

Friday 3 December 1965

Dear Maggie,

Your two large envelopes arrived this morning. Thank you for sending Paris Match but the reason I called last Friday night was to say that I was sending it to you...When your housekeeper told me that you had received that, but not Tempo, I sent the latter. But I guess I did not make myself clear, and I am sorry you went to the expense of mailing it. Speaking of expense, I am absolutely sure that I am still very much in your debt and if any bills are due, they should come to me. Can we just say that it will all even out in the long run, and not have bookkeeping between us? Thanks also for sending the JFK speech; I had saved the NY Times text but your copy will be easier to read. Returning to Paris Match, the only reason that I have not written to comment on it is that I had some difficulty reading it and gave it to my colleague (typist in my office) to translate. Naturally, she is molasses with this, as with everything else. As of this moment, therefore, I have only a very general and rather vague knowledge of the article, and am awaiting the translation. Tempo, I could not read at all (I have a copy) so I am looking for someone who knows Italian. I did call Sauvage to tell him about the Paris Match article and he did not jump down my throat, but said he would get a copy and read it. He calls from time to time, saying that I am his encyclopedia, and asking me for various citations. I gave him some of the material for his New Leader article (the oil on the rifle, for example), most of which I expect will be in the second of the two parts of the article.

Thanks to Bill Crehan, you will be receiving the tape of the broadcast on which I appeared, which you need not return; Bill was good enough to retape it for you to keep (at his expense, so far as the mailing was concerned, but don't please think about reimbursement—I have found it impossible to persuade him to let me pay for ANYTHING, on top of which I can start a gin shop with the many still-unopened bottles he has brought here). I hope you will be able to make the tape available also to Lillian Castellano (have you two met yet?) and of course to Dave and Ray. I believe that Bill put on the same tape also the Mort Sahl/Judge Joe Brown farce. It was so stupid, futile and dull that I turned it off in rage—why did they take that stupid ridiculous man, and why has Sahl become so lackluster? (Rhetorical questions only.)

I need hardly say how enthralled I am at your account of Dave's latest session with Liebler. Please ask Dave to be sure to send me a copy of his notes. I wonder if Dave should not get one of those miniature recording devices (the new models are only about \$70, I have heard, and are completely invisible and undetectable) for conversations of such great importance. Not, of course, to use in any unethical way, but just to enhance the fullness of his notes. One of the fellows in the "class" at the New School had one, as I may have mentioned, and I believe he recorded the whole series. I am not going to comment yet on what L. said to Dave, partly because I am a little pressed for time, partly because I should like to see the full notes first.

Re Darryl Click—I saw that he was at Yale elsewhere in the issue from which I copied his poem, in a column which gives the credentials of the several authors in the issue—so you see it was not much of a detective job. How to interpret his poem is another story. I had assumed that he does regard Click as mythical but let his poetic imagination roam as if he had been real but written into unreality by the WC. I was fascinated by his remark in the note he sent me that the other witnesses were "mistakes." Apparently he is not a WR fan?

Re Penn Jones and the Midlothian Mirror—of course I will be glad to send you copies of future issues or the articles therein, but I wonder if you shouldn't reconsider the question of subscribing, first, because it will mean you get the stuff much earlier, and second, because he really deserves support and the knowledge that other people are as deeply concerned as he and working on the case too. In fact, if you decide to subscribe, you should indicate at the same time that you provided the material in Buchanan's Paris Match/Tempo stories and give him some idea of what you have been doing generally. Isn't he the MOST? I didn't believe we still had anyone around with such fearlessness and such an uncompromising stand against the WR.

Before I forget, Triunfo has not arrived, apparently it comes on a very capricious schedule and Hotalings said that the last issue received was quite a few months ago.

I have ~~probably~~ finally finished my last-minute labours on the index---indices now, as I decided to expand the short name-index I did long ago, from the 8 pages to what is now about 30; actually, I didn't exactly decide to do it but the publisher urged me to expand it as much as possible, and so that was an urgent last-minute job before they start composition and type-setting, any day now. I also had to do part of the citation-by-citation check for accuracy, and the consequent corrections and additions. It is strange (a personal quirk, I guess) but whenever I have to work on the index I groan and suffer inwardly; but no sooner is the work finished and mailed off than I begin to "miss" it and feel aimless and unable to return to my manuscript, which I had deceived myself into thinking I was panting to do. I really have to ~~start~~ start thinking about that manuscript. It is so much better than Sylvan Fox's book, even in its present unfinished state---better in the sense of the information in it, not the writing, but I really have dug so much further into the H & E than Fox that it's like the difference between kindergarten and college. But apparently I need some kind of shot-in-the-arm before I can continue writing (and there is so much that I have not yet tried to put on paper that I shudder). I am beginning to wonder if I should not start submitting the 250 pages which are already written, and maybe some publisher will make a definite commitment to publish it if I complete it by a certain date. That might drive me back to work. But the fact is I am really bone-weary, between the work at the office which has been heavy, and the work on the case, and sometimes I get terribly discouraged and ask myself if I can possibly continue both the full-time job at the UN and the full-time job (or more) that I am trying to do after hours.

I need a year off with pay---but that is absolutely out of the question. I doubt if I could get a year off without pay, or a month.

Maggie, you have read several parts of my manuscript. What do you think I should do? Do you think it is good enough to start submitting, at least as samples of the whole? If I just plug on for the next few years, all this stuff will get published in bits and pieces in the work of other people---which is all right with me, so long as it gets published, but I think that the impact will be lost if it is all in isolated segments by various people in various publications.

I have heard that Mark Lane has been in England since August and is working there on a documentary film on the assassination; his book is being brought out ("any minute") by Bodley Head. We have been peppering British Book Center with inquiries, with no success so far. Have you any news re Lane?

If you speak to Dave, please remind him to send me the copy of the letter he got from Kilgallen's secretary. I want to follow-up the A. Clemmons transcript about which I wrote you previously. Incidentally, after all the lovely things I wrote about Curtis Crawford, I have to report that we have broken off communication again, after an irritating phone conversation in which he first picked my brain for all developments in the last few months and then (a) moralized about my trick on Shaneyfelt, one of the few items I did tell him about, in a pompous and self-righteous way which he does not manifest when it comes to the far greater dishonesty of the WC; (b) told me that my attacks on the WC were "boring/" However, I do not retract what I wrote about him earlier---I only add that he is also petty, malicious, spinsterish, and narrow-minded. In fact, it is the poverty of his imagination and spirit that have caused him to "accept" the WR conclusions, not his lack of intelligence. I must close; forgive me if I have not covered all points raised, and please let me hear from you very soon, as soon as you can find the time. With much love,