

NEW ADDRESS: Rt. 7, Frederick, Md. 21701::301/473-8186

3/3/68

Dear Jerry,

Be in NY tomorrow, may even mail this from there, but probably won't have time to call.

The John Sparrow "book", which is pamphlet size and book price, Chilmark/Vintage, is actually but a leaded reprinting of his magazine article from the London Times Literary Supplement of 12/14/68.

He plugged it on NBC's Today Show 2/29, rather easier, I presume, because Random House is now owned by NBC, which has its own seeming connections with CIA on this subject and with which this publication is entirely consistent. It now looks, from the odd character of the promotion (before anyone knew of the book) as though the purpose of the "book" is to justify the redic-TV time apologizing for the Warren Commission that this eminent scholar will have offered him (that is also denied others who really have something to say). This "scholar", whose subtitle promises "A POSITIVE Appraisal of the Warren Report", couldn't make it even were he so inclined. His own scribbling is proof that he either does not have the so-called "evidentiary" backstopping, doesn't understand it, or both. For example, he says half of the 23 volumes are of pictures and other exhibits, which is true in neither number nor volume; he quotes, DIRECTLY, a non-existent witness. He falls into these booby-traps of the unwary simply because he lets himself go while he is talking about what he doesn't know about and because his work is so slight it requires every word he can squeeze in.

Naturally, he has declined my challenge to confrontation, on his work or mine, verbally or in writing, the mark of true dedication and scholarship and the proper evaluation of his self-confidence. More interesting is the fact that after I called to his attention the non-existence of the witness he quoted (a female clerk of the ~~Spencer~~ Irving Gun Shop), he didn't bother to correct his U.S. publication.

It looks like the philandering CIA, ousted from the bedroom of youth, has invaded the ivied bower of the eminences. The timing of the "book", out in such haste it could not be announced before promotion began and none of my sources knew anything about it, nor could my stores find or supply it, is truly remarkable: to coincide with the scheduled opening of the New Orleans trial.

To regard John Sparrow, warden of All Souls, is to understand what happened to the British Empire. To read him is to wait for Oxford. If this is a "scholarship", God save the Queen (at least!).

Thus the eminence enters the field hitherto reserved by the now-indicted Kerry Thornley, whose book is a tripe (literally) smaller in size but has a few more words. It is slight in every way, save insult and error. It is the spotheosis of the prostitution of the intellect and a monument to how the awful and unnecessary tragedies in the wake of the assassination came to pass.

On another subject, after libelling me, shelter by the fiction of a court proceeding, in claiming that I was part of a conspiracy to deny Alay Shaw the right to a fair trial and getting coast-to-coast publicity on it, when it came time to put up, Shaw's lawyers failed to subpoena me for the hearing to taken the

testimony about the non-existent conspiracy. In short, another in the needless publicity capers intended to deny society the right to a free trial. They knew I was part of no such thing. Had I been, it would have been history's most unusual "conspiracy", consummated before the conspirators, ever met, spoke or wrote each other. My part of the "conspiracy" consisted in writing a book!

And on still another subject, the LSD in my books may someday be of interest. Amazing the number of witnesses it turns on-and what they have given me. On a recent trip to California I got unsolicited information from seven people, including new evidence of two other conspiracies to kill the President. One of the two witnesses who went to court in a successful effort to avoid honoring Garrison's subpoena, after I interviewed him, asked me to take him to N.C. to appear voluntarily! When I couldn't he flew (not stopping in Dallas!) with a young friend of mine. On his return to L.A. he announced he had found Garrison a "very nice man" and was satisfied the course of "his" investigation was right. The other desired witness was hospitalized. The man who went is Lawrence Howard, the one ill, Loren Hall, of whom I have 6-8 hours on tape (including his clicking of his pistol for the tape-from his bed in the veterans' hospital!). He asked me to go with him, too, to arrange connecting rooms for us, and to be with him when he and Jim were together. And I am the guy who publicized the FBI reports about them!

Some acid!

My fifth book has been done for some time. It is, I think, the hottest: POST MORTEM-SUPPRESSED KENNEDY AUTOPSY. I don't dare risk additional indebtedness at this time.

Meanwhile, we are witnessing the political assassination of Bobby Kennedy, all of whose friends are blind and whose neck is insensitive to the piercing knife.

Best regards, and excuse haste,