

Sunday 15 May 1966

Dear Ray,

Yesterday I was invited to dinner at the Arnonis (he is editor of TMO--The Minority of One), together with the Salandrias. As I was leaving I picked up my mail, which included your large envelope with letter and enclosed correspondence with Vince on frame 292. I read the exchange of letters en route to New Jersey; and certainly you were both forceful and entirely reasonable in your arguments. I was really surprised that Vince insisted on his hypothesis--without, as you say, even confronting the objections to it.

The question of frame 292 almost inevitably came up during the visit, and I told Vince that I thought he was all wet, giving him my reasons. Those, I need not repeat, since they are along the same lines as those you and Lillian and David presented. The result was the same--really, I am baffled, because he cannot present counter-arguments, nor does he offer cogent reasons for his own hypothesis.

I had telephoned Maggie on Wednesday night, her first day out of the hospital, and could only marvel again at her cheerfulness and lack of complaint about what was surely a dreadful ordeal, both medically and emotionally. I hope very much that her intense interest in the case will lessen the shock and anxiety, as time goes on, although I have been told that inevitably there is a terrific psychological let-down in this kind case.

Another piece of mail that came yesterday was a privately-printed copy of Harold Weisberg's book. I had read it a few months ago, in ms form, hastily, because I had it on 24-hour loan. I am sorry that Harold decided to publish it in this form--it has some good things in it, but as a whole work it is not nearly as profound or significant a book as he readily says it is--"the definitive work..." etc. Harold worked completely by himself--not because of geographical isolation, but because he has absolutely no sense of teamwork, and tends to disparage all other efforts by critics of the WR. He is almost indecently grandiose about his own book; and has developed a really paranoid obsession about the publishing world, to which he devotes a long preface. You can buy the book from him directly @ \$4.95, by writing to Harold Weisberg, Hyattstown, Md. 20734. The title is Whitewash.

I've had only a quick look at it, although I will re-read it in full as soon as I have the time, and I am sorry to say that it has two major pieces of dishonesty--first, the indictment of the whole publishing world for refusing to publish a book on this subject, when Harold knows, through me and other sources, that Epstein's book is coming out, also Lane's and Sauvage's American edition; second, he has tacked on a "postscript," a new chapter on the FBI report which was the subject of Salandria's article in the April TMO, without a single word of credit or acknowledgement that Salandria had found and published that crucial excerpt long before Weisberg even knew about it. As a matter of fact, he found out about the article from me, when he called me as he was about to end a brief visit to New York. When I told him about the article, he went to the Archives instead of going directly to his home, consulted the document, and then wrote this new chapter as if he was the first and only researcher to uncover that new evidence. All this saddens me greatly, since we need to work on the basis of mutual trust and co-operation, not to be constantly on guard against back-knifing and rivalry, with all the consequent dissipation of effort and emotion. Ray, thanks again for writing and sending the letters--Let's continue to be in touch as often as possible.

P.S. Forgot to mention that I will have an article (book review) on Hartogs in the June Minority of One; if you have a chance, please mention it to the others.