

19 November 1969

Dear Tink,

I have no complaints about the quality of your letters, and I'm even beginning to master the handwriting. As always, was very glad to hear from you. I had only learned about Curry's book, and his change of heart about Oswald's lone-assassination, shortly before I got your letter. I wrote to order a copy, and after I read it will send it on to you (if it is worth reading).

As you probably know by now, Garrison was re-elected, and by quite a landslide. Apparently he intends to persist in his vindictive campaign against Shaw (and perhaps also Tom Bethell, Thornley, and others). The New Orleans papers did their level best in editorials against his re-election...but what can be done with the citizens of that city, or for that matter with somewhat more sophisticated, rational voting adults in this paradoxical country? For, somehow and in ways I frankly cannot comprehend, we have produced such a magnificent, inspiring, and decent new generation that only neanderthal creeps like Agnew, Mitchell, and the Great "One" could fail to be elevated and moved by the March Against Death of the last weekend. The talk is all about good news, bad news, and ag-news attack on TV, most chilling to hear. I set about searching on my bookshelves for a parallel rabble-rousing speech by Goebbels in the 1930's, feeling certain I would find one, but found only JFK's chilling attack on the press in 1961 in his appearance before the American Newspaper Publishers Association. Joe Kennedy died today, by the way, having left his definite imprint on American history in this century.

Reverting to new books, I've been seeing ads for a book by Calvin Trillin. Is it as funny as the ads claim? Perhaps I'll give it a try, there is little enough to laugh about these days. I'm off to the ballet in a few hours, though, now that the season has opened (last night) and labor problems with the musicians are no longer an imminent threat. I spoke to Wecht about a month ago, when I read of his testimony in favor of an autopsy on Mary Jo Kopechne, and he said that he might be in New York at the end of this week, for a Long John radio discussion (maybe on the 6th anniversary of Dallas). I don't know if he was successful in his candidacy for Coroner of Pittsburgh --I hope so. Ted Kupferman was elected, for a full term on the State Supreme Court. I hope to lunch with him one of these days, after the General Assembly.

I don't think I've written you the latest developments in the Saga Arnoni. He and his wife returned here early in September, to resume publishing TMO. She visited me secretly and told me of her great misery and humiliation of the last year and her decision to divorce him once TMO was on its feet. However, only a few weeks later, she suddenly showed up at my office, trembling and tearful, having had her hand forced by an ugly scene with him that morning. She took refuge with me for the night (and as luck would have it Weisberg also turned up one-day visit here, and came up to my place too, for part of the evening. She went on to other relatives the next day, keeping on the move, and he phoned here looking for her, which gave me the chance to tell him that he was a swindler and the arch-hypocrite of the universe and not to call here again. The following week, he pulled a suicide hoax in her lawyer's office, was rushed to the hospital, but scornfully dismissed the same day as a faker. Whereupon he skipped the country and went back to Israel, from where he tried to cajole his wife by phone to return also. Again her hand was forced, when their daughter was suddenly hospitalized in Tel Aviv (for what turned out to be a most trivial complaint), and she took the next plane there. I've had no news since then, though I keep expecting an announcement that the story will be continued on Channel 2 Mondays through Fridays.

Bob Ockene has been suffering very dreadfully and is back in hospital, this time getting X-ray treatment. Yesterday he was able to talk for a little while, for the first time in weeks, and cheered me immensely by saying that he felt better. But the situation is sad beyond words, and I cannot bear to look ahead very far. As for the second moon landing --I couldn't care less. Those rah-rah astronauts have done the seemingly impossible and made it the biggest bore of the month. Love to you all, and be careful on that new and scrumptious motorcycle,

Always,