

Saturday morning, 3 Jan.

Dear Sylvia,

We get such a kick out of your letters. Your last one arrived with a couple rather non-descript notes from "friends" at Haverford. As we were reading them at breakfast Nancy said: "I don't even really know Sylvia but she is so much more basically decent and interesting than these Haverford bores that I know so well."

Dreadfully sorry to hear of Bob Ockene's death. He undoubtedly fought many good fights for Accessories with the executive types at Bobbs-Merrill. And 35, which I used to think is so old, is really so young. At least from the perspective of someone about to be precisely that age it seems young. What a lousy thing to have happen.

Completely unexpectedly the Curry book arrived in the mail a couple of days ago. My sister had heard about it and sent it from Washington. It certainly is an odd production. Technically it is very nicely produced -- good paper and lots of attention to the photos which came out with remarkable clarity. And many of these photos I for one had never seen before either in the Archives or in the files of the Dallas papers and TV stations. Some of the documents look interesting and certainly the FBI would never guess that some of these reports would be published. I think some of them might very likely repay close comparative study with later FBI reports and Commission Exhibits. I seem to recall an exhibit photo very much like the photo on page 88 that you mentioned. The "Connally" bullet fragment looks very much to me like part of a .38 slug. Three .38 bullets from Tippett's body were virtually whole, but I can't remember about the fourth. If it too weighed about the same as the three others then it could not be the fragment pictured and we've got a very significant slip. But I'll bet ~~that~~ its weight will turn out to be much less than the other three and that what we have is caption error. There are other errors that I found in a cursory look: the curb hit is incorrectly located in a map of Dealey Plaza, for example. Curry appears to me always the lower class cop trying to appear respectable. I get the impression that he must have been somewhat of an outsider. Not really liked or thought to be "one of us" by the other cops, and of course only the paid hand of the Dallas establishment who finally ~~gave~~ gave him another job and a big income. (Sylvia old pal, don't send on the second copy of Curry's book, but please let me pay you for it. You were so thoughtful to get it for me, and I can always use a second copy if you don't have a use for it.)

This last half-year in Scandinavia has given me an interesting perspective of the tension in the US. There really are no social problems left in Denmark; the good, ~~the~~ humane society has been created. And from the point of view of the young Danes it is all rather bland and dull. And so they take to aping American life-styles and miming American political rhetoric. The ~~Black~~ Panthers are miraculously transformed into a revolutionary vanguard and admired tremendously. Hippie dress, music, and talk is adopted. And there is even a lot of talk about the military-industrial complex, and the lines of control between the Establishment and the University -- the later claim gets a little thin when one learns that the rektor of the University, Mogens Fog is a Communist party member from way back (at least this was told to me by a friend). It's strange that what from our point of view is desperate and revolting, from their point of view is dramatic and interesting. And what from our point of view is almost paradise -- the actual creation of a social-democracy -- is to them bland, and tasteless. What I'm saying is that in an odd way both Nancy and I are already somewhat homesick.

To speak of being homesick immediately reminds me of American deserters, and that reminds me of Mark Lane. A month or so back the papers carried pictures of Mark Lane ostentatiously arriving with two American deserters who asked for political asylum. Later photos showed Lane following them around complete with his own Arriflex 16 mm camera and cameraman and sound equipment, which made it a little hard to tell whether Lane was their lawyer or their director. The whole thing got mixed up when it turned out that one of them had an arrest on his record from France, and this of course gave the Danish government a perfect out and they denied him permission to stay in Denmark. You would think that if Lane really wanted to press the Danish Government into giving asylum to American deserters, he would at least be careful enough to make sure that his two test cases were clean in every way. I went down to hear Lane speak at a rally -- I thought it would be interesting to introduce myself as we'd never met -- but the rally was held on a different day and I never bothered to go back. Lane is married to a Dane but I don't believe he is still in Denmark.

(a fine thing to do, in any case)

Well, dear Sylvia, thanks so much for your letters and your ~~thoughtful~~ thoughtfulness in ordering Curry's book. I see photos of NY in snow and think of your daily taxi rides across Manhattan; careful you don't get sick -- everyone in Copenhagen except the Thompsons have the flu.

Bestest,

*Trid*