

10/30/67

Answered by
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Sylvia:

Received your book today and since it is a Monday with the kids in school (and Mike Lester working) and a rainy day, I am going to abandon everything else and just read. The jacket, printing, presentation of chapters, etc., everything looks great. Also, thank you for the kind words inscribed. Never have I felt less like the person you describe, but I will accept it (and the gift of the book) with love and thanks.

Briefly, I will tell you that Teresa and I went to the march on the Pentagon last Saturday week. We went for a number of reasons, but primarily for a selfish one: we needed to get away. We stayed a night in Philadelphia with Harold Feldman and Vince. With a day or two more in time, we would have driven to NY, but I was limited by Teresa's need to get back to school.

My point in telling this is to describe my conversations with Vince and Harold on Garrison. Naturally both are against the way I feel -- but both for different reasons. Vince, of course, with his big heart and his great compassion was more concerned with my grief over Vickie and did not argue me into the floorboards. I had an entirely different experience, however, with Harold Feldman's son, Freddie. As you know I have never in my life felt less like an active debate than I have been feeling lately. This hardly mattered to Freddie Feldman who sat at the table and tore me apart. Since I am 42 and he is 26, and since I am so very, very unequal to intellectual people (or at least to holding my own with them) I sat there stunned, praying only that I wouldn't burst into tears. I was told I was every kind of miserable wretch for doubting Garrison and that I was not only unfair but JEALOUS of him (Garrison) to boot! I did the only thing I know how to do, pulled my Jackie Kennedy act, which is to say I retreated. My only victory: I was smoking and I noticed my fingers didn't tremble once. So I couldn't have been too angry; just hurt, I suppose.

Oh, Sylvia, men can be unkind. I think if the truth were known, the jealousy is more on their side: they detest us for disagreeing with them, the old male hang-up. I notice that the women these men marry, sweet and generous and warm as they are, are not mighty in the brain and argument department. Nevertheless, there ARE tender and gentle men who are able to let women hold separate opinions from theirs without feeling that their testicles are at stake!

Maybe we are wrong. Maybe Garrison is the Second Coming. But maybe he is not. As I told Freddie, no one will be happier than I if Garrison resolves this thing and turns everything into the open for history to see. On the other hand, it looks to me as though Garrison will do nothing more in the long run than throw out a few miserable expendables: lower rung CIA men, unimportant anti-Castro Cubans, an ex-con or two. What then? Will we be any closer to the real source behind the assassination: the money source? I don't think so.

Logic tells me, Sylvia, that if I were a close associate (in business and pleasure) with General Walker and Billy Hargis that you and I would not be friends. This is unfortunate, but it IS human nature. If Garrison has maintained these relationships over the years with people like Tom Dodd, Russell Long and McKeithen (regardless of what front they may choose to put on this regard), then how can he (Garrison) be a genuine justice-seeker? I am told I am full of prunes or worse when I talk like this -- and so I shut up and let the masterminds rave on. Must close and start reading. I love you. S.