

6/28/72

Mr. Tom Gervasi
World Publishing Co.
110 E 59 St,
New York, N.Y. 10022

Dear Tom,

Because I believe you were sincere at ABA - after all, you could have said, "Scram, Bum!" - I write this letter to relieve you of the possible feeling of embarrassment and for a deliberately indefinite explanation of my attempt to phone you.

I have waited until the end of the second day after placing the call to be reasonably certain your failure to return it or have your secretary call is not likely because you were too busy.

There are too few people of decent concern for any to get hungup because they feel they can't do what they'd like to or because they feel they dare not.

I am aware of what can happen to those who try. The most recent ^{case} ~~one~~ is of a black writer who was working in public relations for a large corporation which badly needed his pigmentation in a special program. I gave him what should make a fine book - the whole thing. He reported to his superiors that he was going to be writing this book on the side. It has nothing to do with the assassination, and they had no objection to the subject matter. But they checked me out in Washington, believe it or not. They have a special man for such inside checks. In asking this man to resign, they reported waves, not ripples. And I haven't heard from the poor fellow since.

My reason for calling is that there is now reason to expect, in the near future, developments that while corrupt in nature have the potential of overcoming the inability of the commercial tongue correctly to pronounce "shibboleth". If it is by no means certain, the situation could develop where people of power could find great need for what I have done.

However, you will still be welcome here. You might even come up with some ideas, not a prerequisite or an expectation.

Best regards,

Harold Weisberg

After writing this letter, it occurred to me that you are entitled to evidence of good faith. Having seen nothing, you have no way of knowing whether or not I have what I represented. This, of course, is one reason I invited you here, to see, to satisfy yourself.

On two counts I think you can with a phone call.

When I first met Dick Gregory several years ago, at the home of a mutual friend who had some familiarity with my unpublished work, he got quite excited. He introduced me to Walter Glanze. I just didn't have the money to do what Dick wanted me to do, fly with him to New York on the spot. Nor was I about to ask him for the money. So it was not until the first time it was possible for me to get to New York that I could go to see Walter at Bantam. I then carried with me a small sample of the kinds of thing I have that had been withheld from the Warren Commission itself. If that was about two years ago, I think Walter may have a sufficiently clear recollection of its nature and authenticity - and meaning.

I also told you I had the most promising properties having no connection, not even remotely, with the assassination and that broke as I am, I feel I must devote myself to the work nobody else is doing regardless of what you may hear. I have turned over one of these to Walter's wife. Walter can give you his appraisal of the potential. From the first I have felt it could make a movie. I think he will agree. It is a truly unusual true love story, non-fiction, my source was the woman, and I gave Walter five hours of taped interviews of such a character that nobody who listened to the tapes could stop.

So, you do not have to take my word or accept my judgement. I did make representations to you. I can deliver other (non-assassination) properties that should have movie capability. You can get an independent appraisal of my word from Walter. I hope you do.

Walter-if nothing else, perhaps this can drum up some interest, even competition.

If you can find time to try to reach the man to whom I gave Desire, referred to on the first page, his dial-direct phone at Eastern Airlines was 956-7980. His home, a pay phone in Newark, 201/926-4800. I gave him your name. I know if he had been in touch with you I'd have heard. It now seems strange that he has been silent for so long.