

26 July 1967

Dear Philippe,

Please forgive me for not writing for a while. I have been indescribably busy with the page proofs of my book, from which I had to prepare an index. It took many days of really hard labor, and the index runs to 42 typewritten pages, if you will believe it. The book itself, were it set in type like, say, Inquest (in the hard cover edition), would be some 700 or 800 pages; but by using quite dense typesetting, it has been compressed to 500 pages. I am rather glad of this, for the book will not be too ~~unwieldy~~ unwieldy, yet the type is very clear and easy on the eyes.

Then, I have also been helping Thompson with his book manuscript, Six Seconds in Dallas, a microstudy of the shots, wounds, bullets, trajectories, etc., limited almost exclusively to the crucial moments in Dealey Plaza. Thompson reaches the conclusion that there were three riflemen, two positioned in separate locations behind the car, and one on the grassy knoll. It is a forceful book, with a certain amount of new material (fairly technical), which I think will make a genuine contribution. His book and mine should be issued at about the same time; fortunately, they complement and support each other, and neither book causes problems for the other.

So much for the mechanics and the theses of the two books: let me proceed to more interesting matters. Early this month I learned with astonishment, disbelief and dismay that Bogard was dead--allegedly by suicide, in February 1966, when he was found in a parked car in a cemetery, dead from the exhaust. Only now has this come to light! And, within two weeks, more news: Larrie Schmidt is dead, supposedly killed by a girl friend; and Billy Lovelady is in a Dallas hospital (not Parkland), very ill with what is said to be cancer. No, it is too much--this cannot be random or natural, either in the number of victims or the high rate of unnatural causes of death. Whaley, Roberts, Bowers, Worrell, Ferrie, Bogard, Russell, Killam, Ruby...On a purely statistical basis, it has become impossible to believe that all these deaths are unrelated to the assassination. I don't say that all of them are related; but some must be.

I have nothing much to report about Garrison. I have become oppressed, bored and irritated by that whole circus, and I find it extremely difficult to focus attention on the unending stream of petty "happenings" in New Orleans, which seem less and less relevant to reality or to the assassination. Garrison received a half-hour of "equal time" in which to reply to the NBC assault on him. He dismissed all their charges as unworthy of his comment and proceeded to deliver a lecture on the Warren Report, in the pose of a critic (for which he does not begin to qualify, since he is careless and ill-informed and indifferent to detail and accuracy)--a kind of third-rate and ponderous Mark Lane performance. Indeed, after seeing Garrison's performance, one develops new respect for the skill, wit, and quick-wittedness of Mark Lane. It was a most sophomoric lecture, but of course the pro-Garrisoners were (as usual) enchanted and thrilled with their leader. His aura has enveloped even one so distant geographically as Joachim Joesten, whose latest "opus" drips with a kind of reverence for the D.A. Vince Salandria will make his pilgrimage to New Orleans at the end of the week--his first visit--insisting that he will go in the role of devil's advocate. But he is fooling himself, for the evidence is already sufficient for any sceptic; and I must say that I was rather offended when Garrison had the cheek to say on television that "anything that is untrue is dangerous."

I hope that you had a good vacation; let me hear from you when there is time and I will try to write when there are any new developments. As ever,