

12/4/66

Dearest Maggie,

The enclosed letter takes a vast load off my mind. I have refused to see these two sharp operators again today, read them the letter by phone, and am mailing it out. Enough of this babe-in-the-woods: these scavengers are not worth the time it takes to tell them where to go; they don't give a good god-damn about this case, or they would have been in it from November 1963. It is more of a compliment than they deserve even to assume that they are well-motivated or trustworthy. I couldn't even sleep last night for the feeling of taint and degradation that descended on me during the four-hour "interview" but now I feel better, and I am not going to fall into such a trap again soon.

I did tell him by phone that I will respond to any information on the facts and the evidence, free of charge, as I have done with many others. That I don't mind doing, if it will help to any degree to avoid the misstatement of the facts of the case to the public. Maybe even that is too much; but if they abuse the offer of that limited cooperation, I will end it at once.

I am pretty sore also at Studies on the Left. They commissioned this unpaid review of the four books on the WR and I wrote it during my so-called vacation, when I was loaded down with other commitments and deadlines. Then they neglected to inform me that they were going to use it; and now, having used it, they didn't even have the courtesy to send me a copy or to notify me that it was out so I could buy one at a newsstand. Perhaps I am intolerant or egocentric to become indignant or offended—but I am, and that is that.

If I didn't have absolute knowledge of your beautiful integrity, courage, and purity, and Ray's, and Arnoni's, and one or two others, I would be in despair. This is turning out to be the hardest phase of all, in many ways—the repeated exhibition of everything low, cheap, and rotten in the human beings who continue to spout mountainous lies and ignorance, and those who see in this only the occasion to make a fast buck. The cup runneth over...

But—onward and upward, I tell myself. There's nowhere to go but up, where the air is clean and the companions very few, but infinitely precious. Stop the world and let's make the swine get off—we won't succeed, but it's the attempt that makes the difference between surviving and suffocating from the poisonous fumes of Capital Records Ramparts and the other buzzards. In case you don't know it already, Maggie, I love you very very much.