Dear Sylvia,

Well, Uncle Chester finally came across. Right now I'm trying to scrounge a 3-track tape recorder so I can listen to the stuff. I know it is chancey to make any evaluations based upon listening to three tracks at once, but offhand I would guess that if he got 12 hours of the DPD, it is not continuous. I managed to pick out broadcasts of by commercial stations on 11/22. More on this when there's something to report.

Don't worry about Paul; his head was out of the Garrison bag quite a while ago. If he expressed any disappointment regarding New Orleans, it probably was over the whole mess. The letter he wrote to Thompson which you sent me contained a sentence implying strongly that Big Jim was very wrong.

As to CD's, I'm working up a list of interesting ones in my possession. It is so easy to miss important material.

My abject apologies for underestimating Joesten and Dawnay. They are nothing if not consistent. If Joesten's Uncle Adolf's pet turtle ever disappears under mysterious circumstances, I expect another book.

If I understand Bernabei correctly, the jammed clip is a possibility, not any sort of likelihood. Its having jammed would have been the only innocent explanation for its having still been in the gun; the absence of any explanation by Day and friends makes me suspicious. My theory is that the clip was replaced by whoever used it. This blows the official time reconstruction more — not that it needs more blowing, of course, to demonstrate its fraudulent nature.

Somehow or other, Mary Ferrell came up with a set of the official DPD tapes. The word is that even they do not agree with the transcripts.

The Experimental College thing is fun, even though the class probably would have been larger had the EC people not blown their publicity this quarter. The Z film went over well.

As to Coleman, I suggest some sodium pentathol in his martinis, or just clout him a good one with a box of your Official Warren Report Critic 3 x 5 Cards. I wonder if he is playing comic relief house nigger to the Littlest Rebel (or Re-bull, as the case may be). "Ah gots happy feet, Miz Black." to which she replies, "On the go-o-od ship Lollypop," etc. A few rubber bladders and we're in business, if Shirley still knows how to wiggle and squeal. Think of it: a multi-million dollar career built on the fantasies of dirty old men. The mind boggles.

Regards,

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