

But why Clay Shaw?

Why not someone else?

"I can only speculate. And to speculate about what goes on in Garrison's mind is a fruitless, a pointless endeavor.

"There were these few tenuous items. Oswald had passed out handbills in front of the Trade Mart and I was managing director of the Trade Mart. I repeat, I never knew Oswald. Then, Dean Andrews brought up the man who used the alias Clay Bertrand. I have never used an alias.

"I suppose he thought he could make something out of this nonsense.

"But, why me . . .

"I gather he must have disliked me. I didn't know it at the time, but this might have been a factor.

"On one occasion, I saw him throw a glass of wine in his wife's face and it's very difficult to forgive anybody who has seen you at your most undignified worst, you know."

When the perjury charges were lodged against him, Shaw was not surprised. He says he had long before gotten over the capacity to be shocked at anything Garrison might do to him.

"I was just annoyed . . . extremely annoyed. I still am."

Continued on page 63



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"NOT GUILTY"

Continued from page 60

Nor was he surprised at the testimony of some witnesses brought against him during his trial, those who offered up allegations that they had seen him with Oswald and/or Ferrie.

"I was not shocked a bit. Throughout the trial there had been testimony by perjurers, psychopaths, convicts . . . I was not at all shocked. You must bear in mind that a prosecutor has many levers he can push to make people say anything he wants them to say. What these people said was quite untrue but I assume there was some reason they felt they had to say it."

I'm a tough old bird.

Clay Shaw is a tough old bird. Like the abbé, he is surviving.

"You say, 'All right, there is some kind of thing happening which is necessary . . . to me . . . to Mr. Garrison . . . to the Universe . . . whatever . . . Therefore you will play your part and endure it as best you can.'

"I am surviving because of my own interior convictions, my knowledge that I am innocent of Mr. Garrison's outlandish charges and because of the support of very warm, very true, very dear friends, who rallied around me the moment this happened and absolutely made themselves a phalanx which has deflected all of the enemy's arrows.

"I am surviving because of my mother, a lady of 82 years with a kind of Roman matron quality. She has taken the attitude that 'You couldn't do anything wrong and this is nonsense'. Beyond that, her main concern during the most difficult periods has been that I should not worry about her. She keeps

sending me cheerful bulletins telling me that she's all right."

Clay Shaw is surviving.

But not really living.

As a result of the long arm of his adversary, Shaw has been embarrassed, stigmatized.

As a result of his confrontation with the District Attorney, Shaw is nearly broke. In order to continue his legal battle, he's had to sell most of his property. The money he had put away to carry him through the Indian Summer of his life is nearly gone.

"It's cost a great deal, as you can imagine. I've had four very able lawyers and their accompanying fees, small as they have been. Much more than their fees, the other court costs, the investigative expenses in a case like this. These will really decimate one's fortune."

Justice comes expensive when the

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"NOT GUILTY"

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State is determined in its course against you.

For reasons of finance and privacy, he's sold the charming carriage house, the house with the red door at 1313 Dauphine. While his new French Quarter apartment provides almost exactly the same layout, he would have preferred the home he so carefully restored.

Clay Shaw is 58 years old this month.

Before his 54th birthday, he believed he would live out the rest of his life, free of money worries, free to develop the artistic talents he had to neglect while he was building for his future.

At 58, he has to begin again.

"I do indeed have to go back to work . . . within a year or so. I have a little leeway, but not much. I can't do anything as long as I'm under arrest. I can't very well apply for a job and expect my prospective employer to take on the headaches of my trial.

"To be very candid, I've applied for jobs and been told that until this thing is settled, no go. Who's going to hire me? Would you?

"No one would.

"I cannot resume my life."

And this has been the worst aspect of the weight his adversary has given Clay Shaw to carry. Meanwhile, those who helped to put his life in eclipse have fared exceedingly well.

The chief trial assistants . . . James Alcock and Alvin Oser . . . are now Criminal Court Judges, Garrison, whose pull with Governor John McKeithen has resulted in other judgeships for loyal allies, was successful in getting Oser appointed to a new seat and Alcock appointed to the seat left vacant by the trial's presiding jurist, Edward Haggerty, when he was removed for a thing called "gross misconduct."

Shaw's terse comment:

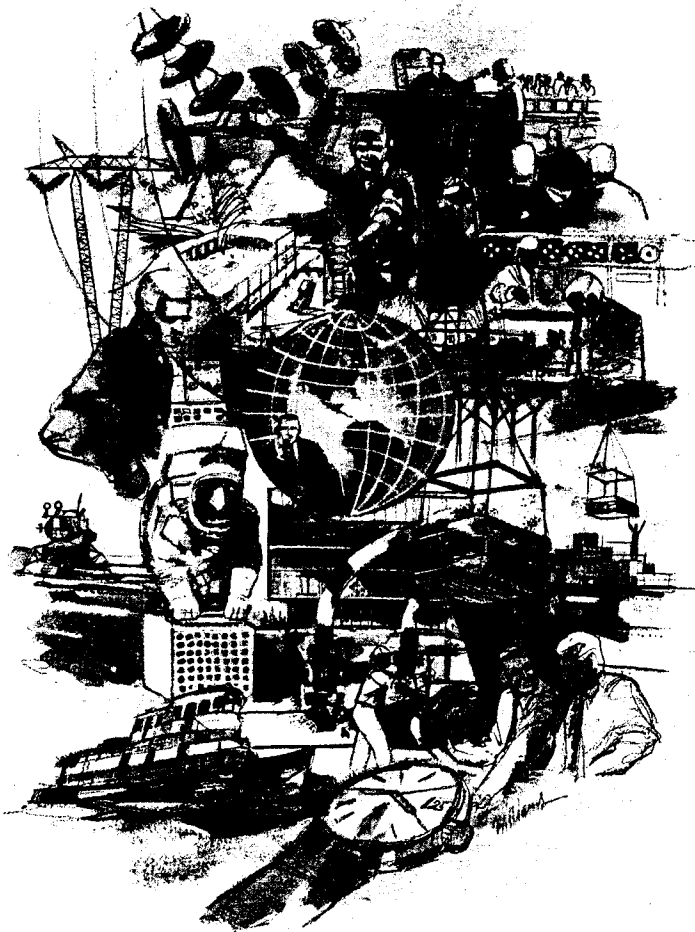
"They were paid off. And doesn't *this* say something about our system of justice in Louisiana . . . when a prosecutor controls half the criminal judges who must rule on the cases he presents."

Oser is remembered for his persistence in running and re-running the gruesome Zapruder film of the assassination, the short, amateur film where the President's head is shattered in a puff of red mist. A brief moment of sheer horror, repeated and repeated with the Judge's permission.

Alcock can still be made to blush crimson if questioned, if pressed too hard about how deeply he believed in the case Garrison gave him to prosecute.

Garrison has been suffering from a severe back ailment, but he was re-elect-

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"NOT GUILTY"

Continued from page 65

ed. There even have been strong rumors that, if health permits, he will run for governor. Garrison himself has said privately that some powerful people want him to run and are ready to put up the necessary campaign funds.

Too, Garrison has not been subjected to the kind of public embarrassment he has heaped on Shaw . . . in spite of the flimsy case he presented.

Shaw is the son of a federal revenue agent, the late Glaris Shaw. He was named after his grandfather, a famous gun-toting sheriff in "bloody" Tangipahoa, where the politics were violent more often than not. With two lawmen in the family, Shaw grew up with a healthy respect for the law.

He's waging his fight against Garrison with all the legal tools he can muster.

His attorneys . . . Edward Wegmann, Irvin Dymond, William Wegmann, Salvador Panzeca . . . believe in their famous client and they are exhausting every remedy, every avenue at each and every level of the legal battle.

So far, it's Clay Shaw, two—Jim Garrison, nothing.

Shaw *was* found innocent of the conspiracy charge.

And, in January of this year, Federal District Judge Herbert Christenberry issued a preliminary injunction blocking Garrison from prosecuting Shaw on the perjury charge.

The injunction was handed down after a three-day hearing on a suit filed by Shaw's attorneys, which claimed that Garrison's "fraudulent and malicious" charges are depriving Shaw of his rights under the U. S. Constitution . . . the rights of free speech and the rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The bombshell of the hearing came when Perry Raymond Russo took the Fifth Amendment. James Alcock already had testified that Russo was the only witness in hand when Shaw was first arrested. Russo was the man, who after several sessions with a hypnotist, said at Shaw's preliminary hearing and at his conspiracy trial that he saw Shaw with Ferrie and Oswald in 1963 at Ferrie's New Orleans apartment. When he took the stand in federal court, defense attorney F. Irvin Dymond asked Russo, "Did you see Clay Shaw at David Ferrie's apartment in 1963?" Russo replied: "I refuse to answer on grounds that my testimony might incriminate me."

Russo also said that any other questions about his previous testimony

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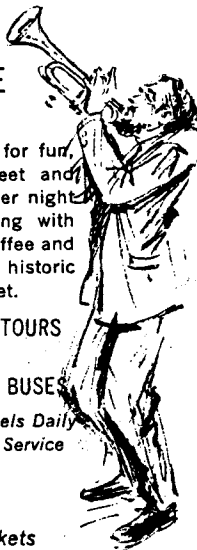
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“NOT GUILTY”

Continued from page 66

would be answered likewise, with the invoking of the Fifth Amendment, indicating that, if he testified, his story would be substantially different than when he took the stand in state courts, leaving him open to a charge of perjury.

Shaw's own testimony went right to the heart of the allegations in his suit. He said that if Garrison is allowed to prosecute him on the perjury charge, he can see an endless circle of additional, fraudulent perjury charges by the District Attorney. Shaw said that if he does go to trial, he will again take the stand in his own defense and testify that he did not know Lee Harvey Oswald or David Ferrie. Once on the stand, Shaw pointed out, the prosecutor "can ask me if I know Joe Bloe. If I say no I don't know Joe Bloe, then Garrison can charge me for perjury on the basis of my testimony about Joe Bloe . . . even if I'm acquitted on the charge of perjury now lodged against me. It can go on . . . forever."

The assistant district attorneys present, protested that this would not be the case, but Shaw's attorneys said that Garrison's track record indicates his assistants could not make such a commitment.

Shaw also told Judge Christenberry that his business life has been wiped out by the charges and that his social life has undergone drastic changes.

He reminded the court that before his arrest by Garrison, he had represented the city at Congressional hearings on foreign trade and at trade meetings around the world. Shaw said that he had given at least a thousand paid lectures on international trade before his arrest and not one on that subject since. He said that his position as director of the International Trade Mart put him right in the social swim of the circle encompassed by shipping, trade and diplomacy. This part of his social life came to an end after his arrest. Shaw described an incident at a reception given by the city for the Consular Corps shortly after his arrest:

"I was talking with Mayor Schiro, when a news cameraman for Channel 12 (now Channel 8) came over . . . at Alec Gifford's direction . . . and began shooting film of us.

"Well, Mayor Schiro was too mortified at the idea of being seen on film talking to me that he ducked, actually ducked down behind his wife Sunny. I have not been invited to the city's reception for the Consular Corps since."

Judge Christenberry is expected to rule very shortly on whether to make

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the injunction blocking Garrison's prosecution of Shaw a permanent one.

If the judge rules against Shaw and he goes to trial on the perjury charge, Shaw expects to be vindicated.

Then there's Shaw's offensive move, a \$5 million damage suit against the adversary, Garrison; Perry Russo, the star witness with hypnotically-induced testimony; Dr. Esmond Fatter, the obliging hypnotist; and the money men, Joe Rault Jr., Cecil Shilstone and Willard Robertson . . . who were the organizers of a private bankroll for Garrison's investigation under the corporate title of "Truth and Consequences", a name, which on reflection, carries a tinge of irony.

The suit, filed in Federal District Court, alleges that the defendants used Shaw maliciously and fraudulently and in violation of his constitutional rights to the tune of irreparable damage.

Shaw's wry comment:

"Who knows . . . if there's any justice . . . maybe I won't have to go back to work after all."

Who knows, maybe it will be a shut-out.

"People keep assuring me that Jim Garrison has ruined my life, but that simply isn't true. No man's life is ruined by outer circumstances, unless, at some level of his being, he consents to his own ruination. And that consent I have never given, nor will I ever give."

Shaw looks back over his life, the times that he represented the City of New Orleans, conversing with heads of state in their own tongues; the struggle to build the dream of a lifetime, the International Trade Mart, while others simply dreamed; his work at restoring properties in the Vieux Carré and earning the title of "One-Man French Quarter Restoration Society; his pride in his record as an Army officer, with the decorations to make the pride understandable; the day he received the highest honor his city could give, the International Order of Merit, and the days when men of other nations offered them their high praise and honors.

He looks back over the life of a country boy who rose to success, to possess the good things of this world . . . a country boy who learned the joys of intellectual achievement . . . a boy, who without the benefit of even a high school diploma, became the man quoting Shakespeare, Proust, Kafka and everybody else who matters a damn.

It's a long look. Few men can look back on such a life.

Continued on page 70

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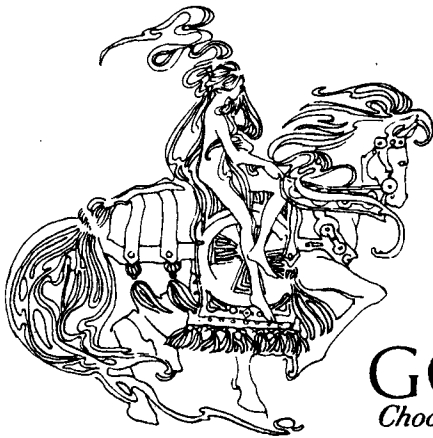
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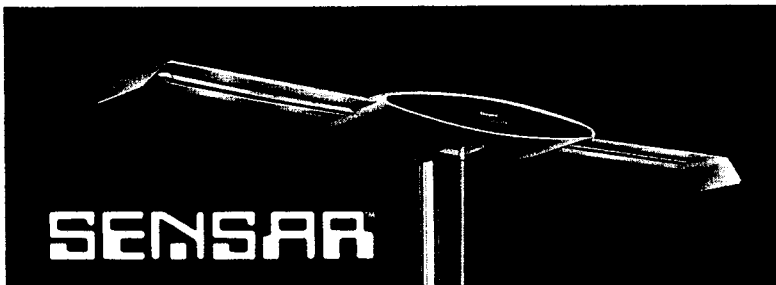
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"NOT GUILTY"

Continued from page 69

Now, Shaw writes a bit, lectures a bit, enjoys a game of solitaire chess and waits.

He's waiting to work again.

"It depends on what I'm offered. I'm an expert in the field of international trade. I would like to go back and do some work in this field again. I think it's very much needed, particularly with the protectionist tide rising in this country, which I believe endangers the whole Western world."

He's waiting to build again.

Largely responsible for initiating the interest in reviving the Vieux Carré, he dreams of doing more. He would like to see the Old Mint restored into a cultural center, with living accommodations provided on a fellowship basis for artists who have demonstrated their potential.

"It could be a haven for the brilliant while they are getting where they are going."

He's waiting to live again.

First he must disengage himself from his adversary . . . even if he never is able to disengage himself from the "Shaw trial".

That will follow him wherever he goes . . .

Even though gone are the multiple marksmen, the storm drains, the triangulation of crossfire, the mystery and intrigue, the daily revelations somehow forgotten when the trial came.

Even though they're gone, brought down in the collapse of Garrison's whole bizarre potpourri, the trial will follow him where ever the curious and the cruel yield to temptation.

Shaw feels his long ordeal might serve some useful purpose to society if people everywhere can understand that what happened to him could happen to them . . . that the individual rights granted all of us under the constitution must be guarded with continual vigilance if they are not to be lost. He says his feelings can best be summed up in eleven words spoken by John F. Kennedy:

"When any man's rights are violated, every man's rights are threatened!"

He's waiting and he can hope.

"I think we have to get back to the simple American virtues . . .

"You know, the American tradition has always been one of put up or shut up. Garrison had his opportunity to put up and what he offered was not enough . . ."

Dismissed in less than an hour.

"I really think it is high time he shut up."

Amen. ✦

HEAD CLINIC

Continued from page 35

azine article said he used to let people crash on his patio, but Stark denies it). "The Household" lives there with him now, a "collective" ranging from 8-15 other young people living together as an extended family, helping Stark staff the clinic and its assorted community projects. Sometimes transients stay there, too, and even Lawrence Feelinghetti stayed there during Tulane's Poetry Weekend this fall.

Since coming back to New Orleans three years ago, Stark has presided over the greening of his little corner of America, helping the *NOLA Express* convert to a full-scale underground with street vendors and a distribution center (his shop, now on Toulouse Street), organizing the New Orleans Federation of Independent Businessmen and the Mardi Gras Coalition, and doing anything else for the community that he and his household could help with.

This extreme visibility—he certainly is the city's only internationally-known hippy—has sometimes helped the community—but often, too, has left little privacy and anonymity to this shy and balding Jesus-figure, the Falstaff of Decatur Street. But unlike most other members of the city's burgeoning hip community, he has been harassed by the authorities only twice: once by the New Orleans Police Department the day before the hearing where the now-famous Christenberry injunction was issued against police interference with sales of the *NOLA Express*, and once in Jefferson Parish while attending a jazz funeral with businessman/clinic landlord Jules Cahn and Becky Davis, daughter of a prominent local architect (Sheriff Cronvich's department called later that same day seeking help in finding a runaway, making for an unpleasant confrontation over the telephone).

But despite such occasional hassles in the outside world, things just keep grooving right along in the East Quarter. When the H.E.A.D. Clinic moves to Esplanade, Mike will open a youth hostel in the Decatur Street building. The N.O.S.E. Switchboard also will move to Esplanade, as the old Redeemer Methodist Church property gradually grows into a comprehensive community center for young people. Stark will busy himself with the newly-organized Abba Foundation, and H.A.N.D.S. (the Help Around the Neighborhood Directory and Service, a hippy employment agency), and other acronymical assaults on the "straight" world.

The program seems to call for the creation of all the parts of a whole man, and with them the rest of a whole society. ♣

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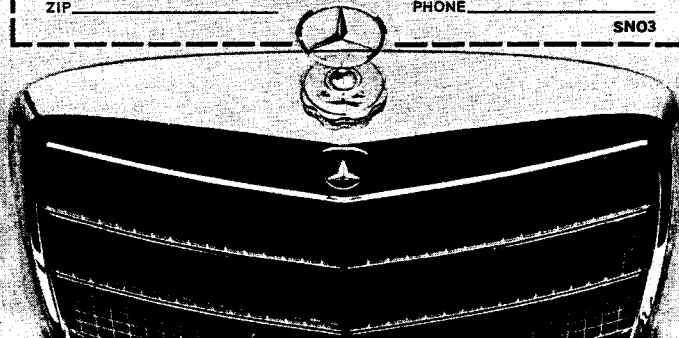
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BOOKS

KIRKWOOD VS. GARRISON

Move over, Truman Capote.

James Kirkwood's *American Grotesque* kills you in cold blood . . . or, at the very least, makes the blood run cold. Do not be confused. *American Grotesque* (Simon & Schuster) is not factualized fiction or fictionalized facts. It is a hard, true look at what happened before, during and after the trial of Clay Shaw.

As personal journalism, it puts Capote, Tom Wolfe and George Plimpton in little pine boxes.

Kirkwood does not meander. His account is straight, if avowedly subjective.

Among the many locals who are done to death with Garrison/Shaw are members of the working press. Most of them had reached a decision that Shaw was innocent prior to the court tableau, but few would have predicted the unanimous rendering of "Not Guilty!" The first primary re-election of Garrison following that verdict left the press not surprised, but abashed, embarrassed and tired.

A journalistic vacuum resulted and Kirkwood, a New Yorker, was there to fill it. His work is no ship's log, although it is chronological. It reflects the personalities and private lives of the principals, it delves into the bizarre world that is our city, and it tentatively explores a Weltschmerz philosophy endemic to the lettered men of our time.

The author doesn't like our town or its attitudes. He says. The fact that he returns here with some frequency from his Long Island and Key West homes, under no special duress, doesn't stop him from taking cheap shots at our Southern backwater. Maybe he likes some of the people, which is what cities are all about, after all.

American Grotesque, with its formidable 661 pages, is appropriately divided into three parts—pretrial, trial and encores. All are meticulously accurate and, as the *Underground Gourmet* would say, highly recommended. There are those who find the chapters on jury selection a bit overdrawn, and scanners would not miss too much if they skipped those sections.

Throughout, there are evidences of Kirkwood's compassion and quiet humor, qualities not easy to find these days.

Kirkwood's account is a love affair with the vagaries of justice and it is hard for trial buffs to bypass anything.

For example, Clay Shaw on jury selection:

"Viewing humanity en masse like this

is not a pretty sight—it is not encouraging to see how many disturbed, lost people there are."

The book is appropriately titled. To think of the arrest, indictment and trial, of the subsequent citation for perjury, to think of the whole *schmeer* as anything other than grotesque is to deny civilization. As we know, however, the people have decreed otherwise. Plato would have known better.

To many, perhaps, the entire story is a dead one. But a small page of history was made and is being made in our old town. It behooves you to explore this panoply through the eyes of James Kirkwood, a talent to be reckoned with on an upper level.

His portrayals of the characters alone make this work worth the while even in Butte, Montana. All the principals are here in intriguing detail . . . judge, jury, attorneys, witnesses and accused. The motley crew assembled as prosecution witnesses is revealed as approaching the macabre.

Heroin addict Vernon Bundy, Jr.:

"Eyes a bit puffy, looking like a sleek thin cat who'd been through his share of back alley survival scrapes and scraps."

Charles I. Spiesel:

"The following whispered aside took place between two members of the

Press:

"First Reporter: Did he say hypnotized 50 or 60 times?"

"Second Reporter: No . . . People.

"First Reporter: Hypnotized by 50 or 60 different people?"

"Second Reporter: Yes.

"First Reporter: Jesus!"

Perry Raymond Russo (the prosecution's star witness):

In reply to the question of sitting in on a conspiratorial meeting with a man whom he'd seen represented in the papers and on television as the killer of President Kennedy (Oswald) and reporting it, Russo replied, "No, I never said anything about a conspiracy; I didn't sit in on any conspiracy.

"James Alcock (prosecuting attorney) shook his head, as well he might."

Kirkwood then takes you through the horror of the Zapruder film at Dealey Plaza in Dallas, an *American Grotesque* if ever there was one. The film was run repeatedly, both before the jury and in their absence and caused at least one reporter to abstain from the trial thereafter.

"Despite its brevity and amateur quality, the Zapruder film is completely shocking to witness. The impulse is to make somebody pay for the horror it depicts . . . One could not help won-

der if the 14 men would be swayed to extract a toll for that tragic and freakish shot from the only person ever brought to trial for the brutal technicolor murder which had been run off for them in such graphic detail. There sat Clay Shaw in the defendant's chair, smoking as usual."

The trial approached Mardi Gras and Kirkwood is a social creature. He deals with the dichotomy with grand humor and weary disdain for high society New Orleans:

"I was consorting with allies and, still, disenchantment was setting in. If there was this considerable body of affluent citizens with a majority opinion of the defendant's innocence, why had not some of them coalesced into a concerted civic group to right the wrong they felt was being perpetrated under their very noses? They earned A for theory, but they were flunking practical application."

That last sentence exemplifies Jim Kirkwood's attitude toward New Orleans.

We were at Brennan's, some of us, the day after Clay Shaw was busted . . . Astounded advertising and public relations men and one great lady, eyes aflame with outrage. An outpouring of sheer shock, albeit with an absinthe frappé at the bar.

American Grotesque might or might not be another *Jaccuse*, Zola's treatment of the Dreyfus affair, but here we are in New Orleans with perhaps the most notorious court case of our time and Kirkwood has brought it all together.

* * *

On the other hand, there's *A Heritage of Stone*, Jim Garrison's tome published by Putnam.

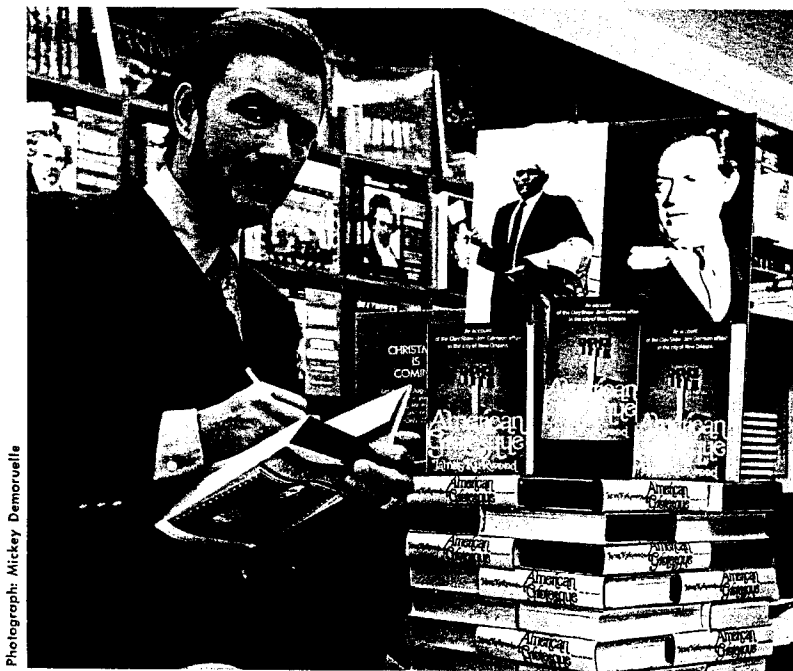
Free-lance journalist Jim Phelan, a one-time friend of the District Attorney, now in the opposite corner, wrote Garrison not long ago to taunt him about his book. Here is a portion of that letter:

"I scanned the index to see how you coped with the Shaw trial, particularly with Shaw, Russo, Moo Moo and his memo, sad little Charley Spiesel and Dr. Esmond Fatter. I was disappointed by your failure to mention them anywhere in the entire text.

"This is like writing about the Flood and leaving out God, Noah, the ark, the rain and all the animals.

"If you want a blurb for your second edition, here's one: 'Tops the Warren

Continued on page 74



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BOOKS

Continued from page 73

Report in cosmic irrelevancy!"
More truth than poetry.

Jim Garrison has established himself as one of the most powerful regional politicians in America. The governor of his state admires his sway of the electorate, mayors of his city are disinclined to joust with him, some of the judges on the criminal courts bench blanch at the thought of standing up to him, he creates new judges at will, he tends to his office it appears only as health and whim permit and he believes it within his purview to send his staff chasing conspiratorial ghosts in the night.

Now Garrison has published. The burden of *A Heritage of Stone* is light, 231 pages, and lightweight. It is well written, for the man who wrote it, your friendly district attorney, is a polemicist of the first water. What is lacking is substance.

It would be fair, most readers would assume, for Garrison to deal with the everyday specifics of the "crime of the century". As noted by Phelan, however, he does not.

Lacking specifics, a trait which seems innate with the D.A., what we get are categorical imperatives, indicting the government, industry, the armed forces and other assorted ominous forces.

The assassination, it now appears, was all a plot to keep the war in Southeast Asia going. We are not reminded of his investigations in the Caribbean, nor of his allegations concerning Cuban rights, which preceded this thesis. We are not informed, nor are we likely to be in the future, of the amount of money squandered by Time, Inc., and you, Orleans taxpayer, on the breathless search for a conspiracy. Jim Garrison says there was a conspiracy, ergo there *was* a conspiracy.

Consider these excerpts, then go buy the book if you like:

"After the assassination of the President, the speed with which his alleged murderer was removed should have been a signal to all of us that we were witnessing a coup d'état . . ."

"The departure of Air Force One from Love Field that Friday afternoon was not so much a takeoff as it was a getaway . . ."

Leaving matters of evidence to the side, the taste is offended. And what, after all, does this have to do with Dave Ferrie's apartment?

Well, there you are. Clearly the Pentagon could not tolerate JFK, the military-industrial whatchacallit had the CIA do the deed and so on.

And on.

—Jud James

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