

Monday 10 a.m. 2/6/67

Dearest Maggie,

When I called you last night the weather bureau was forecasting snow, which began in the small hours and is still streaming down. Because of my history of bronchitis and asthma, and since I have no meetings to cover, I am remaining at home for the day. I've been feeling so listless and depressed that I wonder if I don't already have a low-grade infection—and not, as I keep telling myself, mere reaction to the surrealist alphabet soup on which we have been dining.

Your special delivery letter arrived about 20 minutes ago, and I have now read the story of D. I am glad you are getting Bill T. on it, although it seems almost certainly a fake or a trap, as you believe. But I do vehemently dispute your claim that you and Bill O'C are the two greatest babes-in-the-woods—do you think that is fair to Vince, or to me? I was on the verge of being bamboozled by Mae. R. and Vince obviously took her and B without the necessary grains of salt.

Thanks to the epidemic of alphabetism, I haven't done a stroke of work for more than a week and I am oppressed emotionally by a kind of dread and nightmarish miasma—added to which, an eight-hour visit from HW yesterday. This whole business has several levels of horror—the original events; the material we have dug out of the documents; the encounters with the lawyers and other spokesmen for the WI; the outrageous and contemptible Manchester/Ks affair; the finks within our own house; and what somehow seems to me the worst horror, the alphabeticals and the phony "breakthroughs." I think some are con artists; some may be fantasists; but some seem clearly to be sinister. I wonder if May Brussel has been contacted? Maybe she too should be warned.

Please thank Ray when you next speak to him for sending me the photo and the Frontier. I am very grateful for both, and for the copy of the article on WJL. The letter to Frontier was published in its entirety—surprising, in view of the nastiness of Cretin Kerby's two notes to me. Note, incidentally, that Jacob Cohen has made no reply, personally (as Kerby said in his first note he would reply, on the substance of my letter) nor on the pages of Frontier. Something of a default, I would say.

After we spoke last night, I went back again and read CE 3067. I hesitate, as I hesitated before, to dismiss it completely. But neither do I really know what to make of it, if we do accept the story as true. It reminds me in a way of the Jarnegan story—both occurred before 11/22; he claims that he reported what he knew, but there is no corroboration. And since he is a lawyer, if he intended to report it at all, I cannot understand why he failed to put it in writing, so that he would have a record, if a record was needed, or at least to obtain the name of the person to whom he made the telephone report. In the case of Mrs. H., her daughter did corroborate seeing the notations, and she added one of her own, the "silver" part—but why did that paper disappear??? Perhaps I am sceptical because I cannot find plausible any collaboration between LHO and Ruby, or even any acquaintance. And even on the basis that LHO was set up for this by a source which used Ruby to dispose of LHO, before he could talk to a lawyer, I have always felt that Ruby was not contacted until Saturday night—his behavior before that was too ebullient, too conspicuous, and struck the wrong note for a man with a definite "contract."

Last night I also reviewed the first search of 1026 N. Beckley. Certainly it is ambiguous. Both Roberts and Arthur Johnson have the police there too soon. But both indicate that shortly after the police arrived, LHO was shown on TV. Also, Johnson says that they came without a search warrant but telephoned for one—and Johnstone in his exhibit says that he issued the warrant at 3:55 p.m.

Even if the police arrived later than Roberts or Johnson remember, there are still unresolved mysteries and problems—who was the detective who gave Fritz the Beckley address, and how did he get it? who was in the police car that honked its horn in front of the house at 1 p.m.?

We never get any roster of other roomers in the Beckley St. house. We know about John Carter; and one Floyd De Graffenred (CE 2820). But they had 17 rooms available and even if there were a few vacancies, we are missing about a dozen names. There are no names, and no interviews with the roomers as a group (as with the TSB employees in CE 1381). Such omissions are never accidental, I think.

About Lane: I can't, of course, testify to any change on the basis of personal experience, since I met him only in December for the first time; but I can say how pleasant and amicable he was, and that he in no way showed any feeling that he was in any special class, or "the leader," or the all-wise. He is very disarming; and perhaps he has really relaxed or mellowed. I hope so, very much, and certainly I am prepared to forget the incidents of the past on the assumption that there has been a change.

Harold was supposed to be the one to oppose Nizer, Jenner and Scobey—can you imagine his reaction to being displaced by Lane? After hearing (again) the long catalogue of the injustices he has suffered from many many sources, I asked him yesterday, quietly, why in his opinion he had been singled out for so many slings and arrows. He answered that he did not know; but I am afraid that the question did not start a train of thought or reexamination, as it should have. I guess Harold is not going to change, he is too fixed in his attitudes and at times absolutely impervious to things which, in his place, I would find mortifying beyond endurance.

Maggie, dear, don't reproach yourself or apologize for not having written until the next day—I assure you that I know there is always a good reason for such a delay; and the only reason that I phoned was that I became prey to some anxiety, thanks to the peculiar setting of the last two weeks of Fm Zs etc. Please take good care, don't exhaust yourself, and be of good heart. All my love to you, dear, and to Joe, Simsie, Annie, Ruby (would she consider changing her name, or at least the spelling, "Rubie"?), Bronco, and especially loving regards and thanks to Bill O'C and Ray—I am so glad you have them at your side, and so grateful also for their many kindnesses to me. How I wish we were not quite so distant from each other, geographically! Oh, and please tell Lillian that I think about her and would like very much for her to write to me, if she can possibly find time. Au revoir for now, dear,