

20 December 1966.

Dear Sylvia:

I'm unforgivable for not having written sooner. But you guessed right: I was back home, with my family - and it was such a change from Dallas... It took me some time to readjust. I almost left again for Dallas when we heard about Ruby's health - but then, my editors decided to wait it out. If he dies (and I'm pretty sure it will be soon enough), then I'll make a last short trip to Murder City, U.S.A.

I'm like you: I'm puzzled with this last piece of business. It is too much, really... You remember what everybody told me in Dallas: "That man will never walk the streets alive!" Well, they were right. I picked up my phone and called up two people in Dallas - including Penn. He seemed very cautious on the phone: I guess they're bugging him more than ever. But from what I could pick up, it seemed that the whole thing had been very confusing and very strange. A few days later, I got a long letter from a lady I had met in Dallas who gets some very good information.

She seemed to state that Eva Grant, Ruby's sister, had known all along her brother Jack had been sick but that nobody, at the County Jail, seemed to give a damn. Let me quote you some of her letter:

"... SHE POINTED OUT THAT the city dr. (for jail) took that job only after Ruby got in jail and has since used his position to auction off scraps of paper Jack has written on while hallucinated... She brought some medicine to ease sick stomach but it was useless - he just continued to vomit... she said that Jack does fear he will be shot... she had talked to them at the jail and they seem unconcerned and so she was asking me if I could get a doctor to see Jack..."

(This is before Ruby is declared sick. Afterwards, I got another letter and another piece of news):

"... evidently he was gasping his last when they barely got him into Parkland and inserted a tube which drained out four quarts of liquid from the one lung... I find today that never had anyone ever give Ruby a physical. God, you would think they would have learned, etc... etc..."

What do you make of that? Here is what I make of it: I believe Ruby is indeed a sick man - but I think they knew it (I mean, Decker and the crowd) but wouldn't do a thing about it until the very last minute. It seems very natural that a man like Ruby suffers from some sort of cancer condition. What's unnatural is the way they've been letting him die slowly before transferring him to Parkland where, as one knows, fairly competent doctors could give an accurate statement which no one would doubt. It's very clever.

And I suppose old Eva Grant, however nutty she may be, could provide ~~some~~ some details about this business. This, of course, would mean that someone wants Ruby to pass away - although, as you

2-

know, at the very same time, he is having his brother state that he wants to take a final polygraph test.

Sylvia, the whole thing stinks - we all know that. Somewhere, somehow, there's some truth hidden - but it seems we'll never get to that truth. The French press, on the whole, has kept pretty quiet about it. I'm writing a long feature story (made out with the informations gathered from my phone calls and letters) and will send it out to you as soon as published. "Le Monde", the most serious paper around here, has printed a fairly strong edit, saying what Penn says in his book, about the way Warren conducted Ruby's interrogation and how sloppy and incomplete it was. No one's happy about it, here - but we're far away and it's hard to write objectively about Dallas without going there to check and check again...

As for the Manchester business - well, what a silly mess! I think it would be pathetic if it was not grotesque. Everybody knows the book will not teach us anything new about the murder itself. Manchester is a Warren man all the way... As for the rest - the public will learn what we already know: that Johnson is a rude son of a bitch, that Jackie and Bobby hated his guts, that the whole thing was ugly and petty and bitter. I believe everybody should know about it - it won't do any good to anyone (least of all, Bobby) but, hell, let the whole thing come out. I'm about as mad against Jackie as against the others: this Kennedy Industry, God! we'll never get away from it...

I'll send you my feature stories - and the "Science et Vie" stuff. You can count on it.

Do spend a good Xmas and a happy New Year. I liked that piece about you in "Epoca" and the picture was good. Let me know what's going on,  
in the meantime,

as ever,

Philippe

---