

12/12/66

Shirley,

It is spelled scholarly. It wasn't just Penn or just Vince who told me how beautiful you are—it was also Jones Harris and everyone else who has seen you. I don't believe what you say about fat and lean; so many researchers can't be wrong. Personally, I was born fat; got fatter; and am now fattest and cheerfully indifferent. I had one spell of about seven lean years, when I could get into a size 14 dress, and did—real glamor-girl period, with the phone going 5 or 6 times an evening, and so many choices, it made me dizzy. All it proved was that I am just not cut out to be a glamor type, one person on the outside, and a completely different person on the inside. I can't really cope with men—either I find them unappetizing, or if I like them, I go horribly overboard, the whole hog, which always ends in cannibalism and disaster. Therefore, I have been much more at peace with myself since I decided to spread and spread, and call it quits with the man/woman phase. How did I get off on this crap?

I intended to attempt to express my utter disbelief and incredulity about Ruby. If I've heard it once, I've heard it 20 times—"they'll never let him live to get out of jail." And here it is. The least you can say is, gross negligence. The most you can say—you have probably said it already, as we all have. Do you give him as much as a month?

I haven't heard from Penn either; I guess he is camping out at Parkland now, to see what he can see. Harold Weisberg has a new book out, Whitewash II. It is supposed to be based on documents in the Archives. He did four hours on radio in Philadelphia on 12/7/66; the first hour was so utterly infuriating, undecipherable, and incoherent, I called Vince to see if he could tell me what Harold was getting at; but Vince was not at home, and his wife, just like me, thought she was hearing Greek and went to bed. I worry about Harold.

I hope my trip doesn't get screwed up. My boss got instructions to be in Geneva on January 3rd, for about a month, and I will be in charge of the office while he is away. I had gotten his okay for 10 days off from January 11th and I think he will keep his word, even if the receptionist has to be acting director...so I am still hoping to make it to Los Angeles and Dallas, and if humanly possible, to Owasso. But don't really count on it, Shirley; these days, it wise to plan only 24 hours in advance, so much is going on and things change so rapidly.

Tell me your reaction to the Ruby affair. This time, we can be sure he is at Parkland, even without Seth Kantor or Wilma Tice...and except for Connally, everyone leaves there feet first. As you know...and we can only sit around helplessly waiting for the inevitable. I don't know about the Protestants (what did Luther want?) or the Kennedys or the Manchesters—I'm just an atheist who knows when things smell rotten...You know, I've never even read the Bible? Not very cultured of me, but I grew up in a rigidly Orthodox Jewish home with this angry God and always mournful or solemn atmosphere; it seemed incredible that life should be so joyless and fearful (except one or two holidays a year) and I began to detest piety when I was only four years old. But it was already too late—I had become susceptible to guilt feelings before I got smart enough to rebel against the irrationality of all the preoccupation with the non-listening non-existent God; and the morality was already so imbued that now if I want to be relatively comfortable, emotionally, I have to do-unto-others and all the rest, even if I don't have to endure the incessant rituals and endless prayers. And I have a thick reputation, probably well-deserved, for being a moralizing prig, full of self-righteousness, the works. Good thing I am too busy to have time to dislike myself...for all my sins...Maybe the unending work is only a form of expiation...In any case, I'd better put the shoulder back to the wheel. We're hunting assassins, after all. Much love to you, dear Shirley, please write again soon.