

11/3/67

Dear Dylvis,

Although in the past 36 hours I have spent less than two in bed and cannot do all ~~that~~ before leaving on my trip, I cannot let your letter to Arnoni, dated October 30, go without response and expression of my sense of indignation.

You never discussed Gurvich with me until after your book was done. You mentioned him for the first time to me the day we lunched at the UN, when you had the page proofs with you. I then told you we had never discussed him and that I had had no knowledge of him other than what I had read in the papers. You know my book was completed before I went to New Orleans. You know also that I told you the very first time I spoke to Tom, in early January, he identified Louis Ivons to me as the chief investigator and then gave me Louis' phone and address.

The quotation from OSWALD IN NEW ORLEANS is from a chapter that to the most casual reading clearly comes from the public press. In most cases, the exact sources and dates are cited. In the case you cite, it was not. You fail to cite the earlier, contrary references to Gurvich, which are entirely different. I feel you have twisted things here in an unfair effort to sustain an indefensible position. That you could make an honest mistake is entirely comprehensible; that you persist in your endless campaign against Garrison is your own affair. That you involved all of us in it is wrong. We have other things to do with our time.

Whether you retract or do not retract this to Arnoni interests me little except as a representation of your own state of mind. What Arnoni does interests me much less. In any event, whether or not the editing of my book was good (and if you got that far you need have no question) whether or not I erred in quoting the papers or in leaving quotation marks, in no way justifies what you have attempted, for it does not relate to what you are making an issue of: whether or not I ever told you that Gurvich was the chief investigator. This I never did, and indeed we never discussed it. I am no less confident that Tom could not have told you this because he had earlier told me otherwise.

I feel your allusion to your "good faith" in the third paragraph and your fourth paragraph as it relates to me are not things of which you can be proud. There is absolutely no question about it: there never was any discussion of any kind between us about Gurvich. There was absolutely no basis for your including me. You did not see my book at that time and cannot use my quotation from the press as the source. It is only within the past few days that you have seen it.

We have a long conversation by phone when I was in New York, when you had either written or planned to write this letter. You made no reference to it or your plans. When my wife ~~phoned~~ told me by phone of receipt of it, I immediately phoned you. I left word where I could be reached until 4 pm, and you did not call back.

If this matter has become "tedious" and is "pissyane", to whom and why? I am entirely innocent in all of it and you have dragged me in by inventing something that never happened. Arnoni's own integrity and manliness, his own standards and concepts, his ~~ability~~ to defend himself, are clearly reflected in his refusal to accept the letter I ~~had~~ wrote in response to his vilification. I fear he spent too long a time in the wrong places. It requires little courage to slander and slip away. If you want to campaign against Garrison, do it, but do not involve me. I tell you unequivocally and for the last time that to say or infer that I told you Gurvich was chief investigator or to even infer that we discussed it is entirely false. I am outraged that you could consider doing what you have



Again I encourage you to try and examine the nature and extent of your emotional involvement in that private war you have declared. What you have done and are doing far transcends the requirement of honor, that you declare yourself. You are involving all of the rest of us, who have no such desire. It is, to me and I feel confident to others, a considerable waste of time and energy.

The making of errors is unavoidable. In normal affairs, we all do. On this subject, enormous and complicated as it is, with the design for error additionally built in, a certain amount of error is unavoidable. As long as they are of honest intent, there can be no fair condemnation for it, any more than there can for breathing. With all that we have tried to hold in our minds, it is comprehensible that we think we recall things that never happened.

What I cannot understand is your grim determination to embroil me. I did not even complain to you about your misquotation. I have no doubt that you sincerely believe this happened. It could not have. With Tom Bethell there can be no question. Whether you believe me or not, there is likewise none with me. Bethell told me of Ivon, I had nothing to do with Gurvich and much with Ivon, Garrison never once mentioned Gurvich to me.

I repeat, and after this letter I will not again respond on this subject, when Tom first phoned me, from Penn's, in very early January, he told me how to get in touch with him and with Ivon. There were things he conceived I might want to take up with the chief investigator, and I believe he may also have thought Ivon might have wanted to ask things. If my memory does not err, he also asked me to send him some things c/o Ivon. I cannot possibly be more explicit: he told me Ivon was chief investigator.

Because of the blatant misuse to which you have tried to put my book, something entirely inconsistent with everything I have seen and thought of you, I feel I must remind you of what we did discuss: that I turned in the rough draft and never again saw it. As recently as when I thanked you for your book, I ~~did~~ believe I told you that I would read it after I read my own, for I had not seen what had been done in editing. Between the time I delivered this manuscript and the time you created this mess, I wrote and published one book, completed the draft of another, and managed to squeeze in a few other things. So, my recollection of what I wrote (and my lack of knowledge of what editing did), impelled me to consult your reference. It must have been clear to you that beginning with the chapter title, "Garrison's Gallery", this chapter is from the press.

In all of this you disappoint me very much, Sylvia, and you have done what can only have the effect of hurting me, if it has any effect at all. I am quite surprised that you would do this.

Whether or not Armond is your friend, I tell you his personal behavior toward me is disgraceful. I did not initiate any of this with him, either. What he wrote about me is below contempt and is entirely false. I did not even demand a retraction of him. He then makes this childish display of intellectual cowardice to refuse a letter. This is a man? This a man of principles? To this kind of principle, between us, he enjoys a monopoly. I can account for it only as a part of the great tragedy that he is said to have suffered earlier.

Sincerely,