

7/3/68, 6 a.m.

Visiting Godfrey's mother yesterday morning was a fortunate improvisation with the most pleasant and unpredictably incongruous result: I am living in the quarters formerly used by a number of characters in the story, the slave quarters at 1740 Jackson St.

Where Jane and Barbara slept, I slept last night, the profanities they addressed to Godfrey neatly and smoothly painted over, for the entire charming apartment has been done over, brightly and well.

The ceilings are about 10 feet high. The bedroom has an air conditioner. While the bathroom is and stays hot, that is less informtable than it might be, for there is no hot water, the heater having exploded and been removed. There is no refrigerator, though there are glasses, wine decanter set, paintings and tapestries on the walls, a profusion of attractive brass and copper objects (as there is in the house itself), the furniture is good and pleasing to the eye, and every room has a fireplace with bricks rising to disappear into the ceiling. The books are soft and the arch in the living-room fireplace ~~xxxx~~ has begun to crumble, as though eaten off in the middle. Some of the internal bricks are down.

There are lamps everywhere, attractive ones, too--except by the head of the comfortable bed. Without improvisation, no bedtime reading.

If the nights are like the first, this will be no loss, for I was too sleepy to read more than the few pages of "The Accidental President" I scanned in the living room before my eyes closed.

While we were chatting in the morning and I was explaining my plans, saying that I hoped to get to see Godfrey but didn't know when I could make the trip, for it depended on other things, like how my limited cash lasted. Mrs. Kirpatrick then said that I could use the apartment until the 15th if I'd like. I said I'd like, depending on the cost. She said there would be no charge, but that the violinist who had engaged it wanted it that day. I assured her I'd be happy and would accept.

During other chores, I got several messages from Deyahn. I had already decided to bring the two women together. In the morning Mrs. K told me she had neither met nor heard of Deyahn. Deyahn had several times told me she had never met Godfrey's mother. In fact, she had never said she had been in the house, despite the accurate accounts and locating of it.

So, when I returned Deyahn's call from the gas station across Broad Avenue from R Garrison's office in the 90-plus heat of the rush-hour afternoon, I told her I had a surprise for her. I picked her up 4:20 and rove to John's, to pick up my baggage.

Certain she'd never guess my intentions, I asked her if she had any idea where we were going, where I was taking her.

"Godfrey's mother."

No hint from me, no hesitation from her, and the only person I'd mentioned

having seen Mrs. Kirkpatrick to was Louis, in the privacy of his office - and "il, by phone.

Fantastic!

Entranced as I have so often been by that mind, this one astounded me. There had been but a single hint, when she had asked me where we were going. I had indicated her question about a man was not appropriate. Pretty good analysis, especially because I had made no reference to Godfrey.

We stopped at John's to pick my things up. He was half crooked and pooped, but because the Val-a -Pak would not fit inside the Fiat, and the front trunk would cramp a box of cigars, he drove along to carry the bag. After a Scotch around we left with me in such excitement I forgot my robe and jacket. ~~John's~~ Deyahn later I retrieved the robe but forgot the jacket.

Mrs. K was in the slave quarters, on a stepladder in the bedroom banging on something when we arrived and made our way through the house looking for her. A woman friend and neighbor was doing the planked living-room floors for her, in the main house, and told us she was in the back someplace.

John "AAAAhed" as we walked into the living room. Deyahn, to whom I had told the story of the good fortune and the violinist, told Mrs. K. that she was returning to school in the fall and made an immediate proposition for the space when the violinist vacated it, and we had a Scotch to celebrate (for John, this meant getting his own bed back. He had twice used the floor.)

It was natural for pointed conversation to get started immediately. It took no probing and prodding, I just had to get it started and it flowed. I finally got the tape recorder out for about the last hour of it, after John, slack-jawed and tired, had left.

They talked about parties, and Deyahn was right. They talked about tenants, and Deyahn knew more than Mrs. K. For example, when Mrs. K had said that someone had worked for Shell Oil (I think whether Roger Williams or Don Arken, which brings Deyahn here about 1964, or when she was about 17) Deyahn corrected.

"It was Shell Oil Development, and Shell Oil had nothing to do with it. Quite a hassle when they learned we were using their name. It was one of a number of business fronts we operated." She had earlier told me on one in which she was, and here she said how she had tried to fleece it to recoup \$800 the CIA had caused her to lose from her own bank account. It was an art company whose credit card she flashed on me. Without pretended modesty (if true) she announced. "I ran the only CIA business front in New Orleans that made a profit!"

After John left, the women walked around the quarters, Deyahn asking if a soda hadn't been here, a chair there. Her recollection of the arrangements from several years back was precise.

Mrs. K later told me she thought the reason she hadn't met Deyahn is that she declined the invitations to the parties. She told Deyahn and me, just before we left at 8, that when Jane and Barbara (Brehm) had moved in Godfrey had overheard

one tell the other, "If you don't want him I do."

Mrs. K. declined my invitation that she join us for a snack and I had Deyahn home not much after 8:30. John was asleep when I stopped for the robe, and I forgot the jacket. Mrs. K joined me for a drink on my return. She likes Deyahn, finding her warm and bright, and is delighted that she has agreed to go to Jackson with me tomorrow. I cautioned her against false hopes. Deyahn had already said she was not certain Godfrey would recognize her. (Strange, she had given me a knowing glance when Mrs. K had mentioned another Kirkpatrick, saying what took me back to a five a.m. visit in April, the day after Good Friday, "And Dan Weiss")

Wide, large Indonesian-style modern woven chair, much white-painted old wrought iron, in large patio and inside. Two large shutters stand against side double-doors, none patio side. Key lost from side door. Mrs. K. had gotten a padlock and installed it on patio doors (outside doors double, each narrow).

While she was casing the joint, which she did, promptly, while Mrs. K had returned to her house for ice, Deyahn had figured out for me how to make the patio door secure-it worked- and promised "one of our travel-locks" for the side or front one. On the way how, she volunteered she'd get me an issue attache case, with its special locks. 15-20 foot banana plants outside patio doors. Mrs. K wonders why Jim has done nothing about many charges (all or mostly bad checks) against Jerome, who disappeared two weeks ago. She fears his return and wonders how she'll get rid. Plenty towels, sheets, no soap.

Patio soft lights all night. Bathroom 12-15 feet, June Esquire on cocktail table ("Somebody Has New Orleans by the Throat") and the Winter-Spring 1968 Paris Review atop stack magazines including Hoke May's "New Orleans".

Morning in large living room main house, large enough for two big walls. Serious books built-in shelves inside wall, from Shakespeare to "Inside the CIA", a number on German problem, no trash.

Mrs. K had suggested when I left that I see Maude Ellen Farrar, who is at 2419 Chestnut, in the area. Maude Ellen's mother announced on returning to the door that the daughter was busy preparing herself for a job interview. I'd return. Mrs. K later said she always is and is never getting. 899-9912. Mrs. Stamps Farrar

Story of men connected with assassination Godfrey saw 11/24/63 is three. Could it be the Ferris trip, who should by then have been back in N.O.?

Godfrey California friend, first trip, Indian Billy Rau, pro-Castro. Tried to get G, to fight for.

When G got California first time, checked into Beverly Wilshire and was soon playing tennis with Walter Pidgeon, other celebrities. Got part "Rebel With a Cause" but cracked up and didn't do. May have been tryout for. Years later, Rau phoned.

Godfrey about 20 first trip.

Told her of being at dinner party for Onasis in N.O. Shaw there?

Spoke of Marcello. Asked Jerone how he is. Spoke of Orsini family. Spoke of Armsby Gore as though well connected and to get favors.

Mrs. K went to Seattle several weeks ago, leaving collection his papers behind sofa. Gone on return.

When she saw Godfrey he said he'd like to meet me. He was old-looking, bent over, plasiad.

Jimmy Lavender, whose brother Carlos had lived with Godfrey and whose father had been head of Jackson Hosp., used to sign at Cosimo's

Maude Ellen had written from Hollywood saying she'd protect Godfrey from Lavender boys.

Godfreybused to go with Bounbon Street stripper Jackie Blaine.

Had been in play at Gallery Circle. Taming Shrew. In N.O, movie. Had had apt Metairie 1956. Maude Ellen has said she had spent night with him.

He once made Texas trip some man, hitch-hiked back, looking awful.

XShe thinks he "may have been anonymously giving tip."

Honeymoon in Mexico. He went to Hollywood, Maude Ellen returning. She was five months pregnant and had taken her time in the wedding to get all the parties in and collect "all the loot".

Sam Fisher-Hayes, Texas oil tycoon, friend Maude Ellen.

Married in home of relation of Chep Marriosa (aun?), also related Boggs.

McEver married daughter Admiral Charbonier.

Godfrey once told her he was possessed by devils but had freed himself.

EddieButler school friend Godfrey. Donald Coleman, Butler's best friend, showed up last summer and asked questions. Butker's brother godfather one of Coleman children

Butler chissled, used to borrow money from girls.

Palace man who lived here: "Picked up a guy today who said he is CIA. He lives in a burned-out house." She asked him to get record for me. He told her it had been destroyed.

Named Richardson as man by whom Godfrey said he had been adopted. Mother hen? D Morris, Salvage?
on tape identified an Englishman who had been fired there and was used inside US only. Godfrey once checked himself into Charity Hospital as Richardson.

Deyahn used to write left-handed, Uncle changed, hence her style penmanship.

John Dotd gave Godfrey-Maude Ellen pre-nuptial party. Shaw there?

Boatmans also. Ditto?

Ed Baldwin-"Jim Garrison most dangerous man in U.S."

Perry Brown, social arbiter, friend Godfrey.

Maude Ellen necrophile. Broeken tombstone tea table, with human skull on it.

Don Allena and Roger Williams arrested when they lived slave quarters, Story in palers about a rrest, of men in woman's clothes. Friend Maude Ellen's cousin, Buddy Andrew Stewart.

Maude Ellen visits Baldwin's Woods Plantation home, Biloxi (Shaw?) They lost sugar fortune Cuba. Someone with her had been schoolmate Castro's, writing book on him. Is she close to Latin-American community?

Part of her family Bringer. Mrs. K. points out close to Bringer. She hangs out at "gin Mill" on Decatur. Godfrey went there with her.

Dr. Steele at Jackson. 39C

"The Cottage", near Baton Rouge. Company? Incident there strange to her. Asked Deuahn, who said if there is a farm behind it with an air strip, yes. There was. Mrs. K had seen large radio there, owned by vice-president Zenith, which she quotes "Invisible Government" as saying was used by ~~XXXXX~~ CIA. In school house. Men there knew Jerome's name without introduction, deferred to him.

In California Godfrey lived with Paula and Jack Kramer. He played piano at "Purple Onion". She thinks this may be where G. learned play piano. G in Hollywood 1954 and briefly 1958

Godfrey met ~~Dr.~~ Dr. Gammon at home of Mrs. Hamilton Folk Jones, socialite and entertainer "fruit". It is Rafferty who phoned for gun. She told him to ask Garrison for it, that he would be very interested in talking to him.

Mrs. K. told me I have special voodoo blessing. When she cleaned excess paint from slatted bedroom doors she found such a friendly voodoo mark on it.

Deyahn had two good stories, one of which I got only i part, having to do with the careful transportaion and scrapping off of something of microdots in a special code. When translator they all said "fuck you, CIA". Another has to do with her being shadowed by men in cab. She stopped her and got out, got in their and said, "No point in us both spending money".

Mrs. K. left dogs in patio all night. She said they'd bark at the slightest disturbance or intrusion (small terrier, smaller, nondescript, Pekingese size.

Quiet here, only motorcycles being heard over air conditioner.

John says Spartacus group meets next block.

8:15, hungry, no sign life main house, chez and chairs patio inviting but already pretty warm. More comfortable inside. Mrs. K was to go through attic early this morning and we were to go over any remaining Godfrey papers until and if D phoned,

Old Brass spittoon middle living-room planked, white-painted floor, apt.

Bottom drawer ~~xxxxx~~ bedroom chest has number white shirts, laundry mark 26111, initialed JER, sport shirts 43215, 30117, 16208, 16205, different type. 15 1/2-4. Shorts dark plaids. Top drawer, long white sweat sox, next bottom dark women's underwear, next top, white T shirts.