

Editor
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Dear Editor,

While I intend this letter for John Pilger, I have no recent address for him and, because there is so much controversy about the coming Oliver Stone film ~~what~~ that I say about it, from personal knowledge, not from sources, may interest you.

I'll appreciate your forwarding this to him, along with an enclosed separate and private letter. If any of what I say herein is of interest to you, please feel free to use it with one restriction: nothing I say is intended to be critical of John and I do not want it misused that way. I can identify his sources, almost without exception, and he was back in 1968 quite justified in considering them dependable sources.

If you know any others who may be interested in this subject, I'll respond to any questions until 8 p.m. our time. I am now 78, in seriously ~~xxxx~~ impaired health, cannot help rising early, and not long after 8 I should be abed.

If you or any in the British press who may be interested have Washington correspondents, they are welcome to all the information I have and the use of our copier.

My apologies to you and to John from my typing. I do not want to delay and the ends of my fingers are split. and as John may remember, my vision was not good when we spent some time together in New Orleans and in Dallas, where he was preparing for an article to appear on the fifth anniversary of the JFK assassination. I still remember some of his kindnesses then.

Dear John, to the compliments you paid in Garrison you could well have said that he is one of the most charming of men, so personable, so eloquent, so persuasive. I, like you and so many others, was quite persuaded by all he said and like you trusted him, believed him and had no doubt that the charges he had filed were the result of an excellent investigation by him. Because my interest when I was in New Orleans was in Oswald, I never questioned him about his Shaw case. *I surely should have, alas!*

But the tragic truth as I was so late learning is that he is as unabashed and uninhibited a liar as in 78 years I have ever known. The ghastly fact is that he just made it up as he went and never conducted what can reasonably be called an investigation at all.

I think I can anticipate how you feel by now but please keep an open mind. I think you'll soon see enough to understand and perhaps be shocked.

As you may remember, when you were then in New Orleans I was staying with our friend Matt Herron. You should remember that one night when it was rather warm and I got up from a mattress on the floor while quite exhausted from so little sleep I passed out and in falling demolished Matt's harpsichord. When I came to it was you hovering over me. I still remember and appreciate your concern.

You and Matt left Dallas the day before I wanted to. You were kind enough to let me use your rented car. I had a minor accident with it in the airport traffic the next day. You may not remember it but I was ill and planned to fly home from Dallas. But Garrison phoned me. - just had to return to New Orleans. He had the most important piece of evidence yet and - in particular just had to see it. He said he'd have Matt meet me at the airport. So, I was on the evening plane and Matt did meet me.

We had a long wait at the airport. That was one of the two times my baggage was intercepted and we waited for it. Matt stopped off at the Palais Royal on airline and I bought enough clothing and toilet articles to tide me over. So, after what Garrison had me return for, I had to await the delivery of my intercepted luggage. Fortunately!

The next morning, for this promised moment of moments, I was in Garrison's office with some of his staff, ^{and Bill Turner,} a Warren Commission witness, Charles Hall Steele II, and a movie projector.

With what he regarded as an appropriate explanation of just why this sensation we were about to enjoy was so significant, he had one of his detectives turn the projector on. He started to project an exceptionally poor copy of what remained of the WKSU-TV film of Oswald, including his literature distribution outside the International Trade Mart, the old building. Shaw was ~~the~~ general manager.

Not much of it had been projected when I decided that what I was about to offer did not violate an agreement I'd made. So I asked Jim if he would not rather see a clear print. Surprised, he asked if I had it and I took it from what you may remember is a very large attache case.

I do not know what articles you read before writing this piece but if you read me quoted as saying that as an Investigator Garrison could not find pubic hair in an over-used and undercleaned whore hours - at rush hour, I was quoted correctly. What I now say is a minor illustration of it.

Johann Rush was the WKSU photographer. A Secret Service report states that he gave it 17 prints made from his footage. I was quite surprised that Garrison did not have them so I suggested to Andrew "No" Scianbra, the assistant Da closest to Garrison in those days, that with Johann having moved to San Francisco, he might ask his parents in Shreveport if he'd left copies with them. When I learned that Garrison also had not even seen the film I went to WKSU. Its news director, Ed Planer, let me make a copy with two restrictions, that I respect their copyright and not let Garrison have it. On learning that Johann had not left the film with his parents Garrison had Scianbra phone the former professional thief for the FBI to whom Garrison was so attached, the very one who planted the phony SDCBE film and book on Garrison, Bill Turner (one of the few men Hoover fired), and ask him to get prints of those 17 prints. Turner never asked for them but Rush offered him the poor copy of that footage. I had to learn from Rush that he'd kept no copies of those 17 prints. The importance of this is that they'd not kept the outtakes.

So, what was this most important of all evidence?

"Stop it! Stop it right right there. No, go back a few frames. There!"

His face as radiant as I'd ever seen it Garrison then pointed to a man walking toward the camera and exclaimed. "That's Shaw!" He then pointed to a door and gloated, "That is his secret entrance!"

The man was not Shaw. The door did not open from the street. It was a fire door. And what in the world would have been secret about a doorway onto a main street? And why in the world did the building manager, so well-known a man, need any "secret" door?

None of us said anything except as I now recall a bit of his usual sycophancy from Turner, who was one of Garrison's major noble disasters, details of which I will not now go into.

Garrison then turned to Steele, then a Marine home on leave. He is in the film, handing out copies of Oswald's "Hands off Cuba!" ~~map~~ sheet. Oswald had hired him for \$2.00 in the unemployment-compensation line, to which Steele returned. He questioned Steele, getting less than Steele had testified to before the Warren Commission. When he excused Steele I asked Steele if he'd mind answering a question or two for me. I wanted a second source on something I'd learned and that even the cubbiest of cub reporters ought not have overlooked. But Garrison had.

Jesse Core was the public information officer of the Trade Mart. He had his own p.r. business in that building and he was a close and intimate friend of Shaw's. He had also been campaign manager of Garrison's first campaign. and Garrison never spoke to him about his Shaw "case." It was Core, as the Commission's disclosed records report, who phoned the FBI to complain about Oswald's demonstration.

Core told me - and Steele confirmed - that he was one of two young men Oswald had ~~xxxxx~~ helping him hand those sheets out and that when the cameras left, Oswald ended it.

This is one of many proofs I got of Oswald's ^{unreported} associates in whom Garrison had no interest at all. Not even that, as I also developed, it was not Oswald who got those sheets from the printer. One denon investigator, Garrison!

I regretted very much having been comed into returning to New Orleans when I'd been away from home a month and was not well until just before I had to leave to catch the plane. I do not know whether they arranged it or whether I blundered into it but I did learn from Sciambra and Louis Ivon of how Garrison planned to commemorate the fifth anniversary of the JFK assassination. They had failed to discourage him, except that another assistant DA, Jim Alcock, later a judge, had gotten him to reduce the commemoration's new charges he was going to file to two men.

Garrison's "identification" came from what was incorrectly known, Garrison being imaginative in making things up, as "the tramp pictures." As of my last knowledge Livermore still insisted on their meaning as invented by Garrison. again I wont give you all

Grimm brothers details. Ivon, chief investigator, and Scianbra, asked me to try to talk Garrison out of it. I said I'd go home, come back, and try. I also asked for two sets of those pictures and two ~~new~~ envelopes in which to mail them. I addressed and mailed them at the airport, ~~to~~ ^{to} two former FBI agents both of whom believed there had been a conspiracy to kill JFK. Neither knew I'd asked the other. Independently, I learned from each the identical story, that those three men were not tramps but were winos; that when after the assassination the police were searching the entire area, they had been found guzzling wine and stinking from it in an empty railroad boxcar parked behind the Central Annex Post office. It was an hour and a half after the assassination. (This is what Garrison had in mind in telling you that some of them hung around after the dirty deed was done.)

They were marched more than three blocks, from behind 217 S. Houston to the triple-underpass and then at a right angle to and past the depository building in front of which JFK had been killed. That was the only way to walk them out. The news photogs were filming everything that moved, including them. A man I'd interested in searching for unknown pictures, Richard Sprague, got copies of them and he and Garrison immediately said they were assassins disguised as tramps, thus the name "Tramp Pictures."

Neither they nor the many others Garrison interested in those pictures, not the least of whom was Mark Lane (now shifted farther to the right than he'd been to the left) ever mentioned that none of the men was handcuffed and none of the three uniformed officers had his pistol or revolver out. Wouldn't a demon investigator have expected that at least if ~~he~~ ^{they} had corraled suspected assassins?

To begin with Garrison "identified" ~~the~~ ^{these} three men as the "shooters." No investigation, it just was so because he said it was so. How they could have shot north and then have the shot go sharply east did not concern ~~them~~ ^{Garrison et al} until I raised that question. (So, Stone now lies - he can't tell the truth even by accident - and insists they were "arrested," as they were not, just minutes after the shooting, and had been found in a railroad passenger car directly behind the depository building.)

Earlier that year, right after Dr. King was killed, a sketch of ^{his} the alleged assassin appeared in the papers. It was obviously drawn from the one of those "tramps" Garrison referred to as "French" and later as Lyndon Johnson's farm manager! Perceiving what I did I gave copies of a picture and the sketch to the local FBI agent. That cause an investigation the results of which I got later. I digress to tell you how because it does relate to how authoritatively I speak.

As the result of about a dozen FOIA lawsuits I've gotten about a third of a million pages of once-withheld official records, mostly on the JFK, ^{are} Most of the rest, on the King assassination. Garrison had no interest in them and I had most of them before he wrote his book. Stone had no interest in them yet he proclaims he had studied all that has come to light. (He is really referring to the many theories, all unproven, most unetable.) All

working in the field know that I give access to all writers, knowing full well that I disagree with what they believe and will write. This includes use of our copier. Anyway, I have the FBI headquarters and Dallas and New Orleans files as a result of several of those lawsuits. I also have their records on me. I got the results of the FBI's investigation of that assassin sketch. It includes interviews with the editors of the papers that own those pictures and with the three men in uniform, one a deputy the other two policemen. They confirm the investigations made for me but in fact they say the boxcar in which those wines were found was even farther away. In this they erred.

Common sense alone indicated that Garrison was wildly irresponsible, as is Stone, Stone more so because he knows the truth, and with this proof of what a monstrous fraud ^{Garrison} he was about to demean the fifth assassination anniversary with ~~I cooled him of (as usual, only temporarily) and returned to New Orleans.~~

I used ^{and his} I worked with what few records Bill Boxley generated in working directly for Garrison and Ivon had investigators, all, like him, policeman. He is also a criminologist. They made for me obvious investigations I asked for and Garrison had not had made.

One of the two men he was about to charge with being an assassin in 1963 had actually killed himself in New Orleans in 1962! Robert Perrin. The other was almost as wild. Based on Garrison's false claim that he was one of those three ^{"trumps"} ~~men~~ Garrison was ^{also} going to charge Edgar Eugene Bradley, the west-coast representative of an ultra-right east-coast preacher, Rev Carl McIntire. ^{Garrison} He had not a damned thing on either man to ^Gbegin with.

Staying at Matt's I worked quite hard and then gave Sciambra a memo that begins by saying that what Boxley did was go out and make up and feed back to Garrison what Garrison had himself made up without a shred of evidence, even rationality.

Garrison was not about to confess so instead he saved his own face by firing Boxley, charging what he knew was false, that the CIA had infiltrated ^{Boxley} his staff to wreck his investigation. Garrison has insisted on hiring Boxley over vigorous staff objections and rather than being a city employee, an assistant DA as Stone had ^{it} in his original script, paid him from private funds.

The is unrecognizable in Garrison's book, which lies throughout as though his life depended on it.

When knowing just about nothing at all about Stone I learned early this year that he was ^{using} his movie on Garrison's book, I wrote him 4-5000 words and offered him more documentation than I attached, on February 8. He did not respond.

Then someone in his field nailed me a copy of his script. It was wretchedly bad and wrong and quite dishonest.

You have fallen for his manufacture, that the major "establishment" ^{of} media is put to get him. He knows very well what happened. And I alone, not the CIA or the media, am responsible for it.

I've known George Lardner for 25 years and have often been his source and have not known him to err in any of many stories. He is the reporter the Post sent to New Orleans when the Garrison story broke. (He was on another assignment at the time of the Shaw trial and did not cover it.) George came up, I gave him the script that Stone, knowing it was impossible for me, alleged that I stole, plus a selection of my records of my work in and about New Orleans, and before his story was published he checked it with me. There is no error in it at all. Period.

It is a sensational expose. Nothing else was required to generate other media interest in it. Time did a piece and others have followed. There is a good one in the current Esquire and those writing for other publications have been in touch with me. If you have Lardner's story you know I am his source. He says so.

This alone gives you a reading on Stone, who conned you and others with his fabrication that the media, the CIA and all who oppose what he is doing to commercialize ^{and} exploit that great tragedy are out to get him. He is clever that way, aided by ^{his} an absence of scruple or principle.

You may not remember it but I suffer the Wordsworthian curse, of being the first. I had more than 100 international rejection of my first book ^{before} I then published ^{it} and because I was broke had not a penny for any promotion ^{but} still made a bestseller of it. Without any review in any major publication. This, by the way, is true of all seven books I've published. So I have no reason to be and am not part of that "established" ^{press,} press, which did not even report it when the FOIA was amended in 1974 over one of my lawsuits. The FBI and the CIA hate me and I have no connection with either.

In short, John, you were lied to. Stone had plenty of time ^{a new} to rewrite ^{the} script and he decided not to. He continued with what he knows is a complete fraud ^{although} and he began by proclaiming that he would be recording their history for the people and would tell them, and I'm using ^{his} words, "who" killed their President, "why" and "how". Even after he got my lengthy and detailed letter he continued with this lie so well designed to promote his exploitation. (Why else do you think he called his company "Camelot" and titled the film which is not about JFK "JFK"? Why do you think he paid fine actors like Ed Asner big fees for walk-on parts? So he could -and did-use their names to validate his monstrous lie. I have instances that he actually wrote.)

This ^{has} grown with the detail longer than I'd intended so I skip to where you write that "a principal source for this piece is the excellent monthly, Loot, or "Lies of Our Times," without other identification I presume you did not have.

It is published by Garrison's book publisher!

On its staff is Geoffrey Sklar, coauthor with Stone of the script and ~~the~~ editor of Garrison's book. He also teaches journalism. Yet he did not check of Garrison's book at all. He wrote one of the Loot pieces you liked. In it he lies in saying that I am helping Stone. And between them he and Stone know so little about the facts of both the

assassination and of Garrison's "probe" that the original script had two bad guys holding Ferrie's head in the toilet by his ~~hair~~ hair. as I published in "Oswald in New Orleans," to which the publisher, without asking me, asked Garrison to write a foreword, Ferrie had not a hair on his body. He had alopecia totalis!

This issue of "Lies Of Our Times" could not be more appropriately titled. You have no way of knowing it but the series of articles that impressed you are lies, very, very big lies.

Were my health better I'd have written then. I will, if only for the historical record. I've highlighted those articles for when I feel up to it.

Stone has also bought the rights to use a compendium of all the nutty and unproven theories by Jim Harris, who knows nothing about the established fact of the assassination and has been interested in only these theories. He does not even understand them and even has some of them skewed.

With a single exception, a fine and reputable pathologist on whose name he trades, Stone never mentions the names of those he describes as "respected researchers" he has used. The reason is simple: they are some of those with these absolutely nutty theories! He and Sklar use my name and the late Sylvia Heagher's as helping him. This is a knowing, rotten lie. He knows I am responsible for his being exposed and he has asked nothing at all from me. He tried and failed to buy the right to use Heagher's book from her heir.

You have your own independent means of satisfying yourself that those wretched exploiters are liars in Sklar's article.

If Stone had not begun his movie promotion, coinciding with the release of his movie "Doors," and thus promoting both, with the unequivocal representation quoted above, that it is non-fiction, there would be no questioning his right to say anything he, Garrison or any others of that ilk just made up. But he did represent what I quote, he did continue to use those very words after I began the exposure of what he is up up to, and there is now nothing he can do than can change it, much as he has from time to time seemed to back off. He has every prospect of deceiving and misleading more people than anything since the Warren Report. And this is the only reason I caused his accurate, quite factual and accurate, exposure.

It was not the "established" ^{as} press or any government agency and I know of nothing either has done along this line, ~~that~~ ^{as} he and his associated scum allege.

He did not respond the several time he ^{misused} my name as helping him. After a false response to Gardner that the Post published I wrote him a point-by-point refutation. That time I heard from Jane Rusconi, who signed herself his "research coordinator." She made a thinly-hidden effort to bribe me. I declined it. You are welcome to copies if you have any further interest.

I recognize you from the sketch, so either the years have been good to you or the artist was. I hope the former. Best wishes, Harold Weisberg

Harold

**JOHN
PILGER**



Death in Dallas

Rightwingers plotted to kill JFK, a new film says

Five years after the assassination of John Kennedy, I had dinner in New Orleans with Jim Garrison, then the city's district attorney. Garrison had gathered enough evidence to persuade three judges and a grand jury to indict a New Orleans businessman called Clay Shaw for conspiring with at least two others to murder the president.

Garrison's case contradicted the findings of the official Warren Commission, which in 1964 handed down 26 volumes of patently inconclusive reassurance that Lee Harvey Oswald, the accredited assassin, had acted alone. The commission's report has since been largely discredited, not least by the US Congress whose House Assassinations Committee in 1978 found that "President John F Kennedy was probably assassinated as a result of a conspiracy." Every opinion poll has indicated that most Americans agree.

However in the late 1960s Garrison was a lone voice, and a courageous one. Established forces, including Kennedy's successor Lyndon Johnson, had backed the Warren Commission; and Garrison himself was a prominent public official in a conservative southern city whose burghers did not mourn Kennedy. His life was also threatened as a matter of routine; yet he was respected as a remarkable investigator who marshalled his evidence with care and tenacity; and he was incorruptible.

Garrison believed that Oswald was telling the truth when he announced to the world's press, shortly before his own assassination in the Dallas police headquarters, that he was a "patsy". "Actually," Garrison told me, "Oswald was a decoy who never knew the true nature of his job. He never expected to die. There were about seven men involved in an old-fashioned ambush of the president. Shots came from the three directions and the assassination team didn't leave the scene until well after they had done the job. They were fanatical anti-Castro Cubans and other far-right elements with connections to the Central Intelligence Agency."

Garrison's theory was that Kennedy had been working for a peaceful détente with Castro and the Soviet Union and had been already thinking ahead to an American withdrawal from Vietnam. Carl Oglesby, whose lobby group successfully urged the setting up of the Congressional Select Committee on Assassinations, recently wrote that Garrison, now a judge, believed that Kennedy was killed and Oswald framed "by a right-wing

Washington

'parallel government' seemingly much like 'the Enterprise' discovered in the Iran-Contra scandal in the 1980s and currently being rediscovered in the emerging BCCI scandal".

Almost 28 years after Kennedy was shot, Jim Garrison is back on the American stage: put there by the Hollywood director Oliver Stone, whose latest film, *JFK*, is based substantially on Garrison's 1988 memoir *On the Trail of the Assassins*. Although he has not finished filming, Stone has found himself increasingly under attack. The established press, which greeted the Warren Commission's report and barely acknowledged the congressional findings that undermined it, has let fly at Stone on the basis of one leaked first-draft script.

In the *Washington Post*, the reporter who covered the Warren Commission, George Lardner, was given a page to mock Stone and Garrison. Referring to Garrison's suggestion that as many as five or six shots might have been fired at Kennedy, Lardner wrote, "Is this the Kennedy assassination or the Charge of the Light Brigade?" The Congressional Assassinations Committee found that at least four shots and perhaps as many as six were fired. Two-thirds of the eyewitnesses reported a number of shots that came from in front of Kennedy and not from behind, where Oswald was hiding.

When I first went to Dallas in 1968, I interviewed five people who clearly remembered hearing shots that came from the bridge under which Kennedy's motorcade was about to pass. The trajectory path of a bullet was still engraved in the pavement in Dealey Plaza; it could not have been fired by Oswald from behind.

One of the witnesses I spoke to was Roger Craig, a Dallas deputy sheriff on duty in Dealey Plaza as Kennedy's motorcade approached. He said that not only did the shots come from in front of Kennedy, but he saw Oswald getting into a waiting station wagon in Dealey Plaza 15 minutes after the shooting. Craig later identified Oswald at Dallas police headquarters. He said Oswald remarked, "Everybody will know who I am now." According to the Warren Commission, Oswald was nowhere near the police station when Craig saw him. After he repeated his evidence to Garrison, Craig was shot at in a Dallas parking lot. When I met him, he and his family were being constantly followed and watched.

That was 1968, only five years after the assassination, during which an estimated 35 to 47 people connected with it had died in

unbelievable circumstances. Two Dallas reporters, who were at a meeting with night club owner Jack Ruby the night before he killed Oswald, died violently: one when a revolver "went off" in a police station, the other by a "karate chop" in the shower at his Dallas apartment. The well-known columnist Dorothy Kilgallen, the only journalist to have a private interview with Jack Ruby during his trial, was found dead in her New York apartment after telling friends that she was going to Washington "to bust the whole thing open". A CIA agent, who had also told friends he could no longer keep quiet about the assassination, was found shot in the back in his Washington apartment. David Ferrie, a pilot, was found dead in his New Orleans home with two suicide notes beside him. Four days earlier Ferrie had told reporters that Garrison had him "pegged as the get-away pilot in an elaborate plot to kill Kennedy".

Midlothian is down the road from Dallas. When I met Penn Jones, the editor of the *Midlothian Mirror*, his offices had just been firebombed. Every day Penn Jones devoted space in his paper to evidence that the Warren Commission had ignored or dismissed out of hand. He showed me a pirated copy of the famous "Zapruder film", shot by a passer-by in Dealey Plaza and the only detailed record of Kennedy being shot. It shows Kennedy and Texas governor John Connolly, who was seated in front of Kennedy, clearly being struck by separate bullets—once again, contradicting the Warren Commission. Time-Life bought the film for \$25,000 but refused to release it for public viewing until Garrison subpoenaed it.

Garrison's efforts to build a case were frequently sabotaged. The extradition of principal witnesses from other states was refused; the FBI refused to cooperate. Garrison failed to convict Clay Shaw, because he could not prove Shaw's CIA connection. In 1975—a year after Shaw died—a senior CIA officer, Victor Marchetti, claimed that both Shaw and Ferrie were connected to the CIA, and that the CIA had secretly backed Shaw against Garrison, who had been right all along.

Perhaps this cannot now be proved; and Shaw, after all, was acquitted by a jury. But whether or not Garrison's version of events is "correct", none of the evidence he assembled is mentioned in the attacks on Stone. Readers of the *Chicago Tribune* have been told that Stone's film will prove "an insult to intelligence" and to "decency". The writer had not seen the script. Still, "there is a point at which intellectual myopia becomes morally repugnant. Mr Stone's new movie proves that he has passed that point . . ."

Garrison has always been cautious about directly implicating the US government, in the form of the CIA, and agrees with the congressional committee's chief counsel who argued that the conspiracy originated in the Mafia. But he sees no logic in leaving it there. The Mafia and the CIA have long had close ties, notably in the infamous "Operation Mongoose", a CIA plot to kill Fidel Castro using Mafia assassins. If the Mafia

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killed Kennedy on its own, Garrison said recently, "why did the government so hastily abandon the investigation? Why did it become so eagerly the chief artist of the cover-up?"

Stone's film suggests that the assassination of Kennedy allowed Lyndon Johnson to escalate the Vietnam war. After winning the presidency in 1964 as a "peace" candidate, Johnson staged the Gulf of Tonkin "incident", a wholly fraudulent tale about North Vietnam attacking American ships—and began to bomb North Vietnam in 1965. The marines were soon on their way. The suggestion that the US did not "stumble" into Vietnam "naively" or "by mistake" is itself enough to enrage the guardians of faith.

Certainly it says much about the control of "mainstream" opinion in the United States that simply exercising the right to challenge an orthodoxy should cause such a fuss. It's the same in Britain; but at least in the US there is a flourishing alternative world of scrutiny and enquiry that opposes the organised forgetting of "unacceptable" contemporary history. For example, a principal source for this piece is the excellent monthly, *Loot*, or "Lies Of Our Times", which was set up "to correct the record" of the establishment media.

Of course nothing is ever absolute. Oliver Stone made *Salvador* for Hollywood. Together with Costa Gavras' *Missing*, it offered a glimpse of how a secret or "parallel" government in Washington dealt with countries that resist the imperial will. Since long before the assassination of John Kennedy, this parallel government has helped to engineer the fall of numerous foreign governments, including those democratically elected. More recently, it ran America's secret and illegal war against Nicaragua; and it was responsible for the Iran-Contra affair, including the bribing of Iran to withhold the release of American hostages so that Jimmy Carter would lose the presidency to Ronald Reagan. When Colonel Oliver North was acquitted the other day on a technicality, George Bush spoke the truth when he said, "It sounds like the system worked real well."

Bush has played a leading part in this secret government. With Bush as director, the CIA intervened illegally in Angola and Jamaica, spending \$10 million to get rid of prime minister Michael Manley. Under Bush, a secret group called "Team B" doctored facts and statistics in order to exaggerate the "Soviet threat".

Bush's current nominee to run the CIA, Robert Gates, promises that the CIA will grow, regardless of the Soviet collapse. Perhaps the difference these days is that the secret or parallel government is secret no more. Bush is president; CIA men are now ambassadors; American covert operations are now overt. Whereas pilots' logs had once to be falsified, this is no longer necessary—as 200,000 dead Iraqis bear silent witness. And neither the Congress nor the media threaten this "new world order". Indeed "preserving order" and "encouraging democracy" have become as sacred in the lexicon as apple pie. But when Hollywood—yes, *Hollywood*—doesn't play the game, something must be done.

Par

Harvey Thomas recalls
a Tory co

The Tories love to hold the conferences in big barns by the sea. There are logical reasons for this: the weather in October is usually mild and wet enough to make the hot windows seem more attractive, guaranteeing the presence of bodies for most of the conference sessions; and Disraeli liked Blenheim—getting there and back meant he could be away from London for four extra days.

Once you get to the conference, two things are important: you should be able to hear the speakers. In 1981, neither of these was regarded as particularly necessary. Tory conferences, no decisions were made—at least, none relating to politics. Those days the prime objective seemed to be for ageing Young Conservatives to indulge in debauchery in comparative privacy. Ministers of the Crown to read aloud, tailed, incredibly boring expositions. They thought was happening in their meetings—for the edification of themselves and the press. The wording was all-important and to make quite sure that journalists not have to listen to the speeches and not possibly get them wrong if they distributed copies were thrust into their hands in the press room. For the few people who read the *Times*, the *Telegraph* and the *Guardian*, the detailed reporting was of great substance, and if *Sun* readers also saw one or two words of wisdom, that was all to the good.

In the early 1980s, we had no broadcast television, nor satellite television. The BBC, live television watched avidly by the retired in their homes, and angrily unemployed in their homes. If a viewer really keen, he or she could just separate the person who was speaking from the surrounding the speaker—none of which was televised and none of whom managed to pick their noses. Some part of the speech. So began the process of sifting out political messages, highlighting the important points in the press, acknowledging that we'd rather ignore the rest, and concentrating on the minds of viewers on the 90 seconds of a verbal message on the news that night.

Conservatives have always assumed that most people are mostly subconsciously—that because we are right, people will automatically vote for us. The idea of wooing people and hoping they will see that the Tories are right never occurred to most Tory politicians. We in communications quietly staged a revolution. The target was someone like me—a reader who hates to read long, boring, mostly misleading interpretations of