

392 Central Park West  
New York, N.Y. 10025  
January 18, 1972

Ms. Sylvia Meagher  
302 West 12 Street  
New York, N.Y. 10014

Dear Sylvia Meagher:

Sorry I have taken such a very long time to ~~XXXXX~~ answer your letter of Nov. 12. Certain occupations and preoccupations have kept me from putting hand to typewriter.

I really hesitated before writing you my thought on the Walker rifle. It seemed picayune in view of your accomplishment.

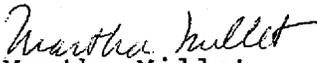
I certainly don't believe Oswald was the man in any of the shooting events charged to him, including the target-practice fest. The various tales make a mere crazy-quilt, which the Commission simply announced was a good fit. Incidentally, the Warren of the 50's wasn't a lot different from the Warren who presided over the Commission--and different than the one in between. About a year ago he spoke at an NAACP event (broadcast over WBAI), and asserted that "thousands of innocent people" have been sent to prison--some to death. But he didn't name himself as one who may have been a silent accomplice in this process, or note how this observation might relate to some of his own latter-day activities.

Subjects for Swiftian satire have become too grimly real: or we might have works on the transmigration of rifles; doppelgangers; mystery deaths; standards for qualifying as a witness before certain official bodies; the case of the moving bulletholes; the treasure of the Archives, etc., etc. Does anyone ever bring up the example of the Dreyfus dossier that kept getting fatter and better-looking?

Political frameups are one of our most successful industries. The Roy Cohns and the Greenglasses of this world are still flourishing. Sophistication and refinements can now guarantee indefinite--or eternal--coverup.

I wonder if Walter Cronkite ever bites his tongue in the night when the world is asleep?

Yours truly,

  
Martha Millet