22 June 1971

Mr Maxwell Geismar Winfield Ave Harrison, NY 10528

Dear Max,

So nice to hear from you after all this time. I am just getting ready for my first real vacation since 1964, leaving next week to return in September, and with a thousand niggling details to dispose of, household and office, in the next few days. If this reply is therefore incoherent or abbreviated, you will please understand.

Naturally, I am pleased as punch with your terribly nice remarks about my old Hartogs article--the first piece of my published work on the case. I have done nothing at all on the assassination for a year new, although an article I wrote in June 1970 presenting new evidence in the matter of Charles Givens (and largely substantiating my evaluation of his testimony in Accessories) will probably be published in July, in The Texas Observer. I will send you a copy if and when it comes out. The hitch is that since the article makes very serious charges against one of the Warren Commission lawyers in particular, the editor of the Observer sent him the ms. in advance for comment. . He threatened libel action and kicked up all kinds of trouble aimed, I am sure, at intimidating the Observer so that the piece would not be published at all. In the end, he agreed under a whole variety of conditions to have published together with my article his "reply"--which is twice the length of the article, deals at length with irrelevant questions (including his opposition to the Vietnam war, which these days is hardly revolutionary or courageous--his way of wrapping his poor self in the figurative flag), to which I have no opportunity to reply and which I cannot refute, though his claims are certainly vulnerable. Despite his dirty pool, however, his "reply" is completely non-responsive and therefore so feeble as to be tantamount to default.

Although, as I said, I have done no work on the case for a year, I did finally visit Dallas, for the first time, last August. While there I did see Penn Jones one evening, at a gathering of the Dallas critics and buffs, and found him bitter, angry, and grandiese -- spouting irresponsible and fatuous exaggerations, still addicted to Garrison (to a degree), and thumping his chest while declaiming that, by cricky, he (Penn) was trying to SAVE THE COUNTRY, and the like.

No, I have not seen Arnoni. We are not on "seeing" terms. My last words to him, in the spring of 1969, were that he was a common swindler. That remains my assessment of him, in the light of irrefutable and hard He has systematically defrauded friends and supporters who evidence. believed him when he created a sustained and cunning illusion of personal penury--although as it turned out, he has more money in his galaxy of bank accounts in this and other countries than some of those whom he parted from their savings. At the same time, paradoxically, I agree with you that TMO was brilliant, uncompromising, and a work of integrity. To reconcile Arnoni-the-swindler with Arnoni-the-editorialist is beyond my ability, or that of anyone who knew him well. I have reluctantly concluded that it is an insoluable problem. I would like to think that his duplicity and his secret --- or overt--loathing for human beingsrgunbapotedhisth his seeming commitment to mankind in the abstract,

concentration camp ordeal. But from what he has told me of himself in pre-Nazi days, when he was in his middle or late teens, it seems evident that the traits of arrogance, vanity, and contempt for lesser humans (e.g., almost everyone) were already prominent. In fact, I no longer even believe his account of his confinement and rescue. And, as for the supposed concentration camp uniform in which he lectured, well, he had that made for him by a Passaic tailor, since he is a consummate showman who has made a fine art of insincerity and deceit.

From the above, it will be obvious to you that I do not have or intend ever again to have anything whatever to do with this pseudo-hero of the Left --this Lyndon Johnson of the radical movement. The thought of this strutting poseur and sadistic "Napoleon" makes me feel immeasurable disgust.

You are kind to offer me your Mark Twain book. May I take a rain-check until the fall? I am determined to do no reading or writing during the summer--I have rented a house at the beach and will do nothing more arduous than sun-bathe, play with my kitten, and with the newborn offspring of two of my nieces, when they come to visit. No typewriter, no documents, no correspondence, no newspapers! At least, that is what I plan. I really need such an interlude desperately, as I have had a very rough year of work at the UN on topm of the many years on the case without rest or carefree interval.

So, until my return, dear Max, my best greetings and good wishes for your summer,

Sincerely,

Aglin