

5 November 1971

Dear Cyril,

Thank you for your last two letters. I was glad to have advance notice of your broadcast and did hear part of it. Then I fell helplessly asleep and awakened in time to hear your farewells at about 4 a.m. I am sure that, as has happened several times in the past, I will catch a re-play of the discussion on a night when I don't have to worry about rising early, and will hear the whole discussion. As perhaps you know, you are about the only person who is actively and forcefully keeping alive for radio listeners the JFK and the RFK autopsy findings—which is a service to the public at large and especially to the critics.

Which brings me to Mr. Super-Critic Himself, the One and Only Repository of Secrets, Wisdom, and Perfect English Usage. You are quite right not to reply to his last communique, there is no end to the 7-page letters this hard-pressed, frantically busy guy can write, repeating his earlier letters and his previous insults.

In his spare time, he has written to the Senate Judiciary Committee asking to be heard on the nomination of Lewis Powell to the Supremes—talk about chutzpah! I cannot help feeling something like malice toward Harold, if only because he is such a relentless bore.

I assume your visit to New York was a very brief one but I still hope we will be able to get together again sometime when we are both free of pressure. The vote on China, on top of the usual busyness of a General Assembly, have intensified work for us—although things are certainly more interesting, incompensation.

If there should be any new developments, I'll write, as I know you will also do. Best regards,

Sincerely,