

10/31/72 Last night I used the Craig to tape for fun, for the first time, and we both enjoyed a replay before retiring. In fact, I enjoyed the program so much I forgot to watch for the half-hour point. It was highlighted in the paper as a show on New Orleans jazz. It was more one on one musician, shown throughout.

Old-fashioned jazz has been one of my hangups since youth. I suppose intellectuals today would call this a bit decadent. Also, real folk music, not today's whining and incomprehensible groaning which for the most part, as I've heard it, has been monotonous. With some exceptions.

Someplace I have original pressings of what should be collectors items today, even Jellyroll Morton, Pinetop Smith, names I haven't heard for years.

So, I laid work on the "day papers aside to look and listen. Lil listened while she worked, but the sound had to travel too far for real enjoyment. That's why we listened to it again later, this time with me working, where the sound didn't have to travel as far, Lil sitting in front of the Craig reading.

She chided me gently for the intensity of my work in "ew Orleans, for I never indulged this "cultural" taste there. In fact, only three times did I hear such music there. More, and I look back on this with particular regret, I declined Dean Andrews' invitation to join him in a jam session the night of the first Saturday in November 1967. He said a cat was coming down from Cincinnati to blow a hot horn with him.

There is a copy of Preservation Hall, or was, on Bourbon Street. It was called Dixieland Hall. I went there to talk to Kerry "hornley's mentor, a boozier, former reporter, farright ego-ridden nut of the kind who'd attract "hornley. I picked up good leads that Garrison never followed. One, which he denied to me, is that "ean Andrews had brogught Lee Harvey Oswald to the Hall. The manager told me that, true or false. If true, it is a different Andrews-Oswald relationship than testified to.

The second place, not known for its jazz, sounded best to me, a bar, the Club Toulouse, in a hotel at Toulouse and I think Bourbon. That was an unusual thing. The owner had a N.O. jazz combo on Sundays, set off by black religious singers. I don't know if you know how close the two kinds of music are, the root of the jazz in the indigenous religious. But even today some of the religious singers would not have an association with liquor, so the entire group did not appear at the bar, despite the compensation to the church. The owner had heard this group singing on the street and propositioned them. I went there to keep an appointment with a source and was pleasantly surprised at the music. Except that the drinks were \$1.50 each.

The last was the time of my very last work in N.O. before the Shaw trial. Sciambra, who was both lazy and without self-confidence in such matters, asked me to interview Jaffe, manager of Preservation Hall, about some time Sciambra had gotten. It could have been important. I was leaving town the next day, already ticketed. It was a cool night for N.O., a busy one at Preservation Hall, and I waited and waited for the manager, who never came because he had the flue. Short conversation with his wife and others, who included more good leads never followed. And I took in some of the music. Of course, I couldn't help hearing it outside the small hall. The players were all old.

E. Lorenz Borenstein, Larry, Trotsky's nephew and a wealthy Quarter entrepreneur, owns Preservation Hall, among many properties. Barbara Reed, a sort of non-malevolent right-wing Madam LaFarge of the Quarter, appears to have some basis for her claim that Larry stole Preservation Hall from her. In her strange bathroom in the strange, ground-floor apartment on St. ~~St~~ Philip near Decature, probably a home once rebuilt into a store and then re-converted, she had the Governor's official blessing made out to her for starting this museum to the past, the original concept.

Larry also owns the Vaucresson Creole Cafe, around the corner from this Hall. He is always busy. He was immediately injected into the assassination investigation but a right-wing CIAer treated extensively in COUP but out of FRAME-UP, William George Gaudet, for an innocent reason, but as part of the spontaneous and non spontaneous right-wing effort to make the whole thing look like a red plot. Larry had sold Jack Ruby a painting years earlier. Had it not been for Tom Bethell I'd have been onto this earlier and onto it deeper. He had been asked to do this by Garrison, gotten nowhere, and Jim had asked me to look into the nutty part only, the false lead by Gaudet, some link between Ruby and Larry. Tom, a friend of Larry, was so indignant I figured I'd better leave it alone, with all the other things to do. After some information on Gaudet and his activities was accumulated, I didn't have time.

It is not impossible that Larry knows what he has not disclosed. He surely knows everybody. When I was last there, also a bad time for talking to him, I was interested in what even Mary thinks he may know first-hand, getting hot money, bonds, etc., into Mexico. He keeps his family there. They were coming the next day. This time I had a former right-wing kid with me. He was driving me around, had been helpful as a source on the right. Larry and I were just getting down to talking when Bethell came in, looking as dirty as ever, untidy, and what he had not, haggard, hollow-eyed. I didn't leave town on that trip, 11/71, for some days, but never found Larry again, not with his family back in town for a holiday, Thanksgiving. He just wasn't seen at any of his businesses and I wasted time trying to find him. Mary is an old friend of Larry's, from her youth. I went to Dallas from N.O., spent Thanksgiving with Mary and Buck Ferrell, and both believed Larry had the knowledge I sought. Buck was in a position to know, too. He was friends with some of the Marcello people from his youth in the Quarter and had been importuned to go to work for them in legitimate businesses because they felt they could trust him, that he'd not skim. They were right. Buck would not have, and he is a good businessman, despite lack of education.

The hearing of the music I used to like so reminded me of these things of which I wanted to make skimpy notes for possible future use. Don't know if it interests you. The wheels within wheels in New Orleans have never turned as they should have because there was never anyone to turn them. I never really had the time. Every time I moved them, they took me some place I should have gone. Almost never nowhere. Almost nobody would not talk. Even enemies. N.O. is that kind of place. Those you'd expect to be unhelpful were helpful. Aside from time, biggest problem was Garrison and his and his people's incompetence and initially the time it took to be polite to him.

It helped to have no interest in Shaw!