

1 Dec. 1968

Dear David,

I have been dipping into Tom Wicker's book JFK and LBJ and suddenly remembered that you had written to me about it (see your letter of 8/12/68). I like Wicker, who usually takes part in a monthly discussion and analysis of news on our NET station here, and who's despair about the Vietnam situation and the state of the country in general has been unmistakable, these last years. He is extremely intelligent and decent; but I think he shrinks from confronting certain thoughts. For example, my publishers offered Wicker (among many others) the opportunity to read and comment on the galley proofs of Accessories, but he turned it down, saying that he didn't have enough knowledge of the subject. (Apparently he was reluctant to remedy this inadequacy.)

Also, I have been meaning to thank you for your note of 11/16/68 and the enclosed distribution list. You will be interested to know that your distribution of copies of my July letter to Ed Epstein inspired Salandria and one or two others to write to me. The point of Vince's letter was that after reading what I wrote to Epstein, and "notwithstanding our differences on Garrison," he thought that I was honest, consistent, and a whole string of laudatory characterizations, ending with an expression of his love and high regard. I was more saddened than elated, since of course it is simply not possible to ignore "our differences on Garrison." Other letters added to my collection of various preposterous and comical theories being offered to "explain" my position on Garrison (which I have already fully explained, apparently without convincing those who believe that nothing, but NOTHING, ever transpires in this country without the CIA somehow being implicated). The most exotic of the theories and rumors which have found their way back to me is that I am being blackmailed, by threats on Arnoni's life. Talk about demonology!

Which brings me to Harold Weisberg. You will remember that I had two letters from him last August, lecturing me on the folly of my financial contribution to Thornley. As I recall it, I mentioned in my subsequent letters to you that I had heard from HW. I did not, however, send you copies of his two letters to me. (If I am mistaken on this point, please let me know.) Now I have had another letter from HW, in which he mentions, as an aside, that you had told him on his recent visit to California, that I had sent you copies of his two letters to me. As I say, this was only an aside. His latest letter was on a different subject that I won't take the time to go into, as it merely has to do with more feverish suspicions of infiltrators and double-agents. I doubt if the suspect's name is known to you and I will not repeat it, as I believe the man to be an irrelevant kook. But (and please regard this as confidential—and anything I have written or may write in future about HW, so as to minimize his occasions for addressing his inimitable epistolary masterpieces to me) in the same letter, HW proceeded to voice dire suspicion against Bill Turner, as involved in "a major federal penetration" of the critics' jolly little community. I imagine HW is noising this around widely for, lo and behold, a few short days later I received a letter from another Harold (Feldman) asking my opinion of Turner and suggesting that he was up to some sinister and devious work. Poor Turner! He is guilty of over-zealous and uncritical championship of Garrison, but I really do doubt that he is doing undercover work for J. Edgar Hoover or whoever is now running CIA.

I haven't enough to add to warrant starting a second page, so will leave it at that. All the best, let me hear from you.

Sylvia Meagher