

302 West 17th St NYC 10011  
20 October 1964

Dear Mari,

Since the Warren Commission report came out, less than four weeks ago, I have spent every waking moment—including the intermission at the ballet—poring over this exquisite work of fiction. I didn't expect great things from that bunch, but even so I was astonished by the amount of misrepresentation, omission, internal contradiction, and general obfuscation they produced. The thick gook of interminable text must have been intended to stupefy and tranquilize the reader, and it has surely had that effect on most people. Even the "liberal" press has rushed to certify the report as holy doctrine and to warn that any critics who continue to question or suspect, a priori, are kooks, fringes, and probably unpatriotic. I.F. Stone has been particularly disgusting (enclosed is an editorial comment on that gutless wonder) and the New York Post wallowed in virtuous praise of the report and a little incidental slander of its past and future critics. A nauseating spectacle, relieved only by a heavily ironic article by Murray Kempton which at least made it clear that the investigation was only the prosecution case and a column by (of all people) Robert Ruark, dismissing as imbecilic the WC's reasoning on the marksmanship and the number, speed, and trajectory of the shots.

Last night I attended a "debate" between Melvin Belli and Mark Lane which was more of a debacle than a debate so far as Belli was concerned. He had not read the report at all, quite obviously, and was not guilty of a single accurate statement of fact. He made a complete jackass of himself and seemed to realize it, too, as he has now called it quits and expressed regret that he ever got into the debating game.

As for me, I have plunged into a Sherlock Holmesian existence, armed with magnifying glass, ruler, and textbooks of criminology. And not merely as an academic exercise, as it turned out. I listened one night to a broadcast by a local professor entitled "Twenty Questions for the Warren Commission" and afterwards the announcer said that the professor would remain in the studio and accept questions on the phone. I called and the switchboard took my number, saying that many other calls were waiting, and almost a week later the professor called back. We spoke for almost two and a half hours, during which I told him some of the contradictions and misrepresentations I had found. He was most interested and took notes, then telling me that he was in touch with a counsel to the Commission and asking me to furnish him with any further discrepancies, inaccuracies, etc. which I might find in my microscopic examination of the report. It has been really exciting at times, and I think I did dig up a few anomalies that had not yet been detected by Mark Lane, Joesten, etc.

One of them really made my scalp crawl: I was studying the notorious photograph of Oswald holding the rifle, wearing the revolver, and clutching the Militant and Daily Worker for good measure. I had a small brainstorm and made some mathematical calculations by which I proved, to my own satisfaction, that if the rifle is the Carcano--as the WC claims--then the man in the picture is five inches shorter than Oswald was; conversely, if the man is Oswald, then the rifle is 2.4 inches longer than the Carcano. It is true that I barely passed every mathematics course I ever took, but I had my genius friend Alex check my calculations and he got the same results. I channeled this and my other findings not only to the professor but to anyone else who might make good use of it.

Mari, do you think that you can help me, from your vantage point in Dallas, with some bits of information I have not been able to find elsewhere? One fact I need is the exact location of Jack Ruby's apartment. In a recent article in The New Leader (October 12 issue, which you should get if you can) his apartment is said to have been on Marsalis Street. In Joesten's book, the address of Ruby's apartment is given as 233 Ewing Avenue. In the WC report one of the exhibits shows the Western Union forms Ruby filed just before he shot Oswald and the address there appears to be "313 1/2 Casman" which may be the location of one of his nightclubs. Incidentally, if it is no trouble, can you give me the address of both the Carousel and the Vegas? A street map of Dallas would be a good help too.

Second question has to do with the Sports Dome rifle range in Dallas. Can you possibly find out on what date this establishment first opened for business?

Finally, Appendix XIII of the report mentions a Christmas party attended by the Oswalds at which "Oswald spoke at length with Yaeko Okui, a Japanese woman who had been brought to the party by Lev Aronson, first cellist of the Dallas Symphony Orchestra." Did Aronson ever mention the party or Oswald?

Please don't go to any trouble, Mari, if any of this information is not readily obtainable. And please let me have any other kernels of information which may have come your way since you last wrote--above all, your own reactions to the WC report.

Partly because I have been so immersed in this keenly irritating and probably useless exercise, I have remained completely out of touch with our mutual acquaintances. Guilt feelings drove me to dialling Alex a few times but there was no answer, so he may still be abroad. I met Sadie once on the bus but by the time we finished saying hello we had arrived at her stop. Met Ann Groisser (if you remember her, she was once the secretary in the office at Chesters) briefly, after many years, also on the bus and we chatted long enough for her to announce that

her brother Morris (that rather rigid and dull creature who showed an insane fear and loathing of my Allegra that summer I had her with me in the clubhouse) had taken a wife---lucky lucky girl. Ann suffers from the same dullness as her brother---I assume it is hereditary. I didn't even pretend that I would get in touch with her, as she urged. That's pretty feline, but then I have a feline for a boss...Allegra is sleek, fat, and purry though if she could talk I'm sure she would ask me what the hell is going on since that f----- Warren report came out and why I hardly pay her due obeisance these days, as my slavehood

As ever,