

make some excuses about sleeping late. (n.6)

Of course, this may have been the first period of real rest in Marina's life since her mother had died in Leningrad. Who can measure the exhaustions of her harsh, abrupt, and contradictory adventures over the last seven years? In addition, over the space of a week and three days, she had had six teeth taken out, and her daughter baptized, and then been the prime mover--could it be?--of a fearful accident. No wonder, then, if she overslept and was exhausted on awakening. There were a series of obsessions to encounter each night including the bottomless question--"What do I do next with my existence?"

Paradoxically, her sexual life may have been simulated to some degree. Successful curses do open the gates to libido. In this period, while Elena was away, Lee came to visit for full weekends:

"This is your house. I give it to you all!" he would announce to Marina, sweeping his arm grandly around the entrance hall upon his arrival on a Friday. "Isn't this a

fine house I bought you?"

Marina remembers that he was "always running to the ice-box," a thing he never did at home when he was paying for the groceries himself, to fix a Coke or a sandwich. "A full ice-box," he would exclaim delightedly before he pounced. . . .And at night he made love to Marina while watching. . . .the bedroom television set, a distraction which helped slightly his problem of premature ejaculation. Afterwards, the two of them slept in separate bedrooms, a luxury which he said made him feel "like an aristocrat." (n.7)

By the 26th of October, he is searching for a place they can live in together, and he looks over an apartment on Elsbeth Street that he will yet rent. Mrs. Tobias, the landlady, spoke of how he examined a ground floor lodging carefully to make certain it had a back entrance as well as a front door. It is the mark of an undercover man: no need to advertise to the same neighbors each time one goes in and goes out.

On November 3, he puts a down payment on the rent and takes the Elsbeth Street place. Elena Hall, still abroad in New York and distrustful of Lee, asked the reliable Kleinlerer to make certain that Mr. Oswald, in the course of removing his worldly goods from Elena Hall's garage, does not take anything

belonging to her.

Lee inveigled Gary Taylor into using his car and then rented a U-Haul-It and spent a good part of the day on the rental, the packing, the move, the unpacking, and the return of the trailer. Kleinlerer weighs in one last time:

I supervised the placing of the Oswald goods and wearing apparel in the "U-Haul-It" trailer. There were several instances when I had to intervene when Oswald picked up some of Mrs. Hall's things. . . I could not say whether this was deliberate or inadvertent, except that there were several instances. (n.8)

Alexandra Taylor came along for the last leg of the move and gives a telling description of the apartment on Elsbeth Street that the Oswalds would occupy for the next four months:

Mrs. Gibson. . . . after she saw the apartment she was very unhappy with it and they were arguing very much when we left.

Mr. Jenner. Was it your impression she had not seen it?

Mrs. Gibson. No; I don't believe she had; no.

Mr. Jenner. What was your impression of the apartment?

Mrs. Gibson. It was a hole. It was terrible, very dirty, very badly kept, really quite a slum. It had possibilities to be fixed up. It was large, quite large, built very strangely, little rooms here and there, lots of doors, lots of windows. The floor had big bumps in it, you know. It was like the building had shifted and you walked uphill, you know, to get from one side of the room to the other. It was not a nice place, no.

Mr. Jenner. Was it a brick structure, wooden?

Mrs. Gibson. It was brick outside, dark red brick. It was a small apartment building, I think two stories, overrun with weeds and garbage and people. (n.9)

On the first night in their new apartment, November 4, Marina stayed up till 5 in the morning, scrubbing everything in sight. Lee helped for a while. He cleaned

the icebox, then left about ten in the evening. He had paid for a room at the "Y," he said, and he might as well use it. But since the YMCA has no record that he stayed there after October 19, it is likely he spent a final night in whatever rooming house he had been living in for the last two weeks. (n.10)

Or, with whomever he had been living with off and on over the last few weeks. The answer to that we may never know--he could have made the move that night out of no more than the cold fury of feeling that she felt no joy in being back with him, and instead was buried in cleansing powder. Or, indeed, having returned to her, he may have regretted giving up that other life, even if it had amounted to no more than loneliness and privacy. In any case, they are far from reconciled. In two more days they will have a terrible fight that begins with what Marina sees as a small matter, a conversation with the building superintendent.

Mrs. Tobias. . . .I said to him, "What nationality are you folks?" . . .He said, "Oh, we are Czech." . . .that's all I got out of him that first night. (n.11) . . .Well,

the first time she came in, I said, "Your husband says you are Czech," and she began to shake her head. . .she was Russian. . . She said that in English, she said, "My husband told me if I said I was Russian, people would be mean to me," . . .and I said, "Nobody will be mean to you. . .you are always welcome to come into my house. . . ."

(n.12)

Lee was livid. Once again, she had disobeyed his instructions and had, in effect, blown his cover. The quarrel grew, fed conceivably by the shock that they were together again and more miserable, perhaps, than not.

In a narrative Marina writes for the FBI, she says:

I did not understand why Lee was hiding the fact that he had married a Russian. But I refused to tell a lie. He got angry at me, said that I did not understand anything, and that I was not supporting him. I answered that it was hard to understand such stupidity and that he was simply stupid. Then he told me that if I didn't like it, I should go where I wanted. (n.13)

She could go to the emigres as far as he was concerned. She was whoring after them was his spoken verdict. To covet the possessions of others, and make up to them, was just one more form of whoring. He was using the most insulting single word for whore in Russian, and Marina was not only wounded but incensed--he, who raided Elena Hall's icebox and slept on her sheets, was calling her blat. Half of her reason for marrying him was lost with the word. She might just as well have wed a Russian who knew all the gossip about her life in Leningrad. She was in such a state that she ran into the street.

Weeping, shaking, and with a hundred words of English, she succeeded in explaining to the attendant at the nearest garage that she wished to call Anna Meller.

Mr. Liebeler. Now, do you remember. . .that Marina called you on the telephone one evening and told you that she wanted to leave Oswald? Would you tell us about that?

Mrs. Meller. Yes, yes, sir. It was in November, I think, on a certain Monday about 10 in the evening, she will call me and say that her husband beat her and she came from the apartment and reached the filling station and said the man--she did not have a penny of money, and the good soul helped her to dial my number and she's talking to me if

she can come over my house. I was speechless because to this time I didn't even know they were in Dallas. To understand, sir, we went to Fort Worth two or three times to help Marina and then there was for certain period quiet and then I do not know how long, maybe 6 weeks, maybe month, maybe 3 weeks and then I had this call. I said, "Where are you?" She said, "In Dallas." Certainly, then my husband was at home. I came to my husband and I asked him if we can take Marina. He did not want to. We have one bedroom apartment and he said, "Do not have very much space." I, like a maniac woman, started to beg and said: "We have to help poor woman, she's on the street with baby. We could not leave her like that; we had our trouble and somebody helped us." My husband said, "Okay, let her come." She said to me she did not have a penny of money. I said "Take a taxi and come here and we will pay the way." So about 11 or 10:40 she came over to our house so like she was staying in light blouse and skirt with baby on her hand, couple diapers and that was all; no coat, no money, nothing. (n.14)

George Bouhe brought several of the Russians together for a quick conference on the matter:

"I don't want to advise or interfere," he told Marina. "But if you want my opinion, I don't like Lee. I don't think you can have a good life with him. I can't come between a husband and wife. If you leave him, of course,

we'll help. But if you say one thing now and then go back, next time no one will help."

"I'll never go back to that hell," Marina promised herself. (n.15)

In effect, she was now committed to a verbal contract. She would stay away from Lee, and the emigres, one way or another, would take care of her. If the speculation that George Bouhe had had a private relation with Lee is not entirely without foundation, then his extreme position on Marina's separation suggests that he was not only fussy, balding, and opinionated but--assuming things had turned out badly with Lee--vindictive. Or, if relations had merely been interrupted, then Bouhe may have been looking to manipulate matters to his advantage.

Being the most powerful man physically among them, George De Mohrenschildt is deputed by the emigres to talk to Oswald about the terms of the separation. It is agreed that Lee and Marina will meet at the De Mohrenschildts' apartment and talk about their difficulties. De Mohrenschildt suggests that Bouhe be present at the meeting, but he demurs: "If he sticks his fists in my ears, it will suit neither my age nor my health." (n.16) Then he adds, "I am scared of this man. He

is a lunatic," to which De Mohrenschildt replies, "Don't be scared. He is just as small as you are." (n. 17)

The site and time established, November 11 in De Mohrenschildt's apartment, Sunday morning, Bouhe brings Marina over in his car--June has been left behind with Anna Meller--then leaves on the quick, and Jeanne, Marina, and George wait for Lee who comes in "obviously embarrassed to be having such a scene in front of the De Mohrenschildts." (n.18)

After an exchange of grievances, concerning his physical acts of cruelty and her sharp tongue, Jeanne suggests that they have a trial separation. George adds his account of what ensues:

At that, Lee [shouted] "You are not going to impose this indignity on me!". . . He was incoherent and violent. We never saw him in this condition before.

"If you do this, you will never see June and Marina again. You are ridiculous," she said quietly. "There is a law here against abuse."

"By the time you calm down, I shall promise you will be in contact with baby June again," I interceded, knowing that Lee was afraid that someone would take the child away from him. And so he calmed down, promised to think the

situation over, assured us that there would be no more violence. . . (n.19)

Lee and Marina go into another room to talk about it. He wants her to come back; she speaks of divorce. He asks again whether she would return; she tells him it is her desire to go back to the Elsbeth Street apartment with the De Mohrenschildts, pick up her clothes, and leave.

Marina Oswald. . . .I simply wanted to show him, too, that I am not a toy. That a woman is a little more complicated. That you cannot trifle with her.

Mr. Rankin. Did you say anything at that time about how he should treat you if you returned?

Marina Oswald. Yes. I told him that if he did not change his character, then it would be impossible to continue living with him. Because if there should be quarrels continuously, it would be crippling for the children.

Mr. Rankin. What did he say to that?

Marina Oswald. Then he said that it would be--it was very hard for him. That he could not change. That I must accept him such as he was . . . (n.20)

An impasse. She will not accept him as he is. Finally, he agreed that she could move out. The four of them, two De Mohrenschildts and two Oswalds, drove over to Elsbeth Street with Lee sitting silently in the back seat of the convertible. When they arrived, however, and went into the apartment, Lee had a change of heart:

Mr. De Mohrenschildt. . . . Lee said, "By God, you are not going to do it. I will tear all her dresses and I will break all the baby things."

And I got very mad this time. But Jeanne, my wife, started explaining to him patiently that it is not going to help him any--"Do you love your wife?" He said yes. And she said, "If you want your wife back some time, you better behave."

I said, "If you don't behave, I will call the police."

I felt very nervous about the whole situation-- interfering in other people's affairs, after all.

"Well," he said, "I will get even with you."

I said, "You will get even with me?" I got a little bit more mad and I said, "I am going to take Marina anyway."

So after a little while . . . I started carrying the things out of the house. And Lee did not interfere with me. Of course, he was small, you know, and he was a rather puny individual.

After a little while, he helped me carry the things out. He completely changed his mind.

Mr. Jenner. He submitted to the inevitable?

Mr. De Mohrenschildt. He submitted to the inevitable, and . . . we cleaned that house completely.

We have a big convertible car and it was loaded... And we drove very slowly all the way to the other part of the town, Lakeside, where the Mellers lived, and left her there.

(n.21)

De Mohrenschildt expatiates on the matter in his manuscript:

The next evening Lee was back with us, all alone. Again, he wanted to talk the situation over. He sat gloomily on our famous sofa and both of us tried to talk some sense.

"I heard of love accompanied by beating and torture," I said half-seriously. "Read Marquis de Sade or observe the life of the underworld-- l'amour crapule, as they say in France. But your fights seem to be deprived of sex, which is terrible. . ."

"If you think you are fond of each other, cannot you do it without scratching, biting, and hitting?" Jeanne tried another reasoning.

Lee sat gloomily without saying a word. . . .

Jeanne kept on talking about a nice temporary home for Marina and the baby and the good care both of them will have. Naturally, we did not mention the name of the Mellers.

"I promise you, Lee, that after a cooling off period, I shall give you the address and the telephone, so you can communicate with your child. Nobody should separate a child from her father."

Lee believed my promise because he knew that myself I had been a victim of a vindictive wife who prevented me from seeing my children. . . .

That night, we separated rather sadly. "You may hate us, Lee, or maybe you will be grateful to us one day for enforcing this separation," I said. "But I don't see any other way out under the circumstances. . . ."

Lee agreed but he was on the verge of tears. "Remember your promise. You will give me soon their address and the telephone."

We shook hands and Lee left. (n.22)

In fact, Marina and June were not staying at the Mellers' any longer but at the Fords' who had a larger house and also spoke Russian. Katya Ford, however, had some hard-edged ideas about Marina's real future:

Mr. Liebeler. Was there any conversation while Marina stayed with you during that week in November, 1962 about the possibility of a divorce? . . .

Mrs. Ford. Frankly, there was talk about it, she didn't want to go back. . . . but she wasn't right for domestic help and I told her to stay with Lee, that is what I told her myself, and wait until she could be able to take care of herself other than working in a house.

Mr. Liebeler. What did she say about that?

Mrs. Ford. . . .she didn't say anything. (n.23)

George Bouhe thought he had found a solution:

The week of November 12, while she was at Katya's, he took her to lunch with Mrs. Frank (Valentina, known as "Anna") Ray. Mrs. Ray was a Russian married to an American and they had three small children. Immediately, she invited Marina to stay at her house. Mrs. Ray would teach Marina English and put her in night school. Marina would live with the Rays until she could manage on her own. . . .

That weekend, Declan Ford delivered Marina and the baby to the Rays'. Marina had told Lee where she was going. Within minutes of her arrival, he telephoned and begged her to see him. "I'm lonely," he said. "I want to see Junie and talk to you about Thanksgiving."

Marina caved in. "All right," she said, "come over."

(n.24)

At this point, it is necessary to quote close to a full page from Priscilla Johnson McMillan's Marina and Lee. If it is ungracious to enter a cavil, it may nonetheless be necessary, for their dialogue has obviously been composed by Mrs. McMillan. Marina and Lee were not only speaking in Russian then, but so was Marina when she gave her account to

Priscilla Johnson McMillan in 1964, and the author's translation may be more responsive to her own rhythms of speech (or her personal taste for romantic dialogue) than was Lee and Marina's way of talking to one another--at least if we have obtained any notion of how they spoke from the KGB transcripts.

Nonetheless, this uneasiness admitted, it is also true that scenes of reconciliation between knotty, anger-filled people tend to be moving, and McMillan does not fail to produce:

Marina's heart jumped when she saw her husband. They went into a room by themselves.

"Forgive me," he said. "I'm sorry. Why do you torture me so? I come home and there's nobody there. no you, no Junie."

"I didn't chase you out," Marina said. "You wanted it. You gave me no choice."

He loved her, he said. It wasn't much, he knew, but he loved her the best he knew how. He begged her to come back to him. Robert, he added, had invited them for Thanksgiving and it would be terrible to show up without her.

Marina realized that Lee needed her. He had no friends, no one to count on but her. Harsh as his

treatment was, she knew he loved her. But she brushed him away when he tried to kiss her. He went down on his knees and kissed her ankles and feet. His eyes were filled with tears and he begged her forgiveness again. He would try to change, he said. He had a "terrible character" and he could not change overnight. But change he would, bit by bit. He could not go on living without her. And the baby needed a father.

"Why are you playing Romeo?" Marina said, embarrassed at his being at her feet. "Get up or someone will come in the door." Her voice was severe but she felt herself melting inside.

He got up, protesting as he did so that he refused to get up until she forgave him. Both of them were in tears.

"My little fool," she said.

"You're my fool, too," he said.

Suddenly Lee was all smiles. He covered the baby with kisses and said to her: "We're all three going to live together again. Mama's not going to take Junie away from Papa any more."

After supper, Frank Ray drove the three of them back to Elsbeth Street.

(n.25)

In her account of it in the narrative she would dictate for the FBI, Marina says, "We talked alone in the room, and I saw him cry for the first time."

By accounts she has already provided, she must have seen

him weep on at least eight or ten occasions, yet she is still seeing him burst into tears for the first time. Is one entitled to propose that such a reaction may be characteristically Russian? An adult's open sorrow is, after all, a signal occasion. Just as each act of sex for blissfully accommodated lovers always seems to be a magical first event, so, too, would Marina react each time to his weeping. She waxes eloquent in the narrative she prepared for the Warren Commission:

What woman's heart can resist this, especially if she is in love? Lee begged me to come back, asked my forgiveness, and promised me he would try to improve, if only I would come back. Do not think I am boasting--as if to say, Look how he loves her, and he is even crying. But knowing Lee's character, I can say that this is perhaps the first time in his life that he had to go and ask someone a favor, and, what is more, show his tears. Then I felt that this man is very unhappy, and that he cannot love in any other way. All of this, including quarrels, mean love in his language. I saw that if I did not go back to him, things would be very hard for him. Lee was not particularly open with me about his feelings, and always wore a mask. Then I felt for the first time that this person was not born to live among people, that among

them he was alone. I was sorry for him and frightened. I was afraid that if I did not go back to him something might happen. I didn't have anything concrete in mind, but my intuition told me that I couldn't do this, not because I am anything special, but I knew that he needed me. I went back to Lee. He tried to be better in his relations with me. But broke down at times all the same. What can you do when a person has been this way all his life? You can't reform him at once. But I decided that if I had enough patience, everything would be better and that this would help him. I understood that our unappealing material situation had its effect. Lee was terribly unhappy that he could not give me those things which other husbands can give their wives. . . . (n.26)

As one would expect, the emigres decided that they had had quite enough of the Oswalds.

Mrs. De Mohrenschildt. . . . really furious. We wasted the whole day, so much aggravation, go through all that trying to do something for them and then she dropped the whole thing. So, why bother, you know? So, from then on, we were really disgusted. . . . (n.27)

The De Mohrenschildts told the Warren Commission that they hardly saw Lee and Marina afterward, but that hardly proved to be true. As usual, De Mohrenschildt is interested in downplaying his relations with Oswald.

To the other emigres it was an unmitigated disgrace. Bouhe announced that he was washing his hands of both of them. A story made the rounds among the emigres, and suggests the tenor of their collective humor:

No sooner had the couple made up, the story went, than Lee plucked the cigarette from his wife's lips and snuffed it out on her shoulder. The Russians recalled that in the early days of the Bolshevik regime, officers of the Cheka, as the secret police were called, used to extinguish a cigarette on human flesh when they were trying to break a prisoner. Marina denies that her husband did any such thing to her ever. But the Russians believed that he did--stunning testimony as to how they felt about Oswald. (n.28)

It is indeed stunning testimony, but it attests to no

more than the essential nastiness of the emigres. Lee may not have been all that far off-target in his assessment of them.

On to happier times and holidays:

For Thanksgiving we went to Robert's house in Fort Worth. I liked this good American holiday, it is very agreeable to celebrate it. In the station Lee asked me if I wanted to hear the music from the movie Exodus. I did not know this movie but I liked the music very much. Lee paid a lot for this record, played it several times, and said that it was one of his favorite melodies. Now that Lee is no longer alive, I like this melody even more since it is associated with happy memories. Lee was in a very gay mood, we joked a lot, fooled around, photographed one another in the station and laughed at how silly we were getting. At Robert's house everything was also gay and in a holiday mood. (n.29)

We can quote here from Robert Oswald's book Lee. His account is bland, but give him the benefit of the doubt: Some

families cannot have a decent time if anything of consequence is discussed.

John and Lee had a lot to talk about, after ten years. They exchanged stories about their experiences in Japan, but Lee didn't mention Russia. We didn't bring it up either. It just seemed better to wait for Lee to volunteer whatever he wanted to say about it. He said nothing.

We didn't mention Mother, either. Lee may have told John that he and Marina had seen Mother and lived with her for a while, but there was no discussion.

It was a good day for all of us, happy and relaxed, the way a family holiday ought to be. Vada and Margie and Marina were busy in the kitchen while John and Lee and I talked in the living room and played with the children. We took some color movies that day.

We had dinner late in the afternoon and sat around the table for about two hours. Just after dark, Lee and Marina began to get ready to go back to Dallas. . . . When we all said good-bye at the door, I thought Lee seemed a little tense. I wondered why, then decided maybe he felt it was the end of a good day--and now he would go back to the everyday drag.

That was the last time I saw Lee, until November 23, 1963.

(n.30)

Chapter 17--Christmas and Red Caviar

We do well to keep reminding ourselves about one matter: everything De Mohrenschildt tells the Warren Commission has a sub-text. His financial situation in Haiti where he is living at the time of his testimony in 1964 depends on convincing Papa Doc that he is not seriously associated this alleged Marxist assassin. He could presumably clear himself quickly and privately with Duvalier if he were willing to tell him that he had been doing a debriefing on Oswald for the CIA, but even one hint of that would be anathema to the Agency, especially after Lee's attempt to kill General Walker in April, 1963. De Mohrenschildt, testifying before the Warren Commission in April, 1964, is in terror therefore that the CIA will pull the plug on him--that is, let Duvalier know that the Agency no longer esteems him.

Mr. De Mohrenschildt. You know, this affair actually is hurting me quite a lot, particularly right now in Haiti, because President Duvalier--I have a contract with the

government.

Mr. Jenner. Yes; I want to inquire on that.

Mr. De Mohrenschildt. They got wind I am called by the Warren Committee. Nobody knows how it happened. And now he associates me, being very scared of assassination, with a staff of international assassins, and I am about to be expelled from [his] country. My contract may be broken.

(n.1)

He and Jeanne, therefore, are reductive of Lee and Marina. Yet it is a delicate game. George knows, being an old hand, that it is not enough to toady to professionals in Intelligence; indeed, it is far better to suggest that one is not without one's own strengths if pushed. So we do get contradictory bits of testimony:

Mr. De Mohrenschildt. Unless a man is. . . proven to be guilty by the court, I will not be his judge, and there will always be a doubt in my mind, and throughout my testimony I explained sufficiently why I have those doubts. And mainly because he did not have any permanent

animosity for President Kennedy. That is why I have the doubts. (n.2)

It is a way of serving notice on the CIA: De Mohrenschildt, who is a study in self-interest, is not likely to defend Oswald without a motive, and here it is to keep alive for the CIA his awareness that it is crucial for the Agency that Oswald be seen as a lone demented killer without any connection to them. In effect, De Mohrenschildt is saying: I can help you or hurt you on this point.

For the most part, however, George maintained his covert CIA stance: Oswald was insignificant; he felt sorry for him, and saw very little of him. Only in the last year of his life, (troubled by bouts of insanity, and hideous visions--De Mohrenschildt may be worthy of an opera bearing his name) George wrote "I Am a Patsy." It was as if, coming closer to eternity, he had to redress the balance. If, with another part of himself, still wholly sane, he calculated shrewdly that the American reading public by 1977 was generally anti-CIA, and looking for a sympathetic portrait of Oswald, plus the CIA had by now done their damage to George (he had lost his sinecure in Haiti by 1967), he gives us not only one more

agreeable picture of Lee but underwrites how much he was seeing of the Oswalds after their reconciliation.

One day we visited them in their apartment on Elsbeth Street in Oak Cliff. It was on the ground-floor of a dreary red-brick building, the atmosphere of the house and the neighborhood conducive to suicide. The living room was dark and smelly, the bedroom and kitchen facing bleak walls. But Lee was proud of his own place and showed me his books and magazines as well as some letters from Russia which we read together. The place was spruced up by lovely photographs of the Russian countryside taken by Lee and later enlarged by him. Trees and fields, charming peasant huts and cloudy skies contrasted strangely with the dreary walls and the lugubrious atmosphere. Some pictures were framed by Lee, others unframed were carefully assembled in an album. I also remember artistically taken pictures of Moscow and Leningrad, especially of the river Neva which I also slightly remembered from my childhood. He was happy to have access to elaborate photographic equipment. "Look at these churches, look at these statues," he exclaimed proudly. Indeed, almost all his pictures had a professional touch, he was justly proud of them.

(n.3)

Of course, Lee was never in Leningrad. Either George misremembered or some of the photographs, at the least, were not taken by Oswald.

It is certain that the month between Thanksgiving and Christmas is the closest the Oswalds will come to a happy time together. Indeed, the anecdotes of this quiet period related in Marina and Lee fairly sing of contented domesticity:

When we were not quarreling, I was very happy with my Lee. He helped me with the housework and. . .devoted a great deal of time to June. He also. . .used to being home dozens of books from the library and just swallowed them down, even reading at night. Sometimes he seemed to me that he was living in another world and that he came down to work only to go to work, to earn money for his family, to eat and to sleep. Perhaps this is not true, but in my opinion he had two lives, spending most of his time in his own separate life. Previously, in Russia, I had noticed this, since he was not so withdrawn. (n.4)

On the other hand, Lee was becoming quite a housekeeper in his own right:

. . .it was Lee who vacuumed the apartment, carried out the garbage, did most of the dishes, and turned down the bed every night. He rarely refused a household chore. He was not only a dutiful but affectionate husband, and there were periods when he would follow Marina around all day. At such times, she said, he literally "wore me out with his kisses." . . . (n.5)

He also allowed her to sleep in the morning, and would make his own breakfast and leave coffee for her to be warmed. This paragon would on weekends even serve Marina breakfast in bed, and if he wasn't off to Jaggar-Chiles-Stovall for overtime, would be the one to make the beds.

. . .most evenings, it was he who gave the baby her

bath. He did not trust Marina and was afraid she would drown the child. He drew the water and tested its temperature with great care. . . . Then, to Marina's horror, he would step in himself, utterly naked, with the exception of a washcloth over his private parts. Then he would splash June and play with her as if he longed to be a little child himself.

"Mama," he would shout to Marina, "we got water on the floor." Marina would tell him to mop it up himself. "I can't," he would shout back with her, "I'm in the bathtub with Junie."

"Mama," he would call out again, "bring us our toys." And she would bring them.

"Mama," came a third time, "you forgot our rubber ball." And to the baby's delight, he would splash the rubber ball in the water.

"Mama," he would call out one last time, "bring us a towel, quick. We have water on our ear." (n.6)

Has he entered the great welcoming territory of the infantile return? We all do it. The unspoken precept seems to be that if you can get yourself into a state of pre-verbal sentience where in effect your breath, yourself, and the universe are no longer eons apart but languorously related, then something lovely occurs. You have gone back far enough into your early years to re-make your personality, or commence

to. You are not necessarily doomed to drive down some pre-ordained road to dull slow extinction. The trouble is that most routes back to an infantile state are judged harshly by others. You can, for instance, get shit-face drunk, or loll like a couch potato in front of a TV, get space-out on pot or heavier stuff, play solitaire, sleep endlessly, linger for hours in the collegiality of oral completions of the circle, but there is a bad name for each of these activities-- alcoholic, slug, druggie, solitaire-player, slug-a-bed, cunt-lapper, and/or faggot--so one's ego drops, even as one's infantile return brings its touch of beatitude. Oswald would have been slammed and damned by our prescriptive culture-- child abuser, he would have been called, when all he was trying to accomplish was to substitute Marina for Marguerite in that old fold of the psyche where all the damage began.

But how close husband and wife were for a little while:

. . . Around this time, Marina lost a purse containing \$10 he had given her for groceries and she expected to be scolded or even beaten. When he hardly responded at all, Marina broke into tears. Lee tried to cheer her up by talking baby talk and then talking like a Japanese. He played games on the way to the grocery store, where he

bought her red caviar, smoked herring, and other treats.
(n.7)

Marina has no recollection of Lee buying her red caviar, but then, she will admit that her memory now bears resemblance to a city under siege for years, even if it is media rather than artillery that provides the bombardment.

No matter, red caviar or no, there were some happy days through Christmas. One evening, since Lee was not prepared to lay out money for a Christmas tree and its regalia, she

. . .slipped out on the street, found an evergreen branch, propped it up on their bureau in front of the mirror, and spread cotton around it for snow. The next day she gathered up 19 cents which Lee had left lying about and. . . bought colored paper and miniature decorations. She shredded the colored paper into tinsel; the decorations went on the branch. Lee was proud and surprised. "I never thought you could make a Christmas tree for only nineteen cents," he said. (n.8)

They are not the ones to be able to put their trust in happiness for long, however. Disruption comes with an after-Christmas party. De Mohrenschildt, fulfilling his duties as a principal, bears down on Katya Ford to invite the Oswalds to a post-Christmas party. That De Mohrenschildt may have more in mind than just catering to his client, can be deduced from the extra strides he takes after Marina declines the invitation since she can hardly bring June with them.

Not at all, De Mohrenschildt assures them--he will take care of that as well--a nice lady who speaks Russian is lined up to be a baby sitter at the De Mohrenschildt apartment:

The Fords' sprawling modern house on Brookcrest Drive was brightly lit for the occasion. A fire was blazing in the huge stone fireplace in the living room. The guests, many of them Russian, were astonished to see the Oswalds. Like Katya, they thought they had seen the last of them.

(n.9)

Mrs. De Mohrenschildt. There were quite a lot of people from the Russian colony and among them was a little Japanese girl. Do you know about Yaeko?

Mr. Jenner. What was her last name?

Mrs. De Mohrenschildt. I don't remember her last name because we always called her Yaeko.

Mr. Jenner. Where was she working?

Mrs. De Mohrenschildt. I don't know whether she was working at the time or not. . . She is supposed to be from a very fine Japanese family. She was wealthy. . . . she did some work with Neiman MarcusThen she was a musician. She . . .was playing with the Dallas Symphony, and she was also playing at exhibits, Neiman Marcus gives exhibits, you know, Oriental exhibits, whatever it was, that fall, and she was participating in it . . . (n.10)

Jeanne knows how to play George's game when it comes to sending signals to CIA--soon enough, she shifts course:

Mrs. De Mohrenschildt. To tell you frankly, I never trusted Yaeko. I thought there was something fishy, maybe because I was brought up with the Japanese, you know, and I know what treachery is, you know. [She was] very strange to me that way, she was floating around, you know, and everything. There is another strange thing happened,

too, with that Yaeko.

Mr. Jenner. Involving the Oswalds?

Mrs. De Mohrenschildt. Yes. . . . That was very funny because [Yaeko and Lee] practically spent all evening together at that party, and Marina was furious, of course, about it. And the party that brought Yaeko to the party was furious about it, too, and I don't blame him for it. And from what I understand, Marina told me that Oswald saw Yaeko after, which was very unusual, because I don't think Oswald wanted to see anyone, let's put it that way. He would rather just sit by himself--locked in a house, not to see anyone. And, in fact, Marina was jealous. . . [Yaeko] was the only person we know that Oswald really liked. . .

Mr. Jenner. How, otherwise, did Oswald act at this Christmas party?

Mrs. De Mohrenschildt. Yes; they talk, talk, talk, talk, talk.

Mr. Jenner. To the Japanese girl?

Mrs. De Mohrenschildt. Yes; what did they talk about, I don't have the slightest idea. But everybody remarked and we were laughing about it. We were teasing Marina how he had a little Japanese girl now, you know. That was just as fun, of course, you know. But evidently they not only talked because she said he saw her later and he liked her. That is what she told me. He really liked Yaeko. (n.11)

Priscilla Johnson McMillan lets us know what they were talking about:

. . .Japanese and American customs, and about Ikebana, the Japanese art of flower arrangement, which Miss Okui was certified to teach. But Marina noticed that [Yaeko] spoke Russian and was drinking only Coca-Cola, nothing stronger. It occurred to her that Miss Okui might work for American Intelligence. During an interval in the kitchen, she cautioned Lee against talking politics and especially against praising Khrushchev. "Watch out," she said. "That girl is pretty and very charming. Only, she may be a spy. Don't be too frank with her." Never before, and never again, was she to feel prompted to warn her secretive husband to keep his mouth shut.

One other person reacted to Miss Okui exactly as she did--George De Mohrenschildt. To all appearances he was busy chasing a couple of girls, but his antennae were out and he remarked to Marina: "That Japanese girl--I don't trust her. I think she works for some government or other, but which one, I don't know." (n.12)

We can take it for granted that De Mohrenschildt, in the course of debriefing Oswald, would have had many conversations with him about sex, and would have known of his tropism for Japanese women. In Legend, Edward Epstein explores the matter further:

George De Mohrenschildt subsequently testified that [Oswald] . . . had made some "contacts with Communists in Japan" and that these "contacts" had induced him to go to the Soviet Union. At least this was what Oswald had confided to him. Now, as he watched them talk across the room, he wondered whether she might be trying to find out about this earlier period in Oswald's life. In any case, he didn't trust her.

Yaeko herself never fully divulged the contents of this long conversation with Oswald. . . .She would later say when questioned by the FBI in 1964 that she and Oswald had discussed "flower arrangements."

At about midnight, De Mohrenschildt suggested to Oswald that they leave . . .Oswald wrote down a number that Yaeko gave him, as Marina observed; then he followed De Mohrenschildt out the door. (n.13)

As happens over and over in attempting to find a credible

route through for Oswald's adventures, the trail not only forks but divides again. In this case: 1) it is all as it seems on the surface; Oswald has found an attractive girl who likes him. 2) De Mohrenschildt is not, in fact, prepared for Miss Okui since she is working for Japanese intelligence. 3) As Marina believes, Yaeko Okui is connected to CIA, only it is for a section that is not connected to George's share of his small operation. Or, 4), the meeting with the young lady has been arranged by De Mohrenschildt in advance--Miss Okui is there to become friends with Oswald and debrief him in depth to see whether deeper use can be made of him. De Mohrenschildt is not only witting of this maneuver which originates, indeed, out of his group, but Miss Okui is the reason he brought the Oswalds to the party; he and Jeanne are only pretending to be distrustful.

Chapter 18--Grubs for the Organism

If one is ready to ask why at this time the CIA would be interested to this degree in Lee Harvey Oswald, it may be worth offering one insight on the complex nature of the Agency. Of all government bureaucracies, CIA probably bears the greatest resemblance to an organism: that is, its analogical stomach, mind, lungs, and limbs, while capable of communicating with each other, often need to do so no more than minimally--large parts of the CIA function in daily practice out of communication with other large parts. To assume that CIA as a whole was interested in Oswald is to alienate oneself from understanding more likely possibilities. It is safer to suppose that word concerning Oswald as it slowly seeped through certain parts of CIA, made him a figure of possible interest to particular operatives in a few enclaves of the Agency who by December, 1962, were no longer well-regarded on the seventh floor of Langley.

It will not come as shocking information to most readers that up to the Bay of Pigs, and then for a year and a half after, there had been a working agreement between the CIA and the Mafia to assassinate Fidel Castro. It had been perhaps

the most important and secret aspect of a huge effort called Operation Mongoose that worked out of the largest CIA base in the world, JM/WAVE, there in Miami and southern Florida to harass Cuba through a variety of raids, bombings, and other means of sabotage. After the missile crisis of October, 1962, however, as part of an agreement with Khrushchev to avert further nuclear confrontation, Kennedy chopped down Operation Mongoose. Soon after, the FBI, began to disarm various anti-Castro Cuban groups who had until then been in special training incovert camps along the Gulf from Texas to Florida.

This shift in direction opened a schism for CIA. Small groups of officers, hostile to Kennedy's new policy, imbued, indeed, with sentiments of betrayal, began to function in concealed enclaves. To them, an ambiguous figure like Oswald was, therefore, of interest. He offered possibilities for development as a provocateur, if nothing else. Of course, his real sympathies had to be plumbed, his character estimated, and his willingness to take risk measured. Since such explorations would not receive Agency approval, the full resources of CIA were hardly to be brought to bear. While De Mohrenschildt, set up as a principal who would report to J. Walton Moore, his case officer, was performing approved if delicate Agency work (since the FBI was supposed to have formal jurisdiction over Americans suspected of ties to the

Soviet) still the CIA was better equipped than the FBI to gauge whether Oswald could be some new kind of KGB animal.

The debriefing by De Mogrenschildt which probably answered that question may have opened others. It is possible that De Mohrenschildt could have passed such a favorable black verdict on Oswald: "This fellow is essentially desperate enough to pull off quite a few things."

Naturally, there was no evidence of any of this reported in CIA records for the Warren Commission, but the House Select Committee on Assassinations did succeed in obtaining the 144 volume CIA file on Oswald, and was able to interview CIA personnel involved, among them J. Walton Moore. Epstein's researches are more than pithy here:

*number of
Vols miss?*

. . .although Moore had previously "recalled" meeting De Mohrenschildt only twice in his life--once in 1958 and once in 1961--the documents found in De Mohrenschildt's CIA file showed that there was far "more contact between Moore and De Mohrenschildt than was stated." In fact, they revealed that Moore had interviewed him numerous times over a course of years and prepared reports based on this information. Moore himself testified that he had "periodic" contact with De Mohrenschildt for "debriefing purposes" and, although maintaining he could not recall

any discussion about Oswald, acknowledged that these contacts may have extended to 1962. (1)

Given such meetings, there would have been contact reports passing from Dallas to Washington and back.

Since the committee's investigators found no trace of [such contact reports], they would have had to have been systematically purged from the files. But why would the CIA, which in those days legally debriefed some twenty-five thousand U.S. citizens a year through its Domestic Contacts Service, go to such dangerous lengths to conceal this debriefing? (n.2)

If Epstein has not opened a velvet-lined box to come upon a smoking gun, he has certainly succeeded in pointing out the hollow impression left in the velvet by the removal of that gun. Yes, why go to such lengths? Again, we are pointed toward the assassination attempt on General Walker that will take place in April, 1963. It is significant that Moore,

having grudgingly confessed to his "periodic" meetings with De Mohrenschildt, still does not acknowledge that any took place as late as April of 1963. But, then, that would have been a line he could not have crossed under any circumstances.

We have to note a curious piece of business that took place between De Mohrenschildt and Moore. Sometime in September or October of 1962, during that period when De Mohrenschildt had probably acquired Oswald's 50-page manuscript about the Soviet Union, George went to Houston on a business trip and, on his return, discovered that someone had been looking over another manuscript, one that George had been working on--a travelogue, ostensibly, of a two thousand mile walking trip Jeanne and he had taken through Mexico and Central America. Since he had spent a considerable amount of time in Guatemala during those winter months when the CIA was training its anti-Castro brigades for the April invasion of 1961, and since George was now performing a function for the Agency, it might have been deemed prudent by some of his superiors to take a look at what he was writing. The act, however, as De Mohrenschildt describes it, makes no immediate sense:

Mr. De Mohrenschildt. . . .I left all my typewritten pages, some 150 typewritten pages, in my closet. When I returned from the trip and started looking through the pages. . . I noticed small marks on the pages--"no. 1" after 5 pages, "2"--small marks with a pencil, another five pages, No. 3, and so on and so forth.

I told my wife, "Jeanne, have you fiddled around with my book?" She said, "Of course not." I said, "That's impossible." And I forgot it for a while.

In the evening we got back home, and we stayed in bed, and all of a sudden the idea came back to me that somebody must have been in my apartment and checked my book and read through that and took photographs. And it was such a horrible idea that Jeanne and I could not sleep all night. And the next morning we both of us went to see Walter Moore and told him, "Now, look what happened to us. Have you Government people"--and I think I asked him point blank, you know--"Have you FBI people looked through my book?" He said, "Do you consider us such fools as to leave marks on your book if we had? But we haven't." I said, "Can't you give me some protection against somebody who has?" He said, "Do you have any strong enemies?" I said, "Well, I possibly have. Everybody has enemies." But I never could figure out who it was. And it is still a mystery to me.

(n.3)

One can speculate that this was a pocket operation between intelligence enclaves not unreminiscent of the territorial disputes dogs delineate by urinating on each other's emissions. Leaving marks on De Mohrenschildt's pages may have been a way of warning Moore or De Mohrenschildt or both that others might also want entrance into this matter.

What may be more likely is that the marks on De Mohrenschildt's papers were a diversion and the real interest was in photographing Oswald's manuscript and any notes, obviously unmentioned by De Mohrenschildt, that he may have taken on Oswald's debriefing. Information in CIA, as in all intelligence organizations, is cloistered department by department, desk by desk, officer by officer, and considerable effort must sometimes be exercised to obtain information that is just across the hall.

In addition, by the beginning of December there is a great likelihood that Oswald is being paid either by De Mohrenschildt or by an associate (unless, of course--always the speculative trail divides--Oswald's phantom boyfriend is

giving him gifts of cash) but, whatever the source, the fact is that Oswald, in debt since May of 1962 to the State Department for \$435.71 for transportation from Moscow to New York for Marina, June and himself, first begins to repay that debt on August 13, 1962. At that date he sends \$10 in cash from Mercedes Street and follows it with a money order for \$9.71 on September 5, and another money order for \$10 on October 10, and still another \$10 on November 19, 1961, a total of \$39.71 eked out over 14 weeks. Suddenly he is able to pay off the rest of his debt--ten times as much--\$396.00!--in no more than the interval from December 11, 1962 to January 29, 1963, that is, in seven weeks, \$190.00 in a money order purchased on December 11 (just 23 days after he sent \$10), another \$100 on January 9, and a last money order purchased on January 29 for \$106.00.

There were balance sheets drawn up by the Warren Commission to attempt to explain how Oswald could have succeeded in such a fiduciary feat when his weekly earnings at Jaggar-Chiles-Stovall were never more than \$70 a week and often ten or fifteen dollars less: His rent was \$69.50, his family's expenditures for food and other daily materials had to be calculated at \$15 a week, and every small extra disbursement noted in various persons' testimony was added to the figures, but it is one of those balance sheets that would

fall apart with the loss of one pocketbook containing even ten dollars, and we know that Marina lost her pocketbook, yet Oswald, in those heavy State Department pay-off days of December, not only did not scold her, but bought all sorts of delicacies for her that day.

It is a dense discussion, but Oswald, who by best calculation was \$13 above zero on November 1, 1962 (n.4), earned \$305, \$240, and \$247 in November, December and January, and disbursed \$182, \$165, and \$190 in those same months (both sets of figures from Warren Commission findings.) This shows Oswald with a net for that period of \$805 in income, and expenses of \$527. Add that \$396 for the State Department debt, and he is now \$128 in arrears, and this figure depends on there being no other expenditures than those that were noted. It is highly unlikely that he spent no money in those three months that went by unremarked.

Perhaps it is worth taking a look again at Harlot's precepts:

The next step would lead our new agent into taking money for his services.

"It is easier, said Harlot, "than you would suppose. . . . A little corruption warms the chill. Remember, that hypocrisy is indispensable here. . . . Avoid any hint of the crass. Pay off, for instance, some old nagging debt of the client. . . . Sooner than you would believe, our novice agent is ready for a more orderly arrangement. If he senses that he is entering into a deeper stage of the illicit, money can relieve some of his anxiety. . . . a weekly stipend can be arranged. . . . Questions?"

"Can you afford to let the agent become witting of who he is working for?"

"Never. . . .the true purpose of the stipend is to give a sense of participation, even if the agent does not know exactly who we are. . . ."

We have crossed over wholly into speculation--was Oswald being groomed to become some sort of provocateur in left-wing organizations? That Oswald was reasonably sincere in his Marxism would not have deterred him. He would have been contemptuous of officials in the American Communist Party, seeing them as peons of the Soviets, and he would hardly be impressed by the Socialist Workers' Party which had no power. He would have seen his own role as double-edged. While working as a provocateur for US intelligence, he could also learn much about the intelligence establishment, much

that might be of use in some future time of upheavals and new revolutionary governments. Having negotiated that double passage between the U.S. and the USSR, he had the confidence that he was not an ordinary mortal. Work as a provocateur could open many avenues.

Let it be understood that after Kennedy curtailed Operation Mongoose, and the anti-Castro forces imploded into enclaves, an unspecified zone, no longer official, developed on the borders of the American intelligence establishment. Even the spearation between CIA and FBI may have coalesced occasionally as we shall have opportunity to speculate upon when Oswald gets to New Orleans. But again, we anticipate.

We can try, however, to answer one question now. Why was Oswald so intent on paying off his debt to the State Department? More than once he is described in his KGB surveillance reports as riding a Minsk bus, then slipping off at his destination without paying. A man who would cheat on bus fare is not likely to honor a State Department debt, not unless he has a reason. He does. It is to acquire a new passport for travel. He cannot obtain one until he pays off his loan, so he pays it off. Perhaps others are also interested in encouraging him to travel.

Chapter 19--Trouble at Work

In the narrative Marina wrote for the FBI, she remarks that: "New Year's was very dull for us and we stayed home. Lee went to bed early." (n.1)

The Russian community was having other parties, she knew, and it was New Year's Eve, and the Oswalds had been invited to nothing. She had done her best to be witty at the Fords' house, and she had succeeded. People had been charmed by her. No returns. She recalled the animation she had seen on Lee's face when he had been speaking to Yaeko, He did not show happiness such as that when he spoke to her:

. . .I sat up and thought about Russia and my friends there. It was very depressing, especially when I thought of my home, my relatives, who were making merry and I was not with them, but sitting alone and unhappy. (n.2)

In the depths of a mood such as this, she began to think

of her old boyfriend Anatoly who was tall but not good-looking and wore outlandish clothes. In Minsk she had been so ashamed of his lack of elegance that she used to steer him along back streets when they were walking somewhere on a date so that her girl friends would not see him. But then they would stop to kiss in empty courtyards on winter nights, and there had never been anyone like him when it came to that.

She wrote a letter on this New Year's Eve of 1963:

Anatoly dear,

. . .I want to wish you a Happy New Year.

It is not for this I am writing, however, but because I feel very much alone. My husband does not love me and our relationship here in America is not what it was in Russia. I am sad that there is an ocean between us and that I have no way back . . .

I regret that I did not appreciate the happy times we had together and your goodness to me. Why did you hold yourself back that time? You did it for me, I know, and now I regret that, too. Everything might have turned out differently. But maybe, after the way I hurt you, you would not have me back. . . .

I kiss you as we kissed before.

Marina

P.S. I remember the snow, the frost, the opera building--

and your kisses. Isn't it funny how we never even felt the cold? (n.3)

She obviously debated the propriety of her act because she did not mail her letter for several days. Then it came back for lack of postage. Lee read it to her aloud.

He slumped on the sofa and sat there, his head in his hands, for a long time. Finally he straightened up. "Not a word of it is true," he said. "You did it on purpose. You knew they changed the postage and that the letter would come back to me. You were trying to make me jealous. I know your woman's tricks. I won't give you any more stamps. And I'm going to read all your letters. I'll send them myself from now on. I'll never, ever trust you again." He made her get the letter and tear it up under his eyes. (n.4)

Obviously, he is full of need to reject her letter-- "Isn't it funny how we never even felt the cold?" His reasoning, however, is Byzantine. He believes she has made up

her love for Anatoly in order to leave her husband jealous. All the same, he must feel that her liketter is true for he gives her no stamps and now makes her hand over to him for perusal every page she writes in any and every letter before he will seal the envelope.

One night in bed, in the middle of January, there on Elsbeth Street, Lee asked her if she had been with any other man since they got married. Any other man but Lee. And she said yes, and told him how she had seen Leonid Gelfant when Lee had gone to Moscow, and how she ran home and felt dirty. Lee kept saying, "You're putting me on, you're making a joke." He didn't believe her. She was young and no expert on life, but she didn't understand why he would not believe her.

By the end of January, their marriage was not nearly so close as it had been for those few domestic weeks in late November and early December. He was preoccupied. And soon he would be away from home for an hour or two every evening--he had signed up, he told her, for a course in typing that he took after work.

There is nothing he does in January to insist that he is some kind of petty provocateur-in-training, and if not for his

sudden ability to pay off the State Department, one could even be comfortable with the notion that everything he does is on his own, but still, there is that money, that mysterious money, never accounted for, and his activity can suggest a man who wittingly or unwittingly is laying down a full record for himself. One can ascribe it to Oswald's need to be the center of attention--he wants people to know who he is and he will pay the price. Max Clark, the security man at Convair whom George Bouhe trusts to be well-connected with the FBI would remark:

Mr. Clark. . . . he seemed to want. . . everyone he met . . . to know that he was Lee Oswald the defector. He seemed to be quite proud of that distinction. In his opinion he thought that made him stand out and he would always say, "You know who I am?" when he would meet someone for the first time, so he was not trying to keep it a secret. (n.5)

All the same, it is interesting to see what he orders in the New Year:

From Pioneer Publishers. . .connected with The Militant (to which he was a subscriber), he ordered these political tracts: The Coming American Revolution, The End of the Comintern, and the Manifesto of the Fourth International, [plus] the English words to the song, "The Internationale." From the Washington Book Store in Washington, D.C., he asked for subscriptions to . . .Ogonek, Sovietskaya Byelorussia, Krokodil, and Agitator. From the Dallas Library . . .he took out books about Marxism, Trotskyism and American imperialism in Latin America, particularly Cuba. (n.6)

Now, of course, these are not isolated actions. Already in late November and in December he had written to the Communist Party headquarters in New York and volunteered to help them on their publications, presenting samples of his output at Jaggar-Chiles-Stovall, including a poster: "Read The Worker If You Want to Know about Peace, Democracy, Unemployment, Economic trends," a printing job done with company equipment, and he had received friendly answers. He was being treated like a responsible man. From The Worker on

December 19, he had been told, "Your kind offer is most welcome and from time to time we shall call on you. These poster-like blow-ups are most useful at newsstands and other public places . . ." (n.7)

From Bob Chester at the Socialist Workers' Party came a comradely letter full of technical questions:

116 University Place
New York 3, New York
Dec. 9, 1962

Mr. Lee H. Oswald
Box 2915
Dallas, Texas

Dear Mr. Oswald:

. . .I am familiar with reproductions and offset printing processes. It is clear from your work that you are skilled at blow-ups, reversals, and reproduction work generally. Do you do any other phases of the process as well as photography? What about layout and art work?

We have access to a small offset shop here in New York. Generally, when we need any copy work done we have taken it there directly. However there might very well be occasions when we could utilize your skill for some printing project. It would, of course, necessarily have to be a project in which we would have flexibility as to

time. . . .

I would like to know what size camera you have; how large a paper print you can make; how large a negative; and any other technical information that you can give us that would help us judge how your aid would be most effective . . .

With best wishes for a year of progress,
Bob Chester (8)

Who can calculate the fresh energy released by being taken seriously? Yes, December is a good month. January is plagued thoughts of Anatoly and other distractions.

De Mohrenschildt weighs in on this:

. . . I wouldn't have known about it had it not been for Marina who came over one day furious and told me: "I found in Lee's pocket this Japanese girl's address. What a bastard, he is having an affair with her."

I did not say anything but just smiled and thought: "good for him."

"That Japanese bitch," she cried bitterly, "we had a fight over her--and look at the result."

She sported a new black eye. (n.9)

By the end of January, he was also having trouble at work. If he liked his job at Jaggar-Chiles-Stovall more than any other he had ever had, that was back in the fall. For three months he had been essentially a trainee learning new techniques as well as enjoying unofficial perks: on company time he could make enlargements from his negatives of his own photographic work. In addition, there was his new-found capacity, so invaluable for anyone who has a taste for living with more than one identity (let us never forget those years in his boyhood when "I Led Three Lives for the FBI" was his favorite TV show) that he can now produce calling cards, birth certificates and other varieties of I.D.

By the middle of January, however, inexplicable tensions have come into his daily work--in the narrow corridors of the darkroom he would push past other workers, jostling them as they worked at delicate enlarging machines:

Mr. Jenner. How would you describe all this, that he was inconsiderate? . . . and selfish and aggressive?

Mr. Ofstein. Yes; I think he thought he had the right of way in any case, either that or he was just in a hurry to get through, and through his hurrying he made no regard for anyone else's well-being or anyone else's jobs. (n.10)

Mr. Jenner. What about his aptitudes with respect to the work for which he was being trained?

Mr. Ofstein. . . . It seemed like he was fast, but I noticed that quite a few of his jobs that he did perform did come back within a normal working day. . . .

Mr. Jenner. Was there any discussion of that in and among your fellow workers and with Mr. Graef?

Mr. Ofstein. Yes; it was batted around for quite a while --exactly how long, I don't know. About the way that he was turning out a lot of work, because it had to be redone, therefore wasting company materials. (n.11)

Oswald's floor boss, Mr. Graef, offers a closely-observed appraisal:

Mr. Graef. . . . little by little as the days passed and we got into--we'll say--into the fourth and fifth month of

his employment, more and more he was being relied upon to produce this exact work and there were too many times [when] his mistakes were above normal--he was making too many. . . .

Mr. Jenner. Was it your impression. . . that the errors were ones of lack of skill, or do you have a recollection now of . . . lack of interest. . .

Mr. Graef. . . . Whenever he was asked to do a job over, he would do it willingly for me, [and] would be more perturbed at himself that he had made an error. . . It wasn't that he wasn't trying or didn't work hard to do the job, but . . . there were too many times that these things had to be made over. (n.12)

It is relevant that in January 27, two days after he buys his money order for the last \$106.00 of his State Department debt, he sends \$10 in cash as down payment on a \$29.95 purchase to Seaport Traders, Inc., in Los Angeles, filling out a coupon in the name of Alik Hidell (which name he writes

almost illegibly with a felt-tipped pen) for a .38 special calibre Smith and Wesson revolver with a five-inch barrel cut down to 2-1/4 inches.

Pistols can be seen as highly machined pieces of metal that are there to inspire fantasy in their owners. This preise applies even more to a handgun with a sawed-off barrel. It is tailored for close range--one is looking into the eye of the enemy as one squeezes the trigger. So it is more violent in its impact upon the owner's imagination than a long-barrelled pistol or a rifle. Oswald, shoving his way through the darkroom musing on that pistol that might arrive any day was comparable--could it be?--to a spansule releasing freshets of bloody fantasy often enough to leave him testy and confrontational.

Probably he had already come to the conclusion that he was going to kill General Edwin A. Walker. Or--let us bear the full existential weight of such a decision--he was going to try. Head-on and at close range with a pistol. How could he know that he had the will to do it? He had never fired a shot in anger (unless he was indeed the one who had killed Marine Private Martin Schrand.) So, by all odds, he was facing the largest essay of his life, the most fearful gamble, and it had to leave him on edge--especially as he waited all through February for the pistol to arrive C.O.D. and it never did.

Chapter 20--In order to Feel a Little Love

On February 13, De Mohrenschildt arranged an evening in his home between Oswald and a young geologist named Volkmar Schmidt who had studied psychology at Heidelberg. The two men, having been brought together, talked for hours over the kitchen table. Epstein summarized the young German's reaction to the evening:

Schmidt. . .tried to win his confidence by appearing to be in sympathy with his political views and making even more extreme statements. . . .

In an intentionally melodramatic way Schmidt brought up the subject of General Edwin A. Walker, who had been forced to resign from the Army because of his open support for the John Birch Society . . . He suggested that Walker's hate-mongering activities at the University of Mississippi, which the federal government was then trying to desegregate, were directly responsible for the riots and bloodshed--including the deaths of two reporters--on that campus. he compared Walker with Hitler and said that both should be treated as murderers at large.

Oswald instantly seized on the analogy between Hitler

and Walker to argue that America was moving toward fascism. As he spoke, he seemed to grow more and more excited about the subject.

Schmidt could see that he had finally got through to Oswald. As he listened to Oswald define more closely his political ideas, he began to work out his "psychological profile," as he called it. Oswald seemed to be a "totally alienated individual" obsessed with political ideology and bent on self-destruction . . . a Dostoyevskian impelled by his own reasoning toward a "logical suicide." (n.1)

Like most psychological judgements, it is too comfortable for the judge. Oswald's aim in life was to achieve the greatness for which he believed he was uniquely destined--so he believed. If he had to take a few enormous chances to arrive at his goal and those chances would result in his death, well, that was one logical outcome of high danger, but he had chosen suicide.

This must certainly be close to his state as he prepares himself all through February and March to strike at Walker. The notion that this general was an American Hitler in the making was key to Oswald selecting him for a target. The soft underbelly, however, of so lofty a notion--stop the second Hitler before he arises--comes in large degree because of

Oswald's buried sense of himself as also being a putative Hitler--his authoritarianism with Marina is Hitler written large on their small scale, and a physical resemblance between the two men had to be, consciously or unconsciously, in Oswald's mind. One need only take a look at a retouched photograph of Oswald in New Orleans (n.2) to feel the force of the resemblance: Oswald meeting Mephisto would have struck a Faustian pact: allow him to steal Hitler's powers of ascendancy and he could convert them to his own vastly more idealistic vision--one kills the god to become a greater god. When it came to available gods, General Edwin A. Walker was the nearest surrogate to be found.

So each night in his dreams he must have entered that chimerical castle of high intent where our most dangerous scenarios are played out in dungeons and moats--would he find the courage to resist each terror that leaped out at him from every unexpected corner?

The verdict of his dreams must have been negative; through all of February, he was, according to Marina, in a foul mood and he grew progressively more violent. There is a logic to petty quarrels and small acts of physical abuse in marriage--a well put-together argument could advance the ignoble proposition that most people contain more meanness than they can express with friends or strangers, and so, for

cowards, marriage is an ideal solution, since quarrels are permitted to become ritual: each mate's psychic excrement can be evacuated with full mutual understanding that the process, like all acts of elimination, is healthy for both, a veritable zero-sum economy of aggression.

In Minsk, Oswald's quarrels with Marina were classics of this fashion. They quarrelled constantly but at a temperature that was virtually regulated in order to be able to feel a little love for each other. Back in America, Oswald no longer enjoyed the off-beat Russian respect that had been offered to him as an eccentric. To the contrary, back in Texas, he was seen as a dead-beat, and worse, anti-patriotic in a small-minded patriotic community. So the ante went up in their daily wars. "Quantity changes quality," Engels once wrote, three words to capture the nature of process, and it applies here. Oswald was beginning to beat her up regularly:

. . .No longer did he strike her once across the face with the flat of his hand. Now he hit her five or six times--and with his fists. The second he got angry, he turned pale and pressed his lips tightly together. His eyes were filled with hate. His voice dropped to a murmur and she could not understand what he was saying. When he

started to strike her, his face became red and his voice grew angry and loud. He wore a look of concentration, as if Marina were the author of every slight he had ever suffered and he was bent on wiping her out, obliterating her completely. . . .

Marina could defend herself only with words. "Your beating me shows your upbringing," she said on one occasion.

"Leave my mother out of this!" Lee cried, and struck her harder than before. (n.3)

In Fort Worth, at the beginning of such marital violence, there had only been two slaps, a very formal two slaps, like a mother punishing a child. "There, you've done it again, two slaps for you!" Now she was in legitimate fear of what he might do next. Sex became abrupt as well. He had come a distance from the patient swain who never made a pass at Ella Germann. Now, he would "bark at her, 'Stop washing the dishes. Lee's hot!'" and try to force himself upon her. He insisted on having sex any time he felt like it . . ." (n.4)

He has acquired the athlete's externality. He speaks of himself in the third person--"Lee's hot!"--a force. It is further proof if we need it that he has become his own project.

By the middle of the month she knows she is pregnant again but the beatings do not cease. He obviously feels trapped. He tells Marina that she must go back to the Soviet Union. She is consumed with suspicions that it is not typing lessons but an affair that keep him from getting home until eight o'clock each night.

Indeed, he is taking typing lessons--there are witness to confirm that he comes in for class sessions three evenings a week after work, but he is late all five nights a week. Odds are that he cannot forgive Marina for that abortive message to Anatoly: "Do you love him so much? Here is your opportunity to return to him!" is part of the unspoken logic. And the rage of the future leader of legions of humankind is in his heart--such a leader must have absolute fealty. They can quarrel in the privacy of the home, even be violent, but she must not have another fellow on her mind. His project, himself, rests on his boldness, his will, and his wife. He can dispense with the last if need be, but not she with him.

If authoritarianism is the cohort to murder, that is underlined here. The average man of mild demeanor--which is how Oswald was generally perceived in Minsk--can reach the state of murder, and continue to live in its livid high focus, only by pumping up the authoritarian in himself. To add to the turn of the screw, he does not even have a weapon. The

pistol he has ordered refuses to arrive. He has sent away for it at the end of January and nearly every day he goes to his post office box and the notice of arrival is not there. It is like getting ready to make love without knowing if the rest of you will be there. His irritability carries over to work:

Mr. Graef. . . .I began to hear vague rumors of friction between him and the other employees Flareups of temper or an ugly word. . . very few people liked him. He was very difficult to get along with. (n.5)

The Dallas Morning News features General Walker on February 17. The John Birch Society is becoming respectable; it has a human face and that face belongs to General Walker. And Oswald learns as well that Walker is now going away on a five-week tour beginning February 28. Oswald has eleven days to get him and still no pistol.

A letter from Valya, written on January 24, arrives around this time:

My dear Marinochka, we received your letter and greeting card. Thank you very very much for not forgetting us. I wept wholeheartedly when I received your letter, the way you did when you received mine. Uncle Ilya was away on a business trip, so, in my excitement, I ran over to the Andrianovs and we all read it together. We are very pleased that Aleck is such a decent fellow. You know we liked him and now I liked him twice as much as before in my thoughts. The photograph is beautiful. You look fine; little Mariska has grown a lot. I wanted so much to hold her in my arms. She does not look like you; she seems to be the very image of Aleck.

We were very glad to get your photograph. I look at it every day and it seems to me that you are here, next to me. I will preserve it. You know that I love you too, although I did scold you sometimes; but in my heart I was sincere. For me you took the place of a daughter and a friend. We are very sorry that you went so far away, but what can one do? Now we wish you only the best in life. Now you have an heiress growing up; someone to live and work for.

Everything is fine at home; everybody is alive and well. We had a wonderful New Year's Eve party as we always do. During the school vacation, we had Aunt Musya's Marinka. She spent about 4 days with us; she is growing into a very interesting girl--intelligent and determined. She asked me, "Aunt Valya, show me the

picture of Marina; I will look at it again and remember it forever." . . .

We hug and kiss you.

Aunt Valya and Uncle Ilya

Kiss my "granddaughter" for me.

January 24, 1963 (n.6)

On February 17, at Oswald's insistent urging, Marina writes to the Russian Embassy. It is a flat letter and will warm no bureaucratic hearts, but if she was determined not to go back to Russia, Valya's letter may have softened some of that resolve:

February 17, 1963

Dear Comrade Reznichenko!

I beg your assistance to help me to return to the Homeland in the USSR where I will again feel myself a full-fledged citizen. Please let me know what I should do for this, i.e., perhaps it will be necessary to fill out a special application form. Since I am not working at present (because of my lack of knowledge of the English language and a small child), I am requesting to you to extend to me a possible material aid for the trip.. My

husband remains here, since he is an American by nationality. I beg you once more not to refuse my request.

Respectfully,

Marina Oswald

(n.7)

Mr. Liebeler. The Commission has been advised that some time in the spring of 1963, you, yourself, either threatened or actually tried to commit suicide. Can you tell us about that?

Marina Oswald. Do I have the right now not to discuss that?

Mr. Liebeler. If you don't want to discuss that, certainly, but I really would like to have Lee's reaction to the whole thing. But if you don't want to tell us about it, all right.

Marina Oswald. At my attempt at suicide, Lee struck me in the face and told me to go to bed and that I should never attempt to do that--only foolish people would do it.

Mr. Liebeler. Did you tell him that you were going to do it, or did you actually try.

Marina Oswald. No; I didn't tell him, but I tried.

Mr. Liebeler. But you didn't want to discuss it any

further?

Marina Oswald. No. (n.8)

She had thrown a wooden box at him. It contained all their pins and cufflinks and jewelry, such as they were, and when it struck him, he threw her on the bed, took her by the throat and said, "I won't let you out of this alive," at which point the baby began to cry, and he let go of her, took June into the next room and sat there "while Marina lay on the bed and sobbed." (n.9)

It was then she went into the bathroom, stood on the john, tied a clothesline to a rod high on the wall, and wound the other end around her neck. She believed she was ready to commit suicide but before she could jump, he came in, slapped her, and made her get down:

They both began to cry like babies. "Try to understand," he begged. "You're wrong sometimes, too. Try to be quiet when you can." He started kissing her as though he were in a frenzy. "For God's sake, forgive me. I'll never, ever do it again. I'll try and change only if

you will help me . . ."

They made love the whole night long, and Lee told Marina again and again that she was "the best woman" for him, sexually and in every other way. For Marina, it was one of their best nights sexually. And for the next few days, Lee seemed calmer. . . . (n.10)

It was the end of the month, and Walker had left on his tour and Lee was calmer. That lasted for a few days.

Then the fights started up again. Mr. and Mrs. Tobias present the community reaction in this small brick building of poor apartments on Elsbeth Street.

Mr. Tobias. . . .I tried to talk to him several times and all I could get out of him was a grunt. He was the kind of a guy that wouldn't talk to you at all . . .

Mr. Jenner. How did your other tenants feel toward Oswald?

Mr. Tobias. . . .They didn't like the way he beat her all the time.

Mr. Jenner. They complained to you that he manhandled her?

Mr. Tobias. Yes; there was one man that came over there one night and he told me, he said, "I think that man over there is going to kill that girl." and I said, "I can't do a darn thing about it." I says, "That's domestic troubles. . . ." (n.11)

Mrs. Tobias amplifies her mate's comments:

Mrs. Tobias. . . . I didn't see her around, and they always kept their blinds down, you know, the shades was always pulled.

Mr. Jenner. They were?

Mrs. Tobias. Oh, yes---day and night, you never seen any shades up over there, their shades was always down. . . May I tell you?

Mr. Jenner. Yes; please do.

Mrs. Tobias. Well, they fought so much . . .and the

tenants would come and tell my husband that they kept them awake and the baby cried so much and he could hear them falling down as if Mrs. Oswald was hitting the floor...and we had one tenant over him--and she came over and she said, "Mr. Tobias, I think he has made a new opening down there." She said, "I think he's put her right through there." And he did break a window, my husband had to fix that. . . .He had to put in a new pane.

Mr. Jenner. Why?

Mrs. Tobias. Well, they knocked it out--I guess from fighting--we don't know.

Mr. Jenner. You weren't there?

Mrs. Tobias. No. . . .

Mr. Jenner. You mean the tenants had come after you?

Mrs. Tobias. Oh, yes; they said they could hear glass falling and evidently they had put a baby blanket there--a baby blanket was over it, tacked down over the window. . . . so my husband told them if they didn't straighten up or, you know, they were so annoying that the other people had to rest too, that he was sorry, but they would have to find another place.

Mr. Jenner. And it was shortly after that that they left?

Mrs. Tobias. Yes; shortly after that they moved in over on Neely.

(n.12)

The apartment on Neely Street, just three blocks away, is on the second floor, has several small rooms, and a scabby old wooden balcony. It also contains a very small room that Oswald appropriates for himself as a closet studio. In it, through the month of March, Oswald will do the writing and fill out the schedules that will accompany his now developing intellectual effort to terminate Edwin A Walker on the Generrsal's return to Dallas early in April. Oswald will draw up the routes and plans, list the bus schedules for arrivals and departures, design all for foreseeable particulars of the event, and be one of the actors in the happening. In addition, he will articulate his political credo in writing. Oswald is getting off at that terminal station in art where the record of preparations, the projecton of actions foreseen, and the incidental blood if there is any, will all be part of this most advanced form of aestheticism.

Chapter 21--Hunter of Fascists

Lee devoted his first two evenings on Neely Street to fixing up the apartment. He was handy at carpentry, building window boxes for the balcony and painting them green. He also built shelves for his special room and moved in a chair and a table, creating his own tiny office. . . . "Look," he said to her. . . . "I've never had my own room before. I'll do all my work here, make a lab and do my photography . . . But you're not to come in and clean. If I ever come in and find one single thing has been touched, I'll beat you." (n.1)

Having his own workplace may be conducive to the sybaritic:

When he took a bath, he would ask her to wash him. First he stretched one leg in the air. When she had finished and was ready to do the other leg, he would say, no, the right one wasn't clean yet. He made her wash one leg four or five times before he would consent to raise

the other. "Now I feel like a king," he would say beatifically. But he cautioned her to be more gentle, "I have sensitive skin while you have rough, Russian ways."

Next, he would refuse to get out of the tub, his complaint being that the floor was cold and he told her to put a towel down for him. When she had done as he asked, she would say, "Okay, prince, you can get out now." (n.2)

By March 10, he takes the equivalent of a deep breath and goes out on reconnaissance. He scouts the alley behind Walker's house, a two-story house on 4011 Turtle Creek Boulevard, and with his Imperial Reflex camera photographs the back yard and rear wall of the place, presumably to familiarize himself with its windows, then proceeds to take snapshots of some railroad tracks 700 yards away which act would hardly be comprehensible if one does not assume that already he is planning to bury his weapon in some particular clump of bushes near the tracks and needs the photographs to orient himself. One more advantage of working at Jaggar-Chiles-Stovall--he need be the only one who saw his negatives and prints.

Two days later, having estimated the possibilities and difficulties, he comes to the conclusion that he needs a rifle, not a pistol, and so orders a Mannlicher-Carcano 30-06

from Klein's Sporting Goods Company in Chicago--can he have any idea that this carbine will become the most famous rifle in the world? The gun costs a total of \$22.95 with a four-power scope mounted on it, postage and handling included. A few days later, on March 15, he writes to his brother, Robert, who has just been promoted and is going to buy a larger house: "It's always better to take advantage of your chances as they come along, so I'm glad for you." (n.3)

It is the basic maxim of the man of action. He has been following it, sometimes well, sometimes badly, for a good part of his life. It certainly gives us one more understanding of his readiness to lie: mistruths tilt the given and create openings--one can dart through them. "Take advantage of your chances as they come along . . ."

The second quality of the man of action--the ability to see his situation in the round--is sadly lacking. When it comes to assessing his own situation, Lee has tunnel vision. In the same letter to Robert he has written, "My work is very nice; I will get a rise in pay next month and I have become rather adept at my photographic work."

Mr. Graef. . . .I was working at my own desk one time and

I looked over and it was probably a slack time in our business, and . . . Lee was reading a newspaper, and I could see it--it was. . .not a usual newspaper and I asked him what he was reading and he said, "A Russian newspaper." . . .and I said, "Well, Lee, I wouldn't bring anything like that down here again, because some people might not take kindly to your reading anything like that." . . .of course, I know how people are and that . . . he might be making trouble for himself by causing suspicion and so forth, by having that newspaper or at least running around with it, flaunting it, we'll say.

(n.4)

Meanwhile, at home, he is setting down in a journal with blue covers given him by George Bouhe in more generous times, the results of each reconnaissance he makes to Walker's house. The timetables of various bus routes within a mile of his target are included with his photographs and his estimate of the distance to various windows and doors from several potential sites of aim. His joy as a young adolescent in studying the Marine Corps manual is being exercised again. In fantasy, he has all the dedication to detail of a general. It takes a general to kill a general if there is going to be balance in the event. Needless to add, the other half of himself, the enlisted man who despised all officers, can be a

populist now: it takes a private to shoot a general! So, Private-General Oswald, serving as his own staff, elaborates his plans. On his nocturnal missions, he even takes a nine-power hand telescope that he has brought back with him from Russia to aid in his estimates of distance. Like any good general, he knows that the more you prepare, the more inevitable it becomes that you will go into battle and commence that semi-unbelievable activity of killing your fellow man.

The Mannlicher-Carcano carbine, some two weeks after it has been ordered, and the Smith and Wesson revolver with the sawed-off barrel, nearly two months after he sent away the first dollar for it, arrive on the same day, March 25, one at the post office, the other at REA Express near Love Field. How can he not see it as a sign? They reach Dallas on the same day--perhas they will be used on the same day and perhaps they were.

A fellow employee, Jack Bowen, recalls that Oswald, having brought the rifle over to Jaggar-Chiles-Stovall after he picked it up at the post office, showed it to him. (n.5) Oswald is even acting like a man from Texas. It is not one of the fifty states so much as a separate nation with specific customs: an offering of friendship is to show the rifle you have just acquired to your neighbors.

Now came the cleaning of his weapon. To the degree that one sees one's rifle as a subtle dedicated servant--if treated properly--so, cleaning one's gun becomes a sacramental act. One is imbuing the wood of the stock and the metal of the barrel with nothing less than an infusion of one's dedicated spirit. The axiom is basic: The more one cleans a piece, the more accurately it will shoot. Belief in this result is glimpsed as more than a mechanical principle. Every gun-lover is a closet mystic, a dark mystic, but there. It is one reason that Congressmen are so terrified of the National Rifle Association.

From an FBI report:

MARINA retraced at this time every incident she can recall of OSWALD's cleaning or practicing with his rifle. She said she can now recall that OSWALD cleaned his rifle on about four or five occasions during the short period of time which elapsed from the time he acquired the rifle in March, 1963, until his attempted assassination of General WALKER. She can recall he cleaned the rifle at least one time after the General WALKER incident and before their trip to New Orleans.

At one of the four or five times she observed OSWALD cleaning the rifle at their home on Neely Street, before

the WALKER incident, he told her he had been practicing with the rifle but he did not say when he had practiced.

. . . She said it would have been entirely possible for him to have practiced on any of the times he was away from the house ostensibly attending school and if he had practiced on such occasions, it would have been without her knowledge. (n.6)

From April 1 on, Oswald attended no more typing classes, a matter concerning which he did not inform Marina. (n.7)

. . . she needed to go to the store and told OSWALD she wanted to go to the store and take a walk. OSWALD told her to take JUNE in the carriage and begin walking toward the store and shortly OSWALD caught up with them. He had his rifle wrapped in a raincoat and told MARINA he was going to practice firing with the rifle. She remonstrated with him. She said the police would get him. He replied he was going anyway and it was none of her business. He did not say where he was going to practice firing the rifle, other than he was going to a vacant spot. She did not see any rifle shells in his possession.

They walked from their house on Neely Street to Elsbeth Street where they walked two blocks left and then a block or two to the right, arriving at a large artery

where buses travel, which she believes was Beckley Street. They crossed the street and waited for the bus to arrive. She and JUNE, her daughter, waited until the bus arrived. They saw him board the bus. She does not recall exactly which bus he boarded. (n.8)

To Marina, he looked so suspicious. Every time he took his rifle out of the house, he would wear a dark green military overcoat even if the weather in Dallas was unseasonably warm. That was because he could walk along carrying the rifle under his green coat.

At night he would talk in his sleep. He would call out in his sleep, saying things in English she could not understand: then he would mumble in English. Then he would be frightened. He was certainly afraid of something. She never did know where and how he practiced. Afterwards, people would say it had to be on Trinity River bottom which had a levee thirty-five feet high into which you could shoot as a back-stop for bullets. She heard that a year later.

As for the rifle, she never went near it. She kept

her distance when she cleaned. Who knew? It could go off! She kept telling herself that Lee had spoken of going hunting. Target-shooting must come first.

(n.9)

On Sunday, the last day in March, Oswald had Marina photograph him in their back yard. He was dressed in a black shirt and black pants and dark cowboy boots and he held his rifle in his left hand, his pistol in a holster on his hip and he had The Worker and The Militant in his right hand. For years, the photographs, those famous half-dozen photographs Marina took on that day, were considered to be doctored. His head sits at an odd angle to his neck and the shadow under his nose is vertical while the shadow of his body slants away at an angle. These discrepancies are so evident that in 1964, a good lawyer could doubtless have created real doubt in a jury's mind that the body of the man holding the gun belonged to Oswald. By now, simulated photographs at the same time of day and year in Dallas were able to produce the same discrepancies in the shadows. Microscopic tests of the photographic grain of head and body are the same. So the photographs are real, and Marina took them, and the only novel supposition we can deduce from them now is that some cunning

instinct in Oswald told him to cant his neck at an odd angle. Who can know how much filigree he put into his scenarios?

Marina's reactions, thirty years later, are of interest.

One day, on a Sunday, he made her take pictures of him with rifle and pistol. Dressed all in black--an idiot! When she was asked how many times she pressed her shutter she said, "Three at least" but then when she was asked if it might have been five or six times, she added, "I don't know." After she took two pictures, he said, "Once again," then he said, "Wait, it's not finished yet," and changed his position so that those outside stairs would now be to his left. She asked him, "Why are you wearing that stupid outfit?" and he said, "For posterity." She told him, "Yes, it will be very nice for children to remember all that, standing there with all those guns," and he just mumbled, some stupid excuse. His voice was embarrassed even, so obviously dumb.

Still, he'd been very careful to choose a good hour when they took pictures. He didn't want neighbors to see them. So he listened and waited until their neighbors left for church--then he said, "OK, let's do it now before they come back."

Mr. Graef. . . .I said, "Lee, come on back, I would like to talk to you." So, we went back, and I said, "Lee, I think this is as good a time as any to cut it short." I said, "Business is pretty slow at this time, but the point is that you haven't been turning the work out like you should. There has been friction with other people," and so on.

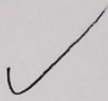
Mr. Jenner. What did he say when you said that?

Mr. Graef. Nothing. And I said, "This is, I think, the best time to just make a break of it." I believe I gave him a few days and I said. . ."I just don't think that you have the qualities for doing the work that we need."

And there was no outburst on his part. He took this the whole time looking at the floor, I believe, and after I was through, he said, "Well, thank you." And he turned around and walked off. (n.10)

He might even have seen it as one more favorable sign. Free of his job, his preparations for Walker can be further developed.

Graef's best recollection is that Oswald was given this



notice at the end of March or on April 1, a Monday, and he continued to work through Saturday, April 6, which is a perfect example of how essential is chronology to motive. For if Oswald was fired on March 29, he might well have reacted by taking the photographs of himself with rifle and revolver on March 31, whereas if he was given notice on Monday, April 1, the two events are considerably less well connected, and all we can assume is that there was a glint in Oswald's eye while he was listening to Graef: to hell with being fired--he just wanted to get back to the darkroom and develop those negatives. With everything else, he is still putting in overtime that last week, but then, he has to leave a little money for Marina if all goes wrong.

General Walker was returning to Dallas on Monday, April 8, from his five-week lecture tour for Operation Midnight Ride, and Oswald took his rifle and went out to the area near Walker's house on Turtle Creek Boulevard and presumably buried his rifle near the railroad tracks in a deserted stretch a half-mile away. Scouting the Mormon Church next to Walker's house, he then saw a notice of services on Wednesday night and most probably concluded that the presence of a stranger on

Turtle Creek Boulevard, or the alley parallel to it, would seem less suspicious if he made his attempt on that same Wednesday, April 10.

We have to assume that Oswald has found some kind of blind in the bushes behind Walker's house so that he can sit and observe, peering through Walker's windows from his post in the alley until the General, obligingly, comes into view.

The next day, Tuesday, April 9, Lee no longer pretended to go to work. He told Marina that it was a holiday and he was going to collect his paycheck. For the third time since his final Saturday at Jaggar-Chiles-Stovall, he was gone the whole day. He came home at six and after supper walked down the street as he often did to buy a newspaper and a bottle of Dr. Pepper. When he returned, he sat out on the balcony where, after two months of being irritable--not, Marina says, on an ascending curve of irritability but merely irritable all the time with an occasional outcropping of good humor--he unexpectedly turned tender toward her. "Come sit with me," he coaxed her onto the balcony. He asked in the friendliest way whether she had heard from her girlfriends in Russia? Had she seen anything special in Soviet Belorussia or Krokodil? He drank a sip or two of his Dr. Pepper, then handed the bottle to her and grandly urged her to drink it all.

On the morning of Wednesday, April 10, Marina thought Lee looked pensive and rather sad. With tears in his eyes, he confessed at last that he had lost his job. "I don't know why," he said. "I tried. I liked that work so much. But probably the FBI came and asked about me, and the boss just didn't want to keep someone the FBI is interested in. When will they leave me alone?"

Marina ached with sympathy. She had no idea how to comfort him; and when he went out for the day she supposed he was looking for work. He was dressed in his good gray suit and a clean white shirt. (n.11)

On the night of April 10, when Oswald arrives in the alley, we do not know how long he has to wait, but it is curious that he has the luck--if that is what it is--to be able to draw a bead on General Walker who, conveniently, is sitting at a desk in a well-lit room with no drapes drawn, no shades down. Of course, we cannot know whether Oswald went for walks and came back, having concealed his rifle in shrubbery each time, or indeed, had a blind that was well enough concealed to be able to sit and wait for a half-hour or an hour until Walker happened to come to his desk. Or, to repeat, was it all a piece of choreography inspired by Providence, and there was Walker at his desk as Oswald arrived, a perfect model posed for the cross-hairs on Oswald's

scope.

Lee fired and took off without stopping to see whether he had hit his target or not. That alone should give us the full turbulence of the caterwauling anxiety that came pouring in on the pull of the trigger.

Thirty years later, she can no longer remember whether he came home for supper on April 10, or did not--she seems to think he did not--but in any event, she very much remembers being alone at 8:00 P.M., and putting June to bed. By 9:00 P.M. and ten, her ears preternaturally sensitive to every passing sound outside on lonely, shabby Neely Street, Marina's condition at that hour deserves a name--mate-dread, we might call it--one's nearness to a person gives us all the intimations we do not wish to have at how unstable they are feeling, especially since they are not with us at home and yet are so near to one's senses as to make it certain that something is wrong, dreadfully wrong.

By ten o'clock, she can no longer bear it. She invades his oversized closet, his sanctum sanctorum. On his writing table is a sheet of paper with a key placed on top of it. "Farewell, forever!" says the mute presence of the key. As

she would later tell the FBI, "[my] hair stood on end."
(n.12) She picked up the paper and read what he had written.
It comes down to us in good stiff English furnished by Secret
Service translators who straightened out whatever was
ungrammatical in the suspect's Russian.

This is the key to the mailbox which is located in the
main post office in the city on Ervay Street. This is the
same street where the drugstore, in which you always
waited, is located. You will find the mailbox in the post
office which is located 4 blocks from the drugstore on
that street. I paid for the box last month so don't worry
about it.

2. Send the information as to what happened to me to the
[Russian] Embassy and include newspaper clippings (should
there be anything about me in the newspapers.) I believe
the Embassy will come quickly to your assistance on
learning everything.

3. I paid the house rent on the 2nd so don't worry about
it.

4. Recently I also paid for water and gas.

5. The money from work will possibly be coming. The
money will be sent to our post office box. Go to the bank
and cash the check.

6. You can either throw out or give my clothing, etc.,
away. Do not keep these. However, I prefer that you hold
onto my personal papers (military, civil, etc.).

7. Certain of my documents are in the small blue valise.
8. The address book can be found on my table in the study should you need same.
9. We have friends here. The Red Cross also will help you. (Red Cross in English) [sic] → ?
10. I left you as much money as I could, \$60. You and [June] can live for another 2 months using \$10 per week.
11. If I am alive and taken prisoner, the city jail is located at the end of the bridge through which we always passed on going to the city (right in the beginning of the city after crossing the bridge). (n.13)

Chapter 22--Stoicism, Majestic in Purpose

In the depths of Oswald's logic lies an equation: Any man possessed of a political passion that can reach murderous intensity, is entitled to a seat at the high table of world leaders--few can lead large bodies of government; few men dare to live as assassins. Such may have been Oswald's equation. The route to becoming a great political leader--given his own poor beginnings--might have to pass through acts of assassination.

As we can see by his note to Marina, Oswald, redying himself for the night of April 10, was more or less prepared to be captured or to die. So he had not only assembled the integument of his art--plans, photographs, bus schedules, and his farewell letter, but had also attempted to give a presentation of his political thought. He was not only possessor of a unique rank, Private-General, but like a Prince of the Church, looked to hold the post of Philosopher-General.

Under the burden of not being able to know whether his social ideas would soon be read with the gravity one cedes to the political testament of a dead man, or, to the contrary, could be used as a text in his trial--his defense would be

political!--or, meanest option of them all--would end merely as no more than a few more notes written to himself (especially if he had no opportunity to fix his sights on Walker, or, worse, lost his nerve), he chose to print his message out by hand, and so, it appears with relatively few errors.

hard
to
follow
syntax

What follows is a good portion of the several parts of his credo. He was but five years ahead of his time--which is to say that by 1968 he would not have felt so prodigiously alone. By then, in Haight-Ashbury, many of his formulations would have seemed reasonable. Hippies were moving up into Northern California and Oregon to found small societies on principles much like his. Indeed, what Oswald offers seems more a libertarian pronouncement than a radical call to arms, a menu of fifteen one-sentence programs large and small for the free man of the future.

direct quotes?
under

The Atheian system

A system opposed to Communism, Socialism, and capitalism.

1. Democracy at a local level with no centralized State.

- A. That the right of free enterprise and collective enterprise be guaranteed.
- B. That Fascism be abolished.
- C. That nationalism be excluded from every-day life.
- D. That racial segregation or discrimination be abolished by law.
- E. the right of the free, uninhibited action of religious institutions of any type or denomination to freely function
- G. Universal Suffrage for all persons over 18 years of age.
- H. Freedom of dissemination of opinions through press or declaration or speech
- I. that the dissemination of war propaganda be forbidden as well as the manufacture of weapons of mass destruction.
- J. that Free compulsory education be universal till 18.
- K. nationalization or communizing of private enterprise or collective enterprise be forbidden.

- L. that monopoly practices be considered as capitalistic.
- M. That combining of separate collective or private enterprises into single collective units be considered as communistic.
- N. That no taxes be levied against individuals.
- O. That heavy graduated taxes of from 30% to 90% be leveled against surplus profit gains.
- R. that taxes be collected by a single ministry subordinate to individual communities. that taxes be used solely for the building or improvement of public projects.

(n.1)

One would guess the Atheian System is a trial balloon. Will it have populist appeal to conservatives as well as liberals? He is looking for a net with a very wide mouth.

He is, however, and dependably, a man of parts. No one system, no matter how broad and/or contradictory is going to suffice for Oswald. If he exchanges cordial letters with a correspondent at The Worker, so will he be as friendly with

The Militant. (Be it remembered that Stalinists and Trotskyites have been implacable enemies for close to three decades.) He is engaging in a pincers attack on the status quo. With his Atheian system, he will reach the mass of Americans--that is one arm of the attack; the other is to destroy the largest obstacle to a new and powerful party of the left in America, nothing less than the Communist Party. (For that, he must bore from within among Communists and use Trotskyites, perhaps as shock troops in a striking force. He has images of huge and intricate political operations in much the way a young novelist will conceive of a great, highly detailed, panoramic novel.)

Only by declaring itself to be, not only not dependent upon, but opposed to, Soviet domination and influence, can dormant and disillusioned persons hope to unite to free the radical movement from its inertia.

Through the refusal of the Communist Party U.S.A. to give a clear cut condemnation of Soviet piratical acts, progressives have been weakened into a stale class of fifth columnists of the Russians.

In order to free the hesitating and justifiably uncertain, future activist for the work ahead we must remove that obstacle which has so efficiently retarded

him, namely the devotion of the Communist Party U.S.A., to the Soviet Union, Soviet Government, and Soviet Communist International Movement.

It is readily foreseeable that a coming economic, political or military crisis, internal or external, will bring about the final destruction of the capitalist system, assuming this, we can see how preparation in a special party could safeguard an independent course of action after the debacle, an American course. . .

(n.2)

It is time to speak of larger purposes and awesome requirements:

No man, having known, having lived, under the Russian Communist and American capitalist system, could possibly make a choice between them, there is no choice. One offers oppression, the other poverty. Both offer imperialistic injustice, tinted with two brands of slavery.

But no rational man can take the attitude of "a curse on both your houses." There are two world systems, one twisted beyond recognition by its misuse, the other decadent and dying in its final evolution.

A truly democratic system would combine the better

this
recalls
Barbary
shore

Do you
intend to
pass over
this echo?

qualities of the two upon an American foundation, opposed to both world systems as they are now.

This then is our goal. (n.3)

Yet, Oswald does not wish to frighten everybody away. It is time for a disclaimer. Since he has learned (the hard way) that very few human beings will rush to take up arms against both world systems, one must hint that there will be help from the cosmos.

We have no interest in violently opposing the U.S. Government, why should we manifest opposition when there are far greater forces at work to bring about the fall of the United States Government, than we could ever possibly muster.

We do not have any interest in directly assuming the head of Government in the event of such an all-finishing crisis. (n.4)

Has there ever been a dictator who did not issue comparable statements in the early years of his revolution?

Lee Harvey Oswald will, however, underline the dedication necessary for those who would choose to be part of the few:

Yes, there have been his writings in the manner of preparation for terminating the life of John F. Walker.

Silent observance of our principles is of primary importance. . . only the intellectually fearless could even be remotely attracted to our doctrine, yet this doctrine requires the utmost restraint, a state of being in itself majestic in power.

This is stoicism, and yet stoicism has not been effected for many years, and never for such a purpose.

(n.5)

And then, because he is Oswald, and cannot be content unless he can even cheat on his own system, he adds a coda to these presentations:

sale of arms

pistols should not be sold
in any case, rifles only
with police permission,
shotguns free. (n.6)

Yes, these have been his writings in the season of preparation for terminating the life of Edwin A. Walker.

Two weeks after President Kennedy was shot, the FBI would interrogate Marina on the Walker episode.

She advised that about midnight that night, RONALD came rushing into the house in a very agitated and excited state and his face was very pale. As soon as he entered the house, he turned on the radio. Later he laid down on the bed and MARINA again noticed how pale he was. She asked him what was wrong and he confessed to her that he had tried to kill General WALKER by shooting at him with a rifle but didn't know whether he had hit him or not. He said he wanted to find out on the radio whether or not he had hit him. MARINA said she became angry with RONALD for shooting at General WALKER and he replied to her that General WALKER was the leader of the fascist organizations here and it was best to remove him.

She stated RONALD did not have the rifle with him when he returned to the house. (p.1)

Chapter 23--Waiting for the Police

Two weeks after President Kennedy was shot, the FBI would interrogate Marina on the Walker episode:

She advised that about midnight that night, OSWALD came rushing into the house in a very agitated and excited state and his face was very pale. As soon as he entered the house, he turned on the radio. Later he laid down on the bed and MARINA again noticed how pale he was. She asked him what was wrong and he confessed to her that he had tried to kill General WALKER by shooting at him with a rifle but didn't know whether he had hit him or not. He said he wanted to find out on the radio whether or not he had hit him. MARINA said she became angry with OSWALD for shooting at General WALKER and he replied to her that General WALKER was the leader of the fascist organization here and it was best to remove him . . .

She stated OSWALD did not have the rifle with him when he returned to the house . . . (n.1)

Thirty years later, this is the way she recalls his return to their apartment on Neely Street:

He was out of breath. He was back--yet he was not. Still somewhere else. She showed him the note he had left, and he said, "Don't ask me about that." He turned on their radio. Nothing was there for him. She kept asking questions and he kept saying, "Don't bother me." She went to bed and lay waiting for him, and now she can't remember what time it was--but he was still in the other room, still waiting to hear something on that radio. Then he turned it off. He looked shocked. "I missed."

She said, "What are you talking about?"

He told her, "I thought I'd shot General Walker."

Of course, she jumped out of bed. "Are you crazy? What right do you have? Who is General Walker?"

He said, "Look how many people would have been spared if somenody had eliminated Hitler."

He told her that General Walker was a pro-Nazi kind of person. A fascist.

She said he had no right to eliminate anybody. "Don't you know you're supposed to change system, not eliminate some person?"

He said, "Look how many people would have been spared if

somebody had eliminated Hitler."

She said, "Maybe that's good for Hitler's time, but not right now. Not in America."

It is an odd, near-improbable conversation. He has just found out that he missed. An unlikely miss. He had been thirty-five yards away. He had been looking at Walker through a four-power scope. In the cross-hairs, Walker's head was large. One could not miss. As soon as he had squeezed the trigger, Lee had been off and running. What fear he must have been holding. Walker's bodyguards might find him if he remained long enough to take a second shot. So he had run--half in fear, presumably, half in exaltation.

Then he buried the rifle--in what a fever!--came home, and waited for confirmation. Now, the media had told him that he missed. His anguish has to be intense: once again he is the sorriest Marine in the training platoon. At that moment, he blurts out the truth. He has to tell someone that he has taken a shot at Walker.

But the conversation that follows about Hitler is not as easy to believe. Not for that moment. Perhaps for the next day.

Let us go back to her account:

He looked exhausted, and soon fell asleep. Like a dead man. She began to walk around, just as she had been pacing for hours before he came home. Once again, she was listening to the night outside. It had been such a quiet street. She remembers thinking that now that he was back, she was waiting for the police to come and arrest him. She was thinking that at any minute police would be banging on their door. She had no idea if he had done it alone or with others--he never told her one detail. She did ask him where his rifle was now, and he answered, "I left it where it will not be found."

She looked at him asleep and got in beside him, but he took up all the bed. He was spread out, arms and legs extended, his bare bottom up, his backside open to the night air, as if he was saying to her and to the world, "Let the night air be my judge."

Mr. Liebeler. Would you tell us the circumstances surrounding the event as you can now recall them?

General Walker. . . . It was right at 9 o'clock and most of the lights were on in the house and the shades were up. I was sitting down behind a desk facing out from a corner, with my head over a pencil and paper working on my income tax when I heard a blast and a crack right over my head.

Mr. Liebeler. What did you do then?

General Walker. I thought--we had been fooling with the screens on the house and I thought that possible somebody had thrown a firecracker. . . . Then I looked around and saw that the screen was not out, but was in the window, and . . . I noticed there was a hole in the wall, so I went upstairs and got a pistol and came back down and went out the back door, taking a look to see what might have happened.

Mr. Liebeler. Did you find anything outside that you could relate to this attack on you?

General Walker. No, sir; I couldn't. As I crossed a window coming downstairs in front, I saw a car at the bottom of the church alley just making a turn onto Turtle Creek. The car was unidentifiable. I could see the two back lights, and you have to look through trees there, and I could see it moving out. This car would have been about at the right time for anybody that was making a getaway. (n.2)

When Walker had discussed it with the police, one of them said, "He couldn't have missed you."

General Walker. . . . And one said, a lieutenant, I believe it was, said, "It was an attempted assassination."

And I said, "Your remark sounds like a natural remark." But as I later was analyzing the thing, [the rifleman] couldn't see from his position any of the lattice work either in the window or in the screens because of the light. It would have looked [to him] like one big lighted area, and he could have been a very good shot and just by chance he hit the woodwork.

Mr. Liebeler. Which he did in fact?

General Walker. Which he did, and there was enough deflection in it to miss me, except for slivers of the bullet, the casing of the bullet, that went into my arm laying on the desk--slivers of the shell jacket. (n.3)

Walker had seen a car go down the alley, and a fourteen-year-old neighbor, Kirk Coleman, was reported to have seen two cars. Having heard the shot, he went out to a fence in the back of his house, looked down the alley, and "saw one man

putting something in the trunk of a Ford sedan and a few feet away, a second man getting into another car. Both cars than raced away," went the newspaper report. (n.4)

From a Secret Service interview with Marina on December 10, 1963:

. . . Lee Oswald told her, after reading in the papers that some young man saw an automobile containing three men pulling away from the scene of the shooting, that the Americans always think they [need] a car to get away from the scene of a crime and that he would rather use his feet to do so than to have a car. He also told her that he took buses to go to the Walker residence and that he took a different bus to return home after the shooting.

(n.5)

On the following night, Thursday night, Lee had anxiety attacks. He never did wake up, but once, twice, even three

times an hour, he would begin to shake and to tremble beside her.

The following Friday . . . he again suffered convulsive anxiety attacks in his sleep.

. . . She saw that Lee was bitterly disappointed by his failure to kill Walker, that he was still keyed up and tense, and that his desire to do the deed had by no means burned itself out. She was afraid, terrified, that he would take another shot at Walker. . .

With her ear still cocked for the yelping of police dogs, Marina immediately began to beg Lee, and try to force him to promise, that he would never do such a thing again. She told him that . . . it had been a sign from fate. "If God saved him this time, he will save him again. it is not fated for this man to die. Promise me you'll never, ever do it again."

"I promise."

(n.6)

With her good Russian soul, how could she not believe that Providence showed itself in existential moments, yes, only in the awesome, vertiginous moments when no one had any idea how things would turn out? "Promise me," she had asked, and if Marina's memory is correct, he did reply, "I promise." Perhaps, it was his belief as well.

Providence is Providence, but we have not accounted for the cars. Gerald Posner in Case Closed comes close to disposing of the issue:

[Coleman] looked into the parking lot of the Mormon church. Contrary to press reports that he saw two men get into separate cars and race away, he told the FBI that he only saw one car leave and it moved at a normal rate of speed. At least six other cars were in the parking lot at the same time. Other neighbors contradicted Coleman's story, saying no cars left after the noise. (n.7)

It is the fundamental principle of evidence. If one witness says "A," one can always find another witness to say "Z." Posner is in a hurry to close the case, and sometimes he

✓

does so effectively, and clears away much rot and deadwood with his polemical bulldozer, but, at bottom, the case he is presenting is the FBI case which has remained constant from November 22, 1963 to the present: Given J. Edgar Hoover's monumental angst, the FBI was pre-determined to prove that there was no conspiracy connected to the President's death. For if there were one, then J. Edgar Hoover had failed to find it and prevent it. How large would be the reverberations of that? He could even be toppled from the immaculate throne of his papal infallibility--he could be stripped of macho camouflage to the point where he wouldn't be immaculate at all.

Odds are that Oswald made his attempt on Walker with no confederates. Indeed, the essay into his motives that this book is attempting would be seriously flawed if Oswald did not do it alone. Yet, it is just as well to recognize that this is an exploration into the possibilities rather than a conviction that one holds the solution. To solve a mystery too quickly is equal to sewing up a wound before it is cleaned.

There is, after all, a possibility that other people besides Oswald had a motive to kill Walker. There are puzzling aspects to Oswald's attempt. Unless someone inside Walker's house was there to steer the General at a certain

you are
mixing
Catholic
metaphor

--The pope
is
infallible
the Virgin
Mary
is
immaculate

hour to a chair in front of a lighted window with no shades, how long would Oswald have had to wait until by chance Walker came into view and so accommodated his would-be executioner by posing as a still target? If it had taken hours that night, how could Oswald have remained unnoticed for so long? (Of course, hiding in a parked car while waiting does serve such a purpose.) The police did find a nick in the freshly painted fence that separated the alley from Walker's back yard, and concluded that the gunman had rested his rifle there--the position conformed to the trajectory of the shot--but, of course, firing from one side of a fence, back exposed to passing onlookers in the alley, hardly sounds like a concealed blind. (n.8)

It can be argued that in the course of his preparations, Oswald had scouted the house and knew Walker's habits, but that is not likely. Walker was away on his tour until Monday, April 8, two days before the attempt. The only conclusion if Oswald managed it by himself, running entirely on his own schedule, is that he went to Walker's house on Wednesday night to shoot him, and there was the General in full collaboration. As stated earlier: Luck! Of course, luck may be the product of extra-sensory perception in crucial areas, and Oswald may be an unhappy example of a man with extraordinary luck.

Let us not banish, however, the possibility that certain

extreme right-wingers had come to the conclusion that General Edwin A. Walker was not only eminently expendable but would be of much more use to his movement as a martyr than as a live embarrassment whose secret homosexual life was bound to be exposed. (In fact, it was not until about five years ago when Walker, by now close to eighty, solicited a vice squad cop in a men's room and was arrested, that his homosexuality became common knowledge, but what a wolf he must have been!) His active homosexuality was apparently no secret in the circles near to Walker. He had a putative problem, then, with future exposure, and therefore, the John Birch Society had a problem that could certainly smirch their ultra-right standards.

Add one more observation: If the dedicated spirit of the Cold War encouraged the CIA to enter serious relations with the Mafia in order to assassinate Fidel Castro, why not assume that fantastical operations, if on a smaller scale, were being developed all over the Sun Belt? In the mountains, caves and swamps of America, and in big cities like Miami, New Orleans and Dallas, the warriors-for-liberty were gathering.

Mr. Jenner. Now, Mr. Surrey, was there an occasion preceding April 10, 1963, that you noticed an

automobile and some people in the automobile in and about General Walker's premises?

Mr. Surrey. Yes, that was about 2 nights before, on Monday evening. . . . April 8; yes, sir. . . . Well, the gist of the matter is that two nights before the assassination attempt, I saw two men around the house peeking in windows and so forth, and reported this to the General the following morning, and he, in turn, reported it to the police on Tuesday, and it was Wednesday night that he was shot at. So that is really the gist of the whole thing. (n.9)

It is, of course, a huge jump in our comprehension of Oswald to conceive of him taking part in a right-wing conspiracy, since we have no trace of connections to such people in that period of his life. On the other hand, from October, 1962 to April, 1963, there has to be a hundred, if not two hundred hours that no one, certainly not Marina, can account for. Who knows what he did and which people he met in that unrecorded time? We have, for example, no idea whether Lee and Yaeko Okui had a romance or a some kind of intelligence function for one another, or, to the contrary, did she see him only once at the Christmas party? All we can add is a footnote from Edward Epstein:

When interviewed in Tokyo in 1976, Okui said that she did not remember the subject of her conversation with Oswald, but that the one brief contact with him "ruined her life." She would not elaborate further. (n.10)

We have constructed a portrait of Oswald as a solitary man, but he has his sides--as we shall see in New Orleans. In any event, a man who can have congress with Stalinist and Trotskyite organizations at the same time is ready to deal with any political contradiction if it will advance his purpose. Moreover, some ultra-right-wingers do not sound like reactionaries, but libertarians; that, on the evidence of the Atheian Credo, appealed to Oswald. It is certainly safe to believe he did wish to kill Walker, but it is not automatic to think he could do it without help.

There is a famous photograph Lee took of Walker's back yard that shows a parked car with a hole in the print large enough to obliterate the license plate. Posner points out:

A photo of evidence taken from Oswald's flat after the assassination shows that the hole was in the print at that time. Also, the photo was taken from such a distance that the license plate of the car would not have been legible in any case, and it was later determined that the car belonged to a Walker aide.

(n.11)

It is a large assumption that the "license plate would not have been legible in any case." Oswald worked at Jaggard-Chiles-Stovall where extreme enlargements were made every day. Moreover, he would have heard talk on his job of state-of-the-art photographic enhancement. It is not impossible that he recognized the car in the photograph as one he had been riding around in with a confederate: in a moment of anxiety, he could have cut out the license plate. It is also possible that he did it for no reason at all--just to confound the authorities in case he was caught, wear them out, send them off on false leads. He was a veteran in wars against bureaucracy and knew that the way to win was to fatigue the foe. That, after all, was how most bureaucracies exercised

power--they fatigued their adversaries. Oswald understood that sadists cannot take their own kind of punishment--so, out-fatigue the authorities. It is worth remembering that in life as in other mysteries, there are no answers, only questions, but part of the joy of intellection is to refine the question, or, better, discover a new one. It is analogous to the fact that there are no facts--only the mode of our approach to them.

or, the
relations
between
facts, the
pattern (as you said
once)

concession
to
post-modernism
?