

17 September 1971

Dear Harold,

Thank you for your several recent letters. This will reply to the one dated 9/11/71, as the others are at home and in any case do not call for specific response.

Your impression that the Commission could not account for Oswald's arrival at Helsinki is correct. It is discussed in Accessories, pages 330-331, including citations to the Hearings & Exhibits.

I was very glad that you found my letter to Belin an effective one. I spent something like three days drafting and redrafting it, to get it concentrated on the essential arguments and eliminating—with considerable pain—some really cutting insults and ridicule of Belin, which I really hated to sacrifice but which took up space and were basically a self-indulgence rather than an essential element of the letter.

There are no restrictions whatever on the letter and you can feel free to make copies available to anyone who wants a copy (although I have already sent it to most of our fellow-critics with whom I customarily correspond). The more people who have the letter, the better.

Yes, you did send me a copy of your devastating analysis of Edward Fink Epstein's New Yorker article and his disgusting would-be apology for the police-murderers of the Black Panthers. I expect that he will next insult the intelligence of the public in a forthcoming issue in which he will explain that the Attica hostages were, after all, beheaded and castrated by dangerous Black revolutionaries under instructions from Kunstler and Bobby Seale, and that Rockefeller is second only to Pope John in his compassion for mankind and his human decency.

I also have the Sputnik articles, courtesy of Jim Lesar; and the von Hoffman piece on the Texas Observer editors, which Savage sent me.

As for Mimi, the kitten, her genes did indeed go through the mix-master, and she is certainly robust, agreeable, and charming. My feeling for her is still a bit tentative, although I am sure that it will grow more and more as time goes by, and I continue to feel such grief and longing for the cat I lived with and loved for so long that I cannot yet reconcile myself to her loss.

But personal loss is easy to bear, compared with the rending, shattering outrage at Attica, and the bitterness of knowing that the murdering bastards who ordered the assault and who applaud it will never be brought to justice. From Dallas to Memphis to My-Lai to Kent to Attica, we have seen evil on a cosmic scale and watched, all but helpless. And there is no end in sight.

As ever,

