

2/9/72

Dear Gris,

My instinct on getting your letter of the 5th this morning was to return the enclosed \$5.00 check. It did anger me and it did make me resentful. I have, in recent years, become increasingly, perhaps unreasonably, resentful of any reference to the poverty I have elected, that nobody has forced upon me, and to suggestions that I think that somehow, because of it, others are indebted to me. But on reflection, I knew this could not be your intent, so I instead accept the gift with thanks.

Having said this I return to what I did say: that from now on I will expect those who are not actively engaged in research to enclose self-addressed, stamped envelopes or I will not answer. The reason is not only the slight cost of the postage, though when one has no income and towering debts there is no such thing as a really slight cost. It is one of time. I know many people have genuine interests, and I try to find the time to satisfy them to the degree I can. This means time from work, time from sleeping, time from other things. Now and for the immediate future, it also means doing what I am under medical prohibition against as a consequence of having almost chopped off my left thumb. I won't know for three weeks whether it will require surgery to repair damage to the connective tissue. Until that consultation with an orthopaedic surgeon, I am under strict injunction to protect it against jarring and any blow, no matter how slight, such as by striking the typewriter with it.

But my real feeling is that those who are doing their regular things and making a living at it, if they want information, and if I, without any income and working the hours I continue to work, am being asked for it, the slight extra work of including the envelope is first a gesture and a courtesy and then a slight reduction of the time required for response. My typing is terrible. I do not take time to read any letters because I just do not have the ~~time~~ time without taking it from work. But envelopes require reading, for the postman can't read my mind, as they do going into a drawer for them, and the few seconds of time to put into and out of the machine, now with great care. It may not seem comprehensible to you, but I am under such time pressures to try and complete the rather large work I have undertaken that I have come to resent anything that takes time I feel I should not have to take.

Your question of the assassination literature: I am opposed to it. Several have done it. The inevitable result is that there is indirect sponsorship of some of the most awful vergal garbage ever put on paper. Much of the stuff is not available, and this leads to an enormous amount of frustration and wasted work. The serious works of value are few. I know of none still available save my own, and I certainly can't expect the publication of a bibliography of only me. My limited experience is that the few ads I have tried do not pay their cost, and when I am as deep in debt as I am, I lack the spirit to try again. I do have ads in the annual Books in Print. They do pay for themselves. Yesterday we got almost a dozen orders from a single wholesaler, half for books not available, requiring wasted time in letters, and one from a bookstore in Michigan today for the out-of-print OSWALD IN HIS ORIGIN. I think that for the second time I have made arrangements for that to be xeroxed in such form that I can xerox from it, like a master, and if this is successful, then I'll be able to offer a xerox edition. But this one think alone has taken about a week of time in the past two years, probably more, and in letters alone.

I am all for anything that might sell my books, partly because it would mean a slight income and partly because I want their word to get around. But as a practical matter, I lack confidence in the small classified ad today. And the only other stuff still available is poor Penn's, and with what we know today I can't recommend any of it to anyone. He has crossed the line and is irrational, as, in retrospect, his earliest writing also ~~is~~ is. The more recent is worse. It is sad, for he is such a courageous fellow. And so well intended. I saw him Thanksgiving time, and am without doubt on his irrationality today.

Sincerely,

GRISCOM MORGAN

Route 1 Box 275, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387

Phone 513 767-1461

Fe. 5, 1972

Dear Hal:

Thanks for your response to my inquiry. I ~~xxx~~ inclose check to cover postage on it.

Your letter leads me to question again whether it might be in order to sell a duplicated (not printed) library on the assassinations at a price that would give you some income from them -- such volumes as should be listed, including the books that might be available in print. A ~~x~~ small classified ad of this would bring in the same kind of orders that we get for our Community Service mimeo'd material, which sell consistently as the primary source of its kind. Perhaps this is a task that a trustworthy person could do with your oversight and consent on its procedure. Trustworthy people are ~~xxx~~ rare, but ~~do~~ exist. My neice ~~xxx~~ Jennifer might be good at it. An expert typist, trustworthy, and deeply concerned. She knows how to promote, and to be businesslike.

That is jst an idea for your consideration.

Best wishes,

*Gris*

Griscom Morgan