

Sylvia:

Commission Exhibit 521 (Volume 17, p. 228) shows the fallen stop sign, and may be the Barnes picture.

Mrs. Clemons (whose tape Vickie actually labored over for days to catch every nuance) was quite clear about the accident. Her memory was that the tow truck was leaving with a damaged car at approximately the time Tippit entered the area. In addition to this, she was suspicious of the woman in the car, as I mentioned. There is no doubt in my mind at all that Barnes' comment related to the accident at 10th and Patton (southeast corner). And why in the world would Tippit drive north to 8th and Lancaster and then turn back to 10th and Patton? If he was headed towards Dealey Plaza as we have been told, he was taking one hell of a circuitous route.

Also notice Commission Exhibits 524 and 525 (Volume 17, p. 230). Here we have the same corner, and in the top photo we have the added charm of Helen Markham (allegedly) on another day in another dress no doubt than the one she was wearing on November 22! Seriously, the stop sign is now in place again, as a contrast to Commission Ex. No. 521, which indicates strongly to me that Com. Ex. No. 521 is the Barnes picture. The fact that it is not labeled as such could be completely irrelevant, or it could be another sleight-of-hand by the Dallas police, who, of course, saw the photos before the FBI saw them before the Commission lawyers saw them before the Commission saw them and so on ad infinitum.

Like Sauvage, I accept the theory that the killing of Oswald was not necessarily linked to the assassination of the President. There is a strong possibility that Lee was killed only because the police had bogged the Tippit investigation ~~xxx~~ badly in their desperate expediency. And as I told Vince years ago, coincidence must be accepted in much of this. First hand experience has proven to me beyond ~~any~~ ~~doubt~~ a doubt that while the police accept the Kennedy assassination and its connotations (the investigators, etc.), they do not respond in kind to the Tippit killing. This is where the hair is short. This is where something hurts a great deal.

Helen Markham's card on the door of 404. The agitation of the lady across the street. The planting of Mrs. Tobias where Mrs. Wright had been. The motorcycle cops and squad car cops who followed us on two separate occasions. The police car that drove up near Markham's house and parked while Vince, Harold and Immie were talking to that lady. The obvious sell-out by Benevides to the police when Mark Lane and I approached him. So on. No, the police are edgy about Oak Cliff, and in particular about the 10th Street killing of Officer Tippit. (Also, the threat to Mrs. Clemons.)

I have heard the Castorr tape and I am most enthusiastic. Harold has a couple of pieces of information on this tape that I think are ~~xxxx~~ very important. Did I ask you if you had seen the piece in ARGOSY ~~ix~~ about Halpern? Very significant, I think. I was questioning the autopsy doctors' integrity; now I learn that we can question their credentials in forensic pathology as well? Did you see ESQUIRE? ~~xxxx~~ This was a good article, and I have felt for over two years now that Vince was on an interesting trail. On the other hand, it is a hard thing to work with, and I am not inclined to accept Allen Dulles' challenge.

Sylvia, I completely forgot the Garrison program. I am so ashamed of myself, because I take pride in the fact that although stuck in the plains, I try to keep up with everything. I was home doing absolutely nothing that night; I just plain forgot.

Checked your letter again & see that mentioned CE # 524 from 7/20/67

*Julian something?*

I share your respect and affection for Harold W. too. There is no one involved in the case that I have had any problem with--with the exception of David Lifton. David was always so nice to me ~~xxxxxx~~, I feel guilty even saying this, but there was something that just didn't come off right with him. His last letter was especially bad; it seemed to me he was asking such funny questions. I noticed the comments in the Esquire article about the strange approaches Vince had gotten; you and I had our experience with that odd man (I have forgotten his name at the moment); fortunately I never hear from him now. The past two weeks have brought me a few letters, one of which sounded very self-serving. The young man who wrote described himself as a profound admirer of JFK who had heard about me (here followed much praise for the work we are doing) and who wanted to come to my house and look through my "papers." The letter was long, well-written and intense. There is always the fear that if you ignore someone like this, you may be cutting an innocent enthusiast; so I wrote back telling him to call on us. So far no response. He will have one hell of a time looking through my papers which are stored in a place like Ruth Paine's garage, which Harold aptly described ~~xxxxxx~~ as "a monument to disorder."

Speaking of Harold makes me realize the intensity of his work. In spite of his personality, he is putting out a terrific amount of stuff. God knows, I admire his energy. Isn't it true when someone works like this that the personality usually suffers? I have been appalled by his criticisms of Mark Lane, for example; but as I tell the kids perhaps there is more truth to what I hear than I realize. Since I am not publishing anything, it is easy for Mark and Harold both to like me; if I were in competition the feeling might be different. On the other hand, my feelings for them are good precisely because they don't represent a threat to me. If I had the talent for it, I, too, would pour out the words necessary to establish myself, and then I would be agitated over their responses. But who is going to quarrel with this? We are a competitive race, a competitive people, and to label anyone "scavenger" because he tries to examine and then present his conclusions on an open legitimate historical situation is ~~xxxxxx~~ absurd. Thank God for the books and articles out on the assassination and thank God for every ~~xxxxxx~~ *piece* yet to come. What an unexamined society would mean to us ~~at~~ *at* this time and place (in history) I dread to think. Yes; I read ACCIDENTAL PRESIDENT and was appalled. Did you read the article in ESQUIRE on LBJ.

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Needless to say, I have been a little angrier <sup>at</sup> ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~, which you may have guessed from my non-protective silence (in his regard). The latest public embrace of Johnson sickened me; however, if I could understand it, perhaps I would forgive it. There are still ~~xxxxxx~~ episodes dealing with RFK and LBJ confrontation that none of us knows yet. I am patient and always forgiving, I hope. When I think of my own silly life and the mistakes I make every day, I can hardly sit in too much judgment. On the other hand, the explanation ~~would~~ have to be a good one to make me swallow such disgusting sponsorship as the latest RFK-LBJ love contest. Have you read AMERICAN CONCENTRATION CAMPS by Bosworth? Shape of things to come! (PRIEST-REVOLUTIONARY by Sternes is terrific too. Life of Father Robert de Lamannais who finally left the Church. His letters are so poignant. He spent so much time on them, and yet nothing matters any more, even in what he wrote. When he died it was all over and nobody cared. I wonder what it is all about? He suffered I think from sexual repression, gastritis, headaches; he was ugly, the author says and women rejected him, so he turned to God. But his religion was very sincere. I found comfort in his writing of Christ: "My day is coming. Adore, and have no fear." I suppose this sums things up. If any of us really felt that our "day" was coming (justice at last), then it would be worth while. But I think it has to get a lot worse before it gets better. Lamannias' comment is not foreign to me; many days I get up deciding that this will be a day of "little ways" a la Teresa. Notice the hippies are taking this course, and I particularly enjoyed

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the article in the Village Voice which spelled this out. When JFK was alive the dissenters felt they would be heard, and so the New Left got its impetus; but now with LBJ in the White House all chance of being heard is gone and so we have, not the dissenters, but the withdrawers, the Hippies. And why not? Everything that was possibly good is gone, and no one is left with enough elan (cool) to make it hopeful for us ~~again~~. ("We will laugh again, but we'll never be young again.")

Mikoyan trembled and put his hands over his face when he saw Mrs. Kennedy after the assassination. Mrs. Khrushchev wept. The socialized Poles brought flowers until they built a mountain outside the American Embassey. The young West Berliners marched with candles and if you look at each face in turn in that crowd, you feel quite certain that there were no Nazis in that group. An African native walked miles to say to an American: "I have lost a friend." Can you imagine this universal reaction if LBJ died? I can't. So, I think that in spite of our battle, we have lost the fight. If we expect this country to turn back, we are mistaken. The abomination of desolation is in the saddle. Did you read in RIME this week about the disgusting confrontation between Westmoreland and McNamara? I have little sympathy for McNamara, but when you read this article you are suddenly aware of exactly how much control the military has over all of us, and of how hopeless we are to expect that we can turn the tide. (Westmoreland went back to ~~his~~ his friends and crowed: "I got everything I wanted." Why does Wheeler strike me so badly? There is a sickness in his face.) I thought Paddy's play in ESQUIRE was marvelous. Is this why America is going mad? Someday when you and I have time I want to write down for you comments I have heard from Oklahomans about the war, about making money, about life in general.

Sylvia, did I tell you that Mark Martin's Bill of Particulars against me in the divorce had as Item No. 3: "Picketed the President at Pryor." It was not only pathetic, but alliterative. You can see the gulf I have been up against for years, and quietly going mad because of it. Years ago I had a complete breakdown; I went to an absolutely adorable Jewish psychiatrist who tried to convince me that my problem was Mark. I couldn't believe it and stayed on, but I stopped eating practically and went to 105 lbs. It is so funny. I never fully realized that I was in total rebellion. It strikes me strangely: in total rebellion at 42. Julie Harris always said that if she had a bust she could rule the world. I think you can rule your own world any time (with or without a bust) as long as you have integrity, a feeling that you are not dirty, but clean, a feeling that what you are doing, whether it is by ~~the way~~ a "little way" or ~~is~~ grand design, is open and integral. Well, I have a hard time explaining it. I just realize more and more that false values are too tiring for me. I haven't got the guts for them.

Have heard from others that Garrison <sup>(on the tv)</sup> was marvelous; now that I hear from you, I wonder. Tell me what Vince thinks of him (Garrison) after he (Vince) gets back from New Orleans. Harold Feldman is in abeyance I think on this, and feels perhaps that Garrison has weakened his case; on the other hand if Garrison comes through, then we will forgive him every sin. I am hopeful Mike Lester will be here in a few weeks for a visit; he is very knowledgeable on the Tippit case, so interesting conversations should follow. He and I have been screaming back and forth across the ocean on the Tippit thing for over two years. I am very concerned that Oswald be cleared for this, even if not for the other, because I am so certain in my own mind that he was unfairly pinned for Tippit's death.

Did you hear that Larry Schmidt was dead?

Please write when you have a minute. Much love, S.