

Whitewash I: The Report on the Warren Report (Hyattstown, Md. pp. 224. \$4.95);  
Whitewash II: The FBI-Secret Service Coverup (Hyattstown, Md. pp. 250. \$4.95);  
Photographic Whitewash: Suppressed Kennedy Assassination Pictures (Hyattstown,  
Md. pp. 296. \$4.95); Oswald in New Orleans: Case for Conspiracy with the CIA  
(Canyon. pp. 404. 95¢) by Harold Weisberg. Six Seconds in Dallas: A Micro-  
Study of the Kennedy Assassination (Bernard Geis Associates. pp. 323. \$8.95)  
by Josiah Thompson.

Harold Weisberg's four books are a series of honest and penetrating studies of what the Government and its agencies did or did not do, and what the Warren Commission might have done had at least one responsible official sufficient interest or courage. Weisberg writes with intense passion, and his books reflect the intensity of a man thirsting for justice with a guardian angel sitting on his shoulder. These books are filled with cold, hard fact that destroy any illusions one might have about benevolent paternalism in Washington, the misfit assassin and the "magic" bullet--the 6.5 millimeter bullet that the Commission says went through Kennedy's neck, Connally's chest, shattering his fifth rib, smashing through his wrist, and finally lodging in his thigh--and then, fell out of Connally's thigh and wedged itself under the mattress of a stretcher in the Parkland Memorial Hospital, where it was later found. Yet, this bullet, for all the damage it had done, magically remained almost as fresh as a pristine bullet fired into a wad of cotton. According to Weisberg, the Warren Report is not only erroneous but intentionally misleading. Weisberg shows that some of the witnesses lied, including Marina Oswald, Lee Harvey Oswald's Russian wife, who was, in fact, held prisoner by Federal agents for three months without the benefit of an attorney. Howard Leslie Brennan, the Commission's star witness,

who the Report claims saw Oswald fire the rifle from the sixth floor window of the Texas School Book Depository, was unable to circle the correct window in which three Negroes were watching the motorcade, and which is directly beneath the sixth floor window from which the assassin was supposed to be firing, did not identify Oswald in the police lineup, and then admitted to Commission Member McCloy that he had not seen the rifle discharge, the recoil or the flash. The Report claims Cecil McWatters, the bus driver on whose bus Oswald rode for four minutes going back toward the Depository after having walked seven blocks away from the Depository, identified Oswald, though McWatters declared that he identified a schoolboy, not Oswald. William Whaley, the first Dallas cab driver to be killed while on duty since 1937, claimed that Oswald had taken his cab to two different locations, though he was unsure which, near his rooming house--actually five or more blocks past his rooming house. Whaley identified Oswald as the No. <sup>2</sup> man in the police lineup, although Oswald was actually the No. 3 man. Later Whaley declared under oath that he had signed a blank piece of paper for Jack Ruby's friend, Assistant D.A. Bill Alexander, before viewing the lineup. Helen Markham fingered Oswald as the triggerman in the murder of Police Officer J.D. Tippit, but after she listened to herself in a conversation with Mark Lane, the attorney Oswald's mother hired, on tape, admitted that she lied to the Commission. Assistant Counsel Wesley J. Liebeler assured her not to worry about it because no one was going to give her any trouble.

Weisberg demonstrates through careful research and analysis that the witnesses who would invalidate the Commission's single assassin theory were either not called, or were dismissed as unreliable. Only 9% of the 552 witnesses appeared before the Commission. According to Weisberg, "About a sixth of all the hearings had as few as a single member of the Commission. Most had but the Commission

lawyer, empowered to administer oaths, the stenographer and the witness." Some important witnesses, such as David Ferris, who died of natural causes naked in bed with a sheet covering his body, including his head, Col. L. Robert Castorr, a close friend of Gen. Walker, Loran Hall, William Seymour, Lawrence Howard, and Mrs. R.E. Arnold, who stated that she thought she saw Oswald on the first floor of the Depository about 12:15, were not included in the Index of the Warren Report, and H.L. Hunt's son, Nelson Bunker Hunt, who uses the alias Joseph P. Grinnan in his work with the extreme right wing circles, turns up in the testimony but is not mentioned in the Index. Yet, in a classified document in the National Archives, the FBI indicates that it interviewed Nelson Bunker-- who is Nelson Bunker Hunt. Weisberg also points out that the curious and unprofessional behavior of the Dallas Police was never called into question, and Ruby's request to appear before the Commission in Washington--not in Dallas-- was refused by Earl Warren. Mrs. Sylvia Odio, who was visited by the "False Oswald" gave a description of a "Leon Oswald" that parallels the description given by Perry Russo, David Ferris's former roommate, but Mrs. Odio's testimony was rejected on the basis of Dr. Augustin Guitart's diagnosis that she "suffered a very serious emotional breakdown," and in the fall of 1963 "was not physically well." Dr. Guitart, as Weisberg points out, is neither a physician nor a psychiatrist--but is a physics instructor at Xavier University in New Orleans. An eyewitness to the Tippit killing, Domingo Benavides, who was twenty-five feet from Tippit when the gunman shot him, testified that the gunman was not Oswald, but a "Latin type" and had "wavy black hair." Benavides was not taken to the police lineup because he was not sure that he could identify the killer--and did not appear before the Commission. Benavides was sure, however, that it was not Oswald.

Further, the Commission did not have complete access to the CIA files as the Report claims. Weisberg also points out that Emmett J. Hudson, the grounds-

keeper of Dealey Plaza, testified that the three road signs along the right side of Elm Street facing the Triple Underpass had been moved, that the hedges and shrubbery on the grassy knoll had been trimmed, which means that "all the projections and points essential to photographic analysis" were destroyed. This means that an accurate reconstruction of the crime would be impossible. Yet, the Presidential limousine was not used in the Commission's reconstruction of the crime, and the car that was used "was not an exact duplication." In fact, the seats were not the same height, and Connally's stand-in was not the same size as the Governor. Thus trajectories and angles of fire in the reconstruction are meaningless. Further, even before the members of the Commission had an opportunity to examine the many photographs that were taken at the time of the assassination, pictures were returned to their owners without copies being retained. This seems to be a curious way for the investigative agencies to act if they were serious about conducting an honest investigation. For instance, Mary Moorman, a witness to the assassination, whose first picture shows the sixth floor window of the Texas School Book Depository, was never called as a witness, and the Commission was not interested in her pictures. Other witnesses, Mrs. Muchmore and Orville Nix, took pictures, but their photographs were returned without copies being kept. Another witness, Robert J. Hughes took 8 mm. movies of at the corner of Main and Houston at the time of the assassination. The Hughes film shows no one in the window of the sixth floor of the Depository, the window from which Oswald was supposed to be firing. It also shows the Presidential motorcade at the same time. A single frame from this film appears in the evidence as Exhibit 29 with the caption "Picture was taken moments before assassination." Yet, oddly enough, even this single frame is cropped to exclude material, and the film itself is not in the Archives nor is it in the Commission evidence.

Abraham Zapruder, a Dallas dress manufacturer, was standing on a raised concrete abutment on the grassy knoll facing the Depository, taking pictures of the Presidential motorcade with an 8 mm. Bell and Howell movie camera. Zapruder, unlike any other witness, watched the assassination through a telephoto lens, saw the President get hit, and "grab" his neck. Weisberg astutely points out that Zapruder's testimony indicates that his film had been tampered with, and that Kennedy had been hit before frame 207, before the President began disappearing behind the Stemmons Freeway sign, although any shot before frame 210--according to the FBI--could not have come from the Depository. This means that Oswald, even if he had been in the sixth floor window of the Depository, could not have fired the first shot. Further, Weisberg points out that the Commission used a copy of a copy of the Zapruder film, including blurred slides from it, when the original was available from Life who purchased the film for \$25,000. Recently, Weisberg learned that Zapruder "actually sold the right to suppress his film." Weisberg also calls attention to the fact that frames 208 to 211 were missing from the evidence, that frame 207 "has a bluish alteration," and that frame 212 was spliced. Interestingly, it was the FBI who numbered the frames. In the evidence Zapruder frames 314 and 315 were reversed so that Kennedy's head moves forward instead of backward, giving the impression that he had been hit from behind. Hoover casually explained it as a printing error.

Unlike the members of the Commission who were busy men without adequate time to devote to the assassination, Weisberg employs all 26 volumes of the testimony and evidence, though he complains, and rightly so, about things like Marina Oswald's nail file being entered as evidence. Weisberg has also studied many of the formerly classified documents in the National Archives

that he pressured the government into releasing. The testimony and evidence  
the Warren Commission published is quantitatively tremendous, rarely complete,  
and complex, so that Weisberg's books ought to be studied rather than read.  
They must, however, be read in their order of composition regarding Witz-  
berg, especially in Oswald in New Orleans (with a Foreword by Jim Garrison,  
assuming the reader already knows what pains the FBI and the Secret Service--  
not to mention the CIA--have taken to coverup the greatest secret in the his-  
tory of the United States. When Weisberg tells the detailed story of Oswald  
and the "false Oswald" in New Orleans, it is the inside story of an intricate  
web of associations linked closely with the CIA, from Gordon Novel to Clay  
shaw, David Ferrie, Ricardo Davis, Sergio Arcacha Smith, Carlos Pringle,  
Kerry Thornley, Dean Andrews, and back again to Guy Banister, a former FBI  
agent, who, like so many others linked to the assassination, died in June,  
1963, of a heart attack. It is also in part a story of Garrison's investi-  
gation, headed by the quiet and mild mannered Chief Investigator, Louis Ives,  
whose excellent work on the assassination--aside from <sup>heading</sup> ~~unpublished~~ normal  
investigations of the office--has largely gone unsung because he avoids  
publicity. In fact, after Chief Investigator Ray Beck left the D.A.'s office,  
Louis Ives became Chief Investigator for the Orleans Parish D.A.'s office in  
November, 1966, before William H. Gurvich, Secretary and Treasurer of Mc-  
Intyre's detective agency and night watchman service, volunteered his com-  
plete photographic equipment to Garrison, and made his unsuccessful bid for  
the Chief Investigator's position. Among other things, Weisberg reports on the  
agency's Cuban Revolutionary Council, which has its office in the Orleans Parish  
D.A.'s detective agency, was located at 544 Camp Street, and that  
Oswald had stayed on his "Fair Play for Cuba" committee.

leaflets. Eannister and Arcacha, a former Batista diplomat, were old friends. When Arcacha, Ferris, and Gordon Novel allegedly burglarized the munitions bunker in Houma, Louisiana, they stored the stolen munitions in Eannister's office. Ironically, Arcacha, who has been charged with a bill of information, is under the protection of the Dallas Police and Jack Ruby's old friend, Assistant D.A. Bill Alexander. Kerry Thornley, a former marine buddy of Oswald's, who has been indicted on three counts of perjury, was one of the only two men who claimed Oswald was a communist. The other, Carlos Bringuier, a Cuban attorney, debated Oswald on WDSU. Yet, there is nothing to prove that Oswald was a communist, or even a Marxist. Weisberg points out that Seth Kantor, a long time UPI reporter, noted that Oswald claimed, "I'm just a patsy," and George Meller, a member of the Russian community in Dallas, told the Dallas police that the FBI told him that Oswald was all right. Assistant Counsel Wesley J. Liebler, questioning Oswald's marine buddy, Nelson Delgado, inadvertently made the point that the novel, Animal Farm, a book that Oswald was particularly fond of recommending, was anti-Communist.

There is so much in Weisberg's books that is based on fact, not speculation, that is based on clear sighted analysis, that the only way Washington can tolerate him is to ignore him, and to hope, by applying pressure in the right places, that everyone else will do the same--which may well be one of the reasons why Weisberg had to publish three of these books himself, and why all of the books are difficult to find.

After studying Weisberg's intense and passionate work, Josiah Thompson's Six Seconds in Dallas is enough to make an honest man laugh. It is not a "new study." It is not based on "new evidence." There is nothing original in this work, except, perhaps, a few errors, deliberate distortions and outrageous falsifications--as well as the quiet way in which he does his best to ignore

Weisberg--for example, he footnotes sources based on Weisberg's work instead of citing Weisberg--that leaves one with the impression that Thompson is attempting to salvage Oswald's guilt out of the shipwrecked Warren Commission by admitting a conspiracy and including Oswald in it. His chapter, "Answered and Unanswered Questions" smacks of the Warren Report's "Speculations and Rumors." Thompson remarks that the hole in Kennedy's throat as described by Dr. Malcolm Perry, a Parkland Hospital physician, was "between 3 and 5 millimeters in diameter." He then assumes that the bullet hole as an exit--though Perry described it as an entrance wound--was too small for a 6.5 millimeter, but Thompson's assumption is that the throat wound must be the result of a 6.5 millimeter bullet, and not a smaller bullet. Thus, he reasons that the throat wound is the result of a bone fragment from the head shot that tore through the President's brain and exited through the throat, through his shirt and finally his tie. Yet, Thompson admits the bullet found on the stretcher in the Parkland Hospital appears to be a plant. As a matter of fact, we don't know that a 6.5 millimeter bullet hit the President at all, except for a rifle that had to be repaired, with a scope that had not <sup>been</sup> properly aligned, which the Dallas Police Department found in the Book Depository on the sixth floor. Thompson is assuming that all the assassin's used the same caliber weapon.

Bernard Geis, the publisher, asks the reader to accept the sketches of the Zapruder film--instead of the film itself. As a matter of fact the sketches are not accurate. Thompson proposes that the first shot was a dud, a round that misfired, and that it hit Kennedy in the back. He assumes, of course, that Oswald fired the first shot from the sixth floor window of the Book Depository. There is, however, absolutely nothing to indicate that Kennedy has been hit in the back on the first shot. Weisberg pointed out that Zapruder who was facing the



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Book Depository reported that the assassin fired from behind him--from the grassy knoll. Further, all the evidence indicates that Kennedy is "grabbing" his neck as Zapruder, who was watching the President through a telephoto lens, stated, and that Kennedy is moving backward, not forward. Weisberg explains this very clearly in Whitewash II. Yet, there is other evidence. While Zapruder was taking a movie, Philip L. Willis, a former Air Force major, was taking still shots. A moment after Kennedy was hit with the first shot, Willis took a picture. Both Willis and Zapruder are in each other's pictures with Kennedy between them. Willis testified that the first shot caused him "to squeeze the camera shutter" as the President was hit, "so instantaneous, in fact, that the crowd hadn't time to react." Weisberg points out that in the Willis picture Secret Service Agent Clint Hill's shoulder is almost in the center, and that if one carefully examines Zapruder frame 202, one will find "Clint Hill's shoulder is in it, and in the right place, on the line between Zapruder and Willis." Consequently, the moment of the first shot can be calculated by the line between Zapruder and Willis, which means that Kennedy was hit prior to frame 202. Weisberg remarks that Zapruder testified, "I heard the first shot and saw the President lean over and grab himself . . ." Zapruder could not have seen the President grab his neck while the sign was between them." Both Thompson and the Commission held that Kennedy had been hit while he was behind the sign, and after frame 210--so that the first shot could have come from the sixth floor window of the Depository. Further, if one plots the bullet mark on the Main Street curb, known as the "Tague shot" because James Tague was wounded in the cheek, and the four inch scar, a half inch wide, made in the sidewalk, known as the "Aldredge miss," since Eugene Aldredge complained to the FBI that he disagreed with the Commission on the single assassin theory, even on Thompson's chart

(which misplaces the Tague shot) one can easily see the impossibility of his theory. Thompson's explanation of the Tague shot requires a high pop-up bullet that at the end of its trajectory has sufficient energy to hit the curb with the force necessary to spray concrete and wound a man--after it hit Kennedy in the head--which makes it sound like another magic bullet. With Aldredge, Thompson requires an abrupt new trajectory at a right angle--after doing a great deal of damage inside Connally--where the bullet still has enough force to gouge concrete for four inches. The most spectacular discoveries in Six Seconds, however, are not Thompson's discoveries at all. He says (p. 9), without a footnote, that on the Life blowups he saw "enough evidence to prove that Connally had " been hit at frame 237-8 without crediting this discovery to Raymond Marcus who noticed this in the spring, 1965, although he later admits (p. 71) that Marcus "first discovered the shoulder collapse in the spring of 1965" (p. 81, n. 7). Weisberg discovered the double-hit-head shot in April, 1966, not in the autumn of 1966 as Thompson's footnote (p. 112, n. 2).proclaims.

There are a host of other errors. It was not Salandria who "discovered the Commission's account of the assassination was fraught with misrepresentation" (viii), it was Harold Weisberg. Thompson erroneously claims that Dallas patrolman Hargis is "dismounting" from his motorcycle in the photograph taken by Wilma Bond, a witness to the assassination, who is not mentioned a single time in the hearings, and whose picture was not entered into the evidence. It is not Hargis, it is motorcycle patrolman Jackson, ~~THOMPSON CLAIMS~~ who is not "dismounting," as even a casual glance at the photograph will show. Thompson claims that, aside from the photographers Robert Jackson and Malcolm Couch, neither of whom saw the rifle being fired, "four witnesses declared in sworn affidavit or testimony that they saw the rifle being fired from the depository." As a matter of fact, no one saw a rifle being fired, not even Brennan, the Commission's star

witness. The testimony of the other three witnesses Thompson cites is interesting. Mrs. C. Walther saw two men, one of whom had a rifle, "on either the fourth or fifth floor." James Worrell "saw a man run out the back of the depository shortly after the shooting," but the man "was wearing a sport or suit ~~suit~~ jacket, possible brown." Amos Euins, who identified the rifle as a kind of "pipe", told Sergeant Harkness of the Dallas Police that the man he had seen was a Negro. More serious, however, Thompson cites Dr. Robert McClelland, one of the Parkland physicians, in support of his theory, but editorially excludes the statement that the "cause of [Kennedy's] death was due to massive head and brain injury from a gunshot wound of the left temple" [6H30], because this statement destroys Thompson's theory. Thompson, like the FBI, crops pictures, cutting off relevant material which does not suit ~~him~~ his argument. The most salient instance--there are several--is the use of the cropped version of Associated Press news photographer, James W. Altgens, though Weisberg had printed it in Whitewash II. The uncropped picture shows the exact position of Kennedy's car at the moment of the first shot. There is a man standing in the doorway of the School Book Depository in this picture, an enlargement of which bears a striking resemblance to Oswald--or Billy Lovelady, a co-worker at the Depository. Because of the shadows, not to mention the background, the FBI should have taken, and probably would have if it were interested, a photograph of Billy Lovelady in the doorway at the same time of day. Admittedly, except for the chin, the face appears to be Lovelady's; but the shirt the man in the doorway is wearing is not the one Lovelady claimed to be wearing--a broad striped red and white shirt, buttoned near the neck--nor is it the one in which the FBI photographed him wearing--a broad striped red and white shirt, buttoned near the neck. Thompson crops the enlargement and the mug shots of Oswald and Lovelady

so that the shirts cannot be compared. The man in the doorway is clearly wearing Oswald's shirt, unbuttoned to the chest. Whether or not Oswald is wearing his own shirt is another matter. But not to include those shirts is in point of fact dishonest. The only virtue of Six Seconds in Dallas is Dr. Wecht's "Critique of President Kennedy's Autopsy," a subject which Weisberg had already discussed in Whitewash I and II. Wecht indicates that Hume, Boswell, and Finck were unqualified to do the autopsy, and that the X-rays may reveal a bullet still in John F. Kennedy's body.

In the last analysis Weisberg's books represent step by step a lucid but complex account of the character of the invisible government, where peace means war and loyalty to a government agency is more important than loyalty to one's nation, where rule by fear must necessarily destroy any semblance of freedom. Perhaps the "company man" had moved into government--where even Congressmen give up their right to be wrong--the right of every man to knowledge. There is no question that we need an intelligence agency, but there is a real question whether or not we need the Central Intelligence Agency in its present form, which allows a nation to thrive on the illusion of freedom.

*I've got  
more to do  
I'll wait until I can  
be a longer letter*

23 June 1968

Dear Harold,

I just got back--about 12 hours ago--(it is actually 1 AM the 24th) from Chicago. My folks took four of the kids for the summer--or a part of the summer. So I am back, and start teaching again in seven hours.

*2 weeks*

I'm fairly certain that I can find a place for you to stay for next week--not this week--that is, the week beginning 1 July. I teach five days a week during the summer, from 8 to 10:40 AM. The rest of my time is spent here in the apartment, writing and working, etc. My thoughts are not at all clear, not at all. I've had the flu, and still have it--I'm sort of played out, week. If you can wait for another week, I'm sure that I can get you a place. But tomorrow morning, I can ask a number of people ~~is~~ up at Loyola if they can get you a place. If that isn't okay, then I'll just keep hunting around. Sure, I can find something.

God, yes! I am in the Warren Commission. I know. I read the testimony of Bob Bienvenu. No one called on me. No one asked me to corroborate his testimony, and the horrible thing about it is that Bienvenu's testimony looks as if he stayed alone with me. He failed to mention that my wife and five kids were in the apartment; further, part of that testimony is perjured: if you met Bob Bienvenu--a great guy, no doubt--you'd know he was homosexual within three minutes. The only thing we agreed on was that the ass is attractive, but we disagreed on genres. But he did tell Rochelle Estrin, who told me, that he had seen Ruby in one of the queer bars in New Orleans. I got a kick out of the way the Feebees accepted his denial. No wonder they weren't able to accomplish anything. I'm surprised they didn't accept Ruby's word he didn't shoot Oswald. Anyway, Tom Betnal brought that to my attention, and I talked to Louis about it.

1  
I've got  
mine to  
I'll wait until I  
a long letter

At any rate, I was ticked off no end about it. (Am I mentioned some place else?  
Because I gave no statements because I wasn't asked.)

I want to thank you for the corrections on the review. What I wrote about  
your books I sincerely believe. I have not tried to flatter you; you are thus  
far about the only honest writer on the subject. (Which is precisely why everyone  
one is really trying to shut you out.) The review, by the way, was only supposed  
to be 3 or 4 pages long; my Chairman, Tom Preston, was really thrilled with the  
review—with a draft—and made suggestions (for clarities sake) so that I had  
to lengthen it. It was about 8 pages when he read it. But it liked the hell out  
of it, and thinks that it should cause a little bit of a stir. I hope so. When  
the editors hand it back to me with whatever corrections they may have, I'll  
change the address and make the other corrections. But it was lots of fun  
writing, and I hope more people begin reading you.

Literary and scholarly theivery are not really universal—it's just that  
when one deals with so many students, that one is not surprised to find the  
scholarly world doing the same thing. It is shocking in one sense; and in another  
it is not. I am still a believer in Original Sin, and the corruption  
of man. But, with St. Augustine, I think that all men are liars but that one  
should neither love them nor shun them the less. And some men are much weaker  
than others; and we all have our own weaknesses. I simply grew up in an atmosphere  
at Tulane that believed in honesty and in integrity and in honor. But  
the students, even at Loyola, don't believe in that. Virtue, it seems, is only  
something to parade if and when it adds to your bank account or to your status.  
Morality is equated with keeping your pants zipped. Maybe I am guilty of moral  
superiority, though that is a joke. I just cannot equate morality with a zipped  
up fly.

On NEW ORLEANS in New Orleans—it is the editor's job to make corrections.  
Canyon should have done that. Or—they should have had someone go over the  
galley sheets with you. That is not your fault as much as it is theirs. But all  
that is pedantry. When I re-read it, I think it is a much better job—after  
reading Whitewash I, II. Anyway, it is close to 2 AM, and I have a lecture to  
go over for this morning: I hope I either see you or hear from you soon. I'm  
going to whip this over to the P.O. so that it gets out with the 5:30 mail.

Sincerely

John Joerg