

## **Conversations with the Crow:**

On October 8th, 2000, Robert Trumbull Crowley, once a leader of the CIA's Clandestine Operations Division, died in a Washington hospital of heart failure and the end effects of Alzheimer's Disease. Before the late Assistant Director Crowley was cold, Joseph Trento, a writer of light-weight books on the CIA, descended on Crowley's widow at her town house on Cathedral Hill Drive in Washington and hauled away over fifty boxes of Crowley's CIA files.

Once Trento had his new find secure in his house in Front Royal , Virginia, he called a well-known Washington fix lawyer with the news of his success in securing what the CIA had always considered to be a potential major embarrassment. Three months before, July 20th of that year, retired Marine Corps colonel William R. Corson, and an associate of Crowley, died of emphysema and lung cancer at a hospital in Bethesda, Md.

After Corson's death, Trento and a well-known Washington fix-lawyer went to Corson's bank, got into his safe deposit box and removed a manuscript entitled 'Zipper.' This manuscript, which dealt with Crowley's involvement in the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, vanished into a CIA burn-bag and the matter was considered to be closed forever.

The small group of CIA officials gathered at Trento's house to search through the Crowley papers, looking for documents that must not become public. A few were found but, to their consternation, a significant number of files Crowley was known to have had in his possession had simply vanished.

When published material concerning the CIA's actions against Kennedy became public in 2002, it was discovered to the CIA's horror, that the missing documents had been sent by an increasingly erratic Crowley to another person and these missing papers included devastating material on the CIA's activities in South East Asia to include drug running, money laundering and the maintenance of the notorious 'Regional Interrogation Centers' in Viet Nam and, worse still, the Zipper files proving the CIA's active organization of the assassination of President John Kennedy..

A massive, preemptive disinformation campaign was readied, using government-friendly bloggers, CIA-paid "historians" and others, in the event that anything from this file ever surfaced. The best-laid plans often go astray and in this case, one of the compliant historians, a former government librarian who fancied himself a serious writer, began to tell his friends about the CIA plan to kill Kennedy and eventually, word of this began to leak out into the outside world.

The originals had vanished and an extensive search was conducted by the FBI and CIA operatives but without success. Crowley's survivors, his aged wife and son, were interviewed extensively by the FBI and instructed to minimize any discussion of highly damaging CIA files that Crowley had, illegally, removed from Langley when he retired. Crowley had been a close friend of James Jesus Angleton, the CIA's notorious head of Counterintelligence. When Angleton was sacked by DCI William Colby in December of 1974, Crowley and Angleton conspired to secretly remove Angleton's most sensitive secret files out of the agency. Crowley did the same thing right before his own retirement , secretly removing thousands of pages of classified information that covered his entire agency career.

Known as "The Crow" within the agency, Robert T. Crowley joined the CIA at its inception and spent his entire career in the Directorate of Plans, also known as the "Department of Dirty Tricks": Crowley was one of the tallest men ever to work at the CIA. Born in 1924 and raised in Chicago, Crowley grew to six and a half feet when he entered the U.S. Military Academy at West Point in N.Y. as a cadet in 1943 in the class of 1946. He never graduated, having enlisted in the Army, serving in the Pacific during World War II. He retired from the Army Reserve in 1986 as a lieutenant colonel. According to a book he authored with his friend and colleague, William Corson, Crowley's career included service in military intelligence and Naval Intelligence, before joining the CIA at inception in 1947. His entire career at the agency was spent within the Directorate of Plans in covert operations. Before his retirement, Bob Crowley became assistant deputy director for operations, the second-in-command in the Clandestine Directorate of Operations.

One of Crowley's first major assignments within the agency was to assist in the recruitment and management of prominent World War II Nazis, especially those with advanced intelligence experience. One of the CIA's major recruitment coups was Heinrich Mueller, once head of Hitler's Gestapo who had fled to Switzerland after the collapse of the Third Reich and worked as an anti-Communist expert for Masson of Swiss counterintelligence. Mueller was initially hired by Colonel James Critchfield of the CIA, who was running the Gehlen Organization out of Pullach in southern Germany. Crowley eventually came to despise Critchfield but the colonel was totally unaware of this, to his later dismay.

Crowley's real expertise within the agency was the Soviet KGB. One of his main jobs throughout his career was acting as the agency liaison with corporations like ITT, which the CIA often used as fronts for moving large amounts of cash off their books. He was deeply involved in the efforts by the U.S. to overthrow the democratically elected government of Salvador Allende in Chile, which eventually got him into legal problems with regard to investigations of the U.S. government's grand jury where he has perjured himself in an agency cover-up.

After his retirement, Crowley began to search for someone who might be able to write a competent history of his career. His first choice fell on British author John Costello (author of *Ten Days to Destiny*, *The Pacific War* and other works) but, discovering that Costello was a very aggressive homosexual, he dropped him and tentatively turned to Joseph Trento who had assisted Crowley and William Corson in writing a book on the KGB. When Crowley discovered that Trento had an ambiguous and probably cooperative relationship with the CIA, he began to distrust him and continued his search for an author.

Bob Crowley first contacted Gregory Douglas in 1993 when he found out from John Costello that Douglas was about to publish his first book on Heinrich Mueller, the former head of the Gestapo who had become a secret, long-time asset to the CIA. Crowley contacted Douglas and they began a series of long and often very informative telephone conversations that lasted for four years. In 1996, Crowley told Douglas that he believed him to be the person that should ultimately tell Crowley's story but only after Crowley's death. Douglas, for his part, became so entranced with some of the material that Crowley began to share with him that he secretly began to record their conversations, later transcribing them word for word, planning to incorporate some, or all, of the material in later publications.

In 1998, when Crowley was slated to go into the hospital for exploratory surgery, he had his son, Greg, ship two large foot lockers of documents to Douglas with the

caveat that they were not to be opened until after Crowley's death. These documents, totaled an astonishing 15,000 pages of CIA classified files involving many covert operations, both foreign and domestic, during the Cold War.

After Crowley's death and Trento's raid on the Crowley files, huge gaps were subsequently discovered by horrified CIA officials and when Crowley's friends mentioned Gregory Douglas, it was discovered that Crowley's son had shipped two large boxes to Douglas. No one knew their contents but because Douglas was viewed as an uncontrollable loose cannon who had done considerable damage to the CIA's reputation by his on-going publication of the history of Gestapo-Mueller, they bent every effort both to identify the missing files and make some effort to retrieve them before Douglas made any use of them.

All of this furor eventually came to the attention of Dr. Peter Janney, a Massachusetts clinical psychologist and son of Wistar Janney, another career CIA official, colleague of not only Bob Crowley but Cord Meyer, Richard Helms, Jim Angleton and others. Janney was working on a book concerning the murder of Mary Pinchot Meyer, former wife of Cord Meyer, a high-level CIA official, and later the mistress of President John F. Kennedy. Douglas had authored a book, '*Regicide*' which dealt with Crowley's part in the Kennedy assassination and he obviously had access to at least some of Crowley's papers. Janney was very well connected inside the CIA's higher levels and when he discovered that Douglas had indeed known, and had often spoken with, Crowley and that after Crowley's death, the FBI had descended on Crowley's widow and son, warning them to never speak with Douglas about anything, he contacted Douglas and finally obtained from him a number of original documents, including the originals of the transcribed conversations with Robert Crowley.

In spite of the burn bags, the top secret safes and the vigilance of the CIA to keep its own secrets, the truth has an embarrassing and often very fatal habit of emerging, albeit decades later.

While CIA drug running, money-launderings and brutal assassinations are very often strongly rumored and suspected, it has so far not been possible to actually pin them down but it is more than possible that the publication of the transcribed and detailed Crowley-Douglas conversations will do a great deal towards accomplishing this.

These many transcribed conversations are relatively short because Crowley was a man who tired easily but they make excellent reading. There is an interesting admixture of shocking revelations on the part of the retired CIA official and often rampant anti-social (and very entertaining) activities on the part of Douglas but readers of this new and on-going series are gently reminded to always look for the truth in the jest!

Dr. Peter Janney  
Boston, Mass

*Dr. Janney, a Boston-based psychologist, is the son of Wistar Janney, a prominent member of the CIA and co-worker with many of the legendary early CIA officials, including Robert Crowley. Dr. Janney is acquainted with Emily Crowley, widow of Robert Crowley and has interviewed both Mrs. Crowley and members of Robert Crowley's staff in the Clandestine Action division. Editor*

### ***Dramatis personae:***

**James Jesus Angleton:** Once head of the CIA's Counterintelligence division, later fired because of his obsessive and illegal behavior, tapping the phones of many important government officials in search of elusive Soviet spies. A good friend of Robert Crowley and a co-conspirator with him in the assassination of President Kennedy

**James P. Atwood:** (April 16, 1930-April 20, 1997) In Memorium. A CIA employee, located in Berlin, Atwood had a most interesting career. He worked for any other agency that would pay him, was involved in selling surplus Russian atomic artillery shells to the Pakistan government and was also most successful in the manufacturing of counterfeit German dress daggers. Too talkative, Atwood eventually had a sudden "seizure" while lunching with CIA associates.

**William Corson:** A Marine Corps Colonel and President Carter's representative to the CIA. A friend of Crowley and Kimmel, Corson was an intelligent man whose main failing was a frantic desire to be seen as an important person. This led to his making fictional or highly exaggerated claims.

**John Costello:** A British historian who was popular with revisionist circles. Died of AIDS on a trans-Atlantic flight

**James Critchfield:** Former U.S. Army Colonel who worked for the CIA and organized the Cehlen Org. at Pullach, Germany. This organization was filled to the Plimsoll line with former Gestapo and SD personnel, many of whom were wanted for various purported crimes. He hired Heinrich Müller in 1948 and went on to represent the CIA in the Persian Gulf.

**Robert T. Crowley:** Once the deputy director of Clandestine Operations and head of the group that interacted with corporate America. A former West Point football player who was one of the founders of the original CIA. Crowley was involved at a very high level with many of the machinations of the CIA.

**Gregory Douglas:** A retired newspaperman, onetime friend of Heinrich Müller and latterly, of Robert Crowley. Inherited stacks of files from the former (along with many interesting works of art acquired during the war and even more papers from Robert Crowley. Lives comfortably in a nice house overlooking the Mediterranean.

**Reinhard Gehlen:** A retired German general who had once been in charge of the intelligence for the German high command on Russian military activities. Fired by Hitler for incompetence, he was therefore naturally hired by first the U.S. Army and then, as his level of incompetence rose, with the CIA. His Nazi-stuffed organization eventually became the current German Bundes Nachrichten Dienst.

**Thomas K. Kimmel, Jr:** A grandson of Admiral Husband Kimmel, Naval commander at Pearl Harbor who was scapegoated after the Japanese attack. Kimmel was a senior FBI official who knew both Gregory Douglas and Robert Crowley and made a number of attempts to discourage Crowley from talking with Douglas. He was singularly unsuccessful. Kimmel subsequently retired and lives in retirement in Florida

**Willi Krichbaum:** A Senior Colonel (*Oberführer*) in the SS, head of the wartime Secret Field Police of the German Army and Heinrich Müller's standing deputy in the Gestapo. After the war, Krichbaum went to work for the Critchfield organization and was their chief recruiter and hired many of his former SS friends. Krichbaum put Critchfield in touch with Müller in 1948.

**Heinrich Müller:** A former military pilot in the Bavarian Army in WWI> Müller later became a political police officer in Munich and was later made the head of the Secret State Police or Gestapo. After the war, Müller escaped to Switzerland where he worked for Swiss intelligence as a specialist on Communist espionage and was hired by James Critchfield, head of the Gehlen Organization, in 1948. Müller subsequently was moved to Washington where he worked for the CIA until he retired.

**Joseph Trento:** A writer on intelligence subjects, Trento and his wife "assisted" both Crowley and Corson in writing a book on the Russian KGB. Trento believed that he would inherit all of Crowley's extensive files but after Crowley's death, he discovered that the files had been gutted and the most important, and sensitive, ones given to Gregory Douglas. Trento was not happy about this.

**Frank Wisner:** A Founding Father of the CIA who promised much to the Hungarian and then failed them. First a raging lunatic who was removed from Langley, screaming, in a strait jacket and later, blowing off the top of his head with a shotgun.

**Robert Wolfe:** A retired librarian from the National Archives who worked closely with the CIA on covering up embarrassing historical material in the files of the Archives. A strong supporter of holocaust writers.

## **Conversation No. 1**

Date: Saturday, January 27, 1996

Commenced: 11: 02 AM (CST)

Concluded: 11:25AM (CST)

EC: Hello?

GD: Mrs. Crowley. This is Gregory. Is Robert available?

EC: I think he's upstairs. Greg was supposed to come over....let me call him for you.

GD: Thanks

(Pause)

RTC: Gregory! How are you?

GD: Emily says you're expecting your son...

RTC: He's probably not coming. Never mind. If he comes, I'll tell you and we can talk later...in the afternoon.

GD: I talked to Corson about a foreword for the next Mueller book. I know we mentioned this but are you willing to contribute?

RTC: Certainly. Have it out in a few days or I can work it up and fax it to you. OK?

GD: Fine. Thanks a lot for this.

RTC: It'll just make me more popular, that's all. How are you coming with the next one?

GD: About halfway through. I've decided to put in the counterfeiting business and probably do a hit on the Gehlen mob...

RTC: That ought to frost Critchfield's worthless balls!

GD: And I was there, don't forget, and I know where the bum hid the money. I was thinking about doing a number about Willi (Krichbaum). He was Critchfield's top recruiter. Wait until they find out good old Willi was a Gestapo colonel and Mueller's top deputy in the Gestapo!

RTC: More fun and games. You really do like to twist the nuts, don't you?

GD: Only if they don't come off in my hands.

RTC: Lois would never miss them. What else goes in?

GD: Well, I owe Corson the thing on Kronthal. He goes in for sure. Maybe Wisner too.

RTC: Remind me to tell you about the time Frank got caught in Rock Creek giving a blow job to a black exchange student. Fine thing for a southern gentleman to get caught at.

GD: Mississippi or something.

RTC: Originally one of the New York Gardiners. Gardiner's Island. Old family. They had holdings in Montana, if memory serves me...of course names elude me...but holdings in Mississippi too. Poor Frank was a first class nut case. You know about blowing his brains out all over the garage roof? Yes, I told you that, didn't I. Couldn't follow through on his promises to the Hungarians of our military intervention if they rose up against Stalin....

GD: But Stalin died in 1953 and that business was in 1956...

RTC: Yes, yes, of course but I meant the Stalin empire.

GD: Understood. Theory and practice.

RTC: What else new and exciting to drive them bats?

GD:Wallenberg...

RTC: Who cares about that hebe?

GD: Well, the gits started the story that the Russians got him...

RTC: We made that one up...

GD: But Mueller said the Gestapo bagged him and offed him in some farmyard..

RTC: Had it coming. Listen, Gregory, what do you want to do about the Kennedy business? I guess there's still interest in it. God...fifty thousand books and all of them fuller of shit than a Christmas turkey.

GD: How many did your people write, sponsor and publish? I mean to deliberately drag carmine herrings across the path?

RTC: Lost track. Hundreds. One thing Wisner did was to build up a very cooperative media and that includes book publishers.

GD: I could consider that.

RTC: Maybe after I'm dead and gone. It would be better.

GD: Fine. Question here?

RTC: Shoot.

GD: Was Oswald a patsy?

RTC: Sure. He worked for us once in Japan... at Atsugi...and also for ONI. Not high level but he was a soldier after all.

GD: How would I handle that?

RTC: Let's claim he worked for Hoover!<sup>1</sup> Why not?

GD: I mean, did he actually?

RTC: Christ no. Poor idiot. Jesus, what a wife! First class bitch. Thought Lee was a millionaire and when she came here, she would strike it rich. Turned out she lived in a slum and she had to put up with a loudmouth husband and then got stuck with a kid. No wonder she did what we told her.

GD: Women are not easy to deal with. They are either at your feet or your throat...

RTC: Oh, the truth of it all! Emily is a lovely person but I tell her nothing. And let me ask you that when you talk with her, for God's sake, don't talk shop with her. It would just stir her up. Most Company wives are a pack of nuts. Did I mention Cord's wife?

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<sup>1</sup> John Edgar Hoover January 1, 1895-May 2, 1972 Head of the Federal Bureau of Investigaton, a part of the Department of Justice.

GD: I don't think so. I...no, I don't remember. Cord Meyer?<sup>2</sup>

RTC: Right, the Great Cyclops. Or the One-Eyed Reilly.

GD: In the center of his forehead?

RTC: Lost it in the Pacific. Glass.

GD: The wife?

RTC: What?

GD: You mentioned his wife...

RTC: Ah yes. He married the daughter of Pinchot just after the war...

GD: Gifford?

RTC: Correct. The governor. Very attractive woman but her sister was even better. She married Bradlee who is one of the Companies men. He's on the 'Post' now. Cord's wife was what they call a free spirit...liked modern art, runs around naked in people's gardens and so on. Pretty but strange and unstable. She and Cord got along for a time but time changes everything....they do say that, don't they?...They broke up and Cord was so angry at being dumped, he hated her from then on. She took up with Kennedy. Did you know that?

GD: No.

RTC: Oh yes indeed. Kennedy had huge orgies out at 1600 with nude women in the pools and all that. Even had a professional photographer come in and take pictures of him in action. Old Jack loved threesomes, the occasional dyke and God knows what else. It was Joe's money that shut people up, including his nasty wife...

GD: I thought she was a saint. Old family...

RTC: Bullshit! Family is Irish, bog trotters, like Kennedy. Not French at all. A greedy, lying and completely nutty woman. Never liked her. One generation here and they give up washing clothes and put up the lace curtains in the family parlor. What was I saying?

GD: About Cord's wife...

RTC: Oh yes. After Mary...that was her name...Mary. You haven't heard about her?

GD: No.

RTC: After Kennedy bought the farm, ex-Mrs Meyer was annoyed. She became the steady girlfriend and he was very serious about her. Jackie was brittle, uptight and very greedy. Poor people usually are. Mary had money and far more class and she knew how to get along with Jack. Trouble was, she got along too well. She didn't approve of the mass orgies and introduced him to pot and other things. Not a good idea. Increased chances for blackmail or some erratic public behavior. But after Dallas, she began to brood and then started to talk. Of course she had no proof but when people like that start to run their mouths, there can be real trouble.

GD: What was the outcome?

RTC: We terminated her, of course.

GD: That I didn't know. How?

RTC: Had one of our cleaning men nail her down by the towpath while she was out for her daily jog.

GD: Wasn't that a bit drastic?

RTC: Why? If you knew the damage she could cause us...

GD: Were you the man?

RTC: No, Jim Angleton was. And Bradlee, her brother-in-law was in the know. After she assumed room temperature, he and Jim went over to Mary's art studio to see if she had any compromising papers and ran off with her diary. I have a copy of it...

GD: Could I see it?

RTC: Now, Gregory, don't ask too many questions. Maybe later.

GD: Did anyone get nailed?

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<sup>2</sup> Cord Meyer November 10, 1920- March 13, 2001 Senior CIA official, earlier involved with Alan Cranston in pro-Russian United World Federalist movement. His former wife, Mary, was later a mistress of President Kennedy.

RTC: Some spaced out nigger was down there but he had nothing to do with it. Our people came down on that place in busloads to help out the locals but they were searching for the gun. Our man was supposed to have tossed in into the water but it never made it in and one of our boys found it in some bushes, half in and half out of the water. Beat the locals to it by about ten seconds. Very close. See, it was one of our hit weapons that never had serial numbers. Not made that way.

GD: Ruger made a silenced .22 during the war for the OSS. No numbers, parkerized finish.

RTC: Same thing.

GD: Couldn't they have talked sense into her?

RTC: What did Shakespeare say about angry women?

GD: 'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.'

RTC: Exactly.

GD: She had children?

RTC: Some. One was killed by a drunk driver. Caused all kinds of friction in the family as I remember.

GD: Meyer. He was tied up with Alan Cranston?

RTC: Yes. The one-world crap.

GD: I knew Cranston and his family. United World Federalists. He married into the Fowle family and I was a friend of one of the members. Ultra left-wing. Was at his house by the golf course one time and the bedroom bookshelf was jammed with Commie books...Debray, Mao, Lenin, Marx, Engels, Kautsky and on and on.

RTC: Cord was under investigation by Phoebe for that.

GD: Phoebe?

RTC: Slang for FBI. We'll have to talk about Cranston...he left the Senate..

GD: I know. I nailed him. The savings and loan business. I got inside skinny on this and tipped off the media. ABC people. It went on from there.

RTC: Good for you. Cord was tied up.

GD: You didn't like him.

RTC: Nasty, opinionated, loud and a general asshole.

GD: What did he think about doing his wife?

RTC: Ex-wife. Let's be accurate now. Ex-wife. When Jim talked to Cord about this, Cord didn't let him finish his fishing expedition. He was in complete agreement about shutting her up. Gregory, you can't reason with people like her. She hated Cord, loved Kennedy and saw things in the Dallas business that were obvious to insiders or former insiders but she made the mistake of running her mouth. One of the wives had a talk with her about being quiet but Mary was on a tear and that was that.

GD: Yes, I think there's something there.

RTC: But not while I'm breathing, Gregory. Not until later. And it wasn't my decision. I was there but Jim and the others made the final decision. You know how it goes.

GD: Oh yeah, I know that one. But to get back to the foreword. No problem?

RTC: None at all.

GD: I don't think Tom Kimmel will like that.

RTC: I've heard from him on that. He doesn't like the idea that Bill and I approve of you. I wouldn't tell him too much if I were you. You can tell me things and sometimes you can tell Bill but Kimmel has a mouth problem.

GD: I helped him with the Pearl Harbor matter...

RTC: Don't bother. What else is going to be in the next book?

GD: Something on the Duke of Windsor.

RTC: Gregory, I think my son is about to come up here so perhaps we can get together later today. Call me after 6 tonight if you wish. Sorry but weekends can be busy here.

GD: Understood.

(Concluded at 11:25AM CST)



## Conversation No. 2

Date: Friday, February 9, 1996

Commenced: 9:11 AM (CST)

Concluded: 9:38 AM (CST)

GD: Robert.

RTC: Good morning, Gregory. How are you doing today?

GD: Functioning. Yourself?

RTC: Good days, bad days. I have to be careful in the bathroom because I sometimes lose my balance.

GD: Put in some grab irons.

RTC: Better said than done. I have some advice for you Gregory. Don't get old.

GD: Do I have a choice?

RTC: We know the alternative. Have you heard back from your publisher?

GD: He's too patient with me, I must say. He wants to see something about flying saucers but I have a diary entry for Mueller that covers this subject and I want to put it in there. His cousin was involved in the Roswell business and Roger actually saw one of the American ones out at Moffitt Field once. Actually climbed up on it.

RTC: Oh the hysteria of it all.

GD: I remember very clearly. At least three sightings a week. I created one of them at least.

RTC: How so?

GD: Oh we made a fake saucer out of balsa and silver paper, mounted two pulse jets at the rear and set it up for radio control.

RTC: Did you put little green men in it?

GD: No. The pilot area was covered with a plastic salad bowl upside down, but it really wasn't very big. We took it down to the beach on a really hot day in July and flew it from one cliff to another. Right past a beach full of fat people getting sunburns. It was a distance of...oh say about 1000 feet give or take. To me, it wasn't realistic but we put some noisemakers inside the jet pipes and it made a shitawful noise. High whistling and farting noises. Anyway, I was on one headland and my friend was on the other. We flew it fairly slowly in a straight line and believe me, the beach was packed. Right at the surf level but about 300 feet up in the air. God, you never heard so much shrieking and yelling in your life.

RTC: You always seem to have such a bizarre sense of humor, Gregory. Do you still do things like that?

GD: No. At my age, people get stuck into nut houses doing that but at the time, I did enjoy it. I remember once we carved the dorsal fin of a Great White out of a Styrofoam boogie board, mounted an underwater motor at the base with the control antenna running up to the top. Jesus, it was a huge fin at that. And of course we painted it up right. That was about the time that 'Jaws' came out. And this time we took it down to an even bigger beach.....do you know the California coast by any chance? I could be more specific

RTC: No, not really. Go on.

GD: It was the Fourth of July and hot as shit and the beach and the surf were jammed with intercity types. There was a pier that ran out well past the surf at the northern end of the beach so we took a rented rowboat with the fake fin and the radio control equipment and rowed right under this pier. It was a big pier with a road on it and all kinds of shops along the sides so there was certainly room under it. Anyway, we put the fin in the water, turned on the motor and aimed it towards the beach. It was a little hard to direct what with the surf and all but with a few tries, we got it fine. Ran it towards the beach and then paralleled it just out past the surf line. Jesus H. Christ, Robert, you couldn't imagine the havoc. Screaming we could hear under the pier and everyone stampeded out of the water. We ran it back and forth a few times and then

headed out to where a bunch of twits were fishing and again panic reigned supreme. Little outboard jobbies fleeing in terror in all directions. I mean given the size of the fin, what was supposed to be underneath it must have been the size of the Titanic. We saw a Coast Guard boat coming so we just aimed it out to sea and opened it up. Lost the whole rig but I didn't feel like trying to get it back. If we'd been bagged, I would have got at least ten years out of it. But probably for contaminating the beach. I'll bet there were six inches of shit floating in the surf.

RTC: Your escapades always entertain me, Gregory. But what do you know about real saucers? I don't mean toys.

GD: The Germans developed one during the war and flew it. That I do know.

Habermohl, Meithe and some wop.

RTC: Yes, true enough. And after the war we got the plans and one of the engineers. The Russians got a prototype and another scientist.

GD: Bender tells me the one he saw at Moffitt was made in Canada.

RTC: Yes, by the A.V. Roe Company. Called it AVRO.

GD: He said they had used it as a high altitude recon craft and it had USAF marking on it.

RTC: They let him see it?

GD: Been out of service for some time and he had some friend in the Navy who got him in.

RTC: Well, those were the legit ones. There really were others, you know.

GD: Russian?

RTC: No. We have no idea where they came from. Radar picked up flights around the moon that never came from down here. And the Roswell business was true enough. That's where we got transistors, you know. But the sightings came at a sensitive time. The Korean War, the Cold War and so on. Great national fears. Remember the Orson Wells program?

GD: On Halloween of '38. Mercury Theater radio show. I heard it as a kid. Of course I read Wells' book and knew it was just a show.

RTC: A lot of others did not, believe me. It caused an enormous national panic. Hundreds dead, people killing themselves and their children, fleeing into the countryside and so on. I'm, surprised they didn't lynch Orson. But he infuriated old Hearst with his movie....

GD: Citizen Kane.

RTC: Right and old Hearst blackballed Orson and ruined his career. But because of the huge flap over this, Truman decided to keep serious accounts about the sightings out of the papers and they minimalized it and made fun of the whole thing. But they were real enough.

GD: Given the huge number of systems out there, from a mathematical point of view, there isn't any question superior entities do exist. Why would they bother with our planet? To watch the pink monkeys running around killing each other? Investigate Elvis concerts?

RTC: Well, most of the legit sightings came around the period when they were all testing A-Bombs so maybe that got the little green men interested.

GD: Did the Company have anything to do with all of this?

RTC: No. We had the U-2 business but not the saucers. The real ones. They were strictly military. No weapons but did carry cameras. These were used in various places because they were impossible to intercept but not as stable a camera platform as the U-2. The Russians knew all about these and when the strangers showed up, they thought they were ours and we thought they were theirs. We had several secret conferences about these at the time to try to clarify this.

GD: Any authentic reports of landings or abduction of humans?

RTC: Not that I remember. Mostly what we could call recon passes. The Roswell one was a fluke. Lightning was supposed to have hit one of their ships and brought it down. Don't forget that Roswell was in a very sensitive military area at the time.

GD: Did they recover bodies?

RTC: As I understand it, they did but I can't give you any more than that. What did Mueller have to say about these?

GD: That they were both domestic and from somewhere unknown. I'll include this passage when I do the journals or diaries.

RTC: Journals sounds more authoritative. Diaries sounds like something a little girl keeps about her pets or boyfriends.

GD: I think you're right.

RTC: When are they coming out?

GD: They're in German and the handwriting is terrible. And his wife is terrified that I'll somehow identify her or the children. I won't but she is not sure of that. Some of your friends will not be happy when this comes out but so what?

RTC: So what. And after that? After the journals?

GD: I don't know. Any ideas?

RTC: Well, we can always think about the Kennedy killing. I can give you some material on that that could produce a best seller.

GD: For example?

RTC: Now, Gregory, everything in its own good time. First things first. Finish up with the Mueller business and then on to other things. One of these days, we'll have to jerk Jim Critchfield's chain a little. I can't stand that man. His wife, Lois, used to work for me and when we were shortening staff, I got her a job with Jim but we both wish I hadn't. Jim is a first class asshole and a sadist of sorts. I think we can do a number on him as they say.

GD: Well, if you want to off him, I'm not your man. I've truly done in a few in my life but I prefer the typewriter to the gun. I do have an Irish friend who is a hit man but only political. He worked for your people in Ireland. He led the team that did Mountbatten in '79.

RTC: Oh, I know about that. They caught one man.

GD: The man who planted the bomb on the boat but not my friend. A very interesting story.

RTC: Are you planning to use it? He's still alive I take it?

GD: Oh yes, and doing fine in the private sector. And, most important, a very good friend. If I do anything, I'll talk to him first. It's not only OK but a real duty to fuck your enemies but never your friends.

RTC: Well, in time I can tell you our part in that one but let's wait awhile. Every day is not Christmas, is it?

GD: That would be nice. Christmas every day. By the way, I read in the Post that it was so cold in DC the other day that a Senator was seen with his hands in his own pockets.

RTC: (Laughs)

GD: Did I ever tell you the one about the man who asked his girl friend to put her hands into his pocket? No?

RTC: Not that I recall.

GD: Anyway, she said "I feel silly doing this," and he said, "If you put them any further down, you'll feel nuts."

RTC: Gregory, so soon after breakfast. Don't you know any refined jokes?

GD: Limericks?

RTC: God no. The last time you got off on those we were an hour on the phone and Emily wondered why I was laughing so much. You must know thousands of them. How can you remember so much?

GD: It's a curse, believe me.

RTC: Bill said you have a phenomenal memory.

GD: I can remember everything but dates and figures. No pre-natal memories.

RTC: The shrinks are useless, Gregory. We hired weird people like Cameron and you would be astonished at the pure crap they peddled on everyone.

GD: You know, I think most of them went into the game because they started reading up on their own psychosis and went on from there. Freud used to bang his sister when he wasn't smoking Yen Shee....

RTC: You mean opium?

GD: Yes. Coleridge loved it too but Xanadu is all he has to show for it. Oh, I was digging into the Elmal business. The Greek coins. Now there's a funny story for you. The Bulgarians forged up thousands of the rarest old Greek coins and sold them to the sucker brigades for millions. Cash for operations. Like the Stasi doing the Hitler Diaries.

RTC: You were into that one, weren't you?

GD: I did all the detail work for Wolfgang and let Connie Kujau do the writing. Old Billy Price gave them a million dollars for the Hitler Diary I turned out. I mean I did the research and Connie did the writing. Now that would make a nice book.

RTC: Was it profitable for you?

GD: Oh God, yes. Very. They still can't account for millions of marks. But I really enjoyed watching the phonies and experts like Irving and Trevor-Roper get shit on their bibs. God, such a frenzied drive to get their names into print. Irving is such a brainless fuck that I can't believe it. One of these days, Dave will really start believing his own lies and then he'll get caught. 'Irving's been in hiding since early last fall when his picture first appeared on the Post Office wall.'

RTC: Costello admired him.

GD: Don't forget, I met Costello. If he admired Irving, Irving must have a huge cock.

RTC: Now, now, I liked Costello.

GD: Brittle and vituperative without a reason or an excuse. I don't have much use for him but he was a better writer than Irving.

RTC: I'll agree. But John tried.

GD: What an epitaph!

RTC: Do I detect professional jealousy here, Gregory?

GD: No. You know how Costello died, don't you?

RTC: There is somewhat of a mystery about that. There is a story going around that the Russians did him because he had discovered something sinister on his last trip to Moscow. What have you heard?

GD: John died of AIDS on a flight from Spain to Miami. Found him dead in his seat.

RTC: Gregory, come now. Where did you get that canard?

GD: It's not a canard. Miami is in Dade County, Florida. When someone dies like that, the local coroner gets the body and has to do a post on it. I used to do posts so I have some knowledge. Anyway, I called the coroner's office there, talked shop with a technician and got him to pull the initial death certificate and the final report. Costello had a raging lung infection only caused by HIV and died from it. Not open to debate at all. Since these are public records, I sent my new friend the money and he got official copies and sent them off to me. When I told Kimmel and Bruce Lee about this, Lee was very irate and, true to form, Kimmel refused to believe me. I can understand why Kimmel was negative because I can never be right but Lee's reaction was interesting.

RTC: Why speculate?

GD: I'm a curious person, Robert. Why did the dog not bark in the night? Lee told me sinister forces got Costello and poisoned him with shellfish. The official autopsy report shows differently. I sent him a copy of the reports and he was not happy.

RTC: Regardless of the truth of this, Costello was a very competent historian, don't you think?

GD: Costello alive didn't particularly impress me. I talked with him in Reno, as you know, for about three hours and I've had more enlightening conversations with the hairlip who grooms my dogs.

RTC: How are your dogs?

GD: Being dogs. Actually, Robert, I am a firm believer in Frederick the Great's sentiment. He said that the more he saw of people, the more he loved his dogs. I told Tom Kimmel that and he got huffy about it.

RTC: Tom is a decent sort but I agree he's conventional.

GD: How can you be a good intelligence officer and be conventional? I'm not at all conventional and you yourself said I would have been your best agent. Or were you just flattering me?

RTC: You have talent.

GD: Ah, my Russian friends have said the same thing but we don't need to discuss that aspect, do we?

RTC: That might be interesting.

GD: Not to the author of the 'New KGB.' You did write that, correct?

RTC: We had some help from Joe Trento.

GD: I wouldn't admit that to anyone. You should have used my literary abilities. Trento is of the mistaken impression that he's important and articulate.

RTC: We didn't know you then but you probably would have done a much better job at that.

GD: Truth pressed to earth will rise again.

RTC: That's ?

GD: Mary Baker Eddy. Actually, it's Latin. I could give it to you in Latin but what the hell? Oh, well, another day and another fifteen cents. How're your family?

RTC: Doing fine, thank you for asking. And yours?

GD: My evil sister is still alive but all the rest of them have gone off to play cards with Jesus. If it's true that when you die you have a great burst of glowing light and then you get to meet all your dead relatives, I think I'll try to postpone the inevitable and find some place where they aren't. Like Monaco.

RTC: Sam Cummings and Monaco. Do you know about Sam?

GD: A Limey who ran Interarmco and sold to the wrong people. That's a no-no for one of your people. And safe in Monaco. Sometime I'll talk to you about Jimmy Atwood and his Merex gun operation but not now.

RTC: Always promises. I'm going to have to cut this short Gregory because I have to do a little maintenance work upstairs and Emily keeps reminding me about this in a nice way. If you talk to Bill, ask him to call me, would you? His wife is not doing too well and it's hard to get a hold of him.

GD: Of course. And be good.

RTC: At my age, there isn't much reason not to.

(Concluded at 9:38AM CST)

### **Conversation No. 3**

Date: Saturday, February 24, 1996

Commenced: 1:30 PM (CST)

Concluded: 2:11 PM (CST)

GD: Good afternoon, Robert. Been to church today?

RTC: And good afternoon to you. Not today. Have you?

GD: I've been in many churches in my life but for the architecture, not the services.

RTC: I've never asked you, Gregory but are you Catholic?

GD: In taste, Robert, but not in faith. I told Bender<sup>3</sup> what you had to say about the UFOs but did not credit you. I called you a senior intelligence official.

RTC: I appreciate that. What did he say?

GD: A subject that will be covered but in its place. Your point of view is that there were so-called official saucers used by the military and unofficial ones that no one knows anything about. Correct?

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<sup>3</sup> R. James Bender Publisher of Douglas' four volume works on Heinrich Müller, chief of Hitler's Gestapo and CIA post-war expert on Communism

RTC: Correct.

GD: But by unofficial I don't mean Russian.

RTC: Yes.

GD: I don't suppose there's paper on this?

RTC: The Air Force would have it but we don't. We had nothing to do with it but it was common knowledge that there were visitors not from this world.

GD: I don't want to spend much time on this because if I do, the critics will jump on it and claim I'm a Flying Saucer Nut. They already hate me and this would only give them more ammunition.

RTC: When I read your first book, didn't I tell you this would happen? You can't claim you were surprised.

GD: Yes, but they are so fucking stupid, pardon the French. 'Oh hello Mr. Douglas! My name is Edgar Quince and I'm a reporter for TIME magazine. We were really thrilled to read your landmark book on the Gestapo fellow and we want to do an interview with you. Do you have any documents proving he worked for the CIA? We could put you on the cover of TIME! Wouldn't that be exciting? We could fly a team out to see you tomorrow. And we want to see any CIA papers. By the way, what's your home address?' When I said stupid, that's a typical example.

RTC: Well, they really aren't all that bright, unfortunately. Don't forget, Gregory, I had to deal with the media for years. Cord and Frank did the publishing companies and I worked with media corporate. We had a death grip on them. Couldn't and wouldn't print a word if we told them not to or ran puff pieces we wanted out.

GD: My late grandfather told me that once a newspaper man, always a whore.

RTC: Let's call them sluts, not whores. We rarely paid them and they just did it to make us happy.

GD: That's a difference without much of distinction, Robert. Did you have to take a shower after each and every meeting? Use Lysol to get off the stench?

RTC: I've had to work with business executives, Gregory, and they're worse. Believe me, the Mafia are more to be trusted. Don't forget I was raised in Chicago and my father was a cog in the Kelly-Nash machine so I got to know some of the mob people.

GD: My grandfather was a Chicago banker and I remember him saying once that the Ambassador belonged in Alcatraz along with his crime partner Capone.

RTC: Your grandfather was right. Kennedy was tied up with the Chicago mob in the liquor business. Capone got crossed by Kennedy and put out a hit on him. Kennedy took the next train to Chicago with a satchel filled with large denomination bills. Paid Capone back the money with great interest and Alfonso forgave him.

GD: Some history we have never heard before.

RTC: How did your grandfather know about this? Was he involved?

GD: No. He was involved with the Merchandise Mart and I guess that's where he met Kennedy. Grandfather said he was an unconvicted bootlegger.

RTC: True enough. Joe wanted to run his oldest for the White House but Roosevelt put a spoke into that plan. Franklin wanted to die in office...

GD: Which he did...

RTC: And the eldest son had a fatal accident in England.

GD: I know. I covered that in the first book.

RTC: The kid was supposed to pilot a plane full of explosives to a German V bomb base, parachute out and let the plane blow it up. Churchill, ever a good friend when Franklin was alive and giving him support, arranged for a radio station near the airfield to send out a trigger code and blew young Kennedy into cat meat. One hand washes the other, doesn't it?

GD: Bloodthirsty amoral shits, all of them. Mueller told me once that when a man has achieved a certain elevation, morality goes down the tube. I remember his exact words. 'Morality and ethics are excellent norms but not effective techniques.'

RTC; I met him several times. An impressive man to be sure. Speaking of Mueller, I ran into someone several days ago at the National Archives. A wonderful man and a great supporter of your book.

GD: I didn't think I had great friends inside the Beltway. Who was it? Corson?

RTC: No, that butt-licking Wolfe. Sidled up to me and went on about how evil you were and how much damage you were doing to his friends at the CIA. And probably were a secret Nazi who longed to shove Jews into the ovens. He wants to think that the CIA loves him but he's just another stool pigeon to them. They give gift pens to ones like that.

GD: He's always so nice to me but I trust him as far as I could throw him by his ears.

RTC: I wouldn't. Anything you say to him, goes straight to Langley.

GD: Tell me I'm surprised. Wolfe's as subtle as a fart in a spacesuit, but I keep filling him full of entertaining stories. I should send him a box of dignity pants before every phone session. Did you know that he got a top secret document for me out of the Archives? It was a '48 Army General Staff report on top Nazis, listed as war criminals, that they and your people hired and brought over here?

RTC: Could you give me chapter and verse on that one?

GD: I'll have to dig it out but I will.

RTC: Top secret you say?

GD: Release forbidden by presidential order.

RTC: Probably Truman's doing. Yes, would appreciate a copy.

GD: No problem.

RTC: What do you plan to do with it?

GD: Publish the contents. Why not?

RTC: Oh somewhere out there a George Brown, actually a top Gestapo official who ran a death camp, is an analyst for the Rand people. You'll shock his neighbors.

GD: The Gestapo didn't run any camps but I take your meaning.

RTC: Ah the images of Gestapo men in black overcoats with Dobermans, rounding up screaming Jews and shoving them into the showers is pretty well fixed in the American mind. If it ever gets out the degree and extent of those types we gratefully used, the Jewish community here will scream for months and, worse, use their papers to blast government types.

GD: I doubt that. They don't want to kill the goose that lays their golden eggs. I see them turning on me as the announcer of matters they would rather ignore. Money and weapons have that effect on people.

RTC: You knew their Stern gang tried to kill Truman once? Harry may have gotten their ball rolling but he stopped shipments of explosives over there to stop the wave of bombings and so on. So they decided to kill him. As I remember, they sent anthrax to Harry in a letter but someone else got it. Kept very quiet. The secret service tracked the doers to Montreal and turned it over to us. We found five of them living in a safe house and nailed all of them. Ironically, they got rid of the bodies by dumping them into a local hog farm where the pigs ate them.

GD: Pigs will do that. I heard a farm person, who raised pigs, once say that his uncle disappeared. He said he went to shit and the hogs ate him. When I worked in Northern California, I could see that that was not really a joke. The outhouses are built on the side of a hill and open in the back. The pigs run wild up there and when they see someone going to the outhouse with a newspaper, they flock to the site. For them, it's manna from heaven.

RTC: Have you no shame, Gregory? And the other one has escaped to Cuba so we got Batista's people to ice him. By the way, did you know that the CIA put Castro in office? No? We were tired of Batista and some moron thought Castro would cooperate better with our business interests. He did not and both big business, Alcoa mostly, the mob and the Company tried for years to kill him. You don't need to write about that if you please.

GD: Fine.

RTC: And the JCS was planning to fake Cuban attacks on American targets to justify a military attack? I didn't think so. Eisenhower thought it was a wonderful idea but Kennedy killed it. Considering that his father was such a crook, it's amazing how uncooperative his son was.

GD: You don't have any paperwork on that on, do you?

RTC: No but believe me, it's true.

GD: Did that have anything to do with the Kennedy business?

RTC: A contributory factor.

GD: Perhaps sometime we can discuss this.

RTC: Perhaps later.

GD: Eisenhower was a shit after all. He would have let tens of thousands of German POWs starve to death after the war but Truman saved them.

RTC: I went to the Point and under Ike's picture in the yearbook, it referred to him as a Swedish Jew. I think they were German but you can see why he might have been upset with the Germans.

GD: Well, long ago, the Roosevelt family was Jewish. The name was Campo Rosso, changed to Rosenfeld and then to the Dutch, Roosevelt. I mean that was back in the 1600s but Franklin had a second cousin who was Orthodox until he died. If you dig back far enough, it's amazing what you find.

RTC: Where did you dig that up?

GD: The Congressional Record, German genealogical agencies and so on. I do dig, Robert, don't forget that. I never accept anything as fact until I've checked it out. The Costello business is an example. Murdered by the Russians? Try his black boyfriend he kept in a flat in Soho. Costello's own brother was a British naval officer and he refused to take custody of the body. They probably cremated John and shipped the remains back to London. The boyfriend went to the post office and hauled John's ashes for the last time.

RTC: (Laughter)

GD: Well, it's apt.

RTC: You are a mean person, Gregory, very mean.

GD: Yes, I am. I once poured water on a drowning man, Robert. I have devastated small children by my revelations about Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny. Cruel.

RTC: You're a social Darwinist, Gregory, just like the rest of us.

GD: I agree but let's not get the religious freaks exercised by mention of that awful name. The world is only 6,000 years old according to Bishop Ussher, and we dare not even question Holy Writ. I keep away from that when I write because God hath no fury like a Jesus freak deluded. Anyway, sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof and on that uplifting note, I have to take the dog out or he will desecrate the carpet. Regards to the wife.

RTC: Always happy to hear from you, Gregory.

(Concluded at 2:11PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 4**

Date: Wednesday, March 20, 1996

Commenced: 9:32 AM (CST)

Concluded: 10:08 AM (CST)

RTC: Hello, Gregory. Sorry I was out the last time you called but we were off on family business. My son's family. By the way, I have some information for you that might interest you. You know, there are a number of people here who are not happy with you and they are certainly not pleased that I am talking with you. Not at all. This morning I had a call from some shit at Justice who wanted to warn me, being a friendly and caring person of course, that you were a very bad person and I would ruin my



reputation by telling you anything. He had a similar talk with Corson yesterday. Bill called me last night about this and we both laughed about it. This is a sure sign that you must be right. Both of us know you were friends with Mueller and the thought of him loose in America is something the Company, and now Justice, does not want talked about. First off, they don't know what name he used while he was here.

GD: Are you serious, Robert?

RTC: Oh yes, very. You see, the CIA and don't forget the Army, used high-level Nazis after the Cold War broke out. We especially went after the Gestapo and SD<sup>4</sup> people because they had the most to do with fighting the Communists, both in Germany in the '30s and then during the war.

GD: I knew Gehlen very well and met some of them. I agree. His top recruiter was old Willi Krichbaum who was a Colonel in the SS and a top Gestapo person. I talked many times with Willi who had been in the *Freikorps* after the first war and he was quite a fellow. He was Mueller's top deputy in the Gestapo and in charge of the border guards at one time. And, don't forget, Willi was head of the Wehrmacht's *Geheime Feldpolizei* who had a terrible reputation with the troops. Hanging deserters at the end of the war. Yes, Gehlen told me the SS intelligence men were his best people.

RTC: You have a grasp of this from the time, don't you? So, of course no one now wants to infuriate the rah-rah patriotic idiots and most especially the Jews by letting anyone know about this. You see, they brought Mueller and others over here and gave them new names and identities. The higher they had been, the more they concealed them. Now your friend Mueller's name was known to Truman, Beetle Smith, Critchfield, Gehlen and about three others. Now that everyone is dead and you are tearing open old caskets, they are absolutely frantic to find out what name Mueller was here under and actually so they can run around the files and burn anything with that name on it. Then they can say, like the pious frauds they are, that Oh no, we never heard of that person. We searched our records, sir, and believe us, there was no such person anywhere. That's what they want. Smith is dead, Truman is ditto, Critchfield will never talk because he ran Mueller and still has his pension to consider. I know the name but they have never brought the subject up to me. They think you're a loose cannon, Gregory, with no loyalty to the system and they think I am getting daft in my old age and marginalize me.

GD: Think they'll shoot me? A boating accident? Something like that?

RTC: When I was in harness, yes, they would. A bungled robbery or a rape like Kennedy's lady friend but not now. Besides, they don't know what you have on them and if you were crushed to death by an elephant falling out of a plane, who knows what might come out? I have to send you some documentation which you then have to let them know you have. But in a safe place, not in a local storage locker under your name or in your attic or garage. A gentle hint of joys to come. I have hinted at that and very strongly. The Justice oaf today got an earful from me and when I told him I would tell you about this, he got scared and hung up on me. Now, I can expect Tom Kimmel to call me and try to find out if I've told you or given you anything. You know, you got some rare documents that were very helpful to his case to clear the Admiral but now he's a torn person. The family wants desperately to accept these as genuine but are furious that you, a terrible person in their eyes, had them. No gratitude. I suppose if that awful Wolfe had found them and passed them along, he would be a great hero to the Kimmel family but you are one whose name is never to be mentioned. You know, Gregory, I find this very entertaining. And Kimmel is horrified that Bill and I like you and talk to you. Both of us have been warned, I by people from the Company I haven't seen since I retired and Bill by the fringe wannabees like Trento and others. I think it's time we nailed Critchfield, don't you?

GD: I'm game, Robert. If he ran Mueller, he must be scared.

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<sup>4</sup> SD: *Sicherheitsdienst* Security Service of the SS, headed by Reinhard Heydrich. Heinrich Müller worked under him in Berlin.

RTC: Will be scared shitless. In the old days, he'd have had you killed at once but those days are no more. You knew Gehlen and that will be my approach. You are quick enough with in house terms so that I can convince Jimmy that you were once part of his operation. You'll have to play it by ear but you are about ten times smarter than him so you should have fun. I want you to convince him that you were really there and knew some his people. And most important, convince him you knew Mueller. Oddly enough, Jimmy never met Mueller because he operated him out of Switzerland through Willi and later, Mueller moved up the ladder to the point where Jimmy had no access to him. Let's keep his bowels open, Gregory, what do you say?

GD: I have no problem. Should I tape him?

RTC: Why not get him on a speaker phone with both a tape recorder going and a reputable witness? That way, if something comes of this and they get to the witness, you have a backup.

GD: I have a retired colonel acquaintance who was with your people in 'Nam. He'd be perfect as a witness. Just let me know. Is Justice going to do something nasty to me?

RTC: God no. They just want to scare me off of you, that's all. They're all such pinheads, Gregory. They chatter like old whores at a tea party and I can remind you that gossip is king here. Everyone inside the Beltway runs around like the little self-important toads that they are, pretending to be really important. They see a Senator in a restaurant, wave at him and get waved at back. This impresses their client who does not realize that the Senator will always wave back on the assumption that the waver might be someone important he might have forgotten. And they tell you that the President, or the Secretary of this or that said this to them when no one knows them at the White House or anywhere else. This jerk from Justice is a small, malformed cog in a big and brainless machine. Typical. I had to deal with these punks for years and I have more respect for a black tart, believe me. At least they don't try to hide the fact that they fuck for money.

GD: (Laughter)

RTC: It really isn't funny. If the public was aware of the crooked, lying sacks of shit that run this country, they would be boiling the tar and preparing the chicken feathers.

GD: You know, speaking of Gehlen, he told me in '51 that his famous '48 report about the Russians being poised to invade Europe was made up at the Army's specific request. Gehlen told me that far from moving hundreds of armored units into the east zone, the Russians had torn up all the railroad tracks after the war and shipped them back to Russia. And most of the armored divisions were only cadre.

RTC: But it did work, didn't it? Big business got to gear up for a fictional coming war and the military got a huge boost.

GD: Ever heard of General Trudeau?

RTC: Oh yes, I knew him personally. What about him?

GD: He found out about Gehlen and bitched like hell about what he called a bunch of Nazis working for the CIA and inventing stories about fake invasion threats.

RTC: Now that's something I didn't know. You know they shipped him out of the European command and sent him to the Far East? Yes, and I met him when I was in Hawaii. I'm surprised they didn't do to him what they did to George Patton. A convenient truck ran into his car and shut him up.

GD: Why?

RTC: George found out that the top brass was stealing gold from the salt mine and many generals and colonels were getting very rich. And then the accident and with George dead, they just went on stealing.

GD: I can use that.

RTC: I can get you some paper on that out of my files. Patton was strange but one of our better generals. Lying thieves. Gold has a great attraction for people, I guess.

GD: A few years ago, one of your boys, Jimmy Atwood and I went down into Austria to dig up some Nazi gold. Atwood is a terrible asshole but very useful. I think he viewed

me the same way. Anyway, we had a former SS officer and a Ukrainian camp guard along. What a wonderful adventure, Robert.

RTC: Were you successful? Treasure hunts rarely are.

GD: Oh, very. And we brought most of it back with us.

RTC: How ever did you get it through customs?

GD: Boat. Brought it in by boat. I'll tell you about this some time. Did you ever hear about it?

RTC: No, I didn't. Should I have?

GD: Probably a rogue operation. Two Limeys got knocked on the head and put over the side on the way to the Panama Canal but other than that, it was an uneventful trip.

RTC: Well, someday, I'll discuss the Kennedy assassination and you can tell me about the gold hunt. Sounds fair?

GD: Oh yes, why not?

RTC: I remember the time we had to fly the KMT general out of Burma with an Air America transport full of gold. He was our boy out there but he had a hankering to make more money so he began to raise opium and used our weapons to kill off the locals. Thirteen million in gold and twelve trunks full of opium. Quite a problem getting it all into Switzerland and into a bank. But he performed and we kept our word. That fucking Colby was into drugs as well.

GD: William?

RTC: Yes, our beloved DCI. A nasty piece of work, Gregory. Was working in SEA doing the drug business when he was tapped for PHOENIX. And just kept on going when he got to Saigon. PHOENIX<sup>5</sup> got to be a really nasty business and Bill set up torture centers all over our part of the country. Regional Intelligence Centers they called them. Well, Church got his hands on some of the goings on and guess what? Colby snitched on all his co-workers. I know for a fact from some of the old ones that they're going to kill him for that. I remember he has some kind of a telephone device hidden in his glasses. Princeton man. You can always tell a Princeton man, Gregory, but you can't tell him very much. Watch the papers pretty soon.

GD: How will they nail him? Run down in a crosswalk? A stampede of elephants flatten him in his garden?

RTC: You have an overheated imagination. I don't know the how but I do know the why. Give it six months and the Dictator of Dent Place will be another stone in the cemetery.

GD: What about the one who killed himself by tying weights to his legs and shooting himself in the back of the head before jumping off his boat?

RTC: John Arthur Paisley. He used to be the deputy director of the Office of Strategic Research. Paisley. Tragic. Shouldn't have sold out to the Russians. He was such a rotten mess when they found him that it took weeks to do an ID on him. There've been more.

GD: I have a packet coming in from overseas and the mail truck is at the end of the block. Let me ring off now, Robert and I can call you back later today.

RTC: Make it tomorrow. OK? Things to do.

(Concluded at 10:08 AM CST)

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<sup>5</sup> Operation Phoenix was a military, intelligence, and internal security program designed by the United States Central Intelligence Agency and US Special Operations Forces such as the Navy SEALs, United States Army Special Forces and MACV-SOG (now Special Operations Group in the CIA's Special Activities Division) during the Vietnam War. The Program was designed to identify and "neutralize" or assassinate any suspected supporters of the Viet Cong. Also in charge of the Regional Interogation Centers where suspects were tortured and usually executed by CIA/U.S.military agencies The program was in operation between 1967 and 1972, and at a conservative estimate, "cleansed" over 25,000 Vietnamese civilians to include massacres of entire villages. It must have been very small because so many top CIA and U.S. intelligence people who served in Vietnam, never heard of it, ever.

## Conversation No. 5

Date: Friday, March 22, 1996

Commenced: 8:15 AM CST

Concluded: 8:45 AM CST

RTC: Up early, aren't you, Gregory?

GD: Actually, I haven't been to bed yet, Robert. Been reading a really interesting paper someone sent me about the Clintons. Such lovely people. Of course, I can't do anything with it but I will make Xerox copies and send them off. Costs money and no paper would dare to even ask questions. Such sleazy crooks, Robert. Roosevelt stole but he had some class after all.

RTC: Do you think they shot that Foster man?

GD: I have no idea. It was the convenient death of a man who knew far too much, Robert. Have you any comments?

RTC: Bill is utterly ruthless and his shrew of a wife is one step behind him. They would have ordered it, for certain, but one does not know.

GD: I saw the *in situ* pictures from the Virginia park police of the body. Poor Vince. His last act was to defy the law of gravity. He was lying in the park with his head pointing down a hillside but the dried blood all ran up. Isn't that wonderful?

RTC: Some of those people are mindless, Gregory. But that doesn't mean he was murdered. Someone might have dumped the stiff there to get him out of the White House.

GD: Well, false in one thing, false in all, as they used to say. Frau Clinton looks like a bimbo who could put kittens into a microwave and have a real laugh. She was tied up with the Black Panthers in Oakland some years ago. I have a California police report about that. A friend in Sacramento sent me a copy about a day before the FBI came and removed the original. Caught in the sack with a nice black lassie, she was. They went to Sacramento, the Panthers and the gun moll, and they sported guns there and terrified people. The late night motel raid was the result. Well, I could send that around too but we would never hear a word about it.

RTC: Our people had connections with Bill when he was the governor there. Used to bring drugs in from Mexico and land them downstate. Arkansas is about as backwards as Kenya these days and Bill had no problem sticking a bag full of cash in his sock drawer. Oh, well, if it weren't for the crooked pol, none of us could make an honest buck.

GD: Ah, Robert, that's just what the Indian hooker said when the bank teller told her one of her twenties was counterfeit.

RTC: Now that's a good one, Gregory.

GD: I thought so, Robert. Oh how about the whore who, when told by another teller in another bank, that a hundred was fake, 'My God, I've been raped!'

RTC: Fun and games so early in the day.

GD: Yes, I suppose so. When I'm working...doing research...I'm very quiet and very focused on my work but all of the nasty comments and so on are just a form of relief. I have known a few CIA people in my life but you are the first one with whom I can have a nice talk. The others like to think that their feces smell like lilacs in bloom. They ask much and give little.

RTC: I see your point but you don't fully grasp the techniques. No one wants to talk with you, Gregory, because while they are interrogating you, you are interrogating them and, let me be very clear on this as Nixon would have said, you are way and above any of them and certainly their superior in the interrogation business. If one of them makes the slightest slip, you pounce on the knowledge and he loses control. You have a phenomenal memory and the ability to use it in a very abstract and very deadly

manner. You know this, naturally, but always complain that people behave like swine around you. I agree they do. Kimmel is an example of this. Actually, they are afraid of you, Gregory, really afraid. I don't mean that you'll pull a knife or gun and do them but they cannot control you and when they cannot control a person or a situation, they panic. They live by rule books and you do not. May I ask you a question here?

GD: Surely.

RTC: Do you work for anyone?

GD: Like the Germans or the Russians? Or the Chinese? No, I work for myself. I hate working for other people who only want you to support the views of their superiors. If they want this or that to be a certain way and I see very clearly that they are wrong, I have to be silent or become a toady. For example, Gehlen told me that in '48, the Army...he worked for them just before your people took him over...Critchfield that is...Gehlen told me that the Army wanted him to prepare a paper showing that the Russians were going to attack Western Europe. Gehlen said this was impossible. He said the Russians had torn up all the railroad lines in their Zone and sent the rails back to Russia. Obviously, they could not rush troops to the border except on bicycles or mules. And of the 135 Russian armored units technically...note that I said technically...stationed in their Zone, almost all of them were just cadre with perhaps ten officers and men and no armored units. No, our people needed a dangerous enemy against whom to arm. Revisiting the business heyday of the war was the right idea but, of course, without real dangers. We knew the Russians were not going to attack but the report, lies that it contained, was deliberately leaked by the Army to Congress and others. Hey presto! A Cold War starts. We had to rearm and stop the reduction of our Army. Oh yes, the Generals did not want to lose their cushy jobs and the American industrial people were cooing with delight over all the contracts for aircraft, bombs, rifles, tanks and battleships that they all knew would never be used. No, that was all a deliberate sham and designed to make the elite people richer. Of course the film industry and the media cranked out horror stories about the evil Stalin's plans to attack us. Christ, they were terrified we would nuke Moscow like we nuked Hiroshima and Nagasaki. I can see the first attack but the second was not needed. The Japanese immediately indicated they would surrender but the military wanted to try out another bomb with a different approach. Just for fun as it were.

RTC: Well, and here we are, Gregory. Reagan played high stakes poker with the Russians and made them fold their hand. We beat them. No war, no destruction, was there?

GD: No there was not but what do we do now? Our greedy businessmen now try to loot Russia and strip her of her natural resources. We could try to make an ally of her, why not? No one needs an enemy.

RTC: Too many people in power remember the propaganda of the Cold War, Gregory and their mind sets are so strong that logic would scarcely move them.

GD: It's too bad I am not in control. Can you see that, Robert?

RTC: You would be dead in a week, Gregory.

GD: Not if I got to them first.

RTC: Well, what would you do?

GD: Divide and conquer and the ones who wanted a turf war, would quickly end up under it. My main crime is a faint conscience. You can't be moral when dealing with dung-munchers.

(Concluded at 8:45AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 6**

Date: Sunday, March 31, 1996

Commenced: 8:35 AM CST

Concluded: 8:47 AM CST

GD: Hello, Robert. Did you get in touch...or did Corson get ahold of you?

RTC: No, actually, Gregory, I was in touch with him. What do you tell Bill to get him so rattled?

GD: Nothing particularly.

RTC: Did you mention drugs by any chance?

GD: Actually, no but he did.

RTC: He initiated the conversation on that subject?

GD: Yes. About three days ago. He asked me what I knew about allegations, get that, allegations, that the CIA has some involvement with drugs.

RTC: Keep going.

GD: I detect some unhappiness.

RTC: You do but it's not aimed at you. Let me get this clear here. Bill initiated a conversation with you about drugs? Am I correct there?

GD: Absolutely. He wasn't very subtle about it, either.

RTC: Try to remember exactly what he said.

GD: He started out...he said that there were rumors being spread that the CIA was connected in some way with large scale drug smuggling. He wanted to know if I had been talking about it and if I had, where had I gotten the information. I asked him to be specific and he got coy with me. He did say, and I recall this very clearly because it was only a few days ago, he asked me if you and I had talked about it.

RTC: And...?

GD: What do you think? What we say goes no place, not even a hint. I told him that you and I had never discussed this....

RTC: Thank you...

GD: Yes, and then I asked him if I should bring this up to you. I said I would tell you Bill was asking about this. He got very agitated then and told me not to say a word to you because he didn't want to upset you.

RTC: (Laughter) Oh, well, you did a good job. But was he explicit in his comments about drugs? I mean the who-what-why and when?

GD: No, he actually told me nothing but he wanted to know what I personally knew and if I knew anything, where did I get it?

RTC: That figures.

GD: And I mentioned the KMT General and his flight to Switzerland. He jumped on that and asked me if I got that from you. I told him Kimmel told me.

RTC: (Laughter) Sweet Jesus. That's putting the cat in the hen house. What did he say to that?

GD: He sounded like he was having an asthma attack.

RTC: I'll bet he was. You turned it back on him, didn't you?

GD: I think so. I wonder why he thinks I'm stupid?

RTC: People underestimate you.

GD: Yes, and at the same time they are overestimating themselves. What's this all about, if I dare ask?

RTC: Drugs are a very sensitive issue with certain departments of the CIA. Very sensitive. It's well known you and I talk and they are frantic to find out what we're talking about. Of course if they tapped our phones, they might find out but by Bill asking you that, it's obvious they have not tapped our phones. If I caught them playing their stupid games with either of us, they would be better off to move to Iceland and fish for flounder or whatever. No, that was a fishing expedition. That I know certain things is bad enough but that I talk to you, the author of the evil Mueller books, is something else. No, they wouldn't dare tap my phone. If they did, as I said, there would be blood running all over certain office floors when the hit men left. No, they're guessing and the Kimmel business was a shrewd hit. I think he's into this. He views you as an interesting but unstable person to whom one ought not to be at home when you call.

GD: I have always been civilized with Kimmel and, I think, very helpful in giving his family any papers that might help them about the Admiral.

RTC: Never expect gratitude from such as them, Gregory, and never turn your back on them either. Drugs? Fine. Tell me something, Gregory, where does heroin come from?

GD: The Salvation Army kitchens?

RTC: Be serious.

GD: Heroin comes from opium just as cocaine comes from coca plants.

RTC: Wonderful. And where do we find opium;, or rather where does it come from?

GD: The sap of opium poppies. Found in Turkey in places but now getting under control there and mostly in Afghanistan.

RTC: You get a big 'A' on your card. Yes, Gregory, opium comes from Afghanistan. And who is very powerful in that country?

GD: The CIA?

RTC: Funny. Who?

GD: The Taliban.

RTC: Yes and do you know who founded that organization of cut throats and killers? We did so they could make trouble for the Soviets. And we trained them and armed them, Gregory which was a terrible mistake.

GD: You should read history, Robert. A poor, tribal area with savage guerrilla people who will fight any occupying power and when they kill them off, they will fight each other.

RTC: That was a first class mess there. Yes, they went after Ivan and then took our weapons and training methodology and took over the country. A nest of vipers.

GD: And all yours.

RTC: Don't rub it in. There will be serious trouble there, mark my words.

GD: My bet is that they'll go after Pakistan and when they take over that country...by the way, doesn't Pakistan have nuclear weapons?

RTC: Oh God, I am so happy I'm retired. Ah, but the drugs. Yes, to be clear on it, I ask you another question. Where do all the drugs in the States come from?

GD: China white heroin comes to this country from, obviously, China. The Chinks smuggle it into Canada using cargo containers that dock on Vancouver Island. That's one source I know about personally. The bulk of the rest comes up from Mexico.

RTC: Yes, but it isn't processed there.

GD: No, in Columbia. And smuggled into Mexico via Chaipas and up to our border and the veins of the needy.

RTC: How do you know these things?

GD: Never mind.

RTC: And is there a question here, Gregory?

GD: Of course, Robert. We know about opium, or yen shee as the Chinks call it, being grown in Afghanistan and we know it's processed into heroin in Columbia. The obvious question is how the stuff gets from a land-locked country to Columbia? The answer is that someone, or some group, transports it there. By boat? By aircraft?

RTC: Both. Boat from Pakistan and plane from Afghanistan itself.

GD: Yes. And who does this? The Afghanistan navy?

RTC: No there is a special branch of the Company involved in this and has been for decades. A large part of our secret budget comes from this. Of course, we do not sell it but we do supply those who both refine it and eventually sell it.

GD: Where and when do you get your cut?

RTC: After it's refined in Columbia. You see, we also own the refining facilities which we lease out.

GD: And cocaine?

RTC: Well, if we do one, we can always do the other.

GD: Jesus wept. And why would Bill get his withered balls into such an uproar?

RTC: They don't want you to get your hands on this. It's bad enough for you to talk about prominent Nazis working for us let alone this drug business. Be very careful

where you put your feet, Gregory. You are dealing with a minefield and I will have to ring off now because I have to talk with Bill. No offense but he has to be told to go and lie down in the corner or I'll lock him in his cage.

GD: Why I thought he was your friend.

RTC: Bill is useful but Bill has an exalted opinion of himself and it's time I let the air out of his balloon. So I do appreciate this talk and even more your handling of the subject. We don't need to discuss this and if Tom the Arrow shirt boy gets onto this with you, keep your mouth shut and change the subject. Oh and do tell me if he does.

GD: Absolutely. I hope I gave Bill the right answers.

RTC: In this business, Gregory, there are no right answers.

GD: Yes. We have only the quick and the dead.

(Concluded at 8:47 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 7**

Date: Tuesday, April 2, 1996

Commenced: 10:17 AM (CST)

Concluded: 10:57 AM (CST)

GD: Am I interrupting anything there? It took awhile for you to pick up.

RTC: No, everything's fine. I was going through my files seeing if I could find anything more about your friend Mueller but I came across something interesting on H&K instead.

GD: Heckler and Koch? The German arms company?

RTC: No, Hill and Knowlton. The PR people.

GD: Public relations.

RTC: Yes. One of my jobs with the company was to keep up our connections with major business and H&K was my baby. Actually, you might be interested in all of this. We were talking about Frank Wisner's contacts with the media and Cord Meyer's with the publishing business so I thought this might just fit right in. We always wanted to emulate Colonel Hoover's good PR. You know, the Hollywood and radio dramas about the wonderful G-Men. I think we established a far more effective system but then, of course I am prejudiced. Before we were finished, we had our fingers in every pot imaginable from the major media to book companies, television networks and so on.

GD: I knew Brownlow in Munich who ran Radio Liberty.

RTC: Station chief there. Yes, but that was for foreign consumption. My specialty was domestic. I guess you can call it propaganda if you like but we needed it to push our programs forward, ruin our enemies and help our friends. I think these were noble goals, Gregory, don't you?

GD: Well, at least from your point of view.

RTC: We had to cover up failures as well. I think you can say that the Company pretty well controls the media in this country now. Take the AP for example. Every little jerkwater paper out in East Jesus, Texas, cannot have a reporter in Washington or Moscow so they rely almost entirely on the AP for anything outside their town. I mean if a cow wanders out onto the highway and wrecks a truck or the local grange burns down, sure, they have the local reporters, but for what's going on in Washington or elsewhere, it's the AP. Look, you get on a plane in New York bound for, say, Chicago. You read the paper and then stuff it into the seat pocket and get off. In Chicago, you pick up the Tribune and read it. Same national and international news. Fly to Frisco and the same thing. The AP is a wonderful asset, believe me. Let's say you want to put a story about that a certain foreign potentate is about to get kicked out. Or better, you want him kicked out. So, we plant a story with the New York Times, the Washington Post or other big papers and then get AP to send our special message all over the damned country. Let's say we start in the night before. By the six o'clock news the next



day, all of America knows just what we want it to know and we do this so anyone reading an article can only come to the conclusions we want.

GD: This is not a surprise, Robert. I've been in the newspaper game for forty years now and I know most of the games.

RTC: Well, you can see why I developed H&K as a purely captive asset, can't you?

GD: Of course.

RTC: And we used them to plant our own agents all over the world. It is a wonderful cover. We have some of the major columnists, of course, and many editors and more than a few publishers but putting our own agents in, say, France or Ottawa, is a great advantage, believe me. And H&K had the best, the very best, connections. Bobby Gray was Ike's press secretary and was a good friend of Nixon and Reagan and had their ear. We infiltrated our people into every level of the business, political and professional worlds and you never knew when one of your people might bring home the bacon. I can say with some pride that, let's say, we wanted to get some legislation passed, it was a piece of cake. Sometimes we made bad calls like the time we pushed Fidel Castro into office only to have the bastard turn on us. I remember the howling the Alcoa people did when he nationalized their plants in Cuba. Or the United Fruit people demanding we get rid of Guzman<sup>6</sup> in Guatemala because he was expropriating their banana plantations. The man we put in after we kicked Guzman out turned on us and we had to shoot him, but in theory it was a slick deal. Sam Cummings got Nazi weapons from the Poles and we shipped them over there on a freight line we owned and for a little while, Levi and Zentner were happy. It was a question of helping our friends. I'll tell you about Sullivan and Cromwell, some time.

GD: Not Gilbert and Sullivan?

RTC: No the New York law firm. Dulles was with them. They helped everyone out. Very pro-Hitler once, but then the Company was full of ex-Nazis; in fact our Gehlen Org was almost exclusively Nazi. Frenchy Grombach drew up a list of top Nazis wanted for war crimes after the war and Critchfield used it at his main recruiting guide. Of course if the Jews ever found this out, we would have to do some major damage control. Israel is friendly with us just as long as we keep the money and the guns coming. But then we have to kiss up to the Arabs as well because of the oil so the main thing here is to maintain a careful balance. But not only H&K but a number of other firms have been of inestimable help to us. They plans stories we want planted, they open offices in foreign countries of interest and let our men come in as employees and so on. The PR people can move mountains. Paster, who not only worked for H&K but also the Clintons, worked with Bill's people to neutralize the Lewinski scandal, which was really not political but religious in nature. The right wing Christians, who are as crazy as shit house owls, wanted Clinton's scalp so they could put one of their own pro-Jesus nuts in the White House. Ken Starr is as strange as they come and I am ashamed to admit he's a lawyer from my hometown. Stands in his yard and screams for Jesus to listen to him. The neighbors made such a fuss about these nocturnal shouting sessions, they called the police.

GD: Tell me, Robert, did Jesus ever answer?

RTC: I don't think so but Ken was warned that if he kept his yowling up at night, or even in the daytime, it was off to St. Elizabeth's funny farm in an ambulance.

GD: Don't talk to me about the Jesus Freaks! My God, I've known my share and the best place for them is a desert island populated by hungry tigers.

RTC: I think there are things even a hungry tiger wouldn't eat.

GD: But back to the press again. Did you control or did you influence?

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<sup>6</sup> Jacobo Árbenz Guzmán (September 14, 1913 – January 27, 1971) was a Guatemalan military officer and politician. He served as Defense Minister of Guatemala from 1944 - 1951. He served as President of Guatemala from 1951 to 1954. When he attempted to nationalize the extensive United Fruit Company's extensive holdings, the CIA fomented a coup d'état by a military junta, headed by Colonel Carlos Castillo, a CIA employee. He died in Mexico in 1971.

RTC: Both. I can give you an example. Ben Bradlee was the managing editor of the Washington Post and was our man all the way. It's a long, involved story and if you have the time, I'll give you the background. I know we've talked about this before but it's absolutely typical of what I was telling you. Do you have the time?

GD: Yes, as the old whore said, if you have the money.

RTC: Ben's best friend when he was a child was Dick Helms. After Ben left Harvard during the war, he joined ONI and worked in their communications center. He dealt with a flood of secret codes messages from all over the world. He had married Jean Saltonstall, the Governor's daughter and the old man was also a spook. Not generally known, however. War was over and Ben was sent to join the ACLU as a spy. Pretty soon Ben got an inside connection with Gene Meyer, who's family ran the Post and he got a job there covering the police beat. Eugene's son-in-law married Katherine and poor Gene was a blossoming nut and he eventually swallowed his gun and the wife took over the paper. Graham got Ben a job with the Foggy Bottom people...

GD: What?

RTC: State Department. Anyway, Ben was off to France where he worked in the embassy in Paris where he did propaganda work and started working very closely with us. Then he went to work for Newsweek. Ben is an ambitious type and he ditched the Saltonstall woman and married Tony Pinchot. Her sister, Mary, was married to Cord Meyer, our beloved Cyclops....

GD: And a friend and co-worker with party comrade Cranston...

RTC: The same one. And joined together in the Mockingbird program we have been talking about....

GD: The Mighty Wurlitzer of Wisner?

RTC: Same idea.

GD: Graham and Wisner killed themselves and Wisner spent a lot of time in a nut house, didn't he?

RTC: Raving mad. They had to drag him screaming out of headquarters, trussed up in a strait jacket and foaming at the mouth. Not one of my fonder moments. As I recall it, Bradlee knew Jim Angleton in France. I'll tell you about Jim one of these days. Ben was kicked out of France because the CIA was secretly supporting the FLN...supplying them inside information about French counter-terrorist groups and give them plastique and other nice things...just as they did later with the Quebec Libré people in Canada. The French png'ed him...

GD: What?

RTC: *Persona non grata*. Not wanted in the country. Then he did his Newsweek work and got to know Kennedy and wrote some puff pieces for him and got on the inside track there. In the early '60's Helms told Bradlee that one of his relatives wanted to sell Newsweek and Bradlee brokered the deal with the Post people. We had a firm in with the Post and now with Newsweek, a powerful opinion molder and a high-circulation national magazine. Then there was the towpath murder. Cord's ex-wife was one of Kennedy's women and everyone felt she had too much influence with him, not to mention her hippifying him with LSD and marijuana. We can discuss the Kennedy business some other time but Mary was threatening to talk and you know about the rest. Good old Ben and his friend Jim went to Mary's little converted garage studio, which Ben just happened to own, and finally found her diary. They took it away and just as well they did. She had it all down in there, every bit of the drugs use, all kinds of bad things JFK told her as pillow talk and her inside knowledge of the hit. Not good.

GD: If you want to talk about the Kennedy business, Robert, I am perfectly willing to listen.

RTC: But I am not perfectly willing to talk at this point. We can get to it little by little, Gregory. Ben got to be vice president of the Post company and retired with honor and plenty of money.

GD: The diary?

RTC: Jim burned the original but made a copy. Makes interesting reading. It gives you different view of Camelot, believe me. What the American public doesn't know, cannot hurt them, can it?

GD: No it can't but if....do you still have your copy?

RTC: Now, now, Gregory. I don't want a black bag job here. I'm too old to start shooting at mysterious burglars, or even being shot by them.

GD: This has been very interesting today, Robert.

RTC: An old man has little left sometimes but his memories.

GD: Do an autobiography, why not?

RTC: I don't feel like committing suicide, Gregory, and I signed the paper keeping me from writing about any of this.

GD: But I haven't.

RTC: No, you haven't. Let's call it a day for now, Gregory. I'm a little tired now. The Swiss have been working their microwave transmissions overtime.

GD: 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' Robert. I'll be out of town for a few days so I'll get back in touch next week.

RTC: Have a nice trip and thanks for the call.

(Concluded at 10:57 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 8**

Date: Sunday, April 14, 1996

Commenced: 3:24 PM CST

Concluded: 4:01 PM CST

GD: Hello?

RTC: Oh, hello, Gregory. I didn't think you'd be calling today. Usually, you're earlier.

GD: Went up to Madison. Always go up on the weekends. Borders book store has the best history section I've ever seen and there's a good Chinese restaurant nearby. That's my social life these days. Yourself?

RTC: Trying to keep busy. One of these days, I ought to get your creative opinion as to what to do about the Swiss. They're right across the street from me and they keep using their microwave to send messages home and it's been causing me trouble.

GD: Have you tried complaining to them?

RTC: Pointless. I tried lodging a complaint with DoS but no good there either. In the old days, a few words about this would have worked miracles but I'm out of harness and out of the picture. Gregory, a small piece of advice for you: Don't get old.

GD: Can't help it. I have an idea for you on the Swiss. You face them? What kind of building are they in?

RTC: It's their embassy.

GD: Got a pencil?

RTC: Yes. Will a pen do?

GD: Yes, of course.

RTC: Well?

GD: Do you still have any connections with your tech section at Langley?

RTC: I think so. Why?

GD: There's a wonderful little device called an audio oscillator. Do you want me to spell that?

RTC: I have it. Go on.

GD: It puts out sound waves. It's easy to build if you know your business. Anyway, it's in a smallish box...shoe box size...and you plug it in and point it at your target. It puts out sound that the human ear can't hear but animals can. That's not the point. I'm sure the Switzers don't have poodles typing reports. Oh, and if your man is good enough, you can hit the frequency that causes involuntary bowel movements.

RTC: (Laughter) Now that's something to consider.

GD: I thought you might enjoy that. Just imagine the entire Swiss embassy ankle deep in shit. Anyway, it makes the people on the other end nervous and irritable. They don't know why but they feel depressed and very, very unhappy.

RTC: Go on. This is interesting.

GD: So the windows in the embassy will act as a sounding board and all the offices in the front of the building will be full of suicidal people or, if you're lucky, filled with Swiss shit.

RTC: Can you build one of these for me?

GD: God no. I know nothing about electronics except how to plug them in. It's not a state secret and very easy to build but I'm not your man on this one. I would.....you have windows facing them?

RTC: Oh, yes.

GD: Put it in a window, preferably opened, and plug it in. That's all. Makes no noise at your end and your wife would never notice it. Just tell her it's an air freshener or something.

RTC: No point in telling her anything. Can they detect anything over there?

GD: No unless they have budgies in every office. I mean this does work because I've tried it out. I once lived in an apartment and was friendly with the manager and his wife. They had a minority couple living there under section eight. Played their boom box all the time, never paid the rent on time and threatened the other neighbors. The police didn't want to bother them so I suggested the solution. I had a friend at Radio Shack build an oscillator and since the apartments on both sides of the creeps were vacant because of the noise, I went into one, plugged the box in and put it right up against a connecting wall. And believe me, it did work. They moved out within a week. Jesus, what a mess they left behind. One or both of them used to shit in the shower stall, not to mention the fact that all the carpets had to be replaced and the walls patched and repainted. The manager was so happy he gave me six months of rent free on the condition I used my little toy to help him get rid of other obnoxious tenants. Anyway, I went into the apartment to see what it was like, being on the other end of the toy and believe me, it was something else, Robert. A feeling of anxiety coupled with severe depression...

RTC: No bowel movements?

GD: No but the smell in the place would have made me puke if I'd stayed there for another minute. Let me tell you, I wanted to get away from that place in the worst way and it was not the stench. No, the Swiss will not be happy campers once you turn the thing on. I would suggest that you turn it on about three times a day, at odd intervals and don't leave it on all the time. They might get someone in to do a sweep and if they're competent, they might be able to pick up the sonics.

RTC: Gregory, rather than my bothering the boys on this, could you get one for me? More than happy to pay for it.

GD: I'll be happy to do it for free, Robert. It'll take about three weeks. I'll start tomorrow. I know at least one person who can build one of these for sure. I suppose if the Swiss found out about this, they might make trouble for you so I will work on this here. And keep you posted.

RTC: If this works, Gregory, I will be greatly in your debt.

GD: Can we talk about Kennedy?

RTC: Oh, I think we certainly can.

GD: That I appreciate. After I build your box for you, then we can discuss this?

RTC: As I said.

GD: Is there any paper on that subject? If I publish anything, the government stool pigeons will yammer that it's all made up and they, personally, can't believe a word of it. And consider the huge number of books on the subject. The thousands of writers will join in a chorus of denial. After all, I didn't mention the man in the sewer, the man on the grassy knoll...

RTC: Ah, but there was a man on the grassy knoll. Not in the sewer, of course, but I read that there were men in the trees, on the roofs of various buildings and lots of very funny stories. Of course we were responsible for most of them. Keeps the idiot public satisfied and very confused. I have a Soviet report on this that basically says it all. The box first.

GD: I'll make it big enough to pulverize the building.

RTC: No, Gregory, just enough to drive them crazy. Just like they've been driving me up the wall.

GD: I don't suppose you could hint a little on this?

RTC: Well, it wasn't the Mafia or the KGB and I can say very clearly that it wasn't Lee Oswald or the Girl Scouts. Now that's all for now on that subject.

GD: It's your call.

RTC: To change the subject, you mentioned Mountbatten some time ago. What can you tell me about that?

GD: The name Moran mean anything to you?

RTC: Oh, I think it could. Tell me what you know and I will comment on it.

GD: Moran is not his name but no one ever uses their real name these days. He was, probably still is, Irish-American. His grandfather was hanged by the Brits after the '16 rising in Dublin and he hates them with a real passion. He was one of your boys who liased with the IRA Provo people. Worked out of our embassy in Dublin as one of those utterly transparent cultural aides. Everyone knows the legal officers are FBI and the USIA people are all CIA so why bother with the name game? Anyway, this Moran got the idea to kill off Lord Mountbatten<sup>7</sup>. Besides the dead grandfather, he had an uncle who lived in Canada and was killed at Dieppe. That was Mountbatten's grab at fame, you know. They had planned a cross-channel raid on Dieppe but cancelled it. Mountbatten was pathologically ambitious and as empty of brains as a ladle decided to go ahead with the raid anyway. Churchill was out of the country, in Egypt if memory serves, and off they went. Germans knew it was in the wind and the invasion party ran into a German small boat convoy enroute and the game was known. The town was heavily armed and the poor Canadians were slaughtered. Moran hated Mountbatten, who got away with it because he was connected to the royal family. Actually, there's an interesting story about his family. They were of the house of Hessen-Darmstadt. Same small princely house that produced the present Prince Philip and the last Empress of Russia. One of them, a Prince Alexander, married a Polish Jewess whose father was the chief baker to the King of Poland and because the family did not want the title involved with Jews, they changed their name to Battenberg. And later, that was anglicized to Mountbatten. So far so good?

RTC: You left me way behind, Gregory, but go on.

GD: You can check it out later.

RTC: I will. Prince Philip is a German? I thought he was Greek.

GD: So does everyone else. The Prince Consort was in the Hitler Youth and his brother was in the SS. I have a picture of Phil in a Nazi uniform. But to continue here.

Mountbatten had married into the Cassel family. The old man was banker to Edward the VII. More Jewish connections again. Anyway, the old man, God, he was almost 80 then, used to summer up in County Sligo on the west coast of Ireland. He had a sail boat docked at Mullaghmore and one day, Mountbatten took some his family out fishing. I can't remember the name...oh yes, the Shadow. That was the boat's name. It was painted green. Anyway, it sailed out into the bay and suddenly blew up.

Mountbatten lost his legs and died of blood loss and shock and a few more got killed. The man who did this, who ran the operation, is a friend of mine.

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<sup>7</sup> Lord Louis Mountbatten - June 25, 1900 – August 27, 1979 Admiral of the Fleet Louis Francis Albert Victor Nicholas George Mountbatten, 1st Earl Mountbatten of Burma KG, In 1979 Mountbatten was assassinated by the Provisional Irish Republican Army (IRA), who planted a bomb in his boat at Mullaghmore, County Sligo in the Republic of Ireland.

RTC: Moran?

GD: No, an Irish friend who was with the Provos. He was up on the cliff and pushed the button that set off the charge his people planted the night before. Then they all went their separate ways and one of them got caught by a traffic stop. My friend got clean away. A very decent fellow and a good friend. I could be more specific but we don't need to go into that. So Moran got his revenge and there was a state funeral. I do like the Irish, Robert, but if there were only two of them left alive in the world, they would be sending letter bombs to each other.

RTC: There's some truth to that, Gregory, but not a lot. We got connected with the IRA people because we wanted to protect a certain oil refinery in Belfast that they had been threatening to blow up. The CIA has many, many friends in business and one of them asked us to be sure they left the project alone. So we supplied them explosives, intelligence and some support in exchange for their neutrality concerning American property in Ireland. It worked out.

GD: But not for Mountbatten, though.

RTC: He was a pompous ass.

GD: But a member of the royal family, Robert! Mostly inbred idiots, as a friend of mine once said, who marry their own cousins and produce children with the intellect of chickens.

RTC: How cruel. But true. And keep me posted on the box, won't you?

GD: And look for the Kennedy papers. Goodbye for now, Robert and my best to your wife.

(Concluded at 4:01 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 9**

Date: Wednesday, April 17, 1996

Commenced: 8:45 AM CST

Concluded: 9:21 AM CST

RTC: Hello?

GD: Robert...

RTC: Good morning, Gregory. You're a bit early today.

GD: I was talking with Corson about ten minutes ago. He started talking to me about Kennedy and said he had the whole story in his safe deposit box. Is that true?

RTC: Did he tell you anything else?

GD: He acted cute with me and said when he died, Plato would have the whole story. Why not Aristotle?

RTC: Plato is a local fix lawyer Bill uses from time to time. They all eat from the same trough. Was Bill specific?

GD: No, just that he had a big secret that he bet I'd just like to lay my hands on.

RTC: I'll have to have a little talk with him. Bill gets it into his head that he's an important person and has to be brought down a peg. Plato is a Greek and I never trusted him.

GD: I recall a newspaper headline. It said: 'If Russia attacks Turkey from the rear, will Greece help?'

RTC: And so early in the morning, Gregory. This whole town is a moral whorehouse. They all hang out together, lie together, steal together and generally know nothing. I wouldn't worry about Bill and his secret information. What he has is a DIA report that I gave him a copy of.

GD: You mentioned this before.

RTC: Yes and when the box comes and it works, then we can talk about a copy for you.

GD: I'm not poking but did you hate Kennedy?

RTC: You are poking, Gregory, but no, I did not hate Kennedy. Kennedy came from a family that was as crooked as a dog's hind leg. His father was a rum-runner and a whore monger and vicious as hell. Jack wasn't so bad but he couldn't keep it in his pants and used drugs in the White House. And enough of him for the time being. Besides, maybe I can entertain you discussing the downfall of Richard Nixon.

GD: That would be interesting. You should have the box in a week or so and then we can discuss other matters. What about Nixon?

RTC: The Company brought Nixon down but of course he made it easy to do.

GD: Watergate

RTC: And other matters. Yes, Watergate. Shall I continue?

GD: Go right ahead.

RTC: Nixon's problem is that he was a jealous outsider and never fit into the political or intelligence community. But a smart man, Gregory, very smart, and very ambitious.

GD: I met him once. My step-mother, who had big money, was a strong supporter of Nixon and when he was running for Governor of California, she dragged me to a rubber chicken affair and I got to talk with him.

RTC: What did you think of him?

GD: He had come across badly on the idiot box but in person, he was taller than I thought and very sharp. I liked him as a person because he knew I was nobody but had no problem having a very good conversation with me.

RTC: No doubt your step-mother's money helped.

GD: True, but you can tell when someone is being pleasant to you for politic reasons and when he is being genuinely communicative. He had the left wing press after him and he hated them, believe me.

RTC: That's one of the factors that brought him down. Nixon's downfall started in early '72 when he went to China. It was a bold move and it had an effect everywhere. It also had an effect in Taiwan. Old Chaing Kai-shek had a bloody fit when he saw this. I mean a bloody fit. He saw this as the beginning of the end of U.S. support for him and he wanted desperately to stop the slide. His intelligence chief and a couple of bigwigs came to see our DCI and wept in his office. If Nixon normalized relations with the PRC, it would spell the end of a mutual special relationship, just like our special relationship with Israel. The long and the short of it, Gregory, is that they wanted Nixon out of power before he went any further. And, the pleasant part of this is that they were more than willing to pay us very, very well for accommodating them.

GD: They wanted you to kill him?

RTC: No, just removed so he couldn't do them any more damage. We later did discuss killing him but two dead presidents in ten years was a bit much, so we hit on another ploy. We would discredit him. Our main man in all of this was Howard Hunt, who had wonderful ideas of his importance and, besides writing bad books, he had been very helpful in the Kennedy business in '63. He was our station chief in Mexico between August and September of that year and set up the fake 'Oswald' visit to Mexico City.

GD: Wasn't Oswald there? Getting a visa for Cuba?

RTC: No, that was bullshit. Anyway, Howard arranged for faked pictures, testimony that Oswald had been there at the Russian embassy, and so on. Useful. Now let's move ahead a few years. Nixon had won his last election in a landslide and you know he was never too well wrapped. He had a huge inferiority complex and the press did not like him. Herblock the cartoonist with the Post really made some ugly cartoons of him and Nixon was overly sensitive about that sort of thing. So with his victory at the polls, he got a swelled head and began to get even with his opponents by turning the FBI and the IRS loose on them. Things like that. Remember the enemies list? Fine. So Hunt was connected with the Nixon people as a trouble-shooter and got involved with going after Nixon's perceived enemies. He planted the idea that McGovern, a raging liberal twit, was in contact with Castro and getting Cuban money. The next thing was to suggest that they bug the DNC offices to get proof of this and ruin McGovern. A break-in, and they had been breaking into offices and homes for some time, a break-in was planned but it

was planned to fail. They taped a self-locking door open, someone tipped off Watergate security and you know the rest.

GD: But there was no guarantee that Nixon would do what he did. I mean the stonewalling.

RTC: We could read Tricky Dick like a dime novel. True to form, he believed he was an imperial figure and acted that way right up to the end. Hunt played his part and I'm sure you watched the thing unfold, right on the five o'clock news every night. For a smart man, Nixon was very stupid and played right into our hands.

GD: But Hunt was destined for the big house...

RTC: Of course. He had to fall on his sword but Howard didn't like the idea and he began to whine about this. We had to show him the light and after that, he went right along with the schedule.

GD: A serious talk?

RTC: No, we had to kill his wife as a serious warning to follow the game plan.

GD: More killing. Someone shoot her from an office building?

RTC: No, we arranged for an accident when she was flying west. Dorothy was helping Howard with some little project he thought would help him so we sabotaged her plane in DC.

GD: Put a bomb on it?

RTC: No tampered with the equipment. Plane came in for a stopover at Midway, suddenly lost altitude and smashed into some local houses. Midway is a terrible field, believe me. Right in the middle of an urban area and the runways are far too short. Anyway, down it came on top of people and the wife was dead. The local authorities found ten thousand in cash in her purse by the way. But it had an effect on Howard.....

GD: I can imagine. How many people died?

RTC: A few on the ground and forty or so in the plane. But the point is, Howard kept to his end of things or he would have been next or perhaps a close relative. He knew the score, Howard did.

GD: And Nixon left office in disgrace.

RTC: Well, yes, he did. Remember Al Haig? The General? Yes. Well we were afraid that Nixon wouldn't leave peacefully and might turn to the military for help so we put Al in to keep Nixon on the straight and narrow and limit his actions in that area. Worked out fine. And the chinks were happy as a clam with the results.

GD: Forty people, probably innocent at that, is a bit much, don't you think?

RTC: Well, Lenin said you can't make an omelet without breaking some eggs first. And Gregory, you surely can't believe that there any really innocent people in this world? We are born in original sin as you know.

GD: That's the Catholic view. Well, I suppose that's water under the bridge now.

RTC: I think Teddy Kennedy said that after Chappaquiddick.

GD: Is it possible I could write about this?

RTC: Actually, I would rather you didn't. Hunt is still alive and there's no point pushing him. He's fallen from grace and is in decline so he might not be too receptive to having all of this aired.

GD: No problem. Anyway, who would publish it? It's bad enough that I am writing about the CIA hiring the head of the Gestapo without adding insult to injury. Does Nixon know about this?

RTC: I don't really know and I don't really care. He knows enough to keep quiet and count his money. I don't think he wants his twilight years terminated with prejudice. He might be paranoid but he is a pragmatist in the end. That ought to hold you until we move on to other presidential removals.

GD: It sounds like a Mayflower moving van ad.

RTC: If it works, don't knock it.

GD: Well, the chinks are not that happy. Look at all the money they spent and look at our relations with the PRC.



RTC: Some things are destined to happen and all they did was to prolong the final act. Jerry Ford was no threat. A wonderfully cooperative man, Jerry was. During the Warren Commission, he called up old Hoover every night with the latest confidential dirt. No, Jerry was no problem. And the peanut farmer was too self-righteous to bother with and harmless. Actually, Nixon was lucky. If the Watergate thing hadn't worked, we would have found something a little more permanent.

GD: Nixon didn't know anything about the Kennedy business, did he?

RTC: No. Nixon was a Quaker and God knows what he would have thought about that. Nixon wasn't into what our Russian friends call wet actions.

GD: I'm not fishing here but did you people have anything to with Bobby's ascension to heaven?

RTC: No, that was Hoover. The Colonel <sup>8</sup> hated Bobby for calling him an old faggot and harassing him. And King too. He hated King because he was having an affair with a white woman and, on top of this, had gone to the Lenin school in Russia. Bobby was a quid pro quo for his brother in our eyes.

GD: It sounds like the Borgias.

RTC: Gregory, these are matters of state, not an exercise in morality. We have to do unpleasant things from time to time...I recall our man driving around in Africa with the rotting body of Lumumba stuffed into his trunk back in '61 after we killed him. People go off fast in that climate. He said he was sick for days trying to get the stench out of his nose. Feel sorry for the poor man, why not? That sort of work is never easy. There are often sleepless nights.

GD: Speaking of that, let me leave you now and I'll call up my construction expert and see how the blessed Swiss bell ringing box is coming along.

RTC: You just do that, Gregory, and I will be very, very happy if and when.

(Concluded at 9:21 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 10**

Date: Monday, April 22, 1996

Commenced: 11:17 AM CST

Concluded: 11:59 AM CST

GD: Good morning, Robert. I wanted to let you know the box is finished and I have checked it out. The neighbor's cat started screeching like a maniac and kept it up for the ten minutes I left the thing plugged in.

RTC: Wonderful news, Gregory. I am so looking forward to receiving it. Send it to the drop address I gave you and use the name we decided on.

GD: No problem at all, Robert. It uses regular household current and on one side you will find a dial and a toggle switch. The switch turns it on and off and the dial adjusts the level of noise. I mean you won't hear any noise but that's as good a term as anything else. If you have pets, be careful to aim the box towards the embassy, better up against the window, which I would keep open during operational times. I suggest you turn it on and off about three or four times during the day but never leave it on for more than ten minutes. You want general malaise but not protracted agony.

RTC: And if their windows are closed?

GD: Even better. The glass acts as a sounding board. If the curtains or drapes are open, get a pair of glasses and stand back from the window and watch for reactions. If not, just turn it on and off from time to time. You won't get people with exploding heads but eventually you'll hear about it.

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<sup>8</sup> Roosevelt had made J. Edgar Hoover an honorary colonel in the U.S. Army during the Second World War but Hoover, outraged that he had been made a general, refused to use the title. It was an inside joke in Washington official circles.

RTC: I suppose exploding Swiss diplomats would cause a stir.

GD: I would think so. Now, I'll send this out today before five and then let you know. I won't send it registered because then your Mr. Fake Name would have to sign for it.

RTC: Understood. You'll be in my debt for this, Gregory.

GD: My pleasure.

RTC: And I've been digging out Kennedy material for you.

GD: Wonderful, Robert. Now that that's taken care of, I would like to ask you about something I found in Mueller's journals. I'm translating them and believe me, it's not the easiest job. His German is short and to the point but not very cultured and I was brought up to speak Hanoverian German. Mueller's material reads like police reports. Anyway, there was a passage I really want to verify with you. I mean I will read my translation to you *in toto* and then let me know if you know anything about it, either first or second hand. It's such a nasty piece of work that Bender won't want to publish it unless I get some confirmation. It isn't too long.

RTC: Read on.

GD: OK, here we go: Now remember that Mueller moved from DC to Warrenton and lived on a large estate with his wife. He calls her Bunny and that's who he's talking about. It starts out

### **"Friday, 12. July, 1951**

Such a damned outrage! This is very hard to put down but I really ought to just for reference and also for relieving me of the pressure. I went out for a ride this morning, in spite of the weather. I thought it would be my last before I went on the trip and I do enjoy the rides now. I have gotten used to the horse and he to me. So early this morning, I went out riding and worked my way across the property to the area where the CIA unit was installed.

I smelt it before I got to it and so did the horse. A very unhappy horse and later, a very unhappy Heini! The stench was terrible as I approached the fenced-in trailers with their antenna stuck up on top of two of the trailers. There was a path leading down the hillside but the horse balked so I had to dismount and lead him down the path. I wanted to see what smelt so bad and I found out very quickly. In a small clearing were two human bodies, very much decayed and bloated. There were two men wearing some kind of blue shirts and pants and badly infested with maggots. They appeared to be black men but given the advanced state of corruption, it was not a certainty.

I remounted at the top of the path and rode over to the fenced area but no one was in sight. By this time, I was becoming very angry and went back home at a good canter and later a gallop. Phone calls to the CIA people. There are dead human bodies on my land! What is going on there? Silly, placating answers. Not good enough for me. Get rid of these things or I will call the local police and mortician at once! No, no, sir, do not do that! was the response. They would send someone right out to clean it up. I was please not to call anyone. It was (the usual shit) a matter of national security! National security indeed! Two dead blacks and how did they get there?

I want Bunny to know nothing about this. She came in when I was shouting at the CIA fool so I had to pretend it was something else. Oh yes, they came almost at once in a station wagon and drove in at the gate and then out to the charnel house. Another car came with two smooth-faced young men who wanted to talk to me privately. Into the library and later Bunny said she could hear me shouting one floor up through three closed doors! Angry is not the word to use, believe me.

What have these swine done now? It seems that the CIA is interested in mind control and were "practicing" on "willing" subjects. They wanted to see if some new radio system would have any effect on humans so they obtained several "volunteers" from a Virginia jail and experimented on them. They used radio microwaves in varying degrees of intensity on these poor fellows and literally roasted them alive! The bodies were tossed down the hill and it had been planned to bury them quietly on my farm!

There was a change of personnel and someone forgot the dead blacks!

When I asked these two sleek weasels about this, the reply was so awful I could not believe it! It seems that the CIA has no problem roasting people alive as long as they are convicted black criminals! Isn't that a wonderful attitude? One of the CIA people said, in such an offhanded way as to infuriate me that no one cared about blacks because they were scarcely human!

It took an enormous amount of self-control on my part to keep me from picking up a poker from the fireplace and doing great damage to these two worms. I threw both of them out and ordered them to not only remove the bodies but their experimental station as well. I told them that if I heard one more word of this insane behavior I would personally take it to the President first and the newspapers second.

White faces and many apologies. They crawled out and I had a very stiff drink to calm down again. The station wagon left, the driver had a white mask over his face and the other one threw up on the driveway as the car bumped along!

Fortunately, Bunny saw, smelt or heard nothing and I had to go up and lie terribly to her. I am totally frustrated by this because my first instinct, besides shoving my shoe up their assholes, was to put them under arrest and turn them over to the local police for obvious murder. I can't do that in my position but I would go to Harry with this if I ever hear about it again.

Mind control indeed!

Later: I spoke very sharply with (Walter Bedell, ed.) Smith when I calmed down and he was also furious. Told me that there are elements in the organization that are "completely lunatic" and he will speak with "someone" about this. I told him that if I ever heard of such psychotic nonsense again, the President would be the next on my list of callers and Smith said not to worry about this reoccurrence. No doubt the lunatics will go somewhere else. If I ever catch these evil swine on the property again, I will turn Arno loose on them and he can certainly earn his pay.

Apparently, they (the CIA, ed.) are involved in "mind control" work. This consists of drugging people, using electric shock on others, God knows what else! You should see some of the thoroughly lunatic types that scuttle up and down the halls, mumbling to themselves while clutching files to their breasts like a mama monkey with a dead baby. As expected, Wisner is involved in this madness. And him with a well-endowed (from the photos) black lover! When they are not burning people to death or looting the safes of cash, they are encouraging all kinds of strange madness.

I have no time for my journal now and am getting ready to leave here on the 19th for a working vacation. Will get in touch with Willi (Krichbaum. A former SS colonel who was Müller's deputy in the Gestapo and later a senior employee of Colonel Critchfield's CIA-controlled Gehlen organization in Munich, ed.) and then a musical interlude. I cannot see the family because they are still watched but will drop a card to Sophie.

There will be no mention of the new wife or the forthcoming (I hope) child. No point of putting honey on your ass and squatting on an anthill, is there?"

RTC: My God, Gregory! He wrote that?

GD: Yes, he did but in German. Is it true?

RTC: They did....I mean these mind control idiots did far worse than that. Is that true? I don't doubt it for a second. Cameron <sup>9</sup> once decided to put a woman into ice water to

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<sup>9</sup> Donald Ewen Cameron (1901-1967) was a Scottish-American psychiatrist. Born in Bridge of Allan, he graduated from the University of Glasgow in 1924.

Cameron lived and worked in Albany, New York, and was involved in experiments in Canada for Project MKULTRA, a United States based CIA-directed mind control program which eventually led to the publication of the KUBARK Counterintelligence Interrogation manual. Cameron was the author of the *psychic driving* concept which the CIA found particularly interesting. In it he described his theory on correcting madness, which consisted of erasing existing memories and rebuilding the psyche completely.

see if he could break down her resistance and she died of shock. That sort of thing. Loaded one of their own with LSD and when he started screaming, got frightened and tossed him out of a hotel window. Oh, and we mustn't forget the Goat Boy. That's the strange Dr. Gottlieb.<sup>10</sup> We called him that because he lived in a hovel and kept a bunch of goats around. He used to have sexual affairs with them. Gregory, we have had lots of people like that. Fortunately, for my sanity at least, and my reputation, I was in the intelligence branch and I left the care and feeding of the nut fringe to others with stronger stomachs. Believe it? I have no knowledge of that incident but I believe it. I can see why your Mr. Bender would be queasy about that. You know, if things like this ever become really public, they will burn all of us at the stake. I personally never was involved with such madness and actually, outside of my own areas, I had no real idea what we were up to but I can tell you that we had more than our share of raging nuts on board.

GD: Do you have any problems if I publish it?

RTC: That's not my call, Gregory. They would have a fit over there but I'm not in service anymore and I can plead ignorance of the whole thing. Is there more like that in these diaries?

GD: That's mild, very mild, Robert. Getting paid to kill the Iranian prime minister.

RTC: That I know about. Who was the prime mover here?

GD: Anglo-Iranian and Angleton.

RTC: Could you make a copy of that one and send it to me? We don't need to discuss it on the phone. My God, the burned darkies were bad enough.

GD: Where do your people recruit?

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After being recruited by the CIA, he commuted to Montreal every week to work at the Allan Memorial Institute of the McGill University, and was paid \$69,000 from 1957 to 1964 to carry out MKULTRA experiments there. The CIA tasked him with the deadly experiments to carry out, as they would be tried on non-US citizens. However, documents released in 1977 revealed that thousands of unwitting, as well as voluntary subjects, were tested on during that time period. These included United States citizens.

In addition to LSD and PCP, Cameron also experimented with various paralytic drugs, as well as electroconvulsive therapy at 30 to 40 times the normal power. His "driving" experiments consisted of putting subjects into drug-induced coma for months on end (up to three in one case) while playing tape loops of noise or simple repetitive statements. His experiments were typically carried out on patients who had entered the institute for minor problems such as anxiety disorders and post-partum depression, many of whom suffered permanently from his actions. His work in this field was inspired and paralleled by the British psychiatrist Dr William Sargant who carried out virtually identical experiments at St Thomas' Hospital, London and Belmont Hospital, Surrey, also without his patients' consent.

<sup>10</sup> **Sidney Gottlieb** (August 3, 1918 – March 7, 1999) was a American military psychiatrist and chemist probably best-known for his involvement with the Central Intelligence Agency's mind control program MKULTRA.

Sidney was born in the Bronx under the name Joseph Scheider. He received a Ph.D. in chemistry from the California Institute of Technology. A stutterer from childhood, Gottlieb got a master's degree in speech therapy. He also had a club foot, but this did not stop him from practicing folk dancing, a lifelong passion.

In 1951, Sidney Gottlieb joined the Central Intelligence Agency. As a poison expert, he headed the chemical division of the Technical Services Staff (TSS). Sidney became known as the "Black Sorcerer" and the "Dirty Trickster." He supervised preparations of lethal poisons and experiments in mind control. Gottlieb later lived like a hermit in a cottage where he raised goats. He was commonly known at the Goat Boy inside the CIA and viewed as totally mad. Both Cameron and Gottlieb are typical of the members of the lunatic fringes that staffed much of the CIA, and still does to this day.

RTC: St. Elizabeth's does occur to me as a natural source.  
GD: A church?  
RTC: No, a local asylum.  
GD: Robert, thanks for the patience and watch for the box. If it gets lost, I can have another made. Let me leave you now and I will get back to work on the Mueller material. OK?  
RTC: I have a nice new name for you, Gregory. Try Mr. Sunshine.  
GD: That's such a happy name, Robert. And it does fit me so well.  
RTC: I'll call you the moment the package arrives. I'll thank you for the poems.  
GD: For sure. Goodbye.  
RTC: Goodbye, Gregory.

(Concluded at 11:59 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 11**

Date: Monday, April 29, 1996

Commenced: 9:17 AM CST

Concluded: 10:11 AM CST

GD: Good morning, Robert. Interesting news on the wire.  
RTC: Good morning. What news is that, Gregory?  
GD: I see that Colby <sup>11</sup>appears to have had a boating accident.  
RTC: So I understand.  
GD: I believe you mentioned this earlier.  
RTC: I very possibly may have, Gregory. We live in dangerous times indeed.  
GD: Apparently he went out for a midnight excursion on the Potomac and did not come back.  
RTC: A terrible loss. They haven't found him yet have they?  
GD: Not yet. Depends on the temperature of the water. When gasses build up in the body, it will rise like Jesus to the surface. We used to call them floaters when I was doing pathology and believe me, they stank badly. That is unless the bottom feeders got to him first. I can foresee a closed casket and lots of air freshener, Robert.  
RTC: Graphic side to a great national tragedy. When we shot Paisley in the back of the head and chucked him off his sail boat, we put weights on him so he wouldn't come up. When divers did find him, he was rotten to the core. Had to cut off his hands to try to get fingerprints.  
GD: What was his transgression?

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<sup>11</sup> William Egan Colby -January 4, 1920 – April 27, 1996 spent a career in intelligence for the United States, culminating in holding the post of Director of Central Intelligence (DCI) from September 1973, to January 1976.

During World War II Colby served with the Office of Strategic Services. After the war he joined the newly created CIA. Before and during the Vietnam War, Colby served as Chief of Station in Saigon, Chief of CIA's Far East Division, and head of the Civil Operations and Rural Development effort; he oversaw the Phoenix Program. After Vietnam, Colby became Director of Central Intelligence and during his tenure, under intense pressure from Congress and the media, adopted a policy of relative openness about U.S. intelligence activities to the Senate Church Committee and House Pike Committee. Colby served as DCI under President Richard Nixon and President Gerald Ford and was replaced by future President George H. W. Bush on January 30, 1976. Colby, in his old age, began to talk and in talking, annoyed his former friends in the CIA so they drowned him without ceremony. The CIA has killed quite a few of its talkative members.

RTC: We let it get out he was suspected of dealing with the Soviets but actually, it had to do with the Kennedy business. Now that the box has arrived here, we will discuss this historical event much further. By the way, Gregory, when I turn it on, all the birds vanish from the area like magic. I can only imagine what must be going on inside. At least it works with the birds and one other thing I noticed. Some local was walking his dog on their side of the street and the dog began to yelp and howl when he came in range. Do you think the Swiss are more sensitive than dogs? I was halfway expecting to hear screaming from over there. Well, I followed your advice and only left it on for about twenty minutes for the first time and a little longer for the second.

GD: I'm glad you're happy, Robert.

RTC: Well, another DCI gone.

GD: And lamented?

RTC: Certainly not by me, Gregory. Nor, I should think, by many others over there. A nasty man who had a mouth problem.

GD: I hope for the sake of all of us they find him but without a bullet in the back of his head. If the body never comes up, there will be endless books and articles about his vanishing. Some drooling pinhead will swear they saw him playing golf in Madrid. When Kitchener went down with the *Hampshire*, years later there were claims he was alive and well in Patagonia, running a penguin farm.

RTC: Yes, there's a lot of that. The Kennedy business has the myth makers working overtime. Have you read any of the fantasy books? Men with umbrellas? People hidden in the sewers? Hoover shooting at him from some bank building? The Hunt brothers potting away from a black helicopter? Well, we're responsible for a lot of that. Feed silly rumors to the babblers in the nut fringe and they stir up so much mud, you can't see the truth.

GD: Maybe it's on the bottom with Colby.

RTC: Remind me to avoid crab cakes for a few months.

GD: Mueller was telling me about Dulles.

RTC: Which one? Allen or John?

GD: Both, actually.

RTC: What did he say about Allen?

GD: Mueller knew him before he became DCI, when?

RTC: In '53.

GD: Yes.

RTC: Kennedy forced him out in '61. Kennedy did not trust us and threatened to break up the CIA. Not a wise move.

GD: No, it wasn't. And Kennedy is dead and the agency lives on.

RTC: Yes, it does. What did Mueller tell you about Allen?

GD: Oh, that he met Dulles in Switzerland during the war. Dulles had no idea who Mueller was. Heini told me Dulles was a sucker for the plant and he loaded him up with all kinds of fake information about what was going on in Germany and Dulles ate the whole horse, saddle and all.

RTC: Allen was never too bright. His brother was a dyed-in-the wool Nazi, just like another one of our DCI's father. Prescott Bush. But Allen was not a particularly deep or thoughtful man all in all. His son got shot in the head in Korea and came back an idiot so Allan was very bad to him.

GD: Beat him up?

RTC: Worse. He ignored him. Allen was not a kind or thoughtful man. But his wife really did a number on him at the end. Allen was dying in '69 and they had a Christmas party at his place. Wife was downstairs with the guests, having a wonderful time. Not a word about Allen except that he was not feeling well. Finally, one of the boys decided to go up and wish Allen a Merry Christmas. Guess what he found?

GD: Tell me.

RTC: Allen lying in a urine and shit soaked bed, completely out of it and mumbling to himself. She had left him up there for quite a while. Ugly. She really must have hated

him. The boys picked him up, wrapped him in a clean blanket and took him to the hospital where he died about a month later. She didn't care at all and was very upset that they used one of her good blankets.

GD: You mentioned Prescott Bush. I have an original medal presentation paper giving a high Nazi decoration to him. Signed by Hitler in 1938. I'm surprised this never got out. I also have a picture of IBM's Watson with a higher decoration, sitting in opera box with Hitler. The IBM people have been trying to buy that from me for ten years.

RTC: You asking too much for it?

GD: No. I thought it might look good in a book. Was George a good DCI?

RTC: George was a sly, effeminate creature as crooked as a dog's hind leg. When he was VP, they attended a state dinner in the White House and he brought his older boy with him. That one was a chronic boozer and during an intermission, he went out and pissed in one of the downstairs halls. I understand Nancy Reagan 86'ed him out of the White House. His brother is a con-man, unconvicted of ripping banks off because Daddy put on the pressure. And his wife is like something out of a Norse legend. A real dominatrix-type. You never know what goes on behind the curtains, Gregory, but I do. It's enough to shake anyone's belief in the honesty of our leaders, who hasn't worked inside the Beltway long enough. Bush was only DCI for a year and I never had any use for him. Smiled a lot and as vicious and back-stabbing as anyone I ever knew. But then so many of them are.

GD: Did you know a William King Harvey?

RTC: Oh, indeed I did. What do you know about Bill?

GD: Mueller knew him and was boffing his wife. Mueller said he was an ex-FBI man whom Hoover fired for being a chronic drunk.

RTC: That's true. Hoover was a prim and proper one.

GD: And Harvey used to carry a gun around and point it at people.

RTC: Harvey was fat and apparently hung like a stud cricket so the gun made up for what nature had forgotten.

GD: What is it that they said about the flat-chested woman? What nature has forgotten she can remedy with cotton?

RTC: I've heard that somewhere before.

GD: Nothing is original. Well, if and when Colby floats, will you go to his funeral?

RTC: That would be a little hypocritical, wouldn't it Gregory?

GD: Hypocrisy is the tribute that vice pays to virtue, Robert.

RTC: You're a very wise person, Gregory. No wonder Bill and Tom are so upset with you.

GD: And don't forget Wolfe.

RTC: I don't like to go to the archives for fear he'll slink up to me with more hate stories about you.

GD: He's supposed to be such an expert on the Third Reich but he fakes it mostly. His great triumph was to discover an old record with an alleged speech of Himmler's in which Reichsheini is talking about killing off all the Jews. Bob made such a fuss over his discovery. I got him to send me a tape of it because it's in the archives and I got ahold a friend of mine who collects German newsreels. He had a 1939 ufa newsreel with a part of a speech by Himmler so he made a tape of that and I got another friend of mine to compare the speech patterns. Not the same. Either Bob's precious record that he used to play for Jewish groups or the original newsreel was a stone fake.

RTC: I don't think it takes a Harvard graduate to see which was which. Do you think he made it? And planted it?

GD: Not personally. His wife is German but Bob is not fluent enough to pull that one off. Probably got it from some co-religionist, planted it, discovered it and exploited it. Or, of course, they faked the Himmler speech on the newsreel. So much of these things are invented and of course the public believes it.

RTC: Tell me, Gregory, what does Wolfe think about our hiring the head of the Gestapo?

GD: Oh and many others. What? Well, he's a torn person. He'd love to expose this but he can't because he sucks up to officialdom and can't have it both ways. I love to tell

him about Krichbaum and others and when I do, I suppose he would like to kill me. Kill the messenger, not the message is the hallmark of the very small of mind.

RTC: True enough. And Bill and Tom are highly annoyed that we talk. I think they're afraid of what I might say to you. Wouldn't you agree?

GD: Yes. Another convocation of the small of mind.

RTC: But large of ego. When he was younger, we used to call Tom the Arrow Shirt Boy. Ring a bell?

GD: The clean-cut drawings?

RTC: Yes. Really handsome men and beautiful women tend to be very shallow in their social relationships. That's because they don't have to make any effort to attract attention. Uglier people have to rely on personality.

GD: Yes, that's true. My first wife was really beautiful but stupid as a post and very greedy. It's amazing how we can delude ourselves, isn't it? She wanted me to give a lot of money to her brother to buy a gas station. He fell off his motorcycle and did damage to his head. I don't think he could run a bicycle pump, let alone a gas station. I refused and she retaliated by moving her bloated mother in with us. Mom brought four nasty cats with her. I like animals but these loved to shit on the carpets and one loved to take dumps on the kitchen counters. Talking about this did no good so one day while Mom and her hatchling were out trying to spend my money, I took the dear pussies, stuffed them into a potato sack and tossed them into the apartment house pool. When the bubbles stopped, I dove in, fished them out and laid them in a nice, wet, row at the edge of the garden. Threw the bag away. Mom and the Other came home and she started looking for the dear felines. When I told her I had put them outside to do their nasty business, Mom waddled outside, shrieking for her lovelies. Then she really started to wail when she saw the line-up by the pool. When I was at work the next day, they both moved out and took all the furniture with them. This was not a good idea because I had rented the place furnished. I had to pay for the furniture, of course.

RTC: Did she leave the cats behind?

GD: No, they were gone. I think they had a state funeral for them. Burial at Arlington.

RTC: I take it you got a divorce?

GD: Actually, no, I did not. A friend of mine saw the Other passing out drinks in Vegas but when I called personnel at her casino, they said she'd left the place about a month before. She did surface about twenty five years later. Someone sent me a package of old books from LA and wrapped them in the local paper. By God, there was the Other playing golf out at Palm Springs. The long and short of it was, Robert, that she had married a wealthy real estate developer and had two kids by him.

RTC: No divorce?

GD: No, she was too stupid to think of that. I took this to a lawyer I knew but he was not interested until he found out that her husband, who had serious IRS problems, had put all his assets in Other's name. Then he got very interested because, as he pointed out to me, in California, property acquired by either party in a marriage is considered community property. He was suddenly very eager to take the case on a contingency fee basis because half of what she had was mine and we were still legally married. Here we're talking about bigamy as well. Much uproar, threats by massive legal firms in LA and in the end, they settled before we made a public filing. I lived on the rewards of my patience and misjudgment for years. And then we were divorced, very privately. Love is a wonderful thing, Robert. Do you know the difference between Herpes and love?

RTC: I can't say that I do.

GD: Herpes is forever, Robert.

RTC: Now that's not kind, Gregory.

GD: A very shrewd observation. If I had been a kind person, I would not have sent you those wonderful poems.

RTC: That was not meant unkindly. Let's say a joke.

GD: Well, we can talk about Kennedy one of these days, can't we?

RTC: As I said. I can get in touch with you later this week if you want.



GD: Let me call you. I'm sure you'll be watching and waiting for Colby to emerge from the depths.

(Concluded at 10:11 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 12**

Date: Thursday, May 2, 1996

Commenced: 8:45 AM CST

Concluded: 9:22 AM CST

GD: Good day to you, Robert. How goes the battle with you?

RTC: I think I'm slowly losing ground, Gregory, but I'm still fighting.

GD: I've been fighting for years so I understand the concept.

RTC: I hear the Germans are not happy over some of your writings. You are disturbing the Jewish community with your allegations that we hired the head of the Gestapo.

GD: Who cares?

RTC: You heard the old saying that hell hath no fury like a woman scorned? Well, the Beltway has no fury like a Jew ignored. How dare we hire the head of the Gestapo? How could we do such a thing to them? They are the Chosen of God, after all.

GD: What did God choose them for? To stand in the shower lines in some Polish camp?

RTC: Oh, now, Gregory, show some compassion.

GD: My God, why should any of us care about all of those nonsense stories?

Lampshades and cakes of soap, my ass.

RTC: We are all supposed to care about that, Gregory. And if they use it right, they can get discount airline tickets and something off on that new sofa.

GD: Stunning revelations indeed, Robert. Another group of obnoxious nuts.

RTC: Believe me, Gregory, there are far worse.

GD: Who? The Pedophile's Protective League? The Bellowing Jesus Freaks of Bad Seepage, Ohio?

RTC: There are worse things in this world than the Society of Professional Hebrew Moaners.

GD: The Sackcloth and Ashes League? The Humpback's Tuesday Afternoon Bridge Club?

RTC: Why don't you try the Scientologists? Now that group is really something to contemplate.

GD: I've read a little about them but not much. Started by some old faker named Hubbard. L. Ron Hubbard. I used to be a science fiction nut and I remember reading one of his stories years ago. Awful writing. Sounded like it was written by a ten year old.

RTC: That's the one. He may have been an awful writer but he was a class A conman. Those people made more Goddam trouble for us. They were running all over the Med in the '60s in some rusty tub called the *Royal Scotsman*. My God, what a ship of fools that was. We were getting requests from DoS and other people to look into them. All over the place, docking here and there, chasing frantic deserters into towns, screaming at people...my God what a circus that one was. And old Hubbard waddling around in some naval uniform, shouting at people one minute and trying to bribe some public official on shore the next.

GD: That I knew nothing about.

RTC: We did, believe me. Hubbard was as crazy as a loon and Washington was afraid he would start a war. You ever read about them?

GD: Just something here and there. Hubbard died, didn't he?

RTC: Yes, about ten years ago. His people got rid of him because he was getting to be a flaming nut and threatened to fire all of his top people. Since their scam brought in about a million dollars a day, those at the top had no intention of allowing a fat, old psychotic liar push them out.

GD: Was that in the press?

RTC: No. Hubbard was a raging paranoid, among other failings, and was convinced that everyone was out to get him so he went into hiding. That was where he was, out in California, when they gave him the needle. Of course they got the old idiot to sign a will leaving them everything and in with the drugs. As I recall, they cremated him as fast as possible and dumped his ashes into the Pacific off the stern of a sardine boat.

GD: *Sic transit Gloria mundi*, Robert

RTC: Isn't that always the truth?

GD: How did they make a million a day? Print it?

RTC: No, Barnum was right, Gregory. There is a sucker born every minute. When I took Jim's files out of there, I got the Scientology file, too. Three large boxes of files. My son read through some of them and said it sounded like a group therapy session over at St. Elizabeth's. The money? It came from legions and more legions of suckers who flocked to the tin can boys and paid until they were broke.

GD: Tin cans?

RTC: Yes. Hubbard had a very simple device that registered electrical skin responses. Works like the polygraph but has no value. We all have these electrical impulse things and of course the little needle jumps around. They have so called experts called auditors who tell the mark that this is helping to clear up their psyche so they can go out into the real world without a bag over their head. We know, and I am sure you do too, that the world is full of failures and worse. Now, instead of hanging themselves or jumping in front of Amtrak trains, they can grab the tin cans and let someone tell them that being ugly, stupid or a failure is really not their fault. Others are to blame. Of course they will never be free of their loads of guilt until the auditor tells them they are OK and that day never comes. As long as the marks have money, the tin cans are grasped and the wallets slowly empty. When it does, the sucker is tossed out on the street and then, broke, they jump off of railroad bridges and make messes on the tracks.

GD: A million a day?

RTC: Oh yes, at least. Hubbard once said that if a man wanted to be really rich, he should found a religion.

GD: Faking it with tin cans and some worthless meter is not a religion.

RTC: Oh, they turned it into one. They have a lock on a number of frustrated fanatics, fueled by vast sums of money pouring in from the army of suckers.

GD: You mentioned a boat?

RTC: Oh yes, in the 80's, old Hubbard got it into his head that powerful forces were after him so he bought an old boat, filled it up with nuts and off they went, cruising all over the place and creating diplomatic havoc. Later, he got tired of his admiral's uniform so he took over some town in Florida and terrorized the normal people before moving on to California, the true home of fruits and nuts. And in the meantime, before Hebe the Yench and the Dwarf, Miscarriage, terminated him, old Hubbard had his crazy followers break into government building and steal sensitive files. Of course they got caught but Hubbard claimed ignorance. He wasn't stupid by any means but he had Borderline Personality disorder and couldn't tell the truth when a lie would suffice.

GD: Who are the Hebe and the Dwarf?

RTC: In house for Heber Jentsch and David Miscavage. The first one is a front and the dwarf is the one who runs the show now that his founder is floating on the surf. Oh, you should read the nonsense....Gregory, do you know what a DC 3 is?

GD: Certainly. It's an older commercial jet.

RTC: Hubbard said, and the ninnies still believe, that certain superior aliens, the father of all of the more enlightened of us, were brought to Earth from Venus millions of years ago on DC 3s.

GD: Robert...

RTC(Laughter) No, I'm serious. We don't need to even discuss this moronic crap but thousands of panting believers accept it as the truth. The problem is, while they have

stopped running around in the boat, they now try to take over small towns and are heavy in the electronics business. And of course swindling fools out of Daddy's trust fund.

GD: You have material on them?

RTC: Yes, I do, Gregory.

GD: Any chance I could see it?

RTC: Of course, I can dig it out and ship it to you. But a word of caution here, Gregory, never try to use it.

GD: Why not?

RTC: My God, these twits sue everyone in sight for no reason. If you wrote that all up, they would sue you, your dog, your neighbors, your dead grandmother, your school and probably the mailman. The word 'crazy' is too mild to use in conjunction here. But, I will send this off to you with my caveat.

GD: You know, my sister's cat keeps crapping on her bed. Maybe I could stuff it into a tin can and read the meter.

RTC: (Laughter) Be my guest. Why not audit a cat?

GD: I used to think it was books that were audited.

RTC: Gregory, these people can't read books.

GD: Speaking of books, Bender is going ahead with the Mueller series so I guess Wolfe will hiss at you in the Archives like Loki.

RTC: Bill and I will look forward to the new books, Gregory. And we do need to get together in person sometime, right here. It's safe enough here.

GD: Should we invite Kimmel?

RTC: Gregory, I have enough problems from the Justice people over you without fanning the flames. I think you love to fan the flames. Have you ever considered a gracious retirement?

GD: That takes money, Robert.

RTC: Yes, that it does. Sell more books.

GD: That's not my bailiwick. Maybe I could start a religion, Robert. Tell people I came from Venus and if they are good, and give me lots of money, I can elevate them to a huge and invisible flying saucer and take them to Pluto where the men will have huge peckers and the women get to eat a ton of chocolates a day and not gain a pound. And they will all live forever and never worry about falling hair or sagging breasts. Why? Because I will turn them all into little green toads and eventually feed them to the Great God Dagon.

RTC: Well, that way we would get rid of everyone in Los Angeles and Washington.

GD: And our magic spaceship will be a 707 and we can call it the Ship of Fools.

RTC: I will look up those files for you Gregory.

GD: Thanks. It will beat reading the obits in the paper, looking for dead enemies.

(Concluded at 9:22 AM CST)

### **Conversation No. 13**

Date: Wednesday, May 8, 1996

Commenced: 9:54 AM CST

Concluded: 10:32 AM CST

RTC: Good morning, Gregory. Have you been reading about the resurrection of brother Colby?

GD: Good morning, Robert. Yes, I saw this piece of news yesterday but I was too busy to call you. I'm trying to finish up the translation of Mueller's journals and when I get on a rush, I don't let up. He floated...no some divers found him. Right?

RTC: As I understand it, yes. Oddly enough, they had searched the same place before but without success.

GD: Maybe they took him from a fishpond somewhere and planted him before he got too ripe.

RTC: It's an odd case, Gregory. Here we have a man in his late '70s staying at his little summer place out on Rock Point, coming downstairs about eleven in the evening, putting on the computer and the television and then running outside in bad weather, jumping into his canoe and paddling out onto the river which was very rough about then what with the wind and rain. And, most interesting, he left his life belt behind. Bill always wore his vest when he went out in his canoe but he seems to have forgotten it. Careless.

GD: Getting old.

RTC: But no older.

GD: Can I do a scenario for you, Robert? Just to show you how really clever I am?

RTC: Why not?

GD: Some friends came to visit him a little earlier. Unannounced of course. Friendly talk, maybe a glass or two of wine and then poor Colby drank something that made him a little disoriented. Nothing to remain in the body afterwards, of course. Then I'll bet they picked him up, took him out and put him in the boat they came in on, hooked the canoe up behind them with a painter and out onto the bounding main. Then into the nice cold water, unhitching the canoe and back to shore and the warmth of home and hearth. There was no mention of a hole in his head or missing body parts at all. A careless and confused old man out for a refreshing little trip and then tragedy strikes. I don't think they've had time for a full post but I'll just wager you they won't find any cyanide or ricin in him. Another skillfully planned CIA wet action.

RTC: That's an interesting analysis, Gregory. You haven't been talking to anyone about this, have you?

GD: From that, I must have guessed right. The reports mentioned the computer and the bad weather and I put the rest together. I always loved jigsaw puzzles, Robert. In the summer, when Chicago got hot, we had no air conditioning in those days so we used to go up to Vilas County in upper Wisconsin to get cool. Nice summer house on a quiet lake. On the front screen porch, there were two large ping pong tables and boxes of very complex jigsaw puzzles. While everyone else was out swimming or fishing for the really delicious lake trout, I was on the porch for hours, putting the puzzles together. I love puzzles. On this one, the pieces were all there.

RTC: I told Kimmel once that you would have made a first class agent for us and he was outraged that I would even think of such sacrilege.

GD: I don't disagree with you Robert. Kimmel once told me, seriously, that I suffered from the worst case of hubris he had ever seen. Do you know what I told him?

RTC: Were you rude?

GD: No, merely accurate. I told him that I had thought I was wrong about something once but found out later I was mistaken.

RTC: Delightful response, Gregory. And his?

GD: He was not amused, but I was. Anyway, the errant Colby has returned to the land of the living but in worse shape than when he left it.

RTC: Thank God for that.

GD: We can anticipate solemn statements from the White House, a weeping wife and black-suited friends and then off to the bone yard in a bronze box, tightly sealed lest eau d'Colby annoy people downwind. By now he probably smells like a big Camembert cheese. And soon forgotten by most. And from what you said, you won't be going to the services.

RTC: I think not.

GD: But you do have your memories.

RTC: So do a lot of others. Perhaps we can discuss something more cheerful than the loss of a valued friend and freedom fighter, Gregory.

GD: How is the blessed box working?

RTC: The birds still flee but no ambulances at the door.

GD: Yes. Wait until valued secretary Mitzi Rupleberger hangs herself in an electronically inspired fit of depression in the ladies' lavatory with a pair of silk stockings.

RTC: The Ambassador would be more spectacular.

GD: His office is probably in the back. And one would hope he doesn't wear silk stockings. Or a bra either.

RTC: Such imagery.

GD: If you don't laugh, Robert, you will go crazy. People don't realize that life is a huge practical joke that always has a bad ending. Like Brother Colby, but enough of forbidden topics. Someday, I will tell you how I nailed Pollard.

RTC: This is not another joke?

GD: Not at all.

RTC: I have some knowledge of this business, Gregory, and I would like to compare it to your own. Do go on.

GD: I knew a military collector when I was living in California. He used to collect SS items which was rather weird because he was Jewish. His father had been a host for a kiddie television show and after he and the mother got a divorce, she married a big cheese in the insurance business. Jack Beckett.

RTC: Transamerica Beckett?

GD: The same. They lived in Atherton in a gated house. I used to visit there from time to time and met Beckett a few times. A very decent, down to earth person, easy to talk to and I would say very honest. Did you know him?

RTC: I believe we knew him.

GD: He mentioned he knew Stansfield Turner so you must be right. Anyway, Abenheim, that's his name, Donald Abenheim, had a fellow student from Stanford named Jay Pollard. Pollard used to come over and the two of them would war game and I sat in on a few sessions. Pollard was a very pleasant, smart fellow but a raging nebbish. A Walter Mitty type, if you know what I mean. Lived in a fantasy world of his own making. Pollard's father was a dentist or something dull living in Ohio but Pollard was a downright fanatical Israeli supporter and he went on about working as a kibbutz guard, being an officer in the Mossad and so on. Obvious bullshit. It didn't make him a bad person but he was a little hard to take at times. We never believed a word he said on that subject. Anyway, later, after Abenheim had graduated from Stanford, he told me Pollard had tried to get into your agency as an analyst but they discovered his Israeli lust and turned him down. Don told me that in their yearbook, Pollard put down that he was a major in the Mossad. But then he went to work for naval intelligence....

RTC: Naval Fleet Intelligence. Then he transferred over to the Anti-Terrorist Alert center of the NIS.

GD: The what?

RTC: Naval Investigative Service. They dealt with top secret military communications. Go on.

GD: When Don told me about this, I remarked that perhaps, given his attitudes, this was really not the place for Pollard to work.

RTC: In hindsight, you were perfectly right.

GD: So I pumped Abenheim about what Pollard was doing. Jay was in touch with him and they both had motor mouths. When Abenheim got specific, I suggested that he mention this to someone because he was fooling around with the national intelligence community but he only laughed at me.

RTC: And then what?

GD: Well, I thought about this and don't forget I knew Pollard's fanatic attitudes...I mean they were obsessive, believe me...so after stewing about this, I called up someone I knew who was connected with the Pacifica Foundation. He was a friend of Cap Weinberger, the Secretary of Defense. I told him all about Pollard and said that in my opinion, this was a man who should not have any access to secret governmental material dealing with anything in the Middle East. I made it a point to tell this fellow

that if he couldn't get Weinberger's attention, I would take it to the press. Oh no, he said, give me some time. I did. He called me back in about a week and said he had passed the word along and begged me to keep quiet about it. Fair enough. Then we all know what happened.

RTC: Yes, we all do. So you were the "unidentified source."

GD: Yes. Beats Mr. Sunshine.

RTC: Did you hear about what Weinberger did to Pollard?

GD: Not really.

RTC: Pollard cut a deal with the government for a lighter sentence but Weinberger hated him and got Wolf Blitzer to have an interview with Pollard and trick him into breaking his agreement. Pollard got life for being stupid.

GD: He wasn't stupid, but he had no common sense.

RTC: Well, now he's got life in the slammer.

GD: I told Abenheim what I did and he was terrified I would drag him into it. He was living off of Beckett, who put him into Stanford and bought him new cars and so on, and he was afraid of the consequences if Beckett got wind of his own lack of concern. He used to babble all kinds of family gossip around, including myself, and I always thought that if you take a man's bread, you owe him at least some loyalty. But Don was not a man to contemplate honor. I remember once when I was having certain conversation with a German diplomat in San Francisco, this fellow encountered Don at some function. Don was an outrageous ass-kisser and at any rate, the German told him he knew me and that I was a "brilliant scholar" on the German scene. He said that Abenheim got annoyed and said I was only self-educated, which I am not and I said that considering that I had written Abenheim's doctoral thesis, that was hardly appropriate. The German found this rather shocking.

RTC: If Stanford ever found out about that, they would jerk his degree, you know. I don't think that would do his intelligence career any good. What was the thesis on?

GD: The Imperial German Navy's *etappendienst* or resupply system, in the First World War. After this episode, I mentioned it to Charlie Burdick, the German military historian and Dean at San Jose State, very reputable and I've known him since '52...anyway, he said that this paper struck him as much better than Abenheim's usually pompous and turgid works. He knew my work and said that he could see in an instant that I was right. I asked him, since he was Abenheim's sponsor for the doctorate, what he was going to do about it. As usual, nothing. But he would never talk to Don again.

RTC: What happened to him?

GD: Burdick?

RTC: No, Abenheim. Does he work for us?

GD: No, although Beckett wanted to get him into the CIA via his contacts with Turner. He does intelligence work for the Navy, I think. After I had a talk with him about his mouth problem, we haven't spoken.

RTC: You should tip them off. We have too many treacherous people like that.

GD: Well, I don't worry about it. The Germans and Burdick know, and believe me, and he can deal with that knowledge. I don't think you have to worry about his selling secrets to Israel. He and his mother hate the Zionists. Reformed Jews usually do.

RTC: What does he think about your writings on Mueller?

GD: I would hate to think. Fortunately, that is outside his interest so I am probably safe.

RTC: What is his specialty?

GD: He likes to think he's an expert on German military tradition but he most certainly is not. Abenheim is the moon and Beckett is the sun. Abenheim drove expensive sports cars, lived in an expensive house, went to an expensive school and met famous people but only because his mother married an important, and very generous, man. I remember once, Don and his friends were planning on raiding a military storage area in San Francisco when he was working in the Presidio museum. They heard there was

morphine stored there and planned to sell it. I told him that I would tell his mother if he didn't drop that idea and it scared him off. I mean, what an utterly stupid thing to do. He should have thanked me for keeping him out of jail instead of trash mouthing me to others.

RTC: Given what you've told me, he's probably just jealous. I imagine he loved to pick your brains.

GD: Yes, like Corson.

RTC: There are certain similarities there.

GD: God save us from those of the small mind and large ego.

RTC: Anyway, Gregory, you did the right thing in the Pollard matter. And while your name is not known in this, your good deeds certainly are.

GD: But no good deed goes unpunished, does it, Robert? At least, Abenheim will be more cautious in the future or I might start writing nice letters to Stanford. After all, I have all the original work on his thesis. His useless notes and my handwritten pages. I remember once when he told me that brave Israeli commandos raided a Libyan secret plant, deep in the desert, and destroyed it. I got tired of his pomposity so I told him, very offhand, that that was a hoax. I said Kadaffi had put some oil and old tires into 55 gallon drums and set them on fire. I said the satellites showed clouds of black smoke but there was nothing to it. He got very irate and asked me how I knew such things? I said I had seen the side-angle satellite pictures...

RTC: My God, Gregory, you didn't? Those satellites are very, very secret. He must have had a fit about that.

GD: Oh, he did. It turned out later I was right about the burning tires so he rushed to his superiors to tell them all about the horrid person who had access to the sacred satellite pictures. And about a month later, a military collector friend of mine was approached by someone at a collector's club meeting. A nice, clean-cut fellow named Mason. Anyway, this fellow made friends with my collector connection and developed a great interest in me and my doings. I checked on this Mason fellow and discovered from Petersen that Chris was a CIA operative so I led him a wonderful chase, feeding him all kinds of nonsense until he finally, after several months, realized he was being made a fool of and he went back to Washington. He was not very bright, Robert. I had written a book on German paratroopers in the campaign on Crete so he had my friend send me a mint copy of the book to autograph. The cover was heavy coated stock so I put on a pair of cotton gloves, went over to my next door neighbor and handed the book to him. I had told him earlier that I had written a number of studies of military actions and he was interested. I said I had hurt my hand and could he autograph the book?

RTC: Gregory, that was a terrible thing to do. Now someone has your neighbor's fingerprints and handwriting in a file somewhere. What a wicked thing to do.

GD: Ain't I awful, Robert? And I told my collector friend about all the lovely aerial pictures I had. I was going to get a Russian publisher to do a book called, "The World from the Air."

RTC: Jesus Christ...

GD: Oh and I said they were Cosmic pictures. From Top Secret/Cosmic of course.

RTC: And I suppose he told his new friend and consternation ensued in Washington.

GD: I said I was meeting a Russian publisher's rep in 'Frisco down at his office on Green Street.

RTC: That's the Russian consulate. That's a KGB center, Gregory.

GD: No, don't disillusion me.

RTC: That is really wicked. You never saw any side-angle satellites pictures, never had any secret pictures, had no Russian publisher but just imagine the furor.

GD: Kept me warm at night for months, Robert. Abenheim later told someone that I was pure evil and should never be talked to. He wasn't specific but my friend thought he might have an involuntary bowel movement at any time.

RTC: I said several times you would make a great agent, Gregory.

GD: Whatever makes you think I'm not, Robert?

RTC: On that depressing note, I'll let you go. We're supposed to go shopping and let's do this again. You're better than television, Gregory.  
GD: And a lot more accurate, Robert.

(Concluded at 10:32 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 14**

Date: Friday, May 10, 1996

Commenced: 10:03 AM CST

Concluded: 10:21 AM CST

GD: Good morning, Mrs. Crowley. Is Robert available?

EC: Oh good morning, Gregory. Yes, he's right here.

GD: Thank you.

RTC: Hello, Gregory. I've dug out quite a bit of material on the Kennedy business for you and once I get it collated, I'll send it on.

GD: Any surprises there?

RTC: Wait until you've read it and I would prefer not to discuss this on the telephone. There are aspects of this that should be kept very private and, let me add, I would request that you not address this in print until after I am gone.

GD: Understood but that could be ten years from now.

RTC: Oh, I doubt that. I'm getting older by the day. I might hold out for a few more years but not much longer. Emily has been at me to have more X-rays because the last ones showed some spots on my lungs but I think that if it was cancer, I would be dead by now. After all, we took those some years ago.

GD: You smoke?

RTC: A small sinful pleasure but not as much. That and coffee kept me going and these get to be ingrained habits. At any rate, eventually I ought to have more tests but I really don't worry too much about this.

GD: Just one brief question about Kennedy if it's all right.

RTC: Ask me and I'll make a judgment call.

GD: Was it Oswald?

RTC: No, he was a patsy. Had nothing to do with it and that answers that question.

Now, on to other things if you don't mind.

GD: Thank you and go ahead.

RTC: I was thinking about the Pollard business we talked about a few days ago. Looking over some of my files, I am certain you were accurate about tipping them off. There was an unspecified confidential source and I suppose if I had someone dig into it further, it would cinch it all up. We thought it was someone from the Israeli side with a guilty conscience.

GD: No, just a peeved WASP.

RTC: Of course, what was the worst aspect of this Pollard business is that the little traitor passed an enormous amount of very, very sensitive information to Israel, among which were reams of top level coded material. We found out later that all of this was sent to Russia, to the KGB and the GRU within hours of it getting to Tel Aviv.

GD: Did they work with the Russians?

RTC: No, some of the refuseniks that went to Israel were Soviet plants and they took with them enough information to convince the Israelis that they would be good agents. That's the terrible thing about the Pollard matter, Gregory. It cost us millions upon millions to rework our codes but that only covered on-going matters. My God, the Soviets were reading all our top level messages. The damage that little shit caused is not to believe. Weinberger wanted to shoot him out of hand but that never happened. Pollard will never get out of prison alive. Did you know that the Israelis made him an



honorary member of their Knesset and deposited large sums of money into a bank account they opened for him there?

GD: That's a bit gross, isn't it?

RTC: Figure it. And they have been bombarding Clinton to pardon him but that will never happen, even if his wife is Jewish. I don't much care for Clinton but he is certainly a smart man. He moves with the tides, Gregory, and if he dared to pardon Pollard, there would be serious problems for him. It's been said that if this looked like it might go through, the BoP people would have one of their convicts stick a knife into him while he was taking the air in the prison yard. I think he should be found hanging in his cell some morning and then we can pickle him, put him in a box and ship him off to Israel, collect.

GD: Frau Clinton is Jewish?

RTC: Family came from Lodz in Poland, went to Manchester in England, changed their names and some of them came over here. Her branch ended up in the cloth business in Chicago. They don't talk about this but it's something to consider. One thing I can say about the Clintons. They both are really too fond of women.

GD: When I lived in California, I had a friend in the state police in Sacramento and he was telling me that Hillary left law school at Yale and interned with Bob Treuhart in Oakland. He's a communist labor lawyer. His wife is Decca Mitford who wrote the book on funeral home ripoffs. Decca's sister was Unity Mitford, who was one of Hitler's lady friends. Anyway, he said that Hillary worked with the Black Panthers in Oakland and got involved with their descent on the legislators in Sacramento. They all had guns and everyone freaked out. Apparently, the police went around rounding them all up and they found Frau Clinton naked in bed with a black woman. It's all in a report he copied. And he said that about a week after Clinton became President, the FBI swooped down and grabbed the original files on all of this.

RTC: Too bad there's no copy.

GD: Oh, there is. I sent a copy of it around to the media but all I got was complete silence. But note that Herb Caen, a columnist for the Chronicle, wrote about this and I don't think the FBI can do much about that. Of course, people forget very quickly, Robert. Cold beer in the fridge and a sports game on the tube and they're contented. Consider the bulk of the public as if it were a hibernating bear in Alaska. Now if the far right and the far left stand in front of his den, screeching at each other and throwing dung and snowballs at each other, the bear is oblivious. But supposing they decide to move into the den and continue their petty squabbles. And if by accident, one of them managed to kick brother bear squarely in the balls, then we see something else. The bear awakes with a roar, promptly kills both of the invaders of his bedroom and goes back to sleep again. That, Robert, is what happens when the public is aroused and that is why politicians are careful to keep out of the bear's den.

RTC: An interesting analogy.

GD: Revolutions don't start overnight. The French Revolution had its roots in the determination of a burgeoning middle class to obtain equal rights along with the monarchy, the clergy and the nobility. Things got out of control and the mob woke up and wreaked bloody havoc on France for some time. Read Carlisle on this subject. Or read Eric Hoffer. I recommend *The True Believer* for a very penetrating analysis of mass movements and their fanatic adherents. We don't have this problem here, at least now, but things change and if we don't change with them, then there are problems.

RTC: I think the older we get, the less we welcome change.

GD: Routine can be comforting at that. But suppose some stuffy bureaucrat got up one morning, shoved the family cat into the microwave, turned it on, drove his van across the neighbor's lawn and crushed the stone dwarves and then ran all the red lights on the way to the office? And when he got to his work pen, he set the contents of his desk on fire and ran around the office buck naked?

RTC: I have a feeling he would be locked up somewhere for some time. You have a very active imagination, Gregory, or did you do this?

GD: No but when I see the automatons on the road or marching in lockstep on the sidewalks of the financial district, such thoughts are not unnatural to me. I love to do the unexpected. I recall once when a friend's father, who ran a local Penney store, gave me a half a dozen obsolete window dummies. My God, sir, did I have my fun. We took a little girl, cute thing with pigtails, cut a hole in her back and filled her insides with lots of raspberry Jello. Then we put a pinafore and a pair of nice shoes and socks on her, took her down to the SP tracks and set her up just this side of the railroad bridge. My Russian friend and I sat in the bushes and when the Del Monte Special, filled with the idle rich, came down the line doing 80, the headlights picked up the little darling on the tracks, illuminating her winsome form for the people stopped by the track gates. Horns blowing, howling drivers, panic and then when the train hit her squarely, a great fan of red Jello and papier-mâché body parts descended on the stopped cars. Now that was something to remember, Robert. Engineer slammed on the breaks, dropped sand, skidded with many sparks and blaring air horn into the local station and I will always remember the idle rich flying all over the interior of the illuminated club car. We got away with it but only barely. Booted police stamping all around our bushes, looking for the fiends. We didn't do that one again but believe me, it was worth it.

RTC: (Laughter)

GD: I see you do have a sense of humor, Robert. There were other dummies to be put to good use. Sometime later I can give you more cheerful anecdotes to make your day.

RTC: I hope all of that is behind you, Gregory.

GD: Oh yes, long ago but not forgotten. By the way, speaking of things behind, can you give me one word that describes what happened when a very fat woman backed into a rotating airplane propeller?

RTC: Not offhand.

GD: Disaster.

RTC: Are you smoking something illegal?

GD: No, too much coffee and too many fond memories. Let me go back to the book and leave you thinking about the chaos inside the Embassy when you turn on your noise box.

RTC: That's probably enough for now.

GD: 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' Robert, and I will talk to you later.

(Concluded at 10:21 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 15**

Date: Wednesday, May 22, 1996

Commenced: 12:15 PM CST

Concluded: 12:45 PM CST

GD: Am I interrupting anything?

RTC: No, nothing important. Mostly I do paperwork in the morning, lunch, nap a little and not much else. Gregory, a question here. Have you ever heard of Richard Condon?

GD: Yes, I have read two of his books. He just died, I think last month I read about it.

RTC: *The Manchurian Candidate*?

GD: That's one of his first books. Interesting concept. I saw the movie with Frank Sinatra in the early '60s. Very complex man with his plots and the brainwashing business was too much. They get ahold of an idea and run off with it.

RTC: The Company was deeply into brainwashing. It was an utter fiasco and we can talk about it in some detail later but I am glad you know about the book and the concept.

GD: Right. Brainwashed a POW and then got him to shoot at a politician. I smelt the Kennedy business in there. He hated Nixon.

RTC: He hated everybody.

GD: Depressing, Robert. Authors pour out their sublimated hatred for their wives, their parents, their teachers and God alone knows who else. What was it about the Condon book?

RTC: Just some report I came across last night while I was putting some of my papers into new files. "The Manchurian Candidate" was the title of the study. Actually, we were watching someone who had been a POW during the Vietnam business.

GD: You think he was brainwashed and is going to shoot the mayor of Buffalo Breath, Montana?

RTC: No, not brainwashed, Gregory, turned.

GD: The North Koreans turned one of our prisoners?

RTC: No, the Russian KGB did.

GD: Well, that makes more sense. I know a number of Russians, met a really sharp one in Bern when I was living there. That I could believe, but I can't see them using brainwashing. I've heard about the CIA's giving people drugs and using microwaves and so on. The Russians are not that idiotic.

RTC: Now, now, Gregory, not everything we did was lunatic. No, the Russians had access to some of the prisoners and we think they turned at least one of them. Not brainwashing, money.

GD: Yes, yes, now you make sense. Using secret radio waves...I knew a nut one time who wore a beret lined with aluminum foil to prevent Martian radio waves from getting through. Now don't laugh, he actually did. I ran a group therapy class once and he was a patient. Oh, nuttier than usual, but I prevailed on the head doctor to let him wear his beret and he calmed right down after punching two nurses and a food attendant. A sort of metallic pacifier but it did work and it kept the place calm. Money, of course, is more immediate and more effective than brainwashing. So they got to a prisoner of war, did they? He must have been someone they could use. Some stupid grunt from Alabama would be useless unless they wanted him to let the family hogs run out onto an interstate when an unwanted politician's motorcade was passing.

RTC: Gregory, there are time when I can see why poor Kimmel can't put up with you. Do try to be serious, won't you? Yes, a person who was perhaps important but more likely someone who could become important later.

GD: Makes sense. I don't think the Cong ever captured a Senator on a goodwill tour of Saigon whorehouses. And I don't think they captured any really high ranking officers, did they? Is that what you're talking about?

RTC: Now you're coming down to reality from the clouds. No, they did not have any Generals or Admirals in the Hanoi Hilton but they did have someone almost as important but it was a potential, not an actual.

GD: And?

RTC: And if there was such a captive, the Russians, who worked with the North Vietnamese...had liaison people there and we knew it...so they looked over the captive list and perhaps found someone that could be useful, if they could turn him. Suppose they found one?

GD: I suppose they did, didn't they?

RTC: Well, we were not...are not...certain but we believe this happened. You know, we and the Russians were supposed to be deadly enemies then but in our game, there really are no enemies, just different shades of gray.

GD: That I am aware of. A Russian friend of mine told me that there was a regular connection with the Americans and that information went back and forth. Luxembourg as he told me...

RTC: Yes, indeed.

GD: So what? Professionals helping each other to make each other look good. I'd do it. I mean if you had an agent at some altitude who was fanatically anti-Soviet, he would be blind to the subtleties of reality, wouldn't he? Narrow-minded fanatics are of very limited use, I have found out.

RTC: Exactly so, Gregory, exactly so. I was a specialist on the KGB and I knew a few people from the other side. That's where I got my indication that their people had turned one of ours. A hint, but a strong one. And then we went through lists of people, vetted the ones that were likely candidates...

GD: But not Manchurian ones?

RTC: No, Moscow candidates.

GD: You know, I had a Russian friend tell me one time that he was constantly amazed at how easy it was to turn Americans. He used the phrase, the three Bs...

RTC: 'Booze, bucks and broads?'

GD: Precisely. He said that money or pussy got them far more than threats or blackmail. He had a rather low opinion of Americans, I hate to say.

RTC: They aren't perfect either, but he has a point.

GD: What did they turn your suspect with? Not booze in a prison. Money? Cunt? If he has potential, probably money, right?

RTC: Yes, just that, money. Oh, and little special treatments like more baths, a little better food and things like that.

GD: Well, if he was in with others, they couldn't have been too lavish. Others would have noticed. One has to be careful. No television sets, visiting whores or lobster dinners for him. I can see a few extra cigarettes here and there, a glass of booze while having a medical exam. I suppose small things like that are possible and very useful tools. You know, Robert, Mueller was a master interrogator. He was a very intelligent man and instead of beating people he talked to them. He said if you were proper with them and even extended small courtesies during the interrogation, you could work wonders.

RTC: He's right. But in this case, greed and envy....

GD: Envy? Now that's interesting. Competition? Now there's a piano to play on. A military prisoner of war. Potentially important somewhere down the road. Competition? With whom? Another officer? A former golf partner? Not strong enough. With whom? A relative perhaps? A more successful relative? Striving, Robert, striving. I did read...

RTC: Now, Gregory, let's not drive down that road. Enough is enough.

GD: Now, Robert, it was you who asked me about Condon, don't forget. You want to stop me while on a roll? That's like your girl friend letting you touch her just a little bit right down there but not too much or too long. That's called prick teasing. Competition with a relative? Someone living under the shadow of a famous relative? Did we have any prisoners with famous parents or siblings? Perhaps an exalted father...mothers don't count except in the Oedipal way. Now I was recently reading about someone who was a prisoner of war. Injured badly, came from a distinguished military family. I'm sure you know the name, Robert. That one. That fits. Position to be helpful. If he gets unhappy, there are little reminders of past favors that it would be wise not to talk about. They help your career and you help them. Money. Senior military officers have a decent pension, but it ceases when they die, I believe.

RTC: Gregory, you are hopeless, but I love the way your mind works. A wealthy marriage is possible.

GD: Have a glass of beer, Bob.

RTC: Do be quiet about this, Gregory. This person has serious ambitions and there is no concrete proof of anything.

GD: If a stupid person like myself could put a scenario together so quickly, given your valuable hints, couldn't others?

RTC: I doubt it, Gregory. Now we won't be talking about this episode, will we?

GD: I suppose that depends, Robert. I wouldn't want a Soviet...pardon, Russian...agent in too high a level, would I? And neither would you.

RTC: It's a waiting game.

GD: Do we have something concrete besides a neat guessing game?

RTC: Yes, a copy of an interrogation file complete with future plans.

GD: My, my. And I suppose with that, your people could turn this individual, turn him to feed the Russians false information. I mean not obvious fake material but with just enough real bits in the dinner to make it pleasant to eat. You would turn him back to the paths of righteousness and fuck the enemy. That's what I would do, Robert. A fool would expose him or shoot him when he's taking a hike in the desert.

RTC: You got all this from Mueller?

GD: No, but he and I got on very well because we thought the same way. I suspect the reason why I get on with you is that we think the same way. Robert, I am only a shopworn observer of the human condition. Who would want to hire me? Don't forget, Kimmel has called me a loose cannon, so that must be true and no one wants to hire a loose cannon. What he means by that is that clever as I know I am, I am not a whore and they could never get me to do something I thought was wrong. Never. And they know that very well. Mueller said my psyche was rooted in the Middle Ages and Heini was dead on. Simplistic as it is, there was a code of behavior and social interaction that they don't have now. Why? Humanity has been reduced to a common denominator, Robert. This makes inferior people feel secure and happy in their knowledge that it is good to be mediocre. Or worse. So and So went to Harvard. Or Yale. Or Princeton. So and So thinks he is a walking god. He might be a useless twit but he went to Harvard.

RTC: We had legions of those in the Company, Gregory. I was a lace-curtain mick from Chicago and I didn't fit in with the sailing and horsey crowd.

GD: And neither did Mueller and he was a better man than any of those effete twits. Bring back the old days, Robert, when merit and merit alone got you to the top. And do make sure I can get that file on the Candidate if anything happens to you.

RTC: What would you do with it?

GD: Wait and see.

RTC: We will see indeed.

(Concluded at 12:45 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 16**

Date: Sunday, June 16, 1996

Commenced: 2:30 PM CST

Concluded: 2:50 PM CST

RTC: Good day to you, Gregory. I have some interesting news for you today. One of my friends from the Agency tipped me off, knowing how much trouble I have had with the Swiss people across the street. Seems the Jews are planning to squeeze them over Nazi money.

GD: The Third Reich is over and done with years ago.

RTC: No, they put money into the Swiss banks during the war and the Jews want it. I mean even if Hitler sent tons of *Reichsbank* gold to Switzerland, our Hebrew friends have decided that it was all from melted down wedding rings and dental gold.

GD: Oh such idiotic crap. The *Reichsbank* refined any gold they bought, stamped it and used it in trade. How in the name of sweet Jesus can the Jews say that this bar came from screaming co-religionists? Garbage. Christ, FDR stole over a hundred million from the Jews in '41 and five will get you ten that the Jews will never see a penny of this.

RTC: Seized assets?

GD: Right. That was in '41 and the Rubin report says they never got a cent of it back. Old Franklin gave the money to his family and friends so how can we give it back?

RTC: Franklin was not an honest man.

GD: No, he was not. He cheated on his ugly dyke wife and on everyone else. Jesse Jones got several million.

RTC: Oh, and I was laboring under the misapprehension that Jesse was honest. You're disillusioning me. Anyway, perhaps you could do a story for your new friend Carto on the subject. It's my impression that he is not friendly to our Yiddish friends.

GD: Actually, 'yiddish' is a language and not a people but I take your meaning. I wish them luck but the Switzers are very tight with their money.

RTC: Gregory, haven't you learned in all your readings that a Jew in pursuit of money is an awesome thing to behold. I almost feel sorry for the Swiss.

GD: They should go after the U.S. Treasury to get their deposits back. FDR took them for safekeeping and kept them. Almost 130 million at the time.

RTC: No, the Jews will never go after this country. Why America is the sole supporter of Israel, didn't you know? All they have to do is to send some Jewish lobby person around to various Congressmen and the money gushes forth. Of course this marks us down with the Arabs as participating in all the nasty business over their and participating on the wrong side. Well, one of these days, the Arabs will get at us for being too friendly.

GD: That will get them nowhere. It will give Israel the opportunity of heating up the fires of war against their enemies. That's a bit typical I must say. Israel will fight to the death of the last American soldier. I can just see the Russians helping them. The Russians hate them and have been spending the last few years chasing them out of Russia. The new Russians blame the Jews for the atrocities committed by Stalin.

RTC: Well, if it weren't for the Jews, Stalin would have been gone from the scene long before Beria poisoned him in '53. Old Joe, by the way, may have used the Jews but he hated them and when it got ga-ga, he began to persecute them. The fact that his daughter was seduced by an old Jew movie producer didn't help the situation any. That's one of the reasons Laverenti got rid of Stalin. That and the fact that Stalin was planning to get rid of Laverenti. Besides, Beria was a Jew so the inference there is plain. Well, now they are after any German gold still in Swiss banks. Look for the PR people to cut loose with prayer shawls and wailing when they want us to pressure Bern. It never fails.

GD: Oh, I know about the wailing. You hear it in the shops in Chicago. Some old prune says, 'My whole family was turned to soap in Auschwitz. They even gassed the cat so can't I get a better deal on that sofa?'

RTC: So unkind, Gregory, so unkind. And I used to get after Jim who just thought they were all wonderful. My God, did you know that their Mossad, which was originally a sort of travel agency for unwanted Jews, smuggled tens of thousands of perfectly awful Polish Jews into Miami after the war? Brought them up from Cuba and Central America by the boatsful. People up here were unaware of this and when they found out, they were too afraid of being called Nazis to dare to demand expulsion. 'They have suffered so much,' Eisenhower said, 'so we can just turn a blind eye.'

GD: Not surprising. Eisenhower was a political general after all and if it hadn't been for Truman, tens of thousands of German POWs would have starved to death in Ike's camps. If you looked at Ike's yearbook when he was at West Point, you will see under his picture the interesting words, 'The Swedish Jew.' Could this be true?

RTC: Heard the same thing but it could be a joke.

GD: In bad taste.

RTC: I recall very clearly that most of the top-level Communist spies here were all Jews but since Stalin died, they turned their sad eyes towards Tel Aviv instead. Jim wanted more of them in the Company but I did my best to keep them out. One comes in and then two and before you know it, out you go and all the secrets go to Israel by the next plane. Jim made a few errors in his career and loving the Hebrews was probably the worst. Now, they are all over the place here and the Agency is full of them. Hell, we used to be a white man's organization and now it looks like a synagogue on Saturday around Langley. Well, and Jim's other mistake was trying to spy on everyone he suspected of disloyalty. He got the sack for reading thousands of pieces of mail and snooping on

everyone through the phone company. ATT did as we asked them to. Hell, the FBI tapped phones but they used warrants. Jim just made calls and got enormous amounts of intercepts for nothing. Ah, well, Jim's gone and it will take years to start the magnitude of his internal spying again. We have a compact with the FBI so that they run things stateside and we run things overseas but that's never worked. They spy overseas. The legates in the embassies are all FBI men. Of course we don't squawk too much because we spy on people in the States.

GD: And get rid of you enemies here as well. I mean it's easier to off someone in Munich than Vienna, Virginia but I notice your people don't seem to mind. Well, whose season of evil is it, anyway?

(Concluded at 2:55 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 17**

Date: Monday, June 24, 1996

Commenced: 11:24 AM CST

Concluded: 12:05 PM CST

GD: Good morning, Robert. I just got back from a business trip. What's new inside the Beltway?

RTC: I missed your daily chats, Gregory. How was your trip?

GD: St. Petersburg was great. Moscow is improving from the old days but expensive as Hell and getting to be a Western-style mess. Still, I got to tour the older parts of the Kremlin and look at some of the stock in the military museum there. Money is necessary to live but collectables are far more interesting. Great art collections in St. Petersburg. Our St. Petersburg is full of ancient retired Jews, hoping the hot sun will extend their petty lives instead of giving them skin cancer.

RTC: Back to your cheerful self, I see. Did you have any trouble going through Immigration? You are on the watch list, you know.

GD: I know. No, I flew with a friend who has a private plane. I never go through the lines getting back. I sent Tom Kimmel a nice postcard from Moscow and put my prints all over the thing. I hope it distracts him.

RTC: What a terrible thing to do, Gregory. They will spend a week testing the card and once they decide it was authentic, they will get our Moscow...I assume you sent it from Moscow...people to check hotel rosters. If they find you, then they'll check the Immigration records to see when you arrived back here. If they don't find you and they know you're back...

GD: Oh, I called Kimmel to cinch this up. He hadn't gotten my card yet so I told him all about the joys of Moscow. Of course, he probably didn't believe me but when he gets that card, my I will have so much fun.

RTC: And expect a smarmy call from him asking you about your plane trip. Oh, and what airline did you take? Oh, and where did you land, coming back? My, they have so little imagination, don't they?

GD: No brains, either. That's what comes from marrying your sister.

RTC: Gregory, how rude. Can't you show some class? You know they're trying to quit all that.

GD: (Laughter) Yes.

RTC: Did you know old Hoover was part black?

GD: Besides being queer?

RTC: In addition to that. But I think Hoover was more asexual than homosexual. A really vicious old man. Do you know how he kept from being kicked out by succeeding Presidents? He kept files on everyone of consequence, both in business, the media and, especially, government. The real dirt as it were. And no one, not the President, the Attorney General or Congress to whom he had to go every year to get the yearly

appropriations would every dare to cross J. Edgar. Bobby Kennedy crossed him and Bobby was killed for his trouble. No, Hoover was a vicious man. We, on the other hand, use the same methodology but we are far smoother in applying it. We have a strong influence, for want of a better term, with the banking industry. We have the strongest and most effective influence with the print and television media. We have a much stronger hold on the Hill than Hoover ever had. At times, we've had iron control over the Oval Office. Hell, the NSA snoops domestically and we get it all. We have a strong in with the telephone people and we don't need warrants to listen to anybody, domestically, we want, when we want. Now that the internet is in full bloom, trust it, Gregory, that we will establish our own form of control over that. It's an invisible control and we never, ever talk about it and anyone who gets really close to the truth gets one in the back of the head from a doped-up burglar. And if something gets loose, who will publish it? Surely not our boys in the media. A book publisher? A joke, Gregory. Never. Rather than off some snoop, it's much more subtle to marginalize them in print, imply they are either liars or nuts and make fun of them. Discredit them so no one will listen to them and then later, the car runs over them in the crosswalk. Oh, sorry about that, officer, but my foot slipped off the brake. I am desolated by that. And we pay for fixing the front end of his car.

GD: Such an insight. Too much coffee, today, Robert?

RTC: No, just an old man and his memories.

GD: How come you never nailed Hoover about the homosexual business?

RTC: We had a working relationship with him, observed, I might add, in the breach more than not. The old faggot put his men in foreign embassies as legates while our men were the USIA.<sup>12</sup>We tried to take them over but it never worked out. We just made their lives miserable instead..

GD: Question here. Now that Communism is effectively dead in Russia and they are imploding, why go after them? Once the Second World War was over, we made friends with the evil Germans and Japanese and built them up again. Why not work with the non-Communist Russians?

RTC: Oh, that drunk Yeltsin was in our pocket but in the case of the former, we did build up their industries but we also owned them, lock, stock and barrel. Germany and Japan were our puppets but the Russians could never be brought to heel because they were too large and too diverse. Also, take into account that our main thesis at the Company was that the evil Russian Communists had to be stopped lest they take over Nova Scotia and bombard New York. With a decades-long mindset like that, you can't expect our people to change overnight into actually accepting the Russians. Not likely. And besides, we tried to nail down all their oil and gas but we lost hundreds of millions in the process when they got wise and stopped it. We have to find a new international enemy to scare the shit out of American with; an enemy that only the CIA can save us from. The Jews are screaming about the Arabs, who are natural enemies of the Christians. We could dig up historians who will write about the Crusades and Hollywood people who will make movies about the triumph of Christianity over the Crescent. The Jews are getting too much power these days but remember that the Arabs have all the big oil and we need it. Yes, no doubt a resurrection of the Crusades will be next. Without enemies to protect from, we are of no use. Besides, Arabs are highly emotional and we can easily push them into attacking us, hopefully outside the country. Then, the well-oiled machinery that we have perfected over the years can start up and off we go on another adventure.

GD: My, how Heini Müller would have loved to listen in on this conversation. A thoroughgoing pragmatist and you two would have a wonderful time.

RTC: Remember that he and I had occasion to talk while he was here in Washington. I liked him as a matter of fact.

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<sup>12</sup> USIA: United States Information Agency. The cover position for CIA operatives working from the inside of an American embassy or consulate.



GD: In spite of the propaganda about the Gestapo in overcoats with dogs dragging screaming Jews into the streets, beating them with whips and driving them, in long parades, into the gas chambers? Of course that was wartime fiction but it got the Jews sympathy.

RTC: And don't forget, Gregory, it also got them political power and money. And they love both. I worked with them on a number of occasions and while they are all smart people, I wouldn't trust one of them to the corner for a pound of soft soap. During the Stalin era, they spied on us for Josef by the carload, stealing everything, worming their way into Roosevelt's New Deal and high government office and everything they could lay their hands on, went straight to Moscow. Now, it's the identical situation but the information goes to Tel Aviv.

GD: Stalin hated them. He didn't trust them.

RTC: Ah, but he did use them to kill people off, didn't he?

GD: Yes, but when he was done with them, he planned to make the fictive Hitler's death programs look like a fairy tale. Going to round up all the Jews and dump them into the wilds of a Siberian winter and let God freeze them all.

RTC: Oh, they won't ever face up to that one, Gregory. No, Communism was wonderful because they used it as a ladder to climb up to where the white man held sway. Truman initially supported their cause until he found out how they were murdering Palestinians to steal their farms so he stopped US support of Israel. And then Israel tried to kill him.

GD: Müller mentioned that.

RTC: But Harry got cold feet after that.

GD: And now they have a place at the white man's table, don't they?

RTC: Hell, now they own the table and the restaurant and ten blocks around it.

Roosevelt hated them, you know and he and Long kept them out of the country.

Roosevelt said they were a pest and we did not want them here. Funny, because long ago, the Roosevelt family was Jewish.

GD: I know. German Jews from the Rhineland. Name was Rosenfeld. Went to Holland after they were run out of Germany and changed the name to a Dutch spelling.

RTC: Yes. I know that. Old Franklin's second cousin was an Orthodox rabbi as late as 1938. Of course no one ever mentions that just like no one ever talks about Eleanor's rampant lesbianism. God, what a sewer the White House was then. A veritable racial and ethical trash bin.

GD: Now they're all dead.

RTC: There should be a way to prevent that sort of thing but of course we were not in existence when Franklin was king. Wouldn't happen now. I'm afraid that the Jews will dig into the Company the same way they dug into Roosevelt's bureaucracy and the second time around, we will have a terrible time rooting them all out.

GD: I can see pogroms in Skokie and Miami even as we speak.

RTC: Dream on, my boy, dream on. At any rate, I shall await the demonization of the Arab world. We can send the military into Saudi Arabia on some flimsy pretext, like the demolition of some US Embassy in a very minor state, like Portugal, by positively identified Saudi Arabs and then a new Crusade! Oh, and the precious oil!

GD: And the oil. Remember the Maine, Robert.

RTC: Yes and remember what old Hearst said? 'You supply the pictures and I'll supply the war?' Oh yes and we got Cuba and the Philippines, although why we wanted the latter escapes me. The problem with that country is that it's full of Filipinos and monkeys. Of course it's often hard to differentiate between them but life is never easy. The Navy calls them the niggers of the Orient. I was at Pabic Bay once...

GD: (Laughter) what? You mean Subic Bay, don't you?

RTC: A service joke. My God, Gregory, every square foot of land for miles around that base was filled with bars and tens of thousands of local prostitutes. 'Oh you nice American! I love to fuck you! Take me back to America!' And many of our corn-fed sailors went for the okeydoke and found out what Hell was like once they got Esmiralda back to Iowa. Ah well, thank God I never listened to their whining siren songs.

GD: I would imagine they had more claps than a football crowd....

RTC: (Laughter) My, isn't it fun being bigots?

GD: I would prefer 'realistic observers.' Robert.

RTC: Call it what you will, Gregory, underneath the nice, polished veneer, we are all really cheap plywood.

GD: Hypocrisy is, after all, the tribute that vice pays to virtue.

RTC: Did you go to Harvard, Gregory? Such polished wit.

GD: I know. No, Not Harvard. The University of Unfortunate Experiences. I read a good deal, Robert, and I have moved in elegant circles and know just what to say and do at the appropriate time. Good manners are just the polish on the knife blade.

RTC: The University has embittered you, hasn't it?

GD: Of course. Remember the Canadian counterfeit caper? A good case of embitterment. They stole from me so I returned the favor...in spades if you'll pardon a rampant, bigoted remark. They stole four dollars and ten cents from me and I responded by stealing over two million dollars from them. In cash and their expenses. Loved every minute of it, too. I don't think the Canadians expected me to come back and certainly not the way I did.

RTC: I read all about it. You made the press and we took note.

GD: I'm sure you did. Always strike at the weakest spot, unexpectedly and with force. Take them by surprise and then withdraw. They will rush their troops to the point of attack and then you circle around and hit them somewhere else.

RTC: How much did you get away with?

GD: Oh, Robert, such a pointed question. I got my four dollars and ten cents back and it cost them millions in a frantic attempt to stop what they called the efforts of the largest ring in their history. And if I made a profit out of it, why consider Delilah. Didn't she make a prophet?

RTC: Oh, Gregory, a pun is the lowest form of humor. I should expect better from you.

GD: It would not be a good idea for me to go back to Canada, Robert. They will still be waiting for me. After all, I never used a lubricant. Sometimes, rarely but sometimes, I can sit back and enjoy a good laugh. I have two Canadian two dollar bills and a dime in a nice shadow box along with a newspaper clipping from the Vancouver Sun, next to my desk, It warms me on a cold night.

(Concluded at 12:02 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 18**

Date: Wednesday, June 26, 1996

Commenced: 11:15 AM CST

Concluded: 11:40 AM CST

RTC: I did some digging in the archives, through the kindness of a friend, and dug up the story about your Vancouver caper. The Vancouver Sun had a running account of it. My God, what an uproar you caused! Mounties here and there, mass arrests, utter Christmas chaos in the shops. Wherever did you come up with such an idea, Gregory?

GD: From the German Operation Bernhard, Robert. They counterfeited the British pound note, destroyed its value, made millions in the process and did a good deal to bankrupt Britain after the war. The confidence in the almighty pound was gone. I figured that if the Canadians could gleefully steal all my money, I could teach them all a lesson in manners.

RTC: You surely did that. How much did you get out of it?

GD: Nothing. No, I take that back. They stole four dollars and ten cents from me and I got four dollars and ten cents back. I didn't do it to make money, Robert. I did it to teach them a lesson and I think I succeeded. Besides, I got my money back.

RTC: It cost the Canucks millions.

GD: So what? I never counterfeited the money and I never took a penny from the money. All I did was to walk around Vancouver at the height of the Christmas season, scattering money here and there. So much in the Sally Ann pots, so much for the Hare Krishna people, so much in public lavatories, telephone booths, retail stores and finally, in a wild orgy of joy, scattering the money out of the back of a friend's van all over the town. And on a windy night at that. Twenties all over like leaves in early autumn. Oh my and the next day, small children, finding the money, rushed to candy or comic book stores and were promptly arrested. Hysteria reigned. And what was left over from my charitable scatterings was tossed by myself off the roof of my downtown hotel, late at night and in a good wind coming up Granville Street from the water. Oh yes, I did have my fun. I got to visit all my Canadian friends, treat them all to wonderful dinners in return for all the dinners they gave me and give them the pure Christmas tide joy of tossing tens of thousands of dollars worth of fake Canadian money all over town. Yes, it was entertaining and instructive.

RTC: Instructive?

GD: To see the growing hysteria on the television and to hear the constant hooting of police sirens as another 90 year old grandmother was dragged off to the cooler because she found a stack of my little children in a phone booth and was using them to buy Christmas presents. Lawyers were frantic, families hysterical, the police completely beyond their depth and Ottawa in a frenzy. They said it was the biggest counterfeiting ring in Canadian history and the press was split between deciding whether Chinese drug dealers or the Mafia were responsible. But there was even more fun later on.

RTC: You were caught.

GD: For a time, but I got out from under it. But the thing I do remember the best and savor on cold winter nights when I have no money, and naturally, no friends, is the thought of my dear friends in the Secret Service.

RTC: Now, given what you did, I can't imagine you could call them that. They certainly couldn't say that about you.

GD: No, I suppose not. You see, I was working on a new book down at the same print shop that had turned out the Canadian money in the first place. The owner, as I found out, was a convicted child molester named Temple. He did call himself Church from time to time but that is neither here nor there. Poor Temple had a loose mouth and bragged to some black fellow he was trying to impress and that one ran to the Feds. So one day, when I came in to work on the light table, I was introduced to two creatures known as Bob and Joe. They were introduced to me as members of the Mafia. How entertaining, Robert. I know Mafiosa and they are all Sicilians, not strange people that looked like they escaped from Arkansas. Mafia my ass. Anyway, one had a wire that a blind man would have seen, a box under his shirt. And as subtle as a fart in a bathtub. I remember one of them getting me off to one side and asking me about the joys of counterfeiting. Of course I made both of them in about thirty seconds but did enjoy myself. I told Bobby, off the record, that I had a friend working at Treasury who stole bearer bonds and flogged them to me at pennies apiece.

RTC: Jesus...

GD: Ah, yes, and his eyes bugged and his tongue hung out. What did I do with them? Bobby asked me. Did I keep them at home? Oh no, I told him with a wink. I sold them. To whom he wanted to know. To the KGB people who used them to finance their North American spy rings.

RTC: Merciful Christ, Gregory. You did that? You aren't pulling my leg?

GD: No, I was pulling his. I also told him I was selling the bonds to a major criminal family in London, the Minge family.

RTC: Never heard of them.

GD: Oh they do exist, or the name is well known to the London people. So later, I learned from my lawyer, the Secret Service got ahold of their representative at the London Embassy and had him ask Scotland Yard about this. As I understand it, that one told some official that his people were interested in London Minges. The official

responded by saying 'What do think I am? A bloody pimp?' You see, a 'minge' is Cockney for a woman's delicate parts. Also used to denote streetwalkers.

RTC: (Loud and prolonged laughter) You'll be the death of me with your chronicles, Gregory.

GD: Well, it took a while to find out about this but when the Federal courthouse people heard about it, it made for many days of merriment. The Secret Service was not entertained. I often wondered what would have happened if the Brits rounded up some old hookers and sent them to the Embassy? Little boys would have been more effective. You know about the State Department people. They weren't happy but later, after I dissed the charges, the Canadians tried to lure me back to Canada to put me away for centuries. You see, Robert, I told my lawyer that if I was extradited to Canada, I would tell my friends on the Sun that I was actually working for the CIA who were the sponsors of the Quebec Libreé movement and gave them plastique explosive. Of course your Canada Desk actually did support the terrorists and I had chapter and verse on this. So I was not deported and let go.

RTC: Gregory, that was very nasty of you. Of course it was true. Where did you find out about that one?

GD: A former girlfriend told me. She was pissed off at the Agency and I am a very good listener. It saved my ass, Robert. But to get back to the story. They tried to lure me back so I told them they could meet with me at the San Francisco airport and that I could give them the plates for the money which, I might tell you, they never found. So I read in the paper that Nixon was expected in Frisco and I told my new friends from Vancouver that they could just fly down and meet me. I picked the day Richard was flying in and by God, sir, they did come down. In a private plane with, as I was told, restraints on board. My, my what were they going to use these for? Anyway, I called up the airport Hilton and made reservations in the name of Harry Brunser. Just for accuracy, Robert, a Brunser is San Francisco street slang for an anus.

RTC: (Laughter)

GD: Yes, and I got the desk clerk to assign me a room number. I passed this to the Canadians and in due time, they came down in a private plane, drove up to the hotel in a rented car and all went inside. Of course before this happened, I called up the Secret Service and told them French Canadian terrorists were going to fly into San Francisco and shoot Nixon. I said they would be staying at the Hilton under the name of Brunser. I hate to miss good entertainment so I was sitting in the hotel parking lot, wearing a rabat...

RTC: A what?

GD: A rabat. Catholic priests wear them. A priest's collar and bib. I always wear it with a black suit and rimless glasses. Anyway, up drives the car and into the lobby go my new friends. About two minutes later, after they have mentioned the key word to the primed desk man, two vans full of men in flak vests rushed into the lobby.

RTC: Oh merciful Jesus, if I didn't know you better....how terrible. But funny.

GD: Yes. The Canadians were all dragged out, yelling and shouting, except for one who put up a fight and pulled a gun. They had him by the arms and legs because he couldn't walk anymore. And what, they were asked later, were they doing with automatic weapons? And handcuffs? They eventually were allowed to go back to Canada after their plane was put back together and I got a call from my lawyer, a few days later, who indicated that such pranks were not appreciated and a repetition of them might not be nice for me. He did laugh, however. I understand the judge in my case laughed too. He called me the Professor Moriarty of Northern California.

(Concluded at 11:40 AM CST)

## Conversation No. 19

Date: Thursday, June 27, 1996

Commenced: 9:30 AM CST

Concluded: 9:45 AM CST

GD: Good morning, Robert.

RTC: And to you, Gregory.

GD: Do you have some time now or could I get back to you later?

RTC: Now is just fine. What's on your mind?

GD: You had been speaking of the overall CIA organizational control in certain domestic areas. I've been making rough notes and I would like to get a bit more from you.

RTC: I don't mind discussing these matters with you, Gregory, but I must ask you to be very, very careful about whom you discuss these things with. Do not, I beg you, ever tell Tom Kimmel about what you and I discuss. He would run to his superiors so fast he would make Jesse Owens look like a paraplegic.

GD: No, no, I wouldn't even consider that. I know about him. My assurances on all of this. You see, sometime, I might like to upgrade the Müller books and since he worked for you in D.C., some detailed background might be in order. If I put in enough detail, it would shock the brass there into comparative silence. They wouldn't have to get their paid rats to squeal about me being a fraud or worse.

RTC: OK. Just so we understand each other. These pissheads keep calling me to warn me about how horrible you are and I really don't want to keep hanging up on them.

GD: Can they make trouble for you, Robert? If so...

RTC: No, retired old crock as I am, I could wipe them out with one phone call and they know it. While we're on the subject, I have made it very clear that if they overtly go after you, they will have me to answer to.

GD: Thanks for the support. I must tell you that I always wear a bulletproof vest but on my back. That's where I need it, believe me.

RTC: (Laughter) Ah, well, Gregory, welcome to the club. Now what were you interested in discussing?

GD: All right. Fine. Here we go. We have spoken...or rather you have...about the size and complexity of the CIA. From its humble beginnings as a sort of digest of foreign intelligence for the President. And now, it's huge. And you discussed the press and business and so on. How great is the overall power or control and how obvious is it? Do you have agents in the local Post Office for instance?

RTC: No, not that finely tuned. As you said, we started out small and ended up big. That's the way of bureaucracies. Expand or die. Old Hoover hated us and tried his best to take us over but he failed. There were more of us than there were of him and while initially we dealt only with foreign matters, as a matter of pure survival, we turned our eyes and attention to the domestic market. Hoover was in a constant attack mode, whispering, rumor spreading, attempts at internal spying on us, aggravated turf wars and so on. We not only had to get around him, and did so by being more than useful to the President and also, note this Gregory, by expanding and getting more power. These things have a life of their own but with increasing power comes increasing omnipotence. Eventually, we did an end run on Hoover, although we continued to work with him but very gingerly, and then we moved with caution into the domestic business and political field. For both security and, I might add, profit. I was in charge of business contacts as it were and often a CEO would come to me complaining that this or that country was interfering with their business. Could I help? Of course I would try and if the interference was bad enough, we would try to help our friend by replacing the troublemaking government or president, or king, involved. We justified this by telling the President or his top people that the target country, or president or king was a current serious threat to the security of the United States. In order to support our

thesis, we went to one of our wholly-owned think tanks like the RAND people and have them prepare a supportive paper on order. This I would look at and make suitable changes if needed and forward it to our man, or men as it were, on the staff of the New York Times followed by a personal call to the publisher or senior editor and hey presto, the very next day a wonderful story would be on the front page of that influential paper.

GD: Above the fold?

RTC: Yes, above the fold. On the upper right. And the president and his people would see this just before we paid him a solemn visit with our RAND evaluation added to our own. It never failed and pretty soon, the public would learn that the Shah of Iran was running away or that this or that tinhorn dictator like Trujillo got snuffed by what we liked to call 'dissident internal elements.'

GD: I knew about Guatemala from my uncle. The family had connections with Grace and United Fruit...

RTC: Well, you know what I mean. You know, this usually works but in one case, it did not. We were asked by our mob friends to get rid of Battista in Cuba who was shaking them down more than usual so we were happy to oblige fellow workers in the vineyard of the Lord. Unfortunately, one of our people put Fidel Castro forward as a brilliant reformer and out went Battista and in went Fidel. Of course we do not talk about that.

GD: What happened to the careless agent?

RTC: We don't talk about that, either.

GD: Robert, have you heard about the joys of finely ground glass? I mean ground in a pestle until it's like face powder, not gravel.

RTC: Oh, yes, indeed I have. It destroys someone careless enough to eat something the stuff is mixed into. But it takes quite a bit of time before the arteries give way. I don't recommend it for emergency situations. Still, shooting someone is so public. Better the heart attack, don't you think?

GD: Yes. A French medical fellow originally developed the drug and Müller got it. Gave it to the CIA. He said it worked better than chucking inconvenient people out of the window. Heini was, all in all, a very considerate person. He used to be concerned, he once told me, about the people and vehicles that might be down below. Someone rapidly descending from ten floors up would do terrible damage to a casual pedestrian, not to mention the damage they could do to a parked car. No, once he got in with your people there, I notice defenestrating seemed to stop and the heart attack surged forward. Harry Dexter White is a case in point.

RTC: Ah, my yes, old Harry. Got him before he was up for sentencing and decided to talk. Although perhaps Stalin had a hand in that, don't you think? Qui Bono, Gregory?

GD: A good point.

(Concluded at 10:01 AM CST)

## **Conversation No 20**

Date: Sunday, June 30, 1996

Commenced: 2:11 PM CST

Concluded: 2:23 PM CST

GD: Good afternoon, Robert.

RTC: Gregory. How does it go with you?

GD: I got a nasty letter from my wife today. For some reason, she wants me to send her money. I haven't seen her in eighteen years but she still feels I owe her something.

RTC: Are you divorced?

GD:L No She's a fanatic Catholic and that is not to be discussed. I couldn't take her so I left. Sorry about that. Mass three times a day, seven days a week. Her priest told me

she was crazy. Her father told me, once he got to know me, that if he had known me better earlier, he would have warned me off.

RTC: He is with us?

GD: My father-in-law? No, the Admiral died seven years ago. I liked him but as pretty as his daughter was, I couldn't stand the fanatic religious face she finally revealed to me. Wanted to bring the boy up as a priest but I talked him out of it. More reason to hate me. He wanted to be a police detective so I called up the local police commissioner, who was a friend of mine, and got him a job. Now he runs the biggest private law enforcement computer system in Germany. Ah, the stories he could tell. Well, he, at least, likes me. He told me he would have taken off the way I did and does not hold this against me. He told her to shove it and left. My God, the bitch ranted at me for a week about that. I mean I was over here but she got onto the phone and I finally had to change my number. Women, Robert, are either at your feet or at your throat. My first wife was very attractive but she married me for money and when I wouldn't cut loose any of it for her worthless family, she made my life miserable and took off. I envy you your stable, peaceful domestic life, believe me. Moved her hippo mother in, cats shitting all over the kitchen, screaming, filthy underwear in the bathroom and so on. They were doing some insulation work on the apartment and I stuck a load of angel hair spun glass insulation into her bras and panties. There she was, scratching herself frantically in public. That stuff is wonderful. I put some in my dad's golf socks once and his feet looked like cured hams after 18 holes in the hot sun. Anyway, after that, and the killing of the pussies, she left and I swore I would never marry again but I did. I thought with the little head and not the big one.

RTC: Yes, my life is placid and comforting, Gregory, but yours must have been something a psychiatrist would have delighted in.

GD: I should have taken her out on the boat and chunked her over somewhere. I didn't but I should have. The second one was even better looking than the first but she was a religious nut. I have met Protestant nuts but not many Catholic ones. It was my luck to marry one. She hid it, of course, but once we were legally wed, the evil secret emerged. I was going to buy her knee pads to keep her from getting callous pads like a camel. Well, I really think I ought to be nicer to my hand. My latest one is just eighteen and very good looking. I am putting her through law school and she will probably leave me but for the time being, all is relative happiness. Unlike the others, this one is very intelligent so we can talk. Trying to get her interested in classical music. Not 'A Weekend With Bach' or 'Couperin on the Jews' Harp' but the real thing. God knows, I have at least a thousand recordings to assuage me in my old age and she is actually beginning to listen to some of them. Well, one hopes but probably in vain.

RTC: This must be your day to confess your sins, Gregory.

GD: Not my sins but the sins of others. My current one started life in a trailer park but has moved outward and upward. Pretty soon, she'll realize her potential and she will go on to better things but right now, all is fine.

RTC: Bring her with you back here, why not?

GD: This one could charm the socks off the statue of Lincoln. What a politician she would make. Well, enough domestic tranquility. I sent you the latest manuscript on Mueller so once you and Bill have read it, why not give me your comments. For better or worse. I would send it over to Langley but it would take those stone lawn dwarves a year to get past the second page. Well, the bell just went off on the oven so the roast baby is probably ready for the table.

RTC: I hope you are jesting, Gregory. If they are listening, you might have unexpected visitors.

GD: Oh yes, about a month after they hear this. At any rate, enjoy yourself and I'll get back to you tomorrow.

(Concluded at 2:23 PM CST)

## Conversation No. 21

Date: Tuesday, July 2,, 1996

Commenced: 2:34 PM CST

Concluded: 2:50 PM CST

RTC: Good afternoon, Gregory. How is it with you?

GD: Well enough. And with you?

RTC: Getting feeble, Gregory, and I forget names as you know but other than that, fine.

GD: How is your death ray working against the Swiss?

RTC: Well, there haven't been any ambulances out there so I assume it doesn't kill them. And no one running naked down the street, screaming either.

GD: Pity. Or perhaps not. Most humans look much better with clothes. Maybe about sixteen they peak and from then, it's down hill all the way. Gravity takes over in women and the tits and the food bags sag a bit.

RTC: Unkind. Gregory, what do you know about bubonic plague?

GD: A bit. I worked in pathology once and read several papers on it. Why? Do you think you have it?

RTC: No, I was talking with an old friend I used to work with occasionally yesterday and the subject came up. I don't like to appear ignorant so I listened appreciatively while we had coffee and cakes. What do you know about it?

GD: Now it's called *Yersinia pestis*. Changed the name a few years back, I think.

Caused by the bite of infected fleas which, in turn infect people. Get it from squirrels, rabbits and often from cats. Dogs too, for that matter. Is that what you wanted to know?

RTC: Is it easy to spread?

GD: Depends.

RTC: If they put it into an aerosol?

GD: Pneumonic plague. Yes, I'm sure it could be done.

RTC: Oh, it has, it has. Up at Detrick.<sup>13</sup> Uses aerosol. So I'm told. What's the fatality rate, if you know.

GD: As I recall over 50%. It takes about a week to develop. If the weather conditions are just right, pneumonic plague can be very deadly. That spreads in the air. I mean, if someone infected with it got on a commercial aircraft, they circulate the air in those germ hostels and as I said, if an infected person was on a flight, I think everyone on that flight would be at serious risk. And, naturally, they would spread it in public transportation, at home or at work. Nasty stuff. What are they up to at Detrick?

RTC: Ah well, these people are always making up batches of death just like the Army is always drawing up plans to invade Canada. Their idea is to have it ready just in case.

GD: Yes. I have found that if some new and deadly weapon is developed, the general staffs of various countries having it just can't wait to use it Müller said the German Army used plague in their Russian POW camps to thin them out but that he effectively blocked it by telling Hitler that there are no customs posts around to stop the disease from spreading to the rest of the country. They felt the camps were far enough east to keep that under control but Hitler put a stop to it.

RTC: Interesting.

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<sup>13</sup> Fort Detrick a 1,200 acre secure U.S. Army Medical Command installation located in Frederick, Maryland, Historically, Fort Detrick was the center for the United States' biological weapons program (1943-69). And while officially no longer engaged in preparations for biological warfare against external enemies, is still involved in research on such diseases as smallpox and various forms of other entities. Oft-heard rumors circulating in intelligence circles, both in the U.S. and abroad, suggest that the anthrax attacks following the 9/11 attacks had a connection with a strain developed at Detrick.



GD: Dr. Schreiber was their man. And yours, too. We got him in '48 and he went to San Antonio.

RTC: Well nothing happened

GD: That was then. I doubt if Clinton would approve that sort of thing but who know about someone else?

RTC: If they did do that, they would have to send the clean-up squad around to off the ones who were in the know.

GD: Something like that would work in an overcrowded and poor country. Here, yes, it would kill a lot but there are medical means to stop it pretty well if they can get a handle on it.

RTC: Well, it isn't on the agenda for domestic use.

GD: Any place in mind? I mean, I do travel and you know if there was some target area.....

RTC: Russia has been mentioned but mostly China. It is coming up but basically poor and heavy population density. And there has been talk about letting a rice plague loose down there. All of them gobble up rice...they live on it...and if we killed of the crops there for, oh let's say about two-three years running, they would starve.

GD: True and their resistance would be greatly lowered. A one-two punch, Robert? First the rice crops are ruined and then the plague? I'm sure there are plenty of rats in China and plenty of unsanitary living conditions.

RTC: Well, right now, we do a lot of business with them so the word is out they are off the table but if they ever turn out to be a threat to us...you know what I mean of course.

GD: Flaming pragmatism, Robert.

RTC: Let's call it defending the nation.

GD: Well, the civilized British put out smallpox infected blankets and killed off many Indians. I notice the even more civilized French preferred to work with the Indians rather than slaughter them. Still, that is over and done with, isn't it?

RTC: Don't be too sure, Gregory.

GD: Yes, but they could do it to us first, couldn't they. I know the Chinese and they are a cold-blooded lot.

RTC: Mutual destruction thesis? Yes, of course. But then this is just talk.

GD: They must be working on it...

RTC: No, lad, they have it. It isn't making it and putting in the bug cans but deciding to use it I was thinking of.

GD: I really wouldn't want to live in DC at all. Reasons like this.

RTC: I'm too old and too set to move and I suppose I will die soon enough.

GD: We grow rice here in California and Louisiana but rice isn't a real staple. I think that's a Pandora's Box. Leave it closed.

RTC: Nothing I would recommend but just wondered what you knew.

GD: Well, if your chum tips you that they are about to do something like that, please let me know. I could send my mother-in-law to ground zero. No, actually, the old pig exploded some time ago. God, the bitch was fat. My wife told me that her mother was dead and do you know what I said?

RTC: Something meaningful and sympathetic?

GD: No, not actually. I said 'How can they tell?' No sex for a week, Robert. Too bad we didn't have a cat or I wouldn't have had to make up with her.

RTC: (Laughter) Did you say that?

GD: Yes, and I meant it. It was hard for Tubs to get into a shower so she just doused herself with cheap perfume. My God, it stank like a Mexican whorehouse. Did you know, Robert, that someone once asked me if I played the piano and I told them that I did and that I had learned to play in my aunt's whorehouse in Juarez.

RTC: Your aunt....

GD: Do not let us speak of my aunt. I have said before, Robert, that one of the dreams of my life was to watch her do the breaststroke in a septic tank.

(Concluded at 2:50 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 22**

Date: Friday, July 5, 1996

Commenced: 1:45 PM CST

Concluded: 2:10 PM CST

GD: Did you have a safe Fourth, Robert?

RTC: Oh my, yes, Gregory. I was out in the street firing off rockets at passing police cars. And you?

GD: No, I stayed inside. Little children setting the garage on fire with Grandma tied up inside or shooting bottle rockets into gas tanker trucks on the freeway. Plastic surgeons must have loved the Glorious Fourth back when we had real firecrackers to fire off.

Missing eyes, fingers and other body parts. Terrified and singed cats and dogs, not to mention grass fires and burning shake roofs. I can just see you firing off rockets into passing cop cars, Robert. With your training and previous employment, no doubt the rockets blew the occupants into bloody cat meat.

RTC: Such an outburst of rage, Gregory.

GD: I am a man of sorrows and acquainted with rage, Robert. How about the Company setting off a small A-bomb in some hitherto harmless country and blaming it on mice?

RTC: Now that's something we never did. In fact, we prevented at least one nuclear disaster.

GD: What? A humanitarian act? Why, I am astounded, Robert. Do tell me about this.

RTC: Now, now, Gregory, sometimes we can discuss serious business. There were times when we prevented terrible catastrophes and tried to secure more peace. We had trouble, you know, with India back in the 60s when they got uppity and started work on an atomic bomb. Loud mouthed cow-lovers bragging about how clever they were and how they, too, were going to be a great power in the world. The thing is, they were getting into bed with the Russians. Of course, Pakistan was in bed with the chinks, so India had to find another bed partner. And we did not want them to have any kind of nuclear weaponry because God knows what they would have done with it. Probably strut their stuff like a Washington nigger with a brass watch. Probably nuke the Pakis. They're all a bunch of neo-coons anyway. Oh, yes, and their head expert was fully capable of building a bomb and we knew just what he was up to. He was warned several times but what an arrogant prick that one was. Told our people to fuck off and then made it clear that no one would stop him and India from getting nuclear parity with the big boys. Loudmouths bring it all down on themselves. Do you know about any of this?

GD: Not my area of interest or expertise. Who is this joker, anyway?

RTC: Was, Gregory, let's use the past tense, if you please. Name was Homi Bhabha.

<sup>14</sup>That one was dangerous, believe me. He had an unfortunate accident. He was flying to Vienna to stir up more trouble, when his 707 had a bomb go off in the cargo hold and they all came down on a high mountain way up in the Alps. No real evidence and the world was much safer.

GD: Was Ali Baba alone on the plane?

RTC: No it was a commercial Air India flight.

GD: How many people went down with him?

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<sup>14</sup> Homi Jehangir Bhabha, October 30, 1909 – January 24, 1966 was an Indian nuclear physicist who played a major role in the development of the Indian atomic energy program and is considered to be the father of India's nuclear program. He died when Air India Flight 101 crashed near Mont Blanc in January 1966. Strong evidence pointed to a sabotage by the CIA intended at impeding India's nuclear program. ,

RTC: Ah, who knows and frankly, who cares?

GD: I suppose if I had a relative on the flight I would care.

RTC: Did you?

GD: No.

RTC: Then don't worry about it. We could have blown it up over Vienna but we decided the high mountains were much better for the bits and pieces to come down on. I think a possible death or two among mountain goats is much preferable than bringing down a huge plane right over a big city.

GD: I think that there were more than goats, Robert.

RTC: Well, aren't we being a bleeding-heart today?

GD: Now, now, it's not an observation that is unexpected. Why not send him a box of poisoned candy? Shoot him in the street? Blow up his car? I mean, why ace a whole plane full of people?

RTC: Well, I call it as it see it. At the time, it was our best shot. And we nailed Shastri<sup>15</sup> as well. Another cow-loving raghead. Gregory, you say you don't know about these people. Believe me, they were close to getting a bomb and so what if they nuked their deadly Paki enemies? So what? Too many people in both countries. Breed like rabbits and full of snake-worshipping twits. I don't for the life of me see what the Brits wanted in India. And then threaten us? They were in the sack with the Russians, I told you. Maybe they could nuke the Panama Canal or Los Angeles. We don't know that for sure, but it is not impossible.

GD: Who was Shastri?

RTC: A political type who started the program in the first place. Babha was a genius and he could get things done, so we aced both of them. And we let certain people there know that there was more where that came from. We should have hit the chinks, too, while we were at it, but they were a tougher target. Did I tell you about the idea to wipe out Asia's rice crops? We developed a disease that would have wiped rice off the map there and it's their staple diet. The fucking rice growers here got wind of it and raised such a stink we canned the whole thing. The theory was that the disease could spread around and hurt their pocketbooks. If the Mao people invade Alaska, we can tell the rice people it's all their fault.

GD: I suppose we might make friends with them.

RTC: With the likes of them? Not at all, Gregory. The only thing the Communists understand is brute force. India was quieter after Bhabha croaked. We could never get to Mao but at one time, the Russians and we were discussing the how and when of the project. Oh yes, sometimes we do business with the other side. Probably more than you realize.

GD: Now that I know about. High level amorality. They want secrets from us and you give them some of them in return for some of their secrets, doctored, of course. That way, both agencies get credit for being clever.

RTC: Well, you've been in that game, so why be so holy over a bunch of dead ragheads?

GD: Were all the passengers Indian atomic scientists?

RTC: Who cares, Gregory? We got the main man and that was all that mattered. You ought not criticize when you don't have the whole story.

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<sup>15</sup> Lal Bahadur Shrivastav October 2, 1904 - January 11, 1966 was the third Prime Minister of the Republic of India and a significant figure in the Indian independence movement. After the declaration of ceasefire, Shastri and Pakistani President Muhammad Ayub Khan attended a summit in Tashkent (former USSR, now in modern Uzbekistan), organised by Kosygin. On 10 January 1966, Shastri and Khan signed the Tashkent Declaration. The next day Shastri, died, supposedly of a heart attack, at 1:32 AM. He was the only Indian Prime Minister, and indeed probably one of the few heads of government, to have died in office overseas. Like the death of Homi Bhabha a few days later, the fatal heart attack has long been suspected as a means on the part of the Russians to remove a potential enemy armed with nuclear weapons.

GD: Well, there were too many mountain goats running around, anyway. They might have gotten their hands on some weapons from Atwood and invaded Switzerland.

RTC: You jest but there is truth in what you say. We had such a weight on us, protecting the American people, often from themselves I admit. Many of these stories can never be written, Gregory. And if you try, you had better get your wife to start your car in the morning.

GD: How about my mother-in-law, Robert? Now do you see why Kimmel doesn't want me talking to you? It isn't that he's afraid you might talk to me; I think he's afraid I might corrupt you with my evil designs.

RTC: Tom means well but he's dumb as a post. Most of the FBI are keyhole peepers at heart and should keep the hell out of espionage. Yes, Tom thinks I am getting senile and you are persuading me to give up state secrets. I may be old and I do forget names sometimes but I am not gaga yet, not by a long shot, and I've done a lot more important things than Tom ever did chasing car thieves and people dragging whores over state lines to a cheap motel.

GD: I don't think you're crazy, Robert and, you know, I once discussed you with him. He wanted to know what you were talking about with me and I told him we were discussing stamp collecting. He was not happy with this. I know he views me as a terrible person, but I can't help that. He said you weren't the person you used to be and I said who was? I asked him if he was better or worse than he had been at twenty and he got mad at me. Self-righteous, Robert, self-righteous.

RTC: Well, you certainly aren't that, Gregory.

GD: Well, you're not crazy and I'm not wicked. I am right, aren't I? Please tell me I'm right, Robert. I'll cry myself to sleep if you don't

RTC: (Laughter) You're a truly bad person, Gregory.

GD: I know. I told Jesus that last night when we were playing poker. He keeps hiding cards in that hole in his side.

RTC: Tell that to the Pope.

GD: We don't get along anymore since I ran over his cat.

(Concluded at 2:10 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 23**

Date: Monday, July 8, 1996

Commenced: 1:40 PM CST

Concluded: 1:55 PM CST

GD: Am I disturbing anything there? I hear conversations in the background.

RTC: My son was just leaving. See you later...yes, I will...sorry.

GD: I can call back later if you wish.

RTC: No, everyone has gone. Anything new?

GD: Yes. Talking about the Swiss, I just discovered that the Swiss minister, Bruggmann, was a brother-in-law of Henry Wallace. Married his sister Mary. Anyway, old Henry used to tell Bruggmann everything he knew and the Swiss fellow sent long reports to Bern. Unfortunately, the Germans were listening in and knew all kinds of things. Did you know about this?

RTC: Yes, we did. We found it out later. Henry was somewhat left of center and in '44, tried to nail down the nomination for President. The party told FDR that they would not hold still for that so Franklin, who had more or less supported Henry as Vice President, dumped him for Truman. I think everyone, including Roosevelt, knew he was not long for this world and the VP would be our next President. Henry had the full support of Stalin and, through him, the Communist labor movement here. We missed having a red

flag over the Capitol by very little. Henry drifted into obscurity and then vanished off the stage.

GD: I found out the same thing. Roosevelt pretended to be a liberal just as Hitler pretended to be a revolutionary. Got more votes. Hitler was a conservative but he posed as a radical. Remember the blood purge in '34. He got rid of the real revolutionaries then and went over to the side of the professional military and the banking houses.

RTC: If Roosevelt had put Wallace in, there would have been serious trouble, believe me. Henry would have had a car accident as I was told.

GD: That's what usually happens. Or the heart attack. That's not as messy and much easier to arrange, isn't it?

RTC: Yes, generally.

GD: Stalin said it was easy to plan a murder but a suicide was more difficult.

RTC: I recall that after Roosevelt passed to Valhalla with his stamp albums, there was a reaction to all his Commie friends and you recall the savage persecutions, don't you?

GD: I was younger then but I recall McCarthy and the rest of it.

RTC: The Catholic church was behind him. Your friend Müller was also involved there. They did clean house of the lefties all right.

GD: I suppose in the process, they ruined quite a few perfectly innocent people.

RTC: Talleyrand said that you couldn't make an omelet without the breaking of eggs.

GD: The innocent always suffer, Robert. That's what they're there for. By the way, I was reading about the surge of AIDS in Africa. What a tragedy. Once the evil white colonists were kicked out, taking all the skilled technicians with them, the gloriously freed natives surged forward. Of course all the countries there are falling apart. I suppose in a few years, spears will be back in fashion and at some meeting of the heads of state, one of them arrives late and asks another if he missed much and was told that everyone's eaten.

RTC: Gregory...

GD: And did you hear the one about Desmond Tutu passing his brother in the forest?

RTC: Now that's actually funny.

GD: Yes, the evil masters leave and the countries descend into poverty and are all infected with AIDS. In America, we all know that AIDS is the exclusive property of the homosexual and drug communities and since the average African makes about five dollars a month and can't afford a box of Aspirin, I think they must all be gay. Instead of enlightened ethnic freedom, we have mass buggery and protracted death.

RTC: Well, Africa is very rich in natural resources. If we all wait long enough, the indigenous population will all die off and the rest of us will have free pickings.

GD: A rational observation, Robert. Unkind but rational. I get so tired of people who reject reality and bleat like sheep. Why? Reality terrifies them and bleating along with other sheep makes them feel mighty and meaningful.

RTC: You speak ill of sheep, Gregory. You are not a sheep, are you?

GD: No, I am a wolf. I eat sheep on a regular basis. I am a civilized wolf, however, and prefer them roasted with mint sauce and new potatoes.

RTC: I seem to have heard that you have lived by your wits and the money of other people.

GD: Robert, surely you realize that a fool and his money are soon parted?

RTC: Yes, so it would seem.

GD: I do love the crooked rich. They're the easiest to prey on. I recall once when a friend of mine became enamored of the sculpting of Frederic Remington. He was a sculptor and made a small bust of an Indian warrior. I suggested he sign the wax with Remington's signature and then put in the name of the Roman Bronze people. Then I took the finished product up to Butterfield and Butterfield in 'Frisco and the greedy Bernie Osher bought it from me for a lot of money. Now, mark you, Robert, I never told Bernie that it was original. In fact, I told him I knew nothing about it and got it from my Grandmother's attic after she died. The dumb schmuck actually signed the receipt 'As Is.' Which speaks for itself of course. Then he tried to sue me and lost. Lots of very bad

publicity for him. In the meantime, Bernie and his co-religionists resold the same piece to a sucker in New York as genuine. And they sued me! I beat them.

RTC: How much did you get out of that?

GD: All together?

RTC: Yes. All together.

GD: Fifty thousand.

RTC: My, my, Gregory how comforting.

GD: No, beating old Bernie in court was comforting.

GD: How much did your lawyer get?

GD: I was in pro per. I was my own lawyer. I could easily pass any bar exam, Robert, but I never bother to inform people of that when contracting with them. I always get the long end of the stick and they get the squishy shit on the other end.

RTC: You set them up, don't you?

GD: Always and they always assume I am a fool.

RTC: No, you are not. A wolf in sheep's clothing?

GD: Very often, Robert.

(Concluded at 1:55 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 24**

Date: Wednesday, July 17, 1996

Commenced: 9:20 AM CST

Concluded: 10:11 AM CST

RTC: Good day, Gregory.

GD: And a good day to you, too. How are you doing?

RTC: A decent day today. And you?

GD: Busy with the new Mueller book.

RTC: Anything of interest to me?

GD: No, probably not at this point. I am working on the real origins of the Second World War at this point. Not the he-said or they-said fictional crap and pap but the real meat. Taylor<sup>16</sup> covered much of this in his book on the subject but there is more. I discuss the threat of Poland in 1932 to physically invade Germany if Hitler were not silenced. They moved troops to the borders but the threats gradually subsided. Hitler, on the other hand, did not forget this. And Beck, their foreign minister, was an idiot and could easily have diverted the German threat of aggression. But I look more into the economic aspect of the war. Germany lost all her gold reserves after the war because she had to pay everyone in sight for a war she did not start. Then the western states kept the corrupt Weimar government afloat with short-term and high-interest loans. Weimar was corrupt and degenerate but Germany was a great producer of saleable goods so she was encouraged to work more. All of this post-Wilsonian manipulation was directly responsible for the conditions that allowed Hitler to assume power. There were two things he did that assured eventual war with England and the United States. One, he instituted the barter system whereby Germany would trade, let us say, new locomotives to the Argentine in exchange for their beef and wheat. Normally, Germany would have gone to the London banking houses for a loan, high interest of course. Or the Argentine people would have done the same. The barter system completely bypassed them and they stood to lose billions of pounds thereby. And, do not forget, that the British bankers were almost all Jewish and there was on-going anti-Semitism in Germany. It

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<sup>16</sup> A.J.P. Taylor March 25 1906 – September 7, 1990 was a renowned English historian of the 20th century. Taylor's work, 'The Origins of the Second World War' conflicted with the official American and British scenarios but is considered by reliable historians as a landmark work on the subject.

wasn't Hitler's aim, postwar bullshit pseudo-historians to the contrary, to kill off all the Jews. He only wanted to root them out of German society and force them to emigrate.

RTC: But to where? No one wanted any of them. Jews are not liked, you know.

GD: Nor trusted. Müller set up training schools so that Jews could learn farming and go to Palestine. Wonderful! The Arabs howled and so did the British. They did not want Jews there at all. Diplomatic representations were made and Ribbentrop ran to Hitler so the useful project was stopped. Then, Mueller told me he chartered the SS. St. Louis to take 900 Jews to Havana. Everything OK except that when Roosevelt found out about this, he forced the Cubans to cancel their landing permits. Isn't that wonderful of him? And Roosevelt and Breckenridge Long did everything they could to keep Jewish Germans out of the country. Even little children. And parenthetically, note that in 1941, Roosevelt seized over two hundred million dollars in Jewish assets in this country and kept them. Never gave a penny back either. His son got some of it. Oh, all in the archives but believe me, Robert, not a word then, now or ever in our press. Can't do that. It was all the evil Hitler, not Roosevelt.

RTC: You say that if Hitler were not such an anti-Semite, there might not have been a war?

GD: Hitler was institutionally anti-Semitic, Robert. You see, the Germans had always gotten along with their Jews who had been in the country for a long time. No, after Pilsudski, the same one who threatened to invade Germany in '32, came to power in Poland, he forced out huge numbers of Polish Jews, most of whom fled either to Germany or the United States. The German Jews were Sephardic, Semitic and cultured but the Polish Jews were Khazars, Mongoloid Turks, brutal, nasty and detested by both the Polish and the Imperial Russians. I have met a few in situ and believe me, they are all vicious swine. So, they flooded into a prostrate Germany in the early '20s and stole everything they could. By the way, these so called eastern Jews were detested by the German ones. But these were the Jews that enraged their German hosts and brought down the active persecutions and expulsions. Interesting to note that after the war when many of the Polish Jews were released from the detention camps, they tried to go back to Poland where they were promptly subjected to pogroms and wholesale death. No, they then went to Israel where they make up most of the population and now practice their filthiness on the defenseless Arabs. But that's off the topic here. It was Hitler's attitude towards the Jews coupled with the potentially lethal barter system that spelled his doom. The Jewish bankers both in Britain and here got together and started a huge propaganda campaign against the Germans and egged both Roosevelt and Churchill into making trouble.

RTC: But Churchill was not in power in the late '30s.

GD: I know but he had influence and wrote for the press. These bankers hired Winnie to front for them and whore that he was, he went right along with them. You can find some of this in Fuller and the rest in other unnoticed publications but it's all there. Marx was right when he discussed the economic backgrounds to major wars. Yes, Robert, make room for General Fuller in your library and you will have a much clearer view. Of course none of this will ever get into the American press because guess who owns it?

RTC: I well know, Gregory. But they work with us and I see no Don Quixote-like necessity to cut my own throat or that of the Company. The Jews have a great power in this country now and one does not attack them; one works with them if you take my drift.

GD: Oh, I understand fully. Do you like them, Robert?

RTC: Evil little rats, Gregory, treacherous, envious and dangerous in the extreme. I know this sounds terrible but even though I am well aware that Hitler never gassed them, he should have. All of them and then there would be peace. There will never be peace in the Middle East unless and until Israel grabs up all the useful Arab lands and expels them from the area the way they were expelled from Poland and Germany.

Remember, Gregory, that the abused child becomes the abusing parent. Send me the

references on Fuller and I will send you a stack of papers on this subject. And if you choose to use them, for the Lord God's sake, keep me out of it. The Jews would make my life miserable here.

GD: I know. They would insert a newly discovered chapter into the fake Ann Frank diaries all about you visiting Holland during the war and shoving plump Jewish babies into bonfires. By the way, all seriousness aside, I have discovered rare documents that at least partially supports the silly Holocaust stories. Would I bore you?

RTC: No, certainly not.

GD: In April of 1943, all the Jews of Europe were transported to Berlin and when there, were jammed into the Alexander Platz in Berlin. At the stroke of noon on April 20<sup>th</sup>, his birthday, Hitler came out onto his balcony and addressed an immense crowd of German Girl Scouts and school children. A cannon was fired and this huge army of girls, all armed with weenie forks, charged into the Alexander Platz and butchered at least thirty million screaming Jews. My God, the Swedish Ambassador wrote that huge raging rivers of blood roared down the Berlin streets, swamping cars and drowning thousands of Berliners before running into the Spee and Havel rivers. Ah, Robert, the truth is worse than the fictions. And the SS and Postal Employees barbecued the remains, after removing interesting tattoos for the lampshade makers, and Berlin feasted for weeks afterwards.

RTC: (Loud and prolonged laughter) Gregory, you are really a terrible person. You will kill me with these stories. No, I know it isn't true. I mean I knew that when you mentioned the Postal employees. If you ever told that story to a Jew, he would either beat you to death with his purse or literally explode with anger. Do tell that to Tom Kimmel, why don't you? I would love to hear him when he rang me up, babbling about how psychotic you are. Or, better still, why not tell it to Wolfe?

GD: Oh, I think not. Bob is very old and getting senile and he might just melt down like the Wicked Witch of the West, leaving only a pair of sodden dignity pants and a beanie behind. No, I just thought you would like to hear what that nut Irving calls the Real Truth for once.

RTC: Well, such a nice history, lesson Gregory. The Hebrews should be happy you have a limited audience or they might get agitated.

GD: Pascal once said that to destroy a man, make a fool out of him. Humor is a great weapon and as I have said before when I tell my little stories, always look for the truth in the jest!

(Concluded at 10 :11 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 25**

Date: Monday, July 22, 1996

Commenced: 9:40 AM CST

Concluded: 10:10 AM CST

GD: Good morning, Robert. Been out and about today?

RTC: Gregory, I rarely get out and about these days. My hip problems you know. And there is nothing on television but trash and the continuing entertainment of the ignorant masses.

GD: Oh God, tell me about it. And the news is so controlled that the only way you can figure out what is happening is to read the foreign press. Not ours.

RTC: Well, if it doesn't impact on Israel in a negative sense, we do get some news but God help the TV managers if anything negative in that area ever gets out. Israel and her boys inside the Beltway are sacred cows, believe me.

GD: I have no doubt of that, Robert. It's interesting to consider than in the two thousand years since the mythic Jesus got nailed up, the poor Jews have been kicked out of every country they have colonized. No one wants them around after they get to



know them. They were kicked out of England, France, Russia, Poland, Spain, and on and on. Why? Infectious bigotry? No, the locals get wind of what they are like and out they go. Get their hands on all the money and squeeze the public dry. None of them ever did manual labor in their lives but they live off the labor of everyone else. And then they get too greedy and too careless and out they go or, in some countries, into the bonfires.

RTC: The Germans?

GD: No, I had the Spanish in mind. Now I ask you, Robert, why would there be such universal hatred against Jews? There must be a reason. Jews have told me that it's because they are so smart that people are jealous of them and perhaps this might have some validity but I personally think that it's their utterly predatory nature. Jews are taught in their religion that non-Jews, and especially the hated Christians, are legitimate targets to attack. I mean, this sounds like some kind of redneck propaganda but an objective reading of history will more than bear me out. Besides, most of the really evil Jews are not Semitic Jews at all but actually Mongolian Turks. The Khazars. Before they were converted to Judaism by their Khan in 900 AD, they were a particularly vicious and depraved Caspian Sea army of marauding, raping and killing Turks, intermixed with Mongolian blood. The other Jews, the real ones, hate them with a passion.

RTC: And why so?

GD: Because they make them look bad. My God, they hate them. But these internecine fights are of no lasting consequence.

RTC: Jim loved the Jews and I warned him many times to be careful. But he never listened and got that Mossad right into our organization. What I'm truly afraid of is that these shits suck up all kinds of secret information and off it goes to Israel, mostly through their Embassy here. A real spy center.

GD: Well, under Roosevelt, who opened the gates for them, they stole everything and sent it to Stalin under the mistaken apprehension that he loved Jews. He did not, of course, but that's another story. So, now they steal everything, like Pollard, and ship it off to Tel Aviv instead of Moscow.

RTC: Sometimes, I can sympathize with Hitler.

GD: Well, when it happens here, and it will soon enough, Hitler will be seen in a different light. But I must comment on something else. Johnson passed the Civil Rights laws and gave the blacks a good crack at a decent middle-class life. Of course he did it to get votes and not out of any decency, but they do have entrée now and many of them are coming up. Which, considering that we brought them all here as slaves, is not a bad nor improper concept. However, there are many people here who despise blacks and, in fact, hate them. We don't hear from them because of the political correctness crap being shoved on kids in the schools but they are still there. I say this because I know some of them. Anyway, they are quiet now but if the time ever comes when the lower middle class loses its position, look for the racial issue to erupt here. Oh yes, civilization is only a very thin veneer on very cheap plywood, Robert. And the clever Jews have managed to promote the blacks not to help them but to use them as potential victims. If they get too gross, the Jews that is, and the economy takes a dump, then the public will want scapegoats and guess what? The Jews will point to the blacks and we can count on their papers, writers, think tanks and so on to play the race card in the domestic economic poker game. A nasty business but totally predictable.

RTC: Yes, I've seen this coming and so have some of my friends. But there is nothing to do with it. I suppose it's better to see the black district of New Orleans going up in flames rather than synagogues in Skokie.

GD: But the economy is pretty sound now, Robert, so that hypothesis is not valid. I am speaking theoretically here.

RTC: My God, Gregory, I do hope the FBI isn't tapping your phone.

GD: Or yours, Robert. Don't forget, they hate you.

RTC: Well, there is freedom of speech.

GD: Yes, there is, but don't scream fire in a crowded theater, Robert.  
RTC: (Laughter) No correct on that one.  
GD: My late grandfather once told me that. Do you know what else he said? I think I might have told you this before because it's so funny but he said that you should not tell bald-headed jokes to Custer's widow.  
RTC: You may have said that but these days, I wouldn't bother to tell anyone that.  
GD: Bad taste?  
RTC: No, no one remembers Custer anymore.  
GD: How soon they forget. They've forgotten Pollard but I will bet you that he will never get out of prison alive.  
RTC: I wouldn't take that bet. They are supposed to be our wonderful allies yet they encourage one of theirs to steal our most valuable secrets, all of which ended up in Russia, and then, after he got caught, toss him out of the safety of the Israeli Embassy here right into the waiting arms of the FBI and life in prison. On the other hand, they set up a trust fund for him and made him a honorary member of their Knesset. That sends someone a message, doesn't it?  
GD: Yes, it does. I'm not quite sure what message, but it does send a message.  
RTC: Can you imagine the New York Times or the Post running one of your comments?  
GD: That would be like someone in Dublin endorsing an Orange candidate for the Dial.  
RTC: (Laughter)

(Concluded at 10:10 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 26**

Date: Wednesday, July 24, 1996

Commenced: 10:45 AM CST

Concluded: 11:10 AM CST

RTC: I found a very interesting report in the files when I was looking for something else. I misfiled it some time ago. Anyway, Gregory, I thought I would send it to you but I must say that it is highly sensitive and if you publish anything on or about it, you might have very serious problems.  
GD: More CIA assassinations?  
RTC: No, actually, this has nothing to do with the CIA. We know about the subject but it isn't really in our field and we want nothing to do with it. This is about...I think we have talked about the subject before. Vanishing people, flying saucers and so on.  
GD: I believe so. Do go on.  
RTC: Well, you'll have the report next week, or whenever Greg <sup>17</sup> gets to the local post office...I mean it runs to about a hundred or more pages. Otherwise, I could stick it into an envelope and leave it for the local route man. And there it is. Absolutely pure science fiction but in this case, or rather these cases, science facts. I may have told you about one of our top people who just vanished while walking down his driveway? Well, there is a lot more. We may have talked about the Roswell business and we can get back to that later but the most interesting item in the file is about the woman who was jaywalking in New York and was hit by some minority trying to escape from the police. Terrible impact and knocked her up onto the sidewalk. Right next to a hospital so she was rushed there but died there at once or more likely was killed by the impact. So, when they did an autopsy on her, they were lucky because they got right on to her, or whatever it was, and that was good because about two hours later, after the body cooled off, it turned to a sort of jelly. But, this is the fascinating part. It looked like a woman from the outside but once they cut into her, it wasn't a woman.

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<sup>17</sup> Gregory Upton Crowley, Robert Crowley's son. Gregory Crowley shipped boxes of his father's personal files to Gregory Douglas before his father's death in 2000.

GD: It was a transvestite?

RTC: No, it wasn't human. The insides were all different. None of the staff had ever seen anything like it before so they photographed the body and took out what they hoped might be some kind of organs. Didn't do any good because, like the body, the pieces all turned to jelly in the jars. But there are the affidavits and the photographs plus the police report of the accident and the emergency room people. Not human. What it was, no one knows, not to this day. Fortunately for everyone, one of the doctors was an Air Force reserve officer and he made a call. There was a descent on the hospital and everyone was grilled and terrified. One set of the pictures was saved by accident and we got it. And next week, you can have it, if the USPS doesn't deliver it to Gambon in error. We had no idea what the whole thing was about but we talked with the Air Force people and they know all about such things. They did their Bluebook project on saucers. They do know, Gregory, but we never will.

GD: Why not?

RTC: You ask a question like that? Orson Wells' program? Why the issue is national panic, that's why not. Harry Truman could see this and the Roswell business and other things were all shut up and the press fed with reams of fake sightings and they got their in-house historians to write satires on the little green men. And even now, they encourage the nut fringe to publish silly crap and engage in hair pulling contests, just to keep the public looking at other things. Panic, Gregory. Tens of thousands of people vanish each year without any trace. We got the transistor from the Roswell wreck and the Air Force says at least 5% of all flying saucer sightings are real. And the non-humans walking around. My God, can you imagine the resurrection of the Salem witch trials is the air-brained public ever got it into their fuzzy heads that there were aliens running around the streets? And I don't mean Guatemalan housemaids or Mexican gardeners either. No, royal panic. The public would demand answers and no one in authority can give them.

GD: Oh, they can just make something reasonable up and get it on the front page of the New York Times and then it's all quiet on the western front.

RTC: Yes, that's the usual drill but that might apply to sightings of strange celestial crockery but the thought that something sitting next to you on the bus might be something sinister from another galaxy would cause a royal uproar. No one here wants to deal with such things so they are best forgotten or better still, never talked about in the first place.

GD: I remember uncovering a story in July of '76 about the Legionnaire's Disease in Philly. I don't know who was behind it but it was no accident. I got ABC interested in it and they did one, and only one, story on the air and then were shut up from way on high.

RTC: That was a little mistake from the Ft. Detrick people. The perp was terminated.

GD: So were some old geeks.

RTC: Collateral damage. Yes, I know about that and I laugh every time they mention in the media that it broke out again. Keeps the ball rolling. But the visiting aliens are another matter.

GD: Oh, I understand that. The public would run around like drunken chickens and every nut in the country would be jabbering about his own nut version and of course people would point out homeless eccentrics or, more likely, unwanted neighbors or personal enemies and the public would lynch them.

RTC: That's the problem.

GD: Is there a solution?

RTC: As I understand it, a number of our agencies have been very quietly working on this visitation business for some time. The problem is that we can't just send out flyers to hospitals or morgues without it getting out but I would be obvious that if they found something similar, the local press would be alerted and the story might, just possibly might, get out. Ah well, I have mixed emotions about sending this to you and you do assure me you won't copy any of this or write about it?

GD: Are you joking, Robert? My God, the flying saucer nuts are almost as bad as the Kennedy assassination lunatics. If I published anything that one of them didn't dream up in some psych ward when the meds ran out, they would gang up on me, screeching like Irish banshees. I've been thinking about doing something on the Kennedy business.....

RTC: But after I am no longer around. We agreed on this...

GD: Of course. No, I anticipate the screeching and clawing if I do. And if I ever hinted that there are non-humans among us and, better still, if I could even come close to proving it, my God, not only would the Air Force strafe my house at night but an army of the Undead conspiracy nutties would camp on my lawn and shit all over the grass. But is it interesting all in all. I mean, who, or what, are these things? Are they just doing on the ground recon? Are they going to run one of their people for high office? Are they collecting toads to experiment on? Colonists?

RTC: We could go on for days but in the end, I doubt if we'll ever know.

GD: I suppose if someone at a Burger King saw an old woman's three foot long black tongue shoot out of her mouth and snatch a Whopper off of a tray we might have problems.

RTC: There would be a descent of the sanitizing people and a few obits in the local paper. The old lady with the frog tongue would be long gone and so would any witnesses, believe me.

GD: This is a weird conversation Robert, believe me..

RTC: Well, you can see why things like this never get any meaningful press, can't you. If some farmer started talking about some giant frog eating his horses, everyone would laugh at the really funny AP article on page thirty and that would be the end of it.

GD: Probably would be. But what do your people think about all of this?

RTC: That there are aliens among us and that flying saucers are about 98% real. And we know that people vanish from the sight of man but then why frighten ourselves unnecessarily, Gregory?

GD: Yes, we can go the beach and watch all the legions of fatties waddling around the sand, crushing small children and blocking out the sun for thousands of others.

RTC: Gregory, I thank God I am not fat or I might find you offensive.

GD: So many others do, Robert. How did they know the thing was a woman?

RTC: It had no cock and a pair of tits.

GD: To the point. Sounds like people I know. Turns to jelly, does it? Why back to the subject of fatties at the beach, so many people turn to jelly after twenty five. If we could harvest the fat, flense them at it were, we could make up for any international oil shortfall. And if Malthus was right, and I know he was, when the great hunger comes, why this country will have whole ciities full of the hefties they can harvest. I saw a woman the other day and I swear, one of her mostrous thighs could feed a family of five for a month. For a month, Robert. With a decent sauce, of course. Why the Filipinos eat monkeys but I think that's more like cannibalism than anything else.

RTC: Your unkindness knows no borders. But to return to reality, Gregory, you understand the dynamics here, don't you?

GD: More or less. A friend of mine, an anchor person for a television station in San Francisco told me once that if they knew to the hour when a major earthquake would strike Los Angeles, and it will, the state would quietly evacuate people they considered important and wait for the rest to happen. Not cruelty but pragmatism. There would be a huge panic, suicides, looting, rapes, arson and other manifestations of human vileness and the death tolls from these would far transcend those from a major quake. No, I understand the concept. 'Where every prospect pleases and only man is vile.'

RTC: Have you ever considered going into the ministry, Gregory?

GD: The Ministry of Defense?

RTC: No, that's not what I had in mind.

GD: I can put my shirt on backward and collect for the poor. Since I'm poor, it wouldn't bother me at all.

(Concluded at 11:10 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 27**

Date: Friday, Thursday, July 25, 1996

Commenced: 9:55 AM CST

Concluded: 10:22 AM CST

EC: Hello.

GD: Good morning, Mrs. Crowley. Is Robert available?

EC: He's upstairs. Let me call him.

GD: If it's too much....

EC: No, dear, I'm sure he would like to talk to you.

(Pause)

RTC: Good morning, Gregory. I was going through some papers.

GD: No problem. I can get back to you later.

RTC: No trouble. I was going to talk with you about your forthcoming books. I think you must be aware that the first book came on slowly but has gathered steam. That loud-mouth, Damato,<sup>18</sup> has the Jews behind him and he wants answers from people. The Jews are absolutely outraged at the thought that our Israel-loving government would have even considered hiring the head of the Gestapo, and this is anathema to them. And as you know, an angry Jew can be heard for two blocks with your windows shut.

GD: Tell me about it. I get all kinds of squealing emails from them demanding that I recant this or prove that.

RTC: How do you deal with this?

GD: Well, if they're polite, I'm polite but when the shrill demands start or the orders to do this or that, I basically tell them to suck my ass.

RTC: In such language?

GD: Sometimes. I told you that I have all the German concentration camp records on microfilm that I got from the Russians and they either want to see if their aunt Sophie is there or are horrified that the Russians would dare send these to an unauthorized person. I being the unauthorized person. I am not a Jew and only a Jew may look at these precious and sacred records, let alone write about them. I mean I might discover that the huge death tolls are fakes. Can't have that. Why all the holocaust museums would have to shut down and all across America, weeping librarians would be pulling down the Anne Frank diaries and either tossing them into the dumpster or putting them into the fiction section. Anyway, they are very, very unhappy and most of them want me to send them something, anything, to prove I have the files. I always send one or two pages, just enough to make my point and then I put them on the block. Jesus, such self-centered and self-important assholes. I don't hear the Armenians, who really were massacred by the Turks, making such an uproar. I mean, it's like someone I don't know demanding that I attack the government of Great Britain because they got a traffic ticket they feel was unjust. Don't these rodents realize that outside of their incestuous groups, no one else gives a flying fuck about their crazy stories? Six million

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<sup>18</sup> Alfonse Marcello D'Amato August 1, 1937 former Republican United States Senator from New York from 1981 to 1999. Attempting to curry favor with powerful Jewish interests in his district, D'Amato began an investigation into the CIA's hiring of Heinrich Müller but it went nowhere as neither the U.S. Army (who had carried Müller on their rolls as a Colonel in the General Staff, nor the CIA who used him as one of their senior experts on Communism would release files to either the Senator, his staff or members of the DoJ's Office of Special Investigations, a make-work small organization attempting to ferret out possible Nazis living in America. That there were a large number of Nazis living in America is unquestioned but almost all of them had been brought into the country as rocket scientists or SS specialists on Communism.

gassed, my ass. The highest toll I can find is about two hundred thousand Russian Jews shot or hanged by the German security police in occupied Russian territory and my God, I have reams of correspondence between the French, the Hungarians, the Latvians and, oh my, especially the Greeks, begging the Germans to rid them of their Jews. I mean begging them. The Hungarians were the most strident. Now, of course, we hear stories of weeping Italians begging the evil Germans to let all their boxcars full of Jews go free. And as the train steamed off, headed for the enormous gas chambers of the dread Auschwitz, the Italians waved goodbye. Oh, and here is a really funny one. Now, it seems, trains of wailing Jews went from Italy through Switzerland on their way to martyrdom and the soap factory and while the trains were stopped in Swiss stations, the evil Swiss came down and pissed on them. Of course this is another legend because none of the camp trains ever went through Switzerland. Alfonso the Tomato is typical of his breed. He's doing badly in the polls so the Jews offer to give him a few dollars and the price is to act as their hand puppet. On it goes, Robert, on it goes.

RTC: My, you must be on the second pot of coffee, Gregory.

GD: Actually, I've been sniffing glue. Sorry to rant here but I do get so tired of listening to the same old wailing. If I ever get around to trying to decipher Mueller's notes and put out the daily diary he kept while he was over here, what is now the wind will become the whirlwind. And this time, your people will be beating their drums and blowing the tin horns to accompany the Hebrew cries for justice and money. In reverse order, actually. Of course, we could talk about all the calls you get from the Kimmel DOJ people about how truly evil I am and why you should never, ever talk to me.

RTC: Oh God, don't bring that up. I don't get as many calls as I used to but they still come in. I write their names and extension numbers down and send them to you. What do you do with them, by the way? Send them huge take out Chinese dinners?

GD: No, I ring them up and ask them who the fuck they think they are.

RTC: Actually, I don't think they know. Someone puts them up to this, of course. And Kimmel hasn't helped the situation by hovering in the background wearing a black cloak and hissing to his minions. Bill gets some of this and Bill will run with the hares and hunt with the hounds, if you take my meaning.

GD: I have come to that conclusion. Not a bad fellow and his wife is very nice but he wants to be important so he will pass something to me today, and ask me their questions tomorrow. I humor him, Robert, and if I give him information, I do so to mislead him and those who want the information. It's so much fun to lead them down the secret trails right into the quicksand. For example, I know of someone who is a serious FBI informer so I once told Bill that the snitch was the one who was supplying me with the really awful documents from the files. Of course someone is supplying me but not the one I very privately tell him.

RTC: Yes, Mr. Mueller's tag for you is perfect, Gregory. Mr. Sunshine indeed. I think they view you as old Nick himself with brimstone smells and a long tail.

GD: Well, sorry to have been so intense today but I bottle all this up and when it comes out, there is a lot of it.

RTC: Sounds like a dose of salts.

GD: More or less. Well, you're Catholic Irish and I'm Protestant German but inside your Beltway, we are in the minority.

RTC: That's sadly true.

GD: Instead of a chaplain starting sessions of Congress, pretty soon they'll have the rabbi up there chanting. And eventually they will go too far and when the public finds out about it, and that will take some time because they own all the papers and the television stations, then El Al flights will be booked solid with a huge mass of one-way passengers, all carrying large carpetbags filled with dollars.

RTC: Do you really think so, Gregory? Or are you only trying to make an old man feel hopeful?

GD: No, it's inevitable. Well, as Louis XIV said on his deathbed, 'Oh Lord, come quickly!'

RTC: I think 'go quickly' would be more to the point.

GD: Let us pray, Robert, and a miracle of deliverance might suddenly come upon us.

(Concluded at 10:22 AM CST)

## **Conversaton No. 28**

Date: Friday, July 26, 1996

Commenced: 11:50 AM CST

Concluded: 12:01 PM CST

GD: Hello, Robert. I hope I'm not interrupting your lunch or anything.

RTC: No, we already ate. I've been reading the Post for entertainment. And you?

GD: Same old routines. I'll be looking for the material on non humans whenever you send it.

RTC: It's all in a manila envelope, addressed and stamped. Greg will come by either this evening or tomorrow and I will have him drop it into the box near his home. It's a bit too bulky for the local man on the route. You should have it in a week or so.

GD: Oh, no problem. I was thinking about the concept of alien life here and what a good write it would be but then, early this morning when dreams vanish and are replaced by reality, I realized that I could never do anything with this. I mean it would be fascinating to read but even if you had documents signed by Clinton himself, no one would believe it.

RTC: OF course they would, Gregory. The public loves stories like that. The massive corruption here no one ever talks about and no one cares about but flying saucers, death rays and so on are always of interest. But given that, you would have to fight the establishment on this and I don't mean the one here or in New York. All of these things,; like the Kennedy business, Pearl Harbor and so on have their cliques and you are an outsider. They won't let you in, Gregory, and if you print something they don't like, they will give you both the cold shoulder and the finger respectively. I don't advise you to publish in this area for two reasons. The first would be that our people would come down on you if there was any chance the public would get wind of it and the second is that the conspiracy idiots would band together to chase you off.

GD: Well, the CIA, the FBI, the creeps in the National Archives, dozens of Jewish organizations, the German government and God knows who else are furious about the Mueller book project but they aren't like the conspiracy fools. These people whisper to each other that I am evil and should be put in a nut house somewhere and kept silent but they would never, ever dare to do a hit piece on me in the media. That nut Gitta Sereny<sup>19</sup> did that for a while and then she was shut down very firmly.

RETC: How so?

GD: She published libels against me in various British papers and I got in touch with their editors with the result that the old goat got the sack. My God, she kept right on going, like that mechanical rabbit beating the drum. I finally had to deal very severely with her so eventually, she shut up.

RTC: Where is she from?

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<sup>19</sup> Gitta Sereny (Honeyman) March 13, 1921 A German-Hungarian of Jewish origins, Sereny writes creative books on anti-German and holocaust subjects . She took strong issue with Douglas' probings into British and American intelligence connections with SS and SD personnel and engaged in a running feud with Douglas that spanned a decade. It eventually cost Sereny several jobs on British newspapers who fired her rather than become involved in defamation litigations. Sereny wrote a book, allegedly based on an interview with a man she claimed was a senior SS "death camp" commandant but the man was neither a member of the SS nor a camp commander and, conveniently for Sereny, died before she wrote her book. In historical circles, this is called 'Dialogs with the Dead.'

GD: She has a fake British accent but she's a Hungarian Jew and part of the holocaust nonsense people. She claims to be an expert on the matter but she knows less than your wife. It's so much fun to listen to these experts who know nothing. Of course, they've convinced some publisher they are experts and after a few sensational sort of books, they actually become experts. I've talked to so many of these recently that I'm getting tired of them. They have no idea what they're talking about and they spend most of their time attacking other stupid writers that they ought to hold games in a stadium somewhere and let them hack away at each other with axes. So much for the fools. This alien business is interesting. The disappearance of so many people, on the other hand, can be found in the public FBI reports. And no one has bothered to put the figures together. Tens of thousands of Americans simply vanish every year. Given a few murders and so on, there are far too many to shove off on murderous child molesters or angry spouses or even the Mafia. They vanish and now we learn that there are non-humans wandering around. I wonder if there is any connection between the two subjects?

RTC: Well, we have a section, as I have said, that is interested in such phenomenon but it isn't that important. What with Doctors Gottleib and Cameron's activities leaking out, we keep investigations into aliens and such like very quiet,

GD: People who turn into jelly when they die surely must be reported.

RTC: I really am not up on that, Gregory. I just picked up the report because it was interesting. I recalled the out of the body experiences we called remote viewing and all the money it cost the taxpayers. There are parts of the Company that are filled with lunatics. I recall once someone brought in a medium to try to second guess the Russians. Do you know how much we paid that silly cow? A hundred thousand dollars. She hit a few points right on but then we later decided she was a good guesser.

GD: Well, anyone can make stupid guesses and be right some of the time. The point is to be right all of the time.

RTC: Well, we have a staff of creative writers who prepare dire predictions for the President based solely what we want him to hear. That's when we want to invade some country for the oil or to frost the Russians. Who is going to question us? Especially if they have no idea what we tell the Oval Office? It does work most of the time. And we have the Times and the Post to support our views. Getting something done for us or our friends is fairly easy. Anyone who challenges us gets the full court treatment.

GD: You run over him with a truck?

RTC: No, we make a fool out of them and laugh them off the stage. And be careful they don't try to do that to you, Gregory.

GD: No, I am the one who makes fools out of them. You have to make a real savage attack on one of the front men for the others to back off. When I fry someone, they usually stay fried. I don't want to tell my techniques but believe me, I have honed them to a razor edge and when I go after someone, they rarely are heard from again. But back to the aliens running around. You mentioned one case about the woman who wasn't. Do you know of more?

RTC: Yes, there is much more in the report. I just mentioned the one that I recalled. Oh, they're there but what they are or why they're here we don't know. I think if they were going to turn some death ray onto us, it would have happened by now.

GD: Well, one hopes.

RTC: Oh, and Lee <sup>20</sup> is wondering about something you said about Pearl Harbor. You upset these people, Gregory, with your questions and poking. He's a court historian and court historians take their orders from above. But I suppose you know this by now.

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<sup>20</sup> Bruce Lee, author of pro-Roosevelt work on Pearl Harbor and close friend of John Costello.



GD: Oh, my yes, I've run into them along the way. Some official pays them to write a book supporting some officially approved theme or to attack someone who disputes it. There is no honor among thieves, Robert, none at all,

(Concluded at 12:01 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 29**

Date: Tuesday July 30, 1996

Commenced: 8:30 AM CST

Concluded: 8:55 AM CST

GD: Good morning, Robert.

RTC: And the same to you, Gregory.

GD: Robert, I know you were not in the CIA's technical branch but I often wonder when I am on the phone, am I being listened to?

RTC: You don't have to be from the technical people to know the answer to that one. It's not so much that you are being snooped on but that you can be observed by almost anyone at any time. We listened in on people and opened mail. That's the reason why Jim was sacked but that was only an excuse. He was getting crazy. But as far as the telephone is concerned, yes, you could be listened to at any time. It's not a bug on your phone so much as full and complete cooperation by the telephone people with various agencies. We did it, the FBI and the NSA do it and probably others as well. Your mail can be opened, addresses copied and so on. For instance, if you have a private Swiss bank account, we have the postal people copy down and forward to us the cover of any letter sent by a Swiss bank to an American addressee. We don't have to open the letter to know it's a monthly bank statement. And then we know where your account is. And the NSA listened in on each and every phone call overseas. You see, they tap into the communications satellites. Of course there are huge numbers of calls every day so their computers are set to pick out certain words. Like Abu Nidal for instance. Once a key word comes up, the conversation is taped and listened to later.

GD: And the television sets can be used as a monitoring device but only if they're connected to the cable TV system.

RTC: I've heard that but then I rarely watch the garbage on television.

GD: You can circumvent that simply by disconnecting your set from the cable system. Just take out the plug. Put it back later. Or, what I would do, would be to hold a really sizzling but totally fake disinformation conversation right in front of the set. You know... 'the Russians really pay well for that information...' and also 'yes the entire building has been mined. One push of a button and we can make the front pages of every newspaper in the world.' Can you imagine the uproar on the other end? Of course you never are specific and just enough to drive them into a frenzy. I've done this a number of times but only twice did I ever find out what a huge stink I caused. Loved it then and I love it now. Oh yes, Bill told me the other day that he saved Bobby Inman <sup>21</sup> from exposure once. When I asked him from what, he shut down. Can you comment on this?

RTC: Probably the homosexual issue. They are very sensitive to that one.

GD: Why? And is Inman a faggot?

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<sup>21</sup> Admiral Bobby Ray Inman (April 4, 1931 in Rhonesboro, Texas) is a retired United States admiral who held several influential positions in the U.S. Intelligence community. He served as Director of Naval Intelligence from September 1974 to July 1976, then moved to the Defense Intelligence Agency where he served as Vice Director until 1977. He next became the Director of the National Security Agency. Inman held this post until 1981. His last major position was as the Deputy Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, a post he held from February 12, 1981 to June 10, 1982.

RTC: Now, now, I'll let Bill discuss this with you. My information would only be second hand. And it has been long felt that if an agent were a fairy, he could be gotten at by the Russians and blackmailed or set up and turned.

GD: Well, that makes sense but there are so many people like that in DC that it would be difficult not to find a few in various agencies. I think it must be the military bases with their legions of muscled hustlers that draws these people. And the, of course, one gets into an agency and of course has to have company.

RTC: Yes. The Jews are the same way. You let one in and pretty soon, the office looks like a synagogue. And it's always us against them. The same way with the fairies. That's the main reason why I object to having them on board.

GD: But the problem with Inman....

RTC: Back in 1980 there was a fairy scare over at NSA. Real McCarthy purges, finger pointing, anonymous letters and so on. A number of the top brass there were scared shitless lest they, too, got exposed. Bill knows some of this and he has known Inman for a long time. There was an ugly incident when he was in law school. I was told that Bill was able to shut the matter down. That is one of the reasons Bill has such good rapport in certain circles.

GD: He's blackmailing them?

RTC: In a sense. During the Carter days, Bill could pretty well get what he wanted from certain highly placed intelligence people. I think I should leave it at that, Gregory. Talk to Bill about this if you like but I doubt he'll tell you anything and, yes, you are right. Washington is indeed full of those people. A lot in Congress, the military, especially the Air Force and various agencies. The FBI is rather picky but we and NSA have quite a few queers on board. The NSG has more than its share. And if you go into some of the faggot bars here, you might see a number of the prominent dancing around in mesh stockings and wearing really bad wigs.

GD: Oh, I've seen these in San Francisco. The wigs look like dead cats. They don't look any more like women than my dog but who argues with self-delusion? Five kids and a wife at home and into the lavatories with the holes in the partitions after work. During the week, his name is George but on Saturdays, his name is Phyllis.

RTC: (Laughter) Yes, we are overrun here.

GD: Well, at least you can't dump that one on Clinton although God knows that the weird Christian freaks might try. My God, they hate him and as far as I am concerned, these bone headed twits are far worse than the queens. They believe in the strangest things and are really obnoxious swine. They believe the world is only six thousand years old, that Noah's ark came to ground at 5,000 feet on a mountain side and God only knows what other myths. I mean, Robert, if another religious cult arose that worshipped the Easter Bunny, it wouldn't any more unbelievable than the Evangelicals. By the way, did you know that Crisco's main production plant in New Jersey burned down last night? Yes. Millions now living will never fry.

RTC: (Laughter) Ah, Gregory, I can see why so many hate you so much.

GD: Well, one day, it will come out that Heini Mueller, head of the Gestapo and number two man on the wanted Nazi escapee list was living right near you and visiting the White House.

RTC: We may have to wait a while before that gets to be public knowledge. My God, the Hebes would scream so loud we would have to stuff hundred dollar bills into their mouths like a mama bird shoving worms into her babies. They are such arrogant and demanding people.

GD: Yes, God's chosen people, Robert. I wonder what God chose them for? Probably to wait in line for the showers somewhere in Poland.

RTC: If that's true, Gregory, God should have finished the job.

(Concluded at 8:55 AM CST)

## Conversation No. 30

Date: Tuesday, August 6, 1996

Commenced: 11:10 AM CST

Concluded: 11:47 AM CST

GD: Ah, good morning to you, Robert. How is life treating you today?

RTC: Good morning, Gregory. There are good days and bad days. I'm not sure about today.

GD: Certainty is illusion, Robert. I was talking to an old friend of mine last night. He's down at Norfolk. Was Navy but retired. I went to school with him. King's Point and then the NSG.

RTC: King's Point is Merchant Marine.

GD: I know. They have a reserve commission and they can activate it if they want to. He did. Nuclear vessels surface and then the NSG. He was the Naval Attaché in the Dominican Republic. Worked on the Trujillo assassination. But that's not the issue now. We got to talking about AIDS and since he had quite a bit of sherry, he told me quite a story about how that originated. I thought you might have some input on that. Want me to go on?

RTC: Why not?

GD: Well, according to him, the Navy had an experimental medical station down in Haiti. They were down there because there was a huge pool of very poor locals they could use as subjects in tests. He said that they were developing something that would lower a person's resistance to the point where a common cold would put them out of action for weeks.

RTC: Go on. What then?

GD: Well, they hit on a virus that does this, experimented with the locals and when they were sure it actually worked, somehow they got this into local whores whom the Cuban government then shipped over to Angola to service their volunteers fighting there.

RTC: I've heard stories about that.

GD: But somehow, the virus mutated into something far more serious. The HIV thing. And they didn't care if all the Cubans died, or the whores either, but it seems that some the younger Haitians got this and when American gays made excursions down there for some cheap black cock, they got it, too, and you can see where that went. Then, my friend said, after they found out what had gone wrong, the Navy shut down its facility, disposed of their volunteer locals by taking them out on boats and dumping them into the water. Anyway, that's what he said, and I believe him. That's what I wanted to ask you about.

RTC: There is something to that. Your friend had best be very quiet or he'll end up taking a one-way boat trip. And I would be careful not to put any of that into one of your books. If you take my drift.

GD: No, it wouldn't fit in with the Mueller material. It is true, then?

RTC: Basically it is. Take note that it didn't start out to kill off all the homos, although the Christians thought it was a wonderful thing, but your friend was right when he said it mutated. I was never in that part of the agency but one hears things or talks to colleagues. I mean there was only the intention to interfere with the combat capabilities of enemy troops, not liquidate social outcasts. When we learned about this, the burn bags were used overtime at Langley.

GD: Were your people part of it?

RTC: In a sense. The Navy supplied the tactical, and we supplied the strategic. They produced the weapon and we, the targets. We were planning to use this on the Russians.

GD: Well, I know something about that aspect. You know about General Ishi? <sup>22</sup>

RTC: Oh yes, I do indeed.

GD: His Japanese military units had a BW lab up in Manchuria and they used to develop the plague and God knows what else. Poisoned thousands of Chinese, wanted to loose the plague against their Russian neighbors and used Allied POW's as lab specimens. Most of them died of plague and other nasty things.

RTC: Ah, the redoubtable Dr. Ishi. After we took over Japan, he was caught along with his staff and they were planning to try him for very ugly war crimes but MacArthur, acting on specific orders from the Pentagon, rescued him, set him with a big lab in Tokyo and back they went to developing the bubonic plague. I guess they were going to use it on the Russians if all else failed.

GD: That I know all about. Not the Japanese but using the plague against the Russians. There was a German Army doctor, a Dr. Walter Schreiber, who was a specialist in communicable diseases. He developed a form of the plague and the military used it to clean out the overcrowded Russian POW cages. Cost too much to feed and guard them. The rationale was that they never used them in the West. Roosevelt, as you might know, was planning to use mustard gas against the Germans in Russia until the Bari raid blew up a boat-full of mustard gas, and when Hitler learned of this, he threatened to let nerve gas loose on London and Washington. Amazing how quickly FDR backed off.

RTC: You do your homework, don't you?

GD: Oh yes. Schreiber came over to us in Berlin after the war and we vetted him and sent him to San Antonio to set up a lab there to cultivate the plague. Again, we planned to use it against the Russians. I don't what the Russians did to infuriate our sacred leaders, but I don't think they would have deserved that. Schreiber got outed and had to be shipped back to Germany.

RTC: Drew Pearson was the man who did that.

GD: Whatever. Well, the Brits practiced BW when they gave the Indians smallpox-laced blankets back in the eighteenth century, but Mueller and I were discussing Schreiber's project. Mueller was very angry when he heard this and rounded Schreiber up. Had to let him go. Orders from on high. Mueller said that there were no Customs agents at the borders to stop the spread of such filthiness right back from whence it came. But he told me about a CIA plan to ruin the Asian rice crop. That failed but only barely. It would have spread and ruined everyone's rice crop. He said that creatures that dabbled in such things should be shot out of hand or they would destroy everyone, good or bad. I suppose the definition of good or bad depends on your politics, but the whole thing should be forbidden by law.

RTC: I believe it is, but only in theory.

GD: But they put the story out that AIDS came from monkeys in Africa and other funny stories.

RTC: Well, now it's raging in Africa and they estimate that in ten years, everyone there will be infected. Of course, there is something to be said about depopulating Africa. They're a bunch of incompetents who are sitting on very valuable natural resources, such as gold and uranium and when they all die, the treasures are there for the finding.

GD: That's a bit cynical but true. But what about the American homosexuals?

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<sup>22</sup> Shirō Ishii June 25, 1892 – October 9, 1959 was a Japanese microbiologist and the lieutenant general of Unit 731, a biological warfare unit of the Imperial Japanese Army during the Second Sino-Japanese War and accused War Criminal. Ishii experimented on Allied prisoners of war, killing large numbers of them, in an attempt to perfect a form of bubonic plague to be used on the Russians. After the war, Ishii was employed by General MacArthur, who held stock in Ishii's Tokyo laboratory, operating the same program he had for the Kempei Tai (or Secret Police) but the U.S. decided against using the plague against either the Communist Chinese or Russians. Ishii, however, lectured American officials at one point in time and died a rich, and never prosecuted, man.

RTC: The Christians and the far right would be in favor of exterminating them all. However, that having been said, we would lose so many really valuable public servants, not to mention all the florists and interior decorators.

GD: Thank God I'm not a Christian. They're such filthy bigots. If they ever get into power here, I'll move to some cleaner place.

RTC: I don't see that happening, Gregory.

GD: I have no problems with the mainline faiths but the extremists are flat-out nuts and we don't need that rampant and fanatical bigotry.

RTC: But it could be useful.

GD: But you can't really control it. I've known a few Jesus freaks and, believe me, they are as nutty as they come. Most of them try to hide it from us sane ones but once in a while, it leaks out. It would be entertaining if the head of the Navy's medical branch caught AIDS from his cousin or how about the DCI?

RTC: Now, now, Gregory, you must realize that accidents happen. Try not to be too judgmental about such things.

GD: It's bloody difficult not to.

RTC: Look, Africa is full of people who are only a generation or two out of the jungle. They ran out the white people, who set up the business structure, and now they are running around with spears, eating each other. Why be concerned if they pass away and give the civilized part of the world access to their unused natural resources? After all, that's why we killed off the head of the UN. He was interfering with the uranium business in the Congo so we had a little aircraft accident. We basically shot him out of the air. And that put an end to his meddling in important matters. Uranium, I don't need to remind you, is vital for our weapons programs. Balance that against one meddling Swede and I don't think there's much of a problem.

GD: Well, for him...

RTC: Against the common good? You need to consider the practical priorities, Gregory. Believe me, we had no intention of causing AIDS. Our goal was to render a battlefield enemy incapable of combat, that's all. These things sometimes happen and there is no reason at all to dwell on unexpected and certainly not planned consequences.

GD: Ah, remember that Lenin once said you can't make an omelet without breaking some eggs. Of course, it didn't originate with him and I know it won't end there but you take the point because you articulate it. But I have to agree with Mueller when he tore into such projects. And if you know the Bible, remember that he who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword. Wars once were conducted by gentlemen with a certain amount of civility but those days are gone. Democracy, not kings, now rules and civility is dead.

RTC: You sound like a monarchist, Gregory.

GD: In many ways I am, Robert. I recall my German grandfather saying that democracy was government of the mentally misfit by the mentally mediocre and tempered by the saving grace of snobbery. Grandfather was usually right I remember once at one of his formal family dinners when one of my idiot aunts was going on about her constant attendance at the local Methodist church and her choir practices. My grandfather turned to me and told me, so the whole table could hear, that I ought to take a lesson in piety from my aunt. I recall saying, and I am not being funny here, that it seemed to me that there was considerable madness in aunt's Methodism.

RTC: Did you actually say that, Gregory?

GD: Yes, and I was only ten, Robert.

RTC: Your family must have loved you.

GD: I don't actually think so. When Grandfather said at some other occasion that my aunt and uncle were going to Lower Asbury Avenue, I said that they certainly would if they lived there long enough.

RTC: (Laughter) You must have been a most unpleasant child, Gregory.

GD: I do not suffer fools gladly, Robert. Lincoln has been misquoted. He said, or is supposed to have said, that God must love the common people because he made so

many of them. What he actually said was that God must love fools because he had made so many of them.

RTC: Now you can see why our organization is so necessary. Imagine leaving state policy in the hands of idiots.

GD: Point of view here, Robert. Whose ox is gored? Destroying the Asian rice crop? Thousands or millions dead of starvation?

GTC: But consider the common good. These are Communists, Gregory, and they want to destroy our system.

GD: Another point of view once more, Robert. Yes, abstract Communism is utopian nonsense, just like abstract Christianity is. No one wants to work to help others, but they will help themselves. But that still does not justify slaughtering millions, does it?

RTC: But that is a very extreme and certainly tainted view, Gregory.

GD: Again, it's the gored ox. But civilized people can disagree with each other and still remain civilized, Robert. Right?

RTC: I assume so but let's try to be a bit more objective. You need to view the larger picture.

GD: Mueller said it so well to me once, just before one of my nice French dinners. He said that morals and ethics were excellent norms but hardly effective techniques.

RTC: Those sentiments I can agree with.

GD: A difference without much a distinction. Well, enough moralizing here. I'm glad to see that my naval friend was not just engaging in drunken babble.

RTC: I would strongly urge you not to take this issue any further. I would be concerned about your safety if you did.

GD: A point well taken. As a cross between a social Darwinist and a monarchist, even I can see the perils of contemplating moral issues from a neutral point of view.

RTC: And if you felt like giving me your talkative friend's name and address, it might be appreciated. He ought to be spoken to.

GD: I doubt that I would want to do that, Robert. After all, I have never discussed our conversations with anyone else.

RTC: Point taken.

(Concluded 11:47 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 31**

Date: Wednesday, August 14, 1996

Commenced: 8:15 AM CST

Concluded: 9:11 AM CST

RTC: I thought it had to be you, Gregory. You are about the only person who calls me these days. Bill does, of course, and every so often that fool Trento gets onto me, trying to pry information out of me for some fool book he is working on. So much work for nothing.

GD: And so many beautiful trees have to die, equally for nothing.

RTC: True enough. I could give Joe boxes of first class material for blockbuster books but it would all be wasted on him. Costello is gone now and Joe is basically useless. Such delusions of grandeur.

GD: I read one, actually only part of one, of his books. He has no grasp of how things work. It's like someone writing about glaciers. They ignore the dynamics of the entire system and its history and confine themselves to saying, with eyes popping and pointing finger: 'Ooh, look at all the ice! My, it's cold, isn't it? Last year, I have seen, in secret papers, there were a lot of icebergs breaking off! There were private meetings held in unspecified places with top intelligence people about this!'

RTC: (Laughter) You are so bloody cruel, Gregory. But true. Bill and I needed someone to polish up our work and Joe was recommended. It's too damned bad we hadn't run into you then. We could have had something a little more polished. Oh well, such is life.

GD: Yes, such is life. Have you told Joe about me?

RTC: No, I have not. What would happen then? Joe would bleat to me for about six months about how you were a terrible person and why I shouldn't talk to you at all. Kimmel does the same thing, but he's a little more subtle. Poor Bill goes for his gaff, but I don't. Now, I never hear from Tom. I guess he gave up on me. But actually not. He's now got people from Justice to call me about you. My God, what will be next? The SPCA?

GD: Who knows? These old aunties swing a mean purse but I've had to deal with these pathetic losers since I was about ten and realized that Jonathan Swift was right about humanity. Well, I can see into the future simply by reading about the past. Their days are numbered, Robert but you won't be around and I might not.

RTC: Are you thinking about some religious sort of violence?

GD: No, much less spectacular but even more deadly. Did you ever read Malthus?

RTC: No.

GD: It's all there, Robert. Sum it up: Populations increase geometrically and food supplies increase arithmetically. In other words, the public fuck like rabbits, the population soars but eventually, and without any doubt, we run out of food and drinkable water. Of course the WASPS will do OK and this country raises lots of food but places like India, China and Africa are going to be mass graves when it hits. Oh, and it will hit, Robert. It isn't a question of loony theories but solid fact. And another thing, Robert. There is a hell of a lot of ice at the poles. If the Arctic ice cap melts, it won't make any difference because that is ice on the water and if it all went away tomorrow, the ocean levels wouldn't rise by an inch. But Antarctic and Greenland ice is another matter entirely. That ice is on land and if it melts to any degree then the ocean levels will really rise.

RTC: Probably so but that's Doomsday material, Gregory, isn't it?

GD: No, Robert, uncomfortable fact. I had an article once that I took out of *Scientific American*. I kept it for years but I moved so many times that somewhere it got lost. Never mind, I read it and remembered it. They set up an area for rats. Regular rats. As much water and food as they needed and lots of bedding or nesting material. What happened? Rats breed like Third Worlders and pretty soon, the room was full of rats. And what did these rats do? They went crazy, homosexuality and cannibalism flourished, mama rats ate their malformed litters and general chaos reigned. And what happened then, Robert?

RTC: I have no idea but I have a suspicion you will tell me.

GD: Of course, why miss the finale when you've seen the first three acts? Some disease, endemic, relatively harmless, that is in the rats suddenly alters and most of the rats turn into a stinking mass of rotting flesh....

RTC: So early in the morning, Gregory.

GD: But they do almost all die off, Robert. Still, a few always survive so the game can start again. Do I make a point?

RTC: You equate us with rodents?

GD: No. I comment on the inevitable bill Nature insists we pay. And we will, mark that.

RTC: How depressing. Do you think the ice will melt?

GD: I think so. And while it does, I can just envision legions of scientists squabbling over what, when, how and why as New York sinks beneath the waves. They say that if there were two Irishmen left alive in the world, they'd be sending letter bombs to each. No offense to your Hibernian background, Robert.

RTC: (Laughter)

GD: And if there were two academics left, they'd be pissing on each other as the waters closed over their heads. Oh joy and rapture unforeseen.

RTC: Well, as you say, both of us will be gone away, so why should we worry?

GD: It's a waste of time, Robert, I agree. But still, intellectual curiosity and a firm belief that there are iron rules that apply to life make me a student. Do read Malthus, Robert, and you will understand what I am going on about. He's there but most people would rather read the comic page or, if they graduated with honors from a distant community college, they can get really intellectual and read *Fanny Hill*.

RTC: You are really on a tear today, Gregory. Are you sniffing glue?

GD: No, I'm just naturally up today. Of course, coffee helps too.

RTC: It always does.

GD: By the way, Robert, I saw something in the paper today about Ollie North. Did you have anything to do with him?

RTC: My God, what a story that was. Yes and no. Oliver moved at a more exalted level than I did. Oliver worked for the White House. Oliver worked for George Bush, who was once our DCI, and he worked for Ronnie Reagan.

GD: That's not impossible to believe. The guns for the Contras?

RTC: We'd be all day on the phone if I told you what I knew. The public has no idea what that Contra business was all about. It was only a spin-off of the real businesses. The press does not know and if it did, would never dare to print any of it. They feed the public some dog and pony show, speculate for days and then discover a cat up a tree and all run down the block with their notebooks and cameras for more stimulating information for the trailer park crowd.

GD: We both have plenty of time, Robert. If you're willing to talk, I'm even more willing to listen. I have a new girl friend who is coming over for a lunch I have not yet begun to lay out, but that's two hours away. I eat late and I thought a nice salad, a Coquilles St. Jacques with a sauce *Parisienne*, some sourdough bread and a nice white wine. And for dessert there is wild sex on the living room floor.

RTC: I know about sex, but what were you cooking?

GD: Scallops in a cream sauce, Robert. I loathe braggers, but I am a very good cook. As far as the living room floor is concerned, I have scars on my back to support my animal expertise with the famous Mattress Polka by one of the earlier members of the Strauss family. But we needn't talk about past glories. Or perhaps future ones if I get the sauce right. Women can be either at your feet or at your throat. Flat on their backs is much better and on to other things.

RTC: But Gregory, isn't the floor hard?

GD: I suppose so, but when I am, who cares? What? Oh yes, before fantasy time we were talking about Ollie North.

RTC: Well, the public was led to believe the Ollie was some kind of a loose cannon or a nut case but he actually was doing what the President ordered. North was on the staff of the National Security Council which was run by our beloved George Bush who was Vice President at the time and ran the entire operation, contras, drug dealings and gun smugglings and a few removals of inconvenient people along the way. This was all part of a very interesting and little-known system. I can go on about this if you want. Does it take long to cook your lunch?

GD: Actually, I made the sauce early this morning and all I have to do is to cook the scallops, put them into the sauce, put some butter and some fresh, grated Swiss cheese on top and into the broiler. The wine is in the fridge, the bread is fresh early this morning and I vacuumed the living room rug. Please go on.

RTC: Well, the entire Contra mess had two fathers. The first was the Doomsday project. This was a governmental continuation survival program in the event of some great natural disaster, military or terrorist attacks on the United States, public uprisings and so on. That was first begun in '81 with a series of signed orders by Reagan setting up the machinery to preserve the government in the event of these disruptive problems.

This entire program was rather secret and was under the control of the vice president...

GD: Who was George Bush.

RTC: Yes, under him. And like all bureaucracies, this grew. The nutty Poindexter got into the act and wanted to set up something your friend Mueller would have loved: a



comprehensive national total surveillance system that would keep track of every person living in the United States, regardless of how harmless they might be. They could use your television set to spy on you, gather phone records from companies they either bribed or threatened, read and watch your mail, create a national ID card, closely supervise passports, watch who flew around the country and where they were going, get into your safe deposit box and watch your checking and savings accounts, listen in on all, and I mean all, overseas telephone calls by controlling the communications satellites. The NSA was given this task I recall. I think it was called Operation Harvest at the time. Oh my and many, many more little new departments to watch the general population. This was being set up during the Reagan years, but Clinton cut back on most of it. Still, it's still there, waiting for another president to use it as an excuse to grab permanent power. In the old days, we used the threat of a Soviet attack and invasion to terrify the public and now the enemies are not so well defined. It's rather funny when you read about the growing drug menace, because elements of our government are involved, even as I speak, in assisting in the importation of many tons of marijuana and opium derivatives. Oh yes, Gregory, our government, not the mob or the Columbian drug cartels, are the real drug dealers. We started with Colby and a few others and like Topsy, it just grewed. I'm afraid we don't run it, but it now runs us. Yes, and Ollie was a part of the whole. Then Congress managed to screw things up by passing the second Boland Amendment in '84. Reagan was using us to supply the Contras in Nicaragua with guns and other small things so they could overthrow what we like to call the dangerous Communist, pro-Soviet government there. The stupid shits on the hill put a stop to this so Reagan got George to bypass Congress. Getting the guns was a problem and Ollie turned out to be very competent.

GD: Yes, I know Jimmy Atwood who was up to his tummy-tuck in some of this. His Stasi connections....

RTC: Yes, you know about this. It was IMES <sup>23</sup>that controlled this and it was a huge, official but sub-rosa smuggling racket. Of course even though we were supposed to be enemies of the communist Stasi, we actually worked well with them. Your friend Atwood was one of our top people there. We had a fellow with the strange name of Schalck-Golodkowski working with us. We used to call him the Fat Man or Big Alex, I suppose because he was way overweight and his first name was Alexander. Very clever choice of names, isn't it? He later fled to the west and we at once gave him a nice job.

GD: Just like Heini Mueller who worked for you.

RTC: Worked for Jim. But I knew him. Met him a number of times. You got on with him, didn't you?

GD: I did and Atwood was an open book.

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<sup>23</sup> IMES GmbH, a little-known East German state company that was run by East Germany's deputy foreign trade minister, Alexander Schalck-Golodkowski.

The East German company had been a key part of an international smuggling network, connected at several levels with the CIA, with secret bank accounts and shell companies in West Germany, Switzerland and Liechtenstein. The IMES company name had been exposed in the West back in 1985, when Swedish customs officials started investigating the activities of the 'munitions cartel' mentioned in the first section of this chapter. Some years later, Western intelligence agencies, including the US Iran-Contra arms and money networks, used IMES and the East German structure for secret weapons supplies to guerrilla movements in Central America. Schalck-Golodkowski had reportedly been involved in a massive, decade-long smuggling operation of weapons, antiques and even drugs. He was, however, only charged with the illicit import of military and dual-use items into East Germany between 1986 and 1989 and with the embezzlement of rather small amounts of foreign currency. He was sentenced to one year's imprisonment in January 1996, and to 16 months' imprisonment in 1997, respectively. In April 1999, a higher court acquitted him on the latter of the two charges.

RTC: I always like to know who can't keep their mouth shut. Now as to the guns for the beaners, this IMES was part and parcel of the international cartel, to use a phrase so beloved by hack writers, which has been going on, with refinements, since about '67 or '68. They had offices in West Germany, Switzerland, Liechtenstein and, I think, Austria. And as things progress, they smuggled narcotics right along with the guns. We were way ahead of them on that score but we all work together in the end, in spite of the press of both countries pissing on each other. Those are the realities, Gregory, not the fronts. You know that, don't you?

GD: I don't know as much as you do but I know more than enough to agree with you. Greed and money know no borders and no ideology.

RTC: I would rather say political necessity makes strange bedfellows.

GD: A difference with no distinction. Do continue.

RTC: The Krauts were dealing with Iran, Libya and Syria. And the Swedes too were into this. In fact, we had our little troopers in most of the countries that exported drugs, bought guns and so on. The Swedes were using St. Lucia Airways, one of our proprietaries, to run their shipments to various counties. Drugs out and guns in.

GD: Where did the weapons originate? I think Russia.

RTC: Oh yes right on. The AK 47s were much in demand. The basic European-made pieces were too expensive.

GD: And the Soviets knew about this?

RTC: My God, yes they did. And some of them got very rich out of it. And there were even some shipments by boat some of which got into customs troubles. There were always problems with this, once it got out of our hands. We always kept things running smoothly but when you're dealing with emotional Arabs who would sell their sisters for ten dollars or the Latins south of our border, we have utter corruption and emotion and corruption leads to mistakes. Then we have to send people around to clean up the messes. We used to throw people out of high windows but there aren't any tall buildings in Arab counties or south of our borders so the vanishing and dumping at sea in metal drums is always done to the less prominent and un-missed. For more prominent ones, the convenient airplane crash or the heart attack. Mechanics for the one and chemists for the second.

GD: Now you're speaking my language. I even taught some new concepts to Mueller, God bless his soul. I really used to enjoy myself when I was younger, but age has slowed me down.

RTC: From what I have heard from Kimmel's DoJ people, you have not slowed down. They view you as a cross between Jack the Ripper and Attila the Hun.

GD: Well, in turn, I view them as a cross between Swift's Yahoos and Lenny in Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*. I really don't understand how people that stupid can live. Take Jimmy Atwood....please...no, he worked for you so you don't have to take him. Jimmy would get some hooch into him and my God, Robert, the stories he would tell! The BND <sup>24</sup> was horrified when I passed this along, but these people are protected by our government so they can do nothing. You know, some of these cretins and gross criminals ought to be taken out and shot, Robert, and I would be more than happy to oblige. They have dumped tons of drugs on the American people and the bureaucrats love it. They don't touch the stuff and make sure their kids go to very expensive East Coast Establishment prep schools. Buggery after lights out but no drugs. I mean, after all, what pays for the expensive schools? The whole thing is rotten and eventually, it will collapse. Mark my words, it will come down. As the Bible says, it will fall and great will be the fall thereof. Ah well, you're out of it now and the deluge may be years in coming but eventually the public will find out the truth, or at least some of it, and then we will see change.

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<sup>24</sup> BND *Bundesnachrichtendienst* German security service, grew out of the CIA-controlled 'Gehlen Org.'

RTC: As you say, Gregory, I'm well out of it but I can't really complain too much. You get far too moralistic. You let it get in the way of clear thinking. One moment I wish I had you in the Company and the next you sound like a social worker.

GD: Yes, Mueller once said almost the same thing. Two spirits struggle in my breast, Robert, but now I have to get to lunch so would you excuse me? The pleasures of the board and the living room floor beckon to me.

RTC: Good luck.

GD: With the lunch or the follow-up?

RTC: I assume you're a good cook.

GD: Come out and visit with me and I'll cook you a fine meal.

RTC: But I'm not a candidate for the living room floor.

GD: I would certainly hope not, Robert. Anyway, thanks for the nice chat and I'll be back in touch.

(Concluded at 9:11AM CST)

### **Conversation No. 32**

Date: Monday, August 19, 1996

Commenced: 9:37 AM CST

Concluded: 10:15 AM CST

GD: I hear conversations there, Robert. Am I calling at a wrong time for you?

RTC: No, nothing at all. They'll leave in a minute or so.

GD: Thank you for the material on ZIPPER, Robert. Very, very interesting but not unexpected.

RTC: But we do not speak of specifics, do we?

GD: No, not necessary. Is there an original of the Driscoll <sup>25</sup>report?

RTC: Somewhere, no doubt, but I never had one.

GD: Did you know him?

RTC: Met professionally. I understand he died some time ago.

GD: I could check with a Russian friend about the original of their report unless you objected.

RTC: Why not just wait? Unless your connection might retire.

GD: I'll think about it.

RTC: You mentioned one James Atwood a while ago as I recall.

GD: I know I did.

RTC: Mr. Atwood is very unhappy with you, Gregory. He accuses you of stealing money meant for us and in removing two loyal subjects of the Queen.

GD: The money was never intended for your people, in spite of what Atwood says and as far as the SAS types are concerned, I was as shocked as anyone when they vanished.

RTC: Vanished off of your boat in the middle of the Caribbean one dark night, as I was told.

GD: That's as may be, Robert. Perhaps they decided to swim in the warm water. Who knows? You can't believe anything Atwood says. Did you know that he worked for your people, the STASI and the KGB all at the same time while he was in Berlin?

RTC: Atwood is not an honest person, Gregory. But as to his accusations, they are private comments. I wouldn't worry about them getting out.

GD: If it weren't for Mueller's tips, I would never have found the money and Atwood would still be contemplating another facelift. And I wouldn't believe that your people would see a penny of it. When my Russian friend tipped me that Jimmy was going to detour to New Orleans and off-load our cargo, I was very upset as you can imagine. On

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<sup>25</sup> Colonel Vedder B. Driscoll, Employee of the National Security Agency, in charge of the East Bloc department and author of the Driscoll report on the Kennedy assassination.

the other hand, the next day, he was very upset when his two friends turned up missing. I never believed they were broke British tourists, stranded in Italy and willing to work their way back. Military types with shined shoes and sidewall haircuts. Atwood was about as subtle as a fart in a space suit.

RTC: (Laughter)

GD: Well, it's true. He made such a fuss in the morning when he found we were still headed for the Panama Canal that I had to convince him he would be much more relaxed spending his time locked in his cabin. There was some expressed unhappiness there but he saw my point. We let him out off Mexico because there was nothing he could do at that point. Besides, I had tossed his piece over the side along with a few other things I found in his cabin. He was very fortunate he didn't join the gun.

RTC: But the gold? There was trouble about that as you might have guessed.

GD: Well, probably when we docked in California and he called his chums to get his trunk full of gold, he lied to them. Imagine their chagrin when they looked inside and found what they thought were bars of gold but were really paving stones from the hotel's parking lot. A spray can full of gold paint covers many sins, including paving bricks, Robert. Did it ever occur to the men with the pointed heads that Jimmy might have been ripping them off? I always get blamed for the dirty work of others. They weren't too mad because he's still alive and up to his old tricks in Savannah, at least the last I heard.

RTC: 'In the midst of life...' Gregory.

GD: In the midst of life, we're in peanut butter, Robert, or something else that looks like it. Memories, Robert, memories. I would assume you have a few of your own, don't you?

RTC: And your gold?

GD: I know nothing about Nazi gold, Robert. A dream, nothing more. If I had any, it wouldn't be in the Bank of America. They would have run, panting with news of it, to the government years ago, eager for that thrilling pat on the head. I had quite a problem with them once, when I lived in Santa Monica. They put my paycheck into someone else's account and it took two weeks to get the dim bulbs to put it back. And to add injury to insult, they bounced my rent check, and others, and had the testicles to charge me for each and every check.

RTC: Banks do things like that.

GD: Not to me, they don't. I simply went down and drew out all my money, including the overdraft charges, by going to a teller I knew that was a heavy pot smoker and confused sometimes. And then I did something very entertaining. I went to the fish market and bought two very large, cooked Dungeness crabs, froze them in my freezer and put them into my briefcase along with some really gross animal pornography. I had a safe deposit box at the local branch and I opened the box, took out various objects of value and replaced them with the crabs. Oh, and of course the lovely, instructional pictures. Robert, have you ever smelt shellfish when it goes off?

RTC: I can't say as I have.

GD: It smells worse than someone pissing on a hot stove. Believe me, that's a smell that really stands out. And in time, the crabs thawed and began the process of filling the bank with lovely odors. Of course no one could go into the vault without vomiting so they had to find out which box had the treasures. Most local box holders were on vacation, it being July and very hot down there, so they had to drill open about ten boxes to find the prize in mine. I was moving anyway and I heard later from my old landlord that the bank was greatly upset and wanted to charge me thousands of dollars for expenses. Not that they ever got any of it.

RTC: If you could only channel your creative energy, Gregory, you could be a formidable operator.

GD: I'm aware of that but I do enjoy having fun and listening to all the methane leaking out of the bloated idiots that the people in this country think are actually protecting them. Who will protect us from the agencies? God? I have my fun and sometimes I make my point. And gathering intelligence material, and I have had my own experiences

with this, is sometimes such a waste of time, Robert. No matter how true or valuable it is, it always has to be passed up the ladder where it ends up in the hands of those who rule us. And if your information, accurate or not, doesn't please them or reflect their idiot views, then into the trash basket with it. Are you with me, Robert? Does this ring a bell with you?

RTC: Oh yes, many bells. I recall, for example, a report by Joe Hovey, our station chief in Saigon, very accurately pinpointing the coming VC Tet offensive as early as November in 1967. This was about two months before the actual attack. I mean, Gregory, Joe was spot on. And, you would say, if we knew, why did we let it happen? Why because the leadership both at the Company and in the White House and the Pentagon didn't want to believe it. Oh, Joe's accurate report wasn't the only one, believe me, but it was all ignored. Johnson may have been a great politician but he was worthless as a military leader and Westmoreland was only a sycophant who always did what his bosses wanted.

GD: I've noticed that weak leaders want weaker men around them because subconsciously they are aware that they are poor specimens of humanity and they want no one around who might show them up. A strong leader, on the other hand, will have strong and competent men around him. This is an entirely predictable happening. And Vietnam was a mess. From both a political and a military point of view, we walked right into a bog, got stuck and lost whatever it was we started out to do. And no one ever thinks about the dead their stupidity caused. A dead soldier is a piece off the board and a wounded one can't fight so they forget them.

RTC: Well, I have quit a bit of background on Vietnam, Gregory and in one sense, you're right but this is hindsight and hindsight is always right. We got into Vietnam a little bit at a time and for reasons that seemed to be correct at the time. The French ran their Indo-China for years and had a lucrative trade, especially in rubber. The war came, France was beaten by the Germans and the Vichy French government was controlled by the Germans. When the Japanese, who were allied with Germany, wanted to get into Indo-China, they asked the Germans who told the French to let them in. It was the rubber they were all after. It couldn't do Germany any good so they forced Vichy to help the Japs for political reasons. During the war over there, a local resistance group started up, anti-Japanese of course. The problem was that it was run by local Communists but as FDR loved to cooperate with Communists, it was partially supplied by us. War was over, Japan defeated and the country reoccupied by the French. Political dissent and the French began to lose effective control over the rubber. We wanted DeGaulle to join NATO and his price was for us to assist France in their colony. Little by little, we did. And there was another element. JFK was Catholic and South Vietnam was filled with Catholics who wanted to be protected from the Communists and Buddhists. Cushing <sup>26</sup>put on the heat and Kennedy then began to send some support units over there. The French had suffered a major propaganda defeat at Dien Bien Phu and French popular opinion demanded a withdrawal. The French got us to substitute our people for theirs with an agreement to share the rubber revenues with us. And it went on from there. Ho had little to work with but he conducted guerrilla warfare that was very effective. To counter it, we had to pour huge numbers of troops and equipment into the country. We did terrible damage to their infrastructure but they kept coming back. We set Colby up with 'Phoenix' to neutralize VC supporters in the south and of course they launched a program of terror, as the press called it, against practically all the civilian population outside of Saigon.

GD: That sort of thing never works, Robert. The Communists are real experts at that game. The more innocent civilians that are tortured or killed, the more recruits the movement gets. They win always, you know, in the end, they win.

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<sup>26</sup> Richard James Cardinal Cushing August 24, 1895 — November 2, 1970 was Archbishop of Boston from 1944 to 1970, and was elevated to the cardinalate in 1958. He was a good friend of the Kennedy family and a supporter of the president.

RTC: The Tet offensive was a huge political victory for the VC but from a military sense, they lost. Their real victory was to focus domestic anger and force a demarche. McNamara was booted out, Johnson just gave up and eventually, we got out. I mean, Gregory, it was not a military defeat but a political one.

GD: When the French pulled out, they were not defeated in the field, except for one very public battle, but as you said, it was a political victory. Once the public gets its wind up, the politicians are forced to heed the noise or they will be torn to pieces.

RTC: You do understand that we were not defeated in Vietnam, don't you? It was the intrusive and self-serving press coupled with the perception of a useless and very destructive war from the civilians that forced us out. Not a military defeat.

GD: Call it what you wish, it was a defeat. You can parse it until the cows come home, Robert, but it was a defeat. I read that there are large untapped oil fields offshore there. Give it a few years and we will be back, cultivating the former enemy, hat in hand and money in bags for their leaders. Oh yes, and contracts for the development of the oil. Unless, of course, the Chinese beat us to it. Marx was right when he said the basis of wars was economic and Clausewitz said that war was just an extension of politics. Of course, that doesn't do much for destroyed cities and huge civilian casualties, does it? I don't suppose something like that matters in the long run. The victor always writes the history and it takes hundreds of years and the death of everyone connected with it before the objective truth ever comes out. And concerning the policy of torture, it is totally unnecessary and to me, the hallmark of a stupid sadistic type. Mueller, who was one of the best, used to discuss techniques with me. I've done my own work in this area at times and never, ever had to torture anyone. Besides, if you torture someone, they will tell you anything you want to hear just to make you stop. I recall hearing about a certain Dr. Black and Decker. Am I ringing any bells there?

RTC: Go on.

GD: One of your people, sent down from the cultural office in our embassy in Tokyo. Used to interrogate suspected VC by running an electric drill into one eye. If they wouldn't talk then, in went the drill, right into the brain. Of course, then the victims couldn't tell them anything because they were dead. I was told by my source, who got violently sick once viewing the messes he created, that the good man kept putting in slippers for new shoes. He kept ruining them with a slurry of blood and brains. I understand after we pulled out, he left your employ and is now working at a very respectable establishment university on the East Coast, teaching comparative religion to the daughters of the wealthy.

RTC: These things happen in war, Gregory.

GD: He's fortunate I wasn't running his operation. I would have hanged him from the nearest tree, Robert. When he prates about the perfect love of Jesus, does he think about his ruined shoes?

RTC: I knew the man you're talking about and I can assure you, he feels great remorse for some of his actions...

GD: He should feel the rope around his neck, Robert. Things like that always come out. Talleyrand said to Napoleon once, over the shooting of the Duc d'Enghein, 'Sire, it is worse than a crime: it is a mistake.' And not necessary. And all of us pay for such things. I know Colby authorized and encouraged this filthiness and, Robert, I'm glad your people put him into the river.

RTC: These things must be taken in context, Gregory. I spoke about hindsight, didn't I?

GD: If these things never happened, we wouldn't need hindsight at all. I recall reading a comment Bismarck once said to a German politician bent on some mischief. He said, in essence, are you prepared to carry your ideas through with cannon? If not, forget them. You know, Bismarck was the greatest and most pragmatic political leader of his time and a very great man. Can you imagine Johnson even thinking that way? Or Reagan? What did the grunts say in Vietnam? Kill them all and let God sort it out? Isn't that a wonderful monument on the road to perfection? Oh well, read Malthus and pray.

RTC: You're far too liberal in your views, Gregory. If you want to be successful, you have to be more realistic.

GD: I am realistic in practice but not in theory.

(Concluded 10:15 AM CST)

### **Conversation No. 33**

Date: Friday, August 23, 1996

Commenced: 2:25 PM CST

Concluded: 2:38 PM CST

RTC: Did you see your old friend Irving's latest attack on you, Gregory?

GD: Jesus, what now? I killed Abraham Lincoln?

RTC: (Laughter) Not quite but bizarre. He claims you never knew Mueller and that Mueller died in Berlin in '45 and they found his body. Of course that's not true but I am astounded at the depth of this shallow man's hatred for you.

GD: I know. I have had to deal with this idiot for years. Charles Burdick put me in touch with Irving once.

RTC: Our Charles Burdick?

GD: Yes, the same one. I knew Charlie since...oh it was 1952 when he was doing graduate work at Stanford. I knew all about his work for you in 'Nam but we seldom talked about it. Charlie spoke as a real expert on the Third Reich and, modestly, I knew more about it than he did. He was mostly into the military structure and I am into both the military and political. Besides, I was there at the time and he wasn't. So Irving writes this book on the destruction of Dresden. Not a bad book at all but Irving kept pulling his punches.

RTC: How so?

GD: Well, he would make a strong point against the Allied policy, a nice strong point, and then stumble around and start qualifying his information. He would say, 'could this be?' and 'well, maybe not...' like that. No, after I met him the one time, I pegged him as a phony and tried to keep as far away from him as I could. Boorish person with a penchant for teen aged tarts. He was known as 'Mr. Spanky' in the historical world. Second book on PQ 17 was also a good book but David went down hill from there. There was the hilarious fake 'Himmler letter' I sent him about Hitler once. Charlie saw it and laughed so loud that his secretary thought he was having some kind of a fit. It was in the worst possible, ungrammatical and misspelled German you could imagine but Irving decided it was original because it suited his purpose. He bleated about it in print for some time, praising me as a wonderful expert and so on. Then when he found out the letter was a spoof, he went bananas and started in screeching at me like a whore who finds out her trick gave her a fake twenty.

RTC: (Laughter) Such a wonderful way of putting things, Gregory.

GD: A friend of mine ran three whorehouses in 'Frisco so I have some knowledge of the patterns of behavior there. Anyway, when Irving found out about the Mueller books, he wrote to Sudholt, my German publisher. It was the work of a real nut, believe me. He wailed that Sudholt should not publish anything I wrote because I was pure evil and a terrible fraud. Sudholt told me that Irving was a nut and on top of that, made a living selling manuscripts to German publishers, keeping the advance money and never producing. And also, it seems, Dirty Dave sued anyone and everyone who dared to say a word against him. He would take the modest settlements and stick them into his bank account.

RTC: He has been quite successful, as I gather.

GD: Yes, but as Browning said, the kissing has to stop and for David, it stopped some time ago and he's running on empty. Sudholt sent me Irving's lunatic letter with a copy of his own response. My God, did he kick Irving in his flabby ass. He talked about

Irving's rip-offs of publishers and really smacked him down. After Irving failed to shut me up, he started in on his pathetic website. He once listed about twenty names he claimed I used. I never heard of any of them. Then I found out his mother was Jewish...

RTC: No! After all the attacks he makes on the holocaust and the Jews...are you sure?

GD: Have I ever been wrong?

RTC: Gregory, your hubris is showing.

GD: Well, Robert, I thought I was wrong about a year ago but I found out later I was mistaken. Yes, by Jewish law, Dave is a Jew. Jewish self-hatred is well-known. I think your Angleton must have had some Jewish blood in him. In profile...

RTC: Now, now, Jim was a good friend. True, he had his head up their ass and we could never keep him from babbling secrets to the Mossad. I did truly like Jim but he had his strange sides.

GD: Young college boys, interested in poetry? Whispering Mossad agents? The odd Mafia friend here and there? Frantic obsessions with paranoia? Yes, I would say strange sides are indicated here.

RTC: But very competent when he focused, Gregory. Poor Jim had too much on his plate. The Mafia business is best forgotten, I suggest.

GD: What about the nubile college students? Mueller told me about an incident at the Park Plaza hotel in New York once.

RTC: Jim strayed from the path from time to time, I admit, but I know from experience he was a dedicated worker.

GD: You could say the same of Sweeny Todd or Sawney Bean.

RTC: I know about Todd but Bean?

GD: A Scots cannibal. Whole family of inbreds lived in caves and made sorties to waylay travelers and eat them. The King finally got enough troops together to wipe them out.

RTC: You have the damndest mind for such things, Gregory.

GD: I try so hard, Robert. Anyway, there is Irving, sliding slowly down into literary oblivion (that's just outside of New Orleans by the way) and clawing and scratching at me. My books are much better written, far more factual and, even better, far more successful in his little world than his own recent failures.

RTC: Do I detect professional jealousy, here?

GD: No, a reporting of facts. If you doubt me, Robert, read his latest literary efforts and compare him with the manuscript I sent you. Make up your own mind. Of course, the ironic part of all this purse-swinging is that as far as the holocaust is concerned, Irving is absolutely correct. There was never any plan, implemented or theoretical, on the part of Hitler to gather up the Jews of Europe, ship them off to so-called death camps and gas them in huge chambers. No, none of that. Yes, Hitler used the Jews as a unifying factor in his rise to power. But he was dealing with a huge flood of horrible Polish Jews that Pilsudski had chased out of Poland in the early '20 and who refused to assimilate into the German communities and who were, in general, rather filthy and sub-human. The respectable German Jews hated them. No, Mueller has told me very often and I have boxes of documents on this; all Hitler was doing, and he used to make public speeches on this so it was never a secret, was to boot all the Jews out of Germany and later, out of German held territories. Yes, Jews were rooted out from France and the Balkans, often at the requests of their governments, and shipped off to Auschwitz. But this was not a death camp but a huge work complex the SS had set up outside the nominal range of Allied bombers. Many died of typhus and, of course, shipping these people off was a nasty business and I have no sympathy with any of it but the huge gas chambers are figments of the imagination, used to raise money for the Jews. And when Irving points this out, they all gang up on him. He may be a fraud and a gasbag but his comments on this subject are basically accurate. I hate to say that, naturally, but Irving is correct. And by his persisting in this, the Jews will gang up on him and put him out of business.

RTC: Too much influence here, Gregory. Small numbers but very powerful inside the Beltway. They own the press and politicians kiss their butts on a regular basis.



GD: Well, they don't own me and I do love a good fight. Eventually, they will think themselves immune and all-powerful and, like Irving, their own...what was your cultivated word? Hubris, yes, hubris. That will bring both of them down. Irving's fall will be soon forgotten but when the Jews go too far in this country and the public turns against them, which it will, because the Jews never know when to stop, it will be a great fall. It will fall and, as the Bible says in Proverbs, and great will be the fall thereof.

RTC: Not in the near future.

GD: Only God knows that one, Robert, but the end will come there. It always has in the past, always. Look at history and be enlightened.

RTC: I'll take your word for it.

GD: Why thank you for your confidence, Robert. I hope that when the quicksands close over Irving's straining face, the last name he mentions as the sand fills his mouth is mine. The Germans call this '*schadenfreude*' or the joy in the suffering of others but I say that, in German, *schadenfreude is immer die beste Freude*. The joy in the suffering of other is always the best.

RTC: Very Teutonic.

GD: No, very realistic. Unpleasant to contemplate but true. One must strive to attain absolute objectivity, Robert. To let yourself be mired in convention and platitudes is to know nothing. Now you can see why some elements of my co workers in the CIC hated me. I was interested in results and they were interested in cheap booze and third rate pussy.

RTC: And you never drank or womanized?

GD:I did drink sometimes and I have had more than my share of conniving girl friends but never to distraction, Robert, never. Sex, good food, a good bit of classic music, a trip to European museums like the Uffizi are all pleasures but never distractions.

RTC: Yes, I can see why they hate you.

GD: How many times have I quoted Bismarck? Many. Oh yes, many enemies, much honor. I judge a man by the enemies he has. The more and the louder they are, the more I can respect him. Never them, of course, never. Bleating, whining, snapping mass of vermin-infested sewer rats. By God, Robert, your fellow countryman was right. Dean Swift. Oh yes, Swift was dead on when he came to his literary assaults on the boobery and bipedal rodents. He's gone, unfortunately, and they still survive, crawling around in the dung and shrieking their hatred of whatever they can not be.

RTC: No, I once said you would be a good agent but I think, on reflection, you would produce wonderful analysis and a legion of enemies.

GD: Fuck them all Robert. In the end, we all are maggot bait but I love to watch them fall off one by one before I do.

(Concluded at 2:38 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 34**

Date: Monday, September 9, 1996

Commenced: 10:07 AM CST

Concluded: 10:56 AM CST

GD: Good day to you, Robert. How does it go with you?

RTC: I'm tired today. I didn't get much sleep last night. Ever have a night like that, Gregory?

GD: Sometimes. Get to sleep about four AM and then wake up at seven. Can't get back to sleep and feel like garbage the next day. If you are not up to talking, I can call back later.

RTC: No, no, I'm fine. What are you up to?

GD: Somebody I know just vanished. His wife is hysterical and has called me twice. I have no idea what happened to him and neither does she. The police were polite but

they can't do much unless they find his body in the middle of the road or feeding the varmints on some local farm. I guess he was getting along fine with his wife and no problems with his job.

RTC: How did he disappear?

GD: Went to do some shopping, made it to the market, bought things, put them in his car and drove off. People at the store remember this, because one of the boys helped him load the trunk. No sign of any trouble and the kid said he was cheerful and tipped him. Anyway, they found the car parked by the side of the road, keys still in it and no sign of trouble like the top his skull on the floor and brains all over the seat. Neighbors saw and heard nothing. Nobody has any idea. I can't help her but I always try to be polite.

RTC: We had a case like that once. Damnedest thing I ever ran into. I understand, however, that it wasn't unique. One of our senior people lived on a nice farm down in Virginia. Late fall. It had been raining on and off. He gets up, has breakfast with his wife. The dog starts barking and from the window, he and his wife see the mailman stuffing the box down on the road. Finished breakfast, puts on his fancy hiking boots and a warm parka and down the dirt driveway to the street. Never gets there. The wife took something off the table and put it in the sink and the dog starts in barking furiously. She goes to the window and looks out. Can't see her husband anywhere. Fenced fields on both sides of the driveway with horses on one side and stubble on the other. She puts on a coat and goes outside. The driveway has some mud and the boot prints are very visible. And then, about halfway down to the street, nothing. Prints stop cold. She's a Company wife and she gets a hold of us first. The local sheriff's people are decent but clumsy. We sent people out right away and they were very professional and careful. Mail was still in the box. Gate was closed and chained up. Footprints very clear and then stopped. No sign of anything, no struggle, no mess and no other footprints except the wife's coming down from the house. The fields are muddy and no sign of anyone walking along the fences on either side of them. I mean not a sign. He's vanished into thin air.

GD: The dog barked twice?

RTC: Yes. He always barked to let his people know when there were visitors coming. Very reliable dog.

GD: The dog that did not bark in the night. Sherlock Holmes.

RTC: Yes, the team commented on that.

GD: The wife was temporarily distracted...was it a long time?

RTC: As I recall, about a half a minute. She put some coffee cups in the sink.

GD: That takes about 30 seconds. No shouting or noises?

RTC: No, nothing at all. Very disturbing and very strange. You know, Gregory, about 800,000 to 900,000 a year just vanish in the United States?

GD: My God, that many?

RTC: Oh yes but about 65 to 75 % are found. Mostly solved within 24 hours. Most of these are young people running away or kidnapped by a parent in a custody case. But let's say that out of, say, 800,000, a low figure, 650,000 are accounted for. But that leaves a balance of 150,000 unaccounted for. And who are these missing ones? Men getting out of a bad marriage, stuck with a nasty wife and screaming kids. They might have a girl friend and they don't want the long, drawn out process of a divorce that will probably bankrupt them and stick them with years of very punitive child support. Or we have children unhappy in an uncaring home, lonely, frustrated and trying to find a better life somewhere else. Or we have the wife taking off with a new boyfriend and becoming another person with a new name. And we have the criminal class to consider. A stock broker who just looted a customer of a half a million dollars or someone on parole who is sick and tired of continual harassment. These make up the bulk of runaways. But at the same time, Gregory, many of the vanished people had no wives or children to run away from, were perfectly normal people with no apparent personal or financial problems.

GD: Would you add the children abducted for sexual abuse?

RTC: Oh yes, that, too. But take all of these away and there are still so many missing. And these figures are only in the U.S. You can multiply this many times if you get global. Now our man was important to us so we really made a very thorough investigation.

Finances in order, got on well with his wife, didn't drink or use drugs, and we could basically account for every minute of his waking life. Left home, drove to work, worked all day, drove home, dinner with the wife and once in a while a movie in town. The wife did the shopping. Very peaceful and ordered life. And what happened to him, Gregory? No trace of him anywhere. No phone calls to anyone that didn't check out, bank account untouched, credit cards and phone calls never used. Walked down his driveway on a clear day and just vanished off the face of the earth. That was fifteen years ago and nothing, ever. Right off the face of the earth.

GD: That's a possibility, Robert.

RTC: Went to Heaven?

GD: No, not the silly Rapture fiction. Perhaps some entity from elsewhere nailed him. Abducted him.

RTC: That's not the sort of thing we put in any kind of official report, Gregory. We can't even begin to get into that area. Easier to say the Russians got him.

GD: I'm not advocating that but it has been reported before, and many times at that.

RTC: Yes, and some of it is real and some isn't.

GD: But if you are giving me accurate information, Robert, what could have happened to this guy? Absolutely no reason for vanishing, no proof of any kind of abduction, What happened to him? Someone with a crane parked in the street suddenly reached over the fence and grabbed him? The wife would have seen it. A huge flying saucer hovering overhead? Now that might be possible, assuming you couldn't see it. And they could beam him up like the TV show. That could explain it, couldn't it? And the dog barked, didn't it?

RTC: If it were true, yes. And the dog could have barked at a passing car or a cat in the field.

GD: Question here, Robert. We have warning radar all over the place, don't we?

RTC: We have many systems.

GD: Well, assuming there are such UFOs, don't the radar people pick them up?

RTC: I read a report back then that is interesting. A radar station out in the wilds. Two men on duty. One goes out to take a piss and sees a huge round object hovering about a half a mile away. Scared the hell out of him and he ran back inside and told his partner. Radar was working fine but no trace. The other one thought the pisser was nuts so he went outside and saw the same thing. More fussing with the set. Nothing. They reported it and other systems got involved. They both went outside and watched it hover for about ten minutes and then off it went, straight up so fast it was gone in a few seconds. More calls and nothing to report. When they got off shift, there were some Air Force police and some intelligence people who wanted to talk to them. They had seen nothing and better keep it that way. Yes something obviously got in and the radar couldn't pick it up. Mysteries. This vanished fellow was on my staff and so I have some inside knowledge of what happened. Abduction was indeed brought up but left way, way behind. In the end, we put it out that he had been transferred to a special project and left it alone.

GD: I don't suppose he ever showed up? Or even a part of him?

RTC: No, not even an ear. Wife waited seven years, got the insurance and eventually remarried. We went through the house and embargoed all his papers, of course.

GD: Here and there I encounter stories of abductions by aliens and some probings and so on. It wouldn't surprise me if some fat housewife in Georgia didn't have a boyfriend, two or three farms over and she would sneak out at night for a mattress polka.

Boyfriend like to slap her around and watch the fat jiggle so when she gets back home, clothes torn and bruises all over her tits, she tells her hubby that some flying saucer grabbed her and they did awful things to her. All night. The police get involved and so

do the local papers. Some other woman, two towns over, used the same story for the same reason, now starts in saying it happened to her. She had what looked like cigarette burns on her tits but now everyone realized they were alien test marks. Still, where there's smoke, sometimes we find fire.

RTC: Well, all speculation, Gregory.

GD: But in the case of your man who vanished, Robert, did anything ever turn up?

RTC: No, never. But anything could have happened.

GD: I was doing research a few years ago on the German Zeppelins. You know, the *Graf Zeppelin* and the *Hindenburg*. That's because I was working on the *Hindenburg* disaster for the Mueller book. I came across some fascinating material about odd so-called Zeppelin sightings in America back in the late 1890s. Hundreds...no thousands...of people saw what they believed to be some kind of silvery craft in the sky. It's sort of interesting to note that these were mostly in the area in the Pacific northwest, near Mt. Shasta and south. Does that area ring a bell?

RTC: No, it doesn't.

GD: That's an area where pilots have seen what they all believed were some kind of high-speed, circular vehicles while flying in that region. I had a friend of mine in Canada who was training to be a commercial pilot and he saw three so-called bright objects on his port side, paralleling his flight pattern. They, all three of them, suddenly shot straight upwards so fast that no human could have survived the G thrust. I knew him well and I trust him absolutely. By the way, he never reported this sighting anywhere. Told me that if he had, even though he was in Vancouver, the U.S. Air Force intelligence people would have visited him and harassed him into admitting he saw seagulls or something like that. He told me that a number of his other pilot friends had seen similar things but never dared to report them. I believed him when he told me and I believe him now.

RTC: That doesn't surprise me. They have been sitting on such things here for years. I never heard of the mystery Zeppelins before. When was this?

GD: I would have to look at my notes, but if memory is good, and it usually is, I think the sightings started before Christmas in 1896 and ran through until...about six months I think...May or June of 1897. Almost all in the Northwestern area but some further east, into the mid-west. The papers reported it as fact although some thought it might be a hoax. Too many responsible people saw these things, Robert, to be a hoax.

RTC: These days, the sightings are all put down as hoaxes. What they do is to get some obvious nut who claims he saw something, interview him and get him to make wild and lunatic statements. That's usually enough. They keep away from professional pilots, doctors, policemen and so on. They home in on the nut fringe and play it up. That's what they are supposed to do.

GD: But to go back to the missing people. You know, I looked into this once and I found that hundreds of thousands of people have just vanished each year in this country alone. Yes, of course many are found, some are killed, some go crazy and get put in the nut houses and so on and many are guys running away from their families, bad marriages, child support payments and so on. But if you subtract these, there is still a huge number left. Like your co-worker. Just vanished. No reason and no trace. I mean you can look on the Internet at the official FBI reports and see what I say is true. I asked an FBI agent who dealt with missing persons and he told me that there was a fixed percentage of people who ran off or were taken away by family members in a divorce case or abducted by sex maniacs and probably killed. Fine. After that, they had no idea what happened to the rest. No idea. Tens of thousands of Americans vanishing off the face of this earth each and every year.

RTC: You did check this out?

GD: Yes, I did. I have cut it this way and looked it that way and try as I can, and I have a very skeptical mind, Robert, I could not explain this mass number of missing. Some hole open in the ground? Giant birds swooping down and flying off with them? They couldn't all be rotting under the Jersey Pine Barrens.

RTC: (Laughter)

GD: I'm serious now, Robert.

RTC: Oh, I'm sure you are and I've heard all about this before. When my man vanished, we did quite a bit of research and what you say is quite true. However, Gregory, I suggest that you look into other matters and stay strictly away from this one.

GD: Why is that?

RTC: You will be branded as a nut and your many enemies will gleefully get their hands on this and really lambaste you. Just deal with other matters. If you do something on Kennedy, believe me, all the night creatures will come up from under their wet logs and bite you on the ankles. Try to stay main line and you'll do much better.

GD: I see your point but do you see mine?

RTC: Which is?

GD: Which is that huge number of people in this country, and probably in others, have just vanished.

RTC: Off the face of the earth.

GD: Exactly.

RTC: Well, maybe they have, Gregory, maybe they have. You know, aside from drawing unwelcome attention from the rabid lunatic fringe, you will get the government excited if you really push this vanishing business. Why? Because it obviously can lead to the UFO business and that is strictly off limits. It's fine for the nuts to write weird books but if someone like you, who is a serious writer and an excellent researcher, starts in on this, they will come down on you very quickly. Just stay away from this and I assure you we will all be happy.

GD: I suppose you're right. But still...

RTC: Gregory, let it be. OK?

GD: Fine.

(Concluded at 10:56 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 35**

Date: Thursday, September 12, 1996

Commenced: 8:47 AM CST

Concluded: 9:15 AM CST

RTC: This time I called you, Gregory. I hope it's not inconvenient for you.

GD: No, I'm fine here. If you hear any odd noises, I am trying to adjust the volume on my phone set. I have a hearing problem in one ear. There, I think it's better now. What can I do for you, Robert?

RTC: I think I mentioned Jim Critchfield to you before.

GD: Ran the Gehlen Org up at Pullach. Yes, we talked about him. As I recall, you are not fond of him.

RTC: No, I am not but Jim doesn't know that. What I'm calling about, Gregory, is a plan I have to jerk Jim's chain. Do you think we could work together on this?

GD: I have no problem, Robert. What do you have in mind?

RTC: Well, Jim is a class A asshole as I may have mentioned. I introduced him to his wife which I now regret. Jim is a boor and I was not aware of it at the time. As you know, or perhaps you don't, he ran your friend Mueller when he worked for us. First he ran him in Switzerland where he was working for Swiss intelligence and then they brought Mueller over here because he was too important to leave in Europe. The Jews know he got away and they've been looking for him so we brought him over here. It's safer that way. You understand that we're officially bosom buddies with them, but actually they hate us because we do business with the Arabs for oil and they don't like that.

GD: But they don't have any oil.

RTC: Yes, I know. But to get back to Jim again. He knows about your Mueller books and he and his friends are very worried about what you do, or don't, know. You have not mentioned Jim's name yet so he is now on a fishing expedition to see just what you know and, more important, what proof you have Mueller worked for the Company.

GD: I have enough proof. New name, pictures of him and Truman, CIA ID cards and so on.

RTC: Fine, that's what I believe. Anyway, Jim has ordered your book and wants me to talk him up to you so you will talk to him. He thinks he is very slick and he can pick your brains. I never bothered to tell him that you are twice as smart as he is and are much more likely to pick his brains. And that's one of the things I want you to do. Jim wants to call you up and make nice with you. You know, praise you without actually committing himself. I suggested he write you a letter first to make introductions so you can expect this in a week or so. After that, he will want to talk to you. Of course he will have one of his friends on the other line and will, 100%, tape you so be very careful what you admit to him. He's got his reputation to defend here and also he's writing a book on Gehlen. Now you knew Gehlen...when was that again?

GD: 1951, in the summer.

RTC: Any proof of this?

GD: My memory, which is very good, plus two pictures. One is of Gehlen during the war as a general officer and one is a snapshot of both of us standing in front of his house on the lake.

RTC: I believe you, Gregory, but Jim might want proof. Of course he will be very diplomatic about this. Also, he is being told you were in military intelligence under another name. Just be deliberately vague if he wants names or a unit number. You know the usual sort of "That's still classified because of my work" crap. I'm sure you can pull this off.

GD: Thanks for your confidence, Robert. But I was only 17 at the time.

RTC: I doubt if he'll ask you for your birth date. Hint but do not be specific.

GD: Is he a little ex-cavalryman from the Dakotas?

RTC: The same. Did I tell you that?

GD: No, I met him at Gehlen's once and I never forget people.

RTC: I'm sure you don't. Now the way I want to nail him is for you to imply that you have absolute proof Mueller worked for Crichfield and was here in the States.

GD: That's not any kind of a problem. I should throw Willi Krichbaum in for some spice.

RTC: Willi...?

GD: Krichbaum. He was a Gestapo agent. A full colonel in the SS and Mueller's standing deputy. In charge of the southwestern border guards, which was under the control of the SS. Willi then ran the Secret Field Police for the Army and this was staffed mostly with Gestapo and SD men. When I met Willi there, he was down at Bad Reichenhall as Gehlen's chief recruiter. Mostly sought out and recruited SS and SD people for the Org.

RTC: And you knew him? Personally? Saw him? Talked with him there?

GD: Oh, yes, very well and if Critchfield asks me I can fill him in on all kinds of physical details. Don't worry about that.

RTC: That will scare the shit out of him for certain.

GD: Good. I'm better than a laxative. What is the end goal here, Robert?

RTC: To convince him that you know all about him and, like him, you too are writing another book. That'll keep his bowels open. But don't give away too much. If you mention papers, don't say you have them at home or he'll have someone break in and take them. He's already said so.

GD: Will he shoot me?

RTC: No, but he'd like to. They are very angry with you, Gregory, but they know nothing substantive about you. Wolfe has been filling them with spiteful crap but then they have no respect for him at all. When did Mueller die?

GD: '83. Buried in Oakland under his own name.

RTC: Don't tell Jim that or they'll dig him up or put down another stone. Sound authoritative but play your cards close to the vest. Something like, 'as we both know' sort of thing. Oh, and by the way, they have another Hebrew stool pigeon working on all of this. Name of Naftali. <sup>27</sup>Works at Yale teaching potential Foggy Bottom boys about security, and so on. He's a friend of Wolfe and be very careful of him if he calls you. He'd put a knife into you as soon as fart.

GD: Thanks for the heads-up, Robert. I have heard nothing from him yet but when I do, it's up hill and down dale with the BS express.

RTC: Good.

GD: It's too bad Mueller is dead. He would genuinely have enjoyed this idiotic crap. We did have some lovely conversations about life and all the insects in it. But given his background, he was a very decent sort of person all in all.

RTC: Yes, that was my impression, too. Correct and very sharp.

GD: And decent. It's your dime. I can tell you a story about him and what he thought about a few personal things.

RTC: Go on.

GD: One time he asked me why I had such a cynical view of life. Was there a defining moment for me? There was, of course, there always is. I told him about the time when I was in high school and there had been a rash of locker thefts. Money, portable radios, sports equipment and so on were looted. Suddenly, the police called me into the front office and questioned me about this. Then they searched me physically and went into my own locker. I objected to being searched but they informed me I was not an adult and they could do what they liked. Most policemen are very stupid and it does not pay to discuss the law with them. Anyway, they found nothing at all. Then they went to my home and of course my mother welcomed them in and let them tear my room up. They didn't find anything there, either. But I was blamed for this by everyone. Kids demanded I return their dad's radio or their money and so on, the teachers made snide remarks about me in front of the classes and my family said that I must have done *something* wrong or the precious police would never have come by. I can assure you that I had nothing to do with any of this. I had a Russian friend at school and he was known to be very handy with his fists so I never got smacked around but I can guarantee that it was not a pleasant time. So, one day, a janitor came out of a supply closet and saw someone looting a locker. He grabbed him and dragged him to the office. The police came, searched him and his locker and found concrete evidence that he, not I, was the thief. He confessed and the loot was returned except for the cash which his rich parents gave back. He was from a good family, as they say, so instead of juvenile detention center, he was allowed to go to a private school to learn how to become a valued member of society without being caught. When I told this story to Mueller, he

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<sup>27</sup> Timothy Naftali is the director of the Richard Nixon Presidential Library and Museum, a part of the National Archives and Records Administration. Sponsored by, and working closely with, the CIA on historical issues of interest to them, Naftali also writes on holocaust matters and once taught security issues at Yale for the CIA. Along with Robert Wolfe and Richard Breitman, Naftali wrote a paper at the request of the CIA which attempted to bolster the frantic CIA claim that Gestapo Chief Heinrich Müller died in Berlin in 1945 and could never have worked for that agency after the war. The joint project is hardly convincing and considering its paucity of fact or reason, ought to have guaranteed its three authors with gift-wrapped paychecks. Of such is the Kingdom, if not Heaven, then the CIA.

looked at me and asked me to finish the story. I told him I had. He said I had not. What did he mean by that? He asked me if I looked like the thief and I said I did not. Then he asked me if anyone had apologized to me for my harassment and I said no, that no one had ever apologized to me. He said that surely my own family had said something and I said that they had not. And no one at the school ever talked to me again and I am positive that most of them still believe I stole thousands of dollars from their lockers. And then Mueller said that this was, in his opinion, disgusting and said, and I have not forgotten this, that he would apologize to me for those who did not. I told him not to say this because he would never have done this and not to apologize. I thought it was a very decent thing for him to say and I never forgot it.

RTC: Now that's a terrible experience, Gregory. People are such royal shits, aren't they?

GD: That's a very perceptive and very true observation, Robert.

RTC: It must be frustrating to realize that there's nothing you could have done about it.

GD: Oh, I did do something about it, Robert, I did indeed.

RTC: Care to tell me about it?

RTC: Vicarious pleasure for you, Robert? Very well, I'll tell you but I warn you, you might not have any respect for me afterwards. Shall I go on?

RTC: You know my former business, Gregory. I would not condemn you. Given your talents, I would really like to know how you got even.

GD: Very well. Consider yourself warned. I had a friend who was, to be kind, very strange. The so-called normal people didn't like me. Anyway, I should preface this by saying that at that high school, the students all had to eat lunch in their cafeteria. If your family wrote a note, you could go home for lunch and I had such a letter. One day, about two months after this locker business, my friend and I went downstairs into the cafeteria to see if we could find any cookies. It was later in the afternoon and there was no one about. Nothing. All the cookies, cakes and so on were locked up. But I noticed a very large stock pot slowly bubbling on the range. In one of the unlocked cupboards, I found three gallon jugs of commercial detergent. The label said the contents were odorless and tasteless and designed for use in restaurants to avoid alien tastes getting into prepared foods. I could see at once what to do so without further ado, as they say, I dumped all three gallons into the soup stock pot....

RTC: My God, Gregory!

GD: Well, I told you. Ah, but the best part was the next day. It was a Friday and after I came back to the school when I finished my delicious, nourishing lunch at home, my first afternoon period was a study hall. I and my girlfriend signed in and then took off. I figured that by that time, the student body was primed and ready to go. Of course I didn't tell her, to spare her feelings. We were standing by my locker, right by an exit door, when about one twenty, someone ran down the hall and into the only lavatories in the school, right down the hall. This was followed by a few more and then by many more. There was a stampede of sorts. Of course the bathrooms were small and couldn't handle the traffic. Panic and humiliation, Robert. Accidents in the hall, in doorways, outside the door behind me on the steps. I recall the hero quarterback of our beloved football team, a prime asshole, running frantically down the hall, slipping on a pile of crap and crashing down onto his back. And from his expression, it was obvious that his reason for visiting the jammed john was gone. He got up and walked, bowlegged, for the back door. Humiliation. He should have tied his shoelaces around his ankles to save the floor but at that point, the floor was past saving. It smelt like a cross between a public lavatory in France in July and a cow barn.

RTC: (Laughter)

GD: And I recall my French girl friend pointing to a girl and screaming with laughter. She was pointing at Geneva, a tennis champion on the school tennis team. Geneva was a prime bitch and my girl friend hated her. Poor, vain Geneva. She was wearing a nice white pleated wool tennis skirt and was weeping with shame because she had had a



very obvious accident. It looked, Robert, exactly as if she had sat down on a pumpkin pie.

RTC: (Laughter)

GD: All in all it looked like a painting by Bosch, some ancient view of Hell. Shouts, thundering feet, flatulence, cries of dismay and other really delightful background noises. We finally exited by the door and had to step carefully to avoid the messes on the steps and I distinctly recall legions of the afflicted voiding their watery bowels all over the lawns and into the parking lot. And it was even worse on Monday. You see, they had no idea I had salted the soup so there was another episode on Monday. This time, there was a good deal of profitable work for the local proctologists, not to mention the sudden surge in business for the dry cleaners.

RTC: You are quite mad, Gregory. But remarkable. Was your honor satisfied?

GD: I think so. I haven't laughed so hard since my evil aunt fell into the septic tank. Mueller didn't have to apologize after all.

RTC: Did you ever tell him about this? He seemed like such a very serious person.

GD: He laughed even louder than you did a few minutes ago, Robert. I will have no trouble dealing with your Critchfield, Robert, don't worry about that.

RTC: Remind me to never eat lunch at your house, Gregory.

GD: Well, everything came out in the end, Robert.

RTC: (Laughter)

GD: Are you disgusted with me?

RTC: No, entertained.

GD: The custodians were not amused. One of them told me the lavatories were a real horror show and it took a week to clean everything up. They had to scrape the walls. But my honor was avenged and that's all that mattered. Of course I could have put something else into the soup pot but I'm not that sort of person.

(Concluded at 9:15 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 36**

Date: Sunday, September 15, 1996

Commenced: 11:15 AM CST

Concluded: 11: 37 AM CST

RTC: Ah, good morning, Gregory. Been to church early today?

GD: No, haven't been to church for some time. Yourself? I mean someone who lives on Cathedral Avenue ought to have some nearby inspiration.

RTC: No, I get out very seldom these days what with my hip problem and I do have a balance issue. Asthma makes me short of breath sometimes. Never mind that. Anyway, I was looking for some papers on the Vietnam business....for addition to my book on that sorry time...and I found an analysis of the flying saucer business we talked about. I pulled it out for you. On the Vietnam business, I've finished the manuscript long ago but I keep thinking that I ought to put more documentation with it. Stupid dreams because I can never publish it. Had to sign that paper, you know. Bill has looked at it and thinks it would become a best seller but I am not going to give it to him in spite of what he thinks. Trento would love to lay his hands on it. He wouldn't publish it, of course, but would run to Langley for that pat on the head and another nice pen set. Joe does love to collect pen sets and get those loving pats on the head.

GD: Could I look at it, Robert?

RTC: Ah....I might consider it but you couldn't use any of it while I am still kicking. But anyway, this Roswell business...and oh yes, one in Montana about three years later...now the Company had nothing to do with any of this but we did get a copy of an official and very secret report, not because we cared about a spaceship wreck or little green men but because of the methodology used in containing and negating the story.

Too many people knew about this so the cover-up had to be through and intense. It was a sort of primer for us. We improved on it, of course, but it was an excellent foundation for other matters.

GD: Such as?

RTC: Now, now, Gregory, one thing at a time. Yes, an excellent primer.

GD: I used to live in Las Cruces which is close by that area and from talking with people down there, it is almost universally believed. I believe a space ship crashed there and the Air Force was involved. The locals are still afraid of the threats they got back in '47-'48 so I feel that where there is smoke, there must once have been fire.

RTC: What is your understanding of the incident?

GD: There was a big thunderstorm then and much lightening and one of the farmers or ranchers found debris all over his landscape. The Air Force people descended on the place and in essence shut everyone up. I was told repeatedly that bodies of aliens were found. Is that in your paper? Make a wonderful story.

RTC: Yes, as I recall, about four dead ones and one living.

GD: Little green men?

RTC: As I read it, not green but a sort of grayish green or gray. About four feet in height with no body hair, fewer fingers than ours and large eyes. I mean no question because there are original photographs attached. And the dead ones started rotting right away and the stink was monumental. There were complete autopsies, of course, but not in situ. Flew them out, iced up, for work at Wright.

GD: And the live one?

RTC: Died a little later. They were not of this world, Gregory but it was, and is, amazing how they at least resembled humans.

GD: That alone would drive the religious freaks nuts. Human forms from outer space?

RTC: Yes and that's why in the movies you see giant crabs or whatever. Can't look like us.

GD: Such closed minds. Darwin was basically right and someday, they will discover the so-called missing link that proves him right. Would that get suppressed, do you think?

RTC: Depends who is in power in the White House at the time. But let me send the report off to you to evaluate. I personally don't see this as tabloid news about green men but how the story was contained and essentially countered. The one in Montana was much safer because this one crashed into a mountain, way up, with no busybody farmers and local hicks around to pick up dangerous souvenirs

GD: What was the determination there?

RTC: Essentially the same as Roswell. Unworldly metals and other debris, crisped remains of small people...I guess four feet was general...and so on. Again, lightening storms in the area. These things can be detected by a certain form of radar but not by most so there was a fix and that's how the wreckage was found. The metal in both sites was odd enough. Very light but impossible to bend or even cut into. Equipment containers that were impossible to open or even open. That drove them all crazy because if we could construct aircraft, or even tanks, from such a metal, the advantages would be obvious. No shell could penetrate and the light weight would be a huge advantage in combat. As I understand it, no one could ever figure the composition out. But again, the methodology...the mixture of threats of death and the cover stories are what this report was mostly about. Of course the press does just as it's told as do the local police and so on. And no one in the Air Force is going to talk or they'll end up taking a long walk on a very short pier. Time goes by and everyone but a few forget and that's the end of it.

GD: Did they have any idea where these things came from?

RTC: No, they never did and therein lies another factor. Truman ordered silence, or rather approved the order on it because no one wanted a panic. The Cold War was just starting and they were afraid of the Orson Wells business all over. No, there could be no mass panic. My God, every attention-starved nitwit in the country would chime in with fictional stories about landings in their yard and so on. That no one wanted so rather

than stifle any talk about genuine sightings, they rigged thousands of fakes ones until the public thought it was all too funny for words and went back watching baseball games on the idiot box. We took this and refined it. I wrote some suggestions on this and I will attach them for you. Sometimes we can't cover up some nasty action so the best way to hide it is to magnify it so much and pass it to so many gabbling idiots that the public is quickly bored. I recall the business of people vanishing and that is true so the story goes out about flying saucers landing in cow pastures and kidnapping cows or fake stories about this or that child vanishing, and then his turning up later in a local candy store. A few dozen like this every year gets the public accustomed to disbelieving abduction stories. Or we could throw in a child molester from time to time just to spice up the pot. Hell, we, and the Pentagon, among others, have full-time departments handling fake stories. We leak them to the supermarket press.

GD: Or one of Rupert Murdoch's tabloid rags...

RTC: Yes, Rupert can be so accommodating. He keeps the trailer park crowd in a state of perpetual excitement. Bread and circuses. Always the same.

GD: Do you know how many actual incidents got investigated?

RTC: I know of the two specifically. The one in New Mexico in '47 and then the Montana one about two years later. I am sure there are more. The Russians had their own problems but they have much better control over the media that we do. They had less running around and creative writing issues.

GD: Nothing hostile?

RTC: Not that I ever heard about. I think just recon trips. That's the educated guessing. Roswell was near some of our more sensitive A-bomb areas but I can't figure out Montana.

GD: Maybe they were looking to kidnap some mountain goats for sexual escapades.

RTC: As I recall, they had no sex organs. I think goats would be out.

GD: No organs? How could they reproduce the species?

RTC: I don't think the Pentagon was interested in that question. Maybe they just came out of a big machine somewhere, did their routines and died. I understand that they rotten very quickly and the stink when they did made it really impossible to do effective autopsies.

GD: I had that problem with floaters. Or abdominal cancer. God, what stench from both. I used to wear a mask soaked in bay rum but I have seen techs puke on the spot. You just have to blot it out. A little like waking up after a drunken party and finding yourself in the sack with a really ugly woman. Never happened to me but did to a friend. A quiet departure. And a quick one too. And the forlorn cries of 'Oh Honey, where are you going?' echoing behind him. 'Why outside to puke, my lovely one' might be an appropriate answer. Later, send her flowers you filched out of a cemetery and a zucchini in remembrance of things past. I don't think Marcel would like that. I think he liked sailors.

RTC: Who?

GD: Marcel Proust. Wrote a book called that. Well, at this point either the visitations have stopped or the little gray men with no dicks have all gone into Congress. Except those thieves stink before they are dead. Well, send it all on and I promise to read it with interest....

RTC: Yes, and keep quiet indeed.

GD: A given.

(Conclusion at 11:37:AM CST)

**Comment: Flying Saucers of the Third Reich**



The 'Bellenzo-Schriever-Miethe Disc'.

The retractable undercarriage legs terminated in inflatable rubber cushions. The craft was designed to carry a crew of three. The "Schriever-Habermohl" flying disc developed between 1943 and 1945 consisted of a stable dome-shaped cabin surrounded by a flat, rotating rim. Toward the end of the war, all the models and prototypes were reported destroyed before they could be found by the Soviets. According to postwar U.S. intelligence reports, however, the Russian army succeeded in capturing one prototype. After the war, both Schriever and Miethe, another German scientist involved in the design of flying disks, came to work for the US under 'Operation Paperclip.'. Habermohl was reported, by U.S. Army Military Intelligence, as having been taken to the Soviet Union.

The first non-official report on the development of this craft is to be found in *Die Deutschen Waffen und Geheimwaffen des 2 Weltkriegs und ihre Weiterentwicklung* (Germany's Weapons and Secret Weapons of the Second World War and their Later Development), J.F. Lehmanns Verlag, Munich, 1956, pps 81-83. The author of this detailed and technical work on German wartime weaponry was Major d.R. Rudolf Lusar, an engineer who worked in the German Reichs-Patent Office and had access to many original plans and documents. Lusar devoted a section of the chapter entitled "Special Devices," to Third Reich saucer designs.

Among other things, Lusar declared: "German scientists and researchers took the first steps toward such flying saucers during the last war, and even built and tested such flying devices, which border on the fantastic. According to information confirmed by experts and collaborators, the first projects involving "flying discs" began in 1941. The blueprints for these projects were furnished by German experts Schriever, Habermohl, Miethe, and the Italian expert Bellonzo.

"Habermohl and Schriever chose a flat hoop which spun around a fixed pilot's cabin in the shape of a dome. It consisted of steerable disc wings which enabled, according to the direction of their placement, in horizontal takeoff or flight. Miethe developed a kind of disk 42 meters in diameter, to which steerable nozzles had been attached. Schriever and Habermohl, who had worked together in Prague, took off on 14 February 1945 in the first "flying disc." They attained a height of 12,400 meters in three

minutes and a horizontal flight speed of 2000 KMH. It had been expected to reach speeds of up to 4000 KMH.

"Massive initial tests and research work were involved prior to undertaking the manufacture of the project. Due to the high rate of speed and the extraordinary heat demands, it was necessary to find particular materials in order to resist the effects of the high temperatures. Project development, which had run into the millions, was practically concluded by the final days of the war. All existing models were destroyed at the end of the conflict, but the factory at Breslau in which Miethe had worked fell into the hands of the Soviets, who seized all the material and technical personnel and shipped them to Siberia, where successful work on "flying saucers" was conducted.

"Schriever was able to leave Prague on time, but Habermohl must be in the Soviet Union, since nothing more is known concerning his whereabouts. The aged German builder, Miethe, is in the United States developing, it is said, "flying saucers" for the A.V. Roe Company in the U.S.A. and in Canada..."

### The Schriever-Habermohl Project

The project is usually referred to as the Schriever-Habermohl project although it is by no means clear that these were the individuals in charge of the project. Rudolf Schriever was an engineer and test pilot. Less is known about Otto Habermohl but certainly he was an engineer. This project was centered in Prag, at the Prag-Gbell airport. Actual construction work began somewhere between 1941 and 1943. This was originally a Luftwaffe project which received technical assistance from the Skoda Works at Prag and at a Skoda division at Letov and perhaps elsewhere. Other firms participating in the project according to Epp were the Junkers firm at Oscheben and Bamberg, the Wilhelm Gustloff firm at Weimar and the Kieler Leichtbau at Neubrandenburg. This project started as a project of the Luftwaffe, sponsored by head of the Luftwaffe's Technical Section, *Generaloberst* Ernst Udet. It later came under the control of Albert Speer's Armament Ministry at which time it was administered by engineer Georg Klein. Finally, probably sometime in 1944, this project came under the control of the SS, specifically under the direct control of SS-Gruppenführer (General) Hans Kammler.

Georg Klein stated after the war to American intelligence investigators that he saw this device fly on February 14, 1945. This may have been the first official flight, but it was not the first flight made by this device. According to one witness, a saucer flight occurred as early as August or September of 1943 at the Prag-Gbell facility. The eyewitness was in flight-training at the Prag-Gbell facility when he saw a short test flight of such a device. He states that the saucer was 5 to 6 meters in diameter (about 15 to 18 feet in diameter) and about as tall as a man, with an outer border of 30-40 centimeters. It was "aluminum" in color and rested on four thin, long legs. The flight distance observed was about 300 meters at low level of one meter in altitude.

Joseph Andreas Epp, an engineer who served as a consultant to both the Schriever-Habermohl and the Miethe-Belluzzo projects, states that fifteen prototypes were built in all. The final device associated with Schriever-Habermohl is described by engineer Rudolf Lusar who worked in the German Patent Office, as a central cockpit surrounded by rotating adjustable wing-vanes forming a circle. The vanes were held together by a band at the outer edge of the wheel-like device. The pitch of the vanes could be adjusted so that during take off more lift was generated by increasing their angle from a more horizontal setting. In level flight the angle would be adjusted to a smaller angle. This is similar to the way helicopter rotors operate. The wing-vanes were to be set in rotation by small rockets placed around the rim like a pinwheel. Once

rotational speed was sufficient, liftoff was achieved. After the craft had risen to some height, the horizontal jets or rockets were ignited and the small rockets shut off. After this, the wing-blades would be allowed to rotate freely as the saucer moved forward as in an auto-gyrocopter. In all probability, the wing-blades' speed, and so their lifting value, could also be increased by directing the adjustable horizontal jets slightly upwards to engage the blades, thus spinning them faster at the discretion of the pilot.

Rapid horizontal flight was possible with these jet or rocket engines. Probable candidates were the Junkers Jumo 004 jet engines such as were used on the famous German jet fighter, the Messerschmitt 262. A possible substitute would have been the somewhat less powerful BMW 003 engines. The rocket engine would have been the Walter HWK109 which powered the Messerschmitt 163 rocket interceptor. If these had been plentiful, the Junkers Jumo 004 probably would have been the first choice. Epp reports Jumo 211/b engines were used. Klaas reports the Argus pulse jet (Schmidt-duct), used on the V-1, was also considered. All of these types of engines were difficult to obtain at the time because they were needed for high priority fighters and bombers, the V-1 and the rocket interceptor aircraft.

Joseph Andreas Epp reports in his book *Die Realitaet der Flugscheiben* (The Reality of the Flying Discs) that an official test flight occurred in February of 1945. Epp managed to take two still pictures of the saucer in flight which appear in his book. There is some confusion about the date of these pictures. Epp states the official flight had been February 14, 1945 but an earlier lift-off had taken place in August of 1944. Very high performance flight characteristics are attributed to this design. Georg Klein says it climbed to 12,400 meters (over 37,000 feet) in three minutes and attaining a speed around that of the sound barrier. Epp says that it achieved a speed of Mach 1 (about 1200 kilometers per hour or about 750 miles per hour). From his discussion, it appears that Epp is describing the unofficial lift-off in August, 1944 at this point. He goes on to say that on the next night, the sound barrier was broken in manned flight but that the pilot was frightened by the vibrations encountered at that time. On the official test flight, Epp reports a top speed of 2200 kilometers per hour. Lusar reports a top speed of 2000 kilometers per hour. Many other writers cite the same or similar top speed.

There is no doubt of two facts. The first is that these are supersonic speeds which are being discussed.

Second, it is a manned flight which is under discussion.

Some new information has come to light regarding the propulsion system which supports the original assessment. Although actual construction had not started, wind-tunnel and design studies confirmed the feasibility of building a research aircraft which was designated Projekt 8-346. This aircraft was not a saucer but a modern looking swept-back wing design. According to this post-war Allied intelligence report, the Germans designed the 8-346 to fly the range of 2000 kilometers per hour to Mach 2. Interestingly enough, it was to use two Walther HWK109 rocket engines. This is one of the engine configurations under consideration for the Schriever-Habermohl saucer project.

Schriever continued to work on the project until April 15, 1945. About this time Prag was threatened by the advancing Soviet Army. The saucer prototype(s) at Prag-Gbell were pushed out onto the runway and burnt. Habermohl disappeared and is presumed to have ended up in the hands of the Soviets. Schriever, according to his own statements, packed the saucer plans in the trunk of his BMW and with his family drove into the relative security of Bavaria. After cessation of hostilities Schriever worked

his way north to his parents house in Bremerhaven-Lehe. He later worked for the U.S. Army.

Therefore, the history of the Schriever-Habermohl project in Prag can be summarized in a nutshell as follows: Epp's statement is that it was his design and model which formed the basis for this project. This model was given to General Ernst Udet which was then later forwarded to General Dr. Walter Dornberger at Peenemünde. Dr. Dornberger tested and recommended the design which was confirmed by Dornberger to Epp after the war A facility was set up in Prag for further development and the Schriever- Habermohl team was assigned to work on it there. At first this project was under the auspices of Hermann Göring and the Luftwaffe. Sometime later, the Speer Ministry took over the running of this project with chief engineer Georg Klein in charge. Finally, the project was usurped by the SS in 1944, along with other saucer projects, and fell under the control of Kammler. Schriever altered the length of the wing-vanes from their original design. This alteration caused the instability. Schriever was still trying to work out this problem in his version of the saucer as the Russians overran Prag. Habermohl, according to Epp, went back to his original specifications, with two or three successful flights for his version.

Viktor Schauberger [1885-1958], an Austrian inventor who was closely involved with Hitler's Third Reich, worked on the advancement of a number of flying disc-shaped craft for the Nazis between 1938 and 1945. Based on "liquid vortex propulsion" many of them, according to records, actually flew. One "flying saucer" [fliegende untertassen] reputedly destroyed at Leonstein, had a diameter of 1.5 meters, weighed 135 kilos, and was started by an electric motor of one twentieth horsepower. The vehicle was equipped with a turbine engine to supply the energy required for liftoff.

According to Schauberger, "If water or air is rotated into a twisting form of oscillation known as 'colloidal', a build up of energy results which, with immense power, can cause levitation." On one attempt one such apparatus "rose upwards, trailing a blue-green, and then a silver-colored glow."

The Russians blew up Schauberger's apartment in Leonstein, after taking what remained following an earlier visit by the Americans. Schauberger supposedly was later involved in working on a top secret project in Texas for the U.S. Government and died shortly afterwards of ill health.

In a letter written by Schauberger to a friend it states that he once worked at Matthausen concentration camp directing technically oriented prisoners and other German scientists in the successful construction of a saucer. In this letter written by Schauberger, he gives further information from his direct experience with the German military :

"The 'flying saucer' which was flight-tested on the 19th February 1945 near Prague and which attained a height of 15,000 metres in 3 minutes and a horizontal speed of 2,200 km/hour, was constructed according to a Model 1 built at Mauthausen concentration camp in collaboration with the first-class engineers and stress-analysts assigned to me from the prisoners there.

It was only after the end of the war that I came to hear, through one of the workers under my direction, a Czech, that further intensive development was in progress: however, there was no answer to my enquiry.

From what I understand, just before the end of the war, the machine is supposed to have been destroyed on Keitel's orders. That's the last I heard of it.

In this affair, several armament specialists were also involved who appeared at the works in Prague, shortly before my return to Vienna, and asked that I demonstrate the fundamental basis of it:

The creation of an atomic low-pressure zone, which develops in seconds when either air or water is caused to radially and axially under conditions of a falling temperature gradient."

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### **Conversation No. 37**

Date: Tuesday, September 17, 1996

Commenced: 11:35 AM CST

Concluded: 11:55 AM CST

GD: Good afternoon to you, Robert.

RTC: The same, Gregory. How is your son?

GD: Hiding out from his last girlfriend. Apparently, he was careless and now she's in a family way, as they used to say. This is a constantly recurring theme here.

RTC: Children are either a great pleasure or a great trial.

GD: Yes, I know. My oldest son is the former and my younger one is the latter.

Knocked-up brainless females whimpering on the front porch while he hides in the loo or bill collectors sending death threats. I pay his for his car payment, he spends it and then wants more.

RTC: It's none of my business, Gregory, but do you give it to him?

GD: Usually.

RTC: And the women?

GD: Well, I don't give it to them. He's already beaten me to it. He prefers them to be single mothers, desperate, rather ugly and always very stupid. One was deaf, one had



an idiot child and another one used drugs. He wouldn't dare bring them home so I know nothing about the latest one until she turns up on the porch, whining. I do feel sorry for them but I refuse to pay for abortions because I am opposed to abortions. They weep and he whines. I told him that we needed to fix him to stop this but nothing will stop the lies, stories, and spending of my money. He makes plenty of money of his own but always seems to run out of it. The oldest one runs a huge computer service in Germany and always wants to send me money instead of the other way around. Three lovely grandchildren. I would hate to see what the youngest one would produce. Swift would have been in transports of delight and the Yahoos would have been replaced.

RTC: How ever do you deal with pregnant and abandoned girl friends?

GD: With patience, Robert, with patience. I convince them that they would not have been happy with them. I imply he is gay or that he really liked to boff sheep. Things like that. I convince them that they could do better trolling a homeless shelter. I do not let them in the house, ever. Fortunately, all of them are well over twenty-one so I don't have to worry about a visit from the police and DNA tests. He seems to like single mothers pushing thirty and very desperate. Oh, yes, and he loves to take them to look at houses and visit furniture stores. Builds up the hopes and then into the sack, unprotected and eager. He hates children and they tell me how much little this or that just loves him. Cruel to both of them. When my father died, we found a thick stack of high-quality credit cards hidden in his shaving kit. My God, nearly a hundred thousands of dollars on them. His wife was in a nursing home and before that, was very rich. He died before he could get to them but I wasn't so unfortunate. My God, he went crazy. Of course I had to sign them but off we went to Hawaii, Mexico, the Caribbean and everywhere but Canada. They would arrest me over that counterfeiting business if they caught me in Canada. And clothes. Jesus, he has enough in his closets to clothe the homeless of three states.

RTC: And yourself? Not that I mean to pry....

GD: No, I am aware. I have a huge library, a great collection of classical music and some nice china, silver and other things. He goes for what he can eat, drink or screw but I have other goals.

RTC: Ah, when we get old...

GD: No, it isn't that. I never was one for whoring around. Long after the memories of that messy night in the phone booth or the drunken dinner at some Mexican bistro, I have some Lully to come back to or perhaps return to Gibbons. Well, some day, he'll find someone more vicious and desperate than he is and legions of the gulled will have their revenge.

RTC: Any grandchildren by him?

GD: No, thank God. He always manages to find money for an abortion. You know, I do get rather tired of the tear jerkers on the porch but I really do feel sorry for them. Frankly, he was the last chance before gravity takes hold of their chubby bodies and the best they can do is to chase after the plumbers or the gardeners. I feel sorry for the children, Robert, I really do, but I dare not get too involved with his messes. I told him once that God would punish him but he only laughed, A good vasectomy can cure a lot of evils but maybe they should start at one ear and run around to the other. Ah well, his mother doesn't want him back but the dog likes him.

RTC: Why don't you marry him off to some vicious little Filipino bitch and she'll make his life hell. A friend of mine was in the Navy and made that error.

GD: The Pubic Bay Beauties? Oh yes. I used to live in San Francisco and saw some of them, purple eye shadow and green nail polish and all, right up close. As angry as I get with him, I don't think I would wish that fate on him. You know, one of those sluts winds up and you can hear her ten blocks away with the window closed. Wants to move all the family in with you and starts looking like a reject from Mustang Ranch. Well, if I'm lucky, he'll meet up with one with a well-muscled brother.

RTC: Is he gay?

GD: No, I meant a brother that would beat the crap out of him. Of course, he might like

that but then I'd have to pay to have his back stitched up. You can't win, Robert. We all have our crosses to bear but why is mine made of concrete? By the way, do you know what Jesus' companion at the crucifixion said to him?

RTC: No but perhaps you'll enlighten me.

GD: 'Hey, Jesus, I can see your house from up here!'

RTC: Not nice, Gregory, But entertaining. How's your girl friend?

GD: I sent you pictures, didn't I? Very well. My son hates her. She's makes his punchboards look like the south end of north bound horses and she's much smarter than he is. I intend to put her through college and then I suppose she'll find something better to do but hanging around me won't do her any good. Of course I told her about some of my little games and she howled with laughter. Someone in town saw us walking along and later told me that my daughter was a real looker. I said it was my granddaughter. Of course that's closer to the truth. If youth knew, Robert but if age could.

RTC: Very cruel.

GD: Yes, today I am cruel. I'll put some cayenne pepper in someone's eye drops and tell them its acid.

RTC: My God.

GD: Well, I had some jerk stealing my really good brandy so I emptied out a bottle of the best, filled it with Old Mr. Boston swill and a good dose of croton oil.

RTC: Pardon?

GD: Croton oil. The strongest laxative known to man. One drop will move a man for a week.

RTC: How much did you spike it with?

GD: A tablespoon.

RTC: You could have killed them.

GD: No, but they had to carry around one of those little round life rings for months. They had a prolapsed rectum and other problems but they never touched any of my brandy again. I told the police that I never drank and the mark used to hang around the playground down the street, eyeing the tender tinies. Enough of that. It was a lot better than rat poison.

RTC: Probably. I take it he did not pass on?

GD: No, he didn't. He walked with care for a long time, however Looked like Hopalong Cassidy after a very long ride.

(Concluded at 11:55 CST)

### **Conversation No. 38**

Date: Friday, September 27, 1996

Commenced: 11:05 AM CST

Concluded: 11:21 AM CST

RTC: Gregory, I see that the material you got from God knows where about the Clintons is causing real havoc here. Were you aware of that?

GD: One has hopes, Robert, hopes. What kind of havoc?

RTC: Well, it might be a well-kept secret but it turns out to be perfectly true. It's gotten all over the place. I had two people call me to give me disjointed reports. People can read a simple sentence and then mix it all up when they try to repeat it.

GD: I know. In the main, camels are smarter and they smell better. I hope the Clinton's like my little sendings. I did the same thing to Cranston<sup>28</sup> earlier on.

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<sup>28</sup> Alan MacGregor Cranston June 19, 1914 – December 31, 2000 was an American journalist and Democratic Senator from California. Cranston, a supporter of world government, attending the 1945 Dublin Declaration, and later became president of the World Federalist Association in 1948. He was

RTC: I recall you discussing this with me. You know, I have gotten so disillusioned with some of these people that I really ought to dig into things and send my more material. By the way, did you get the Angleton papers?

GD: Oh, I did but I didn't want to discuss them on the phone. My God, Angleton was tapping all the phones there, wasn't he?

RTC: Oh he did. Jim was convinced that everyone was spying on him and in the end, what with tapping the phones of the DCI, the President and God alone know how many bankers, stock brokers, poor Ollie North and so on he had so much data he got a bit out of his head.

GD: Such criminals they are. Thieving, lying, corrupt assholes, all of them. We trust these bank CEOs and heads of major companies, not to mention our top leadership, that I am certain if I released all of Angleton's material, there would be great trouble. We would see the heads of the Federal Reserve running for Rio before the storm of public opinion. The public, myself included, thinks the Fed is a government operation while it is not. Private operation all the way

RTC: Yes, and run by the Jews for the Jews. The famous Bank of New York is a Jewish operation who works with the Russian Mafia to launder money. The FBI knows all about this but Clinton says hands off.

GD: No doubt his wife is behind that. I think her background needs to be exposed.

RTC: And how could you do that? The press would never handle it so you would have to send out thousands of letters. That takes time and costs money. No one really cares here, at least in public. But, as I say, your little surprises have stirred up real comment. Of course, it will never go any further than the cocktail circuit.

GD: No, but in your city, that rules, doesn't it?

RTC: Oh, it does, it truly does. Given your particular talents, Gregory, I don't doubt that you could start a war if you got loose on the cocktail circuit. Inside the Beltway, everyone wants to be in the know so if they hear some malicious gossip, they will tell their friends that a certain top government official casually told them this. This place is a pressure cooker, filled with liars, babblers and deadbeats. When I say you could raise hell here, of course, I do not include you in any of the above categories.

GD: No, no offense. Are the Kimmel types still calling you about how evil I am?

RTC: I think once they discovered that I passed their names and telephone number on to you, it all stopped. Kimmel himself is horrified that I talk to you and he told Bill that he was afraid I might say or do something you could run with. If they only knew. I know Trento has made a deal with Langley that when I am dead and gone, he will get all my papers...and of course give them what they don't want out. Joe will be satisfied with some useless crumbe. But when he finds out all the important material is gone with the wind, I imagine he will get on the horn down there and there will be attempts to find out what you have. They know what you will do with it.

GD: What did General Sherman say? Publish and be damned? Something like that. I kept some of this material in footlockers in my bedroom until common sense dictated that I ought to find a safer place for it.

RTC: And what if someone breaks in? Unofficially, that is.

GD: Why I would kill them very dead, Robert. And after I took a sharp axe to their head, I would put a knife in their lifeless hands, call the police and tell them I caught a burglar who tried to kill me. I suppose his friends down the street would find it expedient to drive off. If I did that, I would frisk the stiff and remove any identification. Maybe that way he'd find himself a cheap wooden box out in potter's field.

RTC: Think of the family. Whatever happened to the breadwinner?

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reprimanded by the U.S. Senate Select Committee on Ethics for "improper conduct" on November 20, 1991 after he accepted \$1 million in campaign contributions from the Lincoln Savings head, Charles Keating. Keating had wanted federal regulators to stop "hounding" his savings and loan association. The committee deemed Cranston's misconduct the worst among the Keating Five.

GD: Well, they can comfort themselves with the thought that he is feeding the environment. Helping the worms feed and the grass grow. One time when I became aware that someone was getting into my place and drinking my really good brandy, I poured some old Mr. Boston swill into a good bottle and added some rat poison. Came back from a trip and found vomit and shit all over the entrance hall but no perp. Probably died outside.

RTC: Old Rough on Rats! Terrible, Gregory. I remember that. 'They Die Outside' was the motto.

GD: In this case, he probably did but I never heard a word.

RTC: One would think that he didn't get far.

GD: Agreed. Maybe his friends came and got him. Must have stunk up the car something terrible. Anyway, my brandy was safe. Croton oil is even better. They usually don't die but there is nothing like a prolapsed rectum to keep a man on his toes.

RTC: (Laughter) No, I suppose not.

GD: I remember once my idiot sister was dating a policeman and I did not like him in our house. Used to give me a hard time and ate up all the candy from the coffee table. I bought a box of Awful Fresh MacFarlane's soft mints, injected a mixture of croton oil and peppermint extract into all of them and left them in the dish. Bigger gobbled all of them down and then rushed to the back bathroom where it sounded like a drunken hippo thrashing around in a mud flat. After the ambulance came, I replaced the loaded mints with real ones and the next day when his friends came over, they found wonderful, fresh and harmless candy. Of course he never came over to the house again.

RTC: I would think that was wise of him.

GD: My idiot sister told me that he carried one of those tiny liferings around for months. I imagine his anus looked like the sun setting over some tropical island. Flaming red.

RTC: I hope your sister didn't eat any.

GD: No, that was safe. Booze, yes, but not candy. They probably figured he had dinner at a Chinese restaurant. Say, I just remembered a lovely joke I played on my favorite Chop Suey emporium. I got a friend of mine, dressed him up in a coverall and had him walk in the front door of a local Chinese eatery with a live cat in a cage. Through the dining room and right into the kitchen. Of course out the back door before the kitchen staff could grab the cat for the Sunday special. I am told a number of people left at once and never came back. The place closed down about a month later.

RTC: (Laughter) A man of creative action.

GD: Sometimes. If I couldn't laugh at the cesspit, I might go mad. Or I could go to the Jockey Club and stuff a wiggling cockroach into the Caesar salad. Well, back to reading the Bible to the cats, Robert.

(Concluded 11:21 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 39**

Date: Monday, September 30, 1996

Commenced: 12:23 PM CST

Concluded: 12:47 PM CST

RTC: Gregory?

GD: Yes, Robert. I am letting you know that I got a letter from Critchfield today.

RTC: Excellent! What did he say?

GD: If you know the score, a great deal and if you don't, it's still interesting. Shall I read it to you?

RTC: Not on the phone. Can you copy it and send it to me at home?

GD: He says that you spoke well of me and that you said I was a former intelligence employee, just as you said he would. He is very eager to get ahold of me to find out what I know about Mueller and who told me.

RTC: Oh, he's a very alarmed person, Gregory. They all are.

GD: He did mention that his ex-CIA friends were all in a tizzy. Some believed me and other said that none of it could be true.

RTC: That's typical, Gregory. We always had members who laughed at everything. You could tell them today was Monday and they would say, "Well, that remains to be seen." How did he leave it?

GD: He is most insistent that I call him at home.

RTC: But be careful of that, Gregory. He'll tape you. He wants to find out what you know about Mueller....have you mentioned Kronthal yet?

GD: I haven't responded to the letter, Robert, but when we talk, I will.

RTC: He'll ask you if Corson told you this. Say that he did not. Say that Mueller did. Also tell him that the Company terminated Kronthal because he was a faggot and was being blackmailed by the Russians. Got that?

GD: I do.

RTC: This might prove to be very interesting. Be sure you tape him. Do you have the equipment for that?

GD: I do indeed, Robert.

RTC: And be very accurate about Gehlen. No interesting stories.

GD: Robert, please give me some credit, won't you? I've been doing this sort of crap for years now and I haven't put my foot into it yet.

RTC: No, but I've never seen you in action.

GD: You will. I have had dealings with the CIA before. My God, what a bunch of idiots. They have two approaches, Robert and only two. They tell you that you're in very serious trouble but they can help you or they say they want to be my friend. As far as the latter is concerned, I'd much rather try to fuck a rabid bulldog than trust one of them. They couldn't talk a Mongoloid idiot out of a candy bar. Now, on the other hand, the Russians I know are far better. I've never had a bad word from any of them. I would say that the average Russian KGB person, but on a higher level, is far more intelligent and savvy than any CIA person I've ever met.

RTC: Ever been to Russia?

GD: Once. As a tourist, of course. I have a nice picture of myself sitting in their headquarters, reading a local paper under a picture of Lenin.

RTC: Are you serious?

GD: Certainly I am. I met one of their leaders when he and I were in Bern. He was a trade delegation person at their embassy of course. And they do know how to feed you. I got rather fond of smoked sturgeon and really good Beluga caviar, all washed down with a first class Crimean wine.

RTC: Who was your friend there?

GD: He's in the First Directorate but somehow I seem to have forgotten his name. He was on the idiot tube during the Gorbachev problem a few years ago.

RTC: Stocky? Sandy hair? Thinning?

GD: I believe so.

RTC: My God. If I gave you a name would...

GD: No, I would not. Besides, I'm not a spy, Robert. Don't forget, I'm an analyst, a scenario writer, not a spy. Besides the sturgeon, I enjoy dissecting a complex problem and arriving at a simple answer. It's not popular with most people, Robert, but it's almost always right.

RTC: Such vanity.

GD: I prefer to call it a realistic appraisal of facts, Robert.

RTC: Could I see the picture?

GD: I'll show it to you in person but I would prefer not to send it to you by mail. It might get lost.

RTC: Yes, these things do happen.

GD: I will certainly speak with Critchfield and I will tape the conversation for you. Do you want a copy of the tape?

RTC: No, just play it for me so I can hear what the shit has to say. I'd like you to get him to talk about the Nazis who worked for him. You know Jim liked the Nazis and hired a fair number of them. Grombach made out a list after the war so they could track some of the war crimes boys who might be in POW cages. They called it the Crowcrass List. Jim got his hands on it and used it to recruit from. I told him once this could come back to haunt him if the Jews ever found out about it but Jim just said the Jews were loud-mouthed assholes, his exact words, and Hitler missed the boat when he left any alive.

GD: Do you want me to get him to say that?

RTC: Now that's an interesting idea, Gregory. Would you?

GD: Why not? I really knew Gehlen, as I've said, in '51. He told me once that his famous report that the Russians were planning to attack western Europe in '48 was made up because the U.S. Army, who were paying him, wanted him to do this. He said he lied like a rug and that no German intelligence officer would ever believe a word of it. He said the Russians had torn up all the rail lines in their zone and they could no more move troops up to the border than crap sideways. He said that this was designed to scare the shit out of the politicians in Washington so the Army, which was being sharply reduced in size, would be able to rebuild. That meant more money from Congress and more Generals got to keep their jobs. He said it worked like a charm and even Truman was terrified. I assume that's the real beginning of the Cold War, isn't it?

RTC: That's a very good and accurate assessment. Jim told me that Gehlen was a pompous ass whom Hitler had sacked for being a champion bullshit artist but he was very useful to our side in frightening everyone with the Russian boogeyman. It's all business, isn't it?

GD: Marx said that. The basis of all wars is economic.

RTC: Absolutely, Gregory, absolutely. But talk about the Nazi SS men he hired, if you can. My God, they say it was like a party rally up at Pullach. If we can get him to admit that he, and others, knew what they were hiring, I'll have him over the proverbial barrel and then I can have some leverage over him. Why, you don't need to know.

GD: I don't care, Robert. From his letter, I would agree he is a gasbag with a bloated opinion of himself. He should never have written that letter because I can see right through it. He's afraid I know too much and if I knew Mueller, he's even more frightened Mueller might have said things about him. You know, Robert, if you dance to the tune, you have to pay the piper eventually.

RTC: Do keep the letter and try to get him to put more down on paper.

GD: I will try but I don't think he's that stupid. We'll try the tape and see what I can pry out of him. Mueller got me a list of names working for Gehlen and some background on them. I agree that they hired some people who are going to haunt them if it ever gets out.

RTC: Well, you have a problem there. Your publisher is not big enough to reach too many people and a bigger one would be told right off not to talk to you. I also might suggest several things to you. If anyone tries to come to visit you, and they want to bring a friend, don't go for it.

GD: Are they planning to shoot me?

RTC: No. The so-called friend would be a government expert. They would examine any documents you had and if there was the slightest hint that you were sitting on something you had no business having, they would go straight into federal court, testify that these papers were highly sensitive and classified and get a friendly judge to issue a replevin order. That means they would send the FBI crashing into your house and grab everything sight. If you had a Rolex it would vanish along with any loose cash and, naturally, all the papers. And one other thing, if you get a very nice offer from some publisher you never heard of, just begging you to let them publish, be warned that they would take the manuscript, send it to Langley and if Langley thought it was dangerous, give you a contract to publish it along with a token payment. Of course they would never publish it but since they paid you and had a contract to publish, you could never

find another publisher. They'd get a court order in record time, blocking it. Just some advice.

GD: Thank you. But I never let these morons into my house. Oh, and I have had such invites but once you talk to these jokers, you can see in a few minutes that they know nothing about Mueller, the Gestapo or anything else. They read a book and think they are an expert but most post war books are bullshit written by the far left or by Jews and are completely worthless from a factual point of view. No, it takes me only a few minutes to figure them out and then, suddenly, my dog is tearing the throats out of the Seventh Day Adventists on the front porch and I have to ring off. I don't know why these Mongoloids don't find someone with an IQ larger than their neck size. That is a chronic disappointment. There's no challenge there, Robert. It's a little like reading Kant to a Mongoloid. Such a waste of my time and so unrewarding when you find they pissed on the rug.

RTC: That should do it for now, Gregory. Keep me posted.

GD: I'm going out of town for a few days but will get back with you next week.

(Concluded at 12:47 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 40**

Date: Friday, October 4, 1996

Commenced: 9:01 AM CST

Concluded: 9:51 AM CST

RTC: Hello, Gregory. I wanted to give you a call because I have just had a long talk with Jim Critchfield. He says he managed to reach you this week and had a discussion with you. Whatever did you say to him? Jim's howling mad over this. I hope you didn't go too far.

GD: No, not at all, Robert. He went on a fishing expedition with me and I tried to answer all his questions. That's absolutely all. I was not rude or threatening to him at all. What did he say?

RTC: He said that you are a very dangerous person and he is going to stop your filthy lies about him and the Company. He thinks you are a renegade intelligence officer who can be legally stopped because of confidentiality agreements he is sure you must have signed at some point.

GD: Well, Robert, I think that comes of your telling him I was an intelligence officer.

RTC: Well, Gregory, I admit that I could have hinted at it when he was asking about you, but I was never specific. Never specific. Did he tell you I was?

GD: No, he took your hook, bait and all.

RTC: Jim said he knew absolutely that you were, or had been, an agent of influence because no one from the outside could possibly have your inside knowledge.

GD: Well, he's wrong. He tried to threaten me with this so-called agreement and told me I was way out of line. That's after I stuck the knife into him. I figured I'd do this because he was trying to find out what I knew about his operations or who might have told me. He never admitted knowing Mueller and kept trying to pass Krichbaum off as an army officer, not an SS man. I filled him in on Willi's background and he certainly wasn't happy.

RTC: I would imagine not. That whole Gehlen organization was stuffed with Nazis, most of whom were on the automatic arrest lists. He knew this and now he knows you know it. If this ever gets out, I mean really out, it will ruin his career and do damage to the German BND.

GD: Well, that's a given. He says he's writing a book about himself and Gehlen and now, he's worried I'll shit in his soup.

RTC: And he mentioned this Atwood several times. I know something about him and he claims you have made false accusations about some explosives deal.

GD: I got that from Atwood while he was drinking. It had to do with the two of them plotting to sell ex-Soviet atomic artillery shells to a Pakistani terrorist organization.

RTC: Jesus. Is that true?

GD: I don't make these things up, Robert.

RTC: I'm not saying you do, Gregory, but could this Atwood have been indulging in fantasy?

GD: No. From Critchfield's verbal reaction, some or all of it must be true.

RTC: You didn't tape him, did you? He said you were visiting with some former Army intelligence officer that he had a very bad opinion of.

GD: John busted Atwood back in the early '60s for fraud, theft, tax evasion and so on. I would imagine that if Critchfield and Atwood were at all friendly, Jack's name would cause spastic colon. As soon as he found out where I was, he got right off the line. He probably spent the day on the toilet.

RTC: This tape. You have it?

GD: Certainly. Would you like me to play it for you? Over the phone?

RTC: At this point, Gregory, that doesn't matter. Yes, play it for me. Jim gave me his view of what was said and now I'd like to hear what really happened.

GD: Then give me a minute to get it hooked up.

(Pause)

*Transcription of a telephone conversation between James H. Critchfield and Gregory Douglas, Stillwell Kansas, on Wednesday, October 2, 1996*

*JHC: Mr. Douglas? Is this Mr. Gregory Douglas?*

*GD: Yes, it is.*

*JHC: This is Jim Critchfield. A friend of Bob Crowley's. I wrote to you recently.*

*GD: Colonel Critchfield. Yes. Bob told me about you and I did get your letter.*

*JHC: I've been reading your book on Mueller. Very, very interesting to me. Fascinating.*

*GD: Why thank you very much, Colonel.*

*JHC: I'm not disturbing you, am I? I can always call later.*

*GD: No, no, not at all. I'm just visiting a military collector in Stillwell.*

*JHC: Your phone was busy but I did get a hold of your son who gave me this number. You're sure this is not an imposition?*

*GD: No, not all. What can I do for you?*

*JHC: Well, as I said in my letter, Bob said you were looking for some information on the Pullach people and since I was actively involved with them, he thought I might be able to help you.*

*GD: He did speak of you. You were up there. That's a Nazi summer home colony, isn't it?*

*JHC: Yes, it was. And I understand you knew Gehlen?*

*GD: Yes. I met him in the summer of 1951 when I was in Munich.*

*JHC: Gehlen lived in Munich then, didn't he?*

*GD: He might have but when I knew him, he was living at the Villa Rechtsberg on the northeast corner of the Starnberger See. He was working for what he called an oil company up at Pullach and he was using the name Major Stephanos. General Staff. That wasn't his name and Franz told me about him.*

*JHC: Would I have known this Franz?*

*GD: Franz von Brentano. One brother was Heinrich, the West German Foreign Minister and his other brother was Ambassador to Italy. He was with the Attaché Abteilung of the OKW during the war.*

*JHC: I think I remember the name. Were you staying with him?*

*GD: No, I was living at the Hotel Post in Starnberg. I think it's a police station now. Gehlen lived down the road so I used to walk down and talk with him.*

*JHC: An interesting man.*

*GD: Yes, very.*



JHC: Well, I'm writing a book about him and his organization and I was very much interested in your comments about Krichbaum.

GD: So I gathered from your letter.

JHC: Did you ever meet him?

GD: Willi? Oh yes, a number of times. He was living at Bad Reichenhall then. Used to live in Dresden during the war but got bombed out.

JHC: Willi was an army officer.

GD: Well, he was during the First World War, Colonel, but not in the Second.

JHC: I'm certain he was a Wehrmacht colonel then.

GD: I think he might have misled you. Willi Krichbaum had been a lieutenant in a Baden artillery unit in the first war, later was in the Freikorps and then joined the SS. Willi was an Oberführer in the SS. He was in charge of the Grenzpolizei in the south and was Heinrich Müller's standing deputy in the Gestapo. Of course during the last war, Willi was chief of the Geheime Feldpolizei which was under the OKW. But he was still an SS colonel, not an army one.

JHC: My, my, Mr. Douglas, that is most interesting. Did Willi tell you this?

GD: No, Müller did. I do have a copy of Willi's SS file, however, complete with picture.

JHC: I always thought he was a regular soldier.

GD: No, an SS man. He was assigned to the RSHA, Amt IV or the Gestapo. I rather liked Willi, Colonel. Ever look at his hands?

JHC: Oh yes.

GD: Badly wounded in the first war. You were asking about his connection with Gehlen? Willi was the chief recruiter for Gehlen's Org. They used the CROWCRASS list mainly. I mean that's the list of wanted Nazi war criminals. They took it away from Frenchy Grombach.

JHC: Mr. Douglas, Bob tells me you were serving in Germany after the war. What unit were you with?

GD: I was not in service in Germany, Colonel.

JHC: But to know what you do, you must have been. You certainly weren't with our people. You were with the Army?

GD: Well, some time ago. Not now.

JHC: Ah, I knew it. Well, as a fellow soldier, I can see that we have some things in common. But I ought to advise you that your book is just a little too informative. You did sign a confidentiality agreement when you left?

GD: My God, so much paperwork.

JHC: Oh, I know. But I wanted to caution you against publishing anything that might jeopardize security matters. You have come rather close to this in certain areas.

GD: I probably have.

JHC: Just a friendly reminder.

GD: Thank you for the heads-up Colonel. I will keep that in mind.

JHC: Are you planning to write any more books on that subject? On Müller?

GD: Yes, I am. I have spoken with Robert about this.

JHC: You know, as I wrote to you, this book is stirring up some interest up at Langley. I'm sure you are aware that some of your comments are viewed with disbelief by some.

GD: Oh yes, Colonel, I'm sure they are.

JHC: There's quite some information in the files that Müller died in Berlin in '45.

GD: I know that. Did you know that they found the body of Gruppenführer Heinrich Müller, his wife and two daughters in the courtyard of the Air Ministry?

JHC: Well, you see....

GD: Yes, it was Gruppenführer Heinrich Müller of the RSHA but it was also Doctor Heinrich Müller and he was not in the Gestapo. That's why my Müller was called 'Gestapo Müller.' And that one had only a son and daughter. The wife and the two children are still alive. A different person with the same rank and similar posting, Colonel. I have a copy of his file as well. So much for that myth.

JHC: I think our problem here, Mr. Douglas, is that if certain people got it into their heads that, as you allege, the head of the Gestapo had even had contact with us, let alone worked for us, there would be quite a stink.

GD: I assume you're talking about the Jewish community.

JHC: Well yes, of course that's what I'm talking about. All they do is yammer about how important they are. They would raise Cain about all of this if they ever believed it and you know how much trouble they can stir up. And you mentioned a Swiss interview with a so-called interrogator. Could you perhaps tell me who this person was? It could be very helpful in authenticating your book.

GD: Why, that's no problem. The interrogator was James Speyer Kronthal who was the CIA station chief there in Switzerland. James was of the Speyer banking family. German Jews originally. Worked in Berlin before the war, selling stolen artwork for Hermann Göring. Did you know him?

JHC: I may have heard the name.

GD: The CIA did away with Kronthal eventually. He was a practicing homosexual and they believed, though never proved it, that he had been compromised by a Russian agent.

JHC: Did you, by any chance, hear this from Bill Corson?

GD: Corson? No. Müller told me.

JHC: Corson wrote a book on this....

GD: I know. 'Widows.'

JHC: Right. Did you ever discuss this with Corson?

GD: Of course. Müller had told me that Kronthal's favorite uncle had died of the influenza epidemic in '18 and Corson said he knew this from the sister but had never published it. A small detail but I like the small details, Colonel. When Willi got in touch with his former boss, Heini was working for Swiss intelligence. Haussaman and Masson as I recall. Used the name Schwartzler and lived in an elegant villa on the Lake Geneva. Did you ever meet him?

JHC: No, of course not. I mean your book was a revelation to me and many of my friends.

GD: I can believe that. Bob said you raised horses. Do you?

JHC: Why, yes, Mr. Douglas, I do. Are you interested in horses?

GD: Oh yes. I learned to ride over at Possenhofen. You know where that is, I assume?

JHC: Oh yes, I do.

GD: I had an Arabian mare and always rode English. Actually, I used an old German army saddle and I still have it. Don't ride anymore but I loved it. My instructor was a former Waffen-SS cavalry NCO. You wouldn't know him, would you?

JHC: I..I really don't recall.

GD: Good man. Taught me to take a jump with a coin under my ass. The idea was to have it there when you came down. You used to be in the cavalry, as Bob told me.

JHC: Yes, I was, and then we became an armored unit.

GD: I had a relative in the panzers. Got the Knight's Cross.

JHC: I didn't know that you were German.

GD: I wasn't born there but I have family members there. Have you seen Mr. Livingston lately? He was at Pullach and I met him at Gehlen's place once. In fact, I met you twice.

JHC: Did you? I don't recall you, Mr. Douglas. You have a good memory.

GD: I've been told. I just take it for granted. Dulles bought Gehlen a villa on the east side of the lake. Will you put that in your book?

JHC: Did you get that from Bob?

GD: No, another source.

JHC: Mr. Douglas I have to ask you a serious question. Who are you working for now? Some people think you might have Russian connections.

GD: That's giving me too much credit, Colonel. I have no secrets to sell to anyone. I just like to put puzzles together...to find out things.

JHC: Couldn't that cause trouble?

GD: For others, Colonel, certainly not for me. I just write scenarios.

JHC: For our people?

GD: For anyone who will pay me and I have expensive tastes. American agencies like to threaten people to get information on the cheap and that doesn't impress me. After all, Colonel, it isn't love but money that makes the world go around. I don't know if you were aware of this, but Müller used to sell looted art for the CIA. Auctioned some of the unknown pieces off. Lots of money involved. When he died in '83, I got some of the pieces. A lovely Raphael for instance. Of course, I can't even think of selling it because they're still looking for it. Came from Hans Frank's collection and before that, Poland. Worth millions if it had a clear title but it looks fine on my wall. And you might be interested in the knowledge that parts of the famous Amber Room were right there in Berg. You know Berg, of course. Bodeman-Soden people. It went to Thyssen down in Lugano eventually. JHC: Well, that's not in my field.

GD: I think we have a mutual friend, Colonel. Jimmy Atwood? Worked for the CIA in Berlin? Guns? INTERARMCO? Sam Cummings? That one.

JHC: Yes, I had some dealings with him.

GD: I had a run in with him in Austria in 1990. He tried to rip me off on a deal and he got the very dirty end of the stick.

JHC: I don't...

GD: Does the name Globocnik mean anything to you?

JHC: In what context?

GD: Just curious. I always wondered what Langley did with a box full of gold painted paving stones. But enough of that. Poor Jimmy. You know, when he's on the sauce, Jimmy talks far too much. He mentioned you once or twice. Now he lives on that lake near Berlin right next to Marcus Wolf. Not surprising considering Jimmy worked for him too.

JHC: I think right now you are way out of line.

GD: He did tell me about the Russian atomic artillery shells but you were a cavalry man and probably wouldn't be interested. But Jimmy talks far too much and Jimmy is not a gentleman. Abandoned his wife and daughters after she had stuck by him when Angola got him arrested in '62. Walked off and left her.

JHC: I know about that. Left her for a tart he met in a club. You knew Angola?

GD: I'm sitting in his office as we speak. He runs a security company now.

JHC: Is he the one who answered the phone?

GD: As a matter of fact, he did.

JHC: I'm going to have to get off now. It's been an interesting time talking to you. You will hear from me later on some of these things.

GD: I am certain of that, Colonel. In my next book, I'm going to cover all the Nazi SS and Gestapo people who worked for Gehlen. And Bob Wolfe got me a U.S. Army General Staff listing from 1948 with the names of all the people we brought in then. Of course it was marked not to be released by order of the President of the United States but maybe Wolfe got a promotion and we don't know it.

JHC: I really have to get off now. It's been interesting talking with you.

GD: Well, the same, Colonel, and I hope I've cleared up some of your questions.

GD: I missed about thirty seconds at the beginning while I was turning on the recorder. The call came in to Jack and he took it on the speaker phone. When Critchfield announced himself and said he wanted to talk to me, Jack acted like he was going to leave but I waved him back into his seat. That's when I turned on the recorder. Does it match with what he said?

RTC: In essence, but the way Jim tells it, he had complete control over the conversation. It's obvious the reverse was true. Jim has a very high opinion of himself and he expects people to fall down and worship him. Actually, Gregory, I loved that tape. Listening to it and comparing it with Jim's rantings, you have made me very happy.

GD: Don't think I didn't enjoy myself, too, Robert. What a stuffed shirt he is. Does he really think he can bluff me? With what? Some CIA-inspired court order? He can take one of those, roll it into a tube, insert it into his flabby ass and set it on fire.

RTC: You see, Gregory, if you had been connected with some official intelligence agency and signed the usual confidentiality agreement, he could get such an order. But, of course, if you never did, he's shit out of luck.

GD: Isn't that wonderful? I did warn him that Atwood had a huge mouth and gave him a few examples.

RTC: I heard. I have a feeling that Atwood won't be long for this world given that Paki deal. If he has a sudden heart attack...

GD: Or goes out on the river in a little boat....

RTC: Then I'll know that you were dead on. We can see.

GD: We could have a pool. Six months?

RTC: Probably. Or less.

GD: Will he come after me?

RTC: You're not a Company man, Gregory. They'll do everything they can to keep you out of print. Threaten any prospective publisher with dire financial problems and believe me, not one article about you or your book will ever appear in any American newspaper or on any American television talk show. And I mean ever. They'll put a blackout on you. And I can assure you that even as I speak, Jim is gathering in all kinds of government informers to write terrible things about you...

GD: You mean like Wolfe...

RTC: Yes, and Naftali and the rest of the third grade Hebrew character assassination brigade.

GD: Yes, but most of them, if not all of them, are little pismires that no one knows anything about. Librarians, minor academics and so on. Pathetic little weasels with the brains of cockroaches. I know because I've had to listen to their whinings about the book. Oh mercy, Percy, I just can't believe this! That's what they go on about.

RTC: What's your response?

GD: I tell them something my late grandfather used to say to the idiots he had to deal with. 'I beg your pardon, sir, but are you anybody in particular?'

RTC: Oh that's just the thing to say to them. Funny.

GD: They may be big men at home where they terrify small children and pets but in the real world, they remind me of furious squirrels chattering in a park when you stop throwing them soggy peanuts. They think that because they read a paper on some arcane subject at a meeting of other rodents that somehow they have reached the pinnacle of earthly grandeur.

RTC: And then the New York Times gives them some space in their Sunday edition and they cut out the article, frame it and stick it up on the wall of their cubicle.

GD: Failures but unaware of it. Their betters give them fake steering wheels, like little kids in strollers and let them spin them around, thinking they are running the boat.

Well, do you want to bet on Atwood? Five will get you ten he'll be dead meat within...let's say within a year. Are you game?

RTC: No, I never bet on a sure thing.

GD: I've got a thick file on Atwood. Eventually, I'll publish it. When Jack got him indicted, he threatened to snitch on the CIA so they got the indictment quashed. Jimmy has been involved in all kinds of gun deals where the CIA gives weapons to various groups in foreign countries then proceed to shoot all the leaders the CIA wants to get rid of. Like Guatemala for instance.

RTC: Best wait until he's dead to do that.

GD: I'd much rather do it while he's alive. I do so enjoy the shrieks of rage, followed by the sound of the toilet flushing.

RTC: Gregory, I just knew you'd do a good job. I knew it in my heart. I'll have to tell Bill about this.

GD: What about Kimmel?

RTC: I'd rather not. He keeps warning me not to listen to you because you're crazy as a loon and that no one must listen to you, ever.

GD: And he's so friendly with me, too.

RTC: Don't turn your back on him, Gregory.

GD: Should I send you the tape?

RTC: No, put it in a safe place.

GD: I will. Sure you don't want to bet on Atwood's remaining time on earth?

RTC: No. I told you I never bet on a sure thing.

(Concluded at 9:51 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 41**

Date: Sunday, October 6, 1996

Commenced: 8:45 AM CST

Concluded: 9:38 AM CST

GD: Hello to you this morning, Robert. Up and around?

RTC: Well, the sun did come up and animal instincts get us going. And then there is coffee. Are you a coffee drinker, Gregory?

GD: I never used to be, but I am now. I hate the taste of the stuff which is funny because my grandfather was a big-time coffee broker. We had coffee all over the kitchen in little bags. My uncle was an expert and when my father got out of the business, he continued long after my grandfather died. Coffee gets you going but if I drink too much of it, my wiring gets fried.

RTC: The world runs on coffee.

GD: They buy a lot of it. My grandfather wasn't exactly poor. That's how I know about your people and the Guatemala business. My uncle was involved in it and it was well-known around the house. Grandfather was tied up with Levi and Zentner...the United Fruit people.... and the Grace Steamship company. Uncle was born in Petropolis in Brazil and was fluent in a number of languages, including Portuguese. Yes, there seemed to have been quite a connection between American business and the CIA. And of course, the White House and Congress.

RTC: Well, you've seen the tip of the big iceberg, haven't you, Gregory?

GD: How big is it?

RTC: It's not so much the size but the power of it. This country isn't run by little local political action groups or small town newspapers. Democracy is only a word that sounds good. The public hates to vote although I understand that in Switzerland it is mandatory. They don't care as long as they make money. Do you know how much money it costs to run for Congress? Many millions. And where does the money come from? Aunt Anna's cookie and mad money jar? No, it comes from corporate interests who want to keep things balanced on their side of the books.

GD: That's not a great revelation, Robert. No one really cares, as you say, as long as they have television and a car. Back in the Depression days when people didn't have television sets and no cars, a lot of the underpaid and overworked workers were Communists. Once Roosevelt got the war started for us, business boomed and the workers ceased to be Communists.

RTC: Oh, that's absolutely true, Gregory, but don't underestimate the power of the Communist bugaboo to terrify the public into letting us do what we wanted.

GD: Gehlen told me that in '48 when he was asked by the Army brass to prepare an intelligence paper proving the Russians were about to launch a huge attack on the West, there were two forces behind all of this bullshit. The first was the Army who didn't like to be reduced in size. Generals had to retire you know and they didn't like that. And, business had been booming during the war and they, like the generals, didn't much like shutting down plants and making less money. This from the horse's mouth so to speak. Oh, and it worked. Leaked to Congress and Harry Truman, it started the Cold War.

RTC: Nicely put and remember this for Critchfield. Yes, that's basically the long and short of it. At this moment, the United States is run by four major power sources. They are all interconnected and they have the common goal of protecting their asses and increasing their profits. We have what they call big business which consists of international companies, mostly the huge New York banking giants but some manufacturing companies as well. This country got great by being a manufacturing country but that's slipping a bit. At the turn of the century it was railroads and steel, but that has faded a little...

GD: A little? A lot.

RTC: Yes, a question of degree, I suppose. Anyway, we have really big business as one entity. The other is the political part of our society. Most Congressmen are put into office to take care of business.

GD: And then we have Huey Long, who was not interested in business.

RTC: Yes, and Roosevelt had him shot very dead, didn't he?

GD: Yes.

RTC: But Congress passes the laws and since most of them are on the take, they are careful not to pass too many laws to injure their business paymasters.

GD: But under Roosevelt they went the other way.

RTC: But Roosevelt is dead and when he died, we had a new dawn of commerce. And Congress knows where the money comes from and acts accordingly. Eventually we will see someone in the Oval Office who is also Chairman of the Board of Chase Bank. Just joking, but there are those who would love the concept. We have business and political and then we have the Mafia. Yes, it is a huge industry, spawning billions of dollars in revenue. Joe Kennedy turned to them to get Jack elected and then turned on them and began to persecute them using the other brother. Look at all the damage that short-sighted behavior did to the family. And that leads us into our very own CIA. We are at the top of the pyramid, Gregory, for a number of reasons. As you know, we started out as a small advisory group whose job it was to supply Harry Truman accurate international intelligence. Harry never trusted the Army and he found out about the humped Gehlen Report and wanted more facts to work with. Now we got Allen Dulles whose brother, John Foster, was a lawyer with Sullivan and Cromwell in New York. Sullivan and Cromwell was, in essence, a Nazi establishment. They were firm supporters of Hitler and worked with the Schroeder bank in Cologne. And you ought to know that when he was Ambassador to England, Joe Kennedy did business with Hitler and got huge blocks of I.G. Farben stock. It got taken away at the end of the war, seized by the Justice Department and one of the first things Joe did when Jack became President was to have him put Bobby in as AG so he could get his stock back. Oh yes, those people were for Hitler right up to the last week of the war. And even afterwards as well. Of course now that Jews are getting more power here and especially in the CIA, we do not mention any of this. Same thing with your Mueller friend. Of course we used him because he was the top Nazi expert on Communists. Why not? But, of course, if the Jews ever had to face that fact, they would come unglued. Can you imagine the huge headlines in *The New York Times*?

GD: Yes, I can. We called that Second Coming Type.

RTC: Wrong. *The New York Times* is run by Jews and sucks at Israel's tit but they would never discuss this, let alone put it on the front page. Why? Because we have control over what they print. You see, we help our friends in business with delicate political nuisance problems. Like the nice Belgians in the Congo who had all that uranium. Kill off the left wing politicians who tried to grab it all. They really weren't Communists planning to give uranium to Russia but that's what we told the President and that's what our friends who publish *The New York Times* heard. And that's what they published and that's what they condoned. Naturally, with such a dangerous

menace, the CIA rushed up to save us all and kill off old Patrice.<sup>29</sup> Same in Guatemala and the same in Iran with Mossadegh. The enemy is identified as dangerous to our business friends. We do studies to prove it to the rabble such as ...fake documents and all that...that these enemies are vile Communists, working for the Soviet Union, and a real danger to all of America. On the one hand, get permission to destroy these enemies and on the other, launch a publicity campaign through our many friends in the media to make it just another heroic crusade.

GD: Oh, say it isn't so, Robert.

RTC: I see you are a baseball fan, Gregory.

GD: No, that's where it came from, but I am not a baseball fan. I was feigning shock and horror at your dastardly revelations. Do go on, though.

RTC: So we have business, the press, the mob on one side thanks to Jim Angleton's organization, the legislative branch and that's it. We don't control, Gregory, we influence. A press campaign, planned in our offices here, and an assassination or bomb blast there. We have it down to an exact science. A nice balance at that.

GD: And the Mueller business?

RTC: A mere bump in the road. If you had brought this up twenty years before, they would have killed you but by now, it's unpleasantly cold coffee. They'll just ruin your reputation by using paid hacks. They media would never discuss this, believe me. You could have Heinrich Mueller's body in a glass case and the press would be as silent as the grave. We would ask them nicely to drop it and guess what? They would.

GD: The machine seems to run well enough.

RTC: We've had time to perfect it. There are always glitches but so far, we have been able to repair them. But it isn't like it used to be, Gregory. Then it was a band of brothers and now the whole agency has gotten too big, too compartmentalized and too stiff. The power is there but it is an old power, not a dynamic one. One of these days, parts will start falling off and then it will be replaced with another group that will march to a different drummer.

GD: Things always change, Robert, mark that.

RTC: I'm afraid I'm stuck in the old days, thinking the old thoughts and doing what I got used to doing. I told you not to get old, Gregory. I've seen it before. Sweet children grow up to be anarchists, faggots, drug addicts, bank robbers, drunks and so on. Wives leave you for someone else, your business changes way past recognition and you become redundant and out you go. You don't recognize the cars in the street, the music is terrible and the trouble is you remember too much.

GD: And tend to romanticize the past instead of learning from it.

RTC: We write books, but in my case, I can't. In the first place, I am forbidden to by contract with the Agency and in the second, I can write reports but not books. You write books, though. Of course, so do Joe and Susan. I don't think very much of Joe, Gregory but I think you might do well to write things up. Joe can see for about two inches in front of his nose, but I find you can see for miles.

GD: It's a blessing and a curse. I have a secret for you, Robert. You won't believe me, of course, but here it is, For reasons I don't even begin to understand, I can meet a new person and almost at once see right into them and know just who and what they are. They may be a professional football player, but if I talk with them for three minutes, I can see that they are gay. Or a religious leader and see he is a drunk. But only face to face. Can't do it on the phone or by mail. And I think sometimes these people sense I am poking around inside their psyche. I never say a thing to them but some people can sense my invasion of their often rotten soul. And for no reason apparent to a, say, neutral observer, they suddenly hate me.

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<sup>29</sup> Patrice Émery Lumumba July 2, 1925–17 January 17, 1961 was a Congolese independence leader and the first legally elected Prime Minister of the Republic of the Congo after he helped win its independence from Belgium in June 1960. Only ten weeks later, Lumumba's government was deposed in a CIA-controlled coup during the Congo Crisis. He was subsequently imprisoned and murdered by a CIA officer.

RTC: They're afraid of you, Gregory. People fear the predator.

GD: Yes, I'm sure they do, but I am not predatory. I am very understanding of other people.

RTC: Trust me, Gregory, you're a born predator. That's one of the reasons I trust you. I prefer to know a wolf as a wolf than a yapping little dog that sneaks around and bites you in the lower leg. You would go for the throat and the kill. No, seeing into people is a gift. I ran enough agents in my time and I know. Always go for the throat.

GD: Yes. I was once confronted with six armed men who were trying to kill some people I happened to be with. I had a gun, a Belgian Browning 9mm. The High Power model with a 13 shot box mag. These fellows were shooting at my friends and at me. I had nothing to do with the business but I had the gun. I got it out and I nailed all six. Five through the head and one in the neck. Before I left the scene with my wounded friend, I went over and shot that one through the head. I didn't want any witnesses. And I got my brass.

RTC: I never knew that one, Gregory. How old were you at the time?

GD: Seventeen and a couple of months.

RTC: You were in the service?

GD: No. A tourist.

RTC: Six at one throw?

GD: Five on the spot and one a few moments later.

RTC: A dumb question here, but did it bother you?

GD: Yes, terribly. My friend bled all over my shoes before I got him to a safe place. It took a lot of work to get the blood off. And I ruined a very good tie. He got it in the upper leg so I used the tie to keep him from bleeding out. Fortunately, the artery was spared and he survived.

RTC: And it never bothered you?

GD: Why should it? These jerks were shooting at me and in time, they might have killed me, too. Fuck them, Robert. Now they're turning green in a box somewhere, waiting for the Last Trumpet. Yet in my flesh shall I see God? Oh, I think not. Heaven's doormat will be a horrible, oozing mess come trumpet day.

RTC: Predatory, Gregory, in word and deed. No wonder the club does not like you.

GD: Club?

RTC: Bill, Tom, Trento and a few others. They warn me about you. I can see why. Their old warning system, the cave man one, is still fitfully working and they can sense you are a danger. Seventeen? Was that the first time?

GD: No, when I was in Germany just before that, I got jumped by a DP. He had an iron bar and I emptied a clip from a .380 into his pump. They had quite a bit of trouble from these DPs from Poland. They were all Polish Jews from the liberated camps and until the Army rounded them all up and shipped them, under guard, to Israel, they cut quite a path. And I got another one over by a putting green. He pulled a knife and his buddy had a wooden pistol. My friend got him and broke his neck and I got the one with the knife using a nine iron. I ruined the club but you should have seen his head. It looked like a cherry pie dropped on the sidewalk. Dragged both of them into the hedges and off we went. The club went into the river. I guess they found them later by the stench and all the flies.

RTC: Very predatory, Gregory.

GD: Self-defense, Robert, self-defense. What else would you call it?

RTC: Good reflexes among other things.

GD: God must hate me for making his doormat so filthy,

(Concluded at 9:38 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 42**



Date: Monday, October 14, 1996  
Commenced: 9:45 AM CST  
Concluded: 10:21 AM CST

GD: Robert.

RTC: Good morning, Gregory.

GD: Have you heard anything more from Critchfield?

RTC: Yes, I have. He's calmed down some and is now blaming me for blindsiding him.

GD: Well, actually you did. Telling him I was one of his boys.

RTC: I implied, Gregory. Only implied. And Jim is trying to dig up more information for his stupid book and he went for it. It worked out fine, but he cursed at me and said I got him in over his head.

GD: Pompous asshole. One of these days, I'll get out the story about him and Atwood selling Russian atomic shells to the Pakis. You know Jim was the arms dealer and Critchfield was building a retirement nest egg so they went ahead with this. Jim's people had been supplying the Afghan rebels with weapons to use against the Russians and the connections are there. Just think, Robert. They sold thirty shells to potential lunatic enemies. Oh, they might be thankful we helped them but in the end, they are religious fanatics and they will prove to be a real crown of thorns to us. Just an opinion, of course.

RTC: Well, Jim would like to find some way to shut you up, short of killing you. He's not in power anymore so maybe he'll bribe you.

GD: In my experience, Robert, those people never bribe anyone. They threaten them and yell at them, but never resort to an actual bribe. Unless, of course, they are bribing a Russian military person to get them some atomic shells. Then, they bribe.

RTC: Not to offend you, Gregory, but would you take a bribe?

GD: Depends on how much and what the issue is. Generally, people don't try to bribe me. Threaten me, of course, or insult me, certainly, but no bribes. I wonder what would happen to Critchfield's precious image if it ever came out? Atwood is known as a piece of worthless shit and he has no reputation to lose.

RTC: Jim is very incensed about Atwood at this point.

GD: Remember, we have a bet.

RTC: Not a real bet.

GD: I have been reading over some of this ZIPPER business, Robert. Very interesting to say the least.

RTC: Now, Gregory, we are not specific on the phone.

GD: No, no, I'm aware of that. You know, what with all the strange stories about that incident, I might have an uphill fight to get the book accepted.

RTC: Ah yes, the nut fringe. Highly entertaining material.

GD: Yes, but rather misleading.

RTC: Oh that's why we support them, Gregory. Muddy the waters. Keep the public eye elsewhere. Away from dangerous subjects. The public loves conspiracies so we supply them. A real conspiracy is difficult to conceal, Gregory. Too many people, too many chances for leaks. Joe gets drunk and tells his brother and so on. Sometimes, we've had to remove people like that, but not very often. Johnson was in the know but I doubt if he'd tell Lady Bird, let alone a reporter. And officially, don't forget that Hoover was also on board. His people can shut you down very quickly. They'll find a machine gun under the front seat of your car and off you go, screaming innocence all the way to the big house.

GD: But what happens if an FBI man says something?

RTC: Well, they aren't bulletproof. Bill Sullivan found that out.

GD: Oh yes, I saw the name in the ZIPPER papers.

RTC: He was Hoover's man in that. And other projects as well. Bill and Hoover had a falling out and Hoover sacked him. Not only did he sack him, Hoover began to threaten

him. I guess Bill got terminated finally because he had begun to grumble too much and to the wrong people.

GD: What happened? A car accident?

RTC: No, he went out for a walk one morning and some young hunter thought he was a deer and shot him in the head.

GD: Oh my, what a tragedy.

RTC: Bill thought that because J. Edgar was dead, he could mouth off. He was a bitter man, Gregory, and then he was a dead one. With all his baggage, Bill should have stayed in New Hampshire and enjoyed his retirement.

GD: Baggage?

RTC: You don't know any of this, of course, but Sullivan was up to his neck in business that would have put him away for life if it ever came out. He was top man in the Bureau and Hoover's hatchet man. Besides being involved up to his neck in the ZIPPER business, Bill also took out King and Bobby Kennedy.

GD: Jesus H. Christ, Robert.

RTC: Well, we get the blame for all kinds of shit and it's comforting to spread it around. Certainly. Old Hoover hated both King and Bobby. Why? Hoover has been suspected of being a high yellow...

GD: What?

RTC: Part black. True or not, it'd gotten around and he knew about it. Hoover also was probably a queer but again, not proven. He had his areas of great sensitivity, let's say. No, he hated King because J. Edgar hated blacks. I mean really hated them. Wouldn't let them in the Bureau and persecuted any black leaders he could. Like Marcus Garvey.

GD: And King.

RTC: Hoover was outraged that King had a white girlfriend and did everything he and his Bureau did to slam him. Finally, as he got older, Hoover got nuttier and decided to have him killed. Sullivan ran that operation. First they tried to tap his phones and plant stories about him and when that didn't work, they offed him.

GD: What about James Earl Ray?

RTC: Another Oswald. You see, the Bureau has a very small group of miscreants who do jobs on people. Sullivan ran them for Hoover. Ray was a very minor and very low class crook. A smash and grab type. Bust a window in an appliance store and run off with an iron or a toaster. Break into a laundromat, jimmy open the coin boxes on the machines, steal the coins and then cut his bare feet on the broken glass he left breaking the window. Hardly sophisticated enough to shoot King, escape to Canada, get a fake Canadian passport in the name of a Montreal police officer and flee to England. Not likely, Gregory. If Ray knew who put him up to being a front, they would have killed him just like they shot Oswald. Ray didn't know, although he probably guessed at one point, and off he went for the rest of his life. He can scream innocent until he dies and no one will listen.

GD: And Bobby?

RTC: Bobby was a nasty piece of shit who made enemies whenever he went for a walk. He was his brother's hit man, in a figurative sense, his pimp. He was the AG, put in there by Joe so Joe could get back his confiscated Farben stock and also go after the mob. Back in Prohibition, I can tell you, Joe was a partner of Capone's and Joe was stupid enough to rip Al off. Al put out a contract on Joe and Joe had to pay Al to cancel it. And from then on, Joe was out to get anyone in the Mob. Pathological shit, Joe was.

GD: My grandfather told me all about him.

RTC: Well, when Bobby got to be AG, he harassed old Hoover, trying to make him quit. Not a very good idea, but then Bobby thought he was safe. His father was very rich, his brother was President and he thought he couldn't be touched. For example, Hoover used to take a nap on his office couch every day and Bobby would bang into his office and wake him up. And worse, Bobby would tell his friends, at parties where there were many ears, that Hoover was an old faggot.

GD: Some people seem to have a death wish. This reminds me of the street freak who climbed over the wall at the San Francisco zoo once, climbed right into the outdoor tiger rest area, walked up to a sleeping male tiger and kicked him in the balls. Tiger was very angry, got up in a rage, smacked the intruder, killed him and was eating him, right in front of the horrified zoo visitors. That kind of a thing, right?

RTC: A good analogy. You grasp the situation, Hoover stayed in power because he had files on all the men in power, to include JFK and his father. Not a man to antagonize is it?

GD: I would think not.

RTC: Johnson was terrified of Hoover and kissed his ass on every occasion, but Bobby was running for president and it looked like he might make it. That's when Hoover talked to Sullivan and we know the rest. Just some background here. This Arab....

GD: Sirhan.

RTC: Yes. Note that Kennedy had come down from his suite in the Ambassador Hotel to give a victory speech. Came into the hall from the front door with all his happy staff. Big crowd. One of his aides, Lowenstein, I believe, told him they should go out through the kitchen exit. And there was what's-his-name waiting. But he shot at Kennedy without question, with a dinky .22 but never got to within five feet of him. The official autopsy report said Kennedy was shot behind the ear at a distance of two inches. Now that sounded to me like a very inside job. They steered him into an area where an assassin was known to be waiting and made sure he bought the farm. In all the screaming and confusion, just a little bit of work by a trusted aide or bodyguard and Bobby was fatally shot. That was the second one of Hoover's pet hates. The first one reminded him of the nigger relationship and the other had called him a faggot. Hoover had his moments but if you stepped on his toes, off came your head. But Hoover was afraid of Sullivan so he left him alone.

GD: Then...

RTC: We decided that Sullivan, freed of the spirit of Hoover, who had died some years before, Sullivan began to talk just a little. We didn't care about the King or the Bobby business but if he talked about ZIPPER, we would be in the soup, so Sullivan had to go.

GD: Someone persuaded him to put on a deer suit?

RTC: No, he was walking in the woods and some kid, armed with a rifle and a telescopic sight, blew him away. Terribly remorseful. Severe punishment for him. Lost his hunting license for a year. Think of that, Gregory. For a whole year. A terrible tragedy and that was the end of that.

GD: Can I use that?

RTC: If you want. It's partially public record. If you can dig it out on your own...

GD: I'll try. Thanks for the road map.

RTC: Why, think nothing of it.

GD: But back to the ZIPPER thesis. I was saying about the proliferation of conspiracy books that I would have trouble.

RTC: Of course, Gregory. We paid most of those people to put out nut stuff. Why the Farrell woman, one of the conspiracy theme people, is one of ours. We have others. We have a stable of well-paid writers whose sole orders are to produce pieces that excite the public and keep them away from uncomfortable truths. I imagine if and when you publish, an army of these finks will roar like your angry tiger and we won't have to pay them a dime. They've carved out a territory and if you don't agree with them, they will shit all over you. I wish you luck, Gregory. And I can guarantee that the press will either keep very, very quiet about you or will make a fool out of you. We still do control the press and if we say to trash an enemy, they will do it. And if the editor won't, we always talk to the publishers. Or, more effective, one of my business friends threatens to pull advertising from the rag. That's their Achilles heel, Gregory. No paper can survive on subscription income alone. The ads keep it going. In the old days, a word from me about ad-pulling made even the most righteous editor back down in a

heartbeat. We bribe the reporters and terrify their bosses. They talk about the free press who know nothing about the realities.

GD: Nicely put, Robert.

RTC: We should have you come back here one of these days for a sit-down. Bill wants to do this. Are you game?

GD: Will men in black suits meet me at the airport?

RTC: I don't think so, Gregory.

GD: Maybe one of them will hit me with their purse.

RTC: Now, Gregory, that isn't kind.

GD: I'm sure Hoover wouldn't have thought so.

(Concluded at 10:21 AM CST)

### **Conversation No. 43**

Date: Friday, October 25, 1996

Commenced: 3:45 PM CST

Concluded: 4:15 PM CST

GD: Good afternoon, Robert. Everything going well for you? How was your doctor's appointment?

RTC: Well, no results but I am resigned to being old, Gregory. When you get to my age, you'll count the day as wonderful if you can open your eyes in the morning. How is it with you?

GD: It goes. Moving to Illinois was not the best of ideas but my son left me little choice. It was move or else.

RTC: Or else what?

GD: He would leave and I would be stuck with a huge rent for a big house with a swimming pool that he insisted we have but he only used once. I used it all the time but I had to clean it and with all the trees and the occasional drowned squirrel, it was a wonderful addition that I would never want again unless I was rich enough to afford a weekly pool service. Of course the scumbag neighbors wanted their filthy kids to use it but I said that was not possible. I told them my insurance forbade it but actually, who wants an army of screaming little assholes using the pool as their private toilet?

RTC: Sounds like you put your Scrooge hat on this morning.

GD: Actually, I like kids. If you barbecue the small ones, they go well with a pitcher of Jack Daniels.

RTC: For God's sake, don't ever say that around a Jew or you'll go stone deaf from the screaming.

GD: Oh, I know you're right about that one. It's a little like saying that you're looking for a chink in someone's armor and Asian-Americans start shouting. And never call a spade, a spade.

RTC: Yes. We live in an artificial society, Gregory. Our primitive selves still heft the vanished club with which to smite other cave-dwellers.

GD: In the Mueller book, I made reference to the fact that we now have nice-nice titles for people. I said we call janitors 'sanitary engineers' and that Mongoloids are now called 'differently abled.' And some reader wrote a nasty letter to my publisher about this which he forwarded for my comment. She said she was horrified and repulsed by the use of the Mongoloid idiot implication. Her little Timmy was the sweetest child on earth and I ought to be thrashed for calling him this terrible, forbidden name.

RTC: Did you reply?

GD: Oh yes. I wrote to her that having read her letter with sorrow because she was stuck with a retard, I suggested, very pointedly, that she ought to put some chlorine in her gene pool.

RTC: (Laughter) Gregory, you didn't.

GD: Why not? Hell, the Greeks knew something about genes and they left their retards out on the mountainside to either die slowly or more quickly when the animals got them. Keeps the race clean if you follow me. Now, we let the innates breed and they are filling what passes for civilization with all kinds of lopsided mongrels. Malthus doesn't mention eugenics but I feel that the herd should be thinned and the best breeding stock put in a separate pen to avoid two legged goats or chickens covered with fur.

RTC: You sound like a Nazi. As I recall, we had that Dr. Mengele on the payroll. Down in South America where we wanted him to do work on breeding superior people.

GD: Jesus H. Christ, Robert, talk about infuriating the Jews. If they ever found out about that delightful fact, all their newspapers, magazines and television stations would do terrible damage to the CIA. My grandfather was a Nazi but I am not.

RTC: Over there?

GD: No, here. A member of the AO in good standing.

RTC: Pardon?

GD: The Auslands Organization. Party members residing outside Germany. He was a banker with close connections to the Schreoder people in Cologne. Party member since 1923.

RTC: Well, the CIA is now full of Jews so if they find that out, they will do more than keep your books out of the bookstores.

GD: I suppose if I turned my back on them, I might have some trouble. They don't like confrontation and love to work in the dark or through surrogates. They hate the Mueller books, not because Mueller was anti-Semitic but because he is presented as a human being. To professional Jews, all Germans are evil. Little children of eight were trained to visit the concentration camp in their neighborhood and toss screaming Jewish babies into the giant bonfires that burned day and night.

RTC: Now I know you're joking.

GD: Of course but that sort of silly crap is very close to what they do.

RTC: Of course it's to make money and gain moral superiority. 'Oh Mr. Salesman, my whole family died in the gas chambers. Terrible. Can you give a poor survivor 50% off on that couch?'

GD: Robert, that's very unkind. True but unkind.

RTC: I remember when they attacked the Liberty and were killing Americans. Deliberate of course and the Navy sent aircraft to wipe them out. Johnson found out about this and stopped the flight. Why? He didn't want to offend Israel.

GD: What about dead Americans?

RTC: Pales into insignificance when balanced against the vital needs of precious Israel. At the time, they were murdering captured Egyptian soldiers and they didn't want us listening in so they tried to sink the ship.

GD: And Pollard...

RTC: Oh my, yes and even now they want us to liberate him. They made him an honorary member of the Knesset and put big bucks away for him in a private account. And this for an American who was stealing important secrets and giving them to what was supposed to be an ally.

GD: Did you ever read the Bunche report?

RTC: Ralph Bunche. The UN man?

GD: Yes. After the Jews murdered Folke Bernadotte, head of the Swedish Red Cross and one of their royal family, solely because he refused to allow them to butcher Arab farmers, they killed him and Bunche, who was on Cypress dealing with refugees, was given his job. The UN prepared a chronology of violence in Palestine from '44 until '48...day by day. A wonderful chronicle of arson, murder, kidnapping, poisoning and God alone knows what atrocities. Blowing up hotels full of people and so on. I got a copy from an Army friend and if you like, I can send you a photo copy.

RTC: That I would like to see although there's nothing I can do about it now.

GD: And when you were in the CIA?

RTC: I never liked dealing with those people. Jim Angleton loved them and kissed their asses but I never trusted any of them.

GD: Especially our allies?

RTC: Oh no, they are not our allies. If it weren't for the fact that Jews have lots of money and own almost all the newspapers and TV stations, we wouldn't be so eager to kiss their hairy asses, believe me.

GD: Well, the wheel turns, Robert, and one day there will be a reckoning of sorts. I don't foresee enormous gas chambers being built in Detroit but the public can get very unpleasant when it gets angry.

RTC: But without the papers and TV and with political correctness in full swing, I can't see mobs in the street burning down kosher meat stores.

GD: Who knows the way the wheel turns?

RTC: But don't put any of this into future books, Gregory. Not a good idea. You will be accused of masterminding the assassination of Lincoln.

GD: Well, they may have the newspapers but there are other avenues. I remember once when I was giving a lecture, some old bitch came up to me afterwards and began telling me how her whole family had been turned into lampshades and soap at Auschwitz. She dared me to respond but I did.

RTC: And? God help us all, what did you say?

GD: Why, I said my uncle had died at Auischwitz during the war. She blinked and asked me if he were a Jew.

GD: I told her no, he was not. I said he got drunk on the Fuehrer's birthday, fell out of a guard tower and broke his neck.

RTC: My God, you have balls, Gregory. What did she do?

GD: I think she swallowed her false teeth. However, everyone around us started laughing so not everyone was mad at me. She waddled off before I could tell her about the new German pizza oven that seated four.

RTC: Gregory, do let us change the subject. Suppose some Jewish FBI agents were listening to this?

GD: I would offer a special bargain on hand soap. I could set up a booth at a fair with hand soap in piles and a sign saying 'Find a Relative!' over it. Probably not a good idea. They would ask me for a 50% discount. Oh, by the way, to change the subject...

RTC: Thank God...

GD: Yes. Did you know that the British Prince Consort, Phillip, Duke of Edinburgh, was a German, not a Greek. He also had been a uniformed member of several Nazi organizations before he joined the Royal Navy. His brother had been a member of the SS and his sister had been a German nurse so they never got invited to the royal wedding. His uncle was Prince Phillip of Hesse who lived in Italy where he married their Crown Princess. He was Hitler's art dealer in Italy. Phillip is related to the last Empress of Russia, the German Kaiser and others. His uncle was a general in the SA. I have a snapshot of him in his Hitler Youth uniform, dagger and all, with a friend of mine when both were at a Hitler Youth rally. I would imagine the IRA would love to buy that one.

RTC: I had heard something about this. Phil is a nasty piece of arrogant work. Anthony Blunt...

GD: I know all about his going to Germany and hiding references to Phillip's Nazi past. That's why he never got arrested when he was exposed as a Russian spy.

RTC: You do get around, Gregory.

GD: If we got together, I could tell you lots of interesting facts, Robert. Well, enough evil for the moment. My dog is making go outside noises so I had best leave you. I will call you later, OK?

RTC: Salud.

(Concluded at 4:15 Pm CST)

## Conversation No. 44

Date: Tuesday, October 29, 1996

Commenced: 8:45 AM CST

Concluded: 9:05 AM CST

GD: Good morning, Robert. How is life treating you?

RTC: Well enough, I suppose. Yourself?

GD: Not too badly. I heard from Corson who wants me to come back for a meeting with you and himself soon. He neglected to mention Kimmel for some reason.

RTC: Kimmel will probably be along to subject you to his brilliant interrogative techniques.

GD: Good. That ought to be entertaining. Corson mentioned the University Club.

RTC: Yes. Up on Sixteenth Avenue past the White House. We can have lunch.

GD: Is the food good?

RTC: It's not the Jockey Club but it will do. Do you have any idea when you will come?

GD: Probably early in December. Willis Carto<sup>30</sup> wants to meet with me over the weekend in DC so we can get together just after that. I've been reading over this ZIPPER business and checking various dates out. Fascinating story, Robert, and hopefully it will make a good book. And before you say it, no, I won't publish until after you're gone. They were all of them into it, weren't they?

RTC: Just a few of the top people, actually. We were talking about the Army plot to start a war with Cuba by attacking our planes and setting off a few bombs here. I believe we did talk about this.

GD: Yes.

RTC: Jim Bamford knows all about this. It's called 'Operation Northwoods' and the plans are in the National Archives. I wouldn't recommend your asking your friend Wolfe about it because he'd run to Langley with his tongue hanging out and then they would vanish without a trace. If you're going to be here, I'll give you chapter and verse so you can find them yourself. Oh and one other thing. You mentioned an Army file on top Nazis we used. Wolfe sent it to you?

GD: Yes, I got it from him.

RTC: If I gave you chapter and verse on it, would you confirm?

GD: Certainly.

RTC: Let me just find this.....always putting....here. 'P&O file 311.5 TS, sections one two and three.' Dated 1948. Is that the one?

GD: It sounds like it. I'm bad on numbers. Let me pull it out. Take about a minute.

RTC: Go ahead.

(Pause)

GD: That's it.

RTC: That stupid son of a bitch had no right to give that to you. He's playing both ends against the middle. When you come back here, could you make a copy and give it to me?

GD: I will do that.

RTC: That man is a rat, Gregory, a sewer rat.

GD: Don't drag me into it, please. I never solicited it and he sent it to me so I would give him some Müller papers dealing with his employment by your people. Naturally, since I never asked for it, once it came and I read it, I pretended I never got it. This scared yesterday's dinner out of him because he put his return address on it. He thinks some post office employee will find it and turn it over to the FBI. I think he's afraid of going to jail.

RTC: He damned well ought to.

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<sup>30</sup> Willis Carto, publisher of the populist Spotlight Washington newspaper, latterly the American Free Press

GD: Who knows, Robert? He might like it inside the big house. You know what they say, don't you? If you can't get a woman get a clean old man.

RTC: (Laughter)

GD: My, and such a lot of Gestapo and SD people, not to mention a few *Einsatzgruppen* people we transported here, gave new names and ID to and made them GS18s... I think Wolfe wanted me to publish this and embarrass the CIA and the Army. He can't, of course, so he thinks he is very clever using me as a cat's paw. And to show you how brilliant an operative he is, the thing came in a NA envelope with his name written above the return address. Is he typical of the type of pseudo-academics you use?

RTC: These are useless attention-craving idiots but useful in their way.

GD: As fertilizer in your garden? You know the old saying that those who can, do, and others teach? Fits them perfectly. I have been running into academics for years. Petty, puffed-up bags of shit who squall and attack each other with their purses over the most trivial things. And, of course, they steal from everyone and then call it research. I might cite the case of Stephen Ambrose, the wonderful historian. He published a book once called a 'Handbook on German Military Forces.' Problem was, the book had been published in 1945 by the War Department as TM-E 30-451. Of course it wasn't illegal to steal it, page by page, because it was public domain, but after I brought this to the attention of his publishers, the next edition had certain credit corrections. He probably blamed it all on his careless typist. You know, I always recommend an Ambrose book because you can get three books for the price of one. Why ever do you use such slugs?

I'll bet that even now, Mortimer Z. Tinsley, PhD, DVM is working on a devastating attack on the Müller book. He probably teaches at some obscure school like Antelope Valley Teacher's College, in the history department, and his doctoral thesis, which he stole in its entirety, was entitled 'A History of Fraud in Bulgarian Bar Mitzvahs in the Nineteenth Century.' He will point out that Müller died in 1945 and my book is fuller of shit than a Christmas turkey. Of course he's prating about Dr. Heinrich Müller, not Gestapo Müller, but I'll just bet *The New York Times* Sunday book section will carry a wonderful review of it. I love that section. They push forward deeply moving books about a black orphan boy raised in Georgia by two vegetarian lesbians and his poignant and deeply moving struggles to become a champion purse snatcher-cum-pimp in Hell's Kitchen. The sort of silly shit that no one reads but the editor knows the publisher.

RTC: Oh, we do have our stable of weird people working for us. Did I ever tell you about the Pedophile Academy, Gregory?

GD: Are you speaking of Yale, Robert?

RTC: No, no we actually had one down at Camp Peary. Right near Jim Critchfield's place. I don't know if you are aware of it but we called it The Farm and it was supposed to be a secret training center for young agents. Anyway, Allen Dulles set up this training center down there for pedophiles. They were in training to seduce, molest and, most especially, photograph the young children of targets. Not only, Allen reasoned, would our graduates have a spanking good time but they could get wonderful action pictures of the wee ones to blackmail their families with.

GD: Sick.

RTC: One could say that. I understand they broke it up when one of the graduates nailed a Deputy Director's son at a summer camp.

GD: Another boat trip?

RTC: I really don't know. I heard he had a sudden heart attack. We do those very well, you know.

GD: I am aware. A French doctor invented the drug. The Gestapo used it internally and externally and through Müller, we got it. Is that what you're talking about?

RTC: I think so.

GD: Müller told me that when he came to Washington, they were tossing people out of windows. Forrestal went crazy and they chunked him out of the sixteenth floor clinic at Bethesda. That's the special floor where they keep Senators who flip out and run around the Mall in the nude.



RTC: I think it's more of a drunk tank, Gregory. McCarthy was locked up there for a time.

GD: They should have put him out the window. Müller used to say that this showed no consideration for people passing on the sidewalk below or expensive parked cars. Imagine an overweight official descending ten stories onto your new Packard or worse, on your Christmas shopping wife. Think of the lost gifts, Robert, and you too will weep.

RTC: Gregory, you are a terrible person.

GD: I know that, Robert. I once put angel hair...you know, the spun glass insulation...into my sister's underwear before a family dinner and she spent most of the time scratching her crotch and other unmentionable body areas right at the table. I told everyone she had crabs and she had to leave the table. I understand her swollen pudenda looked like an eggplant.

RTC: (Laughter) Gregory, you are really very bad. But entertaining.

GD: I know. Anyway, when I come back to see you I have some ZIPPER questions for you.

RTC: Yes, I much prefer a face-to-face. But, my God, not at the University Club lunch.

GD: Of course not.

RTC: If Tom Kimmel ever got wind of what we were up to, he would have my place raided.

GD: Oh my God, Robert, he might find the Swiss Music Box.

RTC: Speaking of that, it seems to be working. At least it scares off all the birds and every time I put it on, the dogs in the neighborhood howl like demons.

GD: Maybe the poor Swiss are soaking their embassy floor with urine. Did you ever think of that?

RTC: It did occur to me. But enough merriment for today. I have to get ready to go to the doctor's office so I will speak with you later.

(Concluded at 9:05 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 45**

Date: Tuesday, November 12, 1996

Commenced: 8:02 AM CST

Concluded: 8:23 AM CST

RTC: Good morning, Gregory. I've pretty well firmed up our meeting. Everyone can make it and we'll have lunch. You'll need to be at the University Club before noon and we can talk for a while before lunch.

GD: I'll make a note of it, Robert. Is the food good? I have a great liking for crab cakes, Maryland-style.

RTC: They certainly have that, Gregory. Want wine to go with that?

GD: I'm not much of a drinker but wine will be fine. A nice white wine. Will you have the Allende hit letter with you?

RTC: Oh yes but we can deal with that out of sight and earshot of the others.

GD: But these are your friends.

RTC: Well at least one of them isn't yours.

GD: A nice book on Bringing True Democracy to some backward country. Very inspiring. Robert, you've been walking in the corridors of power and you have a first hand knowledge of such things but I think I could tell you the basics in governmental change. I mean securing some natural resource-rich but otherwise insignificant country. Would I offend with some satire here?

RTC: I'm not in harness any more, Gregory. Let's see what you've learned in school, why not?

GD: Here we have a country. Call it Flavia. Not much but goats, much incest, but huge deposits of swan guano. An American firm, Sawney Bean Inc, has the permanent rights

to mine the precious swan guano. And eventually, some Flavian intellectual decided that only the President and his family shared in that wealth so he leads a campaign, is successful and is elected to Holy Office. Norman Crotchrott, who owns Sawney Bean, believes that he is going to have to pay bigger bribes to the new president-elect but is horrified to discover that the new leader is a genuine populist and wants to seize the guano and exploit it for the people of Flavia. Shock, rage and horror in the boardroom of Sawney Bean. But, we have a possible salvation just down the road. Mr. Crotchrott went to Harvard with the DCI. He invites him up to a lavish weekend in the Hamptons and closets himself with your former boss for over two hours. Certain matters are discussed, drinks raised and hands shaken. Almost immediately afterwards, the CIA prepares a horrifying report that names the new president of Flavia as a Communist who went to the Lenin School. Shock and horror! The report states that if Flavia falls to the Communists, they will set up a power base and take over all the countries within earshot, to include, shock and horror, one country that produces uranium. My God, Robert, the DCI makes a personal trip to the White House, with a phalanx of aides and experts, all armed with charts, pointers and reports. Once the President is told that the situation in Flavia is critical and the evil Russians might get their Slavic hands on the uranium, he agrees to special action. The CIA starts the ball rolling by having doom-laden and alarmist reports published on the front pages of the New York Times, the Washington Post and about twenty lesser papers. Communists take over Flavia! More shock and horror. The president gives a press conference and says we must save Flavia and the entire region from the evil Communists. In the meantime, the CIA, who has bribed dissident groups in Flavia, regardless of the fact that most of them are pedophiles and chronic alcoholics, supplies them with Chinese weapons, purchased through one of their front companies from Turkey and sends a new cultural attaché to Flavia to spread bags of bribe money. There is a coup, led by U.S. Navy personnel dressed in native costume, the new president and his whole family are set on fire and a newer president is quickly installed. Return of democracy to Flavia is the watchword in the media. Several weeks later, Mr. Crotchrott deposits several million dollars in the black Swiss bank accounts of the top CIA people and sends a Steuben glass bowl to the President as a token of respect for his quick action. The new head of state signs a permanent contract with Sawney Bean and the papers and the boob tube show pictures of happy laughing Flavians cheering the American ambassador as he drives down the street in his armored limousine, surrounded by a battalion of Marines from the embassy. Now, Robert, tell me how far off I am?

RTC: You are a very wicked person, Gregory.

GD: Is that a negative comment?

RTC: Not really. You have Chile in mind specifically?

GD: More like Guatemala, Robert. My uncle was involved with that game and that's where I got my baptism in bringing true democracy to a backward country with wonderful natural resources.

RTC: A word of caution here, Gregory. At lunch, do not bring up such subjects around Tom. He would start a file on you as a Communist agitator.

GD: Robert, Communism is a dead issue. The Arabs are our new enemies now. The Israelis have told us so and they own the papers. How about a Muslim sympathizer?

RTC: Well, you take my drift, Gregory. Better safe than sorry. Then the FBI will start looking into your garbage.

GD: They ought to feed them better.

(Concluded at 8:23 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 46**

Date: Saturday, November 16, 1996

Commenced: 9:48 AM CST

Concluded: 10:25 AM CST

RTC: Hello, Gregory. Are you getting ready to assault the turkey?

GD: Oh, no doubt. One of the few childhood practices remaining. I gave up Christmas some time ago. I haven't sent a card out in years and last year, I got two. Times change, don't they?

RTC: They do indeed. Christmas used to be a sort of magic time for children but now all it's become is a chance to sell junk to frantic people.

GD: I've been working up the ZIPPER material and I must say, what surprises me is the extent of the plot. Half of Washington was in on it.

RTC: Actually, they weren't. A handful of our top people, Hoover and one or two of his very close aides, a military representative here and there.

GD: The Russian report...do you have this? I can't read Russian but I have friends who do.

RTC: No, I do not.

GD: This Driscoll fellow. Do you know him?

RTC: I did. He's dead now. Was a specialist on the Warsaw Pact people and since I am a specialist on Russia and Russian intelligence, we met on several occasions. That's why I got a copy of the report. Driscoll knew nothing about ZIPPER or at least my part in it.

GD: This might be a hard sell. I have tremendous competition from the nut fringe. They will rise up and smite me hip and thigh because I haven't included their pet theories.

RTC: But that's to be expected. We have a good in with them. At this point, there is little danger of embarrassing facts getting out but we kept our hand in. The Farrell woman is one of ours and she is a strong influence over the nutties.

GD: To accept this might be a problem.

RTC: Gregory, if you knew a half of what was actually planned, you would see that the ZIPPER business was nothing, just nothing. All right, for example, there are some interesting matters for you. I just happen to be in an expansive mood today so I can run a few of the more wild ones past you. There was the Army plan to start bubonic plague in Soviet military units in the east zone of Germany to prevent an invasion of the west. We had a German military specialist working for us on that, plus, of course, many USAF people down in San Antonio. Never went anywhere. Then...by the way, do you know why Truman really sacked MacArthur?

GD: He was defying Truman as I recall.

RTC: Yes but it was his intention to infect the Chinese and North Korean armies with the plague as well. I told you MacArthur had set the Kempeitai Doctor Ishi up in Tokyo in a chemical and medical lab, didn't I?

GD: Yes, you did.

RTC: Well, when the war in Korea broke out and we were in serious retreat, MacArthur wanted to nuke them. We didn't have a hell of a lot of such weapons but he was serious. Truman said no, so Mac decided to, as he said, 'radically reduce their effective troop levels.' For this, read the plague. I don't know how this got back to Truman but a project like that is really hard to conceal and Mac took too long messing over the logistics of it. When Harry found out about this, he blew his top and sacked MacArthur on the spot. Mac was crazy, of course, but was such an idol here that Truman got reamed on this but it really had to be done. We hanged German and Japanese leaders after the war for far less, believe me. And then there was the Army plan to fake attacks on American soil, blame Castro and then attack him. On that project, which included blowing up a commercial aircraft with Americans on board and setting off bombs in major cities, Eisenhower was in full support. Kennedy found out about it by accident and pulled the plug. That wasn't one of ours, by the way, and neither were the plague attacks. We were working on plans to destroy the Asian rice crop but that one was quietly put into the closet when too many people found out about it and our rice industry howled that it could easily spread over here and ruin their business. Not that they cared about the Chinese and others, just their own profits. This AIDS business

was a legitimate project that got out of control but it was not planned at all. Of course, there were plans to instigate a war between the Soviet Union and China, but it proved to be too complicated and was dropped. One of our people read Malthus and went to Dulles with a plan to thin out the world's population, after inoculating our citizens, or most of the non-colored ones. That is still in the active file somewhere. If you read of a national immunization day coming up, that will be a token sign.

GD: If the victims ever get wind of this, they might preempt you and start their own plagues and loose their own virus attackers. Müller told me that such actions were not only criminal and insane but would be bound for a certainty to come back on those who started it.

RTC: That's the main reason why they never got started. Pragmatic, not moral.

GD: That sums it all up, doesn't it?

RTC: In theory, Gregory, getting rid of the tired and huddled masses would not be impractical in the long view.

GD: In theory not, but I wouldn't be happy with the practice.

RTC: We would lay the blame on some other enemy and let them worry about defending themselves.

GD: It's one thing for your people to off the head of the UN or blow up an inconvenient head of state or two but starting plagues is nothing less than psychotic mass murder and I, for one, can't think of any kind of an excuse for it, pragmatic or not.

RTC: You can always make such an argument, Gregory, and it is not unbecoming for you to do this but when you have been where I have been, these objections fade away very quickly. Well, enough science fiction for today. I am indeed looking forward to your visit and so is Bill.

GD: Question? Why is Kimmel sitting in?

RTC: He has his own agenda. In spite of all the assistance you have given him and his family, he still despises you. You see, Tom saw that Bill and I were doing well in the writing business and we had, and have, a certain reputation in the professions. He will probably retire and wants to find a safe berth when he does. He sees you as a potential threat and you do not treat him with the unalloyed respect that people like Tom demand as their birthright.

GD: I don't consider myself to be any kind of a threat to him.

RTC: You exist, Gregory, and he views you as a loose cannon, his very words to Bill, and for people like Tom, a loose cannon can't be controlled. I don't care what positive things you've done for him and his family. In the final cut, you are a potential intellectual threat to him so he dislikes you. And be careful at lunch not to let fly with one of your terrible remarks. I understand them and most often agree with them, but Tom considers himself to be an establishment type and people like that don't like people like you.

GD: My grandfather used to say that the reason some people could stand up without a spine is because their skin is so thick.

RTC:(Laughter) Ah, there you go again, Gregory. I would wager you'd say that right to Tom's face, wouldn't you?

GD: If I felt it was necessary.

RTC: He'd do the same thing, Gregory, but to your back, so at the table, watch yourself. Bill is neutral, but Tom is not a friend and keep that in mind all the time.

GD: Speaking of back-stabbing, have you seen my good friend Wolfe lately?

RTC: No, I haven't been over to the Archives lately so I have been spared his most unwelcome attentions. Now we can add Critchfield to your collection of loyal friends. Jim wants back that letter he sent you. The one you read to me. He thinks it might be misunderstood and wants me to try to get it out of you just to look at and then give it back to him. I told him I would try but of course that's not my plan. If you would follow my advice, hide it in a safe place. It would bother me if you went out of town, say to come back here in December, and remember Kimmel knows the dates of your trip, and

some burglar broke in and ran off with it and any other inconvenient and accusatory paperwork you might have lying around. Just a cautionary piece of advice from a friend.

GD: I appreciate it. I could leave a little surprise in a box marked 'secret CIA documents,' couldn't I?

RTC: Now, now, Gregory, not on the phone.

GD: I'll bet someone would make quite a report.

RTC: Probably hear it five miles away. Do let's change the subject. How is the Müller book selling?

GD: Actually, I understand quite well. After it's been out for about two years, I expect the usual run of paid rodents to start in squealing their objections to it. It will take that long for the rays of brilliant light to penetrate the Stygian gloom that packs their collective brain cases. I do hope they get nice checks for their pains. It beats public assistance or begging in railroad stations. Which, I suspect, is how most of these twits make their living.

RTC: I think most of them work in obscure community colleges in the wilds of Massachusetts or Ohio.

GD: Yes, and I'm told they eat once a day. A piece of salt pork on a long string which can be used over and over. I've heard about the dog returning to his own vomit but Robert, what happens when they are the vomit?

RTC: Now, now, and so close to Sunday and Thanksgiving. And what are you going to give thanks for, Gregory?

GD: The fact that almost all of my nasty relatives have passed away, Robert. It will be a matter of some satisfaction to me to have survived them all. When I feel my time is coming, I can travel around the country and urinate on their graves. At any rate, tenderly, tenderly Jesus is calling and my dog is making it very clear that she wants to go out and relieve herself on the neighbor's flower beds, so let me beg off. And give my best to Emily, won't you? You know, if I ever meet her face to face, I would be the soul of civility to her.

RTC: I would certainly hope so.

(Concluded at 10:25 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 47**

Date: Wednesday, November 20, 1996

Commenced: 1:50 PM CST

Concluded: 2:22 PM CST

GD: Good afternoon, Robert. Am I being inconvenient?

RTC: No, Gregory. I've finished lunch, done a bit with the Switzers, read the papers and the rest of the day is free. How are you doing? Getting ready for Thanksgiving?

GD: Oh yes. I was reading a Sheldon 'Furry Freaks' cartoon that showed a bunch of hippies at Thanksgiving. One of them was making a terrible face and he said to the girlfriend, who had obviously cooked the bird, 'This stuffing is really terrible. What is it?' And she replied that it came already stuffed from the organic foods shop. It obviously had not been emptied of its innards and I was wondering how much of it they ate.

RTC: Typical long-hair stupidity. I take it your turkey is not from an organic turkey farm?

GD: Free range turkeys? No, they stuff them in little pens, fatten them and then into the eye with the icepick and into the defeathering machine. As Cromwell was supposed to have said about Charles I, 'Cruel necessity.' But it tastes fine if you aren't socially conscious.

RTC: It smacks of the concentration camp soap stories.

GD: And don't forget the shrunken heads and the lampshades while you're at it, Robert. We mustn't be callous and forget the crime of the century. Of course, it's interesting

that the Turkish murders of a million unarmed Armenians some years ago seems to be strangely forgotten.

RTC: Well, the Israelis are friends with Turkey and since they run the media here, they have an understanding about that. There can't be stories that would eclipse their very own big money maker and which at the same time would offend one of their only allies.

GD: Oh, the bitter realities of *realpolitik*. You recall talking about the Pedophile Academy you people run?

RTC: I do. You aren't interested in joining, are you?

GD: No, actually, I lust after sheep. Just think of it as Farrah Fawcett in a fur coat and all will come out in the end.

RTC: A pun is the lowest form of humor, Gregory.

GD: I know and I am so ashamed. but they do look so cute in lacy panties.

RTC: I am certain you're joking, Gregory. Do you have lamb at Easter?

GD: Sir, think you I am so callous? Months of true love to be followed by sordid death and the roasting pan? Terrible, Robert, terrible. Oh well, I suppose there in our imperial city things are really pure and noble.

RTC: Hardly. You mentioned the kiddie's club. There's a lot worse than that in our fair city, believe me.

GD: Oh, I am sure of that. Prominent Evangelical leaders meeting in a basement dungeon while someone like Pat Robertson, dressed in mesh stockings and a feather boa, whipping teen-aged acolytes with a cat of nine tails. I've heard Washington is famous for things like that.

RTC: Actually, yes it is. For example, one of the less appetizing aspects of our little Company has been the fairy club.

GD: You mean you hire all those nasty florist types?

RTC: No, I mean we have an entire subsection devoted to the care and feeding of queers. Its under the Science and Technology people and consists of raging homos whose job it is to infiltrate groups of prominent Beltway queers, get the information on them so we can blackmail them into doing what we want. We've set up male warehouses around here, all equipped with special mikes and cameras so we can get the evidence on the creeps and then twist their arms. They staff these places with young military personnel...mostly Marines but quite a few Army people, and naturally sailors. We have a lot of Congressmen in the basket and one hell of a lot of senior military people around to do what we want, not to forget foreign diplomats, important business people and, as you say, some impressive religious leaders. It's mostly the military that we bag and a large number of the far right and the very fanatical religious types.

GD: That's not surprising. Most of those people are drawn to strength and a well-muscled Marine with a leather belt is a pretty good illustration of what they consider strength. Far right types like leather boots and domination. I suppose the marks pay for sex?

RTC: Oh, yes, and pay very well. First they pay cash and then they pay later in services. You would be astounded the number of fairies in high places here and most of them are in our little bags. And they do perform for us. A proper vote on yearly cash allotments, no questions asked, shutting off people who don't like us, promoting or assisting those who are known to be on our good list. We have one Supreme Court justice, at least five appellate court judges, God knows how many senior FBI people, quite a few NSA personnel and, who would be shocked, enough State Department queers to stock a good hotel. I, personally, have nothing to do with this, but my friend Ed is involved in the administration of this and he has mentioned governors, senior senators and so on that he can jerk around at leisure. Of course, we set up the male warehouses, but never, never have any of our people on the premises. We have surveillance monitors all over the neighborhood and perhaps next door listening to the tapes and turning on the TV cameras but we don't want one of our straight people bagged if the local cops raid a place. The DC cops are stupid and corrupt beyond belief, but one never knows if they'll get a wild hair up their ass and pull a raid. If they did, of course, we could quiet it down

in the court system here, but it's better to be safe than sorry. It does pay off, Gregory, and I can assure you that I, personally, have nothing to do with it.

GD: I don't question that, Robert. Anyone I might know about?

RTC: Oh, God, it would be wonderful if you put all of this into your books, but if you did, don't talk about it in front or you would have many problems. Faggotry is a fact of life, Gregory, but none of these assholes want to be exposed. Nixon had his times with Bebe Rebozo, too, but of course never in one of our DC peg houses. That never went anywhere, but I know it's true. There are tapes. We bug all kinds of rendezvous places like certain motels, beach houses and so on. For example, we couldn't bug Nixon's place in Florida, but we certainly could bug Rebozo. It's quite an area of exploitation, Gregory. Once we nailed a very senior Israeli diplomat who liked to be whipped by muscular young blacks and when we wanted some information, Jim just casually showed him some stills from a surveillance tape and you would be amazed how much instant cooperation we got on a certain Arab matter. And speaking of diplomatics, the Saudis are absolutely the worst. They'll fuck anything in sight if it's warm, and my, they do have lots of money.

GD: I recall an old Persian poem I once read out loud in Lit class that goes, 'Across the river there is a boy with an ass like a peach, but alas, I cannot swim.' I had to go home for two days for that but the class had quite a laugh.

RTC: You must indeed have been quite a scholar.

GD: No, I was quite a trouble-maker. One of my teachers once told me, in front of the class, that I was an idiot's delight. I told her right back that I was pleased to make her so happy. This time, I went on leave for a week.

RTC: Well, she had it coming.

GD: Oh yes, she did. They never liked me in high school, Robert, and the feeling was mutual. Once, I entered a national patriotic essay contest and, by God, I won a big prize. I wrote about the joys of being a patriot and the usual drivel. Anyway, I got the letter at home and I assume the school was told at the same time. Wonderful responses from them. They had planned for a special assembly to honor the gifted one, but no way would they do this for me. Do you know, they actually called me in and suggested, very firmly, that I step aside and let little Robbie the Pig get the prize? This was the son of the local Methodist minister and a real toad. Chubby, whining, self-righteous and a born stool pigeon. Learned the art from dad, no doubt. Anyway, I flatly refused to yield. Then they called my mother and went to work on her. Of course she didn't need any leaning and for two weeks, I got nothing but stereophonic yammering from both parents. I just wasn't a good advertisement for the school and a real gentleman would let them have a grand ceremony for Robbie the Pig. I still wouldn't budge so they sent the award and the check to me at home and I had a hell of a time getting the check away from my father, who tried to keep it. Lovely.

RTC: Not very civilized behavior, Gregory. I think you did the right thing then.

GD: Oh yes, Robert, and I certainly did the right thing about two weeks later.

RTC: I am almost afraid to ask. No more detergent in the school soup pot?

GD: No, this came before that. I felt I had been dishonored, and as Mueller once said to me, I have a fine fourteenth century mind. One cannot permit that sort of thing. My revenge was fairly simple and direct. Of course, no one suspected me, which is a little of a letdown, but the uproar was worth it. In the main hall of the school, right by the front office, was a large, bronze medallion with a depiction of the school symbol on it. It was set into the floor right in front of another bronze piece that listed all the former students of the high school who died in the Second World War. On both sides were flags, and during school hours, two members of the Honor Patrol stood on both sides of the sacred lares and panares to prevent careless or evil students from trampling on the school crest or not saluting, hand on chest, the plaque. My, my, what an inviting and sacred target. I broke into the school one Saturday night, very easy considering the very pickable locks and the better reality that there was no watchman. Now, I suppose, they would have surveillance cameras every ten feet but we were not so advanced then. I got

into the chemistry lab, stole two bottles of concentrated nitric acid and a pair of acid-proof lab gloves, went down the hall and poured one bottle all over the floor relic. Much hissing and bubbling and clouds of stinking smoke. The second bottle I uncorked and poured the contents all down the wall piece. Much hissing, smoking and so on. Then, I tossed the bottles into a convenient trash bin and left by the front door. Outside they had the imperial flag pole in the courtyard. Every morning, the royal honor guard attended the morning flag-raising while someone played some raucous piece, off key of course, on a bugle. As a sort of afterthought, I took out my Swiss Army knife and cut the halyards on the pole and pulled down the lines. The pole was about sixty feet tall and set in concrete so replacing the lines would be a major task. My, my, and I felt so good all the way home.

RTC: Your honor had been avenged?

GD: Yes, and the next day, it was even more pleasurable. I had so little to really enjoy in those days, I treasured every moment, believe me. Came into the school and saw no one. Halls empty. For a hopeful moment, I thought that there was no school but it was not to be. Walking around, I came to the main hall which was packed with very emotional fellow students. Weeping girls and outraged boys. I managed to work my way up towards the front of the mourners and saw my handiwork, full in the face as it were. It looked like the sacred relics had been made of brown sugar and melted in great gullies. I didn't obliterate them but you could only see a few letters on the wall plaque and the mess on the floor looked like it had been at the bottom of the sea for a thousand years. Police all over the place, taking pictures, very angry honor students, people in a state of anger and grief. And all over a few crummy pieces of bronze. Oh, yes, and a scene outside where a fat janitor was risking his life on a ladder that kept slipping, to replace the flagpole ropes. They had to get a local fire truck out later on to do the job. Oh, my, and the police, who made Mongoloid idiots look like Harvard graduates, running all over the place with note books, interviewing everyone that would hold still. Massive grief and anger. A special assembly, mandatory attendance, in which the principal and other lesser lights offered a small reward to any snitches listening. You'd have thought someone took the Shroud of Turin and used it for toilet paper. Ah well, these rare and beautiful moments are ones to be treasured.

RTC: Simple but effective, Gregory.

GD: Always smile at a man when you kick him in the balls, Robert. Oh, that thing played out for about a month and then we were all asked to contribute to a replacement venture. When the collection cup came around in my math class, I spit into it. Another moment of perverse happiness. The soaping of the stock pot was a real, transcendent joy for me, but the curtain raiser was almost as much fun. The thought, and the sight, of most of the student body soiling their clothes, and the floors, was good enough to keep me warm for months but the wailing and cursing of my fellow stoats at the scene of the great sacrilege in the upper hall was not to be denigrated.

RTC: Did you ever tell your friend Heinrich Mueller about this?

GD: No. I don't think he would have approved of it and I admired him. Listen, do you think you might get a list of your limp-wristed victims? Of course, I assure you that I will publish it, know that in front.

RTC: Not while I'm alive, but yes, I think I can accommodate you. Too bad I wouldn't be around to read about all the suicides or flights from Congress.

(Concluded at 2:22 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 48**

Date: Tuesday, November 26, 1996

Commenced: 1:45 PM CST



Concluded: 2:16 PM CST

GD: Good morning, Robert. Well, I have all my reservations lined up and we should be getting together on the 9<sup>th</sup> of December. I have hotel reservations and it isn't too far to the University Club, but I'll take a cab. About noon?

RTC: Yes, that's the drill. Now, look, Gregory, if you get there early and then Kimmel and Bill are there, be polite but non-committal with both of them. I should be on time but one never knows. Kimmel is looking for any way to discredit you so be very careful with him. Have you ever met him before?

GD: No, just talked on the phone.

RTC: A tall blonde fellow, a little past his prime but an impressive type. Has a deep, well-regulated voice and likes to overawe people. You won't be overawed, will you?

GD: I doubt it. I am sure Mueller was twice the man Kimmel is and Heini never overawed me. We got along fine on those grounds.

RTC: Look, can you tell me the name of your hotel?

GD: Certainly. It's the Capitol Hill Suites. The phone number there is...just a second....202 543-6000 and my reservation number is C 1820CE8. I'll be checking in on Saturday afternoon and I have a lunch date with Willis Carto on Sunday. He is doing a piece in his paper on the Mueller books and wants to do an interview.

RTC: Fine. OK, here's what I have in mind. I have all the Warren Commission books, all 26 or so volumes. I have gone through every one of them and made notes all over the pages. You can read my writing very clearly. I have marked up all the irrelevant material, the fake material and the factual material. I think when you come to write about the ZIPPER business, this will be of great help to you. I will have them delivered to you in a sealed box over the weekend. And whatever you do, do not mention this to either Tom or Bill. Just leave the box sealed and take it back with you on the plane. When are you leaving to go back?

GD: The 10<sup>th</sup>.

RTC: Fine. And I have put together a big packet of material on the ZIPPER business that I will put into a briefcase and bring with me to the Club. After lunch, we can go somewhere and I can give it to you. Everything you want is in there, all original papers, notes, transcriptions and so on. But remember your promise to keep this under your hat until after I'm gone. For some odd reason, Bill and Trento think they are going to get their hands on all this. I never made any concrete promises but when people pester me, I give satisfactory but non-binding comments. None of them would dare to publish a word of any of this and I know you will. I did give Bill a copy, but only a copy, of the Driscoll report and he thinks he has the world by the balls. Anyway, talk about Pearl Harbor and keep Tom happy. Also, try to keep your discussion of Mueller to a bare minimum. Tom is hot on Pearl, but everyone else wants to find out about Mueller. What can you prove, what evidence, if any, do you have of his working for us and so on. I've warned you before on all of this but just be vague and go off on a story. But for God's sake, don't tell them stories about soap in the soup or things like that. Kimmel has no sense of humor and would try to accuse you of mass poisonings or something. Bill just talks too much.

GD: I appreciate the confidence but since the Mueller book came out, I've been bombarded with requests from broken down academics to stop by with their friend, Willy, just to look at my precious documents. I don't know where they find these people, Robert, but they do not engender any confidence in our precious government. They should really keep their mouths closed or all the flies will get out. No, childish games like that go nowhere. What about the Kennedy buffs, as they call them?

RTC: Almost all of that is in the package for you. You see, we set up a disinformation group to spread confusion and to distract anyone from digging too deeply. You know, the man with the umbrella, the man in the storm drains, the wandering people in the train yards, the third figure on the sixth floor of the book building, Hoover on the roof of a building along with Nixon and the Hunt brothers. And a fake Oswald renting a car or

buying a gun. Not to mention the really bad stories, which Hunt made up, of Oswald in Mexico City. God, reams of paper with no end. The truth, which is all there, is much more simple.

GD: Question, Robert. This business with Ruby. Was he involved?

RTC: Well, yes. The Chicago mob, with whom I have family connections, got him to do a job on Oswald. That was a setup. You see, Oswald had nothing to do with the business but was involved in other things for us. If he came to trial, very ugly things could have come out and we couldn't control a courtroom scene. Better to insure it never went that far.

GD: And Ruby?

RTC: The locals were going to try him and he was starting to sweat the electric chair so he threatened to talk.

GD: But he died in jail. Did you get to him in there?

RTC: Certainly. Ruby died of rampant cancer. As you are aware, Gregory, we can give people fatal heart attacks and cancer is only a little more difficult and problematical. A medical examination, an injection with cells and so on. Ask a good oncologist. It is possible to do this. It takes more time but what did Ruby have? There was no immediate danger of him blabbing, so we pacified him with stories of last minute rescues and let him die.

GD: I was watching the telly and I saw them bring out the rifle. I know a great deal about guns, Robert, and they showed very clear shots of it. Besides, the local cop who found it ran a gun shop and he must have known it was an Argentine Mauser and not a worthless Carcano 6.5mm. Why did they make the change?

RTC: As I recall it, they had ordered the smaller piece through the mail to a fake PO box in Oswald's fake name. Oswald worked for ONI and used several names.

GD: Not the FBI?

RTC: Oh, no, the ONI. These people won't allow their people to work for another agency.

GD: Just a point or two. These fake stories....how many of them are yours?

RTC: Gregory, when such things happen and cannot be instantly clarified, the lunatic fringe leaps up waving their arms with all kinds of strange stories. We have the Farrell woman who is their top librarian and we can plant any kind of a distraction we want, but actually, most of the distractions are from the fertile imaginations of self-important people. The Russians must have had a wonderful time with all of this smoke and mirrors. After all, we used Oswald solely because of his Russian connections. We felt it would point right back to them again. We got two birds with one stone. But then the nuts were more interested in people with umbrellas and so on so we stopped pushing the Russian connection. Yes, Lee was in Russia and yes, he was working for the ONI. The Atsugi connection was what got their attention. Oswald was very smart but very abrasive and I notice his wife was the niece of a top MVD man. Figure that one out. Anyway, they are relieved. And besides, if they ever got their hands on ZIPPER, they would make hay. We have to be a little careful here because of the Stalin business. You see, L.P. Beria, their intelligence chief, had come over to our side in the early '50s. He built their atomic program, but Stalin was getting senile and very dangerous. Beria knew his days were numbered so he made contact with us and agreed to work with us. Shutting off the cold war, getting Russian troops out of the DDR and so on. This progressed and as he grew more desperate with his sinking star, we hit on the idea of getting rid of Comrade Stalin and setting Beria up in his place. Old L.P. was a sex fiend and loved little girls and boys so it was no problem to keep him line. And of course the Jewish business cropped up. Stalin used Jews but he hated them and was, in his increasing madness, planning to exterminate them like he had exterminated so many others. Beria was Jewish as was Molotov's wife so there was general fear that the axe could fall on all of them.

GD: Fouche used this ploy to bring down Robespierre. 'Oh, you are on the death list' and so on.

RTC: I didn't know about that.

GD: There is no new thing under the sun, Robert. How did they kill Stalin? I assume he was well guarded.

RTC: Oh yes, and paranoid as hell. We got some rat poison that works on the blood. What...

GD: Wafrarin.

RTC: Something like that. Got it from people in Wisconsin. Anyway, Beria slipped it into Joe's booze and off he went with a stroke. Of course he started bleeding from the mouth but no one noticed that and then Beria got in. Did you know that Stalin was going to transport all the Jews in Moscow off to Siberia in the middle of winter and freeze the lot of them to death? Oh yes, and they all joined forces to save themselves. I think rat poison was apt. Stalin was a terrible monster.

GD: He did thin out the Russian population. Did anyone here, besides your people, know about this?

RTC: Eisenhower was noticed on this and jumped at it. Thought it was a wonderful idea. You know, when I told you about the Army plan to attack American targets like aircraft and blowing up buildings and use this as a basis for attacking Castro, old Ike jumped for joy. Kennedy stopped it.

GD: Do you have anything on this?

RTC: The Stalin business? Yes, I do. The Army plan? No, I do not.

GD: Well, at least I know about it. Can I get the Stalin material?

RTC: I can put it into the packet for you. Now getting this to you might be a problem. Kimmel does not like the idea of me taking with you and at the lunch, will watch both of us like a hawk. I think after the lunch, we might go into the Club library.

GD: I have a better idea. I looked at a DC map and I see the National Portrait Gallery is nearby. I have an ancestor whose picture is up there and I always wanted to see it. We could take a cab over there because of your leg and leave Tom and Bill behind.

RTC: Might I ask who the ancestor was?

GD: Certainly. Robert Morris. He was a Philadelphia banker...Weller and Morris...and he financed Washington. They call him 'Robert the Signer' because there were other Morris people and he signed the Declaration of Independence.

RTC: That's impressive. Be sure you mention this to Tom. That'll get him ever more upset. His ancestors were farmers about the time yours was making history. Oh, yes, that will excite him. Just think, the evil Gregory Douglas is descended from an American hero, a founding father. I'd love to watch his face when you spring this one on him.

GD: It means less than nothing to me what people care about. Yes, and then you can give me your packet away from prying and jealous eyes.

RTC: We can push them into the Club bar, get them started...do you drink, by the way?

GD: No.

RTC: Well, I'll tell them my doctor said I couldn't, so off we can go to look at your ancestor. My basic reason, Gregory, for getting you to do this is because it might come out in the future and I really want the American people to know that we had very good reasons for putting ZIPPER in action. It wasn't just a South American junta. We had very good reasons and I only hope you make it clear that this had a real and solid basis for action. I don't regret our actions for a minute but in the future, historians ought to have all the facts before they judge. You do see my point?

GD: Of course, and there would be no reason to write this unless I explained why you and your friends undertook such a drastic action. That has to be part of the whole package. An interesting microcosm, Robert, a history of a major assassination plot, capturing world attention, all in a small book and very accurate. Instead of speculating on the sinking of the Maine or who told what to whom before Pearl Harbor, we have it all down nice and crisp and accurate.

RTC: Ah, there, you have the crux of it, Gregory. Now, let us return to our daily lives and look forward to our meeting.

(Concluded at 2:16 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 49**

Date: Thursday, November 28, 1996

Commenced: 8:45 AM CST

Concluded: 9:22 AM CST

RTC: How are you today, Gregory?

GD: Been up since six working on the next Mueller book. Working on the concentration camp business.

RTC: A sensitive and profitable subject. For the same people. My God, what a money-maker that one is!

GD: Tell me about it. An established writer like Irving could never approach it. If he did, the Jews would go for his throat. Or his back more like it. Did you have many dealings with them?

RTC: As individuals or as professional agents?

GD: Either.

RTC: I have to tell you, Gregory, that I do not like Jews very much and I do not trust any of them. I know a few as individuals and some as agents. Jim loved them and spent half his time sucking up to the Mossad creeps. It bothered me because they were using him, but Jim loved flattery and ate it up. I don't and I'm an Irish Catholic boy from Chicago. Jim was part Mexican and maybe that was part of it. Anyway, with Jews, it's take, take and never give. You can't trust any of them to the corner for a pound of soft soap.

GD: I don't get involved but I have had bad experiences with them. Always watch your back around them has been my experience.

RTC: I have a report for you made for the UN in '48 listing all their crimes against the Palestinian. The abused child becomes the abusing parent. My God, those filthy Polacks did terrible, vicious things to the Arabs. Murdered them, poisoned their farm wells, killed their animals and finally slaughtered whole villages of them, women and children. The Jews claim they own the Holy Land but these are Polack Jews and had nothing to do with Palestine. The Russian Jews are the same breed and Stalin, who really hated Jews, used them to butcher Russian Christians whom they hated. And then Josef planned to kill off all the Jews in Moscow.

GD: What about that?

RTC: Round them all up, put them in boxcars and ship them off to Siberia in mid-winter. He planned to slaughter all of them. And after all the filthy work they did for him, too! An ungrateful but realistic man.

GD: Why was this turn-about? He loved Jews, didn't he?

RTC: No, he did not. Josef was far-sighted and knew, and said, that Jews had no loyalty to anyone except themselves. They hate all other people and feel that anything they do to them is justified. They claim centuries of persecution as their excuse.

GD: Yes, isn't it odd that over thousands of years, everyone has persecuted the poor Jews. One wonders why.

RTC: Why? They burrow into the machinery of the state and the banking system and eventually take it over. And then, always, the locals get after them and either set them on fire or drive them out of their area or country. This has been going on for many centuries. One could say that the Jews of the world have been very unlucky or people know what they're doing when they pile up wood for the burning pyres or set up camps.

GD: The stories about gassed millions is hysterically funny. Puts me in mind of the stories about the Easter Bunny or the Second Coming. Useful lies for children on one hand and a means to get money out of the suckers who actually believe the silliness about the Rapture, the Battle of Armageddon and other idiotic legends. Barnum was right.

RTC: Yes, he was. And I once looked into the camp story just because I could. There is much on this issue at the National Archives but most people can't see it.

GD: Why not?

RTC: The Jews don't want you see this. It would destroy the myth of vast gas chambers and soap factories. My God, Gregory, the Jews make vast sums of money off these made-up stories. I can just hear some raddled Jewess moaning in a furniture store about how her whole family was gassed and can she get 50% off on that chair? Oh yes, I know all about such creatures. And now, the Mossad wants us to hunt down people they don't like, or send them confidential files on people they want to blackmail. They robbed and murdered the Arabs, so they have to hate them to justify their filthy behavior. The Arabs outnumber them 20 to 1 but the Israelis have us behind them so they literally can get away with murder. And how do they have our support? By working their way into the system, by owning most of the media, by bribery and blackmail, by political pressure. I could go on for days but I just ate breakfast and I don't want to vomit onto my lap.

GD: I knew the Polish Jews in Munich after the war. Jesus H. Christ, Robert, I have never seen such really terrible people in my life. They were all up on the Muehl Strasse and going there to buy cheap butter for my friends was quite an experience. It was like tiptoeing into a den of circling hyenas. I was always neutral as far as Jews were concerned, but my experiences there radically altered my views. They were DPs. Displaced Persons. Couldn't go back to Poland where the locals would have shoved them into barns and set them on fire. The Germans got blamed for much of that, but it was the local Poles who snuffed all the Jews in the neighborhood once their central government fell apart in '39. A friend of mine was a Major in the thirty seventh infantry and he said the Poles would round up all the Jews and barbecue them. Said some of the villages smelt like a badly-vented crematorium. And of course they got the blame for it. Well, they lost so they can expect this. I once bought a German steel helmet at a flea market in Germany and I was carrying it down the street under my arm and some old hag came up behind me, screeching like a wet pea hen. There was no one around so I bashed her on the head with the pot until she shut up. Had to wash the helmet off later. It looked like pink oatmeal on part of it.

RTC: Bravo. I suppose she was dead, Gregory?

GD: I didn't stop to examine her but she had certainly shut up.

RTC: I suppose she was a Jew.

GD: I didn't care who she was. She could have been anyone and I would have shut her up regardless.

RTC: You are certainly not a nice person at times.

GD: Oh, I love that, Robert. If I were in your house for dinner, I assure you my manners would be impeccable. But we digress. Can we find out more about that business you people had with the French getting us into Vietnam?

ERTC: I wrote on that, Gregory. I ought to send you my manuscript some day. I can't publish it because I signed a pledge to never publish without permission and I am sure it would never be given. I know all about that slaughterhouse, believe me. A nation steeped in blood. Terrible business. Wars for nothing and when Kennedy tried to get out, that was one of the reasons he got killed. Too much money to be made in a war. It ruined Johnson. No chance of getting reelected. McNamara thought he could apply business norms to a military business and he went as well. Probably be made the head of a think tank. My God, what a misnomer. 'Think tank' my ass. Bunch of loud-mouthed idiots running around babbling as if anyone cared what they thought about unimportant things. "I think..." is one of the worst openings for any kind of a conversation. Run into these congenital assholes at any Beltway social function and especially in the CIA circles. I say, who gives a damn what you think?

GD: I've been to Beltway functions, Robert. My God, if we could somehow trap all the hot air these methane monsters create, we could heat New York for ten years. Don't light any matches and breathe very shortly but the gas is tremendous. "I think...?" I

doubt it. Most of these self-important cow anuses should join hands and jump off the Key Bridge in the middle of winter. Right through the ice and then blessed silence. Downriver, however, all the marine life dies a terrible death.

RTC: (Laughter) Ah, well, it won't happen. One day a Jew will sit in the Oval Office and on that day, we will drop atom bombs on anyone Tel Aviv doesn't like.

GD: Where is Genghis Kahn now that we need him?

RTC: Lee Harvey Oswald would be more to the point.

(Concluded at 9:22 Am CST)

## **Conversation No. 50**

Date, Friday, November 29, 1996

Commenced: 11:20 AM CST

Concluded: 11:55 AM CST

GD: How are you doing today, Robert?

RTC: Had a bad night, Gregory. Couldn't get to sleep and then dozed off about five. Not a good night.

GD: Take sleeping pills?

RTC: I don't like to start with things like that. You can get addicted to them so I just put up with it and I will take a nap after lunch. That will help. How are you today?

GD: I'm OK. Been working on the latest Müller book and I got bogged down. When that happens, you have to just stop everything and walk away for a while.

RTC: How is the book coming?

GD: Making it, Robert. Publisher tells me the first book is doing very well.

RTC: Any negative comments?

GD: Not to him.

RTC: Oh, there are some unhappy people back here. The rumors are out that you might do another book so I would be careful talking about its contents to anyone.

GD: Corson and Kimmel have been very interested.

RTC: That's what I mean. Don't tell either one of them a damned word.

GD: No, the more curious people get, the less I say. I know Tom is with the FBI so, naturally, I only engage in light conversations with him and Bill is too curious to suit me.

RTC: Bill like to run with the hares and hunt with the hounds, if you follow me.

GD: Yes. Typical.

RTC: Müller died in '83, didn't he?

GD: Yes. Buried in Oakland.

RTC: Buried under his Company name?

GD: No, his real one.

RTC: He sold paintings for us, as I remember.

GD: Oh, yes he did. Your people took over looted Nazi art from the Army after the war and then you know what happened to it.

RTC: Yes, of course. We sold it for profit and if we had any trouble with previous owners, we simply terminated them. Mostly hysterical Jews screaming about this or that but eventually, they were dealt with and business went on.

GD: Heini told me he took in millions.

RTC: Oh, yes, he did. Some of it we used for off the books operations, like snuffing Diem and other nasty businesses and the rest ended up in private hands, let us say.

GD: Well, I recall the beautiful Raphael hanging up in Heini's office. A fruity looking fellow in a white shirt. It apparently came from a collection in Warsaw along with a Leonardo. The Leonardo was found and sent back but the Raphael ended up with the Gestapo and Heini hid it and later went back for it. Of course he could never sell it but

it looked so nice in his home. I can imagine the howls of rage if the Polacks found out about it.

RTC: Yes, indeed. God, how many such scenes we had to take care of.

GD: Terminate with extreme prejudice?

RTC: No, that term is used for in-house problems. Like the unfortunate fellow who shot himself in the back of the head and jumped off his little boat with weights on his feet. Things like that.

GD: And Olson?

RTC: Well, he was potential trouble so he did a full gainer out of a hotel window. It wasn't the long fall that did him in, Gregory, but that sudden stop at the bottom.

GD: Müller told me about that. He said unwanted people like Forrestal rained down all over Washington until he introduced the heart attack drug. He used to feel sorry for people down below. I mean, some woman taking mail to the corner box gets an unwanted individual landing on top of her. Or imagine someone just bought a new Packard and there is a huge mess on their crushed roof and brains splattered all over the rest of the car. No, Heini was right about the heart attacks. Much more plausible and certainly less messy.

RTC: I agree.

GD: Diem?

RTC: Oh that business. I was on the inside with that one. What a mess but typical. Diem and his brother ran Vietnam and were trying to kill off the Buddhists. Kennedy had no idea what was going on over there and was waffling about pouring American troops into the country. The Diem family were crooked as hell and very, very nasty and demanding. There were two camps here, Gregory. The first one wanted a major effort there to stop Communism dead in its tracks and the other felt that such actions would become a bottomless pit.

GD: In the event, they were right.

RTC: Yes, but that is now, based on hindsight, but at the time, no one knew just what to do. We were technically only advising Diem. We had a deal with the French, at least the Company did, to support any régime that would protect their interest there. Lots of rubber and there was also untapped oil fields offshore. Jack was an idealist at times and got pulled this way and that. I mean we felt that a strong military presence there was good. We could use that country as a base of operations to expand into Laos and other areas but we had to act like we were supporting the democratic movements in Saigon. Diem was a vicious dictator and was surrounded with totally corrupt officials so he was not a good image for us. After we talked about it somewhat, it was decided to get rid of him and his brother and put in new people. We talked with dissident generals and pretty well set up a putsch. The idea was not to run him out of the country but to kill both of them and set an example for others.

GD: Was Kennedy in on it?

RTC: Of course, he knew in advance. We tarted it up and he went for it. But kept waffling this way and that so we just told the generals to go ahead. They grabbed the two of them and chopped them both up with bayonets in the back on an armored car. I personally told our people there that it ought to be done and the bodies tossed out on the street as an example to others.

GD: Admiral Byng.

RTC: Yes, just so. Kennedy was presented with a fiat and went along.

GD: And what about the usual Congressional investigations?

RTC: We did what we always do, Gregory. Private talks with key people on the hill and the whole thing is rigged from the beginning.

GD: You told them the truth?

RTC: Oh, be a realist here. Of course not. We lie to Congress and the White House every day. We know so much about all of them, just like old Hoover did, that they shut up and we have our people at the New York Times write things up the way we wish. And then the public goes off and watches a football game and opens another beer.

GD: Could any of this ever get out?

RTC: No. Say some gung ho reporter wants to do a story on how we killed Diem or something else like that. We would hear about it at once because we have our people in all the major papers and television offices so we would get the word right away. The usual drill is to call up the editor and have a talk with him and the reporter gets assigned to inspect whale shit somewhere.

GD: And if he gets too curious or won't give up?

RTC: There's always the heart attack or the road accident.

GD: Of falling out of the window.

RTC: Not much of that anymore. As you say, too messy.

GD: Heini used to off them and then turn up the heat in their house until they got really ripe.

RTC: Not personally?

GD: No, he used Arno to off people. Arno is a real jewel. He's a Lutheran minister at the present time but Heini told me once that Arno loved the knife and some of his victims looked like something Picasso would have painted

RTC: (Laughter) Yes, well, we had some of those too.

GD: I recall the Diem business. That was the turning point over there. The hawks won out.

RTC: What a mess that was, Gregory. Now mind you, I felt that Diem just would not listen to us and was causing such bad publicity here by his undemocratic behavior that I really don't think we had much of a choice. Kennedy was a twit and proved to be so unreliable in the business that we eventually decided he had to go too. Johnson would do what he was told but Kennedy was as independent as a hog on ice so onto the face of the fifty cent piece and into the hearts of all Americans. You won't find Johnson on a coin but he put plenty of them into his pocket. Give me the crook over the idealist any time.

GD: I agree. Anyway, I am writing the art business up for the new book. They never took anything really big but all the small stuff fell through the cracks. Müller used to call it degenerate filth and that Hitler was right about it but I notice he never burnt any of the Klees or Picassos. You can get money for all of that and I find that money has such a soothing effect, Robert.

RTC: Yes, I believe it does. It is the root of all evil, after all.

GD: No, the actual Biblical quotation is that the love of money is the root of all evil.

RTC: One or the other.

(Concluded at 11:55 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 51**

Date: Saturday, November 30, 1996

Commenced: 11:30 AM CST

Concluded: 11; 45 AM CST

RTC: I was reading over your analysis of the present political and business status and I thought it was interesting. At least I thought your final conclusions were not at all outrageous. But I should caution you against sending such things to Kimmel or Bill. Kimmel would be outraged and Bill will pass this on to Langley because that's what he does.

GD: None of that surprises me, Robert. I was just stating the obvious. At least it is obvious to me. I suppose if you read history, everything is so compressed and obvious but if you are living it, the end is not always clear. Distance is always important in making conclusions. People don't like to do this because they want this or that kind of ending so they twist and distort the obvious to suit themselves. When I was writing



such reports in the Army, I learned very quickly on not to express attitudes that were opposite of my superiors, no matter how obvious they might be.

RTC: A manifestation of early survival instinct, Gregory.

GD: Yes, why not? No one cares about inconvenient truths but they dearly love convenient lies. But the truth is still there, isn't it?

RTC: Yes, but we never see it until it's too late.

GD: The French Revolution was entirely predictable but only if you could stand back from it. Not a revolt of the masses but initially a perfectly reasonable desire for a burgeoning middle business class to gain parity with the great triumvirate: The Monarchy, the Nobility and the Church. Of course the latter trio did not want to share power and the ensuing struggle spilled over and the mob got it. Reasonable beginnings but terrible endings.

RTC: But could have anyone foreseen the end?

GD: Good point. A few but not the ones that mattered. A Polish writer, Bloch, very accurately foresaw the deadly trench warfare of the First World War but at the time he wrote, the great bulk of military theorists had more conventional views so no one heard him. Afterwards, of course, he became famous. At the time, not. The same with my views.

RTC: I must confess, Gregory, that I am a little conventional and predictions of social upheaval, anarchy and economic collapse are a bit alien to me.

GD: Yet you were accustomed to predict such things in other governments you wanted to either replace or destroy. Correct?

RTC: Well, we fomented more than one revolution and collapsed more than one economy but we didn't predict these things, Gregory, we made them happen. You don't plan to make a revolution or collapse our economy.

GD: No, I don't. But if you see a man building a house on the beach, doesn't it occur to him that a good storm might easily topple it? After all, Robert, the Bible says this but, of course, it's only common sense. No empire, and we have an empire now, ever lasted forever. Rome did not and England did not. They rise and they fall. It will be the same with us. After two major wars, we rule. Of course we contested with Russia but since we were better grounded economically, we survived. They may yet come back but it's not for certain. I see China as our immediate rival but they have uncontrolled capitalism under the control of an aging dictatorship and I would predict that they will shoot up economically and this boom will frighten the leaders. Money creates the desire for power and an empowered mass is very dangerous. And we learned after 1929 that if our marketplace had no controls, it would indulge in peak or collapse on a regular and very destructive basis. Remove these controls would be like blowing up a dam and flooding all the countryside below it. Money for a few and disaster for the rest. Clinton has not encouraged this decontrol but God help us if the right wing ever gets into power. We have all kinds of fiscal dinosaurs waiting in the wings, mating with the lunatics of the religious right and they may yet have their day. Unfettered markets and Jesus in every home, no stores open on Sunday and the Ten Commandments in every classroom. Oh, and not to mention a stake through the heart of the evil Darwin. Nuts. The world is only 6,000 years old and the Grand Canyon was created by Noah's mythical flood. Action and reaction. If that dismal project comes to pass, there will be a reaction, believe me.

RTC: But your predictions of revolution?

GD: People get bored sometimes, Robert, get tired of taxes and dream of some kind of social paradise where everyone is equal. Who knows what monsters are waiting to be born? But the economy is based on credit and like a Ponzi scheme, credit has its limits. You can only use it so far and no further and if we go too far with our credit cards and loans, the end can be easily seen as the python said as he wrapped himself around the tree.

RTC: Well, it won't happen during the rest of my lifetime, Gregory. Perhaps in yours.

GD: Probably. We need a Bismarck now but we won't get him. Democracy is its own worst enemy, Robert. Greed, lack of coordination, corruption, and God alone knows

what else. And our national education system is a horror. We are cranking out generations of the illiterate and ill-informed and these know-nothings will eventually get into power. Then we need all the help God can give us. Well, we always get what we pay for, don't we? Political correctness is idiotic. We should teach our children to question, to evaluate and to analyze, not bleat in their pens like placid sheep. It's like trying to stab someone with a pound of butter.

RTC: (Laughter) Well, a fat and comfortable public....

GD: Yes, a fat public. Well, it's only a matter of conjecture, isn't it? What is it the Bible says? While we are in the light, let us walk in the light for the darkness cometh. Something like that. Enough realistic pessimism for the day, Robert. I recall telling Kimmel, when I found out he taught Sunday school, that he ought to let his little charges read the Song of Solomon and he had a fit. But, I told him, it's in the Bible so it can't be wrong. He didn't see it that way. One dimensional. Never ask questions because you might not like the answers. The truth will not make you free but cause spastic colon. Anyway, I like to speculate, Robert, that's all. If a dam is leaking, is it wrong to predict a collapse?

RTC: The real estate people down below it would not approve of such sentiments.

GD: No, but they probably live on higher ground.

(Concluded at 11:45 CST)

## **Conversation No. 52**

Date: Monday, December 2, 1996

Commenced: 9:45 AM CST

Concluded: 10:21 AM CST

GD: Good morning, Robert. Well, we should be having a nice lunch in a week from today.

RTC: I'm very eager to meet you, Gregory. The telephone is fine, but nothing like a face-to-face to really establish a good relationship.

GD: I agree. As I understand it, you will ship your annotated copies of the complete Warren Report to my hotel and you will bring with you the material on ZIPPER. And pass it to me away from the others. Right?

RTC: That's the drill now, Gregory. I have the books boxed and you may have to take them with you as shipped baggage. A bit much to stick into the overhead bins.

GD: Understood. But the rest of it?

RTC: No, that you can keep under your seat or up above. No problem with that.

GD: I am looking forward to all of this, Robert, but a little concerned about your friends. Kimmel I can do without, if you take my meaning.

RTC: Gregory, I will be there and he won't stray off the path.

GD: That's a comfort. Dueling with the blind is not entertaining. You know, I have been doing my homework on the ZIPPER themes and if you have the time, I have a number of questions.

RTC: Go ahead.

GD: Well, theories abound on this. One says this and another says that. You have given me your background, pretty much, and I am trying to pick the wheat from the chaff as they say. Why use Oswald?

RTC: Obvious, Gregory. We wanted a war with Soviet Russia, that's why we used Oswald. Here he is, a professed Marxist and defector to the Soviet Union, shooting the president. We had to establish a trail to the KGB so we got, or rather Jim Angleton got, our station chief in Mexico City, Win Scott, to work up a scenario placing Oswald in that city and visiting the Soviet and Cuban embassies. They prepared a paper showing Oswald was in connection with Comrade V.V. Kostikov, head of the 13<sup>th</sup> section of the KGB...assassinations...and so on. They fucked the whole thing up so badly that we had

to drop it. Fake pictures of someone not even remotely resembling Oswald, fake stories and they were working on a fake letter from Oswald to Kostikov in which he told him he was going to become a great hero by killing Kennedy. The motives? Kennedy's humiliation of the Russians over the Cuban missile business. Howard Hunt was involved with this and he is a very vain and stupid person. He's a little like Bill Corson, Gregory, but you mustn't repeat any of this. Very self-important person, with delusions. GD: Won't say a word.

RTC: I knew you wouldn't. Bill can fool the Trentos, who are as gullible as he is phony and they both deserve each other, believe me. No, they ruined the Russian plan at the beginning. You see, after Kennedy was dead, our agency would reveal to all the world that the Russians had plotted this and then Johnson would order a surprise nuclear attack on them. Of course, Johnson was a gutless wonder, going this way and going that, so unless we got *The New York Times* and other papers we influenced, to start a firestorm of anger in Americans, that one was as dead as the dodo. We had it all planned out, too. Later, they got Oswald's bitch of a wife being deposed and two phony Russian translators who would claim that she had seen the very rifle in Russia. Of course that was a .22 target rifle and the one we planted was the cheap wop piece with a cheaper scope, so that one went out.

GD: Posner claims that Marina's uncle was only a deputy sheriff in Russia. He said uncle had been a local bigwig in the MVD which was "just like the sheriff's office." Even I know better than that. In fact, as you know, Robert, the MVD was the ministry that ran the KGB. Did Posner expect anyone to believe that silly shit?

RTC: I know what you mean, but of course he did. Another self-important hebe with the brains of a cockroach but a willing tool, Gregory, You don't have to love them to use them after all.

GD: So the war fell through. Did Johnson get wet pants?

RTC: No, it never went that far. Still, it was a distraction, but I always wince when I read the breathless expose in the Warren sludge.

GD: And there are so many theories.

RTC: Tell me about it, Gregory. Some we cooked up but mostly they are the work of the tiny of brain and the huge of ego. Oh yes, it was the mob, out to get Kennedy because of his brother's attacks on them ordered by Joe, the ex-bootlegger. Listen, I know people in the Chicago mob and as much as they detested Kennedy, and they did get him elected by voting every cemetery early and often, they are far too smart to even try to kill a sitting president. We had the cooperation of the leadership of the FBI, who would have the lead in the investigation, but the mob would not and if that ever got out, Hoover would have to clean their respective clocks for them. No, in spite of their hatred of him, they would never have done such a thing.

GD: And the Cuban anti-Castro people...

RTC: Yes, emotional enough and after they felt Kennedy had deserted them during the Bay of Pigs disaster, they had plenty of motive, but no opportunity and emotional as they are, they would boast and Hoover's men would have nailed them.

GD: And Lansky and the mob people who wanted to get back into the gambling business in Cuba?

RTC: The same. Meyer Lansky was a very smart man and the same I said about the Chicago mob would hold true for him and his boys. They wished Kennedy dead, but let someone else do it.

GD: Yes, and Castro.

RTC: Castro is not a stupid man and even though it leaked out, on purpose, of course, that we were trying to kill him, Castro did not have the connections to reverse the attacks on him. Like the mob and others, he was not sad to see Kennedy killed but had nothing to do with any real plotting. This sort of silly shit keeps the buffs all atwitter and with all of the books, seminars, tapes and so on, they keep anyone from digging too deeply into the realities of the dastardly deed. All the stories about mysterious tramps, men with umbrellas, men in the sewer, fake epileptics throwing convenient fits and so

on are just smoke and mirrors. All the mob bosses, Cuban exiles, rich Texas oilmen, Richard Nixon and anyone else suggested either couldn't or wouldn't have tried to shoot Kennedy. You see, we had Hoover and the Johnson people in our camp. With these, we could shut off any inconvenient revelations at any time. And we have iron influence, let's call it, with the major media, so no worry there. We have various retrospective television programs, usually somewhere around November 22 each year that rehash all the idiot stories and I watch them with great humor. Beats 'I Love Lucy' for real humor.

GD: When you started this, was it solely to provide an excuse for nuking the Russians?

RTC: No, that was a sort of afterthought, Gregory. Angleton hated the Russians and he did know that the Kennedy people were in touch with the KGB and Khrushchev people so he went from there. You might say that Jim was the sparkplug on that engine, right along. I wouldn't pay any attention to the conspiracy books, Gregory. You know better than that, don't you?

GD: Yes, of course, but if I am going to write about it, I will have to know what others have said. And I can just hear the squealings if and when I do this.

RTC: Oh yes, hell hath no fury like a woman scorned or a tin-horned academic one-upped.

GD: That I agree with, but the concept of one man, Jim Angleton, having the power to start a nuclear war is horrifying to me and I assume it will be to others. This is a manifestation of far too much power concentrated in too few hands. What kind of oversight was there? How many wars and assassinations were caused by someone's upset stomach or throbbing piles? I said this Kennedy business is a microcosm of ill-advised plots and I hope you aren't upset with me when I tell you that I am very glad it never happened. You sent me the German intercepts of the Roosevelt and Churchill talks over their secret lines and that smacks of the same thing. Personal spite, vaunting ambition and tens of thousands or millions die. Not good, Robert, not good at all.

RTC: If you ever walked in the corridors of power, Gregory, you would have a more realistic view. I don't mind that you have occasional lapses into idealism, but please don't let it cloud your judgment.

GD: It's a little like doing the breast stroke in a septic tank.

(Concluded at 10:21 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 53**

Date: Thursday, December 5, 1996

Commenced: 2:10 PM CST

Concluded: 2:25 PM CST

GD: Good afternoon, Robert. Still coping with the cold?

RTC: The temperature or my nose?

GD: Oh, both.

RTC: I stay inside and take medicine. At my age, the cold goes away and so does the person. No, pretty much under control. How are you doing?

GD: The diabetes is under control but my son is not. If he ever told me the truth, I would fall flat on the floor. He has the unfortunate habit of knocking his girl friends up and then ditching them. Not only do I disapprove of such behavior but I am the one who has weeping and pregnant people on my front porch while he hides in the bathroom. I have other things I would rather do, I can assure you.

RTC: Well, no, such is not good. What happens with the pregnant ones?

GD: I have to pay for the abortions and I am quite opposed to abortion. It would be a mess otherwise. Of course, he will never pay me back. I will have to take him to the vet one of these days and have him neutered. Save me a lot of grief and money.

RTC: There are always problems, aren't there?

GD: Increasingly, Robert, increasingly. Listen, you and I spoke once about the origin of AIDS....

RTC: That wasn't us; it was the Navy if you will recall.

GD: I think we have talked about this more than once. And killing of the chink's rice crops. Well, from a pragmatic point of view, I can see the benefit of doing that. China is coming up very fast and soon enough, she will produce goods better and cheaper than we do. That's what was behind the First World War. The Brits had a lock on manufactured goods until the Germans caught up with them. Instead of competing, they started a war and everyone went down. I suppose starving the Chinese would be better than nuking them. Less radioactive material in the air. Still, if the Chinese get too big, too fast, they will collapse internally unless, and I stress this, unless they get rid of the ancient Communist bosses and go over to a Western style republic complete with corruption at the highest levels. With their natural business acumen, industrious nature and a rigid dictatorship over everything, something will give in sooner or later. I suppose your people will be giving them a push. Maybe internal strife, maybe something else.

RTC: Well, I am out of it now and it's their worry. Did you ever talk to Herr Mueller about things like this?

GD: Sometimes but when I was living in Bern, I discussed these things with a very senior KGB person.

RTC: Anyone I know?

GD: First Directorate and all. Probably. Is it snowing there?

RTC: Not now. I don't suppose....

GD: No, I would rather not. It's funny about our counter-intelligence. They won't talk with me even though I know more than they do about their subjects.

RTC: Oh, of course not. Tell the FBI that the CIA wants to talk with you in private and see how fast they occupy your living room.

GD: One against the other, eh? Do it all the time in business. Oh and yes, I almost forgot. A Russian publisher's representative was chatting with me the other day and mentioned, in passing, that your agency is now full of Jews and that a number of these are keeping their diplomatic pouches crammed with our secrets. You knew that?

RTC: I believe it. Can you give me names?

GD: A pleasure. I will have a list with names and home addresses sent to you from a friend in Maryland. I know nothing about it. Would you shoot them?

RTC: Heart attacks are much easier and less ostentatious. We can't have that, Gregory. But something from the Russians to us via you is suspect. Not that you are a problem but how do we know they won't pick out especially effective agents and ruin them?

GD: We don't, so watch them and see. If they visit the Israeli embassy there, why then you have some confirmation. How would I do it? Take the suspect aside and give them some very reasonable but entirely false information with some zingers included. Then, if this shows up, you have confirmation. And then the car accident or the heart attack.

RTC: Gregory, the additives are not original with you but I applaud your grasp.

GD: Why not just ship all of them down to a new CIA station on McMurdo Sound in the Antarctic and forget to fly in winter supplies. Like food and heating oil. Come spring, a tragic discovery when the snow-covered camp is dug out by rescuers who were alarmed by the lack of reports on the bowel movements of penguins.

RTC: You have a perverse sense of humor Gregory but there is something to say about that.

GD: Or send them on special missions into Arab territory and tip off the Arabs. Let them draw and quarter them without any assistance from you. A nice condolence letter, machine-signed from the director, and some plastic flowers would do nicely.

RTC: Yes and a nice star on the wall.

GD: If I were doing it, there would more stars than the Milky Way.

RTC: We have had to remove a number of bad apples from our barrels, Gregory. Not Jews generally although a few got too uppity.  
GD: Do you have any black agents in the field?  
RTC: Now that you mention it, we do not. But by God, we do have black waiters in the executive dining rooms. Does that sound better to you?  
GD: It's a start. I note that the Jews like to sponsor blacks so if things go wrong, they will have walking sandbags to absorb the bullets that are meant for them. You should read 'The True Believer' by Hoffer. Very good book. Short, sharp and very much to the point. Speaking of landfill candidates, how are the Switzers across the street doing?  
RTC: Still there. Maybe you can come up with another idea.  
GD: Well a huge car bomb set off just as their Ambassador is starting on a drive to some function might make a point.  
RTC: You forget, Gregory, that I live right across the street. Think of my windows.  
GD: True. Well, give me some time and I can come up with a solution.  
RTC: A Final Solution?  
GD: Ah, there we go with the Jews again. My God, what was that sound?  
RFC: I was sneezing and knocked over a lamp.  
GD: I thought someone blew up the Swiss Embassy.  
RTC: There you go, trying to cheer an old man up. There's broken lamp all over the floor and maybe we can talk again later.

(Concluded at 2:25 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 54**

Date: Thursday, December 19, 1996

Commenced: 12:12 PM CST

Concluded: 12:38 PM CST

GD: Mrs. Crowley? This is Gregory. Is Robert able to come to the phone?  
EC: Yes, dear, he's much better now. I'll get him for you. He's trying to take it easy.  
GD: If it's any problem...  
EC: No, no, I'm sure he'll want to talk to you. Just a moment.  
RTC: Gregory? Good to hear from you. I'm really sorry I couldn't make it to the lunch. Pneumonia got me at the last minute. Did everything go OK? I haven't heard a word from Kimmel and Bill's wife is having some kind of medical problems of her own.  
GD: It went off fine. A little bizarre if you ask me. By the way, I got the books and I have been going through them. I can certainly use some of your comments later on. Such a compilation of feces.  
RTC: Welcome to Washington. Had you ever met Kimmel? I know you never met Bill before.  
GD: No, I never had. He's physically impressive and I'm sure he knows it. Bill looked like I expected him to. I was sitting in the lobby waiting for three people I had never seen and finally in came those two. They walked right by me and were standing in the center of the hallway, you know, the one with the library door on the right?  
RTC: Right.  
GD: I didn't see a third person, a tall man with a cane, so I walked up to them and introduced myself. That's when I learned you had gone to hospital. We stood there making small talk and then went in to lunch. I had crab cakes, which I am very fond of, and they proceeded to impress everyone the table with their knowledge. We had just gotten past Pearl Harbor Day and that was the main theme. Kimmel on my left and Corson on my right, talking back and forth like two Irish maids over the back fence. Corson telling Kimmel about some secret person he met who knew all about the

Roosevelt conversations with Churchill and Kimmel all rapt attention. I have to say I didn't believe a word of it, but Kimmel certainly did. These people do love to go on.

RTC: Did they ask you anything?

GD: Not that I recall. I think they talked more to the waiter than they did to me.

RTC: That's unfortunate. Again, I'm sorry I missed you. I'm sure we can get together sometime in the future. Was the food good?

GD: Certainly it was. Of course, if you had come, it might have been a little awkward if we wanted to talk. Then, they would both have shut up and turned on their tape recorders. Kimmel did ask me if I spoke very much with you, how often and what did we talk about?

RTC: What did you say? Bill will be asking me.

GD: Trust is wonderful, Robert. I just said that we spoke on and off and my, how good the crab cakes were and how was the campaign going to get the Admiral back his stars? Kimmel went off on that subject but I can't remember much of it. They have had much chance of rehabilitating Grandpa as they do of finding the Lost Dutchman Mine, but I was not asked for any kind of opinion. I have a feeling that they were greatly honoring me with their presences and I could just sit there, basking in the warm glow from two, count them Robert, two suns. And eating crab cakes while getting a psychic tan.

RTC: No mention of Kennedy?

GD: Now that you mention it, yes there was. Corson asked me if we ever talked about that subject and I managed to look surprised. I said that it had never come up and then Corson said, with a really superior smirk, that when he died, the real truth would come out. It seems he had it in his deposit box. Before I could fall on the floor in awe, he smiled, held up his hand and told me that it was just too sensitive to talk about. He likes people to know that he is conversant with very significant information, given in confidence to him by very important, but unnamed people. I acted awed and they went back to impressing each other. I don't remember the dessert. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, Robert.

RTC: I understand from one of my friends that Langley is getting quite annoyed with your book. Tell me, have...or rather has, anyone contacted you about this? About any proof about this you might have?

GD: Oh, God yes, Robert. Some weasel is always calling me on my unlisted number. It's the same silly crap every time. 'Oh Mr. Douglas, my name is Roger Tinkle and I was really thrilled by your book on Heinrich Muller. A friend of mine is working on another book on him too. He is so excited. Do you think we might come and visit with you? Timmy can bring some documents he has that might be of use to you...by the way, are you going to write another book? When can we come?'

RTC: Pitiful. The staff there has gotten much worse than when I was working. And what do you do?

GD: I would like to invite them over, receive a box of cheap candy as a token of their esteem, whack them over the heads with a croquet mallet, drag them into the garden and shove them into a wood chipper, one at a time, of course, and mulch the garden. Of course, I can't do any of this, but one can dream. What do I do with these idiot approaches? Tell them to bend over and I'll drive them home? That would be very rude. No, I act thrilled and I always say that I'm expecting a Russian journalist any day and he, too, wants to see the documents so perhaps we can wait until after he and his photographer leave.

RTC: (Laughter) My, my, that ought to pop the pucker string.

GD: (Laughter) No doubt it does. But think about that for a moment, Robert. The pucker string pops in their office, not my living room. Then it becomes their janitor's problem, not mine. Listen, while you were incapacitated, I came across a book by someone named Peter Dale Scott. Is he one of yours?

RTC: Why do you ask?

GD: Well, he drags in every silly story I have ever heard. He takes a placid, clear pond and dumps two garbage cans of trash into it. You can't see the bottom of the pond

anymore and the flies are buzzing all over the place. By the garbage I mean the silly stories about men with umbrellas, the grassy knoll, Ruby's dog, mysterious men in black underwear meeting in a pub in Philly, sabot shells and all the rest of the idiot crap. And by the flies, I mean the airheads who call themselves 'researchers' who swarm around like blowflies on pig shit with about as many brains. But what is really funny about this book...it's on the table here...'Deep Politics and the Death of JFK' published...oh here we go, the University of California. My, my, and I always thought they put out worthwhile books. But what is really funny is that the author solemnly talks about Occam's Razor. He said, Occam did, '*entia non sunt multiplicanda praeter necessitatem*,' which translates into: "Entities must not be multiplied beyond necessity." Are you into Latin, Robert?

RTC: Not really but you seem to be.

GD: I'm fluent in ten languages, Robert. My sister knows twelve, but she can't say 'no' in any of them. The original good time that's been had by everybody. Anyway, Occam is dead on. If you take a complex subject like the Kennedy killing, strip away all the silly shit, you will find the answers you need. I think this Scott fellow stuck that in to impress people. Of course he went right on to violate the concept, so I doubt if he had any idea what he was talking about. So few of them really do. I had to stop reading about every third page because I was laughing so loud. He, in essence, covers himself with his own confusion, as with a mantle.

RTC: Is that Occam?

GD: No, Psalm 109, verse 29. There are so many nice things in the Bible. Nice to quote, but as history, as worthless as most of the Kennedy books. Apropos of nothing, speaking of worthlessness, do read some of James Montgomery Burns' books sometime. He thinks the sun radiated out of Roosevelt's raddled anus. Burns must have taught Posner his tricks. And if you want to read a really important book, read 'The True Believer' by Hoffer. A wonderful book, Robert. I met the man at a book signing at Paul Elder's in the City once and paid him several visits later. It's about fanatics and I highly recommend it. Or, if you want to go to sleep, read Hermann Hesse. He could put a speed freak to sleep.

RTC: Well, the body of literature on Kennedy is, as you said, full of yesterday's dinner, but we like it that way and, in point of fact, we have paid for some of it. We got Posner to whore for us and a number more, but this Scott is not a name I recognize.

GD: But he, his wife and his cousin do. I am certain of that. You know, Robert, I like the outdoors because there are so few people around. I love the forest and every time I read these essays in mendacity, sired by broke-backed academics, I think of all the beautiful trees that were sacrificed for such a worthless cause. That's a terrible cross for the CIA to bear, along with, naturally, all the killings and disruptions they fathered. No offence meant to you, of course.

RTC: Sometimes you are not kind, Gregory.

GD: Sometimes? Always. Emily said you were resting. Am I keeping you up?

RTC: Not at all. I'm just a little worn out, that's all. You did get the books? Good. I think you'll find some interesting notes scattered around in it. And speaking of idiots calling you, I'm going to send you a computer printout with the names of thousands of people like the ones you are talking about. Thousands. Alphabetically listed. I used my own lists and the AFIO lists to put it together. And if someone rings you up and pulls that silly crap on you, you can look them up in the list immediately.

GD: I appreciate that, Robert. Can I publish that?

RTC: I would rather you did not, Gregory. It might stunt a career or two, especially in the media.

GD: They're stunted to begin with. My late Grandfather, of blessed memory, once said that 'once a newspaperman always a whore.'

RTC: That's hardly a constructive thing to say to an impressionable child, do you think?

GD: I told my son that once and now he's working for a newspaper. They always defy the father, don't they?



RTC: Not always.

GD: Well, listen, Robert, I am sorry I missed you but I am happy I can talk with you still.

RTC: Oh yes. I still have my case with all the Kennedy material in it. I will have it sent to you when I can find the right person to do it for me.

GD: Thank you very much, Robert, and in advance. If it's as interesting as the annotated Warren Report, I can write a best-seller.

(Concluded at 12:38 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 55**

Date: Monday, December 30, 1996

Commenced: 8:45 AM CST

Concluded: 9:21 AM CST

RTC: Hello, Gregory. Have a nice Christmas?

GD: Wonderful. I got a sled, some bunny slippers, a silencer for my shotgun, a pornographic Bible, three pair of socks that were too small and a dead turtle. Yourself?

RTC: Somehow, I don't believe you. Christmas was fine here. I take it you did not have an extensive Christmas.

GD: The rabbit died and we were in deep mourning. But then we ate it and felt much better.

RTC: I could send a sympathy card.

GD: Just flush it down the loo. It might meet up with what's left of the rabbit. Robert, to be serious, you said that Corson did not like Mark Lane. He represented Carto in a lawsuit and I was wondering what was the reason for the bad feeling?

RTC: My God, Gregory, this is like an old auntie's sewing circle. Everyone here hates everyone else, tells lies, sticks out their tongues at each other and acts like small children. There was a lawsuit of the Keystone Cops type. Victor Marchetti, who used to be one of ours but got booted out, wrote an article for the Spotlight paper saying that Hunt had been in Dallas on the day Kennedy was shot. He was. Hunt sued the paper and got a judgment. The paper fought back and got Mark Lane to defend them.

GD: The Oswald lawyer?

RTC: The same. So they went back and forth. Marchetti is a fat slob who thinks he is very important when we who really know him consider him to be a chattering nut. Hunt is grossly incompetent but the reason why Corson hates Lane and everyone else, is that Marchetti claimed he got this information about Hunt in Dallas on November 22<sup>nd</sup> from Corson. Corson got dragged over the coals by Lane and clearly was proved to be a liar. However, there was a third person there when Corson told his little story to Marchetti and that's what nailed him. Poor Bill. He always has to put his oar in, needed or not.

GD: Well, he told Kimmel that he knew some secret British soldier who told Corson about the Roosevelt/Churchill conversation. Corson claimed he backed it up. Kimmel went for this like a duck after a June bug, but I can't believe it. Who was this mysterious witness? Corson said his lips were sealed.

RTC: Too bad that isn't true.

GD: Back and forth. I know Corson has lectured me on a subject that I knew far better that he did but I just kept quiet and acted impressed. Didn't he get court-martialed?

RTC: My God, Gregory, don't ever go into that one. Look, these people like Bill and Trento, Marchetti and the rest of them, are like squirrels in the park running around begging nuts from the public. This is the Beltway, Gregory. It's a hot house. Someone sees the President from about two hundred feet away, driving past in his armored limousine and then tells his friends that he had a chance to talk to the President that afternoon and the President told him....and that's how it goes. Trento thinks he is a brilliant writer, Bill thinks he's a mover and shaker, Marchetti sees himself as a secret

agent and Hunt has just enough sense to put on his pants before going outside to get the paper. These are the hangers-on, Gregory, the wannabes as the current generation calls them.

GD: Ah, Robert, but you were actually there, you knew from doing it. The sun versus the moon. The moon reflects the glory of another. Does that role make you happy?

RTC: It makes me sad sometimes. And they run around acting like old women. Chatter, chatter, boast, back-stab, strut and eventually die. We all die, Gregory, but some take a long time to do it. I'm pleasant with them because perhaps they can help me but I am giving up with most of them. I thought Costello would be a good outlet but I gave up on him long before he died last year. Trento thinks he's a great intelligence writer but he reminds me of a wino rooting around in old dumpsters for chicken bones. Bill hints at great secrets that only he knows and Hunt is a bumbling idiot and we should have done him instead of his wife. Marchetti is a little bit of all of them. If you listen to them, Gregory, they will convince you that big black cars drive up in front of their homes, every evening, and give them briefcases full of very secret papers. You know the types.

GD: I do, Robert, I really do. I love it when one of your pinheads starts telling me about German intelligence. Oh yes, and what about Nosenko?

RTC: A Russian double agent that Angleton mismanaged.

GD: Was Angleton Italian?

RTC: No, half Mexican. He spoke wop from his father, having lived there and sold cash registers but he was a Mexican. He was well-connected with the mob, though.

GD: Mueller told me about Boris Pash...

RTC: That asshole. A gym teacher with more dreams of glory.

GD: Heini said that Pash tried to kill the Italian Communist leader.

RTC: Togliatti. Yes, but he missed. They always miss, Gregory.

GD: I have an Irish friend who never does. He prefers a knife but bombs will do very well.

RTC: I think you mentioned him. Mountbatten?

GD: The same. Now that's a professional. And he doesn't talk like the rest of them.

RTC: Real professionals never do.

GD: So if we both agree on what constitutes a professional agent, how do you analyze Corson, Kimmel, Marchetti, Trento and the others? Are they agents? Kimmel works for the FBI, Marchetti used to work for your people and the others?

RTC: What we have there is the wannabe club, Gregory. All of them think they are important people and, because they have, or have had, connections with the intelligence community, they begin to feel, somehow, that they are possessors of the secrets that others do not have. This elevates them from boredom and real obscurity and makes them believe that they are privy to those who really do walk in the corridors of power. I am the one, pardon the vanity, with the secrets and I am the one who walked once in the corridors of power so they gather around me, snapping up any little bit of information I choose to drop. There are many things I would like people I know, such as my family, to know about. I would like not to leave a legacy of mystery and negativity behind me. I know Corson and the others would like to have a private club type of inner knowledge, to sit around the fire solemnly talking about great secrets they have known. Never happen. When I go, they go. It's that basic. I had thought once to cultivate Costello and let him speak for me but I gave up on him after his visit with you. The man was brittle, opinionated and as blind as a bat. Kimmel is an establishment man with no creative juices, Corson runs around barking like one of those obnoxious little Mexican dogs that were once raised for food, Marchetti reminds me of a drunken little rat running around in a barn, trying to get out. And when he does get out, he runs around outside trying to get back in. Trento and his wife are delusional and self important and love to mix it up with losers and never-could-have-beens.

GD: Basking, like the moon, in reflected glory.

RTC: Absolutely. And these are at the top of the rank amateur clubs. Down below them, we find the "experts" and the "researchers" who represent the bottom of the pyramid.

They are the ones who scribble, jabber and strut. They look upwards to the top for the voices of the masters. They all feed on each other, Gregory. Their little worlds are all they have and if someone like you, especially someone like you, comes along, they loathe, fear and despise you. You see, you are the real thing and they are just wearing Halloween costumes and they know it. After Costello returned from his visit with you and spent hours telling me how terrible and unpleasant you were, I put this down to simple jealousy and thought that perhaps I might look into you myself. And that's why we're talking right this very moment.

GD: Thank you for your approval, Robert. I agree with you, but they are wearing the gold-braided clown suits and go to clubs and meetings and, like old peacocks, preen endlessly. What you tell me I already know, Robert, but short of grabbing them by their throats and banging their heads against the wall, there isn't much I can do...

RTC: Except to out-produce them, Gregory. And they know you can do it and they hate you for it. A week does not go by without my getting some kind of a phone call about what a terrible, evil person you are and warning me never to talk with you. Notice how impressed I have been with these dire warnings. But please make my life a little easier in my old age by not quoting me to any of these cheap hustlers. If they really get it into their heads that I am being informative to you, they will call me every other day, warn Greg and Emily to protect me from you and then do everything in their shabby little power to trash you. Do not, and I repeat, do not trust any of them, ever. I think we understand this all, don't we?

GD: Oh, yes. I never trusted these sort anyway. They remind me of old aunties or, even worse, academics. Both of them gossip, chatter, denigrate everyone not present and can't sleep well at night unless they feel they have damaged someone else that day. They see themselves as giants and, in fact, they are small, chattering mice. But, and I am sure you know all about this, we have to put up with them in order to get along with the really important matters. Don't worry about making myself vulnerable to these types. It ends up that they make themselves vulnerable to me in the end. What is the saying? Out of nothing, nothing is made.

(Concluded at 9:21 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 56**

Date: Thursday, January 2, 1997

Commenced: 1:35 PM CST

Concluded: 2:10 PM CST

RTC: A New Year, Gregory. Will we see it out, do you think?

GD: Probably. Unless, of course, we have the Rapture and you and I are left behind. Are you particularly religious, Robert? If you are, I will refrain from comment so soon after the celestial birthday.

RTC: Nominal, just nominal. Say what you like.

GD: I don't know if you want that, Robert. I have very strong views on some aspects of religion.

RTC: A Christmas indulgence from me, Gregory.

GD: Every society needs a moral core. Mostly, Robert, religion supplies this. For the Nazis and the Communists, Hitler and Stalin supplied the religious themes, but not here. Why is America the compost heap that produces, not flies from maggots, but the Christian Jesus freaks out of absolutely nothing but pulp fiction? The Gospels are all forgeries, written a long time after the events depicted in them and they have been constantly changed over the centuries to reflect various political and economic needs. I mean, Robert, that there is not one bloody word in the New Testament depictions of Jesus that could be considered to have even a gram of historical accuracy. I could go on for hours about this subject, but the whole fabric of the Christian conservatives or the

rampant Jesus freaks is that their dogma is based on total and very clear fraud. The so-called Battle of Armageddon, for example, is nowhere in the Bible...

RTC: Are you serious?

GD: Look it up, Robert. Revelations 16:16 is the sole mention of it. Just a geographical name, that's all. No blitzkrieg of Jesus versus the Evil Ones. Nothing at all. It was all pure invention.

RTC: Well, if not in the Bible, who made it up?

GD: One Charles Fox Parham, that's who made it up. He was a very nasty type who ran a bi-racial church in Los Angeles around the turn of the century, before he was chased out. And, of course, he did time in jail for defrauding his flock of money and, more entertainingly, bugging little boys in the fundament. Oh my yes, he made up the whole Rapture story and ranted on endlessly about a fictional Battle of Armageddon. It's like having the Church of the Celestial Easter Bunny or the Divine Santa Claus. At least there really was a Saint Nicholas, but the Easter Bunny is as fictitious as Jesus the Water Walker.

RTC: I don't recall learning about that as a child at all.

GD: Of course not, you belong to the original Christian church, Robert, not one of the later cults. Neither the Catholics or the Eastern Orthodox people have this silly Rapture business anywhere in their early literature. This was a fiction started up at the beginning of this century by some nut named Blackstone who claimed that Jesus was coming. I think the word 'rapture' didn't come into use until about 1910. It's just more nut fringe fiction, nothing more.

RTC: Well, I haven't had much in the way of contact with these people except to chase off the Jehovah's Witnesses who bang on my door and try to shove all kinds of pamphlets on me. In the long run, Gregory, you should learn to avoid the lunatics and concentrate on more important issues. There are always nuts. Didn't they burn witches in Salem?

GD: The same types, only then they were in power. Now they lust after power so they can shove their fictional crap onto the sane part of society.

RTC: Well, then, what about the ones who don't believe in evolution?

GD: The same types. We have them across the street. Told me yesterday the world was only 6,000 years old and dinosaurs and men commingled in Kansas somewhere. You can't tell these people anything. They just keep repeating that whatever fiction you go after is in the Bible. When you ask them to show you, they get angry. Nuts always get angry when you puncture their fantasy balloons.

RTC: And Armageddon? I vaguely recall something about a battle between the Antichrist somewhere.

GD: But not in the Bible. The only reference to Armageddon is Revelations 16:16 and it just mentions the name of the place, nothing about a battle, Jesus, Satan, the Antichrist or my cousin Marvin. Nothing. But when you tell the nuts this, they almost froth at the mouth. They'll tell you the battle is there and when you make them open their chrome-plated Bible and look, they flip back and forth and get more and more upset. Of course it isn't there so they make faces and later they tell me, with great triumph, that they asked Pastor Tim and he said it was all there. Of course when I ask them for chapter and verse, they don't have it.

RTC: Gregory, a word of fatherly advice here. Why bother with these idiots? Who cares what they believe? Are they of use to you in some project? If they are, be patient and go along with them. If they aren't, drop them.

GD: But they are annoying. Robert, if I told you the Japanese attacked Spain in 1941, wouldn't such stupidity annoy you?

RTC: No, it wouldn't. When I was in harness, I heard worse than the babbling of the Jesus nuts, believe me. Senior Company people acting like spoiled children because no one listened to their pet theories about this country, that economy, that head of state, that foreign political party and on and on. Sometime.... no, more often than I liked, some rabid lunatic did us all kinds of damage, as witness the Gottlieb mind control

stupidity. People like that, Gregory, should be taken out for a trip on your boat or a walk in the Pine Barrens and simply shot. What did Joe Stalin say? 'No man...no problem.' I often had to listen to these boring nuts, but you don't. I had to make excuses to get away from them, but you don't have to deal with them in the first place. Most small-minded people fixate on something utterly unimportant and think they have discovered the wheel. Yes, I agree that religious loonies are probably the worst, but, believe me, the political experts are almost as bad. They hop up and down shouting, 'Listen to me! Listen to me!' And who gives a damn what they think? No, I agree with you about the Jesus freaks but there are legions, I say, legions of others that are just as fixated, just as crazy, just as annoying, so you would be far better served if you just shut them out of your mind and turned your talents to other matters more important. Take some comfort in the thought that just as their lights go out and the darkness swallows them that they realize in the last second that there is no heaven, no Jesus and nothing but the embalmer's needle and the worms. Nothing. But then their brains have turned to Jello and they don't care anymore because they have returned to the dirt that they came from.

GD: I agree, Robert, I agree with you, but I still get annoyed. But these nuts, and you can add the Jewish Holocaust nuts to the pile, demand you do not say this or read that or watch that movie. They aren't content to live in their basements and talk to themselves or tyrannize over their poor children and wives, so they rush out into the street and issue orders as if anyone cared or worse, as if they really mattered. That I object to strongly. I have waded through tens of thousands of pages of official German papers and I can tell you, without any doubt, that the Germans did not gas millions of Jews. What do these creeps do? They tell the archives to seal the papers that make them out professional liars and attack anyone who dares to question them. The holocausters and the Jesus freaks are cut from the same piece of God's underwear. I think the dirty parts to be sure.

RTC: (Laughter) Oh, Gregory, such passion for so little. They both think they are really important and that people actually listen to them, and even care about their unimportant obsessions. Ignore the Jews, too, Gregory, like you should ignore the Jesus freaks.

GD: Ah, but the Jews control the media and most of the publishing houses. If you write, you don't get published. Now if I made up some fantasy that said the Germans burned two hundred million Jewish babies, I would be a best seller, number one on *The New York Times* book reviews and a great one on the lecture and TV interview circuit. Of course about ten people would read my fictions, but no one would be rude enough to talk about that. Christ, most of the Holocaust books are pure fiction and the rantings about the Rapture are right in with them.

RTC: Well, I can see some sense here and I admit it is difficult to get away from obnoxious Hebrews, but why not try? I find that if you ignore people like this, eventually they will go away and annoy people in public lavatories. Just another step to oblivion.

GD: I really shouldn't bore you with you with my own obsessions but I do not suffer fools gladly.

RTC: God, there are so many of them.

GD: I remember my grandfather and one of his pet comments to bombastic idiots he encountered at social functions. He would smile and say, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but are you anybody in particular?'

RTC: (Laughter) I don't suppose any of the gas bags got that.

GD: No, but grandfather did, and so did I. I remember once my mother started yelling at me non-stop because I had come in late from a night with the ladies and the bottle. I listened to her rantings for about an hour and finally, after she ran out of steam, she asked me if I had anything to say and I told her, very politely, that I had been trying to tell her for the longest time that she had some hairpins coming loose just over her right ear.

RTC:(Laughter) My Lord, Gregory, what a put-down. Whatever did she do?

GD: She was so worn out shouting that she just stared at me with her mouth open and before she could get her wind back, I went in my room and locked the door. She stood in front of it yelling that I was disrespectful, until my father came out and made her go back into the house because the lights were going on in the neighbor's homes. I had a warm and caring family life, Robert, believe it. But I didn't have to listen to the braying of human donkeys all the time. Just the occasional parental psychotic episode. Now they come up with glazed eye and threads of drool dripping from their mouths while they clutch at you and screech, 'Jesus, Jesus,' or 'six million, six million.' Oh how I would love to give them lobotomies with a chain saw.

RTC: I don't think you would have much luck with a lobotomy, Gregory. Most creatures like that don't have brains.

GD: No, Robert, they don't. What they do have are knots on the top of their spine to keep their asses from plopping down onto the sidewalk.

(Concluded: 2:10 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 57**

Date: Tuesday, January 7, 1997

Commenced: 9:34 AM CST

Concluded: 10:07 AM CST

RTC: Good morning, Gregory. I take it you have survived the holidays intact?

GD: Yes. Christmas is a non-event and as far as New Years Eve is concerned, all I can say about that is that I could hear the fireworks and the guns going off for about an hour. It sounded like the Battle of Bull Run for a while. And the next day I heard on the news that people were indeed shooting guns up into the air and the spent shells were pattering down on their neighbors and strangers. What they should do, is to stick the muzzle in their mouths and then pull the triggers. Make work for the ambulance people, the medical examiners and, of course, the unfortunate ones who have to clean the brains off the ceilings.

RTC: So graphic. Reminds me of Frank Wisner's end. Polly complained that the ceiling was a mess and it took two weeks and much paint to cover up the evidence of Frank's end. He used a shotgun.

GD: That will do it. How did his black boyfriend take it?

RTC: That's a closed chapter.

GD: Well, I wonder how Costello's equally black boyfriend took the news of his lover's sudden demise in the lonely sky over the Atlantic?

RTC: I was not privy to that. I do understand his brother, who was in the RN, refused to accept the body.

GD: Infection. If they cremated him, perhaps his boyfriend could come over and claim him. At least John would get his ashes hauled for the last time.

RTC: (Laughter) You are not very nice, Gregory.

GD: God, I would hope not.

RTC: How is the second Müller book coming along?

GD: Quite well. Now that I have Kronthal's name and more input, it will be a worthwhile venture.

RTC: I have been asked, repeatedly, if you have mentioned a second volume, but I always pretend not to hear the question. Being an old man has its advantages sometimes. No, you have stirred up a very vicious hornet's nest, Gregory, and they won't give up until they have either run you into the ground or bought off your publisher.

GD: They wouldn't have any luck trashing me because I trash right back, and while they are conventional in their character assassinations, I am very unorthodox. They

don't have the intelligence to deviate from the usual badmouthing and I don't have the patience to put up with their crap. You now, about a week ago, I rang up Raul Hilberg, the historian. He's teaching up in Vermont and writes about the Holocaust. Still, he's a competent and relatively honest historian. He told me a funny story about Bob Wolfe. Seems Wolfe sent him a copy of the Müller book with a enclosed note hoping Hilberg would trash the work in print. Hilberg told me he read it through and while he found parts of it very disturbing, he couldn't oblige Wolfe because, from a historical point at least, it was very accurate. He said Wolfe said I was threatening national security with my writings. Hilberg said that the fact that your organization hired carloads of Gestapo and SS men who were wanted for anti-Jewish activities was not national security.

RTC: They are absolutely terrified that if this thesis gains popular belief, they will be unable to cope with the uproar. Critchfield has been pushing them to have you shot and from my occasional, unpleasant, meetings with Wolfe, he is desperate to ruin your reputation. But I don't think national security has any part of this.

GD: What do you think?

RTC; Wolfe is a typical Beltway boy. He has carved out a niche for himself as an outstanding expert on the Third Reich.

GD: Nonsense. Wolfe is most certainly not a real expert. He pretends to be, but he is not. Imagine what more I could learn if I were in his place.

RTC: He's afraid you will start talking and show him up as a fraud.

GD: Aren't they all?

RTC: Tell me, does Kimmel know Wolfe?

GD: Oh yes, he does. We've all had dinner together at the Cosmos Club.

RTC: Well, that explains much. I should tell you that you are viewed here in the FBI and CIA nests as a real loose cannon. No one knows what you'll come out with next and the idea is to get your confidence and then try to find something on you to discredit you. Kimmel is part and parcel of this game and they are using Wolfe as the resident expert, hoping he can trip you up.

GD: Robert, that won't happen. If Wolfe is their front man, they're all in bad company. Hilberg said Wolfe was an envious phony who was jealous of everyone and the only reason he had occasional dealings with him was because Wolfe was an outrageous suckass who had very good access to the official records. Tell me about that. Wolfe got into the prohibited files and sent me an Army General Staff document listing all the top Nazis brought into this country in 1948 and to include Müller and far more. This had been sealed by Presidential order but Wolfe made a copy of it and sent it off to me, hoping frantically that I would trust him and finally tell him what persona Heini Müller used while he was living here.

RTC: Of course, they don't know the name. He was under deep cover and I doubt if more than eight or nine people knew who he really was and what his former job had been.

GD: Truman knew, and Beetle Smith did for certain and, of course, Critchfield was the CIA man who hired him. Other than that, I don't know who here really knew his given name.

RTC: And you can add my name to the short list. Can you imagine the frenzy to find out what name he used so they could purify their files? The burn bags would be piled up by the furnace doors, believe me. And then they could say very smugly that they had searched their files and never found anyone with that name.

GD: That's why Wolfe has been so friendly with me.

RTC: Oh yes, he has. But he hates you, Gregory, not because our leadership there hates you but because he's afraid you will show him up as a fraud and, more important, he will fail in his mission. He does so want to get in with the Naftali CIA crowd and he wants your head on a platter to please them.

GD: He's too eager, too treacherous and too obvious to be of any use to them.

RTC: Don't forget, Gregory, this is the Beltway and they're all the same. They are a bunch of gross incompetents who are prepared to pay homage to another Beltway boys

self-serving lies about their importance, if you will, in turn for other Beltway boys paying attention to theirs. You know and they don't, and they don't want someone outside their circle who is more intelligent than they are to rock their boats.

GD: They must be afraid the Jews will get after them for daring to hire their enemies.

RTC: Well, that's true, but only up to a point. The Jews know when to shut up and they can use this to pry more money out of the government to assuage their wounded spirits.

GD: Well, in the next book, I will have some interesting things to say. The loose cannon rolls around the deck of the warship in a storm, battering holes in the sides of the ship. If I'm lucky, maybe they'll all sink in shark-infested waters. But thinking about this, Robert, I'm sure there are things that even a shark wouldn't eat. Yes, I do know more than they ever will. I know this sounds egocentric, but it is true. I really enjoy encountering all the experts and observing them trying to find out what I know so they can pick my brains on the one hand, and trying to get me to turn my back so they can stab me in it on the other. Why are these despicable types attracted to government work?

RTC: Where else would they get a job?

GD: Mopping up after the elderly in a nursing home or doing vital work at the sewage treatment plants of America.

RTC: I have some interesting news for you. I have just had Greg ship you off a long list of Nazis who worked for us, plus their new names and addresses here. Could you use that?

GD: Oh yes, how wonderful. What a wonderful Christmas present. Anyone I know?

RTC: That's for you to decide.

GD: If I have the original names, I have the files that will let me check on them. Müller gave me a list of Gestapo agents, and more important, the V-Leute or German stool pigeons for the Gestapo. I wonder how many of them are working for Langley?

RTC: And don't forget the Army got its share.

GD: Not at all. Müller gave me his old Army uniform, medals and all. It's in my closet in a bag. The same uniform he was wearing in the Signal Corps picture of him in the White House with Truman and Smith.

RTC: Oh, do publish that.

GD: I will save that for the last. I'll wait until Wolfe and the Inner Sanctum Hebrews are in full cry against me and then put out a number of things. It would be like throwing table salt on garden slugs and snails. Lots of yellow foam and a painful death.

RTC: Couldn't happen to nicer people. You remember that Roosevelt/Churchill intercept I gave you? Kimmel had it checked out and once they decided it was original, he suddenly forgot all about it. Of course, it would go far to exonerate his grandfather, but he will never, never use it because it came from you and you are the spawn of Satan.

GD: Isn't it funny. Robert? Instead of asking you, politely, of course, to help them, they band together like frightened rats in a burning barn, shrieking how terrible you are. Besides their own stupidity, are they hiding anything?

RTC: I doubt it. My impression is that the intelligence community does not tolerate talent.

GD: The enshrinement of mindless mediocrity. Burial at Arlington and a star on the Langley wall.

RTC: And don't forget a tree planted in the Holy Land.

GD: Their Holy Land, Robert, not mine.

(Concluded at 10:07 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 58**

Date: Thursday, January 9, 1997

Commenced: 9:47 AM CST



Concluded: 10:28 AM CST

RTC: Ah, good morning, Gregory. Did you talk to Bill yesterday?

GD: Yes, he actually called me. He was discussing Kronthal with me mostly, but I think he was on a fishing trip. Was asking me about the new Mueller book...what was in it and such like.

RTC: Did you tell him anything?

GD: No, not in specific. I find him entertaining and sometimes truthful, but I don't trust him. And I don't trust Kimmel, either.

RTC: Probably a good idea. I rarely hear from Kimmel these days.

GD: I wonder why?

RTC: I think you're the reason. Bill was cautioning me against talking too much to you because it might hurt my reputation.

GD: I think it must be the fact that I'm a practicing vampire. You know, Robert, it'll be tough sledding this winter.

RTC: Why is that?

GD: No snow.

RTC: I walked right into that one, didn't I? Has anyone discussed the Kennedy business with you?

GD: Corson did, once. Said he had the real story in his safe deposit box, and Plato or Aristotle would get it when he was called to Jesus.

RTC: Plato. That's the fix lawyer around here. Little favors for this person or that one, little jobs for the Company and so on.

GD: They probably deserve each other.

RTC: Probably. And how is the Mueller book doing?

GD: Well enough. I'm starting to block out the Kennedy book and, yes, I know not to talk about it...

RTC: Or even write something up about it. If Tom thought you were into this, he'd have his boys do a black bag job on you and get into your hard drive.

GD: I could put a bomb in it... When they turned it on, somebody later would be carrying a white cane and being nice to his German Shepherd guide dog.

RTC: Now, now, Gregory, not to make jokes about things like that.

GD: If people don't want me to punt them in their fat ass, they shouldn't bend over. On the other hand, it might be an invite for something more romantic.

RTC: I can see you're in a good mood today.

GD: Foul mouthed as ever.

RTC: Sometimes, but always entertaining.

GD: I know Kimmel doesn't find me entertaining. I make fun of the establishment and he is so obviously a dedicated and vocal part of it.

RTC: Everyone has to have something to cling to.

GD: What a waste of time. People are so predictable and so pathetic. You know, Robert, it's like visiting your ant farm every morning and watching the ants leading their programmed lives.

RTC: Isn't that a bit arrogant, Gregory?

GD: It's not that I'm so smart, Robert, although I am, but it's because so many are so stupid. Anyway, enough *Weltschmerz*.

RTC: Pardon?

GD: Pain with the world. Burned out. Bored. Frustrated.

RTC: I see. When you get to my age, that's the whole thing.

GD: Well, if youth knew and age could, Robert. I think that's from Mary Baker Eddy, the woman who invented aspirin. You know, God is Love, there is no pain. They ought to put that up in the terminal cancer wards. It would be such a comfort. I understand Mary was buried with a telephone in her coffin. High hopes and impossibilities sums it up, and have an aspirin.

RTC: That's Christian Science, isn't it? You heard about the Christian Scientist? He had a very bad cold and pretty soon, the cold was gone and so was the Christian Scientist.

GD: That's how it goes, I guess. Now let me get serious about this ZIPPER business. If you want me to do a treatment on this that will be to your benefit, I need to get from you, on the phone is fine, some kind of a rationale for what happened. I mean, that's what you want, isn't it? To let those who come after you fully understand the reasons for your actions.

RTC: Yes, that's it exactly. If that ever got out, though by now, it probably won't, I don't want my son and my grandchildren thinking I was just a common or garden variety assassin. They should know the reasons for why we acted as we did.

GD: Fine. Go ahead.

RTC: You must understand that we took our duties very seriously. Angleton was a first class counter intelligence man and very dedicated. And he discovers that the most important intelligence reports, the President's daily briefings from the CIA, are ending up in Moscow. Within a week of them being given to the President. A week. And this was not a one-time incident but had been going on for some time. We then tried to find out how this was happening. A major intelligence disaster, Gregory, major. Now there were several copies of this report disseminated, never mind to whom, so in each one, a little spice was put in. An identifier as you will. Nothing that changed the thrust of the report but a little bit of spice, as Jim used to say. Jim's contact in Moscow was a diplomat, never mind which country, because we don't need to make trouble for him. So from him, we got copies of what Nikita was getting. So can you imagine how stunned we all were to learn that it was the President's copy that was being leaked? My God! So we couldn't just walk up to him and ask him how come Khrushchev was reading his briefings a week after we gave them to him. Jim couldn't find a way how this was done, but then we had a report that Bobby, his brother, was known to be friendly with a prominent KGB fellow, Bolshakov. No question of who he was. The TASS man here. Top level. Bobby was known to have had at least one meeting with him. Hoover was having Bobby watched day and night because Hoover hated him and wanted to catch him doing something bad so he could leak it to the *Post* and get him sacked. Anyway, they found out that Bobby was talking to the Commie on the phone from his home so we, and Hoover, tapped his phone. Hoover didn't know we were doing it, too, but that's Washington politics for you. And we heard, for sure, that Bobby was sending thermofax copies of this report to him. I mean, there was no question. And, we learned, too, that Kennedy was keeping in direct contact with Khrushchev by Bobby and the Russian. I mean they were subverting the entire diplomatic system and God alone knows what Kennedy was talking about. We had to make sure of this, and really sure. It was explosive, believe me. Jim and a few of us sat down, listened to tapes and agent reports and tried to decide what to do. I mean, Gregory, here we had our President giving, actually giving, the most secret documents to our worst enemy, a man who swore in public he would destroy us. So, what to do? Make it public? Who would dare to do this? Of course we had strong media contacts but we all decided this was just too mind-boggling and negative to let outside that room. And that is where the decision was made to simply get rid of Kennedy. He was too independent, he had sacked Dulles and Bissel over the Cuban thing and threatened to Mansfield to break the Agency up. And here he was giving our worse enemy top secret inside information. I mean it really wasn't open to discussion. You can see this all, can't you?

GD: I can see your point of view very clearly.

RTC: What would you have done?

GD: I'm not an important person like those people, so what difference does my opinion make in all this? I'm just trying to find the rationale.

RTC: Well, do you have it?

GD: Yes, very clearly.

RTC: Well, the rest was lining up the players. Jim did his part, McCone did his part and he talked to Hoover to get his cooperation. We never went directly to him, but we used

Bill Sullivan, his right hand trouble-shooter. That's how it was done. Hoover hated the Kennedys, especially Bobby, and we had to have him on our side because it was his people that would investigate any killing that had to be done. It took about a week of back and forth but finally it was agreed on. Johnson was no problem. He was a real rat; a wheeler-dealer whom you couldn't trust to the corner for a pound of soft soap. The Kennedy bunch were treating him like shit and planned to dump him as VP, so of course he went for the wink and the nod. Fortas was his bagman, just like Sullivan was Hoover's. These are people who know the value of silence from long experience. And it went on from there. I have a phone conference record which I will dig out, when the time comes, and send to you. At this point are you clear on the motivations? I mean, this was not just some spur of the moment thing, Gregory. We felt it had to be done to stop what we could only call high treason. Hoover and Johnson both went along on those grounds. A matter of treason. And it had to be stopped. I don't see this as heroic but a vital necessity. For the country.

GD: I remember reading somewhere that treason doth never prosper for if it prospers, none dare call it treason.

RTC: Something like that.

GD: Very like.

RTC: But if you look at it carefully, and I hope you will, Gregory, you will see that Kennedy was committing the treason, not us. It was he and his vile brother who were passing our most sensitive and secret documents to our enemies. What were we to do? Confront him? We'd all be fired, or worse. What choice was there? Tell me that.

GD: From that point of view, none.

RTC: We are making progress. One thing...Jim was thinking about blowing up Kennedy's yacht while and was sailing around off Cape Cod but since there certainly would be children on board, I put a stop to that. Kennedy is one thing but not the children.

GD: And the wife? Our American saint.

RTC: Oh that one. Don't be fooled, Gregory. Jackie claims descent from French nobility but in fact, her French ancestor wasn't a nobleman, but an immigrant cabinetmaker. And crap about her being related to Robert E. Lee is more crap. That part of her family were lace curtain micks from the old sod. The woman is a fraud. She married Kennedy for his father's money, that's all. Wonderful backgrounds here, Gregory. Old Joe was as crooked as they come. He was an associate of Al Capone, a bootlegger, and worse, and in 1960, he and the mob rigged the election so Jack could get in. Yes, I know all about that. They did their work in Chicago with the Daley machine and the local mob. That's right, vote early and vote often. They even voted the cemeteries. I never really liked Nixon but they connived and stole the election from him slicker than snot off a glass-handled door knob.

GD: Ain't it nice living in a democracy? So Kennedy wasn't a saint by any stretch.

RTC: We can overlook all the women and the wild drug and sex orgies in the White House, but, Gregory, passing our top secrets to the enemy was too damned much. I would like you to show that very clearly if and when you get into this.

GD: Well, from a pragmatic view, Robert, it is the very best and clearest reason for the killing. A question here.

RTC: Certainly.

GD: A plot. Good, but then how do you keep it quiet? Someone might talk.

RTC: Remove them, Gregory.

GD: But what about those who remove those who know too much? Then they know too much.

RTC: Oswald knew a little too much, just a little but enough. And he could prove he never shot Kennedy. So he had to go before he started to talk. Oswald knew some of our people and he worked directly for ONI, so there were dangers there. On the other hand, the man who shot King, Ray, knew nothing so he got to live and end up in jail until he

died. He knew there was something wrong, but, and this is important to note, Gregory, he had no proof.

GD: You did King?

RTC: No Hoover did King. He hated him with a visceral passion. Hoover was a nut, Gregory, but a very powerful and very dangerous nut. There is a long-standing rumor here that Hoover had passed the color line and that he was part black. Hoover was a homosexual and there we have two reasons to hate yourself. King was black and he was a womanizer. And Bobby was AG and loathed Hoover. He used to go into Hoover's office while he was taking his after-lunch nap and wake him up. And he laughed at him and called him a faggot behind his back. Not to do that to Hoover. He stayed in absolute power because he had enough real dirt on Congress to put most of them away in the cooler or the loonie bin. No, Bobby signed his death warrant when he did those things. No, Hoover did King and Hoover did Bobby. Not himself, but he got Bill Sullivan to do it. Sullivan was his hatchet man and we worked directly with Bill. But then Bill got old and was starting to babble like old people do, and he was hinting about Hoover, who had sacked him after he had used him. No, that doesn't make it, so some kid shot Bill right through the head. He thought he was a deer. My, my.

GD: And Bobby?

RTC: That was Hoover too. It was an agreement. We did John and Edgar did the others. We had one of our men there when they did Bobby, just to observe. We got George the Greek to keep an eye open. They got one of Kennedy's people to steer him into the kitchen after a speech and the raghead was waiting. One of the Kennedy bodyguards did him from behind while all the shooting and screaming was going on. Much better than John. They had a real shooter in front of real people. None of the questions like we had in Dallas. No loose ends, so to speak. And King was another clean job. Sullivan was very good.

GD: And that's why he turned into a deer.

RTC: Yes, he turned into a very dead deer.

GD: And you got Cord's wife on top of it.

RTC: Jim said she was hanging around with hippies and arty-farty people and running her mouth.

GD: Did she know anything?

RTC: No, but she was well-connected and some people might believe her. She'd been humping Kennedy and they apparently really go along with each other. She was a lot more of a woman than Jackie and she never nagged Jack or acted so superior like Jackie loved to do. Her brother in law worked for us and we all agonized over this but in the end, Jim had his way. Of course Cord thought it was peachy-keen. He hated her, but then Cord hated everybody. The vicious Cyclops!

GD: One eye.

RTC: Yes. Oh, and like Jim, he, too, was a profound poet. God, spare me from the poets of the world. You don't write poetry, do you, Gregory.

GD: No, but really filthy limericks, Robert. Would you like to hear some?

RTC: Oh, not now. Maybe later.

GD: Probably just as well. Once I get started on those, I'll be going strong an hour later. But let me tell you just one. Not a dirty one, but after about an hour of limericks, I love to end the night with this one. Can I proceed?

RTC: Just one?

GD: Yes, just one.

RTC: Go on.

GD: There was an old man of St. Bees,  
Who was stung on the arm by a wasp.  
When asked if it hurt,  
He replied 'No, it didn't,  
I'm so glad that it wasn't a hornet.'

(Concluded at 10:28 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 59**

Date: Saturday, January 11, 1997

Commenced: 2:23 PM CST

Concluded: 3:11 PM CST

RTC: Gregory, would you believe your nice present arrived here today? You mailed it on the fifteenth and it took almost a month to get here. Unbelievable. Symptomatic of the growing inefficiency in the entire bureaucratic structure. Nice book by the way. Who was Malaparte?

GD: Curzio Malaparte was the pen name of an Austrian journalist named Stuckert. A friend and adherent of Mussolini. The book is a classic study of the coup, as you will note. Dutton put this out in '32, just while the Depression was getting a full head of steam, and it was decided by those in power that it ought not to be circulated so it was pulled. I got your copy from a Denver dealer and I got mine from my grandfather's library. Very interesting, especially the business with Trotsky in Petrograd. Have you read any of it?

RTC: Yes, actually I have read the Trotsky section. Very perceptive.

GD: And be sure to read the chapter on Trotsky versus Stalin. The differences between the two are well-covered. Trotsky was brilliant but mercurial and Stalin was equally brilliant but thorough, methodical and far more deadly than Trotsky. In Josef's case, patience was a real virtue.

RTC: At any rate, thank you for your gift. I can assure you I will read it.

GD: You are the only person I know that might appreciate it. I can just see Tom Kimmel with it. Never read it.

RTC: Corson might.

GD: Yes, that's true.

RTC: I'm sure they have a copy at Langley.

GD: I don't doubt that at all. But they remind me of a dog I had once. He loved to chase cars. I wonder what would have happened if he caught one?

RTC: Now, they're not all that bad.

GD: Perhaps not when you were in harness, but some of the idiots they have working for them now certainly aren't worth a pinch of sour owl shit.

RTC: I haven't heard that one for years, Gregory.

GD: I'm not young either, Robert.

RTC: Are you working on anything interesting these days?

GD: Still trying to create a structure for the Kennedy business. I translated some wartime German documents last week dealing with their flying saucer program.

*Habermohlt?*

RTC: I know that the Krauts had one or two but the name means nothing.

GD: They made and flew at least one prototype, but the project was just one of many at the time.

RTC: Well, the U.S. built them after the war. Some place in Canada.

GD: AVRO. The Roe Company.

RTC: Doesn't ring a bell.

GD: But that means we did have some examples.

RTC: Oh, yes, that we did. I told you that the Russians thought these were ours and we thought they were theirs. I did some sit-downs on this one. Russian Intelligence was one of my fields, as you know. And we did have some of these, but we used them for high-altitude reconnaissance and photographing. The U-2 replaced them, so we retired them. The Russians had at one working model, that I know.

GD: So all the sightings were of these planes, or whatever they called them?

RTC: No, not all. Most of the public sightings were basically wishful thinking or mass hysteria. But there certainly were other incidents that were not of ours or Russian construction.

GD: Where did they come from?

RTC: No one had any idea. Of course, Truman had all of that shut up to prevent another Orson Wells panic. The idea was to make the whole thing look like a hoax so that people spotting something would ignore it at the risk of being branded a fool.

GD: Know anything about the Roswell business?

RTC: Oh, indeed. Now that was the real thing, Gregory. And there were space cadets on board that one. They had to clamp down on the story and said it was a weather balloon. As I remember, they retrieved a lot of electronic gadgetry that was highly advanced. They reconstructed the thing, or did you know that?

GD: No, I did not. Did they fly it?

RTC: Too complex. Do you know about Groom Lake in Nevada?

GD: No.

RTC: We used it as a U-2 base. Out in the remote desert. They have several of these things there. One is a reconstruction and another one was fished out of a lake in Montana intact, crew and all. That one they did fly around, as I understand.

GD: Why keep it quiet?

RTC: As I said, panic. The Cold War was in full swing, Korea had happened and everyone was afraid of the Russians, so it was decided to play it all down. We got certified idiots on board and got them to set up Flying Saucer clubs to attract the brainless moths and kept the pot boiling. You understand that once the government decides on a program, they never change it. They never do. Poor Tom keeps thinking they will rehabilitate his grandfather over Pearl Harbor, but they never will. I told him that once, and I thought he'd weep. First off, no one cares these days about Pearl Harbor and secondly, once a policy has been set, no one will change it later. Same with the saucers.

GD: They have no idea where they came from?

RTC: Absolutely none. But there were no attacks from any of them and the best thinking was that they were doing what we were doing, and that is photo recon. They weren't from us because no human could survive the speeds they could move at. Flatten them out. I hope to God you're not going to get into that mess, Gregory.

GD: Intellectual curiosity only. What did ours photograph?

RTC: The same things the U-2 did. Military bases like airfields, missile launching areas, naval bases. They took some wonderfully clear pictures. They had a building down on Fifth and K streets where they processed and printed these. It was the Steuart or Seward Building. I was in there a couple of times. And some very interesting buildings out on Wilson Boulevard. Remind me to tell you about them some time. Anyway, I recommend you keep away from the saucer side. As much as they hate you around here that would all that would be needed to label you a certified lunatic.

GD: Oh, I know about the official stories about me. Once the Mueller book came out, they got Gitta Sereny to go after me. Do you know who she is?

RTC: She's a friend of Wolfe. I looked her up once because he made it a point of shoving some piece of trash on me at the Archives about you she got published. A Communist dyke as I remember. She does not like you.

GD: (Laughing) Oh, I know that, and note that I do not like her. When I uncovered the fact that an SS concentration camp head had been declared dead and then put to work by the Brits and later by us, she came to see me in California, with the assistance of Wolfe, and with the sole intention of getting me to say something she could use to discredit me.

RTC: Well, they didn't like it made public that this fellow worked for us. The same as your friend Mueller. What did she write?

GD: Long story.

RTC: I have plenty of time and you have the happy knack of making long boring stories interesting. Go on.

GD: She published a book in 1974 entitled *Into That Darkness*. This work purported to be based on an interview with Franz Stangl, an alleged SS officer who ran a camp in occupied Poland during the war where many prisoners were later stated to have been gassed. Stangl was not an SS man but Sereny never bothered to mention that unimportant fact. The book contains a lengthy section quoting Stangl, who according to Sereny's version, fully admitted his part in the purported killings and asks for forgiveness from God and his victims. The balance of the work consists of various supplementary testimonies from former associates and family members, all attesting to the evil nature of Stangl's activities and all clearly acknowledging his willing cooperation in a state-sponsored program of genocide. Of course, Sereny has carved out her niche as a holocaust writer, trashing all the Germans, and she has made a nice living out of it. But this particular book shows with great clarity the pitfalls that occur when a journalist, as opposed to a legitimate academic historian, produces a work which is not only entirely anecdotal in content, but ideological in thrust. There is no documentation, whatsoever, in this work which relies almost entirely on the author's purported interviews with various people. Stangl died on the day following Sereny's visit to him in prison where he was appealing his life sentence.

RTC: I agree. That makes no sense. This man was not an SS camp man?

GD: No. He is in none of the official SS personnel lists anywhere at any time.

RTC: Did he exist?

GD: Yes. He was an Austrian policeman. And she must have known it, because she is tied up with Wolfe who has ready access to all the official lists. And herein lies the key to the questionability of the entire book. Stangl had been sentenced to a life term in prison. He, through his attorneys, was appealing this sentence. It is highly doubtful if either Stangl or his attorneys would permit such a damaging interview to take place and to permit Sereny, whose extremist views were well known, free and unfettered access to the prisoner. There would appear to be no question that Sereny and her photographer husband, Don Honeyman, did indeed visit the prison and did see Stangl. Sereny's husband took several photographs of him, photographs which are extensively reproduced in the book. The published pictures, however, do not support statements alleged to have been made by the former Austrian police officer, but merely prove that he permitted himself to be photographed by his visitors. By making such incriminating statements as Sereny placed, *post mortem*, in his mouth, Stangl would have irrevocably destroyed any chance he might have had in his pending appeal before the German courts. I think it is beyond reasonable belief that such statements were made under the circumstances indicated. A dead Stangl, however, could comfortably be alleged to have made any statement that the author chose to put into his mouth, and without the possible embarrassment to her or her publisher of an instant denial or possible legal proceedings.

RTC: These fabricators never use logic, do they. Lie like rugs, throw in a few fuzzy pictures of Hitler and, Bingo, a new Holocaust book. Well, they have made quite a business out of it.

GD: Oh, yes, and you dast not dare question them with inconvenient facts. If you have the time and the stomach to read the book, you can clearly see the author's prejudice towards Stangl and the system he served, but also is entirely devoid of any facts to support her thesis. She notes that a number of witnesses died before the book was published, of course, including her main source, Stangl. Much of the anecdotal material Sereny had put together to support her case is of such a nature as to preclude its ever being introduced in a court of law. Several examples are set forth as illustration. In one, Sereny claims that Stangl's wife wrote her a letter following an interview Sereny had with the wife in Brazil. In this letter, which is not reproduced, Frau Stangl allegedly states that in 1945 she was interviewed by two members of the U.S. Army's Counter Intelligence agency, and that they knew of her husband's whereabouts in an American

jail. "I examined their papers," she is quoted as writing, "I have no doubt whatever that they were genuine." The flaw in this scenario is obvious. It is simply not believable that the wife of an obscure police officer would have the slightest idea what "genuine" U.S. CIC identification papers looked like. But Sereny states that the woman would have no reason to invent the incident. Perhaps the invention did not originate with Stangl's wife, but with the author herself. Robert, generations must pass before the fictive is eventually weeded out from the factual, and in the meantime an appellation which has been applied to the Sereny book, *Dialogs with the Dead*, could well be applied to other mendacious creative writing essays that people like Wolfe, who certainly will never be any kind of a successful writer or Sereny the ideological hack.

RTC: Maybe Sereny...what is that name, by the way?

GD: She's a Hungarian Jewess, but the name was changed somewhere years ago to become more Aryan. Anyway, she published some libels about me in two major British papers. I got a solicitor in the UK to represent me and not only were the stories pulled but dear old Gitta was sacked. It was either sack her for free, or I would sue the papers for malicious defamation. There wasn't any contest. One of the paper's editors told me on the phone that she was a nasty old bitch and he was glad to be rid of her. Actually, she mumbled away about me for a little while more until I had to take certain actions that dissuaded her from future essays into more libels.

RTC: I don't suppose...

GD: Not on the phone. Did I bore you?

RTC: No, and none of that surprised me. You ought to have heard old Wolfe screeching about how evil you are. He sounds like you have a picture of him humping the neighbor's cocker spaniel.

GD: (Laughter) I think it was a sheep named Minnie he keeps in his garage. By God, sir, with mesh stockings and lipstick, she drives men mad with passion.

RTC: Why don't you turn him into the Humane Society?

GD: I'd much rather turn him into a pumpkin. Speaking of that, do you know what happened to Cinderella?

RTC: No, I don't. She married her prince?

GD: Maybe, but did you know what happened when the clock struck midnight?

RTC: Not offhand.

GD: Her tampon turned into a pumpkin.

RTC: (Laughter) Such an image!

GD: You see the connection in my imagination, at least, between Wolfe and a pumpkin?

RTC: It'll give me something to think about over dinner, Gregory. Or are you equating Wolfe with a tampon?

GD: Pay your money, Robert, and take your choice.

(Concluded at 3:11 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 60**

Date: Wednesday, January 22, 1997

Commenced: 10:01 AM CST

Concluded: 10:21 AM CST

GD: Good day to you, Robert. Thank you for the mailing on Costello. I will send you his death certificate after the weekend. Of course it was AIDS. Lee was almost hysterical when I told him this.

RTC: I wonder why?

GD: He'll probably rush to his doctor for a checkup.

RTC: Now, now, Gregory. Unkind.

GD: Well why get your balls into an uproar when you find out someone died of AIDS?

RTC: There could be many reasons.



GD: Yes, no doubt, but the first assumption is one of personal concern, not sympathy. I understand Costello's brother, who is in the RN, refused to accept the body. Ah, well, in the midst of life, Robert.

RTC: Of course. Just the certificate?

GD: And the post-mortem report. It was the AIDS pneumonia that took him off on the plane. I wonder if rigor had set in when they landed? They would have to carry him off in a sitting position. Maybe they put one of their cheap blankets over him and pretended he was a broken seat.

RTC: You are in a fine mood today, I must say.

GD: I beat Jesus at poker last night and he wouldn't pay up. He keeps hiding cards in that hole in his side.

RTC: (Laughter)

GD: I wanted to ask you about this business with Oswald. You know, shooting with two guns out of the window, shooting some Dallas cop, and so on. Can you give me any input here?

RTC: Oswald had nothing to do with the business. Nothing at all. He was an asset of ONI and he worked for both of us at Atsugi. That's our U-2 base in Japan. He spoke Russian, after a fashion, and was instructed to act like a Marxist to rope in some Jap spies there. A clever young man but a bit of a troublemaker. No, Oswald had nothing to do with it. I said we had used him once and we had a dossier on him. He was perfect for the role of patsy. Married the niece of a top MVD officer, an avowed Marxist and so on. And, joy of joys, he worked at the book building. We had the presidential cavalcade rerouted to go right past it, to be certain. And we had a resource in the Cuban Embassy in Mexico who swore Oswald was in there trying to flee to Cuba. It does pay to have people in the right place, Gregory. Never know when you might need them.

GD: Interesting. And he was using an Argentine Mauser which magically turned into a Mannlicher-Carcano. My God, you couldn't hit a barn with that piece of shit if you were inside it. The Mauser, on the other hand, was a good gun.

RTC: Yes. The Mauser belonged to the wrong people, so the other piece was substituted. We made sure that it could be traced to him. And we got the wife to admit seeing the wop gun. Of course in her condition, she would identify a crossbow or a polar bear.

GD: And the Ruby business. Too pat.

RTC: Of course. Ruby was from the Chicago mob and I had connections with them through my father. You see, Ruby had cancer and knew he was probably going to die soon enough so he was put up to silencing Oswald. Oswald was not involved and if it ever went to trial, it would all come out. The Navy didn't want it to come out that they hired him and the FBI didn't want it out that he had worked for them so everyone was happy when Ruby did his deed in the basement. Of course, later he found out they might execute him instead of letting die comfortably in a Dallas hospital so he got alarmed and was trying to get out of it. I don't know why, Gregory. He knew all about keeping quiet, but he was a Jew and very emotional. Not stable, but he did his work as he was told. And we had some use for him earlier over sending guns to Castro. I suppose you knew that the Company was an early supporter of Castro? Put him in place, as it were. Now that was a classic mistake. I had nothing to do with that. We spent years trying to clean that one up. Kennedy found out about our role in that because he had Bissel's phone tapped and loose lips can sink careers as well as ships.

GD: The tangled web.

RTC: What?

GD: 'Oh what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive.'

RTC: Sounds like Shakespeare.

GD: Walter Scott to be exact. Anyway, given all the loose ends, I'm amazed none of this has come out.

RTC: No, we had an army of real idiots running around with fifty different weird theories and stories, so the public had other things to amuse and entertain them. The

umbrella man, the man in the sewer, the tramps in the railroad yard, shooting at General Walker and on and on.

GD: The Warren Report is an un-indexed pack of creative writing.

RTC: Of course it is. Our many friends at *The New York Times* have been pushing that and the really silly Posner fairytale. Well, the *Times* is one of our finest assets right along. Not a bad paper, but they do what they're told. And Jerry Ford running to Hoover, tongue hanging out, with the latest news of the commission's meetings. Of course Colonel Hoover knew the whole thing. What a huge farce all of that was.

GD: I wonder why none of the truth ever came out?

RTC: Gregory, the American public is as stupid as a post. They'll go for fried ice cream every time. And the press knows where their bread is buttered, so we never worry about them. Bought and paid for, Gregory, bought and paid for. And we had Ben over at the *Post* to cinch up matters there for us. Very reliable. He and Angleton cleaned up some of the messes after Kennedy was hit. No, the press can always be counted on.

GD: My late grandfather used to say something right on point. 'Once a newspaperman, always a whore.'

RTC: Was your grandfather a reporter?

GD: No, a banker.

(Concluded at 10:21 CST)

## **Conversation No. 61**

Date: Thursday, January 23, 1997

Commenced: 1:45 PM CST

Concluded: 2:12 PM CST

RTC: Good morning, Gregory. What can we do for you today?

GD: I don't mean to bother you, Robert, but I am doing some research on this Kennedy thing and I have a couple of questions for you.

RTC: I'll do what I can.

GD: If it's a problem....

RTC: No, not at all.

GD: You were telling me Oswald was not involved. Why would anyone want to stick him with the thing?

RTC: He served his purpose. Jim Angleton was determined to blame the killing on the Russians. He hated them, and Jim was a very single minded man and very determined. I guess later he began to get a little crazy, but at that time he was very good at his job. Look at it this way: Oswald was a public Marxist. He was ordered to be a Marxist by both the ONI and us. He defected to Russia. He married the niece of a top MVD officer. He came back to the States, pretending to be pro-Castro. He lived in Dallas when Dallas was chosen to be the place where Kennedy was nailed out in public. You see, Jim wanted Russia blamed for the killing. He basically wanted to have all paths lead to Moscow.

GD: He was inviting a war.

RTC: Of course he was. He wanted a war with Russia and said so many times to me and the DCI among others. Now when Oswald came back, he was still connected and got this classified job with the photography company. We do that for our people. If we hadn't smoothed his way, he never would have gotten the job there. But he never knew a thing about the Kennedy business. He was a very convenient patsy with a wonderful and provable background of being a Soviet sympathizer.

GD: I know you were a friend of Angleton and I'm not questioning his intelligence.

Mueller told me about him. He personally thought he was crazy however.

RTC: At the end, everyone else thought so. Towards the end, Jim became obsessed with things better left unsaid. He thought the entire Company was infiltrated by the KGB

and that Colby himself, he was the DCI at that point, was a Soviet agent. And then there was the Nosenko business. That was this so-called KRG defector. You see, the Russians got wind of what Angleton was up to, stirring up a war and all that, and they sent this Nosenko over to us as a fake defector. His most important mission was to convince everyone that Oswald had nothing to do with their agency and they had nothing to do with him. In short, they had no prior knowledge of the Kennedy business. This terrified Jim who got his hands on Nosenko and locked him up down on the Farm for two years. Put him in solitary and kept everyone away from him. Jim was afraid others would believe Nosenko and then start looking where they should not. Finally, and it really saddened me, Jim got so crazy that they forced him out and cut his department back to almost nothing. Jim had lung cancer...my God, the man smoked like a chimney...and I remember my last visit with him. He died in '87. We met him at the Army-Navy Club for dinner. Very, very sad occasion. He was a great man, or he had been in his prime, and to see him slowly dying and forced out by that asshole Colby was devastating.

GD: What happened to the Ukrainian?

RTC: What Ukrainian?

GD: Nosenko is a Ukrainian name, Robert. Ends with an O.

RTC: Whatever happened to him? They let him out, got him a set of new teeth and paid him a stipend for his troubles.

GD: Was he telling the truth?

RTC: Oh yes, of course. The Russians had nothing to do with the business. They are far too professional to use someone with such connections with them. A defector, married to the niece of a top intelligence officer, spouting Marxist propaganda on the street corners? No, they would have done what they did when they tried to kill the Pope in '81. Get the Bulgarians to hire a right wing Turkish terrorist. Plausible deniability.

GD: The favorite words of Ronnie Reagan.

RTC: Exactly so. No, Oswald had much closer connections with American intelligence than with the Russians and we both knew it. Jim did not know it, believe me. Once he got something in his head, he never let go of it. At the end, before they gave him the sack, he was probably paranoid beyond redemption. Not stupid, but very deluded. He saw moles everywhere. He thought LBJ was a spy and half of Congress, for God's sake. And his fondness for college students was getting a little obvious. A genuine tragedy, Gregory, a fine mind gone to seed.

GD: Male college students. Mueller caught him in bed with one at the Plaza.

RTC: Leave town and enter a new and dangerous world.

(Concluded at 2:12 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 62**

Date: Tuesday, February 4, 1997

Commenced: 8:45 AM CST

Concluded: 9:30 AM CST

GD: Feeling a little better, Robert?

RTC: Much, thank you. By the way, Gregory, I dug up the information on this Landreth person you asked me about. He used to work for CBS News and his father ran our offices in Havana. Edward Landreth. Used Sterling Chemical Company as a front. I wouldn't trust this one, if I were you.

GD: No, I didn't like him at first sight. And he got some hack named Willwirth at *Time Magazine* to promise to put me on the cover of their trashy rag if I cooperated.

RTC: What do they want?

GD: Anything and everything relating to Mueller's CIA employment. Anything with his new name, that is. I have an old Virginia driver's license, a pilot's license, an old CIA ID card and things like that.

RTC: Don't even show them to them and keep the new name to yourself. The first thing they will do, and the Army as well, will be to get out the burn bags and totally obliterate any trace of him. You see, Mueller came in at such a high level and so early that his name is not known. Once your book came out, there were frantic searches of the files but they ran up against the dismal fact that they could not identify his new personality. Beetle Smith knew it, but he's dead. Critchfield is foaming at the mouth over all of this, but he doesn't have the name either. Wonderful. But take my advice and don't give out the name. They would obliterate any trace of it and then piously deny they knew anything about it. Why not try the Army records in Missouri? List five or six names plus the Mueller pseudonym and get a researcher to get the copies of the files. Don't use your name because you are on the no-no list now. Then, you can take the real Mueller out and toss the rest.

GD: Robert, how brilliant of you. I did this a year ago but I'm glad to see you're right up on things.

RTC: Well, I know the name, you know the name, but Tom Kimmel and Bill Corson do not know the name. I assume both of them have asked you?

GD: Of course they have.

RTC: Not surprising. I like Bill but he had gone over to the other side, lock, stock and barrel, so use discretion with him. And you can be polite to Kimmel but shut up around him. Anything either one of them get would go straight to Langley.

GD: And the burning would commence.

RTC: Clouds of smoke would blanket the eastern seaboard, Gregory. Help keep America pollution free and keep your mouth closed. No, that's not what I meant. Your mouth is not a source of pollution. The smoke from the burning CIA records is what I had in mind. What kind of approaches do they use?

GD: Kindergarten level. 'We are going to make you famous,' is the main one followed by such stupidity as 'you can tell me because I'm your friend.' With friends like that, who needs any enemies? I wouldn't let any of them into my house. My grandfather would have had them use the tradesman's entrance. They don't do that anymore. One great homogenous melting pot of proletariat idiots, ill-educated twits, liars and chronic violators of deceased prostitutes.

RTC: (Laughter) Such an accurate portrayal, Gregory.

GD: It's been quite an unwanted education, Robert, listening to all the foolishness coming out of these creeps. But, good humored banter aside, I wanted to discuss the Kennedy thing with you.

RTC: Go ahead.

GD: I have been reading through all the major books on the subject, and here and there I find something interesting. Mostly, only personal opinion without facts. But in looking through my notes, I am positive that your collective motives were based on what you thought was good for the country and the CIA, in opposite order.

RTC: Passing secrets to the enemy is very serious, Gregory.

GD: Yes, but Kennedy sacked your top people and was going to break the agency up. Self-preservation is a powerful motive for action.

RTC: Yes, it is. We had a similar problem with Nixon, as I recall.

GD: You weren't planning to off him, were you?

RTC: No, but we did get him out of the Oval Office.

GD: I met Nixon once and I rather liked him. You? What about Watergate?

RTC: Watergate was our method of getting him out. It wasn't as final as the Zipper business but he played right into it.

GD: What did Nixon do to you?

RTC: Now, that's a long and involved story, Gregory.

GD: Well, since you didn't have him killed, can you tell me?

RTC: I suppose so. Nixon was no specific threat to us, understand. We worked with him rather well. But he was getting squirrely the second time around. And the China business was no good. China was our enemy and we had the best relations with Taipei....Formosa. The very best relations, and very profitable. Nixon threw the entire thing out of balance and then the war in Vietnam was another factor. Very complex.

GD: I have plenty of time.

RTC: It was the drug business in the final analysis.

GD: There have been stories around about that.

RTC: Can't be proven. We get curious reporters fired for even hinting at that. Anyway, it started in '44-'45 with Jim's Italian connections in Naples and Palermo.

GD: Angleton?

RTC: Yes, of course. Jim had lived in Italy as a child and spoke the language fluently. He knew the Mafia people in Sicily and the gangs in Naples, not to mention the *Union Corse* people in Corsica. I mean it was to get their assistance in intelligence matters. First against the Germans and then against the local Communists. Jim was very effective but I don't think he realized that by asking for favors, he put himself in the position of having to give favors back again. That's how they are, you know.

GD: I've known one or two. Yes, very much that way. Didn't he realize he was making a bargain with the Devil?

RTC: No, Jim did not. The Italians he grew up with were not that way. I knew a few of those people through my father. He was involved in politics in Chicago in the old days and that means a guaranteed association with the Mob.

GD: And they called in their markers?

RTC: Oh, yes, they did. And that's how the drug connections got started. The Italian gangsters helped Angleton when he was there with the OSS and then later, they called their markers in with him. Not much at first but much more later. Opium makes morphine and refined morphine makes heroin. You must know that. Turkey has opium fields and so do a number of places in SEA. Burma, for example. Once you get into that sort of thing, Gregory, you can't get out again. And we comforted ourselves that the actual movers and shakers were doing the dirty work and, at the same time, assisting us with intelligence matters. Killing off enemies, securing sensitive areas and that sort of thing. Naples and Palermo to begin with and later Corsica. And then in Asia, Burma first. We were big supporters of Chiang and when the Commies forced him out of mainland China, he went to Taiwan and one of his top generals, Li Mi, went south with his military command and got into former French Indochina and then into Burma. He had a large contingent of troops, thousands, and both us and the French supplied him with weapons and he, in turn, set up opium farms and we, but not the French, flew out the raw products to be refined in the Mediterranean. The weapons were often surplus World War Two pieces out of Sea Supply in Florida. As a note for your interest, we shipped tons of former Nazi weapons from Poland to Guatemala when we kicked out Guzman there. You have to understand that the Company was huge and compartmented, so most of the people knew nothing about the drugs. Of course the various DCIs did and Colby, who later was DCI, ran the drug business out of Cambodia.

GD: The Air American thing?

RTC: Among others. We actually used official military aircraft to ship when we couldn't use our own proprietary people. Angleton had mob connections and they used him far more than he used them, but he did not dare try to back out. It got way out of hand but none of us wanted to bell that cat, believe me. And we finally flew out Li Mi with thirteen millions in gold bars. Flew him to safety in Switzerland.

GD: That stopped the drugs?

RTC: No, it all came under new management. Colby was very efficient.

GD: As a point of interest here, Robert, is that why they snuffed him?

RTC: Partially. He knew too much and no one dared to gig him too hard over the civilian killings he ran in Vietnam. There was always the danger he would break down. He was getting along in years and that's when we have to watch these boys carefully. A heart

attack here, an accidental drowning there. After we drowned Colby, we tore his summer place to bits and then ransacked his Dent Place address. Not to mention getting our friendly bankers to let us go through his safe deposit boxes. After hours, of course.

GD: Of course. You weren't involved, were you?

RTC: In what? Removing these dangerous people? In some cases. I had nothing directly to do with the drugs. That was mostly Angleton.

GD: He must have gotten rich.

RTC: Not really.

GD: But Nixon...was he in the drug business too?

RTC: No. Nixon was a nut, Gregory. A poor boy elevated on high and couldn't handle the upper levels. Very smart but got to believe his own power. The second election, a landslide, convinced him that he was invulnerable. He wasn't and he began to play games with China. By playing nice with them, he outraged Taiwan and we all do much business with those people. Drugs and other things. Never mind all that, because it's still going on. Anyway, they bitched to us, louder and louder, that Nixon would listen to Mao and dump them. If they got dumped, they would tell all and none of us could stand that, so we decided to get Nixon removed. No point of doing a Kennedy on him, but he had to go. After Spiro got the boot, Jerry Ford took over and we knew we would never have any problem with good old Jerry. Hell, during the Warren Commission, good old Jerry ran to Hoover every night with the latest information, so we knew he was a loyal player.

GD: And now did you do it?

RTC: Get rid of Tricky Dick? He did it to himself. We supplied him with a team of our men after we convinced him that everyone was plotting against him. I told you he was getting strange. I think paranoid is a better word. Anyway, we convinced him that McGovern was getting money from Castro and he sent our people to break into the Democrat offices in the Watergate. To get the proof that didn't exist. They went there to get caught. They taped open the door and one of our people called local security. You know the rest, I am sure. Nixon did it to himself in the end. We just supplied the push. And Ford did what he was told and everyone was happy again.

GD: No wonder they call the stuff powdered happiness.

RTC: (Laughter) I haven't heard that but it's fitting. I remember we were afraid Nixon might call out the military, so we stuck Alex Haig in there to keep him isolated. Haig was a real nut but he did his job very well. And another government change, but this time there were no inconvenient questions about Oswald and Ruby types for the nut fringe to babble about. No, Nixon did it to himself.

GD: It didn't do the country any good, this drawn-out death agony.

RTC: It would not have been a good idea to shoot him, not after the fuss after Kennedy. And Formosa is happy and we are happy and the drugs are still moving around, making everyone money. Just think what we were able to do with our share of mystery cash. No Congress to badger us about our budgets at all. We got billions from them and more billions in cash from the other stuff, so we were all sitting in the catbird seat. Nixon was one man and he had served his usefulness. Notice he's had a nice retirement.

GD: And so has Ford.

RTC: Ford was a classic pawn. Washington is full of them, Gregory. And I strongly urge you to keep away from this subject if and when you decide to write about things. The Company is not as keen on killing everyone like it used to be, but I don't think you want to run up against the Mob.

GD: No, of course not.

RTC: That's a smart fellow, Gregory. Go after dead CIA people but keep away from the Mob. Got it?

GD: Got it loud and clear.

(Concluded at 9:30 AM CST)

## Conversation No. 63

Date: Friday, February 7, 1997

Commenced: 11:55 AM CST

Concluded: 12:35 PM CST

RTC: Hello there, Gregory. I hope you're feeling better than I am.

GD: You have a cold?

RTC: No, getting old. Some advice, Gregory. Don't get old. The worst part isn't forgetting things, it's remembering. And knowing you are helpless to correct the present. But there still is correcting the past.

GD: Historians do that all the time. Hitler lost so Hitler was always wrong. Roosevelt won so Roosevelt was always right. Saints and sinners. It depends entirely on who wins.

RTC: True. I told you I once met Roosevelt, didn't I? My father got me in to see him. Old and shaky, but still clever. Phony old bastard, one thing to the face and another to the back, but very shrewd in political circles. He set up a powerful movement, but as soon as he hit the floor, they started to dismantle it.

GD: Müller was filling me in on the anti-Communist activities he was involved in. McCarthy and all of that.

RTC: Well, Franklin put them all in, and Truman threw them all out. Most of them were Jewish so we were all accused of anti-Semitism, but we held all the cards then and they knew it, so criticism was muted. It wouldn't be that way now, but times change.

GD: They always do and a smart man changes with them.

RTC: Some times the older forms are better.

GD: Yes, but people grow tired of old forms and want new ones. A revolution might mean more money and power for some and death or disgrace for others. The wheel does turn.

RTC: So it does. I wanted to give you a little background here, Gregory, about you. You see, at one time, these others wanted to set up a sort of private think tank. They wanted to call it after the oracle of Delphi. Tom Kimmel, Bill Corson, the Trento ménage, Critchfield and others. But they wanted me to be the honcho.

GD: And why you?

RTC: I have the connections with the business community. I could get big money people behind the idea. It was a sort of miniature Company if you will. Money and power. We always called it the Company because it was a huge business conglomerate. But anyway, this think tank would bring all of us lots of money. Unfortunately, I didn't feel too happy with the make up of it. Kimmel is pompous and entirely too much obsessed with his late Grandfather; the Trentos are very lightweight, but aren't really aware of it; and poor Bill is a perpetual wannabe, running around trying to sound like a great keeper of various unknown secrets. We tried Costello. Tom liked him because of his Pearl Harbor writings, but I never liked him. There was a screw loose in his brain somewhere. And of course being a fairy didn't improve his objectivity. I gave up on John after his trip to Reno. He hated you, you know.

GD: My heart is breaking. I should have given him some of my old shorts to chew on.

RTC: Now do let's be serious, Gregory. John was a spiteful person but I got the impression he thought you were much worse than he was and since he was hiding his perversions, he probably thought you could see through him. I think people get that impression: That you watch and see too much. Of course, it doesn't help that you run your mouth and say terrible things about self-made saints. Anyway, I didn't want John involved and then I began to have some interest in you. Of course, I couldn't put you forward for the group because Kimmel detested you and Bill didn't know where to turn. He liked you but always listened to others in making up his mind. When I ditched Costello and Bill knew you and I were talking, Kimmel went through the roof. He didn't like me talking to you and spent much time getting his oafs at Justice to ring me up and tell me how terrible you were. Tom likes to get others to do his dirty work, I noticed

long ago. The Trento family didn't know you and Bill is actually afraid of you. So the private study group for profit more or less died a natural death. I wanted to include you but they did not so there it ended.

GD: I would have had no problem working with you but not with the others. Bill is a lightweight, Kimmel a gasbag and the one Trento book I tried to read was hopeless.

RTC: Yes.

GD: 'And slime had they for mortar.'—Genesis 11:3.

RTC: Citing Scripture, Gregory? I thought the Devil did that.

GD: He does. Daily. Now we call him Pat Robertson.

RTC: Where's your Christian charity?

GD: I sold it to buy a gun.

RTC: Yes. Well, to get back to the subject here, which is the fact that these gentlemen do not like you, but I do. They have stopped yapping about you because I told them to shut up, but no doubt they still run around behind my back and try to stab you in the back. Never to the face, but in the back.

GD: Not to change the subject, Robert, but why do you really call it the Company?

RTC: Because it's a huge business. We are one of the most powerful businesses on the planet, Gregory. We make enormous sums of money, have established a tight and very complete control over the media, have the White House doing as we tell them to, overturn foreign governments if they dare to thwart our business ventures, and so on.

GD: Business ventures?

RTC: A generalized case in point. A left-wing nigger gets into power in the Congo. The Congo has huge uranium deposits. Will Moscow get the uranium? The Belgian businessmen come to us for help. We agree to help them and we get into a civil war and murder Lumumba. One of our men drove around with his rotting corpse in his trunk. The head of the UN starts to interfere in matters, so we have an aircraft accident that kills him very dead and stops the interference. We tell the President about the uppity nigger but not about poor dead Dag. We tell them what we want them to hear and nothing more.

GD: And the business aspect?

RTC: The drugs, of course, bring in astronomical amounts of loose money. And if some rival group cuts into the business, we get them removed. Ever read about huge heroin busts somewhere? Our rivals going down for the third time. All of this is part and parcel of the Plan.

GD: Sounds like the Templar's Plan.

RTC: Ah, you know about this, do you? Which one of the seven dwarves enlightened you? Not Kimmel, but probably Bill.

GD: Actually no. I was speaking of the Plan of the Templars...

RTC: Ah, you see, you do know that. You knew Allen was an initiate, didn't you?

GD: Well, not in so many words. Didn't the Templars get disbanded for having too much money? I think they killed DeMolay...

RTC: Now don't change the subject here. They were never really disbanded, but they went underground. Do you know how much money they had? The French only got a little bit of it. Now let me know, who told you?

GD: You did, actually. Just now. I was thinking of Umberto Eco's excellent *Foucault's Pendulum* and his discussion of the survival of the Templars.

RTC: I missed that one. Is that an old book?

GD: No. Late '80s, if I remember. Brilliant historical pastiche. Eco's an Italian scholar and the book is wonderful, although I doubt very few people in America would understand a word of it. They don't teach history in our public schools, only political correctness. You can no longer look for the chink in someone's armor anymore because Asians are terribly offended and you dare not call a spade a spade.

RTC: Yes, yes, I know all that. Stunts the mind.

GD: It's my impression, based on my visits to your town, that they don't have any minds to stunt.



RTC: Don't forget, Gregory, that I was in government service as well.

GD: There are always exceptions, Robert.

RTC: Many thanks for your kindness, Gregory. The Templars have always had money but they have been an underground power for so long, they are set in their ways. We are public and they are not, so there is a sort of joint partnership here. As I said, Dulles was taken in when he was in Switzerland. One of the Jung people, as I remember. They can open doors, Gregory, don't ever think they can't, but they are always out of the sunlight.

GD: Like the mythic vampires.

RTC: Custom and usage, as they say. We have common interests, believe me.

GD: Catholic group?

RTC: Not anymore.

GD: Well, I had an ancestor in the Teutonic Knights, and they really never went away. And the Knights of Malta still have some influence in Papal matters. Interesting about the Templars, though. I thought Eco was just a good story teller. Could be. Secret societies have always intrigued parts of the public. The dread Masons, for example. Of course, before the French Revolution, they had a great deal of clandestine power in France, but now I think they're just a high class fraternal organization. Müller told me that the Nazis were obsessed with the Masons, but when the Gestapo got around to really investigating them, they found nothing sinister at all. Just a social organization and nothing more.

RTC: You know quite a bit about so many interesting things. I can see why you got on with the kraut and why the rat pack here hates you. I must ask you please not to discuss this business with anyone. I would also ask you not to put it into anything you write concerning me. The Kennedy business is bad enough, but no one would believe a word of the other business.

GD: I agree, Robert. But if I have to give up a really interesting story, can I get more information on Kennedy?

RTC: Yes, I can send you more. I did give Bill a copy of the Russian report, but nothing more. He started bragging about this, so I basically shut him down. Of course, it doesn't really say anything, but once is enough when someone starts to leak out material they have sworn to keep silent about.

GD: And have you tested me?

RTC: I don't need to. You aren't trying to make points with the bosses like they are. I hate to say it because I am friendly with all of them, but they are just a bunch of useless ass kissers. You certainly are not.

GD: No, I am not. I don't trust anyone in the establishment. My God, you ought to listen to what the Landreth people were telling me, I want to wet myself, that they can put me on the cover of *Time* magazine. Of course I really believe them and I would like nothing better than to have my picture on the cover of *Time* magazine. It used to be a good news magazine but now it's worse than *People Magazine* which sells very well in the supermarket checkout lines. And right next to the *National Enquirer* which is probably written by the same people.

RTC: I think the day of the printed paper or magazine is dying. We still have our hand in on that game. We moved to television, but that is also losing out, so we are moving into the Internet. But don't ask me about that, because I know nothing about it. We view the Internet as very dangerous because we can't begin to control it. Set up a few people with money and push them. Hope for the best, you know. but doubtful.

GD: The Templars story is interesting, mainly because I read Eco and know something about their early days.

RTC: When the conspiracy idiots babble on about secret societies, they don't have any idea what they're talking about. They go on about the CFR and the Masons but they don't know the half of it.

GD: Did you ever read Mills' *The Power Elite*? Came out in '55 and is a little out of date but very good.

RTC: Can't say as I have. Didn't you mention this once? No matter. I might have but years ago. Speculative?

GD: Concrete, realistic and so on. The reason why the American public is so wrapped up in conspiracy theories is because they have lost all faith in their government and most of our major institutions such as banks, the press, mainline religion and so on. I remember the so-called OPEC panic when the price of gas at the pump went up every ten minutes. There was no OPEC crisis, but just the oil companies creating a panic so they could make huge profits. Ever notice, Robert, how the price of gas at the pump soars just at the beginning of summer when everyone drives on trips and then comes down in winter when no one drives? And how the price of fuel oil drops off in summer when no one needs it but then shoots up every winter when everyone does? Tell me, are these accidents?

RTC: Of course not, Gregory, of course not.

GD: I'm surprised that people don't pick up on this.

RTC: They won't pick up on anything at all and what if they did? A little talk here and there and they pay the bills.

GD: And the sheep get shorn again.

RTC: Yes, if you want to put it that way. That's why they're there, isn't it?

(Conclusion at 12:35 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 64**

Date: Monday, February 10, 1997

Commenced: 11:02 AM CST

Concluded: 11:35 AM CST

GD: Good morning, Robert. What's going on back there on a nice cold Monday?

RTC: Not very much, Gregory, and after a lifetime of excitement, I rather like it that way.

GD: Are you still in touch over there?

RTC: Sometimes, Gregory, sometimes. A casual conversation here, a visit there. You know how it is. Gone and soon forgotten.

GD: And no memoirs, either.

RTC: No, the code of *omerta* is with all of us retirees.

GD: But never having worked for your people, I have no such caveat, do I?

RTC: No, you do not.

GD: But Corson never worked for you, did he?

RTC: No, not actually. He wanted to, but he never did. He has been involved in various things but only on the periphery.

GD: People love to dream and eventually, they begin to fantasize and after those take hold, begin to lie in public and later, in print.

RTC: Cruel, Gregory, but close to the truth.

GD: Do you know what really disturbs me, Robert? I mean the CIA people who do not like me, writing that the head of the Gestapo worked for them. What I find bad is their utter stupidity. I can appreciate intelligence, even if it is directed towards or against me, but when your people drag up dismal failures like Wolfe who calls himself Doctor when he isn't, and Landreth who calls himself a television producer when he isn't. And all the pathetic and utterly predictable kindergarten games they play, trying to lure me into some kind of a trap or to find out what documents I have from a man they claim did not exist....pathetic, Robert, really pathetic. Wolfe is a second-level librarian with delusions of literary grandeur and Landreth claims to run a television company and actually runs a wino soup kitchen in Los Angeles. Can't Langley find someone with an IQ higher than their belt size?

RTC: Now, Gregory, you are getting loquacious again. I don't think it's because these people are stupid, but that you are too intelligent for your own good. Certainly for theirs. You annoy Kimmel, whose middle-class morality is offended by your callous treatment of his station in life, and Bill is terrified of you. I don't mean he thinks you are going to lure him outside on garbage can night and split his skull with an axe, but Bill is like so many other creative liars; he's afraid someone like you will come on the scene and expose him.

GD: I don't do this on purpose, you know.

RTC: Oh, I think there is some malice in what you do, Gregory. I don't find you either stupid or unkind, but you have a very active streak of destruction in your nature. Why, Gregory, bother to shoot butterflies with a rifle?

GD: Point, but then I don't put up with these morons gladly. Now, an intelligent and creative approach might get some positive reaction from me, but all of this transparent bleating just annoys me. And after I have dispatched one with withering words or, better, making a fool out of them, why here comes another one down the path, wearing the top half of a clown suit and waving a fan. Jesus wept. You know, their reaction time is marvelous, Robert. I did the first Mueller book in '95 and just now they are starting to leak negative stories about me. Do they sleep in refrigerators at night? Slow on the draw, Robert. In the Old West of blessed fiction, they would be full of holes. I wonder what sort of attack they will try next? There never was a Heinrich Mueller? I am really a practicing vampire? I misspelled a name once so I can't be right about anything? Do you think some broken-down academic who teaches animal husbandry at an Arkansas community college will come forward and produce a book showing that Mueller was eaten by Stalin? They did a story like that once about Mueller living in Panama but it turned out to be a huge joke. Then some senile Czech intelligence person's son claimed his father said Mueller was shot in Moscow. Of course, when the press tried to talk to the father, he was too far gone to do anything but wet himself.

RTC: I don't think a book, Gregory. And after what you did to that Hungarian Jewess in London, I doubt if any reporter will dare to attack you again.

GD: Fear is a wonderful deterrent, Robert. Pick the loudest of the pack, stick a knife in them and gut them in front of everybody and the rest of the piebald apes run back to the security of the deep forest.

RTC: Well, you don't fit the mold, Gregory. You were supposed to turn all of Mueller's highly incriminating material over to that jerk from *Time* magazine and then they would be done with you. I don't think the boobery understands that hiring General Mueller, bringing him over here and putting him to work was a very, very sensitive business. After all, FDR's propaganda machine depicted Mueller's Gestapo as pure evil...

GD: Which they were not...

RTC: No, just professionals. But necessary targets. And in light of the propaganda, how could we dare to hire the man who personally shoved millions of Jews into the enormous gas chambers that could have been seen from the moon? No, a very private matter indeed. That's why Jim Critchfield is terrified of you and wants to kill you. If it ever got into the Jewish and far left community...

GD: The same thing...

RTC: Yes, and if it did, Jim would be toast. Therefore, you lie like a rug and no one should ever listen to you. Of course, given your volatile and creative personality, such jabber only gets you angrier and that results in more very ugly mischief. Not to be impudent, Gregory, but how much money have you skinned these people out of?

GD: About a hundred and ten thousand, give or take a few cents. Book advance fees, television rights, outright bribes and so on.

RTC: And what did they ever get for all the taxpayer's money?

GD: A number ten shoe in their scrotum, Robert.

RTC: It seems that way. Well, I don't know what their next move will be, but I have seen this all before. The usual method of dealing with people like you, aside from the convenient heart attack or car accident, is to hire worthless but hungry scribblers to

submit articles to obedient newspapers, marginalizing you, misspelling your name and, in general, treating you like someone on ticket of leave from a nut house. And then on to other, more important, matters. You know, we have an entire department that invents news stories to feed to our toadies in the press in order to disguise something very bad we just pulled off. We kill the head of the UN and then start a story going about the Yeti being seen in downtown Detroit.

GD: That's a familiar pattern. How controlled is it?

RTC: Gregory, the US government owns the press, the newspapers, the magazines and the television. They print what we tell them to and they ignore that which we wish them to ignore. We wanted to get rid of Nixon, who was becoming a loose cannon, so the press obliged by daily attacks. We kill Kennedy and suddenly, legions of conspiracy nuts emerge from under their damp rocks with tens of thousands of books filled with more shit than a Christmas turkey.

GD: Are they on the payrolls?

RTC: God no, Gregory. Most of these slime merchants are on their own and we would never dare to pay them...at least not directly. But what we do accomplish is to get their cloaking nuttiness published and distributed through our friends in the media. You know, big New York publishing house does a book that Kennedy was only shot by Oswald, number one on *The New York Times* book list, even though they only sold three copies, talk show babbling on friendly TV networks and on and on. And the more the literary nut fringe sees and hears others braying like donkeys in public and, very important here, getting attention, they go at it again by proving some Secret Service agent was hiding in the trunk of Kennedy's car and shot him through the trunk lid.

GD" (Laughter)

RTC: No, don't laugh. They're armies of the ignorant out there who believe such crap. You know that.

GD: Yes, I do. And since we're on the topic, how much of all this insanity is planned?

RTC: Oh, we start it, that's for certain, but there are many who carry on the good work quite for free. Actually for free. Most of them are pathetic losers and they lust after attention...for recognition...for something other than their bleak and unrewarding existence. They become keepers of great secrets, Gregory, and smug in their inner knowledge.

GD: They delude themselves.

RTC: Yes, but they also delude the public which is often very important.

GD: Why must the CIA, or the Pentagon, or the White House, use such garbage to advance their evil ends?

RTC: I never said we didn't need rubber gloves and Lysol, dealing with our sources, Gregory. But these twits have produced so much silly garbage about the Kennedy business that our worries are over.

GD: I recall a cartoon in Playboy. A bunch of ancient Hebrews were standing around at the base of a mountain and down the path came a man with a long beard and a little bottle in his hand. One of those below had his head turned to his neighbor and the caption said, as I recall it, 'Our headaches are over. Here comes Moses with the tablets!' It said Aspirin on the little bottle.

RTC: (Laughter) Naughty boy, Gregory.

GD: Here, I never did see the cartoon. I'm just commenting on it. All of this reminds me of a scenario. A small child sees a stallion mounting a mare in a pasture and points to it. 'Mommy, what's the big horsy doing to the little one?' 'Oh,' said the shocked mother, 'just look over there, Jimmy! See the nice donkey?' 'Why,' said the entranced child, 'what's the donkey doing to cousin Muriel?' Ah well, Robert, in seeking to avoid Scylla, we fall upon Charybdis.

RTC: Pardon?

GD: A classical Greek nautical problem, Robert.

Concluded at 11:35 AM CST

## Conversation No. 65

Date: Tuesday, February 11, 1997

Commenced: 9:05 AM CST

Concluded: 9:42 AM CST

RTC: Why, Gregory, so soon after our last conversation? We'll have to be careful or Emily might get jealous. Do you have something new for me to chew on?

GD: No, I've been working on the latest Mueller book and I'm about worked out for the rest of the day. Writing is not hard, Robert, but the research is a killer. Still, if you don't want the rat-faced gits in your old agency or Wolfe's decaying Hebrews braying at you like a barn full of donkeys in a fire, you have to dot every "i" and cross every "t". Not that these chinless wonders are capable of finding errors, but eventually someone might and then the jackass chorus begins. No, Corson told me my strong suit was my research and my stronger one was taking the results of it and making it readable without being a pompous, opinionated university pedant. When I worked for Army Intelligence years ago, I was well-known for my research. Of course, the whole office hated me.

RTC: And why so?

GD: Actually, because I worked on my material until I had finished, even if I had to spend the night in the office. I was known to have slept on my desk and subsisted on coffee. But the work got done and, most important, it got done right. And I never tried to shove my own views down anyone's throat. I liked then, as I like now, to present both sides of an issue, clearly and without passion, letting the reader make up its own mind.

RTC: Very, very rare, talent, Gregory. Bill commented on this once and I would have to agree. Well, who do you work for now? This seems to be in your blood.

GD: Myself. I am a wonderful boss, Robert, really inspired and so kind to myself.

RTC: Do you treat yourself well at Christmas?

GD: Oh yes, Christmas. I haven't had a Christmas card for years and not a present from anyone. It's just another day for me and quieter than most.

RTC: I would invite you to have Christmas with us, but my son would be unhappy.

GD: Well, thank you for the thought.

RTC: And how is the Mueller book coming?

GD: Fine, and the blow-flies from your former agency are starting to buzz around again. Let's see how much I can clip them for this time.

RTC: Well, I suppose if they can't be more creative, they have to pay the price.

GD: No, they would never come right out and try to communicate with me. Why, the Gods do not deign to descend to earth to speak with mere mortals. And they pay the price, too. After all, they don't care how much of the taxpayer's money ends up in my pocket. What about the fool returning to his own folly? Or the dog to his own vomit? At least they don't descend to the petty and sadistic harassments that we find in the local police.

RTC: I would hope not.

GD: That puts me in mind of a sordid but highly entertaining incident in my earlier life. Most people remember Thanksgivings with the grandparents or their first experience in the cramped backseat of the family car but I recall more entertaining things.

RTC: Are you planning to enlighten me? This has nothing to do with the Company, has it? You're rather negative today, Gregory.

GD: I'm negative all the time. No, nothing to do with your people. Just an example of how to deal with illegally intrusive agencies. I was living in a rural area once and in a nearby town was a friend of mine. He was a gun collector. He actually collected Swiss Lugers.

RTC: German?

GD: No, Swiss. Beautifully made pieces.

RTC: I can well imagine. Go on.

GD: Anyway, he collected these and people knew about this. I want to stress that they were quite legal. The local sheriff's people somehow got wind of this and began to harass him. I think they just wanted to frighten him and steal his collection. The police love to do things like that. When I was younger, I knew one cop who liked to take war relics like Japanese swords away from kids because he said they were illegal, which they were not. I fixed his wagon good but this is not the forum for that one. So he had vague and sinister threats like, 'You could go to prison for years...' and so on. He told me about this harassment. He had no money and it was a rural area where there are no real lawyers to intervene, so I gave the matter a lot of thought and finally hit on a plan to rid himself of the swine. Not nice but it worked.

RTC: Yes. What did you do? Shoot someone?

GD: Oh God, no. Someone else did.

RTC: This is beginning to sound rather ugly.

GD: It does get that way. First off, I told him to hide the guns, the Lugers, away from his home and I gave him some suggestions. He did, but he hated to lose physical control of them. Now you know, in the rural area in his county was a junkyard that was run by an old nut. He was convinced that the Communists were taking over the local schools and kept getting up at local governmental meetings and bitching about this. And, of course, sent long misspelled letters to the local paper. I didn't know him personally, but I knew, or found out, a lot about him. He shot the neighborhood dogs and cats and was, in my estimation at least, a perfect foil. My friend now had no weapons, legal or otherwise, in his physical possession. So I got the name of the chief of detectives that was hoping to add some nice pieces to his personal gun collection and I called him at home. They wouldn't have a trace on his line then. I told him a good deal of really accurate information to establish my *bona fides* and then said that he also had two German machine pistols, which I went into some detail on and that he had hidden them with the owner of the junkyard, who, I knew, was also a gun collector. This one was not very smart and he bought the whole cake. I waited a few days and then called the junk dealer. I told him I was on the local sheriff's staff and we knew a gang of armed Communists were going to come out to his place and kill him.

RTC: Oh, sweet Jesus, you didn't? No, you did. Go on, but I know the ending.

GD: Naturally. One dark night, two cars full of deputies, all heavily armed with guns and shovels, drove down his lane, lights out. The junkyard dogs started barking and the old man was ready. The one I talked to, kicked down his door and the old man let fly with a 12 gauge shotgun, full choke, pointblank range, both barrels, right in the face. Down went the greedy one with no head left. Reload and the one behind got both barrels in the tum-tum. Another one got it in the leg and they later had to cut it off above the knee. Screaming, shouting, guns going off all over the place, screams from the junkyard as the vicious dogs munched on deputies. My God, Robert, the neighbors said it sounded like the Battle of Cold Harbor. Some deputy had a Truflight 37 millimeter flare gun and he got winged and let fly up in the air. That's the sort of tear gas gun that is really designed to set fire to buildings. A little tear gas for effect and a lot of incendiary material. The Feds used that in LA to nail the SLA. 'Oh, gosh,' they say after they burned down a house with fifteen people in it, 'someone must have knocked over a candle in there.' So one of these shells went up and came down on a neighbor's house. Set it on fire and by the time the rural fire boys managed to get out there, it had burnt to the ground with a wheel-chair bound granny inside. Of course, they finally killed the old man and all of his dogs and his place burnt down with two of the law roasted along with the old man. You could see the flames for miles. The next day, the remaining law-breakers were out there, picking through the smoking rubble and digging in the junkyard in a frantic search for the guns. Of course, there weren't any guns. And as a precaution, I had told my friend to absent himself from the area and visit friends. Of course they came after him but he was 500 miles away and had been there before, during and after the carnage. And now the really nice part. The old man's

son was a prominent lawyer in another state and I called him up, telling him I was a horrified local policeman. He had no idea what had happened, so I said they had killed his father and burned his house down because he was making trouble for them. That lawyer went ballistic, as they say, and believed every word I said. And when he descended on the town, along with the FBI, I would like to have been in the civic offices. Of course I wasn't, because I am not stupid but there were copious newspaper accounts and local gossip. I know there were several closed coffins at various funerals in the weeks to come. And huge lawsuits, Federal charges and so on followed. The local law could give no reason why they raided the place other than to claim some informant had phoned in a tip. Who was this informant? No idea. The lawyer got big money in the end, people were arrested and many new faces were seen in the much-subdued sheriff's office. And I had my friend contact the son and tell him a story and tell him he was terrified for his life. The lawyer used his testimony and, good for him, paid for my friend's exit from the area and his comfortable establishment under a new name elsewhere.

RTC: Probably got him under Witness Protection. That's quite a story, Gregory, but I believe it. Your friend kept his guns?

GD: That was the drill, Robert, he kept his guns. There never were any machine guns, of course. I moved away out of prudence about this time so I can't tell you any more.

RTC: Take care of your friends, Gregory, don't you?

GD: Always, Robert. And I take care of the bad people as well. Does this turn you off?

RTC: Not really. I see a typical abuse of power there, Gregory, and I'm really so happy we seem to get on with each other.

GD: Now he could just have moved away, but why should he have to do that? They were wrong and that's the end of the matter.

RTC: I told Bill once that you should have worked for us.

GD: No, I would not have. I am happy when I work by myself and I would not do well in a bureaucracy. They aren't overly bright and they love to tell you why you can't do this or that. The point is, Robert, that you win the real battle, not the paper one.

(Concluded at 9:42 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 66**

Date: Wednesday, February 12, 1997

Commenced: 11:15 AM CST

Concluded: 11:45 AM CST

RTC: That has to be you, Gregory. Such timing. Corson was speaking with me a few minutes ago about you. Are your ears still ringing?

GD: No.

RTC: Ah, you are so popular. Bill was warning me that we had both best cut you loose because the wrath of God might descend. Bill has a paper asshole.

GD: Who is it this time? The Pope?

RTC: No, the Kimmel people. He regularly turns his Justice people loose on both of us. I think they need a new record. The current one gets stuck. Is it true you killed Abraham Lincoln, Gregory? I mean it's pretty well set that you are the illegitimate son of Adolf Hitler, or is it Josef Stalin? I can't seem to remember, it's all so mixed up. Anyway, you are pure evil and have to be kept away from. And do let's keep the Pope out of this. I had enough trouble with that one.

GD: Which Pope?

RTC: John Paul I. We also went after John Paul II but that one didn't work, and we didn't want to try it again.

GD: Why, in God's name, did you want to kill the Pope? And out of curiosity, how did you pull it off?

RFC: The first one was going to put a terrible crimp in our drug business out of Italy and we tried to do the second one to blame the Russians. It was a sort of a game with us. Always try to do a bad bit and make it look like the Russians did it.

GD: The drug business? What did the Pope have to do with drugs?

RTC: He didn't. It was the bank there that did. He had nothing to do with it but it was the Vatican bank.

GD: The Vatican bank was involved with drugs?

RTC: No, we used it to launder money. Who, I ask you, who would ever question the Vatican bank? It was the Mafia who had the inside bank contacts and, believe me, there was a lot of money moving around. Let's see, the Pope was elected in, I think, August of '79. He replaced Montini. Former Vatican Secretary of State....he was Paul VI. Anyway, we had a fine working arrangement with the Italian Mafia about the movement of money as I said.

GD: I met Montini once, I think in '51.

RTC: The new one had been in Venice....Luciani....

GD: There was another one from Venice....

RTC: I know but not the same one. That was back in the '60s. But the new Pope posed quite a problem. He had been told that there were certain irregularities in the IOR...that's the Vatican bank. And the new Pope was inclined to be honest and was demanding a full review of the books and so on. If this had happened, a good deal would have been uncovered, so the Pope had to go. It was that simple, Gregory. Politics had nothing to do with it, nothing at all.

GD: Couldn't someone have cooked the books? Was murder necessary?

RTC: You don't understand the whole picture, Gregory. The Mafia was involved in this up to their eyebrows and if any of it had come out, someone would have talked and pointed to us. We couldn't have that. We had to get rid of Dag Hammarskjold because he was interfering with the uranium people in the Congo. It was nothing personal at all.

GD: How did you do it?

RTC: Our Station Chief in Rome ran the show. Contacts in the Vatican and especially with Buzonetti, the Pope's doctor. My God, old Renata cost us plenty. On our payroll since God knows when. And our Political Psychological Division worked on this to put the blame on the KGB. And the P-2 Lodge was also involved and they were ours.

GD: The what?

RTC: The P-2 Lodge was an Italian Masonic group and early in 1970, we got our hands on it. It was designed to attract right wing Italian bankers and businessmen to combat the very active Italian Communist party. No, if the Pope had started something, it would have wrecked years of hard work on our part and ruined some of our more important assets. In the end, it was money, not Renaissance-style politics, that did Luciani in.

GD: Does the Vatican know now?

RTC: Suspects, but would rather not know anything. After the Pope assumed room temperature, we consolidated and revamped the system. There was quite a bit of mopping-up to do. We had to kill off a number of Italian players who had been pushed out of the picture and were longing to get back into the money. One hanged himself from a bridge in England. Obviously killed himself out of remorse.

GD: Stalin said once that it was not difficult to execute a murder, but much more difficult to arrange a suicide.

RTC: Josef was a clever man.

GD: And, he said, "No man, no problem."

RTC: That one I know. A friend and co-worker had that up over his desk. I am not joking.

GD: Oh, I believe it, Robert. It is lawful to be taught by your enemies.

RTC: I detect a critical attitude here, Gregory. You have to realize that the amount of money we were, and are, making from our drug partnerships is nothing to walk away from. Vast sums of money, Gregory, and enormous political power therefrom.



GD: I can see that, but one day they will go too far.

RTC: The Kennedy business is a classic example why nothing will ever come of this sort of thing. If you publish the ZIPPER material you already have and what I am going to give you, you will only excite the conspiracy buffs, all of whom will gather together and hiss at you and heap coals of fire on your head. Let us say that you write a newspaper article on what I just told you. It would never get published and within minutes of your submitting it to an editor, we would be notified.

GD: And then you'd shoot me?

RTC: No, trash you. Laugh at you. Get our little broken down academics to piss on you. The press would ignore you completely and eventually, you would find something else to do. Now, on the other hand, if you had been one of us and had inside knowledge and worse, proof, you would perish very quickly. The faulty brakes while driving on dangerous mountain roads, an overdose of some kind of popular drug and dead in an overheated apartment. Things like that. But as an outsider, just laughter and silence. Of course, there are those who would believe you and if you wrote about this business with the Pope and mentioned some Italian names, you might get different treatment. The bomb under the front seat of your car or something crude like that. But we wouldn't have done it and I would recommend against stirring those people up. We would look into your tax records and turn the IRS loose on you or let your wife know you were boffing a nice waitress at a cheap local motel. Or one of your nice children would be introduced to dangerous drugs. That's more effective than a bomb in the car or someone shooting you dead in a parking garage. The Italians tend to be very emotional, and we do not.

GD: The Italians once said that he who went softly went safely and he who went safely went far.

RTC: It would be less messy if they actually practiced that sentiment.

GD: By the way, Robert, why did you go after the other Pope? I assume that's the one that got shot by the Arab in front of the Vatican.

RTC: Yes, but not an Arab, a Turk. They do not like to be equated with Arabs. That one? Actually, we thought that if we had him done in right in front of everybody, it would draw a lot of attention and we could really blame it on the KGB. It was a perfect set up. He was a Polack who was agitating the Solidarity people against Russia, so who would be the most logical suspect? And we had been financing the Turkish Grey Wolves for some time. They got the hit man for us. Of course, he didn't know anything so no one shot him in the courtroom.

GD: *Que bono!* But for no other reason?

RTC: Isn't that enough? Turn all the world's Catholics against the Russians in a hurry.

GD: Let's see here. One Pope for sure, another shot at, a dead UN chief, a dead American president, assorted deceased South American leaders, a Pakistani or two, at least one high level Indian, and so on. I would hope not all for such trivial motives.

RTC: Turning huge number of people against Russia is not a trivial motive at all.

GD: The wheel does turn, Robert, it does. And what is now at the bottom comes to the top. Out of curiosity, have you killed any Israelis?

RTC: No, they know just how far to go, and we work very closely with them. They do a lot of our dirty work for us. They blew up the Marine barracks in Lebanon and, of course, we blamed it on the Arabs. It goes on, Gregory, and if you had sat in my chair and walked in my shoes, you would be a bit more understanding.

GD: This is not aimed at you, of course.

RTC: If it were, I wouldn't be defending you to the monkeys when they jabber about you. They aren't worth much. I think your problem is that you never were in a position of command and at a high level. If you had been, you would be less judgmental.

GD: I am just an amateur, Robert, just a dilettante. Thank God.

(Concluded at 11:45 CST)

## Conversation No. 67

Date: Sunday, February 16, 1997

Commenced: 10:45 AM CST

Concluded: 11:15 AM CST

GD: I got your packet today, Robert, and thank you for it. I have a problem with the classification stamps on them. Would I have any problem putting these into a book with the stamps showing?

RTC: I would suggest that you use them for reference, Gregory, and would appreciate it if you did not photo copy them. As you say, there could be serious trouble for both of us if you did. What did you think of them?

GD: Amazing. I had no idea the blessed Republicans were so underhanded and vicious.

RTC: The Democrats, and my father was an active one, are more interested in social issues, but the GOP wants unfettered economic power and to get and keep it, they have no scruples. Clinton may be left of center, but he's economically pretty sound. The Republicans, and I used to be the man for connections with really big business, don't forget, have two goals and two only. They want to establish an ideological police state that is anti-black, anti-Mexican, anti-intellectual and in this category, anti-Jew. Once they have this, their next goal would be to allow unfettered capitalism to rage unchecked throughout the land so that they and their friends can get rich quick on crooked businesses like the huge fraud now going on in the electronics stock. It goes up, Gregory, because it's rigged and I just know it will go higher and higher.

GD: Yes, and what goes up, must come down. And if it goes up too fast, when it crashes, it takes legitimate businesses with it. My grandfather got out of the market in September of '29 because it was going up too fast and businesses were heavily overcapitalized. This electronic business is not genuine?

RTC: No, it's rigged. How it works is this way: The stock fraud people grab some engineering student from MIT, set him up in a nice office in San Francisco and then incorporate him with some fancy, arty name. Next step is to get the stock listed on the New York board. After that, a ring of very reputable stock brokers call up their friends with an offering. They tell them they are going to buy a certain stock at ten dollars for them and then sell it when it gets to, let's say, twenty. The client goes along with this and when this is repeated across the country, the stock shoots up. The original investors get double their money back, minus brokerage fees, and then the brokers do it again, and again. This forces almost all technology stock up into the heavens. Maybe some of the initial investors gripe when they see stock they bought at ten and sold at twenty up at two hundred, but when all of it will come crashing down, they are satisfied that they have a safe return.

GD: Well, gravity works on the market as well as fat women's tits.

RTC: (Laughter) There you go again, Gregory, illuminating a serious economic lecture with lewd remarks.

GD: A little levity to offset crude capitalism.

RTC: Oh, if the Republicans have their way, all the restrictions on Wall Street would be lifted and everything would shoot up. Some of it rigged and the rest just being copycats.

GD: You're not a Republican?

RTC: No, a relatively modest Democrat, but not a poor one.

GD: It's none of my business, Robert, but what do you have your money in?

RTC: Not communications stock, I can tell you that. Very conservative investments. And you?

GD: I'm almost broke, Robert. I don't make that much money on the books and now that the rodent brigades from the CIA are starting to squeal that I am a really terrible liar, the sales are slowing down some. But I have an idea that might pay off. I told you about the gold Jimmy Atwood and I dug up in '90. Well, I have some old gasbag down in Florida who wants me to go over with him to Austria in the future and dig up more.

Only this one doesn't want to dig up gold. He wants to put a party together and get the money from them and come back with me later to get the money which we can split up.

RTC: The concentration camp money?

GD: Oh, yes and lots of it. We had to quit in '90 because one was sick and the other a total asshole. And Atwood, being one of your people, tried all kinds of transparent tricks to cheat me. Didn't work. But this Florida phony wants to work with me. I could always go back with him, or stay there after his rich friends went home, and dig up more money. Of course, this time he could have a boating accident and fall into the lake. It's very deep and very cold. What goes down into it Robert, does not come up.

RTC: And how would you get the loot back?

GD: I would keep it in Europe and invest it.

RTC: Probably not a bad idea. How much did you get last time?

GD: About five million and there must be five times that still left. Yes, I think a boating accident. Sort of like Colby's assisted departure. If he has any family, I can tell them he ran off to Sofia with a Bulgarian whore instead of being refrigerated at the bottom of a deep lake in Austria. Well, we will see. I have a friend in the electronics business. How long before the stock boom busts?

RTC: I have no idea but eventually. Two years, three years...who knows? You don't have any electronics stock, do you?

GD: God no. If I did have money, I would stay as far away as I can from the trendy stocks that the press loves to shill for. No, if I had a lot of money, I would put it in gold and property.

RTC: Anything left from your late jaunt?

GD: I invested it in long-term property and kept some of the gold. Of course I got the wedding rings and had to melt them all down and put them into bullet molds I bought in Klagenfurt. Poor Aunt Minnie's ring is gone forever.

RTC: I wouldn't let the Jews find out about that, Gregory. They would be very angry with you.

GD: Well, who is to prove that this ring or that gold coin came from such and such a person? The people who owned this are long dead and mostly forgotten. So what?

RTC: For God's sake, Gregory, don't even hint at this in your books. Hell hath no fury like a Jew deprived of money.

GD: Well, his own or someone else's? Jimmy and I got all kinds of gold crucifixes, wedding rings, coins and other material and I melted most of it down. Used a portable acetylene torch and bullet molds working in an Italian hotel room. Cheap hotel and no one complained about the smell of melting metal. Took two weeks to melt it all down. Just think, so many precious memories, gone forever and all mine, Robert, all mine.

RTC: Well, just be discreet.

GD: I don't mind the concept of screeching and imploring Hebrews, so I invest elsewhere because I would mind the screeching and other problems of the IRS.

RTC: Yes, that would be different, wouldn't it?

GD: Oh, yes. Now Atwood could get away with it because he belongs to your agency, but I have no such cover. Jimmy got bagged for all kinds of thefts but your people got him off the hook...I think it was in '62. Anyway, we make our own way in life, don't we? And remember, we have a pool on how long it will be before the Company ices poor Jimmy for his loud mouth.

RTC: Yes, I remember.

GD: Ah, well, I am going to leave you, Robert, and go to church and see what sort of really awful pornography I can slip into the hymnals.

RTC: Now that's not Christian, is it?

GD: Disagree, Robert. Quintessentially Christian, absolutely

(Concluded at 11:15 CST)

## Conversation No. 68

Date: Wednesday, February 19, 1997

Commenced: 8:46 AM CST

Concluded: 9:30 AM CST

GD: You called me, Robert. Role reversal here. Is something up back there?

RTC: Yes, in a way. I've been keeping my eye on a growing negative situation here that directly affects you and indirectly affects me. This is going to be a little prolix, so I was wondering if you had a tape recorder handy and might hook it up so you can make some sense of all this later. You ought to listen to it, make notes at your convenience and then we can talk about things after you do this. Is this possible? The recorder?

GD: Yes, I have one over on the shelf. I'll just go and get it.

RTC: Well, I'm not going anywhere.

(Pause)

GD: I got it and put a tape in it. Let me hook the mike up to the phone here....OK now fire away.

RTC: Very well, let's get started. I begin by telling you something we both know and this is that you are most unpopular back here, at least in certain circles. For example, Wolfe hates you and keeps telling me I ought not to talk to you. How odd that Kimmel tells me the same thing and so does Joe Trento. Do you have any dealings with him, by the way?

GD: No. I've heard the name. He wrote a book with you once if I recall.

RTC: Yes, Joe and his wife.

GD: Not very deep writers, are they?

RTC: No, Trento is like Bill. So eager to be part of a larger picture, so desperate to be noticed, so unimportant. Wolfe is only a government librarian but he, too, had delusions of grandeur. And Tom...Poor Tom was once the golden boy and now he is getting older and he is going to have to retire.

GD: I talk to him quite often, Robert, and I've been of help to him and his family over the Pearl Harbor business.

RTC: Yes, I know that, but you are not on his good side for several reasons. In the first place, he views you as subhuman and only puts up with you for the same reason the others do...They want something from you. What they want is to get any papers Mueller might have given you and in the end, they want you to be quiet about him. Now Jim Critchfield wants you dead.

GD: Why so?

RTC: It's all about Mueller. Now let me go on for a time here. I know and you know that Mueller worked for the CIA. Critchfield's SS boys recruited him in '48 and he came here. We hired him, in spite of the fact he ran the evil Gestapo, because he was a genuine expert on Soviet intelligence and very effective. Russia, officially, is our convenient enemy. Convenient, because everyone makes money because they threaten to invade us or atom bomb New York. Of course, they were going to do no such thing, but a frightened public is generous with funds to its protectors. So we hired Mueller. That, in and of itself, is a major scandal. The left wing, the Jews and anyone the Gestapo arrested would howl the house down if they ever found out about this. The other little problem is that no one alive, aside from myself and you, knows the name Mueller was given when he came over to us. This was a large secret and only a few knew. Harry Truman knew, Beetle Smith<sup>31</sup> knew and so did Jim Critchfield and myself. And, of course, Mueller and his wife, who worked for us, too. So we have a situation that could prove to be very, very embarrassing for many people. Mueller is dead and his wife will

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<sup>31</sup> General Walter Bedell "Beetle" Smith GBE KCB (October 5, 1895 – August 9, 1961) was Dwight D. Eisenhower's Chief of Staff during Eisenhower's tenure at SHAEF and Director of the CIA from 1950 to 1953. He also served as U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union from 1946 to 1948.

say nothing but then we have you in the equation. You met him in California and his wife knows you. Apparently, you two hit it off. His wife, who doesn't approve of you because she is afraid of you, tells us you two were thick as thieves. So much for that. You used your entrée to write a book on him. My dear sweet Jesus, what a stink you made. Mueller was dead and forgotten and along came you, a loose cannon, and tore off the scabs of time. It takes bureaucracies a long time to react. But to save their collective asses, they do react. Initially, Bill was all gung ho about you because your book supported his 'Widows' book and he clearly identified Mueller's Swiss-based CIA interrogator...

GD: Kronthal.

RTC: Absolutely, and when Bill talked with you about this after reading the book, you gave him some inside information on Kronthal you got from Mueller. This was private information and you could never have made it up. Bill was sold and got me involved in this. Of course, I didn't tell them that we had known each other previously, albeit rather casually. You know, the Costello business.

GD: I recall.

RTC: And suddenly it began to dawn on certain elevated people in our organization that you might know far more than you should. And your book, which was interesting, but not too revealing about our methods and activities, got out, you became a person of real interest. A question here, Gregory. Did Mueller ever mention the Kennedy business to you?

GD: Yes. I was having lunch with him when it happened. As I recall, we were having a late lunch at Stickney's Hickory House in Palo Alto when Mueller started staring at the restaurant television set which was behind and above me. He said, 'I see they shot your President in Dallas.' I turned around and watched the uproar for a minute and then the food came. At one point, a little later, Mueller called me and asked me if I had been watching television and I said I had. He asked me if I had noticed Oswald being walked through crowded corridors in the Dallas police station and I said I had. He said that Oswald was not guilty, and those who did it were trying to get him killed by exposing him to strangers. And he did get shot in the same surroundings the next day. Mueller said that the business was now over and that Ruby would also either hang himself in his cell or be knifed in jail by an inmate wanting fame and fortune. When I told him much later that Ruby died of cancer, Mueller only laughed and said that he preferred the heart attack and that cancer took too long to work.

RTC: Astute. Anything else?

GD: Nothing that I remember.

RTC: You see, Gregory, Mueller was involved in the business.

GD: I was having lunch with him when it happened and I had known him for some time before, Robert. Was he?

RTC: Mueller was hired by us as probably the best expert on Soviet intelligence alive. When Jim Angleton learned that the most important secrets, the President's Daily Briefing material was all over Moscow, he went over the edge. Only a very few people ever saw that paper. I suggested that he have these salted with different information prior to distribution. This bit of fiction in one report and that in another. That way, Jim found out that the leaks came from the White House. That's when we dragged Mueller out of retirement and he pinpointed Bolshakov, the top KGB operative in this country, as the conduit. And a little bit of snooping discovered that Bobby Kennedy was in regular touch with Bolshakov. Obviously, the material went from JFK to RFK to Bolshakov to Nikita in Moscow. That's when it was decided to remove Kennedy, in fact, both Kennedys. We got the President and Hoover got Bobby. The latter was more in the line of revenge, but the President had to be stopped. And of course, he was. Mueller knew this and we, or rather they, are terrified as to what else he might have told you.

GD: He never told me any of this.

RTC: But of course we don't know that, do we? So the plan has been to gain your confidence, promise you much, get even closer to you and then find out if you have any papers or tapes on any of this, but especially the Kennedy business.

GD: And then they'll shoot me.

RTC: Oh no, not that. With Critchfield in play, I told him that if any harm came to you, he would suffer terribly, so I doubt if anyone would shoot you. They would lie to you, con you, trick you and maybe break into your house and steal anything that might make trouble. Did you get anything from Mueller?

GD: Oh yes, much.

RTC: And safe? And by safe, I don't mean cunningly hidden in the attic or cellar or, worse, in a local storage facility under your name. You know what I mean.

GD: Oh, I do indeed. I did not fall off the turnip truck yesterday, Robert. Very safe.

RTC: After Mueller died, we talked to his widow and went through all his papers, but they were very thin and there were a lot of things missing that she had remembered seeing. Most important were documents with Mueller's new name. I told you, they don't know that name...

GD: But they know his wife, so they must know the name.

RTC: Good chap here, but he had a number of names and his married name was not the same as our cover. Anyway, old papers were missing and then after we found out about you and your friend Laegel, we became very concerned. Laegel died in '66 and you had vanished into thin air.

GD: I went to Europe under a false identity. I have dozens of them.

RTC: Vanished and so on. And then the book. That got everyone's bowels in a ferment, Gregory and that's why Bill got a hold of you.

GD: But you got me earlier.

RTC: That was on another matter entirely, but fortunate for both of us in the end.

GD: All this over Kennedy?

RTC: Kennedy's demise and our employment of the Gestapo head and some very sensitive things he knew and had been involved in. And what he might have told you and, most important, what he might have given to you such as papers, files or the like. You can understand why you began to hear from Tom Kimmel of the FBI and others, can't you? And weren't they so pleasant and jovial with you?

GD: Certainly.

RTC: Of course, they were. And invitations to come to Washington to talk at historical conferences where you met all kinds of interesting people. And how many of these nice, attentive people have asked you about what Mueller might have given to you, or told you about really interesting historical happenings?

GD: Kimmel and Andrew Grey...

RTC: Yes, one of ours. You obviously didn't oblige them, but then they got Bob Wolfe into the act. A fellow historian with, very important for your future researches, because he had access to government files.

GD: I always wondered why a professional Jew with strong ties to the Holocaust industry would be so smarmy with me. It figures.

RTC: And were you overwhelmed by the attention? By the free hotel rooms? By the dinners for you?

GD: I take what I can get, Robert.

RTC: And give?

GD: I give nothing, Robert, that I don't want to give. Oh, yes, many little questions about Mueller and who he might have been and did I have his address in California and so on. But they knew where he was living after all.

RTC: They wanted to know what you knew. Kimmel told me, and Bill confirmed it and I learned myself first hand, that you can get on the phone and talk for three hours. Very interesting, very much in the know, but you never, ever let anything slip. This drives them all crazy, Gregory.

GD: Oh, yes, I am aware. For example, someone, whose name is not your business, would give me the name of a very sensitive government operation, and I mean very sensitive. But just the name and nothing else. I would casually drop it into a conversation with Wolfe, Andrew or Tom but just a drop, not a discussion. No response, of course. It was too new and too important for them to know about it. Then I would wait a few weeks and guess what? I would get a smarmy call from Wolfe, Andrew or Tom, or sometimes all three, with a query. Say, one or all of them would say, last week you mentioned Operation Bunghole. That's really interesting because just yesterday someone was talking about it to me. What more do you know about it? I mean just between the two of us?

RTC: How did you get out from under that one?

GD: I would say, Oh yes, Operation Bunghole! Yes, well, it's...oh, excuse me Robert, Andrew or Tom, but the UPS man is at the door with some packages and I have to get off. Let me get back to you on this. And of course I don't and the next time they call on this, I say, Oh that thing. Such cold coffee. Let me tell you about the giant eagles we have around here. They just grabbed some small kid out of the parking lot and flew off with him! Is that what I should have done, Robert?

RTC: You are a very evil person, Gregory, causing so much trouble. I love it.

GD: But they obviously didn't, did they?

RTC: No, you drove them crazy. Your natural arrogance coupled with the confusion you sowed among them has not made you a popular person.

GD: Good. Mueller would have loved it as much as we both do.

RTC: Well, that's some background. You are beginning to get some of these people very annoyed.

GD: The Wolfe and Kimmel people?

RTC: No, the people they work for. There will, I think, be some intense efforts to get their hands on you. Someone said getting anything from you was like trying to pick up some mercury from a table top. You slide this way and that and nothing can be done. They know you have something, but just what is a mystery. Keep it that way, Gregory. It's insurance. And on that subject, I have been going through all of my files and I am going to ship you some really interesting material. Some of it, as I promised, has to do with the Kennedy business, but the rest covers sundry other matters. I'm going to have my son ship these to you, because I am long past dragging heavy boxes to the post office. Now when you get these papers, be very sure to put them in a very safe place and tell no one about them. And here is more information for you. Do not trust your son in any way.

GD: Are you serious? My son?

RTC: Yes, because of the name. They can use his name at one point. I have to tell you this and I realize it may have an adverse effect on you, but it's important. Bill told me that he has approached your son and offered him a job with the CIA.

GD: You really must be joking. He has no academic background and would never pass a security clearance.

RTC: It doesn't matter. He has been offered a consultant job at forty thousand a year and has more or less accepted. Bill said he was more than willing to work with him, and through him, the Company. They want cooperation in the event you start to push them or they even suspect you are about to pull off their covers. He is not too friendly to you and, of course, the money matters. Once he served his purpose, naturally, the job would disconnect. Tell him nothing and never let him know that you got anything from me. If he quizzes you about your relationship with me or gets interested in specifics, be on your guard and do not trust him. I don't say you should walk away from him, but just watch yourself.

GD: Not surprising. He's clever but a coward and would never come at me from the front. But he has had so much trouble with the law such as having fake driver's licenses, huge bills and the like that I doubt if any government agency would hire him if he used standard employment techniques. He never mentioned Bill or his offer and I did

not know he had talked with Corson. He talked with Kimmel and Wolfe, but not Bill. Well, it's a disappointment, considering what it cost me to raise him and pay his bills, but not a surprise. His favorite game is to knock up his girl friends, walk off and then expect me to pay for the abortion. Or the bill I knew nothing about. Or the car he ran into the week before. That sort of thing. He's very clever, but totally amoral and I don't trust him to the corner, Robert, but I thank you for the input. Now, I can stuff him with disinformation which, as it comes from the inside, just has to be right. I should be able to squeeze a few dollars out of the swine, if I play it right, and I can always find ways to get them after people I don't like. I mean I can tell my kid that so and so has the papers and plans to blackmail Langley with them. Then we can read the paper about a terrible gas explosion or a car wreck somewhere, and another enemy is crisped.

RTC: Yes, well, you know the game.

GD: Of course I do. What did they say during our Glorious Revolution? Trust in God but keep your powder dry? Trust in no one, not even God, and keep your knife sharp. I don't suppose you'd like to fill me in on your surprise?

RTC: Not on the phone, Gregory.

GD: They might be listening, but I doubt it. I'm using a special phone. But they might be listening to you. If they are, Wolfe, Andrew or Tom, kiss my royal ass.

RTC: Don't do that, Gregory. They might.

(Concluded at 9:30 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 69**

Date: Saturday February 22, 1997

Commenced: 2:05 PM CST

Concluded: 2:40 PM CST

RTC: Good morning, Gregory...or rather good afternoon.

GD: It's a bit later in the day. Am I interrupting anything?

RTC: Oh, no, not at all. I finished lunch two hours ago. How is the day going with you?

GD: It goes after a fashion. Did you, or have you, ever read C. Wright Mills' book, 'The Power Elite?' Came out in '54.

RTC: I have skimmed it before for certain. The groups that control?

GD: Yes. It's a little dated as to specifics but quite good in the abstract. The abstract being that our society is controlled by certain groups of men with specific interests, mostly economic but often economic and political.

RTC: Well, that's basically true, Gregory. I mean the concept is obvious and it is certainly not a domestic product by any means.

GD: No, no, I realize that. I mean that a town is not run by the city councils or selectmen but by, let's say, a small group consisting of, well, a local judge, a real estate developer, a retired military officer. That sort of combination but there are other permutations of course.

RTC: But this is not a surprise to you, is it?

GD: No, of course not, Robert but let us say that Congress is like the local council. Only a front for the real power brokers.

RTC: I have had a close connection with such groups here for years. Yes, they fluctuate and change but in the end, small groups run everything. How does it go from my own experience? Well, let's say there is a cocktail party out on the Hamptons. Many rich people there, a small orchestra, drinks served and groups of the rich and powerful chatting about their children, their boats or their horses or the last trip to Paris or Rome. Florence if they are cultured. And then a few of the guests, all men, drift off to the library where the door is locked and they sit around in comfortable chairs, drinks in hand or perhaps a very expensive cigar or two. And then after some casual comments about life in general, they get down to specifics about how things are supposed to



happen. You spoke of Guatemala to me once. You said your uncle was in the business didn't you?

GD: Yes and my father's family was connected with Grace and United Fruit. Or Levi and Zentner. Yes.

RTC: And when Guzman wanted to nationalize the banana plantations and spend the money on the stupid peasants, why the business interests got together over cigars and brandy and worked out a plan. Then one of them brought it to one of us. And then we discovered a terrible Communist plot, directed from Moscow of course, to set up a Soviet Republic in Central America. The president was solemnly informed of this vile business and gave his OK for counter measures. In essence, we supplied the weapons and expertise and the unfriendly government was overthrown and replaced with a friendlier one.

GD: And the new head of state realized that the Guzman plan was very good and tried to implement it.

RTC: Yes, you're right and so we shot him and put another and more pliable man in place there. And the United Fruit people gave money to the right people or perhaps hired a few Company relatives and another blow for freedom was stuck.

GD: And if the Russians did not exist, they would have to be invented. We had the evil Spanish in Cuba, the wicked Nazis who were going to invade this country and rape all the women in Peoria and then the even more evil Stalin and his gangs of liberal Jewish spies in America who also wanted to invade this country but this time planning a mass rape in New Orleans.

RTC: Cynical, Gregory, but true. Just think of how profitable such an undeclared war can be. Hundreds of millions for the CIA, unaccountable of course, and lots of very profitable contracts for military hardware that will never be used.

GD: I knew Gehlen, don't forget, and he personally told me about his faked 1948 report about a pending Russian attack on Europe.

RTC: The opening guns of the Cold War, Gregory. And we and the military could expand and so could the economic sector. We could quietly shoot our enemies and blame it on national security while the money flowed in from patriotic taxpayers.

GD: And Mills was right.

RTC: He belabored such an obvious issue, Gregory. Of course there are power elites everywhere at all times. I'm sure there are such in every country and inside those countries, in all major businesses and domestic political machinery. Why this should surprise you astonishes me.

GD: It actually doesn't but I wanted to use the subject to ask you who runs the show now? It's not 1954 anymore.

RTC: And we don't live in Kansas, either, thank God. Now? My God, it changes...is in a constant flux. At this moment, I couldn't tell you but perhaps fifteen years ago I could have. I mean if you were to take an Uzi and snuff out a whole library of cigar smoking plotters, they would be replaced by others within a few days. You'd run out of ammunition in the end. Besides, a few clever pragmatists are easier to deal with than a Congress full of idiots and thieves. Don't you agree?

GD: I'd say you need both.

RTC: Only at appropriations time do we need Congress to refill the empty treasure chests. The rest of the time, we depend on the power people to help out. I mean...

Gregory, you could contain all the world's really important secrets in a notebook you kept in your pocket. But we have to justify acres of offices, safes, burn centers, a vast army of experts, analysts, agents in Tasmania, code machines and the like. To get the money, we need the excuse, and the excuse is secrecy. You know, Harry Truman set us up in business because he did not trust the intelligence input from the Army. We were a small handful of experts to advise him and now we run the country the way we feel it ought to be run. The president is a nuisance to be coddled and conned. We give him the information he needs for his purposes, regardless of how silly and utterly fake it might be. It's just a game played with spoiled children, Gregory, and nothing more.

GD: Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.  
RTC: Oh, no, Gregory, not nothing. Look at our budget and you won't say nothing.  
GD: And don't forget the profit from the drugs, either.  
RTC: Most uncalled for, Gregory. We are all American capitalists, and if there is a need, we fill it, even if, I must say, we have to create the need first.  
GD: Money talks...  
RTC: No, Gregory, in this country, as in most others, money rules and you ought not to ever forget that.  
GD: I don't. One of my grandfathers was a banker as I have told you. I can't imagine him talking the way we do, however.  
RTC: In what way is that?  
GD Pragmatic cynicism.  
RTC: If the shoe fits, my friend, wear it.

(Concluded at 2:40 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 70**

Date: Thursday, February 27, 1997

Commenced: 6:15 PM CST

Concluded: 6:38 PM CST

RTC: Gregory? Have I interrupted your dinner?  
GD: Not at all. I eat later, if I think about it that is. I thought you'd be in bed by now, Robert. A problem?  
RTC: Actually, yes, there is...or might be. Do you have some time there?  
GD: Sure. Not a problem.  
RTC: It's about that Atwood person we spoke of earlier. Remember the one?  
GD: Oh, yes, I do remember Atwood. Did old Critchfield off him?  
RTC: No, not as I understand but there is unhappiness about Atwood's proclivity to talk to the wrong people and you are certainly considered the wrong people. By Critchfield's crowd. Jim does not like me any more over that Angolia business but one of our mutual friends was in touch with me yesterday about this and I thought I ought to discuss it with you. There are, or were, certain aspects to Atwood's activities, both on and off the board, that there is some anxiety about. It's known he had very dubious dealings with you six or seven years ago and you are considered to be a loose cannon. Atwood is considered to be a loose mouth and in my calling, that is not considered to be either wise or conducive of a long and happy life. Might I ask you what, if anything, Atwood discussed with you concerning his activities with the Company? Can you recall?  
GD: My memory is very good, Robert, as you might have noticed.  
RTC: I have. At times a great asset, Gregory, but at other times, a great liability. If you take my meaning?  
GD: Oh, I do. Atwood? I got to know him while I was living in Munich in '65. I was selling German militaria via the Shotgun News....  
RTC: And that was....?  
GD: Is. It's a trade paper for gun and military collectors. In Hastings, Nebraska. I was a guest of Franzi von Otting and I used his name. Con premise and he got a percentage of the take. Anyway, Jimmy saw the advert and since he was in Germany, decided to look me up. He wrote and made an appointment and I met him in the lobby of the Vierjahrezeiten.  
RTC: Pardon?  
GD: A posh Munich hotel. He was staying there with two tarts. Bargirl types if you know what I mean. He was very polite and civil. Slight southern accent. Anyway, we had a long conversation about the collecting trade. Jimmy had written a book on Nazi daggers and was, as he admitted over a drink or two, having these made up in Solingen and

selling them. He was making very good money and was highly ambitious. Made up Hermann Goering's wedding sword and shoved it off on some stupid collector and, as I recall, Hitler's suicide pistol. A Walther with ivory grips. Got it on the cover of Argosy magazine and sold it to another sucker in Canada. Anyway, we had a talk about creative selling and, as I recall, he was interested in my expertise on the historical aspects. I pointed out to him that in the picture of the alleged Hitler gun, the maker was Walther but their factory was in Ulm, not in what was now the DR. He laughed and said, as I remember, 'well...you caught me....and on we went. I don't drink very much but he certainly could put it away. And we went out to a restaurant and continued the talking. I learned a lot about him, the more he drank, but he learned nothing about me. Considering everything, that was just as well. I know he had a good opinion of me because in '90 we went to Austria and dug up some buried Nazi concentration camp loot an SS general buried there in '45.

RTC: And who might that have been?

GD: A Slovene named Globocnik. Had been the Gauleiter of Vienna until Hitler sacked him for stealing.

RTC: I was told about him. Not a nice person.

GD: No, but you used him after his faked suicide. The Brits sold him to you and you sent him down to Syria to help the rag heads.

RTC: Gregory, you are most interesting and informative. And I hope you are also discreet.

GD: Oh, I can be. Why the interest in Jimmy?

RTC: It has slowly dawned on certain exalted people that perhaps you might have gleaned some forbidden information about brother Atwood in the course of your wild career. Do go on

GD: Well, I don't know what was, or is, forbidden, and what isn't.

RTC: Why not just go on and let me be the judge of that. Please continue about Atwood.

GD: I will. Atwood was one of your people and was not only involved in merchandising and otherwise making a profit selling fake German militaria...

RTC: By German, you specifically mean Nazi, don't you?

GD: Yes, of course. I'll tell you about the market in a few minutes. Right now, I am going to fill you in on what I learned from James. I give you some background here on the very off chance that you know nothing about it. Since at least 1981 and probably earlier, there exists a worldwide network of 'free-standing', or especially and specifically, no direct U.S. government ties companies, including airlines, aviation and military spare parts suppliers, and trading companies, set up that have been put to good use by the CIA and the U.S. government to illegally ship arms and military spare parts to Iran and to the Contras. And, of course, to smuggle people who can't go by commercial airlines and, let us not forget, drugs

RTC: I rather wish you would forget about drugs. I don't think brother Atwood was involved with drugs. Do go on.

GD: Yes. These companies were set up with the approval and knowledge of senior CIA officials and other senior U.S. government officials and staffed primarily by ex-CIA, ex-FBI and ex-military officers. I am correct here?

RTC: Yes. Go on.

GD: You will probably end up hating me if I do, Robert, but I note you asked me to continue.

RTC: I think I am above that, Gregory.

GD: OK. Now let's look at the Iran Contra business. I know all about at least a part of this so we can go into it a little. Secord's arms shipments, arraigned through the CIA, transferred weapons destined for Central America to Merex. This was known officially as Merex International Arms and was, and is, based in Savannah. The Merex address was occupied by Combat Military Ordinances Ltd., controlled by Jimmy Atwood. He had been in the Army in MI and then went to work for your people. James was involved in major arms trades with your sponsored international buyers, specifically Middle

Eastern Arab states. Monzer Al-Kassar utilized the Merex firm for some of his weapons transactions with the Enterprise. Now Merex was originally set up, after the war, by old Skorzeny co-worker, one Gerhard Mertins. Gerhard had been a Hauptmann (captain to you, Robert) in the German paratroopers and got the Knight's Cross in, I believe, '45. After the war, Mertins went to work in Bonn and the Merex arms business was considered a CIA proprietary firm. Mertex was close to and worked with the BND, the German intelligence service evolved from the CIA-controlled Gehlen organization. Atwood was involved with Interarmco, run by Samuel Cummings, an Englishman who ran the largest arms firm in the world. Cummings died in Monaco because he had looted his CIA employers and found that principality safer than Warrenton, Virginia. Also connected with Atwood's firm were Collector's Armory, run by one Thomas Nelson, whose nickname was 'Red Nelson' because of his hair color, not his politics, and a George Petersen of Springfield, Virginia, and one Manny Wiegenberg, a Canadian arms dealer. Jimmy was heavily involved in your support of Canadian separatists and I know something of his role in supplying weapons and explosives to the Quebec Libré movement. The head of your Canada Desk was actively encouraging this group to split away from Canada. I know for a fact that your people do not want ever to mention this little historical aside.

RTC: No, we do not, Go on.

GD: Also, I know all about Atwood's connections with Skorzeny and the IRA/Provo wing. I can give you chapter and verse on this one if you want it. One of Atwood's Irish connections is the man who blew up Lord Louis Mountbatten in 1979 and I have a file on this as well in some safe and private place. You might also be aware of the shipping of weapons into the southern Mexican provinces by Atwood and his Guatemala based consortium. Atwood had a number of ex-Gestapo and SD people on board, some of whom were wanted. I recall a former SS officer, Frederich Schwend who worked with your people and was down in Lima. Schwend had been trained by the OSS in the early 1940s after he had informed Allen Dulles that the German SS had hidden millions in gold, cash, and loot as the European war was winding down. Atwood knew about the Weissensee gold hoard that Müller told me about. Jimmy knew about it but I had the overlay so he courted me and we ended up, shovels in hand, in the beautiful mountains in '90.

RTC: There are conflicting stories about that business. You murdered two British people as I understand it.

GD: No such thing, Robert. As I understand it, and I was there, they fell off the boat in the middle of the Caribbean. Such lies your people make up.

RTC: Well, there are always two sides to every story, Gregory. You are better than two cups of coffee, I must say. I think I ought to get some Pepto Bismol pretty soon. After the Treasure Island adventure, what happened next?

GD: To Atwood? Well, as Jimmy told me, about 1992, he and your Jimmy Critchfield, along with a Russian Jew, formed a partnership in order to obtain a number of obsolete Soviet atomic artillery shells which they then sold to the Pakistanis. I think the two of them kept the money and no one ever saw the Jew again. If you don't know this, I can tell you that both Critchfield and the Interarmco people had supplied weapons to the rebels in Afghanistan during their long and vicious guerrilla activities against the Soviet Union. Critchfield also worked with the Dalai Lama of Tibet in a guerrilla war against Communist China and headed a CIA task force during the Cuban missile crisis. He ran regional agency operations when the U.S. and the Soviets raced to secure satellites first in Eastern Europe, then in the Middle East. And note that in the early 1960s, Critchfield recommended to the CIA that the United States support the Baath Party, which staged a 1963 coup against the Iraqi government that the CIA believed was falling under Soviet influence. Critchfield later boasted, during the Iran-Iraq war that he and the CIA had created Saddam Hussein.

RTC: Gregory, where in the sweet hell did you get all of this?

GD: From Atwood when he was drunk.

RTC: You've just guaranteed that he will pass to his reward very soon. Does that bother you?

GD: I never liked him. He tried to rip me off once but he was so crude about it that I have no respect for him. Shall I go on?

RTC: I have approach-avoidance conflicts here, Gregory. You might as well ruin the rest of my evening. Proceed.

GD: Are you sure? You don't sound too happy.

RTC: I am not but do go on.

GD: As you wish. When Arab oil became paramount, your Critchfield became your national intelligence officer for energy and was also an energy policy planner at the White House. He also fronted a dummy CIA corporation in the Middle East known as Basic Resources, which was used to gather OPEC-related intelligence for the Nixon administration. Critchfield was the chief of the CIA's Near East and South Asia division in the 1960s and a national intelligence officer for energy as the oil shortage crisis began in the early 1970s. Of course your people, along with the oil barons, forced the price of oil up and up. My, I wonder how much money you all made. Oh well, not important here. Critchfield retired in the mid '70s and ended up as both a consultant and the CEO of Tetra Tech International, a Honeywell Inc. subsidiary and which managed oil, gas, and water projects in the strategic Masandam Peninsula. This, in case your geography is weak, is located on the Strait of Hormuz, through which much of the West's oil is transported. And at the same time, Critchfield was a primary adviser to the Sultan of Oman, focusing on Middle East energy resources, especially those in Oman.

RTC: I should never have asked you about this.

GD: The Bible says ask and ye shall receive.

RTC: Yes. We can forget the Bible here. It has no part in the intelligence business. You mentioned Merex. Do you know of other friendly assets?

GD: Surely, Try Aero Systems, Arrow Air, Global International, and how about Zenith?

RTC: Did you get these names from Atwood?

GD: Of course I did. I told you Jimmy was not discreet while he was drinking. I listened to his tales of self-importance and remembered it all. Oh, and I write it up as well.

RTC: Gregory, for the Lord God's sake, if not mine, or more important, yours, do not discuss any of this with anyone else, your son or people like Willis Carto. If you aren't careful, Critchfield will have you eliminated. I shall have to warn him off on that topic but...I mean why would Atwood tell you such terrible things and if he told you, who else could he have told?

GD: One of his German whores, probably. Jimmy goes on and on.

RTC: So I note. And we can ring the curtain down on that one ASAP.

GD: From your reaction, Robert, I assume Jimmy was accurate.

RTC: No comment but Atwood is a dead man.

GD: Well, I might have gotten my insights from the back of a Wheaties' box but Jimmy is a better candidate. Do you know why I dislike Jimmy and would frame his death notice? His wife stuck with him when he was arrested for tax evasion in smuggling in the '60s and as a mark of his appreciation, he deserted her and his two daughters to run off with one of his bar girls. The rest of his activities are one thing but I do not tolerate such domestic treachery. Do you think I'm being too critical?

RTC: What a question. Who cares about his wife and children? This man has gone way beyond the bounds. Way beyond. Of course I believe you. You could never have made all that up and I can assure you it was never in the New York Times. They might know some of it but they wouldn't dare publish it. No, you got it from Atwood or someone connected with him. Ah, well, I did ask and I did receive. They hate you Gregory, they hate you with a passion but at the same time, they are scared shitless of you. They would have killed you some time ago but others counseled them against it. Who knows what you put down on paper? If you were run over by a truck in the middle of a shopping mall or attacked and eaten by a leopard in your own living room, who knows

what might find its way out of some hiding hole and into the public? The public is happy with its football games and beer so we had best not disturb them with such stories.

GD: They might make a good movie out of all this.

RTC: Never, Gregory, I can promise you that. A studio that even considered this would be bankrupt within a few months. No, none of this will ever see the light of day and if you want to continue walking around, remember that silence is golden.

GD: I have no problem with gold. Just think of all that looted concentration camp gold Jimmy and I dug up.

RTC: Yes and I understand you cheated him out of his share.

GD: When thieves fall out, Robert, honest men prosper.

RTC: Meaning no disrespect but do you consider yourself to be an honest man?

GD: Selectively, Robert, selectively. And Jimmy?

RTC: Don't make book on his seeing Christmas.

(Concluded at 6:38 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 71**

Date: Friday, February 28, 1997

Commenced: 9:50 AM CST

Concluded: 10:12 AM CST

RTC: Top of the morning to you, Gregory. How are you today?

GD: Functioning, Robert. And with you?

RTC: The usual. Listen, Gregory, I had a phone call yesterday from someone at the Agency about you. I am afraid I became annoyed with this creature and said harsh things to them.

GD: Anyone I know?

RTC: I doubt it. Aside from a few broken down academics, a blank face. Someone named Hayden Peake. Have you ever heard of him?

GD: No. Is he someone important?

RTC: No, except in his own mind. He's one of our librarians. He whined to me that you were pure evil and I shouldn't talk to you. He's a friend of Critchfield who is frantically trying to shut off your comments about Mueller's survival and, worse, work for us after the war. I don't know whether Peake got put up to this by Jim or by Kimmel. Maybe both. At any rate, when he told me that he had proof that Mueller died in '45, I told him he was fuller of shit than a Christmas turkey and that I knew personally, and could prove, that Mueller not only worked for the Swiss after the war but for Jim after '48. I told him that I personally had met Mueller in the late '40s, here in D.C and that whatever his so-called proof consisted of he could shove it up his ass. For a denizen of P Street here, he might have enjoyed that exercise.

GD: P Street?

RTC: That's a street much beloved by many of our leading lights here, Gregory. Leather bars, whipping salons, way-stations for muscular young servicemen wanting to make a few dollars on the side, or on their backs. You know what I mean. I asked Bill about this asshole and he did some checking and mentioned an establishment called the Fireplace. You know, the Company used to be an inspiring place to work when we got started. Hell, if the D.C. police ever raided the P Street places, half the senior people at Langley would be in custody, along, of course, with a number of top military people and not to mention certain key Congressmen. The other half of our new leadership would be in synagogues. Jews and fairies, Gregory. It's sad. At any rate, I have had it up to here with these people.

GD: What does this Peake person do?

RTC: I said he was a librarian.

GD: Wolfe is a librarian.

RTC: A pair of scumbags, Gregory. Peake thinks he's a great historical writer and Wolfe has dreams of glory as a fake PhD. And they all loathe and despise you. Why? Because, Gregory, you are a much better writer, and certainly a researcher, than either of them and for some unknown reason, they think their useless opinions impress me. I know you and they don't. Kimmel is probably behind some of this and he does the same thing. You see, as I said once before, if the Jews get it into their slimy heads that the evil chief of the Gestapo worked for our CIA, they would leave shit all over the sidewalks in D.C. I know for a fact they are screeching, like the rest of the old faggots, to the Army to keep Mueller's files closed from the likes of you. You see, you are not part of the game, Gregory. The game? They all run around in circles, bent over with their trousers down around their ankles and their noses stuck up the asshole of the one in front. A bunch of incompetent idiots. They can squeal like little pigs to each other but by God, I won't have them squealing to me and I told Peake, and I will call up Tom with the same message which is to stop bothering me with their envy or I will be forced to take some action against them.

GD: A machinegun?

RTC: No, worse. I know enough about these whiners to destroy them and if they want some fun and games, they can just continue their feeble trashing attempts. And I am now determined to go through my files and send you a number of them. That way, if anything happens to me, you will have lots of ammunition for your gun.

GD: Oh, I doubt if they'll shoot you.

RTC: Shoot me? No, I mean if God calls me. That's what I mean. I am not as well as I could be, Gregory, and one day, I won't be around. I would like to think you are provided for. I know why they are yammering at me and why odious little shits like Wolfe and bombastic frauds like Kimmel and pubcrawlers like old Peake keep whining at me. They know I am someone who knows too much and they are terrified that I am getting senile and am talking to you.

GD: Well, you're talking to me but I doubt if you're senile, Robert.

RTC: Well, thank you for the consideration but I am getting a little forgetful at times and it's harder to get around these days. No, I'm not ga-ga yet but if I get any more calls from the rat brigade members, they'll find out how senile I am. If I chose to do so, there would be bodies heaped up chest high on the Mall. Ah, well, Gregory, a bit of my Irish temper clears the air.

GD: I heard from someone that you were a terrifying person, Robert, but I never saw it.

RTC: You did once. That was when Bill wanted to get your son a job at the CIA to try to stop your publishing things they didn't like. You remember that?

GD: Oh yes. You were not nasty to me, though.

RTC: I said terrible things to Bill and I thought he would cry when I was done. My God, all the weird stories floating around about you. Fifteen different names, robbing banks, selling nuns to Arabs, faking official documents on an old Remington, anti-Semitism, loving the Nazis and on and on. No, Jim is absolutely livid I put him in touch with you. Jim is a shit and I understand he wrote you compromising letters that he wants back. Is that true?

GD: Oh, yes, quite true. Ink-signed. In the original envelopes as well.

RTC: A word of advice here, Gregory. Put them in a very safe place. And not in a safe deposit box either. Our people can get into those with ease. No, some really safe place. Jim wants to lay his hands on these so bad he can taste them. They don't know what to do with you, Gregory. They can't con you because you are way smarter than they are and, to be honest, they are all dumb as posts.

GD: And how about Trento?

RTC: Oh, God, another one. They won't attack you to your face because not only are they third class assholes but they are also cowards and you have a reputation for ferocity equaled only by a very hungry lion. No, they sneak around, like that turd from

Justice that Kimmel got to yammer at me about you. I gave you his number just after he called me. You did call him back as I recall.

GD: Oh yes, I did. He was shocked that you gave me his number and I had a conversation with him.

RTC: Now you mustn't threaten a Justice Department man, Gregory. What did you say to him?

GD: Only that I would credit him with the writing of some awful article. I say that to many people and since I have done this from time to time, they usually get the message.

RTC: The all remind me of a bunch of old women. Just like old aunties chattering and gossiping about everyone else. Chatter, chatter and shit. People wear bullet proof vests on their backs here inside the Beltway because the standard game is to stab everyone in the back. Starting with your friends and moving outwards.

GD: And upwards?

RTC: I think the brass keeps some of these yammering turds around for the same reason that a whore keeps a pimp around. She wants someone she can look down on. Not like it used to be, Gregory. We were men then, not old gossiping queers. Oh yes, and bitter, treacherous old Jews like Wolfe and his friends. I don't know what is worse, a treacherous and plotting Jew or a spiteful old queer. Ah well, let us go on to other things less annoying. How is the next Mueller book coming along? Did you get the file on Diem and his brother?

GD: I did. I don't know where I can fit it in but perhaps a footnote on officially sanctioned assassinations.

RTC: And JFK has become a blessed saint in heaven. He ordered the Diems offed just like Nixon and Kissinger ordered Allende done in. Pious frauds, one and all. Now that's what I mean by my being able to do terrible damage to them and their precious jobs. I was in the Army during the war and I would like to think that I and my friends were able to help this country, even if just a little but I found it was easier to cope with the professionals from the KGB rather than the rank amateurs we have now. Peake once wanted me to ghost write a paper on the KGB and I told him I would not. If I write something now, based on my experience and knowledge, I am not going to let some pseudo-academic try to take credit for it.

GD: Oh, the academic world is just the same. More backstabbing, gossip, innuendo and pure malice than you could imagine. And these academic papers are worthless for anything but to use as toilet paper. Bad, stilted writing and full of official lies which most of them write to impress their grandchildren and awed middle-class morons with. Robert, in my research, I have learned to totally discount any of these academic papers.

RTC: Oh yes, Peake told me breathlessly....

GD: Some sailor giving him a run for his money.

RTC: (Laughter) No, but I have been told that the great David Irving says you are a fraud. My God, what a compliment.

GD: Irving is the fraud and writes at a high school level. Historian? Gas bag. I had dealings with him once and I would never let something like that in my house other than to fix the plumbing. Or around my children, either. Peake actually used Irving as a prop?

RTC: The blind leading the blind. I've never read any of Irving's material but they do tell me that he's a lightweight.

GD: A legend in his own mind. It is said his ma was Jewish but I don't think that's been proven. Lower middle class oaf with delusions of grandeur and reference.

RTC: Ah, my, what a wonderful morning, full of the milk of human kindness.

GD: I think the milk has gone bad, Robert.

RTC: It's too bad you weren't around in the early days, I mean actually old enough to work for me. We would have gotten along wonderfully well. I would have had to warn you to be a little restrained in some areas but I think we could have worked well together.



GD: Well, I do respect you Robert, which is more than I can say for the rest of the zoo creatures I've encountered since I started tilting at D.C. shithouses. Oh and yes, do you know how many fairies you can get on a bar stool?

RTC: I assume this is a joke.

GD: Why of course, Robert, always the jester. If you turn it upside down, you can seat four comfortably.

RTC: (Prolonged laughter) Well, now I'm back in a good mood.

GD: Don't pass this on to your callers. You might hurt their feelings.

(Concluded at 10:12 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 72**

Date: Sunday, March 2, 1997

Commenced: 1:45 PM CST

Concluded: 2:05 PM CST

GD: That's either a vacuum cleaner in the background or the Martians are attacking.

RTC: I hate to disappoint you, Gregory. It's indeed a vacuum cleaner.

GD: Well, we have spoken about flying saucers before so I thought you might have had a run in with them. It's amazing, the stories people believe.

RTC: Or they want to believe.

GD: Well, crazy old L. Ron Hubbard tells us that his special people, the Thetans, were flown here from outer space in DC3s.

RTC: No, not that. In what? Piston engined aircraft? From....there is no atmosphere up there.

GD: Hubbard started Scientology in the early '50s and his writings are full of such silliness.

RTC: A crock of shit, all of it. Still, we were watching him when he was gadding around the Med in an old tub. No one had any idea what the old nut was up to and we knew he had KGB contacts. Not that he was pro-Commie but he was one of those people who believe his own nonsense and the Russians love to get their hands on such like. Stroke him like a cat and get him to work with them. They're smart and he's not. We knew his high command was full of foreign agents but we had a hell of a time getting at him. Very well protected. The KGB and the Stasi for sure and we think the Chinks had a hand in the game. The FBI had some snitches planted on him but the whole thing was like play time in a nut house. Still, the old fool made hundreds of millions of dollars of the sucker brigades and it is very hard to argue with that kind of scratch.

GD: Agreed. I am still trying to make up my mind whether Hubbard was a visionary or a self-deluded crook. Your people viewed him as a spy?

RTC: No, we did not but we felt he could do a lot of damage if we didn't keep an eye on him.

GD: Did you?

RTC: Yes, we planted people with him. Strange, Gregory. The Company, the FBI, the KGB, the Stasi and others all used to work together, all playing roles. We mostly knew who the others were but just never mentioned.

GD: Hubbard died under odd circumstances out in California.

RTC: He was removed, Gregory. The old man was going around the bend and those just under him were afraid he would blow it and they would be kicked out, away from huge sums of money and with the money, growing political power. One injection of the wrong kind and off he went to flying saucer heaven in the sky. They cremated the old man and dumped him into the ocean off the back of a fishing boat.

GD: *Sic Gloria transit mundi.*

RTC: Oh yes indeed..

GD: A friend of mine's grandmother was cubically rich but getting really soft and the Scientologists got their hands on her. They wanted her to give all her money to them so my friend, knowing what I really am, came to me for assistance.

RTC: How much did you get out of it?

GD: You assume I was successful in driving them off.

RTC: That's a given.

GD: I had a terrible time, especially with Linda. She was a vicious bitch and had her hooks into the old lady very deeply. I met her several times, passed off by my friend as a nephew. God, she hated me because she could see I didn't believe a word of her nonsense. I had my problems with that one, believe it. First off, I got the old lady to like and trust me. Believe me, I can do that when I want to. Anyway, I got a power of attorney from her, put all her money into an iron-clad trust with the interest going to her and a percentage to her grandson. I mean she was a very decent person but talking to dead relatives and losing bladder control. I got her into a really excellent nursing home that I inspected very carefully. I used to work for Catholic Charities and I know something about nursing homes. Anyway, I made sure the old girl was safe and then I dealt with Linda. She was livid with rage over my presence so I had to neutralize her. It took a baggie of heroin under the front seat of her car, a silenced pistol in the trunk and two telephone calls and Linda was trying to convert people in her cellblock.

RTC: I thought you might have dispatched her to be with Hubbard.

GD: I thought about it but it wasn't worth it. The old lady was safe and sound and her grandson was set for life. Of course he was more than generous to me for my work but I got quite a view of the working side of the Scientology game. Very effective what with the e-meter and the gabble. A lot of pitiful dimwits running around, looking for answers from someone else. Linda bit a federal agent so they added assault to her ticket.

RTC: I take it you disapprove of the Scientologists?

GD: No, actually I don't. I believe that everyone should find Heaven in their own way. But not on my front porch and not pushing money into the pockets of thieving politicians. I have Mormon friends and I have the highest regard for their family life. Fine people with well-raised, first class children. They have very strange beliefs but I pay more attention to what they practice rather than what they preach.

RTC: Lots of LDS people in the Bureau.

GD: High minded and honest. I have no problem with that. The problem with cults like Scientology is that they want everyone to see what they see, or think they see, and they grab you by the lapels and shout in your face...and leave literature behind. I'm a practicing agnostic and a pragmatist, Robert, but from time to time, I have to deal with nasty people like Linda. I knew a fellow that was great company until I learned that he was sexually abusing his children. It took me two weeks of hard work, Robert, but he got caught and sent off. Rob an insurance company or a bank and you get no response from me but mess with little children and you can believe me when I say that I will do everything in my power to stop it. Since I am ruthless and have no conscience whatsoever, I am usually successful. Oh yes, and going after crazy old ladies is another of my annoyances. Linda did three years and although I have not encountered her after her fall from grace, I would imagine she goes a bit more quietly now.

RTC: Given all of that, what would you do if she ran up on you now?

GD: Kill her, Robert, very dead. Take the remains out to a big hog farm and toss them over the fence. Hogs will eat anything, even dead Scientologists.

RTC: They tell me hogs are smart.

GD: They are indeed but they are a wonderful garbage disposal system. And there Linda would be...and there Linda would be...and over there, that's Linda too! What a fate, Robert. Steaming piles of hog turds in the mud.

RTC: Gregory, you are indeed rather unique. Have you done the hog farm thing?

GD: Only God and the hogs know that one. Ask and it shall not be answered but sniff and you might find.

(Concluded at 2:05PM CST)

### **Conversation No. 73**

Date: Wednesday, March 26, 1997

Commenced: 9:50 AM CST

Concluded: 10:35 AM CST

RTC: Good morning, Gregory. Did you see the papers?

GD: Oh, yes, quite a story. One must read between the lines on that one.

RTC: That becomes second nature, unless, of course, we planted the story in the first place.

GD: So much for freedom of the press.

RTC: They are all under tight control.

GD: I'll wager that if the Israeli commandos broke into an Arab day care center in Lebanon and torched fifty babies, we wouldn't see a word of it in either the New York Times or the Washington Post.

RTC: No, not a word.

GD: They're all a closed shop. I once had a go-around with the art market and it's the same thing. The Jews own all the big papers and they own the major art markets. Still, I destroyed a good part of it once. Cost them all millions. Have any of my supporters ever told you about that?

RTC: No, never a word. What did you do?

GD: Well, some time ago...this is going to take some time, Robert, so if you have something better to do, let me know and I won't bore you.

RTC: You rarely bore me, Gregory. I'll let you know if we have a fire in the kitchen or the Swiss Embassy explodes. Do go on.

GD: A friend of mine up in Menlo Park, fellow by the name of George Schattle, was visiting his mother in Los Angeles and went to a garage sale. He bought, as I recall, four bronze statues in specially constructed wooden crates. Crates indicated the contents were looted by the Germans in Warsaw in '39 and subsequently got into the collection of Hermann Goering. The sellers told George that their relative was with the U.S. Army at the end of the war. Of course there was no discipline and our boys stole everything they could lay their hands on. Anyway, George knew I was an expert on German subjects and brought the four pieces, in their crates, over for me to look at. I knew nothing about the artist, Auguste Rodin, but I could authenticate the labels and seals. I told him to find an expert to authenticate the statues and busts. I knew nothing about Impressionist artists and could care less. I told him that there was a university professor out at Stanford, which was just down the road from Menlo Park where George lived. I remembered seeing some reference to a huge collection of Rodin pieces being donated to Stanford by some investment banker out of LA. What was the name? Yes. B. Gerald Cantor. Anyway, George looked up the professor, one Albert Edward Elsen, and made a phone call. Yes, Elsen was interested and would look at the pieces. Next day, George rang me up, semi hysterical. It seems Elsen told him that the pieces were stolen by the evil Nazis and that he, Elsen, wanted to take possession of the pieces to be able to return them to Poland. When George refused, and he said that Elsen was a loud-mouthed bully, Elsen then told him the pieces were fake. Now how could they be stolen from some Polish collection during the war and then be fake?

RTC: Maybe this Elsen fellow wanted to con your friend out of them for his own benefit.

GD: I agree. But George told me that Elsen subsequently called up everyone and proclaimed that, on the one hand, George was illegally in possession of wartime Nazi art loot and, on the other, trying to sell fake Rodins.

RTC: Schizophrenic.

GD: That was just the start. George showed Elsen my written commentary on the boxes and seals and Albert Edward began to attack me. I had a post office box at Stanford and

the postmaster said that Elsen had come...actually barged...into his office, ordering the postmaster to give Elsen my home address. Of course the postmaster refused and Elsen started screaming that I was dealing with stolen art and that the FBI would be notified.

RTC: Why was he so upset?

GD: Well, I will get to that. I couldn't understand any of the noise so I dug up old Chronicle stories about this Cantor Rodin gift. Eighty odd statues presented to the University museum by Cantor and, I noted with some interest, all authenticated by Elsen. Valued at three and a half million. So I drove up to Stanford with a notebook and looked the pieces on display over. I wrote down the name of the foundry, one Georges Rudier of Paris. OK. So much for that. I personally felt that Rodin was crap but I wanted to know why the screaming. Made no sense. Then, I went to the Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco that had a big collection of original Rodin pieces that Mrs. Alma Spreckles had bought from Rodin himself in 1916. Looked at them. I also wrote down the name of the foundry which was one Alexis Rudier of Paris. Not the same name. Also, the Frisco pieces were a different finish. I told George to take his four pieces to the director of the museum, one Thomas Carr Howe, for his opinion. George did this and Howe gave him a written authentication. When George told Howe about Elsen, Howe told him off the record that Elsen was a congenital asshole and that he, Howe, detested him. And when George mentioned the different foundry marks, Howe said that Alexis Rudier had cast up statues for Rodin and that Georges was his great nephew. He also said that Georges didn't start casting until 1965. Since Rodin died in 1917, I thought this was strange. Note that all the eighty odd pieces given to Stanford were made after 1965.

RTC: This is beginning to sound like something Sherlock Holmes would have done. Then what?

GD: Well, George tried to sell the pieces and at once, Elsen began calling around to all the local galleries, telling them the pieces were either stolen or fake. Loud bully.

RTC: Elsen is what? French?

GD: Elsen was Jewish.

RTC: Ah, I see. And go on. What happened next?

GD: Well, here we had three million dollars worth of art that probably wasn't worth it. I have a friend in the Judicial Police in Paris and asked him to check on this Georges Rudier. About a month later, he sent me a thick catalog from the Rodin Museum in Paris. Mrs. Goldscheider there, the director, had custody of all of Rodin's pieces in a state museum setting and was making copies for people. The catalog showed the pieces, many of which were in the Cantor bequest. More interesting. I wrote to her and asked her about Georges and got back a signed letter stating that he had been doing all their castings, and only from 1965.

RTC: Always better when you get it in writing. Was she pulling a scam?

GD: No, she advertised these as official copies, whatever that might be, but as copies. She wasn't pulling anything but the others certainly were. Then I made up my mind to wreck their little game. Of course I pulled a little string, which in turn led to a bigger string and then the whole rotten edifice came crashing down.

RTC: That's how these things can go sometimes. Do continue.

GD: Well, Elsen was hard to attack because he was an important, published art historian and I was nothing. Still where there is a will, there is a way. First off, I got ahold of Jerry Jensen, an anchor for the Channel 7 news people in San Francisco. My cousin knew him. I told him what I discovered and he started digging. My God, Robert, what a hurricane of rage erupted then. Al Frankenstein, who was a senior art critic at the Chronicle as well as a teacher at Stanford, began to raise hell with the management at Channel 7 and to threaten Jensen with legal action for slander. Jerry told me he must have hit a very raw nerve indeed. And then I got Elsen to break cover.

RTC: How?

GD: Well, I went to a mail drop and telephone answering place in Santa Clara and set

up an account for a Basilisk Press. A basilisk is a mythic creature, half rooster and half snake that could allegedly kill by looking at you.

RTC: Dramatic but how many people know that?

GD: I did and that's what mattered. Letterheads and I made up a fake book publication notice. A book called 'Rodin: The Anatomy of a Fraud' and I listed a lot of very true information on that piece of paper. I mailed that out to hundreds of newspapers, to many major art dealers and certainly to Elsen and Frankenstein. Sweet Jesus, what a reaction. The people at the answering service said that a few days after the brochure was delivered, Elsen barged into their office, ordering them to tell him where the people who owned the press lived. They told him to get his loud ass out of the building and he threatened them with the Attorney General and the FBI. They called the police and had him physically removed from the building. Then, knowing that one of Elsen's prize pupils was art critic on the staff of the Palo Alto Times, I rang her up, told her I was an official at the Basilisk Press and said that Mr. Jensen from Channel 7 was going to expose the art fraud at Stanford. Worked wonderfully. Within days, Elsen wrote a vicious and very actionable letter to Jensen, calling George a criminal and fraud. Jensen sent me the letter and I, in turn, took the letter and George to a very good San Jose lawyer. Because Filthy Al wrote the letter on University stationary, the lawyer filed a suit naming Elsen and Stanford as party defendants.

RTC: As I recall, Stanford is a rich school.

GD: Oh, yes they are. Wonderfully deep pockets. And much screaming and so on. Finally, I decided to up the ante and I went for an interview at the Chronicle with old Frankenstein. That was really something. He had a little office right off the city room and you could hear us two blocks away. I had done my homework on Alfred and when he accused me of being a liar, I said he was a crook. I mentioned a bust of Cosimo D'Medici that he has persuaded a rich Jewish benefactor to buy for the De Young. Big money because Alfred said it was by Cellini. It was a small copy of a bronze original I saw at the Bargello in Florence. Cellini never worked in marble but Alceo Dossena, a nineteenth century art forger did. Alfred stopped yelling when I mentioned this unpleasant fact but I got my wind and they told Jerry Jensen later they could have heard me in Oakland with the windows closed. When I left, I noted that the entire city desk people were standing in a circle around the open door of Alfred's cubicle and one started applauding me. Such an honor. And Alfred, who looked rather peaked when I last saw him, had a sudden heart attack that night and passed away.

RTC: You sent a wreath no doubt?

GD: Piss on him. Another loudmouth. Still, I saw I was up against acknowledged art experts so I did some further digging and made a major discovery. So simple yet so deadly and with ripples still spreading. It's just this. You can make a mold of a bronze and duplicate it exactly but the result will, are you ready for this one, will always be 5% smaller. Why, you ask? Because, Robert, cooling metal shrinks and that is a fact. Oh, yes, and since known originals of Rodin's work were all over the place, taking measurements was not a problem. I got the people at the Legion of Honor to send me a full list of the exact measurements of all their original pieces. And Albert learned of this and threatened the staff at the museum. Wonderful man, making friends wherever he went. And then, Albert enlisted the aid of his co-conspirator, Cantor. You see, Cantor went to the Rodin Museum in Paris and ordered the eighty pieces. He paid eighty thousand dollars for them, brought them over to the States, got his co-religionist and crime partner, Elsen, to claim they were original and worth over three million dollars and guess what?

RTC: Not a tax write-off?

GD: You got it. A huge tax write-off. Still more fun on my part. I wrote and had typeset, a story from the so-called Ardeth Times about a local bigwig that had been to California and bought four original Rodin's that once had been the property of Hermann Goering. I printed this on newsprint, glued it onto a piece of paper and mailed it to Elsen at his office. Jesus H. Christ, what a huge uproar. Albert, insane with rage, went to the local

FBI, called the office of the Attorney General and about every other law enforcement agency he could find. The result? The FBI got interested and of course the AG wouldn't talk to him. An agent talked with me and I gave him copies of my papers. The result? The IRS got involved and flew out a specialist from DC to talk with me. He had never heard of the fatal shrinkage factor and we had a wonderful chat. The upshot was that the IRS said one could not take a tax write-off for more than was paid for the art. By the way, there was no town named Ardeth anywhere in the United States. Big Al the Mouth, as empty of brains as a ladle, suffered from mental constipation and verbal diarrhea  
RTC: That must have tied a few tails.

GD: Oh, yes it did. The entire market in Rodins, fake and original, collapsed, Cantor's gift was not allowed as a write-off and I got about ten letters from various law firms in Los Angeles threatening me with enormous lawsuits for making false statements about the wonderful B. Gerald. And, George's lawsuit was successful and both Stanford and Elsen had to pay George a lot of money.

RTC: What happened to the statues?

GD: Are you sitting down? George got nine million for them. But that's not the end of the story.

I wrote the whole thing up, more or less along the lines I have been telling you but in greater detail and sent it to a friend on the staff of the Getty in Los Angeles. He loathed Elsen and asked me if he could forward it. I said he certainly could. The man mailed it out on a February first and Elsen must have gotten it a few days later because on the fifth, he had a massive heart attack in his office and died on the spot.

RTC: I imagine that was the end of the matter. Did you make anything out of this?

GD: Enormous satisfaction.

RTC: You must have done months of work, Gregory. Not a penny?

GD: When I read in the Examiner that old Albert had bought the farm, I was paid in full.

RTC: What entertainment. And you are formidable indeed.

GD: Oh not so. Why Mueller, who knew me better than you do, used to call me 'Mr. Sunshine.' Isn't that touching?

RTC: I suspect he was being cynical, Gregory and you know it. But I would agree with him. Such a kind person. You bagged two, count them, two nasty Jews and, from your account, ruined a very profitable number of scams they were involved in. I take it most of the dealers were Jews?

GD: Oh they were. For a time, it sounded like a chorus of sick hyenas.

RTC: Before or after the time the lion pounced on them?

GD: Depended. I nailed more than Albert, believe me but enough is enough. And then I got started on all the fake Frederic Remington's' floating around and did even more damage. I do like my fun, Robert, I do like it.

RTC: Others obviously do not. Did you go after these creeps because they were Jewish or in spite of it? Just curious.

GD: Robert, I had no idea about all of this when I got started and for quite some time, I thought Elsen was French. I didn't wreak my havoc out of anti-Semitism but because I initially started out to help a friend authenticate some old statues. There was nothing more. The squalling uproar spilled over very quickly into attacks on me by Elsen and his vicious co-religionists so I merely obliged them by responding. I didn't shout and slander but I dealt with facts and quite thoroughly ruined their very lucrative operations. I would have done the same if the perps were Episcopalians or Baptists. Of course, once I could see who, and what, I was dealing with, it was easy to ruin them. Shallow bombast coupled with criminal greed is a hallmark and I can play on such creeps like a piano. Strike this key and an Elsen howls to the press. Strike that one and a Frankenstein writes a hit piece in the Chronicle. Strike a strong chord and they all explode and die. No, Robert, I got into this only to help a friend and nothing else. I spent several years on this, not months, and learned both the business of bronze casting and the modern art world from one end to the other. The cabal lost hundreds of

millions of dollars, much reputation painstakingly gained and finally, bitter defeat and well-deserved, oh very well-deserved, death.

(Concluded at 10:35 CST)

## **Conversation No. 74**

Date: Friday, July 26, 1996

Commenced: 11:30 AM CST

Concluded: 11:45 AM CST

RTC: Did you call earlier, Gregory? The phone rang but it stopped before I picked up.

GD: No, this is the first time, Robert. Could it have been Clinton offering you the Medal of Freedom?

RTC: I doubt it. I don't have enough money to bribe him.

GD: Yes, those people are not above taking a bribe now and then. But you aren't Jewish so Frau Clinton wouldn't be interested. I have a picture of her brother, wearing his beanie, stamping on a wine glass when he married Barbara Boxer's daughter.

RF: A better-kept secret here, Gregory. But you mustn't forget the unique suffering the Jews have experienced.

GD: No, for at least two thousand years, the poor Jews have been run out of every country they have moved to. Terrible. It must be a sort of international genetic plague that turns people against them. A list of nations and kingdoms that have kicked them out would fill a telephone book. I did some research on all of this once and the incredible number of expellers astonished me. Have you any ideas on this?

RTC: Not really. But I note that ever since they stole Palestine from the Arabs, whom they butchered in the process, we in Washington have become increasingly aware of how important it is to listen and obey. Personally, I think we should have tested our A bombs there rather than in the Pacific but I wouldn't dare make such a suggestion, humorous though it might be. I would have a pack of screeching Hebrews defecating on my doorstep and pelting my wife with rotting bagles on her way to the market. And of course my pension would be cut off at once. I told Jim not to mess with his dear Mossad friends long ago but Jim never listened. They wormed their way into his good graces, stroked him mightily and got him entirely on their side. The Mafia did the same thing. I liked Jim but in essence, he was a whore.

GD: Did they pay him?

RTC: No, just rubbed him until he purred and did what they wanted.

GD: Actually, Robert, I would say he was a slut. A whore does it for money but a slut does it because it feels good.

RTC: A good analogy. Do you know, Gregory, if we suddenly declared neutrality in the Middle East, Israel would collapse over night and peace would descend there. Of course we would never do that because the moment we did, legions of screaming Jews would descend on the White House, the Senate, the House and every newspaper and television station in the nation. You could hear the screaming in Montana in a blizzard. Old Joe Stalin had the right idea when he planned to uproot all the Jews in Russia and ship them to Siberia back in '53. Too damned bad he died before he completed his project.

GD: There is a question about his death.

RTC: Yes. We discussed this before if I remember. Beria was afraid Stalin would shoot him. The old man was senile and very dangerous so L.P, got in touch with us and we, in turn made a deal with him. We would help him off Stalin and when he took over, he would liberate East Germany and establish the right of private property in Russia and normalize relations with us. We gave him the silent rat poison and it worked but Beria was too smart by half and Nikita got him. That one we could not deal with but he

overreached himself in Cuba and his own people got rid of him. Last I heard, he's still alive somewhere. Times do change.

GD: Josef sank a barge full of inconvenient political prisoners early on and said 'No man: No problem.' I always liked that one.

RTC: Josef was an inspired paranoiac. Smart as hell and just as crazy. One moment as charming a fellow as you would want to know and ten seconds later, giving an order to shoot someone's wife or grandmother. But not crazy enough to push a war on us. I'd like to read a really objective bio of Josef but it will be a century before that happens.

GD: That's the usual way. And we will see objective biographies of Hitler start to appear.

RTC: The Jews would never allow it. Why Adolf personally gassed twenty million Jews, didn't you know? Between running the war from the German side, he flew back and forth to thousands of enormous death camps, personally shoving thousands of screaming Jews into gas chambers the size of telephone booths and gassing them. What a busy man.

GD: Well, perhaps not objective books about Hitler, or Stalin, but we can surely expect a new Holocaust book each and every year. The touching memoirs in thirteen volumes of a ghetto resident, filled with touching memoirs and designed to make lots of money for the Chosen People. An Army colonel once asked me what God chose them for and I told him to wait in line for the showers. He laughed for about five minutes. But we should back off in the Middle East. No good will come of sucking up to Israel unconditionally and that's the only way they will allow us to suck up. Oh, they might throw a few Jaffa oranges at us from time to time but obedience is required.

RTC: Well, the Clintons toe the line, believe me, and so will their replacement and on and on.

GD: Oh, Robert, the wheel turns and what is at the top today will be at the bottom tomorrow Mark me, this always happens.

RTC: It would be nice if it happened in my lifetime, Gregory, but I am afraid not. Maybe in yours.

GD: There is always that hope.

(Concluded at 11:45 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 75**

Date: Tuesday, April 1, 1997

Commenced: 2:05 PM CST

Concluded: 2:25 PM CST

GD: I was having a nice talk with Bill yesterday evening. You know, his wife is a very nice person but he's getting to be a bore. I mean he has all kinds of lies he keeps trying to shove off on me and it's all I can do to keep from tossing them back in his face. Carter was going to make him head of the CIA for instance. Winning the French Legion of Honor for another fib. Didn't. But, I must say he is a sharp person. But Bill makes a very important statement today and tomorrow, forgets about it. How much does he know about the Kennedy business?

RTC: Not as much as he would like to. I've told you more than I ever told him. Why? Because Bill would take that football and try to make a goal with it. You know how to keep your mouth shut.

GD: A compliment. Everyone else says I can't keep quiet.

RTC: Oh, that's true too but I have noticed that you seem to know just what you're saying even though it sounds like chatter.

GD: You think I might be devious?

RTC: Christ yes. I know you're devious, Gregory. And I am happy I am your friend. I seem to have heard rumors that your enemies have terrible problems.



GD: Nonsense. I am a true Christian, Robert. I do unto others before they do unto me.

RTC: Your friend Atwood hates you.

GD: I know. He tried to blind side me but I beat him to the punch. People like Jimmy think they can walk on water until they try it and then they drown. Well, I got the gold and he didn't.

RTC: And his friends?

GD: Probably swimming around the Caribbean fornicating with mermaids.

RTC: More likely as crab bait.

GD: Such pessimism. Mueller was a pessimist, Robert. He was the same way. Always misinterpreting my pure Christian motivations.

RTC: I recall the loaded soup.

GD: Well, they had it coming.

RTC: Oh, I agree with that. Why didn't you put something a little stronger into the pot?

GD: Like roach or rat poison?

RTC: Well, something like that.

GD: Mueller asked me the same thing. I have an answer for you, Robert. The same one I gave to Mueller. I only found the detergent. If there were other additives, I never found any. Would I have stuck them into the pot? Well, probably but then we'll never know, will we? If I had, and if I got away with it, the conspiracy loonies would still be writing books about how the Illuminati were behind it.

RTC: Oh my God, don't knock those idiots. They put up such a smokescreen over the Kennedy hit that the truth will never be seen, let alone published. Everyone has their uses, Gregory.

GD: What about Mongoloids?

RTC: Entertainment?

GD: Why not? Hire the handicapped because they're so much fun to watch.

RTC: We used to hire the most stupid people in the Company because we could always set them up.

GD: Sounds like Oswald.

RTC: Yes, doesn't it.

GD: Except Oswald worked for the FBI and ONI instead of you.

RTC: Notice how quickly they abandoned him.

GD: Certainly.

RTC: And then there was Jack Rubenstein.

GD: Comic relief. I wonder what happened to his dog?

RTC: The Dallas cops ate her at a barbecue.

GD: And they killed her afterwards?

RTC: We are veering into the lewd, Gregory.

GD: Sheba. A dachshund. They don't make good eating.

RTC: You speak from experience?

GD: Ah, but with a really good sauce and a first class Burgundy, even a dog tastes pretty good.

RTC: Have you....

GD: No. I remember one time, I had a friend who worked in the city morgue in San Francisco and someone stuck a dead baby in a box and left it there. It was winter so it was pretty fresh. He was on the night shift and was drunk so he called me up and said he had a present. Not a nice person.

RTC: He gave you the poor baby? What did you do with it?

GD: Put on the back seat of someone's car and called the police. Such excitement.

RTC: Who was the fortunate recipient?

GD: I don't know. It was an expensive car parked near a fancy restaurant. Stirred things up a bit. The dead baby probably went back to the morgue, a bit shopworn, and the car owner and the police had a stimulating and unforgettable evening.

RTC: A monster.

GD: Oh, I know and I sleep upside down like a big bat. I wonder, speaking of dead babies, how much longer Jimmy Atwood will last? We do have a bet.

RTC: As I recall. Jim called me a week or so ago but he never said a word. Remind me to send you a thick stack of his reports from Pullach. He and the Gehlen people. My God, they hired half the Gestapo there.

GD: I knew a number of them. I would love to stick him with that. Papers might help a bit.

RTC: Now Jim is furious so perhaps it might not be a good idea for you to poke sticks at him. He has wiped out a number of people in his life so watch him.

GD: He'd better watch me, Robert. I'll bet he told others to do the dirty deeds. I take care of my own problems. Sure he didn't talk about me?

RTC: Positive. He's working on a book that will sell all of ten copies. He read your books and I know from his reports that he can't hold a candle to you as far as literary style is concerned. I did needle him a bit when I said how well you wrote.

GD: Did you mean it?

RTC: Yes. His book will be an exercise in mendacity and self-adulation.

GD: You took the words right out of my mouth. I've been eating some Limburger cheese, Robert, so don't inhale.

(Concluded at 2:25 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 76**

Date: Friday, April 11, 1997

Commenced: 7:15 PM CST

Concluded: 7:50 PM CST

GD: Good evening, Robert. Too late for you?

RTC: No, finished eating a bit ago and was just about to start a book on the Afghanistan business the Russians had. Not a problem.

GD: Your people armed the natives there.

RTC: Oh, yes, and the Russian helicopters fell from the heavens like leaves from trees in the fall.

GD: You created a Frankenstein's monster there, Robert. Those tribesmen are deadly guerrilla fighters and when they're not fighting invaders like Alexander the Great and the British, who knows who they might go after next? Well, history counts for nothing with those who do not understand it. I had some utterly mindless twit talking to me the other day and somehow they got off on out-of-body experiences. They were telling me about this Remote Viewing business and said the CIA had invented it.

RTC: My God, not that crap again, Gregory. Yes, we started it. You see, we got news that the Russians were working on psychic phenomena called psychotronics. The theory, and it was never more than that in my mind, was that an agent who was trained could give information about something hidden from physical observation while the so-called viewer was at a distance from the sought-after object. This was on my watch and was gathering steam about '69 and into the '70's. Let me see if I can...Gregory, give me a minutes of so and let me get into my files...

GD: Of course

(Pause)

RTC: Here we are. The first program was named SCANATE which, according to this, means scanning by coordinates and we started funding this utter idiocy in '70. We got a hold of SRI...

GD: Stanford Research Institute. It's in Menlo Park, right up the road from me. It was built on Dibble Hospital of the Army. I remember Dibble from the wartime. We used to

call it Dribble because they let the nuts out to walk around Menlo Park and piss on parked cars. Dribble. Charlie Burdick used to live in one of the reclaimed Army barracks when he was going to Stanford back in '52. Sorry to digress, Robert. Please go on.

RTC: No problem, Gregory. We also used the services of Science Applications International Corporation in the same town. What do you know about SRI? As a local?

GD: I met some of their people when I worked at Stanford in the hospital. A bunch of drooling nuts if you asked me. Two of their top people ended up in the hospital's psych ward. One kept hiding in the toilet, claiming someone was trying to get into his mind and the other just sat around talking to himself and wetting his pants. I remember the CIA's taking over the hospital basement with that Filipino sailor with the plague...

RTC: Jesus Christ, Gregory, how did you find out about that? That's a cosmic situation right there.

GD: Everyone on the pathology staff knew it. When the guy died, they came for the body in a special ambulance and there were armed guards all over the cellar and the loading ramp.

RTC: You ought not to talk about that.

GD: What were they doing? Developing something nasty for the Russians?

RTC: No, in this case, for the Red Chinese.

GD: Lovely. Never mind that. Go on about the nut fringe.

RTC: Gregory, I consider myself to be an intelligence agent with an Army background. I consider myself to be innovative enough but not interested in crazy stories about psychic powers. There are no psychic powers, Gregory, only psychos babbling away to themselves. Jesus, some of our people believed all of this. It started out costing about fifty thousand and went upwards from there. A number of us spent some time trying to persuade people like Dulles and Helms to abandon this nonsense, as well as the completely useless MK-Ultra programs that were draining our available funds and spending valuable time on things that did not work and could not work because they were based either on wishful thinking or downright fraud. They had all kinds of con men running around claiming that they were psychic and could see into KGB headquarters. SRI and the morons in the upper levels actually hired the American Institutes for Research crooks to work on some Stargate project in conjunction with the Army and in spite of a total absence of any kind of proof, they only discontinued their crap as late as '95. I have boxes of gibberish on this. By God, Gregory, we spent twenty million on this fantasy crap before it stopped. McMahon was fascinated with this. He became Deputy Director before he fouled up and got the sack in '82.

GD: What happened to him?

RTC: Went to work for Lockheed Martin as a lobbyist. Poor John was another strange one. And Drs Gottleib and Cameron were two more crazies we paid millions to for the purpose of creating controlled agents...mind controlled that is...that we could use as assassins.

GD: Like the movie.

RTC: Exactly. They killed people by microwaving them, tossing them out of windows, giving them heart attacks and killing off all kind of failed experiments. Gottleib poisoned them and Cameron lured them out into the Canadian wilds and shot them in the head. My God, what raging idiots and not even the slightest successes. Millions wasted. Joe Trento lusts after these files, which I slipped out when I left, but I really don't think Joe is capable of doing anything with them. If you want them, I'll get my son to box them up and ship them to you. Could you use this?

GD: Love it.

RTC: Same address in Freeport?

GD: Absolutely. Many thanks in advance, Robert. I might have some trouble getting a publisher but I can work on it.

RTC: Well, we control most of the major publishers or if we don't, they would never dare to put out anything that would get us upset. Hell, we have our man right there in the

New York Times and they jump through the hoops, believe me. The Times is in our pocket absolutely. Of course for silence, we give them inside stories. Sometimes, Gregory, the stories are actually true. Can you believe that?

GD: Why not? I never believe anything I see in the press anyway. But what if the pin heads at Langley...no offense since you've left....if the pin heads get wind of this? Don't tell Trento.

RTC: No. He's like the rest of them. If he finds out I gave these to you, he'll run to Langley and squeal like a pig. And do not, I repeat, do not tell either Kimmel or Bill. Kimmel would run to his bosses and Bill would hire a sound truck. Kimmel doesn't like you at all but Bill has mixed feelings. No man can serve two masters, let alone nine or ten and poor Bill runs around, filled with self-importance and looking for a pat on the head.

GD: If he tries anything on me, I'll give him something very hard on the head. Or through it.

RTC: Now, now, Gregory, violence is not the solution. If you want to get at either of them, feed them some disinformation and then when they run around chattering about it, in the end, they'll make fools of themselves. Then, no one will believe them and you will have made your point.

GD: Poor Irving is hysterical about the Mueller book. Such a bad writer and a worse ideologue. That one has about run his course and one of these days, the loud-mouthed Jew will go too far and get nailed.

RTC: Is Irving a Jew?

GD: His mother was so according to Jewish practice, David must be one as well. Well, I know some rabid Nazis, Robert and at least two of them are self-hating Jews. Well, they're making money with it so God bless them. Yes, I can use anything you send me. That file on Critchfield is pure gold. If I ever published it, he would probably shoot at me but in Washington, people would point at him in the streets and laugh.

RTC: I wouldn't weep over that but be careful with him. He has friends.

GD: Amazing. I take your point. Maybe he can catch a heart attack or get cancer. Look at what happened to Ruby. Got cancer right in the jail. That can be done, you know, by an injection. The heart attack we both know about. No trace at the post and off to the maggot buffet in a tin box. Better than shooting them at a play or tossing out the window like they did in the '40s, right?

RTC: Yes, a little subtlety is not a bad idea at times. Well, it will mean more room here for other things so I'll see what else I have on these idiot games and see you get it.

GD: Oh, psychics are wonderful, Robert. If you pay them enough, they'll see all kinds of brilliance in you. People are such idiots. But still, when I want to really laugh, I read some of the material on the Kennedy business. Umbrellas, men in sewers and everything else. How much of that garbage did your people make up?

RTC: We have people still cranking it out but there are so many nuts out there that we really needn't bother.

GD: Well, from what I read about the fantasy world of Dallas in '63, most of the brilliant ones could get their haircuts in a pencil sharpener.

(Concluded at 7:50 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 77**

Date: Tuesday, March 4, 1997

Commenced: 2:30 PM CST

Concluded:

GD: It's a little late in the day., Robert. Am I OK on my timing?

RTC: Not a problem, Gregory. Lunch is over long ago. I did hear from Bill last night about that material on Hillary.

GD: What about it?

RTC: Oh, it's all true but it will never get into the papers. Those things never do.

GD: Some of it, the stuff about Bob Treuhaft in Oakland, did. In the Chronicle.

RTC: A fluke. What was your source?

GD: Military collector who was also in the California State Police office in Sacramento. He copied the file and sent it to me.

RTC: Well, they aren't up for reelection so there's no point in beating a dead horse. But not a surprise.

GD: I suppose with her background, when they get out of office, the pair of them, she can become the mayor of Skokie or if we have another Democrat president, the ambassador to Israel.

RTC: Sad to say but they're everywhere you look these days. Back in the reign of Franklin I, they filled the ranks of State and stood right next to the Oval Office. Of course, they pilfered all our secrets and sent them off to Russia. That was their new homeland, after all, and Stalin loved them. Or so they thought. When Bill and I were working on our KGB book, I discovered that Joe hated them and when they managed to kill him with rat poison, was planning a super pogrom in Moscow. No, the regular Russians loathe and fear them and now that Putin is coming up, they are fleeing to Israel like fleas leaving a dead dog. The problem with this, as we know, is that the ranks of Israeli intelligence are now full of fresh blood what with the *refusedniks* pouring into the country and believe me, Gregory, any scrap of secret information, every secret code, that we mistakenly give to the Israeli government will end up in Moscow about ten seconds after they get it. Multiply Pollard about a hundred times and you'll see the real picture. I told Jim dozens of times to keep away from the Hebrews but Jim never listened. He was hip deep with the mob but they weren't trying to sell the dreaded white man down the river like the Jews do. My God, I wouldn't let them into my department because I know what they're like but they've gotten in the door elsewhere. Pollard was only the tip of a huge iceberg.

GD: None of that comes as a great surprise. They managed to start the Second World War and I agree that they pumped Stalin full of state secrets and you know my connection with the Pollard business. In any other country, they would have taken the little shit out for a very long walk on a very short pier. Well, maybe some patriotic con will get an early parole by sticking a file into his liver.

RTC: One hopes, one hopes. But in a way, I feel sorry for Russia. That was quite a game after Yeltsin got in, let me tell you. Old Boris the drunk was ours, bought and paid for. The drill was for Boris to privatize the Russian natural resources and let our people...our oil people really...get their hands on everything. How did we do it? We located a bunch of street thugs. Drug dealers, whoremongers, porn merchants and especially extortionists, set them up as businessmen, get them funded, let them buy up all the oil, steel and aluminum former Soviet corporations and then sell the stock off to our companies. The thing is, all of these thugs and murderers, because that's what they are, are Jewish street bandits, all of them. And they got their co-religionists in the IMF and the World Bank to help them with capital both from us and from Israel. And they did buy up everything at rigged auctions and they did make deals with the big US oil people. You fancy yourself a newspaperman, Gregory? I'll give you an inside story but I beg you not to use me as a source....

GD: Never...

RTC: An Israeli owns the Bank of New York and they are using it to launder billions in stolen Jewish Mafia money. I mean money from Russia. Billions. And our people have been helping the Hebes set up Swiss bank accounts. Before that, they used to keep the money under the bed in bags but now they can buy expensive suits, that the tasteless shits wear with tennis shoes, and strut their stuff in international society. I can give you some inside information on this and you could expose some of it. It needs to be

done but you'll never see a word of it in the New York Times or the Post. Why not? Because these organs of truth and light are owned by Jews and Jews never go after their own kind.

GD: I could go to Carto. He would love this.

RTC: Any old port in a story, Gregory. I have names. One of my friends down there gave them to me.

GD: I have good connections with the Swiss. If I could get the names, perhaps I could get the account information. The Bank of New York?

RTC: Yes. One of the oldest banks in this country. Hamilton founded it. The Jews have it now and more money goes in and out of it than the US Treasury. Kimmel knows about this so do not ever tell him about this conversation or that you are working on this. I can send you my entire file on all of this and you can take it from there. And if you have friends in Switzerland, be sure to look for the black accounts, not the white ones. These greaseballs always have a white account with a few thousand in it and a black one with billions. That way, if an official request is made, say be us, the Swiss can put up a show of resistance and then break down and give us the smaller one. The black accounts.

GD: Sounds good.

RTC: And I can give you the name of at least two Russian intelligence people here who are disguised as newspaper men and you can contact either or both and pass on the information. They would love you, Gregory, and it might lead you to make more friends. You certainly wouldn't have any in the Jewish camp.

That moron Bronfman, the booze king, has delusions of grandeur, and thinks he is going to push the Swiss around so you can kick him in his flabby ass for me. My God, I hate to deal with these swine, believe me. The biggest pack of thieves, murderers and back stabbers I have ever run into and believe me, I have seen them all. And there're a lot more bits and pieces I can pull together for you but again, mention none of this to Kimmel and if he ever starts to talk about this, say nothing. Understood?

GD: Is the FBI involved?

RTC: Not that I know but they all suck on the same tit so be careful.

GD: What do you see as the end result of outing them?

RTC: Hopefully, enough publicity to slow them down in this country. They own the press and the banks and dig in like maggots in a side of beef so if the public gets wind of the enormity of their thefts, they can watch them. Ah, but in Russia, the Putin people will love you. Putin, as I understand it, wants to stop this drain on Russian oil and kick the Jews out of power. And, of course, like a good KGB officer that he is, kick the US in the nuts. But, I think uprooting the Hebrews and outing them outweighs a boot in the testes.

GD: Collateral damage.

RTC: How astute, Gregory. Let me tell you, my boy, the whole world would be far better off if some rag head set off an atomic bomb in downtown Tel Aviv during Passover. I know that sounds terrible but from my years of experience, that game would well be worth the candle. I tell you, if we don't put a stop to their burrowing, treachery and high treason, those filthy Yids will drag us into a nasty war with the Arabs. I mean it. None of them care a fig about this country. Everything for that miserable habitat of warped trolls and nothing for anyone else. No wonder they have been hated and persecuted for thousands of years. The Romans had a wonderful chance to advance civilization by killing them all off but they missed their opportunity.

GD: The tsars should have chased them all into Siberia and we would have been spared Bolshevism.

RTC: Oh, absolutely, absolutely. And now they want to kill off all the Arabs in the Near East and move into their homes. And they would expect us to help them. I tell you that if we don't get our nose out of Israel's hairy ass, the Arabs will come after us as well.

America has no business over there and Israel is not our friend. America is full of white Christians and Jews hate all Christians and do their best to rape, loot and pillage us,

all in the name of greater Israel. Well, not in my lifetime but maybe in yours, Gregory, in yours.

GD: If you send me the papers, I will do my best.

RTC: Expose and derail. They have already looted England and Poland and now they're raping Russia and we're next on the menu. And their creepy Mossad agents are crawling all over this country as well. The FBI knows about this so that's one of the reasons to keep quiet around Kimmel. You tell him anything hot and juicy and Tom will burn the line to the headquarters. Once they have it, the Jews will have their hands on it in seconds and they can either put a few pounds of cocaine in your car or shoot your crippled mother as a warning. Say nothing and publish.

GD: Good advice. I recall an conversation I once had with a Pole. He said they Poles hated the Germans but one good thing was that Hitler cleaned the Jews out of Poland. Did you know that after the war when the Jewish refugees went back to Poland, the locals used to chase them into barns, lock them in and barbecue them? Last major pogrom in Europe was in Poland in '46. In fact, Stalin...I mean in '39 when Hitler went into Poland, about three hundred thousand Polish Jews fled eastwards to find security in the friendly bosom of Mother Russia. Stalin did not want any more Jews so he ordered the border guards, the NKVD, to shoot anyone trying to cross the border. They wiped out the lot of them. And now, of course, the Germans get the blame.

RTC: The older ones still love Stalin. Well, isn't truth relative, Gregory?

GD: Depends on who wins, doesn't it?

RTC: Well, I'll dig out some of the papers on this business and send them off to you. Probably after the next weekend. I can't get to the post office but I can get my son to do it. I hate to drag him into this but I have no choice here.

GD: Well, if it's too much trouble to...

RTC: No, not a problem. There is not a damned thing I can do about these assholes but perhaps you can.

GD: I might get it in Carto's paper but I doubt if anyone else will touch it.

RTC: You will shake up the FBI if you publish but does this bother you?

GD: Why should it?

RTC: DC is so incestuous, Gregory, so involved. Everyone is so self-important.

GD: My impression has been that they want to be important but never will be anything but pointy headed hacks and wannabees. I am sure there are smart people in DC but I have yet to encounter one.

RTC: I know a few but you have a point. Here, we have spent this entire conversation trashing the Jews. God help both of us if someone is tapping our phones.

GD: You're retired and I am no one so I don't worry about myself. I suppose what with the collapse of the Soviet Union, all your people are happy.

RTC: Well, James Joyce said that: In moments of happiness, don't despair, tragedy lurks around the next corner.

GD: Always. Tragedy would be the Jews tricking or forcing us into a war somewhere to help them out. A lot of dead young men, slaughtered Arabs and Tel Aviv rubbing its hands in glee. Or they can do it on their own and invade some place without soldiers around to shoot back and kill fifty children in a Syrian school. Of course these dead toddlers would be proclaimed in the New York Times as a training camp for Arab militants. Of course, our public wouldn't really care about this. I wonder what would happen if the Arabs blew up one of our day care centers? My God, what a howl that would bring out. Of course we both know that they did it to teach us a lesson for our support of a rogue state. Ah, the Skokie crowd cheers us onwards, over the edge. If that happens they will all run to Toronto which a friend tells me is crawling with them. They even have special lamp posts there.

RTC: The better to hang them on, Gregory.

GD: It might come to that yet, Robert. But enough amusing talk. When you were talking about the take-over of Russian gas and oil and so on, were they successful? I mean your people?

RTC: Oh, yes, they achieved their initial goal. But then the Jews got too greedy and too public with their wealth and I think now, Putin will pull them all down, one by one. And I also think there will eventually be serious problems with America's banking system. It's totally corrupt, Gregory, and, like the oil barons of Russia, getting too arrogant. If we were to try to restructure America, we would have to start by reforming the banks and then reestablish the press as independent entities. But to accomplish this, we have to take into consideration that the banks, the media and, to a lesser degree, our intelligence agencies, are firmly in the hands of Jewish interests. These people are not operating for the good of the public but for their own little cliques and more seriously, solely for the interests of Israel. Mark you, Gregory, that miserable dwarf country will drag this powerful country into ruin unless someone puts a stop to it. But, I suppose, it's the old question of who will bell the cat.

GD: Why not let nature, or time, take its course, Robert? None of what you talk about is new, at least not from a historical point of view. Happened before and will happen again. Watch and wait is what I say.

(Concluded at 3:10 CST)

## **Conversation No. 78**

Date: Monday, March 31, 1997

Commenced: 9:12 AM CST

Concluded: 9:28 AM CST

GD: I have been trying to work up an article on the BCCI and thought, Robert, you might have some knowledge of it, seeing as Corson told me you knew about them.

RTC: Bill has a motor mouth but yes, I know about them. What are you looking for?

GD: There has been quite a bit of comment on and off in the press about this and, as I said, Bill commented on this.

RTC: Well, BCCI was, is, a Paki bank, set up by a high-rolling con man and fraud expert named Abedi. We had connections with him and some of his people and he was willing to help us fund the anti-Russian rebels in Afghanistan but off the books.

Critchfield had a hand in all of this gun business as you know. These people were a farce, setting up all kinds of off shore banks and basically, it was nothing but a Ponzi scheme but one that we got into and were able to shut up a number of trouble makers along the way. And the Abedi people had connections with the Paki ISI...

GD: Pardon?

RTC: Called the Directorate for Inter-Services Intelligence. A Limey set it up at the time the Pakis broke off from India in the late '40s,. They basically were the power behind the throne in Pakistan...ran everything, took huge bribes from us on one hand and the Russians on the other. Typical bunch of worthless raghead scum. Never turn you back on any of them,, ever, Gregory, or you get a knife in it. My, what a game that turned out to be. We had such a stake in all of that mess that we had to make sure it was kept quiet, at least until we managed to get Ivan out of Afghanistan. Oh yes, there were complaints because the BCCI people were not only outright frauds but very obvious to the legitimate bankers here. Oh, a nice conversation there and someone falling off a cliff there but these greedy crooks just got too much hubris and finally it began to unravel. You must have read about this. F. Lee Bailey was a front for them and God knows how many throughly rotten Congressmen, regulatory people and so on were on the take. I mean there was so much bribe money flowing out of those people you couldn't wonder how high it went. They dragged old Clark Clifford into it and others. Of course Clark has a great opinion of himself and had no problem taking money for his services.

GD: And your people?



RTC: I have pounds of filched files on this. Poor Trento thinks he's going to get them and write a Pulitzer Prize winner out of it. I ought to send them to you. Would you like that?

GD: And have Paki assassins lurking on my front porch, cunningly disguised as piles of dog droppings? Probably not...although...

RTC: Well, Trento is far too stupid to know what to do with them so if I don't send them to you, I might burn them. Emily shouldn't have to deal with it when I'm gone and Greg...my son, not you...wouldn't have a clue. Yes, I can send them to you and you can do what you want with them. My God, Gregory, billions of dollars in taxpayers funds lining pockets from here to Karachi.

GD: Critchfield?

RTC: Among others...but not me. Jim made so much money from the rag heads that I'm surprised he didn't buy the Capitol as a barn for his stupid horses.

GD: And Atwood...

RTC: Small potatoes. The roster of the anointed reads like the Washington social calendar. Senator this and Director that.

GD: Kimmel?

RTC: Oh, God, no, not Dudley Doright. And don't mention any of this to him. He wouldn't have the faintest idea what to do with it and if he tried, he would join brother Colby in the boneyard. I tell you, Gregory, when we started the Company in '48, believe it or not, we were a bunch of idealists. Of course the Cold War was a fake but we were really interested in fucking up old Joe Stalin and also thwarting the liberal kikes inside the Beltway. Still, idealists at heart. The thievery started later. Gregory, put a poorish man in a room full of gold coins and a few will stick to his feet. Sometimes more than a few. I ran the CIA's business section and believe me, it was a wonderful relationship with the latter-day robber barons. The slide rule Shylocks. I rather like you, Gregory and if I gave you some of the papers I collected, you would either die or become very, very rich. I think they call it blackmail.

GD: One has to be careful what that, Robert. For instance, you tell me Angleton was in with the mob...

RTC: And the kikes too, don't forget that. I really liked and admired Jim but...

GD: Yes. That's like having a best friend from college who pimps autistic children to fat old men,

RTC: Yes, more or less but Jim had terrible friends. They got more out of him than he ever got out of them, let me advise you.

GD: I got the better of a Jew once and I thought the bugger would explode. On the other hand, I would never try to get the better of a Mafioso. I've known a few and I get on fine with them but try to screw them? I think not. Well, most of them have a really well developed sense of honor and the Jews do not. And they hate the Jews.

RTC: But Lansky...

GD: An exception. There is always an exception. Well, I might take some of your background material on the BCCI people if you have it to hand and it isn't too much trouble. I always thought Clark Clifford was a triple plated phoney anyway. Him and Alan Cranston.

RTC: Agreed but why stop there?

GD: I'd be on this call for three days straight, just reading off the names. Isn't America blessed to have too many thieves that get away with it?

RTC: Well, if you steal a dollar, you are a thief but if you steal ten million, you are a financier.

RTC: Or a Republican.

(Concluded at 9:28 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 79**

Date: Tuesday, April 8, 1997  
Commenced: 9:08 AM CST  
Concluded: 9:55 AM CST

GD: Good morning, Robert, All week there?

RTC: Very tired today, Gregory.

GD: If I'm calling at a wrong time, maybe I can call back later on...on tomorrow.

RTC: No, just very tires. I slept well but I feel like I haven't been to bed for several days.

GD: Seen a doctor recently?

RTC: My God, yes. A number of them. General check ups and Emily is under the impression that because I smoke, she says too much, I might have some kind of lung problems. I am not going to give up smoking now, Gregory. I've gotten used to it. Terribly addictive, tobacco.

GD: Yes. I read a recent study on tobacco. Very, very addictive. Causes all kinds of respiratory diseases and cancer as well.

RTC: Ah well, Gregory, if one thing doesn't get you, something else will.

GD: How about being hanged for rape at 95?

RTC: (Laughter) what do they say about a consummation?

GD: A consummation devoutly to be wished. Shakespeare. We could make it less final and mention being sued for child support at the same age.

RTC: They say that if you father children after a certain age, they have mental problems.

GD: Could be. You see a lot of weird yard monsters being carried around these days, Robert. Flat faces, drooling. Mongoloids. Of course, we don't call them that any more. I think they say differently abled. But a Mongoloid idiot is still a Mongoloid idiot, no matter how you slice it. So correct now. Bloody twits. Don't say this, can't say that. Oh my, that is so demeaning. That's what someone told me the other day when I called a fat woman a bloato. I apologized and called her a piggy instead. That didn't go over very well, either. So many Mongoloids and so many jiggling fatties waddling around. If they kept their mouths shut, Robert, it would serve two valuable purposes. On the one hand, we wouldn't have to listen to their babblings and on the other, they wouldn't be feeding their enormous guts every waking hour. Well, the potato chip industry would suffer but then, on another negative side, they might live longer, .Robert, as you were on board at the CIA during the formative years, could you address some points I am trying to research?

RTC: I'll try, if I can, Gregory.

GD: OK. The CIA was originally started up by Truman in about '48...

RTC: Yes. Harry was not happy with the slanted intelligence the Army was providing so he set us up to counter the bs.

GD: Yes. Gehlen told me about the fake Russian invasion plot of '48. That's when his organization of former Gestapo people was run by the Army. Faked up the story of a pending Russian invasion to terrify Congress and the public so as to keep business going along on a wartime footing and the Army from being disbanded.

RTC: Basically true, Gregory. We had nothing to do with that.

GD: The CIA took Gehlen over just after that fraud, correct?

RTC: Yes, after that. We had nothing to do with that.

GD: Mueller said that fake report was the real starting gun for the cold war. Would you agree?

RTC: I would go along with that.

GD: Russia had been bled dry during the war and much of her relatively primitive infrastructure had been ruined. Heavy loss in troops and so on. In other words, in 1948, Stalin not only was in no shape to confront the western powers on a military level nor really compete in the marketplace. Right?

RTC: Right.

GD: Now I agree that Stalin was engaged in extensive spying here and elsewhere during and after the war. But everyone spies on everyone else. Spying is not a military threat but wasn't this domestic spying used to terrify the public into supporting a very expensive cold war? You were on the inside then, Robert. Between us and the phone taps, was Russia going to nuke us or start a land war in '49 or even '50?

RTC: No, they were not.

GD: So if that were the case, the CIA grew to such a powerful entity solely on the mistaken, deliberately mistaken, premise that Russia, and later China, were going to attack us. Right?

RTC: This is a rather sensitive area, Gregory, but I'm retired and old and overall, you are probably right. But they were spying on us. Bunch of traitorous Jews under Roosevelt were running rampant here. You must know that White and even Wallace were helping Uncle Joe with all of our secrets.

GD: Yes, but annoying as this was, it was not a military threat. And with the great increase in domestic income as a result of the war, Communism had long ago lost its attraction for the poor and the various left wing politicians here. Right?

RTC: Yes, but we are talking about a huge army of spies here then.

GD: Ideological people. Poor. Give a man some money and a new television, and dreams of communism vanish as the waistline spreads.

RTC: Yes but then don't forget the very real threats to the west by Stalin and his successors.

GD: But these were struggles for markets and natural resources, weren't they? I mean not a real military threat. It had always been the dream in Moscow to capture the very technical and industrious Germany. Was that was when Lenin took off the fright wig. Always get Germany. I know about this because when Mueller took over the tiny Gestapo in '35, he said there were about 20,000 active Communist Russian spies loose all over Germany. When he got through with them, there were about five left. Anyway, wasn't the struggle then just an economic struggle like the one that started the First World War? Odd. Russia and the United States were engaged in a purely capitalist struggle for economic power. Not military power. Do you concur?

RTC: Yes, it boiled down to that. I mean, we had our friends. People we knew as schoolmates, friends or neighbors. Business friends. Old Bill ran some aluminum company and he wanted us to secure bauxite sites in some country that Russia was also interested in. Of course we couldn't use this as an excuse to topple some government and set up a US-friendly one so we tarted it up to say the existing government there was being run by Moscow and a Communist seizure was just a matter of time.

GD: Like Nicaragua?

RTC: Exactly so.

GD: Levi and Zentner has friends in Langley.

RTC: Well, more like the Grace people but I follow. But why should Russia get its hands on valuable resources when we wanted them? Let's face it, Gregory, the struggle for natural resources is the struggle for life.

GD: But why not seek less damaging goals? Isn't there enough to go around?

RTC: Well, that's the question. Planet is getting very small these days. Too many people need more products and whoever has the natural resources, at least as long as they hold out, has the upper hand. Now, thanks to us, we have the upper hand. We damned near got all the Russia oil and gas under Yeltsin but you can't win them all.

GD: But Reagan was the last gasp of all that, wasn't he?

RTC: When business sees itself as losing something they want, it will never be over.

GD: But when the cold war was on, we struggled with Russia over the natural resources of Africa. Each of us took over this or that country and set up this or that tin horn dictator answerable to us, or them. And now that the cold war is over, thanks to Reagan, why Africa is no longer of any interest to either side. I predict that in twenty years, Africa, at least sub-Saharan Africa, will be a wasteland. There's a lot of AIDS

there now and once all the natives are dead, we can just walk in and take over the resources. No need for a war, Robert, just let nature take its course.

RTC: Very ruthless, Gregory.

GD: I study history, Robert. Use facts, not emotions.

RTC: I hate to say this but Marx was right when he talked about the role of economics in history.

GD: I've read Marx. Fine theories but stupid practices. From each according to his ability to each according to his need. Right? Sounds almost Christian, doesn't it? Of course both systems, Jesus and Marx, sound so noble and self-sacrificing on paper but they are Utopian and never work. And the raging idealists are the first to be shot when the pragmatists come into power. Night following day. And Robert, in the end, who cares?

(Concluded at 9:55 CST)

## **Conversation No. 80**

Date: Thursday, April 17, 1997

Commenced: 2:21 PM CST

Concluded: 2:52 PM CST

RTC: Good afternoon Gregory. Did you get your car back from the shop in one piece?

GD: Yes, and it actually runs better now that they got the stroller out from under the engine compartment.

RTC: Now, now, Gregory, somehow I can't believe that. How could a stroller get under your car?

GD: I like to run red lights, Robert, how else. And last night, I got a ticket for going twenty miles an hour.

RTC: Normally, that's not so fast.

GD: Ah, but it was in the local mall.

RTC: Gregory, you must have been at the coffee again.

GD: What else? Glue is just too expensive. And when I used it in the past, my face kept sticking to the sheets. Oh, well, enough ribaldry so late in the day. And getting stuck to the sheets is a forbidden topic, I guess. Last week I dreamed I was eating an angel food cake and when I woke up, my pillow was gone. Enough, enough. How is life treating you?

RTC: Good days and bad days, Gregory.

GD: How is Emily?

RTC: Very good. Thank you for asking.

GD: Not at all. I had a privileged childhood. We were taught to be polite. I have no idea what good that does but I have been conditioned.

RTC: Bill Corson is thinking of running for Congress, by the way. Did he mention this to you?

GD: No. Is he serious?

RTC: Sometimes, it's difficult to tell what is serious about Bill.

GD: Kimmel should run. The ladies would flock to his standard.

RTC: I think he'd spend most of his time on the platform discussing his grandfather and Pearl Harbor.

GD: Yes. He is a little limited in his scope. I was involved with politics one time and it was a hysterical romp in the sheep pen.

RTC: You ran for something?

GD: A speeding bus. No, I ran for nothing but I helped out a friend of mine who wanted to unseat a local judge. Interesting sort of thing. Do you want to hear about it?

RTC: Does this involve drag racing in the mall?

GD: No, actually it doesn't but it had its roots in my friend, Marvin, and his Ferrari. He

was going too fast in it and had a few drinks under his belt so the local cops grabbed him. The judge in his case, a local power, was nasty with him and Marvin loathed the man. Also, I note, Marvin had a lot of money. We knew each other, and he was aware that I could get things done in let's say unorthodox ways. We had the same lawyer. Anyway, the judge, who was part of our local power elite, had been on the bench for centuries and was a permanent fixture. He was up for the standard reelection and Marvin wanted him booted off the bench. We made a deal, did Marvin and I. I would get rid of the judge and Marvin would pay my out of pocket expenses plus whatever he thought proper if I was successful. Now, we had some young attorney running for the job. He had no money and the sitting judge had all the local money behind him. How to unseat him.

RTC: You had one of your nasty friends shoot him?

GD: Now, you're trying to use CIA tactics here, Robert. No, I was not going to shoot him or even run over him with someone else's car on a rainy night. First, I went to see the young candidate. I asked him, in private, that if I got him elected at no expense to himself, would he throw out Marvin's conviction for drunk driving and he laughed and agreed.

RTC: Did he?

GD: We'll get to that in good time. Well, the first thing I did was to design a bumper sticker telling voters to vote for the judge. All perfectly straightforward. Took it to Frisco to a professional printer along with a phony purchase order I had drawn up using a letterhead from the judge's reelection campaign. They printed 20,000 stickers and billed it to the judge. Next, I went to some of my Teamster friends for whom I had done a recent and significant favor and in return, we took all of these stickers and had the boys put them on the back of every car they could find in parking lots and other public places. Now note, I did not say on the rear bumper. They put them on the back trunk lids of the cars. Ever try to get a bumper sticker off, Robert? They stick like shit to a blanket. Many very angry citizens, Robert, many. Now, that was the first thing I did. The second was to write up a letter to every citizen in the town, telling them the reasons to vote for the judge. I ran off thousands at a girl friend's church mimeograph service. For free, of course. Then we stuffed many thousand envelopes, sealed them and stuck labels on the front. I had the judge's campaign office stamped with a rubber stamp on the front top and I had bought gummed labels for every registered voter in town. That I also billed to the judge. The stamps I had to buy. Now the overall theme of this mailing sounded as if it were written by a participant in the Special Olympics and the terrible sketches accompanying it were equally awful. We marked them as third class postage but sealed the envelopes, Robert, making them first class mailings. We, Marvin and I, dropped thousands of these into the main post office late at night and then a day later, we had so much fun. You see, the letters had postage due because they were not third class and notices were left for residents absent at work. The day after this, we drove past the local post office and I would have sworn that it had been snowing. There were vast snowbanks of ripped up letters all over the front lawn and sidewalk in front of the building as thousands of citizens flocked down there to pay their two cents only to discover really awful campaign trash.

RTC: (Laughter)

GD: Marvin did enjoy it too. And the next thing we did was to hire a sound truck to drive all over town early Sunday morning with a loud appeal for anyone hearing to vote for judge so and so the next week. My, my, so many irate late sleepers, wrenched from the arms of Morpheus, or their idiot sister, and having to listen to the message. Oh yes, we charged that to the judge as well. Let's see now...yes, and then we got a couple of ladies I know to do a number. See, they would stand at bus stops in town around four in the afternoon, a block apart. One would get on the crowded commute bus and at the next stop, the other would. My, they would recognize each other and start a nice dialog that could be heard from one end of the bus to the other. They discussed the coming election and one said she would never vote for the incumbent judge because her cousin

in the sheriff's office had told her that the distinguished jurist had a fifteen year old black girl out in La Honda for weekends of endless fun. And they would then get off the bus, one stop at a time, and repeat the act again.

RTC: Now that's really evil, Gregory.

GD: Oh, I thought so at the time. But creative and very, very deadly. See, when people hear something like that, they repeat it, Robert, but they don't want to say it was gossip heard on a bus to they tell their co workers or family members that an unnamed high level police official told them. And so the good work prospers. And I rather like what I did on the day before the election. You see, in that town, you could get a permit from the city and bag the parking meters, paying for the daily take in return for free advertising....

RTC: Jesus

GD: So I bought some bread bags in Frisco and had another printer up there indicate that there was free parking that day, courtesy of the reelection campaign for the judge. Naturally, people parked and felt they could stay there all day, thanks to the judge and his friends. I got my Teamster friends and we bagged every meter in town. Along came the parking cops who looked at the bags and then called in to check. When they found the bags were fake, they tore them off and ticketed the cars.

RTC: Oh lovely, Gregory. I always said we should have put you on the payroll.

GD: I don't take blood money. Interesting election results. The challenger spent about \$200 on silly ads but a whopping 90% of the electorate turned out and about the same amount voted him into office in a stunning landslide. They voted their annoyance. I understand the judge's people had some terrible bills they challenged. Anyway, Marvin got his conviction overturned.

RTC: Did he make it good to you?

GD: Well, I gave him my out of pocket expenses, mostly stamps, and told him as for anything additional, I would leave it up to his generosity. He gave me a check for the stamps and another sealed envelope. Of course I didn't open it because that would be in bad taste and after he took me out to a wonderful, and very, very expensive French dinner, I went home and opened the second envelope. Five hefty figures, Robert, five figures. I call that sowing seeds of kindness.

RTC: You missed your calling, Gregory.

GD: A wardheeler or a parson, Robert?

RTC: Not much difference in the end.

GD: Yes, and that's where the judge got it.

(Concluded at 2:52 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 81**

Date: Sunday, April 20, 1997

Commenced: 9:10 AM CST

Concluded: 9:27AM CST

GD: Just to let you know, Robert, I was able to sell the two drawings I got from Mueller.

RTC: Very good, Gregory. Did you get your price for them?

GD Yes. Fine Chagal trash. I can understand why Hitler burned a lot of this but it does sell. Mueller must have had a warehouse full of this. Much of it came from Jewish collections in Paris and Amsterdam and to my mind, just artistic trash. Same school as the idea that Myron and Estelle bought the Picasso because it matched their rug. Taste up the anus. A friend of mine was in Paris and visited the Rothschild palace there. The building was a beautiful place but the gaudy garbage inside looked like the parlor of a Tijuana whorehouse.

RTC: (Laughter) Well, there's no disputing tastes, is there?

GD: No, but art is art and junk is junk. Stolen junk but junk the same.

RTC: What about the Polish piece?

GD: That Raphael? It's safe now. When Heini died, his wife begged me to get it out of the house before someone saw it so I was of assistance. 'Portrait of a Gentlemen.' Looked more like a Hollywood makeup artist if you ask me but a beautiful piece. Well, Frank looted it and the Leonardo from the Poles in '39 and they got the 'Lady with the Ermine' back but the Gestapo had bagged the Raphael and Mueller took it at the end week of the war. The Germans were looking for portable treasures, you know, and after the war into the hands of its liberators for precisely the same reason. Many paintings, sculptures, rare books, manuscripts and other valuables have never surfaced in public since the war ended in 1945. The Raphael belonged to the wealthy Polish Czartoryski family. Hans Frank, the Governor of the former Polish territory. Frank brought the painting back to Germany since he had to evacuate his post as the Soviets advanced into Poland. The Raphael was taken from Frank by the Gestapo, and the Americans seized the Da Vinci and later returned it to the Poles. The Raphael painting, "Portrait of a Gentleman," is still listed as missing.

RTC: I understand we got our hands on boatloads of stolen art. Wasn't Mueller selling it as I recall?

GD: Yes. He got the Rothschild coins, which consisted of a collection of over 2,000 rare gold coins taken from the Vienna branch of the Rothschild family and kept at the Hohenfurth monastery in Czechoslovakia for safe keeping. These coins were taken from the Linz collection in the last month of the war by Dr. von Hummel, Bormann's secretary, and Dr. Rupprecht, curator of Hitler's armor collection and an acquaintance of Müller. The collection was transported by car to Berchtesgaden and vanished from sight.

RTC: Did Mueller get these too, are you sure?

GD: I have seen some of them. Yes. Of course the Raphael would be impossible to sell in public auction, but the coins are a different matter. Some for the wife and his second family, some for my dealer friends and some for me. A good, constructive business, Robert.

RTC: All that income was most welcome.

GD: Oh yes, and I wonder how many top CIA people have a Raphael or Fra Fillippi print on their walls. I have a few of my own. Who can prove where they came from? Who cares? On the other hand, if the Polacks discovered where the Raphael was now, there would be many loud questions asked.

RTC: I would imagine that we kept most of that noise making down. Amazing what a few private threats will do.

GD: Well, if I had it, I would just hang it on my wall and avoid eating Polish sausage. My God, Heini made millions with the stuff. And I'll bet he even gave you people a few dollars out of the kindness of his heart.

RTC: We take it where we get it. Swiss gold, Nazi looted art, drugs, name it and rejoice.

GD: Name it? You adulterated the gold reserves of a number of our blessed allies during the war...or rather after it. They think they have pure gold bars but what they do have are low grade gold heavily plated. Well, they put the stuff in their vaults and never use it. And how much of the other countries stuff did you keep? I mean, just to protect it from the Russians? Of course they stole too but we beat them to most of it. I have a tea service that belonged to Catherine the Great but someone want to buy it so I may part with it. I don't give tea parties these days and silver is so hard to keep clean.

RTC: If you have a nice porcelain teapot, Emily would love it.

GD: I have about eight in storage. Eighteenth century French do?

RTC: Original?

GD: Of course. Who knows where it came from so enjoy it. I have a nice gold cigarette case that belonged to Nicholas the Second. Faberge work. Don't smoke but it looks nice on the table right under a nice oil of the last Tsar. They smoked long cigarettes with attached cardboard holders. Has Nicky's initial set with stones on the front lower right.

You smoke?

RTC: Well.....I'm not supposed to. Were you going to give me the gold case?

GD: I thought a box of Camels might do.

RTC: A very kind person. But you don't smoke.

RRRGD: Ah, but you're not supposed to. How about a nice eighteenth century silver Torah? The Gestapo bagged it in some synagogue in Stuttgart in November of 38. Tag and all. Fine work but it looks weird in the hall and like the silver service, it's a bitch to keep clean.

RTC: No thanks.

(Concluded at 9:27 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 82**

Date: Friday, May 2, 1997

Commenced: 9:45 AM CST

Concluded: 10:11 AM CST

RTC: Gregory, I was going to ask you if you could recommend a good coin dealer. I want to buy a few small gold coins for the younger relatives.

GD: In your area? I don't...but let me look around. American gold?

RTC: Preferably,

GD: How about some small two and a half dollar Indian heads? You could get a few of these that are not a numismatic item and have the mounted in a bezel and worn around the neck. Any good jeweler could do this.

RTC: Numismatic?

GD: Yes. American coins are sold by date, condition and mint mark. You could have two identical coins of the same date but one would be selling for hundreds more because it was a Denver mark instead of a Philadelphia. I can check for you. Attractive coins but I can shop around for you.

RTC: Many thanks, Gregory. Are you into coins?

GD: No, but I had many friends who were and I understand the market.

RTC: I remember ten or so years ago, maybe more when gold was going up and up.

GD: Yes, and it came down and down. That was a rigged market, Robert. An artificial one pushed up by some for their own profit and then allowed to fall after they took the profit out. I remember getting some of my rich friends to buy Krugerrands oh around \$300 or so. A bunch of them got together and I bought quite a few and even dipped into my own savings to get some for myself. Kept them in a dresser drawer until the weight collapsed it. What a mess. Anyway, gold kept going up and it got to be a South Seas Bubble type of rise. Feeding on itself and aided by the manipulators of course. Oh, it went to \$500 and my buying friends were wetting themselves. And it went to \$600 and all the real experts, who are dumb as posts, said it would go to a grand at least. More frantic buyers and up went the prices every day. It got to \$700 but I began to feel very badly about the whole thing. My Grandfather was a banker who felt that the frenzied stock market was out of control in '29 and sold out in September just a month before the huge crash. He said it was an unrealistic frenzy, like the tulip craze in Holland and such over-capitalization could not last. He was right and when the bottom fell out, Grandfather was holding all his profits in cash. The banks crashed too so he was better off than almost everyone else. During the war, he bought up commercial property at ten cents on the dollar and the war boom sent his holdings up into the stratosphere. But he taught me a good deal and you have to use common sense in dealing with these bubbles and get in early and get out the same way. Remember, catch a rising market and sell out before it peaks but just before the peak.

RTC: And the gold?



GD: Oh, yes. When it got to \$810 I decided to sell but my dealer told me I was a damned fool and to hang on until it reached a thousand. I went home and thought about it and the next day, I hauled a big suitcase of coins, got a neighbor to help me because it was so heavy, and went to the coin store. It was noontime and it was packed with all kinds of professional types buying. Let me tell you that when I sold the contents of the case at \$811, before I left the place, every coin was sold. And did they laugh at me. But a few days later, when gold plunged to \$200 or so, I was the one who was laughing. And my investing friends, who were not aware of my sell out, told me that at least on paper they did very well. I informed them that I had sold out before the break and to come over and pick up their cash. I took out a modest commission plus the cost of repairing of the broken drawer bottom and we all did quite well.

RTC: Of course you might have not told them.

GD: Never happen. Never fuck your friends, Robert but keep that list small.

RTC: This South Sea thing...

GD: I was just reading about this in Mackay's book on the madness of crowds. It was a stock scam and ruined a huge number of people. Early eighteenth century England. Supposedly the King of Spain granted a London company the trading rights in the Pacific and since the possibilities were enormous, the subscribers to the stock program were enthusiastic and many. Stock prices soared and many very influential Brits got involved. Of course it was a fraud. The King of Spain allowed one ship a year to call at his South American ports but the public was not informed of this. The whole thing got to be a frenzy like the tulip craze but like all of these things, it collapsed and took a lot of people and money with it. The gullible front men, mostly members of the nobility and the clergy, got the law onto them but the real crooks escaped across the Channel with their loot.

RTC: The book available?

GD: Yes, it was originally printed in England in the eighteen forties and reprinted again and again. Do you want the full title?

RTC: Why not? Always interested in new stories.

GD: Let me get the book

(Pause)

GD: Here it is. 'Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds' by Charles Mackay. My reprint is from '63 so you should be able to find a copy.

RTC: I'll ask Bill to dig me up a copy.

GD: They call these bubbles. Start out as con jobs with a grain of truth and sometimes, the public gets frantic and the rigged stock, or the gold coins, soar in value. That happened with the gold recently and it happened in '29 with the market.

RTC: But the Roosevelt people put on so many controls over the market that I doubt if it could happen that way again.

GD: Yes. As long as the controls remain. But if some evil person or gang of persons managed to remove them, the thing will surely happen again. That's the true nature of the capitalist system. Boom or bust, or rather boom and bust. Just look at the cycles at the end of the nineteenth century right here. If the market wasn't under tight control, we would have it again. A few would get very rich and a lot, mostly middle class hopefuls would buy into the dream and get poor quickly.

RTC: Attacking our beloved system, are you?

GD: Marx was right once in awhile but his basic premise was flawed. Like Christianity, Communism won't work. Why? What do they say about this? From each according to his ability to each according to his need? Wonderful thinking but flawed. People are greedy and rapacious and others bleat like sheep. Let him take who is able and let him keep who can. Christianity is the same way. Much talk about brotherhood. Noble words and thoughts in church on Sundays and fuck them all the rest of the week. Well, our stock market is safe for now but surely the speculators will strike again whenever and wherever they can. God help the country if these types ever get into power.

RTC: Well, the Democrats are in now so we are not likely to have high rolling stock swindlers running things.

GD: Yes, but the pendulum swings and it always makes a full swing, Robert. Always. It's like a wheel in that what is at the bottom today will be at the top today. And remember, shit always floats to the top of the septic tank.

RTC: So disrespectful, Gregory. No wonder Kimmel views you as the Antichrist.

GD: In older times, if you told the truth about sacred matters the Church would barbecue you but now they just ignore you and laugh.

(Concluded at 10:11 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 83**

Date: Tuesday, May 6, 1997

Commenced: 8:30 AM CST

Concluded: 8:55 AM CST

GD: What's up, Robert?

RTC: At my age, Gregory, not a great deal. Yourself?

GD: My sheep are happy, Robert. Listen, I got a leaflet in the mail about the POWs and MIAs in Vietnam and your agency was purported to have proof that there were hundreds of poor Americans still locked up in hidden Vietnam camps. True or not?

RTC: Not. The Cong did have captives and they either died in captivity or we did get them back. After we pulled out and they said they won, relations got back to relative normalcy. No, the stories are basically just that, stories. But in this case, there are organizations interested and when organizations are interested, there are charity drives, requests for money and so on. If there were any number, say over ten, Americans still captive, we would know about it. Most of this is just self-serving hype and I would not believe any of it.

GD: Well, we know the Soviets had some American airmen under lock and key during the Stalin time.

RTC: Stalin was a crazy old man later in life. Mind you, very intelligent, ruthless and very clever but mad as a hatter. While he was slowly dying of hardening of the arteries, he got crazier and crazier. He was paranoid and fearful. Assassins were everywhere and once Joe got it into his head that some group, like the Soviet Jews, were plotting against him, he schemed and planned to kill them all off. Never in public but out in the camps although quite a few were shot in the head in various basements and dumped into pits along with quicklime. Stalin was in some sense, a great man, but typically Russian, or Georgian as you wish. Peter the Great was at one time, a great visionary and at the same time, a paranoid creep. It must have something to do with the water.

GD: But you can say authoritatively that to your first hand knowledge there are no large numbers of Americans still held in prison in Vietnam?

RTC: You don't quote me, of course, but yes, that is true. And what about the voluntary stay-behinds? There were a few in Korea and a few in Vietnam. And as to the missing in action, most of these are men killed when a chopper full of troops crashed into a quagmire of a rice paddy complex and the bits and pieces scattered all over the place and soon covered with mud. No, leave the dead alone, Gregory. Maybe in the future, some bones or a dog tag will show up and another missing man will be at least partially found.

GD: I felt that this was just another professional money machine.

RTC: Yes, just like the Jews howling about everyone giving them money because they suffered as no one else ever had. Entire families wiped out in some camp, including the pet cat, but then where did the survivors come from? Some ash heap somewhere? No, that business is for political gain and money, pure and simple. It never got started until

well after the war because it wasn't true and got invented about '48. Now, it's a huge money machine and they use it as an excuse for butchering Arabs, and a reason for attacking their perceived enemies by calling them Nazis and moaning about new holocausts being planned in some underground Nazi bunker in Des Moines. Only problem is that Americans don't really care about such things and they get pushed aside by other, more interesting, schemes of enrichment. Oh, even the Irish have their weeping machines but nowhere as huge and sophisticated...and politically powerful as our Hebrew friends. And when one of them starts moaning about our eternal debt to them, I remind them of the Liberty. I suppose I brand myself as a Jew-hater but no one likes the truth. No, as far as I know, there are very few Americans missing that possibly could still be imprisoned by the Vietnamese or Koreans.

GD: How about the Japanese still holding enormous compounds of prisoners deep in the jungles of Borneo?

RTC: Gregory, we both know that is pure crap but please do not say such things, even in jest because some clever person will take it up and have a Freedom for American Prisoners of Imperial Japan foundation with a retired Marine Corps general as honorary chairman.

GD: The truth at last from the mouth of the great one.

RTC: And the Red Cross is the worst of all, Gregory.

GD: Oh tell me. We had a small flood in our town when a clogged creek backed up and poured water in one part of town. The Red Cross came into town, got the schools to open their gyms and local restaurants to donate free meals, all to people with six figure incomes and seven figure houses. Ah, but after the victims went back to their damp living rooms a day later, they were sent huge bills by the Red Cross. Know about this first hand. But the United Crusade is worse. I worked for Catholic Charities once and I can tell you that they do a great job. The Salvation Army, too, is good. Anyway, thanks for the input on the MIA business. I probably won't write about it anyway because the people who run the business, will view me as an interloper who might be after some of their money so they would trash me. They'll get some Medal of Honor winner to point at me and call me a crook when actually, he is the tool of crooks. Actually, Robert, most people are overweight mentally deficient twits who haven't seen their dicks or even their feet for ten years and will soon die of heart attacks. They cremated one really huge fatty recently and he melted and the river of fat caught on fire and destroyed the building. Well, if Malthus was right and we overgraze our ranges, we can put the fatties into pens and use them to feed our people, our skinny people that is.

RTC: I don't think eating all that greasy fat is good for people.

GD: Well, we could flense them and use the blubber to make a kind of whale oil for our lamps. The flame of the statue of Liberty run on human fat.

RTC: Now, be careful of that, Gregory, or the Jews will start to howl. They are sensitive about rending people.

GD: I once went to a military show and commented to a Jewish attendee who was pointing at some military badge with an evil swastika on it and moaning about the great suffering. I had seen a pile of soap bars on a table and I pointed it out to him. I told him he should check it out and that he might find a relative there.

RTC: (Laughter) Bad boy.

GD: Oh, I thought you said bad guy. When I come to see you, Robert, I will give you a lampshade made of human skin with a tattoo of a ship on it.

(Concluded 8:55 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 84**

Date: Tuesday, May 27, 1997

Commenced: 10:07 AM CST

Concluded: 10:32 AM CST

GD: Good morning to you, Robert. How goes it with you today?

RTC: Quite well, thank you. And yourself?

GD: I can always complain but then there is the alternative. I've been going over this Kennedy business and I was very curious to know why it is that the role of certain people never became public. Or why such silly stories about Oswald's non-visit to Mexico and his certainly non-visits to the Russian or Cuban embassies were never challenged.

RTC: Well, we have such a lock on the media here that no paper would ever publish anything about this if we asked them not to. And, of course, we did. And when the Warren Commission report came out, terribly flawed as it was, the New York Times raved about it and turned it into a best seller.

GD: They put it in the fiction section, naturally.

RTC: No, they treated it like what it was: A precious revelation of the truth, cutting through a jungle of lies. Actually, we also created the jungle of lies.

GD: Ah yes, one hand washing the other.

RTC: Precisely. I mean, Gregory, one could not cover up such an action unless one had complete control over the media and the major publishing houses. And some of the really nut books were done for us just to create literary smoke screens. And besides, the further away we get from the actual happening, and this was way back in '63, don't forget, the safer we all are. The circles of fanatics and nuts will always remain but the chance of their uncovering anything of importance is growing more impossible. The public has other things to think about, Gregory. More silly stories about whether this bimbo actress is in love with some pretty boy actor who actually is a cocksucker. No, that business is buried in a jungle of vines and palm trees and no explorer wants to go there. Hell, they can talk about Clinton's latest muncher instead. And don't forget the most important fact of all Gregory. Kennedy is still dead. And so is his pest of a brother although Hoover did him, not us.

GD: I have a friend who was a cook at the Ambassador Hotel on the night Bobby was offed and he saw the whole thing. Down in the kitchen. Sudden eruption of people, loud voices,, television lights, jostling, pushing and so on. And this man jumps out and shoots at Kennedy. Screaming, stampeding masses of idiots. He said the main chef, some Swiss, jumped over the steam tables and tackled Sirhan. The autopsy said the fatal shot was fired from about two inches away from the back of Bobby's head but my friend said Sirhan was shooting at Kennedy with, as he called it, some little popgun and was never closer to Bobby than four to five feet. He was right there and saw the whole thing. Knew nothing about the autopsy and when I told him, he said flat out that the shooter was never, ever, that close to Bobby.

RTC: I told you Hoover had it done. One of the bodyguards did it. Latrine rumor but then they did Sullivan in because he was threatening to talk. Mistaken for a deer, poor Sullivan was. Some kid shot him right through the head using a telescope rifle. I suppose the telescope didn't show the red jacket very well. That's the way it goes. No, your friend was right but that's another story that will never see the light of day. Good riddance to both of them. And God took care of old Joe the bootlegger. Sat around in a wheelchair in his dignity pants until God decided he needed another janitor up in Heaven and off Joe went. I hope he suffered, the vicious old fuck.

GD: Such violence Robert.

RTC: Gregory, you have no idea what a bad person Joe was. I put some of his background into that box I sent you. You read it?

GD: Read everything. None of that surprised me. I mean none of it. Very Renaissance Italy in nature. Machiavelli said that it was fine for the leader to be hated only so long as he was feared.

RTC: I'm told you are feared.

GD: Me? Why I'm a mixture of the Easter Bunny and some of the holier saints in the calendar. Never hurt a man in my life.

RTC: I said nothing about hurting people. Injured people can identify you.

GD: Yes, Robert, they can. But I've never had that problem.

RTC: No, I would think not. But you understand why Kennedy had to die, don't you?

GD: I can see why you and your friends thought so.

RTC: Treasonable swine. And Kennedy, I mean Jack, disgraced the office.

GD: What about Clinton?

RTC: Seedy, very seedy. Back seat of an old Chevy type.

GD: He should have kept sheep. Then the Christian right nut fringe wouldn't get so hysterical over a blowjob or two. Their idea of sex is face to face in bed with your wife, once a year, fully clothed and followed by a good bath and long prayers. God, I would hate to have such freaks as parents. I would either spike their elderberry wine with rat poison or run off and become a shill in a carnival. Which I did, by the way, when I was fourteen.

RTC: Did your family, Gregory?

GD: No, ran off and worked in a carnival. Much fun and very instructive.

RTC: You are always a source of entertainment and surprise. The Kimmel people would have us believe you were suckled by a werewolf but I always defended you. I said it was a vampire.

GD: Oh the horror of it all. What we have now is a situation wherein the lunatics are running the asylum. And Monica saved her stained dress.

(Concluded at 10:32 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 85**

Date: Friday, May 30, 1997

Commenced: 1:11 PM CST

Concluded: 1:35 PM CST

RTC: Gregory, I'm glad you called. I wanted to warn you about some picture you are supposed to have with Mueller and Harry in it. Does this ring a bell with you?

GD: Yes it does. A U.S. Signal Corps photo of Harry, Mueller, Beetle Smith and some other type in the Oval Office. Came out of the Truman Library in Missouri some time ago and landed in my mail box. Very clear shot of Mueller, standing on the left of Harry's desk, Harry in the middle smiling up to the right while he's looking right at Smith. No question it's Mueller. Picture is identified, with names, on the reverse and has the Signal Corp stamps, dates and all that.

RTC: Ah, yes, that explains everything. Do not even admit having this, Gregory or you will have burglars visiting you the next time you go to the movies. They do not know what name Mueller used when he came to this country and until they do, they cannot cleanse the files of any reference to him.

GD: I beat them to that one, Robert. I had Zachery write off to the Army records center at Springfield and get copies, stamped copies, of the records of four general officers. One of these was Mueller. The three I tossed but I kept Heini's file. Picture and all. That's what the violators of deceased prostitutes are after. You told me that they didn't know the name. What assholes. They run around bleating that I am a liar while under cover, they try to remove any proof that the head of the German Gestapo not only survived the war but lived, and worked, in Washington and even entertained the President of the United States at dinner once.

RTC: Oh, be very careful with things like that. If the left wingers or the loony Hebrews find out about that, they will wail and raise a terrible fuss. Our press people will have a good deal of extra work with that one. Naturally, they will all lie and Jim will call me up

and rant for two hours. If Mr. Bender puts it into one of his books, believe me, his warehouse full of the books will have a tragic fire.

GD: I should put out the word that some vicious paranoid keeps the pictures in their home and then tip him off that bad people are going to break into his house, murder him and kill his children, or his cat, whichever.

RTC: You've done that sort of thing before, as I recall.

GD: I have indeed and enjoyed every minute of it. My God, Robert, these people are so stupid they couldn't find either end of themselves in a dark room. If I had a dollar for every telephone call I got from some obscure professor of history at an academy for the chronically incontinent, telling me how much he enjoyed the Mueller book, asking me if I had any of the documents I mentioned and wondering if he and his friend Bruce can visit me and show me all of their newly discovered Mueller documents. I mean they must think I'm some kind of an idiot. Oh no, I would never let Professor Crotchrott into my house or his friend Bruce either. When you act all pleased and start grilling the fake professor about Mueller, you find out he knows nothing at all about him. Can't they even brief him properly? I could do a better job dead drunk. I seriously wonder what these pin heads did before they went into government service. I imagine deodorizing dead dogs or changing loaded diapers at a nursing home across the street from the tenement house they reside in, sharing a soaked mattress with two winos and a dead fat woman.

RTC: (Laughter) Gregory, you are not at all a nice person.

GD: Oh, I've known that for years but oddly enough, people with real character and brains like Mueller and others all seem to like me a good deal. We all have a community of interest I guess. There stand the sheep, huddled in one corner of the pens and there we stand, wondering which one of us jumps the fence first and starts munching. Leg of lamb, throat of lamb, whatever. I guess that's why I love wolves so much. We have so much in common. I recall once when I wrote an intelligence report that took me an entire weekend to do up right. Some fucking Brigadier read it and threw it into the trash because it didn't support his feeble-minded theories. I was right, of course, and there was terrible trouble when my thesis was proven right. I was told to keep my mouth shut but I didn't and eventually he got transferred to Manila where he could watch the natives there eat stewed monkey. Of course we know in their case it's a clear cut case of cannibalism but what the hell...

RTC: My God, Gregory, do not speak to me of Filipinos. I had to deal with some of them once and you are dead on. I think monkeys are smarter. I know they are better looking.

GD: And their females do not have green eye shadow and purple lipstick on their flat pans. Well, enough rude racial remarks for the day. I also have Mueller's pilot's license, his Virginia driver's license, his CIA pass, all expired but all with pictures.

RTC: But do not tell Kimmel about these or for a certainty, you would have a black bag job or someone would invite you to lecture in Washington and you would never be heard from again.

GD: Ah, they would take me out on a small boat, tie an old cash register to my legs, shoot me in the head and toss me into the backwaters of the Potomac. And the alert and highly intelligent local police would call it a certain suicide.

RTC: You are making cruel references to Paisley.

GD: Actually, I am. Very perceptive. Most suicides do shoot themselves in the back of the head, Robert. I understand he was a bloated rotting mess when they found him. We used to get floaters when I was doing pathology work. They stank so badly and parts kept falling off onto the floor that we would freeze them before cutting them up. Well, my name is not Smith and I will not go to Washington. They can come to see me sometime.

RTC: Would you welcome them with open arms, Gregory?

GD: No, loaded ones, Robert.

(Concluded at 1:35 PM CST)

## Conversation No. 86

Date: Monday, June 2, 1997

Commenced: 8:30 AM CST

Concluded: 8:50 AM CST

RTC: Hello, Gregory. Up and at 'em today?

GD: I wish. I should have stayed in bed today. Some days I get up at six and work through fourteen hours almost without stopping and the next day, I have a hard time reading the paper. Well you play the hand you get dealt. Some bonehead called me last night with the thrilling news that Vulva Press was interested in the Mueller story and wanted to do a book on me. Isn't that thrilling? Another asshole emerges from the sewer.

RTC: Oh, yes, I know about some of this. The Company is terrified about this Mueller business. If he is linked with us, we will have the wrath of Judea down upon us. You know, Gregory, I am filled up to the top with the Jews wailing and gnashing their teeth over matters that no one else gives a fuck about. Of course we used the Gestapo and other nasty people after the war. They didn't object then but now they do. After all, we are not sensitive to their needs.

GD: Oh, Jesus, spare me. Every cunt I have ever lived with starts moaning about her needs. Like I care about her needs. The only thing I care about is what she has between her legs and one gets tired of the same old stories. 'Give me this,' 'give me that,' 'you don't love me because if you did, you'd let my 800 pound brother come and stay with us when he gets out of the home.'

RTC: (Laughter) Well, I thank God I don't have to put up with that.

GD: No, and neither do I. When I get tired of the increasing looser love canal, I get a hold of them like a bowling ball and escort them out of my apartment, along with the sleazy clothes, the pictures of spastic relatives and all the little pieces of lower middle class crap they carry around with them like hermit crabs. They make latex devices that you can fill with warm water that pass very well and you don't have to put up with some dumb slut putting your expensive shaving cream all over her legs and then trying to shave with your once functioning electric razor and don't laugh, one did this. If ...And one time, I came home from work, tired as hell and my little miss whiner asked me, when I was in the head, if I wanted beans for dinner. Yes, I told her, beans would be fine. Ten minutes later a large explosion from the other side of the door, followed by screaming. Outside with my pants around my ankles. What? Rubber-thighs had put a can of beans on the gas but, brilliant as she was, she never bothered to open it first and dump the contents into a pan. The beans were now all over the kitchen walls and ceilings. I made her clean the kitchen with her toothbrush and sat there watching her. Jesus, what a stupid trull. We went to the store and she bought about ten TV dinners. Back home she started screaming that she had been ripped off. It seems that the picture on the top of the box showed a plate and knife and fork. She could not find them inside the box. I pointed out to her that it said 'serving suggestion' under the picture but she didn't get that either. Oh no, that's isn't the end of that one, Robert. About ten minutes later, the apartment filled with smoke. What had she done? Why, she put the TV dinner into the oven at 350 degrees without bothering to take it out of the box.

RTC: Gregory, wherever did you find her?

GD: Down at the city garbage dump fighting with the rats over chicken parts.

RTC: (Laughter)

GD: Well, that one went her way, in tears. I swore I would buy a sheep but of course I found another one. This one loved to get into the bathroom about five minutes before I took my shower to go to work. On the weekend when I didn't work, the lazy cunt never got up before noon but when I absolutely had to shower and shave, she always got

there first and whined when I told her to get out. Robert, it is by the grace of God that I never killed one of them. I now the perfect revenge on these rampant whiners, Robert, but civility makes me hesitate to mention it to you.

RTC: Try me.

GD: That's what the chubby one said one night out by the pool when I was taking out my trash. Take trash out one trip and bring it back on the return. Anyway, for the perfect revenge Robert, always make them sleep on the wet spot.

RTC: (Laughter) You can be exceedingly crude sometimes, Gregory, and yet ten minutes later, very civil and correct. You've been married twice?

GD: God, won't you let me forget? Fine looking women, Robert, but always the whining demands. If I like to visit a library every Saturday, whine because they want me to take them to see their obese Mother or their Uncle Einar in the nursing home. Fine. I take them and suffer the smells of urine and body odor. I change my library visits to Sunday. Oh, then the whining starts about why they now want to visit Uncle Einar and listen to him talk with long dead relatives on Sunday, not Saturday. What do I do? I tell them to bend over and I will drive them home. God, more weeping and so on. What most women need is not a huge zucchini but a leather belt applied to the buttocks five times a day. And ten times a day on Sunday because God wants it. Jesus, all I really want is peace and quiet and some reasonable order without having to listen to non-stop bitching, whining, demanding and terrible atrocities in the kitchen, bathroom and dining room. And I can do without the soap operas on television that go on until I have thought about tossing the set out of the window. Along, of course, with my tender and loving roommate. Ah, but why make you jealous by hearing of my tender moments?

RTC: Well, you don't have to invite them in, do you?

GD: Point taken. No, I do not. But one does like company but Jesus, the price I have had to pay for it. Believe me, dogs are much better friends. I would rather deal with the occasional mess on the floor than five pounds of hair jammed into the bathtub drain or a nice sanitary napkin in the sink. I mean a used one. For dead babies in the toilet, I call the police. And the idiot cousins or brothers who just got out of quod because of some incident in a gay bar with a 700 pound transvestite and their pimp. Peace and quiet, Robert, peace and quiet. I can well understand why some people commit murder but it really isn't worth it. Out the door, holding them like a bowling ball, out with the clothes and everything else, wash the hands carefully with Lysol, turn off the fucking soap operas and get a good night's sleep. Oh well, a consummation devoutly to be wished, Robert. This has been such an elevated conversation. Next time, I ought to regale you about my bowel habits. On the other hand, I can discuss my friend Eric Hoffer's writings with you.

RTC: That might be much more interesting but I take no offense with your letting off steam, Gregory. At least you don't run amok in the streets with an UZI.

GD: No, I prefer a white man's gun, Robert, not an UZI.

(Concluded at 8:50 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 87**

Date: Sunday, June 15, 1997

Commenced: 11:20 AM CST

Concluded: 11:45 AM CST

GD: Well, and a happy Father's Day to you, Robert, although you aren't my father.

RTC: Yes, Greg and his people will be coming by later but we have time for a little chat. If they come, I'll have to get off but people are always about an hour late these days.

GD: You must be lucky. People tell me they will call me back in a few minutes but it takes about a week. Of course the usual apologies about dinosaurs trampling around in their petunia beds or the sad fact that Grandmamma was attacked by a rabid lemur



while in church. Otherwise, they would have gotten back to me sooner. I always tell them that this or that important person wanted to talk with them and I am so sorry they missed them or that I had found a buyer for their house but he got another place in the meantime. People are so rude these days. If you promise them something, you'd better come through but if they promise you something, forget about it. Unless, of course, it suits them to do something. And I get swamped by wrong numbers and often by bill collectors. I love to mess with their tiny minds. If come old lady calls at two in the morning, looking for Maudy Mae, I tell them, in sadness, that Maudy passed last night and the viewing will be tomorrow. Or other such like. When bill collectors call for me, I put on a Slavic accent and tell them that this is a new phone number and I don't know who they are talking about.

RTC: (Laughter) You are such a creative trouble-maker, Gregory.

GD: Well, they have it coming. Or telling some man who calls for Alice that she is up with a customer and I'll have her call him back when she's done.

RTC: (Laughter) Nasty.

GD: Oh, yes, but I do enjoy my fun. I don't initiate bothering people but they had best not bother me.

RTC: Your antics must amuse the people who listen in on you.

GD: Yes, that's no surprise. Do they listen to you, Robert?

RTC: No, they wouldn't dare.

GD: But if they listen to me and I am talking to you, what then?

RTC: They shut down their system. At least until we stop talking. Of course they are concerned about my talking to you. I know that because I have been repeatedly warned against talking to you. You, Gregory, are a loose cannon and someone who not only does not respect our system but actively works against some of it. You gave Kimmel some very valuable documents that would materially assist his family in their quest to rehabilitate the reputation of Admiral Kimmel but Tom is not going to ever use them or allow them to be used by his family because if it ever became public that these came from you and that you got them from our friend Müller, the head of the Gestapo and a later Georgetown resident, all hell would break loose. Loyalty to his job takes precedence over loyalty to his family. No, Gregory, take it for granted that a close eye is kept on you at all times. They want to know what you have, where it is and what you plan to do with it.

GD: Yes, none of this surprises me but what is astonishing to me is how utterly stupid and predictable all of their approaches are. I mean we pay their salaries and for the money they get, they are a bunch of stupid sheep.

RTC: Unkind but no doubt true. But still, I caution you against saying anything on the phone about documents from Müller or myself, about what they might contain or, and most important, where you have them. We all know what you will eventually do with them but the first concepts are the most important. If they find out what you have, the next step is to either con you out of them or simply do a black bag job on them by breaking in and removing them. And if you leave home for any period of time, if you have incriminating or dangerous material on your computer hard drive, take it with you or remove it from your home computer and hide it in a safe place.

GD: Now we have good advise. I assume they'll get to my publisher and convince him to find other subjects and authors to deal with.

RTC: Oh yes, and perhaps they will assist him with sales by making his books prominent in various government-owned book shops. You know how it goes. We all think, Gregory, that there are three basic branches of government here. The executive, the legislative and the judicial. Correct?

GD: Yes, we all learned that in school, along with reams of useless propaganda.

RTC: But there is a fourth branch of our government, Gregory, one I am personally well acquainted with. I would call it the Power Elite after the Mills book. And they, not the first three, run this country. This Elite is comprised of big business like the automotive

companies, the big banks and other private financial institutions like the Federal Reserve and, of course, the insurance business. Yes, the insurance business. The biggest casino in the world. Everything with them is betting. They bet you'll live past a certain age and further enrich them with premium payments. They bet you won't drive your car into the back of a school bus and further enrich them with premium payments. Now, some people think the media is part and parcel of this but I assure you, our media works for the Power Elite. Cross them and the vital advertising is cut off and the paper collapses. Cross them and the unions suddenly strike the paper or the price of their paper goes way up. Oh yes, the media are servants of the middle level.

GD: I have always had trouble with the insurance people. I made the mistake of using Allstate....

RTC: Jesus, you poor fellow.

GD: Oh yes, I know. Do they pay out? No, they use every excuse to avoid any payment. Your family was staying in a motel until the renovators had finished rewiring their insured house? The house caught fire? Too bad, dudes, Allstate said, you weren't living in the house when it caught fire so we don't pay. A real case, in Wisconsin as I recall. The courts didn't see it Allstate's way so after long and expensive litigation, Allstate had to pay. My lawyer hates them and has compiled a thick file of such crap. I assume the others are just as bad.

RTC: Not all of them so blatant but if you have health insurance and get cancer, they call it a pre existing condition and cancel you right in the middle of chemotherapy and you die. Too bad but they take comfort in all the money they saved.

GD: But how do these crooks, these bribe merchants, stay in power?

RTC: They have people like the CIA on their side, of course. And the NSA and the FBI. These people, and I know this from the inside, help the Power Elite stay in power by spying on their enemies, actual and possible, to warn them of danger and to avert it by destroying or neutralizing it. And there are benefits. Say that Company A is one of our boys. We, or the NSA or whatever, spies on Companies B and C, the big rivals of A and when we learn secrets that could benefit A, we quickly pass it back to them. They, in turn, write checks that can be so comforting on cold nights. And all of this applies to the stock market, often rigged by boom and bust cycles, who also pay like slot machines. No, Gregory, the conspiracy people like to take the crumbs we throw out and worry the bone of the Kennedy assassination or the sinking of the Maine while other, more serious, matters go ignored. I was the liaison between the Company and big business and I know very well whereof I speak. The murder of Allende is nothing compared with the enormity of the greed and corruption that saddles everyone in the country but Congressmen and preachers. And the burden gets heavier by the day. They spy on all of you, to keep order, to prevent disorder, to discredit enemies, to steal money, to punish people like you. Yes, all of this. The NSA watches everyone in this country. If you make a phone call to your cousin in England, they NSA listens in. If you get a money transfer from a Swiss bank, they know about it before your bank does. If you take a trip to France to take in the sights, they know the flight numbers, the hotels and the car rentals. Go to Switzerland, and they know what you put into a bank account. Go to the local library and check out a book they don't like and they know about it. Buy a car, rent a car, buy a house, rent a house and they can find out about it in seconds if they want to. They have direct contact and full cooperation with all the major credit agencies. They all swap information of all of you so every credit card purchase, every deposit or withdrawal, every overdue card payment, all of this they can find out in seconds. And they want, and will eventually get, more and more power until the public is sucked dry like a school child attending a convocation of vampires. They are very powerful Gregory, but so huge and so all encompassing that no one without inside information on them would ever believe any of it.

GD: Robert, since you were in with these people, do you have any supportive documents on this?

RTC: A footlocker full. Trento is far more interested in this than he is in the trivia like the revolution in Iran or our part in the killing of the Diem brothers. I am safe but you are not. Joe is safe because if he ever got his hands on any of this, believe that Langley would have the originals, uncopied, on the day he got them.

GD: And the pat on the pointy head?

RTC: And the pat on the pointy head and, don't forget, the Presentation Pen Set. They love those pen sets.

GD: With such baubles men are led. Napoleon said that about the Legion of Honor.

RTC: I think the pen sets cost about twenty dollars each but my, what they can buy, Gregory. Such loyalty and, more important, such service.

GD: But such systems fall of their own hubris and their own weight. They fall, Robert, and great will be the fall thereof.

RT: Not on my watch, Gregory, not on mine. I served and got my rewards and now I am awaiting a not unexpected but hopefully natural death. I have my memories.

GD: And you also have your documents, Robert.

RTC: Yes, I do. Well, if Trento gets the really important ones, they will be accompanied by the Divine Plato on a one way trip to Langley and the burn bags. Plato gets jobs but Joe gets the pen set.

GD: Rather than go on about Müller, I think I would rather nut the Power Elite. Müller is dead but all of the rest of them ought to be either dead, or serving life sentences in a Mohave Desert work camp.

RTC: And if they went, they would be replaced by a legion of others just waiting in the wings, wetting their panties in anticipation.

GD: Of the spoils of peace.

RTC: No, of war against everyone else.

(Concluded at 11:45 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 88**

Date: Thursday, June 19, 1997

Commenced: 2:30 PM CST

Concluded: 3:01 PM CST

GD: Are you in the mood for several fairly sensitive questions, Robert?

RTC: Why, Gregory, I am always ready for sensitive questions. Of course, I might not answer them but I will if I can.

GD: I have been reading about Gottlieb and Cameron and some stuff on your development of LSD and using it on unsuspecting people....

RTC: Like Olson...

GD: Yes. Interesting to note that the rapidly descending Olson worked up at Detrick. Question, if you want to get rid of an inconvenient person, how is it done?

RTC: Of course there is just taking them out into the woods and shooting them in the head. That is one method. Fake suicides are another. You know about those. And getting someone else to nail your person is another. Say we leak to a terrorist or criminal group we have infiltrated that the mark is a stool pigeon. They do it for us. And there are more technical means as well.

GD: Such as killing Hunt's wife by crashing a commercial plane she was on?

RTC: Yes. Regretful collateral damage there. And sometimes, if we have access to a person who, let us say, is not dangerous now but could become dangerous later on or who has to be removed to make room for someone else, more friendly to us, to move into his place. We got rid of a British Prime Minister that way. Wilson. Too left-leaning for a lot of us so he suddenly got dementia and vanished from the scene.

GD: How ever did you accomplish that bit. Harold Wilson, of course. How?

RTC: Well, the people up at Deterick are very good at such things so, as I recall, they got up a solution that had a lot of mercury and aluminum in it and we got one of doctors on MI6's payroll to inject him. Can't have him just drop in his tracks so the injections come over a period of time as he gets dottier and dottier. It works so don't knock it. That's the long, slow but very safe way. They tell me that an autopsy won't show it. They just figure the poor fool went around the bend and bought the farm, And if the mark is too well protected and we don't have anyone close enough to him to put a nice additive in his food or drink, we just shoot him in the head when he takes an open car trip through Dallas.

GD: Yes, I have that one down. How about slow poison?

RTC: No, that might have worked back in the Borgia's day but not now. We don't want anything detected at the post so it has to appear natural. Regretful, saddening but natural.

GD: You could have tried that on Nixon, couldn't you?

RTC: Oh, God no. Dick was batty enough without additives. And off the record, Henry Kissinger, his evil genius, is only a step behind him. A little push is all it takes, sometimes. Now our beloved President just calls up his friends and inconvenient people get shot in public lavatories by unknown gunmen, have ugly, disfiguring car accidents or whatnot. Brother Clinton is direct and not too subtle.

GD: The Foster business.

RTC: There old Vince was...by the way, Vince was getting religion and the Imperial Couple was starting to worry about him developing a conscience...and old Vince, lying on another grassy knoll in one of our lovely parks, shot through the head, gun in hand but the dried blood trail on his poor head was running up while his feet were down.. Of course Vince was shot elsewhere and dumped. They should have taken the elevation into account but of no matter. All we do then, or what they do, is to have the story tellers come up with complex, stunning theories, stuff them into the drooling idiot brigades just waiting for some new weird story and off they go.

GD: Camouflage.

RTC: I think distraction is a better word. The media is under tight control these days and we plant whatever sensational story we want and kill any story that might prove to be embarrassing to us. That used to be one of my jobs. Cord had it once but he is such an arrogant, threatening asshole that we had to replace him with someone like myself who is more political.

GD: And the Cameron torture palaces...

RTC: Oh, please, leave the poor doctor in peace. Completely nuts and starting to show it so he passed away, very quickly, while on a hiking trip. Once the local wildlife gets at them, there really isn't much left over for a good autopsy.

GD: Well, I suppose you could analyze a pile of bear shit but I doubt if anyone would be that thorough. One would have to find the bear first and waiting around...well, you get my drift.

RTC: Well, our mark really just can't vanish forever into the foundation of a stadium like Hoffa but then the people we send to Heaven are usually known. They have jobs, families and so on and if one of them just vanishes, there are annoying questions asked by wives and relatives. Actually, since most marriages go flat after a time, we are doing the wife a favor by doing her mate so the body can be found and wills can be probated. And new husbands located. And it's nice for the children too. Tell me, Gregory, how many people have you sent off to play pool with Jesus?

GD: Now, Robert, what a leading question. Not at all nice. I would like to think that Jesus was happy with my pool-playing friends but I don't have the resources your people do. I usually get someone else to do the job. Like you, get the bad people to find a motive and then go to the movies and watch a religious picture. But be sure to go with friends. Now that's of course if your bad people let you know just when they are going to effect the transfer from the mundane life here to the rapturous one there.

RTC: We all sleep better, knowing we have helped a fellow to better himself.

GD: Yes, and think of the bears, the foxes, the various insects and flies or perhaps the fish as in the case of the Paisley fellow.

RTC: He fed quite a few marine creatures before they found him.

GD: Yes, heartwarming how considerate the CIA can be of our wild creatures.

RTC: Colby...

GD: The cheese? No, the DCI.

RTC: Yes, but the former DCI.

GD: No, Robert, the late DCI. He might he been late to his own dinner but not to the bottom feeders.

RTC: Memories.

GD: Yes. I don't like to have flu shots, Robert, and now I have an excellent reason to stop getting them.

RTC: Oh, Gregory, as much as I like you, I must tell you that you are only a nuisance, not a menace.

GD: Well, better to be a live dog than a dead lion. As they say. Fellow in England used to insure his new wife, lure her into a bathtub and then grab her ankles and pull the legs straight up. Drowned her almost instantly. Brides-in-the bath Smith they called him.

RTC: Got caught?

GD: Yes, and hanged. Interesting technique, however. We learn from the mistakes of others, Robert.

RTC: Yes I suppose we do.

GD: Whatever happened to Dr. Gottlieb?"

GTC: The Goat Boy? His real name is Scheider. Grandfather was a rabbi. That one is as vicious as they come and crazy. He believes in out of body intelligence work. The what...the remote viewing crazies. Yes, I am sorry to say we put good taxpayer's funds into the strangest things.

GD: Ah, for a moment there, Robert, I thought you were going to say your pockets but strange things are more interesting. You know, what with all this equal opportunity crap the lefties are preaching, I suppose the next target will be the telephone company operators. They'll have to start hiring hairlips next.

RTC: (Laughter) Or epileptic brain surgeons?

GD: Oh, those flashing lights, Robert. I've heard of epileptic whores before...

RTC: Catch-22...

GD: I see you are a well-read person. Yes, I do recall that charming book. The next grand-mal is just for you, sweetie, and hang on for the ride.

RTC: I'm glad Emily went out to shop, Gregory. It would distress her to overhear me.

GD: She seems very conventional.

RTC: Most of the CIA wives are. If we talked shop with them, they would tell everyone at the beauty parlor and then our wet teams would be awfully busy. What brought this up, by the way?

GD: Oh I was reading a tell-all book about Cameron and Gottlieb.

RTC: Both of them were worse, ever, than the mythical Mengele. You should walk around this one, Gregory. No one cares any more but the Goat Boy is still alive and he could send you a virus laden box of candy.

GD: Just give it to the church for the poor. There are too many of them, anyway

(Concluded at 3:01 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 89**

Date: Tuesday, June 24, 1997

Commenced: 11:03 AM CST

Concluded: 11:15 AM CST

RTC: Gregory. How are you? I thought it might be my son but we can talk for a little while. I have a doctor appointment this afternoon but I'm OK for a brief chat. Anything new with you?

GD: Never ask that question in an antique shop, Robert. It might offend.

RTC: You've had some experience there, as you've told me.

GD: Oh, yes, the upper levels of the art market, both here and in England are crooked as hell. IK exposed the fake Rodin market as well as the Frederic Remington copies. God, they hate me. It's a closed shop, Robert, and when I got started, just helping a friend, I brought the wrath of God down on my head. I had no idea Elsen was Jewish but I found out quickly enough. An army of dealers, lawyers, reporters and so on descended on me, screaming that I was a psychopathic liar and that no one should believe me. Of course I was right and they knew it and their united front collapsed when I goaded Frankenstein into having a heart attack by attacking him in public and so. Jerry Jensen from Channel 7 started investigating this and the dealers got to ABC corporate and Jerry was told to drop the project. I advertised a phony book and sent illustrated brochures out to the art critics of all the major papers. Jesus, what a response. More threats. I could paper my lavatory with letters from the lawyers of major auction houses and especially the minions of Cantor.

RTC: Who was...?

GD: Yes. B. Gerald Cantor of the private banking house of Cantor and Fitzgerald. Cantor was going to Paris, buying new copies, getting Elsen, the expert, to overvalue them and then presenting them to Stanford as a wonderful gift from a cultural man. In fact, old Cantor was taking a huge tax write off. I put a stop to that and the schmuck lost three millions over it.

RTC: No wonder they hated you.

GD: They hated me even more when the IRS ruled that you couldn't take a write off for more than you paid for the piece. Cantor would go to the Musee Rodin, pick out a piece, let us say, from their catalog. They would make it up for him. He would pay, let's say, two hundred dollars for it. Elsen would certify it was an old piece worth say a hundred thousand and Cantor, armed with this, would nick the IRS. That got stopped. And they called me a Nazi and a Jew hater because, it turns out, almost everyone involved in this, the auction houses, the big dealers, the press, the Elsen academic types were all Jewish. I never knew that when I got started but I learned very quickly. No, Robert, most of the expensive art is either faked, enhanced or a modern copy. They've been faking everything for years, especially bronzes. They do Warhol and anything else that brings in money. Now, they're doing Dalis by the bale full. I mean that if you know what you are buying, do so, but if you think you know, put the money in pig futures or opening a peg house for Congressmen.

RTC: (L:laughter) Very ugly. If you start that one, let me know and I will invest in it. A sure money-maker.

GD: You know, Jensen knew I did Monet paintings, just for my own amusement, of course, but I did get a period painting that was very bad, but had a nice frame. Took off the original painting and then painted the entire canvas black. And when that had dried, I signed it in red at the bottom. And then a nice little gold museum title on the bottom and I gave it to Jensen over a bottle of very good wine. He looked at it and looked at it and said, in bewilderment, that it appeared to be all black. His boyfriend, who was highly cultured and a great fellow, read the little title and roared with laughter. When Jerry asked him what was so funny, he said that the title, in French said "Two Negroes fighting in a tunnel." Then Jerry laughed. I pointed out that the signature was a wonderful copy and the brushstrokes were pure Monet of the period. He hung it in his living room and got quite a few laughs from his guests.

RTC: You spend all your time playing jokes?

GD: No, just some of the time. I like a laugh once in a while and note that Jerry never paid me for this. It was a present in exchange for the wine. Yes, the spirit of Jesse

James is alive and well in the rarified world of very fine art.. I was in the basement of the Met once and they had a huge room jammed full of fake art. Rich collectors with no taste bought these pieces of crap for huge money and when they died, their heirs lovingly presented them to the Met. Perhaps a gallery naked after Uncle Sid and Aunt Leah? Not likely. Out of twenty rare Renaissance works, two were original and one misattributed. It's a huge joke among some of us but believe me, fine art is not an investment other than for the workshops that crank them out like chocolate Easter Bunnies.I did a really wonderful and sensitive oil of two dykes going at it in a barn and signed Renoir to it. Of course, you couldn't put it in a catalog but I did sell it finally. Some peanut butter titan bought it for his office. Oh, well, munch away, dears.

(Concluded at 11:15 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 90**

Date: Tuesday, July 1, 1997

Commenced: 9:10 AM CST

Concluded: 9:22 AM CST

RTC: Good day to you, Gregory. I'm happy the package arrived safely.

GD: Well, I had you send it to the alternative address so no one intercepted it and considering its contents, it is just as well that they did not or I would be calling you from jail. Jesus, what a horrible thing that is. I am very cynical, Robert, but I have a really hard time accepting all of that. Murdering a Pope and a President is one thing but killing the children of a head of state and sending him the bits and pieces in a box is really outrageous. I take it your people did not do this.

RTC: Actually, they did but I am sad to say they got the wrong children.

GD: That's even worse.

RTC: I agree but then it was after my time. Things have gone downhill since my time, Gregory. The new breed of people in the field are scarcely human but then I am out of it entirely. Are you planning to include any of that in the Müller book?

GD: No one would believe it, Robert. And when you told me that you're people decided not to blow up Kennedy when he was sailing because of the children, I can see that your new breed, as you call them, ought to be exterminated. Still, who will bell the cat? There was that smallish file on the Allende business as well. As I reread it, Nixon told Kissinger to get rid of the man and Henry got your people to blow him away during a convenient civic outbreak. Can I publish the letter?

RTC: I would rather you didn't. Henry is still around and he might get nasty. Allende was a nuisance and Allende is dead. Why not leave it at that? I thought you might enjoy seeing the activities of the mighty. I mean, the hit order came from Nixon, not some adventurous person at Langley. I admit we stirred up terrible trouble down there what with the unions, whom we bribed, and the strikes but the kill order came right from the top. Of course Tricky Dick would deny it and so would Henry and aside from the letter, where is the proof/ That's how it's done but mostly a private conversation somewhere. A very important person says to our DCI that the President would like....you know the drill. If it happens, why so much the better and the President has plausible deniability as Reagan loved to say. Most of the dirty work is done that way and then when the President retires, he hires someone to write a book that a few people read. It's filled with lies and self-justifications and the New York Times raves about it. I mean, my God, we got the Times to rave and drool over the Posner book on Kennedy. It should have been called 'Why I love the Warren Report and look what the CIA paid me!' Ah well, not on my watch, Gregoey.

GD: One of these days, Robert, the string will run out.

RTC: Surely will, lad, but by that time, I will be comfortably dead. Why I'm forgotten even before I am dead. Ah, when I think about the special limousines, the bowing and scraping, the ass kissing while I was in harness and now, the utter silence.

GD: Yes, how soon they all forget.

RTC: Well, I always have you.

GD: Ah, I recall the old song about that subject. A shepherder heard it once and hanged himself.

RTC: And it was....?

GD: 'They'll never be another you.' Of course if you spell the last word 'ewe'...

RTC: Now, Gregory. Don't beat a subject. I can spell, after all. And yes, I would imagine he would much rather hear a song of my time, 'My sweet embraceable you.'

GD: God, these puns will be the death of us all, Robert. I'll cut up my overweight niece and send the parts to you by UPS.

RTC: What will I tell Emily?

GD: A little loving from your friends at the Company?

(Concluded 9:22 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 91**

Date: Monday, July 21, 1997

Commenced: 8:15 AM CST

Concluded: 8:50 AM CST

RTC: I decided to let the phone ring for awhile, Gregory. I'm glad I got you. You appear to have won some money from me.

GD: Pardon?

RTC: Oh yes, I thought you might like to know that your friend James Atwood is dead.

GD: Ah! Start the week with good news, Robert. How did this totally unexpected thing happen? Shot to death in a Savannah mall by a drug crazed dwarf? Dead elephant fell out of a passing cargo plane and landed on him while he was walking his dog?

RTC: (Laughter) No, nothing so noticeable. One of our people took James out for Sunday brunch and he had a sudden embolism and fell face down into his salad.

GD: An embolism? Into the salad? (Laughter) My, my, such a tragic but somehow expected death. An autopsy?

RTC: I doubt it. He was getting old. Sixty seven by my information. I'll send you a check.

GD: I will honor it. Will they bury him in Arlington with full military honors?

RTC: Probably not.

GD: Well, at least he didn't shoot himself in the back of the head and fall off his boat.

RTC: Yes. The Paisley syndrome. Well, they both had mouth problems.

GD: And just think, if I hadn't filled Critchfield in about James that time, Jimmy might still be operating down there; spreading joy wherever he went.

RTC: Do I know her?

GD: Know who?

RTC: Joy.

GD: (Laughter) Oh yes, that must be Joy Kobinski. We call her the Mattress Queen. Do you know what Jimmy said when Joy had a runny nose?

RTC: Please tell me, Gregory.

GD: Why, she was full.

RTC: (Laughter) My God, have you no compassion?

GD: Very little. I save it for my dogs, Robert. Why waste compassion on those who do not deserve it? Jimmy tried to use me and to rip me off once. Perhaps he even planned a salad drop for me, who knows? And don't pity the dead, Robert, they are at peace.

You know, in retrospect, I can comfort myself by considering the number of people I have brought peace to.



RTC: I share your sentiments.

GD: That's why we talk to each other, Robert. Wonderful shared memories of those departed for a better land. Still, unless their silence is beneficial to me, I prefer to keep them alive so I can poke them up once in awhile. Small pleasures to contemplate when one is depressed.

RTC: Have you always been so brutal, Gregory? Subtle and creative but brutal I must say.

GD: No, not always. Why would you believe it, Robert, when I was young, I was loving and kind.

RTC: When you were three?

GD: No, up until high school. I was essentially a private person, disliked by most of the teachers and some of the student body because I always said what I thought,, but only if asked. And I knew a good deal about people; their sins of commission and omission. People are afraid of this sort of thing so I was generally avoided. So when a very attractive and intelligent girl in one of my classes became very friendly with me, I was, to be sure, very pleasantly surprised. No, my hormones were not raging, Robert, and it was what I believed was a very warm and friendly relationship. In fact, this began to occupy my thoughts more and more and each time I talked with her, I became more and more interested and, I might add, very happy.

RTC: These things happen.

GD: Oh, they do but not very often to me, I assure you. So, I began to explore the means to widen the relationship outside of school. She had what we would call very correct parents but that did not bother me because my own family was the same way. Then, as the Christmas season was approaching, I thought in my innocence we might go to San Francisco and attend a performance of Handel's 'Messiah.' I love the work and in fact, when my grandfather died, I inherited an autograph copy of the conductor's text for this back when King George II attended a London performance and stood for the 'Hallelujah chorus.' When the King stood, so also did the entire house and that's why today everyone stands. Well, so much for that. Anyway, I prepared my scenario and got up the nerve to ask her. A couple of days later, I came to school late after a dentist's appointment and when I was walking down the empty halls to my classroom, I ran into her so I very politely chatted with her for a few minutes and then invited her. She looked right at me, over my shoulder and then walked towards me and past me away down the hall. At first, I thought she had seen someone but when I turned, there was no one.

RTC: What was the reason for that? Did you ask her?

GD: No, I watched her walk away and then just stood there. I was so stunned that I told the school nurse I had just had a tooth extraction and was having some pain so she sent me home. There was no one there so I just went to my apartment and sat in the armchair for a long time. I wondered what it was that I had said to cause her to just walk away. I went over my very short conversation a dozen times...a hundred times is more like it...but could find nothing.

RTC: I assume from this that you were of an unsettled mind.

GD: Yes, very. And no, I did not call her or try to visit her. She did what she did and there was no point in bothering with it any further. This was on a Friday and Monday, I went to school early and had my class changed so I didn't have to see her any more. I did see her from time to time in the halls but we never made eye contact at all.

Devastation, Robert, total devastation but I would not chase after anyone, believe me. Anyway, about six months or later, give or take, I was talking with a girl and she mentioned that everyone knew I was very friendly with this girl but didn't appear to be around her anymore. Before I could concoct some story, she told me that my friend was a member of a very aggressive young Christian group that met every week at the school and that this girl was what my communicant told me was a 'seeker.' That is, she was chosen by the group to single out what were essentially social misfits, befriend them and bring them into the group. Once they did this, the mark would be passed off to

another handler. And, she added, they were not permitted to get too close to their victims and had to break off contact if the relationship heated up. I personally don't think going to see a sacred oratorio at Christmas is particularly intimate but who knows what evil lurks in the minds of women? I later came to the conclusion that the evil lay in their pants. Robert, I was polite with her but got away as fast as I could because I got very, very angry. I was nothing but some poor sucker to be lured into some Jesus freak group and I was so mad I started to shake.

RTC: Well, I don't blame you.

GD: Yes, well, I walked around the football field for about an hour until I calmed down. Then, of course, I did remember her little comments about her circle of worthy friends and so on. And I noticed that she was now walking and talking with some other social misfit and learned that she had a very serious boyfriend in the Jesus group. This did not go over too well with me, Robert, not at all. So I decided to teach all of them a lesson in manners.

RTC: Not with a gun I assume.

GD: No. If you kill a person, they are immune from ongoing payback. I thought about it for some time and then I made up a letter from her to a fictional Miguel Ramirez. As I created him, Miguel was an illegal who worked in the local animal shelter, euthanizing unwanted cats. He got tired of giving them fatal shots because they would fight and scratch him so he took them by the tails and slammed them into the wall of his work area. Sometimes, Miguel had to slam them several times....

RTC: Jesus....

GD: No, cats. And no one who worked there wanted to go into the room so the walls were a smeared mess. Anyway, this girl was enamored, very enamored, of Miguel and her letter to him was full of grossly explicit discussions of their sexual writhings amidst the cat remains. Oh yes, very graphic indeed. So I had her letterhead copied in a San Francisco print shop, envelopes too, and wrote, or rather typed this grossly pornographic and sadistic letter out. I took one of the envelopes with her name printed on the back flap, just like the original, and wrote my name in pencil on the front. Into the mail and when it came, erased my address and typed in Miguel's at the local Humane Society. So, I put the terrible letter into the envelope and later, I was sitting next to a school gossip in the library and slipped it into her bulging notebook. You thought I was going to say something else, didn't you, Robert? And then I waited, and waited. About a week later, she found it and proclaimed its contents throughout the land and unto all the inhabitants thereof. Oh, my God, what an uproar! We didn't have the Xerox then but we did have Thermofax and within a week, that evil missive was all over the school and the town. My gossip mongering sister had two copies and someone in my mother's bridge club had give her a copy. Of course I got a ragging for having the bad taste to associate with such a vile monster but I took my ass chewing peacefully.

RTC: And the result?

GD: Well, her Christian parents were horrified but not at her. No, they believed she did not write it and they found out there was no Miguel at the cat killing emporium but no one would listen to them and the letter was copied and recopied for months afterwards. My former friend? Her family sent her off to a Christian academy in southern California. It's location was supposed to be a secret but a friend who worked after school filing in the principal's office found out where her school transcripts had been forwarded so I sent them copies of the Miguel screed along with a fictional letter from an outraged local parent, warning them of the foul beast they had taken unto themselves. I understand that she left the place a month later and I never heard about her again. Of course her truly Christian real boyfriend had dumped her very quickly, the image of her nude writhings amid the decaying cats must have sickened him. But then I dealt with the religious freaks. They had a student office in the school and I broke into it one night and planted a number of bad things around. First off, I had bought a box of rubbers from a friend, filled the ends with liquid starch and draped and threw them all over the little room. There was a picture of an Aryan Jesus on the wall and I tossed one on top of

the frame. And several large uncooked and shelled prawns under the couch and I scattered a few truly awful porn pictures here and there. The shrimp started to rot and I dropped a note in the school snitch box about the wild sex orgies going on right under the nose of Jesus. The smell got very bad very quickly and when the assistant principal and a janitor went into the room, one of them threw up. Of course the group was at once banned from the campus and many students expressed outrage and the Miguel letter was dragged into the situation as a typical example of these sick people.

RTC: My oh my, Gregory. You really must have been angry to do all that.

GD: Oh, very angry, Robert, very, but also eventually very satisfied.

RTC: You know, what she did may have seemed to be terrible to you but that is standard recruitment procedure with most intelligence agencies. We do the same thing. Pick out targets, befriend them and when we have gained their friendship and confidence, pass them along to their new handlers. I can understand why this upset you but she was obviously doing what she thought was right.

GD: Well, she might have thought it was right but I certainly didn't, did I?

RTC: No, you obviously did not. You wreaked absolute havoc, Gregory and took no prisoners.

GD: I do not ask for quarter, Robert and I never give it. And I recognize that all societies must have a moral core or they collapse. The Christians have their examples and the Muslims and other have theirs. All well and good. Frederick the Great said once that all men in his kingdom were free to find Heaven in their own way. And I agree, but by God, I will not tolerate any religious group stepping outside their church, mosque or synagogue and taking their particular nonsense out aggressively to the public. The Muslims and the Jews don't do this but the lunatic Christians are a worst pest than an invasion of mice. First of all, from a purely historical point of view, I personally doubt if Jesus ever existed. Jesus was a very common name in Roman Judea. I do not accept the nonsense about the manger, the wise men, the star or other myths and legends. There is no contemporary mention of Jesus or his gang anywhere other than a patently forged reference in Flavius Josephus. The Gospels are full of misinformation and were written long after the event and then rewritten to suit various current political themes. No, if Jesus did exist, Jesus was an Essene. Most theological scholars agree with this by the way. But I go a little further. There exists a considerable body of information on the Essenes of the period. They were put out of business after this, by the way. No, the Essenes, were an all male agricultural community who practiced a communistic way of life and hated women. In short, like the Spartans or Zulus, they were a homosexual community.

RTC: Not nice, Gregory.

GD: I can easily prove this. Oh yes, let the little children come unto me but only the boys. Anyway, I want nothing to do with such Easter Bunny- type myths and legends and as long as these people keep to themselves, all well and good but of course they think they have the only game in town and act accordingly. In earlier times, I would have been burnt at the stake. Say, do you know what St. Dismas the Thief said to Jesus while both of them were up on their crosses?

RTC: I'm afraid to ask you, Gregory.

GD: Dismas said, 'Say, Jesus, I can see your house from up here.'

RTC: (Laughter) Well, assuming you are right....

GD: And I am....

RTC: Well, I rather pity this poor girl who was only trying to get you to share her joy in Jesus.

GD: Well, she was sharing her pudenda with Miguel the Cat Basher as well.

RTC: (Laughter) Perhaps she went into other work after you finished with her. By the way, did anyone ever suspect you?

GD: No. I never said a word to anyone. I just sat back and savored my revenge. Revenge is a tasty dish, Robert, but always far better if eaten cold.

(Concluded at 8:50 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 92**

Date: Wednesday, July 23, 1997

Commenced: 10:15 AM CST

Concluded: 10:38 AM CST

GD: Hello, Robert. How were the tests?

RTC: Exhausting and inconclusive. I told them that if I had cancer of the lungs, I must have had it for years and I would be dead by now. No one listens to you.

GD: Oh, the doctors do love to get huge fees from their victims or from the victim's insurance companies. Oh my, they tell you, these ingrown toenails could turn to gangrene at any time so I am going to schedule you for a toenail correction operation. And they bill you enough to make the down payment on their gay son's new Porche. I have some experience with such things and the squeeze the lemon until it's dry. The next thing will be exploratory surgery which you really don't want at your age. Too invasive and too dangerous. Well, if you aren't dead now, you would be when they finish with you. Montaigne said that...what did...oh yes, 'The ceaseless labor of your life is to build the house of death.' It happens but don't let the doctors hasten it along.

RTC: No, I will try. Emily is convinced I should have more tests but I am getting tired of them. When you are going along good, you never think of being sick. I am getting weaker and my balance is not what it used to be. My hip is not working properly and I fall down sometime if I don't watch where I put my feet. I used to get outside more but better safe than sorry.

GD: Did you ever talk to Critchfield about Jimmy Atwood?

RTC: Oh I mentioned it but he just laughed and said 'shit happens.' Of course it might happen to him one of these days.

GD: If he ever threatens to shoot me again, it certainly will.

GD: Be careful about that. You might get caught and he isn't worth it.

GD: Jesus, no. I use other methods. For example I would go to a bar with a bad, bad clientele. I would act like a twit, get a little drunk and offer to buy drinks for the house. If I were lucky, I could pick out someone who was right and then, drunkenly of course, tell him I am a bookkeeper and one of my clients, Jim Critchfield, is such a fool. Why, did you know, that stupid man keeps a half a million dollars worth of Krugerrands in his house? Why, time after time I have warned him to put them into a bank or some burglar might get them. But would Jim listen? Not him. And after another drink, my new friend would slyly ask me where Jim lived because he might be a long lost cousin. Of course I would give him the address and then wait for the news that they found Jim, very dead, and someone had used a steam iron on his feet. And the house had been torn up and they found his wife stuffed into the drier, very dead.

RTC: I like Lois.

RTC: Well, we can't control these things, Robert, and the good perish with the bad. Life is not always fair. Well, enough humor for the day. Otherwise, how are you doing?

RTC: Oh, as usual.

GD: Thank you, by the way, for the papers on Clinton. I doubt that I could use them but one never knows about these things. I knew all about his wife but he is really something, isn't he?

RTC: Yes he is. Wouldn't you like to be married to that?

GD: Oh, God no. Being married to a Jewish dyke would not be my idea of fun. I keep as far away as possible from lezzies, Robert. The bull-dikes are the worst. Tattoos, weight lifter arms, short hair, motorcycle boots and all. They don't look anything like men but we never tell them. Might get punched out.

RTC: (Laughter) Well, who are we to judge, Gregory?

GD: I am. I love to pass judgments, Robert. I have a limerick for you on this subject:

A gay young man from Khartoum  
Took a Lesbian up to his room,  
And they argued all night,  
As to who had the right

Do to what, and with which, and to whom.

RTC: (Laughter) Well I wouldn't tell that one at Langley. Step on too many toes.

GD: Oh, please don't disillusion me, Robert. The Secret Defenders of our Republic wearing mesh stockings under their Brooks Brothers suits?

RTC: It happens.

GD: Do they have daily inspections of the men's lavatories to see if someone has drilled holes in the toilet stall walls?

RTC: It's not quite that bad.

GD: If you opened a male whorehouse inside the Beltway, Congress would recess and stampede towards it.

RTC: Gregory, I hate to disillusion you but there are a number of male whorehouses in the District. And some for women as well. I mean with women, not for women. I don't think things have gotten that bad. Not many women in Congress anyway

GD: Well, I could come there and get rich. I could open up a clinic to treat tennis elbow problems for Congressmen. They develop this problem from dragging around barracks bags stuffed full of bribe money.

RTC: I can't argue with that, having been involved on the other end.

GD: Well, the other end is usually best. My God, if they did away with hundred dollar bills and substituted them for heavy, silver coins, Congressmen would have to have leather inserts in their pockets to keep them from ripping out at the bottoms.

RTC: You are forgetting the Jewish Congressmen, Gregory. They spend all their time investing their bribes at 10 percent interest and wailing endlessly about Sacred Israel and the evil Nazis.

GD: Israel is an artificial country, stolen by Polish non-Jews from the Arabs, whom they murdered for their homes and gardens and then begged their co-religionists here to send money and guns. The Arabs outnumber them thirty to one and at some future date, the Arabs will get wise to their power and Israel will be a smoking hole in the ground. And then there will be people dancing in the streets for pure joy.

RTC: Roosevelt should never have let them into the government.

GD: Yes, that's a bit like a farmer inviting a deputation of hungry hogs into his truck garden.

RTC: Yes, well put. What scares a lot of us is that Israel will drag us into a war to suit their plans. You know, attack some hostile Arab neighbor because they have enough power here to get it done.

GD: I can see this.

RTC: And they once sent tens of thousands of illegal Polish Jews into Florida from the Caribbean. Their Mossad sent them in and we couldn't stop them. And they get fake papers, settle in Miami, send their sons to law school and from there, into the government. God help us all.

GD: Well, Hitler will be appreciated in a few years hence. He will be seen as a great visionary, even as the Army engineers are setting up detention camps in the deserts of Arizona. Sort of like the ones you ran in Vietnam.

RTC: Please do not get started on that, Gregory.

GD: I won't but we both know about the torture palaces. Electric drills, acid baths, poked-our eyes, crushed testicles. Just a chance for some of your boys to explore the better sides of their nature. And get their loafers soaked in blood at the same time. Oh, precious treasures, the blood soaked shoes. A real token of personal heroism in the unspoken battle for empire.

RTC: You are being literate today, Gregory.

GD: Elegant realism, Robert. A little sugar coating on the bitter pill someone is going to have to swallow someday.

RTC: I'm out of it, anyways.

GD: Remember, Robert, that the sins of the fathers are paid for by the children.

(Concluded at 10:38 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 93**

Date: Saturday, July 26, 1997

Commenced: 9:45 AM CST

Concluded: 10:03 AM CST

GD: Hello, Robert. Feeling a bit better today? If not, I could call later.

RTC: No, I'm fine today. Got around a bit today and later, Greg is going to take us shopping.

GD: I take it you don't do driving.

RTC: God no. Bad hip and I get dizzy sometimes. Not good at all. You drive still?

GD: Oh yes. I used to drive quite a bit more but my son managed to move here and we had to leave my car in the shop. Of course I never got it because it's several thousand miles away. He swore I could use his car but he changed his mind, even though he has talked me into making the monthly payments.

RTC: Your son sounds like a most ungrateful young man.

GD: How kind. I can think of other things to say but I won't.

RTC: Are you a good driver?

GD: Oh I am. When I was younger I had some interesting adventures in a car.

RTC: Not in the back seat?

GD: Ah, advanced muff diving for the mentally impaired. No, not like that. Going down on a Mongoloid is not my style. Running over one or using one for bait for an alligator hunt is more like it.

RTC: (Laughter) Are you accident-prone?

GD: No, I'm not. Oh, I am just thinking about an incident once. If I'd had any sense, I would have been scared to death. I was living in a certain West Coast city where I own a nice row home. Nice and anonymous. I can walk to the beach in ten minutes although no one in their right mind would dare go into the water.

RTC: In Alaska?

GD: No, the lower forty eight. Not cold but very dangerous undertows. Oh Grandpa, why not go for a little swim? And after he's written out a will, another beach tragedy strikes again. But the car business. I was driving back to the city from up north and I had something I felt rather uncomfortable having in the car so I stopped on a bridge, got out and tossed it into the ocean. Down it went and I saw the splash. Anyway, there was quite a bit of traffic leaving the city but almost none coming in so they were using one of the south bound lanes. I had only one lane. There was no one coming when I got back in the car and started up but when I turned on the turn indicator I saw the headlights of an oncoming truck. Now there was only one lane, as I said, so I gunned it and drove along but this penis head came right up behind me, really moving, and hit the air horn and flashed his lights at me. About ten feet behind me. Where was I to go? He couldn't pass me on the left because that lane was now marked off for northbound traffic and had a lot of vehicles in it. Assbreath kept on my tail so I jammed on my brakes and then punched it. He hit his own breaks and almost went into oncoming traffic. About the time I was exiting the bridge, here he comes again, like a bat out of Hell. I guess he must have been mad. Anyway, I took the next off ramp and drove down into the city but the turd kept right behind me. I went down a parkway with cross streets and lights but it never slowed him down, air horn and all. I ran one red and almost got creamed by a car and he kept right on coming. At this point I was rather alarmed, especially as I had something in the trunk I wanted to keep private. My mother-in-law...No just joking.

Anyway, I got into my neighborhood, which I knew very well, and got off the parkway but there he was, behind me. Some car turned out between us and he rode their bumper, blaring his fucking horn at them until the old cow driving got loose bowels and pulled off. Ah, but by then, I was driving on residential streets and Jesus H. Christ, here he came again, roaring along at least fifty, flashing his lights and doing the horn thing. There were alleys behind the houses, the row houses, so I turned down one, thinking the evil fuck would back off but no, he was right on my tail. He had to slow down to go around a dumpster and I had an idea how to get rid of him. Came to the street, slowed down a little, crossed the sidewalk, and the street and he picked up speed, roaring along like a freight train. He pulled out into the street and a car almost hit him. Roaring of brakes and horns. I started down another alley with him right after me. Ah, but ahead was a pickup on my right, parked against a garage and just ahead of it, on the left, was a car, also parked. I shot left, then right and missed the second car by inches but by God, sir, he didn't. A huge ripping crash and when I looked back, there was a big cloud of smoke in the alley and some flame. Slowed down, turned right and drove two blocks, turned right again and then up into my driveway, garage door opened and inside in a jiffy. And door shut tight behind me. Anyway, I unloaded my cargo which, to satisfy you, were four wooden boxes of gold coins, and took them into my locked work area in the back. Then I went upstairs and poured myself a drink. Oh my, such a noise in the neighborhood. Fire trucks, sirens and all kinds of banging and popping noises. I finally went up on the roof...a flat roof...and sure enough, great clouds of smoke, flame and fire trucks hooting and so on. Went back down and made myself a nice dinner and relaxed.

RTC: What was the outcome?

GD: Oh, some Chink was running an illegal fireworks factory in his garage and got pretty well fried when the whole thing went off. I didn't really feel like walking over there and letting anyone see me.

RTC: And the truck driver? Was he charcoaled as well?

GD: No, he got out and ran away. Too bad for him that a neighbor spotted him, called the cops. I understood from the tube that a cop got the message and spotted him running along the sidewalk. Stopped and so on and the driver pulled one of those knives the Flips carry and went at the cop. That was all she wrote for the driver because the cop emptied his gun into him at point blank range.

RTC: They call those balisong knives.

GD: Well the driver was a Filipino.

RTC: They are very nasty, unstable people. Go off like a rocket for no reason and you really do have to shoot them dead to stop them. Now I can see why he came after you. Makes sense. Good thinking on your part, though. I mean luring him into a crowded alley.

GD: I didn't actually lure him, Robert, he was chasing me going fifty or more in a crowded residential area. But I lost him and the police found him. Sorry about the burned up garages and cars but you know how it is.

RTC: Are you a coin collector?

GD: Gold is the safest place for money, Robert. The paper is designed to wipe your ass with.

RTC: It was safe?

GD: Oh yes, very safe. A satisfactory dinner, as I recall. Took a nice, long shower, listened to some Telemann for a few hours and went to sleep. The next day I walked over to the crime scene but there was too much yellow tape around. They had hauled away the ruined vehicles and you could smell burnt wood for blocks. Such a mess.

Well, *sic transit Gloria mundi*.

## **Conversation No. 94**

Date: Wednesday, July 30, 1997  
Commenced: 11:05 AM CST  
Concluded: 11:15 AM CST

GD: Good morning, Robert. Anything new to report?

RTC: Quiet here. Pleasant to have quiet after the constant uproar at the office but there are times when I really miss it.

GD: Noise and uproar never bothered me at all. Bad food does, however, I had a chicken paprikash last night and it did not sit well.

RTC: Paprikash?

GD: Hungarian chicken with paprika. Cook it in a pan with butter, onions and paprika. I developed a liking for it when I was living in Munich but this one was not good.

Stringy chicken. Could have been cat but I won't eat there again.

RTC: That's right. You lived in Munich, didn't you?

GD: Yes, for a long time, there or nearby.

RTC: We had a large base there. Dealt with the Czechs.

GD: I know about your operations there. Christ, you people were about as subtle as a fart in a space suit. You had Radio Free Liberty or whatever out at Holzkirchen and by the English Garden. And at Stachus...sorry, Karlsplatz, you had a export office that everyone from the whores to the cab drivers knew was the CIA office. Once paid a wino to crap on their doorstep. Oh, and the Hungarian fellow. I should tell you about that one. I knew this very nice, very old- family lady. I mean a real lady, old family. Anyway, she met this Hungarian who was selling gold coins and whatnot and the long and the short of it was the asshole stiffed her for a lot of money for fake gold coins and jewelry. She went to the police but they did nothing. I knew one or two very senior police people so I spoke very seriously with one of them. Told me they knew all about the swine but couldn't touch him because he was a top CIA person. Maybe they couldn't touch him but I certainly could. Critchlow...I think it was that one...anyway, I set out to get back the money. I met this slimy crud in a coin shop, not by accident, and struck up a nice conversation with him. I should tell you that I know more about gold than he ever could but I let him think I was a dumb, rich American. He was incorrect on two of the three impressions. Oh my, he did get interested in me. I also went to his apartment to deal with him and then, armed with my information, I went to see some Turkish friends. Turks, Robert, can be very mean and my friends were no exception. Details are not necessary here but I told the Turks this jerk was on to their smuggling operations and was going to have them arrested so they went after him. As I recall, though I was having dinner with my police official at the time, he was walking across the bridge down by the German Museum when some bad person came up behind him, cut his throat and chunked him over the parapet and down into the Isar. I should have added that it was winter and the river was frozen on the surface but the Budapest Kid went right through the ice. They found him in the spring, down by the dam. I must confess that after dining with the police gentleman, I spoke briefly with one of my really keen Turkish friends and we broke into the Hunky's pad and stripped it. I got a lot of gold, some folders with interesting papers, a small radio, two silenced pistols and other things we really don't need to discuss. The Turk got quite a bit of gold and some awful Japanese pornography. I don't think ten year old Asian girls being banged by well-hung Negros is really nice but the others thought so and who can dispute tastes after all? He and his cousin came back later with a truck and took all the furniture and even the toilet and a washbasin. I know about this because later, my police friend asked me about the terrible vanishing of the CIA man and the rape of his apartment. Of course I knew nothing but I did give the lady all of her money back with a warning to her son, who was in their foreign office, to keep a good watch on his mother in future. I told him what happened and he and I had a good laugh I knew him for years and we used to go shooting together and I had no problem telling him about it. Such a fuss from your people. They thought the Russians had kidnapped him. But in the spring, they found



him stuck in the dam grill, all mixed up with a few equally rotting dead pets and an aborted fetus or two. Closed coffin and a nice ceremony.

RTC: You mentioned finding some papers. I don't care about the silenced pistols but the fate of the papers interests me. From a purely abstract but professional point of view, you understand.

GD: Oh, I understand your abstract interest. As an abstract answer, I sold them to interested parties. Kept me in rent and food money for a number of months, I must say. My lady friend was happy and so were my pleasant Turkish friends. The Hungarian was not happy but the Hungarian was a lying, thieving sack of shit and much better off dead and bobbing around deep in the cold river. The Turks found his bed very comfortable but I never enquired about the fate of the toilet. There are some things best left strictly alone. And so much for my Hungarian adventures.

(Concluded at 11:15 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 95**

Date: Friday, August 1, 1997

Commenced: 9:35 AM CST

Concluded: 9:50 AM CST

GD: Some unknown person with the name of Vitter called me early today and offered me what he called very secret and important CIA documents. He said they would be important for my Mueller books or perhaps something to be published in the Spotlight or some such paper. Now, in the first place, Robert, I have an unlisted phone number under another name. The obvious question is how this jerk got the number? Not ever published nor in the phone book. One of yours?

RTC: Could be. Did he give you a call back number?

GD: No. I asked for one and he waffled on me.

RTC: Well, what can I say?

GD: Well, I pretended to be interested but said, very clearly, that if these were classified documents, I would not be interested in them. Seemed to lose steam after that.

RTC: They never seem to think these things out fully. I get calls about you and how evil you are and why I should never, ever, ever talk to you. They come from concerned friends like Kimmel, Corson and Trento plus Bruce Lee and others. I thank them for their concern and hang up.

GD: Oh, some person with a tiny brain went to the place where I get my mail and tried to find out where I lived but never got to first base. The owner called me up and told me all about it. He went outside and got their license number so I can find out where they live.

RTC: Not an outraged husband, Gregory?

GD: I never mess with married women, Robert. No, some official pinhead. My house and utilities are in my son's name and the phone is on under the name of Buster Minge so I imagine these twits must have a merry time.

RTC: Minge?

GD: A woman's private parts in Cockney, Robert. Shame on me corrupting you at your age. I love it when the boobery get me with a wrong number. They want to know if Lucinda is home. I don't tell them they have the wrong number. I say that Lucinda is up with a customer now and I can have her call back when she's finished.

RTC: (Laughter)

GD: Or if some creep wants to talk to Maudie Mae at one in the morning, I act very sad and tell them Maudie passed early this morning and the visitation will be tomorrow.

When they get all upset, I tell them that it was for the best, what with the police after her and all. Or that her doctor said she was a real venereal Typhoid Mary.

RTC: (Laughter) I'll just bet you do this, Gregory.

GD: Oh, with glee. Or if it's a free thinking type, and they ask for Clyde, I tell them with a lowered voice that I can't talk now because the police are there. One jerk shouted to someone that they had found the stash. Always keep them off guard, Robert, and try to keep their bowels open. Or if someone calls up and asks for Annie, and it's a man, I tell them that I've moved in now and Annie doesn't want to talk to them any more. Not for nothing Heini Mueller called me Mr. Sunshine. Eh, Robert?

RTC: You missed your calling, Gregory.

GD: What is my calling Robert? A werewolf?

RTC: A disturber of the peace.

GD: A disturber of the peace is someone who shines a spotlight on cars parked at a drive in movie.

RTC: How do you spell that? Peace I mean.

GD: Well, you can spell it two ways, Robert. Pay your money and take your choice. I worked the desk at an upscale hotel in Canada once and my co-worker was even more warped than I was. Put a small speaker into one of the booths in the ladies' toilet and used to get on the mike and ask some squatting tubbo to please move over to the next stall because they were painting back behind her. We could hear the screaming in the lobby sometimes. Of course once he put a very lifelike rubber baby down into one of the heads along with the contents of a bottle of red ink. Tiny pink feet in a sea of red And Moses not in sight. That got the cops out there and the day manager was not amused.

RTC: You would never last with us, Gregory.

GD: No, your people have no sense of humor but a very inflated sense of your importance. Remember, Robert, that man proposes but God disposes.

RTC: I hope you don't expose poor Tom to your little adventures.

GD: I have and like Queen Victoria, Tom is not amused.

RTC: Well, I am used to you but I doubt if he ever could be.

GD: Tom takes himself too seriously. And imagine the fun I could have in your office down at Langley? I would take an official note form, address it to one of the bigwigs and scribble a note on it that you could only read a few words of. Jesus H. Christ, can you imagine the frenzy when the words are 'missile launch at noon' 'sorry to tell you about your wife,' or 'left the whole secret file on the bus'?

RTC: (Laughter) Yes, as I said, you wouldn't last very long.

GD: No, but I would have some fun while I lasted.

(Concluded at 9:50 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 96**

Date: Monday, August 4 1997

Commenced: 8:45 AM CST

Concluded: 9:02 AM CST

GD: Ah, good morning, Robert.

RTC: You said something on the answering machine about the Swiss?

GD: Yes, I was talking with their press secretary several days ago and learned that they had been working on their transmitter because they have been having on-going problems with it. Seems that a number of employees have been complaining of headaches and the suffering of a general malaise. Given what was said to me, it could only be your oscillator. I guess you keep it on.

RTC: Oh I do indeed. In fact, I left it on once for a whole week. Actually, I forgot about it. It does work, then?

GD: I have used this many times and, yes, it does work. A friend of mine and I wanted to buy a house for investment so we put an oscillator in a van and parked it across the street. First, the dog went mad and ran off and soon the cat vanished. One of the kids

kept crapping on the floor and everyone inside felt terrible. We just showed up at their door and said my aunt had lived there years before and one thing and another. We made an offer and the wife screamed 'take it! take it!' to her husband and so we got the place cheap. A little paint, some landscaping and we turned around and sold it two months later and made a huge profit. Of course you can't do the same thing with the Swiss.

RTC: We should do it to the Russians.

GD: Why not leave the poor Russians alone? My God, you people down there have done terrible things to them and to their economy.

RTC: Well, the idea is to smash them so badly they can never be a rival again.

GD: I don't mean to be critical, Robert, but your people never think down the road.

Nature abhors a vacuum so why not get together with the Russians? Well, you got the Poles to revolt and break away but what can we do with them? Nothing. Germany and Russian ought to get together, buy off the Polish government and then Germany takes their side and the Russians take theirs.

RTC: What about the Poles?

GD: Perhaps we can ship them all to Chicago. Then the Poles can have Chicago and the Jews can have Miami and the rest of us can get on about our business. No, actually, I am serious about Russia. I know you set up Yeltsin and I know your people have been looting the country and systematically destroying her industry but it can't last. A new administration and a new change of policy and then a rebuilding Russia could be an enemy again. After all, we turned her into a bogey man in the '40's and just look how much money your friends made with the Cold War. Don't forget, I knew Gehlen and he told me, and showed me the papers, that our Army, for whom he then worked, wanted him to draw up a report showing Russia was going to attack Europe. Yes, and say hello to the Easter Bunny. Stalin would never have launched a military attack against anyone but sea turtles in 1948. The war virtually destroyed the Russian infrastructure and a huge military attack would have been impossible for anyone. Well, it paid off so now that Communism is gone and Russia is starting to act normal again, why not support her? Who needs enemies?

RTC: Gregory, I'm sorry to say you simply do not realize that Communism is not dead and we want it stop it from ever coming back.

GD: Well, Nazism is dead in Germany and the Greater East Asian Co-Prosperity Sphere is dead in Japan so why not bury the Cold War, start trading with Cuba and get on with our business? I guess everyone is stuck in the past.

RTC: And where do you see yourself in this?

GD: Being positive, Robert. Russia is a huge potential market and Russia has a great collection of natural resources. Instead of getting tin horn rip off artists to screw them, why not help them develop? A stable and advancing country is not about to engage in a struggle for world domination. We did that and believe me, it will take all we have just to keep the status quo. We can only expand so far and using Russia as an excuse for grabbing control over every puissant country in Africa can only go so far.

RTC: Gregory, Gregory, I am concerned for your soul. Who ever put this bee into your bonnet?

GD: Tom Kimmel.

RTC: Oh, bullshit. Tom has a little book of rules and he wouldn't do anything not in the book and what you have been talking about is not in his book.

GD: Well, so much for the little books. That sounds like Mary Baker Eddy. By the way, did you know she was buried with a hooked -up telephone in her casket? I'd like to get the number and see how she's doing down there but I'll bet she forgot the pay the bills for the last fifty years and they disconnected it. Jesus, suppose she answered? There goes yesterday's dinner.

RTC: Gregory, so soon after breakfast

(Concluded 9:02 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 97**

Date: Wednesday, August 20, 1997

Commenced: 10:20 AM CST

Concluded: 10 30 AM CST

GD: And another day rushes upon us, filled with candy and goat shit. How are you today, Robert?

RTC: Tolerable. Did you get my papers?

GD: Oh yes. Thank you very, very much for the originals of the Roosevelt conversation. Kimmel would give his left nut for these.

RTC: As I understand it, he already has done this. I thought you would be the best person for these and the other papers. When, not if, I go, the vultures and sewer rats will pour into this place, gabbling to Emily and making every effort to grab anything incriminating they can find. No point in trying to educate her because she really has no grasp of these things. I imagine Trento and Kimmel having a fist fight on the stairs here so I am removing temptation from their paths. I have been culling my papers and putting all the ones I think you might be able to use in one stack and leaving the luncheon invitations in another. Give Joe and his Frau something to warm themselves with on a cold night in Front Royal. Did you like the Dulles reports from Switzerland?

GD: I know more about things going on inside the Third Reich than Dulles ever could have and his OSS reports read like Alice in Wonderland. Mueller told me that every agent Dulles parachuted into Germany got caught. Mueller turned the more intelligent ones and shot the others. He said he was in Switzerland during the war and met Dulles. Not as head of the Gestapo, of course, but as someone else. Told me Dulles couldn't keep his pants buttoned up and was as gullible as a three year old. Why, I ask, do we hire such idiots? Never mind. Yes, these Dulles reports are hysterically funny and I can see why your people snatched them from the files and stamped 'Top Secret' on every page. Their beloved leader was such a dimwit.

RTC: Well, Allan thought very well of himself.

GD: Another Critchfield. Anyway, it's interesting to read the actual words of our beloved leaders. My such propaganda about both of them. Roosevelt was part Jewish and Churchill and his father were both pansies. While the court historians are wielding the whitewash brush, I am using the scalpel. There are more of them than there are of me but I figure that one of me beats twenty of them. Such literate, or at least semi-literate, whores

RTC: The cruelty from you can be so refreshing.

GD: No, the word whore is wrong. A whore fucks for money only but a slut does it because it feels good. Most of these court historians do it to get a pat on the head from people like you. Tell me, Robert, did you wash your hands with Lysol after contact?

RTC: We gave them gift pen sets.

GD: Awesome, Robert. A real pen set. Did your DCI send them a machine-signed Christmas card?

RTC: (Laughter) Yes, often Something to impress the dog with, I suppose.

GD: The image of a dog pissing on the DCI's card is priceless. It would be more entertaining to see the dog piss on the DCI himself.

RTC: Now, now, Gregory.

GD: Oh, I know. Loyalty dies hard but if you loved them so much, you would have never sent me so many dangerous documents that exposed them as drug runners and murderers. Not to mention being total morons in action. I can just visualize a large van full of chimpanzees pulling into the Langley parking lot every morning and a horde of chimps scrambling out and running inside to their desks. Well, if they ever get wind of

your generosity with the papers, they might send you a box of doctored chocolates. Or give you an embolism like they gave Jimmy Atwood.

RTC: Well, if I get chocolates, I can pass them across the street to the Swiss.

GD: How about giving it to Trento?

RTC: He wouldn't be worth it, believe me. Critchfield would be more to the point. Such a cow's anus.

GD: Have mercy on cows, why not? I don't think Jesus would like either one of us, Robert.

RTC: If a fraction of the horror stories about you I am flooded with were true, you would be a wonder. The devil himself would flee in terror before you.

GD: Oh, I'm not that bad, Robert. I seem to get on with you.

RTC: Well, yes, we do get on. Kimmel loathes you and Bill is afraid you might expose him for a champion bs artist so I take all their input with salt. My God, that idiot Irving hates you, though.

GD: Oh yes, I know. He makes more negative noise about me than a donkey that's had a hot sweet potato shoved up his ass.

RTC: (Laughter) Did you do that? I mean with the donkey?

GD: No, not ever and I don't like sweet potatoes either. A friend of mine did a donkey once and told me about it. The donkey was hitched to a little cart and when the business with the hot potato came down, he let out an awful bray and took off running. They found the cart about a mile away, smashed to bits up against a bridge abutment but the donkey vanished forever from the sight of man.

RTC: Probably didn't trust people any more.

GD: Sad.

(Concluded at 10:30 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 98**

Date: Friday, August 22, 1997

Commenced: 3:17 PM CST

Concluded: 3:35 PM CST

GD: Robert, we have talked about Clinton and I have been reading about his alleged ties with your people and the smuggling of drugs. Anything to it?

RTC: Oh yes, much true there. Drugs are brought up from South America, for cocaine and heroin and Mexico for marijuana. They just fly it in over the border and land at a safe small airfield, unload and go back from whence they came. Arizona is popular and some ranchers there are very rich from taking in landing fees.

GD: Clinton's involvement?

RTC: His brother is hophead and Bill does like under the counter money. So does his wife. It's a wink and a nod type of thing.

GD: Money corrupts and big money corrupts big people.

GD: Yes, anyone is for sale.

GD: I recall the story of the man in the bar who saw a beautiful woman come in. She sat next to him and he asked her if she would spend the night with him for a thousand dollars. She said she certainly would. Then he asked her if she would drop the price to fifty dollars. When she said, in some anger, 'what do you think I am?' He replied, 'we already know that. I'm just trying to establish the price.'

RTC:(Laughter) I haven't heard that one but it does fit. And don't be fooled by Clinton. He is a large man, very smooth, a great talker and very jovial. Have you offed in a second and think nothing about it. Well, he's done his duty and will retire, a rich man.. And he will write a book and the New York Times will rave about it.

GD: Yes, they praised Posner's totally idiotic book on the Kennedy killing.

RTC: Oh that piece of shit. I mean both the book and the author. What an odious ass kisser that one is. Bought and paid for. And so is the Times. They print just what we tell them to print, where our operations are concerned, and kill whatever we tell them to. I have had to deal with them in the past. We toss them a few nice bones from time to time but they do as they are told, believe me.

GD: So much for freedom of the press.

RTC: (Laughter) What a joker you are, Gregory. The Jews own all the major papers in this country, and we work with them. They won't print a negative word about Israel and on the domestic scene, they do as we ask them. In point of fact, the Jews here think they are going to own everything but in fact, they are here on sufferance. They've been kicked out of every country they have lived in throughout history. Mostly a bunch of swindlers, con men and the like. On sufferance. If things get bad here, the men in power, and they are not Jews, will use them as scapegoats and force them out. We don't need concentration camps here as long as El Al can take them back to their Mediterranean paradise. Personally, the sooner the better before they ruin the stock market with their backdoor scheming and we have another depression.

GD: They had little to do with the '29 one, however.

RTC: Just you wait, Gregory, they'll do it again, mark my words. Yes, Hitler was right about them. Parasites. Never create anything and attach themselves to the system like leeches.

GD: As far as Clinton is concerned, he doesn't have to worry about the Jews because of his wife but the born again morons hate him. Old Ken Staar is from Chicago and is as crazy as they come. As a matter of fact, all of these raging twits should be shoved into the El Al baggage compartments and shipped off with the Jews. By the way, did you know that the precious wailing wall in Jerusalem is not the foundation of Soloman's temple but was built by the Arabs about 600 AD? How ironic it is to see devout Jews licking the stones that some Arab mason pissed on hundreds of years before. And there enough pieces of the true cross floating around to build a six room house.

RTC: The relic business was booming once.

GD: Well, now they sell other things, don't they? I rarely read the main stream press because I don't trust Israel and the press knocks themselves out to kiss their ass. I predict that if the US doesn't disengage over there, the frustrated Arabs will start attacking us next. Washington said it best: No entangling alliances. Of course no one will follow such a course but the time will come when they wish they had.

RTC: I'm afraid so. This is beginning to sound like a Nazi party meeting but the truth will out, won't it?

GD: Not in the New York Times, it won't.

RTC: Isn't the truth what people want to believe?

GD: Or are told to believe. If you lie to people long enough, they will either come to believe the lies or will recognize them for what they are and turn on the liars. I predict both of these concepts because one always follows the other.

(Concluded at 3:35 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 99**

Date: Sunday, August 24, 1997

Commenced: 10:22 AM CST

Concluded: 10:35 AM CST

GD: Hello, Robert. What is new with you back there?

RTC: The usual make work projects. I wish I were younger sometimes.

GD: Well, if youth knew and age could, we would all be better off. By the way, I was reading an article about Aldrich Ames yesterday. I suppose that is a no-no with you.

RTC: I knew him slightly. An utterly useless fraud who had a nasty, demanding wife and who was kept on the rolls because his father had been with us.

GD: Well, the FBI got one up on you, didn't it?

RTC: Does Kimmel brag about this to you?

GD: He was involved in the business. Why not let me be diplomatic?

RTC: How kind of you, Gregory.

GD: Would you like to get even with them?

RTC: How could I do that, pray tell?

GD: Well, a Russian friend told me about one of their top counter intelligence people who is working for them.

RTC: No. Are you sure about that?

HD: Well, my source was certain. They don't know who it is and he said he was a pain in the ass to deal with.

RTC: Gregory, perhaps we could discuss this a little further. You won't mention your source to me but what do you really know about this fellow? Do you have a name?

GD: Yes, I do, Robert. Now, if you pass this on to someone, for the Lord God's sake, do not put my name into it. OK?

RTC: A given. The name?

GD: Yes. Ramon Garcia.

RTC: G-A-R-C-I-A?

GD: Yes, correct. I thought the FBI was a hotbed of racism but apparently not. I wrote it down later but I am sure. What will you do with it?

RTC: What do you think?

RTC: Pass it on. Revenge for Ames I suppose.

RTC: Did your source say how long this Garcia had been working for them?

GD: For about fifteen years.

RTC: Jesus. And his position...I mean if you have any idea...

GD: A big wig in counter intelligence.

RTC: Why would someone tell you?

GD: He knows I know Kimmel, whose name he is familiar with. I think his people are not happy with this Garcia and think he might be a double agent. I think he wanted me to pass this to Kimmel.

RTC: Will you?

GD: No, I don't plan to. I know what would happen if I did. The first thing would be that they would open a case on me and start asking all my neighbors about me. They do that so I strongly recommend against ever telling anyone in law enforcement anything.

RTC: Not all law enforcement would start out investigating you.

GD: I've had it happen so I say nothing. Let the FBI find out about their own mole. It's none of my business, Robert. I suppose it's in your hands now. Oh, and by the way, you might be interested in knowing, as I have been told, that someone from the NSG, a sigint specialist, has been giving reams of material to the PRC.

RTC: That also of interest. Who are they and where are they located? At Meade?

GD: No, at Hanza in Japan.

RTC: Name?

GD: If you really want it, I will try to get it from my source.

RTC: Who is...?

GD: A former high level fellow who was pushed out of the Navy and is not overly stable. He was involved in the murder of Trujillo. Do you know of a Marine Colonel Cass?

RTC: Jesus Christ, yes, I do. Did this person tell you about that operation?

GD: In detail.

RTC: We can discuss this later. Would you be prepared to out your source?

GD: To you but not to Kimmel.

RTC: Screw Kimmel, but to me?

GD: Certainly but with the usual caveats.

RTC: Don't worry. Could you get the name of the mole from your contact?  
GD: If I could get him drunk it would be a piece of cake.  
RTC: We may have to do that. Where is he now? I mean what part of the country from you?  
GD: Norfolk.  
RTC: Is he actually retired?  
GD: Oh, yes and he has a lot of money as well. I didn't think Naval officers had a lot of money.  
RTC: He might have been peddling material too. Jesus, if he blabs about Cass or Trujillo, he's going to have to hire a local high school kid to start his car in the morning. Unless he has an insured wife.  
GD: No, he's single.  
RTC: What about outing him to me?  
GD: All right, considering all the wonderful material you keep sending me, I owe you. I'll send you a letter, mailed from some other place, with a name, address, former rank and current phone number. Soonest.  
RTC: Thanks. And we won't mention this to Kimmel either.  
GD: No, I won't. Not a word.

(Concluded at 10:35 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 100**

Date: Monday, September 1, 1997

Commenced: 1:45 PM CST

Concluded: 1:55 PM CST

GD: Good afternoon to you, Robert. All well there?  
RTC: Could always be better but we consider the alternative. With you?  
GD: One of my dogs ate the neighbor's cat but other than that, no problems.  
RTC: Really?  
GD: Yes. The dog is a Husky and he was sleeping in the yard when this rather fat Angora jumped over the top of the fence right in front of him. It was all over in a few seconds but I did have to pry what was left of kitty out of his mouth and stick her deep, deep into the garbage can. Saw the neighbor lady looking for the dear one and I helped her look for a while. I told her cats ran off sometimes but they usually came back when they got hungry. Not this one, believe me. If it ever came back, the old lady would have a coronary on the spot. Huskies are born hunters and they are the closest to the wolf. I don't think that mattered much to the cat. Well, enough animal stories for now. Have you heard from Bill? How is his wife doing?  
RTC: They think the melanoma has spread. Nice woman.  
GD: Yes, the nice ones seem to go early. Well, we can worry more about the ones left behind.  
RTC: What are you doing today, Gregory?  
GD: Actually putting the final touches on my Russian Akula.  
RTC: What?  
GD: That means 'shark' in English. That's their huge sub. 175 meters long and 25 wide. Enormous. Carries RSM-52 long range missiles. Have a range of over 8,000 kilometers. Nuclear warheads. They go out and sit on the ocean bed about 400 meters down. That's mostly under the polar ice cap. Just sit there and wait for the signal to surface and launch. Wonderful deterrent.  
RTC: A bit long in the tooth but I've heard about them. How many do they have?  
GD: I don't know. Four to six is my educated guess. Stay out a specified time, maintain strict radio silence and if they aren't needed to blow our east coast into glowing coals, rotate with the next one. Very comfortable with swimming pools, saunas and private



cabins. And there they sit, waiting. And we sowed a field of detection devices all over the supposed routes from Russia so your people in Scotland can monitor the movements. Of course they are under the ice and we can't spot them from above.

RTC: I had no idea you were into this area, Gregory.

GD: I constantly amaze people, Robert. Anyway, the Russians know about these detectors and have a really interesting way of avoiding them.

RTC: How do you know that, by the way?

GD: I have an old friend who retired from the NSG and he has a few drinks and he's off and running with nice information. We know but we didn't for a long time. The Navy never told the CIA so your people are sitting around in Scotland freezing their asses off and eating haggis.

RTC: I don't suppose...

GD: No, I forgot his name. Anyway, I build ship models to relax. With some people it's drugs but I prefer ship models. Cheaper and more satisfying. I have a huge model of the Yamato I put together. Took twenty months, that one did.

RTC: But back to the Russian sub. Perhaps we could speak about this?

GD: Delighted to, Robert, but not on the phone. When we get together, we can have a lovely chat about such things.

RTC: Yes, I suppose so. By the way, a man named Kittrick is going to get in touch with you. I won't tell you for whom he works but stiff him.

GD: Thanks for the tip but these jerks never get past the first ten minutes of bleating on the phone. Well, I guess when they parole them from the loony bin, someone has to give them a make-work job. Hire the handicapped, Robert because they're fun to watch. How about starting a business called 'Rent-a-Mongoloid?' I mean you can get some of these really frightening kids and have them pass out candy at your front door on Halloween. They don't have to wear masks and they'll scare the shit out of the young ones. Stains and puddles all the way out to the sidewalk.

RTC: Very cruel, Gregory.

GD: I thought so. Don't forget, I used to pour water on drowning people. But Jesus loves me too so I guess I'm all right there. I'm finishing up a paper on the computer system Mueller used for the Gestapo. Hollereit system. I mean early computer but effective. A bit technical but I'll mail it off and you might find it interesting. The system has been improved but the use of it has great potential in the event some leader here wants to grab power. More insensitivity I guess.

(Concluded at 1:55 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 101**

Date: Tuesday, September 2, 1997

Commenced: 12:56 PM CST

Concluded: 1:20 PM CST

GD: Hello. What's up today?

RTC: Good morning, Gregory. Another doctor's visit scheduled for this PM. A damned nuisance but Emily insists. I am not feeling all that well, what with my bad hip and a tendency to misjudge my feet and then falling. I should use a cane in the house but I don't feel I am ready for a walker yet. Other than those small things, I'm fine. And yourself?

GD: I am also fine. However, dealing with your feeble-minded scumbag friends is getting to be quite a bore. Jesus, what a pack of morons and they have many allies. People like Kimmel who is outraged that a terrible person like myself is interacting with you. He thinks you're getting gaga and might spill terrible things to me. And, of course, I am a terrible, disrespectful person who, God knows, might blow the gaff on something

horrible. And poor Bill wants to run with the hares and hunt with the hounds. When he gets going, it sounds like a Kirby vacuum cleaner what with all the suction.

RTC: Well, the Company people do not like you and yes, they dragged the FBI into it for the reason they are not supposed to operate inside this country. Of course we did, and do, but that is not important. You see, you are considered, as Kimmel says, a loose cannon. No one questions your intelligence, although they publicly question your sanity and character, but they can't control you. The drill is that these people have gotten to believe that they, and they alone, have the control and the ability to control and that the rest of the peonage are stupid sheep who pay their salaries. And then you come along and rattle their cages. And they try to intimidate you and then realize that doing this only stimulates you to more noise-making so they back off and think of other ways to get at you and shut you up. They also believe that you are in possession or at least control of certain dangerous documents that could cause havoc in certain circles if you ever even hinted at them so they have to make sure you don't commit unsocial acts. And by unsocial acts I mean shake their trees. Of course they would never just sit down and talk to you like the Army did. We used to do this in the early days but now that we basically control the media and our foreign policy, we have decided that we are far too omniscient and important to descend to actually communicating with our social inferiors. So they turn their pimps and whores loose on you and try to besmirch you to the point where no one will believe you.

GD: They could have one of these sycophants sue me, couldn't they" Tie me up in endless and devastatingly expensive court litigation? Shut me up that way?

RTC: No, Gregory, because that would codify their fears and might, horrible to contemplate, draw public attention to you. No, you have carte blanche to do as you like and they won't interfere for fear of the publicity. But, of course, by getting into the Kennedy killing, you will be taking on a whole hog-pen of functioning idiots and fanatics. The Company or Phoebe won't have to do a thing. Hell, we control some of them...the Farrell woman is ours...and if they attack you, why our hands are clean. I mean you will have far more trouble from these creeps that you ever would have with us. Some self-important twit has a pet theory and supporters thereof and if you dare to publish a word that questions their invented idiot shit, why they will come down upon you, screaming like a drag queen and swinging their purses. Hell, Gregory, if I were you, I would be more concerned about the Jews and the Kennedy nuts than us.

GD: The Jews?

RTC: Oh yes, the vulgar Hebrews again. See, if it gets out and accepted that our government hired all the Nazis they did, why the Jews will have to start wailing and screeching about how dare we do this to them. To them is the operative word here. I mean, how dare you contradict the needs of a Jew? Why, these are God's very own people, aren't they? God's chosen ones?

GD: Well, if you believe the silly holocaust stories, one would have to believe that God chose the Jews to stand in line for the showers.

RTC: (Laughter) Ah yes, the famous showers. But you see the fact that Jews will come after you. Some because only they can moan about their fates and many more to suck up to officialdom, an officialdom that for now at least is dominated by white Christians. It just gets worse..

GD: Well, when Kennedy was running, the Protestants swore that if he got elected, the Pope would move into the White House, or at least Cardinal Cushing. Of course this did not happen but what does the Jew hope for? Their beach blanket flag flying over the Capitol?

RTC: Certainly. They work their way into the system and rise up quickly, gaining influence as they go because they are very clever and our stupid ones get to rely on their intelligence.

GD: Poisoned intelligence. Onwards and upwards. Jesus, if the Jewish community and the art world...actually the same...ever found out what I got from Mueller before they

died, and especially what I am doing with it, they would get Congress to pass a law against me.

RTC: What's that? Something new here?

GD: Yes, actually so. See, I don't know if you are aware of it but during the war, the Germans looted billions of dollars of art from all over Europe. Hitler wanted to set up a huge museum complex in his home town of Linz and all the Nazi brass fell all over each other to gain the Fuehrer's interest by stealing from museums, private collections, churches and so on. Billions. And after the war, people like Tommy Howe and others went around to the vast, underground caves and brought out tons of loot. The more important pieces, or the best known, were returned. At least most of them were. I know of a certain Raphael that old Frank brought back from Poland that the Gestapo bagged and Muller had hanging up in his elegant pad in Piedmont. That's in a safe place and the Polacks will never get it back, believe me. Anyway, Mueller started selling some of this loot that your people took away from the Army after '48. Did you know about this supplementary income?

RTC: Yes. Go on, please do.

GD: Well, Heini set up a little organization and began to peddle some of this, as I said for cash for your off the books activities. Naturally, he kept his share in front. He had a large garage in Piedmont stuffed full of it. I mentioned the Jews because most of the post-Impressionist pieces came from Jewish collectors. Of course, some of the older pieces too. I saw the Rothschild collection of gold coins before Heini sold it off and I must say it was delightful to look at. And some Russian treasures looted from Tsarskoe Selo...I mean the old Imperial Russian complex south of St. Petersburg....

RTC: In Florida?

GD: Now, Robert, not in Florida, in Russia. The Communists changed it to Pushkin...Let me go on. And items from monasteries all over Europe, especially from Italy after Mussolini fell from power in '43 and the Germans occupied the country. Von Senger did rescue the very valuable,.. priceless...library from Monte Cassino before Roosevelt ordered it bombed to powder. But a lot of other art loot went to Germany indeed. Anyway, Heini found out I was an art-restorer at one time and knew a good deal about the subject so we got along just fine although I must admit when he took me to his storage facility and turned on the lights, I very nearly had an involuntary bowel movement on the spot. If the Russians, the Italians, the French or the Poles ever saw what was there, there would be a sound like an approaching freight train. Jesus, the uproar, the demands, and on the part of the Jews, wails of possessive anguish. Everyone else would fade away before their wrath...and their demands. No, when Heini died, I made sure the storage warehouse was cleared out and secured elsewhere. You see, his second wife knew nothing about any of this because he didn't burden her with the knowledge. And if she found it, naturally, she would try to sell it and then these people would come down, howling with rage and armed with legal papers. We couldn't have that so I executed Heini's very firm request. Do you know how Mexicans keep the flies out of their bedrooms, Robert?

RTC: Not offhanded but I am certain you will enlighten me.

GD: Oh, always, Robert. Simple. They shit in the hall.

RTC: (Laughter) So very incorrect.

GD: Ah, but so accurate, Robert. In the hall. In huge, festering heaps. Fly nurseries. So we removed what attracts flies and other vermin. Anyway, the post-Impressionist junk started getting sold off, discreetly here and there. Of course the easily recognizable pieces are a different matter although a great amount of things from Catherine the Greats' palace were relatively easy to peddle, I wouldn't want to be too public about things from Warsaw or Rome, or even Florence.

And art is entirely subjective. The picture I spoke of earlier by Raphael is a portrait of someone who looks like a raging faggot dressed in a loose blouse and looking for all the world as if he just left a Castro Street bathhouse after an evening of bumbusting. But effeminate men were the ideal when Raphael worked. Now, we have Jackson Pollock

who used to spread art canvas on his garage floor, climb up a ladder and toss the contents of various cans of paint he scrounged from the neighbors at yard sales or from the public dump, toss them here and there while giggling to himself. Then, when the enamels dried, he would cut the canvas into sections, mount the sections of stretchers, stick idiot names on each and sell them to the pea brained who considered them art. Now that Pollock is dead, the prices are rising beyond all belief. I personally think Claude Monet and Singer Sargent were the last really good artists of our time. Nowadays, some orange-haired pimp splatters paint all over a canvas and the tasteless rich rush to buy it. It's better for the dealers if the artist is dead. Probably if he died of an overdose of heroin in a male bathhouse. It takes about a century to winnow the wheat from the chaff and then the trashy art and equally trashy writing falls away and a few beautiful works emerge. Of course, by that time, the idiots are all mooning after someone who plops his hairy ass down on a pallet and then sits on a canvas. Moon over Miami, which, along with Skokie and most of Westchester County is where all the trash ends up. Ah, one must be careful, Robert. For example, I know about a certain cartouche from the Amber Room. Yes. The Prussian state eagle in amber. Heini liked it and so do I.

RTC: Do?

GD: We don't need to go into semantics. We've been going into Semitics all morning here.

RTC: (Laughter) Yes, absolutely. And if they get it into their heads that sacred Jewish treasures are in the hands of the unbelieving, and worse, these treasures are actually worth money, my God, you will have mobs of livid Hebrews chanting in front of your house.

GD: That's what fire hoses are for, Robert. To put out fires and also to clean off trash from the sidewalks. Anyway, I suppose you don't know it but I have bank accounts all over Europe and very nice properties in Germany, France and Italy and all filled with lovely pieces. Oh, if I had to depend on selling books, none of that would have happened. And I do enjoy occasional forays into the world of fine art. I really ought to say successful forays because I always return from the hunt with a full game bag or, in my case, more money to enjoy in my retirement years.

RTC: But supposing they are listening to this? Couldn't someone go to banks and ask about your accounts?

GD: Robert, I had ten different passports and more passable identities than you could guess at. The Foggybottom freaks tried for years to find out whatever negative they could about me so they could nail me and they had to give up. As an aside, one of their investigators started in on me with all the smarmy subtlety of a fart in a spacesuit and I lured him to a site loaded with illegal products and the local authorities, whom I tipped off, nailed him as he was carrying what he thought was devastating evidence against me in sealed boxes, but actually was something entirely different, out to his car. He screamed for help but it didn't do him any good. Lost his job, his house and got four years in the can for it. Oh my, did I laugh at that one.

RTC: Gregory, naughty boy. Ah, the State people are such mindless assholes anyway.

GD: I sent him sympathy cards from time to time. Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. What? Fuck them all, Robert. And I would burn the paintings before I gave any of them back, believe it.

RTC: I would tend to believe that, Gregory. I should imagine you are entirely capable of such an act. What they don't know, they can do nothing about, right?

GD: Oh yes, right. And you can visit me any time at my nice villa in Italy. Partially paid for, one might guess, with the profits from selling looted Italian art. Oh, and Russian and Polish as well. And Heini kept meticulous records which I have and if your people, or anyone else, ever tried to push me, records I would gleefully publish. My, oh my, the American museums, the private collections, the major art auction houses and so on, would be so wonderfully compromised. I love it...

RTC: Yes, but they don't

GD: No, Robert they really don't. Most of them are so stupid they couldn't find either end of themselves in a dark room. You doubt me? Look at some of their children. Either end, Robert, either end. These punks always have to buy new pants because they keep wearing out the knees crawling around on the floor like Mongoloids, while in pursuit of the contents of the cat's latrine.

RTC: Now, now, you might be speaking about my people.

GD: The ones who harassed you? The ones who harassed Angleton? Those friends? The ones who come to see you and support you now that you have retired? Those friends, Robert?

RTC: Ah, well you have a point there, Gregory. And to use one of your crude expressions, fuck them all. And if they ever find out that I have had my Greg ship off sizzling papers to you, they would certainly renew old friendships.

GD: Wouldn't you enjoy having so many old friends crowding into your house, Robert? They would shit on the floors and steal anything of value and after molesting your wife and the cat. No, you should follow in my footsteps and leave sleeping dogs, or pigs, lie, Right?

GD: Yes, I reluctantly have to agree with you. Could I have a nice Rembrandt for my living room, Gregory? If and when I die, Emily could have a useful farewell gift.

GD: There were three of his and they have all been sold. How about a Picasso? There are dozens of those. I hate to have to look at Picasso. Or Klee. Or Miro. 'Oh, Myron! Buy the Picasso! It matches the drapes!'

RTC: (Laughter) Where is the taste with these people?

GD: Up the ass, Robert, up the ass. Along with that wondrous zucchini Aunt Bella shoplifted from the supermarket last month. And always remember, Robert, that Malthus was right and when we run out of food and water, we can start eating each other. I believe the French perfected this technique some time ago but then both parties lived to tell about it. Given some of the fatties I've seen waddling around town here, if famine ever strikes, they had best barricade themselves in the root cellar with a shotgun because some of these jiggling lovelies would feed a family of six for a month. Well, it will be back to the caves for the survivors and what will a Picasso be worth then?

(.Concluded at 1:20 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 102**

Date: Saturday, September 6, 1997

Commenced: 8:05 AM CST

Concluded: 8:22 AM CST

RTC: Gregory, I'm glad you called because I mislaid your number. I need to ask you a question about some documents you are supposed to have snatched away from the people at Justice. Do you know what I'm talking about? I have had a visitor here...yesterday afternoon...who told me that their OSI people were hot on the trail of some very important papers for whatever purpose and you somehow got involved and got them instead. Is there anything to this? By the way, I told my visitor I knew nothing about it but would ask you the next time you called. Naturally, having told him this, I got the standard bottled lecture about how truly evil you are and so on. We don't need to worry about that silly shit but as to the documents...?

GD: Oh yes, the Hudal papers. Bishop Hudal was an Austrian Catholic bishop and a good friend of the Pope. Pius XII. After the war, the Bishop was very active in getting certain Germans out of the country and to safe havens in South America. Of course these were not the Gestapo and SD men your people hired in car load lots. Anyway, yes, the story is true. A military document collector rang me up and said he had some Nazi documents that the government people demanded he give them or face severe penalties.

Boiling in oil was not mentioned but hinted at. Anyway, he paid money for these and wanted at the least to get his money back. Oh no, not to happen. He had to give them free of charge to their people pronto.

RTC: The OSI is...

GD: Office of Special Investigations. Under Justice. A bunch of rabid Jews looking for ninety year old SS men so they can send them back to Germany to be tried for some non-existent crime like throwing fat old Jewesses into raging fires or whatever. Anyway, it's a sort of make-work project for the viper brigade. I've encountered them before. So he was in a state . He can't read a word of German which is why he collects German language documents. Typical. The long and short of this is that I had him fax me several pages. They were all dated after the war and I could see at once what the OSI was after. That drooling twit Bronfman has been trying to blackmail the Vatican and these papers, showing chapter and verse of their earlier travel service, would do wonders to make him richer. I asked the collector what he wanted for the collection of about fifty pages or so and he said fifteen hundred so I sent him a check and warned him that if he made any copies, I would personally remove him from the face of the earth. He thought I was joking. So off went the check and the papers came right away. Pure dynamite from the OSI's point of view.

RTC: And might I ask if you still have them? My visitor was on the verge of a stroke.

GD: No, I do not have them. What I did was to read them through and then I took them, put them into an envelope, sealed it, got into my car and drove to the office of the Arch Diocese. You see, I worked for the Church at that time Robert.

RTC: You're Catholic?

GD: No but I worked for Catholic Charities and I had met the Bishop twice when he was making his occasional inspection tours. I had to put up with his office manager who was very nosy and wanted to see the papers. I couldn't tell him to fuck off but I made it very clear that what I had was very important and that I could only give them to the Bishop in person. It took about an hour but eventually I got in and that was that. I was pleasant to him and gave him the papers, suggesting he send them to the Nunciature in Washington and let them decide what to do with them. I also suggested, as firmly as I thought polite, that he not read them. It took all of about five minutes, not to mention the hour drive.

RTC: They vanished?

GD: Oh they did. About three months later, I got a very nice letter from the Vatican, from some official, thanking me in very general terms for sending on my interesting historical documents and assuring me that they were now reposing in the security of the Vatican archives. He was most polite and considerate. Of course nothing was specific.

RTC: It never is.

GD: As sort of as an afterthought, when the collector called me about the OSI people again, he was having a lot of worry with them. I told him to tell their agents that he had sold these documents to me. I said he should give them my name and phone number plus my address.

RTC: (Laughter) Futile. I'll bet you no one ever contacted you.

GD: You'd win the bet.

RTC: Did the Church ever give you back the fifteen hundred?

GD: I never mentioned it and would have never taken it. I had my satisfaction in another way.

RTC: I can see why they really hate you, Gregory.

GD: Well, the Pope doesn't.

RTC: No, but the rabbis do.

GD: I have all the luck. And that's where the press hysteria about pedophilic priests got started. The Vatican refused to let the filthy Bronfman creep paw through their archives so the obedient American press started yapping about the priests. The Baltimore Sun started it and it went from there.

RTC: The Sun is owned by the New York Times.  
GD: And who owns the New York Times?  
RTC: Yes, Gregory. The same people who own our Washington Post and the Jerusalem Post.  
GD: Well at least they offed that fat pig Maxwell.  
RTC: Yes. Knocked him in the head and into the ocean off his yacht.  
GD: Jimmy Atwood said I knocked two of his Brit friends ditto and tossed them into the Caribbean. But Jimmy was such a liar.  
RTC: Look where it got him.  
GD: Face down in his soup. Of course it could have been the main course but you get the drift. Another tragic embolism before dessert. Well, does that answer your question about the documents?  
RTC: Oh yes. You did the right thing, of course, Gregory. Always pick the winning side.  
GD: Edgar makes such putrid booze.

(Concluded at 8:22 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 102**

Date: Wednesday, September 10, 1997

Commenced: 11:14 AM CST

Concluded: 11:30 AM CST

RTC: Gregory, I have just finished reading over the latest Mueller material. I think you have done a wonderful job with this, I really do. Bill wanted to see it but I said you wanted it right back. If he got his hands on it, off to the Xerox machines and it would be all over the District. But what I wanted to discuss with you is the very strong probability, based on what I have been hearing, that you will never expand your readership beyond its present level.

GD: Bender does well.

RTC: How big a customer list does he have?

GD: About thirty five hundred.

RTC: And does he do any national advertising?

GD: No, just within his own circles.

RTC: In other words, not in any of the major book stores, right?

GD: Oh, I suppose if a customer came in and made a special order, they could get it for him but not to carry it.

RTC: Ah, you see there. So as informative and very readable though it might be, no major publishing house would ever dare to print the Mueller material nor, most especially, advertise it nationally. And believe it, Gregory, that even if some big house printed it, it would never see the light of day. Why? Because our people would block it. It's that simple. They would ruin you as they have ruined many other authors who have gone before you for daring to speak ill of them. Can you imagine the New York Times reviewing it? I think not. I think not ever. One phone call from us and into the wastebasket with any kind of commentary, good or bad. Gregory, the blanket of silence would descend upon you, believe me. Silly idealists somehow believe we have a free press here but it is as tightly controlled as it is in Russia or it was in Hitler's Germany. Oh yes, the paper out in Podunk, Kansas is not controlled but all it talks about are whose cow won a prize at the state fair and how the local football team is doing. No, those papers are not controlled because no one but a bunch of hicks read them. But the AP, all the major papers, magazines, publishing houses and television people are under tight control. The rumor about the Jews owning all the papers is only partially correct. The media is owned by corporations. Yes, Jews have a strong say in both corporations and the industry but they do not control it. Corporations control the media. If some article injures any one of them, or has the potential to do so, the article

ends up in the trash along with the reporter. I know the New York Times does just what we wish them to do, print what we wish them to print and kill off any story we tell them to. Besides, we control the AP and all across the country, many of the national and international news stories come direct from the AP.

GD: I know. I was a newspaperman once. Boiler plate. Smaller papers can't afford to have reporters in Moscow or Washington so they depend entirely on the AP for such news.

RTC: Yes, it's a very effective choke point. The public are fed pap and contrived stories and nothing, not a word, gets out that we don't want out. And I am afraid that this will apply to your books. Sell them door to door or to a few military historians via your friend Mr. Bender but no matter how well-written they are and no matter how many uncomfortable truths they may reveal, I am afraid you will never, ever, get rich as a writer. Whispering campaigns will start about you and even though I know that your Mueller Gestapo boss worked for us...Christ I had lunch with him at the Jockey Club once and the Metropolitan Club twice...no one in Washington will ever mention this. And I have heard that they are now frantically trying to find out if you have any papers on this. They can make snide dismissal comments but they are really frightened that you might have something to prove that the head of Hitler's secret police not only worked for the Company but lived in luxury in Georgetown. Jesus, the Hebrews would scream so loud the Capitol dome would collapse. And not to mention the entire left wing of both coasts. No, enjoy yourself while you can because the blanket is about to come down. They won't shoot you because if no one outside a small group of people ever hears about your activities with a typewriter, why should they care. And don't talk to Kimmel or Bill about any of this because neither of them are your friend. Anything you say goes right out the other door. Have you read over the Kennedy assassination material yet?

GD: Working on it.

RTC: Well, it's a forlorn hope, Gregory, forlorn.

GD: Well, I don't think a hack like Steven Ambrose would dare to tread outside the fixed boundaries of official history. Of course, I recommend Ambrose books to my friends because if you buy any Steven Ambrose book, you get at least five other books at the same time.

RTC: (Laughter) Well, Hitler and Stalin had their state historians and we have ours.

GD: And old Winnie Churchill wrote all about how wonderful he was and called it history.

RTC: But just a little word here about not elevating your expectations. They are watching you, Gregory, and you might consider another line of work.

GD: Oh, I can be very creative, Robert, and believe me, I am vicious as hell when I choose to be. I have enough on some of these people to have them hanged in public and they can push and I will shove. It will all come out in the wash, I think. And do you think some fat pin head with a ski mask will shoot me in a shopping mall? Maybe twenty years ago but the CIA people I have run into over the past few years are a bunch of gutless faggots who might gang up on me and hit me with their purses but nothing more serious than that. True, they have made trouble for me but believe me, I have also made trouble for them. If I ever meet you somewhere, I can tell you some wonderful stories. Sometime we can talk about the story of the pinheaded SEAL in Berlin and how he came to be tossed out of the country. I have lots of nice stories like that. Well, I am still working up the Mueller things and I agree with you although my tattered idealism still gives me some hope that justice will prevail. If it doesn't, why I might become very annoyed. Well, we shall see. And no, I never tell Kimmel or Corson a thing and no, I do not trust either of them and yes, I know they run bleating to higher authority when I tell them some secret. Actually, I rather enjoy the little game but it is a bit like playing chess with a blind man as an opponent, A little unfair but then so is life.



(Concluded 11:30 AM CST)

### **Conversation No. 103**

Date: Monday, September 15, 1997

Commenced: 1:38 PM CST

Concluded: 1:55 PM CST

RTC: Good morning, Gregory. Did you, by any chance, get the packet I sent you?

GD: The one on weird conspiracy crap?

RTC: Yes, the same.

GD: I did and I am still laughing. My God, when Reagan closed the nut houses in California, these things really took off. Actually, to be fair, that sort of lunacy has been around for years. But how the CIA could get tied up with some of them boggles the imagination.

RTC: Well, there were indeed very strange people in our ranks, I'll grant you that. We had Gottleib, Cameron and other odd ones. The Swann person was another one. You know, the Remote Viewing insanity.

GD: Oh yes, indeed. I lived near SRI in Menlo Park and I heard hysterically funny stories about this at the time. Leaving the astral body to float around in space and then down to old Mother Russia to slip into the KGB headquarters to spy on the workings. Or float off to China to see what Mao was doing. The thought that taxpayer's money went into such things is really not very funny. Tell me, although I only saw a brief mention of it, were you tied up with the Scientology nutties? The planet Xenu? The bringing of the Thetan master race to Montana by DC3s? Jesus, I know Hubbard spent some time in a 'Frisco nut house but how, or I mean why, do sane people believe such shit?

RTC: From a poor, very bad science fiction writer to cult leader is quite a step but L. Ron made it.

GD: My God, I know about him and I met some of his drooling acolytes once. And had to listen to hours of psycho-babble about being clear or their fake emeters. All they do is rope in rich fools and skin them to the bone. But please tell me the CIA wasn't tied up with these nutties.

RTC: No, Hubbard hated us. We were asked by DoS to investigate him when he was running all over the Med, getting the police of various countries after him. We concluded that all of them were crazy as hell and that Hubbard was either an inspired paranoid idiot or a total fraud. I rather suspect he was both. I hear he got so crazy out in California that his people killed him.

GD: I have heard the same. And cremated him and dumped the ashes into the ocean off the stern of an old sardine boat. Well, now Lafayette is up on Xenu, running the pay toilets in the Imperial Palace there. God, I thought that once we got rid of the Christian Scientists, the fake churches were done for.

RTC: Well, Gottleib was crazy and Cameron was crazier what with their experiments but at least Hubbard had a run for everyone's money and enjoyed lots of teen-aged pussy before they offed him. Gottleib fucked goats and we had to off Cameron for everyone's welfare. No, we had nothing to do with the Hubbard business.

GD: Ah, but you did get into the Remote Viewing business. Did you do crystals too?

RTC: What?

GD: No, just some New Age nonsense. I know if I had an out of body experience, I would want to visit the girl's gym shower room at a local high school. Not too young and before the bodies turn to rubber and the tits topple. High school girls were OK for Hubbard to play stink finger with but they really aren't too smart. Some of them are nice to look at, though. Go to any beach, Robert, and look at the flab and sag. Oh and men too. Must

be democratic here. Guys get sagging tits and jelly bellies as well. But in the old days, young people kept their shapes longer but now, they bag, sag and drag at ten or eleven.  
RTC: (Laughter) We all get there, Gregory.

GD: Yes, we do but I would rather look at the cat box than the blubber guts strutting their stuff. Ah, well, so much for Remote Viewing.

RTC: Mr. Swann conned some of our less intelligent people out of millions.

GD: Maybe they can start their own church, Robert. Like Hubbard, the ebox king. Former Xenu Imperial Chancellor. Oh, and don't forget the Illuminati. Robert, they rule the world now. Tens of thousands of them wearing soiled underwear, sitting in their own dung at their underground headquarters in Des Moines and controlling the world. And the New World Order! Robert, we are both getting old so maybe the Order will give birth after we are gone. Isn't it amazing, the hysterically funny fictions that bipeds actually believe? The Easter Bunny now has become legend. I look for a Book of the Bunny any day now and frantic worshippers holding Bunny Meets on high school football fields, buck naked and jumping up and down. My God, what a disgusting image. And the Remote Viewing people can all gather in the stands and soil themselves in sexual frenzies while caressing their crystals and smoking pot. Malthus had the right idea but why do we have to wait? How about starting a plague somewhere and getting rid of the nutties in the process?

RTC: Utterly futile, Gregory. When the human race regenerated, the types would emerge again.

GD: Yes, along with piles and chronic skin diseases. I had to listen to more unadulterated crap back in the '70s that you can imagine an the Remote Viewing and Scientology shit fits right in with bong dreams.

RTC: Bong?

GD: A water pipe for smoking hash. But most of these lunatics don't need drugs to hallucinate. Imagine Thetans or superior people and by that, I mean those who have read the really terrible Hubbard sci-fi stories, Thetans are flown to this planet on DC3s. Of course space is a vacuum so no plane could fly between here and Xenu. And where, pray tell, is Xenu? Somewhere in the Cornflakes galaxy, right near the planet Vulva. And if you pay the Scientologists enough money, they'll suddenly discover you are a Thetan and get to the head of the contributing class. Oh well, just because the CIA went for the out of body nonsense is no reason to link it with the Hubbard freaks. I shouldn't have even brought it up. Dealing with fatties and space cases are so debilitating. And then we can contemplate getting it on with an epileptic whore. Just as enlightening and thrilling.

RTC: Well, I sent you what I had on all of that.

GD: And I thank you but if I tried to get any of it published, they'd lock me up in a rubber room. You know it's true and I believe it's true but I doubt if normal people would believe a word of it. Listen, let's send Corson to Xenu! Great! He could tell them he was an American field marshal and take over the Xenuvian army and invade Mars next month. Bill would have a wonderful time out at the L. Ron Hubbard Theme Park where all the Thetans love to visit. Enough, enough. I ought to get back to throwing roofing nails out on the freeway and watching the accidents.

(Concluded 1:55 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 104**

Date: Saturday, October 4, 1997

Commenced: 1:55 PM CST

Concluded: 2:10 PM CST

RTC: Hello to you, Gregory. How is is going with you?

GD: I'm making it. Listen, you've read the first Mueller book, haven't you?

RTC: Yes, and enjoyed it very much. Why?

GD: I got this letter from Bender. It was sent to him from Spain and he forwarded it on to me with a note suggesting the writer might be an interesting person. I wrote to him....I think he was in Madrid,...and he had sent me two letters since. He said he was a top level Spanish intelligence agent but also worked for the German Abwehr and the Japanese. Was telling me that he was in Berlin in '45 and in Hitler's bunker. Said he helped Hitler and Bormann escape to South America. I asked him some technical questions about Bunker security and it was pretty obvious he knew nothing about Berlin, Hitler, Bormann or even Mueller. He told me that he helped Mueller and Bormann escape to South America and that Hitler went with them. This was a crock of shit because both of us knew Mueller and he was never in South America. Also, Bormann's body was found back in 1972, in, as I recall, December, in Berlin and there is no doubt it was his. I got a copy of the German forensic report and believe me, they spent a long time on this one. So, Count this or that insisted that I include some information about his great findings. As I said, I wrote him with questions about technical details and he was further off factual base than old Gitta Sereny and her fake interviews. Well, we know Bormann was positively dead and you and I know that Mueller lived in Georgetown after the war and we both know that Georgetown is not in South America.

RTC: Who was your correspondent, out of curiosity?

GD: If you wait a moment, I'll dig his idiot letters out of the file  
(Pause)

Fine. His name is Senor Don Angel Alcazar de Velasco.

RTCⓄLaughter) Oh, that one. I wouldn't pay too much attention to him, Gregory. He's about as real as Santa Claus.

GD: How do you know that, pray tell?

RTC: That's one of our cover names for disinformation. Don Angel doesn't exist.

GD: I can't say that surprises me, what with the leadership of the Third Reich packed into submarines and shipped off to a secret base in Argentina. And why would you bother with such idiotic fairy stories?

RTC: We had certain reasons for that, Gregory. Are you going to follow up on this?

GD: Why not? I love to kick the shit out of liars. And what a liar! And stupid as a post. Why don't you hire intelligent people?

RTC: Well, the Argentina underground Nazi base has its uses. Oh, and have you heard about the bases in the Antarctic?

GD: Oh, yes, that too. SS troops disguised as penguins and a big flying saucer base down there. But why are your people interested in that ancient history?

RTC: Question here. Did Mueller ever discuss this Hitler business with you?

GD: Yes, indeed, he did.

RT: And what did he tell you?

GD: That Hitler got out and just where he went.

RTC: And that was....?

GD: Well, it wasn't South America, that's for sure.

RTC: Could you...would you tell me what Mueller said?

GD: Surely, if you explain all of this mysterious business to me.

RTC: It's far too sensitive, Gregory.

GD: What? That Hitler got away? You people had nothing to do with it. The CIA wasn't even in existence in 1945.

RTC: I don't....are you going to poke fun at Don Angel? And I really would like to know what Mueller told you. As a personal favor.

GD: Central America.

RTC: Could you be more specific?

GD: Yes, I could. And could you help me out here a bit?

RTC: Tell me what Mueller said and we can get to your request.

GD: Costa Rica.

RTC: Shit. Pardon me. Yes, shit. Did he tell you where in Costa Rica.

GD: Yes, he was very exact. Now please enlighten me, if you can.

RTC: Gregory, this is a very sensitive issue, you understand. If I fill you in a little, will you promise me, in advance, that you will not write about it while I am still alive?

GD: Promise.

RTC: We found out about this later. You are right in that we had nothing to do with it. We did, and do, have a significant base in Costa Rica and if the word got out that Hitler had gone there, all the whining Jews like Wiesenthal and Elie the Weasel will go down there, after begging for bags full of money from their suckers, and make life miserable for our people. I would really not want to see hordes of screeching Hebrews pouring into San Jose and sounding like parrots on a hot stove. The Jews are such pests and I think the bubonic plague would be more welcome. And besides, the Germans run that country and I doubt if they would want a plane full of bagle snappers down there. That's why we encourage our fronts to stress South America, preferably Argentina. Of course Hitler didn't go there but we stress Argentina because we do have, or have had, some high-level SS and police people in Paraguay and Chile and it is better that the twits all go to another country. We also took under consideration...but this was back in the '40s don't forget...that if Joe Stalin actually did try to invade Europe, as we know he wanted to, we could bring Hitler back from retirement to lead the German people in a new crusade but this time with American support and, don't forget, atomic weapons. Old Adolf is probably dead by now but at the time, we had to touch all bases. But if you publish any of this and if you put down that country, the Hebrews will make trouble. Let them go to Argentina. And please keep away from that Don Angel person because if you jerk his covers off, it could cause the Company endless problems. Hitler and Mueller are dead now, as dead as Bormann so why not use some of the really interesting material I sent you and please, I really ask you, stay away from Hitler in Costa Rica. It's bad enough that you are publishing that Mueller survived the war and worked for our people and even worse that he lived in Georgetown. If that ever gets really going, every Jew in the lower forty eight will rise up and howl with rage and then to put Hitler into it would be the end. I'm sure you can grasp this, can't you?

GD: I did promise.

RTC: So you did but I am just reminding you. And now you have the reason. Does it satisfy you?

GD: It would be much more fun if Hitler lived in Miami. There are thousands of illegal Jewish immigrants there.

RTC: You can be rather annoying at times, Gregory. Tell me, did you ever tell the Mueller story about Hitler to anyone?

GD: Yes, I told Jack Meanen, an old friend.

RTC: Meanen?

GD: Yes. A militaria dealer in New Hampshire. Used to work for your people.

RTC: Whereabouts in New Hampshire?

GD: Keene.

RTC: Thank you. Well, I will see to it that Don Jose de Cabeza de Vaca won't write to you again.

GD: (Laughter) That's not nice, Robert. Still, it fits. I was expecting him to tell me how he and the Pope used to play tennis with Joe Stalin. You should really pick your snitches with a bit more care. Vet them better. That one is the worst liar I ever encountered.

RTC: We run with what we can sometimes, Gregory.

GD: And why are your people in Costa Rica?

RTC: As a base against the Communists and to protect the Panama Canal.

GD: I can see some of that but the Canal?

RTC: The Company uses it for big time deals and black operations if you must know.

GD: Drugs from Columbia, no doubt.

RTC: A very bad person, Gregory and my request for your silence extends to this subject as well.

GD: I keep my word, Robert. I take some pride in this.

RTC: Well, I knew Mueller and if you and he got along as well as you did, I assume you can keep quiet when it suits you. I would just like to live out whatever time is left to me in peace. I have enough problems with the Justice people calling me up and telling me how evil you are. I plan to ask Kimmel to stop this crap and I really don't want to hear howls of anger from Langley because of some new nastiness you have launched. Well, enough of that nonsense. Anything else new?

GD: I should tell the world about Hitler's presence so close to the United States and take tours down there I can point out the buildings over the secret underground caves with the gold bars and the UFO parts and for a few dollars, sell them a piece from the special U Boat that brought Hitler, his wife and dog over. I do know that there were some SS and SD people with him but not that many. His cook and a few others. Mueller was very informative. Just think that instead of being burnt in the Chancellery garden, Hitler was living out his life in comfort just south of the border. That would put the fox in the hen house, wouldn't it?

RTC: I don't even want to think about that one. I do assure you, Gregory, that we never brought him over or dealt with him. Some of his people, of course, that we did.

GD: Well, Rauff was not one of his top people and I am somewhat taken aback that the CIA worked with Mengele.

RTC: Well, we did fund the Remote Viewing nonsense so why not genetic engineering?

GD: Wiesenthal would crap his drawers if he ever heard about that.

RTC: From what I hear, old Simon wears diapers and talks to dead relatives.

GD: That might be an interesting subject.

RTC: I tell you what. Send me a copy of what Mueller told you about Costa Rica and I will be in your debt.

GD: My pleasure, Robert. You have sent me boxes of historical explosive material so I do own you. No problem at all.

(Concluded at 2:10 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 105**

Date: Tuesday, October 7, 1997

Commenced: 11: 23 AM CST

Concluded: 11:38 AM CST

GD: What's up, Robert?

RTC: Emily is pestering me to have some tests made to see if I have lung cancer. Surgery is indicated. I smoke a lot and sometimes I get short of breath but I do not want to go under the knife. At my age, that's a virtual death sentence. I'll just keep on stalling as long as I can.

GD: Well, good luck to you.

RTC: Thanks. And what are you up to these days?

GD: Being of some assistance to the KLA people.

RTC: Those are very dangerous terrorists, Gregory. Do you know any?

GD: Oh my yes, I do. By accident but I had no idea who these people were when I gave them some good advice on certain matters and got a lawyer for them. I don't care what

our government thinks of them. I don't like Serbs and neither do they so that makes us on the same side.

RTC: What kind of advice did you give them, if I might ask?

GD: You may indeed. We discussed the nickel mines. The Ferronkeli mines.

RTC: A rather sensitive subject, Gregory. What do you know about that?

GD: I told them to grab the mines, get rid of the management and stuff the shafts or whatever with charges. Set them off if and when. I think I know some people who might be interested in making a deal on the output if and when. I am sure that guerrilla warfare against Belgrade will be successful in the end.

RTC: The mines are of interest to a number of people, you know.

GD: I've heard. I told my friends to get the mines and then they could pick and choose.

RTC: I think there are people right now who have a reasonable expectation of getting their hands on that.

GD: Your people?

RTC: A mutual interest. I suggest you do not interfere in this, if you take my advice.

GD: I usually do, Robert, but this time, I launched a project without mentioning it to you mainly because you are not involved any more and it did not occur to me that the CIA might have business friends. I know your people are stirring things up over there so I just tried to be of friendly use to people I rather like.

RTC: Bigger mines than Petsamo.

GD: Yes and I think the locals should have control over them, not the friends of anyone here. More wars, insurrections and protracted death are due to business interests who have friends at Langley. Besides, they rather like me because I help my friends without bothering to ask for money.

RTC: What do you expect to get out of this?

GD: Good will. I think if the Serbs attack, they will have the shit kicked out of them and the Albanians will come out ahead. I like Albanians anyway. I mean they are very good friends and terrible enemies. I prefer people like that as opposed to the sissified cunts that are on the other side. No offense to you, of course, but I have run into some of our spies overseas and I have no respect for the purse-swingers.

RTC: I have gathered that and not only from you. You have so many friends, Gregory.

GD: Judge a man by his enemies, Robert. And as Otto said, many enemies, much honor. If the KLA keeps on the way it has been going, they will start the ball rolling and it could be the breakup of the Tito empire. Terrible thought. I am sure the Croats, the Albanians and the Slovenes will be overjoyed. The Balkans have always been a hotbed of turmoil and disasters. The Serbs started the First World War and have been making trouble for decades. Maybe the KLA can start a bonfire and others can achieve militarily which they cannot. We can only wait and see and in the meantime, I love to get together with my Albanian friends and enjoy a pleasant interlude discussing politics and military projects.

RTC: But the KLA are terrorists, Gregory.

GD: I'm sure but Robert, your terrorist is another's freedom fighter.

RTC: And they're not Christians.

GD: I would hope not. The Christians have been responsible for more bloodshed over the years than Genghis Kahn and the Mongols. I can cite chapter and verse to you. My connections are Muslims anyway and that group is coming up to the top now. Another Mideast problem hatching from the egg. Of course any Muslim nationalism will be a direct counteraction to perceived Western meddling and, even more important, our slavish devotion to Israel. Hell, 95% of the Jews in Israel are Khazars and don't have a drop of Jewish blood in them. The Ashkenazi are a bunch of bloody bastards and they simply barged into Palestine, claiming that was their ancestral home...which it was not. Ah well, far be it from me to try to enlighten our thoroughly corrupt legislators. Maybe a bomb up their collective asses will get them to be a bit less devoted and a bit more neutral.

RTC: I doubt that will ever happen, Gregory, but you have a point there.

GD: Of course but it is obvious. Israel would never help us but they demand we help them to the tune of billions of dollars down our drain. We don't get value for money from that one, believe me.

(Concluded at 11:38 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 106**

Date: Saturday, October 11, 1997

Commenced: 8:50 AM CST

Concluded: 9:02 AM CST

GD: Good morning, Robert. Did you get the book?

RTC: I did, Interesting, I knew your friend Mueller was hip-deep in the art business but I really was unaware of how enormous a business it really was. Or is?

GD: Well, when Heini died, it died with him. And his wife made me haul off most of his stock. She wanted nothing to do with it. I mean, she didn't know it was all stolen but she must have wondered how Heini could get so much of it. She kept a few pieces, a few small Renaissance bronzes as I recall, but I got the rest. Jesus, I had to rent a U-Haul to take it away.

RTC: I won't ask you what happened to it. Are you rich?

GD: It varies. Money comes in but money goes out. No, I have the art stashed with your boxes of documents. If the authorities ever found either one of these, I would have huge lawyer fees. On the other hand, they might run over me with a truck while I am in a local mall. And just think, the governments of a dozen countries would coo with joy to be able to recover their lost treasures. Fuck them, Robert, without grease. The stuff it mine and I will do with it as I wish. Goering looted dozens of Jewish collections in Paris in '40 and Mueller had the Rothschild Renaissance gold coin collection. Sell off one small piece here and there but never bank the money in Switzerland. I buy gold with my money and then put the gold away.

RTC: Not, I hope, in a safe deposit box.

GD: Christ no. That's the second place they look after your garage or a local storage place in a space rented under your name. No, safe where they can't get at it. I collect things relating to Hitler. I have his will, notes from Eva Braun, Gestapo files on his close associates, note paper, book plates, lecture notes and so on. Poor Irving would shit himself dry if he ever saw any of it. Of course he won't and someday, I will find a publisher your people don't control and put out a nice coffee table book to rival one I just saw on the Shroud of Turin. The difference will be that my book will have authentic items. Shroud is a dismal fake. Oh and I don't have any diaries. I ought to include a chapter on these as well since I was in on the making of them. My God, people are such fools.

RTC: People believe what they want to, Gregory.

GD: Yes, a man will never believe his wife is boffing a back jazz drummer, even if he walks in on them. Amazing how blind some become. Anyway, the thought of the dread chief of the Gestapo, broiler of fat Jewish babies, visiting with Harry in the White House and selling off stolen art and living very high on the American hog is a howler. No wonder your people are dampening their chairs over the Mueller books. What revelations will be next? I think that in the end, when all the dust settles and Tel Aviv is a radioactive ruin, Hitler will emerge as a far more sympathetic person than the trained academics like to rant about. And conversely, old fat Churchill will suffer very badly. A gay, fat egotist who destroyed his country. And I can talk about the ditzy Mountbatten who attacked Dieppe on his own and took terrible losses. A typical product of the British royal family. Mueller said they were mostly inbred idiots who married their own cousins and produced children with the intellect of chickens.

RTC: (Laughter) As an Irishman, I find that refreshing. How perceptive of your friend.

GD: My friend and your employee. Just think, there is Heni, the barbecue king, employer of Eichmann, having lunch with your DCI at the Cosmos Club. Not to mention your financial support of Rauff and Mengele in South America. My God, if any of this ever really gets out, the ADL will stand in front of the CIA headquarters and pelt exiting employees with rotten bagels.

RTC: (Laughter) Why rotten?

GD: You can get them much cheaper.

RTC: (Laughter) So true. But back to the stolen art. How can you sell any of this without getting caught?

GD: Most of the original owners are either dead or cakes of hand soap. Your people never stole anything famous in '48. Common but very valuable stuff. Sell it to a posh gallery who think you are a well-dressed twit who has no idea what Grandmother's old piece is worth. If it is a nice icon, worth or say twenty thousand, they will be kind enough to offer you five hundred as a starter and come all the way up to four thousand. Just take it and have a nice lunch with a really good wine after it's all over. And on it goes. And someday, a horrified person sees their late Aunt Reba's Monet for sale by a Swiss gallery and calls their lawyer, screaming with rage. So much fun. And remember, Napoleon looted all of Europe for the Louvre but now he is considered a real patron of the arts. What they will say about me I dare not begin to voice. It might shock you so close to lunch, or on the other hand, so soon after breakfast. If Kimmel had any idea how the land really lay, I would be visited by his gentlemen in flak vests. They would haul off locked trunks with labels saying "Stolen Art" and when they broke them open down at the office, they would find nothing but the contents of the cat litter box and some very ripe chicken parts. Anyway, when you finish with the book, send it back by the usual route and I will send you something even more interesting.

RTC: How kind of you to entertain an old man in his declining years.

GD: I'll be there soon enough, Robert.

(Concluded at 9:02 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 107**

Date: Sunday, October 19, 1997

Commenced: 3:30 PM CST

Concluded: 3:50 PM CST

RTC: How are you this fine day, Gregory? Up and at 'em?

GD: Trying to catch up on some of your documents. This Afghan business is interesting. One of the most consistently volatile areas on earth. Full of savage, very competent guerrilla warriors.

RTC: Oh yes, I give you that. When we decided to enter the lists there in '79, we were well aware of the make up of the country. Utter, backward savages but very, very effective guerrilla warriors. We felt at the time that if we could lock the Soviets in to a drawn out war, they would lose it, take terrible personnel losses and hemorrhage money the way we did in 'Nam. It worked like a charm. We got the Saudis in this with us and they did a wonderful job. They trained the locals, armed them with weapons we sent them and did everything they could to help us field a good response to Ivan.

GD: Well, I was reading about the Russian copters and how you gave the rag heads the small missiles to knock them down. Up to that point, those choppers were a deadly weapon for the Russians.

RTC: Well, we did our best and we won, we won there and they lost. We avenged 'Nam if you want to look at it that way.

GD: But they did the fighting.

RTC: So much better for us, don't you think?



GD: But the Russians must have known what they were getting into. They had a long history with the rag heads down there. Why invade a totally hostile area?

RTC: Well, something to do but also because of the opium down there. Outside of our dear friends the Turks, Afghanistan is the world's largest grower of opium. Immense money to be made there, my boy.

GD: I can imagine. And do we?

RTC: Of course we do. Started out in the golden triangle under my direction and just spread out. We set them up there, gave them pep talks, money and guns. No, they are on our side...or were.

GD: 'Were' is a good word. You can't trust tribal people like that. Give them guns to kill you enemy and when he's dead, they'll turn on you.

RTC: Much too pessimistic, Gregory, much too pessimistic. Although I haven't been in harness for some time, I keep in touch. No, those people love us, make book on it.

GD: I don't trust the Saudis, either. They hate us, Robert. I went to college with one of their royal family and he gave me quiet an insight. The royal family came from generations of camel thieves and I wouldn't trust one of them to the corner for a pound of butter. We buy their oil and they smile and give us gold pen sets, just like you do to the boobies who help you for free. There is a large body of well-trained terrorists or freedom fighters as you will, looking for more exciting work. And the Saudis do not want them looking at their country.

RTC: Well, the Saudis do hate us, quietly, but they own the Afghans and their people run them there. Most of the leaders of the so-called activist movements in Afghanistan are Saudis. Of course to a stupid American, all Arabs look the same. Agreed they dislike the infidels in the west but they sell their oil for American dollars, don't they?

GD: Oh subtle one, oh serpent, as the line went. As I said, the Saudi leadership, their royal family, descend directly from brigands and camel thieves so don't be astounded if they sic the other ones onto us. What would they gain? Getting us out of the Middle East for one thing. I mean getting our military people out of there. And because they hate Israel with a passion, our ass kissing of those Mongol assholes will get us into real trouble.

RTC: And what do you propose, Gregory?

GD: Me? I know nothing but if it were up to me, I would get my pink ass out of that area and deal with everyone equally. When the Jews saw we were no longer their bigger brother, believe me, they would settle up with the Arabs in jig time. Oh, do excuse the awful racial remark there. Anyway, I think your people opened a Pandora Box giving weapons to those people. And they did terrible things to captured Russians. Tortured and killed them.

RTC: Yes, one of the more enjoyable aspects of the whole business. A dead Russian whose head is being used as a soccer ball can't fight us, can he?

GD: As ye sow, Robert, so shall ye reap.

RTC: My God, don't drag the Bible into this. We did terrible damage to the Soviets, who, by the way, were our enemies at the time. They supported North Korea, didn't they?

Yes, I can tell you they did. So, what's wrong with our supporting the Afghanistanis?

GD: Well, it isn't something I would have done but then I am not the shield and buckler of the nation.

RTC: Ah, well now there you go! Right on the old nail head, Gregory. If it weren't for the CIA, where would we be? Probably an occupied country.

GD: Can we forget the little question of the opium? On the one hand, this has become a nation of drug addicts and most of the drug, other than the glue-sniffers, get their drugs from the Mexicans, who get it from the Columbians, who, in turn, get the raw opium from Afghanistan courtesy of Air America. Crime rates soar, jails are packed, billions are spent on this but I suppose someone in Washington, or Langley, lives in a nice place, has a boat, a summer house on Long Island and another one in Bermuda. Well, so much for pragmatic sanctions.

RTC:What?

GD: An historical joke, Robert. Anyway, knowing you, I doubt if you made a dime from the drug business.

RTC: Of course not. We got the political benefit in my department and at my level and others lower down, got the money.. You can't make an omelet, Gregory, without breaking a few eggs.

GD: A favorite phrase of Ulanov.

RTC: Lenin, of course. At certain elevated levels, it's all just a game.

GD: Unless your grandson overdoses, Robert.

(Concluded at 3:50 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 108**

Date: Thursday, October 23, 1997

Commenced: 11:45 AM CST

Concluded: 12:15 PM CST

RTC: Gregory, good day to you.

GD: And to you. Rare that you call me, Robert.

RTC: Well, you usually call me so I can save a dime. You know, some time ago, we were talking about Hitler and his disposition at the end of the war. I think we both know he got clean away, along with his mistress and a few trusted people.

GD: Bormann not included.

RTC: No, Bormann not included. The point is, I think it would be greatly appreciated here if you kept strictly away from this theme.

GD: Well, first off, why?

RTC: First off, even hinting at this is going to make more trouble for everyone than you can imagine. Oh yes, Hitler would be dead by now but there are tremendous implications. Everyone wants Hitler to be dead, a suicide in the ruins of Berlin. He will have expiated all of his sins in this way.

GD: What sins? Rebuilding his country? Breaking the Communist cells in Germany?

RTC: No, we are looking at the Jewish problem mainly but do not forget the immense wave of propaganda unleashed during the war about the evil Hitler was doing. The residues of this are still with us, coupled with Jewish rage.

GD: Of course Jews would hate Hitler but actually, Hitler did not hate the Jews but used them as a unifying factor in his drive for political control. Hitler was not talking about the German Jews, who were well-integrated into Germany society in the ranks of the professionals...doctors, lawyers, judges and university people. Imperial Germany was very tolerant of Jews. No, Hitler had the flood of really nasty Polish Jews that descended on his country after the Poles chased them out after the First War. I mean these were grasping, nasty, dirty and very vulgar people who were easily identified as aliens others and so a wonderful target for Hitler to blame everything on. And besides, most of the leaders of the Communist grabs for power in Germany after the war were all Russian Jews. No, the Polish Jews were a perfect patsy for Hitler. And he never, ever, spoke of gassing or killing them off. Force them all out of the country. Müller often talked about this with me and he was in charge of the expulsion program. The gassing stories were invented after the war when our people found delousing rooms in the camps and could not read the signs that explained the delousing schedules. And this was for clothes, not people. Most Americans have a problem reading anything but basic English so the German escaped them completely. I have the complete records, or at least microfilms of them, of the German camp systems and gassing inmates was not done. A number were shot or hanged for various crimes, such as murder of other inmates, sodomy, escape attempts, assaults on German guards and so on. The Hungarian Jews that were deported to Auschwitz in '44 mostly were transferred from

the camp before it was evacuated in '45. Interesting to note that about ten thousand were left behind because they were too sick or weak to make the march to the west so the guards, who were conscripted local Poles, went in and shot most of them to death before the Russians got there. I think Ivan killed off the rest. Understand that both the Poles and the Russians hate Jews with a passion and do love to kill them. Well, I guess the Jews of the present era have discovered how to make gold out of blood.

RTC: Not that I disagree with your unacceptable views, no matter how accurate they may be, the Jews are a political power in this country now and as I said a minute ago, the thought that Hitler was not burned up in his garden is not acceptable. Yes, for financial reasons but also because they don't want to blame themselves for being a hated minority and want to blame the evil Nazis for throwing fat, screaming babies into huge fires. No, and we don't want it put around that Müller and his friends all came to work for us. Jesus, Gregory, can you imagine the wailing and the threats of vengeance against the Company? I think you have done enough damage here. Didn't the Army make a deal with you over this? As I recall, they gave you secret documents about Müller as long as you dumped him onto us and not them? Am I not right here?

GD: Yes, but I should point out that your people always have social misfits contact me with grotesque efforts to buy me out. My God, Robert, where do you find such bottom-feeders? Under the boardwalks at Atlantic City? New York's drunk tanks on a Sunday morning? Jesus H. Christ, you send me broken down soup kitchen executives or whining, insignificant retired librarians instead of real men who talk like same.

RTC: You are very unkind, but I think you're talking about Wolfe and you know my views on him. I've even cut down my visits to the National Archives to avoid his constant picking and whining. And I don't know about the soup kitchen person but I'm sure you knew how to deal with him.

GD: I did. I sandbagged him and he had to part with many thousands of your tax-free dollars trying to buy me off. Such perambulating cunts, Robert. Anyway, we both know that Hitler did not die in Berlin and both you and Müller have basically confirmed Central America as the final resting place. Probably later, like Napoleon, there will be a triumphal return to Berlin and a state burial amidst much pomp and splendor. Then, I suppose, your people will strut around taking credit for helping to save the dead great leader. The Jews here will eventually go too far, as they always do, and the public will go after them as the various peoples of the world have done for thousands of years. Yes, a triumphal return, Robert. But you will be dead by then and I will be a good deal older. Unless, of course, one of the notorious CIA hit teams corners me in a public lavatory and beats me to death with their purses. But I personally think that the reason the Jews howl about Hitler, or the Gestapo or whatever is because they have been busy making horrible legends to sell to the goyim and to convince the world that the world owes them a living. Also, Hitler is sol because he lost. Personally, if I were Hitler and my country and my citizens were being bombed and strafed to death, and I had tons of nerve gas, believe it that I would have used it without any qualms. They had the ability to deliver at least one load to either Washington or New York, let alone London or Moscow during the May Day parade. The world can rest easy that I wasn't in Hitler's seat because he was basically decent but I am not.

RTC: I have gathered that, Gregory. And I am certain you would have done just what you said. Well, Harry was not a bad man but he dropped the bombs on civilian Japan, didn't he?

GD: Yes, and back in the 1850s, one of my ancestors married into the Truman family. Could these things be passed down? Who knows? Actually, who cares..."

(Concluded at 12:15 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 109**

Date: Monday, October 27, 1997

Commenced: 2:29 PM CST

Concluded: 2:45 PM CST

GD: Good morning, Robert. I have just about finished your manuscript on the Vietnam war and I was wondering about what could be done?

RTC: Well, for one thing, Gregory, it can't be printed as long as I am alive. I had to sign the obligatory document years ago stating that I would write nothing about my work with the Company unless and until I had them vet it first. No exceptions. Wait until I am dead and gone and then publish. What do you think about it?

GD: Explosive. The poor sheep-like public only know what the press and the paid court historians tell them. The Pearl harbor business is typical. Now all the paid hacks claim that Roosevelt knew nothing at all. Of course he knew. He pushed the Japanese until they attacked us and we broke their diplomatic codes so we knew what was coming. Now, all is denied by the likes of Stephen Ambrose and Bruce Lee and so on. Of course by now, no one cares anymore. I mean other than the Kimmel family. Now, the idiots are just beginning to forget about Kennedy. My God, what a bunch of airheads have been feasting on that one for years. And your people, Mrs. Farrell as I recall, are all pushing the twits off on blind alleys. And in the end, we both you know your people did it but there is so much garbage afloat on the seas of indifference that it really does not matter. And if the public ever got wind of the butcheries and torture chambers in Vietman, probably they would not be too interested because our media would be telling them about a cat up in a tree somewhere. Charlie Burdick was there and he told me he still had nightmares over the screaming and the smell of burning flesh and that was in the interrogation centers. He said that thousands of perfectly innocent Vietnamese women and children were rounded up and machine gunned. Is that true?

RTC: Yes, it is but the Army did it. We wouldn't. Nixon told the Army to get rid of the civilian population in certain areas where the Cong was known to be operating and they did it. Calley was the only one who got caught and Nixon in essence pardoned him. Don't worry about this, Gregory. No one will never find out and if they do, they won't care.

GD: You don't murder civilians. They hanged Germans for doing that.

RTC: Ah, but the Germans lost their war, didn't they?

GD: They did but we established a precedent at Nuremberg, don't forget and we lost in Vietnam, didn't we?

RTC: There are various ways of looking at that one. Yes, we lost.

GD: And we lost 60,000 dead and God knows how many wounded and permanently crippled. Oh, and let us not forget the dead Vietnamese. Johnson was such an asshole.

RTC: Nixon was far worse. Nixon was intelligent and knew better and Johnson was a thug with a Southern accent. Nixon got run out of Washington, partly because of things like his orders to kill civilians. Of course, he never put it in writing but he did order it. These things shouldn't bother you, Gregory

GD: I think that the time is coming when the whole structure your people, and the others, have built up with the media will collapse. If the public realizes how badly they have been tricked over the years, there will be some kind of an explosion. I know the public are stupid but if you poke, prod and lie to stupid people long enough, they have the tendency to get mad and look for farm implements and matches, not to mention rope and ammunition.

RTC: Now, Gregory, too much coffee in the morning.

GD: No, just astonished at all that goes on. So obvious.

RTC: To you, perhaps, but not to others. We like to keep the public happy and quiet. Lost of news stories about your cat up in a tree. What difference does it make in the long run? You eat, sleep, piss regularly, hopefully when awake, and on we go to the end of the road. Why should you care about such things? We'll both be dead when the deluge comes.

GD: I suppose so, probably you're right but there are times when any kind of idealism is dangerous.

(Concluded at 2:45 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 110**

Date: Saturday, November 1, 1997

Commenced: 8:45 AM CST

Concluded: 9:14 AM CST

GD: Good morning, Robert. Am I too early for you there?

RTC: No, you're fine for now, Gregory but Emily wants to visit friends in an hour or so and I am obliged to tag along. I would much rather stay at home but wives have some authority so I go. How are you today?

GD: Functioning. I got up with the sun which is not usual hence the early call. I was going to extract some material from Malthus but decided to go to bed early. Even though Malthus is very, very important what is coming up, I realize that even if I published his work, no one would read it or care. It's true that population is increasing geometrically and food supplies arithmetically but no one would care about this, even though it is going to impact terribly on them very soon. And the Internet, such as it is, is so full of nut crap that the real issues are virtually swamped. Well, your people at the CIA can certainly control most of our media but they really can't get at the Internet because it is far too diffuse. I predict that once the newer generations, who are freaking out over the Internet and the chance to be recognized by other pimple factories will stop reading the print media and read the very abbreviated but easy to digest news on the Internet. And you can't control that, can you?

RTC: I've never given the subject any real thought. I'm out of service these many years and the future is not for me to worry about.

GD: Well then, consider the past and why we are heading over the cliff down into the quarry. America was a self-contained country before the First World War, isolationist in the inter-war years and activist during and after the Second. We had destroyed Japan and Germany because Roosevelt hated them. He hated the Japanese because his maternal grandfather was a smuggler of Chinese into this country and he also smuggled opium. The Japanese were in China and were very brutal so Roosevelt had family reasons for hating them. And back some years, Roosevelt's family were German Jews and he hated Hitler for his persecution of his ancestor's people. Hence his instigation of the war. After he was dead and rotting in his rose garden, Truman rebuilt the industry of both Germany and Japan and kept both countries as fiefdoms of this country. The new enemy? Russia. Why? As a unifying factor. Once beloved by the Roosevelt liberals, the Stalin people were now evil and were going to invade us. Naturally, we had to keep up a huge army and start a weapons race to protect the virgins of Topeka from brutal Slavic rapes. I knew Gehlen and I know the origins of the Cold War. Faked, of course, but then so much of what we do is faked. Your agency started out as a private information collector for Truman and now, like the Army, you are a state-within-a-state. Semi-autonomous, you set policies, lie to presidents, co-mingle and cooperate with major business and banking interests, control most of our news and so on. Admit it, why not?

RTC: I consider that to be a very one-sided and very unfair analysis, Gregory. It sounds like something in Pravda.

GD: Well, Pravda means truth in English so we can go from there. Yes, two sides to every issue and often more. But in turning this country into England of the nineteenth century, you have been empire-building all over the world. Yes, of course, we must defend ourselves against the evil Communists who are going to invade Alaska and rape moose. Your agency and the Army can get huge sums of money from a frightened

Congress, money you never have to account for. If some populist like Mossadegh or Castro comes to power in an area where major American industry is threatened, the CIA rushed to the President with breathless, and entirely fictional, stories of Communist expansion and the Army and your people managed to foment rebellion in the country involved and save your friend's huge investments. I give you United Fruit in Guatemala and certain oil in Sumatra, not to mention the deals you cut with the French Michelin rubber company to send our troops to protect their enormously valuable rubber plantations in Vietnam. Fifty thousand dead Americans are not worth the price, believe me. But the end of all this is that we are now the brutal policeman of the world, beating up people our bosses don't like, despoiling their countries, killing their leaders. And the price of all this? Universal enmity and envy. If we stumble, as we did in Vietnam, others are watching to see if we fall from power. We have not, at least so far, but like England at the end of the nineteenth century, the price of keeping up the empire got to be too great and they fell until now they are of less importance than Iceland. That's the price of empire, Robert, eternal vigilance but a fat citizenry grows too fond of their manifest pleasures so eventually, coalitions are formed and God knows how many revolts, massacres, terrorism and so on will be loosed on the land. The Bible says that he who sows the wind will reap the whirlwind and I have a strong feeling that this whirlwind will be coming. And we are ruled by arrogance, not common sense. Having outbid Russia and causing an internal collapse, we should have rushed to embrace the newly-freed Russians instead of installing your man, the drunken and obedient Yeltsin and trying to rape the country with great glee. That failed and left a terrible legacy of hatred. Make friends, Robert, not enemies. No one needs enemies. Study Bismarck who was brilliant in keeping his country safe from enemy plots and coalitions. Form a group here, another there, keep the enemies from uniting. But men like Bismarck are very rare and most of our leaders are very stupid people with no idea of history. History repeats itself, Robert, with slight variations but most people, and their leaders as well, don't read history and if they did, it would be some pap by Barbara Tuchman. Now we have a huge empire, kept going by the threat of force, just as the British had. Not a broad based-empire but a narrow based one. If you allow world opinion to feed on itself, you will have a legion of petty enemies, all waiting for us to stumble and if we do, God help us all.

RTC: Gregory, you have just shown very clearly why our agency is so vital to the protection of American interests. Why, if it weren't for the CIA, enemies would all gang up on us. Right?

GD: Yes, right, but can you keep it up? The Christian ninnies are after Clinton because they want to replace him with Pat Robertson and close all the businesses down on Sunday so the sheep can go to church and stuff the collection plates. They want a permanent Republican, very right-wing religious dictatorship here but it won't work. No one on their side is smart enough to pull it off on a permanent basis. They have to get full public cooperation and they are far too stupid to do this. Yapping about moral majorities or the imminent arrival of Jesus won't make it, believe me. Yes, I know you people view these nuts as useful tools and they are but only up to a point. Eventually the public will tire of looking for Jesus and turn to Saturday football games and cocaine. And sometimes beer. No wonder Americans are getting to be masses of jiggling blubber. Sitting on their couches, watching the trash on the idiot box and stuffing their faces with salted fat. Diabetes, heart attacks and what all right along with lung cancer and heart attacks from their cigarettes. And consider that while our population is booming, education has collapsed here. Teachers dare not instill curiosity in their pupils and just keep promoting them upwards and outwards to get rid of them. The idiots of the country breed and their worthless calves are so dumb most of them can barely read or write and are so dumb they couldn't pour piss out of a boot if the directions were on the heel. And corporations are sending all the cheap jobs to Manila and Bombay because the greedy unions have forced wages up to the point where profits topple. Pretty soon, the enormous mass of semi-literate graduates who used to get jobs

in industry will have no prospects and turn to rampant drug use and its attendant petty crime. No, we need someone with balls and so far, I haven't seen anything on the political scene that have any. And of course, they have no brains either. We always get what we pay for, Robert, every time. And recall Genesis? 'And slime had they for mortar...'

(Concluded at 9:14 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 111**

Date: Saturday, November 22, 1997

Commenced: 1:55 PM CST

Concluded: 2:38 PM CST

GD: Good afternoon, Robert. A fateful date today, isn't it?

RTC: What date? One tends to lost time when one gets old.

GD: You aren't talking to dead relatives, are you?

RTC: Not yet but maybe next week. Oh my, yes, the Kennedy business. Why who could forget that date?

GD: Not in our lifetime, Robert. What a classic example of control of public opinion and such a commentary on the secret government.

RTC: There has always been a secret government, Gregory, even in the reign of George Washington.

GD: Well, you seem to have convinced the masses that Kennedy was offed by a lone lunatic or the Mafia. The masses are made up of twits who either are too stupid to grasp anything or who are obsessed with their own self-important observations. Yes, the lone nut did it or the Mafia...don't forget the Jew Meyer Lansky either...let's hear it for the anti-Semites while we're at it. And all along, Robert, I have been talking to the CIA's main man.

RTC: There were others, Gregory, a number of others. Well, there was the DSI for one. And Lyndon Johnson, for another, although he only knew what he needed to know. And Hoover and some his sweethearts. Who else? Well, the Pentagon people, or at least some of them. And Naval Intelligence, the NSG people, Colonel Cass, a few of our inner circle. All of these to be certain and many, many more in the game guessed but didn't actually know.

GD: But if so many knew, why haven't any of them blabbed? Maybe to a wife, a friend, a shrink, a priest or someone else?

RTC: If they did, they would join the long list of those who died as a result of either knowing too much and possibly talking or making the wrong guesses. It goes back to the invasion of Cuba we planned back just before Kennedy got into office. Eisenhower approved this and a few other nasty pieces of business. You see, the Army was planning to do an operation in which their people mocked attacks on the United States, allegedly from Cuban sources, thus giving Ike a casus belli. But this never came to pass and we all thought Kennedy was the sex-obsessed son of a rich bootlegger who was put into office with his father's money and mob connections.

GD: You mean the Bay of Pigs? I always thought that was when a congregation of fat women went swimming off Monterey. Raised the sea levels in the neighborhood and got a pod of male whales sexually aroused.

RTC: (Laughter) Unkind. Yes, that plan. A handful of our Cuban refugee trainees invaded, established a beach head and then called for eagerly waiting U.S. airstrikes and a naval blockade in aid of the heroic rebels. It would have worked but Kennedy deliberately wrecked it. He was told and we did not know he did not approve. The usual practice was just to slip these actions into the PDBs and slide right over them. Other Presidents just nodded and paid no attention to any of it. There is an art to such

presentations, believe me. Fast talk, papers shown, charts displayed, more smooth talk and the befuddled President nods and tries to look serious. You see, we have wonderful connections with the mob, who wanted Castro out because he had tossed them out, away from the huge money they made in the crooked casinos in Havana. That was their main gripe. And they got Kennedy elected, don't forget, and they expected pay back for giving him Chicago where the dead voted early and often as my father used to say. That was the Mafia. And when Ike talked about the military/industrial complex, we can think about Alcoa whose Cuban plant was shut down by Castro and the military, mostly the Army I must say, who was on a growth program and loved the thought of a close and safe little war. More troops, more bases, more money from Congress, more power. Yes, the military, business interests and the mob. Our people knew them all and we were all friendly with them. We all had common interests.

GD: The FBI?

RTC: Hoover was a self-important little dictator, given his proclivities, a real bitch in men's clothes. He was also over the line...

GD: Pardon?

RTC: The color line. Hoover was part black. Onward here. Many very powerful groups were not happy with Kennedy. We felt he could be manipulated by shoving a few pretty cunts in his face and leave the governing to us. After all, we had been running the country since Franklin the First bought the farm. But Kennedy turned out to be a lot tougher than we reckoned on. He backed off on the Pigs plan and they were either killed by Castro or put in nasty jails. Very angry people. And the Cubans in this country were the worst of all so we took note of their fury and used them.

GD: And the military?

RTC: Well, in '61, they wanted to send troops to Laos and eventually to French Indo China. The frogs wanted us to protect their interest there, mostly the rubber plantations and the possibility of rich offshore oil deposits. We agreed to assist and then they became great friends with us in Europe. No, Kennedy refused to go along with this, at least in the beginning, and nixed sending troops to Laos. He was convinced to send some token forces to Viet Nam but later balked at increasing their number as the locals rebelled. We stood to lose a good deal in that country. Both money and face. We put the Diems into power and they were making trouble at one end and Kennedy, by his stupid idealism, was making trouble on the other. I was in charge of most of the 'Nam business at work and I came to the unspoken conclusion that we could not win a guerrilla war there, especially when the Russians were arming the Cong. It was obvious that even ten million troops could not keep the lid on there for long but who was going to bell that cat? Not Johnson who might have been a great power broker with Congress but who was useless as tits on a boar pig when it came to military ventures. Those of us who could see into the future, based on the present, knew it was an unwinnable situation but no one dared to make a move towards disengagement.

GD: Not to change the subject but your people put Castro in, didn't you?

RTC: How clever, Gregory. Of course this happened. You see, the Company is so heavily compartmentized that the right hand never knows what the left hand doeth. Yes, one of our sub-groups put him in, thinking he would clean up the really bad corruption...drugs and so on...and we could control that situation. Bad judgment there, Gregory but we close ranks and silence is golden. But the unforgivable sin as far as Kennedy was concerned was his going around us and establishing a personal contact with Nikita Khrushchev. Not done. All Presidents had to use us as firewalls or contacts. Presidents had to rely on us for their information and what would come of it if they dealt directly with some hostile head of state? This would erode our power and essentially relegate the CIA to being mere messengers. The power? As keepers of the flame, others had to bow to our power but if we lost that power, all of us would be back on the chicken farm. That was the final straw, believe me. And before that, don't forget, Kennedy was not going to do the Army's bidding and escalate the local anti-guerrilla campaign in Vietnam. The Army was planning on a massive expansion. There would be



contracts with the private sectors that would enrich the men with stars on their shoulders and more jobs for their friends and more bases and so on. No, they wanted a controlled war there, way away from the continental United States. They, through us, could control the incoming news and so on but by not performing as he was expected, Kennedy drew the black spot. Either death or some other kind of removal. And I can recall that when Hoover learned of our house cleaning project, he jumped on board with the caveat that we also get rid of Bobby. John hated Bobby...

GD: John?

RTC: Yes, Colonel John Edgar. Franklin made him a Colonel but Hoover was pissed off that he wasn't made a general at least so he never used the title but it was there. Anyway, we had no problem with Hoover because Bobby was telling his staff that Hoover was a fairy and John Edgar didn't like that and when Bobby dug into Hoover's past and discovered relatives as black as the ace of spades, he got livid with rage. The Kennedy family were living in a dream world their father had convinced them was real. Power can come from money, Gregory, but power has to include working with others who also have power. Dictators cannot function with powerful barons too close. Either kill them or replace them with ciphers. No other choice. So in a sense, Kennedy was going from bad to worse and plots were being hatched all over the place during the last year of his reign. We were certainly determined to stop him from breaking the CIA up and the Army was determined to have its profitable war and then there were the business people and the Mafia in the wings. Killing a sitting President is never easy and one has to move with great care in such matters. Too much talking at the wrong time and in the wrong place can wreck even the most ambitious plans. We knew what had to be done and the opening gambits were to secure the agreement of other power brokers. We got Johnson on board through the good offices of Abe Fortis who would have sold the rotting corpse of his dead mother to the dog food people if they paid him enough. LBJ was a pill in the box in that he had some knowledge and lusted for the Oval Office. And again, Bobby was an irritant by calling him 'Uncle Cornpone' all over the Beltway. Johnson was used to power and did not like being ignored and marginalized so he smiled and kept quiet. And we certainly had Hoover and some of the top people in the Pentagon, the full support of the mob and a few other necessary organizations. The Mafia could get their gambling hells back again and a promise of a dead Bobby who was having his fun persecuting the very people who put his brother in the Oval Office.

GD: Ungrateful.

RTC: Yes, indeed, very. We all need friends, Gregory, and deliberately harassing the Mafia in Chicago was very, very unwise. I point out that Jack Ruby was one of their enforcers there. Dare I say more?

GD: No, I don't think so at this point.

RTC: Not at any point. And then having such wonderful people as the goat-loving Dr. Gottlieb on the staff made it easy to give Ruby fatal cancer. Injecting active cancer cells during a routine jailhouse medical examination is the best way. A natural and unsuspecting death. Of course we could have easily given Jack a heart attack but cancer is more believable, especially in the hothouse atmosphere of post-assassination madness.

GD: How many of the loonies were yours?

RTC: God, without number. The Farrell woman is our best. She controls the library and she belongs totally to us. Oh yes, we started all kinds of confusing and idiotic stories and kept most people away. You read 'Case Closed' didn't you. My, Herr Posner just loved and really believed the Warren Report, didn't he? And the New York Times couldn't wait to praise the hell out of that piece of crap and make Gerald rich. That's how it's done in a nutshell, Gregory, in a nutshell. I talked with the Times people myself and they were panting and eager to praise this to the skies. Just an example of how we work but we have gone over most of this before.

GD: If I felt pity for anyone in all of this, it was for Oswald.

RTC: In a larger sense, yes. A loyal intelligence operator set up as patsy and then iced before he could tell what he knew. And then we got rid of Ruby and that was that. Howard Hunt was involved in some of this and we had to kill his wife to keep him from shooting off his mouth when he got in trouble. An endless circle of betrayal and death, Gregory, but that's how the game goes.

(Concluded at 2:38 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 112**

Date: Wednesday November 26, 1997

Commenced: 1:02 PM CST

Concluded: 1:38 PM CST

GD: Hello, Robert. Bought your tree yet?

RTC: Good day to you, Gregory. A bit early.

GD: Perhaps. Those plastic trees are so much better than the real ones. Why murder a perfectly innocent tree just to encourage reckless spending in the shops? Do trees, which are part of the great system, come into our homes, cut our children off at the feet and stick them up in the woods, covered with squirrel shit?

RTC: Now, Gregory, don't mar the joys of the season. Trees are traditional, after all.

GD: Well, so were burning witches at the stake but that finally died away. After that, our southern friends just burnt blacks up in the trees for entertainment.

GGRT: Gregory, where is your Christmas spirit?

GD: In my liquor cabinet, that's where. You know, Robert, I like fine art and really decent music. I love classical music and I have hundreds of recordings. Most of them are Baroque and of those, the majority are religious in nature. I have masses, motets, requiems, te Deums and so on. I greatly enjoy the music but I am not a fan of the Gospels, most of which is pure propaganda, written decades after the fact by people who could never have been period witnesses to any ministry that Jesus might have promulgated. The music stands on its own feet, not on the strength, or weakness, of dogma. And when I am in Florence, I love to walk through the galleries of the Uffizi and admire the grand art. Most of it is religious in nature because in those days, artists were not allowed to portray the nude human figure except in a religious connotation. Aside, it's downright funny, looking at the Shroud of Turin fake because that particular Jesus has a nice scarf wrapped around his genitals.

RTC: Yes, well, it kept people happy for a long time, Gregory.

GD: Yes and then we had the French Revolution, didn't we? Yes, I suppose I ought to get a tree, which is pagan in origin by the way, and hang up wax figures on it of my enemies, with knitting needles thrust up their fundamentals.

RTC: My, I feel sorry for the poor tree with all that weight on it.

GD: Now, Robert, not everyone hates me. I mean you don't hate me, do you?

RTC: No, I don't but I know quite a few people who wish you would take a long walk on a short pier.

GD: Dare I guess the names, Robert?

RTC: Do we have the time?

GD: 'Had we but world enough, and time...' Just a quote remembered dimly from my wonderfully rich days spent in my local high school. Yes, one of the bright spots in my life, Robert.

RTC: I take it you had problems there with them.

GD: No, Robert, they had problems there with me. Robert, you know, I am a peaceful person by nature. I am reflective. I love animals, but of course not sheep in the carnal sense, and good music, and better wine and my own cooking. I always minded my business as a child and was very courteous and civilized to my elders and even to most

of my peers. Ah, but that was when I was a child. As I grew older and realized what vileness covered the earth, I grew increasingly disenchanted. But I never instigated anything against anyone, never. But I never permitted anyone to attack or, worse, dishonor me, Robert. Never. And I had trouble in school because I did not socialize and I had a really vicious, but educated, tongue. If I was mocked, my retorts drove people to weeping and distraction. I played no favorites, Robert. I was democratic there. Teachers, parents, siblings, peers, whatever. They started it and I finished it. And if they were too big and too strong to attack directly, there was always the indirect attack. They might never know that it was I who ruined some pathetic aspect of their sheep-like lives but I always knew and I liked to treasure such moments. Our friend Heini Müller found no fault with this and in fact used to tell me I was one of the most entertaining scoundrels he ever met. And Heini was quite decent too, head of the Gestapo as he had been, but even he was not as creative as I was and in interrogations issues, I could beat him hands down and Heini was very, very good.

RT: That he was. The few times I dealt personally with him I was very favorably impressed with not only his abilities, his forensic abilities, but also his character.

GD: I don't think I am going to ask you about my character, Robert.

RTC: No, don't worry about that, Gregory. You have plenty of character but our friend Heini was right. You are very medieval in your approach to the problems of life. You know, that's why you could never have really worked for us. I mean if we told you to blow someone up, you would cheerfully do it if you agreed with our motives but if you didn't, you would balk. No, we can't have that. You have distinct abilities but no one but yourself can do anything with them, can they?

GD: Of course not. On the other hand, if I like you, I will certainly blow things up on your behalf. Or in your case, build a death ray for you to use on your Swiss neighbors. Take the meaning I am sure.

RTC: I have not complained, have I?

GD: I would hope not. I rarely have blown anything up, Robert but there was one exception. It was quite awful if you stopped to think about it but no one ever did.

RTC: Have I heard this one?

GD: No. I don't talk about it.

RTC: Anyone killed or maimed for life?

GD: No, but there was some damage done. Mostly to property and, as King Ronald the First said, there was collateral damage.

RTC: Yes, Reagan's pet phrase when one of our assaults on an unfriendly person was successful. What was your collateral damage?

GD: Yes, we all have our memories, Robert, thoughts to warm us on cold winter nights like a fat woman in the sack. Lots of warm blubber to comfort you. Nothing else to comfort me, believe me.

RTC: (Laughter) What do you have against fat people?

GD: Fortunately, nothing attached to my body, Robert.

RTC: Your explosive venture?

GD: Just trying to set me up, Robert? Tape recorder whirring? No, not you. That's why I open my heart to you. Explosives? In my senior year of high school, I was considered quite a negative person by almost everyone. I had my little games, like the soap in the stock pot story, but no one ever suspected me because, believe it or not, I was a sweet-faced child who looked ten years younger than I was and who was very, very considerate and polite to people. At least generally. Anyway, some of the teachers, who had gotten very tired of my comments directed to them in class decided that while I had earned my diploma, I ought not to be given it in public. Why? Because of my satires and sallies. They would poke at me in class with what they pathetically thought was sarcasm and I would riposte with a thrust into their livers. No, they despised me so while I could get my diploma, they did not want me to get it at a graduation ceremony.

RTC: Very nasty, Gregory. Are you sure you hadn't committed some atrocity unmentioned here?

GD: No. I am a private assassin, not a public one. I never got caught and was never suspected. On the other hand, I can cheerfully report that I was often accused of things I had never done and when I was discovered to be totally innocent of the charges, never apologized to. I used to get even for such things.

RTC: And the graduation? You spoke of explosives. Did you blow up the school?

GD: No, just a part of it. There was a patio off of the main corridor of the school. It was called the Honor Court and could only be entered by janitors and honor students. The rest of us were forbidden to go into it. It was a Spanish-style patio with four walls but open to the sky. There were bamboo plants around the place and a really ugly fountain in the center. A ceramic cherub holding a dolphin that shot a steam of water up out of his mouth. The anus would have been much more interesting an exit but they chose the mouth. Anyway, this ugly statue that would only excite a myopic pedophile had a basin below it, a basin filled with ugly, piebald carp which the honor students were permitted to feed. And on the surrounding walls of it were small bronze plates with the year of a graduating class on it. '37' or '42' and so on. A solemn ceremony year graduating year as the class valedictorian and others of the sainthood of the perfect of God entered the patio and the plate for that year was solemnly tapped into place with the handle of an even more sacred trowel, one that had been used to tamp for twenty years. I think they kept it locked in a safe in the main office until it was needed. Anyway, one of the walls of this sacred grove was blank, another had the glass windows of the chemistry laboratory in it and yet another one had glass windows looking onto the corridor. The main corridors through which passed hundreds of students, all of whom were forbidden to enter the sacred grove. When I was told I could get my diploma but was not wanted at the graduation ceremonies because I was a very negative person and reflected badly on everybody except the janitors, I got rather angry. Now I had no use for most of the students and certainly none of the teachers but I felt that I had as much right to walk up the aisle and get my diploma as anyone else. I really did and in this case, my family was upset with the school, not with me. I didn't do any good so I was told that my father would take me out to a very nice French restaurant in lieu of my attending graduation ceremonies. Dishonor, Robert, dishonor. That I never tolerated so I prepared a nice surprise. On the other side of that corridor was the outside auditorium where the graduation ceremonies would take place. I went to an establishment that, in those days things were much freer than they are today, that sold dynamite and I bought a case of 75% sticks, a box of caps, a crimper and the longest roll of 5 seconds per inch fuse I could get. I took the stuff home and made the dynamite into a sort of a long shawl by tying the sticks together at the tops and bottoms. Each stick is formatted to take an explosive cap so I rigged the whole thing up, wrapped it in a blanket and smuggled it into the school on the eve of graduation. It was safe enough because all the janitors and teachers were out in the rapidly-filling auditorium so I had no trouble wrapping the fat punk with a long blanket of destruction. I shoved the fused cap into one of the sticks and lit the other end. No one saw me come and no one saw me go. And I was home about two minutes or so, talking with my family who were getting ready to take me out to my consolation dinner, when we all heard a massive explosion. It rattled the windows but my father, who knew everything, assured it that it was a sonic boom. Of course he was wrong but who was I to correct him? Not I, certainly. Anyway, we left for the restaurant and we had to pass near the school. My, my, roads blocked off, police cars, fire trucks with lights blazing and so on. A detour and curiosity on my father's part. I would loved to have enlightened him but there times, Robert, times when silence is golden. We had a lovely consolation dinner and on the way back, we had to pass down the highway past the school except we couldn't. It seems the buildings were on fire so we went home and I took a nice shower and put some Bach on the record player.

RTC: Anyone killed?

GD: No, no one killed but a great deal of damage. Some of my classmates who were present called me the next morning and, being a curious person, I drove over to the school. Of course a janitor told me the main hall was a mess and I couldn't go down it

but I convinced him I had a family Bible in my locker and I needed to get it. I'm a pretty good con man and he let me through and off I went. Merciful Jesus, Robert, what a mess I saw that day. The high school orchestra had been playing, endlessly and always out of tune, Elgar's Pimp and Circumcision march while respectful students trekked up the aisles past adoring parents to get their diplomas. My, and just then, there was a great flash and a roar somewhere off to the left followed by the rapid descent of many Spanish roof tiles into the outdoor auditorium. Window glass burst out upon them and there was a rain of tile upon their heads. Panic. Screaming parents running around. Toppled metal chairs. Fleeing school officials, the local Methodist minister who was blessing people, the school choir and orchestra. By the way, high school orchestras ought to be banned on principle. They are a standing affront to music lovers. So Pompeii with Vesuvius erupting is what it was. I was establishing my alibi at the time and enjoying the food when the disaster came upon them but from the havoc and wreckage I was able to observe, coupled with the hysterical and disjointed reports of my peers, I pieced the whole thing together. Tipped over metal chairs, abandoned mortar boards, sheet music fluttering in the wind, blood stains, shattered tiles, and on the stage, a tipped-over lectern, the school flag hanging by one corner, more scattered chairs and, I have always remembered this poignant touch, a base viola lying abandoned where its terrified wielder had abandoned it. Oh, the sacred patio? Oh my, what a shambles. The statue was blasted into dust and all that remained was a corroded copper pipe squirting water into an empty basin that had been breached almost totally. Sacred, dated sections were scattered all over the patio along with the ruptured remains of the carp, bamboo, roof tiles and a broken bench once occupied by the elite. The fires had been caused when the wall of the chemistry lab had blown in, knocking all the chemicals onto the floor. Some combination of their contents had started a raging fire that had burnt up into the attic and roared through it like crap through a goose. My, my, what a finale to my distress and grief-laden school years. No one was seriously injured but there were plenty of scalp cuts that tended to bleed a bit, trampled musical instruments and, of course, major damage to the school in general and the sacred precincts of the elite in specific. Dead carp, smashed altar and ruined bushes all laid out for me to view with awe and great joy. Now there is my explosive adventure, Robert. Have you anything to say?

RTC: Lucky no one was killed.

GD: That's a matter of opinion, Robert. I can quickly think of at least two or three dozen people I could have wished visiting the sacred carp for the last time and wondering what all those little road flares were doing strapped around the fat-assed cupid. Just before the cap went off. I wasn't planning on such an occurrence but sometimes life gives you little bonuses.

RTC: (Laughter) And all of this so soon before Christmas, Gregory. And you got away with it, I assume?

GD: I did indeed. One could say that I went out with a bang. A very large one, Robert, very large. Another precious memory to treasure in moments of distress and grief.

Haven't you any such moments?

RTC: No, thank God.

GD: Just revolutions, assassinations and exploding airliners instead. Well, whatever pleases you, Robert.

(Concluded 1:38 PM CST)

## **To His Coy Mistress**

Andrew Marvell. 1621-1678

HAD we but world enough, and time  
This coyness, Lady, were no crime

We would sit down and think which way  
To walk and pass our long love's day.  
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side  
Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide  
Of Humber would complain. I would  
Love you ten years before the Flood,  
And you should, if you please, refuse  
Till the conversion of the Jews.  
My vegetable love should grow  
Vaster than empires, and more slow;  
An hundred years should go to praise  
Thine eyes and on thy forehead gaze;  
Two hundred to adore each breast,  
But thirty thousand to the rest;  
An age at least to every part,  
And the last age should show your heart  
For, Lady, you deserve this state,  
Nor would I love at lower rate.  
But at my back I always hear  
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near;  
And yonder all before us lie  
Deserts of vast eternity.  
Thy beauty shall no more be found,  
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound  
My echoing song: then worms shall try  
That long preserved virginity,  
And your quaint honour turn to dust,  
And into ashes all my lust:  
The grave 's a fine and private place,  
But none, I think, do there embrace.  
Now therefore, while the youthful hue  
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,  
And while thy willing soul transpires  
At every pore with instant fires,  
Now let us sport us while we may,  
And now, like amorous birds of prey,  
Rather at once our time devour  
Than languish in his slow-chapt power  
Let us roll all our strength and all  
Our sweetness up into one ball,  
And tear our pleasures with rough strife  
Thorough the iron gates of life:  
Thus, though we cannot make our sun  
Stand still, yet we will make him run

### **Conversation No. 113**

Date: Wednesday, December 1, 1997  
Commenced: 11:22 AM CST  
Concluded: 11:55 AM PST

RTC: Good morning to you, Gregory. I wanted to have a little talk with you about your books and other matters. Do you have some time now?

GD: Oh, certainly.

RTC: Some people I know of are getting very unhappy with you and your books. The books about Mueller and us. I don't tell you about some of this but over the past six-eight months I have been contacted, both in person and on the phone, concerning you and your activities. First of all, your detractors have advised me that you are a criminal, a crook, a convict, a dope addict, a mental case, a spy for some foreign country and many other sins of commission. Naturally, I have taken notes and, even more important, I have taken down names and such other information as telephone numbers and, when I can find them, home addresses. And poor Emily has been spoken to about my contacts with you. She has no idea what we talk about and, as is usual with CIA wives, she knows very little about my activities when I was with the Company. Oh yes, a female FBI agent, so sympathetic, came and talked with her about what a thoroughly evil and crazy person you were and warning her to try and keep me away from you. Of course Emily told me all about it and gave me the woman's card. And two days ago, another wonderful person got in touch with my son, Greg, and told him the same things. The new theme is that old Crowley is getting nuts and perhaps he might be institutionalized for his own good. Greg was horrified because he has mailed boxes of sensitive documents to you in Wisconsin and Greg tends to be somewhat conventional. I think they want to find some nice, discreet way to shut me up. They have given up on you, of course. Kimmel told Bill that you were arrogant, self-important and very dangerous and has warned him to keep away from you.

GD: Yes, well Bill told me my son could get a job with the CIA as you know....

RTC: Of course. And that would be to have him fill in a ten page questionnaire that would let them all know more about you. According to Kimmel, you have used more aliases than the Manhattan phone book. You have at least a dozen passports and have lived in Europe where, they darkly hint, you have somehow fallen into the clutches of the KGB...

GD: Actually, the SVR. Same organization but a different name. A rose by any other name Robert.

RTC: Yes. A thoroughly sinister person. They are so concerned about me that they constantly warn my son and my wife about your evil ways and beg both of them to not only report anything they hear to the really sympathetic agents or former co workers or their wives. And if that fails, perhaps I will fall down the back stairs or on my rare appearances outside this place, be run over by a drunken cab driver while walking in a large shopping mall.

GD: (Laughter) Or how about a dead elephant falling on your head after accidentally being chucked out of an Air America cargo plane on its way to deliver three tons of raw opium to Manhattan drug refiners? That might happen. I would keep away from doctors, Robert, unless you are really sick and then try to get them to make house calls.

RTC: Yes, I am aware of all of that. Used to do it.

GD: I think something ought to be done about all of this. What about doing the book on Kennedy?

RTC: I've thought about that, Gregory, and I ought to warn you about some of the pitfalls. I've told you before that we have a wonderful and very effective disinformation branch and they are even now gearing up to try to convince people not to listen to you or read your books. Of course they have to be careful because you have the reputation for savage personal attacks on people who get in your way so right now, they are after the Mueller material but if you get into Kennedy, then you will have a hornet's nest come down around your ears. Why? Because in order to keep the sheep from getting curious about the wrong things, we set up a wonderful disinformation machine, complete with retired local policemen, librarians of all kinds, professors of philosophy from jerkwater community colleges and former Marine Corps Master Sergeants who were in the quartermaster section and never heard a shot fired in anger.

GD: And don't forget Wolfe

RTC: Do spare me, Gregory. I just had lunch and reptiles so soon after feeding make me ill. Yes, Wolfe. Typical. A nobody in a nothing position but he can say he is an employee of the National Archives. Sounds impressive but he has nothing to say and can't access any records you couldn't get by just going there. He and hundreds of his kind are right in our pocket. That one gets a pat on the head and a pen set but a few others, key information peddlers, get a check on some unknown charity from time to time and perhaps a job for their airhead daughter or son. That's how it works. We really don't have to lay out much money on these fools because they come, panting, to us, begging for that pat on the pointy head and the nice pen set. The CIA buys them by the gross and I think they're made in China in a slave-labor factory.

GD: (Laughter) Napoleon once said, concerning the Legion of Honor, 'With such baubles, men are led.'

RTC: It seems to work. Believe me, we have armies of these people on tap and most of them are pathetic creeps, desperate to be recognized for the brilliant thinkers they are not and never could be. But anyway, Gregory, they are now after you and your writing but I have the feeling I ought to have pity on them. As I said, if and when you get into the Kennedy business, you will kick over a hornet's nest of vicious, stupid and fanatical idiots. And while some of them are ours and part of our disinformation program, the rest are crazies, entirely on their own. But if you, or anyone else, dare to express opinions different from their very own precious ones, they will screech like banshees and gang up on you. One fat old crazy up in Minnesota who teaches philosophy has decided that some powerful organization used sabot shells on Kennedy. They had real used bullets, but them into a case and shot Jack in the melon and the case fell off.

GD: The Germans had sabot artillery shells but I doubt if anyone used these on a 6.5 piece. Did you put him up to such shit?

RTC: No. His uncle is a retired Company man and he is looking for instant fame and fortune.

GD: The uncle? I thought you people were supposed to keep quiet.

RTC: Sorry, the nephew. Whatever. At any rate, beware the questioned cultist and believe me, the Kennedy business has turned into a cult. My God, reading over their psychotic trash gives me acid stomach. Still, they serve a purpose. They sprouted so much underbrush that the real facts will probably never come out. And if you publish even a portion of what I sent you, the howling will begin.

GD: I know how to deal with them, Robert. Make fun of them. Most of them are laughable, pathetic creeps and if you take them seriously, you empower them so the best course is to hold them up to public ridicule. You know, I have a really neat method of dealing with the official creeps and the unofficial ones.

RTC: And...?

GD: Oh yes. And you publish something really awful and then, in the foreword, you praise the slob for all his help with your work. Or, even better, publish something deadly and say they wrote it. I'll bet this does real wonders for their careers, not to mention their small but vicious circle of friends or family. Imagine some assistant AG writing a piece for some gay newspaper claiming he has come out of the closet and is so proud of it. Or something in defense of pedophilia. Or one fellow I dealt a deadly blow to was supposed to have some awful pictures of Lyndon Larouche in a nut house and was writing a book about it. I got his letterhead, copied it on the notice of the new book and also printed up an envelope. Looked so real, Robert, And when I wrote up the advert, I personally addressed it to about a thousand people, including major newspapers and so on and actually flew to his hometown and mailed the things. For the correct postmark of course.

RTC: (Laughter) And what happened?

GD: Actually? His car was set on fire. Someone broke all the big windows in his store. Someone sent him boxes of decaying and smelly animal insides. His business collapsed, his wife left him and he eventually checked into a cheap motel and offed himself with a



bottle of sleeping pills. Now the shit is up with Jesus, playing gin rummy with the angels.

RTC: Do you really believe that?

GD: Oh, I know he's dead but about the angels, no, I don't believe there are such entities. Once the lights go out, I don't think there is an upwards path you take, bathed in glorious light and at the top stand your entire long-dead family, waving and smiling at you. I wonder how they might look, Robert. Clothed in shining glory? Rotting flesh dripping from grinning skulls? Looking like they never did alive with bigger tits, a smaller nose, really clear skin instead of looking like someone put out a fire on their face with an icepick, and not walking on their hands and knees?

RTC: Have you ever discussed such negative sentiments with a priest?

GD: Robert, of course not. I'm hedging my bets. No, I know about the congregation of Kennedy nuts and it might be fun to plant my number ten shoe in their number one size scrotum. But the women are worse than the men...that is if there is much of a gender difference. You people have so many nutless wonders working for you. The women have hairy bowed legs, bad teeth, sagging breasts and hate everyone but their pet Budgie, Mr. Tweety. They get rabid over the stupidest things and shriek with rage if you make fun of their sacred and supportive icons. And the men are mostly prissy busybodies who are laboring under the total misapprehension that are really somebody in particular. Which, of course, they aren't. Probably a lot of vegetarians represented there with a few dozen Scientologists, Christian Scientists and Jesus freaks thrown in the mix to offset the thick of neck and tiny of brain. And in the men, the brain isn't the only tiny thing. Jesus, if it weren't for the common turkey baster, half these shrimp dicks could never father pinhead children. And don't knock pinhead children, either. You can give them haircuts in a pencil sharpener and save so much money. And when they get older and housebroken, why your people can recruit them. Put them in charge of the Havana office. Or was that the Sterling Chemical people? I think so.

RTC: Now, it isn't that bad, Gregory. You know that.

GD: I don't. Actually, it's worse. I started out in life, Robert, trusting people and believing everyone was a gentleman or a lady. Of course I had the opportunity of growing up in the second richest community in the country. The children of senators, heads of business empires and the like were my school friends. I was taught manners as a child and always used them. But then, as I got out into the world, I discovered, to my horror, that Jonathan Swift was right and the Yahoos ruled. Oh yes, read 'Gulliver's Travels' and discover the world. You take care of the weak and persecuted and destroy the vicious and predatory. Physically or by other means. I detest pedophiles because they ruin the lives of relatively innocent little children and creeps who do that should be publicly castrated with those dull scissors we got in kindergarten and then burned alive. No, you would have never recognized me as a child. I was a very well-behaved, educated person and nice to know, at least reading over my childhood school reports. Ah, but now, I am known as Lord Satan by the boobery, the idiots and the syphilitic cretins that infest this otherwise pleasant planet. And mark this, Robert. Too many people, too little food. And the water will run out and the ice of the world will melt, the oceans rise and Boston will be nothing but a wet dream. I really do hope, Robert, that these catastrophes happen in my life so I can have something to enjoy besides my books and music. There are intelligent, decent people here but they are lost in the jungle of knuckle-draggers.

RTC: Something awful must have happened to you at some point in your life to have given you such a really ugly view of the world.

GD: I think that goes without saying. I told Heini Mueller once that I always pay back my enemies and the flip side of that is that if people leave me alone, why let them go their shambling way to the knackers without any assistance or encouragement from me. Mueller was a good man, Robert, and you knew him. Not many people like that around and probably never were. You see, they outnumber us by a ratio of about a

thousand to one. Is that why you like to talk to me, Lord Satan, chief evildoer and disrespector of vested authority?

RTC: Yes, there aren't too many like you around, Gregory. Some would say Thank God, like Kimmel, but I enjoy your attitudes and I must say I agree with them, at least mostly.

GD: And I have a perverse sense of humor, Robert. Very perverse. A live-in girlfriend used to pilfer my shampoo and put the empty bottle back on the shelf. I then, angry because when I wanted shampoo, there was only an empty bottle, I filled it with hair remover and she later used it and had to wear a wig for months and when she wasn't, her short hair made her look like a bull dyke.

RTC: (Laughter) An object of terror.

GD: An object of shame and derision, Robert. Did I ever tell you about the great fake fingerprint game?

RTC: Perhaps you might have, Gregory, but my memory is not what it used to be.

GD: I was at a gun show once and someone had a sheaf of old FBI fingerprint cards from the '30s. Bank robbers, car thieves and the rest. I bought about twenty of them for a dollar apiece. Then I had zincs made for me by my print shop...

RTC: Zincs?

GD: Well a reverse negative that is etched in zinc and you use it for rubber stamps. Anyway, I had a number of zincs of the fingerprints of terrible anti-social people so I went to a shop that dealt in theatrical things and bought a bottle of liquid latex and some spirit gum. I painted the latex into the zinc and hey! Presto! I had a perfect copy of the felonious fingerprint. Take a pair of rubber surgeon's gloves, cut out the new print, use the spirit gum to put it down onto the glove in the right place and then you have the makings of a huge joke. Imagine, if you will, doing something very anti-social and even downright evil and wearing these gloves. Touch every surface in sight. Ah, later the prints are lifted and sent off to the FBI for identification. Wonderful. Some technician screams 'a fifteen pointer...'

RTC: A what?

GD: Fifteen points are fifteen points of identification, Robert. Can't go any higher unless the perp's severed hand was found in the woman's snatch. Anyway, they run these wonderfully clear prints through the system. Amazement, two weeks later, to discover they belonged to Ronald Mung, convicted bank robber and serial flasher. No question at all. One problem. Herr Mung has been dead since the second Roosevelt administration. Confusion rampant. I never hear about this but I have a good imagination. Are they going out to Holy Cross boneyard and dig Mung up and charge him with aggravated moper? Serial bicycle-seat sniffing? What? Issue a warrant for a very dead man?

RTC: Of course not. The Bureau would never talk about it and tell the local cops that they could not make any kind of identification but they would keep the prints on record. Phoebe never makes mistakes. Tell me, Gregory, did you ever tell Kimmel about this?

GD: Of course. I like my fun.

RTC: I can imagine his response.

GD: Yes, it doesn't take a Republican to figure that one out. Just another example of my anti-social and mentally disturbed behavior. These people have absolutely no sense of humor and when they get an idea in their heads, that is if, they cling to it like a mama monkey with a dead baby. No imagination, Robert, no sense of humor. And if it isn't in the little book, it can't have happened.

RTC: (Laughter) I can just hear the stink when the prints of a long dead car thief show up in some unexpected place. They would never know what to do.

GD: No, if it isn't in your book, the little book they all carry for guidance and instruction, it can't exist and if it can't exist, it doesn't.

RTC: Did you really do that business with the fingerprints?

GD: Oh, a number of times, Robert, but we don't need to burden you with useless details.

(Concluded at 11:55 AM PST)

## **Conversation No. 114**

Date: Saturday, December 6, 1997

Commenced: 2:11 PM CST

Concluded: 2:35 PM CST

GD: Well, I had a call from Bill late yesterday saying he never wanted to talk to me again and I knew the reason why. Of course, I did not and he just hung up on me. Do you know about this?

RTC: Actually, I do not. I suspect it's because they know I sent you the more important papers for safekeeping. I think it was all set up that if and when I went off, all of them would come down at the request of the Langley bosses and take away anything of importance that I had. It was, I think, a sure thing. All set up. But then we started talking and this got everyone there angry. You are uncontrollable, you know, and they detest you. I'm not trying to be mean but that seems to be the way things are going here. They are now ignoring me and concentrating on you. I don't think it's the Mueller business that gets them in an uproar but the fact that certain material about the Kennedy business has gone west as it were. I would council you to be rather careful with all that stuff, Gregory. Don't tell anyone what you have and believe me, they will try everything they can think of to try and find out what I sent you. They've already been poking around here and if they'll do it to me, considering what I know about them, I can imagine you'll get the business. Now by that, I don't imply someone will shoot you but there will be attempts to break if and when they know you're out of the house. Your son is living with you now?

GD: Yes, he is.

RTC: This is not a nice question, Gregory, but do you trust him?

GD: Sadly, not at all. Very charming and intelligent but lies like a rug and if someone approached him with money, he would try to sell me out in a second. Sorry to say that, but it's true.

RFC: Well, then, I know they are aware of him and the CIA offer to hire him will be the indicator. They will either turn him and get him to let them look over my papers when you've been lured off to some conference in DC. No, put these things away somewhere and never tell him where they are and certainly, don't let him get a look at anything.

GD: Don't worry. I have looked over the Kennedy business and have read through your manuscript on the CIA in Vietnam and I realize what I have. No, I put these in a very safe place and even if the entire FBI was on the case, they would never find a thing.

RTC: And they will certainly try, Gregory, so be specially careful. I haven't been well lately and actually, I'm afraid to tell anyone about it because once they get you into a hospital, they can easily kill you or claim you're senile and keep you away from the world until you die. Yes, they do that and with me, they would have to be careful because of what I know. I know it all, from the beginning, as I have told you and if they crossed me and I was, let's say, living here, I could talk and if I did, there would be very serious problems for not only them but businesses and so on.

GD: Would you go public with the media? The Washington Post?

RTC: God no. The CIA has a powerful hold on the American media and, no, they would take down everything I said and send it posthaste to Langley. Print it? Never. You see, we got our hands on the Associated Press and every major and minor paper subscribes to their service. They send out news every fifteen minutes to all the major papers and the television and radio people. The news is funneled through them so we just got our hands on them so, in essence, we control the news in this country. And, of course, we have many friends at the New York Times and the Post, to mention only a few outlets.

No, unless a plane crashed into the White House during the Easter Egg Roll with thousands of people present, we can cover up almost anything and also, destroy any enemy or potential enemy. They can't do anything to you because, to be blunt, you aren't anybody but if you had a business, or worked for a company, had relatives in business or the government, they would squeeze them and you would shut up. If we can get rid of a President, we could deal with you if you got too dangerous. Not to shoot you but start rumors and disinformation about you. We have a barrel of weasels, rats who do what they're told. Praise this CIA friend and badmouth that CIA enemy. A Congressman gets too curious, we have a talk with him in private. If that doesn't do any good, we uncover a terrible scandal about him and the Times or the Post has it on the front page before the next sun rises. In essence, at least when I was on board, we basically control most of this country. How? By controlling the media in that we can use it to put out cover stories, to get public support for, say, the invasion of Mexico or to put one of our bought and paid for people in Congress and then have him put onto committees where he can further our plans or sabotage any attempt to block us. That and the press is quite enough but they also put me in charge of relations with the major business factors. Ike was right when he complained about the military and industrial complex. In truth, the three of us run this country and will into the foreseeable future. If you attack any one of the trinity, they will discover a dead baby in your glove box or a box of cocaine in your desk at work.

GD: I prefer the hint of child abuse. I've had some of these creeps nosing around and in one case, I nailed one of these assholes by circulating a fake newspaper clipping that accused him of child molestation. I totally destroyed him and his family and I would do it again if and when. I think they are aware of this so they never come in person but send a cut out.

RTC: Absolutely. If you nail that one, they can raise their hands in horror like an old maid at a smoker and pretend ignorance. Why poor Mr. Wheatly, they would say, who could have done such evil things to him? Know him? Sorry, never heard of him.

GD: I know. I have a friend in the GRU who told me that the Russians always protected their agents but the CIA dumped them when they got found out and left them to rot in some Rumanian jail. Yes, 'Who', they would say, just like you did. 'Why what a pity' and then back to the tennis match. I asked a CIC man once why your people didn't have a nice sit-down like the Army did and he winked at his partner and told me the CIA would never talk to me because I hadn't gone to Harvard. Actually, fuck Harvard and Yale. There is an old saying that you can always tell a Yale man but you can't tell him very much. I've run into these establishment snobs and I have nothing but contempt for them. Clubby types.

RTC: Yes, we were overrun with them. Smoked pipes and played tennis. I know what you mean. No, they'll never talk to you because you are beneath them. They'll attack your back without a problem but never your face. Most of them are gutless old faggots sorry to say, but I suspect you agree with me. Well, just remember that when some grinning ape stops by and tells you he wants to be your friend, put your dogs on him.

GD: I think too much of my dogs to turn them loose on those people. If they bit one, they would have to have rabies boosters.

(Concluded at 2:35 PM CST)

## **Conversation No. 115**

Date: Wednesday , December 10, 1997

Commenced: 3:05 PM CST

Concluded: 3:30 PM CST

RTC: How are you today, Gregory? Getting ready for Christmas?

GD: Just another day, Robert. A bit quieter. I'm sure the business people regret that they have to shut up on Christmas because they might make a few more dollars. Just a commercial venture these days. Did you ever hear 'Green Christmas'? The song?

RTC: I can't say that I have.

GD: A pointed satire in the manifest and bald-faced greed of the season, Robert. Thanksgiving is nothing but the Massacre of the Turkeys but Christmas is highlighted by the figurative ringing of the cash register bells and the crisp crackle of greenbacks. And many lovely and totally innocent trees are sacrificed for what was always a Roman pagan holiday.

RTC: Indeed?

GD: The Saturnalia. End of the year celebration to take up the extra days. Evergreens in abundance. Presents given and received.

RTC: No star in the sky?

GD: None that I have read about. And no three wise men from some unspecified place bearing gifts. The whole scene was lifted from the Romans and the Ascension of Christ taken directly from the cult of Isis which was very popular in Rome at the time.

RTC: Then you reject the historical accuracy of the New Testament?

GD: Entirely. After the fact fiction almost entirely and historically totally inaccurate. The Gospels came from a source document written about 45-50 AD and were constantly being cleaned up to reflect the changes of the day. None of them written closer to the events chronicled than about a hundred years. And the Revelations book was written by a lunatic confined on the island of Patmos which was a Roman nut house colony and about 96 AD. John was supposed to be living there with the Virgin Mary so you figure it out.

RTC: Aren't there historical references to Jesus?

GD: None. The writings of Flavius Josephus, a renegade Jew of the time, had an inserted reference to Jesus but it has long been known as a gross ex post facto insertion by pious Christians in the second century. All fake, Robert, like the so-called Shroud of Turin. That dates to 1300.

RTC: How did the image get on it?

GD: Painted a naked model with egg tempera paint and pushed the cloth down over the body. That simple. Of course, the Vatican knows it's a fake but they don't discuss it because it is a big drawer for the pious of soul and incredulous of belief. In Vienna, in the cathedral of St. Stephan, we find the skull of that saint but at St. Polten, the skull of St. Stephan as a fifteen year old boy.

RTC: You're putting me on.

GD" (Laughter) No, I'm not. And the sacred bones of St. Agnes turned out to be part of the spine of a goat. I wonder how Michelangelo would have depicted that one? With lots of muscle and a small penis. A wonderful artist but gay as a goose. And that brings me to yet another interesting aspect of the whole business. If you really look into the Gospels and try to discern the teachings of Jesus, you will realize that Jesus was an Essene. Now our modern theologians can discuss Jesus in detail and the Essenes in equal detail but never, ever at the same time. That's would not be correct.

RTC: And why is that, pray tell?

GD: Well, because the Essenes were an all-male organization. They were communistic in their community activities with shared purses and so on and hated women. They bred with them and if the babies were male, all well and good but if female, both mother and child were expelled. They boys they kept.

RTC: There seem to be sinister overtones here, Gregory. Are you saying....?

GD: Yes, I am saying. Like the Spartans and Zulus, the Essenes were homosexuals.

RTC: Now, Jesus H. Christ, Gregory, by implication, by what you are saying and assuming you are accurate, was Jesus a fairy?

GD: It's 'gay' now, but yes, that's the way it appears. Don't forget James the Beloved of Christ.

RTC: Are you certain about the facts...never mind your warped conclusions...the facts?

GD: Always. Yes, look it all up. None of it is connected but study the Essene cult. They were eventually shut down but it's all there for you to find. But there never has been made a connection between Jesus and that group. Yet study the preachings of Jesus, or at least what the Gospels claim are the preachings, and then study the Essene dogmas and you at once see very clear and unmistakable parallels.

RTC: I could look all of this up but you seem to know your history. Of course you can't say such things because you can never get it public. You do like to get involved in useless quests.

GD: No, but I like facts, not fictions. And I find it very, very entertaining that our evangelical Christians loathe and want to kill off any homosexual they can find. I doubt if any of them would even bother to do the research on the subject because a closed mind is a wonderful thing to behold. And as another interesting fact, the so-called 'Dead Sea Scrolls' are Essene writings. Consider that the scholars have been pouring over these for years and yet only a few garbled passages have been released to the public. Why? Because the writings bear out what I just told you and our Jewish chums have agreed to shut up about it. I suppose they get more cluster bombs and nerve gas from Washington with which to civilize the Palestinians in return for said silence. I'm not joking about this, Robert.

RTC: Sadly, probably not. Jim was so determined to serve Tel Aviv's interests that I'm afraid he has set this country up for future decades of Muslim hatred. Well, I doubt if I'll see the results of this pandering in my lifetime.

GD: Yes, you're no doubt right but the wheel always turns, Robert. And the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon their children.

RTC: More biblical exhortations, Gregory?

GD: The Devil can cite scripture, Robert, and your chums down in the Gerbil Palace consider me to be, at the least, a minor devil. Know the truth, Robert, and the truth shall set you free. More likely get you ten to twenty for having a kilo of smack in your glove compartment. Of course you never put it there but the alternative would be a dead baby suddenly being found in your suitcase at the airport. Societies or their control groups have a way with such things. The prisons are full of dissenters and more than a few have been gassed, electrocuted or hanged. Justice is depicted with a blindfold but I think she would be more appropriate wearing a gas mask to avoid the stench of the rotting bodies of the innocent dead sacrificed in her name.

(Concluded at 3:30 P.M. CST)

## **Conversation No. 116**

Date: Sunday , December 14, 1997

Commenced: 11:15 AM CST

Concluded: 11:38 AM CST

GD: I think Mueller's real strength lay in his professional detachment and his organizing ability. You rarely, if ever saw his picture anywhere. He rarely attended official functions and when he was in his office, he wore civilian clothes and wished to be called 'Herr Mueller' instead of 'General.' Most of the Party officials loved to strut around in fancy uniforms but not Heini. They strutted and he worked. At the end, he had enormous power which he rarely showed off. He would issue orders to Himmler and, earlier, Heydrich and no one ever contradicted him. He set up an early computer system to keep card files on as many citizens as he could locate and so on. But he said his worst problem was not the systems he devised but the people who worked in these systems. You ran the clandestine services branch and just out of interest, did you have problems with your underlings?

RTC: Oh, yes, always. We are, were, so compartmentized that our right hand did not know what the left hand was doing. Official policy concerning a country was one thing but no one seemed to realize that the top level depended on those below them for input. And therein lay a real problem. Curious to know how your friend handled it.

GD: Name the problem and I will search for an answer.

RTC: Rigid bureaucracy works but only barely. For instance, let's take Egypt. We have an Egypt desk. It has nothing to do with, and certainly no connection with, the South American desk. I'm sitting in my office and have no real idea what the hell is going on downstairs or down the hall either. A field agent in Cairo uncovers very important information about some official policy. Fine. He sends us a full report. Do I see it? No, I do not. The agent sends this to Langley where it goes, oddly enough, to the Egypt desk. Ah, but in this area, there is a blood feud going on between two top people so this vital report gets into the hands of one party who deliberately hides it from the other out of spite. Why? Because the two of them are at odds over some matter so one hides material that could support the theories of the other. And, of course, we never see something that is actually very important.

GD: And what happens later if some disaster occurs and...

RTC: I'll just tell you that the vital information goes into a shredder and later, a burn bag. And no one knows about it, even if they did. Backstabbing and finger pointing are rampant and no one can do anything about it. In the beginning, we were much smaller and more of us cooperated but cooperation is a thing of the past. A larger office, a more important parking space take the place of cooperation. But I cannot exculpate the top brass, either. Say the ruling party in the White House wants this or that to be the case in aid of their foreign policy. Do our senior people forward real and important information to them over there that would make that case not only wrong but a disaster? No, let's protect our jobs and send a report over by an unproven and dead-wrong source that supports whatever the ruling clique is looking for. A disaster follows, imperial fingers are pointed and some minor official is let go because he wants to spend more time with his family. How did Mueller handle this?

GD: By hiring genuine professionals and watching everything. Copies of all important reports were sent to him, personally, so he spent much of his time looking at incoming gen. But Mueller was quite the exception, I believe. That's why the Swiss government hired him after the war, and this in spite of the frantic searchings for him. Here we have the head of the Gestapo, a top wanted man, living in great comfort just down the line and all of this well-known to some Americans. Hell, Critchfield and Gehlen both knew where Heini was and, shit, Critchfield actually hired him to work for your people. I can understand why the Langley people hate me. If the self-important Jews who think they run the government ever came to grips with this, there would be pure hell to pay. I can just see the editorial page of the New York times on this.

RTC: Actually, you would never see a reference to Mueller or other top Gestapo people we hired anywhere in the American media. They would not print this because we would tell them not to. And they would do as they were told, believe me. You know I met Mueller once, why I had dinner with him over at the Metropolitan once, and I was somewhat in awe of him. A very pleasant man but you could tell he was looking around inside you while he was enjoying the lunch. How did you cope with this?

GD: I know what you mean but it never bothered me. I liked him and I respected him (the two are not always the same, you know) so if he wanted to poke around in my psyche, let him do it. We got on well and I used to poke around inside him once in a while. Fouché was very effective but he was very cold and very cruel and Mueller was detached but quite decent. Joseph changed sides, betrayed one set of associates to facilitate his acceptance by more successful ones and became the richest man in Europe. Heini got quite rich selling off the CIA's looted Nazi art. He kept most of the money and when you realize that a Monet sells for ten millions and he had twenty of them, you can see what I mean. I saw paintings in Piedmont which he could never sell. A Signorelli that was supposed to have been burnt at the end of the war and a Raphael

picture of some fag in a white shirt that the Polacks are still screaming about. Ah, well, such is the way of the world.

RTC: Yes, so it is. But I do miss it, Gregory. Life is too peaceful and I am finding myself forgetting so many odd bits and pieces of my life. Well, I don't know about where it will all end but it will end.

GD: Yes, we can all be sure of that. But the play is not over yet, Robert.

RTC: When it ends, I'll be dead and forgotten. You can enjoy the final scenes.

GD: I only hope so, Robert.

(Concluded at 11:30 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 117**

Date: Friday, December 19, 1997

Commenced: 11:09 AM CST

Concluded: 11:24 AM CST

GD: Well, another damned Christmas season is upon all of us. The gap-jawed ninnies waddling around the malls, the latest electronic noise-makers clutched in sweaty hands while the owners jabber endlessly to their equally moronic friends on the other end.

Jesus H. Christ, you ought to listen to them, Robert, Babble, chatter, simper and squeal. Well, this electronic new age is upon us and I have it from a friend at NASDAC that a new and major con is about to be born. Are you interested?

RTC: Of course I am. Don't forget that I was the man with the business connections for the Company.

GD: You ought to write a book on it.

RTC: Don't tempt me.

GD: Well, they could augment your pension, believe me. Anyway, a circle of crooked stock brokers, who ought to be in Congress, have concocted a scheme based on the public's fascination with the flashing lights and novelty of the electronic age. What they are going to do is this. They get some computer specialist, fresh out of MIT, to set up a company called, let's say, 'Batdung.com' which postulates that they raise bats and collect their crap for sale to people raising Venus Fly Catchers. Or another system called 'Pelco.com' that delivers goose livers to blind orphans. Anyway, they get this front to set up a legit corporation, say in Delaware, and then they get it up onto the board. The NYSE I mean.

RTC: Understood. And then?

GD: And then, they ring up a dozen or so of their rich clients and tell them that they want them to buy 'Batdung.com' at ten and they will sell out at twenty. And when huge purchases are recorded on the Board, why the gap-jawed twits rush out to buy 'Batdung.com' or 'Pelco.com' and the stock shoots up into the heavens. Meanwhile, the new teen-aged wonder who owns the name and an empty office, buys five new cars, a huge slate-topped desk and some huge and ugly new house with round windows somewhere. The stock goes up and up, slows down and then when it is obvious that there is nothing behind it, takes a dive. What do the crooks care? They took their fees from the rich enablers who got in and got out. Say they sold out at twenty and the stock went up to two hundred. One day at two hundred, the next at one ninety and the following day at fifty cents. Ah well, the wise ones have gotten out and gotten out, more or less like the early arrivals at a Reno brothel. Someone else has to take sloppy seconds and at the end, they all have the clap and the gleet. But the whorehouse owner makes all the money and the stockbrokers and their rich friends do very well. The patsy ends up losing his cars, his desk and his home and has to go back living with mother in a basement apartment he shares with the rats and cockroaches.

RTC: Serious?



GD: Oh, yes, very. This will take some time to ripen but it will take place and no one will be able to do anything about it. You know, the Republicans are waiting for Clinton to finish his term and they will do everything in their power to take the White House. Who will run? Probably Gore but who knows who else? The Republican right is yammering and yearning to get into power after the liberal Clinton and if they get in, look for some attempt to establish a permanent majority. I know a number of these people and they love to rub their hands and talk about the coming Days of Wrath and Mourning for the left wing Jews and fellow travelers on both coasts. The religious freaks will crawl out from under the dead cows or up out of the cesspits all across this land and add their squawkings to the cacophony. I think this country is heading into an abyss, Robert. We will eventually see a reprise of 1929 if the Republicans get into power or get both Houses. They will screw up the stock markets, the banks and the money markets and then down all will crash and these scumbags will crawl out of the rubble, clutching bags of money and headed for Aruba or Tel Aviv. Yes, and there are now tens of thousands of young kids that get out of high school with no prospect of a job because the blue collar jobs are all going to slave labor camps in Southeast Asia. Of course this kind of poverty and denial of what we all see as the American Dream can lead to all kinds of domestic problems.

RTC: Oh, you're right on there, my boy. Reagan set up a virtual concentration camp system and special Army units so that if he had any problems domestically like Johnson had during the Vietnam war, they could sweep up all the protestors, their mothers and wives and jam them all into the new Dachaus.

GD: Do you have chapter and verse on this, Robert?

RTC: Could get it but why bother with it? If you put that in every newspaper in America, no one would believe you. Sure, I'll look it up. Oh yes, they have plans waiting for another Vietnam rebellion, believe me. Reagan said, like the Jews, never again and if the public get their tit in the wringer, off they go with no problem and they can see their family through the barbed wire.

GD: Oh my, and then we can take a leaf from the holocaust nutties and start talking about mythic gas chambers and lampshades.

RT: Oh God, let's do not go there. I am so tired of hearing about that shit.

GD: Americans are far crueller than the Germans or Russians so I imagine that future historians, not like the decayed creeps you people use, historians will write about the neo fascism riding the GOP elephant. And over the cliff. Couple this with economic meddling and I will really think about permanently moving away.

RTC: There are many who would love to see you go, Gregory.

GD: And I would love to see them take long walks on short piers, Robert, and carrying heavy weights. Feed the sharks, why not?

RTC: Do sharks eat crap?

GD: No, but the bottom feeders like the crabs would stuff themselves. No, you can see this coming. Maybe not right away but all the bits and pieces are there, Robert. Maybe not in your time but in mine...that is unless Wolfe comes up behind me and slugs me with his purse.

RTC: (Laughter) Do you also foresee pogroms?

GD: Of course. If the economy is artificially inflated and collapses, why scapegoats have to be found. The Mexicans, the Jews and...no, the fewer the better. I would say the blacks but there are too many of them. Probably the illegals. Yes. Mass imprisonment and deportations. Who will cut our lawns then?

RTC: Reagan foresaw closing the universities as hotbeds of anti government actions there.

GD: Why not? The students can't learn anything because the intellectual levels of our professors would shame a baboon. My God, I have encountered a few in my life and I swear my dogs are smarter. They say a little learning is a dangerous thing, don't they?

RTC: So I've heard.

GD: Well then, let's let our young and unemployed live dangerously. They can go to school and then to the camps.

RTC: Does this blessed season of giving always motivate you to be so bloody negative?

GD: Oh yes, the mythic Jesus is about to be born in the cow barn and save us all. I love these preachers who get up in front of the TV cameras and squeal about the fictional Jesus. Why not the Celestial Easter Bunny?

(Concluded at 11:24 AM CST)

## **Conversation No. 118**

Date: Wednesday, December 24, 1997

Commenced: 11:05 AM CST

Concluded: 11:20 AM CST

EC: Hello?

GD: Mrs. Crowley, this is Gregory. Is Robert available?

EC: Yes, dear, he's in the bathroom and he'll be here in just a minute or so. Gregory, I do hate to burden you with family matters but I am getting worried sick about Robert.

GD: Is he sick?

EC: Yes, dear, I'm afraid he is. He keeps getting...Robert keeps forgetting things. He has a hard time remembering things and I think it must have something to do with his lungs. He had pneumonia and we suspect he might have cancer or something.

GD: Well, cancer has nothing to do with remembering things. I forget things all the time and I am getting a little old. Well, not to worry my dear.

EC: No, I am worried. Why this morning, when he woke up, I asked him about breakfast and he asked me who I was. That really scared me, dear.

GD: I would imagine it would but sometimes, if I sleep deeply enough, I don't know what day it is.

EC: You're a dear to try and make me feel better but maybe you could talk with him a little and let me know what you think. Robert does like you, you know. Would you try to do this for me? I would really appreciate it if you would.

GD: Of course I will but I wouldn't worry too much.

EC: Well...Oh! Why Robert, here's Gregory for you. No Not our Greg, your friend. Yes.

RTC: Hello? Who's this now?

GD: Gregory Douglas

RTC: Oh yes, yes, yes. I know know. It's quite all right, Emily. Yes. Gregory. You and my son have the same names, you know. Well, what can we do for you? I'm not going to the job today, you know so I would love to talk with you. How are things with you?

GD: Just fine, Robert, and with you?

RTC: Well, you know how it is. Today is Sunday, right? Church day.

GD: No, actually, it's Wednesday, Robert.

RTC: Ah well, I must have overslept. Do you ever oversleep, Gregory? We all do. I thought it was Sunday but then the church bells weren't ringing. How are you doing?

GD: Oh very well, Robert. And you?

RTC: I think I'm getting old. I know I am. It's so difficult to remember just the small things. Why I can remember my childhood in Chicago as if it were yesterday but yesterday sometimes is a problem.

GD: Well, it worries Emily.

RTC: What does?

GD: You not remembering.

RTC: What's that all about?

GD: Emily, your wife, is worried about you.

RTC: Yes, she does. How are you coming along then?

GD: Oh, just fine. Have you heard from Bill?

RTC: Yes. What? Bill who?

GD: Corson.

RTC: Ah yes, I know a Bill Corson. We co-authored a book, you know.

GD: Oh yes. What was the title again?

RTC: What?

GD: The title.

RTC: Well, let me think about that. How are you today?

GD: Very good for Wednesday morning.

RTC: Now there you go. I thought today was Sunday. Well, you are writing a new book?

GD: Yes, I am. Tell me, have you heard from Corson?

RTC: Yes. I mean who? Corson? Oh yes, we wrote a book together. I think his wife is sick but that might be Jim's.

GD: Angleton?

RTC: Why yes. He was telling me Cecily was doing poorly.

GD: Bob, Jim has been dead for some years now.

RTC: No, no, I don't believe you there. Why, I talked with him last night. He's perfectly fine. Don't worry about that, my boy. And how are you today?

GD: Robert, I am fine, just fine. I was working on the Kennedy business.

RTC: I think so too. It was terrible but it had to happen. You know that. Jim said the same thing to me.

GD: Yesterday?

RTC: Yes, he called me and we talked about it. So good to hear from him. Jim is a great guy, Bill, and we owe him a great debt.

GD: This is Gregory.

RTC: Ah, of course it is. Are you coming over today after church?

GD: Robert, is Emily around there?

RTC: I think so, Emily. Emily the other Gregory wants to talk to you. We must get together again pretty soon. Here she is...

EC: Yes, dear?

GD: Mrs. Crowley, you're right about Bob. He is very confused. Would you be offended if I made a personal suggestion?

EC: Why no, dear.

GD: I would get together with your son and get Bob to a doctor as soon as you can. I mean not today but as soon as you can. Can you do that?

EC: Why we can. Greg and I were talking about this yesterday. What do you think? He is a little mixed up.

GD: Yes, dear, he is more than that. And don't let him go outside right now.

EC: Oh my, what do you think? Is this about cancer? You know, Bob smokes like a chimney and if I told him once, I told him a dozen times, to please stop smoking.

GD: No, dear, I do not think it is the smoking. Bob is getting....Bob is having some little memory problems so you would be doing all of you a favor by taking him to the doctor. Just, you know, to have a little checkup. Be sure to tell him about these little memory problems. Maybe he can prescribe something for this but do go to the doctor right away. I mean he might fall down the steps or something. You can do this?

EC: Oh I can. Thank you, Gregory. Have you talked with Bob about this?

GD: Oh, yes and you and your son can both take him down for a general exam. Always best to have two people he loves and trusts when he goes in.

EC: Thank you...yes? Oh of course, Robert. Gregory, Robert wants to talk to you. And thank you again.

RTC: Well, and how are you today, Gregory? I thought you might be Bill a few minutes ago but I was mistaken. I have to remember so much I get a little confused. You know how it is. And how are you today?

GD: Robert, do you know what day is coming up tomorrow? On Thursday?

RTC: (Pause) What day?

GD: Tomorrow, Robert. Tomorrow is Christmas, Robert. Now you go along with Emily and be a good fellow. I think I will miss talking with you. Are you going to have a really nice Christmas, Robert? Family coming?

RTC: Well, they come over here regularly. Aren't you planning to call me again? You're not angry for some reason, are you?

GD: No, Robert, I am not angry and I do enjoy talking with you.

RTC: No one else ever calls me, Gregory. Are you coming back to visit?

GD: I hope to. Now just you humor Emily and go to the doctor. Just to humor her, Robert. How long have you been married?

RTC: Oh since 1948. That's...that's, why, I guess about....

GD: Almost fifty years, Robert. Now I ought to go now and then you and your family can have a very Merry Christmas. You'll do that, won't you? With the family.

RTC: There is something I wanted to say to you, Gregory, but I'll try to remember it.

GD: Eugene O'Neill wrote a play once, Robert. It's called "A long day's journey into night" Good title, don't you think?

RTC: An Irishman. O'Neill.

GD: Yes, a fellow countryman. Robert, let me go now and you have a really wonderful Christmas. And Robert, God bless you and keep you. OK?

RTC: Do you have a cold, Gregory? It's been so nasty out, everyone has colds.

GD: Yes, I have a cold, Robert. Remember, Merry Christmas and Godbless.

(Conclusion 11:20 AM CST)

## **A Final Note From the Author**

I first encountered Robert Crowley in 1993 while I was working on the manuscript for the first book on Heinrich Müller, once head of Hitler's Gestapo and later a top analyst for the CIA.

I had known Heini Müller since 1963 when we were both living in Northern California and I had many notes of conversations with him and copies of CIA papers from him that I used for the first book.

Crowley, who had once been deputy head of the clandestine operations for the CIA, had known both Müller and his CIA boss, James Critchfield, and he was on a fishing expedition with me to find out what I knew about a terrible CIA secret and more importantly, what I was going to do with my knowledge.

At first, Robert Crowley was dignified, elevated and non-committal but as he tried to dig deeper into me and as I found him more and more revealing, we established a relationship based on common views and experiences. Crowley was a professional intelligence person, operating at a level where mere mortals needed oxygen to exist and I was only a dilettante who played the same game he did but in a different league and on a different level.

I discovered early on in my life that we are faced with both reality and fiction; what is and what really ought to be, or have been. I prefer the actual cold of reality to the comforting warmth of fuzzy fiction and having spent long hours discussing policies and actions with Müller, discussing the same subjects with Crowley was merely revisiting old ground.

I have learned much from reading history with an eye towards reality and I found all of the Third Reich machinations and all of the parallel manipulations of the CIA to be thoroughly understandable, if viewed from a perspective that horrified members of a conformistic society would say was asocial at worst and cynical at best.

Truth is never wanted by the sheep ; only explanations that comfort, and what started out as an information service for Harry Truman, grew into a huge, all-encompassing and very powerful entity that lived only for itself, the views of those who controlled it, the desires of those who supported it and nothing else.

The peace of a nation and its people and the even tenor of its ways were as nothing to the CIA who moved people and armies around on a huge global chessboard according to their own rules. Morals and ethics, as Müller once said to me, are excellent norms but they are hardly effective techniques The CIA cheerfully killed inconvenient heads of state, destroyed governments, fomented brutal wars, catered to wealth and its needs, destroyed perceived enemies and their communities and as it grew in size, scope and power, became totally divorced from reality and developed a growing sense of its own omniscience and the surety, and purity, of its judgments

Crowley had been a CIA member since its inception, had participated at the highest levels of its empire building and knew the real reasons behind the death and destruction his people had daily wrought upon others with the bored detachment of an observer poking sticks into an ant farm.

That the CIA was manipulative, corrupt and almost always totally wrong in its actions are realities that they do not, and cannot, ever address; it is for others on the outside to do so.

These outsiders report at their very great peril and recording the comments and reminiscences of a senior CIA director would not be viewed by a pragmatist as either overly wise or judicious.

Nevertheless, I did this because, mainly, it needed to be done When children discover that their parents, their teachers and their organs of public information have repeatedly lied to them, they become disillusioned and angry, and when this happens, they want change, almost at any cost. If they get it, note, in a generation, the new world slowly becomes the old and the cycle will start all over again.

The writer makes no claim to be a wonderful person, filled with happiness and a desire to heal the wounds of the world and, in fact, in his own way, is as cynical and manipulative as those he wishes to expose. It certainly takes one to know one in the end.

In short, Bob Crowley and his people are no better than I am but in the end, none of this really matters as an overpopulated planet moves to incomprehensible disaster of a Malthusian nature, The chronicles of legions of small murders and ambushes will very soon become mere academic footnotes to far greater suffering,

If this microcosm of manipulation, death and wanton destruction is illustrative, that in and of itself is a useless goal but if it brings cleansing and realization, that is quite another matter.

While we are in the light, let us walk in the light, for the darkness cometh, after all.