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 anticoagulent and once I hemorrhaged, three tests weekly to avoid that again. I use the time to update you in NewOrleans, some after you left, some before. I lave a partial second 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 Heagher said, an Ayn Rabd 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 outer 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 a stole a half-gallon on J & B Scotch for me. She was, as I learned, a narcfink. Quite pright and just as dareing. 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 amatuer if eavyweight boxer, the only other person there was about to jump me. The did lead me to some important infor mation that Garrison then did not use. After Geraci had ignored three of his grand-jury subpoenaes.

One of the leads I got that he did nothing about was by doing what they had never done. I interviewed louglas Jones of the ones Printing company. he had printed Oswald's handbill. He as firm in his insistence that it was Mot Oswald who picked that job up and no less firm in aying that from the 100 or so pictures I shoeed him Thornley was the 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, have made the same identification. Garrison then had Thornley indermindictment for perjry and still did nothing about it.

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

(5 girls!)

was fot peace and quiet in his work, which included writing (he actually began a novel about me). I knew he as an FBI informer. While stains in his basement apartment rather far uptown I interviewed Marge Kirkpatrick whose son Godfrey had left Mandevelled 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 doctows. Instead he broke his mother's arm. Marge invited me to use a former slave quarters on her ackson Ave. large home until Labor Day, when she rented at annoually to a N.O, synphony first valolinist.

Louis Ivin, as usual, had that spaped-up Chevvy II that nobody would useit was that dangerous gassed up and erviced for me but the Friday evening I got there it refused to leave first goar so when I got off broad and to a gas station bhoned J.B. Vela, who had Foreign Car Imports on Zaronne. He had had Douglas Tethbridge, a Bay of Pigs captive and former bouhood neighbor and friend of Castro as his m 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. The sent for me in a nice Fiat apr 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 to ackson to interview Godfrey. The girl insisted on comeing. It was July 4. A lingering mystery is hold she knew him, as she did, knew all about how Marge's house was furnished, with her a stranger to Marge, even details of h is 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 leff 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 galding in which forrison 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 firiving 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. One was at the restaurant of the man who had seduced her son! (Her front door had the pasteon slogen, Register Communists, Not Funs.) She'd been married to the city editor of the Tumes-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 more about him in N.O.

Jesse Core became a friend and a source. Farrison 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 Frison 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. East heavy drinking I ever did, and went from there to a conference with

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

Although in and of itself it has no singinficance 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 cieling 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 Spaw's intelligence connections.

Jim's detectives were competent but he hever had them do any real investigating and I believe it was frustrating to them. For example, from Elise Cerniglia, who ran the Cuban Cathol ic "elief, I, learned that swald was picketed regularly when Bringuier, had be not been a dope, would have spotted him much earlir than he did. As I told you, from Geraci's parentsma f then from him Flearned that he saw "swald at "ringuier's months earlier than Bringuier testified. I twas 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 Boxdey but it was not that Boxley was still working for the CIA: it was that he was too loay? to 'arrison. He went out and made up what seemed to prove what Carrison had made up. It was that bad.

Salandria and Gasrison had almost a Svengali relationship. Garrison had filed suit in Washingtonto 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. We brought Feldman and I think someone else. We 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!

Fensterreald was his DC counsel. She sent April Brtel. 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 as 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 trestimony won for us and then im pulled that utter insanity.

Gotta knock off for now.

Jim could have nawled Bringuier for false swearing if not for perjury or have gitten him to tell the truth. Either way he could have learned much more about Oswald and what he was really up to in N.O. Oswald was there when Bringuier gave the boys some of these 50¢ DRE bonds to sell and it is almost cestain that it was Oswald who reported Bringuier for the unlicensed sale of bonds. May Just for ust. I have yet eith

From Jones and Silver he could have learned that it was not Oswald who picked those handlbills up. What this could have meant with Thornley is obvious.

This could have been the beginning of learning more and of wiping the Report out.

That could have been carried farthur, more so if he'd gone ahead with that lawsuit he abadened in DC with such utter insanity and had the so-caled evidence of the crime
examined impartially. The case would have fome apart, the Report wipde out. More so if
he had been prepared to really question the AFBI agents who did testify there, on the
curbstone, on the ballistics and on the damage to the President's clothing. You'll understand this better when you see the pictures in Post Mortem of that curbstone and of the

shirt collar. Since then an impartial scientific examination identifies that "smear" on the curbstone as a patch of concrete paste. With Oswald dead, who had any interest in osperuing the traces of bullet metal left in that curbstone other than conspirators.

As you'll see in Post Martem my work left virtually nothing of the official mythology and you'll see it more in NEVER AGAIN! Entirely you'd have seen in in what was eliminated from Case Open. That, by the way, at the publisher's insistence, was done from the rough draft. You can see how my typing is now when I have to sit with my legs up to tupe on the machine that is to my side. End when I write on a clipboard hold in the air with one hand and write with the other. The publisher said he have it all retyped and I mailed it up as I wrote it. But when he did not use most of it by far and he had agreed to have it all retyped, by continuous needling of him I finally got most of it on a disk. I have had duplicate disks made and given them to history prof friends who are only now getting time to begin to read the entire major book that was put out. To explain this I took Posner's poor prosecution case against Oswald and used it a defense counsel would have. (Inlike Posner I restricted myself 160% to the official evidence. I used that to prove more than that Osgald did not kill JFK. I used it to prove that he could not have. So, there is one maintain hellura book left over!

This is but a glimmer of what Jim could have done had he been for real, had he behaved as any competent DA behaves. The strangest thing of all is that he was more than just competent.

The spent the afternoon with all began and the other 6'6" lawyer on Garrison's staff, who will be seen and the other 6'6" lawyer on Garrison's staff, in the state of the stat

where I was to have been. But I was never there, never in that courtroom then, never laid eyes on Shaw. I beggn 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 emp partial panelling. I used Tom Bethell's office, his electric typeriter, what I'd never used before, on a high library table.

Departe his proclaiming so often, so long and so hard that oOswald 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. "ong denied it to a reporter I known. Dean ded with told me it began with "hitewash, that Garrison gave him a c opy and told him to read it. I did not mind Jim's lying about that. As you may remember from (hotographic Whitewash, which gave you, I used to 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 basid 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 ge 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 mour 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,