

# HURRICANE GARRISON FLATTENS NEW ORLEANS

## JANE WILSON

The last time Jim Garrison, district attorney for New Orleans, made up his mind to accomplish an unpopular mission he said "The only way anyone can stop menow is to kill me." On that occasion he had merely determined to clean up New Orleans' more spectacularly vicious night clubs and strip joints, and he succeeded without noticeable support from the local judiciary, the police, or the press. But he is popular in the city, and he went on to be re-elected as District Attorney—the first man in 30 years to serve a second term.

New Orleans, once a base for pirates and privateers operating in the Gulf of Mexico, has a lawless history and once had an open tradition of civic corruption. Such a tradition, in which local government becomes one of the more fruitful areas for free enterprise, tends to die hard.

One of the first things that Garrison did after taking office in 1962 was to have some special forms printed which were to be filled in by any member of his staff who was approached by individuals with unusual proposals to make about the workings of justice. He also had a time clock installed in his offices. "I did this just to make the point that there was going to be a change," says Garrison. "And when you can get a lawyer to punch a time card, morale has to be high."

Such was Garrison's new broom approach in the District Attorney's offices five years ago. Yet in recent months members of his staff have been accused of bribing and intimidating witnesses, and Garrison himself is rarely to be found in his office before noon. He cannot sleep, but sits up sometimes until dawn pondering the details of his investigation into a conspiracy to murder President Kennedy.

I arrived in New Orleans last April in a spirit of open-minded skepticism about this

a few such padlockings were necessary—landlords not wishing to lose a year's rent suddenly became most concerned about the legality of activities on their premises.

But at the height of the Bourbon Street raids, the eight criminal court judges of New Orleans announced that Garrison had no power to engage in such investigations and cut off his funds to do so. He ignored them, used his own money, and at a press conference remarked that the fact that the judges were not interested in vice investigations "raises interesting questions about the influences of racketeers on these officials."

The judges forthwith charged him with criminal defamation. In his capacity as District Attorney, Garrison instantly dismissed these charges against himself. The State Attorney had then to be brought down from Baton Rouge to prosecute, and after a trial full of testimony most damaging to the judges, Garrison was nevertheless convicted. Eventually, after an appeal to the Supreme Court, this conviction was reversed on the grounds that a federal rule prohibits a public official from recovering damages for a defamatory falsehood relating to his official conduct unless he proves that the statement was made with "actual malice" or with "reckless disregard of whether it was false or not."

Garrison was off the hook—not because he had proved any case against the judges but simply because they were prohibited from suing him for damages. Asked how he was able to work with these judges after such a bitter episode, Garrison replied, "What do you mean? It's easy to be magnanimous after you've won. The question is—how are they able to get along with me? They don't send for me now—they ask if I will see them."

Garrison's re-election in New Orleans was not unopposed. Criminal Court Judge Malcolm O'Hara stood against him, and was backed three-to-one by the New Orleans Bar

It seemed that the Warren Commission had, after all, given the people what they wanted. So Garrison had a very bad press from the beginning, and for six weeks following the arrest of Clay Shaw had kept uncommonly quiet. But I had heard that he was giving brief interviews to representatives of the European press, which had given fuller and more sympathetic coverage to his activities.

One morning I was allowed to sit in his office for three hours while he worked on the case with Gurvich and other members of his staff. Gurvich, his natty jacket bulging over a shoulder holster, said little and sat apart at one end of the room reading some documents. Garrison sat in a high-backed leather chair behind a broad desk cluttered with books and papers. He is 6 feet 6 inches tall, has a large head, prominent eyes with a direct glance, and huge hands with long, square-tipped fingers.

He looked at me sharply when I came in but otherwise paid no attention to me for more than an hour, beyond telling me to take no notes and to turn off any recording devices I might be carrying. His attitude to the press, as I learned in later discussions, is somewhat confused and veers between total trust in off-the-record sessions to the deepest scorn and hostility. "I believe that if you do a good job for the people, it doesn't matter what you tell the press. I just decide which ones I want to be friendly with, and I'm not going to pander to the rest. I may not survive with this attitude, but it's the only way I can operate. The press has some doubts about this case? Fine. They can wait and watch what happens. I don't have time to keep them happy and ease their suspicions."

His understanding of the exact nature of a reporter's job is well illustrated by the fact that he once issued a press release beginning "Not since Hamlet tried to decide whether or not to stab the King of Denmark has there been so agonizing a political de-

cision, . . ." In dealing with Garrison it is important not to look blank, or astounded, when he indulges in such literary references. It is also important to avoid identification as an idiot—his most unusual term of abuse when speaking of the press. His highest word of commendation is "intelligent." At one point he told me that he fired members of his staff for being "mediocre." "There are no grey mice in this office," he said.

Detectives came in and out of his office constantly with reports, new leads (one from an anonymous phone call), police dossiers and photographs of men Garrison wanted to question. The District Attorney's chair is on casters, and he wheeled himself backwards and forwards in the space behind his desk like a busy invalid in a bathchair, going through reference books, street maps and directories, checking facts for himself because he couldn't wait to find them out from other people.

He was waiting for some material from the office of Governor McKeithen. "What kind of a pony express are you running over there?" he said on the telephone. "Put a man in a car and get it over here!" His secretary came in and said that a city official wanted to see him for a few minutes. "That moron! There is no way of seeing him for a few minutes. Tell him I'll get back to him."

Some of what I heard while I sat in Garrison's office made no sense at all to me, but much of it was startling. There was no way of remaining skeptical—either he was really onto something or he and his entire staff were out of their minds. He is an extremely powerful personality capable no doubt of carrying men along with him on a difficult project. But would he have been able to do this for a period of five months if his evidence of a conspiracy was baseless?

There seemed to be three simple alternatives: either he was right, or he was deluded, or he was, as all the papers implied, a villain. The second of these possibilities particularly occupied my thoughts as I watched him work. The idea of conspiracy has well-known attractions for paranoid personalities. Garrison was deeply absorbed in the case, but hardly obsessed by it. And he struck me as almost abrasively sane. Knowing what I did of his past performance as District Attorney, I could not suppose that he would be so stupid, to put the matter at its least, as to concoct evidence in so serious an investigation.

What I could not know, at that point, was that loyalty in his office was not complete,

"This is a matter of not being able to sleep at night. It's not a matter of wanting to gain headlines. I am in an official position in a city where the greater part of the planning of the assassination of President Kennedy took place, and this was missed by the Warren Commission. What would these people who have attacked me in The New York Times and The Washington Post do if they were here and had official responsibility? Would they truly be able to sleep? Would they be able to say lightly, 'Jack Kennedy is dead and there is nothing we can do about it?' There are men walking about now who killed Kennedy.

I can do something about that, and I must—if it is the last thing I ever do."

Investigation. New York newspapers had then been reporting Garrison's activities for some two months, but with deep reticence, and usually on a back page among the girde ads. By this time he had questioned a number of extremely unusual witnesses, and had arrested one man—Clay Shaw, a prominent New Orleans businessman and a former director of the city's International Trade Mart.

I knew that Garrison had some reputation as hard-headed. He had been elected District Attorney without any political backing, but had simply appeared on television and told the electorate about the lethargy and incompetence in the District Attorney's office. Since he had worked from this office for four years as a trial lawyer, he was able to be fairly explicit in his criticism. As Garrison recalls it, "The other candidates were scared to make the District Attorney mad in case he was re-elected, as was the probability. They would still have had to practice law from his office. But I never think of consequences and as a consequence I won."

Garrison is good-looking, and a fluent and forthright speaker. Apparently he was an excellent television campaigner. But campaign promises are one thing, and New Orleans was startled to find that he intended to keep his vow to clean up the city. As his chief investigator in this task he chose an ex-police officer named Pershing Gervais.

This was an extremely provocative move. In the late 1950's the police in New Orleans were so far steeped in cynicism that pay-offs were made casually at roll call, when a brown envelope containing the week's bribe was handed out to each officer. Gervais had testified in court about this scandal, and later resigned from the force. He said at the time, "There are higher-ups (in the police) who were sucking up thousands. They know it, and they know that I know it." Altogether he knew too much. Gervais retired for family reasons just after Garrison started work on the conspiracy investigation last autumn. Until June of this year Garrison's chief aide was one William Gurvich, the head of a private detective agency in New Orleans.

Having affronted the police, Garrison was next to offend the sheriff and local prison officials by exposing rackets in the collection of bail bonds and disgraceful conditions in the city's jails. Then he made a swoop on Bourbon Street, the red-light district of New Orleans. The police offered a kind of passive resistance at this point, but Garrison came up with an old law that allowed illegitimate premises to be padlocked for one year. Only

Association, Garrison had influential enemies, but he had the mass popular vote, and his direction of business in the District Attorney's office had so far been immaculate and most efficient.

He also had the coincidental support of Hurricane Betsy which blacked out the city's television screens during Judge O'Hara's major campaign speech. Later, in an attempt to get some attention when the people of New Orleans were preoccupied with the damage caused by the hurricane, O'Hara produced on television what he claimed was a photostat copy of a medical discharge for "anxiety reaction" which Garrison—a decorated reconnaissance pilot in World War II—was supposed to have received from the Army during the Korean War.

O'Hara speculated on television that this "anxiety reaction" produced in Garrison "the ugly force to destroy everyone who fails to bow to his will. It used to be called a Napoleonic Complex." Garrison threatened to bring legal proceedings against O'Hara for unauthorized possession of a government document—but no more was ever heard of the matter.

The District Attorney's disconcerting tendency to retaliate massively when attacked, rather than concentrating on his own defense, is well known in New Orleans, and apparently feared. Governor McKeithen of Louisiana, whom Garrison helped to elect, recently declined to comment on the conspiracy investigation to a New York Times reporter. He explained that the District Attorney "when criticized has a habit of criticizing back." The reporter later learned, from a source in the Governor's office, that McKeithen had lately arranged for some statewide polls to be taken to determine his local popularity relative to that of Garrison. "McKeithen is scared to death of Garrison," an anonymous New Orleans businessman told the man from the New York Times.

## NATIONAL SCOPE

Making enemies at home, and rocking the parochial boat is one thing, but making waves across the nation is another—as Garrison, a big fish in a small pond, was soon to discover. Though Mark Lane's book "Rush to Judgment" had been at the top of the Best Seller list for weeks, and though every major magazine and newspaper in the country had by this time given some coverage to the growing disquiet about the findings of the Warren Report, when Garrison announced that he actually had evidence of a conspiracy, the ranks of the speculators suddenly closed,

enough damage to stop Garrison.

## EARLY REASONING

During a sandwich lunch at his desk Garrison showed me a letter he had had from a Hungarian reporter in Washington who asked why he had waited so long before beginning his investigation. "These questions amaze me. We arrested one of the men involved in the murder of President Kennedy 72 hours after the assassination, and we turned him over to the FBI. My attitude at the outset was that this was a matter for co-operation between all government agencies."

"I have no quarrel with the FBI. It is the greatest fact-gathering agency in the world. But in this particular case I think they concluded too hastily that the man was not involved. When I was informed by their agent that it was pretty obvious, as a result of their investigations in Dallas, that Oswald acted alone, I thought, 'Well—they've got 5,000 men working on this. I guess we were just on a false lead, but it sure did look interesting.'

"I never questioned the Warren Report because I assumed that everything had been looked into in depth, I never dreamed, until last fall when I began to read the spate of books about the assassination, that of the 17 people standing near the grassy knoll—where the fatal shot came from—not one was ever called by the Commission, with the exception of Abraham Zapruder who was questioned only about his film." (Zapruder was convinced that no shots came from the grassy knoll.) "I assumed that every key witness had been called, as would normally be done as a matter of course."

The man Garrison arrested 72 hours after the assassination was David Ferrie, a bizarre homosexual with many curious interests and hobbies, who died at the beginning of the investigation in mysterious circumstances. He left what appeared to be suicide notes, but an autopsy revealed that he had died as a result of a massive cerebral hemorrhage.

The man who originally tipped off Garrison that Ferrie was the "getaway pilot" in an assassination plot later confessed that he had made up the story. It is known, however, that Ferrie made a sudden trip to Houston on the day of the assassination, that he took a circular journey through Texas, and that he returned to New Orleans two days later after a 1,000 mile journey

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for which no reasonable explanation was forthcoming.

Ferrie was a trained pilot. A former Havana journalist named Diego Gonzales Tenedera asserts that Ferrie flew fire bombing raids and refugee rescue missions to Cuba from Florida in 1960 and 1961. He was working for an ex-Batista official called Eladio del Valle, who had escaped from Cuba with considerable wealth.

Garrison's doubts about the Warren Report became stronger in November 1966 when he was on a flight to New York in the company of Senator Long of Louisiana. Senator Long had publicly expressed his doubts about the findings of the Warren Commission on television the previous week, and now he explained to Garrison why he believed that more than one gunman must have been involved.

Garrison told him about his arrest of Ferrie three years previously, and after several more conversations with the maverick senator in the following week in New York, he told him that he intended to open an investigation of his own. For months thereafter Garrison was hard to find in New Orleans, and refused all social invitations explaining that he was deeply involved in office administrative problems.

Meanwhile, curious about the apparent inactivity in the District Attorney's office, reporters from the New Orleans "States-Item" noticed that his office had spend \$8,000 so far that year in sending detectives to Florida, Washington, and Texas. Reporter Rosemary James wrote a story based on information dug up by several police and crime reporters. She showed this to Garrison and says that he read only the first page and would neither confirm nor deny anything. When the story first appeared in The States-Item on 17 February this year, he denounced it as "irresponsible."

Mrs. James says now that her paper would probably have held the story if Garrison had asked them to on the grounds that it might damage his investigation. As it was, she believes that he was just backing into the limelight, had been quite ready for the story to break, and hoped that publicity at this stage would accelerate the appearance of evidence. If the death of Ferrie was even partly a result of the barrage of premature publicity given the investigation, Garrison has real cause to regret allowing the story to break so soon.

## POOR PRESS RELATIONS

Immediately reporters from all over the world streamed into New Orleans. Garrison's policy of not "pandering" to the press was now to prove unfortunate in action. He called a press conference from which he barred the local press, talked privately in hotel rooms and restaurants with a few favored newsmen, and left the rest to cool their heels in long daily vigils in the corridors outside his office.

After two or three weeks, when it became apparent that there would be no immediate revelations, most of the reporters melted away, leaving future developments to be reported at source by the States-Item and The Times Picayune, the two local papers that Garrison has berated and barred from his first press conference.

He has conducted a running feud with both these papers, which are under the same ownership, since he first took office in May, 1962. "We have a problem with the local papers. They're doing the best job they can, but they don't have too much intelligence in the key positions. It bothers them to see an official who doesn't need them, and who doesn't use an organization when he runs for office. I'm not part of their establishment. At the Times Picayune they don't like any change, even change for the better. Everything should stay the way it has always been, I doubt if there is a paper in the country quite as committed to that principle. They've always been there, part of the scenery like the Mississippi River and the skyline.

"The States-Item is a paper that is absolutely dedicated to the status quo, and is sworn in fealty to the view of the Warren Commission. These papers wouldn't mind if it were just a little corrupt in my office, as it used to be in the old days. They could digest that. But it's hard to pick up a pot without a handle.

"Right now this just kind of delays things. The gulfing of the evidence is being made more difficult by the curious and, I think, historically unprecedented attitude of the American press, which I had always assumed had an open mind toward truth. But where is the concern for truth today in the American press?"

Garrison went on to talk about the group of 50 influential New Orleans businessmen who have formed an organization called "Truth or Consequences" to provide him with funds for his investigation—and no questions asked. In this way he is not answer-

able for the use of public funds, and the press cannot scrutinize his expenditure.

But was he, in fact, working as a public official if he used private funds? He brushed the question aside, saying that it was admirable for private citizens to support law enforcement in this way. However, Clay Shaw's attorney, Irvin Dymond, some weeks later asked the court to order "Truth or Consequences" to make public its membership and financial records. Dymond observed that "the actions of 'Truth or Consequences' come close to violating the statutes of public bribery—giving money for the purpose of influencing public officials."

A New Orleans judge ruled that a public accounting of the fund "might impugn the motives of the contributors", but ordered the financial records to be held by the court until after the trial of Clay Shaw. If Shaw's defense then alleges that there were improper connections between "Truth or Consequences" and the grand jurors, there would be some means of checking.

When Shaw was first arrested the U.S. Attorney General was quick to announce that he was clear, that the FBI had checked him out long ago for the Warren Commission. Shaw himself quoted the Attorney General's remarks with apparent gratification at a press conference. But why would the Warren Commission have bothered to investigate Shaw in the first place? Dymond pressed this question with the Attorney General, and it was eventually conceded that no such investigation had ever been made. The U.S. Attorney General had been wrongly briefed by the FBI, who had clearly panicked.

Garrison announced back in February that he had solved the case in that he knew who the key individuals were, which cities were involved, how the conspiracy was hatched, and how the assassination was performed. His announcement was then, to put it mildly, premature, and very probably was designed to convince witnesses that evasion and lies would get them nowhere.

But the announcement was not, he told me, intentional. His account of how it came about demonstrates his curiously naive ideas on how reporters are likely to handle a story. He says that one morning, after working on the case all night, he was summoned to a meeting of the "Truth or Consequences" group. He did not know that reporters would be present. "They started asking all the usual questions, and I replied as usual, 'No comment, no comment.'"

"As I was getting into the elevator to leave someone said, 'When are the arrests going to be made?' That really got to me because we weren't worrying about arrests at that point, but were just steadily building the evidence. I had said that everyone involved would eventually be arrested, and I hadn't thought then that anyone would believe I had lied. So I said OF COURSE there would be arrests, meaning that I had said so before. Then someone said, 'You mean you've solved it?' and I said OF COURSE we solved it weeks ago in the essentials.

"What else did they think we'd been doing? Next thing I know the newspaper had dug up an old photograph of me grinning joyfully from ear to ear and printed it with the headline 'CASE SOLVED SAYS GARRISON'. They had me gleefully announcing it as though it were a matter of great joy, and as though it were all my bone. It's too big to be one man's bone."

Garrison emphasized at the beginning of his investigation that he was ready to hand it over to federal agencies just as soon as they showed signs of taking it seriously. He sent a message to President Johnson to this effect, but got no response. Johnson is said to be briefed on Garrison's activities by J. Edgar Hoover, head of the FBI. So now Garrison says that to hand over his files to any federal agency would have the same ultimate result as to throw them all into the Mississippi River.

## GARRISON 'AT EASE'

The evening after my session in Garrison's office, I went to see him in his house on the outskirts of New Orleans. A guard sat in the dark at the wheel of a car parked by the curb, but he did not challenge me. Garrison is embarrassed to have him there, but friends have insisted and paid for the man's services. The safety of Garrison's children has been threatened by an anonymous telephone call to his wife, so they must be guarded continually and the older ones are escorted to and from school by a detective.

In his office Garrison had been curt and unsmiling, but at home he was much more relaxed. Two walls of his study are lined with a most catholic collection of books—Thomas Aquinas, P. G. Wodehouse, Milton, Plutarch, Len Deighton and C. P. Snow. Over the doorway hangs a large brass American eagle, and on his desk is a bust of Shakespeare. On one wall there is a full length portrait of Napoleon, and on the table beneath a bust of the Emperor Augustus.

Five different chess sets were lined up and ready to play off that evening from shelves and tables around the room. Garrison compares his investigation to a chess game. "It's very similar—you must realize the importance of gaining a superior structure, and leave your opponent to worry about immediate results."

The eldest of his five children, Jasper, aged 7, came in and sat down to do a drawing at one end of his father's desk. He was being allowed to stay up specially late, and was at work on a kind of freize of dinosaurs.

Garrison treats his children with meticulous and gentle politeness. "What case am I working on at the moment, Raccoon?" "The President Kennedy case," said the little boy, blinking rapidly. Then he added loudly, "Lee Oswald is a FAKE." "He means a decoy" said his father. Garrison's very pretty wife Elizabeth came in with their youngest child, a nine month old boy rejoicing in the names of Eberhard Darrow, after Garrison's for-

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The lucky ones left Dallas, New Orleans, or the country long ago and, we hope, have found rest in happier climes, presumably terrestrial. Others, not so lucky, dragged their heels or didn't cover their tracks and thus had to stay in home territory, so to speak.

Well, coincidences—like accidents—will happen. It's true that a fusty old London insurance firm did an actuarial study and pronounced a thirty trillion to one chance that 20 people associated with the assassination could expire within three years, but you know the British. Always depressing.

We aren't for a moment dismayed by their lugubrious calculators' logarithms or by the scratchings and cluckings of that poor old country fellow—what was his name?—Penn Jones.

"Because," no matter how much you know, it's easy to stay out of trouble if you just look sharp and learn by the experience of others. The simple rule is: Don't do the things they did.

Don't eat or drink anything that might contain arsenic. (R.I.P. Robert Perrin.)

Don't walk along highways traveled by speeding cars. (R.I.P. Rose Cheramie.)

Don't pilot planes. (R.I.P. Hugh Ward.)

Don't look like your brother. (R.I.P. Eddie Benavides.)

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mer law partner and Clarence Darrow, the advocate who defended Leopold and Loeb. He calls the child "Pig" and sat him quietly on his knee while we talked.

Garrison, who is 46, is of mixed Irish and English ancestry and came originally from Iowa when he was nine years old, after his family had been ruined in the depression. Both his father and his grandfather (who was 7 feet 3 inches tall) were lawyers—which may explain why Garrison so often talks about justice as though it were a familiar household commodity rather than an elusive ideal.

He studied law at Tulane University, the best law school in the South, where his progress toward an eventual master's degree was interrupted by five years as a pilot of an artillery observation plane in World War II. He was awarded the Air Medal for reconnaissance and observation flights behind enemy lines. He was also present when American troops entered Dachau concentration camp.

After he finished his studies at Tulane, he worked with a New Orleans office specializing in company law, but found that he was unenthusiastic about the law as it applies to money.

For two months he tried the life of an FBI agent. "I have nothing but the highest regard for the FBI. It is brilliantly organized. But their job is to answer questions, not to volunteer information or evaluate material. I have to have SOME intellectual stimulation. We are, in a sense, our work."

Then he had an opportunity to become a trial lawyer in the District Attorney's office. "That was it — and I was fascinated from the first day." Garrison was 38 before

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Garrison returned t "Nationalism is anoth would be a terrible f dropped on OUR citie theirs for TACTICAL to get into touchy an telephone rang and st he had just been comp He was incredulous, d a devoted enemy of fa llectualism. But that's used to it now.

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# LES BLOCKS ALONG PRESIDENTIA

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he married and started a family, and he was 41 before he became at all well known in New Orleans. In both respects he has made up for lost time.

He had given me a copy of a book published in 1966 to which he had contributed a foreword. It was a collection of scholarly essays dealing with the psychiatric and psychological examinations made of Adolf Eichmann, and also by extension, with the role of the behavioral sciences in the administration of criminal law. Garrison writes well and vividly, and his foreword—which is illustrated with a horrifying photograph he took at Dachau—has as its theme moral indifference or what can happen when people decide not to get involved.

I asked him about this foreword, and he was in a mood to philosophize. "I'm not trying to be mystical, but we are other people, and they are us. We are all on the same round vehicle roaring through space.

## WITNESSES RELUCTANT

Earlier Garrison had told me that his greatest difficulty in the investigation, apart from the hostile attitude of the press in general, had been in getting witnesses to come forward and tell him what they knew of the activities of Oswald, and others, in New Orleans in the summer of 1963.

"Every day when I talk to these witnesses they say, 'I don't want to get involved.' Well, I am going to involve them. They could have made all the difference if they had told the authorities at the time what they knew. Many of them are what you might call very nice people, and they are going to scream very loudly when we grab them. The newspapers are going to scream as well, and I shall undoubtedly be called a mad dog."

"After which we shall convict these people as accessories after the fact. You have no idea how many people know that something was going on here in the summer of

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Ruby.)

Don't help people (like Ferrie) learn how to inject mice with cancer cells. (R.I.P. Dr. Mary Sherman.)

Don't help people like Ferrie do anything, in fact. (R.I.P. Eladio del Valle.)

Don't get bombed, especially if people know you take sleeping pills. (R.I.P. Dorothy Kilgallen.)

Don't aim a pistol behind your left ear with your right hand. (R.I.P. J. Garrett Underhill.)

Don't get arrested by the Dallas police. (R.I.P. Lee Oswald, Jack Ruby.)

Don't ask for a private cell if arrested. (R.I.P. Nancy Jane Mooney.)

Don't sit around in police stations waiting for news. (R.I.P. Bill Hunter.)

Don't stand around outside automobile showrooms waiting for customers. (R.I.P. Albert Guy Bogard.)

Don't step out of the shower with your karate defenses down. (R.I.P. Jim Koethe.)

Don't drive a car in Dallas. (R.I.P. William Whaley.)

Don't drive a car outside Dallas. (R.I.P. Lee Bowers.)

In fact, don't drive a car at all without checking the wheel lugs first. Mort Sahl always remembers to do this now, and he's still with us as this goes to press.

Oh, yes—and don't get between anyone and Jim Garrison.

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mer law partner and Clarence Darrow, the advocate who defended Leopold and Loeb. He calls the child 'Pig' and sat him quietly on his knee while we talked.

Garrison, who is 46, is of mixed Irish and English ancestry and came originally from Iowa when he was nine years old, after his family had been ruined in the depression. Both his father and his grandfather (who was 7 feet 3 inches tall) were lawyers—which may explain why Garrison so often talks about justice as though it were a familiar household commodity rather than an elusive ideal.

He studied law at Tulane University, the best law school in the South, where his progress toward an eventual master's degree was interrupted by five years as a pilot of an artillery observation plane in World War II. He was awarded the Air Medal for reconnaissance and observation flights behind enemy lines. He was also present when American troops entered Dachau concentration camp.

After he finished his studies at Tulane, he worked with a New Orleans office specializing in company law, but found that he was unenthusiastic about the law as it applies to money.

For two months he tried the life of an FBI agent. "I have nothing but the highest regard for the FBI. It is brilliantly organized. But their job is to answer questions, not to volunteer information or evaluate material. I have to have SOME intellectual stimulation. We are, in a sense, our work."

Then he had an opportunity to become a trial lawyer in the District Attorney's office. "That was it—and I was fascinated from the first day." Garrison was 38 before

Most of our differences are fancy. But this desire to keep from being involved, together with the increasing complexity of life, make me think that our society will have a difficult time surviving with the freedoms we know now. I don't mean that dictatorship isn't always an abhorrent thing, but that there are great dangers of new forms of authoritarianism developing in the decades to come."

I looked at the bust of Caesar Augustus, and at the portrait of Napoleon, and wondered. Garrison has been described as a follower of Ayn Rand. "I am deeply concerned with the individual. But I am also interested in the books of Graham Greene."

Garrison returned to his previous subject. "Nationalism is another great problem. It would be a terrible thing for bombs to be dropped on OUR cities—but we can bomb theirs for TACTICAL reasons. I don't want to get into touchy areas here but..." The telephone rang and someone told him that he had just been compared to Joe McCarthy. He was incredulous, deeply offended. "I am a devoted enemy of fascism and anti-intellectualism. But that's all right. I'm getting used to it now."

"I read in the papers at the beginning of all this that I was making 'a desperate bid for national fame.' I am not an ambitious man. I can't think of anything more appalling than national fame. I'm not interested in 'making it.' I know who I am. But the press says I am ambitious—they don't know what I'm up to, but they are sure that I must have an angle. They cannot understand that what I want is the truth, and that if the truth is hidden worse evils must inevitably follow."

1963. It is as though a mutual tacit pact was made not to let anything come to the surface. All of them froze on that afternoon of the 22nd of November, and a great number of people in New Orleans immediately had an attack of amnesia. It is my job to refresh their memories. They will sit in that chair where you are sitting now, and they will leave this office either as witnesses for the prosecution or under arrest."

While I was in his office Garrison had spent some time investigating the background of one of Oswald's New Orleans neighbors in 1963. He had dug up the man's police record which included some charges made against him in another county which had never, inexplicably, been prosecuted. When the man was eventually summoned for questioning, these charges would provide Garrison with a big stick.

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Garrison's chief witness in the preliminary hearings of the case against Clay Shaw had been a certain Perry Russo, an insurance salesman from Baton Rouge. Russo had come forward voluntarily as a witness and had testified that at a party in

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## WITNESSES RELUCTANT

Earlier Garrison had told me that his greatest difficulty in the investigation, apart from the hostile attitude of the press in general, had been in getting witnesses to come forward and tell him what they knew of the activities of Oswald, and others, in New Orleans in the summer of 1963.

"Every day when I talk to these witnesses they say, 'I don't want to get involved.' Well, I am going to involve them. They could have made all the difference if they had told the authorities at the time what they knew. Many of them are what you might call very nice people, and they are going to scream very loudly when we grab them. The newspapers are going to scream as well, and I shall undoubtedly be called a mad dog."

"After which we shall convict these people as accessories after the fact. You have no idea how many people know that something was going on here in the summer of

Ferrie's apartment he had overheard Shaw, Oswald, and Ferrie plotting to kill President Kennedy. In court he stepped down from the witness stand, when asked to do so by Garrison, and with a dramatic gesture positively identified Clay Shaw as the man he had seen and whom he had known by the name of Clay Bertrand. It was largely on Russo's testimony that Shaw was committed for trial.

James Phelan, in an article in the Saturday Evening Post entitled 'Rush To Judgment in New Orleans', later stated that Russo had not mentioned his presence at Ferrie's party when he was first questioned by Garrison's staff, nor did he mention it during subsequent interrogations under the drug sodium pentathol. His memories, said Phelan, were elicited only under hypnosis, and only in response to the most leading questions.

Garrison, for some extraordinary reason, had given Phelan the transcripts of the various interrogations made of Russo. The doctor who hypnotized Russo two days before he gave evidence against Shaw did tell the court that the witness was possibly in a state of post-hypnotic suggestion. Nevertheless, his crucial testimony, obtained according to Phelan only at the last minute before the hearings, was accepted.

Phelan's attack was only the first. In the middle of May, Newsweek entered the fray with allegations that Garrison's investigators had attempted to bribe, and then to intimidate, a former roommate of Ferrie's named Alvin Beauboef. Every paper in the country picked up the story.

Garrison made no attempt to defend himself or his staff, beyond remarking that anyone who chose to believe such a story was at liberty to do so.

Pressed for some further explanation of what was, on the face of it, a very damaging accusation, he told me that Beauboef had been approached by a New Orleans attorney named Hugh Exnicios, who told him that he had an idea which would make them both some money. Exnicios's scheme, briefly, was that Beauboef should suggest to Garrison's staff that he had important evidence about the conspiracy. He should also suggest that he needed money and a job. They would then cook up some kind of a story, which they would also be able to sell to a magazine.

As Exnicios had calculated, Garrison's men did offer Beauboef \$3,000 to pay off his debts, and the chance of a job with an airline. But they emphasized that this was to be a reward for telling the truth rather than a bribe to lie. The difference is subtle perhaps, but relevant—particularly when made by police officers. Beauboef, they made it clear, would have to take the usual battery of lie-detecting tests.

At this point Exnicios evidently panicked and realized that they would not be able to invent a sufficiently convincing story. He therefore invited the investigators to his office to repeat their initial offer of a job and \$3,000. He tape recorded the conversation, and shortly afterwards made his bribery allegations in court in the county in which the bribe was supposed to have occurred.

District Attorney Frank Langridge refused to prefer any charges and said that he could find no violation of the law in view of the many emphatic statements made by Garrison's investigators about the importance of truthful testimony.

Exnicios, according to Garrison, then made a trip to Atlanta to try to sell his tape to CBS and Time-Life, without success in either case. Meanwhile Garrison lodged a formal complaint about the lawyer with the New Orleans Bar Association, and summoned the by then angry and frightened Beauboef to sign an affidavit saying he did not consider that an attempt had been made to bribe him.

But Exnicios was nothing if not intrepid, and having met with failure in Atlanta he next edited his tape to remove all references, by Garrison's men, to the need for truth in Beauboef's evidence.

It was this edited tape that was bought, either literally or metaphorically, by Newsweek. According to Garrison their reporter did not attempt to see him, nor was the fact that the allegation of bribery had already been thrown out of court in New Orleans mentioned anywhere in the Newsweek story. As their motto claims, "With Newsweek you get it all—and you get it straight."

Six weeks later a small item was to be found in some papers saying that a police investigation had cleared Garrison's staff of any attempt to bribe a witness. "An offer of a job was made in exchange for corroborative evidence," a police spokesman declared. "But no bribe was intended, and such offers are not unusual in police procedure."

Garrison remarks, "Was it illegal? Not at all. Was it in bad taste? Probably. But I can't waste time correcting Newsweek. I have to take the attitude that it doesn't

matter what people think about me, so long as we keep building the case and coming up with the truth."

## TV BLASTS GARRISON

At the end of June, in one week, a whole wave of attacks were launched against Garrison. NBC News screened a documentary about the New Orleans investigation in which they produced two convicted burglars who claimed that attempts had been made to bribe them, Niguel Toress, a one-time heroin addict, declared that he had been offered his freedom, an ounce of heroin, and three months' vacation in Florida if he would cooperate with Garrison's staff. The suggestion had been that they should 'teach' him to give fictitious evidence. Garrison simply observed, with heavy sarcasm, that "vacations in Florida are part of our Prisoners' Incentive Scheme."

The other convict, John Candler, said he had been told that all charges against him would be dropped if he would agree to break into Clay Shaw's house and plant some incriminating evidence there.

NBC had been working on this program in New Orleans for some four months before it appeared, and Garrison had told me all about it weeks previously. But he made no attempt to stop it or, at first, to reply to it. He simply held a brief press conference at which Perry Russo claimed that he had been alternately bribed and threatened by NBC men who wanted him to appear on their program and make unspecified allegations against Garrison.

NBC then offered the District Attorney 'equal time' in which to defend himself in the presence of a panel of experts chosen by them. Garrison at first demanded an hour of prime time all to himself, and rejected NBC's 'experts' on the grounds that they would be unlikely to have read the Warren Report.

Eventually he got half an hour to himself, with an NBC man gravely informing viewers before and after the program that the network had simply made the time available to Garrison, and was not responsible for anything he might choose to say in his own defense. He was introduced, in fact, as though he were some kind of mad dog. Garrison did not use the time to his own best advantage. As a speaker he has a number of courtroom, rhetorical mannerisms, and he takes a long time, particularly at Press Conferences, to get down to the matters in hand.

On this occasion he sat on the side of his desk, smoked a pipe and adopted a 'Big Jim Knows Best' approach. He announced blandly that he was not going to bother to defend himself in any detail against NBC's preposterous charges. He merely asserted and re-asserted that he was telling the truth, and that anyone who criticized him, or attacked his methods in the investigation, was inspired by a sinister desire to conceal the truth as revealed to the District Attorney of New Orleans. It was not a convincing performance.

The New Orleans Crime Commission, a private group financed by voluntary contributions, became so alarmed by the NBC program that it appealed to the State Attorney to investigate Garrison's investigations. A nervous spokesman for the group announced that "there is reason to fear that anyone may be charged and prosecuted on contrived false evidence."

The State Attorney evidently felt that Garrison himself was among those who might reasonably have such fears, and he refused to take any action unless presented with solid evidence that Garrison was remiss in his duties as District Attorney. The State Attorney also made a suggestion, and a novel one in the circumstances: "This matter ought to be tried in the courts, not in the newspapers or on television."

A mere two days after the NBC program, CBS News was on the air with a four part series on the Warren Report.

These programs were well organized and presented, with great emphasis, some interesting but minor new snippets of information.

Garrison himself made a poor showing in interviews with CBS's brisk reporters. Obviously he had to tread carefully and could not comment on the involvement of Clay Shaw. Instead he chose to make some sweeping assertions that "The Eastern Arm of The Establishment" was out to derail his investigations for sinister reasons of its own. When pressed to be more specific he stated flatly that the CIA and the Justice Department were determined to stop him.

If he offered any further explanations, CBS must have edited them out. As they stood, his allegations simply sounded paranoid.

## MONKEYWRENCHES

During the four days of the CBS News analysis of the Warren Report, William Gurvich made a trip to Washington to keep an appointment with Bobby Kennedy. Afterwards he told newsmen that he had felt it his duty to inform the Senator that Garri-

(Continued on page 18)

Ruby.)

Don't help people (like Ferrie) learn how to inject mice with cancer cells. (R.I.P. Dr. Mary Sherman.)

Don't help people like Ferrie do anything, in fact. (R.I.P. Eladio del Valle.)

Don't get bombed, especially if people know you take sleeping pills. (R.I.P. Dorothy Kilgallen.)

Don't aim a pistol behind your left ear with your right hand. (R.I.P. J. Garrett Underhill.)

Don't get arrested by the Dallas police. (R.I.P. Lee Oswald, Jack Ruby.)

Don't ask for a private cell if arrested. (R.I.P. Nancy Jane Mooney.)

Don't sit around in police stations waiting for news. (R.I.P. Bill Hunter.)

Don't stand around outside automobile showrooms waiting for customers. (R.I.P. Albert Guy Bogard.)

Don't step out of the shower with your karate defenses down. (R.I.P. Jim Koethe.)

Don't drive a car in Dallas. (R.I.P. William Whaley.)

Don't drive a car outside Dallas. (R.I.P. Lee Bowers.)

In fact, don't drive a car at all without checking the wheel lugs first. Mort Sahl always remembers to do this now, and he's still with us as this goes to press.

Oh, yes—and don't get between anyone and Jim Garrison.

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# Gurvich leaves Garrison, charges ethics breach

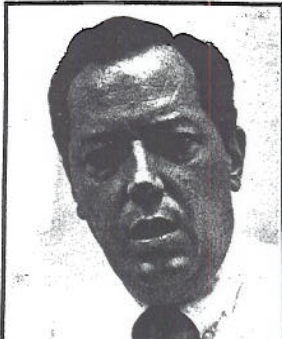
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son's investigations could not be expected to throw any light on the death of his brother. Gurvich announced that he was going back to New Orleans to persuade his boss to drop the whole thing, or at least to change his approach.

Hardly surprisingly he found, on returning, that his boss had decided to drop him. Despite Garrison's scorn for 'grey mice', Gurvich was probably the only man on the District Attorney's staff who was capable of standing up to him.

Now the feud was on. Gurvich said that 'many very illegal and very unethical' things had occurred in recent months in Garrison's investigation, and that he intended to testify to this effect before a New Orleans Grand Jury. Whatever his testimony, no case was found by the jurors for halting the investigation.

Gurvich's behavior was most curious. It was he who arrested Clay Shaw and was Garrison's chief spokesman in the weeks following that arrest. He explained to a Time reporter, "For months and months I was in this thing, and all the time Jim was saying that we were just about to round the corner. Seeing how things were going, my conscience began to tear me apart."



"To read the press accounts of my investigation, I'm a cross between Al Capone and Attila the Hun—bribing, threatening innocent men. Anybody who employs those methods should be disbarred."

Gurvich went to Garrison in December 1966—well before the investigation had been announced in the New Orleans press—and offered his services free as an aide. He also gave Garrison a colour TV set, presumably as an earnest of his goodwill. In a recent interview in Playboy magazine, Garrison said that he now believes that Gurvich was planted in his service by the C.I.A., and it was his job to keep them informed on progress in dangerous areas, sabotage progress wherever possible, and finally to attempt to derail the investigation by his well-publicised desertion and confession that he had now seen the error of his ways.

The day before Gurvich gave his testimony, a New Orleans attorney named Dean Andrews announced that he had found the true 'Clay Bertrand'—a homosexual who regularly used the name as a night-life alias. Clearly SOMEONE in New Orleans must have used the name at one time—but since Clay Shaw's arrest no one had come forward answering to it. If Bertrand wasn't Clay Shaw, who was he?

Only two people so far have acknowledged any contact with the mysterious Bertrand. Perry Russo was one, and the other was the same Dean Andrews who now claimed to have found him. Andrews told the FBI after the assassination that he had been telephoned by a man named Clay Bertrand and asked to defend Oswald. He later said that the 'FEEBES', as he calls them, had virtually haunted him until he agreed to forget about the incident.

When called to testify by Garrison, Andrews admitted that he had met Bertrand briefly on two occasions, but said that he could not positively identify Shaw as the same man. Garrison was convinced that Andrews knew, one way or the other, and charged him with perjury.

Now it seemed that Andrews had made a useful discovery—one that would both ease his situation and thoroughly upset the investigation. But within 24 hours the new 'Clay Bertrand's' lawyer summoned the press and stated categorically that his client had never at any time used such a name.

So, one month later, Andrews was duly tried and convicted of perjury. He went off to jail, a victim of his own loquaciousness and fertile imagination, complaining that the District Attorney had 'leaned on him like a thousand pound canary.'

Mystery, confusion, attack and counter-attack had now reached astonishing proportions. Six out of ten Americans were recently found by a poll to be following Garrison's investigation. Those who had been able

to follow the bewildering series of events, and who still had any inkling of what was going on, must now have assumed that the whole 'conspiracy' theory had been discredited.

## CIA INVOLVEMENT

But Garrison himself seemed not unduly disturbed, and was now concentrating on his theories about CIA involvement. On the first occasions when I had talked with him, he had made no mention of the CIA. He was then concerned primarily with those citizens of New Orleans who didn't want to get involved.

Evidently he didn't make much progress with them, and began to turn his attention to Oswald's anti-Castro Cuban associates in the summer of 1963. At this point a former New Orleans night club operator named Gordon Novel fled to Columbus, Ohio, after hearing that Garrison's staff wanted him for questioning. From his Ohio retreat Novel described the investigation as a 'fraud', and then added, without apparent relevance, that he had been a CIA operative in 1961, and therefore guessed that Garrison was about to uncover some CIA operations in the New Orleans area.

It seemed highly probable that Novel WAS a CIA operator during the Bay of Pigs episode since he supported his assertion with some details about his exact function. Very little more was heard from him after these enigmatic comments. His lawyers have made strenuous efforts to prevent him being returned to New Orleans for questioning, and so far they have succeeded. But Garrison took Novel's statements as a clue, and he began to see a grander and more sinister design.

Two months later he told me, "The CIA is in an embarrassing position because they did not reveal to the Warren Commission that Lee Oswald had, in fact, been working on an operation with them. I'm sure they have known for some time that we know this, and they certainly know it now."

"They are doing everything they can to block the inquiry. For example, all the defense lawyers, who are being hired by witnesses we want to question, are being paid for by the CIA through intermediaries. One lawyer has admitted as much to the press—off the record. Another lawyer is the nephew of someone we've identified as a CIA employee. He is representing a man who has no money at all. A very successful lawyer named Lex Hawkins, a past chairman of 13 state democratic organizations, is defending a woman who has NOTHING."

"This is just a small part of the picture. But it's a hell of a note when a federal agency starts paying for lawyers and attempting to block the operation of justice. They don't want the world to know that the CIA knew what really happened, and didn't reveal it to the Warren Commission."

Garrison believes, and has some evidence to support his belief, that the CIA was backing an operation in New Orleans which had as its main objective the overthrow of the Castro regime, and possibly also the assassination of Castro himself. He contends that the FBI must have known something of this covert operation, since it involved the collection and concealment of quantities of arms in and around New Orleans.

Two groups of Cuban exiles were, he maintains, being trained in guerrilla operations on the shores of Lake Ponchartraine north of the city. The larger of the two groups consisted mostly of anti-Castro Cuban Christian Democrats. They had little ammunition and their training was not particularly extensive.

Garrison says he has questioned some of these Cubans, and describes them as 'squad and not very militant—though virulent in their hatred of President Kennedy since the



"President Kennedy was killed for one reason: because he was working for a reconciliation with the U.S.S.R. and Castro's Cuba. His assassins were a group of fanatic anti-Communists and Cuban exiles."

miserable failure of the Bay of Pigs adventure. But the other smaller group, who were always a matter of curiosity to the Christian Democrats, were heavily armed and trained continually.

The two groups continued their maneuvers without interruption until the middle of July 1963, when the larger group was suddenly sent back to Miami.

On July 30 the FBI seized a cache of more than a ton of ammunition on the estate of an ex-Havana gambler named William McLaney, whose land borders on the area where the smaller group of Cubans trained. The arms seized were heavy, including bomb casings, striker assemblies, and napalm. Several Cubans were seized with the arms, and the whole affair was reported in the local press. But not one of these Cubans was ever arrested, charged, or even booked. (McLaney claimed that the arms were put on his land by a Cuban named Jose Juarez, and that they arrived there when he was out of town.)

Garrison knows the names of the Cubans involved, but the FBI will not tell him where they are now, although they must have this information. In particular Garrison wants to talk to a certain Manuel Garcia Gonzales, whom he says was seen by a witness to be standing behind the fence on the grassy knoll just before President Kennedy's motorcade passed in Dallas.

The day after the cache of arms was seized, newspaper headlines in New Orleans read 'RUSK-NIKITA TO TALK NON-AGGRESSION PACT'. Garrison comments, "As far back as October 1962 President Kennedy had reached an understanding with Khrushchev that there would be no more aggressions against Cuba. A detente was reached in fact, and the beginning of improved relations with Russia. The CIA on the other hand, as has been its habitual custom, paid no attention to the President's position, which had been made quite explicit, with the result that they had an operation going on in New Orleans that was pointed towards Cuba."

A former Kennedy aide, William Attwood, states in his recent book Reds and Blacks that President Kennedy was more anxious than the State Department to end the Cuban-U.S. cold war, and that he told Attwood that he planned to set in motion some serious diplomatic discussions with Castro's U.N. representative just as soon as he got back from a 'brief trip to Dallas.'

In July 1966, according to Garrison, the CIA must have realized that the growing atmosphere of top-level conciliation towards Castro was such that there was no chance of their launching any kind of adventure against Cuba. They must have decided, Garrison believes, that there was no time to phase out the operation gradually. It had to be aborted immediately. "The Cubans who had been involved were suddenly told 'It's all off. We've changed our minds. Forget about it. This is something you've got to learn to live with.' But they did not learn to live with it, and they ended up in Dallas on November 22."

Garrison believes, in fact, that a CIA-backed operation against Castro backfired and resulted in the assassination of President Kennedy. He has come upon several bits and pieces of evidence linking Oswald with anti-Castro Cubans in New Orleans, and he is sure he has evidence now to prove that Oswald was some sort of CIA operative.

Certainly Oswald's supposedly Communist activities—such as the 'Fair Play For Cuba' movement—were simply a front. But first of all Garrison needs to prove that the Cubans in New Orleans WERE sponsored by the CIA, and were not just freelancing.

Quite where Ferrie and Shaw are alleged to have been involved in all this is far from clear. Garrison merely states that right-wing Americans 'up to a high level in the nation' were definitely implicated. He has publicly asserted, without producing solid evidence, that Jack Ruby's connection with the Cuban operation was that of arms supplier.

Some light on what Garrison may be implying here is provided by William Turner, a former FBI officer writing in the July issue of Ramparts Magazine (which first revealed CIA involvement in supposedly cultural and non-political American organizations, including student groups). Ramparts is the only national magazine in America to have given Garrison's investigation its firm support—though Playboy's interview with him in their October issue is most fair and balanced in presentation, and also allows him the space he has needed from the beginning to explain his extremely complicated case.

He recounts a story about a fast-living, ex police-informer named Nancy Perrin, who once worked briefly as barmaid for Jack Ruby. But she was looking for more action, and with her husband Robert became interested in the illegal sale of arms to Cu-

ban exiles. At a business meeting to arrange such a deal she was astonished to meet her ex-employer Jack Ruby, who appeared to be acting as go-between for the Cuban customers. Mrs. Perrin became alarmed, and backed out of the deal altogether when she thought she recognized one of the participants as a relative of Mafia boss Vito Genovese.

Turner tells a number of such stories without comment. Another, which cannot be checked, concerns a strange figure Garrett Underhill, an intelligence officer in World War II, and a writer on military affairs who was on close terms with many of the senior men at the Pentagon and the CIA.

The day after the assassination Underhill arrived in a state of great agitation at the house of some friends in New Jersey. He told them that a small clique in the CIA was responsible for the murder of President Kennedy, that he was afraid for his life, and that he would have to leave the country.

Six months later Underhill was found dead in his home in Washington with a bullet hole behind his left ear. The death was declared a suicide, but since Underhill was right-handed it seemed that he had chosen an odd way to shoot himself. Turner quotes further conversation with Underhill's anonymous friends as follows: "They say Underhill attributed the Kennedy murder to a CIA clique which was carrying on a lucrative racket in gun-running, narcotics, and other contraband, and manipulating political intrigue to serve its own ends. Kennedy supposedly got wind that something was going on and was killed before he could 'blow the whistle on it.'"

Garrison must be getting tired now. On television he is as emphatic, as sarcastic, and as positive in his comments as when I



"A number of the men who killed the President were former employees of the CIA involved in its anti-Castro underground activities in the New Orleans area. The CIA knows their identity. So do I." Photos courtesy Playboy Magazine

first talked to him in New Orleans. But there are signs of real obsession, and he now sees any criticisms of his investigation as a move by the CIA or some other sinister 'arm of the establishment.' When William Gurvich defected, for example, he remarked that the CIA had not enough money to buy off the rest of his investigators.

At the beginning of June Garrison announced that he was in possession of a photograph showing five dark and swarthy men standing behind some shrubbery on the grassy knoll. There was, naturally, some speculation about the appearance of such a picture after three years.

Garrison finally unveiled the photograph on the CBS program. In the foreground stood the motorcade spectators on the pavement. In the background was what appeared to be a privet hedge. This is where the five men were supposed to be visible. But there was absolutely no one there—either swarthy, blonde, or redheaded. One could IMAGINE people crouched down behind the hedge of course—but there was absolutely no one visible. But Garrison sat by the bemused interviewer, convinced that his photograph was significant, even sensational.

## WHAT WILL HAPPEN

Various explanations have been advanced as to why 65 percent of the American people should doubt the conclusions of the Warren Report. The politely-termed 'credibility gap' created by the present administration has been suggested as a major factor. Memories of McCarthy's endless accusations of conspiracy in high places may be another. Then there is the traditional 'Yankee Horse Trader' determination not to be taken in, but always to know the real, inside story.

Most of all there is the ordinary human refusal to accept the irrational. The random killing of bystanders is infinitely more ter-

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# WILL NEW ORLEANS D.A. UNCOVER KENNEDY PLOT?

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ripping to contemplate than is a murderer committed for gain or some other recognizable motive. Anyone can be the lunatic's victim. A man may leave his house one morning, and be gunned down in a moment for no reason. The possibility is intolerable. And the brutal, insane murder of a President is even more intolerable—there must have been a plot, some REASON behind it.

Of all the millions who have had doubts about the lone guilt of Oswald, of all the thousands who have written books and articles expressing such doubts, Garrison is the only man in a position to DO something. He is an extraordinary man, as it happened, and not the kind of local official who might have backed down as soon as the U.S. Attorney General announced that Clay Shaw had been checked and was clear.

Garrison believes in the responsibility, and the ability, of the individual to influence events. He certainly believes strongly in his own abilities and responsibilities in this respect. He believes that one must get involved.

But he has a portrait of Napoleon on his wall, and he is accustomed to controlling the men around him, to having his own way, and to knowing the inside story. He is absorbed by chess, and 'must have some intellectual stimulation.' Problems excite rather than tire him. I was told in New Orleans that he became bored and lazy if he had no interesting work to occupy him. His investigation into an alleged conspiracy presented him with a huge and complicated chess game.

But when witnesses refused to be treated like expendable pawns, he would not change his tactics. His theories simply became increasingly complicated as he cast about for alternative ways of developing the case. Now he has erected a multi-storied suppo-

sition so complex that only he can remember all its details, and so shaky that it seems likely to collapse at any minute. He has painted himself into a corner.

Although the friends had always known Underhill to be perfectly rational and objective, they didn't at first take his story seriously. "I think the main reason," explained the husband, "was that we couldn't believe that the CIA could contain a corrupt element every bit as ruthless as—and more efficient than—the Mafia."

Does William Turner believe that the CIA could contain such an element? He doesn't say. But in some circles now in America there is thought to be a CIA agent under every bed, and there is no charge too dreadful to be leveled against them. As William Gurvich remarked when asked what he thought of Garrison's allegations about them, "He can say any damn thing he wants about the CIA — because he knows they'll never answer him."

Oswald may have gotten the idea of assassinating Kennedy while in the company involved.

of frustrated right-wing Cuban exiles in New Orleans, who may or may not have been backed by the CIA. But the question remains about Oswald's own status. Doubts about the investigative integrity of the CIA in their reports to the Warren Commission were expressed over and over again by commentators in the CBS program, by men who were otherwise convinced by the Warren Report. Edward Epstein, whose book 'Inquest' is probably the most balanced and responsible critique of the work of the Commission, remains unconvinced by the categorical statement that Oswald was never at any time in the employ of any Federal agency.

Rosemary James, the girl who broke the story of Garrison's investigation in the New Orleans' States-Item last February, described the case to me as 'the worst bunch of confused little bits of nothing I've ever seen.' But almost in the next breath she said, "I believe he's got something, but I don't think he can prove it."

Once, almost in passing, Garrison compared his position to that of Dr. Stockman, the hero of Ibsen's 'An Enemy of the People.' In this play, the medical superintendent of a spa visited each summer by the sick reveals to the citizens of the health resort that the waters of the spa are being polluted by waste matters from a tannery above the town. To rid them of the poisonous water would require an entire new system of pipes and the relocation of the baths themselves—which would have to be closed for at least two summers.

Unless this is done there is a certainty of infection, even of typhoid. If the facts are made public the town will lose its reputation as a health resort, even if the pollution is removed.

The doctor is threatened by the mayor (his own brother), denied a public hearing, and not a printer in the town will publish his evidence. He persists, is fired from his job at the spa, finds that his medical practice has disappeared overnight, and is evicted from his house. A vicious lie about him is concocted by the local paper. At the end of the play his determination to reveal the truth is unbroken, and he declares, "I have discovered that the strongest man on earth is the man who stands alone."

The District Attorney of New Orleans evidently sees himself in this dramatic light. Certainly he has the same spirit. But the fictional doctor had irrefutable chemical proof of pollution. Garrison's investigation is deeply unpopular in America. There are many who, for whatever reason, are determined now to stop him.

He is a difficult, arrogant, and uncompromising man with many enemies. He has nerve, and considerable courage, but it will be the end of him, in public life at least, if he is found standing alone in defense of a fiction.