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Dear Paul,

Confidential

Unusual as it is, I've asked that you keep this confidential for two reasons that may be one, I don't want to get into any controversies now and I don't want to get involved in extra correspondence now because I'm not up to it. But before getting to the things that interest me in 11:1, it is dated 2/22 but postmarked at Oakland 3/4. No, I'm not suggesting the CIA intercepted it.

As a means of evaluating what John Davis did not source I tell you that at several points he just lied about me. And, of course, you and others have no way of knowing this. I'd wondered why he didn't send me a copy of the book or respond when I wrote to ask him. He did take for me a large amount of my time and he had a student working here quite some time. I believe these things account for it. I did read the book at Dave Wrono's request, his copy, and as he asked annotated it for him, but he, not I, has the annotations.

On Wasserman, and this, if you have any point and interest you can use, he says that Wasserman spent the ~~spring~~ summer and fall here and foraged through my stuff. In fact he was never here, never asked a thing of me, responded to one of my two letters to him (telling me that Ferrie was involved in the immigration case not through Marcello but because G. Wray Gill recommended him as investigator, sought Wasserman's agreement and when he got it hired Ferrie), and we never ever even met. *I don't think we ever met.*

Davis thanks me ~~for~~ for a "formal interview" yet in his list of interviews does not include me. Of course he can ex post facto claim anything was an interview but he never asked for one and never told me he regarded anything as one and I never did. In context I can take some of his drek as defamatory.

On his promise of footnotes to critics: what is the problem from your own second page: they were prepared, otherwise they could not be omitted, and because they were for publication hence there is no confidential material in them. Rhetorical question, no answer.

On Ferrie at Marcello's twice before the trial, your comment is "there was no actual role for him" in trial strategy. You mistake this for appearance at the trial. As the investigator there certainly was an important role both in counselling what info he had the lawyers might want to use and in answering Marcello's questions about this.

I am not optimistic that you could have talked Davis out of anything (p.3, graf 2)

I think you are unfair to Willens, for whom I have no use at all (p.3, graf 5) I cannot think of a single reasonable need for him to have called Marcello to the WC's attention, leave along "forcefully." after reading Davis and most of ~~Shoem~~ I see nothing reasonable in their allegations and an enormous amount of over-writing, confabulation, imagination and just plain error and fabrication. In addition, what they knew about the evidence (which is not necessarily what they said) and of the crime does not indicate any basis for any mafia suspicion and to critical analysis today by those not considering writing a novel alleged to be non-fiction I still see none. Even less the "astro concoction."

Re Shaw, on p. 4, graf 2, when I learned what Garrison's alleged case was, which was the Sunday before they started selecting the jury, I broke with them, told them they'd lose and deserved to and that I was leaving on the Thursday midday plane if they continued along that line. They did and I did. I'd never asked him what his case against Shaw was and didn't know. However, you underestimate the omnipresent incompetence down there. Shaw's Clinton alibi is a phony and I have that solidly. So why would he lie under oath about it? I don't know the answer but there was no question in my mind and thus I undertook to establish it and it was easy and obvious.

Shaw and homosexuality: the FBI knew this before Garrison's day, before the WC's, and I have that if you don't. However, I am inclined not to believe that Shaw would

have gotten into the same room with ^{errie} knowingly. And what did you say that Garrison calls a smear of Shaw? I don't recall anything like that. On Garrison's conduct, however, honesty requires that I credit him with not misbehaving on this. He did not disclose the return on the search warrant. An enterprising reporter got them from the files of the clerk of the court where they apparently were publicly available. And in addition to the blood on the whips, Shaw had two meathooks, if you are old enough to recall shopping before there were supermarkets, screwed into his bedroom ceiling. This never leaked and Jim is not the one who told me anything about this or the results of the search.

I refused to meet with Spiesel just on what the contact said and how she appeared when I was in NYC. I knew he was at least flakey. And whether or not Garrison's version is truthful, the fact is that if they'd checked the ownership of the property at the time in question they'd have found, yup, Clay Shaw ownership of that address or the building next to it.

After reading this issue I think I'd like to read ^{what} I'd never heard of, Rag #8, your page 4, bottom. *Thanks, R.C.*

I'll resume this later. With Davis and Bertrand. But before I forget, as I was reading Davis I formed the impression that I was not reading what he had sold to his publisher, a la Epstein and Legend. I'd appreciate anything you can send me on this. I have the impression that reading Scheim gave Davis the idea for reformulation.

Your reference to Clay Bertrand, which you say Dean Andrews once said he invented. I got to know Monk Zelden and he confirmed, as I think he told the FBI, that Andrews did phone him from the hospital, etc. Andrews talked to me about this one Saturday afternoon in his office. He was friendly and I sat in his small inner office with him while he spoke to clients and even when a woman he introduced as his favorite niece came in, Pat Young. When he introduced us she grabbed me and kissed me and said you are the only one who treated Uncle Dean fairly. (I met her under rather unusual circumstances not long thereafter. She told Dean and me that she'd gotten a job in Washington. I asked ~~her~~ her where and she said she couldn't tell me. The not long after that, when I was asked to address the East Coast Conference on American Civilization for a selection of the most gifted high school students and was eating in the school cafeteria, who do I see there but this niece. She introduced me to the man with her and as I recall he was a psychologist named, you won't guess! - Weisberg. What she said led me to believe that they were sizing prospects up.) Well, Andrews had read at least Whitewash. His story - and I'm well aware that he could have been spoofing - is that Garrison had walked into his office, thrown a copy of his desk, and told him he should read it. This is not exactly Garrison's story about what got him interested, is it? I digress to suggest that you read the excerpt from a Gardner story in Garrison in the Post I have as I recall on the back cover of Photographic Whitewash. The rest of the story isn't that nice! Andrews told me about Garrison's case, unsolicitedly, that if Garrison got past a certain point, I don't recall it now but have notes somewhere, he'd be "home clear." If he was not spoofing, he was validating the Clay Bertrand story. Now that very afternoon, and I'm addressing what he could do when not ~~spoofing~~ spoofing, he got a call from a gay client, quite upset about a message he had gotten, that a bad one whose nickname as I now recall was "Bulldog" had left Texas to kill him. Deano told his frightened client, "When he gets heah he'll be on mah tuff (for turf)" and while saying this put his ~~index~~ middle finger on his thumb and made a notion like killing a bug. That Tuesday afternoon's salmon edition of the State-Item had a big banner headline across the top of the first page announcing Bulldog's capture and the murder or murders for which he was wanted. Dean knew his stuff, lived his own kind of life, and was able enough. Witness Garrison never really laid a finger on him when he had him dead to rights. And he was a Marcello lawyer. So, while I can't say that beyond question Shaw and Bertrand were one, I believe there was a Bertrand and believe that the FBI got a lead on eye.

Now Ricardo Davis got turned on when he picked up a copy of Oswald in New Orleans in the Chicago airport returning to Houston, where he then was. He called me in the wee

hours and while I may not have all of it, I think that quickly I got a suction cup and taped that call. He wanted me, as I now recall, to ghost a book for him. And was he a talker! He told me much about himself, including that he'd finked from the New York City red squad and mounted police, fingering the pro-Castro demonstrators to be trodden by the horses. He worked for Jack Caulfield, of later Watergate fame. He told me about getting tipped off on the raid of his "camp" if it could be called that and led me to believe it was by the CIA. (On this, I found a girlfriend of his on the other side of the Lake, near, well I guess they are all near each other, that particular camp. She consented to a taped interview and she suggested that I return when her boyfriend was there. He was a St. Tammy Parish deputy and I did. From him I learned of a maritime anti-Castro camp. From her I got a description of her wild drive with Davis to get there to get his boyos to pack up and get out and I'll never forget the look on her face when she described how he gave her his pistol or revolver and told her to keep it between her legs and be ready to use it. I believe that Davis's camp was a scam but he had one and the sheriff's office got me pictures of it. They went out and took them for me after I left and mailed them to me. I got along very well, as you can see, with the people there. And while I'm off on Camps, John H. Davis is entirely uninformed about the one camp he talks about. I was also there and have pictures of it. I'd be praising this Davis if I said he was bullshitting because that has a use and he doesn't. It was a detached house not far from the others off Pontchartrain Drive, as I now recall, near what passes for a main road there. I also interviewed the neighbor who, despite all the crap you may have heard, was responsible for that FBI raid. Those zany Cubans had brought an assortment of explosives and things like that in on an open U-Haul trailer, the neighborhood saw it, and then when they were cleaning the McLaney property up they set fire to this trash, it got close to the house where they had all the big boom material and scared the hell out of everyone.

Where you comment on what Garrison said about Marcello not being the big mafioso in New Orleans, I am reminded of what his detectives told me. Hoke May, then on the State-Item told me the same thing independently, so far as they knew Marcello was not involved in crime within their jurisdiction, which was Orleans Parish only. May added that he was making so much money out of legal businesses he'd have been crazy to risk any serious crimes there. May also said that his legit businesses were even more profitable because he could pressure his competition and did.

Toward the bottom of Page 5 where you refer to what Paesa Sera said about Elay Shaw, I don't recall my source now, and it was probably newspapers, I had that in Oswald in New Orleans.

You talk about the British Independent TV show on 6. Blakey wasn't talking about libel when he said that they refused to withdraw that show because they were so terribly wrong in their allegation. The mafia per se, even if it wanted to, can't sue. If you can supply it I'd like Nigel's followup. I wrote and asked for it and got no response. I guess he did not like what I said when he solicited my opinion. Now on where the man is in that Moorman picture, my recollection is it is about the middle as you look at it. Gary has my clear print. It is clearer but does not have as much contrast as Fink's so I think they used his in the enhancement but he hasn't returned mine yet. That enhancement was computerized and not by Jack and Gary. I found Jack's photographic enlargement much clearer than the computerized version as aired. And I did caution them about that phony and dangerous moniker they still cling to, as of last week. My interest in the second show is archival. I have no interest in that theory, which I debunked early on.

On the Jack Anderson show, with which I also disagreed strongly, he did not produce it Saban Productions in LA did. They told me they rushed the show because they feared another show might beat them to something. Not the alleged Castro angle. They also told me that they'd had Moorman enhanced and were not satisfied that it meant anything. Loudy show.

I was not at the Pittsburg conference and have had no report on what transpired there but I'm not sure I agree with ~~you~~ on you about always being silent about other critics. As you know I've usually been able to avoid comment but some of their stuff is terrible and we all lose credibility that way. Best to you all,

Harold

P.S. Where I talk about Wasserman on page 1, I sent Davis copies of this correspondence. His assistant working here, an honest person I believe, may have mailed my originals to him by mistake or misfiled them. If I sent you copies then I'd appreciate copies. I've had no response from Davis on this. I did ask.

I've read Garrison's book and I am much involved in some of the things he goes into and cannot recognize from what he says.

If not too ~~much~~ much trouble I'd appreciate copies of the records you said you gave Davis. Both for the completeness of my file for the use of others and as a possible means to locating what I did not and maybe you did not, Or the person who gave them to you.

On this a caution, and since writing the above I've wondered if it explains the absence of my Wasserman correspondence. I am confident that when Bob Wanftel was here with and for the Kwitny people he stole pictures from me. I am not able to be in the cellar and supervise and assist so those who use my files have unsupervised access. Not knowing what they were going into I showed these to them and thus Bob knew where they were. "obody else was here between the time I showed them and the time I next looked for them,