

12/26/67

Dear Ray,

My father's continued illness took me back to Miami last week. I returned yesterday, quite despondent, and am subject to a new summons there at almost any time. The anxiety, and attendant emotions of various kinds—including, I am ashamed to say, a keen resentment at being displaced and forced to abandon my work, both in re: Accessories, and at the UN—have made it difficult to function in any sphere. For that reason, I shall not now trust myself to study objectively your 23-page letter to Tink and the accompanying copies of correspondence. I know that you will understand that I am not evading but truly distracted and distressed by the personal problems which preoccupy me.

Between the two trips to Miami, I did hear from Menahem that you and Vince had come to the conclusion that Thompson is a CIA agent or the like. (I understand that Vince has now reconsidered and rejected this thought.) Your covering letter to me (dated 12/20/67) seems to corroborate this. Ray, this is a most grave and terribly damaging allegation, as you yourself acknowledge. Last year Vince made similar charges against Epstein. In both cases, I feel myself in a nightmare. Menahem's letter to you on this question generally represents my own reaction. I do appeal to you to reconsider your conclusions. You have acknowledged your awareness of serious breaches of honor by various critics whom I need not name, of their indulgence in mischief, malice, and deliberate perversion of fact, which you have regarded as instances of human imperfection and error, even as mitigated by their ultimate purpose, as you assumed their ultimate purpose to be. You have not denounced them, much less accused them of being secret agents for the Warren Report or for the Establishment. (I do not even include here the special case of Garrison, whose pronouncements seem to be moving from the merely insane and irresponsible to the deliberately evil and unscrupulous, without as yet a single public criticism or disassociation by his admirers among the critics. Nor do I include that revolting little demagogue Mort Sahl.)

I suspect that I am not making an effective statement, at this late hour (11:45 p.m.) and in my present fatigue and dejection, and that I had better close now and get some sleep. I send you and Letha my warm good wishes for the new year, only days away, and hope to write again as soon as I can do justice to the subject which occasioned your letter(s).

As ever,