

6/28/72

Dear Mary,

Between the shock and the rush and the troubles or worries I fear I left something unclear: there is no need for you to either return my files without making copies or to rush them back. You now understand (I hope) the circumstance impelling my letter. It is simply that if too late I'm taking your own advice and, sadly, Gary's as of January, when he was here. Not knowing your situation, I was baffled at your silence on so many things. If I didn't trust you, you'd not have had only copies or any part of POST MORTEM. I did want your comment and suggestions on that, but now it will be academic unless there is a major error. The entire thing is typed for what will probably never happen, reproduction, and as I ~~am~~ ^{can} I am posting corrections, a time-consumer. The total length, without appendix, index and foreword (~~this~~ foreword some 20-30 pp) is 408 pages @ 600 words each. If you have read the third part, called two, you can better understand the apprehensions I now have and had when I explained them to you when I was there. I wish I could figure what Burke Marshall is up to in all this but it can't be the interest of his ostensible client, the executors of the estate. By the way, thanks to the breach of Ned's confidence by one you do not know, I know that Marshall told Ned at one of their meetings that he regards Jackie as his real client, so maybe you have some ideas based on this.

We have to leave in a short while, so I'm correcting the impression I must have left and in surprise didn't address when you phoned. I'll continue until Lil, who now lives with daily, sometimes crippling headaches, is ready.

I think we are at a crucial juncture but I won't take the time for full explanation. I think there is a play to exculpate those really responsible, Hoover, the FBI, the staff lawyers and, if to a lesser degree in actuality and perhaps a greater one morally, the members of the Commission. This will pin it all on the Kennedys. If I am not enamored of them (I came to have a high regard for Jack but did not begin with it, something that will be comprehensible when I finish TIGER), I also recognize that this will make truth more elusive and fix falsification more firmly. In short, negate everything we have done. I don't think I sent you a copy of the Epilogue I wrote because I hadn't heard from you. I address Latimer in it, and without naming them, Ned and Cyril, from the record. There is no reasonable doubt that neither has decent motive. To make it comprehensible to you on the simplest basis, Cyril has a malpractice business, among others. And two years ago I proposed a simple method of breaking this whole thing, the two of us together with whatever help others could offer, and never even got an answer. So I know he was waiting for this day. For his own, not our general, purposes.

We are constantly germinating the seeds of our own destruction. There are so many who are selfish, who seek for themselves, who are envious or ambitious, or just plain stingy, that we can't succeed in the present without some kind of fantastic break. This is why for so long I have cast myself in the role of the one who will leave a detailed analytical record, documented as best I can, if only in xeroxed editions. I've said all I need about Arch. The same is true of so many others. Maggie Field. Vince Salandria. And if Cyril and Sylvia really wanted what Sylvia now calls "pure" truth out, two years ago she or Cyril could have arranged it by advancing the cost of publishing this work, the two earlier parts of which both had and Cyril the essence of the third (so he knows he is on safe ground). Both are well fixed-and stingy. Cyril is so stingy he doesn't even return the cost of xeroxing, instead writing endlessly how great a tragedy it is for all of us that I am so broke! When I first met Sylvia she told me she was without financial worries, that she didn't care if her book made a cent, that she ~~was~~ has a fine income and that it is tax exempt. If there are others of means, have I not ticked off enough? But I focus on these two because of what they are now up to, with Sylvia having done more dirtywork than I can now pinpoint. I can't imagine Gary letting anyone have copies of my deposits with him, and I can't imagine Jerry passing out copies when he got them from Gary without some inspiration, some Svengali influence. I can be wrong, but this is my belief. And the only near one is Sylvia.

I find in so many of us a lack of genuineness (I digress for what I think you will like. Last night, before going to bed, I wrote Howard and told him that I had told you because under the circumstances that suddenly developed I felt it necessary no more than that Sylvia was really leaning on him. I asked him to consider sending you a copy of his confidential memo on this, or an edited copy, or rewriting it to eliminate anything he wanted eliminated.

I told him there was no doubt about your keeping secrets if he wants this. And as you know I told you I hoped you and Buck could find the time to fly up. Lil said, "Mary is one of the few people I'd like to see.) For example, here is Arch, this great self-styled conservative. If she spends the rest of his life without another cent coming in and wastes as much of what he has accumulated as can in a normal life, he'll be rich on death. He pretends to be against the principles and the persons of liberals as they are called. You know what I do to them in this book. But his principle stops at the door of the bank. Nor is he the only one in this position. I've addressed the Sylvia-Cyril-Vince part (Vince had a nice inheritance, is a property owner, etc.) Need I mention Bud, or remind you what he told you?

It is my feeling that if the people of means and loud protestations had really been principled, we could have done much, brought much out, but each was dominated by selfishness. If the brand of selfishness varied, the result didn't. It was more crippling than the problems of researchers working together non-competitively.

We're

It is almost lunch-time. ~~XXXX~~ home again, soon we'll take a quick dip and then back to work. During the more than four intervening hours other things have been on my mind. There is one other point I will raise. It is, in part, the reason I asked Howard to send you his memo. Rather, one of the reasons. Sylvia thinks I'm insane, or at least says so. I am without concern on the fact or the accusation. But I am concerned about your complete rationalist. In saying this I want you to understand that if it is correct, it is no more to her discredit than being run over as she crosses the street. From soon after I first met her a schoid attitude toward people manifested itself, beginning with Epstein. For some reason, perhaps because she was denied children, she has a thing on young men. I am not suggesting nor do I believe it is sexual. I think she has gone out of her way to make herself unattractive, and I also think she could be quite attractive. That is, perhaps, a separate thing, if also sick. She is remarkably uncritical about younger men and I have seen and heard her cajole and wheedle in a way you would not believe possible for this woman of such incredibly lucid outpourings of wrath. I have thought of this much over the years, before her book came out, without ever satisfying myself that I understood. With the passing of time, an idea has fixed itself in my own mind that I am aware can be quite wrong. It has its origin in the first clue I had to it, the deliberate misdating of the books in her book and her refusal to correct the misdating when she showed me the proofs in the summer of 1967 for a brief moment and I noticed it. It is in her intro. I feel it would condition your mind if I were to carry this aspect further, so I won't.

If Buck still has any good connections with Chrysler there is what might be a favor to us he might undertake. It would require some imagination at Chrysler, and I know the inflexibility of vast corporate entities once they start going in any direction on any subject. What I have in mind has to do with advertising and promotion. In the day of Nader, I think it could click. Our Valiant has more than 100,600 miles on it, over 100,500 when I thought I'd better check the oil this a.m., it having been close to 3,000 miles since service and checking. It needed none. Now we have never had a repair of any consequence on this car! The rear brake lining is original. The front was replaced at something like 85,000 miles when a stone got between the lining and the drum, scoring both. The valves have never been touch, and I have never heard a "ping". The car is still a quiet car, despite two serious wrecks. The original battery was five years old when I replaced it as a precaution. (model 1965, 225 motor.) On my last trip I rented a Vega and wouldn't think of trading. In fact, if that Vega is a fair sample, this car could be tested in any and every way except appearance in competition with one. Depending on how I drive, sometimes I add a quart of oil at about 2,000 miles. I followed the book like it was the law. Everything is new except the windshield, tires, points, condenser, tires, plugs, muffler and tailpipe (replaced once), turn-signal button and lighter element. Perhaps a tail-light bulb. And we have complete records, the car being a tax-deductable item.

Mary, I hope you can continue to bear up as you seemed to be in last night's call. And I hope you can get up here and enjoy a change of scene and faces. I tell you frankly I am also selfish. I think you would be great for Lil, who has such troubles, living with me being enough proof on this point. Our best,