

Dear Dal,

7/8/93

The view in the card you mailed the 27th, of Castle Rock, is like every one you've sent, both beautiful and entirely different than the others. We've both looked at it several times, appreciate it, and I'll save it for a couple youngsters from whom, with their parents, we expect a visit soon.

Your card reminded me I should have written you about the news that is a bit more encouraging about the book than I indicated in asking the removal of Carroll & Graf as the publisher. I had a little time for thinking, I'm tired so I won't return to writing after being at one thing or another pretty constantly for 12 hours.

I think that what actually tired me in an hour and a half of the second instalment of the long delayed oral history the president of local Hood College wanted done quite a few years ago but never assigned it and all who could ^{have done it} of, historians, ^{etc.} Plosci, etc., were always too busy. It was assigned to communications, to a woman who is a former reporter, and that may in the end be better than the other possibilities. I ^{was} not aware of it at the time, but the reliving is what I think may be what makes me tired later.

That and today boredom. From soaking the inside of my right forearm, just above the wrist. My skin is now so frangible, the doctors' word, but not in the sense of breaking, while asleep several nights ago a pain in it awakened me. I realized that it had been in contact with my nose, sort of pulled over it. I returned to sleep immediately and only on waking knew it was, literally, a bloody mess. A semicircle about an inch in diameter had peeled back, ~~the~~ outer layer of skin only. I have, alas, ^{more} two such that are larger but this one was itching so I removed the compress and rather ^{awkwardly} soaked it, in a position that also made one-handed book reading awkward, and thus the boredom.

I'll try to straighten the confusion about the publishing out.

When a number of literary agents, in addition to more than a hundred publishers internationally would not touch the JFK assassination I became a publisher and had no need for any such agents. Now it is a physical impossibility for me to publish.

A friend of 25 years or more, ~~a~~ man who has been very helpful to me in many ways, never as the result of any request and always at his expense, was ^{just} ~~year~~ a year ago, with a son. I told him of the book I was just starting, what I would do with the material and what I believed would evolve. He said he was interested. He is a publishing lawyer who represents at least one publisher directly, maybe more, and also represents a large publishing group. The one publisher with whom I knew he copublished from time to time is Carroll & Graf. Along with some fine publishing they went into the JFK assassination ~~in~~ trashy books big and made very much money from it. So, I was not very happy at the prospect of their imprint but at least that meant publication. I gave it no farther thought after my friend, who stays rather busy, had a chance to read the entire MS. He then said he'd do the book, that he'd send me a contract, and my response was if he felt he needed a

2
contract, to send it, but I did not need one. I thought that in time he'd write me when they planned to publish, what efforts would be made to promote the book, etc.

When I heard nothing from him I drew the wrong conclusion. That came from C & G's boast about their coming book by H. Livingstone, the author of two High Treasons that are really High Tripe and High Trash. There is much more about him for which I now do not take time. The coming insanity is Killing the Truth, with the subtitle making it clear that all the others working on the JFK assassination are the killers of truth. Meaning I dislike his rubbish. Or, we are accessories after the fact. From his letters I have, me in particular. So, I attributed my friend's silence to his being caught in the middle, with his client having announced that the first printing of what will to me be High Trash will be at least 50,000 in hardback. Me as a disinformation agent for the government, what the subtitle says, is ridiculous to all but nuts, which most writing in the field are. But the new book, beginning with its subtitle, makes a face of his sick invention. Which being both sick in the head and egocentric, he genuinely believes.

So, at first I believe that my book was being delayed to protect his and because anything like simultaneous publication would be farcical. Then I believe that the delay was silent blackmail: if I want my book published I've better be silent about the other one,

So, I wrote my friend and asked him to clarify the situation. When I heard nothing I grew uneasy. Then with the Cannally business I rushed the piece you have, sending him the miserably typed my copy, of which I kept a xerox for my wife to retype, what I sent you. Under the impression that would go to C & G and it would see what it could do with it and ask for any rewriting desired. To this day I've heard nothing from that. But the day I mailed the negatives to you I got a letter from ^{my friend's} his editor, or an editor who works for him. That man explained the delays. My friend is out of the country and will not return for a week ~~yet~~ yet. And this editor was long out of the office on jury duty.

Appearance ~~of the~~ of the book in November is the iffy target. And the publisher, not arranged, perhaps need not be C & G. (Maybe I got that the day after I wrote you.)

So, reasonable as what I suspected is, it wasn't the fact.

So, if Editor Jenny will credit NEVER AGAIN! as being edited for publication, without any publisher's name, fine. If I get a name anytime soon I'll let you know. And if she prefers no ^{or} reference to the book, fine, too.

Before this worked its way out, to the degree it has, as I thought about that monster Livingstone and his greedy publisher, who cares naught except for profits, and realized that they will have combined on a major assault on both my integrity and my work I decided that this time I cannot stay aloof from all the commercializers and exploiters. I decided to do another book that again will be a record for history that without it would not exist. The working title is Inside the JFK Assassination Industry. With both my eye and my mind on history this new book is already out of control in its first part, my accrediting myself as having the proper kind of background for what cannot be taught, the experiences of my

taught me what in effect was my preparation~~s~~ for what I've done. I've refused to write an autobiography and I turn down TV attention if I suspect it will be used to ^{credit} credit the nuts, as often it has been. I've no interest in personal attention per se. But as I started the writing, with all those years in which to accumulate experiences, some of them rather unusual, it kept growing. It is now much too long. But I'm almost finished that part and it can be a record and it can also be condensed by an editor for the book .

I then plan a general section of some of the typical exploiters and commercializers, then one each on Livingstone and the other who with him have gotten most attention, and sales, in recent years, David Lifton of the mistitled Best Evidence. That rascal lends himself to evisceration and few deserve it more. Not even Livingstone, who is just sick and can't help it.

^UDoing Livingstone in will take a little longer because of the mass to be gone over but it will be priceless.

If I can get this book published the market value of the lousy stuff will take a big drop.

I can plan but being alone and limited it/ what and how much I can do in the time that remains to me I also abandon plans as I shift them. I had never intended addressing these trashy books and their frequently trashy authors. But with the attention the coming Livingstone book is certain to get with that subject and that approach, I felt I have no choice. I've not even read my own book yet!

I can only hope that I'm doing first things first!

Thanks again for the fine thing you've done for me.

Our love to you all,

Sandy