

Dear Shirley —

8/23/67

I've been fearfully busy checking Thompson's galleys. His book "Six Seconds in Dallas" will be out end of November. It is a micro-study of the assassination — photos, wounds, trajectories, bullets, shells, etc. — I think it is a forceful and important work. I do not agree with Thompson on every detail, or on one or two major questions, but I am happy with the book as a whole, and I hope it will make a real impact. It should receive some respectful attention, both for its contents and the academic credentials of the writer — which helped Epstein's book so much.

In the middle of the flap with the galleys, Harold W. descended on me for 3 hours which left me with shaking hands — It is so hard to get thru to Harold, except with praise and agreement. When it comes to a difference of view, i.e., on Garrison, he also has violently partisan views — despite the fact that he is not sold on Russo, or on the alleged meeting in Baton Rouge.

Also, I foolishly tried to suggest to Harold that his constant recriminations, feelings of persecution, and what might be considered bellicose immodesty about his work (and denigration of the work of others) made an unfortunate impression on people who did not know and understand him as well as some of us do. He would have none of this but bristled and began another recital of his well-known catalogue of grievances — a conspiracy of silence against his books, plagiarism by Lane, Popkin, etc., sabotage by

various publishers and rivals, failure by some of us (me, specifically) to make efforts on behalf of his work, on and on.

That same night he was on a local radio talk show, on which he reached new heights — he was dead right on each and every point of evidence, but his manner was so aggressive, his words so blunt and inexpressible, that there was constant overlap, a maddening chorus of angry overlapping words. The host or moderator had started with some bias for Harold, but he became so unnerved by the constant shouting protests and interruptions that he got more and more hostile, and ended by scarcely concealing his opinion that Harold is a mental case. There was one horrible moment when a "neutral" guest paid a very lavish compliment without making it clear whether he meant Harold, his opponent (an obnoxious Wm-Rucker-type), or both. While he was still speaking, Harold chimed in with, "Thank you," while the poor man continued his sentence with the words, "You, too, Mr. Weisberg." I was so mortified for Harold, I almost wept.

I am all shook up! (Next letter will be more contemplative, this one is therapy.) Love,

Hyacin