

This was a special "review" issue.

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Being a compendium of the most pertinent gossip to appear under that title. w.h.

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[JANUARY 1967]

There is a best seller that isn't in print and that nobody can buy, and we suppose we are to blame: *Time of Assassins* by Ulov G. K. Leboeuf. Levittown, N.Y.: Ulov G. K. Leboeuf. 4 Vols. I:495 pp., II:387 pp., III:691 pp., IV:460 pp. \$24. It is, in case you haven't guessed, a phony, reviewed in a satirical review of Warren Commission books in

November. We thought the satire obvious, but we have been wrong before and booksellers across the country have been besieged with orders for Leboeuf. Although sorry about all that, we are restraining the market society urge to talk to a ghostwriter friend about whipping out something to fill the demand.

Though the Leboeuf caper gave RAMPARTS an embarrassed moment or two, things, ladies, were worse at the Boston Globe. Two Globe ace reporters went out of their way to dismiss many of the Warren Commission critics, including and especially RAMPARTS, as irresponsible and unbelievable. Then the authors postulated that the Commission should be reopened anyway, because despite these crackpots, what they considered substantive questions had been raised in really serious works about the assassination, among which, the Globe reported, was the study of Ulov G. K. Leboeuf of Levittown.

[FEBRUARY 1967]

Penn Jones Jr., the tough Texas editor whose editorials on the assassination appeared in November, had been saying for

months that Jack Ruby was going to die, long before anyone knew he was sick. News Editor David Welsh went to Dallas just before Ruby expired, and came back with an unpublished letter, smuggled from jail, in which Ruby predicted his own death. It is perhaps the final irony of the assassination that this confused and Poe-like epistle is about all we have left to help us decipher Ruby's still uncertain role in this century's greatest domestic tragedy.