

1 February 1969

Dear Vince,

You misunderstand me so persistently that I can only think that you don't wish to understand me. I don't look on the "Jim Garrison matter" as a game, a gamble, a sporting event, or an entertainment. After it is "over," as you put it, the "code" will still be a clumsy and unconscionable fabrication; the "emissaries from RFK" will still be sordid and transparent inventions; his other improvisations will still be abhorrent and insulting to one's intelligence; and I will still find it dismaying and frightening as well as incomprehensible that anyone who claims to be striving for truth and justice in the assassination could aid and abet a hysterical, unscrupulous half-wit like Garrison.

And if he "wins" my feelings will be compounded by the added tragedy of seeing another innocent man sacrificed and destroyed by the State for its own dirty purposes.

I can select the principles that will govern my activities but I cannot select my adversaries. They designate themselves, by their alliance with the agents of fraud and injustice—whether they do so in good faith, mistaken judgment, or mere opportunism.

The relationship I had with you and Livvy and one or two others was built on comradeship, unselfishness, trust, and love rarely experienced in life. If you miss our friendship, how much more do I miss it, having lost the other friendships as well? But I must live with myself, even if I live apart from everyone who has ever been dear to me. This is no capricious personal tiff, to be erased by agreeing to kiss and make up. It is an issue that involves my deepest convictions about right and wrong, about good and evil, if that is not too grandiose. I am willing to pay the price of my convictions; and they are not for sale, barter, or seduction.

Please try to understand me this time, Vince. I am in dead earnest.

With sadness,