

Sunday morning 7/24/66

Dear Susan,

When I got in from the office Friday night Ed called all excited to say he would be on Channel 13 that night. I notified the other Warrenologists in this area and turned on the TV. The program was divided between Harold Weisberg, on tape from Washington DC, and Ed, live from Boston. Weisberg did fairly well, I thought; and Ed was much more poised than on his first TV appearance and didn't look quite so much like Count Dracula (in fact he looked almost handsome) and with his modest, sweet, scholar's manner he proceeded to tell three or four whopping lies, with a face as innocent as an angel's. He had asked me to phone him after the program but Jones Harris called me and kept me on the phone until almost 1 a.m., disregarding my yawning and getting in digs at Harold AND Ed, with whom he seems to be very much on the outs.

At the same time, although I did not learn about it until the next day, there was a radio discussion going on at a Philadelphia station--Harold Weisberg and Vince vs Curtis Crawford! Curtis is still refusing to give up the ghost--he was there to defend the WR! Vince says he thinks Curtis is finished now, he took quite a drubbing from them, and the moderator, when he stepped out for a minute, confided in Livie that Curtis was a millstone around the neck.

Yesterday (Saturday) by 1 o'clock I still had not been able to decide whether or not to go to Arnoni's. I was very tempted, because Jones had told me that Vince was bringing the four-hour tape recording with Specter. But I was also very tired and could not seem to face the trip. As I was sitting there trying to make a decision, the phone rang and Arnoni said, firmly, that he was coming to pick me up and drive me there. Well, that did make up my mind. He arrived very quickly, bearing his token gift--earrings--and all the way out to his house talked about Puerto Rico with terrific enthusiasm.

Vince and Livie were due there at two and they finally arrived at four, to Mrs. A's considerable annoyance. She was all dressed and corseted and (for her) something approaching cordial. V. and L. arrived loaded down with tape recorder, papers, and an enormous Italian rum cake. Among the papers was the transcript of the 4-hour tape interview with Specter. Susan, it is beyond my powers of description! We got through about half of it, me reading it aloud and acting it out, all of us practically rolling on the floor with excruciating laughter and incredulity, tears almost running down our faces. Never in your life have you heard anyone so pathetically and persistently self-denuded of any trace of dignity, authority, or intelligence. I understand that Specter is terrified--he told someone that he felt that his career was in danger of being ruined. This 4-hour interview is so utterly fantastic, it is like the broadest kind of farce or satire, no one could possibly have done anything so lacerating purely from imagination.

After dinner (Mrs. A. outdid herself and hardly made anyone feel unwelcome) we adjourned to the TV upstairs to watch Harold W on his two-hour appearance on the Alan Burke program. Burke was completely on Harold's side and was terrifically unfair to the opposition, consisting of two lawyers, who were attacking the attackers of the WR and Harold in particular on a quite low level. While Harold had been pretty controlled and effective in the half-hour segment on Channel 13 the night before, this time he got completely out of hand, because Burke and the studio audience was so openly on his side. He went quite wild, and got down on the same below-the-belt demogogic level as his adversaries and all in all Vince, Arnoni and I were pretty appalled, shocked, and disgusted at his performance. At dinner, by the way, both Livie and Mrs A asked about you (A pointedly did not), and I told them you were having a scrumptious time in Rome and lots of adventures. And they all kept saying what a wonderful girl you are, how beautiful, lovable, etc. I managed not to look in Arnoni's direction but I feel sure he must have been pretty uncomfortable. Although, come to think of it, with his ebullience, he may have taken everything in stride. The usual sophomoric badinage between Arnoni, Vince, and sometimes Livie joining in with enthusiasm too, was incessant and interminable, and on a near-crude (what am I saying--it was damned crude) level. Well...I guess one must take one's friends as they come...it has become abundantly obvious that none of us is perfect, or near-perfect, present company () excepted () included, just check one.

Grandpa called this morning, he is okay, says he got one letter from you and one from your sister R. raving about the baby...he told me to write you that he was glad to hear from you, thanks you for writing, and has to go to the post office for some aerogram letters, after which he will reply.

L A T E R

So at that point a lot of things happened, and it is now 10 p.m. The house phone rang, Vince and Livie, they hadn't been able to reach Jones Harris, whom they were supposed to visit today (they drove me home from Arnoni's at 2 am and they stayed at a motel; I had told them to come here after Jones and had expected them, if at all, around dinner-time). They tried him from my phone and this time we did reach him and he said come on over (me included), so I leaped at the chance to see the photographic work he has recently developed, top-secret, if I didn't tell you about it already, you will have to wait until you get home and I don't want to put anything specific down in this letter. It was worth waiting for—very, very significant and important and definite, nothing like the photos last year at this time, where the eye could play such tricks. THIS stuff is solid, definite, and identifiable, no room for dispute or debate about it. No disagreement about what is there from any of the people who have seen it now—V. L. and myself, Ed, and Fred Cook, so far as I know. The stuff will be published in a top national magazine in the fall.

And, the most important development of all, a sensational review of Inquest in Book Week by Richard Goodwin, who is from the real inner-circle JFK, asking a new investigation, by people at the highest level but not Government-connected people. I haven't seen the review itself but it was such a breakthrough that the NY Times gave it a news story; and Arnoni, Vince, and I are in agreement (for once) that this is the most important development to date.

Anyhow, Susan, things are snowballing too fast for me to really give you anything like a full account; I'll try to fill in when you get back. Did I tell you about the extravagant tribute Sauvage paid ~~me~~ me in his book? I saw the proofs of it today --Jones had it--he had Lane's book too--Jones has EVERYTHING. He knows EVERYBODY. You should see his house, unbelievable, a movie set. Next door, Katherine Hepburn. Jones' mother (i just found out) is Ruth Gordon. Sauvage said something like he wanted to thank Mrs. S--M--, whose indispensable subject index...the only person in the world who knew everything in the 26 volumes...who always unselfishly had helped him, and others no doubt, when they needed information...Almost embarrassingly lavish. Wasn't that nice of Sauvage? And especially the fact that he wanted it to be a surprise.

I'm falling apart, must go to bed, I send love and kisses, best to Clem, write please detailed Roman report.

your Loving aunt S.

Susan