

3/22/76

Dear Peter,

Thanks for your thoughtfulness and the story from *Players*. I'd never heard of it and from a glance lost nothing.

While I've always accumulated reading to carry with me for odds and ends of time with the need for more rest since the phlebitis I'm accumulated it for rest periods. I take enough of a walk to tire me then when I get back, read while I rest. Do, I've not looked at this yet but will as soon as I can.

I'm resting more and trying ways to get as much done in a shorter day. I can!

An efficiency-minded friend gave me an excellent sub-maintenance (excuse the typos - I have to leave as soon as I write this) tape recorder and it is fine.

I was in NYC the time of the scheduled Hunter speech with Robert. Only it had been snafued by the lecture bureau. So, I did what else I'd scheduled myself and was able to return Tuesday morning.

The bus trip to Baltimore was for some reason uncomfortable. Something impaired circulation. So, in the railroad station awaiting the train I walked and once on the train walked in the aisle. From Baltimore to Harve de Grace, a good walk. Then I sat down, having both places on the seat, raised my legs on the seat and attache case, and by the time the train was slowing down in NYC wrote a chapter of the new book! I have no idea what kind of writing it is but it is ready for typing.

Remember Modern Times? Old enough? I'll find the broom yet!

Anson is a no-good. But the truth is that the criticism of Schweiker is justified if other parts of his ~~piece~~ piece are not. More, last October, when I spent the agonizing morning I learned I had phlebitis with him at his request, I told Schweiker that unless he changed to an approach I urged upon him he would get precisely this criticism. When Jim Lesar told me of the Anson peice he said it was almost like Anson had been there because I told him of that meeting when I left the doctor later. I'm sorry it is this way and is this predictable.

Anson is not a real critic. He is a commercializer and a real plagiarizer. It is child's play to identify his unidentified sources and his footnotes often are a thin cover for the ripoffs.

Bethell is not a critic. He has always been on the other side. But who can justify what Garrison did? Any more than Tom's part in it?

The troubles inside the critical community are because some who are for the most part nuts and self-seekers create an intolerable situation. Nobody can tolerate that. It is all one-sided. When your home is robbed you'll see if you light candles to the crooks. And when it is counterproductive and predictably so, what else? Go over my NYU speech today and see if you can, looking back as I then looked ahead, tell me I was wrong to make the effort.

Don't kid yourself on how low the CIA can, does and has stooped, if I agree that messing with your book is improbable.

They didn't mess with Oswald in New Orleans. It wasn't necessary. The publisher did enough.

I'll be up again the week of the 18th, for that delayed speech and resuming with Dell. I found proof in their files of two printings of which they have no record. That is, I have the copies and they have no records. Also of other dishonesty. So, they say they are searching for what I asked them to search for and say they'll make everything good. Hence I can't forecast time. But thanks and best,

NYC 3/19/76

Harold:

Your wish is my command, etc. Found this article on the King case in a Black version of Playboy, called Players. Doubt if it's the kind of magazine you would normally subscribe to, even in plain brown wrapper.

I'm sure you must have seen, by now, the scurrilous piece Tom Bethell has produced in the 3/76 issue of Washington Monthly. Not that Anson doesn't deserve some of the swipes; but why, o, why, do the critics or the critics perpetually tar with one brush for all ?

Groden and I are quite disturbed about the incredibly sloppy production job Manor made of our book; a good thing I'm not yet paranoid. I might have suspected the cigar-chomping proprietor of Manor, a printer who makes his journey selling Crock-Pots, of being a Helmsman. But that low even the CIA won't stoop.

A copy will reach you as soon as one reaches me.

Bests. & Feel Better.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, consisting of a large, stylized initial 'G' followed by a series of loops and a final flourish.