

Dear Matt,

2/22/95

Feeling weaker than usual I'm abandoning my early-morning routine of a little physical activity to take no chances. No walking before the blood test I have three mornings each week and no physical therapy after it. I've been kept alive since 1975 by an anticoagulant and once I hemorrhaged, three tests weekly to avoid that again. I use the time to update you in New Orleans, some after you left, some before. I have a partial record of it for our history. This may amplify that a bit.

Garrison was a great tragedy. Personally, too. He was a real gifted man but as I learned too late he had the conscience of a stiff prick and was in many ways what Sylvis Meagher said, an Ayn Rand character. In retrospect I should have realized earlier than I did that he was making it up as he went, had nothing, and was unwilling to or incapable of following real leads and doing something when that was more than possible with some and not that difficult with other aspects of the JFK assassination, particularly about Oswald in New Orleans.

You did not remember that strange girl who visited me when you lived in the 300 block of Pine Street, with her then boyfriend. I'm surprised that you did not remember that she actually stayed and slept on your Danish studio couch with me. Slept only, she on the outside. That time she stopped off with that boyfriend ^{and} stole a half-gallon on J & B Scotch for me. She was, as I learned, a narcofink. Quite bright and just as daring. And she was a friend of two Commission witnesses, Philip Geraci III and Vance Blolock, her age. She also knew Carlos Bringuier. She was a gifted and uninhibited liar but what I checked out stacked.

I made a deal with Garrison to leave those three kids alone in return for which I would give him all I got. When he did not keep his word and used a fourth of those kids to undermine confidence in what she could say. I bawled him out with vigor in one of those NOAC rooms he used instead of his office to the point where I believed that brawny Sciambra, a former amateur heavyweight boxer, the only other person there was about to jump me. She did lead me to some important information that Garrison then did not use. After Geraci had ignored three of his grand-jury subpoenas.

One of the leads I got that he did nothing about was by doing what they had never done. I interviewed Douglas Jones of the Jones Printing company. He had printed Oswald's handbill. He ^{was} firm in his insistence that it was ~~not~~ Oswald who picked that job up and no less firm in saying that from the 100 or so pictures I showed him Thornley was the ~~man~~ man who did. When that tape suffered a mysterious disappearance in Garrison's office I reinterviewed Jones, that time with his assistant, Myra Silver, and both, independently, ~~like~~ made the same identification. Garrison then had ^{Thornley} indernindictment for perjury and still did nothing about it.

After my staying with you got to be a bit much for Jeanine I stayed for a few days the next trip with John Jorg, a lit prof at Tulane. He had a hideaway he told his wife

(5 girls!)
 was not peace and quiet in his work, which included writing (he actually began a novel about me). I knew he as an FBI informer. While staying in his basement apartment rather far uptown I interviewed Marge Kirkpatrick whose son Godfrey had left ^{the} Mandeville mental hospital with a pistol to kill Garrison. That strange girl even told me what kind it was and when Marge produced it she was correct, it was a Walther PPK. Godfrey had gotten it from one his doctors. Instead he broke his mother's arm. Marge invited me to use a former slave quarters on her Jackson Ave. large home until Labor Day, when she rented it annually to a N.O. symphony first violinist.

Louis Ivin, as usual, had that spaced-up Chevy II (that nobody would use it was that dangerous) gassed up and serviced for me but the Friday evening I got there it refused to leave first gear so when I got off road and to a gas station I phoned J.B. Vela, who had Foreign Car Imports on Baronne. He had had Douglas Methbridge, a Bay of Pigs captive and former boyhood neighbor and friend of Castro as his manager when they had come to visit me at the Bleau. I refused to do what Douglas wanted me to do to keep him out of the trouble he was headed for. So, when that car zinked out I phoned Vela. He sent for me in a nice Fiat sports car and wanted to lend me an almost new air conditioned Olds. I refused that because he was not charging me so we compromised on that Fiat. I used it to drive to Jackson to interview Godfrey. The girl insisted on coming. It was July 4. A lingering mystery is how she knew him, as she did, knew all about how Marge's house was furnished, with her a stranger to Marge, even details of his likes and dislikes. But the poor man's mind was gone. He was in a building from which the patients were not allowed out. I won't go into the leads I could not follow up but I tell you this to indicate that liar that she was she also knew things that were true, as all I checked out was.

That two weeks I had four square meals. When Marge retired she left the kitchen door open and had two synthetic breakfasts for me. I used one. If I had lunch it was a 10¢ pie from the stand in the building in which Garrison was officed. Driving out St. Charles to get to Marge's at suppertime I stopped off at a Burger Chef and got an ate while I was driving the few blocks to her home a 19¢ hamburger. I lost 15 pounds in those two weeks and I was treated to those four suppers. ^{Marge took me to} ~~One was at~~ the restaurant of the man who had seduced her son! (Her front door had the pasteon slogan, Register Communists, Not Funs.) ^{She'd} ~~She'd~~ been married to the city editor of the Times-Picayune, by the way.

I went to ones because I by then had a numebr of dependable leads on the fact that in his picketing Oswald was not alone. I wanted to learn moree about him in N.O.

Jesse Core became a friend and a source. Garrison had never even spoken to him although he was information officer of the ITM when Oswald picketed it and had been active in the campaign in which Garrison was first elected. Last time I saw Jesse was when I was there on the Bay case. I drank him under the table at The Commander's Palace. Last heavy drinking I ever did, and went from there to a conference with

Shaw's junior counsel, Sal Panzeca. Thence to my last meeting with Dean Andrews, who was also a friend by then. And helpful.

Although in and of itself it has no significance and Garrison really had nothing on him, Shaw was not only a homosexual, he was SM. Loisel told me about the 2x4 with meat hooks in it that Jim never used that on their search his detectives found in the ceiling of Shaw's bedroom. I got the confirmation from the FBI in one of those lawsuits I filed against it. But it was never possible to carry forward the undoubtedly irrelevant the possibility of Shaw's intelligence connections.

Jim's detectives were competent but he never had them do any real investigating and I believe it was frustrating to them. For example, from Elise Cerniglia, who ran the Cuban Catholic Relief, I, learned that Oswald was picketed regularly ^{where} ~~where~~ Bringuier, had been a dope, would have spotted him much earlier than he did. As I told you, from Geraci's parents ^{and} ~~and~~ if then from him I learned that he saw Oswald at Bringuier's months earlier than Bringuier testified. I was just after Oswald got back to N.O. Jim made no effort to learn who Oswald's associates were.

Jim's staff did not trust Boxley but it was not that Boxley was still working for the CIA: it was that he was too loyal to Garrison. He went out and made up what seemed to prove what Garrison had made up. It was that bad.

Salandria and Garrison had almost a Svengali relationship. Garrison had filed suit in Washington to get the autopsy rifle and other evidence to show his jury and then was about to back out on it. When I argued with him he told me that if I could convince Salandria he would go ahead with it. I invited Vince down. He brought Feldman and I think someone else. He saw immediately the value of having that evidence examined by other than a federal expert, Garrison did go ahead with it, and he won. Only to announce the day of the hearing and before the judge announced his decision that it was all a CIA plot to ruin him and he dropped out!

Fensterwald was his DC counsel. ^{Jim} She sent ^{Mama} Bertel. Fensterwald phoned me the night before the hearing, told me to get a toothbrush and where to meet him in Arlington, where he then lived and I did. He had had leaked to him what the government was going to spring on us by surprise the next day, what you'll see in Post Mortem as the report of the experts the DJ had gotten to go over the autopsy dope. Bud and the lawyers worked over the legal papers and I marked that report up ~~for~~ for Dr. Cyril Wecht, who was to be the expert witness that morning. He would be hitting it cold! His testimony won for us and then Jim pulled that utter insanity.

Gotta knock off for now.

where I was to have been. But I was never there, never in that courtroom then, never laid eyes on Shaw. I began writing the second part of Post Mortem if not the night before at your home then when I know I was writing on it, the first day of the jury empanelment paneling. I used Tom Bethell's office, his electric typewriter, what I'd never used before, on a high library table.

Despite his proclaiming so often, so long and so hard that Oswald was innocent his case was based on the exact opposite, with Shaw and Ferrie co-conspirators.

Garrison's interest and case did not begin when as he said Senator Long told him of his suspicions. Long denied it to a reporter I know. Dean ^{Andrew} ~~Andrew~~ told me it began with "hitwash, that Garrison gave him a copy and told him to read it. I did not mind Jim's lying about that. As you may remember from Photographic Whitewash, which gave you, I used ^{two} newspaper accounts saying that on the back cover. He should have used more of it. And, tragically, in addition to the other tragedies, he could have once and for all, before a jury, destroyed the Warren Report. That he failed hurt the country no end. In failing he legitimized mythologies and they have proliferated enormously since then, deceiving and misleading the people who care. And I fear laying the basis by his failure for what we now face, an authoritarian state.

That strange girl you do not remember wound up in Houston. In jail. I never did ~~to~~ learn the ~~charge~~ charge. Sorry, proofs just here by Fedex.

2/26- Going over the proofs that were badly messed up was a trying and emotionally draining an experience. Aside from the cutting in violation of our agreement the so-called editing introduced so many errors, at least a thousand in punctuation and spelling alone!

The medicine that keeps me alive makes me hemorrhage easily, on slight contact subcutaneously, so any travel is unsafe for me. What I think that at this stage of my life and at my age I regret most about that is that it is not possible for me to visit so many who became friends who were so kind and so helpful.

Like you (pl).

Best to you all,

Harold