

Dear STIs (pl),

2/27/73

Lil introduced a new concept into the Dione mystery as I was driving her to work this a.m. So, with no mail requiring answer and having had a few minutes to think of it while driving home, before getting into other work, I present that remote possibility and some background I think I've never given you, if I've ever recorded it. This gets to the beginning of my belated understanding of Garrison, too.

I had asked Lil if she'd had any further thoughts and said I did hope that none of the allegedly missing letters came today. Lil said that in some ways it was almost like a kind of Manchurian Candidate situation. What she had in mind was programming, not violence, for Dione has had a couple of opportunities to inflict physical hurt if she had so desired. We spent three or four no-sex nights together.

I first heard of her from Barbara Reid on a night that was the perfect representation of the professionalism of Garrisonian incompetence in straight police work, on my 11/67 trip to N.O., coinciding with the appearance of O in N.O. The detectives were worried because they had gotten two rumors, one of a hit to be made on me and another of an FBI raid. Lynn Loisel met me at the airport, drove me to the 'Eleau and then stalled in the coffee shop with me until they had connecting rooms. Naturally, under these circumstances, they gave me the exposed room, the one giving onto the black back of the wing that flanks the noisy expressway and freight yards. They took the courtyard one for themselves. They registered me under some name I don't remember. The dick or I was Anthony Dunne. I had wanted to interview Barbara alone because of what I'd gotten from here in April. I arranged for a shift of babysitters you may find unlikely. Jack "razler" (Quorem Club, where LHO had been and Howie Cohen's partner) and Morris Brownlee, Ferrie's godson and part of the Sheridan deal of that time. The room had been wired with a spike mike that was tested and worked well, and an FM bug was installed despite my protests not at bugging myself but because of its insane method. It could not work except in my presence and it was so situated that I couldn't turn it on unobtrusively. Their "expert" insisted on taping it to the underside of a chair. I wanted to wear it. Can you imagine turning such a gadget on without being obvious if you have to reach under a chair to move the switch? It would have been no sweat to wear and manipulate unseen and the aerial was short enough so that a sleeve would have hidden it, or a pants leg. But the spike mike produced clear sound. They had a radio for the bug and two tape recorders, one for each.

They then had a nice vacation, shifts living in that room, looking at TV and partying. I kind of liked their room and next time I was there asked for and got it.

Barbara was a kind of Madam LaFarge of the French Quarter, was loaded with all kinds of information and misinformation. Knowing it was all being recorded I made only enough notes to seem legit. We chatted for some hours. I'd made arrangements for Loisel to take a cue from what he heard and to call me as though he were just in the neighborhood. After several such cues there was silence, so I have to keep things going past the point of stopping. This was the night Layton Martens phoned to ask me to cop a plea for him, that I found Jack Martin hurrying away from my door when I heard something brush against it. Should have been a very good tape, thought I. Finally, Loisel did call and I pretended, of course, that he was farther away than the other side of the connecting door. I asked if he could stop by and give me a little taxi service, and would be about 15 minutes. He came at the appointed time. I asked him to take us to Dixieland Hall, where Barbara had agreed to introduce me to Clint Bolton so I could explain to him how Kerry might be getting himself into needless trouble. You are probably familiar with Bolton's distorted version of that. All I had said was that Thornley could have the literary rights, that I considered it possible ~~that~~ he had knowledge the meaning of which he had no way of knowing, that it was inevitable that Garrison would be coming to him, and that I believed it he would talk to me that could be obviated. That innocent. I also blundered into much of value, some of dubious value but well worth checking at Dixieland (one example, Sean Adreus had taken LHO there--two witnesses). We then drove Barbara home and arranged to get together in the a.m. to listen to the tape. We did. It was all incomprehensible noise! What had happened to make the malfunction I never knew, but I do know the detectives were paying no attention to their work, were looking at TV and having fun. When I got in with Barbara

they knew without the mike picking it up. They could hear my door open and close. They knew my plans, dinner with Barbara and Hoke may in the dining room. All they did when they heard me was check the meter to see if they had a decent level. They never knew of what!

I remember now how I finally got them to call me. When I went after Jack Martin, I returned to the room, warned Barbara to keep the door shut until she heard my voice, and then, instead of having Jack, walked around the end of the wing and knocked on the detectives' door and told them!

So, we had nothing on tape. They spent hours trying to lift out phrases and couldn't even do that. I told Jim the essence, and he was quite excited. If 90% of what I got was worthless, the other 10%, at the beginning of an investigation, was rich.

One of the things that I found interesting was the story of this incorrigible girl who had made one or more recent trips across Lake Pontchartrain with Layton Martens (separate, independent confirmation from Dione) later). This girl claimed to have been at a training camp and to have seen Oswald and others there (same later from Dione - and if I don't believe it and didn't then, she gave me the most precise description of a real camp of which I do now have pictures). Knowledge of Ferrie which could have been a combination of falsehood and embellishment of what had been published by Layton and/or this girl had brought back hidden pictures (exactly what Dione later said, if also dubious).

Jim said all of this was well worth looking into, made detailed notes as I tried to remember without much by way of notes myself.

I think it was 2/68 when I was next in N.O. It turned out that he had looked into none of these things, not one. So, I undertook to do it myself, for my main interests were not Shaw and that garbage of the Russo plot but Oswald, Ferrie, the camps and Cubans, etc. I had long before this learned that Bringuier had at least lied and probably perjured. And I had turned sources on that aspect on and wanted to work with them more. I may have notes that will give a more exact chronology, and I have tapes and notes on all my initial interviews with Dione. I recall it was through her then boyfriend, not Barbara, that I turned her on. BF was to arrange to take her to Barbara's, then contrive a reason for leaving to call me so Dione would not hear him call, and was to have given her a run-down on me in advance. He pretended the need for cigarettes. I had just gotten in when he called. I had been on the town that night with Orestes Pena in his purple, air-conditioned Cadillac. He was half drunk. We'd been to such places as the Playboy Club (with the late Leander Perez) and hourly of so rushed to one of his bars for him to pick up the money. He was drunk enough so I figured we'd better knock it off, so I said I had much notes to type up (always true), and we went back to the 'Bleau for a nightcap when Jack the BF called. I grabbed my attache case and tape recorder and we dashed off. I do mean dash, too. Orestes is a good and careful driver, but he took Tulane at about 50. We got to Barbara's very fast. He parked under a streetlight in the only empty space, near the corner of Chartres, and we went in. All I hoped to do was turn Dione on, but I was prepared for more. We just chatted, no notebook, no tape recorder on, for a couple of hours. She seemed satisfied and we made a date for the next evening after dinner at Barbara's. When Orestes and I left his was the only car in the block with all its new tires slashed!

The next night, having made arrangements for Moo to join me there, I kept the date. There was an endless procession of undesirable, Layton Martens, Jack Burnside (friend of Thornley's), a woman whose name escapes me who had applied for a job with the CIA and others, so fending them off and keeping them out was a separate, major project. There sure was curiosity about what I was up to. It was never ever equalled. Moo never came and never returned my subterfuge calls. I kept questioning Dione until close to two a.m., when, in the phrase she was later to use, she just zonked out. She was in the soundest sleep on ~~Barbara's~~ Barbara's couch when Moo finally came. I had show her a long series of identification pictures. She had made precise and correct identifications of all the relevant ones, more, I was and am confident than could have been possible for the closest following of the papers. All the obscure ones, too. And she didn't go for a single one of the bad ones thrown in to cross up. Impressive.

Moo had just finally gotten there when Matt called me from Memphis. I had just started to tell Moo about these alleged pictures, what I'd wanted him to go after with

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her and me as soon as she told me about them. I'd expect to stop for the night at that point. With the call from Matt, in Frame-Up, in which he asked me to get to a clear phone so I could make some notes, I took the tape recorder instead, down to the French Quarter Bar across from Cafe du Monde at St. Philip and Decatur, with B.F. to block the phone booth, and I taped what Matt played to me by phone. When I got back it was much too late to think of going anywhere, so we just listened to Matt's stuff.

Dione really turned on or gave an Oscar performance. I can't be certain of the sequence of nights, but there were these two. One she'd left Barbara's in great anger (she had a Honda, yellow and loud) something after 2 a.m. A little before 5 a.m. my phone rang and she told me to get decent, she'd be there in less than a half hour. I think that was Good Friday morning. I showed, shaved and dressed. In less than a half hour there was this strange noise in the courtyard. Heard a motorcycle inside the courtyard at about 5 a.m. was unusual. Then the knock at my door and there she was. Flat-chested as she is, she sure could hide things there. The Moo night at Barbara's she had one derringer, invisible, in what in others is the cleavage, another somewhere in her jeans. This morning I decided she had to be on some upper because she was so wide awake so short a time after I'd seen her. Among the things she withdrew from the cleavage is a color picture of what appears to be the TSED! It is a fake, but an excellent one. It fooled Garrison. Now this was an original print, not a printed one from a book or magazine. I still have it. I'll skip the rest of what she produced. We chatted for a while while she told me a cock and bull story of her night's adventures (but great for a novel of the Girl Spy and her trusty Honda). When the dining room opened at 6 or 7 we went over for breakfast, the only time I ever left my attache case behind. When we got back there was some photographic stuff I'd never seen before. It looked like 15mm frame holders. I later gave them to Ivon.

By this time the tapes were accumulating too much. She was willing enough to talk, so I started to type what she was saying. She came over closer to see what I was typing at the dresser. There was only this one straight chair, on which I was sitting, legs spread because there was no place to put them. She sat on the right one and dictated. No sex, just like a daughter might have. I was typing these notes when, at about 9 or 10, the phone rang. I had interrupted long enough to take color pictures of her and her Honda, which was still parked at my window, where she had first parked it. Ivon was on the phone. He appeared to know she was with me. He asked us to come over for coffee. Alcock was with him and it was Good Friday, a Big Day down there and especially for Alcock, as Moo told me later. Garrison, as I then did not know, had told them both to do this, despite my having told him she was uncertain about finding the camp and my plan to just keep talking to see what came back to her mind. She was only 17 at the time of the assassination. She and I were both reluctant to go hunting for the camp because she made clear she was not certain she remembered enough. They insisted, so we did. We did find the landmarks she had told me about, but instead of telling her to tell them to turn off on any shell road that seemed familiar, they just wandered around. The orientation I had gotten was from her walking, not driving, and it later stacked up 100%. The one thing that kept this from being a total waste was that it cued me in on the area for when I went there without her or any Garrison's my next trip, when I found about as much as I could have expected to, probably much more.

This was the time she blew Alcock's mind by asking him, when we got to his car, "What are you doing with so-and-so's car?" She named a big pusher, correctly. Alcock had been assigned this confiscated Lincoln, about which she proceeded to give him great detail a out where stuff had been hidden in it.

The sequence is in focus now that I think about it. That night. Good Friday night, or the next one, Saturday night, she returned well before dark with Jack. I was in the room typing notes of other work, on the Cubans and Bringuier. I invited them to have drinks, ordered them, and we sat in the pleasant evening near the room and one of the three pools on outdoor furniture I'd collected from near the pools, just talking and drinking. She excused herself to go to the bathroom. When she didn't return Jack went in to take a look. She was sound asleep, fully dressed on the bed. Jack and I spent the night drinking and talking. He was one of those interesting cats who just quit the world

for New Orleans, where the livin' was easy. Much older than she. Bright, good education, no concerns. When the electric company made a mistake and cut his current off, he did nothing for three months, although he had paid the bill and had a receipt! He just lived by candle-light. He clerked in a large bookstore.

After a while he and I were the only ones outside. It got pretty late. We discussed what to do. I told him to have no concern about me and her and asked if he thought she was on something. He fumbled a bit so I got him to agree that it could be possible. In that event, would it be better to just let her sleep? He thought it might. I said he could stay or not as he saw fit. He elected to leave, I guess something like 2 a.m. I asked him what kind of mood she'd be most likely to be in when she got up. He thought that if I made no pass at her she'd be very cooperative. I told him I planned to doze in the arm-chair until she awakened.

That is what I did. But I had to leave the air-conditioner on and soon, sitting under it, almost the only place I could put that chair except against the door, I was chilled. And stiff. There was no back to the toilet, so I couldn't move there. I finally decided the hell with the floor and, dressed except for tie and shoes, as quietly as I could got into bed and fell asleep, without touching her, figuratively or literally.

I awakened before she did and I awakened often because she was having some kind of nightmare, unfortunately, without talking in her sleep. When she finally got up I was sitting and reading. She was astounded. There she was, fully dressed, and there was I, and nothing had happened. It really threw her. I guess she'd never heard of such a thing.

Between these two nights, the time she sat on my leg and this one, I guess she developed the sort of daughterly attitude she has intermittently reflected. Lil and I both think that part is genuine.

Jack's name comes back. Working. From Indiana.

Now if she had intended or been assigned to harm me, before dawn Good Friday or this night it would have been easy and safe. My next trip down it would have been again. She seemed to know my comings and goings in ways I could never figure out. She'd call Lil and know I was away when she not no discernible way of knowing it. I was then staying with Matt in the 300 block of Pine St. Dione was in Baton Rouge. That time she knew my plans. Jack had been up to spend a weekend with her and while he was with her she actually stole a half-gallon of Johnny Walker and refused to open it. It was for me. She pulled into Matt's when I wasn't there, later telling me she had come down in an ambulance. Her worse leg was in a cast to the knee and she was on crutches. She stayed there as I remember three nights. The only place to sleep not used by Matt's family was a Danish sofa that opened into a three-quarter bed. We each slept partly clothed. I also wore a light bathrobe instead of using the overs, which she had. No sex. Each of these three nights she could have hurt me and alleged I'd made some kind of advance at it was self-defense. She appears to know karate.

The next time I saw her she was still in Baton Rouge and still in a cast. I had by then transcribed the many tapes and has a long list of questions to ask her. She came to my room and I taped more of her there. Again, opportunity for doing something to me. I was there a day and two nights. I returned to N.O. on a Sunday, I remember, to keep a dinner date with Garrison that he didn't keep. I was angry because I didn't like being misused like this, because it meant wasting a day on the car rental and because she was gushing out incredible stuff, great for a novel or astounding if it bore any relationship to reality. After that our relationship began to chafe because I had enough discrepancies to use for leaning on her. She is quite a raconteur and it took much work to get these discrepancies. I felt the possibilities of a novel were worth the effort. We took only one more trip together, to see Godfrey Kirkpatrick at Jackson, July 4. I was then staying with Marge Kirkpatrick (Jerome). This was the time I heard the St. Charles Streetcar when she phoned at night saying it was from "their" office and gave me all that "hornley" stuff. The more I tried to get her to separate the wheat from the chaff, the more distant and evasive she became. Yet when I told her that was it, she levelled or goodbye, she kept after me, and all my later trips until she got busted when Tommy Baunler put her up to the unnecessary forgery. She knew I'd be at Matt's and she haunted the place, despite my

unhidden desire to have nothing to do with her. Once, probably that December, she agreed that she would level. I had found that in B.R. she was an entirely different person and assumed being away from New Orleans made the difference. I discussed this with Ivon and he suggested going to the gulf coast, Pass Christian, for a weekend. She agreed, but I was certain she didn't mean it so I made no arrangements. We decided to leave Friday and return Sunday. It was only a two-hour trip and I wanted to travel as little as possible. Swimming was possible there, there was a beach, etc. Matt also agreed she was putting me on. She didn't come Friday afternoon, as I'd expected, for I didn't have a rental car (the one I used in N.O. was unsafe). She called to apologize Saturday, but I was off working because I didn't expect her and she left word that she'd come the next day. She did, we got into the car, and I drove her home, which she surprised her. She also got angry because I then really gave her hell. Angrier when I wouldn't sit and talk to her outside her home. My next trip I think I avoided her entirely except for calling her because I detected what Mommy had done and made the deal with him I've reported.

After some time she started writing me, daughterly letters. About college, boy friends, etc. nothing about what she called "the probe". Then she was at Braithewaite, about 40 miles south of N.O., living with a police sergeant she called "Vic" (remember the "anchor" sketch and one of a "Vic"). All this again like a daughter or, what you have seen in her signature, "monsch", or decent person. When I pressed her for comment on the "Vic" sketch, she broke off. I think I heard from her once or twice before I was there again 11/71. I called her up soon after I got there and said if she'd like dinner some night to call and leave a message. Almost daily I got reports of a woman calling and leaving no message. The night before I left I got back to the motel and there she was waiting for me in the lobby. She said she had little time, owed me a good steak dinner, selected a not good place in Airline Highway not far from her parents' home in Metairie, insisted it was on her, and made no move for the check. We ate, chatted and I took her home after no more time than eating takes. The one thing I asked her was why she avoided levelling with me. I told her frankly that some of the stuff checked out 100% and some was so obviously trashy that I made no effort to. Her reply, which need not have been sincere but certainly did seem to be, was she was afraid. "Afraid?" I asked, "Of whom?" Her quiet, simple response was, "Layton 'n' ex." I let it go at that and never heard from her again until the October 1972 call from Houston of which I told you.

I have given you, from time to time, enough to indicate that I got good and solid stuff from her. Of all the people I've interviewed in this or had any dealings with of any kind, she remains the one I am certain I can't figure. Layton is a very bad man, much as he looks like the kind of son every mother would want. Once when I was there he planted a butcher-knife to the hilt in another man's guts, a Darryl something or other. I could believe she was afraid of him and I knew enough about him to know that whether or not what she said was true, there could be a basis for it. He had no visible means of support yet drove an expensive sports car. Garrison never investigated him, wither. I did, to a limited degree. He gambled regularly, losing about \$40,00 a night. He had been CIA-connected when he was with Ferrie, through GRC. I have the N.O.P.D. stuff on that, and it says FBI interest, if it is not in the W.C. files, I didn't get this from Harrison, who didn't have it. Then that first night at Barbara's, Layton was first of many to appear out of nowhere and for no reason. Soon thereafter, when Diane was laughing at me for going to one of "our" publishers, she couldn't remember the name but it began with a "P" (I was astounded, because one of the first had been Praeger where I had a good contact), I asked her how she knew. That early she said, "Layton told me." I knew from Russo that she and he and Layton had gone out together and she and Layton separately. So, there was an immediate basis for crediting her explanation. I also knew it would be futile to press, so I just took her home. If there is reference in the letters I've sent you to her saying she owes me the world's best steak dinner, this is what she has in mind.

I've wanted to get some of this pulled together and after talking with Lil this a.m. and more, because of your accuracy in what I got yesterday, maybe it can lead you to further conjectures or conclusions. I remain baffled.

Best,