

14 December 1966

Maggie, dear,

Your letters to WEST and NEWSWEEK flame with truth, conviction, and the sense of justice which has all but disappeared from American life. You know already that they will not receive the respect and study they deserve; but we must keep writing, for the record if no other prospect—and, like you, I have found this to be a full-time job. I did write to Newsweek and tonight I received a tear sheet and a darling Madison-ave-type-note. They printed about one-fifth of my letter, without indicating elision, and even inserting a phrase of their own not included in my original letter; and, to make it perfect, they then gave Roberts even more space for his "rebuttal" than the space they gave to the fragment of my letter, allowing him to "rebut" unprinted portions of my letter which contained far stronger arguments than Roberts' reply. So much for Newsweek—they know they will get away with it, as does their sister-magazine and sole competitor.

Just the same, keep writing those magnificent wrathful statements of the facts. We might just run into an uncorrupted editor of a mass-magazine, one day—it is no less unlikely than the prospect of Jack Ruby dancing Prince Siegfried in the next Swan Lake of the Dallas Festival of the Arts (specializing in murder and malignancy).

I will be most curious to hear about your luncheon with Harold Weisberg. Do send me a very full report, please, including all the more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger reproaches which he is likely to direct at my review of his book in Studies on the Left. Dead silence from him since he (presumably) read it. I am sure it was not rapturous enough to satisfy him—but since he has used all the superlatives himself in describing his own work, I had to make do with what was left over.

It has cost me so many hours in quixotic attempts to be a conciliator between Weisberg and, seriatim, Aronson, Vince, et al, to no avail. He is never pacified and mortally offended with or without reason. I tell myself to be more understanding and sympathetic—he is, after all, disturbed and unhappy—but lately I am not listening to those sanctimonious injunctions. After Whitewash II, I am hard-pressed to summon up anything like sympathy. I would like to love all the researchers, but Lord it's hard, and how can anyone love Lifton? Epstein? or Stamm—he has been behaving outrageously. Apart from extremely unethical conduct during his brief tenure as proofreader for TMO (Aronson had to tell him in no uncertain terms that the editorship was not available, so utterly presumptuous was Stamm), he has taken to writing 10-page expressions of his dissatisfaction with the critics. No one has yet done anything "right" and Stamm, he who thought the solution to the assassination could be found only by studying the economy of Texas, if you remember, is too busy telling us all our shortcomings to do himself all those things with which he taxes us for leaving undone, or done inadequately.

Schiller is a great big phony and dollar-lover. Your dog is intelligent; and my cat is stupid, for not biting this pair of sharp operators. But then, she must have feared it would poison her. I have not heard from Lifton; Jones Harris, who was wooing him for his mysterious discovery, has not heard either. It must be a dud, or why the silence? and why the panic? Ruby's prognosis keeps getting shorter. And this complacent country goes about its business of money-grubbing and napping without a flutter, with pot JEH calling kettle RFX black, and Mrs. JFK our leading censor and burner of books. Do I sleep? do I wake? Were it not for you, Maggie, and Vince, Ray, Bill, Aronson, who confirm sanity and courage, I would become an unwashed recluse. But with you, dearest friend and comrade, it still seems worth the candle. Alway love,

P.S. I am enclosing a review of Josten, in case you and Ray have not seen it. Did you read his book in the German? Also I sent Ray an article by one Lawrence Brown, which you should read. More evidence in favor of the civilized Right, as against the "liberal" plimps and degenerates.