

10/16/68

Deyahn somehow seemed taller, thinner, possessed of even less shape that nature actually denied her, as she alked toward the borrowed Fiat sports car in which I drove up to her homes ten minutes before the appointed 10:45 a.m. the very hot Saturday morning of June 29, 1968.

She had broken a n engagement for after supper last night by simply phoning Barbara and telling her to tell me she'd not come but would call me this morning. It was hours later when I go t the message, having for those hours a d more wrestæd unsuccessfully with the reñactance of the old confiscated Chevy II to get out of gear or go into any but low, where it stayed for a long, hot and enervating night (Until J.B. loaned me the Fiat).

I was surprised when she phoned as early as she did, perhaps 8.a.m. I had been up late with John until I dozed off in his face at the kitchen table, over what remained of an Irish coffee, at about 2:30 a.m. Once I walked around, I was awake again, and stayed that way for some time after getting into bed. I awakened shortly after daybreak, not sleep<sup>o</sup>r tied, and dozed by insistance until something after six.

Her greeting was friendly, her farewell to her father, who was mowing the law<sup>n</sup>, was curt and inaubible to me. She was superficially friendly but quite obviously with something on her mind, for until I made several efforts to stâp her, she chewed her lower lip, one of her signals that has not been trained out of her. She must have been thinking much of other things, for she never directed me except when I asked, then incoherently, giving either meaningless or wrong instructions, like when she told me to make a left turn on the Causeway over Airline Highway rather than a right, which, fortunately, I rememberre from a n earlier visit. Because I assumed she would direct me to Robertson, a strange location in a still-strange town to me, we got interminably mixed up, miss-directed and increasingly hot. Rivulets of sweat tricked down behing each of my ears. I mopped them with the napkin in which I had wrapped the bitter, ice<sup>d</sup> last-night's coffee that I had gotten, with the more bitter substitute sold me as orange juice, at the tiny hamburger joint on Metairie Road just past the ~~met~~ blending of La Barre Road into it.

The 15 minute trip took a little more than an hour. Hot and uncomfortable as I was—and impatient—it was not accompanied by any unpleasant conversation. She seem less hot, showed no signs of sweat, perhaps because she wore ~~me~~ short ~~shorts~~ of a plæe blue pattern on white and a white thin blouse whose long sleeves she had rolled up and whose lace-like pattern throughout enabled air<sup>e</sup> to circulate close to her body. Her cast was new, shorter, and a walker.

The mood was entirely different four minutes before two when she left the car, sitting there several minutes after our last words, as though waiting for something. He last words were "Shalam Shabat", mine "Good luck to you."

Prior to the silence she had said, "I shouldn't have seen you at all. I

did only from friendship."

"Like cutting my throat", I asked, quietly and with no trace of levity.

"I'll warn you first, if I can," she replied, even more quietly.

*INSERT FROM P. 3*  
I chided her for not having done so when she could have, as with the thing I am reasonably confident she knows were and are impending. Here she had contradicted herself, earlier having said she dared not tell me because of the danger to her, now saying that she knew oh! that there were plans, not their detail. Perhaps she will.

= There is nothing in the three preceding hours to provide assurance/

They began, as soon as we got into John's basement apartment. Her first words were a declaration "I am in an antagonistic mood". *Then she said "Don't bother."*

"You have no reason to feel antagonistic toward me," I said, with no import of a question.

"I'm antagonistic toward everybody".

"Certainly not toward me for anything I've done."

"Everybody".

"Why-what have I done or not done."

"It's not that. You're on the other side."

"How can there be an opposite side from no side. You said you are neutral."

"I am not. There is no neutral. There is a winning side and a losing side.

I'm on the winning side."

"You know better!"

"No, I don't."

I said nothing as hard as it was.

"It's like you seen hundreds of thousands of the biggest, huskiest football players in the world line up again six kinds. You know who's going to win."

"How many millions of Germans said that and made Hitler."

"Where you go again, everybody who disagrees with you is a Nazi (this is the way she writes it)."

"No, some are just ignorant, don't know the fact. Those with whom you seem to have cast your lot are fascists."

"They are just patriotic. They are charged with the responsibility of protecting the country and they are doing that."

"Sicherheitsdeist!"

Continued references to Nazis and Germany got under her skin. She tried to defend the untenable position. I can hardly believe that intellectually she had any confidence in the words she spoke. There was neither passion nor conviction, although her voice was not flat. My mind went back to the early, after-midnight morning at Baton Rouge when she suddenly realized that she had been under more than pentathlon, had been given more than a truth test-had been

hypnotized and emptied of recollections in clearly defined areas that I delineated by my horror-controlled unwilling realization of what had just a few days earlier been done to her. This morning she was still incredulous when she asked, "You know how long that was? ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Sev-en-teen hours!" She this morning told me she'll have another debriefing. This will include the Dover codes (all 80 of which she has memorized), simple and unbreakable without the keys, hence enormously important.

We had it pretty hot and heavy about patriotism<sup>75</sup>, those who arrogate to themselves the right to decide what is and isn't ~~is~~ right, what is and is not good for the people, what it is to defy the law, commit murders, torture, brainwash, ruin people. I was stunned with the unembarrassed fascist response that I told her <sup>she</sup> sounded like they came from an automaton.

"I can only hope that I am not hearing the girl or whom I have been fond but the tortured sick<sup>ness</sup> of the fascists on the other side of the hypnosis."

Throughout I quietly and persistently emphasized my hope that the time might come when she would do her own thinking, try and brace the contradictions between what she said and the opposite it so clearly and indisputably meant. I drew upon our culture and its heroes until she finally blurted out a resentment at continued religious references ending with "Religion has nothing to do with it. Leave religion out of it!"

"You tell me your decision is from the odds and that you carry David's blood? That you come from the Maccabees and Bar Kochba? Odds make right? Odds determine patriotism, the nation's interest, "freedom", and it ~~hurt~~ <sup>my</sup> her saying, "that, in the mouths of your friends, is like 'love' in the mouth of a whore!"

She could only retreat to where she would be on the winning side. She said she and Raul (he saw her again last night) were on the same side, together. I cut her off. "I have no interest in Raul now. My interest in him was only to better defend you, and now I have no need. You have eliminated it."

Interesting that as I drove her home and challenged her to guess who in my opinion, of those in public on the other side, did best by himself, she said "Raul".

"He did not testify," I said. Later I told her it was Philip, but that it had been ruined on him and framed them all.

Insert above. Goodby. After saying she should not have talked to me and that she had from friendship only, she added how much she liked me, very much.

It will not be possible to make coherent notes or include even a major part of what she said, how she said it, and my impressions and interpretations, so, as I can recall them as I type this, which began as soon as I could shed the light short shirt I was wearing, and the shoes, and switch the trousers for shorts.

"It will all be over in seven months"

I assured her this was the propoganda she should know better than believe. The other side was just improvising, setting up goasts (how often, beginning with the record on her sent Jim, I emphasized the truth, that this was happening to her and she was without the intelligence I knew she had in her assessment of it, which was no analysis). Then, a little later, in a slightly different way, she said "It'll all be different in ten months."

She could not or would not reconcile the difference. As I pondered this, I wondered, were she accurately reflecting one of the pep talks I am confident she has been getting, if this meant that when the new President talks office, which will be in seven months, Johnson will be made the goat in a maneuver which will give us an entirely different account of the assassination.

Whole floor of office building, separated from other company operations, protected even by radar, on this subject alone. Yet she said they were not worried about Garrison, never mentioned me because I would eventually lift the manhole cover off and fall in, and all they'd have to do would be slide it back on. They were, she emphasized and re-emphasized, of little interest in me. Despite this, at the end, she again, as in defense, blurted "Garrison is No. 1 on their shit list and you are No. 2!"

Each time I jarred her mind, which held fast to fiction, with the incongruity of their having neither interest nor worry about Garrison and me and whoever else there might be while they were making this effort that your own description makes monumental.

"All this work and effort for nothing? They have nothing else to do with their time and money. limitless as it is?"

The closest thing to an effort at any kind of explanation was that they just wanted to clean it up fast. She cannot believe it. She made clear that they have the power, time, patience (I suggested she add money, for that also they have), and that they will outlast those of us they do not ruin.

"Too late. They've loused it up. If they kill us all, they cannot change what their own incompetence has made inevitable. They have contempt, not understanding, of people, and there is nothing they can do about what we have already done. There are the others who will be there when required, and the information is. You have no idea of what we have, know, and are working with." She seemed to pay little attention, never really responding, always either spouting or repeating or, as she is so adept, evading. I got pointed about the evading. She could not look at me and often I challenged her to.

Throughout I heaped scorn, sometimes quietly, sometimes pointedly, insultingly and personally insultingly when I thought it warranted (One I called her "Ilsa Koch, Trainee Grade")

After Davey had sent her slip to Garrison she had sent a radio message without authority to Langley and Wells had come in such haste he had not taken a

*(Note or have this, if it is real.)*

commercial ~~line~~. Military. He told her she had done right. She quoted a conversation between him and judge Higbee ~~in~~, which she said they were pleased with him but ~~not~~ his statement he might have to allow evidence to be taken.

Marquez-Diaz works under the same man who is ~~in~~ "pulling all the strings", John Villarobia, of the Pilet and Pilet law firm in the Gaavier building. She thinks they are brilliant. They are federal. *(I wish there looking, now for J U presumably)*

When she spoke about the lawyers looking out for her interests, I quoted back her own words on whose interest they'd really protect, how Tommy was typical, selected because he was willing to go to jail rather than acknowledge who ~~had~~ paid him and who his clients are, their connections.

Repeatedly, usually with a smile, she reflected the official opinion that Garrison is crazy. They always knew what he would do in advance, predicted it to her, and there were ~~only~~ a few things left he could do.

I assured her telling her this kind of nonsense, no matter how convinced they sound, was evidence they were stupid, dominated by the error of fascist fascist dehumanizing and contempt for people, or kidding her while they improvised and prepared her better to be another of the many goats that have set up and are ~~still~~. Once I reminded her of a letter in which I had told her of "Judas goats". "You are now one of the sheep", I almost whispered. Several times I got down on my heels, next to the low Danish chair on which she ~~said~~, <sup>set</sup> better to look right into her eyes when she did not divert hers. I was surprised that she let her crossed right leg swing so slightly to her right so that her bare thigh could gently graze and rest against my right forearm (which I did not withdraw after the first time). Was she saying something?

She acknowledges they have almost as many ~~gains~~ leaks as Jim's office.

She could not ~~respond~~ <sup>respond</sup> when I ticked off the incompetents in whose stupidities and ~~competences~~ <sup>responsibilities</sup> she entrusted her future and her life. Bitterly, if quietly, I defined the life she'd henceforth lead, trying to erase what would lash her mind, her ~~own~~ responsibility for what would be happening to people she pretended to like, like me. I played with the words she misused, freedom, patriotism, love of country, and from ~~her~~ it always came out "government", not country, nation, people. I drove in each time with even government, CIA is not that. I needled her for refusing to learn what the available fact is, for fearing to, for abdicating. Each time there was an ~~app~~ <sup>part</sup> comparison with recent history and fascism. I told her that without ever speaking, <sup>writing</sup> riting or looking to her I would be haunting her, and that every hurt I felt would weight her with guilt, for she was part of the hurt, part of what would cause it, with the additional guilt of pretending liking and friendship and failing even to suggest where I had best look for my own interest, to protect myself. This definition of the word "friendship" I scorned.

This pentathol session coming will ~~not~~ be with the pentathol administered by Fred (his first time) but by doctor. To debrief. I asked he if this could not be done without drugs, with voluntary hypnotism alone. I asked her never to submit to any drugs again. She said the other <sup>drugs</sup> in addition to the penthol, is still experimental.

In trying to maintain that she was ~~not~~ safe, she always did in terms of Garrison not being able to arrest her, for there was nothing with which he could charge her. Without indicating what I had in mind, I assured her he need nothing more than was now available. ~~We~~ <sup>he</sup> to call her before the grand jury, she'd stamp down on her leg and get ~~in~~ to the hospital, and there would be 50 medical certifications that she could ~~not~~ be talked to. Were he to ~~arrest~~ her, the FBI would beat him to it, with a trumped-up charge. Failing all else, she'd be flown out of the country (she is now on ~~orders~~ <sup>orders</sup> not to leave. Her pay runs to 7/20). I gave a mock-glowing description of the intense joy of such a life, with the delight of permanent crippling or the intoxicating freedom of the gaol or the permanent alienation, all the wonderful kinds of freedom and pleasure her prospect. My bitterness and scorn were of subdued but throbbing passion, of an eloquence of which I would not normally be capable, perhaps from the reigned anger at, as I told her, one of whom I had been so fond was so separated from humankind and so ~~concerned~~ about it, so Nazi and unwilling to recognize it, so incredibly corrupt and genuinely subversive of everything in the culture and beliefs with no cognizance of it.

"If they told me to kill my mother, I would".

"Seig Heil. Be ~~proud~~ Proud. Herrenvolk patriot. Hitler would be proud."

Any other girl would have wept. At one point she said she never cries. I told her the searing tears were invisible. The hurting tears were not wet, and if she didn't feel them she was farther gone than I thought, and I was shocked at the herself she had and was revealing.

Her pupils were large to me.

She ~~never~~ <sup>never</sup> turned back when she left the car. I waited until she was at the door and I didn't, didn't want to.

When she talkd of their power and what they would do, I told her that if I had had the money I'd have had one of the people she had mentioned in jail, that if anything happened to me it would still happen, and that when I could do the simple things remaining to be done it would still happen. She tried to learn who I meant. No hint.

Last thing I told her is that I didn't know how long I'd be here, would ~~be~~ be with John for only few days, but could be reached through Barbara if she wanted to talk to me.

At one point she said the other side told her we were the fronts or stooges for the Kremlin. I began a response by ridiculing the ~~suspidities~~ <sup>stupidities</sup> that

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rendered for the Soviets such services they could not perform for themselves and then, with a burst of contempt, flashed my wallet from the left hip pocket, threw it hard into her lap, and dared her to count the "Moscow gold" in it. Silently, slowly, she passed it back, tightly holding it closed. I said no more of that, for to her it wasn't necessary. I asked her if she were utterly incapable of doing her own thinking, or of appraising what she knew was true against the endless outpouring of propaganda and open lies she accepted when she knew how false they were. No response. In her last letter she had quoted them as telling her of me that like all writers I sought scandal.

"Stinks", she corrected. True.

"Show me one!" I defied her. She evaded.

"One!" I demanded. Silence.

"Need I tell you the stinks I could make?" Silence.

When she talked of the simplicity of crippling herself and getting ~~xxxx~~ into a hospital behind a phalanx of corrupted doctors, I tried to tell her that this would avail ~~naught~~, that other doctors were available, ~~side~~ from what good did this or anything like it do her? Could she conceive of no life, no future, ~~interms~~ other than of her hurt. She several times predicted a short life, once of less than a year, once of not reaching 25. I also told her she had forgotten what she had given me on tape, all of this, that the slightest ~~im-~~plimentation would impel me to make it public—and I could. I had duplicated transcripts hidden in different places, duped tapes also, that they would not find a minimum of four such hiding places, and that harming me would publicize the whole thing. She said, as she had once before, it is company design to keep her in a cast. Settling her traffic-court problems cost her ten cents—for a coke. She has three of her licenses and will have the other two. I told her she might want to tell her bosses that she has already committed the indiscretion of calling their conspiratorial shots, that is anything happens to her she has already recorded she is part of a conspiracy with them and that they are, with or without her compliance, in her own words, the perpetrators of an illegal act to frustrate law and justice. She seems disturbed here.

She was in the Fisheries building recently and missed Jim Alcock by ~~10~~ eight minutes. Someone came up behind her and warned her not to go out on the street, that there was a ~~gun~~ with a briefcase waiting her, and that she retired to a ladies room for ~~four~~ four hours. This is not gibberish, it is what she said and repeated. She was told not to go to that building any more (earlier notes on "Fish" also).

They still like her, still want to use her for things at which she is skilled. She again stole another pen from Wells. *Later, she showed the pen to me, started to give me both, decided against it saying she'll come back soon.* It will do me no good to see or try and see Godfrey. Others have beaten me to it and it he could make sense, the implication being that others have seen to it, that he cannot, he will not.

She would not mention the name of the recent suicide to whom she had referred over the phone, would not give his initials.

"I want to see if it is the one they just miserably flubbed", I said. "Then just give me either first initial. She wouldn't. They have four agents in Minneapolis. There is also a woman agent who loses her cool easily and is a danger to them, not in Minn., presumably here.

Davey was in Dallas and was involved. This is another concession the CIA did it. She is incredulous that we haven't gone into the Airline Highway plan that was not executed "I was only a girl then", but this was only a year earlier. She apparently forgot she told me they had asked her to be part of it. Same people involved. Had 10-inch tape of voices, Shaw's included, with lawyers, etc, that will not play on ordinary machine, something about tape going backward in rotation on takeup and coming off wrong side.

*By* phone she asked me if I'd seen Philip when I was at airport. She had met earlier plane from Atlanta, starting at DC, implication being someone from Washington, and 11:15 one with Aunt. Why, when in cast, she had to meet aunt, I didn't ask. She knew my plane was arriving at 10:35 and gave me the time.

Never once did either of us mention Bernie.

She is not going to be declared insane, will not be intradicted unless she wants it. They don't dare do it now, I said.

Unlike her, in entire time, practically no smiles and almost no jokes.

Carlos Mantello is now on the other side. The deal is that in their proving that Jim had the grand jury under his thumb (Aaron Kohn has part and stuff) The deal is that she'll testify to this and in return, save for the minimum essential hassling to maintain a front, where the FBI will make only ostentatious gestures, they will leave him alone.

Throughout it all, with no superficial sign of it, not slurring of speech, slowness of response, no hesitance of loss of her usual glibness, nothing mechanical, I had the feeling that this was not the girl I knew, these were not her words, her thoughts, and at one point I made this explicit, in a mia cupla about how could I have so misjudged her, have felt that underneath a tough



exterior that may have begun as designed self-protection was a decent, warm human being. One of the strange things is ~~that~~ that she never reacted in resentment. Not once angry at me. No once complained I was unfair, unkind, wrong in my unhidden attitude to her. Only might is right. She also said that Moo has too many of the wrong friends and that some time she is going to blow his mind publicly. I asked her to tape! They have a girl in Garrison's office on shit list.

Dulles still has direct line to Langley. She acknowledges he never does anything right.

Facit agreement when I said they had become so much the creatures of their *need* ~~and~~ to justify their enormous expenses and to escalate them, their utilization of machines and techniques, they could no longer keep or do ~~the~~ things simply and got lost in ~~the~~ complexities of what they made needlessly complex.