

6/11/71

JUN 15 1971

Dear Js,

In between other things, like the enclosed letter to Christian, I spent seven hours on laundry alone, having delayed it because we had guests, and I've reached the conclusion I am not cut out for housekeeping. Soon I get to supper, which will not be imaginative. Digusted over many thing, I didn't trust myself to think for the perhaps two free hours, so I've been doing odds and ends of boring things, one that was worthwhile, reading an article in (More) which I'll send when I finish if you do not see it, and I write to tell you that it is possible you may get a call from a good friend who I like much and respect professionally, if he gets to the Bay area.

He is Ian McDonald, of The Times of London Washington office. He and his wife Crispina left today for a holiday in the southwest. They are driving and may return via the Bay area. I suggested that if they do they phone you. Cris comes from the Philippines. Lil is as fond of her as I am of Ian. She is a professor of anthropology at Howard.

There is little else new. The things I send are FYI, not for letter-writing.

It is Ian's story that turned on BBC, something he does not yet know. I had hoped it would and had carefully primed him on the London angles, the one that BBC seems to have flipped over apparently being more than his paper would take, the legal end, or the blatant illegalities. The phoned me over the two Sneyds/two hotels angles, and I witched them first to the three arrest times and then this. There remain problems, but I like to hope. Top brass might find it too embarrassing. Home Office may lean a bit. The Washington staff may discourage. If, as I suggested, they consult their former Washington or American Bureau Chief, I've forgotten which he was, they'll be told I'm a responsible man who can and will produce proof of whatever I say, s he has seen-and aired.

= Nothing new on the Times flap, save another kiss. The Wall Street Journal apparently did one of their long pieces on how the Times kills books by reviews but the author, given Kaplan's credentials and the words he enevr dreamed could be so strong and so false, never considered it could be his best case. He is now sorry, but not nearly as much as I. He plans to do a piece for the August (More), when there will be few, if any, books on sale.

Those stations that aired me have a three-month rule, so I can't now be aired going aft r the Times and proving what can sell books, an effort to supress.

Meanwhile, I've had no time to begin preparations for the hearing, now have but three days in which to do it.

Can I play Daniel? We'll see soon enough.

Best,

