

October 16, 1991

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ODIENNE
COTE D'IVOIRE
West Africa

Mr. Brian LAMB
C-SPAN
400 North Capitol street
Suite 650
WASHINGTON D.C. 20001

Dear Mr. Lamb,

You have been talking to me these last few days, when I was blessed with an ERS and have brought C-SPAN into my house. So, now, I am writing to you, thus doing away with "gentlemen" or "dear sirs" which would not suit my purpose. You are giving me great pleasure and have brought back the America I love and where I have spent seven years of my life. I lived through the Kennedy years, saw his death on television after having^{heard} of the attempt on his life while I was having lunch in the delegates dining-room at the U.N. and receiving the tragic news on the ticker in the office of my friends of VOA. I also saw, live, the killing of Oswald by Jack Ruby. I saw the murder of John F. Kennedy and that of his fine brother Robert and there is nobody left unless one cares to mention the Chappaquidick Playboy whose name is known to very many Americans as M. MUDD. To see that man sitting as judge on a case involving women is ridiculous and revolting.

C-SPAN did a wonderful job in the Clarence Thomas hearings, inviting viewers to state their opinion. Well! I am giving you mine, belated as it may be. The woman is a hard-nose liar. No passion, no emotion, reciting ten lines of muck memorized in quarter of an hour. She was impelled to come forward, says she, by the constant swell of rumours. Who started the rumours in the first place? She had corroborating witnesses and, hell's bells, he had none. Should Clarence declare to all and sundry that Anita Hill would come forward in 1991 after the polls had predicted the nomination of judge Thomas? Time and again, senator Heflin asked Thames's panel of witnesses if they knew the motives of Anita Hill and when they said that they couldn't answer he thought he had scored a telling point. Do you? do I? does America? I can't say everything in a single letter but I must mention the ridiculous and preposterous vapourings of senator Robert BYRD talking through his shock of white hair and through his hat. Being out of practice, my English is not so good but if this had happened in France I would have gone after the man hammer and tongues and torn him to shreds without having to exert myself. Easy as pie. Yes, I was once a journalist who made many enemies and lived through them all. Indeed, today, most of them are dead.

Now, leaving this distasteful subject let us go on to better and brighter things. Please^{tell} Ms. Susan SWAIN that her beauty enhances the S-SPAN program and this remark may be in no way construed as sexual harassment.

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October 17 th.- Looking over the preceding page, I feel that I have given you the impression of having overstated my case. Not so! but, perhaps I should do the presentations. I am 81 years old, was born in England, primary education in England, high school and university in France, was an observer in captive balloons (officers only) and reconnaissance planes, was in the resistance movement (maquis du Grésivaudan) until 1944 when our battalion contacted the American 7 th. army from whom we tried to borrow two 81 mm. mortars for the purpose of cutting off the only means of retreat of the German troops. There were two of us. General Patch was most sympathetic but told us his army was going north the following day. Perhaps our nondescript uniforms gave him the impression that, at the best, we were just patriotic tramps, to be loved but not trusted. Still, general Patch invited us to lunch with his staff and we came away loaded with good things to eat, to drink and to smoke. I still have a very warm feeling for general Patch. Later, I joined the [redacted] and, later was [redacted]

[redacted] I later got married and have three sons, all university graduates with PH.Ds, one from Cambridge (England) two of them are university professors of science and mathematics.

My relations with my first wife became very strained and, finally, we separated and I came to the Ivory Coast. I got very friendly with the people and, with independence, came to New York as [redacted]

[redacted] That was in 1960. I stayed on as cultural attaché and, in 1964 was offered the post of [redacted] Foreign minister. When he left, in 1977, I went to the Economic and [redacted] (Director is the right word) from which I retired in 1982 after my second stroke. Yes, I have suffered and survived four strokes (thromboses) which have transformed my arms and legs into mere appendices. I can no longer sign my cheques and am typing this letter with two fingers of my right hand, from my very comfortable wheel-chair. I have beautiful white hair with no signs of approaching baldness but have no teeth. Dentures are useful but I have lost the sense of taste. I got married again in 1979 and am very happy though recognizing that I have become a very great burden.

In days gone by, I would have been horrified at a misspelt word but times have changed. I can no longer get up to consult a dictionary and my typing mistakes are numerous. I am doing my best to correct them. But the old hulk is still full of fight and, at the drop of a pin, I will gladly take on senator Byrd and all others whose grotesque posturings aim at destroying a good man's name.

Please convey my warmest regards for the members of the staff of C-SPAN and WORLD NET. They give me very great pleasure.

Yours, most sincerely.

[redacted]

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