

11 August 1969

Dear Tink,

So good to get your letter today! I had been wondering how you were and where you were and was glad to learn what you had been doing and that you are pleased with your house near Copenhagen. I have always found Switzerland dull and even depressing, as you seem to find it, too. Indeed, I still have a vivid recollection of the enormous surge in my spirits on one weekend when several of us drove south from Geneva into Italy, and the sense of an enormous oppression lifted, so that I actually began to sing and could not be shut up for hours. Me, singing with plain good spirits? An unlikely tale; but it was pre-11/22/63, by a good few years.

The whole tone of your letter suggests that you have found some tranquillity and a reflective mood, after the unpleasant tempest-in-a-teapot with Bernabei and the long pull, in a grim and demoralizing atmosphere, since our books came off the press. I have the impression that almost any visit abroad would be healing, and restore some sense of perspective and even a little hope for this world. Unfortunately, Boston did not do the trick for me but proved to be rather unpleasant, tedious, and extremely taxing. I'll save that for another time as once I start describing the experience I go on for pages.

I came back two weeks ago, bone-tired and facing all the usual chores for self and cat, and the accumulated papers, mail, and magazines, also three huge collections of documents from the Archives (via Lifton). While I was working my way out of the backlog, Susan's father-in-law had a bad fall down the stairs in the home of one of his daughters, where Susan and Lenny and his parents were spending the weekend. We were all appalled and incredulous when he suddenly died two days later, while in the local hospital with what seemed only minor injuries and a broken rib, of internal bleeding. The body was brought back here and I attended the funeral, weeping copiously because it was so close to the death of my own father and brought it all back.

After one pleasant day in the country visiting my oldest niece and her four youngsters, I returned to work today and you would not believe the amount of paper that had been deposited on my desk since I left for Boston just after the 4th of July. So the next few weeks are laid out like neat little railroad track along which I will plod, catching up with the stacks of papers while digesting the daily output as well.

While I was in Boston the Ted Kennedy scandal burst into the news. Proximity to the scene was no help, because of the indecent pace, pressure and duration of our meetings, and I did not really get the full picture until I returned to NYC and could study the facts with real attention. After that, the whole thing begins to be crystal-clear, and pins EMK to the wall with such a variety of incriminating evidence that clearly he has no possible escape. It is impossible to justify his behaviour, both after the accident that night or since then, and it is hard to forgive him for destroying his own effectiveness as a spokesman against the war, the ABM, etc. It needed only Mr. Joesten's private newsletter to complete the sordid affair--with Joesten's absurd pronouncement that this was, of course, only an abortive attempt to assassinate Ted, like his brothers and like Martin Luther King and HIS brother (also classified by Joesten, without the slightest scrap of justification, as a murder victim!).

I am most interested in what you write about Bernabei and Harold Roffman, whose name is new to me. I should add that Bernabei had written me, during the feverish time when letters were flying like inebriated rockets among the three of us, that he had not in any way intended to imply that you were the Philadelphia researcher--my assumption notwithstanding. But now I must wonder if Roffman, in his passion to validate the lone assassin, could have (like so many predecessors with the same objective)...tinkered with something in the Archives. Is that impossible? As to the earlier 1st-shot at about Z187: I have just received but not yet read a monograph in support of the same weary thesis by one Don Olson of E. Michigan. Olson, however, seems to suggest that a Z187 shot came from the west window, via a second gunman. so he may not have much in common with Roffman. # Please do write again, Tink,

When you have - kindest greetings to you and Nancy.  
and the small ones. As always, h

These are definite indications that Bernabei will get against change his mind. I will return in a few weeks to Bernabei. The

8/12/69

P.S. Further to Harold Roffman and the thesis of a first shot at Z 187: I have just received from Wecht, for comments, a monograph by one Don Olsen, which makes the same argument but postulates the Z 187 or Z 189 shot as originating with a second rifleman in the southwest window of the building. The main pillar of the monograph is work by Lillian Castellano which dates back to 1965, correlating Willis 5 with the Zapruder film to prove that the first shot came before Z 202 and that Shaneyfelt, by erring on Willis' exact location came up with a misleading set of coordinates and a mistaken timing for the first shot. Olsen, very deferentially, dismisses the Alvarez "blurs" but uses the blur at about Z 197 as "supporting evidence" for his own variation on the earlier-shot-thesis.

Also received just the other day a monograph by Robert Cutler of the Boston area, on "the flight of CE 399," which shows that there is no possible path from the southeast corner window to the car which would enable CE 399 to do what the WR pretends it did. Late days, for "killing" the single-bullet theory; but I guess it does no harm.

There is rather a good article on Garrison and the ruination of Clay Shaw at his hands, in the current LOOK (dated 8/26/69), by Warren Rogers. It is largely a reprise of Epstein's New Yorker article of July 1968 but adds some significant new facts on Garrison's links with the Mafia. I hope you can get it in Copenhagen, as the pages are too large to go into the xerox. In any case, it is 85% repetition of the familiar facts.