

6 March 1967 2:30 p.m.

Dearest Maggie,

What an unceremonious "adieu" after such a lovely long visit! My boss Rudy (Bob Ockene insists that NOBODY has a boss named Rudy), whom I am supposed to be assisting at the Social Commission, had of course gone off, leaving me in his chair, and they were just discussing something crucial to us when I got your message. It was a good thing that I sneaked out for a minute to phone you, because the meeting continued until after 1:30 p.m., and I would have missed you entirely had I waited. But it was a dreadfully unsatisfactory goodbye—I wanted so much to thank you for the lovely bracelet, which I am wearing and which everyone admires, and for the scarf (shades of Harold!), and most of all for the time we spent together and for the insight into your childhood and young woman-hood, which I valued very much. You are, indeed, a remarkable woman, with a most extraordinary galaxy of beautiful qualities of mind and heart.

I think that our anxiety and tension about New Orleans cast something of a pall over the last days of your visit. It is interesting to see how many differing interpretations three or four of us, otherwise so united in thought and analysis, placed upon the same set of events. I remember that as of Friday I became deeply worried, almost despairing. We all agree that Garrison is with us, in every sense of the word, and that he is working on the hypothesis of a Batistiano exile/CIA conspiracy. I began to think on Friday night that he had gambled too much on frail and insufficient evidence; Ray and you believe that he had the needed evidence but that the Establishment had been able to effectively disarm him and was seeking to convert the conspiracy into a Castro-directed plot, from a position of strength. Vince, on the other hand, thinks that all the trial balloons pointing to Castro are merely manifestations of the Establishment's hysteria, panic, and desperation, and he flatly predicts that in the end they will yield and compromise by agreeing that a CIA-sponsored plot to assassinate Castro was redirected toward JFK. It will be interesting, three or six months from now, to see who was closest to the mark. As things look now, any one of the interpretations may well be valid. I would LIKE to believe Vince, and I did feel reassured after listening to him and hearing his considerable confidence, but the inner voice is silent, or vacillating—and I need the inner voice before I can accept a hypothesis, or a course of action.

What delights and gratifies me very greatly is that your visit was such a triumph with respect to one of its purposes—the publication of the panoplies. I think that the immediate enthusiasm and offer of publication by Random House is a tribute to the effectiveness of your work, a vindication of your unending labor and your unwavering commitment to the search for the truth about Dallas, and a brilliant reward for the pureness and courage of your work as a critic who has always put the other critics in the forefront and labored with extraordinary modesty and unselfishness. All of us are incredibly fortunate to have you in our midst and to have the benefit of the publication of your Herculean work, which I know will greatly advance public knowledge and understanding of the enormous fraud that has been foisted on us. (I am being paged to return to the Commission!)

Again, my heartfelt thanks for your unmatched generosity, not in material objects alone but of heart and spirit. All my love,

As always,