

6/13/73

Dear Jerry,

If I had returned from New York a month ago with a contract for a Watergate book, it would have been completed and delivered by now and it would have been the one book not in any way hurt by a breaking story. In the outpouring that is yet to flow, what it would have said is the one thing that will not be said. It is also the thing that has to be said if there is to be any chance of this being any kind of country fit to live in.

Were it not for my experiences and poverty, I'd have been trying for a year to find a publisher. A friend has been trying or thinking, I'm not certain which, to no avail.

As you know, I do not discourage easily. At 60 I'm a bit less energetic than I was but few younger people can or will put in the working day I do. As I can I nibble away at a book tentatively titled Watergate: Fascism's Floodgate. And I do mean the ambiguity. We are at the point where an overt Ameriform fascism is a real possibility. An Ameriform military (industrial) takeover is a real possibility. I think it is continuing to happen.

The difference between this accident and the Reichstag fire is that Goering set that one on purpose. It is being converted to a similar purpose.

Intermittently I have thought of what this book should say and how it should be said. Simultaneously, I have been reminiscing. I look back on a record of which any man can be proud, a record almost entirely unknown. I mean this both in general and specifically. With Watergate my notes and memos to others contain accurate forecasts of what would happen, in some of Nixon's pronouncement almost word for word as he later enunciated them. The accuracy of the details of the duplication of the Warren Commission dates to the indictment, where the spot analysis remains accurate after so many months, and the doctrine is accurately set forth in what could not be printed, a book I titled Coup D'Etat back in the early summer of 1968.

In the course of coming to realize that I have undertaken what is close to impossible and that my years are fewer than they were, I have started disposing of those of my files I know I'll never be able to use. I saw what was up in Vietnam when few others did, and I correctly understood what apparently no others did. The brilliant young man, now about 20, who has my Vietnam files can produce the contemporaneous analysis of Tonkin Gulf that events have proven to be exactly correct. I did the same thing with the Cuba Missile Crisis, a book I yet hope to write.

When I am faced with day-to-day survival problems, doing anything else is quite difficult. If I can't point to any measureable accomplishment, I do make some kind of effort each long day. It can't at this point mean anything much to a childless man of 60, but perhaps it may yet for the kids of friends like you.

There is no doubt in my mind that this particular book on The Watergate can be a success, as there is no doubt other books I have researched could be. Recently I gave a young lawyer ~~his~~ friend the research for what I think can be more than a nominal success, a book also easy to write. The Informers will be a case study of police, mostly FBI, informers. The customary publisher fear on The Watergate was, six week ago, that Bantam would cream the market with a special. The story is now a year old and there has been no book. The sooner this non-special special appears, the poorer its prospect. I think there is a better commercial possibility for the book by the two Washington Post reporters. Meanwhile, because both are latched to a breaking story, both rehashes of what has already numbed the national, unthinking mind, neither can safely be as fast as hoped for. I know all three writers fairly well. I thus know that each work will, while superficially a strong expose, be part of the covering-up. Kollshoff (Bantam) will shelter his Glorious Leader and Bernstein and Woodward will protect those who leaked to them, chiefly the prosecution and the FBI. Or, both books will be unintendedly dishonest history.

Neither will have a message, neither will say anything really now, both will be without context or perspective, and the country will have the same problems. The only doctrine that can be commercially successful at this juncture is the one I have in mind, the one that tells it as it is. On campuses alone, despite the numbing of the recent past, such a book could be more than a simple success.

There is now no point in my even seeking an agent. I tried much of that long ago. The few moments I had one were my worst moments. More than enough people, including agents, know me to have sought me out if there had been any real interest in any kind of solid treatment of this so very unusual development in our history.

What I had hoped for seems to have ended with Books, the kind of guy you were. I have not seen you since then, you may remember, and our few conversations have been very brief. I suppose you have learned that you also have to provide for your family.

But what you had in mind, something you didn't even have time to explain, keeps returning to my mind. You had this friend in California who was due to return momentarily but didn't get back while I was in New York. You were going to bring us together. Thus I write this early morning, to remind you.

I remind you also that I am loaded with other viable properties, several of which should have decent movie prospects.

Excuse the typos. I must now get into what I must do before going into town, when I'll mail this.

Sorry you have to ~~stay~~ stay so busy and that I can get to New York so rarely. It would be good to get together again. Walter has told me how inordinately busy you really are, so I know. How how incredibly productive you are. I stay at least as busy, but it puts me in a position to be productive, not to produce.

Best,