

16 April 1966

Dear Mari,

URGENT INQUIRY: Is it true that Little Lynn died? (Karen Carlin, the stripper to whom Ruby wired the \$25 on the morning he shot Oswald) I had a phonecall late last night from one of my California cohorts, who told me she had heard that from somebody's secretary, who said that she had heard it on the radio news. If you know anything about this, I will be grateful. Maybe it isn't even true, because it seems to me someone would have mentioned it by now. (As of August 1964, Karen Carlin and her husband Bruce Carlin lived at 1054 West Allen, Fort Worth.)

I am terribly tempted to phone you instead of using the slow mails --but I just paid a \$77.00 phone bill (again), so I have to reinstitute a few weeks of self-restraint. This happens every few months.

You write so seldom these days--is it your personal life, or your political activities, or both, that keep you too busy to write. Or just not in the mood? I shouldn't gripe, because I haven't been very good about writing, either. By the way, my book finally came out, last week; you are on the mailing list and will be getting a circular from the publisher, if you haven't received it yet.

My manuscript is just about "finished" too (500 pages!). Three publishing houses, two of them quite large ones, have asked to read it, but I am waiting for a while. I've become involved in helping other people with their books or manuscripts--checking them for accuracy, indexing, etc. If it only paid better than it does I'd really be tempted to leave my job at once (actually, I am doing these jobs without pay, so far, as the chief purpose was to get a chance to read the manuscripts, now that my own is finished).

I got an ad from Chesters in the mail this morning but threw it away without even opening the envelope. It gave me a melancholy feeling--to think about the little milieu that we all shared there together, for so many years, and its gradual disintegration. One cannot go back--that is one platitude that really is true. How is Lemmy? Is he staying in Dallas? Do you hear from any of our mutual friends(?) here? I haven't encountered any of them--not even Alex Dobkin nor the Wertheimers, for ages it seems.

Please write me a little about yourself, Mari, and what you are doing and how you are faring. With warm affection, and love from fat Allegra.