

2/23/70

Dear Mary,

The continuing problem with Bonner is when is she in any contact with truth and reality, when is she laying it on, when making it up.

If a dependable account, her characterizations of Hill and Alexander are fascinating (and Fritz, where I now am).

It may not have been her intent, but after getting her glorification of Alexander down, I kept expecting pictures of him flailing bullwhips. If you know anything about him, I'd like to know how accurate her picture is. She delineates a man without human feelings (no indication of marital status or interest and strongly suggestive of a sort of military kind of homosexuality); a man who would and did stop at nothing; subtly, a Kennedy-hater; a man whose dedication to getting convictions separated him from any consideration of justice and right. A real, live, pock-marked, hateful ogre. Is he? And why did he leave the DA's office?

More on Alexander, he ate lunch in a cheap place that day, not close to the office, a cheap lunch in a cafeteria, knowing the boss and others would have to be away and he'd be in charge, and, hearing of the crime, immediately became a cop, not the acting chief prosecutor. She carries him through some of the events in some detail, taking him to the theater with Hill and then not only not once mentioning that he was there, but not even saying how he got away of what he did there. His presence at the theater, from me a secret until now, makes more incomprehensible the frivolity with evidence, as with the pistol and its marking for identification. Or the not really consistent accounts of what happened at the theater.

Here and before this point she is intent on making a hero out of Hill, which encourages me to believe he fed her the swill she says is ambrosia, much of it. All of Hill deductions turned out to be without factual basis, which certainly makes him great. She pretends they are not invalid, while showing most are, and he is an instant hero.

To a slightly lesser degree the same is true of Henslee, hence the same suspicion of his role in her work.

By and large, certainly with the opposite intention, she paints pictures of a thoroughly frightening band of determined, frightening men, not good men, not good cops (she says otherwise), not, really, human beings.

Shudder, shudder!

Sincerely,